The End Of Nights

by

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EXT. ORION CONSTITLATION/BETELGEUSE - 642.5 YEARS AGO.

To Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah.

The sparkling velvety background of outer-space, a magnificent giant red star comes into view. Its black, red and orange surface ripples with energy as enormous loops of electrified plasma curve through the stars magnetic field.

The surface pulses in time with the music as spectacular solar flares reach out into the stars corona and explode to each hallelujah. Patterns on the star metamorphose into a demonic face, its expression grows increasingly pained. On the last hallelujah of the first verse activity stops and the star explodes.

A photon of light streaks through space towards the solar system, it passes the outer planets, the magnificence of Saturn and its rings are apparent. The photon continues towards Earth, basking in sunlight its beauty is palpable. The photon bounces off a GPS satellite and enters Earth's northern hemisphere.

Penetrating through thick rain clouds, the photon passes over an ugly industrial UK town and heads towards the seaside. Rain drops are frozen in time as an old lighthouse comes into view, a cobbled path encircles the structure. The photon of light is lost on a dirty rain soaked window and time returns to normal.

A welcoming orange glow emanates from the window revealing the silhouettes of three figures inside, the sound of laughter can be heard.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - AFTER HOURS

The typical brass maritime decor of a seaside pub is tarnished and dirty, the bottles in the optics behind the bar are dusty and almost empty, the carpets are worn and stained and the once white paintwork dull and tired. A large coal fire near the door radiates warmth from its glowing embers.

A celebration is taking place.
MARSIN, (34) is handsome but scruffy, with tousled red hair, his complexion is quick to flush which exaggerates a healed scar on his left cheek. When not in his electrician's overalls, an old leather biker jacket and a t-shirt of an obscure rock band are a permanent fashion choice.

ANNA, (31) has green eyes and a beautiful mischievous smile. Her long blonde hair is partly braided; with her white lace dress she exudes an understated hippy style.

HORACE, (66) a once proud crown of red hair is faded and thin with age; more evident on his long grey and white beard. Years of alcohol abuse has given him a ruddy complexion with burst capillaries in his nose; his steely blue eyes are wise with experience.

HORACE
Congratulations again you two I couldn’t be happier for you both!

ANNA
Thanks Dad!

Anna leans over the bar and kisses Horace on his long thick beard, grabbing a bag of peanuts in the process.

HORACE
You just need to get a job now and things will be perfect.

ANNA
(Dismissive)
Yeah, I’m trying, stop worrying.

HORACE
Work is important you must keep busy!

Horace finishes his rum and proceeds to pour himself a pint of real ale.

ANNA
(Irritated)
Not all of us are lucky enough to have found their niche Dad. Anyway, technically we need money not jobs.

HORACE
Hey now! Idle hands are the devils playthings.
ANNA
Well I’ve been looking online and there are quite a few opportunities in my field in Japan other than that...

Anna throws up a peanut and catches it in her mouth, Marsin is beside Anna at the bar sipping a whiskey sour, he is a bit tipsy.

MARSIN
Japan! I’m not moving to Japan.

Anna throws a peanut in Marsin’s drink.

ANNA
Stick in the mud.

HORACE
Aye, good! Don’t talk of moving so far away, I hardly get to see you as it is.

Marsin tries to fish the peanut from his drink.

MARSIN
She says she’s job hunting but she actually spends more time online reading about conspiracy theories than anything else.

HORACE
Oh yeah, the truth comes out eh?

Horace wipes the bar and refills Anna’s wine glass.

ANNA
Shut up I do not!

MARSIN
I think she worries a bit too much about it.

Marsin gives up with the peanut and puts his finger to his ear, insinuating Anna has a screw loose.

HORACE
(Laughing)
My Annie! What do you mean?

MARSIN
Oh you know, aliens... and UFO’s flying in our skies with impunity.
Marsin makes a grand sweeping gesture with his hand, knocking over Anna’s drink.

    MARSIN (CONT’D)
    Shit sorry!

Anna elbows Marsin in the ribs, Horace mops up the mess with a bar towel and proceeds to fix a fresh drink.

    HORACE
    (Wistful)
    UFO’s eh? Is that right? You know back in the day, I’ve seen some strange things in our skies. Not much to say really just lights, like there were two Suns and then...

Horace takes three large gulps of ale and slams the glass down on the bar; wiping the foam away from his beard he looks towards the embers of the coal fire with a faraway look in his eye.

    HORACE (CONT’D)
    Aye well, maybe we should all be a bit more open minded eh? There are more things in heaven and Earth...

Horace winks at Anna as he tries to stifle a large belch.

    ANNA
    Thanks dad.

    HORACE
    Please don’t talk about moving to Japan though.

Anna picks up a remote control and turns on the television, the US president is giving a speech.

    US PRESIDENT
    "We will never tolerate the weaponisation of outer-space for any offensive measures, the department of defence will..."

Anna changes to a music channel.

    MARSIN
    Please don’t encourage her! I’m always hearing about conspiracies.
ANNA
Yeah whatever! Mr Cynical here would probably lose his mind if the truth came out... and the shit hit the fan!

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Who's Mr Cynical?

Anna punches Marsin in the arm.

HORACE
Well you two know where to come if the shit ever does hit the fan, alien or otherwise, don't you?

ANNA
(Jokingly)
Yeah, if aliens did invade you would probably try and sell them beer.

HORACE
But of course, they would fit in very well here with the locals. Come and party with us at the Old Lighthouse; the best party in the solar system!

ANNA
I bet your prices will be astronomical!

HORACE
(Laughing)
It will be out of this world sweetheart! Cheers!

The trio touch glasses.

HORACE (CONT'D)
So what else is new with you guys?

MARSIN
Well I'm pretty sure your daughter got us banned from the butcher shop.

ANNA
That was as much your fault really!
HORACE
(Laughing)
What happened?

MARSIN
Well I thought we could make some soup for the week, you know some cheap, healthy, tasty soup. I like pea and ham soup, so to get ingredients we went into the butcher shop on the main road.

Anna starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BUTCHER SHOP - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

The shop is empty except for Marsin and Anna standing at the shop counter, Anna is staring as the butcher as he makes sausages.

He is a huge beast of a man. Raw mince meat squelches through his huge calloused hands, his chewed nails give his fingers a sausage like appearance.

MARSIN
I didn't want to spend too much money so I asked the butcher as to the pricing.

BUTCHER
Can I help you?

MARSIN
How much for a ham shank mate?

Anna erupts into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - PRESENT.

Anna hoots with laughter and makes the universal wanker gesture.

HORACE
(Confused)
What?
ANNA
He asked for a ham shank!
(Laughing)
I thought it sounded like cockney rhyming slang, you know apple and pears means stairs, Adam and Eve means believe! A ham shank could be...

MARSIN
(Indignant)
Yeah, whatever.

HORACE
(Laughing)
Ha! That's funny! And he banned you? Seems harsh!

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BUTCHER SHOP - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

The butcher is standing with his hands on his hips looking confused.

MARSIN
That wasn't the worse of it.
When the butcher answered with the price Anna said he was overcharging and asked how much it would cost for a cuddle instead.
She also told him if he's going to charge so much for hand jobs he should get a manicure.

The butcher looks at his fat hands and angrily points to the door, Marsin and Anna exit.

CUT TO:

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS.

Anna hangs her head in shame, a big smile across her face.

HORACE
My god! What happened then?

ANNA
(Laughing)
We made vegetable soup.
CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS

The weather outside is clearing and the star that exploded earlier is now visible rising on the eastern horizon, laughter is audible.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS

ANNA
He's making it sound worse than it was, some people have no sense of humour is all.

HORACE
(Shaking head)
You've always been a trouble maker Anna.

A beam of light penetrates the dirty bar window onto the trio.

MARSIN
Wow! Is the Sun coming up?

HORACE
(Laughing)
It's only after 11 pm Marsin.

Marsin stumbles out of his bar stool towards the dirty window; he tries to clean the window pane with his sleeve but to no avail.

MARSIN
Do you turn the lighthouse light on when it gets dark?

Anna peers over Marsin's shoulder.

HORACE
This place was decommissioned as a lighthouse eons ago, when I was a lad it was called the North Pole. I do light the lantern room at night sometimes though. There is still life in the old place yet, eh!

Horace rubs the bar affectionately, Anna strains to see through the window.
ANNA
How could that possibly be the lighthouse Marsin? It's in the sky and so bright!
(Excitedly)
We should take a photo, maybe it’s a UFO!

Anna runs for the stairs to the lantern room.

HORACE
Anna wait, it’s not safe up there!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A large hexagonal glass room contains a small two seat sofa, several large plants and a small table. On the table a beautiful blue flower sits on top of a mummified bird of prey. A hammer, a trowel, a hooked knife, a spirit level, a compass, a radio and an antique telescope also clutter the table.

Anna bursts into the lantern room with her camera phone in hand, she trips over a bucket of liquid fertiliser and falls head first into several large cannabis plants. Horace enters short of breath.

HORACE
Fucks sake Anna I told you to be careful!

Horace carefully places his prize plants back in position, gently cleaning their leaves.

ANNA
Holy shit dad! Are you growing weed up here?
(Cockney accent)
I can’t Adam and Eve it.

HORACE
(Laughing)
Well… aye, no-one is suspicious of lights in a lighthouse are they? I’ve been doing it for years.
Horace helps Anna up from the floor, the noise of Marsin approaching echoes up the stairs.

MARSIN
Can you see what the light is?

Marsin stops at the doorway to the lantern room, bent over and out of breath he looks up at the cannabis plants.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Laughing)
Well, well! I didn’t know you were a florist Horace.

HORACE
(Irritated)
Aye, well one person knowing is too many, and that includes me!

MARSIN
Yeah, I know what you mean man… Can we smoke some?

Marsin sniffs one of the plants as Anna tries to focus her camera on the light in the sky.

ANNA
Marsin you’re drunk! Leave it alone and come see this!

Marsin and Horace stand behind Anna, a light brighter than the full moon is rising on the Eastern horizon.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What is that?

MARSIN
It’s so bright!

Horace lights his pipe and takes a few puffs, his eyes narrow as he tries to focus on the distant object. Suddenly Horace raises an antique naval telescope to eye level, just missing Marsin's head.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

HORACE
Something cosmological i would bet, probably Venus, extremely bright for some reason but no need to worry.

Anna takes the telescope from Horace and walks off to find a better view.
ANNA
(Trailing off)
Why do you think its Venus?

Horace passes his pipe to Marsin.

HORACE
Here, this is my new strain called El Diablo.

MARSIN
Thanks!

Marsin takes a long draw from the pipe and exhales thick smoke, he violently coughs.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Coughing)
Wow that’s good stuff! Why do you call it El Diablo?

HORACE
(Laughing)
Yesterday a Spanish friend I smoke with became so paranoid about seeing the devil, he ran out the door shouting El Diablo, El Diablo!

Horace strokes his beard in contemplation.

MARSIN
Holy fuck really? The Devil?

Marsin slowly sits on the dirty floor, Anna puts the large telescope back on the table.

ANNA
Dad, please don’t get Marsin high, he’s such a lightweight and we have to go soon!
(Pleading)
Can I take a bag of weed home with me?

HORACE
What? You can have a bit of a smoke with me but I’m not giving you a bag!

ANNA
Aw dad, go on, for medicinal purposes!
HORACE
What medicinal purposes?

ANNA
Boredom?

HORACE
No, you will just have to visit me more often. Anyway look at the state of your intended.

Marsin is kneeling on all fours with a faint green complexion, breathing deliberately, sweat beading on his forehead.

ANNA
For fucks sake Marsin!

Anna kneels down beside Marsin.

ANNA (CONT'D)
This is your fault Dad!

MARSIN
I’m fine, I feel like I just need to close my eyes... but the room won’t stop spinning.

Marsin lies down flat on his face.

ANNA
Get up Marsin!

MARSIN
Just give me a few minutes, the cold floor feels nice on my face!

ANNA
I’m calling a taxi you need to get down these stairs!

Anna shakes Marsin by the collar.

MARSIN
Uh huh!

Marsin pulls up his arms to pillow his face.

HORACE
I doubt he’s getting down those stairs anytime soon love.

Anna takes the pipe from Horace’s hand and they stand looking at the light in the distance, the room is basked in an ethereal glow.
ANNA
He has work in the morning.

HORACE
Let him sleep it off, he will be right as rain in a few hours.

Anna lights the pipe as Horace switches on an old radio, smooth jazz music fills the room. Anna clears away some empty plant pots and they sit in a small grubby two seat sofa.

ANNA
Jazz!

Anna does a jazz hands mime.

HORACE
Aye the plants seem to love it.

ANNA
Yeah sure, the plants.

HORACE
I'm serious, the plants have been really thriving since I found that radio station!

ANNA
Really? The devils music huh!

The music is interrupted by a news broadcast.

RADIO
And today's breaking story has astronomers all in a tizzy as the gas giant known as Betelgeuse went supernova several hours ago...

HORACE
Ah! Not aliens after all then, we can all rest easy in our beds tonight.

ANNA
Not Venus either though.

HORACE
I said it was something cosmological didn't I.

Horace squeezes Anna's knee and relights his pipe, the two sit side by side in the lantern room watching the supernova rising in the Eastern sky.
HORACE (CONT'D)
Were you serious about moving to Japan?

ANNA
There are great opportunities over there Dad.

HORACE
Really? The bright lights of Japan huh? I don't think Marsin sounded too keen on the idea.

ANNA
He's just scared of change.

Horace passes Anna the pipe.

HORACE
What about the language barrier?

ANNA
I have you know English is the international language of science.

Anna lights the pipe taking in a lungful of smoke.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Laughing)
And I am almost fluent!

HORACE
(Shaking head)
I don't think everyone in Japan is a scientist though ANNA.

ANNA
Yeah, but for work it would be fine, we can always learn the language later.

Horace looks over at Marsin asleep on the floor, his foot in a puddle of liquid fertiliser.

HORACE
Are you sure about that? It's a complicated language dear, it's not even the same alphabet, is it even read in the same direction?

ANNA
Hey Marsin is not as dumb as you think he is.
HORACE
Did he not get lost in a shopping centre one time and call the police?

ANNA
(Laughing)
Not exactly, he couldn't find where he parked the car so he assumed it had been stolen. It turned out he was in the wrong carpark. He has the worst sense of direction, but don't tell him that!

HORACE
(Laughing)
That's right, bless his heart, he called the police to help him find his car.
(Sighs)
How lost would he be in Japan then?

ANNA
We would be fine Dad, and if not we could always come back.

HORACE
(Sombre)
The land of the rising sun.

ANNA
You know that you will always be my sunshine you old goat.

Anna puts an arm around Horace and rests her head on his shoulder.

HORACE
And you'll always have a home at the lighthouse sweetheart.

Horace returns Anna's hug when she notices the blue flower on the cluttered table.

ANNA
This is beautiful! Where did you get it?

HORACE
Oh, I had a business meeting yesterday.
(MORE)
HORACE (CONT'D)
When he was leaving he left me that flower, he said it was a blue lotus or something, you can have it if you want.

ANNA
A business meeting? How intriguing.

Anna puts the flower behind her ear.

HORACE
(Sighs)
Oh it's nothing just brewery talk, you know beer prices.

Anna leans into Horace and lights his pipe, as she imbibes the smoke Horace snatches it from her mouth causing spit to dribble down her chin.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Don't hog the pipe dear.

Horace wipes the spit from Anna's face and stands up.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Right, bedtime i think! Your room is set up as always, probably best leave him up here until he recovers, those stairs are fairly precarious.

Horace leads Anna out of the Lantern room.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - THE NEXT EVENING.

Anna is rolling a joint and watching a UFO documentary as Marsin comes in the front door.

Noise of door unlocking; Anna quickly stands and scuttles past the breakfast bar towards the kitchen cooker. SHANI their black cat runs out the open front door.

ANNA
Hello angel cakes! How was your day?
Marsin enters the room and sits on the sofa, he is busy answering work emails on his phone. A flat screen TV on the opposite wall loudly plays the ominous commentary of a cheap UFO documentary, Marsin kicks off his shoes.

MARSIN
The fucking traffic was terrible, and I’ve been feeling rougher than a camel’s fanny all day, thank god I’m off tomorrow!

Marsin pushes a tray containing two dried sunflower heads, lavender potpourri, cigarette papers, a bag of weed, various nail varnishes, a nail file and 4 spent lighters out of the way, and puts his phone down on the coffee table. Anna opens the oven door retrieving some unappetising half eaten fajitas.

ANNA
There is Mexican food in the oven, sorry I couldn’t wait.

MARSIN
Great! Not too spicy?

ANNA
No, I didn't think so anyway. It tastes better than it looks that's for sure.

Marsin sighs as he reclines back in the sofa. Noise from crockery and cutlery being moved around emanates from the kitchen, Anna returns to the living area and places Marsin’s food on the coffee table.

ANNA (CONT’D)
You know if technology wasn't suppressed by the government we would probably all have flying cars by now.

Marsin looks up exasperated.

MARSIN
Oh come on, not this again, I’ve just sat down and I’m tired, the last thing I need to hear now is...

Marsin points at the television; a man with crazed hair is discussing alien abductions.

ANNA
What? I was just meaning because of the traffic, you know... We should all fly.
Anna raises her arms like an aircraft’s wings, returns to the breakfast bar and struggles with the pouring mechanism of a cheap box of wine. Marsin turns off the UFO documentary and the theme tune to Top Gear starts.

MARSIN
OK sorry, just chill with the conspiracies, you should get a job and worry about what normal people worry about.

Anna narrows her eyes and passes a glass of wine to Marsin before gesturing to the television.

ANNA
What like whether or not Trevor gets punished for his crimes?

MARSIN
What? No! Of course not... Who the fuck is Trevor?

ANNA
Oh! I think he’s in...

Marsin continues to speak.

MARSIN
No! But I would say an alien is probably as imaginary as a plot to a TV show, I was meaning paying bills and mortgages and more bills, you know normal worries... about money.

ANNA
Tsk! That’s exactly how they get away with this shit.

MARSIN
Who gets away with what shit?

ANNA
Well... I suppose you could call them... the Illuminati.

MARSIN
Really, and who are... the Illuminati?
ANNA
I don't know there are theories
about some sort of shapeshifting
reptilian royalty, sometimes their
eyes give them away. I saw
something about Prince Charles...

Anna holds her hand up to her eye and claps her thumb and
forefinger together.

MARSIN
You know, I really don’t know why
you get so worked up about
conspiracies. It’s like believing
in Santa Claus or something.

Anna points at Marsin, glass of wine in hand.

ANNA
Did you know that Santa Claus was
a code word NASA used for UFO
sightings back in the...

MARSIN
What? Is Santa an alien now? Do
you believe in Santa? Ask him for
some money!

ANNA
(Sighing)
No, enough already!

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Stop believing everything you read
then! That’s how organised
religion starts, you would never
see me involved with that sort of
thing. People should think for
themselves... like me. People are
basically dumb!

ANNA
Hey wait! Don’t call me dumb! You
can’t even tell your left from
your right!

MARSIN
What? I have a great sense of
direction!
ANNA
(Laughing)
Yeah right... and if you did go near a church you would probably burst into flames! But... supposedly the Illuminati use...

MARSIN
(Condescending)
Illuminati! Stop already! I wish you were in the Illuminati because then I could be a man of leisure.

Marsin finishes his meal and places his plate on the coffee table, lies back and puts his feet up. Anna does a “Rockafella” hand signal.

ANNA
What like JayZ and Bouncy?

Anna bounces up and down on the sofa.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Stop it! I’m so tired! Can I have one of your world famous foot rubs please? I’m sorry just no more talk of conspiracies please.
(Baby talk)
I love you!

Anna reaches out and tickles Marsin’s feet.

ANNA
Which of us is Beyoncé then?

MARSIN
(Laughing)
What have you been smoking anyway? You know I could smell it before I opened the front door.

ANNA
I took some weed from Dad, you know, El Diablo.

MARSIN
Ugh, that shit made me ill.
(Laughing)
Don’t smoke too much you might see the Devil.

Anna picks up the joint she was rolling earlier.
ANNA
(Laughing)
Don’t believe everything my Dad
tells you, he doesn’t necessarily
let facts get in the way of a good
story.

Anna lights the joint and inhales deeply. Marsin looks at
Anna; her unwashed messy hair resembles demon horns, she
exhales smoke from her nose, her expression looks pained
and her eyes turn immediately red.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(With difficulty)
You want some?

MARSIN
(Laughing)
I think I can see the devil
without it thanks.

ANNA
Huh?

Marsin takes a sip from his wine glass while Anna massages
his feet, their attention is drawn to the television
program and time passes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Stoned)
Do you think you can really join
the Illuminati?

Anna looks at Marsin for an answer to her dumb question but
he has fallen asleep, Anna picks up her rolling papers.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - 11 PM.

Marsin is asleep on the sofa, Anna is online studying
conspiracy sites, the lights are dim and her eyes are red
and intoxicated.

ANNA
(Mumbling/laughing)
Join the Illuminati?
Marsin is snoring with his mouth agape; Anna throws a stuffed cat’s toy in his direction.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What a prick! Does he not know they are supposed to be evil?

Anna clicks on a link suggesting politicians are shape-shifting aliens; a video clip shows a human with reptilian eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Mumbling)
What the fuck? Are they even human?

Anna searches for “join the Illuminati” in the web browser and reads.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Join the Illuminati now. Learn more about membership, requirements, benefits, and more...

Anna inhales more El Diablo weed; Shani leaps up onto her lap.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'm not falling for that Shani! I doubt the Illuminati would run a join the Illuminati website... I've heard of hiding in plain sight but...

Anna blinks and rubs her tired eyes, breathing smoke onto the computer screen.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I wish I could...

The web browser somehow opens with contact details for Prince Charles, Anna begins to type.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Mumbling)
Dear Your Royal Highness, I hope this is not a faux pas and all finds you in good health. However before whatever befell...

The screen becomes increasingly obscured by smoke.

FADE OUT:
INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A clock decorated with an Egyptian Ankh stops ticking. A black tomcat is sleeping on the bed, sunbeams shine through yellow curtains onto Marsin and Anna.

MARSIN
Morning love.

ANNA
Morning.

Marsin reaches out in an embrace.

MARSIN
Can I tickle your fancy?

ANNA
(Laughing)
Stop it! SHANI is here.

Anna holds up the cat defensively.

MARSIN
Oh don’t be such a cat blocker!

Anna laughs and holds a purring Shani to her chest.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
You know I heard an interesting theory about cats the other day.

ANNA
Oh yeah?

Anna holds Shani up to her face and kisses his nose.

MARSIN
They carry a parasite called toxoplasma.

Anna quickly lowers Shani.

ANNA
Yuck! Don’t tell me that!
MARSIN
When mice are infected with toxoplasma they show less fear of house cats, if chimpanzees are infected they show less fear of leopards.

ANNA
Really?

MARSIN
Yeah, so the only reason you feed Shani is probably because your brain has a parasite.

ANNA
(Laughing)
What! No Shani doesn’t...

MARSIN
Mind control!

ANNA
Surely that would just mean an infected human would love and worship cats? You definitely don’t have that!

Anna holds Shani up to her face and kisses his nose, Marsin shakes his head.

MARSIN
That’s what I’m saying, mind control! What time did you go to bed anyway?

ANNA
I don’t know I was online for a while.

MARSIN
More conspiracies was it?

Marsin gets out of bed and disappears into the en-suite toilet, Anna sits up in bed and switches on a cheap CD player.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Peeing loudly)
What is it now? Are ghosts working in the spirit sections of bottle stores?
ANNA
(Speaking loudly)
Ha Ha, that’s hilarious! If you must know it was hard core Dutch pornography, and I have it on good authority that ghosts are just lost imaginary friends.

MARSIN
(bathroom echo)
They should stick to their own “terrortory” then.

The sound of a flushing toilet, Marsin returns laughing at his own joke.

ANNA
What did you say?

Before Marsin has time to explain his bad joke Anna continues.

ANNA (CONT’D)
Do you know what happened to our bathroom mirror? There was glass all over the sink and toilet the other day!

MARSIN
No, I have no idea.

ANNA
(Fake fear)
Maybe we have a ghost?

MARSIN
I wasn’t going to say anything because you would probably think I wet the bed, but a few days ago when I woke up I was covered in water, my glass was empty and still upright but water was all over me.

Anna rolls her eyes dismissively.

ANNA
Yeah, whatever pissy pants.

Marsin looks at Anna with pretend fear in his eyes; Anna grabs hold of Marsin’s leg.
ANNA (CONT'D)
Are you pulling my leg? I’m not going to believe in ghost stories. How many years bad luck are broken mirrors again?

In the background the CD player starts skipping a Radiohead song, repeating the lyric “this is what you’ll get when you mess with us” (Karma Police).

MARSIN
What the hell! Do you hear where the song is skipping?

ANNA
(Laughing)
Ah that’s so creepy!

MARSIN
(Bellowing)
If there is a spirit here show yourself!

A spring in the mattress breaks underneath Marsin, he screams like a girl and grabs hold of Anna for dear life.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Laughing/screaming)
Ah! It’s a ghost!

Anna playfully hits Marsin.

ANNA
You are such a chicken shit! I thought you didn’t believe in ghosts?

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Well that must have been a coincidence and the spring nearly hit me in the balls, so you know… screaming was justified.

Anna playfully dives on top of Marsin; Shani runs out the bedroom.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
INT. GYM - 3.30 PM

Marsin is at a gym called the “Halcyon Age” and has worked up a sweat. On the adjacent machine an annoying runner is speaking on his phone.

ANNOYING RUNNER
Electric, you never told us its electric, we are not set up for that sort of instability. I prefer the idea of gas, far more predictable, what timescale you talking about?

The running machine has a vantage point through the gym’s second floor window. Marsin gives the annoying runner a dirty look before returning to his view, he switches music on, (Black Star by Radiohead). In the carpark below a fire engine is causing gridlock as they deal with a fire that is spreading from a burning yellow Prius, somehow a ladder from the engine comes loose and smashes a nearby car windscreen.

Marsin’s phone rings, he exchanges another glance with the Annoying runner.

MARSIN
(Out of breath, barely audible)
Hello.

Marsin dismounts the running machine and clears his throat, trying to catch breath.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Hello.

CUT TO:

ANNA
(Excited and confused)
Did you win the lottery and not tell me or something?

CUT TO:

MARSIN
What no! Why? What’s up?

CUT TO:

ANNA
Our bank says 100 million pounds has been deposited in our account.
MARSIN  
(Coughing loudly)  
What? A 100 million what?

ANNA  
I’m serious babe! It’s obviously a mistake though, so don’t run out and buy a Ferrari or anything.

MARSIN  
(Laughing)  
That’s so crazy! Maybe our ghost is rich and wants to be our benefactor.

ANNA  
(Laughing)  
Are you at the gym?

MARSIN  
Yeah.

ANNA  
Just make sure to get your “exorcise”.

MARSIN  
(Laughing)  
Stay away from the priests please. I will try and be home soon. Call the bank and find out where the money came from, love you!

ANNA  
OK, love you too.

Marsin hangs up and runs for the exit of the Halcyon age gym.
INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - 4.03 PM

Marsin enters the room soaked in sweat; puddles of water pool on the ground as if he has come from the ocean.

MARSIN
Hello, hello.

Marsin rubs his wet hair with his wet gym towel and takes his wet gym clothes off; throwing them in the washing machine. Anna is on the phone with her bank manager.

ANNA
(Excitement)
The bank says it is a legitimate transfer.

MARSIN
Fuck off! I’m not falling for one of your jokes again.

ANNA
Seriously look at our online statement.

Marsin puts on his glasses and leans over to look at the statement; he slowly sits lost in thought, Anna hangs up the phone.

MARSIN
It says the money came from the Duchy of Cornwall, what is a Duchy of Cornwall?

ANNA
Erm, I dunno... let’s see.

Anna searches on the internet.

ANNA (CONT'D)
The Duchy of Cornwall is one of two royal duchies in England, the other being the Duchy of Lancaster... blah, blah! The estate is held by Prince Charles.

(Sharp intake of breath)

(MORE)
ANNA (CONT'D)
Weird! When I was goofed last night! You know... I think I emailed him a letter!

MARSIN
(Laughing)
What do you mean you emailed a letter to Prince Charles?
(More serious)
What letter?

ANNA
(Hesitantly)
Erm!

MARSIN
(Sarcastically)
You emailed the letter M to Prince Charles?

ANNA
No I mean I messaged... Clarence... House.

MARSIN
Clarence House? I thought you said Prince Charles, Clarence House sounds like the Royal family doctor.

ANNA
No, Clarence House is his address, so I thought I would write, as if he was the Illuminati, you know... as a joke.

MARSIN
(Impatient)
So you emailed Prince Charles and you got 100 million pounds, what did you say exactly?

ANNA
Well... I can't remember exactly, but last night when you said you wished I was a member of the Illuminati I went online...
(Gasps)
Maybe I joined!

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Joined? What are you talking about?
ANNA
Maybe I joined the Illuminati!

MARSIN
Don’t be ridiculous! Even if they did exist I imagine the Illuminati would have a joining fee. They wouldn’t give money away for joining online!

ANNA
(Smiling)
Why do we have all that Royal money then?

MARSIN
(Laughing)
I don’t know! The Illuminati?

ANNA
Well for some reason the Royal family gave us money and the bank says it’s ours!

MARSIN
I don’t know! Is Prince Charles sending your Illuminati membership card in the post then?

ANNA
(Laughing)
Maybe he will, the money is real!

MARSIN
(Sighs/disbelief)
But the money is real?

ANNA
The money is real! The bank doesn’t want it back... so does it really matter?

Marsin and Anna look at one another their eyes slowly widening as it dawns on them how rich they are.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
EXT. 151515 SICKLE ROAD/EXPENSIVE JEWELLERY STORE - 5.06 PM

Marsin and Anna are looking in the window of an expensive looking jewellery store called Obsidian Star.

    ANNA
    I want an expensive new engagement ring!

    MARSIN
    Yeah, why not? So long as we look at cars afterwards.

Marsin pulls Anna in close with one arm.

    ANNA
    Don’t get me wrong I love the ring you gave me but it does look like you bought it from Argos.

Marsin pushes Anna away.

    MARSIN
    (Laughing)
    Hey, I said yes... and I saved ages for that ring!

Realising the offence caused Anna holds Marsin around the waist in an embrace.

    ANNA
    Aw I’m sorry... I know it’s priceless... but now I want a ring fit for royalty!

    MARSIN
    Yeah well, at these prices even the royal ring would tighten!

Anna kisses Marsin on the nose.

    ANNA
    We don’t have to worry about that!
    (Laughing)
    We’re the 1% now let’s go fucking crazy!

Anna grabs Marsin by the hand and pulls him towards the entrance.

    FADE OUT:
INT. OBSIDIAN STAR JEWELLERY STORE - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna enter through a revolving door, the carpet and the walls are the same deep purple colour. On the walls and ceiling LED lights sparkle like stars, two spotlights illuminate a desk behind which the SALESPERSON sits, her black hair glistens under the spotlights as she files her long silver nails.

MARSIN  
(Looking around)  
Wow, this is fancy pants!

ANNA  
(Whispering/joking)  
I’m frightened, there’s nothing really in here except a woman and a desk.

MARSIN  
(Embarrassed)  
Shh! Did you learn to whisper in a helicopter?

SALESPERSON  
How can I help you today?

ANNA  
(Posh accent)  
Ah, Good afternoon we are looking for an engagement ring!

SALESPERSON  
(Fake smile)  
How lovely for you. You have come to the right place, the Obsidian Star's precious rings are simply to die for, please take a seat.

The salesperson gestures towards two leather chairs, Marsin and Anna sit.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)  
Due to astronomical crime rates we have introduced a new catalogue system.

Marsin reaches out for the catalogue, the Salesperson snatches it back.
SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
(Clears throat)
All our items are now held off premises in secure storage.

Marsin and Anna frown but nod in understanding; they try to sit up to see the catalogue but the soft leather cushions pull them back.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
And what sort of price range were you thinking of?

ANNA
(Excited)
Can we see the most expensive diamond rings available! Cost is no object! The bigger the better!

SALESPERSON
Yes, very good, we have recently acquired some beautiful old pieces from estate auctions.

The Salesperson withdraws a long silver pen from her pocket and gestures towards the catalogue.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
This heart cut Irish piece from the Kennedy collection is 4.92 million Sterling.

Marsin and Anna strain forward to try and see the catalogue, mouths agape.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
This princess cut piece is from the Mercedes collection, and is valued at 3.57 million Great British pounds.

Anna and Marsin strain harder to try and see what is displayed.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
And this spectacular marquis cut piece is 8.16 million from the Tavistock lot.

They really stretch to see over the desk.

ANNA
I see... and when you say million would that be Sterling or British pounds?
SALESPERSON
(Confused)
Yes?

Anna looks straight into the salespersons eyes.

ANNA
Sorry?

SALESPERSON
British?

ANNA
Money!

MARSIN
(Whispering loudly)
Sterling and pounds are the same thing Anna!

Anna turns and looks at Marsin who has his tongue mockingly pushed into his lower lip, embarrassed Anna stops engaging with the salesperson. Marsin leans towards Anna.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
I don't think we should buy any of this stuff.

ANNA
Why not? Don't you want me to have a nice engagement ring?

MARSIN
Yes, but this all seems a bit crazy.

ANNA
(Excited)
I know but we are the 1% now.

MARSIN
We can't even see what they're selling.

Marsin looks towards the catalogue catching the Salesperson’s eye.

SALESPERSON
Gold and jewels are an investment Sir, guaranteed to increase in value… as sure as the Sun.
MARSIN
(Laughing)
Maybe not today thanks.

Marsin ungracefully struggles out of the soft leather chair.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Come on, let’s go and look at sports cars.

Marsin pulls Anna out of the soft chair, a huge grin on his face.

ANNA
(Whispering angrily)
You are so embarrassing! They are investments but never mind, let’s go waste money on overpriced toys.

Anna swiftly makes for the door, Marsin follows close behind his grin turning into a grimace. The luxurious carpet causes a static electricity charge to build as they reach the revolving door together.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What the actual fuck, that was really sore!

MARSIN
Ow, sorry! It hurt me too I think it was static.

Marsin and Anna stumble into the same revolving door compartment and clumsily depart the jewellery store.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH STREET/EXPENSIVE JEWELLERY STORE/ELECTRONICS STORE.

Anna storms out of the revolving door and stands arms crossed outside the window of an adjacent electronics store.

ANNA
That was so embarrassing; you didn’t have to make fun of me!
Anna pushes her tongue into her lower lip and gives Marsin both fingers.

MARSIN
I take it we are not looking at cars then?

Anna turns away in disgust and looks toward the large screen TVs in the store window. The news is reporting that a giant red star called Betelgeuse exploded in a spectacular supernova.

ANNA
(Sighs)
I’m hungry lets go and eat.

MARSIN
Me too what time is it?

Marsin holds Anna from behind and kisses her neck.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
I’m sorry I embarrassed you!
Please don’t be mad, we’ll laugh about this in 20 years.

Anna leans back into Marsin’s embrace and they both stare silently at the news on television.

ANNA
Let’s get Mexican food.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - 10 MINUTES LATER.

Marsin and Anna are seated in the rear of a taxi, a Saturn Ion sedan. It's having difficulty navigating through a crowd of drunken revellers, the TAXI DRIVER is getting increasingly angry. Slim and older than he looks, flecks of spit erupt as he pushes back his flat cap.

TAXI DRIVER
(Shouting out window)
 Fucking move it you dirty cunts!

The taxi driver winds up his window as progress eases.
TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Excuse my language darling!

ANNA
It’s extra busy tonight.

TAXI DRIVER
Yeah, I swear ever since this supernova appeared it’s as if everyone’s moods been affected, it’s like a full moon on steroids. People have even less patience than normal, if you can believe that?

Marsin looks at Anna shaking his head.

MARSIN
You think an explosion light years away can affect moods on Earth?

TAXI DRIVER
The Moon drives all the tides on Earth and a substantial percentage of the human body is made up of water, so it must affect us somehow, right?

MARSIN
Yeah, but even if that old chestnut were true, a supernova light years away doesn’t alter the tides.

TAXI DRIVER
(More subdued)
I’m just saying what I’m seeing sunshine.

MARSIN
Yeah, well don’t ask me what my star sign is.

Anna elbows Marsin sharply in the ribs.

ANNA
Don’t be so rude!

MARSIN
Sorry, but the next thing you know he will be trying to convince me clouds form in the sky because they want to go to the Moon.
TAXI DRIVER
All right college boy no need to take the piss, what do you two do anyway?

MARSIN
I’m an electrician, my wife’s a doctor, well, she’s a scientist but...

TAXI DRIVER
All right then, science eh? Do you like a bet?

ANNA
That depends on what you have in mind?

TAXI DRIVER
I bet you I can logically demonstrate that if Einstein’s theories are correct life on Earth should not exist.

ANNA
(Laughing)
What! Wow! I wasn’t expecting that! OK, how about a free taxi ride for us when you fail?

TAXI DRIVER
And triple fair when I succeed?

MARSIN
Yeah OK!

TAXI DRIVER
Shake on it.

Marsin reaches out and shakes the taxi drivers's hand.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
All right then... Einstein says E equals M C squared, meaning energy equals mass times the speed of light, that is itself again multiplied by the speed of light. This indicates energy and matter are interchangeable, you follow? A small amount of matter in a nuclear bomb has a lot of energy after all!

Anna looks at Marsin with a quizzical smile.
ANNA
Yeah, OK.

TAXI DRIVER
OK then, Einstein also says a photon has zero mass, otherwise light wouldn’t be capable of traveling at the speed of light, do you agree?

MARSIN
Did he? OK, so what’s your point?

TAXI DRIVER
Well, if you combine those ideas it implies a photon and therefore light has no energy, which would mean no photosynthesis for plants and therefore no food for animals, ergo no life on planet Earth.

ANNA
(Frowning)
Well no you must be wrong because...

TAXI DRIVER
If light has a mass of zero and if E equal M C squared, then light can’t have any energy as anything multiplied by zero is zero.

Anna and Marsin exchange confused looks.

ANNA
(Mumbling)
What the fuck?

TAXI DRIVER
But what do I know I’m just a taxi driver.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, TEQUILA BRAIN CELLS – CONTINUOUS

The restaurant has an open kitchen and chefs can be seen busily preparing food. Typical Mexican art adorns the restaurant walls, two large stylised Mexican suns decorate the bar behind which A TALL WAITER, immaculately presented
except for an elaborate tattoo of a hexagram on his neck, is flirting with the barmaid. A large plate glass window overlooks the street where Marsin and Anna sit studying menus.

MARSIN
That taxi ride cost over 100 quid.

ANNA
(Laughing)
That’s what you get for being a dick!

MARSIN
Wow! That was unnecessary! Maybe the taxi driver was right about the supernova...

Marsin picks up a spoon and examines his distorted reflection.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
...he did seem to know a lot about Einstein.

ANNA
You’re a supernova! The driver just tricked us somehow, bamboozled us with bullshit. I can’t believe you paid up!

Anna gazes out the window as a man wearing only a Viking horned helmet pushes pedestrians over as he barrels down the street, the tall waiter approaches.

TALL WAITER
Can I take your drink order?

Marsin gestures to himself and ANNA.

MARSIN
A pitcher of margaritas please.

TALL WAITER
Very good, I would like to advise you that today your customer details will be entered into a prize draw; top prize is a weekend getaway, there are also luxury food hampers, champagne magnums...

Marsin’s eyes widen at the sound of the word magnum.

MARSIN
Magnums?
Marsin imagines biting into a crispy chocolate covered ice cream.

    TALL WAITER
    Yes Sir, double indulgence, I shall return with your drinks.

The tall waiter disappears as quickly as he appeared. Marsin looks over at Anna who has been lost in thought and is now staring at the food menu.

    MARSIN
    Did you know you get champagne Magnums?

    ANNA
    Really?

Anna imagines biting into a crispy chocolate covered ice cream.

    ANNA (CONT'D)
    Is that on the menu?

Anna enthusiastically thumbs through a ridiculously large menu.

    ANNA (CONT'D)
    Although it might be like two nice things ruined, like...

Anna looks up in thought straining to think of an example.

    MARSIN
    ...Like Ant and Dec?

    ANNA
    (Laughing)
    More like tobacco flavoured chocolate or something.

    MARSIN
    Yuck imagine! Even more addictive than normal chocolate, maybe that was Willy Wonkas real plan... to get everyone hooked on chobacco?

    ANNA
    (Laughing)
    Chobacco? Is that what Han Solo was smuggling in star wars?

Marsin explodes in loud laughter accidentally knocking into the tall waiter who is returning with an icy pitcher of margaritas and two glasses.
TALL WAITER
Excuse me Sir!

The tall waiter avoids disaster with a most graceful ballet manoeuvre and proceeds to pour the drinks.

MARSIN
Shit, sorry man!

Anna rolls her eyes and smiles as she picks up her margarita.

TALL WAITER
And have you decided what you would like to eat?

Anna looks at the menu, there are hundreds of choices.

MARSIN
Can we have nachos to share for starters please?

MARSIN (CONT'D)
And some more time please?

TALL WAITER
Certainly.

The tall waiter turns to leave.

ANNA
Excuse me.

The tall waiter leans in uncomfortably close to Anna’s face.

TALL WAITER
Yes Madam?

ANNA
Do you have alcoholic ice-cream?

TALL WAITER
No Madam, we have a wide selection of cocktails though.

ANNA
Is it champagne flavoured ice-cream?

TALL WAITER
No Madam? Our cocktails contain no ice-cream.
Anna looks puzzled and tries to thumb through the huge menu, she looks over towards Marsin’s seat but he has left for the bathroom.

TALL WAITER (CONT'D)
Would you like to hear the ice cream flavours we have available today?

Anna shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

ANNA
No, it’s just...

Anna takes a sip of her margarita.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Never mind.

TALL WAITER
Very good madam.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT TOILET - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin is at a urinal, an extremely WELL DRESSED MAN with a Van Dyck beard enters, despite other vacancies he stands at the urinal closest to MARSIN and looks towards him.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Don't be a shy pee-er son!

MARSIN
I'm just working up a stream, eyes front please.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Eyes front quite right, etiquette is important.

The well dressed man begins to pee like a horse and lets out a large fart.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Whoops a daisy!
A terrible sulphurous smell fills the room. Marsin has just began to urinate and is trapped in the stench, he covers his mouth as his eyed begin to water.

MARSIN
(Muffled)
What the fuck man!

The well dressed man vigorously shakes his penis causing droplets of urine to land on Marsin's face and lip.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
For fucks sake man!

Marsin jumps back from the urinals and zips his fly.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Very angry)
I should...

Before Marsin can continue his sentence the well dressed man moves in uncomfortably close.

WELL DRESSED MAN
(SHOUTING)
You should fucking what!

Marsin backs away palms raised defensivley, he wipes spit from his eyes and moves towards the sink and the exit, the WELL DRESSED MAN maintains his distance.

MARSIN
Whoa easy man, it's just you got some piss on me, sorry.

Marsin has backed up as far as he can go and is now standing by a hand dryer.

WELL DRESSED MAN
(Very polite)
Did I? Why are you apologising then? I am so sorry, I extend my most humble of apologies, let me help you.

The well dressed man brushes Marsin's shoulders.

MARSIN
It's fine, accidents happen.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes, accidents do happen.
The well dressed man thumps the start button to the hand dryer, air is blasted out at high speed.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Whoops a daisy!

He pushes Marsin's face into the airflow.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Let me dry you off!

The well dressed man lets go of Marsin and leaves the bathroom laughing. Marsin stands and looks in the mirror, his hair is a mess, he washes his face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin returns to his seat, Anna looks up from her phone.

ANNA
What happened to you?

Marsin's face is red and flustered his hair has extra volume as if blow dried.

MARSIN
Some nutcase in the toilet...

WELL DRESSED MAN
Hello there, I'm so sorry about our unfortunate misunderstanding earlier, it was most regrettable.

The well dressed man places a bottle of wine between a bowl of sweetcorn and olive oil.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Please accept this most excellent vintage from my private cellar.

ANNA
Thank you so much, that's so kind of you.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Ah! Enchanté Madam, you are a vision of beauty this evening.
The well dressed man removes a blue lotus flower from his pinhole and presents it to Anna. A subtle drum beat to sympathy for the devil by The Rolling Stones begins.

ANNA
Thank you! A blue lotus flower.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Why yes it is a blue lotus, how did you know, they are most rare?
Please allow me to introduce myself...

The well dressed man bows, an enormous crash from the kitchen, drum beat stops. A WILD EYED CHEF can be seen arguing with a FAT MAN in a tuxedo.

WILD EYED CHEF
Mother fucker! If you don't pay me I don't work! I'm not your fucking slave!

The wild eyed chef kicks open the kitchen door, he stands in filthy chef whites wielding a meat cleaver and then climbs up onto the bar.

WILD EYED CHEF (CONT'D)
Yeah, keep eating this slop ladies and gentleman! There is only one sauce, a thousand different menu items but only one fucking sauce, and cheap out of date horse meat, I wouldn’t feed it to my dogs! You are making a real piece of shit very wealthy.

The fat man enters from the kitchen, with one flowing movement the wild eyed chef jumps off the bar and knocks him out cold, slamming his meat cleaver into the floor beside his head, cutting off the top of his ear. The restaurant is quiet with shock. The well dressed man slowly claps and begins laughing.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Not to worry ladies and gentleman, just a small industrial dispute. Please continue eating, everything is under control.

The tall waiter pulls the fat man through the kitchen door, the wild eyed chef follows meat cleaver in hand. The atmosphere in the restaurant returns to normal as the well dressed man walks into the kitchen.
ANNA
He seems really nice.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - 45 MINUTES LATER

The window reveals a busy street with people drinking and singing as they pass by. Marsin and Anna have finished their meals, they have barely touched the food. ANNA has left to use the bathroom when the TALL WAITER returns.

TALL WAITER
Can I tempt you with anything? The dessert tray? Perhaps more to drink?

MARSIN
Well seeing as we are celebrating, can we order two champagne magnums?

TALL WAITER
Two sir?

MARSIN
Yes please.

TALL WAITER
And only two glasses sir?

MARSIN
Erm, yeah sure.

Anna returns from the toilet as the waiter leaves the table.

ANNA
The hand dryers here are crazy, nearly took my hands off.

Anna sips at the ice in her empty margarita glass.

MARSIN
(Sighs)
Yeah they're pretty wild!
(MORE)
MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Excitement)
Guess what? I ordered us champagne magnums! I can't wait.

ANNA
What? The waiter told me they never sold champagne ice cream.

MARSIN
Well he took my order.

The tall waiter arrives with two champagne glasses and leaves. Marsin and Anna watch as he returns from the bar wheeling a large ice bucket, he removes one of two large champagne bottles from the ice and presents it to Marsin.

TALL WAITER
Dom Perignon Brut 2006 Sir. Shall I pour?

MARSIN
(Unsure)
Erm, I thought I ordered ice cream?

TALL WAITER
(Irritated)
You ordered two magnums of champagne Sir!

MARSIN
And a magnum is a bottle is it?

TALL WAITER
Yes Sir, a magnum contains the volume of two bottles sir.

Anna is cracking up trying to hold in laughter.

MARSIN
I see, I must have missed that meeting, I wanted ice cream, there has been a slight misunderstanding I'm afraid.

TALL WAITER
Can i bring you the dessert menu sir?

MARSIN
Yes please.

The tall waiter picks up the ice bucket and begins to wheel it away.
ANNA
(Laughing)
Wait you may as well leave one of
the bottles.

Marsin and Anna look at each other shaking with laughter as
the tall waiter pours two glasses of champagne.

ANNA/MARSIN
Thank you!

TALL WAITER
I shall return with the dessert
menu.

The tall waiter replaces the bottle in the ice bucket and
leaves muttering to himself.

ANNA
What are you like? I can't take
you anywhere!

MARSIN
You thought it was ice cream too!

Anna shrugs her shoulders and downs her champagne. Outside
on the street, a loud party has begun; dancing upstairs is
causing the lights to sway.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
It's extra rowdy tonight.

Marsin looks up at the dust falling from the ceiling.

ANNA
Yeah, it's a fun atmosphere!

Out on the street Bohemian Rhapsody is booming out of a
sound system and the crowd is singing along.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh I love this song.

CROWD
I see a little silhouetto of a
man, Scaramouche, Scaramouche.

Anna sings along loudly.

ANNA
Will you do the Fandango?

A loud thump shakes the restaurant; Anna looks up shoulders
hunched but continues to sing.
ANNA (CONT'D)
Thunderbolts and lightning, very
very frightening me.

Another deafening crash shakes the restaurant everyone
looks up as the lights swing to and fro.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Wow, for a second there I thought
someone was going through a
window!

As Anna finishes her sentence another huge crash rocks the
restaurant, screams from the crowd erupt as Marsin and Anna
look outside.

A naked man has impacted the asphalt headfirst; he lies on
his back, face up, twitching as blood gushes out the wound
on the back of his head. A tattoo of the Virgin Mary
holding Jesus is on the right of his chest, a tattoo of a
male fertility symbol on the left.

MARSIN
(Screaming)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Anna vomits nachos and margaritas onto the restaurant
floor.

ANNA
Holy shit! That guy is fucking
dead!

Anna wipes her face and points at the carnage.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Puzzled/Shock)
Why the fuck is he naked?

Marsin’s eyes are also wide in shock.

MARSIN
What? Why the fuck did he fly
through the fucking upstairs
window is a better fucking
question!

Police sirens grow in volume drowning out the screams and
chaos.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
This is making me sick.

ANNA
Let’s get out of here.
Anna takes Marsin by the hand and they push through the restaurant towards the exit.

    MARSIN
    But we haven’t paid our bill.

The well dressed man watches as Marsin and Anna leave.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NARROW STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna leave the Mexican restaurant hand in hand. The police have guns drawn and are screaming instructions at a half-naked man, who is laughing hysterically while urinating from the broken 1st floor window onto the corpse below, the supernova is lighting up the night sky.

Anna pulls Marsin down a side street away from the chaos and into another street party.

    ANNA
    Oh my God!

    MARSIN
    That was horrific! I’ve never seen so much blood!

Hand in hand Marsin and Anna hurry down the narrow streets past drunken pedestrians. People are partying on the balconies and out open windows, recklessly dancing to loud house music, a glass bottle falls shattering at Marsin’s feet.

    MARSIN (CONT'D)
    (Sobbing)
    That could have killed me.

    ANNA
    This is fucking crazy.

Marsin and Anna continue down the street, it’s busy with revellers all walking in the opposite direction. The narrow pavement is strewn with bags of rubbish spilling their contents and impeding progress.

A Pit bull on an extendable lead suddenly appears from a doorway barking in Anna's face, the owner laughs as he pulls the dog back under control.
ANNA (CONT'D)
(Sarcasm)
Yeah, nice doggy.

Marsin and Anna hurry past as the dog owner releases the extendable lead and the dog snaps at Marsin’s heels.

MARSIN
(Shouts)
I fucking hate those dogs!

ANNA
(Screams)
What the fuck is going on?

Hand in hand Marsin and Anna stumble onto the road, a car horn erupts.

TAXI DRIVER
Fucking move it you dirty cunts!

Marsin and Anna turn to see a familiar face.

MARSIN
(Sobbing)
Please give us a lift I just want to go home.

The taxi driver opens his door and gesticulates rudely.

TAXI DRIVER
I’m finished for the night mate, fucking move it!

MARSIN
Come on man, it’s not even dark yet.

Marsin gestures to the sky and then Anna.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Don’t leave a lady in distress.

TAXI DRIVER
A lady? It sounds like two to me...

The taxi driver rubs his brow.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Alright girls, get in before I change my mind.

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna are seated in the rear of the taxi. The taxi driver is furious with the partygoers on the street.

    TAXI DRIVER
    Fucking drunken monkeys can’t see me coming!

The taxi driver honks his horn and revs his engine, the wing mirrors collide with pedestrians as he turns off the busy street.

    TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
    You two get caught up in that unfortunate incident then?

    MARSIN
    Yeah, thanks so much for the lift, town is extra crazy tonight.

    TAXI DRIVER
    Yeah mate, like I said… the supernova!

The taxi driver gestures to the sky.

    TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
    Do you know it’s one am? Look how light it is, you could read a newspaper.

Marsin and Anna look out of the window towards the supernova. A large flock of birds is flying in circles; dead and dying birds can be seen in the street gutters.

    MARSIN
    How long do you think it will last?

    ANNA
    (Dramatic gasp)
    Do you think it’s the end of nights?

The taxi driver looks up at the supernova.

    TAXI DRIVER
    (Mumbles to self)
    Something like that love.
The taxi accelerates down the motorway, an approaching thunderstorm lights up the horizon.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

MARSIN
My fiance thinks you bamboozled us with bullshit earlier.

TAXI DRIVER
You what? Bullshit? No mate! I’m all about simplicity, simplicity is beautiful.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Yeah, well does Stephen Hawking know about your Einstein theory? He’s the smartest man on Earth!

TAXI DRIVER
Yes, that title has been bestowed upon him.

ANNA
(Dismissive)
What are you saying now? He literally wrote the theory of everything, that’s a lot to know about!

The taxi driver turns on his wipers as rain from the approaching storm begins to fall.

TAXI DRIVER
I don’t claim to be a physicist; I don’t understand maths that has extra dimensions, invisible forces and infinite densities. I’m all about simplicity, and that’s not simple at all. That sort of maths won’t help me fix a shelf, will it?

Anna looks up from her phone.
ANNA
(Laughing)
Is that why you haven’t fixed the bathroom light yet MARSIN? Is it working in a different dimension?

Marsin ignores Anna and leans forward.

MARSIN
So basically you think our understanding of the laws of physics is wrong?

The taxi driver makes eye contact with Marsin in the rear view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER
What do I know? I’m just a taxi driver.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS.

Noise of door unlocking, Marsin and Anna enter living room and flop onto the sofa.

MARSIN
Why didn’t we go to a fancy hotel?

ANNA
Aw, then who would feed Shani?

Shani leaps up on Anna purring loudly.

MARSIN
(Begrudgingly)
Oh yeah.

Marsin turns on the television, David Bowie and Prince are singing together.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Is that a new song? I’ve never heard it before.
ANNA
(Laughing)
How can it be new? Look who is singing!

MARSIN
Oh yeah, duh!

The television cuts from the music to a news report.

NEWS REPORTER
As you just saw, David Bowie and Prince have seemingly risen from the dead and were performing live here earlier tonight... at Madison Square Garden. While some are hailing their triumphant return as a miracle, others are calling foul... to undead antics. Allegations of fraud have been made against media mogul and Syco entertainment owner... Simon Cowell. Commenting earlier all Mr Cowell asked was "does that sound like Syco entertainment to you?" A spokesperson for the Government has promised a full investigation by Scotland Yard. This has been Arsey Darcy reporting live from New York for the BBC.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Holy shit! Told you so! When you’re good, you’re good.

Anna gives Marsin a tired high five.

ANNA
What a weird fucking day!

Anna looks out the window, dawn is breaking and the sky is a deep shade of red.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY, 2.23 PM

Marsin enters from the en suite bathroom, he has showered and is brushing his teeth, Anna is still asleep.

MARSIN
Wake up Anna! We are going car shopping today and its getting late!

Anna rolls over, Marsin throws his wet towel on top of exposed skin.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Come on you promised.

ANNA
I don't want to look at cars, I'm hungover and I never got my ring, remember!

Anna throws the wet towel at Marsin as he is pulling up his trousers, it lands on his head, he throws it to the floor and pulls on a t-shirt back to front and inside out.

MARSIN
Well i want to go and look for something today, the van is on its last legs you know.

Marsin notices his t-shirt is back to front and turns it around.

ANNA
Fine go by yourself then, I can do some shopping online.

MARSIN
Fine.

ANNA
Make me breakfast first?

MARSIN
(Grumpy)
I don't think we have any food, anyway I need to go, time is getting late, love you.

Marsin leaves the bedroom with his t-shirt inside out, ANNA gets out of bed and follows.

FADE OUT:
INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin is looking for his keys as Anna walks to the fridge.

MARSIN
Have you seen my keys?

ANNA
(Nonchalant)
Nope!

MARSIN
For fucks sake where are they?

Anna opens the fridge, it contains half a raw onion.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Frustrated)
I can never find anything in this house.

Anna looks exhausted and sits on the sofa eating raw onion. Marsin is searching under the armchair pillows, he angrily throws one on the floor.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
You could at least help me.

ANNA
(No enthusiasm)
When did you last see them?

Anna picks up the remote control from the tray of potpourri. A sunflower flips face up revealing a Marvin the martian key ring, Anna turns the TV on. Marsin puts his hands on his hips and looks around the room.

MARSIN
(Sighs)
Last night, i came in, sat down.

Marsin sees his keys in the tray on the coffee table and quickly grabs them.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Never mind, love you.

Marsin kisses Anna on the cheek, Anna smiles and shakes her head.
ANNA
Love you too.

Marsin turns to leave.

MARSIN
Yuck, you smell of onion.

Anna holds up raw onion.

ANNA
Yeah, I'm so hungry, I never really ate last night, there is seriously nothing in the fridge. Bring something home with you, something really tasty!

MARSIN
OK, i will try and not be too long.

Marsin exits, Anna throws her raw onion on the coffee table and holds her stomach with hunger.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. RAPTURE RIDES/HIGH END CAR DEALERSHIP - 3.11 PM.

Marsin pulls his tired old van into the car dealership, he is singing along to Trimm Trab by Blur "I got Trimm Trab like the flash boys have". The fan belt squeals as he manoeuvres into a parking space, the van is juxtaposed with the dealerships luxury and exotic cars.

The well dressed man from before scowls through the office window and quickly makes his way to the parking lot.

WELL DRESSED MAN
What the hell are you doing bringing that in here? This is a high end shop, they don't want vehicles like that parked near these works of art!

Marsin opens the van door and exits the vehicle, an audible squeak is heard from the door. The music stops.

MARSIN
Sorry, is this not customer parking, I need a new car.
WELL DRESSED MAN
You have the cash for one of these luxury models? There may be something more you style at Mike Hunt's whole sale car yard.

The well dressed man gestures over his shoulder to Mike Hunts Whole Sale Car Yard.

MARSIN
Of course I have the cash. Do you own this place too?

The well dressed man looks at Marsin, his t-shirt is inside out, his hair still damp from the shower.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
I want something with a bit of oomph! Is that a Lambo?

Marsin walks over to a Ferrari 458.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Oh I don't work here.

Marsin walks over to a Porsche.

MARSIN
This is beautiful, how many brake horse power is it?

(Angry)
Wait, what do you mean you don't work here! Why are you policing the car park then?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I had a test drive booked for that Ferrari half an hour ago but the salesman is no where to be seen.

The well dressed man looks towards the office building.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
The door is unlocked you know.

MARSIN
What? Why were you giving me shit then?

The well dressed man flicks Marsin's inside out Pink Floyd t-shirt.
WELL DRESSED MAN
Admit it you just want a free ride
in one of these beauties. You
clearly can't afford one, you have
to look smart like me if you want
to convince the sales manager you
are genuine.

MARSIN
Really? So you are the one who
wants a free ride?

WELL DRESSED MAN
What no! How ludicrous.

Marsin walks to the office building and looks through the
door, all the cupboards and drawers in the office are open
and car keys are strewn across the sales desk, Marsin
enters.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RAPTURE RIDES/OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

On the floor next to the desk and on top of a pair of
highly polished shoes lies a cheap brown suit, a shirt, a
tie and a pair of cracked round brass spectacles. The well
dressed man enters the office, Marsin points to the suit.

MARSIN
What's this?

Marsin bends over and picks up the spectacles placing them
on his face, his eyes appear magnified. The well dressed
man pours himself a cup of water from the cooler.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Why would someone leave their
glasses and clothes?

Marsin pulls at the shirt, a pair of boxer shorts are
visible, he raises the spectacles and notices a large
stain, he quickly jumps to his feet.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Holy shit! This is all of his
clothing, did you know this?
WELL DRESSED MAN
No, no! I never noticed! I had only just arrived when you got here.

The well dressed man sips the water and spits it out, he pulls a face as if he has sucked a lemon.

MARSIN
I thought you booked a test drive?

WELL DRESSED MAN
I was running late.

The well dressed man throws away the cup of water and picks up the jacket, he searches the pockets and retrieves a wallet containing identification.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Ian M Enoch, expires 2024.

The well dressed man looks at the clothes and shrugs.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
It's the sales managers wallet anyway, I wonder where he went?

The well dressed man pockets the wallet and walks to the desk.

MARSIN
We should call the police.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Why? There is no evidence of a crime here, we would be wasting everyone's time. My time, time is money, money is time!

MARSIN
Do you think it's normal he took off all his clothes, and his prescription glasses, and then walked off naked?

WELL DRESSED MAN
(Dismissive)
How would I know, maybe he's a nudist.

The well dressed man grabs something from the table.

MARSIN
We should call someone!
WELL DRESSED MAN
Don't call the police! Look at all these car keys, each to a dream machine take your pick.

The well dressed man walks out of the office and gets into the Ferrari, the engine bursts into life and he drives away.

Marsin stands looking perplexed and shocked that someone could be so brazen, he notices a computer for CCTV surveillance and he searches the footage for evidence of the sales manager.

The monitor shows the well dressed man arriving in a Saturn Ion Sedan taxi. Marsin rewinds further, it reveals the clothes were already on the floor when the well dressed man arrived. He rewinds further and discovers footage of the salesman sitting at his desk. Fast forward, the salesman is standing near his desk speaking on the phone, there is a flash of light and he vanishes, his garments fall to the floor.

Marsin takes two steps backwards from the monitor, he replays the footage, he looks at the clothes on the floor, he replays the footage, he quickly leaves the office, a shocked expression on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAPTURE RIDES/HIGH END CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin returns to his van, an audible squeak is heard from the door opening and closing. After three attempts an unhealthy sounding engine bursts into life, the fan belt squeals as Marsin backs out of the parking lot, Trimm Trab playing on the stereo "that's just the way it is, that's just the way it is".

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Anna is lying on the sofa, shopping online, her basket is filled with luxurious goods totaling thousands of pounds, Shani is asleep beside her.
ANNA
One of those, two of those, I've always wanted one of those.

The television is on in the background, the RUSSIAN PRESIDENT is giving a speech, a blue lotus flower is in his lapel.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT
It's generally understood that standards have slipped in the West, but the lies and double speak of Western governments is reaching unprecedented levels and they are a danger to world stability...

Anna's phone rings, she grabs the remote to turn down the television, she presses the wrong button and WWE wrestling comes on, Anna presses the wrong button again and the volume increases. Swearing to herself Anna switches off the television and answers her phone.

ANNA
Hello.

MARSIN
Hey it's me.

ANNA
Hey how's the car shopping?

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE HUNT'S WHOLE SALE CAR YARD - CONTINUOUS.

MARSIN
Pretty fucking strange babe, I think i will leave it for today.

Marsin is standing in the rain looking at a lemon coloured Ford Astra parked in a muddy puddle.

CUT TO:

ANNA
Really what happened?
MARSIN
I don't know! It was really fucking weird, maybe i should have called the police. I will tell you later, I'm coming home now.

CUT TO:

ANNA
What do you mean the police? Are you OK?

CUT TO:

MARSIN
Yeah I'm fine don't worry, I'll tell you when I get back, what do you want to eat?

CUT TO:

ANNA
Oh! Something really nice!

CUT TO:

MARSIN
That doesn't really help me, I'll see what I can do, see you soon.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN'S WORK VAN - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin is driving up a slip road about to join the motorway, the road is quiet and the supernova can be seen in the sky. Dazzling bright lights suddenly appear in the rear-view mirror, a car overtakes at tremendous speed.

MARSIN
Fucking maniac!

Marsin looks in his mirrors, all is clear. He looks down to change the radio station; bright lights appear in the rear-view mirror again, another car overtakes at tremendous speed, taking Marsin by surprise, then another, its horn blaring.
MARSIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Marsin looks in the rear view mirror and all is clear. Unsatisfied with the music selection Marsin changes the radio dial, bright lights appear in the rear-view mirror again. The car begins to shake as if in an earthquake, Marsin distracted until now looks up in panic, everything in the car is vibrating, he looks around the van wide eyed and confused.

An enormous passenger airline at full flap, wheels down, roars past at very low altitude. Marsin loses control as the jet wash blasts the van, the airliner follows the motorway into the distance.

Back in control of the van, Marsin takes the slip road to the Sahara Shopping Centre and parks in a busy carpark about 30 metres from the entrance, visibly shaken.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SAHARA 24 HOUR SHOPPING CENTRE/CARPARK - CONTINUOUS

The supernova is visible burning brightly in the sky above the shopping centre, dominated by a large pyramidal entrance way. Marsin exits his van and walks towards the automatic doors that are malfunctioning; opening and closing randomly.

When open the interior of the shopping centre is visible and the babble of people shouting audible. The shopping centre is packed with people fighting over the last of the produce, and jealously protecting what they already have.

Marsin slows as he tries to comprehend what is happening, he abruptly stops as he sees three men viciously kicking another for the contents of his trolley. A window further down the structure is smashed and people spill out onto the street, Marsin dials Anna's number.

ANNA

Hello.

MARSIN

Hey, I'm at the shops and it's fucking chaos out here, people are ransacking the place.
Marsin jumps back as a Range Rover crashes at speed into the supermarket doors, impacting the three violent men with a dull crunch. The Range Rover flips onto its side, a woman climbs out screaming her husbands name, Marsin runs back to his van.

ANNA
What, why?

Marsin watches as the vehicle in the doorway catches fire.

MARSIN
Holy shit!

ANNA
Oh my god what's happening!

MARSIN
It's like a riot or something, I think I'm going to come home, see you soon.

Marsin hangs up his phone as the well dressed man pulls up in the Ferrari.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Hello again, what is going on here then?

MARSIN
People are going crazy! That four by four just smashed into a doorway full of people. I hope the police come soon!

The well dressed man puts on a pair of leather gloves.

WELL DRESSED MAN
What is it with you and the authorities? Think of all the free stuff that's in there, grab it while you can I say.

MARSIN
I don't think...

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes that's the spirit! Don't think!

The well dressed man grabs Marsin by the arm and pulls him towards the chaos, Marsin reluctantly follows.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Yes MARSIN! Tally Ho!
The well dressed man runs towards the shopping centre whooping as he punches a fleeing old lady in the face. Marsin has not moved far and quickly returns to his van nervously looking over his shoulder as he walks.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN’S WORK VAN - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin is driving home, he is wide eyed and breathing heavily, police vans and riot police are traveling at speed in the opposite direction sirens blaring. In the distance helicopters with search lights beaming down to the ground can be seen. Marsin notices he is almost out of fuel and pulls into a 24 hour petrol station.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. 24 HOUR PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marsin is filling up when he notices the well dressed man in the Ferrari parking at one of the other pumps, he is draped in gold chains and wearing two pairs of designer sunglasses. He finishes at the pump and walks towards the station shop, noticing Marsin he nonchalantly salutes.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Good idea filling up now, the prices are going up ten fold tomorrow... one hundred fold!
(Laughing)
The fuel in your vehicle will be far more valuable than the junk it's powering.

The well dressed man enters the shop. Marsin looks at the pump, the numbers rapidly spinning, the pump goes off.

ANNOUNCEMENT
All pumps are currently out of service until further notice.
The well dressed man leaves the shop looking at a pornographic magazine, he returns to his car and drives away. A large rubber number eleven is left on the tarmac as he accelerates.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. 24 HOUR PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin is studying the sandwiches for sale, lit with a harsh and flickering fluorescent light the food looks old and discoloured. Marsin selects the least unappetising sandwiches, two pies and some crisps. He walks to the till but the cashier is absent. The door beeps as another CUSTOMER enters, his flat gelled forward hair touches his bushy eyebrows.

CUSTOMER
Why is there no petrol! This is a disgrace, it's things like this that's driving the country to the dogs!

Marsin turns to look at the customer.

MARSIN
I know man! The pump shut down when I was using it.

CUSTOMER
Where is the manager I need fuel for work!

Marsin places his items on the counter and notices a thin pale teenager wearing a tracksuit taking all the tobacco products off the shelf.

MARSIN
Pump number 3 mate.

TRACKSUIT
I don't work here.

The man in the tracksuit stuffs more cigarettes into his backpack.

MARSIN
Where's the cashier?
TRACKSUIT
Fuck off!

The man in the tracksuit leaves with his swag.

CUSTOMER
What is the fucking hold up here I want to see the manager?

Marsin leans over the till counter and sees a pile of clothes on the floor, including a shirt and name tag (Ezekial Smith) emblazoned with the petrol stations logo.

A tremor shakes the building, Marsin and the customer exchange frightened looks, as the tremor subsides the customer runs for the door. Marsin visibly shaken takes out his wallet and counts out enough money to pay his bill, he quickly returns to his van.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Anna is rolling a joint and watching a UFO documentary as Marsin comes in the front door.

ANNA
Hi babe, I have ordered so much cool stuff online! I can't wait for it all to arrive.

Tired and pale Marsin slumps onto the sofa with a bag of garage food in hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

Marsin slowly shakes his head.

MARSIN
It was crazy out there!

ANNA
What happened with the car shopping?

MARSIN
Did you feel that earthquake?
ANNA
Earthquake?

MARSIN
People were rioting the police are out in force.

ANNA
My god!

MARSIN
I don't even know what happened at the dealership.

ANNA
Are you OK?

MARSIN
Yeah I'm fine.

Anna puts a sympathetic hand on Marsin's knee.

ANNA
Did you get food? I'm starving!

Marsin passes Anna the bag of garage food, Anna opens the bag and curls her lip.

MARSIN
The supermarket was on fire when I left Anna.

ANNA
Why is everyone looting then?

MARSIN
Fucked if I know, is there anything on the news?

Anna switches the television to the 24 hour news channel.

NEWSREADER
And a furious diplomatic war of words has broken out between western alliances and the eastern imperial regime. The regime is accused of interference in elections and undermining democratic processes. Thankfully this warning released today by the security services comes just in time to effect the upcoming elections.
GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN
Our agencies say we have clear evidence of our enemies trying to manipulate the minds of the good people of this country. This aggression will not stand and is tantamount to a declaration of war. At a time like this we must be patriotic and remember those that fell for the freedoms we enjoy today, the people of this proud democracy elected a strong government willing to take bold measures in their names, and it is to this end we are changing our nuclear first strike policy to a more aggressive stance. The will of the fairly elected democratic government speaks for the people.

The government spokesman adjusts the blue flower on his lapel.

MARSIN
(Sighs)
Is there any local news?

Anna changes the channel.

MODERATOR
Good evening and welcome back, tonight we are joined by a panel of experts discussing the merits of martial law versus the more moderate idea of a curfew, this comes following waves of violence and thousands of people reported missing throughout the country over the past two days.

The MODERATOR has overly white teeth and perfect hair, both EXPERTS resemble aging history professors.

EXPERT 1
Yes, it's at times like these, that in order to preserve our civil liberties and freedoms for the future, its always best to acquiesce to the stricter rules of martial law.
EXPERT 2
No that's quite erroneous, I feel imposing a curfew and restricting movement will easily curtail this lawlessness that seems to be rapidly spreading out of control.

MODERATOR
Hmm, interesting, and do you think it will be possible to find a middle ground for the government to implement components of these wildly differing ideas?

EXPERT 1/EXPERT 2
Yes.

ANNA
(Sighs)
Maybe we should get away from here for a while, a beach holiday in the sunshine maybe?

MARSIN
That sounds like a great idea! Somewhere exotic, a Caribbean island perhaps, we'll get a nice winter tan.

ANNA
Let's book some plane tickets and this time tomorrow we can be drinking cocktails on the beach.

Marsin picks up the laptop computer.

MARSIN
Where shall we go to, Hawaii?

ANNA
I've always wanted to go to the Bahamas, let's book a fancy resort or a private beach, so long as it is in the Sun.

Marsin and Anna go online selecting the most expensive, exotic holiday they can find.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
Marsin and Anna are still online, all that remains is to organise their airline tickets. Anna is rolling a joint.

MARSIN
I never told you a jumbo jet almost crashed into the van earlier!

ANNA
What?

MARSIN
I almost forgot after everything else that's happened. Do you want a window seat?

ANNA
Yeah OK! That sounds scary, what happened?

MARSIN
On the motorway a jumbo jet, with its wheels down, swooped right over me. I thought for sure it was going to try and land on the road. I thought I was a goner.

ANNA
Are you exaggerating? The airport is nearby he must have been aiming for there, i never heard of a crash..

MARSIN
I thought it was going to land on me, it was so low!
(Happy)
OK that's the flights booked! 11 hours from now! Shall we pack my dearest?

ANNA
Yes, remind me to call Dad and organise when he's picking up Shani.

Marsin and Anna leave the room to pack suitcases, Shani walks in front of the television.
TELEVISION
And several major airlines have announced they have grounded their fleets due to serious technical issues. This follows after severe electromagnetic storms destroyed several key satellites... vital for modern navigational system.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MARSIN enters the bedroom and retrieves two suitcases, one red and one green, he throws some clothes into the red suitcase and closes.

MARSIN
I'm done!

Anna is studying the contents of her wardrobe.

ANNA
Are you serious! Already?

Marsin sits on the bed as Anna kneels by her wardrobe.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Do you have any space left in your case?

MARSIN
I'm not sure, maybe.

Marsin opens his case, it's half filled with a ball of wrinkled clothes, Marsin spots a t-shirt on the floor and throws it in the suitcase. Anna looks at Marsin with disgust.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
What? That's my favourite t-shirt.

ANNA
(Sighs)
Well can I put some things in your case?

Marsin looks in Anna's case, it's filled with shoes.
ANNA (CONT'D)
I don't have room for clothes now.

MARSIN
Get new clothes.

ANNA
Oh trust me I will, and a bigger case, but I need these.

MARSIN
Fine but don't take any of my stuff out.

Marsin climbs onto the bed and gets comfortable.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
So... we need to think about where to buy houses?

Anna looks up with a sparkle in her green eyes.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
I was thinking New Zealand. We can fight Orcs and Wizards.

Marsin mimes a sword fight.

ANNA
(Laughs)
That sounds cool, but I wouldn't want to live there. It's too far from the sun, we might as well live in Scotland.

Anna removes an armful of dresses from the wardrobe and dumps them on the bed.

MARSIN
The Sun is over rated, it's easier to warm yourself up than cool yourself down! I don't like feeling all sweaty.

ANNA
What are you talking about? Jump in the swimming pool, swim naked, drink icy drinks.

Anna remove another armful of clothes from the wardrobe.

MARSIN
Yeah, well maybe we should visit everywhere and see where we like best.
Anna holds up a dress and examines it, she discards it.

**ANNA**
That sounds fun, if we just live in Hotels we will never have to clean again.

Anna holds up an almost identical dress and packs it neatly into her case.

**MARSIN**
We could get a maid, she can clean in lingerie.

Anna throws a pair of her panties at Marsin.

**ANNA**
Hey! I'm getting a pool boy and a hunky gardener then. Now stop distracting me from the task at hand, I need to select which of my dresses to take, then which of my tops...

**MARSIN**
OK, fine, wake me when you are done then.

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BEDROOM - 1 HOUR 17 MINUTES LATER.**

Marsin is suddenly woken by Anna urgently shaking him and screaming his name. The house is shaking due to a mild earthquake tremor.

**MARSIN**
What the fuck is happening?

Marsin jumps out of bed and stumbles over the suitcases, messing Anna's neatly arranged clothes, the tremor stops.

**MARSIN (CONT'D)**
That's what happened at the petrol station earlier!
ANNA
Was it an earthquake?

Marsin looks at Anna and shrugs.

MARSIN
I guess so.

ANNA
I can't wait to get out of here! I booked a taxi for nine, he better not be late! Dad said he can only pick up Shani tomorrow so we need to leave some food out for him, I hope he will be OK.

MARSIN
Cool, cool! Have you finished packing?

Anna looks at her case, Marsin's left foot is planted on one of her favourite tops.

ANNA
(Sighs)
Well I nearly was, get off of my case! You are making everything wrinkle.

MARSIN
Sorry, i never noticed!

Anna bends over and picks up some clothes.

ANNA
It's fine, I don't feel safe in here now, that was so scary. Lets sit closer to the front door.

Marsin and Anna collect their suitcases and exit the bedroom.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Marsin and Anna have slept on the sofa with the television switched on. Marsin remains asleep with a small stuffed tiger in his mouth, Shani is sitting on his crotch staring
at him. Anna stretches, rubs her eyes and removes a protective kitchen pot from her head.

TV NEWSREADER
Revelations have emerged from WikiLeaks this morning that one hundred percent of all news for the past one hundred years has been fake. The Prime minister was available earlier for comment.

PRIME MINISTER
(Dismissively)
Well I feel all this talk of fake news stories, are ostensibly fake news stories, about fake news stories. Our best men are currently making up a dossier... it will explain everything for the general public.

REPORTER
And when will this dossier be ready for publication?

PRIME MINISTER
As per the usual protocol... and on a need to know basis.

NEWSREADER
And that was the Prime Minister of Great Britain earlier today clearing up rumours of fake news as leaked by WikiLeaks.

MARSIN
(Drowsy/muffled)
What's going on?

MARSIN spits out the cats toy.

ANNA
All news is fake I think?

MARSIN
(Yawns)
Stop it with your conspiracies already! I just woke up and yesterday was fucking crazy.

Marsin throws the small stuffed tiger across the room and chases Shani away.
MARSIN (CONT’D)
I think I must have been snoring, Shani did it again.

ANNA
Yeah, it’s funny how he does that, he's so clever.

Marsin gets up to shower, Anna looks for a lighter for a half smoked joint from the ashtray.

NEWS READER
And our main story again today… The President of the United States has said he will not bow to unwarranted aggression from the so-called inter-galactic star police, currently in orbit around the planet Saturn.

Anna, oblivious to the television commentary finally finds a lighter but it's not working. Anna discards the old lighter in a drawer stuffed full of other spent lighters.

US PRESIDENT
These allegations of illegal space activities are entirely unwarranted, no weapons of mass destruction are beyond the atmosphere of Earth.

Anna opens her handbag quickly retrieving a working lighter.

NEWS READER
Captain Zogg of the Intergalactic star police has yet to send any reply…

Anna sits down and lights the joint still oblivious to what the television is saying, the TV remote control is nowhere to be found, Marsin can be heard singing from the bedroom.

ANNA
(Shouting)
Marsin where is the remote?

MARSIN
(Shouting)
I don’t fucking know.

ANNA
(Shouting)
I can never find anything in this fucking house!
Anna picks up the cushion beside her and finds the remote, Marsin enters the living room.

MARSIN
Why are you shouting like an animal? Have you seen the plug adaptor for my razor?

ANNA
Erm, yeah, I was using it for...

Anna stops mid-sentence as the TV commentary grabs her attention.

NEWS READER
Captains ZOGG’s forces are believed to comprise of 13 enormous motherships with an as yet undetermined arsenal...

Marsin grabs the remote from Anna’s hand.

MARSIN
I’ve already told you once today about this conspiracy shit, and we’ve only been awake for about 10 minutes.

Marsin changes the channel on the television. The theme tune to Top Gear starts, Anna’s face winces.

ANNA
Wait... what was that show? I haven’t seen that one... and you’re not even watching!

The television is interrupted by breaking news.

TELEVISION
It is being reported that Captain Zogg’s forces have taken up orbit around planet Earth.

MARSIN
What the fuck! How did you change the channel?

Marsin looks at the remote in his hand and selects the TV guide function.

ANNA
Is this for real? Put the News channel on.

Marsin changes the television to a 24 hour news network.
PRIME MINISTER
Well I feel all this talk of fake news stories, are ostensibly fake news stories about fake news stories. Our best men are currently making up a dossier...

There is a sudden power cut and the TV turns blank, Anna and Marsin exchange puzzled looks.

ANNA
So are aliens invading?

Anna relights the joint in her hand, inhales deeply, and offers it to Marsin. Marsin shakes his head and looks through the blinds; the supernova is rising in the sky.

MARSIN
I can’t see any flying saucers.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN’S WORK VAN – CONTINOUS.

Anna is trying to tune the radio into a news station; Marsin is trying to get a signal on his phone.

RADIO
"Static noises"

ANNA
I think it might be true! Why else would they have interrupted that show?

MARSIN
Yeah but the Prime Minister was just saying everything on the news is a fake lie, or was she saying the opposite?

ANNA
Why is there no phone signal then?

RADIO
(Garbled but audible)
Illegal aliens have been firing on...
MARSIN
Wait that was it... go back.

RADIO
The American President says he will reinforce border wall security.

ANNA
No, that’s not it

RADIO
(Static noises)
Encampments of illegal aliens...

MARSIN
Oh no!

RADIO
...in Calais have terrible living conditions leaving the youngest and most vulnerable open to..."

The radio stops working as the van’s battery runs flat.

MARSIN
For fucks sake!

Marsin punches the radio in frustration.

MARSIN (CONT’D)
(Sobbing)
You know this is just fucking typical. We haven’t spent any of that money yet and now aliens may or may not be invading, but of course we can’t tell because of our shitty broken stuff!

Marsin punches the radio half-heartedly.

ANNA
So what shall we do now?

MARSIN
I don’t know!

Suddenly a bird impacts the windscreen, Marsin and Anna look on in horror as it slowly slides down the glass, a smear of blood and excrement left trailing behind.

ANNA
Holy fuck! That scared the shit out of me!
Marsin points to the remains on the windscreen.

MARSIN
Not as much as him!

ANNA
Wow, you know what! The shit just hit the van!

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Yeah! The the shit just hit the van!

ANNA
Let’s go to the Lighthouse.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna look down the street, there is no sign of life in any direction, the supernova is bright in the sky.

ANNA
Is the Lighthouse too far to walk?

MARSIN
Aw! Do we have to walk? Can’t we just push start the van?

ANNA
I didn’t even think of that!

Anna gets behind the wheel.

ANNA (CONT’D)
You push! What do I do?

Marsin starts pushing and singing.

MARSIN
It’s the end of the world as we know it.

ANNA
(Laughing nervously)
Seriously Marsin that’s not funny and I don’t know what I’m supposed to be doing here.
Marsin sings louder as he pushes harder.

MARSIN
And I feel f...

Three military jets rocket past just above the rooftops, an ear piercing sonic boom shatters house and car windows.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
(Screaming)
...fuck!

Marsin ducks and runs for the van's passenger side door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. FRONT SEAT OF VAN - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna are cowering in the front seats, the sonic booms have caused all the airbags to detonate and the windows have shattered. The van has been pushed into a position where the road is now impassable.

ANNA
What the fuck was that?

MARSIN
Military jets I think.

ANNA
(Sighs)
Are they on our side?

Marsin and Anna sit in silence looking at the broken radio; a loud car horn suddenly breaks the calm.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Fright)
Fuck, fuck, fuck! What is that?

Marsin and Anna turn to look through the rear windscreen, the vague outline of a car is visible through the shattered glass.

TAXI DRIVER
(Very angry)
 Fucking move it you dirty cunts!
The taxi driver from earlier is standing by his open car door with an expression of disbelief, Marsin and Anna wave sheepishly.

TAXI DRIVER
(Laughing)
Well, well, trouble seems to follow you two around.

Marsin and Anna shield their eyes from the glare of the supernova.

MARSIN
What the fuck is going on?

The taxi driver ignores Marsin’s question and takes a few steps forward.

TAXI DRIVER
What happened to your van?

ANNA
Flat battery.

All three look towards the van, the windows are smashed and the discharged airbags are visible through open doors, a hub cap falls off and rolls down the street.

TAXI DRIVER
Don’t make them like they used to do they?
(Enthusiastic)
Well, I can give you a lift somewhere but it won’t be like your battery.

ANNA
What do you mean like our battery?

TAXI DRIVER
Free of charge love!
INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna are seated in the rear of the taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
So where do you want to go?

MARSIN
Well, do you know what's going on? We thought the news said aliens had invaded!

TAXI DRIVER
Aliens? That's a wild idea why would you think that?

The taxi driver switches on his radio.

RADIO
(Loud)
Earth has been invaded by aliens... and today is a day that will live in infamy as planet Earth declared war against the dreaded space terrorists led by captain ZOGG. Evacuations are...

The radio transmission goes dead.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh right! Fuck me... Space terrorists! Shit! That sounds serious guys.

ANNA
Yeah, it seems ever since that star went supernova the world has gone bat shit crazy.

MARSIN
You're right, the supernova, the Illuminati, the royal money!

ANNA
Yeah and now space terrorists!

TAXI DRIVER
Royal money?
MARSIN
Anna thinks she joined the Illuminati because we got some money from the Royal family.

TAXI DRIVER
You joined the Illuminati?

ANNA
Well... by accident, you see it's complicated.

TAXI DRIVER
Hey trust me I don't want to know the details... but out of interest how much money are we talking?

ANNA
Millions man... millions!

MARSIN
Shh!

TAXI DRIVER
(Enthusiastic)
Well my friends... where to?

MARSIN
The Lighthouse?

ANNA
Capricorn beach, the Lighthouse Pub, please.

The taxi sets off; the supernova is high in the sky.

TAXI DRIVER
You do know you can't push start a vehicle with an automatic transmission don't you?

MARSIN
(Unsure)
Erm, yeah.

TAXI DRIVER
I believe that particular model I just saw you pushing down the street is an automatic.

MARSIN
Oh, OK.
TAXI DRIVER
So why were you pushing it down the street? You said the battery was dead.

MARSIN
Erm, yeah.

TAXI DRIVER
I love engineering, but I love simplicity, these modern cars are too complicated, you have to plug them into a computer to see why they broke.

Marsin nods in agreement.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Did you know the first ever cars were powered by electricity?

MARSIN
(Fake interest)
Is that right?

TAXI DRIVER
Yeah mate, an electric car held the land speed record until around 1900.

MARSIN
Must have been slow though?

The taxi driver makes eye contact with Marsin in his rear view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER
(Indignant)
Not really my point mate!

MARSIN
Sorry i was...

The taxi driver continues philosophically.

TAXI DRIVER
It’s just funny how things go round in circles.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Like wheels?
TAXI DRIVER
No! Not like bloody wheels! Yeah well maybe but... I mean all the speed records in the future will probably be held by electric cars... soon! With enough power electricity could probably move the whole bloody planet; it’s all scalable you see.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
You would probably just get a lot of wheel-spin.

TAXI DRIVER
(Sighs)
Are you sure you want to go to the pub? Maybe drinking at such a time is unwise; it might dull your senses even further.

MARSIN
I don’t want to drink! That’s Anna’s dad’s place, I’m hoping he has power and we can find out what to do.

ANNA
(Lighting a joint)
We should go to the Worlds End pub in Edinburgh.

MARSIN
Oh shut up Anna and put that out, this is not the time.

ANNA
Really... if aliens are invading... we shall agree to disagree.

Anna takes a large draw, the taxi driver looks in the rear view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you smoking the catnip mate? Pass it forward.

Anna begrudgingly passes the joint to the taxi driver.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Thanks mate...

Anna makes eye contact with the taxi driver as he takes a large draw from the joint.
TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
So tell me about this money you mentioned earlier?

For a fraction of a second the taxi driver's eyes contract into vertical slits. Anna's face freezes in a half smile her colour slowly drains as she reaches out for Marsin.

ANNA
(Stuttering)
Well not much to tell really.

The taxi driver smokes more of the joint.

TAXI DRIVER
(Laughing/breathing out smoke)
It sounds like there is millions to tell!

The taxi driver starts violently coughing. Anna tries to mime to Marsin that something is wrong with the taxi driver's eyes.

MARSIN
What's wrong with you?

The taxi driver coughs up a small black dead animal.

TAXI DRIVER
Fuck me! Better out than in eh?

The taxi driver's eyes noticeably contract in the mirror again.

ANNA
(Whispering to self)
Oh fuck no, he's one of them!

Anna turns white and vomits all over the back seat.

MARSIN
(Screaming)
What the hell is wrong with you two?

The taxi driver pulls over.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
EXT. EMPTY RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS.

The taxi has parked in an empty road; dead birds line the gutter. The supernova is high in the sky and meteors can now be seen burning up in the upper atmosphere, everyone exits the car.

MARSIN
God that stinks! Open the windows!

TAXI DRIVER
I’m going to have to charge you for that I’m afraid, you can afford it though... right?

Anna has walked several metres from the car and is bent over spitting bits of sick into the gutter.

ANNA
Charge us? Yeah right, of course you do! What the fuck came out of your mouth anyway?

Marsin approaches with intentions to comfort.

MARSIN
Are you OK my love? Too much weed?

Marsin gently strokes Anna's back.

CUT TO:

The taxi driver opens the trunk of the taxi retrieving towels and a can of air freshener. Several blue flowers blow away in the wind as he slams the boot shut.

CUT TO:

ANNA
(Whispering)
We need to get away from him! Did you see what he coughed up?

MARSIN
No! What? Why?

ANNA
He’s Prince Charles.

Anna holds her hand up to her left eye and claps her thumb and forefinger together.

MARSIN
For fucks sake ANNA, I swear that weed is affecting your brain!
Marsin imitates ANNA.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
...and that’s a terrible imitation of Prince Charles.

ANNA
(Slow and deliberate)
Marsin he is the devil! His eyes shape shifted like a fricking lizards.

MARSIN
How high are you right now?

ANNA
I’m telling you... we need to get away from him!

Marsin stands up and looks at the taxi driver and the car.

MARSIN
(Loud sigh)
I dunno, I really don’t want to have to walk anywhere

Anna grabs Marsin by the sleeve.

ANNA
Shh! Keep it down, after everything that’s been happening? Please listen to me now!

The taxi driver approaches with a can of air freshener in hand.

TAXI DRIVER
Phew! Are you alright guys? I’ve done my best with the car but...

The sound of rumbling and an unearthly groaning emanates from the distance.

ANNA
What the fuck is that!

MARSIN
Where is it coming from?

A tremor shakes the ground.

TAXI DRIVER
It’s time to leave!
The group walk back to the car in unison, Anna attempts to signal Marsin by clapping her thumb and forefinger together. Marsin stops at the taxi door, looks at Anna and takes a deep breath before grinding his keys along the taxis paintwork.

MARSIN
Ah look I’ve scratched your paint, we should compensate you, have a quick look, how much will it cost to repair that?

TAXI DRIVER
Doesn’t matter, let’s get going.

MARSIN
You have to look! It’s really bad!

TAXI DRIVER
Right fine!

As the taxi driver kneels down to look at the paintwork the sole of Marsin’s boot connects with the back of his head, his face impacts the car bodywork and he crumples to the ground.

ANNA
Holy shit Marsin!

Marsin quickly jumps behind the wheel and starts the engine; Anna leaps into the passenger seat.

ANNA (CONT’D)
(Cheering)
Woo hoo! Floor it MARSIN!

The car stutters and jumps, kangaroo hopping along the road, the engine screaming loudly.

MARSIN
Fucking manual cars!

ANNA
Come on just change gear, get it out of 1st!

The taxi driver stands up to see his car violently bouncing down the road.

TAXI DRIVER
(Shouting)
No wait! Please there’s not much time left!

With a crunch of the gears Marsin and Anna speed away.
INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna are seated in the front of the taxi; Marsin has the car under control.

    ANNA
    That was amazing Marsin!

Marsin and Anna clap hands together in a high five.

    MARSIN
    See if there is any news about aliens on the radio.

Anna switches the radio on.

    RADIO
    "Static noises"

    ANNA
    There doesn’t seem to be any signal.

    MARSIN
    Fuck! Where is everyone?

    RADIO
    Marsin and Anna stop the car we need to talk!

    ANNA
    What? Was that the radio?

    RADIO
    Calm down and let me explain. It's really quite simple.

    MARSIN
    Is the radio fucking speaking to us?

    RADIO
    You must pullover!

    MARSIN
    Is that the fucking TAXI DRIVERS voice?
ANNA
Shit! It is his voice! How the fuck is he doing that?

Marsin looks at Anna; the street ahead is swarming with little grey aliens.

MARSIN
What the fuck are those?

ANNA
Holy shit aliens!

Marsin changes down a gear and makes a violent right turn into an alley no wider than the car, the G force pins Anna's face to the glass, her camera phone flashes as she somehow manages to take a photo.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Whoa! Nice driving babe!

Marsin screams as he changes up a gear and accelerates, turning right onto an adjacent street.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(Excited)
Great! But we are going the wrong way now, the Lighthouse is that way!

Anna points behind her; Marsin's eyes are fixed in a wide stare, his knuckles turning white as he bounces up and down in his seat.

MARSIN
I can't do this! What the fuck is this? This is madness! Were they fucking aliens?

ANNA
It's fine, we'll be cool, just make the next turn.

MARSIN
(Sobbing)
I just want the conspiracy theories to be over with now please.

ANNA
(Slow and deliberate)
Just make this next left turn! Not the other way!

(MORE)
ANNA (CONT'D)
That would take us back towards
those little grey bastards.
Remember left Marsin, left!

Marsin crunches down a gear and takes a right turn at speed.

ANNA (CONT'D)
No Marsin, your other left!

MARSIN
Oh fucking...

Marsin pulls down hard on the steering wheel, the car fish tail, the front right tyre impacts the kerb but somehow they successfully make the turn.

ANNA
Holy fuck MARSIN that was close!

RADIO
Stop the fucking car you dirty cunts!

ANNA
Keep going MARSIN!

MARSIN
(Sobbing/screaming)
Switch the radio off!

Anna reaches for the radio volume control.

RADIO
If you don’t stop now I will eat your cat... Shani!

ANNA
Shani what the fuck?

MARSIN
What did he say about Shani?

ANNA
Just watch the road; you are driving like a champion, we are unstoppable!

A bright flash in the distance resolves into a mushroom cloud, then another.

MARSIN
Fuck!
The front right tyre suddenly bursts causing the car to spin out of control and roll onto its roof.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS.

Anna and Marsin are unconscious in a futuristic looking medical bay, Anna is slowly coming round from a serious head trauma.

ANNA  
(Confused)  
Where am I?

Anna opens her eyes to see the huge head of a grey alien shining a light in her face.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(Scared)  
What the fuck are you? Why am I here? Where is Marsin?

Anna can only move her head; small grey aliens scuttle around busily monitoring equipment. Marsin can be seen half-conscious having an alien probe rectally inserted.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(Sobbing)  
Why can’t I move? Marsin can you hear me? What are you doing to him you... monsters?

Anna realises she too has a probe.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What is that? I read about this sort of behaviour, what is wrong with you guys?

A door opens and the taxi driver enters.

TAXI DRIVER  
Calm down now, no need to cry, your boyfriend is fine, you both just needed some... vitality for resuscitation.

Marsin is suddenly wide awake.
ANNA
Thank God! Are you OK love? Speak to me!

MARSIN
(Drowsy/discomfort)
What the fuck?

TAXI DRIVER
Oh just relax you two and let me explain.

ANNA
Who the fuck are you? How did you do that thing with your eyes? You're one of those shape-shifting Illuminati reptiles aren't you?

TAXI DRIVER
What? Oh no, is that why you ran off?

The taxi driver looks at Marsin and rubs the bridge of his nose.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
That really hurt by the way! Just let me explain, I will keep it simple because I'm all about simplicity.

With his forefinger and little finger the taxi driver points at Marsin.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Now... You see... while I do go by many names you may of heard of me most recently as Captain Zogg...

MARSIN
The space terrorist?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG
(Indignant)
What! No! Of the intergalactic star police.

The taxi driver transforms into Zogg. A bright red uniform with knee high boots, the black collar rising to his square chin, a swath of blonde hair escapes the black and red military style cap.
ANNA
What the fuck! So you are a shapeshifting reptilian?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG
What? No! Don’t be absurd!

ANNA
Sorry but with everything that’s been going on you know... just please explain what was with your eyes?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG
Alright I was getting to that! You see I am also your cat SHANI!

The taxi driver transforms into Shani.

ANNA/MARSIN
(Disbelief)
What? Shani?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI
Yes, yes, that’s what you saw when you thought I was a shape-shifting reptile, it was just my cats eyes, that weed must have affected me slightly.

ANNA
Cats eyes? You looked really creepy.

Shani jumps into the arms of a nearby grey alien.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI
Creepy? It’s an adaptation! All predators have vertical slit pupils if they hunt close to the ground!

ANNA
OK sorry... it was just unexpected.

MARSIN
(Laughing/disbelief)
Holy fucking shit, let me get this straight our cat Shani is Captain Zogg the space terrorist? We must be fucking hallucinating!
TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI
(Indignant)
Of the fucking Intergalactic Star Police! And no this is real! But seeing is believing I suppose.

The alien holding Shani walks over to Marsin and Anna.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
You know... I’ve gone by many names... one of my favourites was Kronos, the God of time...

MARSIN
Sounds more impressive than Shani...

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Please don’t interrupt!

MARSIN
...the cat. So why did you keep putting that toy tiger in my mouth?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
(Indignant)
I never did that!

Marsin looks towards a sheepish looking Anna.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS (CONT’D)
Now stop fucking interrupting and let’s go!

Shani jumps into Anna’s arms.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

Shani, Marsin and Anna appear in the bathroom of their old house. Marsin’s feet are in the toilet and his arm has smashed a mirror, a shard of glass cuts his face.

MARSIN
Ow! What the fuck man!
ANNA
(Excitedly)
Oh my God! This is home! This is our bathroom, can we stay?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/KRONOS
(Cat form)
I’m afraid this was a few days ago, we can’t interfere here.

ANNA
But...

MARSIN
Hello, I’m standing, bleeding in the toilet!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/KRONOS
Right we can’t have that, let’s find somewhere more spacious shall we.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT: BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.
The trio manifest in the bedroom, time is paused. The newly emerged Marsin and Anna look at each other with expressions of shock and awe. Frozen in time another temporal version of themselves is asleep in the bed. Shani knocks over a glass of water spilling onto the face of the sleeping Marsin.

SHANI
Whoops a daisy.

MARSIN
Hey! Careful!

ANNA
(Laughing)
Hey!

Anna replaces the empty glass on the bedside table.

MARSIN
So what are you showing us? Why are we here? I still think I’m hallucinating.
TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS

(Laughing)
Don’t you see? I can travel in
time, are you not impressed?

MARSIN/ANNA
What?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Yes, remember when you thought you
wet the bed MARSIN?

Shani gestures towards the wet bed.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS (CONT'D)
…and the broken mirror?

MARSIN
I knew I hadn’t wet the bed.

ANNA
We thought it might be a ghost.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Not far off, but no, I’ve been
popping in and out over the years.

MARSIN
(Disbelief)
You’ve been popping in and out
over the years? You’ve got to be
fucking shitting me! What for?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
I like to keep an eye on what
people are thinking; shall we head
back now?

MARSIN
What do you…

Before Marsin can finish his sentence they all vanish.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
INT. BEDROOM, UNDERNEATH BED - CONTINUOUS.

The trio manifest underneath the bed, Marsin is on top of Anna with his backside jammed into the bed-springs. Shani, in cat form, seems to have an expression of great delight.

MARSIN
(Excruciating pain)
Ah my balls!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS.

Anna and Marsin reappear in the spaceship.

MARSIN
Ouch! Ow! That really hurt!

Marsin is bent double in pain.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened there?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
(Laughing)
Sorry, my fault! I must have got a bit rusty.

ANNA
I still don’t understand what you are doing, are you just toying with us?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Toying with you? Maybe that’s why I empathise with cats so readily.

ANNA
Just tell us what is happening!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Do you know male cats will ruthlessly kill and often eat their own young? Some would say that is distasteful but even I’ve been known to...
ANNA
(Angry)
What? Stop talking about fucking cats? What are you doing with us? Why are you letting grey aliens destroy everything? I used to feed you smoked fucking salmon!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Right of course, let me explain, I will keep it simple, I’m all about simplicity, you see... I’m the Devil.

Shani transforms into the well dressed man, Marsin and Anna scream.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
What! Good grief! Now don’t be scared! You see I created the grey aliens to whisper evil but profitable plans in the ears of those that are receptive to such ideas.

ANNA/MARSIN
What? Why?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
You see when you are the Devil deception is key, but once things start in motion they generally take care of themselves, I have a lot of free time you know!

ANNA/MARSIN
What?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
We wanted to separate the wheat from the chaff... or the seed from the bud if you prefer Anna.

Anna laughs awkwardly.

MARSIN
What? Who the fuck are you? Are you to thank for the money?

ANNA
Yeah, did you have Prince Charles send us money?
TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
(Laughing hysterically)
Don't be ridiculous! They're all far too busy with the Royal astrology and what not.
(Deadly serious)
No, no, no, I was watching you type that evening and some of the shit you were writing was…

Anna listens intently.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
(CONT'D)
(Buoyant)
...hilarious and I thought I would give you a treat.

MARSIN
Where did you get all that money from?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
(Laughing)
What! The root of all evil? I got it from the source code. If you think turning paper into gold was an amazing alchemical magic trick, now it's invisible... just numbers on a screen. Are you enjoying being rich?

ANNA
We've not had the chance!

MARSIN
Yeah unfair!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
(Fake empathy)
Aw, that's life eh?

MARSIN
You do just like toying with people don't you? Why are we here?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
No, no, no you see, there was a problem with hackers, trying to rig the system to benefit themselves, so we decided to terminate, but first we had to isolate the problems.
ANNA
Hackers?

MARSIN
Terminate?

ANNA
Problems?

MARSIN
What in the hell are you talking about? Why are we here? Take us home!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Right, I’m not being as succinct as I would like to be… and simplicity is key in situations like these! To make a long story short I’m afraid Earth as you know it is no longer with us.

ANNA
Oh my God! Everyone is gone?
(Panic)
Dad!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Not to worry Anna, Horace is fine!

ANNA
(Sobbing)
You know my Dad?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Yes, you see I am your dad.

The well dressed man transforms into Horace, Anna falls to her knees.

ANNA
Dad? Is that really you? How can this be?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/DEVIL/HORACE
Calm down darling you see…
…I’m also God.

Horace transforms into God.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/DEVIL/HORACE
(CONT'D)
I’m also Father Christmas.

Horace transforms into Santa Claus.
MARSIN
Holy fuck! What is happening?

All the different characters the taxi driver just claimed to be start blending and mixing together.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE
(Distorted voice)
Well... because of the hackers, the difficulty settings you were operating on were all wrong.

MARSIN
Our difficulty settings?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE
Yes. You see... Let me explain...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKNESS - CONTINUOUS.
The sound of splashing and heavy breathing.

ANNA
Marsin can you hear me?

MARSIN
Barely, where are you?

ANNA
All I can see are red and yellow swirly lights, they seem to be moving to wherever I'm looking.

MARSIN
Me too! I feel like I'm floating.

ANNA
So do I!

MARSIN
This is remarkable are we in another dimension?

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS CUBOID ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

An empty windowless room, except for two isolation tanks and a large circular clock with a small hexagonal face; it's second hand moves anticlockwise. A large arrow is painted on the floor pointing towards the rooms only door.

ANNA
Maybe.

The isolation tank lids begin to open.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE.
You have completed training session Earth, no win scenario 5a... level... easy. Follow the arrows for training session Earth, no win scenario 5a... level medium.

Taxidriver/Zogg/Devil/Shani/Horace enters the room wearing an unbuttoned white lab coat. His hair is disheveled and his shirt is hanging out of one side of his khaki chino trousers, a chewed pencil is behind his ear.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE
(Laughing)
Hello, hello, don’t panic, just ignore her. Sorry, so sorry, yes, now let me explain, you see... my name is GOD, I’ve been supervising your training session. You have been in the “building moral fibre for character development simulator” in the institute of political science.

Marsin and Anna sit up and look at each other in disbelief.

ANNA
(Confused)
How long have we been here?

GOD
You have been in the institute since this morning. A session actually only lasts a few hours.
(Laughing)
It seems like a lifetime though doesn’t it?

MARSIN
What, why?
GOD
(Impatient)
Your memory loss is just
temporary. This is an intensive
training facility. We need to
separate the wheat from the chaff
you know!

MARSIN
What? why? Where are we?

GOD
I’m not going to repeat myself!
Quickly now.

Marsin and Anna climb out of the isolation booths and
quickly put on white robes and flip flops.

ANNA
Where are we going?

GOD
We are going to skip you back a
few that last one was a real fuck
up. Thought we would give you a
bit of a treat after the mess
those hackers left, you are paying
customers after all.

MARSIN
Paying customers?

God exits, Marsin and Anna follow.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE/HONEYCOMBED CUBICLES – CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna enter an open plan office space. One of the
harsh fluorescent lights keeps flickering as a young male
intern stares at them while photocopying. The sounds of
voices answering phones can be heard.

TELEPHONE VOICES
Orbital corrections, complaints
department please hold. Orbital
corrections, complaints department
please hold. Orbital corrections,
complaints department please hold.
GOD
Quickly now follow me, the arrows lead the way.

Several pieces of A4 paper with printed black arrows are stuck to the cubicle walls.

GOD (CONT'D)
The difficulty setting on that one was through the roof, sorry about that, fucking kids these days! In this one you are on a moon of a Gas giant planet, so very beautiful!

MARSIN
What? This is impossible!

GOD
We don't have time for a lecture on the laws of physics, quickly now.

Marsin and Anna hold hands as they follow, they reach the final arrow.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS CUBOID ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna enter another windowless cuboid room, identical in every way, two isolation tanks are open in the centre of the floor.

GOD
Don't dilly dally now.

God ushers Marsin and Anna into the room.

GOD (CONT'D)
Now, in you go!

MARSIN
What will this be like?
(Increasingly angry)
I told you, a beautiful moon of a
gas giant planet. You will love
it, the gravity is lower and the
grass is greener, now get in!

God pushes Marsin through the door, Marsin and Anna walk
towards their separate booths, Anna pulls Marsin in close
for a kiss.

(Whispers)
Remember how he said he was all
about simplicity?

Yeah, he did say it was key!

Well, nothing is simple about any
of this!

You’re right... Do you have a
conspiracy theory?

Marsin pulls in Anna for a passionate kiss but an unseen
force pulls them apart into their separate booths.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Marsin and Anna have no memory of their previous life and
are sitting in an idyllic garden paradise wearing sheepskin
clothes, a small child plays with a kitten nearby.

Marsin looks skyward mouth agape; he is on is a moon of a
gas giant planet that orbits as part of a freak alignment
of moons and asteroids, from Marsin’s perspective this
alignment strongly resembles a green cat’s eye staring down
on him from a deep purple sky.

Wow!

Connecting the planets and moons is an electromagnetic
aurora. It forms an ethereal red, white and blue pyramid
beneath the eye in the sky.
All of a sudden a loud booming voice emanates from nowhere and shakes the mountain tops.

VOICE
Worship me!

Avalanches are triggered in the distance, Marsin and Anna with blank expressions bow to the planetary alignment performing the “Rockafella” hand sign.

Shot closes on cute kitten; the planetary alignment is reflected in his eye. A serpentine forked tongue darts in and out of the kitten's mouth and he jumps into the child's open arms.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM.

Marsin and Anna are unconscious in an intensive care unit; a doctor is checking life signs.

HORACE
What is the prognosis doctor, will they recover?
(Shakes head)
They were both fine when they went to bed last night, they just got engaged you know, we had a few drinks.

The young tall DOCTOR has an elaborate tattoo of a hexagram on his neck.

DOCTOR
We got the blood tests back... it turns out this is the worst case of toxoplasma infection ever seen!

HORACE
Toxoplasma infection? I’ve never heard of it.

DOCTOR
It’s a parasite, normally harmless to humans, domestic cats are known carriers but a healthy human should be fine.
HORACE
They must have caught it from
their cat. Anna loved that cat so
much, how ironic.

The music to the credits starts (Everywhere by Fleetwood
Mac). HORACE holds a blue lotus flower and appears younger,
he blinks away tears, he rubs his left eye and blinks three
times, on the third blink a tear runs down his cheek and
his pupil contracts like a lizard.

A golden light in his pupil grows brighter and brighter as,
its intensity overwhelms the screen.

The light subsides as the camera rises directly above the
Lighthouse Pub, with its encircling path it resembles an
eye. Drum and base of the song kick in.

The camera angle changes to show the Lighthouse and its
encircling cobbled path, the camera rotates 360 degrees.
Hundreds of blue lotus flowers are growing in concentric
circles, the Lighthouse is in pristine condition and its
golden light illuminating the night sky.

FADE OUT:

END