

THE LAST LIBRARIAN

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EXT. SPACE

THE ALEXANDRIA, an enormous space craft which looks somewhere between Star Destroyer and medieval building, cruises through space.

INT. THE ALEXANDRIA, QUARTERS

The inside of the Alexandria looks as though it was built in a hurry, visible piping, mismatched wall panels and reused materials.

CARETAKER LAWRENCE (30s, glasses, beard) is sitting at a table reading a book and drinking a coffee. He finishes the last page and closes the book.

He gets up, places the book in a shoulder bag and carries it out of the room.

INT. THE ALEXANDRIA, LIBRARY, AIRLOCK

Lawrence puts on an orange atmosphere suit. He zips up the front, fastening the seal. He places a helmet over his head.

He presses a large button on the wall and stands still as the room turns red and the air is pumped out of the airlock with a loud HISSING sound.

The room turns green and the door opens.

INT. THE ALEXANDRIA LIBRARY, MAIN HALL

The library resembles one you might find in a centuries old university but much, much larger. It is several levels high, each level with shelves of books towering above head height. The ornate wooden shelves, balconies and stairs are visible in pools of light that stretch on and on.

Lawrence looks at the display on his visor and follows a set of co-ordinates as he steps into the vast library.

LATER

Lawrence inspects the books as he idles along the shelves. He smiles at them, his reverence of the ancient artefacts obvious.

He takes his book out of his satchel and places it on the shelf.

He selects a leather-bound copy of *Lord Jim* by Joseph Conrad from the shelf and places it in his satchel.

He is about to turn back when he spots something.

There in front of him sits a woman (THE READER), visibly in her 30s and without an atmosphere suit or breathing apparatus, sitting on the floor reading a paperback copy of *Suite Française*.

The Reader looks up and smiles at Lawrence.

THE READER

You must be the librarian.

LAWRENCE

I... I'm Caretaker Lawrence. I'm...  
I'm sorry, are you, I mean can  
you... Am I going mad?

THE READER

It's a possibility. Is my  
appearance unnerving?

LAWRENCE

Well it depends on what you mean.  
Your appearance is fine but your  
*appearance* is a little unsettling  
if you see what I mean.

THE READER

We seek an understanding.

LAWRENCE

We?

THE READER

An understanding of humanity.

LAWRENCE

Well sorry to be the barer of bad  
news but I'm all that's left.  
Humanity destroyed itself in a war  
twelve years ago. That's actually  
why all this is out here.

THE READER

Yes, you are the last of your kind.  
It has come time for us to  
catalogue humanity. We have come to  
you for understanding.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE

You don't need me, everything you  
need to understand is here.

She looks around at all the books.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

We'd better start with the  
classics.