

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

An IDEAL WOMAN dressed in delicate white draping floats before a BED, a restrained white light emanating from within her plays upon the walls. She leans in over the bed; her silvery hair slips past her shoulders and settles around her soft and sharp face. Her big silvery eyes twinkle like an oil-slick rainbow.

IDEAL WOMAN

ERIC ELOUA ZUBA. It is time to wake up. Your life is about to begin.

EXT. SIDEWALK APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

ERIC ELOUA ZUBA, an excitable and ineffectual man of 27 years, stands staring towards the stars. He is relatively short with thin red-brown hair that scatters along his crown and descends into a spotty beard of a slightly lighter shade. Sunken lines on his face are beyond his years, but his auburn eyes blaze with the curiosity of a child. He carries a CHESS BOARD curled under his arm. Eloua shakes the vision from his eyes, GRUNTS in wonder, turns, and trudges up the five steps towards the apartment entrance. He leans heavily on the hand rail as his dystonic body hinders every step.

ELOUA

I wish that I could float. I would do...so much more.

Eloua pauses at the top step and yells into the night

ELOUA (CONT'D)

Damn this unnecessary ascension!

Eloua, startled, turns to see two tenets SHANNON and BRET coming up the stairs.

ELOUA (CONT'D)

Hi Shannon. Bret, hello.

Eloua happily holds the door open for the pair. Neither of them acknowledge him as they brush by. Shannon offers a discomfited smile to the floor and Bret remains fully engaged in a PHONE CONVERSATION about buying and selling.

INT. APARTMENT ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

The three pause in front of a shoddy string of wall-mounted MAILBOXES. Eloua fumbles with opening his broken mailbox as he looks excitedly towards the pair.

ELOUA  
Shannon, how are ya'll doing?

Shannon glances towards Eloua, but only reveals a slight change in the discomfort of her expression before glaring back to the floor. Seeing no further response, Eloua barrels on.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
It is kind of strange to see you...  
you see, I've been having this waking  
dream, about a beautiful floating  
woman. She kind of looks like you.  
That is, except for your nose, hair  
and eyes, she looks like you.

Bret finishes collecting their MAIL and hurriedly motions Shannon up the stairs leaving Eloua alone and momentarily speechless.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
Peace, love, and all the happiness  
to ya then...hey!

He pulls his broken mailbox open to find it empty. He opens another broken box, number 201, to find it stuffed.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
Figures, When I am hoping on a check,  
the dyslexic old bag steals my mail...  
awesome.

Eloua looks towards the ascending stairs, considers them, and then gathers the invalids MAIL and heads upstairs, GRUMBLING to himself.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eloua leans against the wall lightly panting. His painful expression becomes a smirk as he knowingly nods his head.

ELOUA  
Karma...Hmpf, irrefutable karma.

He limps over to the nearest door and KNOCKS firmly, but gently.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
MRS. LAUDER. Mrs. Lauder, this is Eric Eloua Zuba from 102. You seem to have taken my mail again, and well... I, I'm waiting on a check from the Zuba foundation.

Eloua puts his ear against the door, listens, and then again KNOCKS on the door, not gently this time.

ELOUA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Lauder! I can hear you shuffling around in there. Gimme my MAIL!

Mrs. Lauder's erratic SCREAMS are heard from deep within the apartment.

MRS. LAUDER

Go away Charlie! You are dead, and I don't want to see you again!

ELOUA

Mrs. Lauder, I am not Charlie. I am Eloua. Please, please gimme my mail. Can you just slide it under the door?

MRS. LAUDER

Since you can't speak, I can't hear you.

Eloua stands for a moment dejected, over-exaggeratingly SIGHS, and then kneels down and starts slipping Ms. Lauder's mail under her door one letter at a time.

ELOUA

When you find this pile of mail at your doorstep, please remember to return mine to my box. And If it ain't there by tomorrow, well, then I'm coming back...up.

He trails off as he fingers the last letter: a padded MANILA ENVELOPE with no return address and a noticeable ring inside. He peels down the edge of the envelope and shakes out an expensive DIAMOND RING into his open palm and considers it for a moment. Eloua sighs, places the ring back into the envelope, then places the envelope under the door, and painfully stands, pulling himself up by the door handle.

ELOUA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Lauder. I know that you aren't crazy. You're just alone. A life spent dwelling on loneliness only meets further anxieties. And Mrs. Lauder, if I may... Let go Let go of your perceptions of the past that haunt you. Strive to find some beauty, some sense of passion for your world. That's it, all I'm gonna say, just, just try living...again.

Eloua turns, takes a step, and then stops.

ELOUA (CONT'D)

If I can help, in any way, then, well, you know where to find me.

Eloua again turns but stops before he steps.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
And if you come down,  
bring me my mail.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eloua prepares a meal at his STOVE. Passing cars periodically light the room through the patio doors. The TELEVISION is on in the background.

TELEVISION  
In the news today: corruption, famine,  
war, and this week in fashion, but  
first we go to Cathy for the weather.  
The pressure is rising Tom. Can you  
feel it in the air?

A MONTAGE of Eloua preparing for bed (passing cars continue to light the room):

1. Eloua sits on his bed watching the television and eating his PLATE of food.
2. Eloua sits intently at his COMPUTER. He throws his arms up in exasperation and LAUGHS sarcastically.

ELOUA  
Ahch, why do I even bother? The  
harder I try, the deeper I sink.

3. Eloua stands before his bed. He stretches, lightly SLAPS himself a few times in the face, takes a big BREATH, and then excitedly slides into his bed.

Eloua lies in bed watching the passing car lights when a different kind of light passes through. It then slowly backs up, and gains intensity as the light begins to fill the room. Eloua watches intently and silently as the light then begins to concentrate in on itself and then unfolds into the Ideal Woman that Eloua had previously envisioned. She floats over to the side of the bed, her eyes fixated on the blanketed figure. A peaceful smile graces her lips and her light shines a cool blue. She leans in over the bed.

IDEAL WOMAN  
Eloua Zuba, it is time...

Eloua slams himself up against the back wall with a swift shuffling motion and a dry mouthed YELP.

ELOUA  
My life is about to begin!

The Ideal Woman immediately draws back from Eloua, looking down at him with a quizzical and slightly disdained face.

The Ideal Woman pauses for a moment to ensure that there are no more unwarranted outbursts and then speaks in a heavy and wispy voice,

IDEAL WOMAN

Eloua Zuba. I am a far superior being from an unfathomable distance...

Eloua interrupts. He is still splayed against the wall, panting heavily.

ELOUA

Whoa ho now! Is that what you really look like? I mean, I like it, but do all your people look like you?

The Ideal Woman glares down at Eloua.

IDEAL WOMAN

No, no other of my kind..

ELOUA

How did you get here? Is there a ship outside? Can I go for a ride?

The Ideal Woman grimaces, clearly frustrated.

IDEAL WOMAN

We do not ride in ships. We..

ELOUA

How can you come from an unfathomable distance without a space ship? How'd ya get here?

IDEAL WOMAN

We are among the first known sentients, residing much closer to the universal axis..

ELOUA

(Child-like)

Did you beam down?

The Ideal woman becomes flustered, her color shines a reddish hue.

IDEAL WOMAN

(Shouting)

Settle yourself fleshing!

Eloua quiets and shies closer to the wall. The Ideal Woman looks down on him with eyes of disdain. She continues sourly.

## IDEAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

This woman that you see is not my true state. This body came from a scanning of your mind. This is *your* ideal messenger.

Eloua peeks through his hands and starts to pose a question. The Ideal Woman stops him with her eyes.

## IDEAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

I am a great distance from here. What you see here is a vision. I belong to the oldest known species. We are not bound by matter or light. I am here by the power of my own will. I am here to offer salvation to your kind.

Eloua relaxes, but keeps his back against the wall.

## IDEAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We have gathered knowledge from all depths of this universe. My kind has found it necessary to assist lesser beings when they lie on an evolutionary precipice.

Eloua looks to her with questioning eyebrows. The Ideal Woman pauses with reluctance.

## IDEAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

I was sent here to offer you knowledge.

Eloua bounces across the bed and kind-of crouches at the other end. The Ideal Woman subtly floats a little farther from him.

## ELOUA

Whoa oh oh! Knowledge? What are you gonna give me?

## IDEAL WOMAN

Calm yourself. There are procedures. Now, if you can only remain patient, you may learn more... and more quickly.

Eloua gleams as he looks up towards the beautiful woman. He smiles and nods as if he understands.

## ELOUA

Before we continue, do you have a name?

The Ideal Woman tightens her eyes and continues to look down on him.

## IDEAL WOMAN

I do.

Eloua smiles a little wider and leans in.

## ELOUA

What is it?

## IDEAL WOMAN

If I were to speak my name in my own language, your auditory adapters may burst.

## ELOUA

Well then, tell me in my language.

## IDEAL WOMAN

Hmph. Impossible. Even that descent would destroy your auditory senses... You may refer to me as you see fit.

Eloua rests back on his haunches, gleeful about the proposition. He lightly sways side to side as he ponders a name. He takes a moment too long to think and then blurts out.

## ELOUA

Can I call you E.T.?

The Ideal Woman responds with disgust.

## IDEAL WOMAN

Perfectly inappropriate. Extra Terrestrial? The last thing I am is more of a land inhabiter than you. Inappropriate, but...If that is what you choose, then that is what I shall respond to.

Eloua repositions where he sits, a triumphant and giddy grin grows on his face.

## ELOUA

Alrighty. Now, E.T. What were you saying about me and universal knowledge?

E.T. floats, beautiful as ever, with her arms crossed over her chest. She glares down at Eloua, her red light pulsing. He drops his smile and looks to her humbly and intently.

E.T.

My kind no longer seeks to conquer. There is no good in dominating another being. We choose, instead, to help virtuous, but diseased beings to coexist with each other and their biosphere. It is the best way, that we have found, to honor our creator.

ELOUA

Creator? Huh, well, ya'll must be pretty tight. Tell me E.T. What does our creator look like?

E.T.

Why do you lesser beings always insist on giving your Creator a face? If you want to see her - Look around you.

Eloua pulls back, slightly ashamed.

ELOUA

Alright. Bad question. How does giving me knowledge honor our creator?

E.T. simply nods.

E.T.

This is the best of our knowledge: Our universe is an abundant, but limited pulse of energy in which we reside. Our creator uses energy converted by organisms to sustain itself. She stores and refines live energy until she may conceive another universe.

Eloua does not interject as usual, he sits and simply stares at her, almost absentmindedly, with a half cocked grin.

E.T. (CONT'D)

Every living being gives to the creator. The more energy you convert, the more she takes. This is why the universe favors sentient beings: they live long and convert tremendous amounts of energy.

Eloua dreamily interrupts.

ELOUA

Sounds a bit like a tax on life.

Eloua looks to E.T. with a sheepish grin. She looks to Eloua with her mouth open and her upper lip twitching.

E.T.

Your species is fraught with greed, violence, and indulgent self interest. You would have annihilated yourselves long ago if not for your innate pleasure of procreation.

Eloua looks up to E.T. with glazed eyes and a content smile. She relaxes slightly and continues.

E.T. (CONT'D)

Yet, your species has shown virtuous promise. Our Counsels have chosen you, your species to receive this gift of knowledge, and consequently, a chance at global unification and conservation... Eloua?

Eloua flutters his eyes as if he has just awoken and again gives her a sheepish grin.

ELOUA

I am sorry. Your beauty is too distracting. I cannot concentrate on your words when all I can think about is your curves. This would be a lot easier if you had come down looking like E.T.

The light emanating from E.T. goes to a deep purple and begins climbing the walls. She bursts into a TIRADE of unrecognizable words, as she fumes her body takes the form of an enormous and grotesque lizard-like HUMANOID with an overly defined bone structure, silvery skin, and black oil-slick eyes. Eloua darts across the bed and folds up against the wall.

E.T. towers over the bed. Her voice is still wispy, but thunderous.

E.T.

You are unacceptable. Your people are pitiful. I do not want to be here. I disagreed the moment the Counsels chose you humans. This time they are wrong. We should leave you to fend for yourselves.

Eloua tightens up as he watches another opportunity slipping away. E.T. turns, and begins to float away.

E.T. (CONT'D)

I am leaving now, to tell the Counsels of your inadequacy. Farewell Eloua Zuba. I hope that...

From a fetal ball, Eloua again interrupts.

ELOUA

Wait, please...When I was a boy, I would spend nights, nights, staring into the stars. I believed that some aliens had implanted me into my mothers womb, and I knew somewhere, deep down, that someday, they would come back for me.

E.T. pauses with her massive back to Eloua. He perks up.

ELOUA (CONT'D)

Maybe I am part alien baby. Did you use some kind of DNA marking to find me? Huh? Is that it? Do I share DNA with you?

E.T CHORTLES, turns, and looks to Eloua. She remains a beast, but her features have softened. She hovers closer to Eloua.

E.T.

We share nothing of the kind. Your lifelong awareness of your own future is the cause for my consideration.

(Beat)

And this, is how you were expecting my arrival?

ELOUA

I didn't expect you, exactly, but I have seen you before.

E.T. ponders her own thoughts for a moment as Eloua anxiously waits. She then looks to him sternly.

E.T.

Are you able to be calm? And to listen?

Eloua nods. E.T. begins with a smile on her still frightening face.

E.T. (CONT'D)

Eloua Zuba. Your life now begins. You have been chosen for the virtue of your actions and your willingness to better your kind...but not because of your DNA.

(Scoff)

There are six more humans, around the world, whom are currently each receiving knowledge regarding the production of a tool. Each tool has the potential to satisfy a human need.

Eloua perks up and E.T. anticipates his question.

E.T. (CONT'D)  
I will teach **you** how to store near-infinite amounts of energy.

ELOUA  
A big-ass battery?

E.T.  
Eloua, you will use this knowledge to renew your nation. The other six will do the same. The seven of you, will then attempt to unite all nations through the sharing of your newfound knowledge. If done correctly, human kind will know the absolution of inequality and unnecessary desires.

ELOUA  
What are the others learning?

E.T.  
You shall meet the others tomorrow.

ELOUA  
Can I have a hint?

E.T. is still smiling, but she twitches.

Eloua feigns a pout and stands, as he rises, recognition of this divine gift hits him in the face. With his mouth agape, Eloua ponders a moment, and then looks to the great smiling beast.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
Well then, tomorrow it is. And yes I accept your offer, with all of my being.

E.T.  
I knew that you would. Now, don't speak... And hold still. You shall travel with me and I shall teach you on way.

E.T floats towards Eloua.

E.T. (CONT'D)  
We lie in the lap of great intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth.

E.T. wraps her great arms around Eloua. The room grows brighter.

E.T. (CONT'D)  
When we discern justice, when we  
discern truth, we do nothing of  
ourselves, but allow passage to its  
beams.

ELOUA  
Emerson?

E.T looks down at him questioningly. Her light flickers.

ELOUA (CONT'D)  
That was Emerson. Right?

E.T.  
Please, still yourself.

Eloua squirms a bit.

ELOUA  
Alright... But, one thing. Were  
you feigning, when you were leaving?

E.T.  
No, I was half-way home already.

ELOUA  
Oh, ok...ahhs just wondering.

E.T.  
Be still.

Eloua BREATHES in deeply and nods. E.T. tightens her grip on Eloua. She embraces him and they glow together.

E.T. (CONT'D)  
We do nothing of ourselves, but allow  
passage to its beams.

A supernova of light flashes and fades, leaving a darkening studio apartment - empty.

FADE TO BLACK