

FROM THE LIGHT TO THE SHEYD

Written by

Not Kosher

FADE IN:

INT. BOEING 777 MAIN CABIN - DAY

Rows of tired PASSENGERS near the end of a long flight. Many sleep, others stare blankly at their seatback video screens.

In three consecutive rows on one side, six men and three women sit wearing ultra-orthodox Jewish attire. Eight of them read from Hebrew-language books.

The eldest of the Jewish Men, KALEB (61), looks at a TECH-BRO (22) in the seat ahead across the aisle. The Tech-Bro fiddles with his laptop, straps on a smart watch, taps in 0-6-6-6 to unlock it. Kaleb shakes his head and sighs.

Kaleb pats the knee of his neighbor, HEZEKIAH (19), whose book shakes in nervous hands. Kaleb pushes his call button, and the FLIGHT ATTENDANT (44) strides the few rows to him. Kaleb uses his friendliest, grandfatherliest voice.

KALEB

I don't want to be a bother --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Not at all. I apologize for the delays, but we should reach Athens with plenty of time to get to your hotel before sunset.

The plane suddenly veers to the right. Between the Economy and Business-Class cabins, the Tech-Bro stands at the flight attendants' station with his laptop jacked into the plane's electronics. He picks up the P.A. handset.

TECH-BRO

Everyone remain calm, there has been a slight change of plans. If this laptop gets disconnected, or (indicates watch) anything happens to my life signs, this plane dives into the sea.

Shock spreads across the Passengers. The Flight Attendant backs away toward the rear of the plane.

KALEB

And where will we be going?

TECH-BRO

Haven't decided yet.

Kaleb closes his eyes, exhales, shakes his head.

KALEB

Ah. And what is this glorious cause of yours that doesn't require very much planning ahead?

The Jewish Woman in the aisle seat behind Kaleb, ESTER (47), scans the faces in the cabin.

TECH-BRO

(grandiose)

I am demonstrating my power over technology, Amish dude! I'm gonna be the most in-demand black hat hacker! Ever!

ESTER

(whispering)

He is working alone.

KALEB

If you want a black hat, here, you may have mine.

Several of the Passengers chuckle, infuriating the Tech-Bro. Kaleb stands in the aisle, steadies himself using seatbacks, makes his way slowly forward toward the Tech-Bro.

KALEB

So... this is not a cause you wish to die for.

(to passengers)

This should be comforting to all of us. An inconvenience, nothing more.

Kaleb wobbles unsteadily, but reaches the Tech-Bro.

KALEB

Young man, allow me to explain some things to you, to help you in the future. First, I am Jewish, not Amish. Second...

Kaleb knees Tech-Bro in the balls. Tech-Bro crumples.

KALEB

...do not threaten so many people without a weapon in hand.

TECH-BRO

(gagging)

Command Seven!

The plane veers left, knocking Kaleb off his feet.

TECH-BRO

You know, I could go to any country unfriendly to the U.S. Seems to be more of those every week. But just for that, we're going to Syria where it will be Friday... night.

HEZEKIAH

No! I beg of you!

Kaleb rubs the back of his head, sees blood, stays down.

KALEB

You do not understand how serious this is.

TECH-BRO

Yeah, the Flying Spaghetti Monster's going to be all mad at me if I keep you flying after dark.

KALEB

My order guards the secret of the Sheydim. They were to be companions to Man, but were unfinished when the Sixth Day ended.

TECH-BRO

Wow, you hit your head really hard.

ESTER

We support the Sheydim who wish to live among Men in peace. Hunt down those who do not.

Hezekiah buries his head under his arms, whimpering quietly, comforted by the Jewish Woman GURIT (18) next to him.

KALEB

As I said, the Sheydim were unfinished. A Sheyd needs the order of the holy laws. Without that firmest of guidance, he is lost.

TECH-BRO

Not buying it. Strap in, next stop is Syria.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - SUNSET

The jetliner flies relatively low over the water, escorted by two Hellenic Air Force F-15C fighters. Far behind, the Sun touches the horizon.

INT. BOEING 777 MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Tech-Bro keeps a close watch on the two cabins visible from the flight attendant's station.

KALEB

It is not too late, you can --

Hezekiah grips the seat before him, leans forward, groans.

KALEB

I apologize. It is too late.

A pair of bat-like wings erupt from Hezekiah's back. He leaps up onto his seat, now gaunt but covered in black hair, a single horn spiraling from his forehead. He SCREECHES.

Hezekiah vaults the seats into the aisle, rushes ahead. Passengers flee in a panic. Kaleb's party rise except Gurit. She doubles over, perhaps injured by Hezekiah's spasms.

TECH-BRO

Oh my God!

KALEB

Now he finds religion.

(to the Sheyd)

Hezekiah, you do not need to do this! You are not a beast.

Hezekiah snatches the Tech-Bro, lifts him with a choke hold.

A plain-clothes AIR MARSHALL (29) fires two SHOTS from the end of the cabin. Both strike Hezekiah in the side. Hezekiah crushes the Tech-Bro's windpipe, rushes the Air Marshall.

One of the Jewish Men grabs Hezekiah's wing, pulls him off of the Air Marshall. Ester gently pushes his pistol down.

ESTER

Someone needs to fix that computer.

The Air Marshall grabs for Hezekiah's feet, a couple Passengers head over to the laptop, and the Flight Attendant performs CPR on the Tech-Bro.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

He's losing too much blood. If he really has a dead-man's switch --

Laptop blares an alarm, starts a countdown from fifteen.

Hezekiah screeches and thrashes as the Air Marshall and many of Kaleb's party pin him under a pile of their own bodies.

KALEB

Miss, put the watch on your wrist.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Okay, but I can't log into it.

She fastens the strap, but the countdown continues.

KALEB

His password is zero six six six,  
perhaps a very stupid joke.

She taps the code with a doubtful expression, then laughs as the countdown stops. She "forgets" to resume the CPR.

KALEB

The pilot must turn around, bring  
us back to daylight.

The Flight Attendant calls the cockpit as Passengers unplug the laptop. Shortly after, the plane turns left and climbs.

ESTER

Kaleb, there isn't enough water to  
cleanse the blood from his hands.  
He will be trapped this way.

Tentatively, a Passenger mom with a diaper bag offers a small bottle of hand sanitizer. Ester checks for the Kosher symbol, accepts the bottle, and other moms come forward.

Ester and one of the Jewish Men douse Hezekiah's hands and forearms with sanitizer, work the blood out of his hair while he struggles against his captors.

Hezekiah kicks off the Air Marshall, who returns. He throws off others one at a time, but they return as well.

Sunlight peeks through the windows. Those holding down Hezekiah collapse, find him in human-seeming form again. He coughs up blood, bleeds out from his gunshot wounds.

KALEB

He tried so hard. Now all that was  
Hezekiah is lost to us.

Still in the window seat, Gurit's cries of pain end. She straightens up, enters the aisle. She's five months pregnant.

GURIT

Not all.

FADE OUT.