

LUCY

Written by

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NOTA

This film is extremely visual.
It is difficult to describe in words
without running the risk of losing or
boring the reader.

I have come up with a simplified summary,
therefore, like a reader's guide, which
will conjure up the images in as few words
as possible:

- the beginning is LEON THE PROFESSIONAL
- the middle is INCEPTION
- the end is 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Don't interpret this as pretention on my
part, merely a visual, emotional and
philosophical point of reference.

FADE UP

CLOSE on a cell, seen through a microscope.

Opening titles.

The cell splits in two, then four, then eight...

With each new title card, life develops, methodically, diligently...

CUT:

A prehistorical man and woman are arguing near a fire. It appears that he wants to have sex with her, but she does not. A few meters from there, a group of Neanderthals are looking at them.

BLACK

FEMININE VOICE (OFF)

Life was given to us a billion years ago.
What have we done with it?

Title of the film appears:

LUCY

1

EXT. STREET, TAIPEI - SUNRISE

1

The first ray of the sun's light streams between the buildings of Taipei, touching the face of LUCY, 25. Last night's make-up caked on her skin. She has been up all night.

She wears a tight leopard print miniskirt, and is trying to get her jacket on her bare shoulders. RICHARD, 28, is standing next to her in vintage ray bans and a Bono-style Stetson.

Lucy takes a sip of her coffee from a Taiwanese Starbucks.

RICHARD

Lucy, it's easy as pie. In, out, all done
and dusted.

LUCY

So, why don't you do it yourself?

RICHARD

(syrupy)

For fun, that's all! The last thing
the guy is expecting is a total 10
turning up to deliver his case. It
will blow his mind. C'mon!

She takes another sip of coffee, turning her face to the sun.

LUCY

What's in it?

RICHARD

(shrugs)

Sweetheart! Don't get paranoid on
me! It's fifty feet! And I'm right
here! You trust me, don't you?

CUT:

FLASH of Lucy and Richard crazy on the dance floor.

FLASH of them drinking champagne and laughing.

FLASH of Richard filling a glass of champagne, and put a pill in it.
Lucy shoots it down, without noticing.

FLASH of Lucy laughing

FLASH of Lucy being taken by Richard in the restrooms.

The Neanderthals aren't far away.

*

BACK TO SCENE

LUCY

I gotta go.

Lucy kisses him on the cheek, starts to go. Richard looks nervous, grabs her by the arm.

RICHARD

Hey, Lucy, Lucy!!! What are you doing??

LUCY

I have exams on Monday, Richard. So I'm gonna take a shower and work!

RICHARD

Hey, you know the other day, somebody dragged me to an exhibition--something about dinosaurs--and the first ever prehistoric woman was right there. Know what? Her name was Lucy.

INSERT:

The real prehistoric Lucy sits half-naked, gazing blankly at the camera.

Back to scene:

Miniskirt Lucy stares at Richard.

LUCY

And that's supposed to make me feel better?

RICHARD

(realizes)

Yeah, no, I mean... Sorry! I guess I meant Lennon and McCartney's Lucy!

Lucy gives him a blank look.

Richard hums the tune.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(sings)

Lucy in the sky with dia-a-a-monds!

Lucy rolls her eyes.

LUCY

I'll call you this week.

She's ready to go.

Richard grabs her again by the arm. On edge.

RICHARD

Lucy! Look, I can't deliver the case myself. I had a little falling-out with the guy. Nothing major but... If we run into each other now, it's gonna be a bit tense and who needs that right now? If it's you, problem's solved. He takes the case, end of story.

Lucy sighs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It'll take twenty seconds. You walk in there, go up to reception and ask for Mr. Wang. He comes down, takes the case, you flash him your prettiest smile and bounce. Look!

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You can see the reception from here! I won't take my eyes off you. I'll even press my nose up against the window if you want.

Lucy peers inside the Imperial Hotel. Classy. Five stars. And he's right, she can see the reception from where they're standing, outside the big plate-glass windows.

INSERT:

A mouse scampers around a trap holding a juicy chunk of cheese.

Back to scene:

Lucy hesitates. Sighs.

LUCY

What's in the case?

RICHARD

Paperwork.

LUCY

Let's see.

RICHARD

It's locked and only Mr. Wang has the code. I'm just the delivery boy.

Lucy glances at the handcuff dangling from the case handle.

LUCY

You mean, you get paid for this?

Busted.

Richard tries to laugh it off.

RICHARD

Yeah.... Kind of.

LUCY

How much?

RICHARD

(chuckles feebly)

Oh? We're negotiating now?

LUCY

No, I'm just curious how much you get paid. Go on... How much?

RICHARD

(hesitates)

...A thousand. Dollars.

LUCY

A thousand dollars? For delivering paperwork?

RICHARD

Babe! I don't know! From time to time, I get given a case and I deliver it to a hotel, period. It takes me ten minutes and they pay me a grand. The rest is none of my business.

LUCY

(nervous smile)

You say you're gonna give me a ride home, and in fact you want me to work for you!

RICHARD

How's this? We split it down the middle. Five hundred for you. Five hundred for me.

LUCY

Richard, seriously. There's something fishy going on here. You should be careful.

She kisses him on the cheek and sets off.

Richard catches her by the arm.

RICHARD

(irritated)

Listen, it's the third time this week I'm showing up in the same hotel with the same cowboy hat. They gotta be suspicious.

Lucy grabs his Stetson and puts it on.

LUCY

Problem solved.

RICHARD

Lucy, Honey! I've done this a dozen times! It's paperwork!

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Probably some designs they've swiped so they can copy them. That's how it works in this country. Even my Stetson was made here! Look! It says so on the label.

Lucy glances inside the hat. The label reads *Made in Taiwan*. She slips it back on his head.

LUCY

So long, cowboy with a fake Stetson!

She smiles, turns and walks away, really going this time.
Richard grabs her by the wrist.

RICHARD
Baby, please...

LUCY
I gotta go.

In a flash, Richard slips the handcuff from the case handle
around her wrist.

INSERT:
The trap snaps closed on the foolhardy mouse.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(sighs)
What the... Richard! What the hell
are you doing?

RICHARD
(smiles)
Sorry. I really need your help.

He heads toward the hotel entrance. Lucy is forced to tag
along.

LUCY
(pissed off)
Richard! Richard! Hold on a second!
What is this shit? Take this off of
me right now!

RICHARD
(serious)
I don't have the key. Mr. Wang has
it. All you have to do is go into the
hotel and ask for him at the
reception desk.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

He'll come down with the key and
you'll be free to go.

LUCY

(firmly)

Take it off!! Right now!

RICHARD

Look, I'm sorry. I really have no
choice. I'll be watching you all the way.
The sooner you go, the sooner you'll be
back.

LUCY

I can't believe you did this to me.

RICHARD

I won't move from here. You have my
word.

LUCY

Your word isn't worth shit!

Richard counts out five hundred dollars and wedges the bills in her
cleavage.

RICHARD

It's worth five hundred bucks, at
least! And the money up front! Buy
yourself a real Stetson with it.

He grabs his hat back and puts it on.

Lucy glances around.

The street looks normal, the hotel is reassuringly quiet.

LUCY
(cold)
You're an asshole!

RICHARD
(warm)
You're wonderful!

She sighs and heads for the hotel entrance.

INSERT:

A gazelle trots along in the savannah, under the avid gaze of a prowling lion.

4

INT. HOTEL - DAY

4

Lucy pauses to adjust her skirt. She walks slowly across the lobby, eyes darting this way and that, on the alert, but she doesn't really know what she's looking out for--proof of some kind of dirty trick, for sure.

Richard stands outside, pressed up against the glass, mocking her paranoia.

INSERT:

The gazelle stands still, glances around.
In the long grass, the lions slip silently into position.

CONCIERGE
Miss?

Lucy's mind has gone blank. She can't even remember the guy's name.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
(sweetly)
What can I do for you?

LUCY
Er... Wang? Mr. Wang?

CONCIERGE
(uncomfortable)
Yes?

LUCY
I'd like to see him.

The Concierge picks up the phone.

CONCIERGE
Who should I say is here?

LUCY
Richard. I mean... Mr. Richard sent
me.

The Concierge talks in Chinese to Mr. Wang.

CONCIERGE
And your name is...?

LUCY
I'm just here instead of Richard.
He's looking for somewhere to park.

The Concierge translates into the phone.

CONCIERGE
Mr. Wang still wants to know your
name.

INSERT:
The gazelle is anxious. The lions creep closer.

LUCY
Lucy.

CONCIERGE

Lucy what?

LUCY

Lucy Lucy. That'll have to do. Tell him to come down quickly because I'm running late. I've got to get to work and --

CONCIERGE

Just a second while I translate.

Beat. An awkward pause.
The Concierge hangs up.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Mr. Wang's on his way. Stay right here.

LUCY

(taken aback)

Can I sit?

CONCIERGE

Mr. Wang said you need to stay right here, so I think it's better if you stay right here.

Lucy's worried now. As if she's finally got proof that something is not right.

The phone rings. The Concierge answers.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

He continues the conversation in Chinese.

Lucy sighs and looks around. Richard is still at the window, smiling.

Lucy makes a face, trying to exorcise her own fears.

It's too late for that.

Four goons get off the elevator and head for the reception desk.

Lucy senses that trouble's coming her way. Female intuition is a wonderful thing.

INSERT:

The gazelle has seen the lions looking at her.

Back to scene:

None of the goons weighs less than 100 kilos. Their jackets are bulging with hardware.

Lucy begins quietly to freak out.

She frantically glances around at Richard, who gives her two thumbs-up. Suddenly...

A silent but deadly bullet thwacks into his back. Richard's chest bursts open and paints the window red.

Richard collapses. Lucy is petrified.

The case slips from her grasp and dangles from the handcuff chain.

INSERT:

The gazelle bolts.

The lions take off in pursuit.

Lucy turns back to the Concierge, but she can't get a word out.

LUCY

The... The... Police! Call the police!

The four men close in around her.
 TAO, the slender one, pushes the muzzle of his gun into her back. He talks calmly, as if parking a car.
 The Concierge translates for Lucy.

CONCIERGE

(tense)

He says to stay calm and
 everything'll be fine.

INSERT:

The gazelle dodges a murderous swipe of a paw by inches.

Lucy nods. She sways and her eyes roll back in her head as if she's about to faint, but two of the goons hold her up straight.

Tao puts a roll of dollar bills on the counter.

The Concierge takes it and ducks behind the counter.

Distant sirens wail.

The goons talk among themselves in Chinese, grab Lucy and haul her toward the elevators.

In the furor caused by Richard's violent death, nobody intervenes.

The elevator doors close.

INSERT:

A heavy paw slams the gazelle to the ground.

The four lions dive in, like Lehman Brothers traders.

5 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

5

Surrounded by the four goons, in a steel cage hurtling to the 25th and top floor, Lucy begins to shake uncontrollably.

LUCY
(like a child)
Look, I've got nothing to do with all
this...

Fluid trickles down her leg.

Tao notices and steps back, with a few snarky remarks in Chinese.

The elevator doors open.

6

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

6

The small group swooshes down the long hallway, the thick carpet muffling their steps.

Lucy feels like she's being walked down death row.

At the far end, a sign on a door proclaims *Royal Suite*.

7

INT. ROYAL SUITE - DAY

7

The curtains are drawn, blocking out all but a few shafts of light.

In one corner, the feet of three corpses are visible, piled on top of each other.

Lucy pukes. Who can blame her?

The goons grab her before she collapses, and drop her in a chair.

Tao appears with a towel that he lobs at her for her to clean herself up.

Lucy doesn't react. She can't take her eyes off the heap of corpses and signs of gruesome activities taking place in the room next door.

Tao barks out some orders.

A goon tugs the bedroom door closed to block out the sight of the corpses, while another begins dabbing at Lucy with the towel.

LUCY
(stammers)
I... I haven't done anything...

A man enters. Early fifties, three-piece suit, and blood dripping from his hands.

With complete disregard for the carpet, a goon pours Evian water on the man's hands so he can rinse them off.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(terrified)
You... You speak English?

No answer.

The man meticulously wipes his hands and checks there aren't any stains on his suit.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
I know a little Spanish, too...

MR. WANG speaks Chinese and only Chinese.

Wang quizzes Tao, who replies.

The only word Lucy picks up is when Tao mentions her name.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Yes! I'm Lucy, but I haven't done anything wrong! It's Richard.
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

He told me to deliver the case.
Here... Take it, but don't feel you
have to chop my hand off. Just cut
through the chain if you've lost the
key.

They pursue their discussion in Chinese. Apparently, there's a
problem.

Wang sighs and sits down.
He motions for Lucy to be brought over.

She struggles and squirms all she can. After all, nobody likes to
have their hand chopped off.

LUCY (CONT'D)

No! Please! I'm begging you!

She's pinned to a chair facing Wang across his desk.

Meanwhile, Wang makes a call and launches into another
discussion in Chinese.

Lucy finally begins to tire and calms down a little.

Wang activates the phone's loudspeaker.

PHONE VOICE

(strong Chinese accent)

Hello, miss. I speak English. I
translate you for Mr. Wang.

Lucy realizes that this voice is most likely her only hope.
She leans closer to the phone.

LUCY

Tell him I haven't done anything.
This is all a terrible mistake. I've
no idea what's in the damn case!

PHONE VOICE

Hold on, hold on, not so fast.

The man on the phone translates for Wang, who asks a question.

PHONE VOICE (CONT'D)

Mr. Wang wants to know what's in the case.

INSERT:

A mouse runs round and round on a plastic wheel.

Lucy's final hope is dashed.
All alone in the world.

LUCY

But... I just told you I have no idea what's in it! Do you speak English or don't you?

PHONE VOICE

Yes, I do! I studied one year at International High School in New York. I studied a lot English.

The man speaks English like a 6th-grader.
Lucy tries her best to stay calm and speak clearly.

LUCY

Look! I swear... I have no idea what is in that case! Richard gave it to me outside the hotel and asked me to take it to reception. That's all I know. As for anything else, there's no point torturing me, I don't know a thing!

The phone voice translates.
On edge, Wang fires in another question.

PHONE VOICE

Mr. Wang wants to know where is
Richard.

She's floundering in a nightmare.

INSERT:

The mouse in the wheel, stops moving.

Tears run down Lucy's cheek.

LUCY

But... He's dead! Outside the hotel.
I thought your men had...

She glances at Tao, who remains as expressionless as a lump of
lead.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I don't know anymore... I don't get
it...

Wang stares at her, and issues a few orders and stands.

More goons arrive with Plexiglas shields to form a sort of wall
at one end of the room.

Helmets and gas masks are handed round.
Everybody gets kitted up. Except Lucy.

A goon puts a piece of paper in front of Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

They've put a note in front of me,
with numbers on it.

PHONE VOICE

It's the code to open the case.

Lucy looks up and realizes why the whole gang is cowering behind riot shields and wearing helmets and gas masks.

LUCY

What's in the case?

PHONE VOICE

Nothing dangerous.

LUCY

So why won't Mr. Wang open it himself?

PHONE VOICE

He doesn't trust Mr. Richard.

LUCY

Tell him I didn't trust Richard either so maybe the case should be opened up someplace else.

The voice translates.

Mr. Wang scowls and brusquely motions to his men.

Lucy immediately has seven guns pointing at her.

PHONE VOICE

Mr. Wang insists that *you* open the case.

Lucy doesn't really have a choice. She's terrified.

LUCY

(to herself)

Okay, okay...

One by one, she spins the wheels of the combination locks.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(tears in her eyes)
Please... God... Help me...

She turns the fourth wheel. Nothing goes off.
Except Wang, yelling impatiently.

PHONE VOICE
Now open the case.

Lucy takes a deep breath and... jerks the case open so fast that
everybody jumps back.
Lucy opens her eyes.
She's not dead.

Wang yells once more.

PHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
Can you describe the contents of
the case?

LUCY
Five transparent plastic pouches.
Filled with a bluish powder... Maybe
violet... Looks icky!

Lucy heaves a sigh. Her nerves are frazzled.

PHONE VOICE
Looks what?

LUCY
Icky!

PHONE VOICE
Euh... Do you have another word?

LUCY
(with anger)
Sick! Dirty! Disgusting! Shit in
powder! Slumbag! You get it?!

The voice translates and Wang sends a goon forward.
The goon pulls on gloves, takes out a box-cutter and delicately
slices open a packet.
He spoons a little of the spangly powder onto the table.

Lucy watches him apprehensively. Two goons haul a 40-kilo
wreck of a human being into the room. Probably Dutch. A real
dope fiend who's tried everything except detergent.

The dope fiend is dumped in front of Lucy. The poor guy is
absolutely devoid of reactions. A straw is placed in front of him.
He barely registers.
One of the goons takes the young Dutch guy's hand and gently
closes his fingers around a straw.
He urges him on, as if encouraging a child to finish his dessert.

The kid finally understands.
He positions the straw and snorts the spangly powder far up his
nose.

The least you can say is that it wakes him up.
The Dutch guy spasms, twisting and jerking.
His muscles strain as if he's climaxing or beating the world
weightlifting record. He stands bolt upright like a bamboo plant.
He cackles, exploding with laughter.
He starts hitting the walls, babbling in Dutch.

Lucy gawks at him.
Wang peers at the guy, studying his reaction intently.

The dope fiend starts banging his head against the walls, then
he contorts as if racked with convulsions.

The guy's going to blow. It's obvious.
Wang motions to a goon.

The goon wastes the young guy like a lab rat that's outlived its usefulness. It takes five bullets, then a dozen more, to keep the flying Dutchman down.

Lucy's face is spattered with blood.

She is in horrorland. On a one-way ticket.

The goon with gloves on reappears and pokes at the contents of the case with a chopstick and a little mirror to check there are no mechanisms underneath the pouches.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with me now? Kill me? Is that the plan? Now I've seen all this, you're gonna say you haven't got any choice, I suppose. It was too easy just to let me go, wasn't it?

The voice translates.

Wang just sits stony-faced while the goon completes his slow, painstaking inspection.

Denied a response, Lucy heaves a sigh.

She watches the sweat-soaked goon raising and peering under each plastic packet.

Suddenly, Lucy pulls the pouches out one by one. She deposits them on the table as if unpacking her groceries.

Wang stares in astonishment.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(trying to pull herself together)

OK... Look... You got what you want... Can I go now?... Please?

The translation takes some time, but it's worth it: for the first time, Wang cracks a smile.

PHONE VOICE

Mr. Wang has a counter-proposal for you.

LUCY

Oh?

PHONE VOICE

He's offering you a job.

Lucy is speechless.

LUCY

A job?

A goon comes over.

Lucy looks up just in time to see his fist crunching into her face.

INSERT:

A huge "1%" fills the screen.

RAPID MONTAGE:

a sea anemone darting in the current / a billowing jellyfish / a blundering creature from the depths / a squiggly tadpole

8

INT. LECTURE HALL, PARIS - DAY

8

PROFESSOR NORMAN, late 40's, gives a lecture to packed rows of students.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

If life starts approximately a billion years ago then we will have to wait 400,000 years to see the aberration of the first nerve cells. This is where life as we know it begins. Brains in formation of only a few milligrams, there is no way to determine any sign of intelligence yet, it acts more as a reflex. One neuron, you are alive. Two neurons you're moving, and with movement that's when interesting things begin to happen.

INSERT:

A huge "5%" fills the screen.

RAPID MONTAGE:

A cheetah hunting / a sea otter breaking open a sea urchin on its belly with a stone / a bear fishing / an eagle fishing / a gazelle standing on its hind legs to reach low-hanging leaves / a dog running in circles before settling down / a cat playing with a little ball.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

Animal life on earth goes back millions of years, yet most species use barely 3-5% of their brain's capacity. Rats, foxes, and crows are patently smart and organized, but it's only when you reach human beings, at the top of the animal chain, that you finally see a species using more of its cerebral capacity.

INSERT:

A huge "10%" fills the screen.

INSERT:

A prehistoric man bangs two rocks together and grins happily.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

10% seems very little, but is really quite a lot when you look at all we've done with it.

RAPID MONTAGE:

A dam / a washing machine / a bike / a rocket / an electric juicer / a soccer match on TV / the Eiffel Tower / a satellite / bank notes rolling off a printing press / a trading floor / an operating room / a swathe of solar panels / an Indian temple / thousands of containers stacked on docks / a fashion show / a robot building a car / the pyramids in Egypt / the pyramid in the Louvre / a steel ball on a thread striking the first ball in a series and provoking perpetual motion.

The prehistoric man cracks the two rocks together until sparks begin to fly and kindling catches fire.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

Despite all these wonderful inventions and undisputable ingenuity we are prisoners of the natural selection so dear to Darwin -
- adapt to one's environment or die.
Now let's discuss a special case --
the only living being that uses its brain better than us. The dolphin.

A giant photo of a dolphin appears on the screen behind the Professor.

A student nudges his pretty neighbor and flashes the dolphin tattoo on his shoulder.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

My dear Jean, it will take more than a tattoo for you to be its equal.

More laughter in the hall. Jean smiles sheepishly.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

It is estimated that this exceptional animal with its permanent and beautiful smile uses up to 20% of its cerebral capacity. In particular, this allows it to have an echolocation system that is far more efficient than any sonar invented by mankind, but the dolphin didn't "invent" the sonar, it "developed" it naturally, and this is the crucial part of our philosophical reflection that we have today. Can we therefore conclude, that humans are concerned with "having" rather than "being," and in fact "invent" only what they would be capable of developing naturally if they took the time and, of course, if they used their brains a little better.

9

INT. ROOM

9

ECU as Lucy opens one eye.

She isn't dead, but isn't sure just yet if that's a good thing. In bra and panties, she's stretched out on an examining table in a room that looks vaguely like a recovery room.

Lucy sits up, but is immediately gripped by a terrible pain in her stomach.

She looks down and sees that her whole lower gut is bandaged up, as if she's been subjected to a particularly incompetent C-section.

It hurts, but she still manages to sit up. What worries her more than the pain is not knowing what exactly they've done to her. She sees a bottle of painkillers next to her and takes two.

Two guards enter, startling her. They throw over a bag of clothes and motion for Lucy to get dressed.

10

INT. LIVING ROOM

10

Very European-style decor, kind of "rich Asian wants his very own Versailles." Only the maids in traditional dresses remind us that we are in Asia.

Lucy arrives wearing a denim skirt, flat shoes and white t-shirt. Definitely not dressed to kill. She is flanked by the two guards, who open a door, revealing a magnificent library.

Mr. Wang sits cradling a glass of brandy. Two white men in designer suits are with him. Clearly not human rights activists or charity workers.

Lucy walks forward. Wang smiles. This bastard looks almost happy to see her again.

LUCY

What have you done to my stomach?

One of the mucky-mucks answers instead of Wang. He has an English accent that's so thick you could cut it with a knife.

THE LIMEY

(smiles)

It's just a little horizontal slit. But it's very well done. You'll see, in a month the scar will be practically invisible. You'll be able to show your tummy off on Miami Beach next summer.

LUCY

It's not the scar that worries me --

THE LIMEY

It's why we opened you up?

Lucy nods apprehensively.

The Limey smiles, like a white shark.

THE LIMEY (CONT'D)

Rest assured, we didn't harvest any of your organs. We merely slipped a small packet into your lower tummy. It will be removed as soon as you arrive in Los Angeles.

LUCY

It's... It's a packet of the powder that... that was in the case?

THE LIMEY

Smart Girl.

Flash: Lucy sees the Dutchman from the earlier scene twisting and convulsing.

Back to: Lucy looks about to faint. A bodyguard stops her.

THE LIMEY (CONT'D)
 C.P.H.4, A prototype, for what we
 believe will be the next big thing in
 recreational drug use.

Lucy's just grasped what her new job is: drugs mule.

Wang waves his hand.
 Lucy is led next door.

11

INT. LIVING ROOM

11

Lucy is marched to the far end of the room, next to four men.
 Two of them have no shirts on, revealing bulky bandages on
 their stomachs.

Lucy does the math: five packets in the case, five mules.

A Chinese gangster hands out passports and plane tickets.

THE LIMEY
 (typically British
 politeness)
 Good morning to you, gentlemen and
 lady. First of all, many thanks for
 taking part in this experiment,
 which I'm sure will go off
 flawlessly. These passports and
 tickets will enable you to return
 home within the next twenty-four
 hours. Upon arrival, you will be
 taken in hand by our people, so that
 we might recover our merchandise
 and you might rediscover the
 freedom you so richly deserve.
 (MORE)

THE LIMEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure I don't need to remind you that if you are apprehended by the police, you run the risk of up to ten years in prison. As for those of you who may be tempted to warn or hand themselves in to the authorities, may I point out we have the names and addresses of the families of every one of you, down to the most distant cousins. Therefore, we rely on your complete discretion.

Lucy looks at her comrades in misfortune as if they were already dead.

THE LIMEY (CONT'D)

But enough of my speedy lying.
Gentlemen, lady... allow me to wish you "bon voyage!"

The guards rush over and pull hoods over the guinea pigs' heads.

The Limey is intrigued by Lucy and moves closer, standing facing her, an amused smile flirting across his lips.

LUCY

You're gonna kill thousands of people with this shit!

THE LIMEY

(smiles)

We all have to die sometime, darling, but before death, there will be pleasure! No more grief, no more pain. For a few brief moments, the sense of being king of the world, of being immortal. And forgetting the crappy one they live in.

Lucy is the last of the mules to be hooded.

BLACKOUT.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (O.S.)

For primitive beings like us, life seems to have in reality one single purpose: To go through time.

12

INT. LECTURE HALL, PARIS - DAY

12

Professor Norman stands facing it's students.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Going through time seems to be the only real purpose of each of our cells. To achieve that aim, the mass of cells that makes up the earthworm and the human being has only two solutions: to be immortal or to reproduce.

A slide flashes up with two words in caps:
IMMORTALITY/REPRODUCTION.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

If its habitat is not sufficiently favorable or nurturing...

HIGH-SPEED MONTAGE:

A raging ocean / an erupting volcano / a cyclone / wildfires / major pollution.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

... the cell will opt for immortality, in other words self-sufficiency and self-management.

Image of an autonomous cell.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

It will develop a perfect system of consumption and recycling of all it has. Such is the case of carcinogenic cells, for example. They are cells that consider their environment -- the body that houses them -- to be insufficiently propitious. Thus, they change their way of functioning. On the other hand, if the habitat is favorable...

INSERT:

A quiet forest / a pristine glacier / calm seas.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

... the cell will choose to reproduce.

MONTAGE:

A lion and lioness copulating / two monkeys / two elephants / a car rocking and creaking in an empty parking lot.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

When it dies, the cell passes on essential information to another cell, which passes it on to another, and so on...

MONTAGE:

Giving birth: a zebra / a cow / a sea-horse / a dolphin / a human.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

In this way, knowledge and learning are passed down... through time.

INSERT:

CLOSE on the lecture hall clock as the minute hand moves round one notch.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

Millions of our cells die every day,
to the extent that none of the cells
that constitute our beings now
were present on the day of our
birth.

So the body of our childhood is no
longer there, but the spirit remains.
And that reveals the full complexity
of our existence: our body accepts
dying a little bit every day, while our
spirit doesn't, and is afraid of only one
thing: death.

BLACKOUT.

We hear Lucy's breathing. Hard and fast. Like her heartbeat.
Fear in her belly.
Gradually, we sense a little more light.
The sound of an engine. The city.

Through the thick weave of the hood into Lucy's private sphere.
Her eye. Her mouth. Mumbling to herself.

LUCY

... Lucy... Keep calm. You have to
wait, play for time. You'll have time
to think it through on the plane.
Yes, that's right. Take that flight.
Get out of here. Don't try anything
yet. Keep your cool. You're alive,
that's all that matters. Wait...
Wait... Wait...

13

INT. ROOM

13

Suddenly, the hood is ripped off. Bright, dazzling light.
Straight into poor Lucy's face.

Change of setting. Some kind of warehouse .

She's in a padded room--the kind of room where you can scream all you like and not have to worry about upsetting the neighbors.

Set in the far wall is a large ring with a meter-length of chain dangling from it.

Three men haul Lucy over there and handcuff her to the chain.

The three guys babble away in Chinese.

The way they leer at Lucy leaves no doubt about the subject of their conversation.

One of them comes over and touches her hair, as if feeling for quality.

Lucy stiffens, but simply moves her head away from his hand.

LUCY

Please... no...

The second guy clasps her breast with one hand, as if testing a melon at a market stall for ripeness.

Lucy gives him a free taste of her fist with a side order of handcuff chain.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(fiery)

I'm not in the mood!

The goon freaks out and punches her back, in the face.

Lucy falls back and he kicks her in the gut several times.

Lucy's eyes nearly pop out in agony.

One of the other guards grabs his buddy and hustles him out.

They lock and bolt the door, leaving Lucy writhing in pain, gasping for breath and clutching her stomach.

The camera closes in, closer and closer on her stomach, until the view penetrates the fibers of her bandages.

14

INT. LUCY'S BODY

14

The camera enters Lucy's skin like an endoscope.
The view penetrates her flesh until it focuses on one of the corners of the plastic packet.
It looks like underwater footage of the exploration of the Titanic.

The view tracks alongside the packet, until it reaches the bow.
Just like the Titanic, it's split open.
The kicking from the Chinese guard has ruptured the pouch.
The dope spills out like fluid.

It's like the milky way--sparkling, skipping, shifting, purple, blue, red... It rockets through her system, like a firework, a luminescent streak lighting up her veins from the inside and making the walls of the vein phosphorescent.

Whenever a vein branches off in two directions, the streak of powder splits up. We follow one all the way to the huge valve that gives access to the heart, like a sacred entrance to a temple. The fluid engulfs the heart.

Lucy contorts in pain, like a wriggling earthworm.
After seeing what one gram of C.P.H.4 did to the Dutchman, it's easy to imagine the effect of one kilo.

Her body twists into insane, completely dislocated positions, like a fish out of water or a garden hose gone wild.
She spins round and round like a top, hitting herself all over.
The sounds that come out of her mouth are inhuman, more like the grunts of a fatally wounded animal. She slithers across the floor on her back, pushes against the wall and starts sliding up it. Dream and reality converge.

Finally, Lucy raises herself up, lets out a bloodcurdling scream and charges into the wall head first.

BLACKOUT.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (O.S.)

Let's imagine for a few moments what our life would be like if we had access to, let's say, 20% of our brain's capacity.

INSERT:

A huge "20%" fills the screen.

15

INT. LECTURE HALL, PARIS - DAY

15

Norman stands on the wooden rostrum facing his students.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

If we went down the same road as the dolphin, we would be able to localize objects from a distance, and receive and analyze a much broader spectrum of electric impulses. This first stage would in fact give us access to and control over our own body.

INSERT:

Black & white archive footage of a fakir meditating on a bed of nails.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

Managing our oxygen consumption, controlling enzymes, globules, heartbeat, moods...
(MORE)

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

We might even be able to order our body to prioritize repairs of this or that damaged organ.

Images of sonars, cells and fluids flash up behind the professor.

The students are entranced yet skeptical. One raises his hand. Norman nods to him.

STUDENT

Has it been proved scientifically? I mean, how can you calculate capabilities like that?

PROFESSOR NORMAN

For the moment, it is just a hypotheses. I confess, there's nothing very scientific about it. We are just a group of nerds playing with old theories, but if you think about it, it is very disturbing that the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Indians, have already some notions of cells many centuries before we invented the microscope, and what to say about Darwin who everyone was taking for a fool when he first presents his theory of evolution. It is up to us to push the rules and laws and to go from evolution to revolution.

The young audience is smiling

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

One hundred billion neurons per human being, of which only 15% are activated. There are more connections in our bodies than there are stars in the galaxy.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

We possess a gigantic information network, to which we have practically no access.

Insert:

The colored picture of the entire galaxy.

The students are perplexed.

STUDENT

And the next stage?

PROFESSOR NORMAN

The next stage would probably be controlling other people.

INSERT:

B&W footage of a magician waving his arms and putting his assistant to sleep. The assistant keels over.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

But for that we'd need to have at our disposal at least 40-50% of our cerebral capacity.

After control of oneself and control of others, next up, probably, would be controlling matter, but now we're entering the realm of science-fiction.

INSERT:

An old B&W movie. A man raises his arms. A vase rises and hovers in mid-air.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

Nonetheless, it's the logical next stage, requiring access to at least 70-80% of cerebral capacity.

STUDENT

What would happen if somebody
unlocked 100% of their cerebral
capacity?

Professor Norman smiles at the Student.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

100%? I'd rather not imagine...

BLACKOUT.

16

INT. ROOM

16

Lucy's eyes flit wide open. Her retina changes, going through a spectrum from cat to reptile to bird, before becoming human again.

There is a glint in her eyes that we haven't seen before.
Something cold, jagged, primal... Something animal.

She picks herself up with no apparent pain, stares at the backs of her hands, cracks her neck...

Lucy grabs a chair and sits down, back straight, palms on her knees, eyes jet black. Lucy is a changed woman.

She sits motionless in the corner, like a robot resetting.

The door opens.

The guard who beat her up enters, slaps a tray of food down on the table and glances at Lucy as she sits motionless in the corner.

Lucy doesn't take her eyes off him.

Hands on hips, the guy gazes back at her.

Lucy calmly smiles at him and slowly opens her legs.

The guy is given an unobstructed view up her denim skirt.

He smiles at her open invitation, checks there's no-one in the hallway, locks the door and walks over.

Just in case it's a trap, he leaves the key in the lock and his gun on the table, where Lucy can't reach it because of the chain.

He stands in front of Lucy and slips his hand between her legs.

It's the last move he'll ever make.

Lucy snaps her legs closed on his hand. The man howls.

INSERT:

Like a fox when a pincer trap snaps closed on its leg.

Snakelike, Lucy strikes. Wraps the chain round the guy's throat. His neck snaps and he falls lifelessly to the floor.

Lucy moves fast, as if she has it all planned out, as if killing a guy for the first time means nothing to her.

She tears his pant legs into strips, winds them together, puts them end to end and knots them into a length of homemade rope.

She picks up the chair, shatters it on the floor and ties the U-shaped frame of the front legs to the end of her rope. It's all done in under ten seconds, with chilling composure.

With her makeshift grappling hook, Lucy snags one leg of the table, which she hauls across the room. She grabs the gun, blows open her handcuffs and heads for the door.

17

INT. HALLWAY

17

Lucy slinks swiftly down the empty hallway, her eyes still shimmering somberly. All fear has left her.

She enters a small room, where four guards are playing Mahjong. They immediately stop laughing and freeze, staring at Lucy.

CUT: 4 cheetahs run at full speed on the plain. A Gazelle is right behind chasing the cheetahs.

Back to scene

Lucy's in a hurry.

She wastes the first two guys at point-blank range.

The other two dive for cover, but Lucy skirts the table and plugs the third player.

Despite his extreme panic-stricken state, the last guard has managed to draw his gun.

He shoots Lucy in the shoulder. She rocks back but barely even grunts. Then blows him away with a bullet to the brain.

Lucy lobs her empty gun onto the table, grabs the bottle of booze and chugs half of it down. She sits down and devours the half-eaten sandwiches as if she hadn't eaten for a week.

Her cheeks still bulging with the last of the sandwiches, she digs into her shoulder wound and plucks out the bullet, which she tosses into a glass of water.

She picks up the glass and peers at the bullet, magnified by the refraction effect. It fascinates her. For a second.

Wiping her hands on her t-shirt, Lucy heads over to the metal cabinet that contains an astonishing array of weaponry. She grabs two monstrous guns and some magazines.

Then some grenades and some Uzis. As much as she can carry.
She piles it all into a sports bag lying on the ground.

18 INT. BASEMENT 18

Lucy slinks down a hallway that leads to a stairwell.
At the top of the stairs, Lucy finds herself in a kind of
warehouse.

19 INT. WAREHOUSE 19

She ignores the workmen loading and unloading trucks.
Some of them nudge their co-workers as Lucy walks past with
her sports bag and Uzis over her shoulders, but wisely nobody
tries to stop her.

20 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 20

Lucy comes out into a small courtyard. It's dark.
Two men are chatting, probably bodyguards of Mr. Wang's.
Lucy rams the muzzle of her gun into the first ASIAN's chest.

LUCY
You speak English?

ASIAN
(terrified)
No! No! No!

Lucy blows a hole in his chest and switches the muzzle to the
other man's chest.

LUCY
You speak English?

Even if he doesn't, he does now.

DRIVER

Yes.

LUCY

Good for you. Let's go.

The man jumps behind the wheel of his car.
Lucy gets in the back.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Take me to the hospital.

The driver nods meekly.

DRIVER

Hospital! No problem!

21 INT. CAR - NIGHT

21

The car drives through Taipei and its multicolored neon lights.
Lucy shucks all her guns and leaves them on the backseat.
The driver glances in the mirror, trying to work out what kind
of monster he's been landed with.

Lucy is staring through the window. She seems amazed by all
the life around her as if she never noticed it before.

Her eyesight and hearing are particularly well developed.
Thousands of conversations mingle in her head.

22 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

22

The car stops almost in front of the hospital.

DRIVER

(points)

Hospital! Hospital!

LUCY

Good job.

Lucy takes just one handgun and a magazine.
 She steps out of the car.
 Through the driver's window, she hands the guy two grenades.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hold these.

The driver doesn't dare refuse. He grasps a grenade in each hand.
 Lucy pulls the pins out of them.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Wait here for me.

She hardly gives him much choice. Lucy walks away.

23

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

23

Lucy marches confidently in, as if she knows exactly where she's going.
 As a result, nobody pays much attention to her.
 She heads down a hallway, where some patients are sitting on chairs and others are lying on gurneys.

Lucy glances at the signs. The Chinese characters morph into small drawings that are easy to interpret. Then, everything speeds up. Lucy strings together different ideas, the letters change and the words appear in English.

Lucy eavesdrops on conversations in the hallway. The words are simultaneously translated until Lucy ends up hearing the conversations in English.

Up ahead, through a round window in a door, she notices a team of surgeons at work.

She enters the room. Peaceably. For now.

24

INT. OPERATING ROOM

24

Lucy goes straight to the wall where X-Ray pictures of the patient are hung. The surgeon looks at her in shock.

SURGEON

Miss! Hello?

Lucy is studying the X-Ray of a head. She then walks towards the surgeon.

LUCY

I need help. It's urgent.

SURGEON

(outraged)

Miss, we are operating! Please leave immediately!

But Lucy's in a hurry.

She smokes the patient and shoves him off the table onto the floor. She swivels the operating table round.

She removes her t-shirt and settles down on the table.

The Surgeon stands rooted to the spot. The Nurses likewise. Lucy, in her bra, levels her gun at them.

LUCY

(nods to the dead patient)

You wouldn't have been able to save him anyway. The tumor is more invasive than you think. It's already invading the cortex on the right side from the spine.

The Surgeon is confused.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Somebody dumped some real shit in my gut--a plastic bag with a kilo of powder in it. Take it out.

His scrubs spattered in blood, the Surgeon has been rooted to the spot since the patient met his unfortunate end. He looks like a butcher. She lowers her gun.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm in a hurry.

Lucy looks at him like a confused child. The doctor snaps out of it. Luckily for him.

SURGEON

Right... I'll... I'll just administer a local anesthetic.

LUCY

Don't bother. I don't feel physical pain anymore.

There's a hint of regret or nostalgia in her voice.

She rips the bandage off her belly.

The Surgeon gazes at the closed wound and nods to his Nurses. They go to work on their new patient.

Lucy plucks the Surgeon's phone out of his pocket.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Just borrowing it.

She dials a number.

While Lucy waits for someone to pick up, the Surgeon opens up her wound.

LUCY (CONT'D)

...Mom?

LUCY'S MOM (O.S.)

Hey! Lucy! My baby! It's great to hear from you! But... What time is it over there?

LUCY

(softly, confused)

I don't know...

SURGEON

(nervous)

I'm... I'm going to have to... reach inside.

She points the gun. Nods.

LUCY'S MOM (O.S.)

You're not partying too much, are you? You promised me you'd look after yourself!

The doctor gently inserts his whole hand into the now gaping wound. Lucy begins to sob softly.

LUCY

I'm trying to, mom. I'm trying to.

LUCY'S MOM (O.S.)

Thanks for calling out of the blue like this. Your father will be sad to have missed you. He isn't home from the gym yet. Usually, you call in the morning.

Tears are rolling down her cheeks. She is devastated like a child who has just seen the world exploding.

LUCY

...Mom?... I Feel everything.

LUCY'S MOM

What do mean, sweetie?

We will hear sounds for each image that Lucy is describing.

LUCY

I feel the space...the air...the vibrations...the people...I feel gravity...I feel the rotation of the Earth...the heat leaving my body...the blood running in my veins...I feel my brain...and I can travel to the deepest part of my memory...

LUCY'S MOM

Sweetie. We have a bad connection. I can't hear you so well. What did you say about memory?

LUCY

I remember... Pain in my mouth when I got braces... Your hand on my forehead when I ran a fever... Stroking the cat -- it was so soft!

LUCY'S MOM (O.S.)

The cat?... What cat, honey?

LUCY

A siamese with blue eyes and a docked tail.

LUCY'S MOM

You can't possibly remember that. You were barely one year old!

LUCY

I remember the softness of your breast... the taste of your milk in my mouth... the walls of your vagina on my face.

LUCY'S MOM

(worried)

Sweetie, what are you talking about?

Lucy is overcome with emotion.

LUCY

I just want you to know that I love you, mom. You and Dad. And I want to thank you for the thousand kisses you gave me that I can still feel on my face. I love you, mom.

LUCY'S MOM

I love you too, sweetie. More than anything in the world.

LUCY

(in tears)

I know.

Lucy hangs up.

The doctor slowly extracts the pouch dripping in blood. The packet has split open.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How much is left?

The Surgeon turns and places the packet on some small scales.

SURGEON
Seven hundred grams.

Lucy's startled.

LUCY
How long will it take me to eliminate
the 300 grams I have in my blood?

SURGEON
To answer that, I'd need to know
what it is.

LUCY
C.P.H.4.

SURGEON
Are you sure?

LUCY
Do I look like a girl who's prone to
doubts?

SURGEON
Absolutely not. It's just...

LUCY
Spit it out! Tell me!

The Surgeon heaves a sigh.

SURGEON
It's a molecule fabricated naturally
by pregnant women. Labs have been
trying to develop a synthetic
version for years.

LUCY

I want to know everything about
this molecule.

She gives him no choice.

SURGEON

Pregnant women fabricate this
extremely powerful molecule in the
sixth week of pregnancy. In tiny
quantities. But for a baby it packs
the punch of an atomic bomb. It's
what gives the fetus the necessary
energy to form all the bones in its
body. This sudden surge of energy
happens only once in a lifetime.
Except in your case, apparently.

Lucy remains silent, lost in thought, in her recollections.

CUT TO:

For a fraction of a second, the universe explodes into thousands
of stars.

LUCY

(nostalgic)

I remember the first time. The
sensation...

The Surgeon can't believe his ears.
The Nurses are confused.

SURGEON

If it really is C.P.H.4., taking this
much of it... I'm amazed you're still
alive.

Lucy glares at him with her somber eyes.

LUCY
We never truly die.

25 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

25

Lucy comes out of the hospital, with a fresh bandage visible beneath her t-shirt.

Lucy breathes in the cool night air. She gazes at a solitary tree surrounded by a sea of asphalt. She isolates every sound until all she hears is the tree's laments. She also succeeds in scanning the tree. She sees all its veins and the sap running through them. She also sees its roots delving into the earth and separating out.

With sweat pouring off him, the Driver still clutches the two grenades. Lucy gets in the back.

LUCY
Imperial Hotel.

The Driver motions "I've got my hands full."

LUCY (CONT'D)
(in Chinese)
Put them between your legs.

The Driver wedges the grenades between his thighs.
The car pulls away.

26 INT. CAR - NIGHT

26

Lucy opens her bag to see what will be most useful to her.

She finds some knives. Unsheathes one of them. It's the kind of knife Rambo would die for.

27 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

27

The car pulls up outside the Imperial Hotel. Lucy takes the car keys.

LUCY
(in Chinese)
Wait here, I won't be long.

The Driver doesn't really have any choice.

Lucy marches into the hotel.

28 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

28

The Receptionist is busy with a group of guests.
Lucy heads over to the elevators without being noticed.

She waits for the elevator with three bulky US TOURISTS,
who look delighted at the prospect of riding with beautiful Lucy.

The three guys grin and nudge each other, they look ready for a
night of drinking.
One makes his move.

TOURIST
(not too subtle)
You speak English, miss? Or only
Chinese? For English, press one. For
Chinese, press two. For fun, press
rooftop, it's the bar.

The others smirk idiotically.
The elevator doors close on Lucy and the three stooges.

The elevator doors open again.
Two tourists are passed out on the floor.
The third tourist, the chatty one, is dripping with sweat as
Lucy's silencer pokes into his mouth.

LUCY
(to her hostage)
Don't leave me.

Hunched forward, hands half-raised, the man shuffles out.

They walk down the hallway and stop outside Suite 2508.
Lucy shoves her hostage toward the door and stands with her
back flat against the wall, gun poised.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Go to the door and ring the bell.

The man looks a real dork standing there in his Hawaiian shirt.

TOURIST
What do I say?

LUCY
You're the chatty one.

Inside the suite, the *GUARD* glances through the peephole.
He asks the Tourist what the hell he wants, but the guy doesn't
understand a word of Chinese.

The Guard motions to another goon, who draws his gun.

GUARD
(in Chinese)
Put your guns away.

The goons holster their weapons.
The Guard opens up to the sweating Tourist.

TOURIST
(bewildered)
Hey!

The Guard says something but the Tourist remains silent. The Guard slowly steps forward and pokes his head into the hallway.

He looks left then right, and finds himself eye to eye with Lucy's silencer.

Lucy smiles at him and crooks her finger to motion him forward.

Inside the suite, the other goon sees the Guard head into the hallway. They share a blank look and call to the guy in Chinese.
No answer.

Guard #2 follows his buddy out and finds Lucy's gun leveled at his face.

Lucy grabs him and forces him to stand back to back with his buddy. Their heads touching. Lucy has rammed the muzzle of her gun into the mouth of the nearest one. If she fires, the other guy's toast as well.

The Tourist is still standing outside the suite, rooted to the spot.

Lucy goes over and hands him the gun that keeps the guards from moving.

LUCY
Keep an eye on them.

TOURIST
 (stunned, panics)
 What am I supposed to do?

LUCY
 Survive.

Lucy grabs a gun from one of the Guards' belt, enters the suite and closes the door.

30

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

30

Lucy calmly walks through the empty suite.

She heads for the bedroom. Enters.

Mr. Wang is there, sitting in a deep armchair with a manicurist working on each hand, face pack on, two slices of cucumber over his eyes and iPod buds in his ears.
 He is deaf to the outside world.

Lucy puts her finger to her lips.
 The two manicurists look anxiously at her.

LUCY (IN CHINESE)
 Go into the bathroom. I'll finish up
 here.

The manicurists get up and shut themselves in the bathroom.

Lucy puts her gun down next to a roll of dollar bills and hitches up her t-shirt slightly. She has two knives tucked in the back of her skirt.

She whips them out in a flash, the blades swooshing through the air, and drives them viciously into the tops of Wang's hands.

The mobster screams so hard the slices of cucumber go flying. He is crucified to the chair. Gripped by pain, he barely moves. The earbuds fall out. Mozart floats faintly around the room.

Wang's mouth gapes open but no sound dares to emerge.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(mimics him)

Ah! Aaah? You see?

Her voice mellows, becomes almost intimate, as if relieved to share her ordeal with someone.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Learning's always a painful process. It's like when you're little and your bones are growing. It makes you ache all over.

Lucy frowns. Her somber eyes mist over.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Can you believe that I can remember the sound of my bones growing? An inhuman sound muffled by flesh. Now it's different... Every sound is music I can understand, like a mathematical equation.

Wang looks at her like a puppy dog with his front paws caught in a trap.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You see, it's funny. I spent years trying to find out who I was and what I wanted to do. But the only answer I came up with was to have fun and make a mess of my life.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

And now that I have access to the furthest reaches of my brain, and I see things clearly. I sense my humanity slipping through my fingers, and nothing seems to matter anymore. As if humanity were only a primitive stage on the road to knowledge. Understand?

Mr. Wong is too busy writhing in pain. She moves closer. Gently strokes his cheek.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You have to learn how to get over your pain. It blocks you, it stops you from understanding. It blocks knowledge. You live in your little world of profit, fed by war, misery and chaos. You want to escape your pain by putting your burden onto others. You live without sharing, and it's centuries humans are acting like this. Don't you think it's time we share it all? Don't you want to have access to knowledge? Because right now you know nothing.

She grabs a cucumber

LUCY (CONT'D)

Except that cucumber is good for your skin.

She eats the piece of cucumber.

LUCY

So tell me, where are the others?
The other guys carrying the drugs?

Wang doesn't respond, of course. He didn't understand a word of what she said and the only thing he can think about is the excruciating pain.

Lucy peers at him. Slowly presses her hands over his. Concentrates.

She penetrates the man's skin, cuts through layers of muscle and into his nervous system. In a few seconds, she has traveled these information highways to his brain. She hurtles toward his cortex and enters the black box of his memory. An image forms: Lucy is back in the mansion where she met the four other mules.

INSERT:

Lucy moves around invisibly like a mobile voyeur-camera capable of zooming in and out, becoming endoscopic, freeze-framing and tracking around objects if necessary.

Lucy explores the setting and people, as if visiting a 3-D mock-up of a kitchen on a computer.

A goon checks the passport of one of the mules. Freeze-frame.

We see the guy's photo and name.

LUCY
(reads the name)
Louis Bertrand.

The goon hands Louis his passport and ticket. Freeze-frame.

The view slips into the pouch containing the ticket and reads the time and destination. BRUSSELS 08:20.

BACK TO SCENE:

Wang doesn't realize his mind is being searched and pillaged. Lucy focuses.

INSERT:

Wang flicks through another passport.

The camera closes in on his face, zooms into his eye until we see the writing on the ticket.

The frame is reversed so we can read it the right way round.

MUNICH 10:30.

Wang watches the third mule preparing to leave the room.

Freeze-frame.

The camera comes up behind the guy.

The view slips into the back pocket of his pants and into the ticket holder.

We can make out his name and flight number. ROME 09:10.

BACK TO SCENE:

In the hotel room, Lucy removes her hands from Wang's.

He looks drained.

Lucy shoots him a kindly, sympathetic smile.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Thank you for sharing.

31

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

31

Rivulets of sweat run down the Driver's face.

He's trying to insert a length of wire into the hole to replace the pin of one of the grenades.

His hand is shaking.

When he finally succeeds, he heaves a huge sigh of relief.

Suddenly, Lucy jumps into the car and lobs him the keys.

LUCY

See? You're smarter since you met me!

(in Chinese)

C'mon, drive!

Even after deactivating the grenades, the Driver is still in a state of complete panic.

The car drives off into Taipei.

32

INT. THREE STAR HOTEL, PARIS - NIGHT

32

Professor Norman arrives back at his hotel room, a junior suite. He removes his shoes and rubs his feet, wincing. Picks up the phone.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Evening, Professor.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Good evening, Nicole.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

The usual?

PROFESSOR NORMAN

No, I think I'll have the lasagna tonight. For a change. With a glass of white wine like the one you dug out for me last night.

CONCIERGE

Yes, sir. Be up in ten minutes.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Take your time.

33

EXT. STREET, TAIPEI - DAY

33

The car pulls up outside a building. Lucy jumps out with her bag. Leans toward the Driver's window.

LUCY
Thanks for the ride.

She lobs him a tightly tied roll of cash that she took from Wang's room.

She walks into her apartment building.
Dazed, the Driver pulls away.

34 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

34

The door is opened by CAROLINE, 22, blonde, in panties and top--the original slacker starting to make her way in the world.

CAROLINE
Shit, you gave me a fright ringing
the bell like a headcase!

Caroline steps forward and gives Lucy a hug.

Lucy immediately forms a complete picture of her friend's body: bones, muscles, veins, waves, equations, everything.
A scan from head to toe in five seconds.

Caroline steps back. Lucy is slightly in shock.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
(sweetly)
I missed you.

LUCY
(perplexed)
Me too.

CAROLINE
Have you lost your keys?

LUCY

Something like that. Can I use your laptop?

CAROLINE

Uh... Sure.

Lucy heads into the living room, sits straight down at the computer and types at mind-blowing speed.

Caroline flops on the couch and goes back to painting her nails.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You're into computers now.

LUCY

Yup. It's all new.

Lucy browses scientific websites. So fast, it's impossible to keep up.

CAROLINE

I spent all day yesterday going to auditions. Well... Going to two auditions. It was so boring! They keep you waiting for hours, gabbing away in Chinese. You don't understand a word they say, then at the end they say they'll call you but they don't even take your number.

(smiles)

Except one guy. But he wasn't Chinese. A guy from the agency. The cute-and-I-know-it kind.

Lucy digests a huge quantity of scientific papers at phenomenal speed.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(grins)

You'll never guess where he took me!

LUCY

(riveted to the screen)

The Four Seasons. The Royal Suite.
And you made love all night long.

CAROLINE

(stunned)

How did you know?

LUCY

Lucy looks at her friend, they are obviously on different levels of consciousness, but Lucy still has a dollop of compassion for this girl.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(sympathetic)

Caroline, I don't have a lot of time, so you must listen to me very carefully. At first you will not understand what I'm saying, you're going to reject it. Then the emotion will overwhelm you and you will start crying. Then you will start to understand. To feel what I am saying is true. You won't accept it, you'll fight it, you'll cry some more. And then you will start screaming at me. You're going to go through all this before you can accept what is true. Are you ready?

CAROLINE

Ready for what? What truth are you talking about. Lucy, you're scaring me.

Lucy takes a deep breath.

LUCY

His name's Franco. He's HIV-positive but he doesn't know it yet. Trouble is, you are biologically vulnerable to contamination. Your kidneys don't operate very efficiently and your liver's in bad shape because of all the shit you've put through it since you were 13.

Her tone is clipped, devoid of emotion. Caroline is frozen, stunned, the nail polish in her hands.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You have to make some changes in your life. Work out, eat organic, stop partying, and you'll buy yourself a few more years. By then they'll have come up with something.

CAROLINE

"Come up with something?"

LUCY

A treatment.

Lucy goes back to the computer.

Caroline's beautiful eyes begin to fill with tears.

CAROLINE

Lucy, is this some kind of joke?

Caroline begins to cry. Lucy concentrates on the computer.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Why are you telling me all this? You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. First, you don't even know Franco. You never met him. Did Richard tell you this crap? Is that it? Richard is a jealous little shit because I wouldn't fuck him. He'll do anything to hurt me.

Caroline cries more. Lucy continues typing.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Why are you being so mean to me? I know my life is a little messed up, but it's not any reason to throw it up at me like this. I've always been your friend, I've always told you all my secrets. Everything. I trusted you. Why are you trying to hurt me like this?

Her anger begins to rise... just as Lucy said it would.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You think you're better than me? Look at you? You're 25 and you're still working as a salesgirl in a second-hand clothes store to pay your way through college. So maybe you're more intelligent than me because you had a little more school, but what have you done with your fabulous education? Huh? You're like me! Still lost, trying to find who the hell you are. and while you wait for the 'great' answer all you do is party in the same clubs as me, so what is your fucking problem that you have to lay this shit on me.

Caroline is desperate. Tears flow uncontrollably.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

And why are you saying I'm sick?
That's not true! It's not! Tell me
you were just making it up. Tell me
it's not true!

Lucy is still silent, typing away.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Look at me when I talk to you!!!!

Lucy prints out a page in Chinese. She grabs the page, jumps up and thrusts it toward Caroline.

LUCY

Here... It's a prescription. Go to the
pharmacy and start your treatment.

CAROLINE

(amazed)

Since when do you speak Chinese?!

LUCY

(honestly)

About one hour.

Bemused, Caroline holds the prescription in her fingertips.
Trembling.

CAROLINE

Lucy... I don't understand any of
this.

LUCY

(gently)

I know, but do what I told you. Pull some pants on and go down to the pharmacy. I don't want you to die.

Lucy means it, but she's in a hurry and turns back to the laptop.

In a daze, Caroline pulls on some jeans and heads out.

On the laptop, Lucy seems to have found what she was looking for.

A photo pops up.

We recognize Professor Samuel Norman of Boston University.

35 INT. PROFESSOR NORMAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 35

The Professor sits at the table, holding a report in one hand and finishing off his lasagna with the other.

The phone rings. The Professor looks surprised.

He stands and goes into the small living room to answer the phone.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Yes?

36 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY 36

Lucy sits at the laptop. She has an earpiece in.

LUCY

Professor Norman.? My name's Lucy. I've just read all your research on the human brain. We need to meet.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(smiles)

All my research? I'm flattered,
young lady, but I find you a little
presumptuous. I must have written
no less than --

LUCY

6,734 pages. I can recite them to
you by heart, if you wish.

The Professor smiles and sits in a chair.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Who is this? Are you a friend of
Emily's? This sounds like one of her
silly little jokes. Is she with you?

The TV in the living room switches on all by itself.

Lucy's face, filmed by the laptop's webcam, appears.

LUCY

No, I'm all on my own.

The Professor is stunned.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Who are you?

LUCY

I just told you.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Yes, Lucy, sorry...

LUCY

I've read your theory on the use of
the brain's capacity.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's a little rudimentary but you're on the right track.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(dumbstruck)

Thank you.

LUCY

Look, I don't have much time. My cells are reproducing at a phenomenal speed. Several million per minute. I'm still having trouble precisely evaluating the time of my death, but I doubt I'll hold out more than 48 hours.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(confused)

What are you talking about? I... I'm not sure I follow you.

LUCY

Due to a convergence of circumstances beyond my control, I absorbed a substance that gives me access to 28% of my cerebral capacity, and counting. I've gained 5% in the last three hours because once you reach 20%, you have enough capacity to open up the rest. There are no more obstacles. They fall one after the other, like dominos. I'm colonizing my brain minute by minute. The knowledge that's in me explodes every second...

There's a hint of sadness in Lucy's voice. Regret.

The Professor is simultaneously concerned and fascinated.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Look, I... I don't know what to say...
I've been working on this theory for
twenty years, but it's only ever
been hypotheses and research
ideas. I never thought... I mean...
That one day somebody... You have
control of your body?

LUCY

Yes. And I'm starting to control
other people's bodies. I can also
control electric and magnetic
waves. Not all of them, just the
most basic--radio, TV, telephone...

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(awed)

That's amazing.

LUCY

What amazes me is that we've lived
for so long in such ignorance.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

You can feel... everything?

LUCY

(hint of sadness)

Yes.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

That must be unbearable.

Tears run down Lucy's cheeks. She takes one and studies it.

LUCY

Yes.

(beat)
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

I know no fear, pain, distress,
 desire, grief or love anymore... And
 it's a constant battle for me to
 stay human. So it doesn't fade away.
 To cling to a trace of what I was.

The Professor is worried for her.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

If you don't want to lose
 everything, you have to pass it on.
 All this astonishing knowledge, all
 this learning you are acquiring can
 help others, the whole of humanity.
 You have to pass on your knowledge,
 like a simple cell would to keep
 going through time.

LUCY

(pensive)

Time... Yes...

(beat)

I'll be at your door in 12 hours.

She hangs up.

The Professor sits totally dazed, trying to get his head around
 what's just happened.

37

INT. TAIPEI AIRPORT - DAY

37

Lucy has changed. She walks through Taipei airport.

Her eye scans headlines of Chinese newspapers. She's all over the
 front pages. Wanted!

Suddenly, her hair gets longer and becomes black and straight.
 She pulls on dark glasses and dials a number on her cellphone.

38 INT. PARIS POLICE DEPARTMENT

38

Three cops are laughing about an assignment when the phone rings on PIERRE DEL RIO's desk. Del Rio is 30ish, with a likable expression that more cops should try.

He sits on the edge of his desk and answers.

DEL RIO

Yes?

VOICE

Sorry to bother you, captain, but I've received a strange call from an American citizen living in Taiwan. A young woman. She claims to have information on a major drug ring.

Pierre's curiosity is aroused. A little.

DEL RIO

(jokily)

Is she pretty?

VOICE

Hard to say. On the telephone, she has a gentle voice.

DEL RIO

A-ha! I'll take the call.

VOICE

Shall I tape it?

DEL RIO

Yes.

VOICE

Putting her through.

DEL RIO

Okay... Hello?

LUCY

Hello. I have important information about a gang of drug traffickers. I'd like to speak to someone in a position of authority.

Pierre shrugs. Chances are, this is a hoax.

DEL RIO

(laughs)

Okay, you have great timing. There's nobody in this office with more authority than me. But let's start at the beginning. What's your name, young lady?

Lucy strides through the terminal building.

LUCY

Lucy.

DEL RIO

(smiles)

Really? Lucy's a pretty name. And quite rare for an American, I believe. To be called Lucy. But it's very common in France. How did that happen?

Lucy is in no mood for games. She stops in the middle of the concourse and closes her eyes to gather her concentration.

INSERT:

A huge "30%" fills the screen.

The view enters the receiver, zips across the circuit boards, then shoots up at the speed of light, through the airport roof and out of the satellite dish.

With a bright flash, the view bounces off an orbiting satellite and zings back to earth. France. Del Rio's office. His telephone.

Freeze-frame.

The view pans around the office.
The nameplate "Pierre Del Rio" on the desk. Unruly piles of paperwork. A red pen.

Back on Lucy. She sighs.

LUCY

Listen up, Pierre Del Rio! First, sit down properly at that desk of yours, pick up the red pen to the right of you and take down everything I say.

Pierre freezes.

He glances around as if expecting to find a hidden camera filming him.

Lucy starts moving again, headed for Customs.

LUCY (CONT'D)

There are no cameras, Pierre.
Hurry up, I have no time to waste.

Del Rio is shocked.

His buddies are too busy cracking jokes to notice anything.
He walks around his desk and sits down. Picks up the red pen.

DEL RIO

Go ahead.

LUCY

I'm going to send you the details of four people about to arrive on European soil. Each one is carrying a kilo of a new and extremely dangerous drug. You must arrest them, and find and destroy the drugs.

Pierre takes notes.

Lucy hands her passport to the Customs Officer.

A sniffer dog ambles over.

DEL RIO

Okay... What form are the drugs in?
Bars? Capsules?

LUCY

Powder. In plastic packets hidden in their intestines. Make sure they don't split open when you take them out.

DEL RIO

Pardon me?

Lucy lowers her dark glasses.

The dog recoils, its tail between its legs.
Lucy nudges her glasses back up her nose.

LUCY

The product is very powerful.
Believe me.

Del Rio's police computer cranks into action without him touching it. The resumés of the four mules flash up on screen.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Got it?

DEL RIO

(confused)

Yes.

LUCY

Good.

Lucy hangs up. Del Rio is stunned.

39 INT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

39

LOUIS BERTRAND, one of the young mules we saw in Taipei, is also coming through Customs.

Up ahead, Capt. Pierre Del Rio nods to the Customs Officials, who immediately pull over the mule. Louis acts surprised, but he is shaking guiltily.

Not far away, two Chinese guys watch their merchandise is taken from under their noses.

40 INT. BERLIN AIRPORT - DAY

40

A team from the Anti-Drogen-Gruppe arrests another of the mules we saw in Taipei, as he stands in line at Customs.

Another Chinese guy looks on in dismay, powerless to intervene.

41 INT. AMSTERDAM AIRPORT - DAY 41

The Dutch mule encounters the same fate Amsterdam airport.
Another Chinese gangster watches and scowls.

42 INT. ROME AIRPORT - DAY 42

The Italian mule comes through Customs, but is hauled over by
two Carabinieri. He shows them his passport and, suddenly,
makes a run for it.

His escape bid is cut short by the numerous plain-clothes
officers in the terminal building.

MARCO, head of the narcotics unit, yells orders to his men and
pulls out his cellphone.

43 INT. PARIS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY 43

The place is buzzing. Del Rio answers the phone.

DEL RIO

Del Rio.

MARCO

(Italian accent)

This is Captain Marco Lurhesi.

DEL RIO

Yes! Thanks for calling me back.

MARCO

We took delivery of your package.
Two hours late, but it got here in
the end.

DEL RIO

Great! Thanks very much. I'll send through the paperwork for the transfer.

Pierre hangs up and grins.

DEL RIO (CONT'D)

(to one of his men)

We got all four of them.

44

INT. PLANE - DAY

44

The *Fasten seat belts* sign comes on.

A message crackles over the loudspeakers.

VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now beginning our descent to Paris. All electronic devices must be switched off...

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT with her smile as firmly in place as her hair walks up the first-class aisle checking people have belted up.

She stops beside Lucy, who has two laptops in front of her and types on both at the same time.

The Flight Attendant pauses.

She's seen some financial whizkids on this flight, but none like this one.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Miss, I have to ask you to put away your computers now.

Lucy is engrossed in the thousands of items of coded information scrolling past her eyes. It's illegible for any normal human being.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Miss?

LUCY

(riveted to the screen)

You should wipe your nose.

The Flight Attendant doesn't understand.

A drop of blood appears in one nostril.

The woman touches her nose and realizes she's bleeding.

Slightly flustered, she scurries away. Lucy keeps working.

Up ahead, in the galley, the Flight Attendant talks animatedly to her co-workers. Points toward Lucy.

The CABIN MANAGER decides to take matters in hand and comes over.

CABIN MANAGER

(politely)

Miss, you really need to shut down your computers now.

Lucy puts her finger to her mouth, hushing him.

On her screens, Lucy finally reaches the end of the coded signs, gives a little satisfied sigh and gently closes both laptops.

LUCY

(big smile)

Twenty-five centuries of knowledge in eleven hours. I couldn't go any faster.

The Cabin Manager smiles uncomprehendingly.

CABIN MANAGER

Congratulations.

LUCY

Thanks. I think I'll have a glass of champagne to celebrate.

CABIN MANAGER

Coming right up. If you could put your table up in the meantime...?

LUCY

With pleasure.

Lucy casually tosses the laptops on the floor. The Businessman next to her looks appalled.

Lucy peers out the window at the French countryside below.

The moon is still partially visible in the blue sky.
An awed smile flickers on Lucy's lips.

INSERT:

Prehistoric Lucy breaks into the same awed smile.
She's sitting on a rock, at the entrance to her cave, observing the moon.

BACK TO SCENE:

The Cabin Manager brings Lucy her champagne.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He walks away. Lucy raises her glass in a silent toast. All alone.

INSERT:

A huge "40%" fills the screen.

Lucy downs the champagne in one. Heaves a sigh.

There's something in her glass.
She peers into it and sees she has lost a tooth.

Lucy looks alarmed. She gives a little cough and spits into her hand. Three more teeth nestle in her palm.
Lucy feels panic overwhelming her.

She stares at her hands.
The veins are enormous, pulsating in sync with her heart.

She touches the backs of her hands.

The skin comes away, revealing the veins and flesh.
Soon her fingertips disintegrate as if each cell is now independent, like a pearl necklace after the chain breaks.
Lucy's fingers morph into thousands of little balls floating in front of her. Lucy is horrified.

She scrambles to unbuckle her seat belt, hauls herself up and staggers to the restroom.

The Cabin Manager sees her.

CABIN MANAGER

Miss! You must remain seated!

Please --

He suddenly realizes that Lucy's body is falling to pieces!
Before he can say or do anything, Lucy raises her hand, and the vibrations from it are enough to send him flying ten meters back .

Lucy locks herself in the restroom.

45 INT. RESTROOM

45

Lucy can barely control her body. Each cell seems to have a life of its own. Her hands and hair are out of control. Even her eyes start wandering across her face.

She can't keep her mouth in place.

Lucy tries the best she can to gather all the cells escaping from her. To no avail. In fact, it only gets worse.

Panic-stricken, Lucy starts screaming from her big deformed mouth.

Suddenly, without warning, Lucy's whole body explodes into thousands of tiny balls, which bounce off the walls of the room, like a swarm of bees that has gone mad.

BLACKOUT.

46 INT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

46

CLOSE on a man's hand flicking through a passport.

He stops at the page with Lucy's photo on it.

DEL RIO

(under his breath)

Lucy.

(to an officer)

How much of the drug was she carrying?

OFFICER

An open pouch. About 700 grams.

The OFFICER holds out a ziplock bag with about fifty grams inside. Intrigued, Del Rio peers at the substance.

He turns to a DOCTOR.

DEL RIO

Did she have a scar on her lower stomach?

DOCTOR

Yes. A fresh one. She still had the stitches.

DEL RIO

She's our girl! How is she?

DOCTOR

Fine for now. She's sleeping and after the shot I gave her, she won't be waking up any time soon.

47 INT. AIRPORT MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

47

One eye flits open. The iris changes rapidly several times, like a kaleidoscope.

INSERT:

A huge "60%" fills the screen.

Lucy sits up and scans the room around her. Lucy lies on a gurney. She has a drip attached to her arm.

She looks in pretty good shape for someone who's just swallowed her second A-bomb.

Lucy reaches up to touch her forehead, but handcuffs restrain her. She is cuffed to the steel frame.

A NURSE enters and stops in her tracks, amazed to see that Lucy is awake. She rushes out again.

48

INT. OFFICE, AIRPORT - DAY

48

The Nurse rushes in and blurts out to the Doctor:

NURSE
Doctor, she's awake!

DOCTOR
(dubious)
Are you sure?

NURSE
Well, she's sitting up in bed.

Del Rio and the Doctor hurry out, followed by three police officers.

49

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

49

Del Rio leads the group down a hallway.

DEL RIO
(to his deputy, Daniel)
Tell Menard we're moving. I want a
high-security convoy.

DANIEL
Got it.

DANIEL dials a number on his cellphone.

Suddenly, at the end of the hallway, Lucy calmly emerges from her room. Calmer than we have ever seen her.

DOCTOR
There she is!

DEL RIO

Miss!

Lucy looks up at him.

Instinctively, all the cops draw and level their guns on her. One of them calls for backup.

Plain-clothes customs officers size up the situation and reach for their hardware also, so that about twenty people all over the hallway are pointing guns at Lucy.

DEL RIO (CONT'D)

Freeze! And put your hands up!

LUCY

I need to talk to you alone.

DEL RIO

And I need you to put your hands up.

Lucy stares at him without emotion. She halfheartedly raises one hand and, suddenly, the two dozen cops in the hallway collapse as if someone had simply switched them off.

Del Rio stands there alone with his pathetic pea-shooter. As she begins to walk towards him. Del Rio is stunned. But he still doesn't lower his gun. Until she is six inches in front of him.

LUCY

Did you get the other packets?

DEL RIO

Yes.

LUCY

Where are they?

DEL RIO
Safe. Here in Paris.

LUCY
You need to destroy it all fast.

DEL RIO
Unfortunately, that's out of my
hands. I don't have the power to
make decisions like that.

LUCY
I do.

50 EXT. HOSPITAL, PARIS - DAY

50

A police van swings into the courtyard.

The four handcuffed mules are ushered out.

A car pulls up outside, occupied by four Chinese guys.

One of them, TSUI, observes events in the courtyard.

The mules are led inside one wing of the hospital.

Tsui dials a number and starts to talk.

51 INT. CAR, PARIS - DAY

51

Del Rio drives an unmarked car with a magnetic blue light on the
roof.

Lucy sits next to him and watches Paris flash by.

DEL RIO
I'm a bit confused by all this.

LUCY
Not as much as I am.

DEL RIO
(softly)
May I ask what happened to you?

LUCY
I'm in the process of becoming
intelligent.

DEL RIO
Sounds like a good thing to me.

LUCY
It's the most horrible thing that's
ever happened to me! It's like
becoming an adult and leaving
childhood behind.

DEL RIO
(to make conversation)
My childhood was pretty
complicated. I joined the police
department when I was 18 to
escape all that. So I was actually
quite pleased to become an adult.

LUCY
You're not.

DEL RIO
Not what?

LUCY
An adult. You're a baby. As fragile
as humanity.

DEL RIO
(smirks)
Really? Humanity's fragile?

LUCY
(stares out the window)
As fragile as a bubble of soap.

Del Rio stops at a red light.

Lucy glances at a man on the phone.
She automatically visualizes the signal he's receiving--a beam of green light connecting his phone to a satellite in the sky.

She looks at the street up ahead. Thousands of beams of green light interweave. She can simultaneously see every telephone signal.

Suddenly, one in particular catches her attention.

It's a beam of red light.

Lucy is focused on the telephone signals. She begins to organize all the beams using the window like the screen of an iPad until she finds the red beam. Closing in on it, the red beam appears to be made up of Chinese characters.

LUCY (CONT'D)
May I?

She scans the radio for a particular frequency.

DEL RIO
Be my guest.

Suddenly, a conversation in Chinese echoes around the car.

DEL RIO (CONT'D)
What's that?

LUCY

We're going to get there too late. I should drive.

DEL RIO

That's not possible. This is an official vehicle and we can't...

Lucy has already jumped out and raced around to the driver's side.

Hurriedly, Del Rio shuffles over to avoid being sat on by Lucy.

DEL RIO (CONT'D)

Okay, okay!

The car screeches away.

52

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY

52

The four handcuffed mules sit in a waiting room.

Two cops fill out the paperwork.

The GERMAN mule is more on-edge than the others.

GERMAN

(to the cop)

Look, I'm a German citizen and I demand to see a lawyer. It's my right!

ROBERT THE COP

(seen it all before)

First, you're gonna see a doctor. Believe me, it'll be way better for your health.

(to his buddy)

(MORE)

ROBERT THE COP (CONT'D)

I'm gonna see where we gotta take
them for surgery.

COP #2

Grab something for us to eat, I'm
starving.

ROBERT THE COP

Eating, that's all you ever think
about!

Robert exits and heads down the hallway.

A cop standing guard watches him go. When the cop glances the
other way, he finds himself eye to eye with the silencer of
Tsui's gun.

Another Chinese guy immediately disarms the sentry and
hustles him into the waiting room.

Before the two cops can react, they're dead.

A small group of Chinese guys carrying attaché cases enter the
waiting room, shutting the door behind them.

The empty hallway falls silent once more...

53

EXT. STREET, PARIS - DAY

53

... In complete contrast to Lucy gunning the car through the
streets of Paris.

Del Rio clings to the overhead handle.

He had no idea you could get such speed out of a police car.

Lucy is calm and focused.

She totally ignores red lights, yield signs, etc.

DEL RIO

(petrified)

Do you always drive like this?

LUCY

It's the first time I've ever driven a car. I don't like them. They pollute the atmosphere.

DEL RIO

Yes, but if you drive slower, they pollute less.

Lucy doesn't answer and slaloms at top speed between two cars waiting at a stop light.

54

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

54

The Chinese guys hold guns on three of the mules.

The last one, the German mule, is on the table.

A CHINESE DOCTOR is poised to open him up.

GERMAN

Wait! Wait! My stomach is extremely sensitive!

DOCTOR

I gave you a local anesthetic. You won't feel a thing.

GERMAN

I will! I feel the tiniest little thing! I need a general anesthetic. Please!

TSUI

As you wish.

Tsui steps forward and, with the silencer on, shoots him between the eyes .

The three other mules are on the verge of meltdown.

The Dutch guy begins to sob.

55

EXT. CAR - DAY

55

Del Rio's car screeches to a halt outside the hospital.

Lucy and Del Rio jump out.

DEL RIO

This way!

56

INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

56

The Chinese Doctor carefully pulls a pouch from the Dutch guy's gut. The mule is panting and snorting, staring at the ceiling.

The Doctor places the pouch in an attaché case next to two other pouches.

An assistant is already busy sewing up the Dutch mule.

TSUI

(to the Italian)

Okay, your turn.

Just then, Robert the Cop enters, with a bunch of plastic-wrapped sandwiches in his hands.

ROBERT THE COP

I got us --

He stops in his tracks, gawking at the scene of butchery in the waiting room.

He drops the food and reaches for his gun, but the Chinese beat him to the draw and riddle him with bullets.

The Dutch guy yells out, and takes a bullet in the shoulder.

As usual, the Italian takes his chance to bolt for freedom.

A Chinese guy races after him and shoots the Italian in the back. The dead mule slides across the floor and stops at Lucy's feet.

Del Rio ducks for cover and pulls his gun out.

Lucy just stands there, with the Italian at her feet. The Chinese guy doesn't shoot. He gazes at her. And collapses.

From inside the room, Tsui sees the goon collapse.

He closes up the attaché case with the dope in it, and draws his gun.

A dozen Chinese gangsters swarm into the hallway, leveling their guns at Lucy.

INSERT:

A huge "70%" fills the screen.

She raises her hand slightly.

All the goons' guns suddenly fly up and stick to the ceiling. The Chinese mobsters are dumbstruck. Their guns melt and become blackish puddles stuck to the ceiling.

LUCY
(to Tsui)
It's time for you to choose: Learn
or die.

Tsui hesitates and then.... screams!

His goons attack. Lucy dodges every blow and attack with precision and calm.

None of them even slows her down.

Soon, the dozen gangsters are sprawled on the floor and Lucy stands facing Tsui, who charges at her.

He aims a punch at Lucy, who ducks it.

She grabs his outstretched hand and shoves him brutally backwards. Tsui's arm dislocates, popping grotesquely out of his shoulder.

Tsui screams in pain. Lucy takes the case from his grasp.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Dying hurts but not as much as
learning.

Tsui collapses in an unconscious heap.

Lucy comes back to Del Rio, who has stuck close to the Italian mule.

The poor cop looks totally confused.
Lucy hands him the case.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Open it.

She hunches over the inert Italian and delves into the wound in his belly with her nail, which has suddenly become long and sharp. She pulls out a packet full of C.P.H.4.

Lucy slips the packet into the case with the three other packets.

LUCY (CONT'D)

The full set. Let's go.

She closes the case and picks it up.

DEL RIO

I... I'm not sure I'll be much use to you!

LUCY

Yes, you are.

DEL RIO

What for exactly?

LUCY

To keep my humanity alive.

Lucy looks at him, then leans forward and tenderly kisses him.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(so sweet)

How was it?

DEL RIO

Not bad. And for you?

LUCY

I can't feel a thing. Except that you
really wanted that.
Shall we go?

With nothing better to offer, Del Rio just nods.

57

EXT. UNIVERSITY, PARIS - DAY

57

A group of scientists sits in a large room piled high with books.

Professor Norman is in animated conversation with a colleague
when his mobile rings.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Hello?

LUCY (O.S.)

Lucy.

Norman gestures excitedly to his colleagues.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(his hand over the
receiver)

It's her! It's her!

(to Lucy)

You... You're in Paris?

LUCY (O.S.)

Yes. I was a little delayed. Please
forgive me.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

No, no! No problem! Look, I'm not at
the hotel.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'm at the University, where I took the liberty of calling together a few colleagues to discuss your case. Top men in the field. Completely trustworthy.

LUCY (O.S.)

Good thinking.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Do you... Do you think you could join us here at the University?

LUCY (O.S.)

With pleasure.

Just then, the door opens and Lucy enters.

Norman stares at her in awe. She hands Del Rio his phone.

The cop is carrying the attaché case.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(mesmerized)

It's a pleasure to meet you.

LUCY

Likewise.

(motions to Del Rio)

Pierre Del Rio, my lover.

Now Del Rio blushes.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Oh? Nice to meet you. Let me introduce my colleagues. First, Professor Cantié, a neurosurgeon who --

LUCY
I know everybody.

Lucy has no time to lose.

PROFESSOR NORMAN
Oh, yes. Of course! Gentlemen, this
is Lucy, the first woman to... I
mean...

A confused murmur from his colleagues.

PROFESSOR NORMAN (CONT'D)
(to the scientists)
As I mentioned earlier, Miss Lucy,
for reasons that remain a mystery
to me, has unlocked certain parts of
her brain, offering her access,
apparently, to previously unexplored
cerebral zones.

Silence. The scientists are perplexed.

PROFESSOR #1
You have access to your RAM or to
your hard drive? Or both?

LUCY
All three. You're forgetting
collective memory.

PROFESSOR #1
(skeptical)
Can you give us a sample?

Lucy looks at the Professor and materializes all the vibrations
coming from him. She connects up to them.

LUCY

Your daughter Gabrielle died aged
6, run over by a car.

INSERT:

A dog runs across the road, followed by a little girl.
The car has no chance of avoiding her.

BACK TO SCENE:

Professor ROBERT DAGUAN tears up.
He stares incredulously at Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It was a blue car. Leather seats, a
plastic bird dangling from the rear-
view. Do you want the plate
number?

Daguan shakes his head. He's devastated.

Lucy hardly seems affected.

PROFESSOR #3

How did you manage to access all
this information?

LUCY

Electrical impulses. Each cell in the
body emits a thousand per second.

She raises her hand and makes her fingers stretch until they
are improbably long.

Her hand switches to three fingers, like a batrachian--a
remnant of bygone DNA.

The scientists are speechless.

PROFESSOR #3

And you can control them all? In anyone you meet?

LUCY

No, but I'm getting better. Every door that opens releases knowledge that allows me to open the next one.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(remembers the lesson)

Like dominoes.

PROFESSOR #2

And... What stage are you at now?

LUCY

I can control matter... On a small scale.

Lucy makes a sculpture on the table rise and hover in front of her. The sculpture begins to change, morphing into all kinds of weird and wonderful shapes.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(to himself)

Breathtaking!

LUCY

Yes, but I have to devote a lot of my energy to slowing it all down.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Why slow it down?

LUCY

To protect the humanity within me.
Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to
communicate with you anymore, just
like you can no longer communicate
with plants or animals. The gap is
too wide.

The professors are speechless. Del Rio is lost.

LUCY (CONT'D)

All social systems that we have put
in place are a mere sketch, a child's
drawing. "One plus one makes two."
That's all we've learned.
In other words, nothing! Because
one plus one has never made two.
There are in fact no numbers and no
letters. All that's just prehistoric
grunting. We have codified our
existence to bring it down to human
size, to make it bearable. We have
found a scale to make us forget its
unfathomable scale.
Because we don't fear what we
don't know.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(realizes)

Are you saying that "Fear" stops us
from going further?

LUCY

Yes, it's a self-defense mechanism.

Lucy watch a screen, and images of a foetus growing appears.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Only the fetus is devoid of fear.
 It modifies its cells, manufactures
 its bones, blood and tissue. It's
 working on a titanic construction
 site that it manipulates without
 moving, without even existing.
 Devoid of fear. Then, from the
 moment of birth, the human being
 closes the doors to knowledge one
 by one, for self-protection.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(nods)

Like a frightened horse who can
 only walk with blinders on its eyes.

LUCY

Forget fear and you will have
 unlimited access to all things, for
 every cell knows and talks to every
 other cell. They form a gigantic web
 of communication, which in turn
 forms matter. Cells group together,
 taking one form, deforming,
 reforming... makes no difference.
 Humans consider themselves
 "unique," so they have rooted the
 whole theory of their existence in
 this uniqueness. Their whole world
 and their mathematical languages
 are a function of themselves. "One"
 is their unit of measure. But it's
 not. Life doesn't like uniqueness.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

But if humans are not the unit of
 measure, if the world isn't
 governed by mathematical laws,
 what governs all that?

Lucy takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out.

The truth isn't always easy to say.

LUCY

Film a car driving past on a highway.
Speed up the picture to infinity and
eventually the car will disappear.
What proof of its existence
remains? Time gives legitimacy to
its existence. Time, the only unit
of measure. It is the proof of the
existence of matter. Without time,
we don't exist.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(fascinated; to himself)

Time is unity.

LUCY

Every single thing dematerializes
then connects back up, forming a
whole. Single, indivisible and
eternal.

The scientists are in shock. Torn between bewilderment and
fascination. Between the real and the divine.

PROFESSOR DAGUAN

And God in all of this?

LUCY

(sadly)

When one doesn't know, it's
reassuring to imagine that
somebody somewhere knows.

Awkward silence.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Lucy... What do you intend to do
with all this knowledge?

LUCY

Pass it on . Like a humble cell that
would strive to keep going through
time.

Norman smiles, delighted to have been heard.

Del Rio looks at Lucy.

His cop instinct tells him he's about to lose her.

INSERT:

A huge "90%" fills the screen.

59

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

59

The scientists are in a University lab.

Del Rio dissolves the contents of the last packet of C.P.H.4. in a
pouch of physiological serum. The four pouches are hooked up to
drips connected to Lucy's arms.

The scientists place sensors all over her body and activate a
swathe of monitors and apparatuses.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(slightly harassed)

Okay, we're ready, I think.

LUCY

Good.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(anxious)

Are you sure you still need such huge doses? You said that the doors to knowledge were opening one after the other.

LUCY

The humanity inside me will resist and defend my body to the very end. To attain the last few percent, I have to force it--crack cells open to their nucleus.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Oh? And then?

LUCY

Then I'll stock pile all my knowledge. Most likely it'll take you a few decades to decipher it all. It'll keep you busy.

The Professor smiles. But he soon becomes serious again.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

Lucy... All this knowledge... It will be a wonderful gift that you are giving humanity.

LUCY

Knowledge brings peace. Make sure it belongs to the whole world.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

(awkwardly)

I'll try. I'm not sure those who govern us will put it to good use or resist the lure of profit.

LUCY

(amused)

I'll put it all away in a safe place.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

That sounds sensible but, in that case, how will I ever know where you've stored it all?

LUCY

I'll let you know.

They share a smile.

PROFESSOR NORMAN

I know this probably doesn't mean much to you anymore but... You're a beautiful person, Lucy, and it's been a pleasure getting to know you.

LUCY

Thank you.

Del Rio shyly comes over to Lucy

DEL RIO

(murmurs)

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

LUCY

(smiles)

Yes.

DEL RIO

Can I do anything to help?

LUCY

No.

(beat)

But, yes, you can kiss me.

And he does. He kisses her with all his heart.

DEL RIO

(moved)

If I heard you correctly earlier, we're gonna see each other again?

Lucy half-smiles.

LUCY

Actually, we're inseparable.

Del Rio stands back and, one by one, Professor Norman opens up the four drips. The substance in the pouches begins to flow into Lucy's veins.

The scientists activate their apparatuses and cameras.

Standing by the wall, Del Rio fears the worst.

The substance seems to be taking effect. Lucy trembles slightly, her face is gaunt and her pupils disappear.

Her arm stretches out to the keyboards of the computers. Her hands sprout a couple dozen extra fingers, which spread out over the keyboards. The fingertips melt into the matter.

Reams of data flash up on every monitor in the room. Cables emerge from the floor and ceiling like lazy snakes meandering toward Lucy and connecting to her.

The scientists are both mesmerized and a little concerned as their machines begin to overheat.

Suddenly, the walls of the room shoot back 100 meters! The floor gleams. Lucy redefines the room to her scale. The lab is now vast, sparkling, medical almost.

Shapes as black as night emerge from the floor. They look like carbon needles, black stalagmites several meters high. Thousands of diodes flicker. These are next-generation computers -- that we might be inventing one hundred years from now.

The assembled Professors watch in awe.

Lucy half-smiles, while her heartbeat seems to slow gradually.

When the valve of her heart finally blows (with a deafening noise), Lucy springs forward a kilometer or so. She is now in the city center, but still in her chair.

Another clap of her heart and she springs 1,000 kilometers. She's in Rome now.

Another clap and she's in New York.

Suddenly, her heart stops. The picture likewise. Lucy reaches out and turns an imaginary page. The picture slides to the left, a bit like an iPad window. The next image is the same but on a slightly different timescale.

Lucy turns more pages, generating movement before her very eyes, like a children's book whose characters are animated when the pages are turned quickly.

Lucy's face lights up. She now has control of time.

With a big sweep of her arm, she makes images flash past. New York's skyscrapers disappear and the city reverts to how it was in 1900, with people's clothes and carriages from another age.

- Lucy flicks quickly through the pages again.

New York is now no more than a swamp, home to a few Indians.

- Another leap in time and there are only dinosaurs paddling through the marches.

- Another leap and we are seeing primeval forest with totally unfamiliar vegetation.

Lucy takes a deep breath and gives another broad sweep of her arm. Everything suddenly accelerates: the Cambrian period and its torrential million-year rains passes in a few seconds. The Earth is no more than a volcano floating away in space.

Lucy is fascinated by everything she sees at each stage. The Earth joins thousands of other stars in movement.

The journey in time takes us back to the origins.

Tunnels of stars, sidereal paintings that look like the accumulation of cells we saw right at the start of the movie.

- Millions of stars fizz past, all in the same direction.
- The cells are now visible. There are around a hundred of them.
- The stars gather and converge on a single point.
- Only eight cells now.
- The energy of the universe is concentrated and condensed.
- Only four cells now.
- All the stars hurtle toward a single point. The energy is unbearable.
- Two cells.
- The whole Universe is now a phosphorescent ball.

- There is now... only one single cell, a single planet, a single iris, a single world. A same circle with different colors.

- The Universe continues to shrink and disappears into a miniscule circle. An iris. A cell.

Lucy is at the origin of the world, a spectator of the Big Bang.

- BLACKOUT -

- For several seconds, we remain in darkness, sidereal night. No picture or sound, just emptiness.

- Lucy weeps tears of joy and grief. Ultimate knowledge necessarily provokes both.

- CLOSE on Lucy's heart. The enormous valve is about to close again, like the massive door of a fortified castle.

- In slow-motion, the valve slams deafeningly shut on the ventricle. Her heart is about to beat again. With the next clap, the Universe explodes once more, and her heart swells once more.

- At top speed, we rewind the story, or fast-forward it, no matter...

The original explosion, expansion of the Universe, formation of the Earth, its oceans, the inception of life, civilization...

Is the Universe perpetual motion? As regular as a heartbeat?

The history of a lifetime fits into a single heartbeat?

Life stories and the history of the Universe are a single story seen from a greater or smaller distance?

And time is just a scale to measure the size of the story?

CUT TO:

The camera hurtles at top speed through periods and plains toward Lucy, sitting on her chair in the middle of the lab.

The camera arrives so fast, like a car speeding into a wall, and the impact is so violent that Lucy disappears.

Her clothes fall on the floor. She is nowhere and, most likely, everywhere.

She is now part of the Universe, part of this never-ending story that constantly lives and dies, like a simple cell.

INSERT:

A huge "100%" fills the screen.

The scientists gawk, slack-jawed. They can't believe their eyes.

Del Rio is baffled. Silence settles on the room. Even the computers fall silent.

Everybody stares at the inanimate clothes on the floor, the only trace of Lucy's passage.

The silence becomes oppressive.

Suddenly, Professor Norman's phone rings, startling everybody in the room. He pulls it out of his pocket.

It's not a call, just a text. Signed "Lucy."

It reads:

It's on Youtube.

The Professor smiles, enthralled by this proof of his hypothesis.

THE END