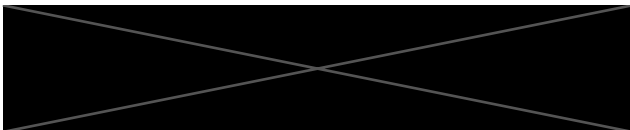


KILLER CARGO

Written by

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After a luxury jet's secret cargo turns out to be a murderous alien, a trampy flight attendant must destroy it before it devours the world.



INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER COCKPIT - NIGHT

Super: Springfield, Missouri

KEVIN POWERS (35, cock of the walk wannabe) rests in the co-pilot's seat. State-of-the-art flat screens blaze across his douchey face.

He gazes at the lights illuminating the runway against the inky black sky.

Kevin loves this job, mostly because he feels it makes him better than everyone else.

He does dig the view, though.

Right outside the door, ANITA FITZGERALD (28), hard-working, poised, with a sprinkle of daddy issues - bends over, buffing a minuscule smudge out of the hand-carved mahogany wood.

Kevin twists around to watch her work: THIS view is pretty terrific, too.

KEVIN

Hey, Anita. Did you have a chance
to think about that charity dinner?

She straightens, turns, and challenges his ogling.

ANITA

I believe I'm busy that night.

KEVIN

I didn't say what night it was.

Anita's waaaaay out of his league, but Kevin's the only one who doesn't seem to know this.

She shoots him a "you poor thing" smirk.

ANITA

Kevin. I said I'm busy.

The sound of footsteps pulls her attention to the main door. Her eyes crinkle into a *genuine* smile.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Good evening, Captain.

CHARLES SONG (53), silver fox, the *real* deal in Anita's eyes, steps in, removes his cap, and gallantly nods to her.

CHARLES
Good evening, Anita, and Merry
Christmas.

ANITA
Merry Christmas, sir.

He presses by. She inhales him as he passes.

Damn, he smells good.

Captain Charles enters the cockpit, placing his leather
travel bag into his cubby hole.

CHARLES
Merry Christmas, Kevin.

KEVIN
Merry Christmas, Captain. Preflight
is complete.

Charles takes his seat in the captain's chair.

CHARLES
Thank you.

He proceeds to check Kevin's work.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Christmas Eve... and here we are.

KEVIN
At least it's a short flight.

CHARLES
I'll be back home nestled in with
Mrs. Claus before I know it. Are
you going to your folks' tomorrow?

A flicker of hesitation crosses Kevin's face. He was planning
on getting drunk all day. Alone.

KEVIN
Uhh, yeah. Mom's uhh... making a
ham.

CHARLES
Good. You're smart to enjoy your
folks while they're still here. I
miss mine every day.

KEVIN
I plan on it, sir.

Desperate to stop this Norman Rockwell bullshit...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What do you think's so important
that we're flying tonight?

CHARLES

Our job is to fly the plane, not
ask questions. You know that.

KEVIN

Of course.

CHARLES

And Kevin...

KEVIN

Yes, sir?

CAPT. CHARLES

I smell cigarettes on you. Again.
Please refrain from smoking before
we fly.

KEVIN

Yes sir. It won't happen again.

CAPT. CHARLES

See that it doesn't.

Thanks to the dark of night, Captain Charles misses Kevin's
ginormous eye roll.

EXT. GULFSTREAM G650ER - NIGHT

The sleek jet glistens on the twinkling airstrip.

Parked at the base of its stairs: **A 6' x 3' frosted
fiberglass sarcophagus rests on a gurney.**

Frowning, CLIFF KRANTZ (42), a giant man in a \$6,000 Brunello
Cucinelli suit - the "heavy", gives an unimpressed nod.

CLIFF

That's it?

If Idris *Elba* had an exact opposite, IDRIS BOWMAN (49) would
be it.

IDRIS

Yes.

Wiping sweat off his brow, Idris peers at his Apple watch and then back at the man-sized container--

IDRIS (CONT'D)
We really need to get this plugged
back in.

CLIFF
No one's stopping you.

ARNIE HEIM (27), a gangly, goofy fucker in a cheap velour tracksuit, waves.

ARNIE
Hi, I'm Arnie.

CLIFF
Don't care.

IDRIS
Would you mind?

Soliciting Cliff for help with the pod.

CLIFF
You made it this far. I'm only here
to make sure you don't fuck up.

IDRIS
It's a bit heavy.

CLIFF
Use your legs.

IDRIS
Right.

He looks at Arnie.

IDRIS (CONT'D)
Okay. On three. One... two...
three!

Arnie lifts his end with ease. Idris lifts up and... the container THUDS to the ground!

CLIFF
What the *fuck*?

IDRIS
Sorry, I lost my grip. I told you,
it's heavy.

Cliff sighs.

CLIFF

Move.

He pushes Idris away, searching the end of the vessel.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

All your brilliant minds, and
nobody made a handle?

IDRIS

It wasn't created to be moved.

Cliff heaves the container up.

Underneath the pod: a TINY, TINY HOLE.

CLIFF

Let's go.

Arnie and Cliff wedge the pod into the plane.

Idris hurries after them.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER, MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Anita greets the passengers with her "work" smile.

ANITA

Welcome, gentlemen. We've prepared
a place in the back. Follow me,
please.

Rich woodwork gleams in soft, low light. Rows of buttery
leather, cream colored seats beckon over exotic animal print
rugs. Large oval windows line the craft's walls.

With a ceiling tall enough that the two big guys don't have
to hunch over, and a width of nearly nine feet, maneuvering
the container is much easier here than up the stairs.

ANITA (CONT'D)

There are two lavatories. One here
and one aft--

ARNIE

Aft?

ANITA

Back. We don't say "back" on a
plane.

ARNIE
Is it bad luck or somethin'?

ANITA
It's taken from sailing. From ships.

ARNIE
Ohhhh... What's in *there*?

He points to a small room next to the cockpit.

ANITA
Crew quarters. Anyway, the *other* restroom is in the plane's aft, through the galley.

She gestures to a well-stocked restroom, complete with a huge picture window.

Arnie stops to gawk and then whistles.

ARNIE
What a view to take a dump.

CLIFF
It's a bathroom, you fucking moron. Keep moving.

They continue their trek through the jet--

INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER, LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

A plush sofa faces a 60" flat screen. An old-fashioned POPCORN MACHINE stands tethered in the corner.

Once again, Arnie pauses to take it in.

ARNIE
Nice...

CLIFF
GO.

ARNIE
Jeez.

IDRIS
Cliff's right, Arnie. Time is of the essence.

Idris wrings his sweaty hands, his face carrying the worried expression of an expecting father.

They keep moving.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER COCKPIT - NIGHT

Through the windscreen, runway lights outline their path as the men prepare for takeoff.

CHARLES
Left and right?

KEVIN
Clear.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)
Gulfstream 2 5 5 Tango Yankee,
runway 2 5 clear for takeoff.

CHARLES
(into headset)
Runway 2 5 clear for takeoff,
Gulfstream 2 5 5 Tango Yankee.

With a cheesy wink to Kevin,

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Here's mud in your eye.

Charles pushes the throttle.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER GALLEY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A pulsing hum radiates from the pod.

Idris double-checks the milky sarcophagus. Everything seems to be working.

Cliff towers in the doorway.

CLIFF
Where'd this thing come from?

IDRIS
Not here.

Idris slides past him. Cliff grimaces at the strange container and follows the quirky little man, leaving the pod...

Alone.

A hiss seethes under the noise of the jet engine:

He scurries around it like a kid afraid of a closet monster, into the lavatory, and slides the door closed.

The door's lock CLICKS.

Unattended, the container purrs in the galley.

And then, from within...

THUD.

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Anita knuckles a TAP on the door before entering the--

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

She peeks her head in.

ANITA
Gentlemen. Need anything?

KEVIN
Nothing for me, hon.

She rolls her eyes at the back of his head.

CHARLES
Do we have any more of that
Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee?

ANITA
Of course. However, it'll take a
bit longer. I'll need to... uh,
grind some beans.

CHARLES
I'd love some.

Anita leaves the men.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

The bathroom door creeps open, and Cliff's broad face pokes out. Did he hear something?

He stares down at the container in front of him and peers into its milky plexiglass. Guess not.

Shuddering from a heebie jeebie attack, Cliff bolts out of the room.

The pod sits alone... again.

Through its cloudy cover, a vague shadow ripples.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Charles glances at his watch.

CHARLES

I'm going to see a man about a horse. Betty's in your control.

KEVIN

My control.

Charles moves out.

As soon as he's out of sight, Kevin mocks him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

"I'm going to see a man about a horse." What a fucking douchebag.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The gurgle of the coffee pot. Anita stares off - her mind a million miles away.

Behind her, a STEM, the color of mildewed clay, finds a small hole in the pod's latch.

It pokes through, pulsing at its tiny tip.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Charles glides by the seated men, barely acknowledging them.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Charles shuts the door behind him, towering over Anita.

The stem snaps back into the pod.

CHARLES

May I be of service?

She doesn't turn around.

ANITA
Took you long enough.

He spins her, pulling her into him. No time to waste, he ravishes her breasts while she works his manhood.

This ain't the first time they've fucked in this kitchen.

INT. POD - NIGHT

Seen through the frosted pane, Captain Charles flips Anita around, taking her from behind.

He breathes into her ear.

CHARLES
Let me grind that bean.

Seen From The Pod:

Golden "energy trails" spurt from these two...

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Unbeknownst to the screwing couple, the grey-green fiber stretches out of the pod lock again.

A throbbing knob now at its tip.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin checks his watch.

KEVIN
Prostate issues, Grandpa?

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Charles and Anita grind away, locked in a grunting rhythm.

CHARLES
(muted moaning)
God, this feels good.

Behind them, the foreign organ rocks from side to side, growing longer and longer.

The lovers whisper...

ANITA
Tell me how much.

CHARLES
Baby, you know.

ANITA
Tell me.

CHARLES
This is all I think about.

ANITA
Tell me you love me.

CHARLES
Ohm.... sure... yeah...

ANITA
Tell me.

CHARLES
I love you.

She murmurs back.

ANITA
I love you, too. Ahhh... I can't
wait for us to be together. Oh, oh
oh...

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Three men in different stages of boredom. Arnie whines.

ARNIE
I can't believe you won't let me at
least play Candy Crush.

CLIFF
You were never here. You can go
without your phone for an hour.
God.

Defeated, Arnie takes a deep breath.

ARNIE
That coffee smells good, and I
don't even like coffee.

Idris inhales.

IDRIS
It sure does.

ARNIE
Do you think I could get a Coke?

CLIFF
Will it make you shut up?

ARNIE
Yeah!

Arnie rockets up.

IDRIS
Would you mind getting me a coffee,
Arnie?

ARNIE
Sure thing, Idris.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arnie revels in the trappings of the billionaire rich.

He sniffs out the flatscreen's remote and CLICKS it on. Thousands of movies at his disposal, he selects the old Steve McQueen movie, THE BLOB. The melodramatic score covers Anita and Charles banging away on the other side of the door.

ARNIE
Classic.

Stretching out on the sofa, the light of the horror flick washes over his simple face.

Arnie jumps up to investigate the street-vendor popcorn machine in the corner.

His sleuthing uncovers oil and kernels in a nearby cabinet.

He pours them into the kettle - very satisfied with himself - and switches it on.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin checks his watch again.

KEVIN
What is taking that geezer so long?

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Charles plows into Anita. Nearly there. Driving, thrusting.
Behind the lovers, the strange tendril pushes at the latch.
Anita moans.

ANITA
Tell me. Tell me.

Pulsing in time with them, *the stem reaches...*

CHARLES
I love you. I love you.

Streeeetching...

Almost there.

ANITA
Say you'll leave her.

Charles moans in ecstasy. So close...

Almooooost.

ANITA (CONT'D)
SAY IT.

ALMOOOOOOOOST.

CHARLES
Come on, baby.

ANITA
SAY. IT.

CLICK.

CHARLES
I can't yet.

FREED.

Anita has her pants up in one catlike movement.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Come on... don't be like that! I
can't leave her now.

ANITA
(mostly to herself)
You're never going to leave her.

She huffs out, slamming the door behind her.

Charles bellows a half-hearted plea, but doesn't follow her.

CHARLES
It's Christmas! ANI-

A TENTACLE slides around Charles' throat and PULLS with such strength that his head tears away from his body.

A volcano of blood ruptures from his neck.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anita storms in. Cheeks flushed from sex and rage.

Her eyes land on the cheesy horror film on the screen.

ANITA
What are you doing?

He clicks the TV off.

ARNIE
Nothing. Sorry...

She continues through the cabin.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Can I get a Coke?

ANITA
(voice breaking)
Umm... Will you give me a moment?
My apologies.

ARNIE
Oh sure. I'll just get it myself!

She waves but keeps moving. The waterworks are on their way, and she doesn't want the knuckle dragger to see her cry.

POP! POP! POP!

Popcorn kernels burst in the kettle.

Now, for that Coke.

Whistling, Arnie glides the galley door open--

INT. FRONT (NOSE) LAVATORY - NIGHT

Anita throws her heartbroken self inside. Finally alone, the tears come.

Glaring at herself in the mirror,

ANITA
You dumbass.

She spits at her reflection and then quickly wipes it off.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Another Holiday, alone.

Dabbing a little water on her face. She inhales a deep, cleansing breath.

ANITA (CONT'D)
You are a walking cliché.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

ANITA (CONT'D)
If you think you can just say
you're sorry--

She jerks the door open.

Kevin. Great.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh.

KEVIN
Sorry for what?

ANITA
Nothing.

KEVIN
That time of the month?

She spews a disgusted sigh.

ANITA
What do you want?

KEVIN
Where's Charles?

ANITA
How would I know? And, who's flying
the plane?

KEVIN

It's fine, I turned on George. I need to use the can.

ANITA

What are you? Five? You can't hold your bladder for an hour?

KEVIN

Maybe it's not my bladder.

ANITA

Gross.

KEVIN

You've got your license, right?

ANITA

I'm short a few hours, but-

KEVIN

Well, here's your chance to get some time.

ANITA

Ugh, fine.

They trade places.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Arnie slides the door open to--

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE

Gore on every surface; it's even dripping off the ceiling.

Arnie has seen a lot in his young life, but nothing like:

A small grey blob, about the size of an iPhone, sprawls on Charles' chest. Rippling out of the creature are hundreds of the "stems". They roll and lurch into every hole of the captain's body.

Arnie's jaw unhinges to release a full-throated scream.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Anita, in Charles' seat, cry-sings.

ANITA
Bluuuue Christmas without youuuu.

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin grimaces on the other side of the door.
Cringe.

ANITA (O.S.)
I'll have a Bluuuue Christmas
without youuuuuuu!

This chick is definitely going through some shit.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin sticks his head in.

KEVIN
Wow, you are a *terrible* singer.

Anita wipes her wet face.

ANITA
How was your little potty break?

KEVIN
It all worked out in the end.

ANITA
Eeeewwww.

He grins.

KEVIN
You're extra cranky tonight.

ANITA
You mean bitchy?

KEVIN
You said it, not me. I thought you
wanted to fly.

ANITA
I do. But...

KEVIN
But what?

ANITA

Nothing.

They sit in stony silence.

KEVIN

This whole night's been weird,
don't ya think? I'm ready for a
drink.

ANITA

What's new?

KEVIN

What does *that* mean?

Her condescending hand pats his shoulder.

ANITA

I'll go check on Charles.

He waits until she's gone...

KEVIN

Yeah, it's definitely that time of
the month.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Arnie's muffled scream pierces the closed door.

ARNIE (O.S.)

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAHAHAHHHHHHHHH!

Cliff and Idris lock eyes.

ARNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Idris! IDRIS!

Cliff jumps up, but Idris holds out his arm, shaking his head
no. Don't move.

ARNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It got out! IDRIS! IT GOT OUT.

Idris creeps to the doorway and whispers through it.

IDRIS

Arnie? Listen to me. Be quiet. You
are only attracting attention to
yourself.

ARNIE (O.S.)
Ok, Idris.

IDRIS
Find a place to hide and stay
still.

IDRIS (CONT'D)
(to Cliff)
We have to land the plane.

CLIFF
What?

IDRIS
You heard me.

CLIFF
No, you have to deliver. That was
the deal.

IDRIS
Then we're all going to die.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

The smooth, faceless organism turns, and for a split second, it TAKES ON CHARLES'S FEATURES. It beholds Arnie with a crooked grin.

The creature focuses on Arnie's stupefied face and the golden energy swirling around the man-child's very sweaty body.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

POP! POP! POP!

The kettle brims with popcorn.

Arnie dives behind the machine and makes himself as small as he can. Eyes squeezed tight.

SQUISH. The creature snakes to the top of the machine.

The heat from the glass SIZZLES its skin.

The creature releases a YIP and slithers away.

The machine starts to SMOKE...

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Anita smooths herself down, donning her professional persona.

She notices Cliff and Idris standing, their attention fixed on the closed bedroom door.

ANITA

Is there a problem, gentlemen?

Cliff puts his finger to his lips. Shhh.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

CLIFF

(whisper screams)

Shut up.

She hardens.

ANITA

Charles is back there.

Idris meets Cliff's gaze, but they don't look at her. That's all she needs to know.

She flies to the door, opens it--

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the haze, Charles's crumpled, headless body.

ANITA

CHARLES!

Something snakes to the side of her.

Arnie jumps out from behind the popcorn machine,

ARNIE

Get out of here, miss!

and shoves her back into the main cabin.

He's right behind her when--

THWACK!

An alien limb rips through Arnie's stomach.

His wide eyes fix on Idris.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Idri-

The appendage wraps around his body, wrenching him back.

And then Arnie is gone.

Cliff slams the door shut. And--

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Scoops up the hysterical Anita. She kicks and punches him to no avail.

ANITA

Charles! CHARLES! Put me down!

Cliff marches her into the flight crew's room. Tosses her into the chair.

CLIFF

Stay here.

ANITA

What is that thing!? Oh my god.
CHARLES!

CLIFF

I don't know.

She wails.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Through her sniffing, she meets his gaze.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I'm on it.

ANITA

Cliff, what is that thing!?

CLIFF

I don't know, but you need to get
your shit together. Click it off.

She manages a nod.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

And wipe the snot off your face.

She flips him off.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Cliff returns to find Idris, frozen, staring at the door.

An awful SLURPING noise on the other side.

SLURP. SLURP. SLURP.

IDRIS
Arnie was a good kid. I shouldn't
have agreed to do this. This is all
my fault.

CLIFF
We'll get it under control. Tell me
what to do to stop it.

IDRIS
I don't know.

CLIFF
What do you mean, you don't know?

IDRIS
I don't know how to stop it.

CLIFF
How did you ever have it under
control?

IDRIS
It came to us this way. The vacuum
of space served as a sort of
anesthesia, and it was always
contained.

He glowers at Idris.

CLIFF
You short-sighted fucker.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

An endless ebony night extends beyond Kevin's silhouette.

KEVIN
I should have asked for coffee.

He stretches, cracks his neck, yawns.

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Anita's shaky hands fumble her phone. She manages to dial "Ms. Jagoda".

She presses the phone to her ear and waits. Two rings...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Super: Kansas City, Missouri

A GIRL (7ish), wearing a headscarf and too many IVs, sits up in her bed. She cradles an exquisitely gift-wrapped box.

GIRL

For me?

DARIA JAGODA (32), fulfilling her Christmas charity work, smiles at the sweet girl.

DARIA

Happy Holidays!

The little one lifts the lid, and her innocent face breaks into a giant grin.

GIRL

How did you know?

DARIA

I have my ways.

Daria's phone buzzes in her \$1200 cashmere hoodie's pocket. She slides it out. "Anita"

DARIA (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, dear.

Beaming, the girl holds up a gorgeous pink dress against her frail body.

Daria throws her a kiss and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Three oversized BODYGUARDS in dark suits hover around the doorway. One of them holds a red-and-white Santa bag brimming with holiday-themed treasures.

Daria strides past them, taking the call.

DARIA
Anita! Hello, my darling.

ANITA (V.O.)
Hi Daria. Sorry to bother you. Uhm.
We have... an issue.

DARIA
Issue?

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Anita swallows her terror and collects herself.

ANITA
With the... the shipment?

INTERCUT

Daria lowers her voice. VERY concerned.

DARIA
What happened?

ANITA
There was some *thing* in that pod.
It was some kind of... creature.
And it... It got out!

Daria lets out a long, troubled breath.

DARIA
Oh sweetie. First and foremost, is
everyone ok?

Anita shakes her head, forgetting that Daria can't see her.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Anita? Dear?

Daria snaps at one of the "suits", motioning for him to
distribute the rest of the presents. She returns to the call.

Anita's face breaks.

ANITA
No. No, everyone is not ok.
Charles...

Daria's hand goes to her mouth.

DARIA

Oh no. What a nightmare. You poor thing.

Anita quietly sobs.

ANITA

What *is* that thing?

Daria's eyes narrow.

DARIA

Listen to me. Have Kevin land *immediately*. I'll track you, but confirm your location as soon as you land.

Anita nods her head.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Copy that?

Daria strains to hear. Hello?

On the other end, Anita's eyes dart around the room.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Anita?

ANITA

Uhm... Yeah. Sorry. Yes. Copy that.

Daria's voice drips with concern.

DARIA

It's going to be ok. I'm holding the intention that everything will be fine. Let's say it together.

Anita glances around, slightly embarrassed.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Everything will be fine.

ANITA

Everything... will... be fine.

DARIA (CONT'D)

I'll be with you soon. And Anita?

ANITA

Yes?

DARIA
Don't forget your ujjayi breathing.
It's very calming in high-stress
situations.

Daria hands her phone to a bodyguard.

Anita frowns at the phone before stuffing it into her pants pocket and sneaking out.

She ducks into the--

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Off her rattled face...

KEVIN
What's going on?

ANITA
I spoke to Ms. Jagoda. She said we
need to land the plane. Now.

KEVIN
We're only 40 minutes out-

ANITA
Now.

She checks a map screen.

ANITA (CONT'D)
We can land at BBG. It's almost
underneath us.

KEVIN
There's nothing there. It's
Branson, Missouri.

ANITA
Our cargo. It... got out.

KEVIN
What is it? A tiger or something?

ANITA
I don't know what it is. I hope I'm
asleep and this is the most fucked
up nightmare I've ever had. But
Charles is...

She shrieks.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Take us down or I WILL!

KEVIN
Ok, ok. We'll land at BBG.

Into his headset.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
This is Gulfstream 2 5 5 Tango
Yankee. We need emergency clearance
to land. ETA 4 minutes.

He waits.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Repeat. This is Gulfstream 2 5 5
Tango Yankee. We need to land NOW.
Hello? Is anyone there?

Kevin checks his watch. It's 11:13 pm.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
The tower's probably closed.

ANITA
We're coming anyway.

He shrugs and presses the yoke forward.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Haze from the burning popcorn rolls under the door.

CLIFF
Fucking hell.

Hundreds of tiny tentacles explore the sides of the door.
Looking for a way out, they feel around, taking hold.

CRACK! It rips the door off its track.

The door disappears into the bedroom, revealing a room
shrouded in fog.

Cliff slides a Ruger.22 from his shoulder holster. He peers
into the room.

Across the sofa, sprawls Arnie's mangled, husked body.

Idris staggers back, terrified. He never takes his eyes off
the dark lump that was Arnie.

He moans.

IDRIS
I failed him.

CLIFF
We don't have time for that
bullshit. Shove it deep down, doc.

Cliff creeps backwards, away from the bodies, scanning for anything that moves.

Nothing.

Then. He sees it. Hiding in the smoke.

Something resembling a translucent, diseased spider slithers across the ceiling, pulled along by hundreds of legs.

ALIEN POV

View from above: A crying man in a chair. Energy crackles throughout the room, but *bold lines* float from the man's head.

MAIN CABIN

The creature worms toward Idris.

Cliff's mouth falls open, terrified. He whispers.

CLIFF
It's coming at you.

Idris doesn't move.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
shit.shit.shit.shit.shit. IDRIS!

It slinks closer

Closer.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
GET UP.

Idris weeps.

IDRIS
(sotto)
Arnie...

CLIFF

IDRIS!

The creature dangles from above and then--

PLOP.

It falls on him.

IDRIS

(terrified whisper)

Is there something on my head?

Cliff nods in horror.

Idris doesn't fight back as the alien glob slurps and sucks and pulls and rips. The skin from Idris's scalp dissolves in batches. Pieces of his skull, exposed.

Appendages burrow into Idris's slumped body, draining every bit of life force from him.

WAAH! WAAH! WAAH! The fire alarm bleats out.

Oxygen masks fall from the ceiling, the bouncing, flailing tubing moves like the horrible creature's limbs.

The alien scurries away.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

A master warning light flares. An oxygen mask jangles in front of Kevin's concerned face.

KEVIN

A *fire*? Jeeze. What the hell is going on?

Anita ignores him. She's trying to dissociate, but it's really hard with the alarm and Kevin's yammering.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Anita, I need you to check it out.

He snaps in front of her face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hey! Get up and go see what's going on.

ANITA

You want *me* to go out there?

KEVIN
Yeah, I'm the pilot and I'm
ordering you.

ANITA
But...

KEVIN
But what? You can't cuz you're a
girl? Is that what you were going
to say?

ANITA
No.

It was.

KEVIN
Get up. And do your fucking job.

ANITA
You haven't seen it. You don't
know.

KEVIN
It's a FIRE on a PLANE!

ANITA
Fine.

Rising, her shaky legs plead with her not to do this.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Cliff backs up. Where is that fucker?

WAAH! WAAH! WAAH!

The fire alarm rattles his skull.

He tiptoes back...

One. Step. At. A. Time.

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Made it.

Sliding in, Cliff shuts the door and looks down at his piss-soaked pants.

CLIFF
(to himself)
Calm down, pussy.

He presses his ear against the door. All he can hear is that damn alarm.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Anita stalks through the smoke.

WAAH! WAAH! WAAH!

Idris's caved-in head slumps back on his shoulders. His dead, open eyes stare at her. The plane, making its quick descent, lurches Idris's body at her. She slaps her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

She calms herself before taking two more steps.

When--

Something grabs her from behind!

It's Cliff.

He forces her into the tiny room.

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Cliff wheels around and shoves Anita into the chair.

CLIFF
What are you doing?

ANITA
Kevin made me check on the fire.

CLIFF
Stay here. You don't need to be walking around with that thing out there.

This is exactly what she wanted to hear.

ANITA
Thank you.

She motions for him to leave.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I'll open the door when you get back.

CLIFF

I'm not going out there.

ANITA

Cliff, it's a FIRE...on a PLANE!

CLIFF

It's just smoke from that stupid popcorn machine.

ANITA

You don't know that.

CLIFF

We'll be down soon. Try to relax.

ANITA

But-

CLIFF

I said, shut up.

ANITA

No, you didn't. You said to relax.

He points his gun at her.

CLIFF

I said: Shut up.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Surrounded by the ancient Ozark mountains, the faint lights of Branson Airport (BBG) emerge.

Kevin wipes his brow and checks his watch.

KEVIN

(muttering)

What's taking so long? Fuuuuuck.

He grabs a handset.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Through the PA system, Kevin's squawk fills the smoky plane.

KEVIN (O.S)
Flight crew, prepare for landing.

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Over the speaker:

KEVIN (O.S.)
Anita, come to the cockpit.

Anita rolls her eyes.

ANITA
Oh, now he wants me to come to the cockpit.

She rises from her seat, but Cliff pushes her down again.

CLIFF
Stay put.

ANITA
Am I a prisoner?

CLIFF
I'm trying to keep you alive, dumbass.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The jet makes a flawless landing.

KEVIN
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you,
With flourish of his arm...

KEVIN (CONT'D)
PERFECTION.

EXT. BRANSON AIRPORT (BBG), RAMP - NIGHT

Gleaming and pristine, the Gulfstream's sleek exterior belies the bloodbath inside.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin scrambles out of his seat. On second thought, he grabs the handset again.

INT. FLIGHT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Over the loudspeaker:

KEVIN (O.C.)
Ok. We're here. I'm going to check
on the fire and open the exits.

Cliff rolls his eyes.

CLIFF
Great. Another moron.

He holds up his gun-

Opens the door-

Steps out--

INT. OUTSIDE THE COCKPIT DOOR - NIGHT

Cliff presses his face against the door.

CLIFF
(the faintest whisper)
Kevin. Can you hear me?

KEVIN (O.C.)
Yeah, man. What the fuck's going
on?

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin opens the door. The bellowing of the fire alarm follows Cliff in. Cliff slams the door shut behind him, muffling the assaultive ringing.

KEVIN
Where's Anita? Is the fire in the
galley?

Cliff sighs. He numbers off on his fingers.

CLIFF
One: Don't care about the fire.
Two: That thing is loose. Three:
Everyone but Anita, you, and me is
dead.

Kevin hesitates before offering his brilliant response.

KEVIN

Shit.

CLIFF

I'm going to pick up Anita, and
we're going to get off the plane.

KEVIN

Wait...

Kevin scans the cockpit for a possible weapon - nothing but
the FIRE EXTINGUISHER. He clutches it to his chest.

CLIFF

You don't need that.

KEVIN

It's something.

Cliff relents,

CLIFF

Whatever.

and puts a meaty paw on Kevin's shoulder.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Let me go first.

With a series of "psyching up" breaths, Cliff's out the door.

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin cowers behind the massive man.

Cliff lightly TAPS on the crew door with the gun.

CLIFF

We're leaving.

Anita appears, ready, purse on her shoulder.

A THUMP to the right of Cliff. He spins, wielding the .22.

The incessant bleating of the fire alarm makes it impossible
to hear anything else.

Kevin peeks out from behind Cliff's giant back.

Everything seems fine: rich woodwork, leather, *blood, pieces*
of Idris's head.

KEVIN

AHHH!

CLIFF

Shhhhh.

To release the exit door, they need to press the button at the top right. It's only a few feet away, but it might as well be miles.

The creature crawls out of Idris' chest:

Now the size of a Labrador retriever.

KEVIN

OH FUCK.

The creature snaps a melty Idris face his way. Kevin doesn't move. He contemplates fainting.

Anita's SCREAM brings him back.

Cliff, seeing an opportunity, nabs Anita by her hair.

CLIFF

Kevin, I'll distract it. You grab the door.

KEVIN

Wait? What? Distract it?

CLIFF

Yeah.

He grins down at Anita.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Come on, gorgeous. You know what it's like to be a piece of meat, don't cha?

Cliff directs her body toward the creature.

ANITA

What are you doing?! Let go of me!!!

She slaps at his giant arm, trying to break free.

KEVIN

Let her go, man.

CLIFF
Don't worry about her. She's busy
serving dinner. Get the door.

ANITA
CLIFF. STOP IT!

CLIFF
(to Kevin)
On the count of three, hit the
door.

Anita thrashes, desperate.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
One.

ANITA
NO! Let go of me!

CLIFF
Two...

Kevin stands frozen.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Come on. Nod if you're with me.

Kevin slowly nods.

Decision made.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Three.

Kevin smashes the fire extinguisher into Cliff's skull.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

Cliff releases Anita, bringing his hand to the back of his head. Blood rushing from his scalp, he staggers, desperately trying to stay upright--

Kevin kicks him on top of the monster!

Cliff clamors backwards in sheer panic.

Kevin smacks the exit door pad. The door whirrs in response.

Cliff empties his weapon into the creature.

The alien's body absorbs the bullets, immediately shrinking to the size of a large house cat.

Out of ammo, Cliff throws the useless gun at the monster.

The alien rises up. Its underbelly a cavernous hole filled with rows and rows of fangs.

This "mouth" opens and closes in rhythm with the fire alarm. Like it's screaming: WAAA. WAAA. WAAA.

WHACK!

An alien appendage tears through the bodyguard's chest with such force that it blasts his body into the hall.

It pounces on top of Cliff, settling on his stomach.

Before Cliff's mouth can release its horrible yowl, the creature plunges another appendage down his throat.

The door and exit stairs finished their automated unfurling.

Kevin reaches for Anita.

KEVIN

Come on!

She grabs his hand, and he yanks her out the door and down the stairs.

EXT. GULFSTREAM G650, BRANSON AIRPORT - NIGHT

Kevin runs to the panel near the nose and works the pad.

From the ground, Anita watches in shock as the beast's mutant arms twist and prod into Cliff's body, devouring the man from the inside out.

Then the door shuts, and it's all gone.

Like it never happened.

ANITA

Can... can it get out?

KEVIN

I don't know. I don't think so. But
*how did it get out in the first
place?*

Never taking her eyes off the Gulfstream's door,

ANITA
I caught one of the guys going
through a bunch of stuff. Maybe he
did it?

KEVIN
And where is he?

ANITA
Dead. They're *all* dead.

She turns to face him.

ANITA (CONT'D)
We need to get away from here.

KEVIN
Duh. Let's go inside, and I'll call
the police. Shit. I don't have my
phone.

ANITA
Where is it?

Kevin points at the plane. Anita wobbles a smile, holding up
her handbag.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I even have a charger.

Motioning toward the airport terminal,

KEVIN
After you.

ANITA
Kevin.

KEVIN
Yeah?

ANITA
Thanks.

KEVIN
I only saved you because I didn't
want to be stuck here with Cliff.

He winks.

ANITA
A simple "you're welcome" would
have sufficed.

KEVIN

Let's get away from this fucking death plane before you get a chance to repay me.

ANITA

That's the smartest thing that's ever come out of your mouth.

They hightail it into the building, under the sign:

"Welcome To The Ozarks".

INT. BRANSON AIRPORT, TERMINAL - NIGHT

The Cracker Barrel of airports, done up in all its Christmas finery. Old-timey log cabin crap everywhere, complete with a BASS PRO SHOP GENERAL STORE and HENRY SULLENGER'S SALOON.

Between the late hour and the holiday, it's closed. Empty, except for fake trees, split rail craftsmanship, and moonshine jugs.

Lots of places for monsters to hide.

Anita nods at a wooden sign pointing in various directions at airporty things, one of them being restrooms.

ANITA

I'll be in there.

She gestures toward the ladies' room.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Whistling along to the Muzak version of "Santa Baby", MADGE THE CLEANING WOMAN (57), a prisoner to hard times and an even harder head, pushes her trash cart through the employee side door. The wheel sticks in the doorway.

MADGE

Sum-a-bitch.

Throwing a small tantrum, she rams the cart into the wall a few times. This actually works, and the cart pops into the --

INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY - NIGHT

She releases a gummy smile and lumbers toward the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kevin lurks behind a small "Bass Pro Shop" Christmas tree. It's kind of cute, with tiny fishing rods, bear traps, and hunting-rifle ornaments.

He watches the cleaning lady leave and slips into the --

INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY- NIGHT

through the unlocked door.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Under fluorescent lights, Anita whips out her phone.

She dials "Ms. Jagoda".

INT. GULFSTREAM G800, MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

No popcorn machines or animal-print carpet on *this* plane's utilitarian interior. Daria chews on a manicured nail, surrounded by her bodyguard trio.

Her phone buzzes. This time, she picks up on the first ring.

DARIA
Hey. You guys ok?

ANITA (V.O.)
Um... It's... Kevin and me. We're
the only ones left.

DARIA
Cliff?

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Anita recoils at his name.

ANITA
No.

INTERCUT

DARIA
Oh my goddess.

She places a hand to her "heart center".

DARIA (CONT'D)
Where is it?

ANITA
Where is what?

DARIA
The *cargo*?

ANITA
Oh, it's still on the plane. It's trapped. I think.

DARIA
Good. The most important thing is that you're safe. According to tracking, you landed in Branson, Missouri, BBG. Is that correct?

ANITA
Yes.

DARIA
Hold on.

Daria mutes her phone and addresses someone off-screen.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Tell Captain Riley, BBG's been confirmed.

A dark suit moves towards the cockpit. Daria unmutes.

DARIA (CONT'D)
(back to Anita)
I'm en route. I've already alerted the authorities. You don't have to do a thing but hang tight. Remember, we've set our intention: Everything will be fine.

Daria hangs up.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Kevin peeks in, wearing a Santa hat.

KEVIN
You decent?

ANITA
What are you doing, stalker?

KEVIN
Is that any way to talk to Santa?

He holds up a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

ANITA
Where'd you get that?

KEVIN
I have my ways.

ANITA
Great. I'm stuck here with a thief.

KEVIN
You are stuck here with an
opportunist. And you're welcome.

She turns and inspects her mascara-soaked face. Pulls out her
makeup bag, gets to work.

ANITA
Did you see anyone?

KEVIN
A cleaning lady. Do you think we
should tell her?

ANITA
Tell her what? That there's a blood
sucking monster on our plane? Ms.
Jagoda's already called the police.
All we have to do is wait for her
to get here.

He holds out his arm.

KEVIN
Then let's get fuzzy.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Madge pushes her trash cart past a FORTY-FOOT-TALL CHRISTMAS
TREE, which dominates the middle of the expansive room.

She stops and takes it in.

MADGE
Next year, I'll have my own damn
tree. Fuck you, Junior.

She spits on the ground and moves on to the General Store.

EXT. GULFSTREAM G650ER - NIGHT

The airplane shines in the night.

Dead quiet.

A minuscule thread worms its way out the door.

And SUCKS back in.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kevin and Anita hunker down next to the huge window that overlooks the runway. Kevin pours Jack Daniel's into two ice-filled rocks glasses.

He extends a tumbler to Anita who shakes her head "no".

ANITA

I need to keep my head.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

And I want to lose mine.

He holds up his glass for a toast.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Here's to surviving the Holidays.

ANITA

So far.

KEVIN

I'd like to thank Mr. Sullenger's
Saloon for the refreshments.

They acknowledge the rustic facade of the airport bar.

ANITA

And a special thank you to *shock*.
You've made this situation almost
bearable.

KEVIN

Hear. Hear.

Kevin drains his glass, and they sit in stunned silence.

Kevin breaks first.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about Charles.

She scans his face. Does he know?

ANITA
Yeah, me too.

KEVIN
I know that you two were--

He sticks his right index finger into the little circle he made with his left thumb and forefinger: the international sign for screwing.

ANITA
God, you are such a child.

KEVIN
What did you see in him?

ANITA
Shut up.

KEVIN
He wasn't even cool. Such a dork.

ANITA
I said shut up.

She picks up the second tumbler of whiskey and

KEVIN
And on top of it, he was marri--

launches the contents in his face.

Bourbon drips off of Kevin's nose.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Wow, this is the thanks I get for saving your life.

ANITA
You deserved that.

KEVIN
I actually want to know.

ANITA
It doesn't matter,

She exhales.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Because he's dead.

Kevin reaches into his jacket pocket, retrieving a pack of Marlboro Light 100s and an engraved Zippo lighter that says:

Light 'Em Up.

Right then, Madge trolls by with her wheeled trash can.

MADGE
Hey! You can't smoke in here!

She jabs a weary finger in the direction of the tarmac.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Out there.

KEVIN
Yes, ma'am.

He stands up and saunters to the exit. Anita looks over her shoulder and darts after him.

ANITA
I'm coming too.

EXT. AIRPORT, RAMP - NIGHT

With the G650, aka "Betty," in the distance, Kevin hands Anita a cigarette. She accepts. He offers the Zippo.

She nods at the engraving.

ANITA
"Light 'em up"? Wow. How'd you come up with that?

He ignores her sarcasm.

KEVIN
Thanks.

She leans into, inhales, and... breaks into a maniacal coughing fit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I didn't know you smoked.

With a twisted grin, he flicks the lighter closed and slides it back into his jacket pocket.

She shakes her head.

ANITA
(choking)
I thought today would be a (cough,
cough) good day to start.

She tries another puff. Nope.

ANITA (CONT'D)
And a good day to stop.

She hands Kevin the cigarette like it were a dirty diaper. He crushes it under his shoe.

The steam from their breath mingles in the brisk night air.

She shivers, and he slides off his coat.

KEVIN
Here.

She issues a half-assed,

ANITA
Noooo... I couldn't...

While he drapes it over her shoulders.

KEVIN
Take it. Really.

Anita shoves her arms into the sleeves and stands a little closer to him. Her face lights up, and then... she remembers.

The PLANE.

Parked right in front of them with a fucking demon trapped inside.

Kevin must have read her mind.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I say we call an Uber and give ole
Branson, Missouri the Kevin
treatment.

She shakes her head.

ANITA
Ms. Jagoda's on her way.

KEVIN

Well, I hope she hurries the fuck up.

ANITA

You've got booze, ambiance, a Santa hat. What else could you possibly want?

He nods at the plane.

KEVIN

To get away from that thing.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madge wheels the full trash cart through a depressing yellow corridor. Cheap fluorescent bulbs flicker.

She smacks the heavy exit door and sticks her head out--

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Looking for the damn brick that keeps the door open. There it is. Nearly three feet away.

MADGE

How many times did I tell him to leave-

Keeping one leg in the doorway, she stretches with the other one.

MADGE (CONT'D)

-the brick-

She almost has it. There. Her toe makes contact.

MADGE (CONT'D)

-where I can git it.

Her foot pulls the brick to the door, and she shoves it in the doorway, assuring her reentrance into the building.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Asshole.

She wheels the cart down the dark alley. The adjacent runway gives off what little light there is.

MADGE (CONT'D)

'Course the light's still out.

She looks over her shoulder and shivers from the willies.

Ahead of her is the dumpster. *Something rustles in it.*

She jumps straight up in the air, yelping.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Fucking raccoons, gonna give me a
heart attack.

Grabbing the "varmint" stick the cleaning crew uses just for
such an occasion, she BANGS on the side of the dumpster.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Come on out, ya damn coon!

She pokes her head in it.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Come on now. GIT.

Her "GIT" bounces off the metallic walls.

Nothing but trash and quiet.

Shrugging, she heaves a garbage bag into the dumpster.

A SMALL CREATURE JUMPS OUT, AND KNOCKS HER OVER!

The bulk of her weight lands on her wrist.

MADGE (CONT'D)

AAAHHHHHHHH!

Madge cradles her arm. She gets up the nerve to inspect it,
and her hand juts at an odd angle on her wrist.

It's broke AF.

A rotund raccoon stands on the dumpster, cussing her out.

*The dumpster bandit FREEZES, its eyes tracking something
behind her.*

The raccoon scurries away as fast as his chubby legs will
take him.

MADGE (CONT'D)

That's right, you piece of fuck.
You better run. You broke my
feckin' arm!!!

Moaning, Madge gets to her feet and tucks her wounded arm against her chest.

MADGE (CONT'D)

What a shit night.

She turns to grab another bag of trash with her good hand

And, *is face-to-face with the alien!*

Madge's mouth opens, but no scream comes. The creature now stands over *five feet tall*. Hundreds of grey, gelatinous fibers flow around its body like a funhouse Medusa.

With her broken hand, Madge clutches her chest. It wasn't a raccoon that finally gave her that heart attack.

The beast's "mouth" pulsates with the woman's fibrillating heart... as if mocking her.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kevin and Anita lounge in front of the huge window. Eyes glued to the skies, waiting for Daria's arrival.

ANITA

So, what were you planning on doing tomorrow?

KEVIN

Past tense?

ANITA

Ok, what are you doing tomorrow?

KEVIN

I was planning on doing a little of this.

He holds up his glass and drains it.

ANITA

How sad.

KEVIN

No more sad than what or *who* you were planning on doing.

ANITA

Fuck you.

KEVIN
I can't believe you won't have a
drink with me.

ANITA
I don't drink.

KEVIN
At all?

ANITA
Nope.

KEVIN
How did I not know this?

She shrugs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Are you a drunk, or something?

ANITA
Or something.

KEVIN
How long?

Sighing out her last nerve--

ANITA
How long *what*?

KEVIN
Have you not drank?

ANITA
It's been three years.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN
Ohhhhh, I get it now.

ANITA
Get what?

KEVIN
What you see, I mean, what you *saw*,
in Charles. You traded one vice for
another. You got Daddy issues, too.

Anita fumes.

ANITA
Will you SHUT THE FUCK UP?!

KEVIN
Sure.

Silence.

Except for the timeless Christmas classic, "The Chipmunk Song" that assaults them from a hidden speaker.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Daria owes us big time.

ANITA
Yeah, she does.

KEVIN
My Christmas wish is that she blows
ole Betty up with that thing on it.

ANITA
I highly doubt Daria will willfully
blow up her plane.

KEVIN
As long as that thing is still on
it, it seems like the best way to
get rid of it.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A gore-covered tentacle tugs the brick *inside the building*.
The door SLAMS shut.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Decorum be damned, Kevin now drinks from the bottle.

KEVIN
So... why aren't you a pilot?

He takes another swig.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Hello??????

ANITA
Ummm.

A deep breath.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I uh... I burned a very important
bridge.

KEVIN
Let me guess, that "bridge" was
married.

ANITA
And the "bridge's" very powerful
wife made the FAA pull my license.
Daria promised to help me get
reinstated if I'd work for her for
a year.

KEVIN
We've been working together for
three.

ANITA
I know.

She half-laughs.

ANITA (CONT'D)
But, I get to fly on a gorgeous,
blood-soaked plane...

Motioning to the Dogpatch Christmas Wonderland around them.

ANITA (CONT'D)
...to exotic locales.

Kevin guzzles more bourbon and burps. She snorts.

ANITA (CONT'D)
And *you* still have your license.

KEVIN
It's man's world, baby.

BUZZ.

A text from Daria.

ANITA
She'll be here in twenty.

KEVIN
Sweeeeeeeet.

Drains the bottle.

ANITA
Let's get you some coffee.

INT. AIRPORT DUCT SYSTEM - NIGHT

ALIEN POV

At the end of a dark tunnel, golden light radiates.
Beckoning.
It slides toward the wafting rays.
Nearer.
The percolating energy becomes more vibrant.
Stronger.
Slithering out of the duct opening.
Right above the towering Christmas tree's star.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Anita presses START on the coffee machine while Kevin staggers, RATTLING a rack of Ozark themed coffee mugs.

KEVIN
Oh snap.

ANITA
Your drunk ass needs food, too.

Anita sizes up an assortment of overpriced packaged foods.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Cheez-Its or muffins?

She holds them up.

KEVIN
Waa d'thin? (What do you think?)

ANITA
This is why I'm asking. I don't know.

KEVIN
Cheese me!

He jogs backwards, going "long".

Anita hurls a small bag of Cheez-Its at him. Kevin leaps into the air, crashing into a table of Branson sweatshirts.

He lies motionless.

ANITA

Kevin?

His arm shoots up with the bag of chips!!! Against her will, a laugh escapes. What a fucking idiot.

KEVIN

VICHERY! (VICTORY!)

A green-grey limb shoots out of the Christmas tree, knocking the bag out of Kevin's hand.

It punches through the wall.

WHACK!

Kevin's hand is still intact. Drunks and fools; he is both.

The tentacle is stuck. To free itself, the alien pulls the forty-foot tree off its center.

It sways.

Teetering. Tottering.

Before finally CRASHING to the ground!

Pine needles and broken ornaments erupt all over the main room. Giant tree limbs block the entrance to the gift shop.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What the--

ANITA

Get UP!

Kevin rolls, attempting to stand upright.

ANITA (CONT'D)

KEVIN! GOD DAMNIT!

She scans the room.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Where'd it go?!!!

Kevin crawls her way.

ANITA (CONT'D)

GET UP!

She runs to Kevin and pulls him to his feet.

KEVIN

You saved me.

He leans in for a hug. She grimaces.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

My hat!

He swivels around. The Santa hat, nowhere to be seen.

ANITA

Leave it. We gotta go. NOW.

Over Kevin's shoulder, *the alien rises behind him-- now over 7 feet tall!*

The monster's arms flail about, a grotesque version of an inflatable tube man at a used car lot.

Anita shoves Kevin behind the self-checkout counter, diving behind him.

An alien limb hammers it with a BANG.

Kevin and Anita huddle together, eyes wide, the hideous slurp, slurp, slurping just on the other side of the counter.

Kevin releases a juicy burp in Anita's face. Even in her terror, the repeated bourbon grosses her out. She frantically waves her hand in front of her face, trying to clear the smell...

The slurping *STOPS*. No noise except the GURGLING coffee pot.

She peeks out.

The colossal being lurches toward the coffee station.

Ducking back, she points at the evergreen-barricaded exit.

Kevin's head vibrates in agreement. It turns out, adrenaline works way better than coffee.

CHRISTMAS TREE

They stalk through the cumbersome tree branches. Limbs scratching their faces and grabbing at their clothes. Strings of lights wrap around their legs and ankles.

Trying to navigate the "forest", they separate.

Anita's head swivels around. Where's Kevin?

Everything looks like an alien arm.

Something grabs the sleeve of her jacket!

False alarm - just a tree limb.

Swallowing her panic, she pads along, carefully moving the branches out of her way.

Anita spies Kevin ahead and edges toward him.

she reaches out--

touches his hand.

He swings around.

KEVIN

AAAHHHHH!

She presses her finger to her lips and points at an exit sign glowing through the conifer nightmare.

One of the "branches" slithers next to his shoulder.

At Anita's terrified glance, his mouth drops open.

His eyes beg the question: IS IT THE CREATURE?

Anita answers with a horrified nod.

She breathes:

ONE.

He shakes his head. No.

TWO.

He relents. Ok.

THREE!

The two of them crash out of the tree. While tentacles, still tangled, thrash around.

Anita and Kevin spill out into the main room, covered in pine sap and broken ornaments.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Come on!

He yanks her to the service entrance of --

INT. EMPLOYEE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The auto lights flood on. They scamper to the --

INT. SALOON - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin slides a large butcher's knife from a block.

ANITA

You think that's going to help?

KEVIN

It's better than nothing.

ANITA

Give me one, then.

He hands her a tiny paring knife.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Really?

But, she *does* slide it into her jacket pocket. Just in case.

KEVIN

Come on.

He creeps into --

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Dark and quiet. The chairs hang upside down on the tables, ready for the cleaning crew.

Kevin bumps into a table, and a cascade of chairs CRASHES to the ground.

They stand stock still.

KEVIN

Sorry.

Anita and Kevin continue their trek through the room...

A rattling at the front door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The door's barred shut. It can't
get in.

Anita hisses at him.

ANITA

My god, you're so fucking loud. Shhh!

Silence.

Then, the back service door...

Opens.

And shuts with a BANG.

Their eyes lock, and *they hightail it--*

INT. SALOON - BEHIND THE BAR - NIGHT

Crouching on the floor, heads close to each other. Afraid to breathe. Hearts thumping in their ears, ears that scan for the--

SLURP. SLURP. SLURP.

It's in the room.

Face to face with the liquor well, Kevin slides out a bottle of cheap vodka. Leaning his head back, he pours it into his mouth.

Anita shakes her head and mouths:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

He whispers back,

KEVIN

Giving up.

She puts her hand on the bottle and pulls it away.

ANITA

No, you *aren't*!

He yanks it back.

KEVIN

(full voice)

Yes, I *am*!

Furious, she jerks it with such force that vodka sloshes out the top and-

Splashes the alien, that's hovering over them!

The creature recoils with a metallic SCREECH at the exact instant the BOOM of an incoming aircraft shakes the room.

The creature throws an arm at a nearby vent, yanking the cover off. It glides inside and, with a flick of a grisly limb, vanishes from sight.

Kevin and Anita huddle, oblivious.

ANITA
(whispering)
That's Daria's plane. Be quiet.
Wait. I don't hear it anymore. Do
you hear it?

Nothing, but the engine outside.

KEVIN
Fuck this. I can't stand the
suspense.

He jumps up!

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Come and get me--

He looks around.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Hmmm. It's gone.

Anita gets up too.

ANITA
Let's go.

KEVIN
No ma'am. I am done with this.

ANITA
Done? What are you-

KEVIN
There are other jobs, Anita. I'm
out of here.

ANITA
But I told her we'd stay put.

KEVIN
No, you told her YOU'D stay put.

ANITA
Don't leave. She'll help us.

KEVIN
What's she going to do? She can't
stop that thing either.

Anita gnaws at her thumbnail.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You don't owe her anything. You can
just leave, ya know.

She looks at him. Really looks at him. It pains her, but...

ANITA
Remember the Bridge's Wife?

It hits him.

KEVIN
No...

Anita nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Daria?

ANITA
Yep. I'm at her mercy.

KEVIN
Mercy? She's torturing you. No
job's worth this.

ANITA
Flying's the only thing I've ever
wanted to do. I've made up my mind.
I'm staying.

KEVIN
Well, I'm not. Am I a chicken shit?
You better fucking believe it. But
I'll work at Denny's before I die
for this bullshit.

Kevin walks out from behind the bar, butcher's knife in hand.

ANITA
Kevin.

He turns.

KEVIN
Yeah?

ANITA
We even then?

KEVIN
Even?

A flash of hurt crosses his face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I guess so.

He leaves her alone.

ANITA
(to herself)
You don't need him. Just get to
Daria. That's all you have to do.

Anita closes her eyes, takes a deep breath in, and blows out
a long exhale (ujjayi style)

ANITA (CONT'D)
Everything will be fine.

She scans the room. Shiny darkness. That's all.

INT. TICKET AREA - NIGHT

Kevin jogs along the garish carpet. The butcher's knife at
the ready. He makes it to the--

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights buzz overhead. Kevin stalks along. Looking
over his shoulder every few seconds.

He comes to the exit door.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Anita edges out of the bar, through the--

INT. SALOON - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pitch black. She places one foot in. The auto light blasts on. She jumps and swings around, the sad little paring knife in her hand.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Kevin sticks his head out. It is very dark out there.

He taps his chest. No jacket. No phone. No lighter.

KEVIN
(sotto)
Shit.

He looks back at the creepy hallway and then forward into the shady ass alley.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

He steps out. The door SLAMS behind him. He tries the door. Locked.

Giving his eyes a minute to adjust, the first thing he sees are bloody paw prints on the alley floor.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(ala Indiana Jones)
You chose poorly.

The exit gate comes into view - just past the dumpster.

INT. SALOON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anita peeks her head out of the door. Into the--

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

She edges around the fallen Christmas tree branches. The paring knife glints in the twinkling lights.

The outside plane shuts off its engine. Other than Nat King Cole harkening the herald angels, silence.

A sudden THUD in the duct tubing above her. She looks up and then to the door.

Through the terminal window, Anita sees her:

Daria.

Anita sprints to the exit.

EXT. AIRPORT RAMP - NIGHT

Surrounded by her bodyguards, Daria strides with such nonchalance that it is almost shocking.

Still gripping the wee knife, Anita hurtles toward Daria and co.; the bodyguards train their weapons.

BODYGUARD ONE

Drop it!

Anita halts and raises her hands.

BODYGUARD ONE (CONT'D)

I said drop it!

ANITA

Drop *what*?!

DARIA

You're holding a knife, sweetie.

ANITA

OH!

The knife falls with a pathetic CLINK.

DARIA

Come here.

Daria holds out her arms, and Anita races to her. Daria enfolds her in a big hug. Anita sobs and snots into Daria's cashmere hoodie.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Shhhh. Shhhh. You poor thing.

ANITA

It was horrible.

DARIA

Where's Kevin? I thought you said Kevin was with you.

ANITA

He took off.

DARIA

Took off? Where? How long ago?

ANITA

Right when you landed. He just said
he was done.

DARIA

Which way did he go, honey?

ANITA

I think he went through the ticket
area. I don't know.

Over Anita's shoulder, Daria nods at her right-hand man,
GUNNAR (37). The enormous man strides toward the building.

INT. ALLEY BEHIND THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Kevin forces himself into the corridor. He gags a little.

KEVIN

Oh god. What is that smell?

Kevin tiptoes along, butcher's knife scraping.

Almost to the dumpster.

He trips over something!

Faceplanting, he finds himself eyeball to eyeball with--

Madge's ravaged face.

Her skin resembles petrified wood, with most of it pulled
inside the holes where her eyes and mouth used to be.

Kevin screams... and then faints.

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

The door opens, dousing Kevin's unconscious body with light.

Gunnar fills the doorway.

He leans down and pats Kevin's face.

GUNNAR

Come on. Wake up.

Kevin's eyes flutter.

Gunnar's massive mug comes into focus. Kevin throws his arms
around the bodyguard's shoulders.

KEVIN
Thank god you're here!

GUNNAR
Get off me.

Gunnar yanks Kevin's arms down and slaps him this time.

KEVIN
Ow!

BODYGUARD ONE
I need you to come with me. Ms.
Jagoda wants you to make a
statement.

KEVIN
Just get me the fuck out of here.

Kevin gets to his feet, snagging the knife lying beside him.
He points in Madge's direction.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Ever seen anything like that?

Gunnar barely glances at her destroyed corpse.

GUNNAR
We'll take care of everything.
You're safe now.

Kevin holds his hands out like a baby.

KEVIN
Hold me.

Gunnar ignores him and motions to the partially opened door
(He had the foresight to wedge the door open).

GUNNAR
After you.

Gunnar stops him on his way in, acknowledging Kevin's knife.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
I'll take that from you. You don't
need it anymore.

KEVIN
I'd feel better if I kept it.

GUNNAR
We have the weaponry to contain it,
and that knife won't help.
(MORE)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I don't want you to accidentally hurt yourself.

KEVIN

Good point. Get it? Knife? Point?

Kevin hands the knife to stone-faced Gunnar, who slides it into his belt loop. He holds the door for Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I hope you guys know what you're doing.

They enter.

GUNNAR (O.C.)

We do.

The door shuts behind them with a BANG.

EXT. AIRPORT, RAMP - NIGHT

Daria addresses the two remaining bodyguards.

DARIA

Get the pod off of Betty and bring it out here.

Without a word, they jog to the death plane.

ANITA

The pod? Why do you want the pod? What are you doing?

DARIA

Taking care of things. Just like I said I would. Everything is fine now.

ANITA

No. We need to get on Wilma...

She gestures at the Gulfstream G800.

ANITA (CONT'D)

And leave. NOW.

DARIA

As soon as I have the Project back in my possession. We'll leave.

Anita's face contorts.

ANITA

The *Project*? You call that thing a
PROJECT?

Daria shoots her a warm smile.

DARIA

Dear, I spent close to a *billion*
dollars on that thing. I'm not
leaving it here.

ANITA

It's a fucking monster!

DARIA

Aren't we all a little monstrous?

ANITA

I'm not pulling the heads off of
people and sucking their bodies
dry.

DARIA

Have you ever killed a bug? How
many chickens have you eaten? Or
cows?

ANITA

It's not the same thing!

DARIA

It is to the cow.

Anita's mouth falls open.

DARIA (CONT'D)

My love, I know this is
disconcerting, but there's a
beautiful reason I acquired this
magnificent creature.

Her eyes sparkle with excitement.

DARIA (CONT'D)

It will save the world.

ANITA

Oh my god, you're crazy.

DARIA

No. No, I'm not. I'm trying to
help.

Off Anita's confused look.

DARIA (CONT'D)

It consumes the energy from living creatures and reconfigures it for its own use. It could be the answer to the...

(grasping)
energy crisis!

ANITA

Said the woman with two jets. And as you *just* said, that's literally what *WE* do.

DARIA

I don't follow.

ANITA

We *eat* things, and then get *energy* from them? You're right, there isn't a difference, except for the whole...

She waves her hands around.

ANITA (CONT'D)

... arm thing.

DARIA

I'm sorry, I wasn't making myself clear. There is a *big* difference: We don't have the ability to grow and heal ourselves like it can. It would mean the end of disease! No more suffering!

ANITA

That's great and all, but just how big is this thing going to get? And will it try to eat *all* of us? Also, it doesn't seem to want to stay in its little coffin.

DARIA

We think it was offline too long. It won't happen again.

Bodyguards One and Two shuffle over, carrying the blood-splattered pod.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Gross. You guys could have at least wiped it off first.

BODYGUARD TWO
Sorry, boss. I'll get a towel.

DARIA
Oh, don't worry about it. Just
bring out the generator.

BODYGUARD TWO
Yes, ma'am.

He takes off.

Daria claps her hands in glee, then focuses on CAPTAIN RILEY (43), the pilot of the G800, aka Wilma. He's been silent and glancing over his shoulders this whole time.

DARIA
Captain Riley.

Mouth agape, he stares at the gory sarcophagus.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Captain Riley!

CAPT. RILEY
Yeah? Uhm... I mean: yes, ma'am.

DARIA
Please prepare Wilma for takeoff.
As soon as we load the pod, you can
leave.

CAPT. RILEY
That pod?

Daria's eyes narrow, boring into his dumbfounded face.

CAPT. RILEY (CONT'D)
Right. Sorry. Copy that.

Captain Riley retreats to Wilma.

ANITA
How do you go from this meat-soaked
container...

She gestures at it.

ANITA (CONT'D)
...to harnessing this "great
power"?

DARIA
We have scientists standing by,
ready to work on it.

ANITA
So you don't know.

DARIA
Not yet. But I hold the intention
that we will.

ANITA
This is absolute insanity.

DARIA
No, this is *doing* something.
Everyone just stands around
wringing their hands. I'm actually
doing something.

B2 returns with a solar-powered generator and connects it to
the pod.

It hums to life.

ANITA
Now what?

DARIA
I think you'll like my plan. It's a
win/win.

In the distance, Gunnar pushes Kevin out of the terminal and
toward them.

Kevin waves at them.

DARIA (CONT'D)
He's such an idiot.

Anita wrinkles her nose, but doesn't disagree with her.

Gunnar and Kevin arrive.

KEVIN
Miss me?

Anita shoots him a weak smile.

GUNNAR
Hey Anita.

Tension in the air...

ANITA
Hey Gunnar. Uhm, good to see you.

GUNNAR
Yeah, you too.

Kevin looks between them, then wrinkles his disgusted nose.

KEVIN
(To Anita)
Ewww. Him too?

Anita ignores this comment, but notices Kevin's butcher's knife in Gunnar's belt loop.

ANITA
I thought you left.

KEVIN
I tried to, but got stuck in the alley, and your boy here saved me. Hey, remember that cleaning lady?

DARIA
Kevin, I need your participation.

KEVIN
Participation?

DARIA
Yes. Gunnar, may I see your weapon?

Gunnar hands it to her.

DARLA
You may want to cover your ears.

They all follow her advice. And...

BANG!

Daria SHOOTS Kevin in the stomach!

He crumples over in a heap.

ANITA
NOOOOO! What did you DO?

Daria gives the pistol back to Gunnar.

DARIA
(to Bodyguard 1)
Get him in the pod, please.

ANITA

What are you doing?! Kevin!

B1 and B2 drag poor Kevin to the pod. B1 opens the hatch.

Now we see why it is six feet long and three feet wide:

It's the perfect size for an adult male.

ANITA (CONT'D)

STOP!

They toss Kevin inside. He groans but doesn't move.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What is happening right now?!

DARIA

I told you, win/win. He's bait.
Now, come on, we don't have much
time.

ANITA

I'm not leaving him.

Gunnar presses his pistol to Anita's head.

GUNNAR

Yes, you are.

DARIA

I don't know why you're so upset.
You've told me a million times what
a pain in the ass he is.

ANITA

I didn't want you to kill him!

DARIA

You won't have to endure any more
of his chauvinistic comments. No
more mansplaining! Plus, we needed
the bait.

GUNNAR

Move Anita.

He shoves the gun into her ribs, pushing her to follow Daria.

Anita wheels around, her eyes full of lust. She presses her
body against his.

ANITA
 I've thought about our night a lot.
 Wanna get together later for a
 re... do?

Frozen by her attention, Gunnar nods and swallows - hard.

Anita leans in, kissing his neck, and *swipes the butcher's knife from his belt!*

Daria watches Anita race toward the pod. She shakes her head.

DARIA
 (to Gunnar)
 I swear, every single one of your
 brain cells is in the head of your
 dick.

Gunnar darts after Anita.

DARIA (CONT'D)
 And don't shoot her! She has to fly
 Betty!

THE POD

Kevin lies in the middle of the container. Covered in blood, his stark white face glows in the night.

ANITA
 Oh my god.

Gunnar, B1, and B2 encircle her. Weapons drawn.

She pleads, brandishing the knife.

ANITA (CONT'D)
 Please don't let him die like this!
PLEASE.

Daria puts her hand on Gunnar's shoulder.

DARIA
 Give her a second.

Anita kneels at his side.

ANITA
 Oh Kevin.

KEVIN
 (weakly)
 Hey.

ANITA

I'm going to get you out of here.

She yanks at his arm.

KEVIN

Don't.

ANITA

Come on!

KEVIN

Kill me before it comes.

Anita grasps Kevin's hand.

ANITA

I'm so sorry. You were right. I
should have left with you.

He whispers.

KEVIN

You said I was right.

She manages a faint smile. He coughs up a little blood.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You don't need anybody. You're
enough. Don't forget that.

Tears stream down her face. She manages a nod.

ANITA

Kevin?

He tries to focus on her.

KEVIN

Yeah?

ANITA

So, there's this charity dinner...

He smiles and loses consciousness.

DARIA

There's nothing you can do now.
Let's go.

ANITA

I'm not letting that thing have
him.

Anita swings the butcher's knife up--

Gunnar grabs her arm before she can bring it down on Kevin's chest. The knife CLATTERS to the tarmac.

He drags Anita back to Betty/G650. She smacks and scratches at him. Daria follows.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Let me GO!

DARIA

Gunnar, stop. I want her to see this.

Daria takes hold of Anita's hair, directing her face toward the terminal.

DARIA (CONT'D)

In a moment, the Project will come out for Kevin. The energy leaving his dying body is especially enticing to it.

On cue, the monster scurries from the terminal, hurtling toward the sarcophagus--

Toward Kevin.

Terror mutes Anita.

The alien is now ten feet tall.

DARIA (CONT'D)

It constricts when it's wounded, so we'll open fire on it, making it a little more manageable...and then,

She snaps her fingers.

DARIA (CONT'D)

We'll be back on track!

She shoots Anita an absolutely insane grin,

DARIA (CONT'D)

My darling Anita, you are witnessing a new era in human history. The Healing Era!

Then whispers into her ear.

DARIA (CONT'D)

This is the best ending for him,
anyway. We both know he was going
nowhere.

Daria lets go of Anita's hair and bellows.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, NOW!

Gunnar tosses Anita to the ground, sprinting around the
plane. Once in the open, he blasts at the creature. B1 and B2
join in.

Daria reaches out to help Anita up. Anita bats the crazy
bitch away.

The creature absorbs the bullets into its "abdomen" and
releases a grating screech. Swampy-green sludge oozes from
its wounds.

B2 wields a machine gun, liberating a stream of slugs. The
monster shrinks in mere seconds.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Hold your fire!

Through the gun smoke, the creature teeters: back to the size
of a golden retriever.

It eyes the vibrating pod and breaks into a gallop toward
Kevin's dying body.

Anita covers her face with her hands and turns away. She
can't watch.

The alien reaches the pod and lunges. Tentacles squirm,
prodding Kevin's body and then--

It just... STOPS.

Daria screams at B1.

DARIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Shut the pod!

BODYGUARD ONE

Uhm, is it supposed to do that?

Tentacles retract into the monster's body.

DARIA

FUCKING CLOSE IT!

B1 nods and advances, gun drawn.

BODYGUARD ONE
(to B2)
Cover me.

B1 edges up, pistol drawn. He places his hand on the lid--
WHAM!

A limb rips through his stomach.

BODYGUARD ONE (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!

B2's jaw hangs open in shock.

BODYGUARD ONE (CONT'D)
Shut your fucking gob and shoot it!

B2 nods and squeezes the trigger of the machine gun.
WHACK!

An alien arm tears through B2's chest, killing him instantly.

BODYGUARD ONE (CONT'D)
NO!

Gunnar watches in disbelief.

GUNNAR
Shit.

B2's dead finger clamps on the trigger, unleashing a barrage of bullets.

Close-range slugs find Gunnar, jerking his body from side to side in a sort of mad dance.

B1 writhes in pain, desperate to free himself from the deadly appendage that wriggles through his stomach.

BODYGUARD ONE
OH GOD. HELP ME!

Machine gun still blasting, the monster drags B2's dead body toward its pulsating mouth.

Anita lies flat on the ground, covering her head with her hands.

Daria runs toward Wilma/G800, screaming into her phone.

DARIA
 Start the engine! Start the engine!
 We need to take off ASAP!

At the base of Wilma's stairs, Capt. Riley beckons.

CAPT. RILEY
 Ms. Jagoda!!!! Over here!

She barks back.

DARIA
 What are you doing? Get your ass
 inside! I need you to start the
 fucking plane!

He nods, eyes bulging at the slaughter before him. Capt. Riley turns to obey Daria's order, but before he even takes the first step, a river of bullets cuts him down.

Daria sighs. Hard.

DARIA (CONT'D)
 Fucking morons.

Gunnar's gun lies next to his now still body. Daria grabs it.

Anita focuses on the pod. To her amazement, *the alien slides off of Kevin and ripples to the ground.*

Kevin seems unharmed.

ANITA
 (sotto)
 Drunks and fools. Wait... *drunks.*

The creature slithers away from Kevin and the pod, B1 and B2 still in its grip. It grows larger by the second.

Anita stays low, dodging the torrent of B2's auto-sprayed machine gun fire, and dashes to the open pod.

THE POD

Kevin's eyes blink open. Bright red suction marks cover his skin. Although frail, he actually smiles.

KEVIN
 S'up?

She can't help herself. She smiles back.

ANITA
 You idiot.

He looks down at his stomach.

KEVIN
Why didn't it eat me?

ANITA
I don't know for sure, but I think
it has something to do with how
drunk you are. Can you get out?

KEVIN
I'll try.

Bullets whiz overhead. Anita flinches.

ANITA
Try faster.

He struggles, but no go.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Stop. I'll do it.

Anita pulls at him. Both of them grunt, groan. She glides her arm under his back, crouches next to the pod, and rolls him onto her back like a firefighter.

He moans.

KEVIN
Owwwwwwwwww.

ANITA
Sorry.

Legs shaking under Kevin's weight, Anita begins the arduous journey back to Betty.

Meanwhile, the creature drags both B1 and B2 towards its gnashing fangs.

B1's eyes bulge in terror as he realizes that they are being pulled into one being.

BODYGUARD ONE
No. No. No. No. No. No. No. NOOOO-

An appendage smacks into his mouth, throwing his head back.

Anita turns her head away in time, but Kevin does not.

SNAPPING and CRACKING, skin, muscle, and bone rupture and yield.

KEVIN

Oh Fuck.

Anita grunts under Kevin's weight.

ANITA

Stop... looking.

The creature feeds off the bloody mound that used to be the two men.

Kevin whimpers, woozy.

Anita pants through her ujjayi breathing.

ANITA (CONT'D)

We're... almost... there.

One grueling step at a time, she staggers on.

KEVIN

It's watching us.

Sure enough, the alien has "eyes" on them.

ANITA

Alcohol... hurts it. It doesn't...
want... us... or rather... *you*.

ALIEN POV

Golden energy radiates off of Anita, but she's covered by blackness. A dark mass: KEVIN.

Kevin sighs.

KEVIN

Not even an alien wants me.

ANITA

Kevin... you may... have... a
drinking... problem.

KEVIN

You mean, a drinking *solution*.

ANITA

Oh my god... shut... up.

EXT. GULFSTREAM G650ER - NIGHT

They arrive at Betty's door.

Anita collapses. They both tumble to the ground.

KEVIN

Hey.

She gets up and works the keypad. The automatic door/stairs rumble down.

ANITA

Can you make it up the stairs?

KEVIN

Maybe. I'm not sure I can fly, though.

ANITA

Ya think? Don't worry, *I'm* flying us out.

Kevin staggers to his feet, clutching his stomach. Gripping the railing, he places a wobbly foot on the first step.

Anita looks around. It's quiet. Too quiet.

ANITA (CONT'D)

You're going to have to move faster than that.

KEVIN

I'd like to remind you that I got shot about ten minutes ago.

ANITA

Buckle up.

KEVIN

What are you doing?

Anita lowers her shoulder and tush push, Philly style, she shoves him up the stairs.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650ER - NIGHT

Oxygen masks dangle. Blood on every surface. Mutilated bodies. *A bottle of Spirytus vodka* - right where that Arnie kid left it.

KEVIN

I don't want to be in here.

ANITA

Me either.

He flicks off some kind of "meat" off his seat.

KEVIN
EW! It has hair!

ANITA
Sit down.

KEVIN
Fine.

He "plops" down the best he can with a bullet hole in his stomach. He don't look so good.

Anita kneels down. There's a SQUISH as her knee lands on another piece of something or someone.

They lock eyes and cringe.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Ah, man...

She buckles him in and holds his gaze.

ANITA
We're getting out of here.
Everything will-

Daria stands, all smiles, in the doorway.

DARIA
Be fine. See? Positive affirmations do work. Thank you for waiting for me! Now let's get out of here!

Taking in the gore fest on her beloved Betty:

DARIA (CONT'D)
Ugh. It is going to cost a *fortune* to clean this.

ANITA
That's what you're concerned about?
You shot Kevin!

Anita motions to tender Kevin.

DARIA
It needed to be done. No offense, Kevin.

KEVIN
Ummm... quite a bit taken.

She shrugs.

DARIA
(to Anita)
Don't let me stop you. Let's go.

Anita rolls her eyes.

ANITA
Don't you have another plane you
can catch?

DARIA
Unfortunately, Captain Riley...
Well, you can surmise what happened
to him. The good news is, YOU get
to fly me.

Daria looks around for a clean place to sit.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Anita, would you be a dear and find
me something clean to sit on?

ANITA
No.

Daria sighs and settles down.

Kevin and Daria sit face-to-face. Kevin glares at her.

KEVIN
By the way, I quit.

DARIA
Whatever.

ANITA
To Kansas City then?

DARIA
Yes, please.

ANITA
Will you at least call ahead and
have an ambulance waiting for him?

DARIA
I'll call my private medical team.

ANITA
I'd feel better if he could go to a
hospital.

DARIA
No hospitals.

ANITA
You're never going to get away with this. We are at a fucking airport! There are cameras everywhere.

DARIA
Sweetie. You can't be this naive. I am a *billionaire*. I already have people working on it. Cameras are being erased, people paid off. When you see the good that will come of this, you'll understand.

Her gaze softens; it's more than a little creepy.

DARIA (CONT'D)
And I want you to know that... I forgive you. For everything you've done to me.

Anita's voice drips with sarcasm.

ANITA
Wow. Thanks for that.

Daria ignores this.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Anita flies into the pilot's chair, a flurry of movement.

ANITA
(sotto)
You got this. You got this. You got this.

The engine roars to life.

She places her hand on the throttle when--

BAM!

Betty lurches.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Shit.

Anita rockets from her seat--

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

A breathless Anita appears in the doorway.

ANITA
I think your buddy wants a ride.

DARIA
Let it tag along.

Anita's eyes blaze.

ANITA
What if it gets in?

DARIA
It won't. We're safe in here and..

ANITA
And *what*?

Then it dawns on her.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, you're hoping it will hold on so you can salvage your little project.

DARIA
Well, what else are we going to do? We can't run. We might as well make something good come out of this.

ANITA
You're like the bad guy in Aliens.

DARIA
The cyborg guy? Or Paul Rudd?

ANITA
Paul *Rudd*? It's Paul *Reiser*. You're the asshole company guy.

DARIA
No, I'm not. I'm not making any money off of this. Look what I did to my favorite plane.

Daria waves at the carnage.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Anita, I'm saving us. I'm saving humanity.

Daria points at her chest.

DARIA (CONT'D)
I'm *Ripley*!

Kevin scrunches his face.

KEVIN
I don't think you've seen Aliens.

ANITA
We can't take off with that thing
hanging on the plane.

DARIA
We should at least be able to get
in the air. We don't have far to
go.

ANITA
I'm not going to do it. It's
suicide.

Daria pulls out Gunnar's pistol and cocks it in Kevin's face.

DARIA
Fly. The fucking. Plane.

Anita seethes at her.

DARIA (CONT'D)
Three...

KEVIN
What is it with you people and
count-downs?

DARIA
Two...

Daria's finger caresses the trigger.

DARIA (CONT'D)
One--

ANITA
--Ok. OK. I'll do it. FUCK!

Anita backs away.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Just don't hurt him.

DARIA

If you do what I ask, we won't have
a problem. Now, take us up...
Please.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Anita's face glistens with sweat. Through the windscreen,
runway lights line up, coaxing her into the sky.

Ujjayi breathing, enacted. She pushes the throttle forward,
and the magnificent aircraft responds.

Runway lights tick by fast, faster until they are a blur. The
plane lifts, lurches, and then... touches back down on the
ground.

Daria looms in the doorway, spitting through gritted teeth.

DARIA

Keep. Going.

Anita sets her jaw but does what she's told.

They lift again. The runway lights sink away from them.

The plane jostles and teeters, but it *is* climbing. Stress
wrings Anita's face while Daria closes her eyes and chants.

DARIA (CONT'D)

Everything will be fine. Everything
will be fine. Everything will be
fine.

ANITA

Will you stop that? It's so weird!

They level off at 16,500 feet.

Daria spews a smirk,

DARIA

I guess weird works.

And wheels out of the cockpit.

EXT. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

Like a giant squid, the alien wraps itself around the
aircraft's tail. Tentacles pulsating, elongating...

Curious fibers grope along the lip of the engine's fan before being **sucked inside!**

Green sludge sprays the side of the jet.

Sheared-off arms retreat into the alien's body with a squeal.

The engine sputters... and goes black.

The aircraft arcs to the left.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

"L ENGINE FAIL" message screams on the Engine Indicating and Crew Alerting System (EICAS) display. The right side of the dashboard drifts up.

ANITA

Aw, shit.

Her eyes steely, Anita hits the fuel control switch to off and pulls back on the throttle, slowing down the aircraft.

Then she gently pushes the yoke forward, and Betty's nose responds. They descend.

Daria bellows from the main cabin:

DARIA (O.S.)

AANNIIITTA AAAA! You better not be
landing us!

Kevin limps in, grasping the walls for support. He hobbles into the co-captain's chair.

ANITA

We lost the left engine.

KEVIN

I see that. You need to increase
the--

ANITA

I know. Max out the right one.

She sets the power level to the Maximum Continuous Thrust (MCT) position.

Betty levels off.

KEVIN

What altitude are we at?

ANITA

Approaching eight thousand five hundred, and I slowed us down to 180.

She works the yoke to the right, correcting the pull.

Wiped from exhaustion and pain, Kevin slumps in his seat.

KEVIN

Ok good. What we really need to do is land.

ANITA

What we *really* need to do is get rid of--

Daria appears in the doorway.

DARIA

Don't let me stop you. You were saying?

ANITA

You. I was going to say - get rid of you. It looks like your monster baby killed one of our engines.

DARIA

And here you are handling the situation. I've always seen the potential in you. With every obstacle, you not only persevere: you *thrive*!

ANITA

If you would only stop giving me so many opportunities, that would be great.

Daria clicks her tongue in disapproval,

DARIA

So negative.

And leaves the cockpit. Kevin weakly muses.

KEVIN

I can't believe I used to work for her.

EXT. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

The nimble little *limbs work into the lip of the cargo door, pulling at its edges.*

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Daria surveys her damaged plane. Oxygen masks dangling. Blood splatters. Body parts.

DARIA
(sotto)
All for the greater good.

Gliding to the liquor cabinet, Daria snags an unopened bottle of vodka. When--

BLAM!!!!

A blast of air sucks everything toward the back of the plane!

Including Daria.

DARIA (CONT'D)
NO!

Tumbling halfway down the aisle, she climbs into a seat and frantically straps herself in.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Sirens blare, alarm lights flare. Anita unbuckles herself, launching out of her seat.

ANITA
Your control!

KEVIN
What? Where are you going? We need to land. I can't do this.

ANITA
I'll be back. Give me two minutes. I have an idea. Plus, I... (she rolls her eyes) should help her.

KEVIN
No, you shouldn't. She fucking shot me!

ANITA
I know. I know.

But she's out of her seat.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Everything that wasn't bolted down is gone. Daria's panicked eyes land on Anita. She yells.

DARIA
I think it got in!

ANITA
Ya think?!

Anita stumbles to the liquor cabinet, filling her arms with bottles of vodka.

Daria screams over the howling wind.

DARIA
What are you doing!?

ANITA
Come take some of these!!!

DARIA
Why?!

ANITA
It doesn't like alcohol. It's why
it wouldn't eat Kevin! He's drunk!

DARIA
I'm staying here!

ANITA
Suit yourself!

With her arms full of Spirytus, Anita runs back closer to the cockpit. Daria watches from her seat.

Anita unscrews the first bottle and pours it in a line, creating a barrier.

DARIA
What are you doing??? Stop that!
These aren't free, you know!

ANITA
Bill me!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin's head rolls forward. Face white. He mumbles.

KEVIN
Anita. Hurry.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Alien appendages appear through the galley. They stop. They pulsate but don't move forward.

Daria unfastens herself and dashes behind Anita.

ANITA
Here!
(hands Daria a bottle)
Start pouring!

Daria grasps the bottle and does what she's told, sloshing the liquor in an arc like Anita.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kevin's eyes close.

KEVIN
(barely audible)
Anita... hurrriyyyyy.....

His body slumps forward, *landing on the yoke.*

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The aircraft rolls down and to the left. Anita and Daria fly through the air. Anita slams against a window. Daria lands in the aisle: *On the other side of the alcohol boundary.*

In a flash, a moldy-green arm flies through the cabin. It coils around Daria's waist and drags her toward the back.

DARIA
NO! ANITA! Help me!

ANITA
DARIA!

The plane continues its plummet. Anita roars in the direction of the cockpit.

ANITA (CONT'D)

KEVIN!

No answer from the cockpit.

Anita hesitates, torn. Then--

ANITA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Daria.

DARIA

NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Anita snags the last bottle and races back to the cockpit.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alien towers over her, flailing tentacles fill the room.

DARIA

Please don't. I'm sorry. Please
don't.

At once, an avalanche of limbs swarms her body. They weave through her mouth, her ears, into her brain.

But not her eyes.

No, her eyes remain wide open, full of tears and terror.

The creature edges toward her. Sliding closer, taunting her.

The monster pulls Daria close. It's fanged cavern pulsating, tasting her horror.

As it feeds on her, it holds Daria up "face-to-face." She's forced to watch the creature's blank visage morph into a version of her. However, instead of Daria's once lovely symmetry, this version is distorted, hideous:

A MONSTER.

Her own grotesque face is the last thing Daria ever sees.

In unison, two limbs jam into her eyes. And--

Rip her skull in two.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Anita finds Kevin crumpled at the wheel and pulls his body back into his seat. She tucks the remaining vodka bottle next to him.

ANITA
Hang in there, Kev.

Sliding into her seat, she corrects the yoke, regaining control. Then taps a few buttons, activating autopilot/aka "George".

ANITA (CONT'D)
Kevin?

His head barely moves.

ANITA (CONT'D)
We have to go.

KEVIN
I don't feel so hot.

ANITA
I know. I know. Listen, we have a few more things to do, and then we'll get you some help. It's almost over.

KEVIN
Where are we landing?

She breathes out.

ANITA
We're going to jump.

KEVIN
What?

She doubles down.

ANITA
It's the only way we can kill it.

KEVIN
I can't jump. Why can't we just land?

ANITA
And then what, Kevin? It'll consume everything it sees.
(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D)
Innocent people. It has to be
destroyed. Stand up.

KEVIN
I can't.

ANITA
I'll help you. I promise.

Kevin nods at the bottle of alcohol next to him.

KEVIN
If you drink this, it will leave
you alone. Right? We'll be safe,
and then we can land.

ANITA
It needs to die. Besides, I'm not
going to drink it.

KEVIN
Please.

ANITA
I won't.

With all the energy he can summon, Kevin screams at her.

KEVIN
Take a goddamn drink!

ANITA
It'll kill me.

KEVIN
That *THING* will kill you!

ANITA
At least I have a chance. If I
drink that, I *know* I'll die.

KEVIN
Don't be so dramatic.

Her voice breaks.

ANITA
Kevin, it's the only thing I've
ever done completely right.

The wind swirls around them. They stare each other down.

Exhausted and suffering, he gives in.

KEVIN

Fine, whatever. I'll shield you.

Kevin rolls out of his seat, vodka bottle in tow. He takes a giant swig before handing it to her. Anita steps behind him and gently wraps her arms around him.

He whispers.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I knew you were into me.

Anita whispers back.

ANITA

I'm just using you for your body.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Kevin staggers along with Anita supporting him in an awkward embrace. The air current tugs at them, dragging them toward the back.

No sign of the creature.

KEVIN

Where is it?

ANITA

I don't know. But keep moving.

KEVIN

I'm trying, I'm...

He stumbles. Anita shoulders him.

ANITA

I know you are. We're almost there.

They trudge along, gale forces whipping at them.

INT. LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Next to her precious popcorn machine lies Daria's body. The only way to tell it's her is by her cashmere sweatpants.

Kevin sees her first.

KEVIN

Oh god...

Kevin's head lolls back, his legs crumbling beneath him.

Anita scrambles to hold him up.

He falls over, dead weight, *leaving Anita exposed.*

She checks his pulse.

ANITA
Just out again.

Skirting the meat pile that was once Daria, Anita accidentally steps on a piece of her scalp.

SQUISH.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Damn it! Does this look like
everything's fine to you?! I just
stepped on a piece of your fucking
forehead!

But Anita keeps moving, through the--

INT. AFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Through the whistling wind: SLURP. SLURP. SLURP.

The creature hovers in the doorway. "Breathing" at her.

Anita spins and *douses it with the rest of the vodka.*

ANITA
Slurp that, you fucking asshole!

The alien falls back, screaming.

Anita flings open the door to the--

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A gaping hole where the door was. A violently flapping cargo harness protects the only thing left in the room:

ONE parachute.

Her face falls.

ANITA
Awww fuck.

Anita grabs the harness; it flings her around the room. Beating her into the walls. She clutches it, weaving her arms into the strap so she can reach... reach... reach...

Got it!

She snatches the parachute rig and claws her way back into the plane. Anita studies the harness closely...

INT. AFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anita runs with the parachute and cargo harness at her chest.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Kevin hasn't moved. Anita scours the kitchen.

No sign of it.

ANITA

Hey.

He moans.

KEVIN

Leave me.

ANITA

GET UP. It's time.

KEVIN

No.

ANITA

This isn't a discussion. I'm going to put this on you, and then you are going to give me everything you fucking have and walk to the cargo hold. Understand?

He whispers.

KEVIN

Understand.

She gets to work, weaving the harness on him. She interlaces the straps through their bodies and the parachute. Kevin, in the back, and Anita, in the front.

Sweat rolls down Anita's brow.

ANITA

Now get up.

Kevin groans. Anita pushes him.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I'm not leaving without you! So if you die, I'm going to die too, and I promise I will be a bitch to you for eternity.

Eyes wild with pain, he rolls to his feet.

Tethered together, Anita and Kevin stumble through the--

INT. AFT BATHROOM - DAWN

Into the --

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAWN

They made it.

The roar of the remaining engine stammers, then falls silent.

The wind whistles.

ANITA

I'm going to back you out!

KEVIN

No. No. No. I can't do this! I can't. I can't.

ANITA

You are doing this!

They turn around, backing out. Without either engine, the airplane slows down and begins its fall from the sky.

They reach the torn-open door. Kevin makes the mistake of looking at the ground 7000 feet below. His eyes roll back into his head. He's out again.

Anita lurches forward, the weight of Kevin falling on her.

ALIEN POV

Bright energy rises from Anita's form.

A tentacle torpedoes, shearing off a piece of her bicep.

ANITA (CONT'D)

AAAAHHHHHH!

She pushes back with all her might, trying to get the two of them through the exit when--

Another limb shoots, grabbing her wrist, yanking her back in.

With her other hand, Anita reaches into her jacket, or rather, Kevin's jacket.

THE LIGHTER.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Have it your way, you fucking
monster.

It drags the two of them in.

Nearer

ANITA (CONT'D)
Come on.

Nearer.

Hands now tethered to her sides by the snake-like limbs winding around her, Daria places her thumb on the flint wheel and SNAPS.

It ignites! And... *the wind snuffs it out.*

The jaws of its mouth vibrate with excitement. Anita leans in, and, with one last effort:

FLICK.

A flame!

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'M fucking Ripley, you bitch!

She hurls the lighter at the alien.

IN SLO MO: The "Light 'Em Up" on Kevin's Zippo cartwheels end over end.

It lands in the alien's rippling mouth. *Nothing.*

And then...

The monster's "face" shifts as if... MELTING. The 190-proof alcohol ignites the monster.

It expels Anita and turns its limbs on itself, devouring its own burning flesh.

Anita stumbles back, pushing them both out of the plane.

EXT. GULFSTREAM G650ER - DAWN

Hurtling to earth, Anita watches the creature consume itself.

Its body grows, quickly filling the cargo room. Limbs swell until they pop.

It balloons, bulging against the cargo door.

Anita yanks the parachute cord, and they shoot up and away from the plunging plane.

The alien's earsplitting cry slices through the air and then,

KABOOM!

Betty explodes and then smashes into the ground.

FADE TO:

EXT. A FIELD NEAR COLUMBIA, MO - DAWN

Anita works to free them from the parachute entanglement.

Kevin wails.

KEVIN

Ow!

ANITA

I'm trying to be careful. Sorry.

He mumbles.

KEVIN

We made it? I hurt too much to be dead.

ANITA

We made it.

KEVIN

I don't remember anything after seeing...

He swallows.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I guess that was Daria.

ANITA

You were very brave.

KEVIN
I'm sure I was.

In the distance, emergency vehicles speed down a dusty, gravel road.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
They got here fast.

ANITA
They're here not for us. The crash site must be pretty close. I'll call them.

She slides her phone from Kevin's jacket pocket.

KEVIN
You still have your phone?

ANITA
It's even charged.

KEVIN
Any chance my smokes are still in there?

She checks the pockets. Comes up with a mangled pack of Marlboros. She hands one over to him.

He places the bent cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Lighter, please.

ANITA
Uhhmm... about that.

KEVIN
You have your phone, but you lost my lighter?

ANITA
It's kind of a long story.

KEVIN
You'll have plenty of time to tell me about it at the charity dinner.

ANITA
You never give up, do you?

KEVIN
Nope, I don't. But thank god, neither do you.

He sighs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I do have to tell you something,
though.

ANITA
Oh yeah?

Kevin takes more than a moment.

KEVIN
... I'm married.

ANITA
WHAT?!

KEVIN
Just fucking with ya.

ANITA
You really are the worst.

Kevin grins.

KEVIN
I'm the gift that keeps on givin'.
Merry Christmas, Anita.

She sends him back her genuine smile and rests her head on his shoulder. Together, they watch the flashing lights race down the road.

EXT. A NEARBY FIELD IN MISSOURI - A LITTLE LATER

Thirty or so workers hose down the steaming plane. The once glorious jet, now a smoldering tangle of metal.

Deep in Betty's rubble, *the tiniest of tremors.*

THE END