CHIMERA

Genre: Comedy/Horror FADE IN:

1/8

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A drab, windowless room filled with a large, split-screen CCTV monitor and a control console covered in empty coffee cups and magazines.

DEREK, late 30s, an overweight security guard with top button undone and tie askew, is finishing off a packet of crisps by licking the dust from his fingers. He pays no attention to the images of deserted corridors and empty laboratories on the screen. He wipes his hands on his trouser leg and scrunches up the empty packet.

He turns in his swivel chair and throws the packet towards the bin; he lets out a small sigh of disappointment when he misses. The bin is surrounded other pieces of scrunched up litter. DEREK contemplates picking them up for a moment before dismissively waving at the bin and turning back to his desk.

After a yawn and a stretch, his attention falls on the Tupperware box under his desk. DEREK bends forward to grab it, not noticing the dark shadow which flits across the monitor screen.

He briefly fumbles with the lid before opening it. Inside a chocolate cupcake nestles on a blue envelope. DEREK picks-up the cupcake and regards it sadly before placing it gently on the control console. He opens the blue envelope to reveal a cheesy birthday card.

DEREK

(reading the card) Happy birthday my darling baby boy.

Lots of love and kisses, Mummy.

He props the card next to the cupcake and sniffs loudly.

DEREK (CONT'D) Cheers mum. At least I can rely on you to remember...

2/8

He reaches for the cupcake and takes a bite. A thunderous noise makes him jump. He sprays cupcake crumbs everywhere. He wipes crumbs off himself and scans the images on the monitor but can see nothing unusual. He frowns.

He reaches for a walkie-talkie from the pile of magazines on the console, clears his throat and presses the transmit button.

DEREK Control to all mobile units. Report in. Over.

He releases the button and listens. Just static.

DEREK Control to Sanchez. Over.

More static. An image on the monitor goes dead.

DEREK Control to Donaldson. Over.

More static and another image goes dead.

DEREK Are you lot messing me around?

Still just static. All the remaining images go dead.

DEREK Anybody? Report in. Over.

An ominous groaning, clunking sound of twisting metal echoes around the control room. DEREK looks around for something he can use as a weapon. He grabs a magazine off his desk and rolls it up. He takes a few practice swings before a woman's scream makes him jump. DEREK drops the magazine in shock. Slightly more panicked, he swipes a large flashlight from the console and fumbles with the door handle.

INT. LABORATORY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door closes behind him with a loud clunk, just as the harsh white florescent corridor lights cut-out. DEREK jumps out of his skin.

3/8

Dim, sickly green emergency lights flicker on and cast dark shadows along the sterile, claustrophobic corridor.

DEREK

(sings nervously to himself) Happy birthday to me... Happy birthday to me...

Derek's boots echo loudly as he edges along the corridor, sweeping his flashlight. He fumbles to remove the walkie-talkie from his belt and hisses into it.

DEREK This is Control to anyone - anyone at all. Please respond, over.

Static.

DEREK slots the walkie-talkie onto his belt and creeps on. His body tightens into a karate stance as he creeps around the corner. His eyes betray his confident pose however.

Ripped-out wires dangle from a ceiling access hatch. The flashlight beam catches dark splatters on the wall. DEREK touches them and checks his fingertips under the flashlight beam. They are covered in blood. He glances down to notice that he is stood in a pool of blood.

4/8

Derek's mobile phone rings in his trouser pocket. He fumbles to extract it and press it to his ear.

DEREK Hello? Mum? Mum - listen. Now's not the best time... No, Mum, please don't sing me "Happy Birthday". No, I'm not trying to be funny... No, I'm not being ungrateful... Don't be like that I'm sorry, okay?

DEREK slips on the blood and crashes forwards to the floor. His phone skids off into the darkness. He scrambles to his knees and shines his flashlight onto a dead body dressed in the same security guard uniform as him - its shirt covered in blood. DEREK stares in horror at the blood-soaked face; he gives the body a prod.

DEREK Sanchez? Oh, mate - what the Hell did this to you?

A violent, booming clunk makes Derek swing round in fright. His flashlight beam catches a dark shape that dashes across the corridor. A walkie-talkie lying next to the body crackles into life.

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) Hello - is anybody there? I need help.

Please! Anybody!

Derek grabs the walkie-talkie.

DEREK Who are you? Where are you?

5/8

# TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, thank God! This is Doctor Lucy Jennings. I'm trapped in the mortuary.

Please help me.

DEREK

Just try and stay calm, Doctor Jennings. I'm gonna get help.

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) No! Everyone's dead! Who is this?

DEREK I'm Derek.

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) Derek? Who's Derek?

DEREK I scan your pass every -- never mind.

You stay put. Okay?

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) I told you I'm trapped! You've got to get me out of here!

DEREK sits on the floor with his back to the wall and hugs his knees.

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) Derek? Derek are you still there?

TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D) There's something at the door! It's trying to get in! Oh God... It's...

6/8

The TERRIFIED FEMALE VOICE screams like a banshee. The walkie-talkie goes dead.

DEREK Doctor Jennings?

A hideous banshee scream echoes along the corridor. DEREK'S head snaps round towards it.

DEREK'S MOTHER (V.O) Derek? Derek, love? Are you there?

DEREK shines his flashlight onto his mobile phone.

A look of determination appears on DEREK'S face. Setting down his torch and the walkie-talkie, he reaches over and picks up his phone; putting it to his ear.

DEREK I'm sorry mum, but I've got to go. There's an arse that needs kicking and a lady in need.

DEREK seems confident as he clambers to his feet. he hangs up and slides his phone into his pocket like as if he's holstering a gun. He pauses for a moment to psyche himself up before clumsily rushing off toward the mortuary. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY - NIGHT

DEREK skids around the corner and slams into a blood-soaked Biohazard sign. He yanks the mortuary door handle, but it won't open.

DEREK Doctor Jennings! Are you in there?

He fumbles with a set of keys and scrapes one into the door lock as he peers through the glass window in the door. INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

The door bursts open and DEREK'S silhouette fills the doorway. He peers into the darkness.

7/8

DEREK Doctor Jennings? Doctor Jennings?

Suddenly the room erupts with light and cheering voices.

CHEERING VOICES Surprise!

Party poppers, streamers, party horns and popping champagne corks fill the space with colour and sound. A banner above the doorway reads: HAPPY 40TH BIRTHDAY DEREK!

Mouth open, DEREK stares as he tries to process the scene. DOCTOR JENNINGS, 20s, in lab coat and party hat, steps forward and plants a kiss on DEREK'S cheek. She gives him a suggestive wink and plants a plastic cup in his hand.

DOCTOR JENNINGS Happy birthday Derek.

DEREK scans the smiling faces in the room. Realisation spreads slowly across his face. He lets out a huge sigh of relief and brays like an asthmatic donkey.

DEREK I thought one of those Level Seven experiments had got out! I nearly shit myself!

Everyone laughs raucously.

DEREK And whoever did the makeup on Sanchez! Bloody brilliant! You definitely had me convinced.

The smile on Doctor Jennings's face is replaced with one of questioning.

DOCTOR JENNINGS Makeup?

DEREK Yeah, with the blood and that. Great work looked like something out of a film!

DEREK notices her confused expression. He scans the room; the guests are also visibly confused.

DEREK Where... Where is Sanchez?

8/8

A loud, Predator-esque clicking interrupts the scene. DEREK's face slowly switches from confusion to horror as the realisation hits him. DOCTOR JENNINGS drops her plastic cup and screams in terror. The lights cut out and sickly green emergency lighting returns. DEREK turns slowly as a huge shadow fills the entire doorway.

DEREK lets out a scream that becomes more gurgled as the creature pounces onto him and begins tearing him to pieces. The guests begin screaming in terror.

DOCTOR JENNINGS backs away, terror-stricken eyes fixated on the cause of her imminent death. She attempts to scream but is cut off as clawed hands begin tearing into her.

A maelstrom of violence and mayhem ensues as the party goers are then mauled.

CUT TO CREDITS.

THE END