

Note: this script was written in collaboration with [Kate Cunning](#) — we brainstormed ideas and a rough outline together, I went away to write a clean outline, Kate & I edited that together, and then I went back to write a full script based off of our notes. The format of the script is something we came up with together, too — unless it was something I felt very strongly about, I didn't put notes on panelling into the script, because Kate wanted to handle that herself.

The full script runs just under thirty pages. Kate's final art for the first few pages is at the end of the document.

Neem wakes up when a light goes on in the tiny pod she's in. It's narrow but tall, not sized for a human. She rubs at her face with her right hand and says,

"Where—"

And then she realizes, and catches her breath on a gasp and coughs.

"Oh no," she says, and stumbles out of the pod. She trips against the uneven floor and catches herself by grabbing at the wall, but there's a thorny patch there, and it rips her glove and she bleeds a bit onto the wall. She doesn't notice it, and she doesn't notice it when the wall absorbs the blood. She moves on, but the camera stays still for another panel or two on the wall, and we see a diagnostic screen go up: it's sampled her blood and is preparing a suitable environment for her. That's why the next door doesn't open immediately!

As she catches her breath, a sequence of three lights go on above the door, and it spirals open. (They're those liquid display screens, filling up with bioluminescent liquid, maybe swelling outwards slightly.)

The door opens, watery light spilling in from outside. She stumbles further into the seed ship, hand trailing against the wall and leaving a faint bloody streak for another few feet.

The first room out of the pod is small, but there's a doorway opening to another room, which is a little bigger. It's pretty bare, but there are a few short vines hanging down. There isn't much light either.

The rooms in here are all uncomfortable to look at — organic, with no straight lines or sharp corners, but bare.

"Hello?" Neem says, and then taps at the side of her helmet, where a little button for her radio flashes once but doesn't light up fully. "Team? You there? Or anyone in here?"

One of the vines moves towards her, reaching for her with the same questing, side-to-side motions of a friendly snake. It's got a pattern on it like octopus suckers, not like the others hanging from the ceiling. Neem sees it, gasps, and bolts for the next doorway. (Visual note: this is the same kind of vine in the flashback later. The ship isn't trying to frighten or harm Neem; it's trying to run through its standard booting-up sequence and get information.)

The rooms get bigger and higher-ceilinged and brighter-lit as she goes, pursued in each room by the vines trying to touch her. One does wrap around her and she yanks herself away from it. (Visual note: horror-movie-ish/Snow White fleeing through the dark woods, will be paralleled later when the Gardener arrives.) She reaches the last room currently built — this one is high enough to have a few ledge and walkways crossing the upper levels. But the only way to get up is to climb the vines, so instead Neem hunkers down in a corner of the room under one of the platforms.

A vine reaches carefully for her and she backs even further away.

"Don't come near me," she says, terrified, bluffing, and yanks a knife out of her pocket. Maybe it's something like a boxcutter? Definitely not a fighting knife — it's something with utility she's repurposed. (Visual note: it's supposed to be reminiscent of the Gardener's tools, which is why the ship's scared of it — so maybe it's a folding knife with a snap-out blade.)

The vine stops short and backs off. It doesn't want to get pruned, it's just trying to follow its programmed orders. It has no idea what to do.

There's a watchful pause, both of them wildly out of their depth here. Neem can't break out of the ship with just a knife. She wasn't even expecting to get out of the *Dionaea* alive.

The seed ship makes a flower grow a few feet away from her, hesitantly. We see the bud appear and then blossom over the course of a few panels. (Visual note: this is the flower that will mean "caring" once they begin to communicate, but Neem doesn't understand the ship yet, so no caption.)

"A flower? What's that supposed to mean?" Neem says. She's talking to herself, trying to fill up space in the room so she doesn't feel so alone.

Its petals spread a little wider, trying to look friendly.

A little more of a standoff, Neem staring at the flower, the ship carefully not doing anything. "So, uh... Good.... Killer alien plant ship?"

She uncurls herself and gets out of the little alcove to look around. More vines are draped along the top of the room, and a new doorway's opened to the next room beyond — its door is on one of the platforms, though, so if she wants to keep exploring she'll have to climb. (Visual note: the

ship is clear made for people built differently from Neem. She's out of place, visually — she's made of circles and rounded rectangles, and the ship is all long, curving lines and narrow ovals.)

As she watches, the ship pulls knots of tree roots forward through the wall to make footholds. For her!

Neem looks around carefully, but the vines stay put. She folds up her knife and puts it away to climb, and then move along the platform to the door. The doorway is longer and skinnier than usual human architecture, a kind of pointed oval shape.

Before she goes through she taps at her helmet again, trying to reach someone on the radio. "Anyone there? Come in? Hello?nothing." (The last line is an aside to herself, maybe looking down. She's losing hope of contact.)

The main feature of the next room is a tall organic machine whose main feature is that it looms. It's got a round screen set into the wall that lights up and glows as Neem watches, a small platform to stand on in front of it, and a curving arm to either side and one on top that hook in and look like a scorpion's pincers and tail ready to grab whatever's dumb enough to get on the platform. The shadows that the screen throws across the room don't help.

Flowers burst open around it, inviting. Like wrapped a guillotine in string lights to make it look friendly.

"No thank you, I don't like that one bit," Neem says, and edges her way along the wall to the next doorway, trying not to turn her back to the machine. It looks as though if she did, it would sting her.

She relaxes as she moves into the next room, with nothing like that console in it. The seed ship starts to bring up more flowers, the same ones it made at first. They help conceal the harsh lines of the ship.

Neem walks around, looking at things, calming down. She reaches out to touch a petal and says, "I can tell you, it's been a long time since I've seen one of these."

The flower opens up even more, gets bigger and more vibrant. It's happy to interact with her.

Then Neem reaches for the space where it's growing out of the wall/convenient root ledge, and it abruptly closes half up/flinches away from her.

Neem pulls her hand back and steps backwards at that. "Uh. Alright. No touching the stem. Got it."

The flower opens up again, this time facing a little more down, looking hangdog.

Neem touches a petal again. "Alright, we're cool, buddy. Good, uh, alien spaceship."

She sits down next to the flower and props her head on her hand. "So you're not going to kill and eat me, at least not right away. What do you want, then?"

The ship makes a flower pop up, the freckled one that means *Neem*. (Visual note — still no caption.)

"What's that mean?" Neem asks, and taps its stigma with one finger.

The ship thinks for a moment, and taps back.

"Uh." Neem points at herself. Her finger is a little dusty with pollen. "Me?"

The ship makes a whole little constellation of white flowers. These ones mean *yes*. (They should look emphatic.)

"That seems enthusiastic."

Neem takes a breath. And her arm beeps. (The air gauge on her suit.)

She and the ship both startle backwards.







