

THE TOWER OF DEATH

written by

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"There's nothing to be afraid of"

A BLACK SCREEN

SFX: Heartbeat volumetrically increases.

ZOOM IN: The Galaxy - until we reach dwarf planets HAUMEA & CERES.

DISSOLVE TO:

OVER BLACK. LONDON - ENGLAND.

FADE IN:

INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE - DAY

DELEGATES and MINISTERS from the combined Civil Defence Strategy for Space and Ministry of Defence take their seats at an oval shaped table.

A grey haired SPOKESPERSON (60's) from the MOD gets to his feet.

SPOKESPERSON

Ladies and gentlemen, as you are aware we have received numerous intelligence feeds from Ceres. They have reached out via one of their satellites. At this moment in time, we are not actually sure what they want from us. However, this is truly groundbreaking from our own perspective, so we would appreciate that what we discuss in this room today stays among us. I will now pass you over to Royston Clegg from the CDSS, since he has established a direct communication link with Ceres and their outreach facility.

Short, stocky, ROYSTON CLEGG (60's) gets to his feet and clears his throat.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Thank you.

(Clears throat)

Ongoing communications have been very productive. You can imagine our sheer delight when we received the first indication, regarding the existence of a cyber life from this particular dwarf planet. We now know it harbors a subsurface ocean and has an atmosphere. So with a water vapor plume we can say that this is truly groundbreaking for our planet as a whole.

(Pauses)

There is a need for us to assist them in any capacity. So, I have arranged for myself to meet with a contingent of Ceresians who will visit us in the very near future.

(Drinks water)

Now, I have not asked how they will manage this, but I am of the understanding that they are very advanced and are already here, studying us as a possible ally.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

A sunny topographical view of Chelsea Harbour that houses a number of expensive yachts and a glass spiral block of luxury apartments that consists of nineteen floors.

Blue neon piping runs vertically from top to bottom.

CU: A HUMAN TORSO rotates inside a large microwave oven.

ZOOM IN:

INT. 16TH FLOOR APARTMENT - LIT

Fair haired Danish drummer STEFAN (30's) Biracial Scots ALEX and MARY (30's) sit casually chatting.

Stefan sits back on a leather recliner tapping his knees like he's playing the drums.

Goatee bearded Alex and bespectacled Mary lie huddled together upon a brown leather sofa.

ALEX

Aye, we did that at Glastonbury two years ago. The crowds went fuckin' crazy, man.

STEFAN

That was some fuckin' gig, man.

MARY

It was all right for you guy's. I got drenched to the bone.

ALEX

I told you it was gonna piss down, babes. It always buckets down at Glastonbury.

STEFAN

True. Me and Simon ended up sharing a tent with two of the Killers backing singers. It was sodden, man.

The floor begins to spin out of control, as the lights become incandescent and they become fused to their seats, unable to move.

Beat.

Stefan flies off the recliner and falls to the floor in the prone position. Alex and Mary are spread across the sofa dead.

INT. FOYER - LIT

Shaven headed rock star SIMON MAX (40's) stands ready for the lift doors to open. He clutches two carrier bags containing alcohol beverages and snacks.

Ding.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors opening.

He steps out of the lift and makes his way along the corridor to his apartment.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O/

Lift doors closing.

He uses his swipe card to open the door when it shows a green light.

His POV: Alex and Mary lying dead while spread across the sofa. The body of Stefan lies upon the floor in the prone position.

He stands agape and drops the bags, before he runs back towards the lift where he continuously pushes his finger on the call button.

BEAT INT. FOYER.

Ding.

He exits the lift and rushes towards the tall, black, overweight CONCIERGE (30's).

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors closing.

SIMON

(Frantically)

Quick! Call the police! They're all dead in my apartment. Quickly, call the police, man! Do it now!

Knowingly, the Concierge shakes his head and chuckles.

CONCIERGE

Get outta here, Mister Max. You're just too high, bro. There ain't nobody dead inside your apartment. You're just imagining t'ings.

Simon looks at him perplexed, before he dashes out of the building.

INT. APARTMENT - LIT

The door opens and four naked Ceresians enter. They are mesomorphic.

They remove the bodies.

BLUE ROOM - LIT

LARGE MICROWAVE OVENS situated along the wall to the left. Some are in action and have human torso's cooking inside.

Shelving surrounds the walls, occupied by dozens of HUMAN SKULLS.

Trolley beds fill the centre of the room, and a workbench for dismembering bodies lies perpendicular.

The bodies of the naked trio are laid out upon the bench while a Ceresian begins to prepare them for the oven.

Firstly, he removes their heads with a cutting tool, then their limbs. He then bastes their torsos in oil.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT.

Headlights flash as Simon Max sprints towards the blue lights of a Police Station.

Upon reaching the steps, an aged MAN exits. He leaves the door open.

INT: POLICE STATION - LIT

His POV: A blinking red dot inside a CCTV camera situated above.

He stumbles across the floor towards the counter where he continuously presses his thumb down on the brass buzzer.

Moments later.

A black female DESK SERGEANT (50's) appears from behind a mirrored door.

DESK SERGEANT
 Alright! Alright! What's all the
 trouble with you, then?

Beside himself, he rolls his eyeballs at her and pants.

DESK SERGEANT/
 Well c'mon, then, speak up.
 What's going on with you?

SIMON

I need to speak to someone in charge. My friends are all dead. They're all fuckin' dead, man!

DESK SERGEANT

OK. Dead you say?

(Disbelievingly)

Now, tell me exactly who's dead and what happened to them?

SIMON

My friends! I went out to get some booze. When I got back they were dead. Just lying there, all three of 'em!

DESK SERGEANT

OK. Stay right there! Don't move!

She exits.

Beat.

A DUTY OFFICER appears from the same door.

He walks around the counter and opens a glass door to an interview room.

He grabs Simon by the arm, then leads him inside the room without fuss.

DUTY OFFICER

Wait inside here. There'll be someone to talk to you in just a minute.

INTERVIEW ROOM.

Inside the room, there is a surveillance camera situated high above the door. On the table a recording device.

The room has grey painted walls and four plastic chairs placed around the table.

He sits down on a chair and places his head in hands in total despair.

FLASHBACK:

Alex and Mary lie spread across a brown leather sofa. Stefan lies upon the floor in the prone position.

END FLASHBACK.

He bangs his head on the table, before the door swings open.

Leggy brunette, Detective Sergeant LUCY GOLD (30's) enters and focuses her big green eyes upon him as she kicks her heels towards the table and sits down opposite him.

Bearded black Detective Inspector STEVE PEARSON (50's) sits down next to her. His red tie neatly knotted over his unbendable white collared shirt.

PEARSON

I'm Detective Inspector Steve Pearson. This is my colleague Detective Sergeant Gold from the murder investigation team.

He smiles warmly towards Simon.

GOLD

How are you doing, Simon? Would you like some water?

He looks up and bangs his fist on the table.

SIMON

(Frantic)

No! I just want somebody to get over to my apartment on Chelsea Harbour and find out who murdered my buddies.

GOLD

In that case, can you start by telling us what happened?

A protracted silence as he gets his shit together.

PEARSON

What's happened, Simon?

He stares across the table at them. His eyes glazed and suffused.

GOLD

Look, we'd like to help you if you'll let us, Simon.

PEARSON

You told the desk sergeant that someone had died.

SIMON

Yeah! My pals!

PEARSON

And how did they die, Simon?

SIMON

I don't know, do I?! That's why I'm here, to find out! Look, this is fuckin' surreal, man. I can't get my head around it!

GOLD

There's no need for paranoia, Simon. Please, just calm down.

SIMON

I'm trying, man!

Pearson looks down at his notes.

PEARSON

Simon Max, lead singer with Incandescence.

He realises his celebrity status and quietens to absorb his most dire situation.

SIMON

Look, please.

PEARSON

Had too much LSD, have we? Are you hallucinogenic?

SIMON

No! Stop! Stop sayin' that!

GOLD

Talk to us, then. We are listening.

SIMON

I'm telling you my pals have been murdered in my apartment.

PEARSON

Murdered?

SIMON

(Gesticulates)

Yeah! What's wrong with you, for fuck sake? My buddies are fuckin' dead in my apartment, and all you can do is sit there smirking at me like I'm some fuckin' weirdo, making it all up!

GOLD

Where is your apartment, Simon?

SIMON

Its at Haumea Tower. Chelsea Harbour.

PEARSON

Aw. Very nice. Expensive I imagine.

GOLD

Would you like us to go over there and take a look for ourselves?

SIMON

Yes!

PEARSON

Right. But before we do, let me get this straight - Your friends have been murdered inside your apartment at Haumea Tower, is that correct?

SIMON

For fuck sake, man! What is fucking wrong with you?

PEARSON

But why didn't you just call nine, nine, nine? It would have saved you a lot of bother coming all the way here, wouldn't it?

SIMON

Look, I can show you. Christ!

He bangs his fist on the table in frustration.

GOLD

Simon, no one said they didn't believe you. We're just trying to understand what's going on.

SIMON

My phone is in the apartment. That's why I couldn't ring the police.

PEARSON

So you never entered the apartment?

SIMON

No! I just freaked. I shit a brick, man! I just closed the door and belted it straight here.

He scratches his head in dismay as the Detectives show their concern.

GOLD

Tell us the names of your friends, and how you think they might have died?

SIMON

Stefan. Stefan is - was my partner, and the band's drummer. We'd only been living together for a couple months. He's Danish.

PEARSON

And the others?

SIMON

Alex and Mary. Bass and keyboards. They'd just come over to crash with us for the weekend.

PEARSON

So how did they die?

SIMON

I dunno! I popped out to get some booze, and when I got back they were all just there, dead.

He smacks his head with his hand in torment.

GOLD

Is that what you expect us to believe, Simon?

SIMON

It's true! For fuck sake!

PEARSON

And what did you do with the items you'd purchased from the supermarket?

SIMON

I left 'em outside the door and ran straight here, didn't I?

GOLD

OK. Just cast your mind back and think very carefully about what you think you saw when you returned home.

SIMON

Stefan was lying on the floor and Alex and Mary were spread across the couch.

GOLD

Anything else we should know?

SIMON

We'd only just started renting the pad, so it was because of moving in.

(Reflects)

I thought they were messing about at first. You know, like a practical joke sort of thing. But then I saw blood leaking from Stefan's eyes. I told the concierge to ring the police and for an ambulance.

PEARSON

And did he?

SIMON

No. He just laughed at me like I was a fuckin' idiot.

Gold notices his arms are covered in red blotches.

GOLD

Why are you covered in blotches,
Simon?

SIMON

I don't know. They started
appearing after we moved into the
apartment. I'm covered in them
now.

He lifts up his top and show them.

CU: Raised blotches all over his stomach and chest.

PEARSON

They look like melanomas to me.

SIMON

Yeah. That's what Alex said.

GOLD

(Interpose)

You said, we? After we moved into
the apartment.

SIMON

Stefan, my partner. He has 'em as
well.

GOLD

Have you had them looked at?

SIMON

Not yet. We're booked in to see
the in-house medical team next
week.

GOLD

You mean, the place where you
live has its own doctor's?

SIMON

Yeah. It has everything, man. You
name it, it's got it.

PEARSON

OK. I've heard enough. C'mon
then. Let's get over there and
find out what's going on.

They climb to their feet and exit.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Simon sits in a trance on the back seat. Gold sits in the passenger seat. Pearson drives.

CU: BLUE NEON SIGN - HAUMEA TOWER.

PEARSON

Haumea Tower. It must've been named after the spinning planet, Haumea.

GOLD

That's one of the dwarf planets isn't it?

SIMON

Can we just cut the nonsense please and get in there?

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER.

INT. APARTMENT - LIT

Stefan has an addiction to tap his knuckles on everything he comes into contact with.

He carries a permanent grin and has crazy blue eyes.

He is hefty and sports a black leather bomber with metal studs stamped on the back, stating the name of the band - INCANDESCENCE.

They're soon joined by the stone faced ESTATE AGENT. He has a receding hairline and a extraordinary high forehead.

He extends his arm.

ESTATE AGENT

Hi, men. Sorry to keep you waiting.

(To Simon with handshake)

So you must be Simon Max.

(To Stefan with handshake)

Which means you must be Stefan, correct?

Stefan nods his head and shows him a cheesy grin.

Simon shakes his hand but quickly pulls it back.

SIMON

Ouch, man! That's some handshake you've got there, dude. You nearly broke my fingers.

ESTATE AGENT

Apologies. I don't realise my own strength sometimes.

The Estate Agent looks down at his E-Pad.

Stefan checks out the apartment whilst on the move.

He is awestruck by its spectacular views across the city and moving floor plate.

SIMON

Shit! Christ, man! What've you got in that wrist of yours - iron ore?

(Grimacing)

Just don't shake my partner's hand. He'll never play a paradiddle again.

Stefan grins knowingly at the Estate Agent upon realising his super strength.

ESTATE AGENT

So, I suppose you would like to know what special features this apartment benefits from?

SIMON

Yeah, go for it, man.

ESTATE AGENT

Well, the floor plate moves at three-sixty degrees an hour. This feature gives you alternating views across the city, even while you're seated or sitting up in bed.

STEFAN

Wow!

ESTATE AGENT

Everything you see is screwed to the floor plate, and all work surfaces are magnetic, so nothing can slide off. All crockery has a magnetic ring set into its base.

SIMON

Superb.

ESTATE AGENT

We literally have thought of everything.

STEFAN

What about those yachts down there?

ESTATE AGENT

What about them, Stefan?

STEFAN

Do we get one of those when we sign up?

ESTATE AGENT

(Chuckles)

I'm afraid not.

STEFAN

No harm in asking, is there?

Estate Agent ignores him and turns to Simon.

ESTATE AGENT

You'll find infrared and UV lighting at your disposal. These features have many benefits. If you suffer from rheumatism, infrared will give you pain relief and detoxify the body. The ultra-violet kills off irritants that make you feel sick, plus increase vitamin D levels.

SIMON

It all sounds fabulous.

ESTATE AGENT

And it is, Mister Max. All the features are voice activated and can store up to six voice types, so it's entirely up to you who uses them.

STEFAN

I love it, man.

ESTATE AGENT

The window units are sealed to avoid disruption to the air flow systems. (Taps E-Pad)

You have underground heating and hot water, and complete comfort at your disposal. We even have an in-house doctor if you need to consult a GP.

SIMON

Get in!

ESTATE AGENT

The mezzanine has a revolving restaurant with an a la carte menu and there's a gym, sauna and pool on the rooftop.

STEFAN

Wow! That's incredible, man.

SIMON

So when can we move in?

ESTATE AGENT

Once you've signed on the dotted line, I'll have everything you need sent up to you.

BACK TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT

CU: Two lifts situated next to one another.

The Detectives and Simon wait for one of them to open its doors.

SIMON

I don't know why you had park under here. You could've stopped outside the main entrance.

PEARSON

I didn't want to give them prior warning, Simon. The element of surprise always catches them off guard.

GOLD

Let's stop at the foyer and talk to the concierge before we go up to the apartment. He might have something useful to say to us.

Ding.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Doors opening.

They step inside and ascend-

GLASS TOWER FOYER.

The Concierge sits quietly behind a desk and studies various monitors, switching images of all nineteen corridors inside the tower.

Ding.

The lift door opens and they step out and approach the Concierge as they flash their credentials at him.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O /

Lift doors closing.

He immediately gets to his feet.

PEARSON

Are you aware that a crime was reported inside this man's apartment?

CONCIERGE

(Obliviously)

Not to my knowledge, no.

SIMON

(Angrily interjects)

What'd you fuckin' mean, dude? I told you what happened, and to ring the police.

CONCIERGE

I checked the room and found nothing irregular. And that's why I didn't ring the police, Simon.

SIMON

That's bullshit, man! He's lying to ya!

GOLD

We'll take a look for ourselves.

CONCIERGE

Go on up and have a look.

CU: The floor numbers light up as they pass each floor.

Ding.

The lift stops at the sixteenth floor.

They exit and turn right out of the lift and march towards the apartment.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors closing.

SIMON

I just can't believe this is fuckin' happening, man.

He pulls out a keycard from his back pocket and swipes the door lock. A green light and they enter.

INT. APARTMENT

The room is clean. No evidence of a crime scene.

Simon stands agape and aghast as the Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

SIMON /

Where the fuck are they? I swear to you, I'm not lying! They were here! Alex and Mary were lying across the sofa, and Stefan, well he was lying down, right there. Oh shit, man! I'm not fuckin' crazy! I swear to you! You've gotta believe me! They were right here!

PEARSON

Simon, just tell us the truth. Have you taken anything tonight?

SIMON

No, man! I'm not fuckin' stoned! I've not even had a fuckin' drink!

PEARSON

So what the hell did you see? There's nothing here, except a very beautiful pad.

SIMON

I don't know. But something weird is going on. You've gotta believe me.

GOLD

OK. Let's take a look around.

They cautiously enter the apartment. Simon stands inside the door frame shaking his head in utter disbelief.

PEARSON

(To Simon)

Is this floor moving?

SIMON

Yeah, it's a revolving floor plate.

GOLD

Slow, isn't it?

SIMON

Yeah, it is. It turns at three-hundred and sixty degrees an hour.

GOLD

(Fans her face)

Is it always this hot in here?
Smells like an after burn.

SIMON

No, it isn't. Something's not
right.

Pearson steps over to the window. He looks for a catch to
open the pane of glass.

PEARSON

Are these sealed units?

SIMON

Yeah.

CU: The harbour houses expensive YACHTS.

PEARSON

So, d' you own one of those boats
down there?

Gold steps over towards the window and looks down.

SIMON

Look, what the fuck is this, man?

He steps back from the door frame and peers down the empty
corridor when the floor plate suddenly begins to spin out of
control as the ultra violet lights illuminate the room.

Detectives become fused to the floor as they spin.

Simon looks on in abject horror, before the lights dim and
the floor plate returns to its default setting.

SIMON /

Oh my fuck! What the hell is
happening, man!

Oblivious to their wild experience the Detectives continue as
they were by looking around.

PEARSON

(To Simon)

You need to start telling us the
truth, because I'm beginning to
think you're properly
hallucinating.

He stands with his hands on hips as he shakes his head.

SIMON

(Frantically)

No, man. Listen to me, both of you. Something fuckin' crazy just happened to you both!

GOLD

(Suspiciously)

And what's that, Simon?

SIMON

It's fucking unbelievable, man; fuckin' mental! Oh, what the fuck is going on? And what've they done with my buddies?

He sinks to his knees as the Detectives look at one another in belated realisation.

GOLD

I'll talk to some of the other residents, see if they've seen or heard anything suspicious.

PEARSON

Tell me what you've seen? What just happened?

SIMON

The floor was spinning out of control, that's what. And the lights were so bright I couldn't even see you. You were frozen to the floor as it spun out of control.

Gold shakes her head disbelievingly upon her exit. DI Pearson grins as he enters the bedroom.

Simon remains outside the apartment.

The ultra violet lights return, and the floorplate begins to spin out of control once more.

Simon becomes apoplectic and screams.

SIMON /

DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE!
DETECTIVE!

Gold returns and witnesses the truth.

GOLD

Oh my dear God! What the hell is going on in this room?

She makes a call, using her iPhone, as Simon breaks down.

GOLD /

This is DS Gold from the murder investigation unit at Fulham- Yes, this is an emergency. I need as many units as possible at Boiling Point Tower, Chelsea Harbour, immediately- Fine. I'll be waiting-

(Phone drops dead)

Shit! The signal's been interrupted. Simon, d' you know the layout of this building?

SIMON

Yeah. There are two stairwells and a conference centre on the nineteen floor. Erm, there's a sauna and gym, and swimming pool on the lower ground. A restaurant on the mezzanine.

GOLD

Ok. Stay here. Don't move, until I get back. I'll try and get to the car park to raise the alarm.

SIMON

I'm not going anywhere, not until I find out what's happening.

Pearson appears from the bedroom, shaken and bedraggled, before he crashes to the floor.

GOLD

Quick. Help me with him.

Together they drag his body outside the apartment.

Gold kneels down and attempts to resuscitate him.

Simon keeps watch.

GOLD /
Detective? Detective, can you
hear me?

SIMON
He's out cold, man.

She feels his pulse.

GOLD
He's alive. When he comes round,
bring him down to the foyer.

She looks up and down the corridor, before she makes off.

Beat.

STAIRWELL
Simon leaps down five steps at a
time, his face contorted with
fear.

FOYER.

The Concierge stares into a porn magazine when Simon appears
from the stairwell. He is animated and rushed.

He hides the magazine under the desk, then gets to his feet
as Simon rushes towards him.

SIMON
Where's my pals, you lying
bastard?!

CONCIERGE
(Retreats)
Who the hell-?

SIMON
Don't fuckin' lie to me! Where
are they?!

CONCIERGE
I have no idea, bro. I haven't
moved from here all night.

He presses a button inserted into the wall panel.

CU: Steel shutters activate and shut down the building.

SIMON

Open those fuckin' doors, you
cunt! Let me out of here!

He lunges at the Concierge and they fall to the ground,
during a tussle.

Ding.

The lift door opens and two Ceresians appear, wearing long
black shiny coats.

Estate Agent follows.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors closing.

Simon spots them and retreats.

ESTATE AGENT

You've been a very silly boy,
Mister Max.

The Ceresians drag him back towards the lift, using
incredible strength, before the Estate Agent whacks him over
the head with a knuckle chop.

CU: Simon lies unconscious inside the ascending lift with all
three Ceresians around him.

Ding.

The lift reaches the nineteenth floor and the door opens.

FEMALE AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors closing.

He is dragged along the corridor towards the BLUE ROOM.

EXT. HAUMEA TOWER - NIGHT

BLUE LIGHTS flash as UNIFORMED OFFICERS attempt to gain entry
to the building.

INT. BLUE ROOM - LIT

Large microwave ovens drone while HUMAN SKULLS decorate the
wall shelving. Two large containers filled with skeletal
bones from past murders.

Simon lies unconscious while strapped to a trolley bed.

He opens his eyes as the floor plate resumes at default speed.

He looks across the room and spots Stefan, his big blue eyes wide open.

And then Alex, his elongated head and designer stubble cindered.

And Mary with her little round spectacle hanging off her face with her eyes gouged out.

He then spots the naked body of DI Pearson lying on a trolley bed.

Muffled voices outside the room.

The door opens.

The Estate Agent enters with two Ceresians.

He points towards Detective Pearson.

Simon shuts his eyes.

ESTATE AGENT

Start with this one.

Estate Agent exits as the Ceresians pull the trolley bed towards the open door.

CU: Simon hyperventilating.

SIMON (Aside)

Oh please, somebody help me.

He struggles to untie himself as the skulls of each victim flash in front of his eyes, causing him to scream.

SIMON /

Somebody help me! Oh God help me,
please!

INT: EIGHT FLOOR - APARTMENT.

The Estate Agent sits at the head of a long oval shaped table with a group of Ceresians. They are identical in every way.

ESTATE AGENT

Men, we have a serious problem. Somewhere inside this tower there is a female detective on the loose. I want her found immediately. The Concierge informs me that she is not in any of the stairwells, which can only mean one thing; she must be hiding in one of our apartments. I want all lights incandescent, and floor plates rotating at three hundred and sixty degrees every second. Is that understood?

They acknowledge with a hum.

ESTATE AGENT /

As regards to the police congregating outside the front of the building, I have contacted our friends at the MOD, so I am pleased to inform you the dogs have been called off and our friends have apologized for the inconvenience caused. They have now left us to finish our business.

Now let us go and find that little brown rat, before we prepare for our next arrival.

INT. BLUE ROOM

Simon twists and turns as he tries to free himself.

The door quietly opens and Gold appears inside the room.

CU: Human torso's revolve inside the ovens.

The strong blue neon lights cause her to look the other way as she immediately spots the microwave ovens, and before she spots Simon tied to a trolley bed.

She quickly goes to him and unties him.

GOLD

We have to get out of here quickly.

He slowly climbs off the bed, before she helps him out of the room.

CORRIDOR.

They stealthily make their way towards another apartment whilst dodging the surveillance cameras above their heads.

COOLER ROOM.

They sit quietly in a darkened corner.

SIMON

What the hell is goin on here?

GOLD

They brought my colleague here a short while ago. I was hiding in here.

SIMON

They've all been decapitated and eaten by the looks of things.

GOLD

It's mass genocide. They're cannibals.

SIMON

Yeah. I've witnessed it with my own eyes in that blue room.

GOLD

The problem is... my phone's completely dead.

He shudders.

SIMON

It's fuckin' freezing in here.

GOLD

It is. But it's the safest place I can think of right now, so we'll just have to grin and bear it.

SIMON

Well, what are we going to do, then?

GOLD

I've pressed on at least a dozen doorbells and not one person has answered the door to me.

She looks across the room and spots the trolley bed where DI Pearson lies strapped in.

SIMON

They're probably all dead, man.

GOLD

Shush. Someone might hear us.

She gets to her feet.

SIMON

Where are you going? Don't leave me on my own.

GOLD

I'm not leaving you. We have to get my colleague out of here.

SIMON

Where to, though?

GOLD

I don't know. I'm thinking.

SIMON

Don't you carry a taser or something?

GOLD

They're locked in the boot of the car.

SIMON

Oh well... that's that, then.

GOLD

We only take them out when necessary.

SIMON

I can't believe you came without protection? Oh man! What kind of Detectives are you?

CU: A Can of PEPPER SPRAY tied to her belt.

GOLD

Not exactly, Simon.

SIMON

What then?

GOLD

I still have this.

She shows him the canister strapped to her belt.

SIMON

What's that?

GOLD

Pepper spray.

SIMON

Pepper spray? What are we s'posed to do with that? Spray them to death?

GOLD

It's actually a very good weapon, and could well save our lives. If one of us can get to the car park, we might be able to increase our odds of getting out of here alive.

The door opens and a Ceresian enters.

He goes directly towards the trolley bed where Pearson lies strapped in.

He unties him, then lifts him over his shoulder with amazing strength.

Gold appears behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

He spins around and she sprays him with the pepper spray.

The blinded Ceresian rubs his eyes as he collapses with Pearson falling down on top of him.

Simon smashes him over the head several times with his fist.

Pearson awakes.

He gets to his feet, shaken and disorientated.

SIMON

Fuck me! You're alive.

GOLD

Are you lucid, Steve?

PEARSON

Where are my clothes?

SIMON

Here, have mine. I'll take this
dude's coat.

He quickly slides out of his chinos and T and hands them to Pearson.

She undresses the Ceresian.

She hands his coat to Simon as Pearson slips into Simon's clothes.

GOLD

You might be our only way out of
here, Simon.

PEARSON

I feel so strange. Where have I
been?

GOLD

I'll explain everything later, if
and when we get out of here.

PEARSON

When a man wakes up without his
clothes he has a right to know
what happened to him, Gold.

SIMON

You were taken, man, after you
became unconscious. You were
caught out by the revolving floor
plate when it spun out of
control. I told you, but you
didn't believe me.

PEARSON

I don't remember.

GOLD

I called for back-up. God knows
where they are.

SIMON

The building was shut down. I tried to get out, but the concierge brought down the shutters. I was tased and then taken up to the nineteenth floor.

GOLD

I know. I was inside a broom cupboard when they took you up in the lift. I watched it stop at floor nineteen. Then I saw the blue room.

Simon pulls out a keypad from the coat pocket belonging to the Ceresian.

SIMON

What's this?

GOLD

Give us that.

She snatches it out of his hand and stares down at it.

Pearson gazes at the Ceresian.

PEARSON

Let's lie him on the trolley bed. Give him a dose of his own medicine.

SIMON

Good idea, man.

Together they lift him up then lie him down on the trolley bed, before they strap him in tightly.

PEARSON

Now wake him up.

SIMON

What for, man?

GOLD

Simon, see if you can get to the car park. The car's parked outside the lobby and we'll try and talk to this Humanoid looking thing.

SIMON

What car is it? I can't remember.

GOLD

A white Ford Focus. Release the boot catch. It's under the passenger seat. You'll see a brown box. Open it and bring the firearms here.

PEARSON

And if you're spotted, just run for your life. Don't worry about us. It's our own fault for not carrying our weapons.

GOLD

Go on, then. Hurry. We don't have much time before they realise the DI's not on the breakfast menu.

SIMON

Wish me luck.

GOLD

Good luck, Simon.

PEARSON

Good luck, son.

Simon peers around the open door, then looks up and down the corridor before he exits.

GOLD

Let's wake this thing up. See if we can get anything out of it.

PEARSON

C'mon.

FOYER.

The Concierge sits behind his desk.

He sports a bruised eye as he studies the monitors in front of him.

The shutters are raised and everything appears normal.

The Estate Agent guards the entrance doors.

ESTATE AGENT

I'm expecting Mister and Missus Ezekiel in the next thirty minutes. When they arrive, send them straight up to the sixteenth floor.

Pauses.

If anyone attempts to leave this building, call me at once.

Concierge gets to his feet.

CONCIERGE

I will.

He lobbs a set of car keys at him. Concierge catches them mid-air.

ESTATE AGENT

Move that incongruous white vehicle. Take it to the rear of the car park where it cannot be seen.

CONCIERGE

Yes, boss.

ESTATE AGENT

I know she's in here somewhere, I can smell cat's piss. But she'll need more than just serendipity if she thinks she can avoid my sense of smell.

He roars with laughter.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT

Simon appears through a side door. He searches for the White Ford.

The Concierge clambering around inside the vehicle.

Beat.

Simon appears at the offside door.

The concierge looks behind him, before he's repeatedly punched until he becomes unconscious.

He finds the boot release catch, then fills his coat pockets with the firearms and ammunition.

He notices the Concierge regaining his composure as he wakes up.

Beat.

He climbs back inside the car and stares at the awakening Concierge, before he points a firearm in his face.

SIMON

Hullo, George. Remember me?

CONCIERGE

Don't shoot. I'm on your side, bro. I'm on the inside, man.

SIMON

Bollocks, you are. You're with that lot of animals.

CONCIERGE

No way, bro! You've gotta trust me, man.

SIMON

You're working for them.

CONCIERGE

That's crazy, bro! You're being crazy! You gotta lay off the LSD, bro.

SIMON

And you're fuckin' dead, unless you tell me what's going on in there?

CONCIERGE

OK. Cool, bro. Stay cool, brother.

SIMON

Why did you close those shutters on me?

CONCIERGE

They said you murdered your friends, bro. I was ordered not to let you leave the building.

SIMON

By who?

CONCIERGE

The owner, bro.

SIMON

Who is the owner?

CONCIERGE

Mister Royston Clegg - The Estate Agent.

SIMON

And you believed him, even though I returned with two detectives?

CONCIERGE

He said they were contract killers, hired to murder him.

SIMON

And you believed that bullshit as well... even though you know me?

CONCIERGE

Drugs, bro. You know shit happens when people get loaded.

SIMON

You're lying.

CONCIERGE

I swear! I'm not lying, brother.

SIMON

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't shoot you right now?

He covers his face with his hands, then turns and grins.

CONCIERGE

Cos I'm on your side. I'm with you, bro. I'm with you. These are not humans like you and me, bro. They're Ceresians.

SIMON

What's that mean?

CONCIERGE

Planet Ceres. They have a deal going with your Government.

SIMON

What kinda deal?

CONCIERGE

They exchange purified water for human brain membrane, or something.

SIMON

I don't understand.

CONCIERGE

Their ice water gives humans eternal life. It stops the aging gene, bro.

SIMON

You're kiddin' me?

CONCIERGE

No, dude. Cell brain membrane contains something very special to Ceresians, so I heard.

Simon switches on the interior lights and notices the Concierge's eyes bulging. And when he looks closer he spots his ears and nose are prosthetic.

BANG!

CU: Concierge's head explodes, releasing a thick white fluid that covers everything in its wake, including Simon.

SIMON

Shit!

He quickly exits the vehicle.

SIMON /

Oh you fuckin' dog!

He wipes himself down with a blanket he collects from the boot of the car.

INT. FOYER - LIT

Simon enters and immediately spots a middle aged Jewish couple MR & MRS EZEKIEL. They stand waiting to be accompanied to an apartment.

He wears a wax flat cap and overcoat. She wears a head scarf and a red cashmere coat.

MR. EZEKIEL

Oh. Hi there. We're here to view the apartment. The one we called about in the brochure.

SIMON

(Abruptly)

It's gone. Get lost.

MR. EZEKIEL

(Aghast)

Excuse me?! But it couldn't have. We only spoke to the Estate Agent this morning. He asked us to come at four and so here we are.

He scowls at the couple.

SIMON

There's been an oversight. It's been taken off the market. We're very sorry to have wasted your time. Now get lost.

MRS. EZEKIEL

I beg your pardon?! This is an outrage! How dare you speak to us like this! I want to speak to the manager right now.

SIMON

Look, get the fuck out of here, before I do something I might regret.

He walks around the Concierge's desk in a threatening manner.

MR. EZEKIEL

How dare you, you egregious shit faced punk!

SIMON

OK. So you want to view an apartment, do ya? C'mon then, come with me.

MR. EZEKIEL

Actually, we've changed our minds. Forget it. We're leaving. And you haven't heard the last of this, I can assure you!

Simon ignores the remark and begins to read the Concierge's notes.

They exit as he calls the lift.

COOLER ROOM.

He enters.

SIMON

It's me.

The Detectives appear out of the darkness and confront him.

PEARSON

Did you get the guns?

SIMON

Yes.

GOLD

Well done.

She pats him on the back.

PEARSON

Did you encounter anybody, or anything?

SIMON

The concierge.

PEARSON

And?

SIMON

I wouldn't worry about him any more. He's no longer a problem.

PEARSON

You'd better explain that statement?

SIMON

He's one the 'em.

PEARSON

Give me those firearms.

He hands him the guns.

GOLD

Did you see any of our lot while you were down there?

SIMON

Nope.

Pearson inspects the guns.

PEARSON

This has been fired.

He gives Simon an warning stare.

SIMON

I know it has. They're not human.

PEARSON

You've got some serious explaining to do, sonny.

SIMON

The concierge was searching the car when I got there.

PEARSON

So you thought you'd just blast him. is that right?

GOLD

Shush. Keep your voices down.

PEARSON

You'll be in serious trouble if you've killed someone.

SIMON

Oh, give me a break, man.

GOLD

So if they're not human, as you say, then who are they?

SIMON

They're cannibals from another planet, according to the concierge. He told me they're from somewhere called Ceres. They've been consuming residents, in exchange for their water which offers eternal life.

PEARSON

What the hell are you on?

CONCIERGE

I'm only telling you what the concierge told me before I shot him. They have white blood.

PEARSON

This is all too far fetched. It sounds like an episode of Doctor Who.

GOLD

So you reckon that they're using this building to murder and consume humans, is that right?

SIMON

Yes. And the Government are behind it.

GOLD

Why would the Government support something so evil like that? It doesn't make sense.

PEARSON

I think we should confront them and find out for ourselves.

SIMON

Look, I've lost my closest buddies. You need to get back up before you arrest 'em. If what the concierge said to me is true, we might not get a second chance to get outta here.

GOLD

What happened to the back up I sent for?

SIMON

I reckon they were called back.

PEARSON

This is deeply disturbing.

GOLD

I say we check out Simon's apartment and start over.

PEARSON

C'mon. Let's go.

INT: SIMON'S APARTMENT.

Simon opens the door.

The Estate Agent approaches with a welcoming smile.

ESTATE AGENT

Hi. Where have you been, Simon?
I've been looking for you everywhere. Apologies, we couldn't wait for you to get back, so we took your friends instead.

SIMON

What are you doing here, man?

He offers an outstretched hand to the two Detectives.

ESTATE AGENT

In fact, I've been expecting you too.

SIMON

Don't shake it. He'll crush your hand

They reject the handshake.

GOLD

Who are you?

ESTATE AGENT

Let me introduce myself. I'm Royston Clegg. I work alongside the Ministry of Science and Technologies for the Civil Defence Stragedy For Space.

GOLD

So, what is your function?

ESTATE AGENT

Our function, as you put it, is to collect as much human brain cell membrane so that Ceresians can continue to survive.

GOLD

And what do you offer our Government in return?

ESTATE AGENT

Eternal well being.

GOLD

Then why hasn't anybody heard of this program before?

ESTATE AGENT

Because, if the world's populations were given access to this discovery, it may cause disharmony, leading to a premature Armageddon on your planet.

GOLD

How did you work that out?

ESTATE AGENT

Look, it's the MOD you need to ask that question to. They have enough of our ice water to keep the populations of Europe and the United States of America in existence, without ever suffering disease again. No need hospitals, or doctor's even.

GOLD

So are you telling us that your water kills all known germs and infections dead, plus offers eternal life?

ESTATE AGENT

Exactly. You learn quickly.

PEARSON

Well, I'm afraid to tell you, you are under arrest for conspiracy to murder.

They raise their weapons and point them at him.

ESTATE AGENT

(Chuckles)

Pissy brown rat, and her furry friend has finally shown herself. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

More Ceresians enter the room.

The Detectives are completely surrounded.

ESTATE AGENT /

Ah! Well done.

PEARSON

You didn't expect to get away with this, did you?

ESTATE AGENT

Yes I did, in fact. Your Government is quite aware of what we do here at Haumea Point. In fact, they've been assisting us. How do you think we managed to call off your little men with their nasty blue lights flashing outside the entrance?

PEARSON

This is just a red herring for something very unsavoury and unlawful.

ESTATE AGENT

You do realise I will certainly have to kill you all.

GOLD

Oh, that goes without saying,
doesn't it?

ESTATE AGENT

It does. You are screwed. But
there are many ways to skin a
cat, let's say.

GOLD

So what do you plan to do with
us, then?

ESTATE AGENT

Take a stab?

He grins at her as he licks his lips.

PEARSON

We will use these weapons if you
force us to do so.

ESTATE AGENT

Fire away. You can't hurt us with
your silly toys.

SIMON

(To Estate Agent)

What are you doing, man?

(CONT'D)

ESTATE AGENT

Since you ask, Simon, I'll explain. To be begin with, I've slowed down your metabolism as I heated up your digestive system, which includes all of your functioning organs. This is why you ahave felt fatigued. You have cancer, by the way.

(Pauses)

I've also fine tuned your heart rate to sixty-five beats, just enough to keep you alive. You see, a selection of our apartments are in actual fact microwave ovens. When we are satisfied you have been prepared, we send what's left of you to a planet called Haumea. That's where your brain cell membranes are analysed and dissected for the purpose of our eternal existence.

PEARSON

I don't understand the purpose of all this nonsense.

ESTATE AGENT

Then let me explain further: Brain cell membranes lives in the human gut. This substance is crucial to our survival. Ceresians need to survive, same as you humans do. There is a chronic shortage on our tiny planet. Your Government is helping us to create something very special for our bio-worlds.

SIMON

Fuck me!

The floor plate begins to spin as the ultra violet lights appear incandescent. Everyone becomes fused to the floor.

Beat.

Simon lies strapped to a trolley bed as Pearson and Gold stand over him laughing.

The Estate Agent shakes him.

ESTATE AGENT

Simon. Simon, wake up. Wake up,
Simon. Come on, wake up.

The Estate Agent pricks him in the arm with a syringe and his head begins to spin out of control.

ESTATE AGENT /

There's nothing to be afraid of.
There's nothing to be afraid of.
There's nothing to be afraid of.
There's nothing to be afraid
of...

INT: APARTMENT - DAY

Simon lies asleep in bed. He tosses and turns as Stefan lies comfortably asleep next to him.

He opens his eyes wide and stares up at the blurry circular ceiling.

He checks the time on the clock at the side of the bed.

CU: 3.30.

He rubs his eyes, then gets up and enters the living space where Alex and Mary are huddled together on the sofa.

He smiles to himself and shakes his head, then goes to the kitchen sink and fills a glass with water.

He drinks the water and heads back towards the bedroom, when the floor plate begins to rotate quicker and the ultraviolet light suddenly appears incandescent.

He screams out loud as he becomes fused to the floor plate, but his voice cannot be heard as he spins relentlessly out of control.

ESTATE AGENT/ V.O

(Continuously)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha hah! Ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

END.