

Spores

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. B-17 FLYING FORTRESS - CABIN - NIGHT

TITLES: 1943, somewhere over Germany

SGT. FRYE, scrubbing his hands with sulfanilamide, kneels before the open hatch to the ball turret gun.

LT. ROSS and SGT. JONES watch amused.

FRYE

Infection, sir. Only thing between me and flak is a half inch of Plexi and a bit of the Lord's prayer.

ROSS

You best douse yourself in a both then, son.

The rookie nods. Understanding, Jones laughs.

JONES

The son of a bitch did exactly that.

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

Gunners in position.

Frye fingers rosary beads. A sign of the cross. Then climbs into the tiny ball beneath the fuselage.

BALL TURRET

Barely big enough for a small man. He slams the hatch. Feet on the pedals, hands on the gun, breathing heavy, he rolls the turret, guns facing down.

Flashes from the ground: bombs and anti-aircraft fire.

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Keep em peeled on those clouds, fellas. You got that rookie?

FRYE

Roger that.

Fingers tight on the triggers, he turns to a dark cloud. Lights flash within.

FRYE

Ah...

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

See something, rook?

FRYE

Weird lights in that cloud bank at
11 o'clock.

CO-PILOT DAVIS (O.S.)

We got us some foo fighters?

FRYE

Some what?

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

You just hit anything comes out of
that cloud, kid.

A GERMAN FIGHTER comes screaming out of the cloud right at
them. ORBS OF LIGHT chase and dance around it.

FRYE

Enemy fighter!

He swivels, guns pounding, tracers streaking toward the craft.

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

Nail the son of a bitch!

The German comes hard, its guns silent.

Static charge crackles the Plexiglas shield of the ball.

FRYE

My guns are jammed!

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

Tail gunner?

JONES (O.S.)

Same here, Cap, jammed to hell.

CO-PILOT DAVIS (O.S.)

He's gonna ram us!

The orbs dance around the fighter as it comes right at them.
But it just misses, soaring right past the tail.

COCKPIT

CAPTAIN COOPER and CO-PILOT DAVIS watch the fighter head
straight up into the night sky, disappearing over cloud,
bright orbs dancing around it.

CO-PILOT DAVIS

If my eyes hadn't seen it...

BALL TURRET

Frye eyes another cloud flashing from within. Tests his weapon with a burst. No longer jammed.

FRYE

Sir, weapons ready now.

CAPTAIN COOPER (O.S.)

Anything moving faster than we are
let em have it.

Breathing heavy, he swivels, focusing on the flickering cloud.

ROSS (O.S.)

Ten minutes to target.

FRYE

What the hell were those things?

ROSS (O.S.)

Mystery wrapped in an enigma, son.

His guns squarely on the flashing cloud.

A LINE OF ORBS shoots from it straight at them. He opens fire, swiveling to aim.

The gun crackles with electricity. He pulls his hands off.

FRYE

What the...

CABIN

An orb about twice the size of a basketball penetrates the fuselage and bounces around within. Ross and FRANKS, the bombardier, flatten themselves against a wall.

ROSS

Captain!

Cooper and Davis look back from the cockpit. The orb settles onto the floor, brightly pulsing in place.

CAPTAIN COOPER

Get that thing off this plane!

No one wants to go near it. The Captain enters from the cabin. Approaches cautiously.

It BURSTS into thousands of tiny orbs that fill the cabin and cling to the crew, who try to slap them off.

BALL TURRET

SCREAMS flood the intercom.

Frye feverishly works the pedals trying to move the turret. The hydraulics buggy, it moves inches at a time.

ROSS (O.S.)

It burns!

JONES (O.S.)

Get em off me!

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FRYE

What's happening?!

Hyperventilating, Frye kicks at the pedals, desperately trying to line up the opening with the hatch.

Screaming continues.

Then goes quiet.

FRYE

What's going on? Anyone!

Silence.

The plane begins to ascend sharply.

FRYE

Jesus!

The opening lines up enough for him to get a hand through the hatch. He pulls with all his strength to turn the turret.

Breathing labored, he pulls on the oxygen mask. Ice forms on his eyelashes.

CABIN

The opening finally lined up, he pulls himself out.

At the rear, Jones lies unmoving half out of the tail gunner seat. Frye hurries to check on him, but pulls back his hand: SPIKY STALKS grow out of the man's face, from his bare hands, even through his clothing. On the ends of each spike forms a BLACK SPHERE. Some of them glow faintly.

The plane ascends. Frye climbs toward the cabin.

More DEAD CREW, each covered in long, spiky stalks, black orbs just starting to glow with life.

He takes his gloves off. Rubs his hands to fight the cold. Takes the sulfanilamide from his flight suit and dabs it on exposed parts of his face. Puts the gloves back on.

He struggles up toward the cockpit in the ascending craft. The plane begins to shudder violently.

COCKPIT

Cloud cover lies far below.

The captain and co-pilot sit unmoving and covered in stalks. The captain's hand pulls back on the throttle.

The rookie tries to push the throttle forward. The captain grumbles, eyes blank, hand and arm locked.

Hands seize Frye around the neck from behind. The co-pilot.

Frye tries to fight him off. The man's eyes are as blank as a corpse's. He grips with superhuman strength.

They roll onto the floor and down into the inclined cabin. Spores on the crew grow brighter. Some break off, bouncing around, seeking Frye, but bouncing away after contact.

The plane shudders violently, will come apart any second.

Wilson's mouth opens in an almost silent scream...then he releases Frye and lies dead on the floor.

Doubled over, Frye breathes heavy through his mask.

The plane groans as rivets come apart.

Frye grabs a parachute and quickly straps it on.

Slides open the bay door. Frost covers his face.

He jumps.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUD COVER - CONTINUOUS

Free falling, Frye pulls the chute.

He gasps at the high altitude air.

At last, he turns to the bomber ascending a distance away.

It explodes.

Thousands of GLOWING, DANCING ORBS fly out from the fire, some twice the size of basketballs.

He watches them fall toward a BOMBER FORMATION below.

FADE OUT: