

One Minute

By

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Two detectives in the near-future investigate homicides using a drug that brings the victim back from the dead for one minute only.

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INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two detectives wander through a dark, decrepit building, shouts are heard from outside. MASON, 20s, arrogant and dismissive, takes a pill from a box and puts it in his mouth, his eyes dilate.

ONE, 20s, tempered and intellectual, leads the way into a large room, lit only by small floodlights. In the centre of the room is the body of a man FRANK, lying on the floor with a slit throat.

A POLICEMAN stands to the side in a tracksuit, shivering.

MASON

How long on the window?

POLICEMAN

That's the thing sir, we might already be past it.

ONE

Dispatch said 3 hours.

POLICEMAN

Well that's what we thought when we found him, but...

Mason and One aren't paying attention. Mason takes out a case and opens it to reveal syringe-like objects. One takes out a camera.

MASON

(to One)

If we're gambling, I'm taking 5 seconds over on this one.

ONE

Agreed.

Mason takes out a single syringe and a stopwatch, One points the camera at Mason.

ONE (cont'd)

Rolling.

Mason holds the syringe up to the camera.

MASON

R-D Mason, confirmation of serum usage. Serial number...

(reads syringe)

114 738. Window closing imminently, commencing immediately.

Mason sticks the syringe into Frank's neck. Frank gasps a breath.

FRANK

Not Alice. Please, I swear to god
I--

Frank breathes desperately as he looks at Mason.

MASON

Sir, you are in your minute, do you understand?

FRANK

Shit. Okay, you gotta tell my wife not to worry, everything's taken care of. God, why am I so numb!

MASON

You can't move sir, that's part of the effect. Now what's your name?

FRANK

You can't just shove poison into my blood.

Mason reaches down into Frank's pockets.

FRANK

Hey!

Mason pulls out a wallet and I-D and reads it.

MASON

Who killed you Frank?

FRANK

No one killed me.

MASON

Your throat's cut.

FRANK

This goes to next of kin right?
(looking for the camera)
She's okay! She's safe.

ONE

Thirty seconds.

MASON

Who is Alice?

FRANK
I don't know any Alice.

MASON
Yes you do Frank.

FRANK
I--

MASON
-- If they killed you, they can
kill your wife. Frank, we're on
your side.

FRANK
You don't know shit.

MASON
Then tell me.

FRANK
This is all gonna change, it's the
end for all you fucking pill
freaks.

MASON
You're with the underground aren't
you Frank?

FRANK
Sarah, I love you, she's safe,
she's gonna be--

Frank chokes and dies with his eyes open. Mason stands up,
annoyed. One checks the camera.

ONE
1-0-7.

MASON
(checking stopwatch)
Confirmed.... you did me proud
Frank.

One reaches into his pocket and hands a pill over to Mason.
Mason pockets it as One turns to the shivering Policeman.

ONE
You found him?

POLICEMAN
Yeah, I was just doing my rounds in
the vacants. You think this was
planned? Like a hit?

MASON

No.

POLICEMAN

How do you know?

Mason inspects the body.

MASON

(abrasively)

Intuition.

ONE

If it was planned, they would have reanimated him themselves.

POLICEMAN

I thought each syringe was tracked and controlled.

Mason shoots the Policeman a condescending look, gets up and goes to leave.

ONE

(to the Policeman)

Get the paperwork done, tag the body, your C-O should know how to handle it.

One also goes to leave.

POLICEMAN

Sir, I've always wondered... we're the same age, is there really that much difference between us?

MASON

I can't hear you over the shivering.

Policeman notices Mason and One aren't affected by the cold at all.

INT. BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Mason and One wait in a hall as WAYNE, a homeless-looking man drags a shopping cart full of junk through a door.

MASON

Afternoon Wayne, how's tricks?

WAYNE

Aye, nee bother lad, I'm just a simple man pushing simple wares.

ONE

We're off duty.

MASON

We don't care about the 174s, the 2-F-As, the uppers, the downers, the inverters, whatever the hell big pharma's putting in your pockets.

ONE

But we do care about a name. Alice?

WAYNE

Ex bird of yours?

ONE

Homicide related.

WAYNE

The question stands lad.

Mason and One share a look, Mason opens up his pill box and holds out a pill.

Wayne takes the pill.

WAYNE

I never heard of Alice or owt like that, but 2 floors up in building four, you might find yourself a little surprise, still fresh.

ONE

Male or female?

WAYNE

Little lass.

MASON

Throat cut?

WAYNE

Maybe.

One and Mason look at each other.

WAYNE (cont'd)
Better hurry lads, window's
closing.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

ALICE, teens, hungry, rough and anarchistic, lies dead on
the floor of a messy apartment, needle stuck out of her arm.

MASON
Fucking Wayne.

ONE
Window'll be closing, get the
minute for posterity.

Mason injects Alice.

ALICE
Fucking, what is this?

MASON
Miss, is your name Alice, or do you
know an Alice?

ALICE
I don't know fucking shit, you
twats.

Mason looks up at One and shrugs.

MASON
(repeating speech)
Miss, I'm reanimation detective
Mason, I'm sorry to say you've
overdosed and died. You're in your
minute, we'd appreciate any
information relating to your death,
but your final words are your own.

Mason sits back on his haunches, uninterested.

ALICE
That's bullshit yeah, I always dose
correct, you get me?

MASON
Always isn't always miss.

ALICE
Someone done a hot-shot, yeah?

ONE
Thirty seconds.

MASON
We will definitely investigate that possibility miss. Now say your final piece.

ALICE
Get the fuck out. Do proper work yeah!

Mason looks up at One as Alice looks in the camera.

ALICE (cont'd)
This goes out to all the people yeah? This is public? Alright, well let me tell you this. It's not just me yeah, this is how people are living now, strung out in the fucking streets. This is them drugs in school lunches, pills to wake you up, pills to make you sleep, this is what happens.

Mason looks at his timer, surprised.

ALICE (cont'd)
Them big companies pushing the pills, running the government, I know you know.

Mason shows the timer to One, it reads 1:15.

ALICE (cont'd)
I can see your eyes you reanimating dickhead, I know you're on that shit. But they give you the good shit. Tell you it'll make you work hard and smart, like it's a good thing. But you're just like the rest of us. See what happens when you stop taking that shit. See what happens when they leave you out in the cold.

Alice grabs Mason's hand, Mason flinches and stumbles back, One steps back.

ALICE (cont'd)
Where the fuck you going?

MASON
(to One)
She touched me.

ALICE
What have you done to me?

Alice sits up, Mason grabs at the camera.

MASON
Turn it off! Turn it the fuck--

CUT TO BLACK.