

D.I. Dunleavy and D.I. Hambercow enter the interrogation room and sit down. Tom is on opposite side of table, dressed as an astronaut.

HAMBERCOW

So. Seems your alibi is pretty air tight.
Almost too air tight.
(Beat.)
Just how long have you been in space?

TOM

I got back today. I've been up there for a couple of weeks. You lot grabbed me straight off the shuttle, I've not properly been quarantined yet. I could be contagious.

HAMBERCOW

You seem a little cagey there, buddy. Almost like you're trying to hide something.

TOM

I'm not hiding anything. I'm just worried that some of the stuff we came into contact with might be-

Dunleavy stands up, slamming his fists on the table.

DUNLEAVY

Confess!

TOM

What?

DUNLEAVY

(Slamming hands on table again)

Confess!

TOM

I don't-

DUNLEAVY

(Shining the lamp in Tom's face)

Confesssssss!

TOM

(To Hambercow)

Can you get rid of him?

Hambercow collects her papers and leaves with Dunleavy. They relocate to the other side of the one-way mirror, with view of Tom in room. In background, Tom is obviously in some discomfort. He is pale, sweating and pulling at his collar.

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DUNLEAVY

Well, he's one tough cookie, but look at him! He's obviously guilty, see how nervous he is. I reckon we let him sweat on this for a little. Then go have another crack at him.

HAMBERCOW

I'm not so sure. I don't think he's our guy.

Behind them, they do not notice Tom beginning to writhe in agony and convulse.

DUNLEAVY

Who else could it be?

HAMBERCOW

I'm not sure, but it means they're still out there.

DUNLEAVY

We should get back to it. Crime doesn't sleep.

HAMBERCOW

Well, no. Of course not. Crime is a concept, it has no need of rest. Besides, it's the middle of the day, bed time's ages away.

Dunleavy rolls his eyes and leaves. Hambercow follows. An alien bursts out of Tom's chest.