

GHOST PLANE

written by

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(C) This is mine!

OVER BLACK:

"This is the true story of Saudia Airlines flight 616 - The first direct flight from Saudi Arabia to Moscow. The route it took is now known as 'The Devil's Airway'"

CONTROL (RADIO) (V.O.)
Flight six-one-six please respond.
Flight six-one-six this is Moscow
control...

"No flight has taken this route since"

FADE IN:

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE - DAY

A spattering of Cumulus clouds below. A Boeing 737 thunders past. Two fighter jets follow in it's wake.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Flight 616 - 3 hours since last contact."

The fighter jets fly on either side of the 737 - FIGHTER PILOT gets close enough to look into the

737 COCKPIT

The CO-PILOT slumps over the controls, motionless. The pilot seat is empty.

BACK TO SCENE

The fighter jet moves along the length of the 737. Through the windows, the PASSENGERS slump in various positions - oxygen masks on their faces.

FIGHTER PILOT (RADIO)
Control, Flight six-one-six remains
in autopilot. No pilot, ghost
plane. Please advise.

Fighter Pilot again looks in the passenger windows. FACES stare back at him, each with glowing yellow eyes.

FLASHBACK

INT. BOEING 737 - DAY

Single gangway, two rows of three seats on either side. Mostly occupied with Arabs.

SUPERIMPOSE: 3 HOURS 15 MINUTES EARLIER

PILOT (P.A.)

... We should arrive in Moscow in roughly three and a half hours. We hope you enjoy the rest of your flight.

Seat 4A is occupied by JACOB (31) westerner, scruffy. He rocks back and forth, sweaty and clammy he reaches up to press the "assistance" button.

BETHANY (21) stewardess, approaches him with a fake smile.

JACOB

Please! I need to have a--

BETHANY

--Sir, we have already told you five times, there is no alcohol on this flight.

Bethany steps away - Jacob grabs her arm with a shaky hand.

JACOB

I need it!

BETHANY

Remove your hand, sir!

Jacob stares at his own hand, he releases his grip.

Bethany, professional smile, leaves. Passengers around Jacob look on with disgust, he forces a smile, storms off.

INT. BOEING 737 - TOILET - DAY

Jacob bursts in, slams the door behind him.

He turns on the sink tap, fills his hands with water and splashes it into his face. A cross on a chain around his neck dangles into the water.

Jacob takes it in his hand, squeezes it tight, tucks it back into his top.

He stares at himself in the mirror, next to it is a hand gel dispenser - A small sign on it reads "Contains Alcohol"

Jacob dispenses a small amount in his hand, licks it off.

He recoils from the taste. He grabs the casing, pulls it off - removes the bag inside containing the hand gel.

He sits on the toilet and pours the contents of the bag down his gullet.

He dry heaves - slumps back on the toilet, his eyes roll.

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE - DAY

The Boeing 737 thunders through a misty yellow cloud. It washes over the plane. Not a cloud we've ever seen before.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOEING 737 - TOILET - DAY

Jacob jolts up from his slumber, rubs his eyes.

He attempts to open the door - stuck. Jacob steps back and launches himself into it. It budes slightly, through the gap, an arm lies on the floor.

Jacob squeezes through the gap back into

GANGWAY

Frozen, he stares in horror at the body of the CAPTAIN, lying in front of the toilet door. Jacob check his pulse.

JACOB
Help, someone help--

--Jacob turns to the other passengers. His face drops.

Jacob skulks past the slumped passengers. Ten rows up, he stops, hands on his head - panic etched on his face.

Behind him - the Captain stands, stares at Jacob with bright yellow eyes.

The ROAR of a jet fighter engine gets Jacob's attention. He squeezes past unconscious passengers to a window, peers outside at the jet.

Captain has moved, lurks behind Jacob now. His mouth curls, drool drips to the floor.

Jacob manoeuvres himself backwards out of the seats and stands in the Aisle, the Captain inches behind him.

The Captain gnarls - Jacob wheels around, their eyes lock.

The Captain puts his hands around Jacobs neck, squeezes.

They fall to the floor, Captain on top - Jacob can't breath.

He manages to puts his hands around the captains neck, rocks him side to side, gaining momentum, their positions reverse.

Jacob claws at the Captain's face and eyes, until he releases his neck.

A big gulp of air hits Jacob, he throws up a mix of hand gel and bile onto the Captains face.

The Captain SCREECHES in pain as the gel sizzles his skin.

Jacob scrambles to his feet, dashes to the cockpit - Still strapped to their seats, the other passengers grab and claw at him as he passes.

Jacob stumbles as hands grab his clothes - he pushes through, struggles ever closer to the cockpit.

A leap sends him clear of the final row of seats.

Panting - he stares back at the gnarling passengers. Standing in the aisle, Bethany - Glowing eyes locked on him. She rushes forward.

Jacob scrambles to his feet and into the

COCKPIT

He slams the door shut, just in time to hear Bethany slam into it.

Through the window, the fighter jet - Fighter Pilot looks back at him.

Jacob bashes his fist onto the window.

JACOB
Help me! Please! Help me!

The fighter pilot looks away, moves his jet further back.

Jacob's thumping slows.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Please! No, come back...

Behind him, a GNARLING sound. A hand SNATCHES Jacob's arm - The co-pilot, still strapped to his chair, leans over as far as he can.

Jacob fights him, manoeuvres himself to get out of the co-pilots reach.

Emotion takes over as Jacob breaks down in tears.

FIGHTER PILOT (RADIO)
Flight Six-One-Six. Whoever is in
the cockpit, autopilot is on a
collision course with Moscow - you
must divert.

Jacob looks out of the window - A large city in the distance.

Co-pilot's flailing arms are all over the pilot seat. Jacob
wipes away his tears and sticks two fingers down his throat.

He throws up into his hands and throws it over Co-pilot--

--who SCREECHES in pain as his skin sizzles.

Jacob jumps into the pilot seat and slams the controls hard
left - Heads straight towards a mountain range.

He pulls the cross from around his neck and holds it to his
lips.

JACOB
God grant me the serenity to accept
the things I cannot change...

The co-pilot flails, rips a large gash into Jacob's arm.

JACOB (CONT'D)
...Courage to change the things I
can...

The plane rapidly approaches the mountain range.

JACOB (CONT'D)
And wisdom to know--

Through the window, the mountain range is fast approaching.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sound of burning wreckage.

SUPERIMPOSE: "No bodies were ever recovered"

Several GNARLING sounds, followed by fleeing footsteps.

THE END