

Payload  
By  
Jet Sanitizer

©2019

FADE IN:

INT. AIRCRAFT - LATE AFTERNOON

A United Airlines passenger jet being prepared before takeoff. Cleaners vacuum under the seats. Caterers load food trays. The PILOT and CO-PILOT enter from the main door, disappear into the cockpit.

One CLEANER glances up at them as he finishes wiping the seat arms. He packs up his gear, heads to the door. A bottle of hand sanitizer sits in a frame so people can use it. He smoothly swaps it for another bottle then continues out.

A sign in bold letters above the hand sanitizer:

REMEMBER YOUR HYGIENE IN THIS FLU SEASON AND PLEASE CLEAN YOUR HANDS.

THE RUSSIAN(V.O)  
Gentlemen, even as I speak, our  
plan is in motion. The bottle  
containing the virus is in place.  
Our agent made sure the pilots were  
already on board. We don't want  
them to...touch our little surprise  
for the U.S.A.

Background laughter.

The cleaner wheels his trolley out into the embarkation tunnel. He passes four AIR HOSTESSES who wheel their hand luggage. They pause to use the sanitizer.

SUPER - O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CHICAGO NOVEMBER 2019

TERMINAL ANNOUNCER(V.O)  
Attention, passengers on United  
Flight 242 to New York...your plane  
is ready for boarding at Gate 20.

LATER

Passengers appear from the tunnel. Their tickets are checked at the door. The hostess points out the sign and they use the sanitizer before they board.

This continues on for the next few minutes...

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT.

The jet airliner rumbles on towards NYC. The cabin crew move down the aisle with food trolleys. Passengers read, watch movies, play mobile games, doze. A routine sort of flight...

Suddenly, a ripple of movement down the rows of seats. people begin to convulse and shudder, before slumping motionless.

Before the hostesses can react, they too shudder, sink to the floor. One flops onto the food trolley, balances like a limp doll. Another stays on her feet, manages to lurch up to the cockpit door. But she falls down before she can knock.

INSERT - the hand sanitizer is longer in its frame...

The whole cabin is quiet with only the BG roar of the engines churning into the night. Then...

The passengers and hostesses begin to...change. Their bodies contort. Faces morph into hideous beast heads. Hands turn into claws and talons. Clothes tear apart. The cabin fills with snarls and roars.

They aren't werewolves or zombies or vampires. They are just not...human anymore. And they are ravenous.

EXT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Like a silent pantomime, the oval windows show a glimpse into Hell. The creatures rip into each other. Blood, black viscous ichor, sprays on to the glass.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilots guide the jet onwards. The instrument panels glows green and red. The pilot switches on the AUTOPILOT button and leans back. The co-pilot checks readings.

On a shelf behind him is a familiar object - the bottle of hand sanitizer.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

The pilots in the cockpit, the plane streaking towards the sun low on the horizon. The cabin door opens. A hostess enters, makes small chat before handing him the hand sanitizer. He smiles, squeezes some out, rubs it in. Hands it to the co-pilot.

The hostess gives them the thumbs up, exits. The co-pilot finishes rubbing the lotion in then places it on the shelf. They turn back to their controls.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilots in the cockpit suddenly shiver, slump in their seats. The jet flies on steadily. Moments pass.

Then they transform into the beast things. They flail at each other, claws ripping mutated flesh. The black blood flies, hissing as it hits the walls. The two wrestle across the control panel. The AUTOPILOT blinks off.

The beasts tumble against the control column. The jet lurches wildly and veers down towards the dark earth.

EXT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

As the plane heads into a dive, the beasts in the cabin continue the carnage. Several lie still, mauled by their 'fellow' creatures.

THE RUSSIAN(V.O)  
Gentlemen, our cargo of death nears  
JFK. Soon, the passengers will be  
unleashed on an unsuspecting  
nation. The authorities will be  
helpless to stop the virus  
spreading by teeth and claw.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lone pickup truck heads through a forest. Suddenly the stricken plane appears low in the sky, somehow almost level. It plunges into the trees ahead, smashing a path through, the wings crumpling. The pickup slows, pulls over.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A path of splintered trees leads to the crash site. Large pieces of wreckage litter the newly formed clearing. Luggage and beastly body parts are randomly scattered. There is no fire but the ruptured engines tick over.

No movement amongst it all.

Two MEN appear, flashlights flicking over the chaos. One takes out a mobile, dials quickly. He talks into it, waving his hand. The other man cautiously approaches the wreckage.

The flash beam flits across the plane. Dead beasts sit incongruously across damaged seats. The light plays across the hostess uniforms split open to reveal ravaged flesh.

The man ends the phone call. Already SIRENS are heard in the distance. He too steps forward to gaze on the detritus.

The first man stumbles as he tries to step over a ruined corpse. He grabs at a passenger seat to steady himself. Some sort of liquid coats the seat top, smearing onto his hand.

He holds his hand up, shines the light on it. Its a clear oozy liquid. He shines the light down. The shattered bottle of hand sanitizer is on the ground. The man grins wryly.

He puts the torch under one arm for a moment, rubs the lotion into his hands before continuing.

THE RUSSIAN(V.O)

At one hundred percent  
communicability and no antidote,  
the United States will collapse...

FADE OUT