

INT. MELANIE'S HIGH RISE MANOR - DAY

It is seconds away from 12 noon.

Outside the window, the thick acrid air has almost entirely blacked out the sun.

Beecroft is prostrated on the floor. Sweat, tears and trickles of blood seep from his face.

He can barely speak. He has almost reached a point of psychosis.

The inexorable drone of the machines outside compound the deafening tinnitus that rings in his head.

A diegetically ambiguous voice booms over the industrial hum.

MELANIE

Beecroft?

(beat)

Beecroft? Beecroft wake up.

He rouses, rolls his limp torso and expels a groan.

BEECROFT

I can't escape.

A large shiny Howard Miller © cuckoo clock lets out the company's deranged jingle. He flinches.

BEECROFT (CONT'D)

I'm just a number in a wheel!

MELANIE

(saccharine)

Each number needs a name.

BEECROFT

What's my name then?!

We reveal Melanie.

A 30 year old tycoon dressed in Sass & Bide arranging plastic flowers. She is, slick, confident, beautiful though, she is as mad as a cut snake.

MELANIE

(tender)

Beecroft.

He begins to display the symptoms of a Panic Attack ©. His hands and jaw cramp up.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(sterner)

Beecroft? Snap out of it. You're embarrassing yourself!

With every effort, he composes himself somewhat.

BEECROFT

In front of who... you!
You are ruining me... you're
ruining the world!

MELANIE

Oh rubbish! You've got everything
you need. Can you imagine living
like the riffraff out there?

He slowly sits up and dusts him self off. His eyes are
fixated on the window to the outside world.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(vitriol)
You're lucky you have me but you're
too selfish to see it!
(tender)
What could possibly be wrong.

BEECROFT

I'm shrinking

MELANIE

You're what?

BEECROFT

Shrinking. I've got to get out of
here. I've got nothing left.
(beat)

Melanie lets out a shriek of laughter seemingly overjoyed and
almost turned on.

MELANIE

You think you want to leave but you
don't really. Would you prefer to
live with the mules in the mist on
the main street. Is that what you
want?

(beat)

You wanna fuck? Would that make you
feel better, hmm? Would you like
that, hmm? You wanna play again?

He doesn't respond.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Come on speak! Why don't we get
high and forget this happened.

BEECROFT

Get out of me. Get out of my
head... out of my veins, out of my
bones. I'm leaving!

Beecroft gets to his feet and staggers to the door. Melanie shouts.

MELANIE
(facetiously)
... And from the sludge rose an
edifice that became the new order
of the middle class!

She laughs hysterically. He exits.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
He'll be back.