

"The Last Ones"

by
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INT. MUSEUM - DAY

A group of people walk down a hallway. THE PROFESSOR is in front. He is an older, bearded man carrying a walking stick. Behind him, hanging on his every word, are his ten, teenage male and female students.

They enter a room bearing the plaque "THE HALL OF THE LAST ONES." It holds many cases covered in clear plastic. Some are brightly lit, some are dark. A few other people mill about the hall. The Professor speaks as he and his students walk.

PROFESSOR

Now, students, my favorite place
in the museum.

MALE STUDENT

Why, sir?

PROFESSOR

Here, after an *exhaustive* search,
my colleagues and I have gathered
all the dying species we could
find in the hope of somehow saving
them.

He stops in front of two, side-by-side, well-lit cages.
His students stop with him. One cage holds a small dog;
the other, a cat.

FEMALE STUDENT

(chuckles slightly)

PROFESSOR

Something?

FEMALE STUDENT

Cats and dogs often could not
tolerate each other, and here -
side by side - are the last of
their respective species.

PROFESSOR

(chuckles)

Very true.

They continue walking. We see cages holding the animals
the Professor mentions as he gestures to his right and
his left.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR

The last chimpanzee. . . the last
polar bear. . . and the last fox.

(beat)

Each cage is muted so this hall
doesn't become a cacophony!

MALE STUDENT

Is there *nothing* science can do to
make sure these beautiful species
don't become extinct?

PROFESSOR

What would you suggest?

MALE STUDENT

(beat)

Artificial insemination? Cloning?

PROFESSOR

We have tried both; we have
consistently failed.

(beat)

Purely by chance, most of the
animals we rescued are female and
well beyond their fertile years.

FEMALE STUDENT

What about cross-breeding?

The Professor stops walking suddenly. All of his students
do likewise. He is angry.

PROFESSOR

Why do you ask that?

FEMALE STUDENT

I. . . I didn't mean to insult
you, sir. It was only a question.

PROFESSOR

We *did* try cross-breeding - once -
when we realized that no other
options were available.

FEMALE STUDENT

And?

He walks slowly to a small, darkened cage.

PROFESSOR

The result is here.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns on the light.

His students react in horror at the thing inside: A repulsive mishmash of various animals. Three heads nipping at each other, its patchy fur covered in drool and blood.

The Professor presses another button so his students can hear the thing's voice - a snarling, barking, hissing noise never meant for a solitary creature.

FEMALE STUDENT

(frightened)

Professor, *please* turn it off! I
can't *bear* it!

Her eyes welling, she buries her face against a male student's chest.

The Professor presses a button. The sound stops, and the cage lighting dims to pitch black.

PROFESSOR

It will rest now.

(beat)

I'm sorry if that disturbed you,
but I wanted to show why cross-
breeding is no longer an option.
We can't take the risk with these
rare specimens.

MALE STUDENT

Have you no idea what went so
terribly wrong to create that. . .
thing?

PROFESSOR

None.

They start walking again.

PROFESSOR

Perhaps one of you will come up
with the solution after your
graduation next month. It breaks
my heart when. . .

He stops at a large, well-lit cage on his right. At first, we see only his reaction.

PROFESSOR

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

His students stop with him.

FEMALE STUDENT

Is she. . .

PROFESSOR

Yes.

FEMALE STUDENT

(beat)

That's so sad.

MALE STUDENT

There is no other example of this
species?

PROFESSOR

She was the last.

We slowly pan to the cage.

PROFESSOR

When we conquered this planet, we
tried to preserve all the species
we could. We did our best.

We see that the dead specimen is a human female.

PROFESSOR

The last human being.

The Professor's image is reflected in the cage face. He
looks sad for a moment, but then shakes it off.

PROFESSOR

Who wants nourishment?

FADE TO BLACK.