

RED DEATH

Written by

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Based on,  
The Masque of the Red Death

EXT. STREETS OF MANCHESTER - SUNSET - 14TH CENTURY

The sun sets in the sky. The streets are empty. Sounds of coughing, groaning, and shoes clicking on the cobblestone fill the air.

In the street, a PLAGUE DOCTOR walks. He wears a long coat, leather gloves, a hat and a bird beak mask. His hands are together in front of him, holding a meter long rod. The dim light reflects off the edge of the beak of his mask.

One of the home doors is open in front of him.

A SICK LADY, wearing a wool dress, clings to the door frame weak. Her fingers are black. She squints as she looks at the doctor.

SICK LADY  
Please... help us...

The sick lady collapses onto the floor.

The doctor walks past calmly as the lady weakly reaches for his leg. His leg slips away and her arm falls limp to the ground.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - SUNSET

The streets are empty except for garbage and human excrements. Rats run through the trash and down the roads.

Tight housing quarters sit along the narrow stone paths. Some doors shut, others are open.

In the open door frames sit sick people. Blood and pus seep out of the sores on their arms. Their necks swollen. They breath weakly as they try to rest, beads of sweat drip from their skin.

A wrapped body sits against one of the homes waiting to be collected.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - SUNSET

The royal palace sits calm amongst the distress of the streets around. Gates cut it off from the rest of the world. The area around them untouched.

Guards stand behind the gates weapons at arm.

They watch the borders as they march back and forth.

FADE TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - SUNSET

The palace is full of luxury. The floors are all marble and stone. All the windows are gothic style. Stained glass pieces scatter throughout. Vivid colors filled the palace.

Each of the chamber rooms are designed with different colors.

One is blue, then purple, then green, then orange, then white. All with monochromatic coloured tapestries, stained glass and walls.

The last one is black with black stone and black walls. The room has accents of red, with red stained glass, red velvet curtains and red trim on the walls.

In the corner of this room stands a giant grandfather clock made of black wood. All the numbers on the face are red.

It chimes through the palace.

FADE TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - GRAND BALLROOM - SUNSET

A grand ballroom is full of people in fancy gowns and masks. Everyone dances the night away. Music fills the palace along with the sound of shoes tapping on the marble floors.

QUEEN MORTEM sits in her thrown over looking the ballroom. A purple velvet dress drapes over her. She watches as everybody dances below her.

A ROYAL SERVANT walks up to the queen and curtsies. Queen Mortem nods. The servant stands up straight again.

ROYAL SERVANT

Your majesty, the conditions are getting worse.

QUEEN MORTEM

(unbothered)

Are the borders still secure?

ROYAL SERVANT  
Yes, but red is filling the  
streets.

QUEEN MORTEM  
As long as the borders are -

ROYAL SERVANT  
Your majesty, it's getting closer  
to the borders.

Queen Mortem sits straight. She glares at the servant.

QUEEN MORTEM  
(stern)  
You dare speak over me?

The royal servant's eyes go wide and he shakes nervous.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
You should count yourself lucky I'm  
in a good mood tonight. Now get out  
of my sight.

ROYAL SERVANT  
But -

QUEEN MORTEM  
Now! Be grateful you are guarded!

The royal servant scurries away.

Queen Mortem sighs.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
Charles, would you be a dear and  
lead me to the floor?

CHARLES nods his head and sticks his arm out for the queen to grab. Queen Mortem courteously slides her arm through his and he guides her toward the main stair case.

Charles and Queen Mortem almost float down the stair case into the crowd. People move out of their way as they make their way to the center of the ballroom.

In the middle of the room, Queen Mortem and Charles take a waltz stance and dance to the music.

CHARLES  
May I say, you sure look ravishing  
this evening.

QUEEN MORTEM  
I'll accept it. You look quite  
(pauses)  
Handsome yourself, Charles.

CHARLES  
My my. A compliment from the Queen  
herself.

Queen Mortem laughs and Charles spins her then catches her in  
his arms.

QUEEN MORTEM  
Only for you.

Charles face goes cold.

CHARLES  
Are you truly not worried of the  
sickness growing near?

QUEEN MORTEM  
This palace is the largest next to  
the Scottish parliament. We have  
the finest people guarding our  
doors. We will be fine as long as  
we don't step foot outside.  
(cold)  
Don't tell me your siding with a  
servant?

CHARLES  
I only side with you, my sweet.

Queen Mortem smiles and Charles pulls her in tight.

The old grandfather clock chimes through the palace.

QUEEN MORTEM  
Ick. I've always hated that old  
thing.

A chill runs through the air.

Queen Mortem shivers, her arms break out in goosebumps.

The music stops.

The crowd murmurs as a figure moves through. The crowd moves  
out of its way. Partners and people cling to each other to  
get away.

Queen Mortem looks around confused.

Charles grips onto her, protective.

The figure walks into the opening near the queen. It's tall and skinny and hides its form in a black velvet cloak. The cloak has details of graves, death omens, and bones. It wears a leather mask that perfectly resembles a stiffened corpse. Feathers hung attached to the sleeves of the cloak, blood stained at the end.

Queen Mortem eyes search the figure and grows angry. Charles clings on to her arm. Guards run into the ballroom.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
Who dares insult us with this  
blasphemous mockery?

The crowd goes silent and all stare at the Queen. It's so quiet you can hear a pin drop.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
What are you waiting for? Seize and  
unmask them!  
(sadistic)  
We must see who we hang at sunrise.

The guards rush toward the figure.

The figure disappears.

Queen Mortem collapses to the ground.

FADE TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - PURPLE CHAMBER - MORNING

CHARLES (O.S.)  
Please. Give her some space.

The Queen Mortem blinks as she awakens. Her vision is blurry.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Please let the doctor in.

A DOCTOR stands in the doorway to the room. He wears leather gloves, a long jacket and a bird beak mask.

Servants remove the jacket and the Doctor takes off his gloves before he removes his mask.

DOCTOR  
Pardon all of this madam. I didn't  
expect to be invited into the  
castle after you closed the doors.

CHARLES  
We only take in the best.

DOCTOR  
Call me honored.  
(turns toward the Queen)  
How are you feeling? Apologies for  
my long wait.

QUEEN MORTEM  
I feel this is unnecessary. I  
merely collapsed from the heat.

Queen Mortem struggles to sit up. Charles rushes to her side  
and helps her lean against the bed frame.

CHARLES  
Please.

QUEEN MORTEM  
We have bigger problems on our  
hands. Did the guards catch that...  
that thing?

CHARLES  
Let me worry about that. The party  
will go on.

DOCTOR  
I will only a be a minute.

Queen Mortem nods.

Everyone exits the room.

The Doctor examines the Queen.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Has this ever happened before?

QUEEN MORTEM  
Have you ever worn a tight corset?

DOCTOR  
Touché.  
(pause)  
So... tell me about this figure?

QUEEN MORTEM  
They ruined our party.

The Doctor gives the Queen a side eye. Queen Mortem sighs.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
I've never seen a creature quite  
like it. Someone who wants to  
remain so hidden, yet so haunting.

DOCTOR  
Creature you say?

QUEEN MORTEM  
I don't see how a human could do  
such a cruel thing. I don't see how  
a human could get past our border.

DOCTOR  
Maybe you're not as safe as you  
think you are.

QUEEN MORTEM  
You bite your tongue.

DOCTOR  
Well, I think that you are  
perfectly heal -

The Doctor gently moves the Queen's long hair away from her  
neck. A small red rash reveals.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Have you been itchy recently, your  
majesty?

Queen Mortem looks at the Doctor with a raised eyebrow.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you are fine.

QUEEN MORTEM  
Of course I am. The only stranger  
I've let in is you and however  
that... that thing got in here.

DOCTOR  
I would stay clear of that  
"creature" if I were you.

QUEEN MORTEM  
If I have my way I'll have its  
head.

The Doctor stands and the servants enter with his jacket,  
gloves and mask.

DOCTOR  
Til we meet again madam.



The Doctor pulls his mask over his head, exits the room and disappears down the hall.

Charles walks in and sits on the edge of the bed.

QUEEN MORTEM  
Have they found it?

CHARLES  
Whoever it was is gone. You focus  
on resting. The festivities aren't  
going anywhere.

A servant rushes into the room

SERVANT  
I'm sorry for intruding, but there  
is a crowd of people who all want  
answers.  
(pause)  
They aren't dispersing.

Queen Mortem nods then gets out of bed, wrapping herself in a velvet robe.

CHARLES  
Let me -

QUEEN MORTEM  
I am the Queen.

Charles takes a step back with his hands up.

Queen Mortem walks out of the room and up to the railing. She looks down at the crowd of people below her and clears her throat.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)  
I can understand the concern you  
all must be having, but let me put  
your worries to rest. We are all  
safe as long as we don't leave the  
palace.

RANDOM PERSON 1  
How can you say that when someone  
got in under your watch?!

CROWD  
Huzza!

RANDOM PERSON 2  
You're suppose to be protecting us!

CROWD

Yeah!

RANDOM PERSON 3

How can we trust you?!

QUEEN MORTEM

Let me assure you that matter is dealt with. We've doubled security, and reenforced all the entrances. We can continue as normal. That plague is not getting past these gates.

People in the crowd look at each other nervous.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)

Please get back to your chambers. We have an extravagant night ahead of us.

Queen Mortem turns on her heel and enters back into the her chambers.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)

Get me the royal seamstress.

A servant nods and rushes out of the room.

Charles swallows hard.

Queen Mortem sits on the bed with a smirk on her face.

FADE TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Music fills the palace. Everyone dances in silk or velvet dresses.

Queen Mortem walks up to the top stair of the staircase. She wears a floor length red velvet dress with purple and gold accents.

The crowd turns toward her and watches as Queen Mortem descends the staircase.

Charles stands at the bottom of the stairs and takes her hand. Charles bows and they make their way to the center of the room.

The crowd commences dancing, and Queen Mortem and Charles join in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - THE GATES - NIGHT

Four guards stand by the gate opening, weapons in hand. You can hear the faint sound of the music coming from inside.

A figure in a black velvet cloak glides toward the entrance. The hood of the cloak covers their face.

The guards notice the figure and stand tall, readying their weapons.

GUARD 1  
No one enters.

The figure doesn't move.

GUARD 2  
You need to leave... before we make  
you.

The figure looks like a dark shadow.

GUARD 4  
Sir, he's not looking to good.

Guard 4 motions toward Guard 3.

Guard three lays on the ground breathing heavy. He glances up at the other guards to reveal a giant black sore on his neck that bleeds.

GUARD 1  
What the...

Guard 1 collapses onto the ground. The other two guards follow.

The gate opens and the black shadow floats over the now dead guards.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE IN LONDON - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Charles spins Queen Mortem as everyone dances around them. She laughs as Charles stops her.

The music comes to halt.

Queen Mortem turns on her heel toward the staircase. The figure stands at the top then slowly floats down.

Everyone is silent.

QUEEN MORTEM

How dare you show yourself again!  
Guards seize them!

The guards run toward the figure, as they get closer their exposed skin begins to turn black, then they collapse to the ground.

Everyone gasps.

Queen Mortem's eyes grow wide. Charles steps in front of her and gently pushes her back.

The figure makes its way through the crowd. Everyone around them grows sick and falls to the ground.

CHARLES

Everyone back to your chambers!

The crowd begins to disperse in a panic.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Get every living guard and show no  
mercy. We must protect the Queen.

The Guards nod and run away. Charles grabs Queen Mortem's hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Queen Mortem goes to speak.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

No arguments your majesty.

Charles drags Queen Mortem out of the ballroom and through a door next to the staircase.

They run through the empty secret hallway, until they land in the black chamber.

The Grandfather clock ticks in the corner of the room. Screams echo through. Charles and Queen Mortem pant out of breath. They stand hand in hand facing the door.

The figure appears.

Charles grabs a dagger from under his jacket. He steps in front of the Queen, dagger at the ready.

The figure tilts its head. Their face still hides.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You chose the wrong...

Charles speech slurs. His body loses strength and the dagger falls to the ground. Charles slowly collapses as his hands turn black. He falls to his knees, looks over at Queen Mortem, then falls onto his side. He struggles to breathe for a moment. His body goes limp.

Queen Mortem looks at Charles's dead body in horror then glares at the figure.

QUEEN MORTEM

I would think now that it's only  
the two of us, that you would have  
the courage to show me your true  
form.

The figure slowly removes its mask, and drops it to the floor. They remove their hood to reveal almost translucent skin with red veins running through, long white hair that looks drenched, and black eyes. The cloak drops to the floor and the figure stands in a red lace dress and stares at the Queen.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)

What do you want with us...?

The woman doesn't say a word. She merely points at the grandfather clock in the corner.

Queen Mortem glances at the clock.

The arms click as it counts down to midnight.

Queen Mortem looks back at the figure.

QUEEN MORTEM (CONT'D)

Red death...

Queen Mortem drops to the floor. Her red velvet dress pools around her like blood.

The woman disappears.

The arms of the grandfather clock are frozen on 11:59 and the face is cracked.

The oil lamp dimly lights the room, flickering, making it look like blood is dripping down the black walls.

All is silent.

FADE TO BLACK.

                  PLAGUE DOCTOR  
We got another one.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

An old wagon is pulled down the road by a horse.

The Plague Doctor and Doctor walk up to the back opening of the wagon.

Inside the wagon is the body of Queen Mortem.

                  DOCTOR  
She was cursed from the start.

                  PLAGUE DOCTOR  
What do you mean?

                  DOCTOR  
Mortem...

The Doctor climbs onto the ledge of the wagon and motions for the coachman to proceed.

The coachman flicks his coachwhip and the wagon lurches forward.

                  PLAGUE DOCTOR  
Long live the queen...

FADE OUT.