

## Picture Day

Logline: A mother and son try to leave a refugee camp in pursuit of a better life, but risk losing their identities in the process.

INT. TENT

ROLAND

Mum! Mum!

LYKA, a middle-aged goblin, is rustled awake by ROLAND, a smaller goblin who looks to be about 6. Lyka peeks out from under the overcoat she has been sleeping under.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Mum, it's Picture Day!

Roland is holding a PAMPHLET that shows a smiling human family wearing Victorian-era clothing. At the bottom of the pamphlet is a spot that reads "Your photo day has been scheduled for ," with a handwritten date entered in the blank spot.

Lyka forces a smile.

LYKA

Yes, I suppose it is.

EXT. MESS HALL

Lyka and Roland wait in line for food.

ROLAND

What do you think you're gonna look like? I hope I'm big and scary!

LYKA

You're not going to be big or scary.

ROLAND

Well I could be. I could be anything!

LYKA

You already are something. You're my Roland!

Lyka tousles Roland's hairless head and smiles at him.

An elvish MESS HALL WORKER with an artificially bright smile ladles some soup into bowls for them.

MESS WORKER

Well, you sure look excited!

ROLAND

It's Picture Day!

MESS WORKER

That's exciting! Hopefully you'll be able to move someplace nice now!

LYKA

Excuse me?

The Mess Worker recoils slightly in shock and embarrassment.

MESS WORKER

No child deserves to live in a war zone.

The Mess Worker hands them their soup and gives Roland an extra piece of bread, winking conspiratorially.

MESS WORKER (CONT'D)

Happy Picture Day.

INT. OFFICE

A musty wooden office illuminated by small windows. Elves in official uniforms sit behind desks, and a SECRETARY walks back and forth, leading goblins from the door to the line of desks. Roland stands first in line, with Lyka standing behind him, holding his shoulders.

SECRETARY

Next in line!

Lyka takes a step forward with Roland before being stopped by the Secretary.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

One at a time, ma'am.

LYKA

We're together.

SECRETARY

I understand, ma'am, but we need everyone one at a time. Process moves faster that way. You'll be able to find him afterwards.

LYKA

You wait for me, okay? Promise?

Roland offers Lyka his pinkie.

ROLAND

Tashka says this is called a pinkie promise. Humans do it for very important promises.

Lyka gently grabs Roland's arm and brings him closer to her, then takes his face in her hands and studies it intently. She kisses his forehead, then both cheeks.

LYKA

Remember. Wait for me.

Roland nods as the secretary guides him by the shoulder to one of the desks. She watches him speak to the elf behind the desk, take some documents, and then be led to a door.

SECRETARY

Next!

Lyka waits until Roland has fully disappeared to move with the Secretary to an open desk. An OFFICIAL reaches into a drawer and flips through some files before pulling out a packet, along with some fresh registration forms.

OFFICIAL

Full name?

LYKA

Lyka Multchpint.

SECRETARY

Lilly Multipot?

LYKA

Lyka. L-Y-K-A.

The Official continues to flip through the paperwork without making any changes.

OFFICIAL

And where are you from, Ms. Multipot?

LYKA

Fredosia.

OFFICIAL

(still writing)

Oof. Sorry to hear about everything there.

The Official hands the completed documents to Lyka.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

You can continue through the door  
on your right.

Lyka stands for a moment, clutching the papers to her chest, then walks toward the door.

INT. PHOTOROOM

Lyka walks into a room very similar to the one she just left. One wall is covered by a black sheet, and an old-fashioned camera on a stand faces it from across the room. An elven PHOTOGRAPHER swiftly walks toward Lyka and takes her papers.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Welcome to the first day of the  
rest of your life! Please stand in  
front of the camera.

Lyka walks where he motions. The Photographer flips through the documents and steps behind the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Oh, Fredosia! I heard that used to  
be nice before it went to pieces.

He motions proudly to his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Amazing what technology can do,  
isn't it? Couldn't assimilate into  
the human world, couldn't move on  
to a new, better life, without it.  
Now stay standing right where you  
are, that's perfect. All right,  
smile!

Lyka tries. It is a weak smile.

The photographer presses a button on the camera, and the room fills with light. After a few moments, a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of Lyka slides out from a slit in the front of the camera and falls onto the ground. The photographer picks it up.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Here. A souvenir.

Lyka takes the photograph and studies the goblin in the photo. She shakily lifts a hand—now a human hand, attached to a human visage—to her head, which is filled with hair.

EXT. DOCK/BOAT

Lyka walks out of the back door onto a small boat filled with other new humans, who are all feeling their faces and hair as if they aren't used to it. She tears her eyes away from her own photo and nervously scans the boat. A little boy looks up at her.

ROLAND

Mum?

Lyka's breath catches as she recognizes her son's voice. She leans down, takes him by the shoulders, and looks into his eyes.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Mum, look, I'm big and scary now!

Roland hands Lyka his photo. She takes it and studies her son the way she did back in the office, searching his face for the boy in the picture. After a long pause, Lyka gingerly puts both photos in the pocket of her overcoat and then hugs her son tightly.

END