

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

The Invasion From Outer Space - Monica

Written by

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INT. SPRINGFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY (EARLY IN THE MORNING)

MONICA GREAVES, early 30s, wearing dark blue skinny ankle jeans with a white button down shirt and a light purple sweater on top, enters the dim, empty classroom holding coffee in one hand.

She glances down at the light switch on the right, but decides instead to walk over to the windows. Pulling down on the cord, she rolls up the shades, letting the early, cloud-shaded morning light pour through. It wasn't enough to fill the whole room, but it'll do.

With a sigh, Monica takes a step back, as if to admire her set-up, then place her cup and white canvas bag down on the teachers desk just to her right. There is an apple shaped word cloud printed on the center of her bag, filled with rainbow colored words reading "**laughter, sunshine, joy, love**", etc.

Monica takes a seat in her spinning chair, worn from the untamed spinning displays often performed by her middle schoolers.

After a few moments, she sits back up, straightens her shirt, and takes out her laptop. Opening it, she checks the time. It reads: **7:24 AM**. She hesitates for a second, then opens up a new tab.

Monica types "Prague time" into the search bar and hits enter. **4:24 PM**, it returns.

Monica looks towards her bag, tapping her fingers gently on the keyboard, contemplating. Then, with a sudden motion, she reaches out with her right arm and grabs her bag by the side, tugging it off the table and onto her lap. She digs through the bag and pulls out her phone. Unlocking her phone, she opens up her text messages and clicks into the first chat, reading "**Derek**".

We see 4 previous texts from her, 1 from earlier this morning, 2 from last night, and another from two nights ago, all marked as read—read, but left unanswered.

Monica stares at the keyboard, then begins to type.

"Derek what the hell have you been"

She falters and quickly deletes the words.

After staring at her screen blankly for a few moments, she hits the call button on the top. The phone RINGS—once, twice, thrice...

On the fifth ring, the line clicks and Monica's eyes light up in anticipation.

DEREK (V.O.)
(muffled/faint)
Hi, you've reached Derek!
Unfortunately, it seems like I can't
answer your call at the moment. If
you're calling about a business
inquiry, please reach out to my
literary agent at 405-354-78-

Monica hangs up the call, and slams her phone down onto the table. The flimsy, bright-colored cards displayed on the edge of the table shake, and a couple fall back, landing flat. One reads (upside down): **"Best teacher ever!"** Another reads: **"We love you Ms. Greaves!"**

Monica sighs and spins her chair around to face the window.

It is brighter now and the light shines brightly onto the playground. The leaves sway in the gentle breeze, under the blue sky with thin clouds of a pristine white. A beautiful day indeed. It's hard to imagine anything bad happening on a day like this.

As she sits in admiration, a voice comes from behind.

HENRY
Wha-cha-doin'?

Monica gasps in shock as she spins around to see HENRY, a small boy of 12 years old, standing in front of her desk.

MONICA
Henry! God! You scared the living
jeepers out of me!

Henry grins a satisfied, proud grin.

HENRY
(singsong-like,
implying something)
Were you doing something you weren't
supposed to?

MONICA
(calmly, clearly used
to taunts like this)
Of course not, Henry. I was just
surprised, that's all. Didn't think
there was anyone else here.

Henry narrows his eyes and stares at Monica. Then, he breaks off into a sprint.

HENRY
(singing loudly)
Ms. Greaves is up to something, Ms.
Greaves is up to something!

Henry continues to sing the regrettably catchy tune as he skips around the classroom, slapping his hands on random desks and kicking out chairs.

MONICA
(Frustrated, but
good-naturedly)
Henry! Stop that right now!

Henry ignores her.

Just as Monica begins towards Henry, in an attempt to stop him, LUCY, 12 years old, walks in, wearing pigtails tied with two obnoxiously large pink ribbons.

LUCY
What the heck are you doing?!

Henry stops at the sight of Lucy and makes a face, sticking out his tongue at her.

LUCY (cont'd)
EW! Ugh, boys!

Lucy rolls her eyes dramatically and takes a seat at the desk in the front center.

More students begin to trickle in.

ETHAN, 12, takes a seat at the back, next to where Henry has settled down. LOGAN and BLAINE, both 12 and twins, shove one another around as they squeeze through the door. WALKER, an unassuming boy of 11 years old, stands a couple of feet behind them, waiting for them to stop fussing and get through.

The clock strikes 8 and the bell rings.

CHLOE, SOPHIA, and SADIE stumble in, giggling about something trivial.

MONICA
(clapping her hands
together)
Okay, good morning everyone!

STUDENTS
(dragged out)
Good morning Ms. Greaves.

Monica scans through the classroom then looks down at her attendance list. She checks off the names one by one.

Meanwhile, small but lively conversations begin across the room.

LOGAN
Yo Blaine, check that out!

Logan aims a piece of candy wrapper towards the trash can at the front of the room and tosses it like a basketball. The wrapper soars halfway across the room, then flops down onto Walker. Walker spins towards them, throwing them a glare.

LOGAN (cont'd)
(dramatically)
Oopsies!

WALKER
It's literally 8 in the morning.

LOGAN
Aw, I'm sorry, do you need me to fetch you mommy?

Logan, Blaine, and Ethan all burst out into laughter.

ETHAN
(mimicking Walker's mom)
Oh, honey! Are you hurt? Did the paper attack you?

They burst out into laughter again.

Walker scoffs.

WALKER
(muttering under his breath)
Stupid...

ETHAN
So's your face!

Walker narrows his eyes as if to say, "really? *That's* your best comeback?" Then turns around to face the front.

MONICA

Okay, children, settle down! We've got a lot to do today!

The class quiets down a little but multiple conversations still continue on.

MONICA (cont'd)

(talking over them
and trying to sound
enthusiastic)

First things first, who remembers what we learned last class-

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Monica splashes water onto her face and sighs. She looks exhausted. She dries her face off with paper towels as she examines her reflection in the mirror. Forcing a smile on, she exits the bathroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

There is a countdown on the screen: **"12 min 32 sec... 12 min 31 sec..."**

The children are scattered around the classroom in small groups, working on what seems to be a discussion based activity.

Monica sits at her desk, leaning on one elbow, watching. Every now and then, she smiles as she makes eye contact with a student.

LOGAN

(voice loud, cutting
across the room,
towards Walker)

Yo mama so fat, she sat on Walmart
and lowered all the prices!

ETHAN

Nah, nah, yo mama so fat, even Dora
can't explore her!

Logan and Ethan burst out into laughter. Walker stands up, looking furious and raises his hand straight into the air.

WALKER

Ms. Greaves, Logan and Ethan are being... are being...

As Walker sputters, Monica sighs.

MONICA

Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Walker. I'll deal with it.

Monica gestures for Logan and Ethan to come to her desk.

They hesitantly get up and make their way over while shoving one another playfully.

They arrive in front of Monica and she speaks to them with a stern look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (RECESS)

The kids run out and around the classroom as the recess bell rings.

Monica sits at her desk and sips her coffee as she observes the kids outside.

Her phone BUZZEZ. A notification. She ignores it. It BUZZEZ again, then again, and again. Rapid fire. She frowns and flips it over to see messages from her parents, friends, and many more.

"Have you seen the news?" one message reads.

"Omg I can't believe it!" another reads.

She unlocks her phone and clicks into a link to a news channel sent by a friend.

"Breaking news!" The large, all caps heading/banner reads.

NEWS ANCHOR IN VIDEO

Good morning good citizens of Springfield, we are going out live with some incredible images. Now, these have not been edited for television and I will do my best to interpret what we are seeing as we are seeing it.

To the left of the news anchor, we see a live broadcast of satellite images, showing a large flat cylindrical object approaching Earth.

NEWS ANCHOR IN VIDEO (cont'd)
Now here we have what appears to be,
well I'll be damned, alien
ships—visitors from another planet,
finally visiting here on American
soil.

By now, a circle of kids have formed around her, all gawking at the screen.

CHLOE
Is that a space ship?

HENRY
Woooah

ETHAN
That's awesome!

LUCY
My daddy says that aliens aren't
real! The government is just lying to
us!

LOGAN
Shut up, Lucy.

Meanwhile, Monica sits there, still staring at the screen, but no longer paying attention to the words. The talking of the news anchor has faded into the background. All she can focus on is the huge ship looming over the planet.

MONICA
(mumbling to herself)
We're all gonna die...

Outside in the corridor, there is commotion. Kids and adults alike stream out of the classrooms, some talking in hushed tones and others in jumping about with excitement.

A few kids and teachers approach Monica but she pushes past them, out into the corridor and towards the bathroom. There is a sense of nervous urgency. She dials Derek's number again.

The phone rings—once, twice, thrice... On the fourth ring, just as she is about to give up in frustration, the line clicks. A muffled voice through the phone can be heard.

MONICA (cont'd)

Why the heck have you been avoiding me these past couple of days, Huh?

(beat)

You said you loved me but needed to go to Prague for inspiration or some bullshit. But you'll call me everyday, you said.

(beat)

First you stop calling, and now you even have the audacity to ghost me?

DEREK (V.O.)

(loud enough to be heard through the phone)

MONICA!

Monica stops, just a distance outside the bathroom, taken aback by Derek's tone.

After a long pause, Monica's jaw drops. Then, she bursts out into laughter, a ominous, hysterical laughter.

The kids around her stare up in fear, having never seen Monica like this.

MONICA

You've simply lost feelings?! Really, Derek? After 7 years, this is all you've got to say to me? 7 fucking years of my life! I've stuck with you since we met in college. I helped you through your addiction and issue after issue but all you've got to say is I'm sorry but I've lost feelings?

Monica scoffs, ignoring the stares of those around her.

MONICA (cont'd)

You know what? Fine! I'm glad we're ending things. Because for 7 years I've been trapped in this godforsaken relationship and now, now I am finally free. So thank you, Derek, thank you! It only took the end of the world...

Monica laughs a dry laugh.

MONICA (cont'd)

And I deserved better anyways! You know, you talk so much talk but you're not so great, Derek. You were never able to satisfy me.

(beat)

Hurtful? HA! You think that was hurtful? No I'll show you hurtful.

Monica slams the bottom of her fist into a nearby wall, causing several kids to jump back and a few others to widen their eyes in amazement/awe.

MONICA (cont'd)

You're a little boy who's self centered as fuck and relies on everyone around you to make you feel better about yourself. And you're not that great of a writer, Derek. I have kids in my class who come up with better ideas than you do! No one wants to read your 600 pages of crap about some middle-aged, senile man with mommy issues! But hey, if its an autobiography you're going for, you're doing quite a lovely job.

(beat)

No, don't 'Monica please' me. We'll probably all be dead in a couple of hours so the least you can do is listen to me for a couple more seconds.

(beat)

You are a worthless, self-centered jerk and you will never, ever, be able to love someone as much as you love your goddamn self! Have a good day!

Monica hangs up the phone to see a group of scared children around her.

MRS. MOORE, an older teacher in her early 50s, pushes past the kids and leads Monica away by gently tugging on her shoulder.

MRS. MOORE

Monica, are you okay? You're scaring the kids!

MONICA
(indignant)
Oh they've heard worse than that!
Hell, they're worse on a daily basis!
You've heard the shit that comes out
of their mouths!

MRS. MOORE
Monica! They can hear you!

Monica turns to see Logan and Lucy standing close by.

MONICA
(staring right at
Logan and Lucy)
Great! I want them to hear me!

Monica turns back to Mrs. Moore.

MONICA (cont'd)
Does it make you feel better to beat
down other people because you're
lacking something in your own life?

Mrs. Moore tilts her head in confusion, but it soon becomes clear that Monica isn't really addressing her.

MONICA (cont'd)
Does it make you feel better about
the fact that your mom can't even be
bothered to pick you up or show up at
your performances, or even come to a
parent teacher conferences when you
make jokes about other people's moms?

Logan looks down in shame.

MONICA (cont'd)
And god! Why do children find the
need to show off whenever they have
the slightest chance?!

Lucy opens her mouth, as if having taken a blow. Sounds of shock follow—but they don't come from Lucy's mouth. Turning to the source, Monica sees a mass of people crowding around the window, looking up and pointing into the sky.

More people begin to run in from outside, shouting and pointing.

PERSON 1
Do you see that? There! Look!

Forgetting about their own petty conflicts, Monica and those around her push toward the window to get a good look.

Something is glittering, up there in the sky, something is shimmering, in the blue air of summer.

Everyone holds their breath as they stare out into the distance. The glimmering thing begins to grow larger, until it is the size of a dime, a quarter.

MONICA
(mumbling under her
breath)
We're all going to die...

Around her, people shift around in excitement and fear.

MONICA (cont'd)
(mumbling louder and
louder)
This is it... this is the end... and
I've done absolutely nothing with my
life... I... I hate it here! I feel
so... trapped! I-

Then, it happens. The entire sky fills with points of gold, and yellow pollen-like dust begin to rain down.

Monica stares out through the window, and her expression slowly softens.

Has it always been this beautiful?

Monica's eyes water as she admires the view.

The muttering and shouting of the people fade as Monica becomes entranced by the falling yellow snow, her previous anxiety all melting away.

MONICA (cont'd)
(whispering)
It's... it's beautiful.

A tear streaks down Monica's cheek. Then another quickly follows. Monica finds herself turning towards the exit.

VOICE ON THE RADIO (O.S.)
Citizens of Springfield, please
remain indoors!

Monica shifts towards the exit, hesitant and her eyes out of focus, as if in a trance.

VOICE ON THE RADIO (O.S.) (cont'd)
As of now we are still unsure as to
the nature of this substance.

She takes one step, followed by another. Faster now. More purposeful. Something has clicked.

VOICE ON THE RADIO (O.S.) (cont'd)
For your safety and the safety of all
others, please remain indoors and
keep calm. Buenas tardes ciudadanos
de Springfield..."

As Monica reaches the exit, the announcement fades into the background. She pulls the door open, then steps out into the yellow snow.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

The world outside is quiet. Calm. Monica looks up at the sky, admiring the falling yellow dust. Soon, her dark hair becomes covered with streaks of yellow.

Monica begins to walk, across the playground and towards the road. Through the window, people begin pointing at her, chattering among themselves and looking concerned.

Mrs. Moore squeezes up to the window, banging on it.

MRS. MOORE
(screaming, but
silent)
Monica! MONICA! Come back! Monica!

We see her lips move but hear nothing but dull thuds on the glass.

Monica tilts her head at the sight of that. A curious sight. Then, she breaks into a smile.

Turning away from the school, she begins to sprint.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (SUNSET) - MONTAGE?

Monica runs down the street, a big smile on her face, feeling alive for the first time in a long time. With every step, the yellow dust puffs up into the air around her.

She runs and runs until she could no longer go on. By now the yellow dust has piled over two feet deep on the sidewalk.

Monica comes to a stop by a large tree, supposedly a cottonwood tree but now covered completely in yellow. Slumping down onto the ground, with her back against the tree, Monica pants.

She leans against the tree, and relaxes in the blanket of yellow dust. She breathes in deeply and looks up at the tree and the sky.

Everything is going to be fine. Everything is going to be just fine.

The dust continues to fall and gathers on her nose. Monica closes her eyes and the world goes dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (MORNING, THE NEXT DAY)

A 3 NOISY wheeled sweeper drives down the road, passing by the cottonwood tree. As he disappears from sight, we hear BIRDS CHIRPING and the CRISP sound of a broom against concrete.

On the sidewalk, a man is sweeping with a large broom. As he nears the tree he stops in confusion. He walks up to it and sweeps his hand across a large pile of dust. The smiling face of a woman appears beneath. She looks so very peaceful.

The man yelps and jumps back.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The day's news is playing on the TV.

TV ANCHOR

A woman was found dead this morning, by the old department store on Main Street, engulfed by the unknown alien substance. Could this yellow powder from outer space be deadly after all? Stay tuned for more on the Daily Discover...