

OUT OF THE MIST

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO - MORNING

An open, rolling plain surrounded by dense forest laps up against the Congo River. Seemingly a peaceful area usually untouched by man, the space has been invaded by--

A JET.

But not one flying over the area. This one has flown into it.

A misty, mysterious fog blankets the area, but as patches of the fog break, pieces of the plane, large and small, can be seen scattered in a line through the field.

Fire juts out from some of the larger pieces, mixing with the fog to create a surreal glow along the river's shoreline.

A large portion of the main fuselage is intact, but lies on its side. "KRYON ENERGY" printed along the windows.

Body parts in various stages of decapitation are thrown about the field.

INT. FUSELAGE - DAY

Most seats have broken away, taking their unfortunate passengers with them, but one set of seats remains attached.

On the aisle seat is CORBY, 40, balding and pudgy. ALICIA, 33, tall and athletic, is in the middle, and DEZ, 35, built like a linebacker, sits by the window.

Corby GROANS loudly. A large gash runs across his forehead. Blood pours from the opening.

Dez unlocks his seatbelt and eases himself gingerly from the seat. He appears relatively unscathed, as does Alicia, who also disengages from her seat.

CORBY

Help...

ALICIA

Jesus.

Dez takes a quick survey of the situation. He quickly takes off his t-shirt and tears it apart. He takes the shreds and wraps them around Corby's head.

CORBY
What... happened?

DEZ
You kidding me?

It's clear from Corby's face he isn't.

DEZ (CONT'D)
Must have suffered a concussion.
Lucky. Won't have to remember this
for the rest of your life.

Dez does a final twist of the shirt and secures it in place.

DEZ (CONT'D)
There was an engine fire. Caused us
to descend rapidly. I don't know
how we got on the ground because
there was so much fog I couldn't
make out anything. What I do know
is we've gone down near the river.

CORBY
Shit... we've got to get out of
here. You know what's out there
Dez! What our radiation plants have
produced in the animal life!

DEZ
You think I don't know? Those
mutants are the reason we've been
run out of this country.

As Dez and Corby talk in low voices, Alicia take a bearing of
their situation. The fuselage is open on each end.

Since all the seats have been ripped from their moorings, the
cabin is fairly empty, save a body part here and there.

She decides to walk towards the back and look out.

Alicia stands at the fuselage opening and peers outs. The fog
flows eerily along the ground. In the distance she spots the
plane's tail jutting above the haze.

ALICIA
Dez, I see the tail section...

Suddenly a small, dark BLUR moves quickly through the fog,
past the fuselage. Alicia SCREAMS, startled by the movement.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
There's something out there!

Corby holds back, frozen.

CORBY

We can't go out there -- we'll get mauled by those mutants!

DEZ

(pointing)

Look, the tail section is just over there. There's medical supplies and other equipment we can use while we wait for help to arrive.

CORBY

Then you go look -- I'll wait here.

DEZ

Suit yourself.

Dez sidles up next to Alicia.

Another BLUR zips past in the fog. Alicia gasps and moves in close to Dez. Corby backs up as far as he can and waits.

OVER HIS SHOULDER, two small figures appear through the fog in the opening at the other end of the fuselage.

It's HOWLER MONKEYS. Once Corby senses their presence, he turns. At first, he's caught off guard.

But there's something different about these primates. In a flash, the monkeys hiss and bare huge vampire-like fangs. Razor sharp claws extend from their hands.

Corby yells in terror. Dez looks back and sees the charging animals. Wide-eyed, he grabs Alicia's hand and pulls her away, taking off in the direction of the tail section.

Corby runs, but he's quickly caught and dragged down from behind. One of the monkeys sinks his fangs deep into Corby's face. The other slashes at his back. Blood shoots everywhere.

Dez and Alicia hear Corby's screams, but they push forward. More monkeys follow, bellowing ear-curling HOWLS, getting closer by the second. Some stop to feast on body parts.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Goddamn mutant monkeys...

Alicia suddenly trips over something and falls to the ground, dragging Dez down with her. She looks back and under her feet is the severed HEAD of a fellow passenger. Alicia screams and kicks the head away, just as another monkey arrives.

The monkey chomps down on the head, and the pair get up and move quickly to the tail section. One side of the opening is still burning, but not enough to keep them from entering.

DEZ (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on things while I
rummage around here.

Alicia searches the fog and sees a small mass of monkeys gathering in the mist.

ALICIA
Dez, they're coming. A lot of them.

Dez throws shelves open, desperately looking for something, anything that can help them.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Hurry up! They're almost here!

Dez finally finds an object that will help. A small fire extinguisher. He pulls it out and preps it for use.

DEZ
This foam should disorient them for
awhile, maybe even scare them away.
While I'm doing that, see if you
can find anything else of use.

Alicia quickly searches the galley. Dez stands in the opening, the nozzle pointed out at the troop of monkeys gathering near the opening.

A couple of the primates charge forward, teeth bared, and Dez blasts them with the extinguisher foam. The monkeys whine loudly and quickly back off.

As the monkeys take turns charging at Dez, Alicia continues her search. Finally, she hits on something. She pulls out a large clear bottle of hand sanitizer.

ALICIA
Got something!

DEZ
What?

ALICIA
Hand sanitizer.

Dez looks at her like she's lost her mind.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

This stuff is almost pure alcohol.
That makes it very flammable.

Dez nods appreciably. Alicia holds the bottle over one of the flames shooting out of the tail section.

DEZ

We need to find the alpha male of
the group. We nail him and the rest
will retreat... I hope.

He shoots more foam in the direction of a charging monkey,
but after making contact, the foam fizzes out.

Out of the mist, a lone, larger monkey appears. Intense. Dez
grabs the burning bottle from Alicia and waits.

DEZ (CONT'D)

That's the one. The Alpha.

After a moment, the Alpha moves forward, closing in on Dez.
When he's six feet away, the Alpha leaps and Dez hurls the
bottle into the Alpha's chest. The bottle disintegrates and
spills out onto the monkey.

The fire quickly spreads on the Alpha's body and he YELPS in
pain as he rolls on the ground. The other monkeys watch,
confused, but they don't leave, until--

Dez and Alicia hear a WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP sound. Helicopters.
The search and rescue craft push down towards the clearing,
sending the monkeys scattering into the mist.

DEZ (CONT'D)

How did you know about the hand
sanitizer?

ALICIA

I served a stint at a rehab center.
Lot of the patients would lick the
stuff to get their alcohol fix.
They finally had to get rid of all
of it. Glad something good actually
came from that stuff.

Dez smiles as he waves at the lowering copters.

He and Alicia never see the blurs coming out of the mist
behind them.

FADE OUT.