

# **UNGODLINESS**

by

Mr. Clean

**FADE IN**

**EXT. PRIMITIVE JUNGLE RUNWAY - NIGHT**

A private jet with the blue Centers for Disease Control (CDC) emblem on the tail sits on the dirt runway with the twin jets warming up.

**SUPER: PRIVATE AIRPORT, NIGERIAN JUNGLE**

A gurney, laden with patient, is rushed to an open cabin door by two people in full protective clothing.

**INT. CDC JET - CONTINUOUS**

The patient is met by a three member team that wear hospital scrubs, gloves and face-shields. They pull the gurney in and close the cabin door.

The plane is fitted with an Aeromedical Biological Containment System: A negative pressure, oxygenated, isolation tent designed for highly contagious patients.

The team leader is RICHARD (50), a CDC doctor. The others are: HELEN (40), a physicians assistant; and RUMUN (30), a Nigerian aide.

RICHARD

Helen, get him into the containment and secured for immediate take-off.

HELEN

Rumun, help me get him in there.

Helen and Rumun pull the gurney into the clear plastic tent.

The patient MOANS through gritted teeth. The patient is JIMMY (25), a CDC medical school intern.

HELEN

It's okay, Jimmy. We're going home.

Rumun sets the wheels in place and locks down the casters.

HELEN

We're all good here, Richard. Let's get out of here.

RICHARD

You don't have to tell me twice.

Richard presses an intercom.

RICHARD

Captain? We're good to go back here.

CAPTAIN (INTERCOM)  
 Roger, dodger, Doc. Seatbelts,  
 everyone. We'll be wheels up in  
 moments.

**EXT. PRIMITIVE RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The jet revs-up and takes off into the night sky.

**INT. CDC JET - MOMENTS LATER**

Richard and Helen are seated adjacent to each other. Across  
 the aisle is Rumun.

CAPTAIN (INTERCOM)  
 Alrighty, folks. We've reached our  
 cruising altitude of 35,000 feet.  
 Should be smooth sailing from here  
 to Atlanta. Let's get Jimmy home.

The three passengers rise and go to the rear of the cabin. A  
 small table with swivel seats is located next to the tent.

RICHARD  
 Okay, Rumun, what can you tell us  
 about Jimmy?

RUMUN  
 It all happened so fast. Doctor  
 Jimmy and I were investigating a  
 report similar to hemorrhagic  
 fever--

HELEN  
 Ebola?!

RUMUN  
 --but it was something more. Signs  
 of lockjaw--

RICHARD  
 Tetanus?

RUMUN  
 --and, pardon my english, with  
 unbridled strength and fury.

Uncertainty crosses the team's faces.

RICHARD  
 It sounds like virus morphology.

RUMUN

It was unlike anything I'd seen before. They'd grit so hard their teeth would shatter. Then they would arch and contort their bodies into something unrecognizable. Their hands would clench so severe that the fingers would break and turned into...well, meat-mallets!

Rumun holds both his arms out with his fists balled tight. Helen gasps and cringes.

RUMUN

The infected would go mad and start to beat people into bloody pulps.

HELEN

Oh, my God. I need a cigarette.

RUMUN

The final stage is the complete bleed-out from every orifice.

RICHARD

How did Jimmy come in contact?

RUMUN

He missed a basic step in aseptic technique. During decon, he rubbed his eyes before sanitizing his hands.

Helen and Richard instinctively reach for a large squeeze bottle of hand sanitizer on the table.

When their hands touch, they share a nervous smile until they hear a CLATTER on the tiled deck.

They turn to see shattered teeth strewn about the tile.

And staring back is Jimmy with bloodshot eyes and a toothless grin. He emits a guttural GROWL.

He begins to arch his back and contort violently.

RICHARD

Quick! Check his straps!

Richard and Rumun dart into the tent.

HELEN

Wait! Your protective gear!

Two loud POPS mute Helen's comment. Jimmy's wrists, arms and shoulders contort. They're cocked and ready to fire.

As Richard and Rumun go to restrain Jimmy's arms, his club-like fists fire like two pistons into their jaws and they drop to their knees.

Helen dons her mask and gloves before going to their aid. She pulls Rumun, face bloodied, away from the containment.

When she goes for Richard, he pushes her away.

RICHARD

Restrain him!

Helen turns to Jimmy. He has become a SNARLING mass. The range of motion of his joints has become inhuman and he has writhed out from his torso straps.

Jimmy fires another round and hits Helen in the chest, knocking her out of the tent.

RICHARD

Jimmy! Stop! It's us!

Jimmy turns on Richard with a flailing leg that whips around and kicks him in the chest. The sound of multiple CRACKS of broken ribs fill the cabin.

Richard hits the side of the fuselage and slides down delirious.

Jimmy tries to stand but his legs cannot support weight. His legs, now free of normal joint motion, extend behind him like a bullfrog.

Blood begins to ooze and squirt from every opening. His eyes, ears, nose, genitals and anus flow freely.

But it does not slow Jimmy and he slithers towards Rumun.

HELEN

Rumun!

Jimmy slams Rumun with an arm and fist that looks like a carnival ring-the-bell mallet. It caves in the man's chest.

Helen grabs the large bottle of hand sanitizer and squirts the entire contents on Jimmy.

It stings and makes Jimmy SQUEAL.

HELEN

Come and get me, fucker!

Helen scrambles by Jimmy and goes back in the containment. Jimmy pounces, misses and follows her into the tent.

Helen grabs Richard by the collar and pulls him out the other side of the tent.

She reaches in her pocket, pulls out a Zippo lighter and flips it open.

HELEN

Sorry, Jimmy.

Helen opens the flap to the tent, strikes the flint and tosses it on Jimmy.

The hand sanitizer in the oxygen-enriched atmosphere flashes so hot and fast, that it quickly extinguishes itself.

The flash causes the heavy plastic tent to melt and encase Jimmy like he's shrink wrapped.

**DING**

The fasten seatbelt light turns on.

CAPTAIN (INTERCOM)

Pardon me, folks, but I need you to return to your seats. It's about to get a little bumpy.

FADE OUT