

The End Of Nights

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ORION CONSTELLATION/BETELGEUSE - 642.5 YEARS AGO.

To Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah.

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

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - AFTER HOURS

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

A celebration is taking place.

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

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

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

HORACE

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

ANNA

Thanks Dad!

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

HORACE

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

ANNA

(Dismissive)

Yeah, I'm trying, stop worrying.

HORACE

Work is important you must keep
busy!

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

ANNA

(Irritated)

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

HORACE

Hey now! Idle hands are the devils
playthings.

ANNA

Well I've been looking online and there are quite a few opportunities in my field in Japan other than that..

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

MARSIN

Japan! I'm not moving to Japan.

Anna throws a peanut in Marsin's drink.

ANNA

Stick in the mud.

HORACE

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

Marsin tries to fish the peanut from his drink.

MARSIN

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

HORACE

Oh yeah, the truth comes out eh?

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

ANNA

Shut up I do not!

MARSIN

I think she worries a bit too much about it.

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

HORACE

(Laughing)

My Annie! What do you mean?

MARSIN

Oh you know, aliens... and UFO's flying in our skies with impunity.

Marsin makes a grand sweeping gesture with his hand, knocking over Anna's drink.

MARSIN (CONT'D)

Shit sorry!

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

HORACE

(Wistful)

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

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

HORACE (CONT'D)

Aye well, maybe we should all be a bit more open minded eh? There are more things in heaven and Earth...

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

ANNA

Thanks dad.

HORACE

Please don't talk about moving to Japan though.

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

US PRESIDENT

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

Anna changes to a music channel.

MARSIN

Please don't encourage her! I'm always hearing about conspiracies.

ANNA

Yeah whatever! Mr Cynical here would probably lose his mind if the truth came out... and the shit hit the fan!

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Who's Mr Cynical?

Anna punches Marsin in the arm.

HORACE

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

ANNA

(Jokingly)

Yeah, if aliens did invade you would probably try and sell them beer.

HORACE

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

ANNA

I bet your prices will be astronomical!

HORACE

(Laughing)

It will be out of this world sweetheart! Cheers!

The trio touch glasses.

HORACE (CONT'D)

So what else is new with you guys?

MARSIN

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

ANNA

That was as much your fault really!

HORACE
(Laughing)
What happened?

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

Anna starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BUTCHER SHOP - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

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

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

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

BUTCHER
Can i help you?

MARSIN
How much for a ham shank mate?

Anna erupts into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - PRESENT.

Anna hoots with laughter and makes the universal wanker
gesture.

HORACE
(Confused)
What?

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

MARSIN
(Indignant)
Yeah, whatever.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BUTCHER SHOP - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS.

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

HORACE
My god! What happened then?

ANNA
(Laughing)
We made vegetable soup.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE PUB - CONTINUOUS

ANNA

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

HORACE

(Shaking head)

You've always been a trouble maker Anna.

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

MARSIN

Wow! Is the Sun coming up?

HORACE

(Laughing)

It's only after 11 pm Marsin.

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

MARSIN

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

Anna peers over Marsin's shoulder.

HORACE

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

Horace rubs the bar affectionately, Anna strains to see through the window.

ANNA

How could that possibly be the
lighthouse Marsin? It's in the sky
and so bright!

(Excitedly)

We should take a photo, maybe it's
a UFO!

Anna runs for the stairs to the lantern room.

HORACE

Anna wait, it's not safe up there!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

HORACE

Fucks sake Anna I told you to be
careful!

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

ANNA

Holy shit dad! Are you growing
weed up here?

(Cockney accent)

I can't Adam and Eve it.

HORACE

(Laughing)

Well... aye, no-one is suspicious of
lights in a lighthouse are they?
I've been doing it for years.

Horace helps Anna up from the floor, the noise of Marsin approaching echoes up the stairs.

MARSIN

Can you see what the light is?

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

(Laughing)

Well, well! I didn't know you were a florist Horace.

HORACE

(Irritated)

Aye, well one person knowing is too many, and that includes me!

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

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

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

What is that?

MARSIN

It's so bright!

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

HORACE

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

Anna takes the telescope from Horace and walks off to find a better view.

ANNA
 (Trailing off)
 Why do you think its Venus?

Horace passes his pipe to Marsin.

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

MARSIN
 Thanks!

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

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

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

Horace strokes his beard in contemplation.

MARSIN
 Holy fuck really? The Devil?

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

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

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

ANNA
 Aw dad, go on, for medicinal
 purposes!

HORACE
What medicinal purposes?

ANNA
Boredom?

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

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

ANNA
For fucks sake Marsin!

Anna kneels down beside Marsin.

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

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

Marsin lies down flat on his face.

ANNA
Get up Marsin!

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

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

Anna shakes Marsin by the collar.

MARSIN
Uh huh!

Marsin pulls up his arms to pillow his face.

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

Anna takes the pipe from Horace's hand and they stand
looking at the light in the distance, the room is basked in
an ethereal glow.

ANNA

He has work in the morning.

HORACE

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

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

ANNA

Jazz!

Anna does a jazz hands mime.

HORACE

Aye the plants seem to love it.

ANNA

Yeah sure, the plants.

HORACE

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

ANNA

Really? The devils music huh!

The music is interrupted by a news broadcast.

RADIO

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

HORACE

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

ANNA

Not Venus either though.

HORACE

I said it was something
cosmological didn't I.

Horace squeezes Anna's knee and relights his pipe, the two sit side by side in the lantern room watching the supernova rising in the Eastern sky.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Were you serious about moving to Japan?

ANNA
There are great opportunities over there Dad.

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

ANNA
He's just scared of change.

Horace passes Anna the pipe.

HORACE
What about the language barrier?

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

Anna lights the pipe taking in a lungful of smoke.

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

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

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

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

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

ANNA
Hey Marsin is not as dumb as you think he is.

HORACE

Did he not get lost in a shopping centre one time and call the police?

ANNA

(Laughing)

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

HORACE

(Laughing)

That's right, bless his heart, he called the police to help him find his car.

(Sighs)

How lost would he be in Japan then?

ANNA

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

HORACE

(Sombre)

The land of the rising sun.

ANNA

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

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

HORACE

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

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

ANNA

This is beautiful! Where did you get it?

HORACE

Oh, I had a business meeting yesterday.

(MORE)

HORACE (CONT'D)

When he was leaving he left me
that flower, he said it was a blue
lotus or something, you can have
it if you want.

ANNA

A business meeting? How
intriguing.

Anna puts the flower behind her ear.

HORACE

(Sighs)

Oh it's nothing just brewery talk,
you know beer prices.

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

HORACE (CONT'D)

Don't hog the pipe dear.

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

HORACE (CONT'D)

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

Horace leads Anna out of the Lantern room.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

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

ANNA

Hello angel cakes! How was your
day?

Marsin enters the room and sits on the sofa, he is busy answering work emails on his phone. A flat screen TV on the opposite wall loudly plays the ominous commentary of a cheap UFO documentary, Marsin kicks off his shoes.

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Great! Not too spicy?

ANNA

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

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

You know if technology wasn't
suppressed by the government we
would probably all have flying
cars by now.

Marsin looks up exasperated.

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

What? I was just meaning because
of the traffic, you know... We
should all fly.

Anna raises her arms like an aircraft's wings, returns to the breakfast bar and struggles with the pouring mechanism of a cheap box of wine. Marsin turns off the UFO documentary and the theme tune to Top Gear starts.

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

Oh! I think he's in...

Marsin continues to speak.

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Who gets away with what shit?

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Really, and who are... the Illuminati?

ANNA

I don't know there are theories about some sort of shapeshifting reptilian royalty, sometimes their eyes give them away. I saw something about Prince Charles...

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

MARSIN

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

Anna points at Marsin, glass of wine in hand.

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

(Sighing)

No, enough already!

MARSIN

(Laughing)

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

What? I have a great sense of direction!

ANNA

(Laughing)

Yeah right... and if you did go near a church you would probably burst into flames! But... supposedly the Illuminati use...

MARSIN

(Condescending)

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

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

ANNA

What like JayZ and Bouncy?

Anna bounces up and down on the sofa.

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Stop it! I'm so tired! Can I have one of your world famous foot rubs please? I'm sorry just no more talk of conspiracies please.

(Baby talk)

I love you!

Anna reaches out and tickles Marsin's feet.

ANNA

Which of us is Beyoncé then?

MARSIN

(Laughing)

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Ugh, that shit made me ill.

(Laughing)

Don't smoke too much you might see the Devil.

Anna picks up the joint she was rolling earlier.

ANNA
(Laughing)
Don't believe everything my Dad
tells you, he doesn't necessarily
let facts get in the way of a good
story.

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

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

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

ANNA
Huh?

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

ANNA
(Mumbling/laughing)
Join the Illuminati?

Marsin is snoring with his mouth agape; Anna throws a stuffed cat's toy in his direction.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The screen becomes increasingly obscured by smoke.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

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

MARSIN
Morning love.

ANNA
Morning.

Marsin reaches out in an embrace.

MARSIN
Can I tickle your fancy?

ANNA
(Laughing)
Stop it! SHANI is here.

Anna holds up the cat defensively.

MARSIN
Oh don't be such a cat blocker!

Anna laughs and holds a purring Shani to her chest.

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

ANNA
Oh yeah?

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

MARSIN
They carry a parasite called
toxoplasma.

Anna quickly lowers Shani.

ANNA
Yuck! Don't tell me that!

MARSIN

When mice are infected with toxoplasma they show less fear of house cats, if chimpanzees are infected they show less fear of leopards.

ANNA

Really?

MARSIN

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

ANNA

(Laughing)

What! No Shani doesn't...

MARSIN

Mind control!

ANNA

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

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

I don't know I was online for a while.

MARSIN

More conspiracies was it?

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

(Peeing loudly)

What is it now? Are ghosts working in the spirit sections of bottle stores?

ANNA

(Speaking loudly)

Ha Ha, that's hilarious! If you must know it was hard core Dutch pornography, and I have it on good authority that ghosts are just lost imaginary friends.

MARSIN

(bathroom echo)

They should stick to their own "terrortory" then.

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

ANNA

What did you say?

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you know what happened to our bathroom mirror? There was glass all over the sink and toilet the other day!

MARSIN

No, I have no idea.

ANNA

(Fake fear)

Maybe we have a ghost?

MARSIN

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

Anna rolls her eyes dismissively.

ANNA

Yeah, whatever pissy pants.

Marsin looks at Anna with pretend fear in his eyes; Anna grabs hold of Marsin's leg.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Are you pulling my leg? I'm not
going to believe in ghost stories.
How many years bad luck are broken
mirrors again?

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

(Laughing)
Ah that's so creepy!

MARSIN

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

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

(Laughing/screaming)
Ah! It's a ghost!

Anna playfully hits Marsin.

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. GYM - 3.30 PM

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

ANNOYING RUNNER

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

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

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

MARSIN

(Out of breath, barely audible)

Hello.

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

Hello.

CUT TO:

ANNA

(Excited and confused)

Did you win the lottery and not tell me or something?

CUT TO:

MARSIN

What no! Why? What's up?

CUT TO:

ANNA

Our bank says 100 million pounds has been deposited in our account.

CUT TO:

MARSIN
(Coughing loudly)
What? A 100 million what?

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

ANNA
(Laughing)
Are you at the gym?

CUT TO:

MARSIN
Yeah.

CUT TO:

ANNA
Just make sure to get your
"exorcise".

CUT TO:

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

ANNA
OK, love you too.

Marsin hangs up and runs for the exit of the Halcyon age
gym.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - 4.03 PM

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

MARSIN
Hello, hello.

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

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

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

ANNA
Seriously look at our online statement.

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

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

ANNA
Erm, I dunno... let's see.

Anna searches on the internet.

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

Weird! When I was goofed last night! You know... I think I emailed him a letter!

MARSIN

(Laughing)

What do you mean you emailed a letter to Prince Charles?

(More serious)

What letter?

ANNA

(Hesitantly)

Erm!

MARSIN

(Sarcastically)

You emailed the letter M to Prince Charles?

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

(Impatient)

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

ANNA

Well... I can't remember exactly, but last night when you said you wished I was a member of the Illuminati I went online...

(Gasps)

Maybe I joined!

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Joined? What are you talking about?

ANNA
Maybe I joined the Illuminati!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

ANNA

I want an expensive new engagement ring!

MARSIN

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

Marsin pulls Anna in close with one arm.

ANNA

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

Marsin pushes Anna away.

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Hey, I said yes... and I saved ages for that ring!

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

Anna kisses Marsin on the nose.

ANNA

We don't have to worry about that!

(Laughing)

We're the 1% now let's go fucking crazy!

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OBSIDIAN STAR JEWELLERY STORE - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

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

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

SALESPERSON
How can I help you today?

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

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

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

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

Marsin reaches out for the catalogue, the Salesperson snatches it back.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

(Clears throat)

All our items are now held off premises in secure storage.

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

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

And what sort of price range were you thinking of?

ANNA

(Excited)

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

SALESPERSON

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

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

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

This heart cut Irish piece from the Kennedy collection is 4.92 million Sterling.

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

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

This princess cut piece is from the Mercedes collection, and is valued at 3.57 million Great British pounds

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

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)

And this spectacular marquis cut piece is 8.16 million from the Tavistock lot.

They really stretch to see over the desk.

ANNA

I see... and when you say million would that be Sterling or British pounds?

SALESPERSON
(Confused)

Yes?

Anna looks straight into the salespersons eyes.

ANNA
Sorry?

SALESPERSON
British?

ANNA
Money!

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

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

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

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

MARSIN
Yes, but this all seems a bit
crazy.

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

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

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

SALESPERSON
Gold and jewels are an investment
Sir, guaranteed to increase in
value... as sure as the Sun.

MARSIN
(Laughing)
Maybe not today thanks.

Marsin ungracefully struggles out of the soft leather chair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

ANNA
That was so embarrassing; you didn't have to make fun of me!

Anna pushes her tongue into her lower lip and gives Marsin both fingers.

MARSIN

I take it we are not looking at cars then?

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

ANNA

(Sighs)

I'm hungry lets go and eat.

MARSIN

Me too what time is it?

Marsin holds Anna from behind and kisses her neck.

MARSIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I embarrassed you!
Please don't be mad, we'll laugh about this in 20 years.

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

ANNA

Let's get Mexican food.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - 10 MINUTES LATER.

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

TAXI DRIVER

(Shouting out window)

Fucking move it you dirty cunts!

The taxi driver winds up his window as progress eases.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Excuse my language darling!

ANNA
It's extra busy tonight.

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

Marsin looks at Anna shaking his head.

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

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

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

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

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

Anna elbows Marsin sharply in the ribs.

ANNA
Don't be so rude!

MARSIN
Sorry, but the next thing you know
he will be trying to convince me
clouds form in the sky because
they want to go to the Moon.

TAXI DRIVER

All right college boy no need to take the piss, what do you two do anyway?

MARSIN

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

ANNA

That depends on what you have in mind?

TAXI DRIVER

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

ANNA

(Laughing)

What! Wow! I wasn't expecting that! OK, how about a free taxi ride for us when you fail?

TAXI DRIVER

And triple fair when I succeed?

MARSIN

Yeah OK!

TAXI DRIVER

Shake on it.

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

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

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

Anna looks at Marsin with a quizzical smile.

ANNA

Yeah, OK.

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

Did he? OK, so what's your point?

TAXI DRIVER

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

ANNA

(Frowning)

Well no you must be wrong because..

TAXI DRIVER

If light has a mass of zero and if $E = MC^2$, then light can't have any energy as anything multiplied by zero is zero.

Anna and Marsin exchange confused looks.

ANNA

(Mumbling)

What the fuck?

TAXI DRIVER

But what do I know I'm just a taxi driver.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, TEQUILA BRAIN CELLS - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant has an open kitchen and chefs can be seen busily preparing food. Typical Mexican art adorns the restaurant walls, two large stylised Mexican suns decorate the bar behind which A TALL WAITER, immaculately presented

except for an elaborate tattoo of a hexagram on his neck, is flirting with the barmaid. A large plate glass window overlooks the street where Marsin and Anna sit studying menus.

MARSIN

That taxi ride cost over 100 quid.

ANNA

(Laughing)

That's what you get for being a dick!

MARSIN

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

Marsin picks up a spoon and examines his distorted reflection.

MARSIN (CONT'D)

...he did seem to know a lot about Einstein.

ANNA

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

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

TALL WAITER

Can I take your drink order?

Marsin gestures to himself and ANNA.

MARSIN

A pitcher of margaritas please.

TALL WAITER

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

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

MARSIN

Magnums?

Marsin imagines biting into a crispy chocolate covered ice cream.

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

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

MARSIN
Did you know you get champagne Magnums?

ANNA
Really?

Anna imagines biting into a crispy chocolate covered ice cream.

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

Anna enthusiastically thumbs through a ridiculously large menu.

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

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

MARSIN
...Like Ant and Dec?

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

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

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

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

TALL WAITER
Excuse me Sir!

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

MARSIN
Shit, sorry man!

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

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

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

MARSIN
Can we have nachos to share for starters please?

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

TALL WAITER
Certainly.

The tall waiter turns to leave.

ANNA
Excuse me.

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

TALL WAITER
Yes Madam?

ANNA
Do you have alcoholic ice-cream?

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

ANNA
Is it champagne flavoured ice-cream?

TALL WAITER
No Madam? Our cocktails contain no ice-cream.

Anna looks puzzled and tries to thumb through the huge menu, she looks over towards Marsin's seat but he has left for the bathroom.

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

Anna shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

ANNA
No, it's just...

Anna takes a sip of her margarita.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Never mind.

TALL WAITER
Very good madam.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT TOILET - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A terrible sulphurous smell fills the room. Marsin has just began to urinate and is trapped in the stench, he covers his mouth as his eyes begin to water.

MARSIN
(Muffled)
What the fuck man!

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

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

Marsin jumps back from the urinals and zips his fly.

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

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

WELL DRESSED MAN
(SHOUTING)
You should fucking what!

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

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

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

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

The well dressed man brushes Marsin's shoulders.

MARSIN
It's fine, accidents happen.

WELL DRESSED MAN
Yes, accidents do happen.

The well dressed man thumps the start button to the hand dryer, air is blasted out at high speed.

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

He pushes Marsin's face into the airflow.

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA
What happened to you?

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

MARSIN
Some nutcase in the toilet..

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

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

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

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

WELL DRESSED MAN
Ah! Enchanté Madam, you are a vision of beauty this evening.

The well dressed man removes a blue lotus flower from his pinhole and presents it to Anna. A subtle drum beat to sympathy for the devil by The Rolling Stones begins.

ANNA

Thank you! A blue lotus flower.

WELL DRESSED MAN

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

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

WILD EYED CHEF

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

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

WILD EYED CHEF (CONT'D)

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

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

WELL DRESSED MAN

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

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

ANNA
He seems really nice.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - 45 MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

TALL WAITER
Two sir?

MARSIN
Yes please.

TALL WAITER
And only two glasses sir?

MARSIN
Erm, yeah sure.

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

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

Anna sips at the ice in her empty margarita glass.

MARSIN
(Sighs)
Yeah they're pretty wild!
(MORE)

MARSIN (CONT'D)

(Excitement)

Guess what? I ordered us champagne
magnums! I can't wait.

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Well he took my order.

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

TALL WAITER

Dom Perignon Brut 2006 Sir. Shall
I pour?

MARSIN

(Unsure)

Erm, I thought I ordered ice
cream?

TALL WAITER

(Irritated)

You ordered two magnums of
champagne Sir!

MARSIN

And a magnum is a bottle is it?

TALL WAITER

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

Anna is cracking up trying to hold in laughter.

MARSIN

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

TALL WAITER

Can i bring you the dessert menu
sir?

MARSIN

Yes please.

The tall waiter picks up the ice bucket and begins to wheel
it away.

ANNA
 (Laughing)
 Wait you may as well leave one of
 the bottles.

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

ANNA/MARSIN
 Thank you!

TALL WAITER
 I shall return with the dessert
 menu.

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

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

MARSIN
 You thought it was ice cream too!

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

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

Marsin looks up at the dust falling from the ceiling.

ANNA
 Yeah, it's a fun atmosphere!

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

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

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

Anna sings along loudly.

ANNA
 Will you do the Fandango?

A loud thump shakes the restaurant; Anna looks up shoulders
 hunched but continues to sing.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Thunderbolts and lightning, very
very frightening me.

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

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

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

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

MARSIN
(Screaming)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Anna vomits nachos and margaritas onto the restaurant
floor.

ANNA
Holy shit! That guy is fucking
dead!

Anna wipes her face and points at the carnage.

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

Marsin's eyes are also wide in shock.

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

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

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

ANNA
Let's get out of here.

Anna takes Marsin by the hand and they push through the restaurant towards the exit.

MARSIN

But we haven't paid our bill.

The well dressed man watches as Marsin and Anna leave.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NARROW STREET - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

ANNA

Oh my God!

MARSIN

That was horrific! I've never seen so much blood!

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

That could have killed me.

ANNA

This is fucking crazy.

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

A Pit bull on an extendable lead suddenly appears from a doorway barking in Anna's face, the owner laughs as he pulls the dog back under control.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (Sarcasm)
 Yeah, nice doggy.

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

MARSIN
 (Shouts)
 I fucking hate those dogs!

ANNA
 (Screams)
 What the fuck is going on?

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

TAXI DRIVER
 Fucking move it you dirty cunts!

Marsin and Anna turn to see a familiar face.

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

The taxi driver opens his door and gesticulates rudely.

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

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

Marsin gestures to the sky and then Anna.

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

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

The taxi driver rubs his brow.

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The taxi driver gestures to the sky.

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

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

MARSIN
How long do you think it will
last?

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

The taxi driver looks up at the supernova.

TAXI DRIVER
(Mumbles to self)
Something like that love.

CUT TO:

The taxi accelerates down the motorway, an approaching thunderstorm lights up the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

MARSIN

My fiance thinks you bamboozled us with bullshit earlier.

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Yeah, well does Stephen Hawking know about your Einstein theory? He's the smartest man on Earth!

TAXI DRIVER

Yes, that title has been bestowed upon him.

ANNA

(Dismissive)

What are you saying now? He literally wrote the theory of everything, that's a lot to know about!

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

Anna looks up from her phone.

ANNA
(Laughing)
Is that why you haven't fixed the
bathroom light yet MARSIN? Is it
working in a different dimension?

Marsin ignores Anna and leans forward.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

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

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

ANNA
Aw, then who would feed Shani?

Shani leaps up on Anna purring loudly.

MARSIN
(Begrudgingly)
Oh yeah.

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)
Is that a new song? I've never
heard it before.

ANNA
(Laughing)
How can it be new? Look who is
singing!

MARSIN
Oh yeah, duh!

The television cuts from the music to a news report.

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

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

Anna gives Marsin a tired high five.

ANNA
What a weird fucking day!

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY, 2.23 PM

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

MARSIN

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

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

Come on you promised.

ANNA

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

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

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

Fine.

ANNA

Make me breakfast first?

MARSIN

(Grumpy)

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

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

MARSIN
Have you seen my keys?

ANNA
(Nonchalant)
Nope!

MARSIN
For fucks sake where are they?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marsin kisses Anna on the cheek, Anna smiles and shakes her head.

ANNA
Love you too.

Marsin turns to leave.

MARSIN
Yuck, you smell of onion.

Anna holds up raw onion.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

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

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

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

MARSIN
Sorry, is this not customer
parking, I need a new car.

WELL DRESSED MAN
 You have the cash for one of these
 luxury models? There may be
 something more your style at Mike
 Hunt's whole sale car yard.

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

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

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

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

Marsin walks over to a Ferrari 458.

WELL DRESSED MAN
 Oh I don't work here.

Marsin walks over to a Porsche.

MARSIN
 This is beautiful, how many brake
 horse power is it?
 (Angry)
 Wait, what do you mean you don't
 work here! Why are you policing
 the car park then?

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

The well dressed man looks towards the office building.

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

MARSIN
 What? Why were you giving me shit
 then?

The well dressed man flicks Marsin's inside out Pink Floyd
 t-shirt.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Admit it you just want a free ride in one of these beauties. You clearly can't afford one, you have to look smart like me if you want to convince the sales manager you are genuine.

MARSIN

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

WELL DRESSED MAN

What no! How ludicrous.

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RAPTURE RIDES/OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

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

MARSIN

What's this?

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

Why would someone leave their glasses and clothes?

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

Holy shit! This is all of his clothing, did you know this?

WELL DRESSED MAN
 No, no! I never noticed! I had
 only just arrived when you got
 here.

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

MARSIN
 I thought you booked a test drive?

WELL DRESSED MAN
 I was running late.

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

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

The well dressed man looks at the clothes and shrugs.

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

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

MARSIN
 We should call the police.

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

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

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

The well dressed man grabs something from the table.

MARSIN
 We should call someone!

WELL DRESSED MAN

Don't call the police! Look at all
these car keys, each to a dream
machine take your pick.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Anna is lying on the sofa, shopping online, her basket is filled with luxurious goods totaling thousands of pounds, Shani is asleep beside her.

ANNA

One of those, two of those, I've
always wanted one of those.

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

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

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

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

ANNA

Hello.

MARSIN

Hey it's me.

ANNA

Hey how's the car shopping?

CUT TO:

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

MARSIN

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

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

CUT TO:

ANNA

Really what happened?

CUT TO:

MARSIN

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

CUT TO:

ANNA

What do you mean the police? Are
you OK?

CUT TO:

MARSIN

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

CUT TO:

ANNA

Oh! Something really nice!

CUT TO:

MARSIN

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN'S WORK VAN - CONTINUOUS.

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

MARSIN

Fucking maniac!

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SAHARA 24 HOUR SHOPPING CENTRE/CARPARK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

ANNA

Hello.

MARSIN

Hey, I'm at the shops and its fucking chaos out here, people are ransacking the place.

Marsin jumps back as a Range Rover crashes at speed into the supermarket doors, impacting the three violent men with a dull crunch. The Range Rover flips onto its side, a woman climbs out screaming her husbands name, Marsin runs back to his van.

ANNA

What, why?

Marsin watches as the vehicle in the doorway catches fire.

MARSIN

Holy shit!

ANNA

Oh my god what's happening!

MARSIN

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

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

WELL DRESSED MAN

Hello again, what is going on here then?

MARSIN

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

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

WELL DRESSED MAN

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

MARSIN

I don't think...

WELL DRESSED MAN

Yes that's the spirit! Don't think!

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

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Yes MARSIN! Tally Ho!

The well dressed man runs towards the shopping centre whooping as he punches a fleeing old lady in the face. Marsin has not moved far and quickly returns to his van nervously looking over his shoulder as he walks.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN'S WORK VAN - CONTINUOUS.

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. 24 HOUR PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

WELL DRESSED MAN

Good idea filling up now, the prices are going up ten fold tomorrow... one hundred fold!

(Laughing)

The fuel in your vehicle will be far more valuable than the junk it's powering.

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

ANNOUNCEMENT

All pumps are currently out of service until further notice.

The well dressed man leaves the shop looking at a pornographic magazine, he returns to his car and drives away. A large rubber number eleven is left on the tarmac as he accelerates.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. 24 HOUR PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS.

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

CUSTOMER

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

Marsin turns to look at the customer.

MARSIN

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

CUSTOMER

Where is the manager I need fuel for work!

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

MARSIN

Pump number 3 mate.

TRACKSUIT

I don't work here.

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

MARSIN

Where's the cashier?

TRACKSUIT

Fuck off!

The man in the tracksuit leaves with his swag.

CUSTOMER

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA

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

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

Marsin slowly shakes his head.

MARSIN

It was crazy out there!

ANNA

What happened with the car
shopping?

MARSIN

Did you feel that earthquake?

ANNA
Earthquake?

MARSIN
People were rioting the police are
out in force.

ANNA
My god!

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

ANNA
Are you OK?

MARSIN
Yeah I'm fine.

Anna puts a sympathetic hand on Marsin's knee.

ANNA
Did you get food? I'm starving!

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

MARSIN
The supermarket was on fire when I
left Anna.

ANNA
Why is everyone looting then?

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

Anna switches the television to the 24 hour news channel.

NEWS READER
And a furious diplomatic war of
words has broken out between
western alliances and the eastern
imperial regime. The regime is
accused of interference in
elections and undermining
democratic processes. Thankfully
this warning released today by the
security services comes just in
time to effect the upcoming
elections.

GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN

Our agencies say we have clear evidence of our enemies trying to manipulate the minds of the good people of this country. This aggression will not stand and is tantamount to a declaration of war. At a time like this we must be patriotic and remember those that fell for the freedoms we enjoy today, the people of this proud democracy elected a strong government willing to take bold measures in their names, and it is to this end we are changing our nuclear first strike policy to a more aggressive stance. The will of the fairly elected democratic government speaks for the people.

The government spokesman adjusts the blue flower on his lapel.

MARSIN

(Sighs)

Is there any local news?

Anna changes the channel.

MODERATOR

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

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

EXPERT 1

Yes, it's at times like these, that in order to preserve our civil liberties and freedoms for the future, its always best to acquiesce to the stricter rules of martial law.

EXPERT 2

No that's quite erroneous, I feel imposing a curfew and restricting movement will easily curtail this lawlessness that seems to be rapidly spreading out of control.

MODERATOR

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

EXPERT 1/EXPERT 2

Yes.

ANNA

(Sighs)

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

Marsin picks up the laptop computer.

MARSIN

Where shall we go to, Hawaii?

ANNA

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - 2 HOURS LATER

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

What?

MARSIN

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

ANNA

Yeah OK! That sounds scary, what happened?

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

I thought it was going to land on me, it was so low!

(Happy)

OK that's the flights booked! 11 hours from now! Shall we pack my dearest?

ANNA

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

Marsin and Anna leave the room to pack suitcases, Shani walks in front of the television.

TELEVISION

And several major airlines have announced they have grounded their fleets due to serious technical issues. This follows after severe electromagnetic storms destroyed several key satellites... vital for modern navigational system.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

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

MARSIN

I'm done!

Anna is studying the contents of her wardrobe.

ANNA

Are you serious! Already?

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you have any space left in your case?

MARSIN

I'm not sure, maybe.

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

What? That's my favourite t-shirt.

ANNA

(Sighs)

Well can I put some things in your case?

Marsin looks in Anna's case, it's filled with shoes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I don't have room for clothes now.

MARSIN
Get new clothes.

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

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

Marsin climbs onto the bed and gets comfortable.

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

Anna looks up with a sparkle in her green eyes.

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

Marsin mimes a sword fight.

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

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

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

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

Anna remove another armful of clothes from the wardrobe.

MARSIN
Yeah, well maybe we should visit everywhere and see where we like best.

Anna holds up a dress and examines it, she discards it.

ANNA

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

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

MARSIN

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

Anna throws a pair of her panties at Marsin.

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - 1 HOUR 17 MINUTES LATER.

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

MARSIN

What the fuck is happening?

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

MARSIN (CONT'D)

That's what happened at the petrol
station earlier!

ANNA
Was it an earthquake?

Marsin looks at Anna and shrugs.

MARSIN
I guess so.

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

MARSIN
Cool, cool! Have you finished packing?

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

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

MARSIN
Sorry, i never noticed!

Anna bends over and picks up some clothes.

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

Marsin and Anna collect their suitcases and exit the bedroom.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

Marsin and Anna have slept on the sofa with the television switched on. Marsin remains asleep with a small stuffed tiger in his mouth, Shani is sitting on his crotch staring

at him. Anna stretches, rubs her eyes and removes a protective kitchen pot from her head.

TV NEWS READER

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

PRIME MINISTER

(Dismissively)

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

REPORTER

And when will this dossier be ready for publication?

PRIME MINISTER

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

NEWS READER

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

MARSIN

(Drowsy/muffled)

What's going on?

MARSIN spits out the cats toy.

ANNA

All news is fake I think?

MARSIN

(Yawns)

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

Marsin throws the small stuffed tiger across the room and chases Shani away.

MARSIN (CONT'D)

I think I must have been snoring,
Shani did it again.

ANNA

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

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

NEWS READER

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

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

US PRESIDENT

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

Anna opens her handbag quickly retrieving a working
lighter.

NEWS READER

Captain Zogg of the Intergalactic
star police has yet to send any
reply...

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

ANNA

(Shouting)
Marsin where is the remote?

MARSIN

(Shouting)
I don't fucking know.

ANNA

(Shouting)
I can never find anything in this
fucking house!

Anna picks up the cushion beside her and finds the remote, Marsin enters the living room.

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

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

NEWS READER

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

Marsin grabs the remote from Anna's hand.

MARSIN

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

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

ANNA

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

The television is interrupted by breaking news.

TELEVISION

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

MARSIN

What the fuck! How did you change the channel?

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

ANNA

Is this for real? Put the News channel on.

Marsin changes the television to a 24 hour news network.

PRIME MINISTER

Well I feel all this talk of fake news stories, are ostensibly fake news stories about fake news stories. Our best men are currently making up a dossier..

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

ANNA

So are aliens invading?

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

MARSIN

I can't see any flying saucers.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARSIN'S WORK VAN - CONTINUOUS.

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

RADIO

"Static noises"

ANNA

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

Why is there no phone signal then?

RADIO

(Garbled but audible)

Illegal aliens have been firing on...

MARSIN
Wait that was it... go back.

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

ANNA
No, that's not it

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

MARSIN
Oh no!

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

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

MARSIN
For fucks sake!

Marsin punches the radio in frustration.

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

Marsin punches the radio half-heartedly.

ANNA
So what shall we do now?

MARSIN
I don't know!

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

ANNA
Holy fuck! That scared the shit
out of me!

Marsin points to the remains on the windscreen.

MARSIN
Not as much as him!

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

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

ANNA
Let's go to the Lighthouse.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA
Is the Lighthouse too far to walk?

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

ANNA
I didn't even think of that!

Anna gets behind the wheel.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You push! What do I do?

Marsin starts pushing and singing.

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

ANNA
(Laughing nervously)
Seriously Marsin that's not funny
and I don't know what I'm supposed
to be doing here.

Marsin sings louder as he pushes harder.

MARSIN
And I feel f...

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. FRONT SEAT OF VAN - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA
What the fuck was that?

MARSIN
Military jets I think.

ANNA
(Sighs)
Are they on our side?

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

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

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

TAXI DRIVER
(Very angry)
Fucking move it you dirty cunts!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS.

The taxi driver from earlier is standing by his open car door with an expression of disbelief, Marsin and Anna wave sheepishly.

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

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

MARSIN
What the fuck is going on?

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

TAXI DRIVER
What happened to your van?

ANNA
Flat battery.

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

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

ANNA
What do you mean like our battery?

TAXI DRIVER
Free of charge love!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

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

TAXI DRIVER
So where do you want to go?

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

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

The taxi driver switches on his radio.

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

The radio transmission goes dead.

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

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

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

ANNA
Yeah and now space terrorists!

TAXI DRIVER
Royal money?

MARSIN

Anna thinks she joined the
Illuminati because we got some
money from the Royal family.

TAXI DRIVER

You joined the Illuminati?

ANNA

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

ANNA

Millions man... millions!

MARSIN

Shh!

TAXI DRIVER

(Enthusiastic)

Well my friends... where to?

MARSIN

The Lighthouse?

ANNA

Capricorn beach, the Lighthouse
Pub, please.

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

(Unsure)

Erm, yeah.

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

Oh, OK.

TAXI DRIVER

So why were you pushing it down the street? You said the battery was dead.

MARSIN

Erm, yeah.

TAXI DRIVER

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

Marsin nods in agreement.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Did you know the first ever cars were powered by electricity?

MARSIN

(Fake interest)

Is that right?

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

Must have been slow though?

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

TAXI DRIVER

(Indignant)

Not really my point mate!

MARSIN

Sorry i was...

The taxi driver continues philosophically.

TAXI DRIVER

It's just funny how things go round in circles.

MARSIN

(Laughing)

Like wheels?

TAXI DRIVER

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

MARSIN

(Laughing)

You would probably just get a lot of wheel-spin.

TAXI DRIVER

(Sighs)

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

(Lighting a joint)

We should go to the Worlds End pub in Edinburgh.

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

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

TAXI DRIVER

Are you smoking the catnip mate? Pass it forward.

Anna begrudgingly passes the joint to the taxi driver.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Thanks mate...

Anna makes eye contact with the taxi driver as he takes a large draw from the joint.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
So tell me about this money you
mentioned earlier?

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

ANNA
(Stuttering)
Well not much to tell really.

The taxi driver smokes more of the joint.

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

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

MARSIN
What's wrong with you?

The taxi driver coughs up a small black dead animal.

TAXI DRIVER
Fuck me! Better out than in eh?

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

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

Anna turns white and vomits all over the back seat.

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

The taxi driver pulls over.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS.

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

MARSIN

God that stinks! Open the windows!

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

ANNA

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

Marsin approaches with intentions to comfort.

MARSIN

Are you OK my love? Too much weed?

Marsin gently strokes Anna's back.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

ANNA

(Whispering)

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

MARSIN

No! What? Why?

ANNA

He's Prince Charles.

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

MARSIN

For fucks sake ANNA, I swear that
weed is affecting your brain!

Marsin imitates ANNA.

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

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

MARSIN
How high are you right now?

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

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

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

Anna grabs Marsin by the sleeve.

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

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

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

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

ANNA
What the fuck is that!

MARSIN
Where is it coming from?

A tremor shakes the ground.

TAXI DRIVER
It's time to leave!

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

MARSIN

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

TAXI DRIVER

Doesn't matter, let's get going.

MARSIN

You have to look! It's really bad!

TAXI DRIVER

Right fine!

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

ANNA

Holy shit Marsin!

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Cheering)

Woo hoo! Floor it MARSIN!

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

MARSIN

Fucking manual cars!

ANNA

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

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

TAXI DRIVER

(Shouting)

No wait! Please there's not much time left!

With a crunch of the gears Marsin and Anna speed away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA
That was amazing Marsin!

Marsin and Anna clap hands together in a high five.

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

Anna switches the radio on.

RADIO
"Static noises"

ANNA
There doesn't seem to be any
signal.

MARSIN
Fuck! Where is everyone?

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

ANNA
What? Was that the radio?

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

MARSIN
Is the radio fucking speaking to
us?

RADIO
You must pullover!

MARSIN
Is that the fucking TAXI DRIVERS
voice?

ANNA

Shit! It is his voice! How the fuck is he doing that?

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

MARSIN

What the fuck are those?

ANNA

Holy shit aliens!

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

Whoa! Nice driving babe!

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

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Excited)

Great! But we are going the wrong way now, the Lighthouse is that way!

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

MARSIN

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

ANNA

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

MARSIN

(Sobbing)

I just want the conspiracy theories to be over with now please.

ANNA

(Slow and deliberate)

Just make this next left turn! Not the other way!

(MORE)

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

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

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

MARSIN
 Oh fucking...

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

ANNA
 Holy fuck MARSIN that was close!

RADIO
 Stop the fucking car you dirty
 cunts!

ANNA
 Keep going MARSIN!

MARSIN
 (Sobbing/screaming)
 Switch the radio off!

Anna reaches for the radio volume control.

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

ANNA
 Shani what the fuck?

MARSIN
 What did he say about Shani?

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

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

MARSIN
 Fuck!

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS.

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

ANNA
(Confused)
Where am I?

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

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

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

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

Anna realises she too has a probe.

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

A door opens and the taxi driver enters.

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

Marsin is suddenly wide awake.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

There we go.

ANNA

Thank God! Are you OK love? Speak to me!

MARSIN

(Drowsy/discomfort)

What the fuck?

TAXI DRIVER

Oh just relax you two and let me explain.

ANNA

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

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

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

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Now... You see... while I do go by many names you may of heard of me most recently as Captain Zogg..

MARSIN

The space terrorist?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG

(Indignant)

What! No! Of the intergalactic star police.

The taxi driver transforms into Zogg. A bright red uniform with knee high boots, the black collar rising to his square chin, a swath of blonde hair escapes the black and red military style cap.

ANNA

What the fuck! So you are a shapeshifting reptilian?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG

What? No! Don't be absurd!

ANNA

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

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG

Alright I was getting to that! You see I am also your cat SHANI!

The taxi driver transforms into Shani.

ANNA/MARSIN

(Disbelief)

What? Shani?

TAXI DRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI

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

ANNA

Cats eyes? You looked really creepy.

Shani jumps into the arms of a nearby grey alien.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI

Creepy? It's an adaptation! All predators have vertical slit pupils if they hunt close to the ground!

ANNA

OK sorry... it was just unexpected.

MARSIN

(Laughing/disbelief)

Holy fucking shit, let me get this straight our cat Shani is Captain Zogg the space terrorist? We must be fucking hallucinating!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI
 (Indignant)
 Of the fucking Intergalactic Star
 Police! And no this is real! But
 seeing is believing I suppose.

The alien holding Shani walks over to Marsin and Anna.

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

MARSIN
 Sounds more impressive than Shani...

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

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

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

Marsin looks towards a sheepish looking Anna.

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

Shani jumps into Anna's arms.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

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

MARSIN
 Ow! What the fuck man!

ANNA
 (Excitedly)
 Oh my God! This is home! This is
 our bathroom, can we stay?

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

ANNA
 But...

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT: BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

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

SHANI
 Whoops a daisy.

MARSIN
 Hey! Careful!

ANNA
 (Laughing)
 Hey!

Anna replaces the empty glass on the bedside table.

MARSIN
 So what are you showing us? Why
 are we here? I still think I'm
 hallucinating.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
(Laughing)
Don't you see? I can travel in
time, are you not impressed?

MARSIN/ANNA
What?

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

Shani gestures towards the wet bed.

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

MARSIN
I knew I hadn't wet the bed.

ANNA
We thought it might be a ghost.

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

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

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

MARSIN
What do you...

Before Marsin can finish his sentence they all vanish.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM, UNDERNEATH BED - CONTINUOUS.

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

MARSIN
(Excruciating pain)
Ah my balls!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS.

Anna and Marsin reappear in the spaceship.

MARSIN
Ouch! Ow! That really hurt!

Marsin is bent double in pain.

MARSIN (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened there?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
(Laughing)
Sorry, my fault! I must have got a bit rusty.

ANNA
I still don't understand what you are doing, are you just toying with us?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Toying with you? Maybe that's why I empathise with cats so readily.

ANNA
Just tell us what is happening!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS
Do you know male cats will ruthlessly kill and often eat their own young? Some would say that is distasteful but even I've been known to...

ANNA

(Angry)

What? Stop talking about fucking cats? What are you doing with us? Why are you letting grey aliens destroy everything? I used to feed you smoked fucking salmon!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS

Right of course, let me explain, I will keep it simple, I'm all about simplicity, you see... I'm the Devil.

Shani transforms into the well dressed man, Marsin and Anna scream.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

What! Good grief! Now don't be scared! You see I created the grey aliens to whisper evil but profitable plans in the ears of those that are receptive to such ideas.

ANNA/MARSIN

What? Why?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

You see when you are the Devil deception is key, but once things start in motion they generally take care of themselves, I have a lot of free time you know!

ANNA/MARSIN

What?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

We wanted to separate the wheat from the chaff... or the seed from the bud if you prefer Anna.

Anna laughs awkwardly.

MARSIN

What? Who the fuck are you? Are you to thank for the money?

ANNA

Yeah, did you have Prince Charles send us money?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

(Laughing hysterically)

Don't be ridiculous! They're all far too busy with the Royal astrology and what not.

(Deadly serious)

No, no, no, I was watching you type that evening and some of the shit you were writing was...

Anna listens intently.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

(CONT'D)

(Buoyant)

...hilarious and I thought I would give you a treat.

MARSIN

Where did you get all that money from?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

(Laughing)

What! The root of all evil? I got it from the source code. If you think turning paper into gold was an amazing alchemical magic trick, now it's invisible... just numbers on a screen. Are you enjoying being rich?

ANNA

We've not had the chance!

MARSIN

Yeah unfair!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

(Fake empathy)

Aw, that's life eh?

MARSIN

You do just like toying with people don't you? Why are we here?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL

No, no, no you see, there was a problem with hackers, trying to rig the system to benefit themselves, so we decided to terminate, but first we had to isolate the problems.

ANNA
Hackers?

MARSIN
Terminate?

ANNA
Problems?

MARSIN
What in the hell are you talking
about? Why are we here? Take us
home!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Right, I'm not being as succinct
as I would like to be... and
simplicity is key in situations
like these! To make a long story
short I'm afraid Earth as you know
it is no longer with us.

ANNA
Oh my God! Everyone is gone?
(Panic)
Dad!

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Not to worry Anna, Horace is fine!

ANNA
(Sobbing)
You know my Dad?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/KRONOS/DEVIL
Yes, you see I am your dad.

The well dressed man transforms into Horace, Anna falls to
her knees.

ANNA
Dad? Is that really you? How can
this be?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/DEVIL/HORACE
Calm down darling you see...
...I'm also God.

Horace transforms into God.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/SHANI/DEVIL/HORACE
(CONT'D)
I'm also Father Christmas.

Horace transforms into Santa Claus.

MARSIN

Holy fuck! What is happening?

All the different characters the taxi driver just claimed to be start blending and mixing together.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE

(Distorted voice)

Well... because of the hackers, the difficulty settings you were operating on were all wrong.

MARSIN

Our difficulty settings?

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE

Yes. You see... Let me explain...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKNESS - CONTINUOUS.

The sound of splashing and heavy breathing.

ANNA

Marsin can you hear me?

MARSIN

Barely, where are you?

ANNA

All I can see are red and yellow swirly lights, they seem to be moving to wherever I'm looking.

MARSIN

Me too! I feel like I'm floating.

ANNA

So do I!

MARSIN

This is remarkable are we in another dimension?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS CUBOID ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

An empty windowless room, except for two isolation tanks and a large circular clock with a small hexagonal face; it's second hand moves anticlockwise. A large arrow is painted on the floor pointing towards the rooms only door.

ANNA

Maybe.

The isolation tank lids begin to open.

ROBOTIC FEMALE VOICE.

You have completed training session Earth, no win scenario 5a... level... easy. Follow the arrows for training session Earth, no win scenario 5a... level medium.

Taxidriver/Zogg/Devil/Shani/Horace enters the room wearing an unbuttoned white lab coat. His hair is disheveled and his shirt is hanging out of one side of his khaki chino trousers, a chewed pencil is behind his ear.

TAXIDRIVER/ZOGG/DEVIL/SHANI/HORACE

(Laughing)

Hello, hello, don't panic, just ignore her. Sorry, so sorry, yes, now let me explain, you see... my name is GOD, I've been supervising your training session. You have been in the "building moral fibre for character development simulator" in the institute of political science.

Marsin and Anna sit up and look at each other in disbelief.

ANNA

(Confused)

How long have we been here?

GOD

You have been in the institute since this morning. A session actually only lasts a few hours.

(Laughing)

It seems like a lifetime though doesn't it?

MARSIN

What, why?

GOD
(Impatient)
Your memory loss is just
temporary. This is an intensive
training facility. We need to
separate the wheat from the chaff
you know!

MARSIN
What? why? Where are we?

GOD
I'm not going to repeat myself!
Quickly now.

Marsin and Anna climb out of the isolation booths and
quickly put on white robes and flip flops.

ANNA
Where are we going?

GOD
We are going to skip you back a
few that last one was a real fuck
up. Thought we would give you a
bit of a treat after the mess
those hackers left, you are paying
customers after all.

MARSIN
Paying customers?

God exits, Marsin and Anna follow.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE/HONEYCOMBED CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna enter an open plan office space. One of the
harsh fluorescent lights keeps flickering as a young male
intern stares at them while photocopying. The sounds of
voices answering phones can be heard.

TELEPHONE VOICES
Orbital corrections, complaints
department please hold. Orbital
corrections, complaints department
please hold. Orbital corrections,
complaints department please hold.

GOD
Quickly now follow me, the arrows
lead the way.

Several pieces of A4 paper with printed black arrows are stuck to the cubicle walls.

GOD (CONT'D)
The difficulty setting on that one
was through the roof, sorry about
that, fucking kids these days! In
this one you are on a moon of a
Gas giant planet, so very
beautiful!

MARSIN
What? This is impossible!

GOD
We don't have time for a lecture
on the laws of physics, quickly
now.

Marsin and Anna hold hands as they follow, they reach the final arrow.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS CUBOID ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Marsin and Anna enter another windowless cuboid room, identical in every way, two isolation tanks are open in the centre of the floor.

GOD
Don't dilly dally now.

God ushers Marsin and Anna into the room.

GOD (CONT'D)
Now, in you go!

MARSIN
What will this be like?

GOD

(Increasingly angry)

I told you, a beautiful moon of a gas giant planet. You will love it, the gravity is lower and the grass is greener, now get in!

God pushes Marsin through the door, Marsin and Anna walk towards their separate booths, Anna pulls Marsin in close for a kiss.

ANNA

(Whispers)

Remember how he said he was all about simplicity?

MARSIN

Yeah, he did say it was key!

ANNA

Well, nothing is simple about any of this!

MARSIN

You're right... Do you have a conspiracy theory?

Marsin pulls in Anna for a passionate kiss but an unseen force pulls them apart into their separate booths.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Marsin and Anna have no memory of their previous life and are sitting in an idyllic garden paradise wearing sheepskin clothes, a small child plays with a kitten nearby.

Marsin looks skyward mouth agape; he is on is a moon of a gas giant planet that orbits as part of a freak alignment of moons and asteroids, from Marsin's perspective this alignment strongly resembles a green cat's eye staring down on him from a deep purple sky.

MARSIN

(Awestruck)

Wow!

Connecting the planets and moons is an electromagnetic aurora. It forms an ethereal red, white and blue pyramid beneath the eye in the sky.

All of a sudden a loud booming voice emanates from nowhere and shakes the mountain tops.

VOICE

Worship me!

Avalanches are triggered in the distance, Marsin and Anna with blank expressions bow to the planetary alignment performing the "Rockafella" hand sign.

Shot closes on cute kitten; the planetary alignment is reflected in his eye. A serpentine forked tongue darts in and out of the kitten's mouth and he jumps into the child's open arms.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM.

Marsin and Anna are unconscious in an intensive care unit; a doctor is checking life signs.

HORACE

What is the prognosis doctor, will they recover?

(Shakes head)

They were both fine when they went to bed last night, they just got engaged you know, we had a few drinks.

The young tall DOCTOR has an elaborate tattoo of a hexagram on his neck.

DOCTOR

We got the blood tests back... it turns out this is the worst case of toxoplasma infection ever seen!

HORACE

Toxoplasma infection? I've never heard of it.

DOCTOR

It's a parasite, normally harmless to humans, domestic cats are known carriers but a healthy human should be fine.

HORACE

They must have caught it from
their cat. Anna loved that cat so
much, how ironic.

The music to the credits starts (Everywhere by Fleetwood Mac). HORACE holds a blue lotus flower and appears younger, he blinks away tears, he rubs his left eye and blinks three times, on the third blink a tear runs down his cheek and his pupil contracts like a lizard.

A golden light in his pupil grows brighter and brighter as, its intensity overwhelms the screen.

The light subsides as the camera rises directly above the Lighthouse Pub, with its encircling path it resembles an eye. Drum and base of the song kick in.

The camera angle changes to show the Lighthouse and its encircling cobbled path, the camera rotates 360 degrees. Hundreds of blue lotus flowers are growing in concentric circles, the Lighthouse is in pristine condition and its golden light illuminating the night sky.

FADE OUT:

END