

The Quick Way Down

written by

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Horrer, Sky Diving instructor, Spork, Drive in.
Winning at all cost

INT. AIRPORT HANGER - EARLY AFTERNOON

RANDY, 30, and ALISHA, 28, sit at a long table eating lunch.

The rest of the table is filled with likewise people all laughing and chatting.

A DC-10 aeroplane sits in the centre of the hanger. Emblazoned on the side is the legend "Night Dives".

Parachutes are lined along one wall.

RANDY

How's your salad baby?

Alisha's spork sifts through the salad in front of her.

ALISHA

Too much cucumber for me, who the hell eats cucumber anyway?

RANDY

The English?

Alisha throws Randy a dirty look.

ALISHA

Do I look English to you?

Randy laughs heartily.

RANDY

No baby. You my sweet, are my Nubian Goddess.

Alisha sits up straight and tries to look regal.

ALISHA

Then that makes you my subject, willing or not.

RANDY

And what then, my Goddess, is your first command?

Alisha holds up the spork she's holding.

ALISHA

Get me some proper utensils to eat my feast with.

Randy laughs.

ALISHA

What the hell is it with these things anyway? Why can't I have a fork.

RANDY
(laughing)
We're in an airport baby, nothing
sharp remember? We don't want
done for being terrorists.

Alisha slumps back.

ALISHA
I suppose you're right, back to
sporking my salad.

RANDY
Is that a euphemism?

Alisha takes his meaning and leans forward.

ALISHA
Only if you play your cards
right, lover.

Randy and Alisha lean over the table and give each other a
loving kiss.

They're interrupted by the entrance of LANCE, 45, tall and
muscularly athletic, the sessions sky diving instructor.

LANCE
Hi everyone.

Everyone at the table stops to look round at him.

LANCE
I hope you're all enjoying your
lunch, I've just checked the
weather for tonight's jump and
it's good news.

Excited murmuring from the crowd.

LANCE
We take off at twenty one hundred
hours as scheduled and the drop
takes place at twenty one twenty.

Whoops and cheers.

LANCE
After lunch please pair up with
your diving buddies and go
through the preparations for
tonight, including the safety
tips for using the flares.

There's excited chatter from the crowd as Lance heads towards
Randy and Alisha.

LANCE
Randy, Alisha welcome back.

RANDY

Hi, it's great to be back, we're looking forward to tonight's challenge.

ALISHA

Men versus women. It should be a good jump.

LANCE

First to the ground wins but remember, it's the taking part that counts. I'll be buddying you Randy, Alisha you'll be with Tanya.

ALISHA

Good, I want to win this time even if I have to cut your 'chute.

RANDY

A little extreme baby, you want to win at any cost?

ALISHA

If I have to use my Goddess powers and have you plucked from the sky, then yes.

LANCE

(laughing)

I'll leave you to your rivalry and I'll catch you later.

RANDY

Great, thanks, we'll see you after lunch.

Lance walks away as Randy and Alisha return to their lunch.

Unseen by anyone, a vortex in the sky spins open briefly then closes.

INT. DC-10 - NIGHT

The noise of the engines fill the fuselage.

Everyone is paired with their buddies getting ready to jump.

The overhead light is red. Seconds later it turns green.

LANCE

GO GO GO.

The first of the buddies jump quickly followed by the rest.

Lance and Randy are last to leave. Air rushes pass them.

LANCE
Mike check, can you hear me
Randy?

RANDY
Loud and clear Lance.

In the night sky in the distance, flares are seen lighting up. Red for the women, blue for the men.

LANCE
You ready to pop your flare?

RANDY
Yeah, let's do this.

Randy removes the flare from his jumpsuit and ignites it.

A few moments later something hits them hard sending them spinning.

RANDY
What the fuck?

LANCE
What the hell was that?

They are hit again sending them tumbling.

Lance struggles to correct the spin and tumble.

LANCE
LIMBS OUT, LIMBS OUT.

They extend their limbs and the spin and tumble stop.

Looking around, Lance can see flares spinning and tumbling from the sky. The same thing is happening to the others.

Only one red flare drops straight down.

Something suddenly latches onto their harness and starts ripping at it.

Screaming, Randy hits it with his flare.

Glowing eyes glare at him. A sharp maw rips at his jumpsuit.

Something attaches to Lance's back and starts clawing at him.

Randy continues to hit at the creature with the flare.

LANCE
DIVE, DIVE, DIVE.

They tighten their limbs and slide headlong into a dive.

The creatures remain attached, clawing and scratching.

The harness starts to rip, Lance can feel the parachute slip from his back.

LANCE

We have to pull the 'chute.

RANDY

What the fuck are these things?

LANCE

I don't know but we have to pull the 'chute, we're gonna lose it or hit the ground if we don't.

RANDY

Do it.

Lance pulls the cord, the parachute opens and the creatures fly off.

LANCE

I've lost my bearings, can you see any landmarks?

Randy looks around. He spots lights on the ground.

RANDY

There, two o'clock.

Lance sees where Randy indicates and steers towards it.

MINUTES LATER

Patrons at a drive in movie theatre are stunned to see two parachutists descend in front of the screen.

Collapsing on the ground, Lance and Randy lie breathless, bleeding and terrified.

Concerned movie-goers surround them as the sound of screeching comes from the sky.

The creatures descend and start attacking everyone.

Disengaging from Lance, Randy runs for cover. Breathless he looks around at the unfolding scene.

People are running everywhere and trying to drive away.

As the pandemonium continues, Randy exhales sharply.

RANDY

Alisha. What did you do?

FADE OUT.