

BRONZE

written by

John Stone

FADE IN:

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

A thunderstorm blankets a deserted city as an iconic LONDON TAXI hurtles along at pace.

A mesomorphic BRONZE FIGURE darts across the thoroughfare in front of the taxi.

The taxi skids to avoid hitting the Bronze Figure.

The traumatized TAXI DRIVER jumps out of the cab and freezes at the sight of the faceless Bronze Figure who gleams under the the headlights of the taxi.

The Bronze Figure leaps on the Taxi Driver and rips off his head then sprints away.

The taxi purrs in the middle of the thoroughfare with the offside door wide open and the headless Taxi Driver lying in the road.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS FLASH in the backdrop as rugged shaven headed rockstar JACKSON HOOKER (32) sprints towards his destination.

He dons a BLACK T with the words: NOT BLACK. NOT WHITE. JUST HUMAN.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW.

EXT. BRONZE TOWER - NIGHT

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

The spiral structure houses twenty-floors, and one-hundred and twenty apartments.

Four lines of BLUE NEON PIPING runs vertically from top to bottom and there is a huge glass panelled entrance.

Upon the rooftop FOUR FACELESS BRONZE FIGURES occupy the four cardinal directions.

INT. MINI-SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Jackson Hooker stands at the checkout.

He wears a studded leather bomber with the word INCANDESCENCE stamped across the back.

The young female CASHIER recognises him as he pays for a box of beers and two bottles of whiskey.

She grins.

CASHIER

Are you Jackson Hooker from
Incandescence?

JACKSON

That's right, luv. Well spotted.

He spins around and shows her the band's name stamped across his jacket.

CASHIER

My brother loves your stuff. He
never misses the chance to see
you live.

JACKSON

That's nice. Give him my regards.

CASHIER

I will. He'll be dead jealous
when I tell him I served Jackson
Hooker. Can I get your autograph?

JACKSON

Of course. What's your brother's
name?

She hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

CASHIER

Ben.

(excitedly)

Oh my God. He's gonna be so
jealous...

He writes his signature and passes it back to her.

JACKSON

Actually, let's grab a selfie.

She grabs her phone and smiles as she clicks her camera app.

CASHIER

Thank you so much.

He packs his items then exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE TOWER FOYER - NIGHT

Faceless Bronze Figures occupy a space either side of two
elevators.

Jackson enters through glass panelled doors.

He acknowledges the overweight CONCIERGE (30s).

CUT TO:

INT. FLOOR SIXTEEN APARTMENT - LIT

White haired Danish drummer STEFAN (30s) sits comfortably in
a leather recliner and swigs a bottled beer.

He carries a permanent grin and constantly taps his knees.

Scottish bearded hippie ALEX, and bespectacled hippie MARY
(30s) huddle on a brown leather sofa.

ALEX

Aye, that's exactly what we did
at Glastonbury. It was fuckin'
pure mayhem, man. We were so
fuckin' smashed we couldnae find
our tent.

STEFAN

That was some gig, bro.

MARY

(Scottish accent)

It was all right for you two. I got soaked right through to the bone. I was covered head-to-toe in the mud bath.

ALEX

It wouldnae be Glastonbury if you didnae get covered in shit, would it?

STEFAN

So true, dude. Me and Jackson ended up sharing a sleeping bag.

Alex spots a FACELESS BRONZE FIGURE outside the window and jumps to his feet.

ALEX

What the fuck is that, man?!

Pandemonium as they rush towards the locked door in an attempt to escape.

The floorplate begins to spin out of control as the UV lights become incandescent.

They become fused to the floorplate as it continue to spin.

Beat.

They collapse to the floor in an unconscious state.

BACK TO:

INT. BRONZE TOWER FOYER - LIT

Unaware, Jackson whistles a tune as he waits for one of the lifts to arrive.

He locks eyes with the Concierge who sits behind a desk.

JACKSON

What's wrong with these lifts tonight, bruv?

Concierge gets to his feet and lethargically approaches.

He presses his thumb down on the call button. One of the lifts begins to descend.

CONCIERGE

If you don't press the button
they don't move, brother.

JACKSON

Okay bruv.

Concierge walks back to his desk.

Jackson chuckles and shakes his head at himself.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(aside)

Bell end.

The lift arrives. He steps inside.

INT. FLOOR SIXTEEN CORRIDOR - LIT

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

He reaches the door and uses his swipecard to enter.

INT. FLOOR SIXTEEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackson's POV: An empty apartment with no sign of life.

JACKSON

C'mom guys, stop fucking around.
I've got us some delights.

He places the box of beers and bag down, then searches the
apartment.

He exits the apartment, then runs back towards the lift.

INT. BRONZE TOWER FOYER - NIGHT

He exits the lift and rushes towards the unsuspecting
Concierge.

JACKSON

(frantically)

Bruv-bruv, did you see anyone
leave?

CONCIERGE

Woah brother. Nobody's left the building while I've been here.

JACKSON

But they're gone. They're not there! Call the police. Do it now!

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

CONCIERGE

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

Jackson stares at him wildly and gesticulates his anger.

JACKSON

What?!

CONCIERGE

Nobody left, I'm tellin' you.

JACKSON

Then where the fuck are they?! I said call the police!

CONCIERGE

You need to calm down, brother. There ain't nobody passing through, unless you did someting to them yourself, bro.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

Jackson races up the steps.

An Aged MAN exits and leaves the door open for him.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jackson rushes towards the counter and continuously presses his thumb down on a BRASS BUTTON to gain attention.

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

DESK SERGEANT

Alright! Alright! Alright! What's all this noise, then? What's the problem?

Beside himself, Jackson rolls his eyes at her and gasps for breath.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Just take your time. Calm down, then tell me what's going on.

JACKSON

(rushed)

I need to speak to someone in charge, urgently.

DESK SERGEANT

What's happened?

JACKSON

My friends, they've disappeared from my apartment. I need to speak to someone right now.

DESK SERGEANT

Missing, you say?

JACKSON

Yeah.

DESK SERGEANT

So tell me what you think happened to them, then?

JACKSON

I dunno what happened. They were there when I popped out to get some booze. When I got back they were gone.

DESK SERGEANT

OK. Well, maybe they went out, or left of their own volition.

JACKSON

No, no. They wouldn't have done that. We were having a get together to celebrate the end of our tour.

DESK SERGEANT

Don't move!

She exits through mirrored door.

Beat.

A huge DUTY OFFICER appears from the same door.

He steps around the counter and opens another door perpendicular.

He grabs Jackson by the arm and leads him towards the door.

JACKSON

Let go of me, you cretin!

He leads him inside the room, then shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE ROOM - LIT

The hum of large MICROWAVE OVENS situated along the left wall where HUMAN TORSO'S are on the menu.

HUMAN SKULLS occupy shelves on the far wall whilst a number of TROLLEY BEDS lie empty in the centre of the room

The CADAVERS of VICTIMS are laid out upon the slab along the right wall.

A faceless Bronze Worker snaps their necks in half with his bare hands, then bastes their torsos in liquid.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

A surveillance CAMERA situated above the door.

A digital RECORDING DEVICE set inside the wall next to a table with four grey plastic chairs.

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

He bangs his head on the table in a fit of torment when the door swings open.

Stylish DS CARRUTHERS (30s) enters and focuses her big green eyes upon him then sits down at the table.

Bearded DI STEVE PEARSON (50s) sits down next to her.

His red tie neatly knotted over his unbendable white collared shirt.

PEARSON

I'm Detective Inspector Steve
Pearson. This is Detective
Sergeant Carruthers.

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

CARRUTHERS

Hello, Jackson. Would you like a
drink?

He looks up at her pitifully and shakes his head.

JACKSON

I just want to report the
disappearance of my buddies.

CARRUTHERS

A disappearance, you say?

JACKSON

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

PEARSON

We will, we will. We just need to
discover some facts first.

CARRUTHERS

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

He sighs as he attempts to get his shit together.

PEARSON

(reiterates)

And exactly who these people are
to you?

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

CARRUTHERS

Look, we do want to help you
Jackson, but we can't do anything
unless you speak to us and tell
us why you think they're missing?

JACKSON

Because they were all there when
I left ten minutes earlier. They
were enjoying themselves.
Chilling, you know?

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

No-no! You don't get it. When I
got back the apartment was
spotless like they were never
there in the first place. It
never happened. There was nothing
to suggest they had even been
there. I had a strange feeling
something was wrong.

CARRUTHERS

How was everything before you
left to go and buy some alcohol?
How many people are we talking
about?

JACKSON

Three. Everything was calm -
normal.

PEARSON

What are their names?

JACKSON

Stefan, Alex and Mary. We're all band members of Incandescence.

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

I dunno! That's why I came straight here! It's fuckin' surreal, man! Why are we still here talking about it? We need to find them!

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

I'm trying to. For fuck sake, man!

Pearson looks down at his notes.

PEARSON

Jackson Lee Hooker - lead singer with Incandescence.

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

JACKSON

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

PEARSON

Are you hallucinogenic?

JACKSON

No! I'm completely fucking sober.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

I'm telling you that my buddies
are missing. What don'tcha
understand about that?

PEARSON

Did you check your local pub
before you came here?

JACKSON

(gesticulates)

What?! Of course not! What is
wrong with you people? For fuck
sake, bruv?!

CARRUTHERS

OK. Where's your apartment,
exactly?

JACKSON

Bronze Tower - Chelsea Harbour.

CARRUTHERS

(recollects)

Bronze Tower, you say?

JACKSON

Yes!

PEARSON

The new build, right?

JACKSON

Yeah.

CARRUTHERS

(to Pearson)

Can we have a word outside?

PEARSON

Sure.

They get to their feet.

CARRUTHERS

Give us two minutes, Jackson.

PEARSON

We'll be right back.

EXT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

CARRUTHERS

(to Pearson)

Actually, we've had two separate incidences of persons reported missing over the last couple of months.

PEARSON

From that same block?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, as far as I'm aware. We didn't find anything suspicious when we visited their apartments. They just looked like they'd up and left without giving notice.

PEARSON

Who reported them missing?

CARRUTHERS

I'm not sure. I can check.

PEARSON

Do that.

They open the door and reenter the room

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARRUTHERS

Jackson, would you like to take us to your apartment now?

He slides his chair back and jumps to his feet.

JACKSON

About time!

CARRUTHERS

OK. Just sit yourself back down a minute. We just need to clear some things up with you.

PEARSON

So, let's get this straight - Your friends were inside your apartment when they all vanished, correct?

JACKSON

Yes!

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

I just panicked, I guess.

He bangs his fist on the table in frustration.

CARRUTHERS

Jackson, we're just trying to establish the facts before we investigate this matter for you.

JACKSON

I left my phone inside my apartment, didn't I?

PEARSON

So you never actually entered the apartment when you returned, then?

JACKSON

No! I just freaked when I saw everybody was gone.

The Detectives glance at one another with concern.

CARRUTHERS

Are you telling us the whole truth, Jackson?

JACKSON

Yes! It's all true!

CARRUTHERS

Is there anything else you think we should know before we leave?

JACKSON

Not really.

CARRUTHERS

Think hard about this question, Jackson. It's really important.

JACKSON

We've not been feeling very well of late - me and Stefan. We've both broken out in huge blisters on our entire bodies.

CU: Red blotches on his neck and face.

CARRUTHERS

Are those sores?

JACKSON

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

He stands up and lifts up his T.

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

PEARSON

They look like melanomas.

JACKSON

That's what Alex says. Stefan has them as well.

PEARSON

Does he share the apartment with you?

JACKSON

Yes. He's my partner.

CARRUTHERS

Have either of you seen a doctor?

JACKSON

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

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

Yes.

PEARSON

OK. Let's get over there and take
a look.

JACKSON

Right. Finally.

They get to their feet and exit.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Pearson drives. Carruthers sits in the passenger seat.
Jackson sits quietly in the rear.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT

They exit the vehicle and head for the stairwell.

PEARSON

Right. C'mon.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS EARLIER.

INT. APARTMENT - LIT

Stefan grins and taps his knuckles on everything he comes
into contact with inside the room.

He sports a black leather bomber with metal studs stamped on
the back showing the name of the band - INCANDESCENCE.

They're soon joined by a thick set ESTATE AGENT (aka ROYSTON
CLEGG 50s).

He has an extraordinary high forehead and wispey white hair.

ESTATE AGENT

Sorry for keeping you waiting,
men.

STEFAN

No worries, dude. We were just
enjoying the awesome views across
London.

He approaches Jackson with an outstretched hand and a knowing
grin.

ESTATE AGENT

So you must be the famous Jackson
Hooker, right?

Handshake.

JACKSON

(grimaces)

Ouch, bro!

ESTATE AGENT

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

Jackson nurses his hurting limp hand.

JACKSON

(reeling)

That's some handshake. Who are
you, Iron Man?

Estate Agent ignores the remark and approaches Stefan who
stands by the window.

ESTATE AGENT

So you must be the drummer,
Stefan, right?

STEFAN

Right on.

JACKSON

(to Stefan)

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

STEFAN

I won't.

Stefan grins knowingly at the Estate Agent as he deliberately
pulls his hand away.

ESTATE AGENT

So, would like to know the
benefits this apartment has to
offer?

JACKSON

Go for it.

ESTATE AGENT

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

STEFAN

Wow! Wicked.

ESTATE AGENT

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

JACKSON

(enthralled)

Cool.

ESTATE AGENT

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

POV: The harbour has a plethora of moored yachts.

STEFAN

What about those boats?

ESTATE AGENT

What about them?

STEFAN

Do we get one if we sign up?

ESTATE AGENT

(chuckles)

I'm afraid not.

STEFAN

Shame.

Estate Agent turns back to Jackson.

ESTATE AGENT

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

JACKSON

It's so futuristic. But what's the thinking behind all of these additions?

ESTATE AGENT

We believe at Bronze, lifestyle choices are paramount when it comes to longevity, Jackson.

STEFAN

(interjects)

I hope so, man.

ESTATE AGENT

We do, Stefan. All features are voice activated and can store up to six different languages, so it's entirely up to yourselves which language you prefer to use when activating voice controls.

STEFAN

I love it, man. It's superb.

ESTATE AGENT

You'll notice that all the window units are completely sealed. This is to avoid disruption to air flow systems installed. We have also installed underground heating. Complete comfort at your disposal. We even have our very own in-house doctor should you be thinking of changing your current GP.

JACKSON

Get in!

ESTATE AGENT

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

STEFAN

That's incredible. You've thought of everything.

ESTATE AGENT

Not quite... but we are getting there, Stefan.

JACKSON

When can we move in?

ESTATE AGENT

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

JACKSON

Tops.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. STAIRWELL - LIT

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

JACKSON

You could've parked outside the main entrance to put the wind up that lazy concierge.

PEARSON

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

CARRUTHERS

We'll talk to him. He might have something useful to say to us.

INT. BRONZE TOWER FOYER - LIT

The Concierge studies various MONITORS as they switch images of all corridors and floors.

They flash their badge at him.

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

PEARSON

(to Concierge)

This tenant reported to you the disappearance of his guests. Why didn't you respond in the appropriate manner and call the police like he asked you to?

CONCIERGE

(obdurately)

He's just hallucinating, man. He is high, bro.

JACKSON

(angrily interjects)

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

CONCIERGE

I checked his apartment, after he stormed off like a baby. There is nobody up there. The room was empty when I checked.

JACKSON

Where are they, you bastard?

CONCIERGE

(to Detectives)

He's just imagining t'ings

CARRUTHERS

We'll take a look for ourselves.

CONCIERGE

Be my guest, brother. Go straight up.

(aside)

And curiosity killed the cat.

Carruthers turns back and furrows a brow.

CARRUTHERS

I heard that.

PEARSON

What's that supposed to mean?

CONCIERGE

There's nobody up there, brother.

PEARSON

We'll be the judge of that. And I need to take a look at those CCTV monitors when I get back.

CONCIERGE

No problemo, man.

INT. LIFT - NIGHT

Jackson hits the button as the Detectives take up a position behind him.

JACKSON

He's lying to us. There's something really strange going on, I know it.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

I hope so.

The lift stops at floor sixteen and the doors open.

INT. CORRIDOR FLOOR SIXTEEN - LIT

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

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

Jackson pulls out a keycard from his back pocket then swipes the door lock.

A green light flashes before they enter.

INT. APARTMENT - LIT

They enter.

Jackson stands back as the Detectives glance at one another with caution.

PEARSON

Well...

JACKSON

(to Pearson)

I swear to you I'm not lying. They were here. I'm not fuckin' lying to you, I swear. You've gotta believe me. They were right here. Somebody must have taken them. The concierge is lying to you. He knows what's going on, otherwise why didn't he call the police when I asked him too? He's involved.

PEARSON

Jackson, have you taken anything?

JACKSON

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

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

Something weird is happening, man. Please believe me. I'm not making it up.

CARRUTHERS

(to Pearson)

If there was something suspicious they would have left clues.

They search for clues as they inspect cupboards and drawers.

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

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)

Come in and shut the door,
Jackson.

Pearson stares across the room at Jackson.

PEARSON

Is the floorplate moving?

JACKSON

Yeah. It's a revolving
floorplate.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

It's very slow.

CARRUTHERS

(fans her face)

I don't remember it being this
hot though? Where's the air-con
button, Jackson?

PEARSON

(to Carruthers)

Can you smell anything?

CARRUTHERS

Hmm.

PEARSON

Smells like rubber.

CARRUTHERS

Or bullshit.

JACKSON

(angrily)

Well you better go then.

CARRUTHERS

Calm down.

Pearson stares through the window.

JACKSON

It might be the underfloor
heating. That smells sometimes.

Pearson feels for a catch to open the window pane.

PEARSON
(to Jackson)
Are these sealed units?

JACKSON
Yes.

His POV: A well furnished harbour.

PEARSON
So, which one of those yachts is
yours?

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

JACKSON
None.

She spots a paw print on the outside window pane.

CARRUTHERS
(concerned)
Steve, look at this.

Pearson eyes the paw print.

PEARSON
What is that?

CARRUTHERS
It looks like a hand print,
perhaps?

PEARSON
How does a hand print get on the
glass from the outside if they're
sealed?

CARRUTHERS
Good question.

Jackson steps back from the door.

His POV: The empty corridor.

Back to scene.

The floorplate begins to spin faster and then out of control
as ultraviolet becomes incandescent.

The Detectives remain fused to the floor as they spin on the floorplate.

Jackson stands agape and in abject horror, before the UV lights disappear and the floorplate returns to its default setting of 360 PH.

JACKSON

JEEZ-US!

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

CARRUTHERS

What's wrong, Jackson?

JACKSON

(apoplectically)

No,no,no! You've got to listen to me. Just listen to me, both of you.

CARRUTHERS

What is it? What's wrong?

JACKSON

Something weird just happened to you both.

CARRUTHERS

(suspiciously)

What, Jackson?

JACKSON

No-no, listen, it was surreal. Fuckin' mental actually. All my days! What the fuck is going on?

CARRUTHERS

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

PEARSON

I think we'd better go, before I arrest him for wasting our valuable time.

Jackson sinks to his knees and begins to sob.

The Detectives look at one another in belated realisation.

CARRUTHERS

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

PEARSON

Fine.

(to Jackson)

Jackson, what happened? Please say what you saw. I'm running out of patience. What the hell is going on?

JACKSON

Ok-Ok. The floorplate spun out of control. And the UV lights - I've never seen them so fuckin' bright. I couldn't see you, it was so bright. You were frozen to the floor, and you're not even fuckin' aware it happened. I'm scared. We've gotta get out of here before it's too late.

PEARSON

Don't be scared, Jackson. We'll be fine. Nothing can happen to you while we're here.

JACKSON

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

Carruthers shakes her head in disbelief upon her exit. Pearson scratches his head in wonder.

PEARSON

I tell you what, I'll do one final check, then we'll go back down and talk to that concierge.

Pearson disappears as he enters the bedroom.

Jackson remains outside the door.

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

Jackson jumps up and down and gesticulates his torment to the Detective.

JACKSON
DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE! DETECTIVE!
DETECTIVE!

Carruthers rushes back and witnesses the floorplate as it spins.

She freezes in horror.

CARRUTHERS
Holy shit! Who is doing this to
the floorplate?

She pulls out her phone.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)
(on phone)
This is DS Kicker Carruthers from
the murder investigation team at
Fulham Central- This is an
emergency- I need as many units
as possible at Bronze Tower,
Chelsea Harbour- Yes,
immediately- I'm here with DI
Pearson.
(tuts her annoyance)
I've just been cut off. D' you
know the layout of this building,
Jackson?

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

CARRUTHERS
OK. You stay here with my
colleague, until I find out who's
doing this.

JACKSON
Just hurry up, for fuck sake.

CARRUTHERS
I'll meet back-up and explain to
them what's happening. We will
need to clear evrybosity out of the
building.

JACKSON
(panicked)
Just hurry up.

Pearson staggers from the bedroom. His legs buckle beneath him and he crashes to the floor.

Carruthers looks on in horror.

CARRUTHERS
Steve! Steve? Oh my God! Jackson,
help me get him out of there.

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

Carruthers kneels down and shakes him to wake up.

CARRUTHERS (CONT'D)
(to Pearson)
Steve, are you lucid?

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

She feels his pulse and heart rate.

CARRUTHERS
He's breathing. When he comes to,
bring him to the foyer. I'll be
there with uniform. We'll sort
out this mess.

She makes off.

Beat.

Two Bronze Figures situated each side of the lifts show signs of movement as they become active.

Jackson spots them and legs it towards the-

STAIRWELL.

He leaps down the steps, his face contorted with fear.

Two Bronze Figures pursue him.

FOYER.

The Concierge stares into a magazine.

Jackson appears from the stairwell, animated and rushed.

Concierge quickly hides the magazine inside a drawer, then gets to his feet.

Jackson approaches in a fury.

JACKSON

What have you done with my buddies, you lying bastard?!

CONCIERGE

(retreats)

What's up, brother?

JACKSON

Where are they?!

CONCIERGE

Calm down, bro. Let's talk.

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

CU: Steel shutters shut down the entrance doors to the building.

JACKSON

Open those fuckin' shutters, you cunt!

He lunges at the Concierge.

They fall to the ground during a vicious fight.

SFX: DING.

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

Jackson spots them.

He gets to his feet and retreats.

ESTATE AGENT

(to Jackson)

You've been a very busy bee, Jackson. I am vexed with you for bringing authoritarians to my building.

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

INT. ELEVATOR - LIT

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

SFX: DING.

The lift reaches the top floor and the door opens.

The Bronze Workers drag Jackson along the corridor towards a room with a blue neon light above the door.

ESTATE AGENT
(to Bronze Worker)

Hurry.

EXT. BNRONZE TOWER - NIGHT

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

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL - LIT

Carruthers looks through a stairwell window at Uniform Officers as they stand outside.

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

EXT. BRONZE TOWER - NIGHT

An POLICE OFFICER receives a message through his handheld device.

He turns to his team.

POLICE OFFICER
Right! Pull off! I repeat, false
alarm. Pull off!

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

INT. BLUE ROOM - LIT

Jackson lies unconscious and strapped to a trolley bed.

His eyes wide open as the floorplate hums and revolves at default speed of 360 per hour.

He lifts his head and looks across the room.

CU: The head of Stefan sits on a wall shelf, his big blue eyes wide open, his thick blonde hair dishevelled.

His POV: Alex's decapitated head with his designer stubble. And Mary - Black holes where her eyes once stood.

He spots the naked body of Pearson as he lies on a trolley bed at the far end of the room.

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

He points towards Pearson.

Jackson pretends to be unconscious.

ESTATE AGENT

Take that one next.

Estate Agent exits.

The Bronze Workers pull the trolley bed with Pearson as they exit the room.

Jackson hyperventilates, during a severe panic attack.

JACKSON

(aside)

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

He shuffles his body as he attempts to untie himself.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Help me somebody, please...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LIT

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

ESTATE AGENT

Men, we have been seriously compromised. We have a unacceptable situation unfolding somewhere inside Bronze. A female detective is at large and must be found, otherwise she will expose everything we have built on planet Earth. I want her body in that blue room. The Concierge informs me that she is not hiding in the corridors, or stairwells, which can only mean that she must be in one of the apartments. I want all UV lights fully incandescent, and all floorplates set at three- sixty every second. Is that understood?

They acknowledge with a drone sound.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

In regards to the authoritarians in blue congregating outside the main entrance, I have contacted our friends at the MOD. I am now pleased to inform you that they have retreated back to their cages. Our friends at the MOD have apologized for the inconvenience caused to ourselves. So, we can continue unhindered. Now go and find me that little red rat before I prepare for our new arrivals.

The Bronze Workers leave the table and exit.

He switches on a monitor and joins a Zoom Meeting.

INTERCUT:

INT. CIVIL DEFENCE STRATEGY FOR SPACE - LIT

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

A MOD SPOKESPERSON (60s) from the MOD gets to his feet and stares at a monitor where the Estate Agent's face is shown.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

(to Delegates)

Royston Clegg from Bronze has now joined us. As you all know we have now received numerous quantities of Petra from our partners at HD63588d. Bronze has been reaching out for some time, and their generosity has not wavered. However, we are still not completely sure what they want from us in return.

Nevertheless, our partnership is an iron clad one. Petra will revolutionise the future of mankind, medically and cosmetically.

(pauses)

I am now going to pass you over to our liaison director, Mr Royston Clegg. He is leading communications with HD63588hd through their secure outreach facility.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Thank you. I am very pleased to announce that our ongoing communication with Bronze has been productive. We are delighted to tell you that we safely secured the second instalment of Petra to our laboratories now that analyses have been fully carried out. I am of the assumption that we can begin exporting brain cell tissue that Bronze informs me it so desperately needs for its future survival. I have arranged to meet with a contingent from Bronze next month and would like delegates from CDSS and NASA to also attend. Whilst they are here, they will be looking to set up residence at Bronze Tower.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Can you tell me - are these Bronze workers cannibalistic, Mr Clegg?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Yes. They are cannibalistic as i understand it.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

So how are we assisting them in that regard?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Through our accommodation facilities at Bronze Tower, though some have known to go rogue.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

That's what we thought. Is there any way we can stop them going rogue? A taxi driver driver was found with his head bitten off in a central London thoroughfare just the other night.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Our medical teams at Bronze are carrying out dissections as we speak. It is a small price for what we are receiving in return, wouldn't you say?

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Just do not cross that red line, Mr Clegg.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Yes, I know. Once the brain tissue has been surgically removed there are no corpses. The workers devour them.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

And what if the workers should roam or cities searching for live flesh?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Then we will eliminate them, as we have been doing all along.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

How do you achieve this?

ROYSTON CLEGG

The workers are entirely made from gallium. We simply flush them away using acidic substances. They dissolve within seconds.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Are you telling us they are susceptible to toxins?

ROYSTON CLEGG

Not entirely. Their apparatus is much unlike ours.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

That's very good to know.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Human flesh enriches protein, enough for them to survive on a daily basis.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Macabre. But it must be kept at a minimal, otherwise there will be hell to pay.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Of course.

MOD SPOKESPERSON

Very well. We shall speak again next week.

ROYSTON CLEGG

Good day.

BACK TO SCENE

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE ROOM - LIT

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

The door quietly opens. Carruthers appears.

CU: She puts her hand over her mouth to hide her shock at the human torsos cooking inside the ovens, and body parts scattered around the room.

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

CARRUTHERS

(softly)

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR - LIT

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

INT. COOLER ROOM - LIT

They enter the pitch black room.

JACKSON O.S

Where's the light switch?

CARRUTHERS O.S

I'm looking.

JACKSON O.S

I feel sick.

CARRUTHERS O.S

Me too. I watched them bring my colleague here.

She uses her phones torch to light up the room.

JACKSON

That's better.

CARRUTHERS

Yeah. He's in here somewhere.

JACKSON

I saw my friends in that room. They've been decapitated.

CARRUTHERS

I know. It's genocide on a mass scale. They're not like us, Jackson - they're humanoids.

JACKSON

What the fuck?

CARRUTHERS

It means they are not of our planet. And if I'm right we have a frightening enemy. The likes of which you and me may be confined to the history books a lot sooner than we think.

JACKSON

No shit.

CARRUTHERS

My phone has been blocked. I can't even make a call.

A short silence as they follow her phone torch.

JACKSON

It's fuckin' freezing in here, man.

CARRUTHERS

I know. But you'll just have to grin and bear it.

JACKSON

How the fuck are we gonna get outta here?

CARRUTHERS

I don't know just yet. But I've pressed on at least half a dozen buzzers and not one resident answered the door.

JACKSON

Maybe they're all involved.

CARRUTHERS

How long have you lived here?

JACKSON

Two years approximately. Why?

CARRUTHERS

I think they've been using you as part of a human experiment.

JACKSON

You what?

CARRUTHERS

Those sores on your body. You said your drummer had them also?

JACKSON

Yeah, I did.

CARRUTHERS

Well, don'tcha think that's too coincidental?

JACKSON

Yeah, I do.

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

CARRUTHERS

Steve. We have to get him out of here before they come back.

JACKSON

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

CARRUTHERS

No. The firearms are locked in the boot.

JACKSON

That's that then. We really are fucked.

CARRUTHERS

We only use them when necessary.

JACKSON

This is necessary. Oh man, what kind of Detectives are you? I know you've all gone soft, but this is taking the piss.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

Pepper spray?

CARRUTHERS

That's what I just said.

JACKSON

They might need that when they start eating my friends.

CARRUTHERS

Oh, don't be ridiculous.

JACKSON

Well what do you expect to achieve with a can of pepper spray?

CARRUTHERS

We'll just have to wait and see.

The door opens and a Bronze Worker enters.

JACKSON

Shit.

CARRUTHERS

Shush.

She turns off her camera torch and they hide beneath a trolley bed.

A light appears as the Bronze Worker immediately goes towards the trolley bed where the naked body of Pearson lies.

POV: A length of rope lies on the floor.

Jackson quietly crawls and grabs the rope.

He throws it around the Bronze Worker's neck, then tightens his grip with all his strength.

Carruthers spray the cannister in the Bronze Worker's face.

The Bronze Worker sinks to his knees as his head rolls off his shoulders, then splatters, leaving a bronze slime.

They quickly untie Pearson and help him to his feet.

PEARSON

(dazed)

Where am I? What am I doing here?
Why are we here?

Jackson stares in shock at the decapitated Bronze Worker.

JACKSON

Fuck me!

CARRUTHERS

Are you with us, Steve?

PEARSON

Yes. I'm cold. Where are my
clothes? Who's taken my clothes?

JACKSON

Here, have mine.

Jackson quickly slides out of his chinos and leather jacket and hands them to the shivering Pearson.

Jackson stands in a T and a pair of boxers.

CARRUTHERS

That's a nice gesture, Jackson.
Appreciated.

JACKSON

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

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

I'll try.

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(to Pearson)

The jacket suits you, dude.

PEARSON
(irritatedly)
Where are my own clothes?

JACKSON
You should be more grateful,
buddy.

PEARSON
And where have you been, DS
Carruthers? What's happening?

CARRUTHERS
I'll explain everything to you in
a moment, Steve. Right now we
have to get out of here.

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

JACKSON
(interjects)
I can answer that.

PEARSON
Go on.

JACKSON
You were spun around inside my
apartment until you became
unconscious. You were caught out
by the revolving floorplate. I
told you, man, but you wouldn't
listen, remember? You accused me
of being hallucinogenic.

PEARSON
I don't remember anything at all.
I feel like my memory has been
erased.

JACKSON
Well, you do remember anything
else?

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

Yeah, they shut the whole place down. I tried to get out, but the concierge brought down the shutters. We were taken to the blue room, on the top floor.

PEARSON

What's the Blue Room for heaven's sake?

JACKSON

You don't wanna know.

CARRUTHERS

(to Jackson)

I hid inside a broom cupboard. I saw them take you up.

CU: Discarded keycard on floor.

Jackson spots the keycard.

JACKSON

(points)

Hey, look, man - a keycard.

He picks it up.

Carruthers snatches it from his hand.

CARRUTHERS

I'll take that.

JACKSON

Bloody hell. Manners...

She stares at it.

Pearson gazes down at the headless Bronze Worker.

PEARSON

What is that monstrosity lying there?

JACKSON
God knows. Humanoid?

CARRUTHERS
Well, it isn't human, that's for
sure.

JACKSON
A headless eunuch maybe?

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

JACKSON
Weird, whatever.

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

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

They turn him over and lie him in the supine position.
Carruthers takes out her phone and takes a photo image.

JACKSON
He's spineless.

CARRUTHERS
I can see that, Jackson.

PEARSON
We need to get out of here.

JACKSON
You can say that again.

PEARSON
They'll come here looking for
him.

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

JACKSON
What if I don't make it?

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

Remind me what car it was?

CARRUTHERS

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

PEARSON

Repeat that back to him.

JACKSON

8841.

PEARSON

Good.

JACKSON

I've got a good memory.

PEARSON

Well make sure you remember it,
then.

CARRUTHERS

If for any reason you can't get
those firearms, flag down a
police car and get them to bring
you here with back-up.

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

OK.

She hands him the keycard and he peers around the open door.

POV: An empty corridor.

He exits.

CARRUTHERS

(to Pearson)

Are you badly hurt?

PEARSON

I'll be fine. And thank you,
Carruthers for coming to my
rescue.

CARRUTHERS

That's the least I can do.

PEARSON

It seems our victim was right
about one thing.

CARRUTHERS

What's that?

PEARSON

There is definitely something out
of the ordinary going on inside
this building.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - LIT

The Concierge stares at the monitors in front of him.

The Estate Agent stands by the glass entrance doors.

ESTATE AGENT

I'm expecting Mister and Missus
Ezekiel within the next ten
minutes. When they arrive, send
them straight up to the sixteenth
floor, then buzz me to let me
know they're on their way up. And
if that red rat attempts to leave
the building bring down the
shutters and call me at once.

Concierge gets to his feet.

CONCIERGE

Yes boss.

Estate agent lobs a bunch of keys at him.

Concierge catches them mid-air.

ESTATE AGENT

And remove that incongruous white vehicle from the underground car park. It belongs to those authoritarians. Take it somewhere it can't be located. I don't want a backlash when they come looking for them.

CONCIERGE

Yes boss.

ESTATE AGENT

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

He roars with laughter as he walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - LIT

Jackson stealthily navigates his way down each flight as he spies Bronze Workers searching for Carruthers.

INT. LIFT - LIT

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

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - LIT

Jackson appears from the stairwell.

His POV: The Concierge rummaging the white unmarked police vehicle.

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

He finally appears by the offside window of the vehicle and sprays the Concierge with the pepper spray.

The Concierge screams and attempts to protect his eyes.

JACKSON

BASTARD!

Jackson follows up with a volley of punches to the Concierge's head.

The Concierge lies unconscious on the passenger seat.

Jackson quickly searches for the release catch before he unlocks the boot.

He taps in the code and a secure box opens.

He grabs two firearms and a box containing bullets.

He closes the boot then steps forward.

He notices the Concierge has his eyes open and has regained consciousness.

He climbs inside the car and stares coldly at the Concierge.

He points a firearm aimed at him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Give me your jacket.

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

I said take off that jacket now.

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

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

Bollocks you are! You're with the humanoids

CONCIERGE

Just don't be doing any t'ing crazy, bro! You're just hallucinating like the last time! You gotta lay off the drugs, man.

JACKSON

What the fuck are you talking about?

CONCIERGE

You guys get so crazy when you take the drugs, man.

JACKSON

Shut the fuck up and listen.

CONCIERGE

Don't shoot me, man. I'm on your side.

JACKSON

Who are those cannibals inside the building?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

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

CONCIERGE

OK-OK. Stay cool, brother.

JACKSON

Why did you close the shutters on me?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

Who's Royston Clegg?

CONCIERGE

The owner, bro. He's the estate agent, man.

JACKSON

The estate agent?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

He owns the building, yeah?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

And you believed him, even though I got the Feds?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

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

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

You're lying.

CONCIERGE

I swear, bro!

JACKSON

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

CONCIERGE

Cos I'm on your side, brother.
I'm with you, man. I'm with you.
The workers, they are not like
us. They're from a far away place
of pure bronze. They ain't like
us, bro. They're from Planet
Bronze.

JACKSON

What are you saying?

CONCIERGE

You need to go to the very top.
They know everyt'ing.

JACKSON

What the fuck are talking about?

CONCIERGE

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

JACKSON

I don't understand. Are you
saying the estate agent is from a
planet called Bronze?

CONCIERGE

Yes, I am, brother. Royston
Clegg. They have petra ice. It
offers eternal life, man. It's
simple, bro. They want to give us
an eternal existence.

JACKSON

You're fucking with my head,
dude. You're lying.

CONCIERGE

They have a special deal going
on, bro. No one can stop it. It's
the next phase of our evolution,
brother. Only the super wealthy
will survive. The rest of us are
being cleansed of our brains as
we speak, brother.

JACKSON

What d'you mean?

CONCIERGE

People are being cleansed all
over the world.

Jackson switches hits the interior lights and notices the
Concierge's eyes bulging.

He looks closer and spots his skin starting to let off steam.

He panics and squeezes the trigger.

BANG!

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

JACKSON

Motherfucker!

He jumps out of the vehicle and runs back to teh stairwell.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(aside)

Fuckin' lying dog!

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE TOWER FOYER - LIT

Jackson enters and immediately spots a middle aged couple.

MR & MRS EZEKIEL (40s). They stand and wait to be seen.

Mr Ezekiel wears a wax flat cap and overcoat. His wife wears
a head scarf and a red cashmere coat.

MR EZEKIEL

Oh. Hi. We're here to view the
apartment. The one in the
brochure we spoke about over the
phone.

JACKSON

(abruptly)

It's gone.

MR EZEKIEL

(aghast)

Excuse me? But it couldn't have.
I only spoke to the estate agents
this morning. We were told to
come this morning. So here we
are.

He scowls at the couple and shakes his head in annoyance.

JACKSON

I'm afraid there's been an
oversight. It's gone. We're very
sorry to have wasted your time.
Now please go.

MRS EZEKIEL

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

JACKSON

(threateningly)

Look, just get out before you
regret it.

He walks around the Concierge's desk and glances at the
monitors.

He spots the Detectives in the Cooler Room.

MR EZEKIEL

How dare you order us to leave,
you egregious shit face punk!

JACKSON

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

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

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

MR EZEKIEL

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

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

INT. COOLER ROOM - LIT

Jackson quietly enters.

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

The Detectives appear out of the darkness and confront him.

PEARSON
Did you get the firearms?

JACKSON
Yes.

CARRUTHERS
Well done.

She pats him on the back to congratulate him.

PEARSON
Did you encounter anyone?

JACKSON
The concierge.

PEARSON
And-?

JACKSON
I wouldn't worry about him
anymore. He's gone.

PEARSON
Explain?

JACKSON
Let's just say he wasn't like us.

PEARSON
Give me those firearms.

He grabs the Firearms.

CARRUTHERS
Was there any of our lot out
there?

JACKSON

Nope.

Pearson inspects the guns.

PEARSON

This one's been fired.

He gives Jackson a warning stare.

JACKSON

Like i said - they're not like us, man. They're workers.

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

He was inside the car when I got there.

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

Tell that to my dead buddies.

CARRUTHERS

Shush. Keep your voices down.

PEARSON

(to Jackson)

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

JACKSON

Oh, give me a break.

CARRUTHERS

Did he say who they are and what they want?

JACKSON

Bronze workers. They're from another planet, according to the concierge. The Bronze planet. They want flesh in exchange for something called petra ice. The answer to all our dreams - eternal life.

PEARSON

(aghast)

What the hell are you talking about?

CONCIERGE

I'm just telling you what the concierge told me before I shot him.

PEARSON

Sounds too far fetched for my liking.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

Exactly. He also mentioned a conspiracy from above.

PEARSON

What utter rubbish.

CARRUTHERS

Why would the Government support that? It doesn't make any sense.

PEARSON

Now we have these. I think we should confront them and find out what's going on.

JACKSON

Look guys, I've lost my closest friends to these sickos. You need to bring in the army before you try to arrest them. If what the concierge said is truth, we ain't getting outta here alive. I think we should leave while we still can.

PEARSON

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

JACKSON

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

CARRUTHERS

I think we should leave the same way Jackson did and the come back with the SFU.

JACKSON

It wasn't easy. I had to navigate before I finally made it down to the car park. They're everywhere.

CARRUTHERS

I know. I know. You did really well.

PEARSON

This is disturbing. What should we do?

JACKSON

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

CARRUTHERS

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

PEARSON

Let's do that, then.

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

EXT/INT. APARTMENT - LIT

Pearson opens the door.

The Estate Agent immediately approaches with a welcoming smile and an outstretched hand.

ESTATE AGENT

What took you so long? We've been expecting you. I must say you are very good at hide and seek.

JACKSON

(to Estate Agent)

What are you doing in my apartment, man?

ESTATE AGENT

Royston Clegg.

Jackson quickly steps between them.

JACKSON

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

They reject a handshake.

CARRUTHERS

(to Estate Agent)

Just what are you trying to pull here?

ESTATE AGENT

Nothing. I work for the MOD... in conjunction with the Civil Defence Strategy For Space.

PEARSON

Doing what exactly?

ESTATE AGENT

Now, that will just compromise my position if I reveal that kind of information to two insignificant clueless detectives.

CARRUTHERS

Why did you murder Jackson's friends?

ESTATE AGENT

I never murdered anybody. My function is simply to collect human brain cell membrane so that my bronze workers can survive into the next millennia.

CARRUTHERS

And what do you offer in return for this?

ESTATE AGENT

Petra ice - Or eternal life and well-being.

JACKSON

Only for those that can avoid capture, it seems.

CARRUTHERS

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

ESTATE AGENT

You'll just have to ask your Government. But probably because disharmony leads to destruction. We know the true value of our product and what it means for the future of mankind. We see it as a valuable tool for those who matter versus a billion worthless existences that inhabit the planet.

CARRUTHERS

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

JACKSON

It's paradoxical.

ESTATE AGENT

We have enough resources to offer homo sapiens like yourselves a brighter future. A future without illness, disease, cancers. The problem is that this comes at a heavy price. Our workers need to exist too. Your planet does not have the resources to continue propping up poorer populations.

CARRUTHERS

So petra is more valuable than a human life itself... is that what you're telling us?

ESTATE AGENT

You learn quickly.

PEARSON

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

They raise their firearms and point them.

ESTATE AGENT

(chuckles inwardly)

Pissy red rat and her furry friend. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha...

Four Bronze Workers enter and surrounded them.

They retreat back towards the door.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

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

PEARSON

Blood lusting murderers.

ESTATE AGENT

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

CARRUTHERS

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

ESTATE AGENT

It certainly does. You are completely screwed.

CARRUTHERS

So what do you plan to do with us after that?

ESTATE AGENT

Take a stab?

He grins at her as he licks his lips.

PEARSON

We will use these if we have to.

ESTATE AGENT

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

PEARSON

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

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Pearson fires off at the workers, but the bullets just melt into their liquid bodies.

The Estate Agent roars with evil laughter

JACKSON

(pleads)

Let us leave here, man.

ESTATE AGENT

Since you've decided to speak, Jackson, I will explain to you in layman. I've been slowing down your metabolism as I warmed up your digestive system, which includes all of your functioning organs. This is why you have been fatigued of late. You have cancer of the intestines which will show itself within a day or two. You will soon be crippled and at the mercy of my workers. Also, I have fine tuned your heart rate, just enough to keep you alive. You see, a selection of our apartments are in actual fact driven by intense microwaves. When we are satisfied that you have been fully prepared to a satisfactory standard, we then send what's left of you to the Blue Room. That's where your brain cell membrane will be analysed and then dissected for the purpose of our eternal existence. The rest of you is, well, a la carte, let's say.

PEARSON

Take no notice of him, Jackson. He;s lyimng to you.

JACKSON

Why did you murder them?

ESTATE AGENT

I resent the use of drugs in my apartments. It interferes with the air flow systems. They were smoking heroin.

JACKSON

That's bollocks! Stefan never touched that shit.

ESTATE AGENT

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

JACKSON

Bullshit!

PEARSON

What does that even mean?

ESTATE AGENT

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

The floorplate suddenly begins to spin as the ultraviolet light appears incandescent.

They're all fused to the floor as it spins.

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

Jackson trembles with fear.

ESTATE AGENT

Take him back to the Blue Room.
I'll decide what to do with him later.

INT. THE BLUE ROOM - LIT

Jackson lies strapped to a trolley bed.

He is surrounded by Bronze Workers whilst the Estate Agent stands over him laughing hysterically with a long syringe in hand.

He pricks Jackson in the leg with the syringe.

CU: The room spins.

ESTATE AGENT V.O

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

INT: APARTMENT BEDROOM - LIT

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

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

He checks his watch.

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

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

He knocks back the water and heads back towards the bedroom.

The floorplate begins to rotate - faster and faster as the ultraviolet light suddenly appears incandescent.

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

ESTATE AGENT V.O

(continuously)

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

THE END