

The Body Snatchers

written by

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Operation Activate

(c)

Note shorthand: Cont'd / Aside -

OVER BLACK:

**SOME TIME AGO THE CIVIL DEFENCE STRATEGY FOR SPACE IN A JOINT EFFORT WITH NASA DISCOVERED A BRONZE DWARF PLANET. THE NAME THEY GAVE TO THAT PLANET IS HD 63588D. AFTER A CLANDESTINE MEETING A SECRET PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN THE RULERS OF THE BRONZE PLANET AND THE SPACE AGENCIES EMERGED. THIS PARTNERSHIP WAS ENTITLED - "OPERATION ACTIVATE".**

FADE IN:

1 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

1

Delegates from the MOD, NASA and the CDSS gather around patient - MARTHA 70's.

She sits upon a stall provided. Her facial skin heavily wrinkled. She wears a mink coat and expensive heels, and is covered in expensive jewels.

A MEDICAL SCIENTIST 40's enters and approaches them. He clutches a small ice box.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

Morning gentlemen. Sorry to have kept you waiting.

(pauses)

And thank you, Martha.

He turns to face the Delegates with a knowing grin on his face.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

My mother-in-law Martha has kindly offered to play guinea pig for us today. She has signed a disclaimer which permits her from instructing a lawyer to take legal action, should the treatment we are about to offer her cause any such side effects, or health issues.

MOD DELEGATE

And I take it that she has also read and signed the secrets act?

## MEDICAL SCIENTIST

She has.

(pauses)

So, what you are about to witness today will truly encapsulate just how Petra ice will benefit the human race. In fact, it will astound everyone of you.

(pauses)

Not only will this treatment reinvigorate skin rhytids, it will also erase skin rashes, sores, and melanomas. It is truly revolutionary.

(pauses)

Medical science has been trying for decades to find a genuine solution to skin irritations and rhytids.

(pauses)

Well, look no further. Just watch what happens when I apply just a micro drop of Petra ice to Martha's skin.

Using tweezers he takes out a micro shaving of blue Petra ice. He holds up the ice for the group to see.

## MEDICAL SCIENTIST

I am now going to place the Petra ice upon Martha's forehead.

He places the Petra ice upon her forehead. It evaporates within seconds of doing so.

CU: Her face evolves and her rhytids completely vanish to leave her skin unblemished.

The group of Delegates stand awestruck and agape.

Martha is handed a small mirror. She gasps at her reflection and becomes overjoyed, since she now looks fifty years younger.

## MARTHA

Oh-my-word! How wonderful!

## MOD DELEGATE

How long will it last before it stops working?

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

According to test results from  
the animal lab - Forever.

CDSS DELEGATE

Truly incredible!

MOD DELEGATE

Sensational.

NASA DELEGATE

And how do you feel now, Martha?  
Any side effects?

MARTHA

None whatsoever. I feel  
marvellous- rejuvenated.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

(interposes)

Martha is also a grandmother. She  
offered to sit for us of her own  
free will.

MARTHA

And I'm glad I did.

NASA DELEGATE

Well, you are now the youngest  
looking grandmother in the world.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

We will leave you now to discuss  
how you propose to market this  
substance to the rest of the  
world.

She climbs off the stall with a permanent grin beheld.

MARTHA

Nice to meet you all, gentlemen.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

Come on, let's grab a coffee  
before you go showing off that  
new look to all your friends over  
at Vogue.

She cackles.

MOD DELEGATE

(to scientist)

It hasn't been decided when to launch to the global markets.

CDSS DELEGATE

We wouldn't wish to cause panic buying, not until we fully understand the product and any future complications to skin tissue over time.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

Good.

He acknowledges before they exit.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. LONDON THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 2

A thunderstorm blankets an otherwise deserted city, except for an iconic TAXI that hurtles along at pace.

A mesomorphic BRONZE FIGURE darts across the thoroughfare and stops in front of the taxi, which causes the driver to hit the brakes.

The taxi skids and spins to a stop before it crashes into unflinched Bronze Figure.

3 EXT. TAXI - NIGHT. 3

The ageing TAXI DRIVER jumps out of his cab and furiously gesticulates his anger at the faceless Bronze Figure who gleams in the headlights.

The Bronze Figure then leaps towards the Taxi Driver and engulfs him before he sprints away.

The taxi purrs with its engine running in the middle of the thoroughfare with the offside door wide open and the disappearance of the driver.

**SUPER: DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN**

4 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 4

A VAGRANT sits inside a shop doorway clutching a bottle of whiskey.

He is overshadowed by a tall, faceless BRONZE FIGURE. He looks up and rolls his eyes, then looks at his half empty whiskey bottle before the Bronze Figure steps forward and engulfs him.

CU: Just a rolling whiskey bottle.

PAN IN:

5 TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW. GORMLEY TOWER - DAY 5

A smoke glass spiral building of luxury apartments sits by a harbour that consists of expensive YACHTS and CRUISERS.

The structure houses twenty-floors and one-hundred and twenty apartments. Four lines of BLUE NEON PIPING runs vertically from top to bottom and there is a huge triple glass panelled entrance that leads to the foyer.

Upon the rooftop. Four faceless, bronze figures face towards the cardinal directions.

Most of the apartments are owned by the Civil Defence Strategy for Space programme and are purpose built for planet HD 63588d Bronze Workers. The remaining apartments are let for experimental purposes.

SMASH CUT TO:

6 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT - DAY 6

CU: HEADLIGHTS flash as rugged rock star JACKSON LEE HOOKER (32) sprints towards the BLUE LIGHT of a Police Station.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

7 INT. MINI-SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 7

Jackson Lee Hooker stands at the checkout. He wears a studded leather bomber with the word INCANDESCENCE stamped on the back.

The female CASHIER recognises him as he pays for the six bottles of alcohol.

CASHIER  
(smiles knowingly)  
Are you Jackson Lee Hooker?

JACKSON  
That's right.

He spins around and shows her the band name stamped on his jacket.

CASHIER  
My brother loves your stuff. He's got all your albums and never misses a chance to see you live.

JACKSON  
Tell him thanks.

CASHIER  
I will. He'll be ecstatic when I tell him I've served you. Can I have your autograph?

JACKSON  
Of course you can. What's your brother's name?

She hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

CASHIER  
(excitedly)  
It's Ben.  
(aside)  
Oh my God, he's gonna be so happy.

He writes his signature and passes it back to her.

JACKSON  
Well, you tell him I said hello and to keep supporting the band.

CASHIER  
I will. Thank you so much.

He packs his items then exits.

CUT TO:

8 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

8

There's a faceless Bronze Figure situated either side of the two lifts.

Jackson enters through the large glass doors and acknowledges the overweight, black CONCIERGE (40)

CUT TO:

9 INT. APARTMENT - LIT

9

Party time as dance beats ring out and GUESTS mingle.

Fair haired Danish drummer STEFAN (30's) sits comfortably in a leather recliner and swigs from a bottled beer. He carries a permanent grin and constantly taps his knees to the music.

Bearded hippie ALEX, and bespectacled hippie MARY (30's) huddle up on a brown leather sofa.

Other Guests strut their stuff while some snort free flowing white powder off the work tops and tables.

ALEX

(Scottish accent)

Aye, that's exactly what we did at Glastonbury last year. It was fuckin' mayhem, man.

STEFAN

(accented)

That was some mad gig, bro.

MARY

(Scottish accent)

It was all right for you guy's. I got soaked just looking for our tent.

ALEX

Yeah but I told you it was going to piss down, otherwise it wouldn't be Glastonbury, would it?

STEFAN

So true, dude. Me and Jackson ended up sharing a tent with a couple of oddballs.



CU: A faceless Bronze Worker appears outside the window. He looks in.

Pandemonium as Guests scream and attempt to exit the apartment as they rush towards the locked door.

The floorplate begins to spin out of control as the UV lights become incandescent and the guest become fused to the floor.

Stefan, Alex and Mary remain fused in their seats.

Beat.

The floorplate stops. The Guests fall to the floor in an unconscious state whilst Stefan, Alex and Mary lie unconscious in their seats.

BACK TO:

10 INT. FOYER - LIT

10

Jackson whistles a tune as he waits for one of the two lifts to arrive. He clutches two shopping bags filled with items as he looks up at the floor numbers.

CU: Lift stuck on 19th floor.

Bts.

He calls the Concierge.

JACKSON

What's wrong with these lifts tonight, bruv? They seem to be stuck.

Concierge gets to his feet and lethargically approaches. He presses his thumb down on the button and one of the lifts begins to descend.

CONCIERGE

If you don't press the button they won't move.

JACKSON

Ha! Okay bruv.

Concierge walks back to his desk as Jackson chuckles to himself.

JACKSON / -  
 (quietly)  
 You door knob.

DING.

Jackson enters the lift then presses the button to ascend to floor sixteen.

CU: FLOOR SIXTEEN.

AUTOMATED V.O  
 Lift doors opening.

11 INT. CORRIDOR - LIT 11

He steps out of the lift and makes his way towards his apartment.

He reaches his door and uses his swipe card to enter.

12 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 12

POV: An empty apartment. No sign of life, or an ensuing party.

Jackson stands agape before he drops everything and runs back to the lift.

13 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 13

He exits the lift and rushes towards the unsuspecting Concierge.

JACKSON  
 (frantically)  
 Bruv, where've they gone?! I left  
 a thriving party in progress!  
 Where are they?!

CONCIERGE  
 I'm sorry, brother, but nobody  
 has left the building while I've  
 been sitting here.

JACKSON  
 But they're gone! I left them in  
 my apartment. Call the police! Do  
 it man, now!

The Concierge jumps to his feet and shakes his head in dismay.

CONCIERGE

Whoa, whoa, whoa brother. You're just tripping, bro. You're imagining t'ings. There ain't nobody leaving this building, bro.

Jackson stares at him wildly and gesticulates.

JACKSON

You what?!

CONCIERGE

Nobody has left the building, I say.

JACKSON

Then where are they?! I said the police, you fuckin' moron!

CONCIERGE

You need to calm down, brother. There ain't nobody around, unless you killed them, bro.

**END FLASHBACK.**

14 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT. 14

He races up the steps that lead up to the entrance. An Aged MAN exits. He leaves the door open.

15 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 15

Jackson rushes towards the counter where he continuously presses his thumb down on the BRASS BUTTON.

Moments later.

An acerbic female DESK SERGEANT (50's) appears from behind a mirrored door.

DESK SERGEANT

Alright! Alright! What's all this noise?

Beside himself he rolls his eyeballs at her and gasps.

DESK SERGEANT /  
What's going on with you, then?

JACKSON  
(panicked)  
I need to speak to someone in  
charge urgently.

DESK SERGEANT  
What's happened?

JACKSON  
My friends have disappeared. I  
need to speak to someone  
urgently.

DESK SERGEANT  
Missing?  
(raises a brow)  
So what happened to them, then?

JACKSON  
I dunno! They're all missing.  
They were in my apartment one  
minute, and when I got back they  
were all gone... just like that.  
Vanished into thin air!

DESK SERGEANT  
(dismayed)  
OK.

JACKSON  
I just popped out to get some  
more booze. We were having a  
party to celebrate the end of our  
tour.

DESK SERGEANT  
OK. Don't move!

She exits through a mirrored door.

Beat.

A huge DUTY OFFICER appears from the same door. He walks  
around the counter and opens another door perpendicular.

He grabs Jackson by the arm.

JACKSON

What are you doing! let go, you  
fuckin' cretin!

He leads him inside the room and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE BLUE ROOM - LIT 16

The eerie hum of huge MICROWAVE OVENS situated along the wall to the left where HUMAN TORSO'S slowly cook.

Wall to wall shelving decorated with numerous HUMAN SKULLS whilst a number of TROLLEY BEDS lie empty.

A concrete slab lies perpendicular. The CADAVERS of naked party Guests are laid out upon the slab.

A faceless Bronze Worker decapitates them with his bare hands before he bastes their torsos in a corrosive liquid.

BACK TO:

17 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 17

A surveillance CAMERA is situated above the door. A digital RECORDING DEVICE set in the wall, next to a table with four grey plastic chairs.

Jackson slumps down on one of the chairs and throws his head in hands in total despair.

18 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - / 18

Jackson bangs his head on the table in a fit of torment as the door swings open.

Stylish DS GOLD (30's) enters and focuses her big brown eyes upon him as she kicks her heels then sits down at the table opposite him.

Bearded black DI 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 Detective  
Sergeant Lucy Gold.

During a protracted silence they carefully study Jackson's  
demeanour.

GOLD

Hi, Jackson. Would you like  
something to drink?

He looks up at her pitifully and shakes his head.

JACKSON

(intolerantly)

I just want to report the mass  
disappearance of my friends.

GOLD

A mass disappearance, you say?

JACKSON

That's right. I need you to get  
over to my apartment right away  
and find out what's going on.

PEARSON

We will. We will. We just need to  
discover the facts first.

GOLD

Can you tell us what you think  
might have happened to them,  
Jackson?

He sighs as he attempts to get his shit together.

PEARSON

(reiterates)

And exactly who these people are?

A protracted silence as he stares blankly across the table at  
them.

GOLD

Look, we want to help you  
Jackson, but we can't do anything  
unless you talk to us.

JACKSON

They were all there when I left.  
They were enjoying the party.

GOLD

How do you know they weren't  
playing a practical joke on you,  
Jackson? Did you check to see if  
they were hiding inside the  
apartment?

JACKSON

No! You don't get it. When I got  
back it was spotless like a party  
never existed. The party never  
happened. There was nothing to  
suggest the party had even taken  
place.

GOLD

How was everything before you  
left to go and buy some more  
booze? How many guests were at  
this party to begin with?

JACKSON

About eighteen or so. Some left  
and others arrived. It was  
buzzing.

PEARSON

What are the names of all these  
guests?

JACKSON

My partner Stefan, Alex and Mary.  
Davis and his partner. Jarvis and  
Mike.

(pauses)

Erm, Billy Archer, Jonathan  
Jaggs.

(sighs irritably)

Oh I can't think of everybody  
right now. My mind's mangled,  
man!

PEARSON

Where do you think they might  
have gone? Because People don't  
just disappear on mass, do they?

JACKSON

I don't know! That's why I came straight here! It's fuckin' surreal, man! Why are we still sitting here talking about it?! We need to find them right now!

GOLD

Don't get upset, Jackson. Please calm down and tell us exactly what you think is going on?

JACKSON

I'm trying to, for fuck sake, man!

Pearson looks down at his notes.

PEARSON

Jackson Lee Hooker - lead singer with Incandescence.

He realises his celebrity status and mellows at his dire situation.

JACKSON

Yeah, yeah. So what? It means nothing at this moment in time, does it?

PEARSON

You're not hallucinogenic, are you?

JACKSON

No! I'm completely sober.

GOLD

We are listening, Jackson. We just need to discover the facts before we go trouncing over there.

JACKSON

I'm telling you that my pals are missing. What don't you understand about that?

PEARSON

Did you check the local pub before you came here?



JACKSON  
(gesticulates)  
What?! Of course not!  
What is wrong with you people...  
for fuck sake?!

GOLD  
OK. Where is your apartment,  
exactly?

JACKSON  
Gormley Tower. Chelsea Harbour.

GOLD  
(recollects)  
Gormley Tower, you say?

JACKSON  
Yes!

PEARSON  
That's the new build, right?

JACKSON  
It's about a year old.

GOLD  
(to Pearson)  
Actually, we've had two separate  
cases of persons reported missing  
from that block over the last  
couple of months.

PEARSON  
And?

GOLD  
Two couples on the missing  
persons register as far as I'm  
aware. We found nothing  
suspicious when we visited both  
their apartments. It looked to us  
like they'd just up and left  
without notice.

PEARSON  
Was it followed up?

GOLD

I'm not sure. I can check.

(to Jackson)

Would you like to take us over to your apartment right now, Jackson?

JACKSON

(jumps to his feet)

Yes! That's what I've been asking for, for fuck sake!

GOLD

OK. Just sit back down.

PEARSON

Before we go, let me get this straight - Your friends were inside your apartment when they suddenly all vanished, correct?

JACKSON

Yes!

PEARSON

But why didn't you just call 999? It would have saved you a lot of bother, wouldn't it?

JACKSON

I panicked.

He bangs his fist on the table in utter frustration.

GOLD

Jackson, we're just trying to establish the facts before we investigate.

JACKSON

I left my phone in my apartment.

PEARSON

So you never actually entered the apartment, then?

JACKSON

No! I freaked when I saw everybody gone. I just ran straight here.

The Detectives glance at one another with concern.

GOLD

Are you telling us the truth,  
Jackson?

JACKSON

Yes! It's true!

GOLD

Is there anything else you think  
we should know before we take you  
back there?

JACKSON

Just that I've not been feeling  
very well of late. And I've  
broken out in red blotches. It  
might be stress, i dunno.

Gold notices the red blotches on his hands and neck.

GOLD

Are you talking about those sores  
on your neck and hands?

JACKSON

Yes. They started appearing after  
we moved into the apartment. I'm  
covered in them. There's  
something weird going on. I just  
sense it.

He stands up and lifts up his top to show them.

CU: Raised blotches on his abdomen, chest and back.

PEARSON

Looks to me like melanomas.

JACKSON

That's what Alex said.  
(sits down)  
Stefan also has them.

PEARSON

Does he share the apartment with  
you?

JACKSON

Yes. He's my partner. He wouldn't  
joke about like this.

GOLD

Have you been seen by a doctor?

JACKSON

Not yet. We were both booked in  
to see the in-house GP next week.

GOLD

You mean the place where you live  
has its own doctors?

JACKSON

Yes.

PEARSON

OK. Let's go over there and have  
a look for ourselves.

JACKSON

About time.

They get up and exit.

CUT TO:

19 INT. CAR - NIGHT

19

Jackson sits trance like on the back seat. Pearson drives.

CU: THE BLUE NEON SIGN OF GORMLEY TOWER.

Bts.

PEARSON

We're here.

GOLD

It's quiet.

PEARSON

It is.

JACKSON

It's always like this.

**SUPER: THREE MONTHS EARLIER.**

20 INT. APARTMENT - LIT

20

Chisel chin Stefan taps his knuckles on everything he comes into contact with.

He sports a black leather bomber with metal studs stamped on the back that states the name - INCANDESCENCE.

They're soon joined by a stoney faced, thick set ESTATE AGENT (aka ROYSTON CLEGG) He has a receding hairline and a extraordinary high forehead and wispey white hair.

ESTATE AGENT

Sorry for keeping you waiting,  
men.

STEFAN

No worries, man. We were just  
enjoying the views.

He approaches Jackson with an outstretched hand and an apprehensive grin.

ESTATE AGENT

So you must be the famous Jackson  
Lee Hooker, right?

Handshake.

JACKSON

(grimaces)

Ouch, bro! You nearly broke my  
hand with that handshake.

ESTATE AGENT

Oh. I do apologise. I don't know  
my own strength sometimes.

Jackson nurses his hand.

JACKSON

(reeling)

Shit! That's some handshake  
you've got there.

(aside quietly)

Who are you, Iron Man?

ESTATE AGENT

I'm sorry.

(to Stefan)

So you must be the band's  
drummer, Stefan, right?

STEFAN

Right on, bruv.

The Estate Agent looks down at his iPad in hand.

Stefan checks out the luxurious apartment.

He appears to be awestruck by its spectacular views across the city and slow moving floor plate.

JACKSON

(to Stefan)

Just don't shake his hand. You'll never play a paradiddle again.

STEFAN

I won't.

Stefan grins knowingly at the Estate Agent.

ESTATE AGENT

So, men, would like to know what the benefits of this apartment offer?

JACKSON

Yes please. Go for it.

ESTATE AGENT

So, the floorplate revolves three-sixty every hour. This feature gives you alternating views across the city with time to evaluate your relaxing cardinal positioning.

STEFAN

Wow! That's wicked, man.

ESTATE AGENT

All the furniture, fixtures and fittings are bolted to the surfaces, whilst all worktops and tables are magnetic, so nothing can slide whilst eating or preparing food. All the crockery is made from a magnetic source of material to stop it from sliding.

JACKSON

(enthralled)

Super.

ESTATE AGENT

We like to stay ahead when it comes to innovative ideas. We have people working with IBM to ensure we only offer the best in technological sciences.

POV: The harbour and a plethora of moored yachts.

STEFAN

What about those boats down there?

ESTATE AGENT

What about them, Stefan?

STEFAN

Do we get one of those if we sign up?

ESTATE AGENT

(chuckles)

I'm afraid not.

STEFAN -

Shame.

Estate Agent turns back to Jackson.

ESTATE AGENT

You'll find there is infrared and UV lighting at your disposal. These features have many benefits, particularly if you suffer from rheumatism, or a more general malaise. Infrared offers pain relief and detoxifies. The ultraviolet kills off irritants that can make you feel nauseas, thus will increase vitamin D levels.

JACKSON

It's futuristic. But what's the thinking behind all of these added extras?

ESTATE AGENT

Life style choices are paramount when it comes to longevity, Jackson.

STEFAN

(interjects)

I hope so, man.

ESTATE AGENT

It is, Stefan. All the features in these apartments are voice activated and can store up to six dialects, so it's entirely up to yourselves.

STEFAN

I love it, man. It is utterly superb.

ESTATE AGENT

And by the way, you'll notice that all the window units are completely sealed. This is to avoid disruption to air flow systems installed.

(taps iPad)

We have also installed underground heating. Complete comfort at your disposal. We even have our very own in-house doctor should you be thinking of changing your GP.

JACKSON

(jubilantly)

Get in, man!

ESTATE AGENT

On the mezzanine there is a revolving restaurant with an a la carte menu in the evenings and brasserie during the day. The gym spa and pool is located on the first floor, and you will find squash and a tennis court on the rooftop.

STEFAN

That's incredible. You've thought if everything haven't you?

ESTATE AGENT

Not quite, but we are getting there, Stefan.



JACKSON

Right. So when can we move in,  
then?

ESTATE AGENT

Once you've signed the necessary  
papers, you can move in at your  
convenience.

JACKSON

Top man.

**END FLASHBACK.**

21 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT

21

The Detectives and Jackson race up the stairwell towards the  
foyer.

JACKSON /

You should've parked outside the  
main entrance and put the wind up  
that fat, lazy concierge.

PEARSON

The element of surprise always  
catches people off guard. Trust  
us to do the right thing,  
Jackson.

GOLD

We'll talk to him first. He might  
have something useful to say to  
us about their disappearance.

22 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

22

The Concierge sits quietly behind his counter and studies  
various MONITORS as they switch images of all corridors.

Jackson and the Detectives approach from the stairwell. They  
flash their badge at him.

He immediately jumps to his feet and stands with his hands  
behind his back.

PEARSON

(to Concierge)

This tenant reported to you the disappearance of his guests from his apartment. Why haven't you responded in the appropriate manner and called the police like he asked you to?

CONCIERGE

(obdurately)

Because he's just hallucinating, man.

JACKSON

(angrily interjects)

What did you fuckin' say?! I told you to call the police, you moron!

CONCIERGE

As a matter of fact I checked his apartment after he stormed off. There is nobody up there. The room was empty when I checked it for myself.

JACKSON

Where are they, you bastard?!

CONCIERGE

He's just imagining t'ings

GOLD

Never mind that. We'll take a look for ourselves.

CONCIERGE

Be my guest, brother. Go straight up.

(aside)

Curiosity killed the cat.

GOLD

(scowls)

I heard that.

PEARSON

What's that supposed to mean?

CONCIERGE

There's nobody up there.

PEARSON

We'll be the judge of that. And I will want to take a look at those CCTV monitors when I come back down.

CONCIERGE

Cool brother. No problemo.

23 INT. LIFT - NIGHT

23

Jackson presses his thumb down on the button sixteen as the two Detectives stand behind him.

JACKSON

He's lying, man. There's something strange going on.

GOLD

Don't worry, Jackson, we'll be thorough.

JACKSON

I hope so.

The lift stops at the sixteenth floor.

24 INT. CORRIDOR FLOOR SIXTEEN - NIGHT

24

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

AUTOMATED V.O

Lift doors closing.

JACKSON

I can't believe this is happening. The whole thing feels surreal.

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

25 INT. APARTMENT - LIT

25

The room has been cleansed with no evidence of a party.

Jackson stands aghast as the Detectives glance at one another in a knowing fashion.

Jackson spots their gaze and despairs at them.

PEARSON

Well, well, well then.

JACKSON /

(to Pearson)

What the fuck is going on? I swear to you I'm not lying. They were here.

(shakes head)

I'm not fuckin' lying to ya, I swear, man! You've gotta believe me! They were here! Somebody has taken them. That concierge, he's lying to you! He knows exactly what's going on, otherwise... why didn't he call the police? He's probably involved.

PEARSON

Jackson, just tell the truth. Have you taken anything?

JACKSON

No, man! I'm not fuckin' stoned! I've not even had a fuckin' drink, for fuck sake, bro!

PEARSON

But there's nothing here, except a very plush apartment with the best views I think I've ever seen overlooking London.

JACKSON

Something weird is going on, man. Please believe me. I'm not mad.

GOLD

(to Pearson)

Let's take a closer look. If there is something suspicious going on they would have left clues.

They cautiously search for clues as they look under the furniture and opens cupboards and drawers.

Jackson stands cautiously by the door. He shakes his head and sighs in utter disbelief.

GOLD /

You can come in, Jackson. It is your apartment.

PEARSON

(to Jackson)

Is this floorplate moving?

JACKSON

Yeah. It's a revolving floorplate. Get a grip for fuck sake, Detective. I thought you knew.

GOLD

I remember the floor revolving from when I came here before.

JACKSON

It's slow.

GOLD

(fans her face)

I don't remember it being this hot in here though? Where's the air-con?

PEARSON

(to Gold)

I can smell burning? Can you smell it?

GOLD

Hmm. Smells like rubber.

PEARSON

(looks at Jackson)

Or bullshit.

JACKSON

(snarls)

Yeah alright, man. You better go then.

GOLD

I'll check the electrics.

She begins checking the electrical sockets as Pearson looks out of the window.

JACKSON  
(interjects)  
It never normally smells. It  
might be the underfloor heating.

Pearson looks for a catch to open the window pane.

PEARSON  
Are these sealed units?

JACKSON  
Yes.

His POV: The well decorated harbour.

Bts.

PEARSON  
(to Jackson)  
So which one of those yachts  
belong to you?

Gold steps towards the window with interest and looks down at  
the harbour.

JACKSON  
None of them.

She spots a hand print on the outside window pane.

GOLD  
Hey, Steve, look at this.

Pearson steps forward and eyes the hand print.

PEARSON  
What is that?

GOLD  
A hand print, perhaps?

PEARSON  
But how does a hand print get to  
be on the window from outside if  
they're sealed?

GOLD  
Good question. Needs answering.

Jackson steps back from the door.

His POV: The empty corridor has two static BRONZE FIGURES situated either side of the two lifts.

Bts.

The floorplate begins to spin out of control as the ultraviolet light illuminates to become incandescent.

The Detectives remain fused to the floor as they spin.

Jackson looks on in abject horror, before the lights dim and the floorplate returns to its default setting of 360 per hour.

JACKSON /  
JEEZ-US BRO!

Oblivious to their wild experience the Detectives continue as they were and search the apartment for clues.

GOLD  
What's wrong, Jackson?

JACKSON  
(gesticulates)  
No, no, no! You've got to listen to me, man. Just listen to me now, both of you. Something fuckin' weird just happened to you.

GOLD  
(suspiciously)  
What happened, Jackson?

JACKSON  
No listen, it's surreal, man... Fuckin' mental actually. All my days! What the fuck is going on here, man?

GOLD  
Just calm down and tell us what you just saw, Jackson?

PEARSON  
He's off his head. I think we'd better go, before I arrest him for wasting valuable police time.

Jackson sinks to his knees and sobs.

The Detectives look at one another in belated realisation.

GOLD

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

PEARSON

Jackson, what happened just now? Please tell me, because I'm really running out of patience with you?

(sighs)

What the hell is going on with you?

JACKSON

The floor just spun out of control and you have no idea. And the UV lights - I've never seen them so fuckin' bright, man. I couldn't even see you it was so bright in there. You were both frozen to the floor. And you're not even fuckin' aware it just happened. I'm scared, man. I've gotta get out of here.

PEARSON

Don't be frightened, Jackson. Nothing will happen to you while we're here with you.

JACKSON

Listen, I'm not stepping one foot inside that apartment ever again. I'm outta here, man.

Gold shakes her head disbelievingly upon her exit. Pearson scratches his head in wonder.

PEARSON

I tell you what, I'll check the other rooms, then we'll go back downstairs and talk to that concierge again.

He enters the bedroom. Jackson remains on edge as he stands outside the door.



The ultraviolet light returns as the floorplate begins to spin out of control once more.

Jackson becomes apoplectic as he jumps up and down and gesticulates to the Detective.

JACKSON

DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE!  
DETECTIVE!

Gold rushes back and witnesses the floor as it spins. She stands awestruck and gasps in horror.

GOLD

Oh shit! Who is doing this?!

She pulls out her phone.

GOLD /

(on phone)

This is DS Lucy Gold from the murder investigation team at Fulham Central- Yes, this is an emergency- I need as many units as possible sent to Gormley Tower, Chelsea Harbour- Yes, immediately- I'm already here with DI Pearson.

(stares at phone)

Shit! I've just been cut off.

(to Jackson)

D' you know the layout of this building?

JACKSON

A little bit.

(pauses)

There's a stairwell at each end of the corridor. There's also a goods lift by the far stairwell.

GOLD

OK. Stay here with my colleague until I fetch help.

JACKSON

Just hurry up, for fuck sake.

GOLD

I'll meet the back-up and explain to them what's going on. We will need to clear the building.

JACKSON

Just hurry up, then.

Pearson appears from the bedroom, shaken and bedraggled. His legs buckle beneath him and he crashes to the floor.

Gold looks on in horror.

GOLD

Steve! Oh my God! Jackson, help  
me bring him out.

Together they drag Pearson's body outside the apartment and lie him down in the corridor.

Gold kneels down and attempts to wake him.

GOLD /

(to Pearson)

Steve? Steve, are you lucid?

JACKSON

He's not waking up anytime soon,  
is he?

She feels his pulse and heart rate.

GOLD

When he comes to, bring him down  
to the foyer. I'll be there with  
uniform and we'll sort out this  
mess.

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

Beat.

The two Bronze Figures situated by the lifts show signs of life as they start to become active.

Jackson spots them and quickly legs it towards the-

STAIRWELL

He leaps down the steps, his face contorted with fear. Two Bronze Workers pursue him.

FOYER

The Concierge stares into a magazine when Jackson appears from the stairwell, animated and rushed.

Concierge quickly hides the magazine inside a drawer, then gets to his feet as Jackson approaches in a fury.

JACKSON

Where's the detective, you lying cunt?!

CONCIERGE

(retreats)

What's up, brother?

JACKSON

Where is she?!

CONCIERGE

Calm down, bro. Let's talk.

Concierge stealthily presses a button inserted inside the wall behind him.

CU: Steel shutters activate and shut down the entrance to the building. No way in, or out.

JACKSON

Open those fuckin' shutters now, you cunt!

He lunges at the Concierge. They fall to the ground during a vicious fight.

DING.

The lift door opens and the Estate Agent appears, followed by the two Bronze workers.

Jackson spots them. He gets to his feet and retreats.

ESTATE AGENT

(to Jackson)

You've been a very busy bee. I am quite vexed with you for bringing those authoritarians, Jackson.

The Estate Agent whacks him over the head with a knuckle chop before the two Bronze Workers drag him towards the lifts.

CU: Jackson lies unconscious inside the ascending lift surrounded by the Estate agent and two Bronze Workers.

DING.

The lift reaches the top floor and the door opens.

Jackson is dragged along the corridor towards a room with a blue neon light above the entrance.

AUTOMATED V.O  
Lift doors closing.

ESTATE AGENT  
(to Bronze Figure)  
Quicker.

26 EXT. GORMLEY TOWER - NIGHT 26

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

27 INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT 27

Gold looks through the stairwell window at Uniform attempting to gain entry.

She bangs her fist hard on the window pane to gain their attention, but without success.

28 EXT. GORMLEY TOWER - NIGHT 28

The leading Uniformed OFFICER receives a message through his handheld device and listens.

RADIO V.O  
*Pull off. I repeat, pull off.*

OFFICER  
(to Uniform)  
Right! False alarm. Pull off.

Gold sinks to her knees as they climb back inside their vehicles and drive away.

29 INT. BLUE ROOM - DIMLY LIT 29

Jackson lies unconscious whilst strapped to a trolley bed. His eyes wide open as the floor plate revolves at default speed of 360 per hour.

He lifts his head and looks across the room.

On the shelves around the room, he spots the head of Stefan, his big blue eyes wide open.

He then spots Alex with his designer stubble.

And Mary - Black holes where her eyes once stood.

He spots the heads of other guests, and then naked body of Pearson on a trolley bed at the far end of the room.

He hears muffled voices before the door opens and the Estate Agent enters with the Bronze Workers. He points towards Pearson.

Jackson lies back and pretends to be asleep.

ESTATE AGENT

That one next.

Estate Agent exits.

The Bronze Workers drag the trolley bed with Pearson out of the room.

CU: Jackson hyperventilates during a severe panic attack.

JACKSON -

Somebody please, help me. Oh God,  
somebody please...

He shuffles his body as he attempts to untie himself as each skull of each victim flashes in front of his eyes like a living nightmare, or a bad high.

JACKSON / -

Help me somebody, please...

CUT TO:

30 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LIT

30

The Estate Agent sits at the head of a long oval shaped table. Bronze Workers occupy the empty seats.

## ESTATE AGENT

Men, we have been compromised. We have a very serious situation unfolding somewhere inside this tower. A female detective is at large and must be found, otherwise she is going to expose us. I want her body in that blue room immediately. The Concierge informs me that she is not in any of the corridors, or stairwells, which can only mean that she must be hiding in one of the apartments. I want all UV lights incandescent. And I want all floorplates set at three- sixty every second. Is that understood?

They acknowledge with a drone.

## ESTATE AGENT /

In regards to the men in blue congregating outside the building, I have contacted our friends at the MOD. I am now pleased to inform you that they have retreated. Our friends at the ministry have apologized for the inconvenience caused, so we can continue with our operations unhindered.

(pauses)

Now go and find me that little rat before I prepare for our next arrival.

The Bronze Workers get up and leave the table. He switches on a monitor and joins a Zoom Meeting.

31 INT. CIVIL DEFENCE STRATEGY FOR SPACE - LIT

31

DELEGATES and MINISTERS from NASA and the combined Civil Defence Strategy for Space. And Ministry of Defence are seated at a long table.

A SPOKESPERSON (60's) from the MOD gets to his feet. He stares at a monitor situated upon the wall.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Gentlemen, as you are aware we have now received numerous quantities of Petra ice from our partners at HD 63588d - or Bronze, as it is now referred to.

(pauses)

As some of you already know they have been reaching out for some time, and their generosity has not wavered at all. However, we are still not completely sure what they want from us in return for their Petra ice.

(drinks water)

Nevertheless, the partnership is iron clad and will revolutionise the future existence of mankind, both medically and cosmetically.

(pauses)

I am now going to pass you over to our director of liaison, Mr Royston Clegg. He is leading direct communications with Bronze through their outreach facility.

INTERCUT:

ROYSTON CLEGG (Estate Agent) appears on a wall mounted screen.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Continue please, Mr Clegg, if you will.

ROYSTON CLEGG

I am pleased to announce today that our ongoing discussions with Bronze have been very productive. We are delighted to have safely secured the second instalment of Petrace to your laboratories now that tests have been carried out.

(pauses)

However, Bronze would like their urgent need for human brain cell tissue completed by the end of this week. I am of the assumption that we can begin exporting the brain cell tissue that Bronze so desperately needs for its future survival. I have arranged to meet with a contingent from Bronze next week and would like delegates to also attend if possible.

(pauses)

Whilst they are here, they will be looking to set up residences alongside their workers across Europe and the United States.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Are the workers cannibalistic, may I ask, Mr Clegg?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Yes. That is the case as I understand it.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

So how are you assisting them in that regard?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Through our accommodation facilities.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

And which accommodation facilities are you referring to?



ROYSTON CLEGG

Our medical teams are carrying out euthanasia programmes. A small price to pay for what we are receiving in return, wouldn't you say?

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Is this programme lawful?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Yes, it is. The brain cell tissue is immediately sent to our partners. The dead are corpses. No one will miss them.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

And what if the workers should go rogue, or roam or cities for live flesh?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Then we will find them and eliminate them.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

How do you propose to achieve that?

ROYSTON CLEGG

The workers are entirely made up of mucus membrane. We would simply flush them away. They would dissolve and drown within seconds.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Are you telling they are susceptible to water?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Not entirely. They simply cannot function under water. Their apparatus is unlike ours.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

So how are they fed?

ROYSTON CLEGG

They consume human flesh through their bodily fluid. This enriches protein, enough for them to survive day by day.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

This is macabre. It must be kept at a minimal level and strictly confidential, otherwise there will be hell to pay.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Yes, of course.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Very good.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Good.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BLUE ROOM - LIT

32

Jackson twists and turns as he tries to free himself from the straps that keep him secured to the trolley bed.

The door quietly opens and Gold appears.

CU: She puts her hand over her mouth when she spots human torsos inside the ovens and body parts scattered around the room.

She soon spots Jackson on a trolley bed and quickly unties his straps.

GOLD

(whispers)

C'mon. We have to get you out of here.

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

33 INT. CORRIDOR - LIT

33

They stealthily make their way towards another room whilst dodging surveillance cameras and Bronze Workers who search for her.

34 INT. COOLER ROOM

34

They enter the pitch black. We only hear voices as they whisper.

JACKSON O.S

Where's the light switch?

GOLD

I'm looking. I can't find one.

JACKSON O.S

I feel sick. I don't understand why they're doing this.

GOLD O.S

Because they are cannibals, Jackson.

(pauses)

I saw them bring my colleague in here a little while ago.

She uses her phones torch to light the room.

JACKSON O.S

Its pitch black in here.

GOLD O.S

I know.

Shuffle of feet.

GOLD O.S /

I know he's in here somewhere.

JACKSON O.S

I saw them. They've been decapitated.

GOLD O.S

I know. I saw them too. This is genocide on a mass scale. They're not like us, Jackson - they are humanoid.

JACKSON O.S

What's that even mean?

GOLD

It means, Jackson, they are not of this planet as far as I can see. And if I'm right, then we have a frightening enemy to deal with. The likes of you and me will be confined to the history books a lot sooner than we think.

JACKSON O.S

No shit.

GOLD O.S

My phone has been compromised. I can't even make a call without them cutting the line.

A short silence as they follow her phone torch.

JACKSON O.S

It's fuckin' freezing in here, man.

GOLD O.S

I know. But it's the safest place to be right now, so you'll just have to grin and bear it.

JACKSON O.S

How are we gonna get outta here?

GOLD O.S

I don't know yet. But I pressed on at least half a dozen doorbells and not one resident answered the door to me.

JACKSON O.S

Maybe they're involved.

GOLD O.S

How long have you lived here?

JACKSON O.S

About eight months. Why?

GOLD O.S

I think they are using you as a human experiment.

JACKSON O.S

What?

GOLD O.S

Those melanomas on your skin. You said your drummer had them as well.

JACKSON O.S

Yeah. He has... did, I mean.

GOLD O.S

Well, don't you think that too coincidental?

JACKSON O.S

Yeah, I do.

Short silence as she spots Pearson strapped to a trolley bed at the far end of the room.

GOLD O.S

We have to get my colleague out of here before they come back for him.

JACKSON O.S

Haven't you got anything with you, apart from your phone?

GOLD O.S

The firearms are locked in the boot of our vehicle.

JACKSON O.S

Oh well, that's that then. We really are fucked.

GOLD O.S

We only use them if necessary.

JACKSON O.S

This is necessary, or haven't you noticed?

(sighs deeply)

Oh man, what kind of Detectives are you? I know you've gone soft, but this is a joke.

GOLD O.S

I'm not soft, Jackson. I've got a cannister of pepper spray tied to my belt

JACKSON O.S

Pepper spray?

GOLD O.S

That's right.

JACKSON O.S

They'll need that for their next meal.

GOLD O.S

Don't be silly.

JACKSON O.S

Well what do you expect to achieve with that?

GOLD O.S

It might well save our lives if they're adverse to chilli pepper toxins.

The door opens and a Bronze Worker enters.

GOLD O.S

Shh.

She turns off her camera torch and they hide.

He immediately turns on the light then goes directly towards the trolley bed where the naked body of Pearson lies.

POV: A length of rope on the floor.

Bts.

Jackson quietly picks up the rope, then brings it around the Bronze worker's neck. He tightens his grip with all the strength he can muster.

Gold uses the pepper spray in the Bronze Worker's face.

The Bronze Worker's head rolls off his shoulders and splatters upon impact when it hits the floor and leaves a white slime.

They quickly untie Pearson and help him to his feet.

PEARSON

(dazed)

Where am I? What are we doing here? Why are we here, DS Gold?

JACKSON

(agape)

Fuck me!

GOLD

Are you with us, Steve?

PEARSON

Yes. But where are my clothes?

Who's taken my clothes?

JACKSON

Here, have mine, buddy.

He quickly slides out of his chinos and leather jacket and hands them to the shivering Pearson, as he stands dressed in a T and a pair of boxers.

GOLD

That's a nice gesture, Jackson.

Appreciated.

JACKSON

It's the least I can do under the circumstances, even though I'm fuckin' freezing.

GOLD

Do you think you could make it down to the car park while I stay here with my colleague?

JACKSON

I'll try.

Pearson slides into the chinos then slips on the leather jacket.

JACKSON /

(to Pearson)

It suits you, dude.

PEARSON

(irritatedly)

Where are my own clothes?

JACKSON

You should be grateful you're still alive, buddy.

PEARSON

(to DS Gold)

And where have you been, DS Gold?

GOLD

I'll explain everything later,  
Steve.

PEARSON

DS Gold, when a person wakes up  
without their clothes they have a  
right to know what happened to  
them.

JACKSON

(interjects)

I can answer that, if you like?

PEARSON

Go on.

JACKSON

You were taken, after you became  
unconscious. You were caught out  
by the revolving floorplate. I  
told you, man, but you wouldn't  
listen, remember? You accused me  
of being hallucinogenic.

PEARSON

I don't remember anything. I feel  
like my memory has just been  
erased.

JACKSON

Well, you do remember us,  
Detective.

GOLD

It's true, Steve. I called for  
back-up after I witnessed you  
spinning on that floorplate with  
my own eyes. They sent them away  
within minutes of arriving.

JACKSON

Yeah, they shut the whole place  
down, man. I wanted to get out,  
but the concierge brought down  
the shutters. We were both taken  
to the blue room. It's on the top  
floor.



PEARSON  
What's the Blue Room?

JACKSON  
(interjects)  
You don't wanna know, dude - A  
kitchen for cannibals.

GOLD  
(to Jackson)  
I hid inside a broom cupboard. I  
saw them take you up.

CU: Discarded keycard on floor.

Bts.

Jackson spots the keycard.

JACKSON  
(points)  
Look, man - a key card.

He picks it up. Gold snatches it out of his hand.

GOLD  
I'll take that.

JACKSON  
Manners.

She stares at it.

Pearson gazes down at the headless Bronze Worker.

PEARSON  
What the is that monstrosity?

JACKSON  
God only knows.

GOLD  
It isn't human, that's for sure.

JACKSON  
A headless eunuch now.

GOLD  
A spineless, headless eunuch. Get  
it right, Jackson

JACKSON

Weird.

PEARSON

Help me turn it over. I want to take a proper look at it.

GOLD

I'll get a few shots with my camera app.

They turn him over and lie him in the supine position.

Gold takes out her phone and takes a photo image using her camera app.

JACKSON

He hasn't got any bones.

GOLD

We can see that, Jackson.

PEARSON

We need to get out of here asap.

JACKSON

Yeah, we do.

PEARSON

(to Gold)

They'll come looking.

GOLD

Jackson, try and get to the car. We'll wait here for you to get back.

JACKSON

And if I don't make it?

GOLD

Then we'll just have to come looking for you.

JACKSON

Remind me what car it is?

GOLD

A white Ford Focus. Release the boot catch under the dashboard, nearside. You'll see a padlocked brown box. You'll need the code to gain access. It's 8841\*#0

PEARSON

Repeat that back.

JACKSON

8841\*#0.

PEARSON

Good.

JACKSON

I've got a good memory.

PEARSON

Well make sure you remember it then.

GOLD

We don't have time. Flag down a passing unit if for any reason you can't get those firearms.

PEARSON

Go on. We don't have much time before they realise I'm not on the breakfast menu.

JACKSON

OK. I'm going.

She hands him the key card and he peers around the open door.

POV: The empty corridor.

Bts

He exits.

GOLD

(to Pearson)

Are you badly hurt?

PEARSON

I'll be fine.

GOLD

(looks up)

I'll turn the light off in case  
they send another one.

CU: Pearson picks up the rope before she turns off the light.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FOYER - LIT

35

The Concierge stares at the flashing monitors.

The Estate Agent stands impatiently by the entrance doors.

ESTATE AGENT

(to Concierge)

I'm expecting Mister and Missus  
Ezekiel within the next thirty  
minutes. When they arrive, send  
them straight up to the sixteenth  
floor, then buzz me to let me  
know they're on their way.

(pauses)

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

Concierge gets to his feet.

CONCIERGE

I will.

Estate agent lobs a bunch of keys to him. Concierge catches  
them mid-air.

ESTATE AGENT

Remove that incongruous white  
vehicle in the underground car  
park. It belongs to those  
detectives. Take it where it  
can't be located. I don't want  
anyone knowing they were here.

CONCIERGE

Sure boss.

## ESTATE AGENT

I know she's in here somewhere. I can smell cat's piss. She'll need more than serendipity if she thinks she can avoid the senses of the workers.

He roars with laughter as he walks off.

CUT TO:

36 INT. STAIRWELL - LIT 36

Jackson stealthily navigates his way down each floor as he spies Bronze Workers searching for them.

37 INT. LIFT - LIT 37

The Estate agent presses a number inside the lift and is elevated up towards the sixteenth floor.

38 EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT 38

Jackson appears from the stairwell.

His POV: The Concierge rummages around inside the vehicle.

Bts

He ducks behind vehicles as he stealthily makes his way towards the white vehicle.

He finally appears by the offside window of the vehicle.

JACKSON

Oi!

The concierge looks up in horror, before the pepper spray burns into his eyes. Jackson follows up with a strong elbow and punch to the head.

The concierge lies unconscious in the drivers seat.

Jackson quickly searches for the boot release before he unlocks the boot and grabs the weaponry.

He notices the Concierge opens his eyes.

He climbs back inside the car and stares coldly at the Concierge with a handgun aimed at his head.

JACKSON

Give me your jacket, right now!

CONCIERGE

OK. OK. Just don't shoot me, brother. I'm on your side, man. I'm on your side. You've gotta believe me, man. I didn't do any t'ing.

JACKSON

I said take off that jacket.

The Concierge slides out of his jacket and passes it to him.

CONCIERGE

You've gotta trust me, brother. I'm on your side.

JACKSON

Bollocks!

CONCIERGE

Just don't be doing any t'ing crazy, bro! You're hallucinating like before! You gotta lay off, man.

JACKSON

Why should I?

CONCIERGE

You guys get so crazy.

JACKSON

Who are those bronze fiends?

CONCIERGE

I can't tell you that, man. I just can't. It's too big a deal. They'll skin me alive, brother.

JACKSON

Listen blockhead, my friends have been decapitated, so you better explain what's going on? So help me I'll fuckin' shoot you right now!

CONCIERGE

OK. Stay cool, brother.

JACKSON

Why did you close the shutters?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

Who by?

CONCIERGE

The owner, bro.

JACKSON

And who is that?

CONCIERGE

Mr Royston Clegg, brother - The estate agent. He's one mean dude. You don't wanna be messing with the estate agent, bro. He'll break you in half and feed you to the workers.

JACKSON

He owns the building, yeah?

CONCIERGE

That's what I'm trying to tell you, bro.

JACKSON

And you believed him, even though I brought the Feds with me?

CONCIERGE

He said they were contract killers, hired to murder him. What could I do, bro?

JACKSON

And you believed that bullshit too? You know me. You know who I am. I'm not some dumb arse who just walked in off the street, am I?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

You're lying.

CONCIERGE

I swear to you, bro!

JACKSON

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, brother. I'm with you, man. I'm with you. The workers are not like us. They're from a far off planet of pure bronze. They ain't like us, bro. They're from Bronze.

JACKSON

What are you saying?

CONCIERGE

You need to ask your people. They know everyt'ing

JACKSON

What the fuck are talking about?

CONCIERGE

Eternal life for human flesh, bro. It's a simple exchange, brother. You're just meat and veg, brother.

JACKSON

I don't understand. Are you saying the workers offer eternal life in exchange for flesh?

CONCIERGE

Not the workers. Royston Clegg. His ice provides eternal life. It's simple, bro. They want to give you an eternal existence.



JACKSON

You're fucking with my head,  
dude.

CONCIERGE

They have a deal going on, bro.  
No one can stop it. It's the next  
phase of evolution, brother. Only  
the super wealthy can survive.  
Poorer populations are being  
cleansed as we speak, brother.

JACKSON

What d'you mean?

CONCIERGE

Africa, Asia, South America, even  
here, bro. Even the homeless are  
transported to the ovens.

Jackson switches on the interior lights and notices the  
Concierge's eyes bulging out of his head.

He looks closer and spots his black skin smouldering.

BANG!

CU: Concierge's head releases a thick white fluid that covers  
everything in its wake.

JACKSON

Motherfucker!

He exits the vehicle.

JACKSON / -

Fuckin' dog!

He wipes the white stuff off the Concierge's jacket as he  
makes his way towards the main foyer with the guns.

CUT TO:

39 INT. FOYER - LIT

39

He stealthily enters and immediately spots a middle aged  
couple MR & MRS EZEKIEL 40's. They stand waiting to be  
accompanied to an apartment.

Mr Ezekiel 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 we called in about inside the brochure.

JACKSON

(abruptly)

It's gone.

MR EZEKIEL

(aghast)

Excuse me? But it couldn't have. I only spoke to the Estate Agent this morning on the phone. He told us to come this morning. So here we are.

He scowls at the couple and shakes his head.

JACKSON

Well there's been an oversight. It's been taken off the market. We're very sorry to have wasted your time. Now please leave.

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. Where is he?

JACKSON

(threateningly)

Look, just get out of here before you regret it.

He walks around the Concierge's desk and studies the monitor. He spots the two Detectives cowering in the Blue Room. He then switches the monitors.

MR EZEKIEL

How dare you order us out, you egregious shit faced punk!

JACKSON

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

He grabs Mr Ezekiel by the arm and leads him towards the lifts.

Mr Ezekiel pulls his arm free as his wife stands flabbergasted.

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, asshole!

He ignores the remark and calls the lift as they quickly exit.

40 INT. COOLER ROOM - LIT

40

He quietly enters.

JACKSON  
 (quietly)  
 It's me. Where are you, guys?

The Detectives appear out of the darkness and confront him.

PEARSON  
 Did you get the firearms?

JACKSON  
 Yes.

GOLD  
 Well done.

She pats him on the back.

PEARSON  
 Did you encounter anybody along  
 the way?

JACKSON  
 Only the concierge.

PEARSON  
 And?

JACKSON  
 I wouldn't worry about him  
 anymore.

PEARSON  
 Explain?

JACKSON

He was one of them. let's just say he wasn't human.

PEARSON

Give me those firearms.

He hands him the Firearms.

GOLD

was there any of our lot down there?

JACKSON

Nope.

Pearson inspects the guns.

PEARSON

This has been fired.

He gives Jackson a warning stare.

JACKSON

They're not like us, man. They're called the workers

PEARSON

You've got some serious explaining to do when this is over.

JACKSON

He was in the car when I got there.

PEARSON

So you thought you'd just shoot him? We have a justice system in this country, or haven't you noticed?

JACKSON

Tell that to my dead buddies.

GOLD

Keep your voices down.

PEARSON

(to Jackson)

You're in serious trouble if you've committed a murder.

JACKSON

Oh, give me a break, will ya?

GOLD

So who are they?

JACKSON

Bronze workers from planet Ceres, according to the concierge. The bronze planet. They eat flesh in exchange for ice that gives us eternal life, allegedly.

PEARSON

(aghast)

What the hell are you on?

CONCIERGE

I'm just telling you what the concierge told me before I shot him. His blood was as white as snow.

PEARSON

Sounds like an episode of Dr Who.

GOLD

So you're saying they're using this building to murder and consume human flesh, right?

JACKSON

Exactly. He also said our Government are involved.

PEARSON

What utter rubbish.

GOLD

Why would our Government support something like that? It doesn't make any sense.

PEARSON

I think we should confront them and find out.

JACKSON

Look, I've lost my closest friends to these sickos. You need to bring in the army before you try to arrest this lot.

(pauses)

If what the concierge said is true, we ain't getting outta here alive

PEARSON

You got here, Jackson. You could've left and got help. You shouldn't have come back... and by all accounts it seems like it was simple.

JACKSON

True. But I have a caring side to my nature. And you asked me to get the guns, remember?

GOLD

I think we should just try and leave the same way Jackson did.

JACKSON

It wasn't easy. I had to navigate each camera before I finally got down to the car park. They're everywhere.

GOLD

I know. I know. You did really well. And thanks for coming back with the guns.

PEARSON

This is disturbing. What should we do now?

JACKSON

We can't stay here. They bring people here.

GOLD

Now we have these, I think we should check out Jackson's apartment again and start from the beginning.

PEARSON

Let's do it.

One by one, they carefully exit the room and run towards the stairwell.

41 EXT/INT. APARTMENT - LIT

41

Pearson opens the door with Jackson's swipe card.

The Estate Agent approaches them with a welcoming smile.

ESTATE AGENT

Hi. What took you so long? We've been expecting you.

(to Gold)

I must say you are very good at hide and seek.

JACKSON

(to Estate Agent)

What are you doing here, man?

Estate Agent offers an outstretched hand to the two Detectives.

ESTATE AGENT

Royston Clegg.

Jackson quickly steps between them.

JACKSON

Don't shake his hand! He'll crush it.

They reject the handshake and step back.

GOLD

Just what are you trying to pull off?

ESTATE AGENT

For your information, I work for the MOD, in conjunction with the Civil Defence Strategy For Space.

PEARSON

Doing what exactly?

ESTATE AGENT

Now that would compromise protocol.

GOLD

If that's the case, why are you murdering the residents?

ESTATE AGENT

My function is to collect human brain cell membrane so my bronze workers survive into the next millennia.

GOLD

And what do you offer in return for this human brain cell membrane?

ESTATE AGENT

Eternal life.

JACKSON

Only for those that avoid capture, you mean.

GOLD

If this has all been sanctioned by the MOD, then why hasn't it been announced, or published in the lancet?

ESTATE AGENT

Oh, come on. Disharmony will lead to the total destruction of planet Earth. We know the value of our product and what it means for the future of mankind. We see it as a valuable tool versus a billion worthless existences.

GOLD

But it doesn't make sense. You take lives in exchange for longevity in the same breath.



ESTATE AGENT

We have enough resources on our sister planet to offer homo sapiens a brighter future. A future without illness, disease, cancers. The problem for your kind, is that this comes with a heavy price. Our workers need to exist too. Your planet does not have the resources to continue propping up poorer nations.

GOLD

So your ice water is more valuable than a human life, is that what you're telling us?

ESTATE AGENT

You learn quickly, Detective.

PEARSON

Well, I'm afraid you are under arrest for conspiracy to murder. We want this building shut down with an immediate effect, so a full investigation can begin.

They raise their firearms and point them at him.

ESTATE AGENT

(chuckles)

Pissy brown rat and her furry friend. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Four Bronze workers enter and surrounded them as they retreat.

ESTATE AGENT /

You didn't expect I'd let you leave here alive, did you? Your Government is quite aware of what we do here. In fact, they've been assisting us for the past two years. How do you think we managed to call off your dogs with their nasty blue lights flashing outside our main entrance?

PEARSON

Blood lusting murderers -  
cannibals is what you are, Mr  
whoever you really are.

ESTATE AGENT

I have to kill you, you do  
understand. My workers will  
consume the evidence, of course.

GOLD

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

ESTATE AGENT

It certainly does. You are all  
completely screwed.

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 firearms if we  
have to.

ESTATE AGENT

Be my guest. Fire away. You  
cannot hurt me with your popping  
toys.

PEARSON

True. But we can hurt your  
workers. See for yourself.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Pearson fires off at the workers, but the bullets are  
consumed and spat out.

The Estate Agent roars with evil laughter

JACKSON

(pleads)

Let us leave here now, man.

ESTATE AGENT

Since you've decided to speak, Jackson, I will explain to you in layman. I've been slowing down your metabolism as I warmed up your digestive system, which includes all of your functioning organs. This is why you have been fatigued of late. You have cancer of the intestines which will show itself within a day or two. You will soon be crippled and at the mercy of my workers.

(pauses)

Also, I have fine tuned your heart rate, just enough to keep you alive. You see, a selection of our apartments are in actual fact driven by intense microwaves. When we are satisfied that you have been prepared to a satisfactory standard, we then send what's left of you to the Blue Room. That's where your brain cell membrane will be analysed and then dissected for the purpose of our eternal existence. The rest of you is, well, a la carte, let's say.

PEARSON

What utter nonsense.

JACKSON

Why did you murder my friends?

ESTATE AGENT

I resent drug use in my apartments. It interferes with the air flow system. They were smoking heroin.

JACKSON -

That's bollocks! Stefan never touched that shit.

ESTATE AGENT

Let me explain further for the afflicted of you three: Brain cell membrane is crucial to our survival. The bronze workers need to survive and exist... same as we all do. Your Government has created something very, very special for the future of our bio-worlds.

JACKSON

Shit!

PEARSON

What does that even mean?

ESTATE AGENT

Well, in layman we are the premier manufacturer of innovative commodity which progressive Governments have decided to partner with us to bring the worlds best product to engage with consumers globally. It is the future of mankind. And as your resources become enriched and wealthier, together we can build a new world combined with all the planets in our solar system.

The floorplate suddenly begins to spin as the ultraviolet light appears incandescent and they become fused to the floor.

When the rotation stops, the two Detectives are engulfed and consumed by the Bronze workers.

Jackson stands agape and tremble with fear.

ESTATE AGENT

Take him back to the blue room. I'll decide what to do with him later.

42 INT. THE BLUE ROOM - LIT

42

Jackson lies strapped to a trolley bed, surround by Bronze Workers whilst the Estate Agent stands over him laughing hysterically with a long syringe in hand.

He then pricks Jackson in the leg with the syringe.

CU: The room spins as Jackson opens his eyes.

Bts

ESTATE AGENT V.O

*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...*

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

43 INT: APARTMENT BEDROOM - LIT

43

Jackson tosses and turns as Stefan lies comfortably asleep next to him.

He opens his eyes wide and stares up at the blurry circular ceiling, then checks his watch.

He climbs out of bed and enters the living space where Alex and Mary are huddled together on the sofa, asleep.

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

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

He becomes fused to the floorplate as he spins relentlessly out of control.

**END FLASHBACK.**

ESTATE AGENT V.O

(continuously)

*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...*

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END