

SPORE

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FADE IN

EXT. AMAZON RAIN FOREST - DAY

Hazy mist hangs like a shroud over the silent jungle that stretches like an endless sea of green in every direction.

An Embraer R-99 Brazilian Military Reconnaissance Jet ROARS into view overhead. Five similar planes spread out in parallel formation to cover the jungle.

INT. EMBRAER R-99 COCKPIT - DAY

PILOT JOSE SOUSA (23), in jumpsuit and flight mask, sees smoke drifting from the jungle through a break in the mist.

PILOT SOUSA

I have eyes on the crash site.
Commencing Thermal Infrared
Imaging.

A screen blinks on. On SCREEN: Thermal images of the crash site. Distinctive humanoid shapes move erratically near the downed aircraft.

PILOT SOUSA

We have survivors. Repeat, we have
survivors.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER, AIRBORNE RESCUE SQUADRON BASE - DUSK

Members of the Esquadrão Aeroterrestre de Salvamento (EAS), an Elite Airborne Rescue Squadron, erect tents and move equipment into position on the bank of the river.

The athletic and commanding COLONEL FRANCISCA OLIVIERA (28) takes centre stage in the middle of the compound.

COLONEL OLIVIERA

EAS One, Listen up!

Capitão RODRIGUEZ (32), Segundo-tenente DIEGO BARBASO (26) and two young Aspirantes, JOAQUIM GOMES (19) and LUCCA DIAS (20), snap to an attention befitting their Elite training.

COLONEL OLIVIERA

F.A.B.have found the crash site.
There are survivors. Get Medical
supplies but pack light. Terrain is
unforgiving and it's getting dark,
bring Night Vision Goggles.

She indicates a white man of sixty-five years with piercing, intelligent eyes. He's sweating more than is normal, even in this Tropical heat and mops himself with a handkerchief.

COLONEL OLIVIERA

...This is DOCTOR CLAYTON RADCLIFFE. The Chief Medical Officer of the I.A.T.A. He's here by request to lead the Medical effort. He's experienced life in the Jungle. Doctor?

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

The Amazon is a dangerous place. There are toxic plants, aggressive mammals, poisonous insects and venomous snakes. Cover your skin. Use insect repellent. Avoid contact with plants. Assume everything is deadly.

COLONEL OLIVIERA

OK. Move out!

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DUSK

Rain pours through the canopy drenching the troops of EAS One. Doctor Radcliffe watches Gomes, Dias and Rodriguez machete through the undergrowth, Barbaso and Oliviera cover the Team's rear.

Squeaks, clicks, rustles, bird song and mammalian calls fill the air. Every niche of the jungle is crammed with flora and fauna; Snakes, insects, tree frogs and most of all, flies.

An Emerald Tree Boa HISSES from a branch. Gomes prods at it with his Machete till it slithers away.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

It's beautiful isn't it? A perfect web of life, death, rebirth and decay; every plant and animal connected by its thread.

BARBASO

It's a fuck-hole.

Oliviera takes out a SCANNER DEVICE from her pack. ON SCREEN: Sonar Waves highlight a blinking red dot.

COLONEL OLIVIERA

Target is one mile from our position.

She watches the last rays of sunshine disappear. The jungle falls into darkness.

COLONEL OLIVIERA
E.A.S. One, engage Night Vision.

They flip their Goggles into place and continue the journey. In Night Vision everything appears hellish. The eyes of small mammals shine demonically from the darkness. Every vine looks like a snake.

SCREECHES rend the air all around them as a tribe of WOOLLY MONKEYS perform territorial displays in the trees.

Twenty Metres to their right, a Jaguar, poised to attack, GROWLS in a tree branch. Barbaso and Oliviera train their weapons on it. Gomes and Dias quickly machete a new path.

JOAQUIM GOMES
Through here! The crash trail.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

They scramble through into an area where a rivet has been cut through the trees by the crashing plane and follow the trail of destruction and debris.

FOOTSTEPS to their right. Dias spins round and catches someone moving through the trees. He scans the area. A face, briefly seen. Human, but covered in pulsating fungus.

LUCCA DIAS
There's something out there.

COLONEL OLIVIERA
This is Colonel Oliviera of
Airborne Rescue. We're here to
assist.

No response. They continue towards the plane, their eyes watching the Jungle for trouble.

Fifty yards on, there are FIVE SURVIVORS, their faces and bodies similarly covered in fungus, writhing on the floor.

BARBASO
What the fuck is wrong with them?

COLONEL OLIVIERA
Base. This is E.A.S One. We've
cleared a path through. Request
Medical Assistance. Over.

Ahead of them lies the wreckage of a Commercial BOEING 747. The fuselage is largely intact. Rain has put most fires out, but small patches of flickering flame cast enough light that they remove their Night Vision Goggles.

They leave the survivors and approach the plane.

INT. CRASHED PLANE - NIGHT

Dead, broken, bodies are everywhere, in the seats and in the aisle; and everywhere the strange fungus.

Capitao Rodriguez examines a seated woman in her thirties. She's alive! She opens her eyes and starts choking.

A bulbous fungus forces its way from her mouth. It BURSTS into Rodriguez's face and the surrounding air.

Fungus all around bursts and releases its spores. All the Team members choke and collapse and writhe in intense pain. All except Doctor Radcliffe, who watches in interest.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

The pain you are experiencing is caused by a fungal parasite attaching itself to your nervous systems. I spent years in this jungle studying parasitic life-forms capable of controlling their hosts and I have created a parasite that can modify and control a hosts neural network, and thus control the host's behaviour. The first iteration is aggressive and fatal, but once the parasite has incubated inside a human host it combines with human genes and produces spores. Those infected by the spores, which is you, will survive but the parasite will make them subservient to the person that secretes the compound necessary to modify gene expression in the host...

He wipes his brow. A hint of green on the handkerchief.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

...Which is me. I'll rule over you, the way a Queen Bee rules the Hive.

Oliviera desperately fighting the pain, reaches for her gun.

.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

Throw your guns and radios to me.

All of them comply immediately.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

You see? Complete Mind control. I perfected the parasite a long time ago, but I needed a liquid delivery system and I stumbled on the perfect solution...

He walks to the bathroom of the plane.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

Ah, it's still here.

He reaches for a bottle of Hand Sanitiser and returns.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

...A simple hand sanitiser. The kind you find on every plane in the world. As Chief Medical Officer Of the International Air Transport Association I decide Medical protocol for all International Airlines and have access to all sanitary supplies. As we speak the parasite is being spread over the world. In a few days most of the planet will be infected, but I wanted to be here to witness the beginning. Back where it all began.

He looks at the Team members still rolling in pain.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

If you could, you'd probably ask me, why? I've dedicated my life to Medicine, but I've come to realise, the world is the patient, humanity the disease. We are destroying this planet, and all life on it. To prevent the destruction, we must change human behaviour. And so, rise, my friends. We must return to camp to spread the good news. And then the real work will begin. We're going to build a New World. A world free of waste, frivolity, pollution, war, conflict. A world free of humanity...

They rise, painfully, as one.

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

...It's going to be beautiful.

FADE OUT