

# Flight of The Living Dead

Your Fear of Flying Just Got Worse!

By

John Dunning & Lorenzo Orzari

John Dunning

CINEPIX INC.

376 Victoria Ave., Suite 300

Westmount QC

H3Z 1C3

Tel : 514-336-9696

Fax : 514-336-6606

Email : [jdunning@jvjproductions.com](mailto:jdunning@jvjproductions.com)

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

CREDIT ROLL as storm clouds mushroom menacingly. THUNDER BELLOWS. BOLTS of LIGHTNING rip the sky.

A PRIEST's voice is solemnly invoking last rites.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA (V.O.)  
And yea, though I walk through the  
shadow of the valley of Death...

2 EXT. RAIFORD PRISON, FLORIDA - LATE AFTERNOON

FATHER SYMPHOROSA (V.O.)  
I shall fear no Evil for Thy rod and Thy  
staff shall comfort me...

3 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

CREDITS END on Father Symphorosa reading the invocation from his Bible, standing between two electric chairs.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA  
And I shall walk in the light of the  
Lord, thy Father, in the name of the  
Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost...

Two Englishman, death row inmates in orange jumpsuits, sit strapped to two electric chairs in an antiseptic execution chamber. Their sweaty shaved scalps are crowned with copper helmets lined with dripping sponges soaked in brine. An electrode wire is bolted to each helmet strapped in leather.

Below each cut lower right pant leg, a copper electrode with sponge is leather strapped to a shaved patch of bare skin.

Sweaty brine drips over the brow of CLARENCE "TOOLE" ATTENBOROUGH, 23, sitting in the first newer heavier electric chair. He's HUGE. Six eight. Three hundred and forty pounds. Fat, but demented looking. His soft, flabby face twists with a goofy smile he directs at his brother...

CHARLES "FLASH" ATTENBOROUGH, 25, sitting next to him in an older electric chair that is dark with a history of its own executions. He is, in contrast to Toole, your average joe. Nerdy, almost. But with a glint in his eye that takes your breath away. He turns his gaze to the observation window, focusing on an onlooker.

4 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES OF EXECUTION - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE-UP ON POLICE DETECTIVE WILLARD TARCZINSKI. In his 40's, dark complexioned, he meets Flesh's weighty look.

Waiting for what seems like an eternity, Tarczinski twitches in anticipation. He can't wait to see these criminals die. Beside him, is uniformed police chief CHESTER W. SEARS, a large black man in his early 50's.

The Detective, Chief and a half-dozen ONLOOKERS watch through the observation window. The WARDEN moves into the execution room.

A newspaper reporter seated behind TARCZINSKY leans forward.

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Never witnessed two executions at the same time. They even had to bring that antique "Old Sparky" out of the museum.

DETECTIVE

(still staring hard)  
Just thank Judge Fulcrum for swallowing a bullshit appeal. Execute one brother before another is cruel and unusual. For *them*? Believe that shit?

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Human rights --

DETECTIVE

You think these creeps are human? Think Judge Fulcrum would'a been so indulgent if the victims were in his own family?

5 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

The Priest concludes his invocation, closes his Holy Book.

A PRISON GUARD stands by the PRISON DOCTOR ready with his stethoscope. A GUARD checks wires behind the two chairs. The burly WARDEN stands next to a second GUARD poised at the switch. The atmosphere is heavy, silent.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA

(to the killers)  
Do you have any final words?

TOOLE

(Cockney accent)  
I've got two, Padre.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA

Yes, my son?

TOOLE

(grinning)  
Fuck. Off.

Toole LAUGHS a maniacal HYENA'S HOWL, his massive body convulsing in a fit of hilarity. FLESH looks pensive. Father Symphorosa shakes his head sadly.

Flesh speaks with an upper class English accent.

FLESH  
(quietly)  
Please forgive him, Father, for he knows  
not what he does.  
(sincerely)  
And forgive me.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA  
The Lord is listening. Do you wish to  
make a final confession, my son?

FLESH  
Yes, but... I'd rather not have him  
hear...

Toole glares at Flesh. Father Symphorosa smiles sympathetically to Flesh, then leans in to hear.

Flesh starts to whisper... then, lightning-quick **BITES**  
**FATHER SYMPHOROSA'S EAR CLEAN OFF!**

The onlookers are HORRIFIED.

Blood spurts, Father Symphorosa **SCREAMS**. BLOOD SPLASHES onto his Bible. The Priest clutches his bleeding head, races for the execution chamber door.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA  
**FRY THE MOTHERFUCKERS!**

TOOLE  
A priest! How's it taste?

Blood drips down Flesh's chin. The ear squelches in his CHEWING TEETH filed into the JAGGED POINTS of a flesh-eater.

FLESH  
Just like chicken.  
(satisfied, flashes tongue)  
Finger lickin' good.

Toole LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY. Flesh chews, savoring the taste, finally swallowing the ear.

Flesh slowly spreads a Cheshire grin which he turns to the witness room window, to smugly gaze at...

Tarczinski, tensely gripping his chair and breathing hard, as he locks eyes with Flesh.

The Warden pushes aside the Guard frozen next to him, reaches to grab the SWITCH --

WARDEN  
Get the hoods on 'em **NOW!**

With a threatening nod from the Warden, two Guards quickly cover the heads of the two criminals with black leather hoods.

6 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

REPORTER  
(revolted by what just happened)  
Isn't... Isn't that their brother?

The Detective casts a vengeful glance at a man sitting nearby... clammy ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH, 30, nervously clutching a worn leather valise. Perspiring in a cheap suit with a bowtie, he stares through his glasses...

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE:

7 EXT. VODOO CEREMONY - HAITI - 1985 - NIGHT - LURID COLORS OF A NIGHTMARE

Robert Attenborough staring through his glasses is now 10 years old. His brother Charles ("Flesh") is 6 and his fat brother Toole is 4. Low Voodoo drums in the background.

In smoke wisps, the three kids and their BRITISH MOTHER are lined up in a row with tourist bags packed next to them. The Mother, mid-30's, wearing 1980's clothes and a metal Voodoo wrist amulet, smiles as if slightly possessed...

Occult pendants hang from their necks as VODOO KING ABUTU passes before them, serving strips of grilled meat on paper plates like a communion service. Mother, Charles and Toole eat with gusto. VODOO DRUMMING and CHANTING intensifies as the young wide-eyed Robert brings the strip of meat to his mouth... He shudders and discreetly tosses it in a bush.

CAMERA PAN REVEALS what Robert is staring at... turning on the smoky spit... a human leg.

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE:

8 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

A man's bare lower leg twitches with an electrode. It's the leg of Flesh sitting in the electric chair, hooded.

WARDEN  
(quickly)

By the power vested in me by the State of Florida... I hereby administer to Clarence and Charles Attenborough the sentence of death by electrocution.

Clarence Toole's hooded bulk sniggers with a muffled laugh.

The Warden THROWS the SWITCH with grim satisfaction.

ELECTRICITY HUMMMS, SURGES through the bodies of the Killers who jerk, arch. Contracting muscles strain against the sweaty leather straps, fists clenched, white-knuckled --

9 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

JOLTED, Detective Tarczinski quivers in pain, gripping the chair before him. He registers a palpable connection with the two Killers. Prison lights flicker as the two chairs simultaneously draw SURGING power with massive HUMMMS.

Amazingly, the hooded Toole continues to LAUGH DEMONICALLY. Flesh quivers. Seen through the window, his black death mask pulses, unsettling, scary in its rigid defiance.

The Detective closes his eyes... grimacing in intense pain, the laughter echoing... grabbing his head... as if receiving the electric shock himself.

Finally, the LAUGHING STOPS. Life is drained from the bodies of the two Killers. The connection between Detective Tarczinski and the Killers is broken. The sweat-drenched detective breathes easier.

10 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

The Warden motions to the Prison Doctor tentatively holding back with his stethoscope.

The Prison Doctor applies his stethoscope to check Toole for signs of life... doesn't find any. Relieved, the Doctor turns with a wickedly satisfied smile.

PRISON DOCTOR  
He's not laughing now...

SUDDENLY -- TOOLE'S ARM RIPS THROUGH ITS RESTRAINTS AND GRABS THE DOCTOR BY THE THROAT!

The Onlookers are HORRIFIED.

The Doctor **SCREAMS** a blood-curdling CRY... twists, breaks free from Toole's grasp.

WARDEN  
STAND CLEAR!

The Warden SLAMS DOWN the switch. The Killers are JOLTED VIOLENTLY!

Crackling SURGING ELECTRICITY grips the criminals' nervous systems, rips through their limbs. The leg electrodes HISS in wisps of vapor and SPARK. The copper helmets emit wisps of smoke from under their hoods.

The Warden grimly keeps the switch down --

The condemned contort, reflected in the window where...

11 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
(glares, unmoving)  
Roast in peace.

12 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

Smokey SPARKS shoot out from under Toole's death hood -- Flesh's black hood SHOCKINGLY flares up a crown of orange and blue FLAMES.

A haze permeates the execution chamber...

13 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

Witnesses gaze horrified -- Gagging with handkerchief to mouth, the grimacing Newspaper Reporter suddenly bends, vomits. Another Witness faints.

Detective Tarczinski maintains a grim, narrow eyed glare.

14 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

Prison lights flicker... FINALLY. The Warden shuts off the electricity, lets go a breath. The HUMMING whines down. They're DEAD. Wisps of smoke swirl, drift around their heads.

WARDEN  
(sarcastic, to gasping Doctor)  
Nothing like five thousand volts to  
tickle your funny bone.

Others laugh uneasily.

15 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

Dead serious, Police Chief Chester W. Sears sympathetically puts a hand on Detective Tarczinski's shoulder.

SEARS  
Nightmare's finally over. They're  
England's problem now.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
England? What are you talking about?

SEARS  
Their bodies are now the property of  
Great Britain. Doctor at Oxford wants  
to perform autopsies on them. They're  
flying out on the Red Eye tonight. Let  
it go, Will. It's finished.

As the Detective turns to reply "Is it?" we see he has FIVE  
BITE MARKS SCARRING THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS FACE.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
I hope so, Chief. Four years of my life  
to catch those bastards... I'd thank  
God, if I could forget.

16 EXT. RAIFORD PRISON - FRONT GATE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sky is dark with RUMBLING storm clouds.

REPORTERS and TV NEWS CREWS stand gathered outside the  
prison gate illuminated by camera lights.

Father Symphorosa, trembling with his bloody Bible, a  
bloodstained bandage now covering where he's missing an  
ear... is hustled from the prison into a waiting ambulance.  
He's surrounded by a flurry of Reporters.

VARIOUS REPORTERS  
What happened? Were you attacked? Have  
they been executed? Are they dead yet?

FATHER SYMPHOROSA  
(ranting)  
When the **bones** of the **accursed** shall  
burn intolerably, then so they shall  
**burn eternally.**

The ambulance doors SLAM shut. The ambulance SCREECHES away.

CLOSE-UP ON NEWS REPORTER AMANDA CASTLE. Attractive, in her  
early 30's, a female "Geraldo." She films a live "stand-up"  
segment with her cameraman, steady-as-he-goes WALLY CHO.

AMANDA  
This execution brings to an end the  
heinous rampage of the "Chelsea  
Cannibals"... and for the victim's  
families here... there's an overwhelming



sense of relief. Now, at long last, the nightmare is finally over. The Killers, who devoured human flesh in a bizarre belief that it would grant them supernatural powers, were pronounced dead at exactly 4:17 P.M. today.

17 EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Over an establishing shot, high-pitched whining sound comes from a 747 turbine engine.

18 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - WAITING LOUNGE - LATE AFTERNOON

PAN with a large crowd of grumbling Passengers trailing luggage away, unhappy that...

FLIGHT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(P.A. echoing)  
... Overseas Flight 263 to Hamburg and Flight 107 to London are canceled due to Atlantic storm conditions...

On an overhead TV screen that comes into full view, reporter Amanda Castle continues her special news coverage...

AMANDA (ON TV)  
Due to the violent content, we can show only a brief clip of the security camera video...

The low resolution video becomes full screen...

19 INT. HIGH-ANGLE SECURITY CAMERA POV - CASA TACO - NIGHT - 12 MONTHS AGO

AMANDA (V.O.)  
...that caught the "Chelsea Cannibals" committing unspeakable acts in a local restaurant 12 months ago...

Amanda's voice narrates over a montage of Flesh and Toole gorging on the body parts of Casa Taco customers.

Cops storm in, led by Detective Tarczinski who fights and cuffs -- Flesh SNARLS, twists, bites him in the face...

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. RAIFORD PRISON, FLORIDA - LATE AFTERNOON

Detective Tarczinski, bite scars on his face, walks by Amanda reporting... puts his hand up, "No comment."

AMANDA

Lead Detective Willard Tarczinski... the man responsible for apprehending the killers...

Amanda with her mic and Wally Cho with his shouldered camera follow Detective Tarczinski live.

AMANDA

...and the only person to survive one of their savage attacks... was present at the execution, here at Raiford Prison. He is issuing no statement to the press at this time.

Detective Tarczinski hunches past Amanda and a few Reporters outside the prison.

He stops on seeing the Bible Father Symphorosa dropped when he entered the ambulance. He picks it up and moves away.

Beyond the small tearful vigil of the friends and family members related to the victims... Amanda sees Robert Attenborough scurry, still clutching his case.

AMANDA

Excuse me, sir... excuse me, aren't you Robert Attenborough, brother of the executed? May I have a word with you?

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH

No. No, I have no comment...

AMANDA

Wally, hurry, keep him in the shot.

Wally Cho shadows Robert Attenborough with his camera... Amanda taunts him.

AMANDA

Robert Attenborough, brother of the executed prisoners. People around the world have the right to know everything about you and your family.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH

I can see your MOTHER did a TERRIBLE job of raising you.

Robert scurries away... Amanda forgets she's on the "air".

AMANDA

At least my Mother didn't raise any goddamn cannibals.

WALLY  
 (whispers)  
 Amanda!

Amanda realizing she's still on air, composes herself.

AMANDA  
 We'll follow their caskets in a non-stop  
 overnight flight, to broadcast live from  
 London the final disposition of their  
 bodies.

Amanda makes a cut throat gesture -- She is now off the  
 air. Then she gestures to Robert Attenborough walking away.

AMANDA  
 We'll follow that little prick. Never  
 let him out of our sight... and we, my  
 friend, get the exclusive scoop on his  
 family roots. Dead and alive.

21 INT. RAIFORD PRISON, FLORIDA - MORGUE - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Flesh and Toole's lifeless bodies are slightly scorched. A  
 MORTICIAN with thick glasses matter-of-factly replaces their  
 BLOOD with FLUORESCENT YELLOW EMBALMING FLUID.

CLOSE-UP ON FLESH'S FACE... as his death mask hood is peeled  
 off. The top of his head is gruesomely charred. Blood  
 blackened bruises at his eyes. His mouth bares dirty jagged  
 teeth in an ugly death snarl. Flesh's eyes glaze...their  
 COLOR becomes weirdly OPAQUE... leaving COMPLETELY WHITE  
 EYEBALLS with PIN-SIZED BLACK PUPILS.

The Mortician with thick glasses gently closes Flesh's  
 crackling eyelids.

Toole's hood resists when slowly peeled back. Toole's  
 flabby face is gruesome, disfigured with blistering burns, a  
 horrific stare from blood-filled bulging eyes with a twisted  
 grimace of pointed jagged teeth.

The two corpses redressed in their stained orange prison  
 jumpsuits are placed in METAL CASKETS. The lids are SHUT.  
 A drill repeatedly WHINES, ZIPS in hefty SCREWS.

The two METAL CASKETS are squeakily wheeled outside...

22 EXT. RAIFORD PRISON, FLORIDA - NIGHT

The gurneyed CASKETS TRUNDLE down a ramp that leads to a  
 PENITENTIARY MORGUE TRUCK. The caskets slide in, loaded.  
 Heavy doors CLANK, black out light. The steel-grey truck

ROARS by, accelerates out of the prison into darkness.

MONTAGE ENDS.

23 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reveal KIMBETH SANDERS watching CAPTAIN MIKE SANTORA. She's partially covered by a bed sheet. She's 27 and extremely attractive, the whole elegantly curved side of her body bare. Her stockings are strewn across the bed, "Overseas Airways" stewardess uniform, skirt over a chair.

CAPTAIN MIKE SANTORA, mid-30's, brushes a speck of lint off his "Overseas Airways" pilot's uniform in the closet by the bathroom. Bare-chested, he's an athletic stud, and he knows it. Flexes, grins at his pecks in the mirror...

KIMBETH (O.S.)

Like what you see?

He notices Kimbeth watching him. He smirks, shuffles his shoulders, manly, oozing confidence.

MIKE

I... thought you were sleeping.

Kimbeth looks at him as if to say, "Yeah sure."

He eyes her, moves in with a sexual leer. His cell phone rings. He answers it despite Kimbeth's disapproving look.

MIKE

Storm front moving in... So how big?  
Hurricane force. We can beat it.

He hangs up, moves back to Kimbeth on the bed.

MIKE

We've got a light passenger load for  
tonight. Charter for a Rap star and his  
Posse. Woh, the babes they got...  
Going to be a breezy flight Louise-y.

(smiling)

I mean, Kimberly.

KIMBETH

It's Kimbeth.

MIKE

(lustfully slips a hand down  
his pants, smiles)  
Yeah, gotta go... How about a quickie?

KIMBETH  
 (rolls her eyes)  
 You ever hear about women... liking a  
 little more than that?

MIKE  
 I got more. Fly now, play later, OK?

He grins, slaps on his cap, does a little sinuous dance move to show off washboard stomach muscles as he puts on his white shirt. He reaches for his uniform jacket.

MIKE  
 You'll see me on board, huh, babe?

KIMBETH  
 Don't see how I can avoid it.

The door clumps shut. Left frustrated and in silence, Kimbeth SIGHS.

In the distance, THUNDER roars.

She sits up, eyes a Polaroid group shot, her and smug Captain Mike in airline uniforms, laughing over lots of drinks.

KIMBETH  
 You sure can pick 'em, girl.

Disgusted, she tears the photo in two, drops it in the waste basket.

Hitching her bra, Kimbeth moodily turns to the window, glancing out at the street below... sees her reflection. She sticks her tongue out at herself. Then she looks past her reflection to see the STEEL-GREY PENITENTIARY MORGUE TRUCK ZOOM by. She shivers slightly as it continues on.

24 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

The steel-grey Penitentiary Morgue Truck ACCELERATES around the terminal.

THUNDER RUMBLES... LIGHTNING **CRACKS** -- !

25 INT. WAITING LOUNGE - "OVERSEAS AIRWAYS" FLIGHT COUNTER - NIGHT

Clamoring to Flight Counter Attendants, a small group of unhappy Passengers won't leave, including rich socialite --

MAVIS SCHULTE  
 (holding her prize Yorkie)  
 I must get to London tonight! It's a  
 matter of life and death! My Schatzie

is booked for an operation with a world famous surgeon.

Two big High School TEENAGE JOCKS in matching letterman jackets, flat top hair cuts, with backpacks and hockey sticks jostle Mavis aside.

TEENAGE JOCK RICK

Storm's nothin'! We miss our try-outs,  
we lose our scholarships!

Behind them, retired doctor GORDON O'MALLEY, 68, and his wife ELIZABETH, 66, exchange nervous glances. He calls out --

GORDON O'MALLEY

Look here, I mean -- we have to get to  
England! I'm, uh --  
(guiltily eyes his wife)  
... I'm presenting a paper to the London  
Medical Association tomorrow!

Au Pair Nanny CLAIRE McCONNELLY, 18, looks desperate. Joining the group, pregnant SHARON KAINOA, 26, holds her belly with wild eyes...

SHARON

(to Claire)

My baby has to be born in England.

CLAIRE

Your husband's waiting there?

SHARON

He and his wife are waiting for me.  
(off Claire's incomprehension)  
I'm a surrogate mother.

CLAIRE

Wow... If I don't show, I'll lose my au  
pair job, and blow my college tuition.

26 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Exiting a cab and striding through a few exiting canceled-flight passengers, SERGEANT MAJOR DICK WRIGHT, 40's, sucks on an unlit cigar, proudly wears his Marine Corps uniform as he carries an ornate SAMURAI-SWORD-IN-A SHEATH. He's a straight up, first class, badass fightin' man.

A PANHANDLER DRESSED as a CLOWN intercepts the Sergeant.

CLOWN

Got any spare change, General Patton?

The Sergeant Major doesn't say anything.

CLOWN

How about a quarter, General MacArthur?

The Sergeant Major keeps walking. But he's visibly irritated.

CLOWN

(blocking him)

Hey, C'mon, Colon Powell gave me  
ten bucks last week.

The Sergeant Major snaps. He grabs the Clown by his bowtie.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Y'know, I killed a clown once in Panama.

With a leg jerk, the Sergeant Major kicks the Clown aside,  
walks away in fine military form.

SERGEANT MAJOR

I always get a kick outta clowns.

The Clown pops up in a tangle, bumps into... the clammy  
Robert Attenborough.

CLOWN

Watch it, Mac.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH

How rude!

Robert reacts self-consciously, grips his VALISE tightly to  
his chest, and angles through the doors that had  
automatically opened for the Sergeant Major.

Amanda Castle and cameraman Wally Cho hustle with their  
bags, following Robert...

AMANDA

Hurry. He went in through here.

27 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

Ominously huge black storm clouds hulk in from the horizon.  
The dark muscular mass approaches, FLASHING INNER LIGHTNING.  
It's like the ocean out there is sustaining heavy bombing.

28 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

London-born DUNCAN CAMBELL, 17, is anxious to get away from  
his GRANDPARENTS. Another moment with them and he'll go  
crazy. His baseball cap turned backwards, Levi jacket tied  
around his waist, he's the polar opposite of Oliver Twist...

Duncan's grizzled American GRANDMOTHER hands him his ticket  
as his half-blind GRANDFATHER gives him goldfish-in-a-bag-

of-water. That's one dead goldfish, one almost dead.

GRANDMOTHER

What do you say...? When your Grandpa gives you a present?

Duncan looks at the DEAD-and-ALMOST-DEAD-goldfish-in-the-plastic-bag-of-water... "I'm supposed to be thankful for this?"... turns back to his Grandfather.

DUNCAN

Right. Thanks, Grandpa, Grandma.  
 Mouse-world was a trip.  
 (shivers, then relieved)  
 Well, gotta jump the pond. Tah.

Without another word, Duncan walks through the doors... Grandmother and Grandfather nod and wave a pithy good-bye. When they think Duncan's out of earshot...

GRANDMOTHER

I can't believe it. We're finally rid of the little Limey bastard.

GRANDFATHER

You mean Limey asshole. Well, he's not a bastard, technically. But sometimes I wish he was.

Grandmother NODS in tight-lipped agreement.

GRANDMOTHER

Bored ingrate, take him to Mouse-World ... I hadda miss my Bingo!

GRANDFATHER

Yeah? What about my dog-racing?!

Duncan turns for a last look back at them. Still holding the goldfish, he slowly makes two fists, puts both his thumbs in his mouth and puffs out his cheeks... "inflating" his fists... causing both middle fingers to rise.

The Grandfolks' mouths drop in shock. Duncan widely grins.

DUNCAN

Later, geezers!

Duncan walks away, the Grandfolks about to object -- blocked from view by a white limo that glides by, parks in the "White Zone"... as it THUMPS 1200 WATTS of BOOM BOX BASE... **BOOM**, BOOM-BOOM... **BOOM**, BOOM-BOOM... THE BOOM BOX STOPS.

Out of the limo emerge two huge male bodyguards, FATS and BEARD with a trim rapper beard that delineates his jaw.



Then BELA, a statuesque black female bodyguard who moves with the tough cat-like confidence of a martial artist. Two BLONDE BOMBSHELLS straight out of "Playboy" (make that "Penthouse") ooze out of the limo, giggle out of the rain...

Then... out comes HUGE, six-foot-ten "ZAMMIE" ZAMBOOIE. The main bodyguard. He brings himself to his full height, glances around protectively, but he looks WORRIED up at the rain and black THUNDERING sky. He leans to bodyguard BELA.

ZAMMIE

(whispers)

Yo, Bela. Flyin' scares the shit outta me.

BELA

(low)

Shut-up, Zammie!... This is a sweet gig. Don't fuck it up.

Zammie gathers strength... speaks into the Limo...

ZAMMIE

Everything's cool, Dr. Gee.

A BOOM BOX ghetto blaster comes out to Zammie. Then contrasting in size, out steps the main attraction, RAPPER DR. GEE MONEY, 19, short and skinny but with enough attitude to be livin' large in baggy clothes and glittering chains and jewelry.

He grips the handle of an expensive gun case. With a nod of his cropped head, he motions everyone for the terminal.

DR. GEE

Next stop, the U.K. Union Jack! Me 'n mah fly crew, too -- Yo watch ma back, I aims to whack. 'Cause I'm the DOCTah Gee. See?

(threatens a Passerby who backs off)

Step on mah crack, break yo muthafuckin' back.

A black SKYCAP BAGGAGE PORTER gapes at Dr. Gee. It THUNDERS.

DR. GEE

What you lookin' at, niggah? Git me sum white boyz to haul mah shit. Git! Make yuhseff biggah.

29 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - 747 - MORGUE TRUCK - NIGHT

Whipped by RAIN and WIND, the penitentiary morgue truck pulls up to the solitary 747 at the gate, parks beside the open rear cargo hatch. The loaders have taken off to get out of

the RAIN and BLASTING WIND. Two Guards hunch out of the truck. One thumps the other who shrugs, points. They begin to shove the two METAL CASKETS in amongst a jumble of lighting fixtures, black cases of music and sound equipment.

30 INT. WAITING LOUNGE - "OVERSEAS AIRWAYS" FLIGHT COUNTER - NIGHT

Robert Attenborough hurries toward the agitated Flight Counter where the Sergeant Major's heading.

The BABBLING THROG separates when the brassy Sergeant Major pushes through, brandishing the ornately sheathed Samurai Sword. He brushes by Mavis, her Yorkie YAPS at him. The big man holds back a sneeze, annoyed. He hawk eyes the Attendant at the flight counter...

SERGEANT MAJOR

Cancelled?! -- 'Ten, **HUT**, honey! This gawddam commemorative sword **WILL BE presented to the Queen of England by General Wainright, right on schedule, got that?** -- I'll get the President on the line, if I hafta! Savvy? Royal ceremony's NOT gonna be canceled just 'cause some gawddam overpaid fly boys don't wanna face some fartin' wind!

Duncan grins with a thumbs up, the Sergeant gruffly nods back. But in the nearby...

31 INT. WAITING LOUNGE - WINDOW - NIGHT

TV reporter Amanda Castle and her cameraman Wally Cho edge in as if secretly stalking. They place their carry-on bags, video camera and equipment cases at their feet... discreetly watch Robert Attenborough staring out a window.

AMANDA

(low, to Cho)

Get on his good side, go wherever he goes. And I mean **wherever**. Even the little boys' room.

WALLY

Yeah, right. Like I'm gonna hold his --

Wally Cho looks over his shoulder at the clammy sweaty Robert Attenborough at the wet window intently checking out the 747 outside, wrapped up in his own quiet world, a hint of insanity working in the silence of his staring eyes...

As Robert peers down at the two METAL CASKETS being shoved with finality into the "Overseas Airways" 747...

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. FOG - CLOSING IN ON AN OPEN WINDOW OF A TYPICAL LONDON ENGLAND COTTAGE - NIGHT... MOVING INTO...

33 INT. DINING ROOM - 1989 - NIGHT - LURID COLORS OF A NIGHTMARE

The Attenboroughs' Mother in hairnet, British housedress and apron grips a big knife... She smiles over the dining room table, wearing her Voodoo pendant and amulet, cuts a lovely "rump roast"... obviously human, à la Thanksgiving turkey.

She serves Charles, 10, Toole, 8, and Robert, 14. Charles and Toole eat greedily, elbow Robert like he's the nerd. Robert touches his glasses, pretends to chew but secretly lowers his slice of human meat to the hungry family dog.

Robert eats a mouthful of broccoli like a good boy, watches his Mother smile at her boys lovingly yet with an insane gleam in her eye. On a sideboard behind an empty chair is a photo of the boys' father in a British military uniform... The cozy family scene twists as VOODOO MUSIC rises with wisps of incense before a wall shrine photo of King Abutu hypnotically watching over the family. Robert blinks...

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE:

34 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - WAITING LOUNGE - WINDOW - NIGHT

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
Can't kill them...

Attenborough's shocked by a sudden screaming in his ear --

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)  
***WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?***

Attenborough jerks aside, elbowed by the Sergeant Major to point out the window --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
That 747 ain't canceled! If that jumbo's going to London, I'm on it!

35 INT. "OVERSEAS AIRWAYS" FLIGHT COUNTER - NIGHT

The brassy Sergeant Major barges through the agitated Passengers clamoring at two Flight Counter Attendants trying to calm down the excruciating confusion of voices.

FLIGHT COUNTER ATTENDANT  
(to the Sergeant Major)  
But that 747 is a chartered flight, sir.  
For...

The crowd parts as Dr. Gee and his impressive Posse stride up, ever movin' large, attitude like they own the place.

DR. GEE  
 DOctah Gee in de house, word. What up  
 wid mah sky limo, fly Bird?  
 (comes up close to Flight  
 Counter Attendant)  
 Gots to go, ho. Ima waitin', yo.

FLIGHT COUNTER ATTENDANT  
 (calmly checks)  
 Okay, sir. You must be --

DUNCAN  
 (shocked, coming up)  
 Woh!! **DOCTOR GEE!!** Man, I got tix for  
 your London show -- Damn. Too bad it's  
 canceled.

DR. GEE  
 (comes closer)  
 Mah show's who I am. Mah plane's got  
 mah gear. Mah Posse's got no fear.  
 Storm may blow, but yo, For **mah** Fans...  
 I go. We OUTTA HERE!

Dr. Gee listens to the Flight Counter Attendant talking and pointing to the assembled group. Lifestyles may contrast, yet all share an urgent need to get to London.

Dr. Gee stands before his impressive tough-looking bodyguards Bela and Zammie. He crosses his arms in rap attitude, faces the small group of desperate Passengers staring at him in expectant silence. He glances at Duncan, decides.

DR. GEE  
 Yo hoard can get on board.  
 (magnanimously smacks his  
 chest)  
 All you be the guest of the Gee.

The Sergeant Major does a slow burn, turns to the "Overseas Airways" Counter Attendant and barks --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 You sure there are no other planes?

The Counter Attendant's expression confirms, "Nothing else."

The Passengers excitedly, some reluctantly with no choice, prepare to board.

Big black Bodyguard Fats anxiously eyes the Passengers, leans in to the Flight Counter Attendant.

FATS

Yo, we gonna have 'nuff food in dis flight, or you 'xpect me to eat white folk?

FLIGHT COUNTER ATTENDANT

(warily edges back  
from the huge Fats)

We'll order a selection of Nite Flight meals, sir.

Picks up phone.

FLIGHT COUNTER ATTENDANT (V.O.)

(into phone)

Flight Supplies -- We need a restock ASAP for Charter 6-6-6.

Each with their own urgencies, the anxious Passengers start to pile toward the...

36 INT. BOARDING GATE - NIGHT

The gathering crowd of Passengers is suddenly stopped by Dr. Gee with his hand up. Then he pose-slouches to a side, his bodyguards like a wall of black attitude behind him.

Rapper Gee is physically short, yet high on massive attitude. Head back, his low-lidded eyes look down on the people.

DR. GEE

Yo, get dis clear, right now, right here. Ah let yo ass on, but ah'm not insane.

(beat)

White people in the *back* of the plane.

He hooks a thumb over his shoulder, arcs a low-five hand gesture for his Posse to follow, and with shoulders wavering the short Rapper swaggers off in his baggy gear, rings glinting and gold chains swingin', surrounded by his dark and threatening crew.

The clammy Robert grabs his valise and hurrying to get on board turns toward the Posse.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH

How could your mothers let you leave the house dressed like that?

Dr. Gee and his group glare at Robert who with a shiver clutches his valise and quickly walks away. The huge...

ZAMMIE

(leans to Dr. Gee)  
You want me to take care of him,  
Mr. Money?

DR. GEE

Zammie, chill. The Gee fears no ill.  
Man loves his momma.

37 EXT./INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

A disheveled DES CHILDESTER, 28, looking crazed, left and right, rushes SOAKING WET, through the rain. The doors BANG open. With just a carry-on bag, he runs breathlessly away towards the departure gate...

Kimbeth greets the Passengers as they board. Lastly come Amanda and Cho.

38 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Captain Mike Santora sits in the Pilot's seat with an earpiece, flicks switches, checks gauges.

MIKE

... Flying the King of Rap, boys. Who says we never transport royalty?

Co-pilot JIMMY SEAN and navigator RAY MACDONALD nod and grin like lifetime brown-nosers.

JIMMY

Yeah, but what Ray and I really want to know is, did you give Kimbeth the royal treatment, your highness?

Mike smiles...

MIKE

Let me just say... repeat command performance.

(impersonates Austin Powers)  
Yeah, Baby, yeah!!

Jimmy and Ray laugh, not realizing Kimbeth was standing there the whole time and heard everything. Her face hardens in anger. She matter-of-factly turns to Ray.

KIMBETH

Lot of hot air in this "cock" pit.  
What's the headwind to London tonight?

RAY

Uh, yeah... Let me check...

He looks to his navigator's screen.

INSERT ON THE SCREEN -- Radar reveals a cluster of thick clouds... along with the notation: "STAGE SIX STORM MOVING NORTHWEST FROM PUERTO RICO."

RAY  
(turns back to Kimbeth)  
We'll be bucking a Stage Six.

MIKE  
No match for a jumbo, with me at the helm. Be in Gatwick ahead of schedule, guaranteed.

KIMBETH  
Thank you, Captain Slam Bang.  
(pushing the sexual innuendo)  
I'm sure you'll *come in* real quick.

She casts Mike a fiery look before turning and exiting. Mike grins when she's gone.

Ray and Jimmy crack up.

MIKE  
This is going to be a long flight.

39 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The TWO STRAPPED-DOWN CASKETS glint in the half light... situated amongst baggage of all shapes and sizes.

40 INT. BOARDING GATE - NIGHT

Bounding round a corner, Des races for the counter... manned by the TICKET-TAKER...

DES  
(breathless, on the run)  
Am I... too late... for the midnight flight to London?

TICKET-TAKER  
The flight's been canceled.

DES  
(desperate)  
I've got to get to London.

TICKET-TAKER  
If they haven't closed the door -- you could make it on that charter.

Des speeds down the ramp, runs toward the door of the 747... Kimbeth is inside, an Attendant outside. They just closed the door. Des rushes past the Attendant, KNOCKS on the door.

ATTENDANT

Hey! The door's closed!

Kimbeth appears in the window, looking irritated.

DES

Please -- I've just got to get to London! *Gotta make a wedding -- I'm the best man -- I've got the ring.*

Des' pleading face finally expresses that he's going to lose ... He turns away crushed, breathless, "sorry to bother you."

But Kimbeth KNOCKS, and Des turns back. She opens the door.

ATTENDANT

(to Des, surprised)

You're one lucky dude. I've never seen that before.

Des smiles and steps onto the plane. The Attendant closes the door from the outside.

41 INT. 747 - BOARDING DOOR - MID-COACH - NIGHT

KIMBETH

We usually don't do this, y'know. Regulations. Once the door's closed...

DES

Hey, this isn't the first door that's been slammed in my face today.

(smiles)

Been busting my butt, working ten-hour days, six days a week, selling non-violent video games. It's the first door that's been re-opened. Thanks.

He raises a dark felt wedding ring box.

DES

Now if I don't get this to London on time, my sister will kill me.

Des smiles. She smiles back. A connection's been shared.

KIMBETH

The plane's pretty empty. Why don't you take a seat upstairs in First Class?



DES  
 Sure!... Thanks. Will I see you later?

KIMBETH  
 Don't see how I can avoid it.

She says this in a way that's friendlier than the way she previously said it to Mike the Pilot.

Des flashes back a smile, climbs the stairway to First Class.

42 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

The 747 switches on its running lights. The boarding ramp disengages from the 747 and wheels back toward the terminal. Engines WHINING, the airliner turns its front wheels and begins taxiing for the runway.

43 INT. TOWER - NIGHT

WIND, RAIN POUNDS at the WINDOWS.

LINCOLN FRAZEE, a nervous man, late 40's, supervises his staff of AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS.

RADAR CONTROLLER  
 The winds are at 65 MPH. The storm's intensifying, sir.

LINCOLN  
 Okay... all runways are closed. We're shut down until further notice.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 What about flight O.A. 6-6-6 sir?

Lincoln thinks about this... examining the radar screen.

LINCOLN  
 Let her go, but that's it.

44 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

The two Flight Attendants, Kimbeth and VERONICA take their places. Veronica pushes a videotape into a VCR, hits PLAY.

The videotaped "safety" instructions... showing emergency exits, floatation cushions, etc... begins playing on the overhead monitors... as two elderly passengers, GORDON O'MALLEY and his wife ELIZABETH, each down an airplane-sized bottle of Jack Daniels. Gordon reaches for his wife's hand.

GORDON O'MALLEY  
 Everything'll be fine.

ELZABETH O'MALLEY

No it won't. If it wasn't for you botching all those breast operations, we wouldn't have to be ruining our lives, running away to Europe...

45 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Captain Mike Santora and his crew await clearance on the rain-swept runway.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (O.S.)

Alright, Overseas Air 6-6-6, you've been cleared for take off on runway B-2... that's runway Bobby-Two... Hit those thrusters... you're the last one out for a while.

MIKE

Roger, tower.  
(to his co-pilots)  
Hang on, everybody.

With that, Mike jams the thrust handle forward.

46 EXT. 747 - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The "Overseas Airways" 747 lurches forward, quickly ups its ROARING speed and finally lifts off triumphantly.

The plane gently rises over Miami, heading east over the Atlantic toward the ominously twisting black mass. The 747 flies into clouds infused with an eerie darkness. The plane is immediately rocked by TURBULENCE. Rain pounds the fuselage, JOLTING the plane FIERCELY.

47 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Pregnant Sharon Kainoa rubs her stomach and steadies herself as the plane drops.

The two Jocks wolfishly eye Au Pair Nanny Claire Connelly, 18. One obscenely puckers, leers... She looks away.

Duncan Campbell stares out the window, enjoying the ride. The plane violently rocks. The plastic-bag-with-one-DEAD-fish-and-ALMOST-DEAD-fish rests on the seat beside him.

From the opposite side of the plane, Claire Connelly, upset by the attention of the jocks, suddenly sits next to DUNCAN, hands him his bag of fish.

CLAIRE

Is it okay if I sit here? I hate window seats.

Duncan glances around at the many empty seats, at the lewdly gesturing Jocks, smiles at Claire who's a bit nervous in the rocky flight. They're around the same age, and hey she's kinda all right looking.

DUNCAN

Sure. No problem.

Duncan smiles at his reflection in the window and whispers, "Yes!"

A few seats behind them the two school Jocks elbow each other. The first Jock reaches into his coat pocket and reveals a pint of WHISKEY.

SECOND JOCK

Where'd you steal that?

FIRST JOCK

Steal? Nah -- Duty **FREEEE** store!

They both laugh and high-five!

48 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

Mavis Schulte, holding her "Schatzie", worriedly looks at the only other Passenger within earshot, Sergeant Major Dick Wright. He ignores the effects of the storm, sucks on his unlit cigar and reads this month's issue of "GUNS & AMMO".

MAVIS

He's so easily frightened.

The Sergeant Major remains silent. But visibly irritated.

MAVIS

Do you think he'll be okay, General?

The Sergeant Major SNAPS. He GLARES at Mavis.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Y'know, I once ate a dog in 'Nam.

49 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Des rides out the storm in a plush seat with his legs propped up. Behind him, Dr. Gee Money's entourage is nervous but tries to act cool. Zammie silently PRAYS like crazy.

ZAMMIE

(low)

Please, sweet Jesus. Please, sweet Jesus... please, please, please.

Next to him, black and tough bodyguard Bela elbows him.

BELA

(low)

I told ya to shut the fuck up.

Meanwhile, between two Blonde Babes, Dr. Gee is cool as a cucumber. He motions for Kimbeth who's securing the galley.

DR. GEE

Yo, 'dess wid de bes'.

KIMBETH

Yesh. I mean, yes?

Gee indicates the front row where Des sits.

DR. GEE

(loudly)

The record company booked dis section  
fo' me, de Gee, mah black ass royalty,  
and mah Posse. So where'd Snoop Whitey  
White Boy come from, yo?

Des overhears and turns to look back...

DES' P.O.V.: Dr. Gee and intimidating entourage GLARE at him.

DR. GEE

(to Kimbeth)

He ain't servin' us, whitey be **down** back  
a de bus. Or de Gee be dissed, 'dess.  
Mah Posse gonna talk to ya boss, see?  
And it ain't gonna be pretty, kitty.

Kimbeth angles for Dr. Gee, checking seat belts.

KIMBETH

He's security. For your protection.  
(sharply, to Dr. Gee)  
Put your seatbelt on. We're  
experiencing turbulence.

Kimbeth continues up the aisle toward the front of the plane. She passes Des.

DES

If this is a problem, I can move down  
to...

KIMBETH

(smiles)

It's no problem.

50 EXT. 747 - SKY - NIGHT

The STORM rages with gusto. It's getting worse. The 747 bounces in the sky like a rag doll, tosses from side to side.

51 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Luggage is tossed around. The TWO CASKETS BREAK their RESTRAINTS and one CRASHES into the steel hull of the plane.

CLOSE-UP ON SLAMMING CASKETS. Some lid SCREWS POP OFF -- RICOCHET.

The CASKET lids CREAK slightly OPEN...

52 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The storm RAGES outside.

MIKE

Guess Daddy better give 'em the bedtime story.

He picks up the P.A. mic and breezily announces...

53 EXT. 747 - WAVERING THROUGH ROARING STORM - NIGHT

MIKE (O.S. - P.A. MIC)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain, Mike Santora, speaking... We're experiencing just a little rough air. Nothing to be too concerned about...

THUNDER BLASTS -- HURRICANE RAIN POUNDS the SHUDDERING 747.

54 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

The clammy sweaty Robert Attenborough is freaked by the increasing tumult. He clutches the armrest of his seat with a feral intensity.

Amanda Castle and Wally Cho, behind Robert Attenborough, protectively shield their camera equipment.

55 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

MIKE

(into P.A. mic)

Radar indicates we should be through this momentarily...

The Navigator shakes his head "NO" with big eyes. His face reflects flashing lights.

56 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Gordon and Elizabeth O'Malley twist open two more airline-sized bottles of Jack Daniels.

MIKE (O.S.)

I am leaving on the "fasten seat belt" sign, though.

57 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

THE STORM INTENSIFIES. LIGHTNING FLASHES. CLOSER... STILL CLOSER...

SUDDENLY, A **BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES** THE 747 -- AWESOMELY WRAPS THE ENTIRE FUSELAGE IN BLUE JAGS OF ELECTRICITY. IT'S A MOMENT OF SUDDEN, TIMELESS PURITY.

58 INT. 747 - BOARDING DOOR - NIGHT

BLUE ELECTRICITY **CRACKLES** around the BOARDING DOOR seam -- The boarding door LATCH **BURNS** and **CRACKS** in the scorching lightning hit. The damaged latch barely holds...

Throughout the plane, lights POP, electrical components shut down. Emergency power automatically attempts to switch on.

CRACKLES of BLUE ELECTRICITY race down the aisles. PULSING. IRRADIATING. INFUSING the 747 with MILLIONS of WATTS.

Passengers clutch their seats with WHITE-KNUCKLED TERROR.

59 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Everyone in the Rapper party ducks in chaos as tongues of BLUE ELECTRICITY course down the length of First Class.

60 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Duncan Campbell jumps up and covers Claire as an entire length of overheadbins spill open. Pillows and blankets tumble into empty seats...

What Duncan doesn't see...

The GOLDFISH-IN-THE-BAG-OF-WATER fall in SLOW MOTION... to the compartment floor NEAR HIS HIGHTOP SNEAKERED FOOT... The bag's instantly ENERGIZED by the BLUE ELECTRIFIED floor -- The NEAR-DEAD and DEAD fish suddenly swim energetically!

61 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The METAL CASKETS irradiate with energy... EERIE GREEN GLOWS with VOODOO ATMOSPHERICS now PULSE under slightly open lids.

62 INT. 747 - DETECTIVE WILLARD TARCZINSKI'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm RAGES outside the window. Detective Tarczinski sleeps in bed. He SUDDENLY sits BOLT upright! He grabs his HEAD, grimacing with intense PAIN.

He races for the bathroom, snatches a bottle of aspirin from the medicine cabinet and quickly swallows a handful. He sees his reflection in the mirror. The BITE MARKS on his face GLOW an eerie fluorescent GREEN.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
(realizing)  
NO! NO! It can't be!  
(screams)  
**IT CAN'T BE!**

He notices Father Symphorosa's BIBLE lying on the counter. The blood stains on the Bible are GLOWING GREEN.

63 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Father Symphorosa lies in bed. The bandage where his ear was severed GLOWS GREEN.

He clutches his Rosary beads and Crucifix as tears stream down his face. He prays in feverish silence.

64 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

Rocked by turbulence, electricity gone, the TERRIFIED Yorkie YAPS, leaps from Mavis' hug, runs down the aisle.

MAVIS  
My baby! Someone find my Schatzie!

Emergency systems shut off as lights flicker back on.

JAY (JOCK #1)  
(low, to other Jock)  
Dude. Rich bitch may be good for somethin'. C'mon. Let's find the little shit.

The two Jocks nod they'll go. Mavis smiles, appreciative.

65 INT. REAR COACH - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT HATCH - NIGHT

In the empty semi-dark Rear Coach, a trapdoor HATCH has snapped open from the turbulence... The terrified Yorkie scampers under it.

66 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Passengers sort themselves out.

MIKE (O.S. - P.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, ah, this is your captain speaking. I know it's been a little rough, but we're rising above the storm now. Aircraft is working at one hundred percent. Please enjoy the rest of your flight.

Duncan and Claire rise, strangely stare at BOTH goldfish swimming like crazy in the bag of water.

DUNCAN

I swear... now BOTH of them are alive!  
An hour ago, one of 'em was *dead*...

67 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Dr. Gee squeezed in by his two Blonde Hotties is having a good time, hugging the frightened babes, making himself bigger than the storm he sees out the window.

DR. GEE

Yo, Felicity, gots to bottle me somma dat 'lectricity, blow for mah show, yo.  
Hold onto y'ass, FX be a blas'.  
(leers at breasts bulging close, either side of him)  
No hesitation, we go down, we gotz what we need for flo-tation!

68 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Between toppled suitcases, the Yorkie backs up, WHIMPERS ...watches the lid of a METAL CASKET slowly CREAK open...

SMASH CUT:

69 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

SHOCKINGLY CLATTERING food trays are piled on the floor by annoyed stewardess Veronica, clearing the mess of an overturned food cart and open fridge door.

VERONICA

Damn. I hope the rear galley has prepped food.

Unknown to her in her organizing CLATTER, the two Jocks pass behind her as she's attractively bent over.



The two Jocks elbow each other, on seeing her shapely derriere and long legs... try to contain themselves in quiet, sneak a peek up her skirt, silently smirking and leering as they crouch by.

70 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT HATCH - NIGHT

In the empty semi-darkness, the Jocks hear the Yorkie's YAP from the slightly open hatch.

71 INT. BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The two Jocks descend metal steps, detach flashlights from wall mounts... search the darkness. Jay the first Jock tries to corner the little dog YAPPING a warning... It scurries away through his legs.

MITCH (JOCK #2) (O.S.)  
Shit, man! Check this out...

Stepping over fallen luggage, they both approach the METAL CASKETS... One of them is slightly open.

JAY (JOCK #1)  
Cool. Let's check the dead dude.

They lift the CASKET lid all the way. They slowly look at each other... It's EMPTY.

They open the second CASKET.

Jocks' POV -- TOOLE lies in the casket! He's massive yet STILL... DEAD as a doornail.

MITCH (JOCK #2)  
Fawwwk, man... He's one of those cannibal guys they electrocuted today.

JAY (JOCK #1)  
(grabs his crotch, dismisses Toole's scariness)  
I got some MEAT that cannibal can EAT.  
Bite me.

SUDDENLY, Toole's EYES SNAP OPEN!

TOOLE  
Aw'right, mate!

Toole -- EYES WHITE with PIN BLACK PUPILS -- is ALIVE!

Toole LUNGES, GRABS the Jock's face, HEAVES his body over and across his casket -- voraciously BITES INTO HIS CROTCH -- the JOCK'S SCREAMS muffled by Toole's big hand!

Toole tosses the body which hits a panel that starts SPARKING. Toole sits up, calmly chews, blood bespattered, sharp teeth dripping.

TOOLE  
Tastes like blood sausage.

Second Jock Mitch moves his mouth, too horrified to speak. Toole ominously rises. Mitch turns to bolt, bumps into --

FLESH RIGHT BEHIND HIM! The JAGGED TEETH in his grin suddenly RUSH UP CLOSE -- CROCK! bite right into Mitch's skull. Flesh tongues into fresh brain.

FLESH  
Hm... Food for thought.

72 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Eyes shifting, Mike Santora glances at Jimmy and Ray.

MIKE  
How we doing... Engines?

JIMMY  
Check...

MIKE  
Navigation?...

RAY  
Looks okay...

MIKE  
Radio?...

RAY  
Working great, boss...  
(but...)  
That's weird.

MIKE  
What?

RAY  
(indicating)  
The "cargo hold" light... It's on.

Jimmy flips some switches.

JIMMY  
It won't go off. Wiring?

MIKE  
 (shrugs)  
 Some baggage must've broken loose. Ray,  
 go check on it, will you?

RAY  
 Sure thing.

Ray removes his headphones, moves to exit the cabin.

73 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

ON THE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE SCREEN... *Movie to be selected with rights, or "movie" excerpt shot by second unit, maybe a remake with a Shirley Temple type GIRL singing "The Good Ship Lollipop"... The in-flight movie plays in counterpoint to the zombie threat.*

Ray seems to detach from the movie as he walks by. In the other aisle, Veronica doesn't see him as she's busy making the pregnant Sharon comfortable.

74 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT HATCH - NIGHT

Past the curtain partition, Ray walks down the semi-dark aisle of the empty Rear Coach, leans to examine the open hatch on the floor.

RAY  
 What's this doing open?

75 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The only ILLUMINATION... a FLASHING RED EMERGENCY LIGHT.

Ray steps down the clanking metal stairway... picks up a fallen flashlight still lit.

RAY  
 Uff... What's that smell?

He covers his nose and mouth with his hand, ventures into the compartment. He glances around, sees...

Suitcases, dozens of black cases of sound stage and lighting equipment for Dr. Gee's show. All casting creepy shadows...

SUDDENLY, a SOUND! -- Ray gulps... turns... The sound is coming from behind a crate.

He moves closer to the crate... closer... angling himself around it. Moving closer... still CLOSER...

SUDDENLY, the Yorkie puppy BARKS! Scampers out from behind the crate and up the steps.

Ray breathes a sigh of relief, then notices something...

RAY'S P.O.V. -- A trail of BLOOD leads across the floor.

76 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

The Yorkie scurries down the aisle, leaps into Mavis' arms, trembling, YAPPING...

MAVIS

My Baby! You came back!... What are you trying to tell Mummy?

Leaning away from her lovey-dovey hugging, the annoyed Sergeant Major SNEEZES. Mavis smiles in triumph, "Hmph!"

The Sergeant Major wipes his nose with a napkin. He tucks a clean napkin in his collar like a bib... licks his lips, and grins at Mavis' dog. Mavis ignores him.

MAVIS

It's okay now, my Schatzie...  
(presses "Stewardess" button)  
I'll get you a snack.

The puppy buries its head under her arm with a whimper.

77 INT. 747 - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray moves in to investigate the trail of BLOOD...

RAY

Wh...what... the hell?

RAY'S P.O.V. -- The METAL CASKETS... OPEN and EMPTY.

RAY

(chokes on the smell)  
Oh, my GOD -- !

Ray sees on the floor besides the CASKETS... a POOL OF BLOOD... GORY BODIES OF THE TWO TEENAGE JOCKS.

RAY

C-CHRIST!

His face contracts with horror... A crate CREAKS... Ray turns his head -- TERRIFIED, he tries to RUN for the stairway...

78 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

Veronica steps up, finds little bottles of booze to put on her tray... She slowly turns... notices the hatch is open, leans...

Quiet HIGH-PITCHED MUSIC extends the tense SUSPENSE...

She bends, brings her face closer... her wide eyes peer into the deep forbidding blackness of the baggage compartment... her luscious lips up close whisper...

VERONICA

... Hello? Is anybody down there?

We can only imagine what HORROR will suddenly jump into her face any moment now --

But she just CLUMPS the HATCH shut.

SHOCK CUT TO:

79 INT. 747 - DARK BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S.O. the hatch being LOCKED. Ray's eyes emanate sheer TERROR, his mouth CLAMPED shut by the ugly zombie hand of cannibal FLESH HISSING, staring into his eyes...

Their tense close faces are creepily illuminated by the flashlight held by Flesh.

FLESH

Now... What's your destination?

Ray struggles, won't answer. Flesh squeezes him tighter. Toole drools...

TOOLE

Give us a taste, mate.

Toole voraciously CLOSES IN, his widening MOUTH revealing bloody dirty JAGGED TEETH.

RAY

(scared to death)

LONDON... our destination's London!

FLESH

No, no, no... Wrong answer. Bit chilly, there. We're going back to Haiti. And ever-lasting life.

(over his shoulder to Toole, shudders)

I'm not sure how long we can sustain this existence, my bruv-ah, without the voodoo of our dear ol' codger, King Abutu. But first... Fancy a bit of a bite?

TOOLE

Absobloodylutely!

(sniffs Ray)  
 'Ere, Gov, what's that aftershave, Sweat  
 a Fear? Makes 'im smell like...

Toole puts his mouth up to Ray's ear.

TOOLE  
 ...a barbecue... And you know how much  
 I love barbecue?

He slowly... licks the side of Ray's grimacing face.

THE SCREEN BLACKS OUT. In the darkness...

BLOOD-CURLING SCREAMS ARE MUFFLED.

80 INT. DETECTIVE TARCZINKI'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detective Tarczinski grips his head... suffering a massive  
 headache. He sees Father Symphorosa's BIBLE with a dimly  
 greenish glow... He grabs it, agitatedly phones --

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
 This is Detective Tarczinski of the  
 Miami P.D. I have to speak to Father  
 Symphorosa... His life's in danger!

81 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

INTERCUT conversation between Detective and NURSE...

Next to the Nurses' station a sign reads: "10<sup>th</sup> FLOOR".

NURSE  
 It's awfully late. The Father is  
 heavily sedated.

82 INT. HOSPITAL - FATHER SYMPHOROSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Possessed in a trance, the Father rises from his bed and  
 walks toward a window, his head wound dimly glowing green.

83 INT. DETECTIVE TARCZINKI'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
 You don't understand! This is police  
 business! It's imperative that I speak  
 with him!

84 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

NURSE  
 I'm sorry, Detective, but I couldn't  
 wake him if I wanted to. Please call  
 back in the morning.

She hangs up.

85 INT. HOSPITAL FATHER SYMPHOROSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Father Symphorosa CLIMBS out onto the LEDGE...

The FATHER JUMPS -- !

SMASH CUT:

86 EXT. POLICE CHIEF SEAR'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- Detective Tarczinski repeatedly BANGS on the door --

Police Chief Sears answers the door from inside, bleary-eyed, to see Tarczinski clutching his head with one hand, the other gripping the Bible.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

My headaches are back...

POLICE CHIEF SEARS

(half asleep)

What the...?

Detective Tarczinski shows him the open Bible, where Father Symphorosa pointed and left bloody fingerprints.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

(reads from the Bible)

"Whosoever partakes of his brother's *flesh* so too consumes his brother's soul. Whosoever forsakes his brother and consumes his brother's *soul* shall live all his brother's days."

(dramatically)

The Chelsea Cannibals... **MUST BE ALIVE!**

POLICE CHIEF SEARS

What? We saw them die with our own eyes!

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

But how do we know they're really dead?!

The Chief looks at Tarczinski like Tarczinski's losing it.

POLICE CHIEF SEARS

You know, you've been obsessed with them for four years, maybe getting burn out. Oughta take some time off.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
 You don't get it! The Priest said  
**burned!** They should've been cremated --

POLICE CHIEF SEARS  
 Does it really matter? They're dead.

The Detective grits his teeth, reads from the Bible.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
 "But the specter of such wickedness  
 shall have an end. And the soul of the  
 brother finally shall be set free to  
 seek the heavens, when -- "  
 (points to Chief)  
 " -- when the bones of the accursed  
 shall burn intolerably, then so they  
 shall **BURN ETERNALLY!**"

He SLAMS the Bible shut and bursts away from there.

POLICE CHIEF SEARS  
 Where you going?

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI (O.S.)  
 The plane -- They've got to be warned!

SMASH CUT:

87 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

SLAM! The pregnant Sharon Kainoa ARCHES BACK against her seat, MOANS, holding her belly and looking pained. She's still shook up pretty bad from the storm turbulence.

Stewardess Veronica adjusts a pillow in an attempt to comfort the grimacing pregnant woman.

VERONICA  
 Will you be alright?

Not likely. In contrast, an atmosphere of calm settles in the other passengers on the plane... except for the expectancy of extreme danger emanated by the tense, sweaty...

Robert Attenborough stares in his dark rain-streaked window. LIGHTNING FLASHES. He grips his valise. He creepily looks back over his shoulder, his eyeglasses white opaque in reflected light...

Robert impulsively grabs the valise, and marches for the toilet at the dark end of the Rear Coach.

Sitting next to her cameraman Wally Cho, reporter Amanda



Castle turns back to watch Robert Attenborough move toward the toilets in the back of the plane.

She nudges Wally Cho picking up his camera equipment from the mess the turbulence made.

AMANDA CASTLE  
Camera okay?

88 INT. 747 - TOILET - REAR-COACH - NIGHT

Robert Attenborough SLAMS the door shut, pressing his back against it -- trembles, the VALISE in his grip.

He nervously places it on the lap... carefully unzips it... opens the mysterious bag. Revealing...

CLOSEUP ON THE INSIDE OF THE VALISE... A WOMAN'S HAND and FOREARM -- fingernails polished black, wearing a tarnished WEDDING BAND and metal VODOO WRIST AMULET... The appendage is remarkably well preserved, slightly scorched where it's SEVERED below the elbow... It lays quite still.

Robert lets out a sigh of relief, reaches to zip up the bag ... A CRACKLE of BLUE STATIC makes the ARM suddenly JERK! --

It impulsively GRABS... tries to get out of the bag!

Robert RECOILS. The ARM SQUIRMS with a life of its OWN!

At the sight of the slowly grasping RE-ANIMATED HAND and FOREARM, Robert's personality instantly changes... He's wide-eyed, sheepish, literally child-like.

ROBERT  
Hi, Mommy... Bobby's... been a good boy... Bobby tried... tried to save you... I tried... I *stayed* with you!...

Robert's face pleads behind his glasses...

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE TO:

89 INT. KITCHEN - TYPICAL LONDON ENGLAND COTTAGE - 2 YEARS AGO  
- NIGHT - LURID COLORS OF A NIGHTMARE

PULL BACK from a FREEZE CLOSE UP of FLESH and TOOLE, arms around each other's shoulders, waving, receding with the Statue of Liberty behind them... in a PHOTO held by Robert over an envelope mailed to "Mrs. Attenborough". She's hidden by...

A tabloid newspaper, its title screaming in bold: "CHELSEA CANNIBALS VANISH!" The bottom of the paper she's reading

catches FIRE next to the stove... She JUMPS and WHIRLS --

ROBERT'S FACE is HORRIFIED behind his glasses now reflecting a BLAZING FIRE! -- He drops the photo -- SHRIEKS RIP THE AIR!!

Caught in a BALL OF FLAMES -- after hitting a deep fat fryer on an old gas stove with human eyeballs and a liver on a plate, Robert's BRIT GHOUL MUM horribly flails, engulfed in a ROAR of FLAMES blazing up from HELL!

Robert plunges his arm into the flaming ball of fire, reaches for his Mother -- grabs her hand, pulls her forearm scorched but intact... But that's all he pulls out of the fire.

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE TO:

90 INT. 747 - TOILET - REAR COACH - NIGHT

The sweating Robert GASPS unevenly, blink stares through his glasses at the fully RE-ANIMATED arm of his Mother.

His Mother's ARM SUDDENLY FALLS INTO HIS LAP...

It... SLOWLY CRAWLS UP ROBERT'S CHEST --

ROBERT  
(terrified)  
No, Mommy! Don't hurt Bobby, please, he  
tried to be good... I promise...

The HAND climbs... CLOSER... STILL CLOSER... to Robert's throat...

ROBERT  
(cries)  
No... no...

The HAND reaches for his THROAT... and SUDDENLY... STRAIGHTENS his BOW TIE!

ROBERT  
(relieved)  
Thank you, Mommy.

91 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - GALLEY - NIGHT

Party noises emanate from the cabin. Des enters to find Kimbeth on the phone while cleaning up the turbulence's wrath... There's stuff spilled everywhere.

KIMBETH  
(into phone)  
Veronica? Please send up more drinks  
and night dinners from the Main Galley.

DES

Looks like you could use some help.

Des smiles, kneels down and starts picking up ice cubes from the floor, putting soda cans in their proper place.

KIMBETH

You're getting me into trouble, you know.

(prim, official, yet with smiling eyes)

It's against union regulations for passengers to interact with aircraft personnel in any clean-up capacity.

DES

Yeah? Don't see any union officials who'll throw me off this flight.

(gets an idea to further their unspoken attraction)

And hey, you're the one who promoted me from video game salesman to First Class Security. So like, I am close to the personnel here.

Facing each other close on their knees, he picks up a soda.

DES

Can I offer you a drink?

Kimbeth smiles, about to accept. But the on-board phone RINGS. He looks up as her shapely form rises before him.

KIMBETH

(answers phone)

First Class galley.

INTERCUT the phone call between Mike and Kimbeth as a dumbwaiter comes up and she pulls out a food cart.

92 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

MIKE

Kimberly?...

KIMBETH

It's Kimbeth.

MIKE

Right, right, right.  
(breezily)

Listen, you seen Ray?

KIMBETH

No.

MIKE  
He was checking the baggage compartment.

KIMBETH  
Ask Veronica --

MIKE  
Why don't you? I'm trying to fly the  
plane. Capeesh?

93 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - GALLEY - NIGHT

KIMBETH  
A monkey in a suit could fly this  
plane... *Mitch*.

Kimbeth SLAMS down the phone, exchanges a look with Des who  
hooks a thumb over his shoulder...

DES  
Should I be worried?

He's made Kimbeth smile again as she redials the phone.

KIMBETH  
It's all computers.

94 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

R-R-RING!! The onboard phone is picked up by Stewardess  
Veronica who rushes in carrying a tray of drinks that were  
overturned in the turbulence.

VERONICA  
Veronica, Mid-Coach galley.

INTERCUT phone conversation between Veronica and Kimbeth.

KIMBETH (O.S.)  
This is Kimbeth. Is Ray MacDonald still  
down there, checking the baggage  
compartment?

VERONICA  
(glances down the aisle)  
Baggage...? Oh my God, I locked it!

95 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT HATCH - NIGHT

Veronica walks briskly down the semi-dark aisle...

VERONICA  
Ray? I'm SO sorry!

She stares at the quiet closed hatch, looks back in the

semi-darkness...

VERONICA

These red eye flights are too creepy.

She kneels by the baggage compartment hatch... reaches out, unlocks it... CREAKS it open to the pitch blackness inside.

Veronica sees nothing... leans over... slowly looks down into the darkness.

VERONICA

Ray... I'm sorry I locked it, okay?...

Veronica narrows her eyes. Squinting. Tries to peer in the darkness of the baggage compartment next to the hatch she holds up... She hardly breathes, low...

VERONICA

Ray...

CLOSE on Veronica's face. She licks her lips, vulnerably calls into the darkness...

VERONICA

Ray...?

The stairway RATTLES softly... The sound inches closer...closer...still CLOSER... Veronica gulps...

*SUSPENSE MUSIC rises to a CHILLING STING --*

CLOSEUP on Veronica's face registering SHOCK... HORROR...

She opens her mouth to SCREAM...

Veronica disappears headfirst -- Her legs are swallowed down into the darkness of the hatch which CLUMPS shut.

Silence...

SMASH CUT:

96 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

DUNCAN

**JEEZ!!!** It's a cannibal -- ! It just ate the other one!

Claire stares with wide eyes at Duncan --

DUNCAN

The fish that was dead...? It -- It just ate the one that was alive!

Duncan and Claire closely stare at his raised bag of fish -- now with only ONE FAT goldfish, mean and ugly, a shred of fish tail still stuck in its sharp-toothed maw!

Robert glances nervously at the valise at his feet.

97 EXT. 747 - FLYING THROUGH STORM - NIGHT

The plane SHUDDERS -- ROARS through the storm.

98 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

Outside the dark wet windows, the storm is hitting the airport at full gale.

Lincoln Frazee supervises as one of his Air Traffic Controllers speaks into his mic...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
Overseas 6-6-6, do you read me?...  
Repeat, 6-6-6, do you read...

99 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

INTERCUT radio transmission between Tower and...

MIKE  
Read you loud and clear, Miami.  
What can I do you for?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
How is that rough air out there?

MIKE  
Nothing Overseas Airways' best can't  
handle...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
You getting through it alright, then?

MIKE  
A-okay. ETA, on schedule...

100 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

Detective Tarczinski BURSTS in, tensely hears Mike's VOICE telling the Controller --

MIKE (V.O.)  
...only flight, Miami to London.

Detective Tarczinski suddenly RIPS the mic from the Controller, pushing him out of the way.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

Turn around! Come back! Land before  
everyone on that plane is killed! The  
**KILLERS ARE ALIVE!**

The arriving Police Chief Sears searching for Tarczinski helps Lincoln Frazee grab and wrestle Tarczinski away from the console. The mic falls to the floor... unplugged!

101 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Mike adjusts his radio, turns to Jimmy and shrugs.

MIKE

Come again, Miami?

102 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

The Controller looks "What the -- ?" over his shoulder at the two men restraining Tarczinski. He replugs the mic...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Ah, hey, sorry, Overseas 6-6-6... just  
ah, unauthorized... interference.

Lincoln and Chief Sears won't let go of the sputtering Detective.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

They're alive, I tell you -- and on that  
plane! Check both coffins! They'll be  
alive -- till their bones are **burned** to  
ashes!

The Air Traffic Controller clicks off the mic.

LINCOLN

(to Chief Sears)

This guy's a friggin' nutcase! Am I  
gonna have to call security?

POLICE CHIEF SEARS

No, no, no... He's going to calm  
down... right now. Aren't you,  
Detective?!

The Detective shakes off Lincoln Frazee and Chief Sears. He's frustrated as hell. He takes a deep breath, runs his fingers through his hair.

Tarczinski glares, feels the bite scars on his face...

DETECTIVE TARZINSKI  
 Chief... Believe me. I got a gut  
 feeling --

POLICE CHIEF SEARS  
 Will, you've been under a lot of  
 stress...

DETECTIVE TARZINSKI  
 Look... The electric chairs didn't kill  
 'em the first time, right?

This makes the Chief think. Lincoln's look questions.

DETECTIVE TARZINSKI  
 To be really sure they're dead... Their  
 bodies have got to be cremated.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 (holds binoculars by window)  
 Coffins with real bodies? I saw that 747  
 charter... two metal coffins were loaded  
 in. Thought they were part of the rapper  
 show.

DETECTIVE TARZINSKI  
 (to Lincoln and Chief)  
 I suggest you order that plane back to  
 Miami immediately. And if I'm wrong...  
 I'll hand in my badge.  
 (closer, dead serious)  
 But if I'm right, and they **are** alive,  
 the blood of a plane load of innocent  
 people will be on your hands.

103 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The radio emits static...

MIKE  
 Say again, Miami... Coffins? We're  
 carrying coffins?  
 (turns, wonders, close...)  
 Uh... Where's Ray...?

104 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

RAP MUSIC BLARES from a boombox... *"We ah livin' large, high  
 as de sky / Live in charge, we ah do or **die**..."*

Dr. Gee coolly nods to his own RAP. An X-RATED MOVIE is  
 playing... CHAMPAGNE FLOWS. The party RAGES!

Dr. Gee and his Posse are DANCING in the aisles. The Blonde



Babes in bras and panties, seductively dance with each other as the men watch with appreciative lust.

Bela grooves too, eyes Zammie as the only one not partying ... He sits alone staring into space and PRAYING.

105 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Elizabeth O'Malley turns in disgust, rises in the aisle.

ELIZABETH

Not one more word about your botched surgery! I'm going back for a smoke.

Her seated husband Gordon hunches guiltily, drunk.

106 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - TOILET - NIGHT

Elizabeth O'Malley touches up her lipstick in the mirror... A THUMP from the toilet makes her jerk, smear lipstick on her teeth. Annoyed, she bares her teeth, wipes the smear.

For a long moment, nothing happens... then... **BOOM!** The toilet shakes a little...

ELIZABETH

Goddamn turbulence...

It stops. Elizabeth relaxes... Then... **BOOM!**... The toilet SHAKES more VIOLENTLY.

Elizabeth backs up against the wall as she stares down...

SUDDENLY, **TOOLE BURSTS UP -- SMASHES THROUGH THE TOILET!**

Hulking waist up through the floor, with the seat around his neck, face and clothes partially dripping from the blue toilet CHEMICALS, his SNARLING fanged face is HORRIFYING!

Elizabeth is thrown back against the counter. Her body SHATTERS the mirror!

Rising from the destroyed toilet, Toole's huge frame almost fills the tiny toilet. He looks at Elizabeth, and grins.

TOOLE

Sorry, mum... shit happens.

From her gape of HORROR...

SHOCK CUT TO:

107 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

CLOSEUP of a girl's mouth open wide -- A PULL BACK REVEALS she's actually singing on the 747's MOVIE SCREEN...

Wearing headphones, the pregnant Sharon winces in pain.

Kimbeth and Des descend the stairway, pass by the MOVIE SCREEN and the Sergeant Major polishing his SWORD.

DES

Rappers, Samurai Marines... What's next on the tour?

MAVIS

(to Kimbeth)

Here, Miss! I'm the one pressing my stewardess button, but getting no service. My Schatzie and I are simply famished!

Kimbeth nods, then she and Des continue down the aisle, passing Robert Attenborough who sits obediently, clutching his valise. He glances at them over his shoulder.

108 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

Kimbeth looks at the prepared yet abandoned food cart. Veronica's nowhere to be seen.

KIMBETH

Wonder where Veronica is?

DES

Maybe she's with Archie and Jughead?  
(off Kimbeth's groan)  
Okay, maybe she's just in the little girl's room.

Kimbeth knocks on the toilet door --

109 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - TOILET - NIGHT

Toole suddenly raises his BLOODY UGLY BLUE SMUDGED FACE from his GORY repast. He breathes a low HISS between his dripping jagged teeth...

110 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

Kimbeth knocks again. Still no answer.

KIMBETH

Strange... It's really late. I'll just serve the passengers.

111 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Kimbeth finds covered food trays numbered by seat location. She places 2 trays in front of Duncan and Claire. She continues up the aisle.

Des follows, can't help but enjoy the view of Kimbeth's shapely curves moving before him... She glances back.

KIMBETH

Do you need something to do?

DES

Oh -- ! No. That's okay. I'm just holding up your rear. I mean -- I'm watching your back -- No, I mean --

She gives him a knowing, remonstrative look, with just the tiniest hint of a smile. He moves around her.

DES

(red-faced)

Sorry... I think I'll just go up and have a nap.

Kimbeth places a covered food tray before Mavis and the Sergeant Major across from her.

SUDDENLY, the o.s. Claire SCREAMS out from the seats behind. Kimbeth hurries back.

Duncan and Claire stare in horror at Claire's bloody dish.

DUNCAN

Looks like a... tongue... ripped out!

(raises his tray)

And mine... Is this supposed to be some kinda kidney pie?

It's GRUESOME. Kimbeth and Des grimace, take the trays.

In his seat, the Sergeant Major raises the cover of his food tray, ready to chow down... abruptly SHOUTS OUT --

SERGEANT MAJOR

What the HELL IS THIS!

CLOSEUP ON THE SARGE'S uncovered chicken salad. Veronica's SEVERED THUMB AND FINGER wearing her emerald cocktail ring REST ATOP A BED OF LETTUCE!

SERGEANT MAJOR

(to Kimbeth rushing over)

MISS! -- This a joke? Some sicko's idea of "finger food"?

KIMBETH

(incredulous, gasps  
at the ring finger)

Oh my God! It's... Veronica's -- !

CUT TO:

Mavis has fainted. Over her gory tray, her Yorkie eats some bloody flesh.

CUT TO:

Gordon O'Malley looking at a bloody hunk of intestine.

CUT TO:

Amanda fishing an eyeball out of her teapot...

Amanda reacts coolly as Wally Cho SCREAMS in HORROR.

AMANDA

Shuttup and get the camera.

Stunned, Des quickly helps Kimbeth collect trays --

The pregnant Sharon Kainoa winces in her seat, uncomfortably holds her belly.

SHARON KAINOA

Good thing I passed. Can't keep anything down.

Passengers rise on the verge of MASS HYSTERIA --

SERGEANT MAJOR (V.O.)

Pipe down, ya pansies -- We just been served a human body!

S.O. The loud rasping of metal as the Sergeant unsheathes His Samurai Sword.

SERGEANT MAJOR

There's a murdering butcher on this crate --

(off everyone staring at him  
as he waves his Sword about)

-- And it ain't me!

Amanda discreetly edges Wally and his camera keeping everyone in view, to back up to Robert Attenborough sitting alone, huddling his valise.

AMANDA CASTLE

(privately into mic)

Robert Attenborough...

Amanda closes in on the wide-eyed Robert Attenborough huddled clammy in his seat separate from everyone else.

AMANDA CASTLE  
Butchers run in his family.

Amanda leans over his chair, speaks quietly to him.

AMANDA CASTLE  
Robert... if you speak to us exclusively  
... we can report your side of the story  
in the right light.  
(closer, off Robert's eyes  
trying to comprehend)  
We saw you go to the toilet...

Wide-eyed, Robert sinks back, clutches his valise.

AMANDA CASTLE  
...near the Rear Coach Galley...  
(whispers)  
...from where the body parts came.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
(louder than he intended,  
points)  
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!!

All the Passengers turn to stare at Robert Attenborough with Amanda and Wally and his camera hovering over him.

KIMBETH  
I checked the food list. He's the only  
one who... insisted on a vegetarian  
meal.

The Passengers exchange looks, stare harder at the sweaty Robert Attenborough.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(threatening with Sword)  
So maybe this creep knew what was on the  
menu?

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
(clutching his valise  
protectively)  
No... I swear... on my Mother's head --  
no -- I mean ARM! I didn't hurt  
anybody! You see any BLOOD on me?!  
Why're you doing this to me?!

KIMBETH  
(trying to restore calm)  
Okay, everyone -- Now let's just calm  
down. Not make things worse.

DES  
Well... If it's not him... and it can't  
be the rappers upstairs... maybe  
there's a stowaway killer down there?

The Passengers look down to the empty Rear Coach, scared.

KIMBETH  
(looks around, worried)  
We're missing some passengers...

GORDON O'MALLEY  
(losing his drunkenness)  
God, No...! Anybody seen my wife? She  
went to the back...

SERGEANT MAJOR  
The best defense is an offence.  
Whoever's got the brass nuts to be with  
me, grab whatever you can use as a  
weapon. And follow me.

The Sergeant Major re-grips his Samurai Sword, and in one  
fighting stance sweep -- points it at Robert Attenborough.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
But you're one creep I don't trust!

KIMBETH  
(blocks the Passengers, grabs  
the wall phone)  
Now everyone, stop! Please just remain  
in your seats --

112 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Mike speaks on the phone with Kimbeth. INTERCUT...

MIKE  
And Ray's disappeared?

KIMBETH  
Yes! And a passenger just found two of  
Veronica's fingers in his salad.

MIKE  
What!?

KIMBETH  
Her ring's still on the finger.

Mike covers the phone, shakes his head with amusement.

MIKE  
 (to Jimmy)  
 She's freaking. I must've totally  
 screwed her brains out. You better go  
 calm her down.

Jimmy nods, ducks out the cockpit door with a grin.

113 INT. 747 - STAIRWAY - MID-COACH - REAR COACH - NIGHT

Jimmy descends, stops in his tracks. Des is gripping a  
 pointy umbrella -- Claire and Duncan heft Jock hockey  
 sticks -- The Sergeant glares with raised Samurai Sword.

Jimmy sees VERONICA'S FINGERS IN THE SALAD --

JIMMY  
 Holy shit -- !

Kimbeth sees O'Malley racing to the end of the empty aisle --

KIMBETH  
 MR. O'MALLEY! Get back to your seat,  
 right now!

114 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - TOILETS - NIGHT

O'Malley desperately KNOCKS on the rear toilet doors.

GORDON O'MALLEY  
 Elizabeth! Get on outta there! There's  
 a MANIAC on the loose!

He BANGS a door -- The o.s. Toole LAUGHS his HYENA HOWL.

Kimbeth, Des and Jimmy rush after Gordon...

SUDDENLY, the toilet door directly behind Gordon BANGS open  
 -- Gordon whirls. FLESH's arm throttles Gordon by the neck,  
 powerfully YANKS him in -- The door SLAMS shut.

Des races to help Gordon. He grabs the toilet door, tries  
 to open it. Jimmy steps in, pushes Des away.

JIMMY  
 This is the Chief Flight Engineer! If  
 you don't open this door right now,  
 I'll...

SUDDENLY, A FIST explodes through the door, connecting with  
 Jimmy's nose. He drops to the floor, out cold, with a bloody  
 nose.

Kimbeth grabs a microphone --

KIMBETH  
Ladies and gentlemen, we're experiencing  
an emergency... please move to the front  
of the plane IMMEDIATELY!

A WOMAN SCREAMS (O.S.). Kimbeth drops the mic and runs up  
to help the pregnant Sharon Kainoa.

Des grabs Jimmy's legs, starts dragging him to safety.

115 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Kimbeth reaches Sharon. She clenches the arms of her seat  
SCREAMING in agony... her first LABOR pains.

Duncan and Claire hurry over to help.

KIMBETH  
(to Sharon)  
I'm afraid you've got to move.

SHARON  
It's the baby... I can't.

KIMBETH  
You can do it. We'll help. We've all  
got to move to the upper deck. Now.

Duncan takes one arm and Claire the other... as they help  
Sharon out of her seat and start up the aisle --

KIMBETH  
(to Robert Attenborough)  
Please sir, move your ass!

Robert unfastens his seat belt... unsure if he should move to  
the front... or back of the plane. He struggles with his  
opening valise. His Mother's hand is trying to escape.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
Mother, please! --

He can't hold it shut... The valise DROPS to the floor,  
opens upside down and the "HAND" CRAWLS away.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
Fine! Have it your way.

Robert dashes up the aisle toward the front of the plane.

Behind him, Des struggles to drag Jimmy --

116 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - NIGHT

One of the arms of the out-cold Jimmy gets caught under a



seat. Des backpedals, slips and SLAM! He's down, trapped in a tangle with Jimmy.

DES

Shit!

A big hand CLAMPS DOWN on his shoulder -- Des FREEZES.

SERGEANT MAJOR

You're a good man, soldier. But you could use a hand.

The Sergeant Major pulls Des up, helps him free Jimmy so they can both pull him away by the arms.

117 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Kimbeth directs Duncan and Claire helping to usher Sharon to the stairway. Sharon winces with another labor pain.

SHARON

Oh, God! Please help me!

Kimbeth climbs the stairway, helping to lead Sharon up, while Duncan and Claire are below Sharon.

Kimbeth bumps into passenger gridlock on the stairway --

118 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Mavis and Robert Attenborough are BLOCKED at the top of the stairway entrance by Rapper bodyguards Bela and Zammie. The rapper party still RAGES behind the wall-like Bodyguards. Zammie nods to Bela.

ZAMMIE

W'sup. They look scared.

BELA

(to Zammie)

Keep it together.

(to Passengers in stairway)

This upper section is reserved for Dr. Gee Money and his Posse.

MAVIS

(gripping her Yorkie)

Young lady, move aside, this is an emergency.

Mavis prominently hustles in. But on her first step into the cabin... the MUSIC STOPS... Mavis stops...

MAVIS' P.O.V. -- Dr. Gee, the Bodyguards and Blondes strike supremely irritated poses as they examine Mavis.

Zammie holds up his hand, shakes his head, bars the way...  
The Yorkie BARKS, bares slightly bloody teeth.

Mavis defiantly stares at the Rap troupe, then at Zammie.

MAVIS  
This dog bites.

A SCREAM OF PAIN from the o.s. Sharon below animates everyone.  
The Passengers in the stairway begin to scramble in.

119 INT. 747 - REAR TO MID-COACH - NIGHT

Des and the Sergeant Major FREEZE -- FLESH prowls up the  
parallel aisle like a HUNGRY, SNARLING PREDATOR!

DES  
Aw, man!! The "Chelsea Cannibals" on  
the news -- They're both in here! And  
they're NOT DEAD!

Flesh pounces at Duncan and Claire blocked from going up.

120 INT. 747 - STAIRWAY - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

Claire SCREAMS as she's YANKED BACK by FLESH! He's pulling  
her by the skirt -- She drops her hockey stick to  
desperately grip the stairway railing --

Duncan with his hockey stick dares to attack the fearsome  
Flesh who just suddenly one-arms Duncan aside.

Flesh greedily pulls at Claire's skirt, drooling lustfully,  
as he pulls her closer to him...

SUDDENLY, A SAMURAI SWORD SLASHES THROUGH CLAIRE'S SKIRT,  
SEVERING HER FROM FLESH'S GRASP!

Flesh is enraged at losing Claire. She BOLTS up the stairs  
revealing much of her anatomy with her torn micro skirt.  
Jimmy comes to, scrambles away.

Flesh lunges -- The Sergeant Major dramatically raises his  
Samurai Sword in fighting stance. Des ducks a clawed grab --  
RAMS his umbrella POINT into Flesh's CROTCH --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(winces)  
That's gotta hurt.

Flesh GAPES and HOWLS, baring his bloody jagged teeth -- The  
umbrella pops open. Flesh RIPS it to SHREDS, ENRAGED. He  
advances, the Sergeant backing, Sword SWISHING the air.

Flesh GRAB-SNAPS the end of the hockey stick Des just picked up -- But a SECOND hockey stick THWACKS Flesh's head. It's Duncan wielding his stick Kendo style. He delivers wicked WHACKS, keeps Flesh at bay.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(swinging his sword)  
Nice moves, son! Where'd ya learn  
to Kendo?

DUNCAN  
Star Wars. Light Saber toy. Mom didn't  
like it, said I'd poke somebody's eye  
out -- !

Duncan twirls out of Flesh's reach, swings his stick back and by fluke, pokes Flesh in the eye!

DUNCAN  
Like that.

Flesh ROARS with his hand to his eye -- The Sergeant Major keeping Flesh at bay takes the opportunity to hustle himself, Des and Duncan up the stairway.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Always listen to your Mom!

Toilet doors BURST OPEN at the end of the aisle! Bones CRACK!

Eyes widen -- TOOLE HULKS OUT, 350 pounds of ugly zombie cannibal -- He just tore off a SEVERED LEG which still has a woman's shoe and a tattered nylon stocking -- He chews with bloody jagged teeth.

Toole looks doubly ugly when he sees the SNARLING Flesh on his knees, holding his eye.

TOOLE  
Oi, what did you do to me bruv-ah?

He THUNDERS up the aisle, surprisingly fast -- as Duncan, the Sergeant and Des scramble to the stairway. Just as Toole is about to GRAB Des --

AMANDA (O.S.)  
Hey, PSYCHO!

BRIGHT LIGHTS EXPLODE ON. Amanda and Wally Cho from behind the stairway, angle their camera to film.

AMANDA  
They're both alive!

Toole and Flesh are BLINDED by the LIGHTS, back off.

Des stumbles for the stairway, climbs it with Amanda and Wally bringing up the rear with the BLAZING LIGHTS.

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)

We gotta seal off this section -- !

From the top of the stairs, the Sergeant pulls up Des.

SERGEANT MAJOR

(to Amanda and Wally)

MOVE YOUR ASSES! Everybody UP -- **NOW!**

AMANDA

Hold it, General... I just need a couple more money shots --

(to Wally, backstepping)

I'm not missing out on the biggest story of the century. Reload the camera.

Wally whips out a NEW VIDEOTAPE, reloads his CAMERA.

121 INT. 747 - STAIRWAY - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Sergeant sees the top of the stairway can be sealed with a METAL DOOR RECESSED IN THE FLOOR. He's about to hit the "Emergency Floor Door" button on the wall -- but he's suddenly blocked by Kimbeth, then --

DES

Give 'em a chance to come up, Sarge.  
They saved my ass --

The standoff over the open stairway BRISTLES TENSE. The other Passengers are frozen, fearing for their survival.

SERGEANT MAJOR

They were ordered up here! They wanna shoot home videos -- War's hell! We sacrifice coupla idiots to save the majority. I'M CLOSING THAT DOOR -- **NOW!**

Des and Kimbeth look down -- The stairway area is empty. The SLIDING DOOR SLAMS SHUT!

122 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Jimmy BURSTS into the cockpit, out of breath, his face and white shirt bloodied from his broken nose.

JIMMY

Mike! The "Chelsea Cannibals" --  
THEY'RE ALIVE -- and ON BOARD!

MIKE

What?!

JIMMY

They're on a rampage! Who knows how many they've killed!

Mike reaches down and pulls a handgun from under his seat.

JIMMY

That's not regulation -- Who gave you the authority -- ?

MIKE

I did.

Mike tosses the weapon to Jimmy.

MIKE

Lock that door. And nobody, I mean *nobody*, gets in!

JIMMY

What're we gonna do?!

MIKE

We're gonna get us back to Miami!

Mike pulls the plane into an immediate turn in the storm.

123 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

NAKED BODIES PULSE -- THE IN-FLIGHT X-RATED MOVIE blackens.

Lights sputter on and off, Passengers SCREAM and grab --

124 EXT. 747 SEVERELY BANKS IN RAGING STORM - NIGHT

125 INT. 747 - BOARDING DOOR - NIGHT

The door shudders, the blackened CRACKED LATCH STRAINS.

126 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Dr. Gee's "Penthouse Pets" Felicity and Angelique hold the pregnant Sharon while the YAPPING Yorkie and people SCRAMBLE up and down the aisle.

Dr. Gee grabs Kimbeth by the arm.

DR. GEE

Yo, 'dess.

KIMBETH

Yes?

DR. GEE  
 (annoyed, gripping rail)  
 See, de Gee let the horde on board. Now  
 it's a zoo with cannibals, too?  
 (off her nod, he swings  
 his head to the syllables)  
Muh-thu-fu-cuh!

127 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Watchful, not far from the stairway, Amanda and Wally search left, right with their camera and lights.

WALLY CHO  
 Where... Where did they go?

The QUIET is intense with SUSPENSE...

AMANDA  
 (moving forward)  
 C'mon.

WALLY CHO  
 No way... Amanda, we gotta go back up!  
 Even that weasel Robert went upstairs  
 where it's safer -- Let's go --

But Amanda keeps moving forward... shrugs off a shoulder tap.

AMANDA  
 No. Listen to me. Do you realize  
 what's happening? Huh? We're winning a  
 goddamn Emmy!

FLESH (O.S.)  
 For "Best Victims of the Year"?

Amanda twists around in the camera's BRIGHT LIGHTS.

Suddenly the LIGHTS FAIL. Gripping Wally Cho's face from behind, FLESH smiles bloodstained teeth as he advances.

AMANDA  
 Oh! Shit!

Flesh RAMS Wally into a bulkhead. Wally drops.

Flesh GRABS Amanda's NECK and PINS her up against a WALL...

FLESH  
 Women taste... sweeter.

Amanda whips out a pocket CAN of PEPPER SPRAY -- AIMS it into FLESH's face --

But Flesh SMOTHERS the tiny device in his powerful grip,  
RIPS it from her hand.

FLESH

Pepper spray? I like my women **HOT!**

Amanda SCREAMS -- He DOUSES her FACE with PEPPER SPRAY.

His mouth gapes... drooling JAGGED TEETH about to bite --

128 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

The Air Traffic Controller bites into a Roast Beef Sub gooey  
with melted cheese... chews his "lunch" with gusto. He  
suddenly stops chewing... notices... on his RADAR SCREEN... a  
"0666" BLIP heading WEST... BACK toward Miami.

The Air Traffic Controller puts aside his sandwich and  
SPEAKS into his mic...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Overseas 6-6-6, do you copy?... repeat,  
Overseas 6-6-6, do you copy?

INTERCUT BETWEEN AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER AND --

129 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

MIKE

(panicked)

Miami!... is... that you, Miami?!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

It's us, all right.

MIKE

Finally!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Thought you boys were headed for London?

MIKE

Fuck London! -- They're on this plane!  
The Cannibals are ALIVE and on this  
fucking plane!

130 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Kimbeth shakes her head, "No!" -- arguing with Dr. Gee. Des  
comes to her rescue.

DES

You heard the lady.

Des gets right in Dr. Gee's face.

DES  
Everyone stays right here.

DR. GEE  
Yo sick. Don't tell me you's Security,  
cool -- 'Cause ya know dick 'bout  
Security, Fool!  
(threatens)  
Step back, or you down, clown! --

KIMBETH  
Stop it! He's not the enemy! The  
"Chelsea Cannibals" are!

DR. GEE  
Canna-BULLshit! Get real, ho. Those  
freaks got their asses fried couple  
hours ago.

DES  
Well they're here now. On this plane.  
Live and in color. For real!

DR. GEE  
Fo' "**real**"?  
(laughs, then stops)  
Ya got clout. That's somethin' you  
don't know jack shit about.

The Sergeant Major blocks Dr. Gee from the shut floor door.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Stay outta the way, small fry.

Though short, Dr. Gee looks down at the Sergeant.

DR. GEE  
Yo, feel the fear. But me 'n mah crew is  
here, we gots the real deal.  
(nods at shut door)  
You let them two down. But we goin'  
down, see. We de **Zombie Posse!**

Dr. Gee nods at his Posse -- Black and impressive Bela,  
Zammie and Beard close in, a massive wall of no-nonsense  
powerful bodyguards.

131 INT. 747 - REAR COACH / MID-COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

Flesh and Toole grip Wally Cho between them, as if they're  
going to tear him in half. He struggles to free himself.



TOOLE  
Come on, Flesh, let me 'ave a taste...  
I love Chinese.

FLESH  
Be patient...

Flesh picks up the on-board phone...

FLESH  
(into phone)  
Hello, Captain?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN FLESH AND...

132 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

MIKE  
Captain speaking. Who is this?

FLESH  
That's not important... What is important, is that my associate and I have killed and sampled a good number of your passengers and personnel. Now if you don't change your course immediately to the Island of HAITI... my associate and I will kill all remaining passengers, including you and the rest of your crew.

MIKE  
Fuck you!

Mike slams down the phone.

133 INT. 747 - REAR COACH / MID-COACH - GALLEY - NIGHT

Flesh calmly hangs up the phone.

FLESH  
(to Wally)  
Sorry, old boy. Hold on -- You're handy with videos, eh? Be a good chap and plug us into the movie screen upstairs.

Toole giggles. Flesh picks up the P.A. microphone...

FLESH  
(into mic)  
Attention, ladies and gentlemen. May I have your attention, please.

The announcement is broadcast throughout the plane.

134 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Everyone stops what they're doing and watches the First Class IN-FLIGHT MOVIE SCREEN with horror.

FLESH (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 (ugly carnivore grin)  
 Enjoying your midnight flight? My name  
 is Charles Attenborough. Some of you  
 may know me as "Flesh".

Robert Attenborough adjusts his glasses, wide-eyed, as he backs away past fat bodyguard Beard.

ROBERT  
 (low)  
 So, my brother really is alive...

BEARD  
 He's your brother?

FLESH (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 I've asked your pilot to take this plane  
 to Haiti. And he told me to fu... let's  
 just say, he said no. And because of  
 his negative response, he has placed all  
 your lives in jeopardy... Now, I would  
 like you all to listen... and listen  
 very carefully to what I have in store  
 for each and every one of you.

Toole giggles in the background.

Everyone watches anxiously...

FLESH (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 'Ere, what's your name, lad?

Flesh turns the CAMERA VIEW to --

WALLY (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 (terrified)  
 W-Wally.

KIMBETH  
 (to Des)  
 It's the cameraman.

FLESH (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 Wally, I want you to tell everyone what  
 Mr. Toole is doing right now. Let's  
 'ave a look, shall we?

WALLY (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 (terrified)  
 He has... He has three of my fingers in  
 his mouth...  
 (pleads)  
 No, no, please don't, please...

FLESH (ON 747 MOVIE SCREEN)  
 Do it!

Many of the Passengers turn away in horror from the GORY  
 CLOSEUP... CRACKING sounds of FINGER BONES being CHEWED.

Wally SCREAMS in PAIN!... His ESCALATING SCREAMS and HOWLS  
 indicate Toole HASN'T STOPPED at just the FINGERS.

The sounds of Flesh and Toole FEASTING on Wally are  
 UNBEARABLE.

Everyone in First Class is paralyzed with FEAR.

Mavis cries and hugs her "Baby" Yorkie...

Claire buries her face in Duncan's shoulder. He looks  
 scared...

The pregnant Sharon and the two Penthouse models are holding  
 each other and crying...

The Posse looks pissed...

Kimbeth and Des stare in worried dread.

The Sergeant Major hulks before the First Class MOVIE SCREEN  
 which goes BLACK. It's quiet... All we hear are the  
 plane's engines eating into the storm.

DES  
 (to Sergeant Major)  
 We have to help him.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 He's already dead.

Big bodyguard Beard hauls Robert Attenborough forward.

BEARD  
 Yo. This here is Flesh's brother.  
 Maybe he can talk to him?

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
 I refuse. He won't listen to me. We  
 don't see eye to eye -- I was bringing  
 'em to London, not Haiti. To bury 'em

with me Mum. He never listened to  
Mother.

(terrified eyes)  
He never listens to anyone...

The survivors exchange stares.

DUNCAN  
We're dead meat.

135 EXT. 747 SHUDDERS THRU STORMY SKIES - NIGHT

DUNCAN (O.S.)  
In a tin can.

136 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Sergeant Major eyes the sweaty, suspicious looking  
Robert Attenborough.

Dr. Gee crosses his arms and poses, looking down at Robert.

DR. GEE  
Yo... when your bros eat...  
(confidential)  
Do they like dark meat?

Robert shrugs with a sheepish smile. Gee looks worried.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(to Duncan, with a nod)  
Keep your eye on that fruit basket, son.  
I mean the cannibal reject. Might be a  
mole.

Robert flashes a creepy dirty look at the Sergeant.

137 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - NIGHT

LIGHTNING highlights the cabin, reveals Flesh chewing with a  
bloody mouth, rising over the remains of Wally Cho.

TOOLE  
How d'you find the grub on this flight?

FLESH  
Bad.  
(smirks)  
Just had some Chinese, and I'm still  
hungry.

138 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Dr. Gee sways tough to the stairway, leading his crew of  
four Bodyguards (Zammie, Bela, Fats, and Beard).

But the Sergeant Major stands guard, blocks the wall button of the SLIDING FLOOR DOOR that's keeping the Upper Deck sealed from the stairway.

DR. GEE

(to Sergeant Major)

Old man, mah Posse comin' thru. Gonna take care of bid'ness with o' without you. Press the button, Sutton.

SERGEANT MAJOR

These poor excuses for turds'll last about as long as frozen piss on a hot griddle.

Dr. Gee Money eyes the Sergeant Major, sticks out his chest.

DR. GEE

Ay yo trip. Things get rough, you talkin' to the tough. I'm flexin' wid de fly crew. I'm de man say, do what we gotta do. Gonna bust their ass freestyle, all de way down de aisle. See mah guard cool, gonna drop 'em, fool. 'Cause we got de power at the 'leventh hour.

MONTAGE: As Dr. Gee raps, his Bodyguards make their moves to his rhythm. The powerful Beard with a wicked set of brass knuckles, smacks a palm to the beat...

Fats, mean in sleek sunglasses, funky hums with a head bob, whips chain-connected nunchuk clubs around his body...

The sexy Bela does a martial arts warmup, flips a billy club, then from out of an open duffle bag, she tosses an electric stun gun to...

Zammie turns around as he catches it. It doesn't look like much. He slips out a big gold crucifix, and...

The RAP MONTAGE ends as Zammie crosses himself, then glares at the Bodyguards posse with a look of zealous hunger. The huge Zammie puts a hand on the Sergeant Major's shoulder, makes him step back as he talks.

ZAMMIE

God is with me. My fear is gone.  
We must destroy the evil.

The floor door slides open. Zammie and the Bodyguards pile down the stairway past the Sergeant Major who shrugs.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Your funeral... my regards to God.

DES  
Shouldn't we go?

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Now's not the time. Blood is gonna run.

139 EXT. 747 - SKY - NIGHT

The "Overseas Airways" 747 flies back toward Miami. Winging toward the still raging storm.

140 INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is deserted except for...

Detective Willard Tarczinski. He sits at a table with an aspirin bottle... now almost empty. He's gloomily pensive, fuming with inner anger.

A Teenage WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
How's the headache?

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
Pounding.

WAITRESS  
Sorry.

She refills his coffee, turns and walks away. The Detective notices a man sitting at the counter. He wears a HOSPITAL GOWN. The MAN slowly turns and faces the Detective...

THE DETECTIVE'S POV -- It's the GHOST of Father Symphorosa.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA  
(haunting)  
They must **burn**...

POLICE CHIEF SEARS (O.S.)  
Will?

Detective Tarczinski jumps, turns to see Police Chief Sears standing at his table... The Detective turns back to the counter... Father Symphorosa has DISAPPEARED.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
Don't tell me... this is one of those times, isn't it?

POLICE CHIEF SEARS  
One of those times, what?

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
When I hate to be right.

141 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

The Coach section is DARK. The only light radiates from the floor board emergency lights.

The mean looking face of Fats comes in close... He raises his sleek sunglasses to see, revealing eyes wide with fear. Behind him, Beard nods him on, rubbing his brass knuckles.

In the darkness, Zammie with his stun gun buzzing blue and Bela with her billy club, stalk cautiously down the other aisle. They FREEZE --

The severed HEAD of stewardess Veronica rolls down the aisle toward them. Her empty eye socket is horrifying.

Zammie grabs his gold crucifix, rubs it furiously. Back in the opposite aisle...

Fats advances, ready to strike with his nunchuks -- when SUDDENLY -- Robert's Mother's "HAND" scurries across the aisle and under the curtain that closes off the Rear Coach.

FATS

What the...?  
(back to Beard)  
You see that?

BEARD

See what?

FATS

Thing! I swear, I just saw Thing,  
man. Mother fuckin' Addams Family...

Fats steps forward cautiously... His hand slowly reaches for the drawn Rear Coach curtain... Fats suddenly SNATCH-WHIPS the curtain aside -- His face freezes in SHOCK!

FATS

Damn!

142 INT. 747 - REAR COACH - NIGHT

FATS' P.O.V. -- Wally Cho's BODY lies in a pool of BLOOD on the cross-aisle floor near the open curtain... Fats shakes with fear. He glances back to Beard.

FATS

Yo, man!... Check it out!..

Zammie and Bela approach from their side, react to the gore.

BEARD

That's enough for me, man! I'm outta here!

143 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Beard bolts back through the curtain -- SUDDENLY, Flesh GRABS BEARD AND HURLS HIM POWERFULLY TO THE FLOOR! Beard's NECK is instantly BROKEN by the forceful takedown. Flesh TEARS the ARM with the brass knuckles from Beard's torso...

Flesh smiles an up-from-under look at the fear gaping Fats.

FLESH

He's unarmed.

Scared shitless, the Bodyguards are poised to make a run for the stairway -- but they're blocked by Flesh gripping Beard's arm like a brass knuckled bat.

Suddenly -- LUMBERING up the aisle from the rear -- 350 pounds of cannibal TOOLE! -- The Bodyguards are now TRAPPED between the two SNARLING zombies.

SUDDENLY BRIGHT LIGHTS EXPLODE ON!

144 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Sergeant Major stands guard over the shut floor door. He pulls a cigar from his pocket, pats himself down. He can't find a light and turns to Duncan.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Got a match, kid?

DUNCAN

No... My dad died from cancer.

The Sergeant's sorry to hear that, puts a sympathetic hand on Duncan's shoulder, slips the cigar back in his pocket.

DR. GEE

(reassuring Des worried about Kimbeth and Passengers)

Mah boyz be de best, yo take care o' de rest.

MAVIS

Look!

Mavis points to the overhead movie screen. Everyone looks.

CLOSEUP ON THE SCREEN IMAGE... shakily showing the remains of Beard... Zammie, Bela and Fats huddle back to back... A corner of the screen blinks, "Taping LIVE".



Amanda briefly appears, turning the camera on herself, torn, battered, yet determined, steely -- as she pans the scene.

AMANDA (V.O.)  
Live and exclusive... "Surviving Flight  
6-6-6."

Fats desperately whirls his nunchuks, faces back at Toole.

Bela gets into Kung Fu fighting stance --

BELA  
Shit! -- They didn't teach me anything  
about fighting fucking zombies!

The Passengers witness a horrifying flurry of action ON  
SCREEN...

145 INT. 747 - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Bela's head gets **WHACKED** from behind by the big brass  
knuckles on the severed arm swung by Flesh. Her skull  
sickeningly **CRACKS**. She drops.

Fats WHIRLS his nunchuks around this body. Toole just grabs  
them, whips the nunchuks' chain tight around Fats' neck and  
YANKS -- FATS' HEAD SNAPS OFF HIS BODY.

Zammie, the last Bodyguard alive, in desperation suddenly  
JABS the blue SPARKING STUN GUN into Flesh's gut. Flesh's  
face just lights up with a smile... until the stun gun is  
drained of power.

FLESH  
Oi, thanks for the buzz, mate. Got a  
luvly charge outta that.

Flesh hulks toward Zammie who whips up his crucifix --

ZAMMIE  
No, don't, please don't. NOOOO!!

Flesh grabs Zammie's hand gripping the big gold crucifix --  
PLUNGES the CRUCIFIX into Zammie's CHEST -- nastily sneers  
as he pushes down the crucifix gutting the gagging Zammie.

146 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

ON SCREEN -- Flesh's hand plunges into Zammie's body  
cavity, pulls out a bloody lump --

FLESH  
(turning to camera view)  
And people say I don't have a heart.

The Passengers GASP in HORROR at the SLAUGHTER. Every BODYGUARD IS DEAD. Duncan hugs Claire away from the screen. The video flickers OFF then back ON again. Flesh CLOSES IN.

FLESH  
(grins in CAMERA VIEW)  
Your turn.

His hands LOOM, GRAB the CAMERA IMAGE, turning the camera in a strange tilt CLOSEUP view of... AMANDA glaring determined, her eyes BLOODSHOT from pepper-sprayed crying.

AMANDA SQUIRMS but TOOLE GRIPS her MASCARA-STREAKED FACE.

AMANDA  
(in closeup view)  
Just keep the camera rolling... you  
fucking freak.

Toole SNAPS, BITES into her shoulder -- She SCREAMS in pain.

Before the horrified Passengers, FLESH hugely leans in ON THE SCREEN. He smiles with bloody pointed teeth as he licks... caresses the wounded Amanda.

FLESH (ON SCREEN)  
She's still alive. I will let her --  
and you -- live, if this plane lands in  
Haiti. You have two minutes to turn  
this plane around.

The video ends. The MOVIE SCREEN goes BLACK.

DR. GEE  
(almost hysterical, to Des)  
De fuck we gonna do? Muthafucka wiped  
mah crew!

Des SNAPS the end off a hockey stick under a seat, holds it like a wicked jagged spear before the Sergeant.

DES  
We've just got to help her!

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(eyes the point, then Des)  
Now's the time. Just me 'n you, soldier.

He reaches into his pocket for his cigar.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(to Dr. Gee)  
You gotta have a match.

DR. GEE  
 Ah stoke but ah don't smoke. Stuff'll  
 kill ya.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 Goddamn it.

147 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Hearing RADIO STATIC, Mike pilots the plane through the storm, windows streaked with rain. The on-board phone rings.

MIKE  
 Don't answer that!

But Jimmy grabs it anyway.

JIMMY  
 (into phone)  
 Cockpit.

148 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - GALLEY - NIGHT

INTERCUT THE PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN KIMBETH AND JIMMY.

KIMBETH  
 What the hell are you doing locked in  
 there?!

JIMMY  
 Just... hold on the best you can.  
 We're headed back to Miami.

KIMBETH  
 Hold on?! If you don't get this plane  
 to Haiti, we're all going to DIE!

Kimbeth taps the receiver... The phone's dead.

149 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Mike turns, holding the phone he ripped from the console.

MIKE  
 What'd I tell you?

JIMMY  
 Yeah, but...

MIKE  
 Hold the gun on the fucking door! And  
 shoot anybody that tries to get in.

Turbulence rocks the plane. Mike grips the controls. Rain pounds the window. LIGHTNING FLASHES. THUNDER and RADIO

STATIC fill the air. Jimmy is lost in guilt.

JIMMY

Mike, I... can't take this any longer.  
I've got to go out there and help.

Mike turns. He notices Jimmy holding the gun.

MIKE

Give it to me.

Jimmy hesitates. Mike stares at Jimmy, suddenly twists the gun out of Jimmy's hand.

JIMMY

I'm still going to go help those  
passengers.

Jimmy rises from his seat.

MIKE

Get away from that door! You touch  
that door and I'll shoot!

Mike aims the gun as Jimmy steps to the door.

JIMMY

Then go ahead. Shoot me.

Jimmy reaches for the door latch... BLAMM! Mike SHOTS him  
in the back... Jimmy drops to the floor.

MIKE

(sweating)  
They're out there! We're in here!  
Where it's safe!

Mike turns back to the instrument panel.

150 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

The RADAR SCREEN showing the 747 returning to Miami holds  
the concentrated attention of Detective Tarczinski, Chief  
Sears, Lincoln Frazee and the...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

(into mic)

Overseas 6-6-6, do you read? Repeat,  
Overseas 6-6-6, do you copy?...

Nothing but STATIC floods the transmission.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

What do we do now?

Lincoln Frazee turns to Detective Tarczinski, sheepishly conceding the decision-making to him. The Detective nods crisply, checking the radar screen.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
How far out are they?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
If they maintain their current course...  
thirty, maybe forty minutes.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
(to Lincoln Frazee)  
Call the Dade County National Guard.  
And get me a flamethrower.

LINCOLN  
A flamethrower?

Everyone looks to the Detective like he's nuts.

LINCOLN  
It's two-thirty in the morning, sir.

The Detective glares at Frazee... who nods "okay", quickly presses the buttons of a phone...

151 INT. 747 - FRONT OF MID-COACH - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

In DARKNESS with just the dull roar of jet flight... the Samurai Sword slowly comes into view, wielded by the Sergeant Major stepping down into Coach. Des, pointed hockey stick spear in hand, follows nervously at his side. Their heads swivel, eyes anxiously peeled for the KILLERS.

AMANDA (O.S.)  
(weakly)  
Help...!

Des and the Sergeant slowly move deeper into Coach toward the call. They walk back-to-back as they skulk up the aisle. The Sergeant leads the way with his Sword drawn.

DES  
I've never killed a person before.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
You'll like it. It's therapeutic.

The Killers are nowhere to be seen. Des' eyes WIDEN --

DES  
BOGIE approaching from the rear!

DES' P.O.V. -- It's TOOLE! The beefy maniac CACKLES like a

HYENA, bulldozing up the aisle toward Des.

The Sergeant Major spins, faces Toole -- And now --

DES' P.O.V. -- Des is face-to-face with FLESH whose lips twist in an enigmatic smile. He advances toward Des, but...

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(to Des)  
HIT THE FLOOR, SON!

Des drops to the floor. The Sergeant SPINS and TWIRLS the SAMURAI SWORD like a HELICOPTER BLADE keeping the Killers at bay.

Toole reaches out for the BLADE... too close... It CUTS his right HAND OFF at the WRIST! The STUB gushes FLUORESCENT YELLOW EMBALMING FLUID. Stunned, Toole writhes back...

The Sergeant Major swivels after Flesh... BUT Flesh is too FAST. He DARTS around the cabin.

Des crawls between seats to the other aisle, abruptly faces Amanda's pain-ridden grimace...

DES  
(helps her up on a seat)  
SERGEANT MAJOR! SHE'S STILL ALIVE!

The Sergeant eyes them, then nods back to the stairway.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Fall back, NOW!

Des helps Amanda up, reaches for his hockey stick spear on the aisle floor, can't lift it... looks up... Toole's standing on Des' weapon. With his carnivore grin, Toole hunches for the kill, reaches for Des and Amanda --

TOOLE  
Need a hand?

But the CHARGE-hollering Sergeant leaps across center seats, jumps down, SUDDENLY THRUSTS the SAMURAI SWORD into Toole's gut. Yellow embalming fluid OOZES... Toole grabs the blade, all 350 pounds of him PIVOTS -- The long blade SNAPS.

Shocked, desperate -- Des and the Sergeant look left and right, forced to back up to the boarding door.

Toole and Flesh close in, smile like sly maniacs... The dazed Amanda is just an afterthought slumped in a seat.

Des and the Sergeant Major are trapped, with the relentless Flesh and Toole closing in on either side of them.

SERGEANT MAJOR

I never thought I'd end up in somebody's stool.

The Killers stalk CLOSER...

Des quickly glances around, looks back. DES' P.O.V. -- The BLACKENED CRACKED LATCH barely holds the BOARDING DOOR shut.

Toole CHARGES up like a locomotive --

At the last second, Des YANKS the Sarge towards the stairway.

The entire 350-POUND MASS of CHARGING UGLY ZOMBIE TOOLE **SLAMS!** into the weakened door which finally gives --

IT EXPLODES OPEN with a HUGE SUCKING SOUND!

152 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

WARNING ALARMS SOUND! Mike fights the tiller as the plane LURCHES.

MIKE

MOTHER OF SHIT! We're losing cabin pressure in the Main Deck!

153 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Passengers buck like bull riders. Lights flicker.

154 INT. 747 - BOARDING DOOR - MID-COACH - NIGHT

Toole leans in to fight against the sudden SUCTION -- his ONE HAND gripping the edge of the open doorway -- he crazily waves his arm stump OOZING yellow fluid...

He gapes at his own severed right hand sliding on the floor between his feet... sucked right out of the ROARING plane.

Toole's BASHED by everything being WHOOSHED out the open door -- Even the goldfish waterbag bursts in his face -- Dropped oxygen masks wave over all the seats --

Des and the Sergeant lay opposite each other on the aisle, fighting for dear life to hold onto bolted chair legs --

SERGEANT MAJOR

Owe you one! Oughta promote you to Combat Company --

The Sergeant feels a yank -- looks down, sees the severed Mother's arm gripping his pant leg! He kicks it off and it flies behind some seats.

Flesh hangs onto a seatback, trying not to be sucked out during the ROARING DEPRESSURIZATION, battered by carry-on bags and loose items collecting around him.

Des is SLAMMED by a food cart -- He loses his fingertip grip -- His receding hand is suddenly caught just in time by the Sergeant's hand --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
HOLD ON!!

With sheer bullheaded stubbornness, the huge Toole maintains his meaty one-handed grip, HOWLING with horrible determination -- Step by step, he's moving away from the open door --

The BATTERED food cart ROCKETS INTO HIS BODY --

Toole loses his GRIP -- He CACKLES, and with a HYENA HOWL he's SUCKED out the door and into the dark stormy sky --

Flesh jammed by debris, reaches out and WAILS --

FLESH  
NOOOOOOOO!!!!

The Sergeant sees a shaky Amanda stumbling, fighting hand over hand, determined to get closer and closer to them --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
GO BACK! I got him -- !

The Sergeant Major tries to hold on tight to Des, not to let him be dragged and sucked out the open door --

She moves closer to them, seat by seat -- like she's determined to help them. She reaches out --

Des reaches out his other hand for her to grab -- But she barely glances at him as she reaches for her camera jammed on a nearby seat. Flustered, Des clamps onto a seat leg --

Everything suddenly TILTS DOWNWARDS --

155 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Mike is pushing the shuddering plane in a dive.

156 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Passengers TUMBLE chaotically down the inclined floor --

157 EXT. 747 - ROARING DIVE IN STORMY SKY - NIGHT

MIKE (O.S.)  
...altitude... ten thousand feet!...



158 INT. 747 - BOARDING DOOR - MID-COACH - NIGHT

The sucking stops... The plane levels...

SERGEANT MAJOR

Pilot's lowered altitude... cabin  
pressure's okay -- for now. We gotta  
get to the Upper Deck -- PRONTO!

Des gets up, catching his breath -- He and the Sergeant tug  
Amanda and her video camera, rush for the stairway.

159 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

SLAM! The floor door just slid back to allow Amanda, Des  
and the Sergeant Major to hustle up and in, breathless.

Amanda bitten and bleeding, collapses on a seat with her  
camera, passes out. Kimbeth brings a First Aid kit --

Robert Attenborough stares, curled up in a FETAL POSITION  
within the opposite row of seats.

Kimbeth looks at Des, like she's glad he made it. He nods  
back at her as he and the Sarge are surrounded by Passengers.

DR. GEE

Yo, heroes. D'ya kill dem zeroes?

DES

Toole's sucked outta the plane... think  
Flesh is still down there...

DUNCAN

We heard a gun shot coming from the  
cockpit. It's locked.

SERGEANT MAJOR

They had a gun this whole time?

A BLOOD-CURDLING FEMALE SCREAM makes them instantly turn to  
the rear of First Class.

KIMBETH

Sharon!

Kimbeth races toward the pregnant Sharon Kainoa.

The Sergeant Major grabs Des to head for the cockpit.

160 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - REAR - NIGHT

Sharon SCREAMS in pain. The little Yorkie HOWLS along with  
her. Felicity watches as au-pair girl Claire tends to  
Sharon in her final stages of labor. Angelique holds a

green oxygen canister with a mask. Mavis holds a bowl of boiling water. Kimbeth brings towels and the First Aid kit.

CLAIRE

I see the baby's head! -- Okay, now...  
PUSH!

161 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK - OUTSIDE THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

BANG! The Sergeant Major POUNDS on the door as Dr. Gee, Des and Duncan look on.

SERGEANT MAJOR

My name is Sergeant Major Richard Wright, Special Envoy to the United States Marine Corps! If you don't open up, I'll reach down your throat, grab your toes and pull you inside out! You PUKE?

NO ANSWER.

Frustrated, the Sergeant Major grabs the cigar in his pocket and turns to Des.

SERGEANT MAJOR

You got a light, son?

DES

No, sir.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Christ in a side car.

He removes the cigar from his mouth, replaces it back in his pocket and resumes BANGING on the cockpit door.

162 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Mike ignores the BANGING, pilots the 747 with a maniacal intensity. He flinches as a lightning bolt EXPLODES ahead.

On the floor, Jimmy lies motionless bleeding from the gunshot wound.

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)

Open up, flyboy, or I'll squeeze your nuts so hard, you'll be singing soprano in the Vienna Boys' Choir!

Jimmy stirs, shifts slightly. He strains, opens an eye. With a supreme effort he unlatches the door, allowing the Sergeant Major to BURST in! He fumes at Mike...

SERGEANT MAJOR

You're in shit up to your nose hairs,  
mister!

Mike flicks a switch -- the Auto-Pilot light flashes GREEN  
-- He jumps to his feet and pivots, gripping his gun. Des,  
Dr. Gee, Duncan and the Sergeant Major back off.

MIKE

No, you're the one in shit! Come any  
closer and I'll shoot!

SERGEANT MAJOR

A flyboy pulled a gun on me once...

MIKE

Shuttup! Move out!

Mike backs the Sergeant Major out of the cockpit.

DES

(stands by cockpit door)  
You had a gun all this time and you  
stayed locked in there?!

MIKE

If I don't fly this plane, nobody  
lives! Besides, the cockpit's the  
safest place!

Mike tries to close the door... but Des sticks his foot in  
the door and forces it back open. Mike glares at Des. But  
Des doesn't move.

DES

There are people dying out there, man!

MIKE

I will shoot you!

Mike aims the gun at Des, ready to fire. Duncan SLAMS the  
cockpit's door on Mike's hand. Mike grimaces in pain. The  
Sergeant YANKS Mike out by the arm, to FIGHT in the --

163 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - FRONT - NIGHT

SERGEANT MAJOR

Ya need some sense beat into ya.

They BATTLE for the gun that Mike will never let go. They  
SLAM into the wall... The gun aims in dangerous directions.

Des, Dr. Gee and Duncan want to join in the struggle but  
have to jump out of the gun's moving aim --

BLAMM! The bullet sparking RICOCHETS off a bulkhead, zips through several seats in a row.

Des, Dr. Gee and Duncan hustle back, get the stunned Passengers to hit the deck behind seats.

Mike twists free, puts the gun to the Sergeant's temple.

MIKE

In accordance with the Geneva Convention, we're in international air space! You're jeopardizing the safety of everyone on this plane! Therefore, you're dead, RAMBO!

Mike's about to pull the trigger, but the Sergeant whirls, and in their grapple... their bodies SLAM into a wall panel, hit a button and the floor door SLIDES OPEN --

Mike and the Sergeant tumble down the stairway fighting. The gun goes off -- BLAMM!

Des, Dr. Gee and Duncan gasp with big eyes --

164 INT. 747 - STAIRWAY - FRONT OF MID-COACH - NIGHT

Mike and the Sergeant are a fighting tangle. FLESH looms over them, can't decide which to grab, he just lunges with open hands --

Des and Dr. Gee gape from above, Duncan jumps down some steps and reaches -- as the Sergeant STOMPS Flesh in the face --

DUNCAN

BACK UP, SARGE!

The Sergeant scrambles back up the stairway, into the Upper Deck... hits the button and the floor door SLIDES SHUT.

Flesh grasps the groggy Mike, looks up at the shut door.

FLESH

Looks like they don't like you.

Mike SHOOTS into Flesh's gut. Flesh winces but doesn't die.

FLESH

Now I don't like you.

His grin spreads to reveal a nasty set of teeth that SNAP. The wide-eyed Mike opens his mouth in a silent scream --

SMASH CUT:

165 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

SCREAMING rips the air! It's Sharon who's giving birth...

Kimbeth, Mavis, Felicity and Angelique turn to hear muffled o.s. screaming that suddenly stops. Oblivious, an exhausted Sharon Kainoa cradles her newborn baby and smiles with joy.

CLAIRE  
(tending closely)  
It's a girl!

The Sergeant gasps, catches his breath by the shut floor door. He checks himself, and "Goddamn", discovers a bullet hole just below his crotch. Kimbeth leans in.

KIMBETH  
My God, what happened?

DR. GEE  
Pilot's insane, tried to turn G.I. Joe  
into G.I. Jane --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Yeah. Now you can call that flyboy a  
cannibal snack.

KIMBETH  
Mike?

DUNCAN  
Yo, whoa. I don't mean to wake anybody  
up here, but who's flying the plane?

They all look at one another. Kimbeth heads for the cockpit. Everyone on her heels --

166 EXT. 747 - STORM - NIGHT

The plane knifes through the storm.

167 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kimbeth, Des, Duncan, Dr. Gee and the Sergeant Major enter to see both pilot seats empty. Jimmy lies on the floor...

KIMBETH  
(kneels beside Jimmy)  
Jimmy!?

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(crouching near him)  
He's out of it.

DR. GEE  
 (sees the...)  
 Shit-kickin' stormin' sky! Now who can  
 fly?!

Everyone looks to the Sergeant Major.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 I'm infantry, not a pilot.

KIMBETH  
 It's all run by computers.

Des and Duncan approach the instrument panels.

KIMBETH  
 Don't touch anything -- For now, we're  
 still on auto-pilot. If all goes well,  
 this thing'll pull up to the gate, cut  
 the engines and pat us on the back.

The Auto-Pilot light flashes green. The plane SHUDDERS.  
 Then the light's intermittent, FLASHES RED...

KIMBETH  
 (worried)  
 ... I think.

DES  
 I know Sega-Genesis Dogfight Masters.

DUNCAN  
 I know Nintendo Top Gun.

Des and Duncan climb into the pilot and co-pilot seats and  
 buckle up. Kimbeth stares nervously at the control panel.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 (searches through cockpit)  
 The pilot had a gun. There might be  
 other weapons in here.

The Sergeant Major finds a FLARE GUN in a cabinet. He  
 shoves the gun into his belt.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 (to Des and Duncan)  
 I didn't live this long to be killed  
 by civilians. Don't let me down, boys.

Duncan turns and gives the Sergeant Major a "THUMBS-UP".  
 The Sergeant puts a hand on Duncan's shoulder, winks.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 I'm countin' on you, son.

The Sergeant moves out of the cockpit --

Des and Duncan sit in the pilots' seats, flying into the heart of the storm. Duncan reaches for a switch... Des bats Duncan's hand away.

The "Auto-Pilot" light glows steadily GREEN. It flickers RED. Duncan eyes Des like, "See? We need to do something!"

KIMBETH  
(holding radio receiver)  
Does anybody read me?! Is anybody  
down there?! This is Overseas Air  
flight 6-6-6!

But there's ONLY STATIC.

168 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - FLOOR DOOR - NIGHT

The Sergeant Major waves the flare gun before Dr. Gee who follows it with his eyes.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
A good defense is an offence. I'm goin'  
down to terminate that freak. You round  
up everybody... secure our position here  
and the cockpit till we land. Got it?

DR. GEE  
Aye, aye, Cap'n. A flare gun? **'Scuse  
me?!** Dam, knew I shoulda brought ma Uzi.

The Sergeant rolls his eyes.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(removes cigar from pocket)  
Do you...

DR. GEE  
(annoyed)  
Yo, how many times I gotta tell you NO!  
I look like a suckah, ya dumb ass  
motherfuh --

The Sergeant grabs Dr. Gee by the throat... SQUEEZES... and lifts him up. They are now eyeball to eyeball.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(mean)  
Watch your mouth, sonny. What do you  
do, again?

DR. GEE  
 (tries a pacifying grin)  
 I'm a rapper.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 Hope they taught you well at the  
 supermarket.  
 (off Gee's apoplectic look)  
 Now press the button --

Dr. Gee shakes his head, doesn't want to open the floor door. The Sergeant glares at him. Dr. Gee presses the button... The door slides open...

Mavis and all the other Passengers fearfully step back from the silent open floor door that the Sergeant is guarding with the flare gun aimed down.

NEAR THE BACK, Dr. Gee gets his two hotties, Felicity and Angelique, to hide in a coat closet. He raises his gun case.

DR. GEE  
 Not a peep, jus' keep. Stay outta sight  
 till we land this flight. Ain't right  
 they took mah crew, sure ain't takin' you.

He opens the case... reveals a platinum rapper's microphone and mic stand with a three-prong base, encased like a rifle.

He grips his wicked microphone stand with two hands, protectively poses heroic as the closet door quietly closes.

DR. GEE  
 De Gee's here with his spear!

As Sharon rests, behind at the GALLEY... Claire finishes bathing the newborn Baby. She gently towels off the Baby, bundles it in a fresh towel on the Galley counter...

AT THE METAL FLOOR DOOR, the fearful Passengers expectantly stare. They all have their BACKS TURNED TO THE GALLEY...

...where the DUMBWAITER DOOR quietly opens... to reveal FLESH drooling ugly, hunched inside.

Flesh emerges, rises menacingly as he looks at the backs of the Passengers intently watching the floor door.

FLESH  
 Anyone care for a bite?

The Passengers whip around -- huddle back in fear!

The Sergeant pushes through them, his flare gun raised --



But Claire abruptly comes round the Galley, stops in open-mouthed SHOCK as Flesh reaches for the BABY --

CLAIRE  
(charges Flesh)  
GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU ASSHOLE!

Her momentum hurls her and Flesh behind the Galley.

The Passengers hear Flesh ROARING with ANGER... THUMP.  
SILENCE.

FLESH reappears... NOW CRADLING THE BABY IN HIS ARMS!  
The Baby begins to CRY.

Sharon hears the crying... helplessly reaches...

SHARON  
My Baby!

Flesh tickles under the Baby's chin, and smiles...

FLESH  
Kitchy, kitchy, kooo.

Sharon SCREAMS as she pulls off the oxygen mask, drags herself to her feet... She stumbles toward the maniac, but collapses... The oxygen canister continues HISSING...

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)  
Drop the baby, psycho! Nice 'n  
slow.

FLESH'S P.O.V. -- The Sergeant Major is standing at the open stairway, pointing the big FLARE GUN at him.

Dr. Gee moves in with his mic stand, holding the heavy base raised like a three-pronged ax, to support the Sergeant --

Flesh holds the Baby like a human shield. The BABY CRIES CONTINUOUSLY!

FLESH  
Why don't you drop your useless weapons,  
instead?

DR. GEE  
Cannibull trash, kiss mah black ass.

Flesh slowly walks from the Galley straight toward the Sergeant Major holding the flare gun aimed at him.

FLESH  
(licks his lips, to Dr. Gee)  
Maybe later.

Sharon crawls after Flesh... crying, desperately expressing "Please give me my baby!"

FLESH  
 (continues walking)  
 I know. Let's play a game. How 'bout Truth or Dare?

Flesh is making his way towards the Sergeant and Dr. Gee both forced to back up to the open stairway.

FLESH  
 I DARE you to shoot, because the TRUTH is I'm gonna EAT this baby!

The Sergeant can't get a clear shot past the waved Baby.

SUDDENLY -- ROBERT steps between Flesh and the Sergeant Major. Flesh is SHOCKED to see his brother.

FLESH  
 Robert?!

SERGEANT MAJOR  
 (to Robert)  
 You're in my line of FIRE, ASSHOLE.

ROBERT  
 Charles, please stop this... What would Mother say?

FLESH  
 Oh, Mother... How is dear old Mum?

Dr. Gee takes a step toward Flesh, mic base raised --

FLESH  
 (to Dr. Gee, holds up Baby)  
 No, no...

Gee steps back, tense...

ROBERT  
 She was at your execution.

FLESH  
 I didn't see her.

ROBERT  
 Well, not all of her... Her ARM. She was always reading about you two!... I saved only her arm from the fire.

FLESH

You jealous little shit! Didn't like all the attention she gave me and Toole, huh? You killed Mum -- and just kept her arm?!

SERGEANT MAJOR

This is a Hallmark moment.

ROBERT

Yes, I kept -- NO, I DIDN'T kill Mum!

Flesh suddenly LAUGHS wickedly. The others look HORRIFIED.

FLESH

Good riddance. She didn't feed us enough neighbors.

ROBERT

(upset, angry)  
Stop it! Don't talk about Mother that way!

FLESH

Our Mother was a BITCH!

ROBERT

NOOOOOOOOO!

Robert CHARGES at FLESH.

With one quick SWIPE from Flesh's hand and a sickening CRUNCH, Robert's flung to the floor between some seats.

FLESH

We got a little Cain and Abel thing happening here.

Flesh opens his mouth wide. He slowly raises the Baby to his mouth. The Baby CRIES.

SERGEANT MAJOR

You sick bastard.

THE BABY is practically in Flesh's MOUTH...

Dr. Gee turns his head, finding it unbearable to watch.

SHARON

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Baby cries. Flesh DROOLS on the child, ready to BITE...

Then... SUDDENLY! Over Flesh's shoulder, fingers crawl... MUM'S HAND -- abruptly **GRIPS** FLESH BY THE THROAT!

STARTLED, FLESH DROPS THE BABY!

KIMBETH, coming from the direction of the cockpit, DIVES in SLOW MOTION TO THE FLOOR -- stretching out to make a miraculous CATCH of the Baby! She clutches the newborn child and rolls away from Flesh.

Flesh gags, struggles with the HAND! He YANKS it -- recognizes the tarnished ring and Voodoo amulet it wears...

FLESH  
(to hand)  
Mum?

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Another Hallmark moment.  
(to Flesh)  
Time to die, asshole!

The Sergeant swerves and FIRES! The flare hits Flesh square in the chest, jolting the Hand off as Flesh absorbs the hit with a horrible grimace.

FLESH  
(looks up low and angry)  
You just gave me heartburn. Now  
I'm really upset.

The flare BURNS in Flesh's torso -- The Sergeant pile drives his FIST into Flesh's face, KNOCKS him down the open stairway.

Dr. Gee sees and hefts the hissing oxygen canister, sees its warning symbols, runs to the top of the stairway.

DR. GEE'S P.O.V. -- Flesh at the bottom of the steps, his stomach BURNING.

DR. GEE  
Truth or Dare this, BITCH! Suck dis air  
to boom that flare!

He rears back to throw the oxygen canister.

The Sergeant Major rushes forward to stop him.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
NO, DON'T! --

Too late. Dr. Gee lets it fly...

SERGEANT MAJOR  
**FIRE in the HOLE!**

As he hits the deck -- **BOOM!** A DEAFENING EXPLOSION and FIREBALL! Everyone's BLASTED back -- The entire plane rocks.

169 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Des and Duncan are visibly shaken. They wrestle with the tillers as the plane banks violently.

CLOSEUP ON THE AUTO-PILOT LIGHT -- It FLASHES RED-RED-RED. The plane SHUDDERS... The lights go off. Emergency power switches on. Alarm BUZZERS sound.

DUNCAN

What the hell're you doing, man?

DES

In a barrel roll, you jam thrusters!

DUNCAN

With Sega maybe, but not in Nintendo!  
You give it opposite rudder!

Duncan steps on the right pedal. The plane SCREAMS in a severe bank, but finally rights itself.

DES

Wow!

DUNCAN

Cool... It really works.

Des does a double takes at Duncan.

170 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

Detective Tarczinski, Chief Sears, Lincoln Frazee and the Air Traffic Controller are gathered around the radar screen.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

**THERE!**... Flight 6-6-6 just swerved into the neighborhood. Not flying right...

Lincoln Frazee immediately grabs the mic.

LINCOLN

Attention all air traffic in the vicinity of Miami International. We have a 747 inbound on emergency landing. Repeat, inbound on emergency landing... begin vectoring. American 4-6-7, left heading 1-8 -- hold that Avalon. Delta 6-5-1...

171 INT. 747 - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - COCKPIT - NIGHT

It's dark. Eerie. The reflection of flames from downstairs flicker. The Sergeant Major and Dr. Gee come to, rise...

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(presses wall button in vain)  
Floor door's jammed open!

Kimbeth quickly looks around, addresses the survivors --

KIMBETH  
The last safe place is the cockpit and  
crew rest area! Now calmly... let's GO!

Almost feeling her way, Kimbeth guides Mavis, Sharon and her Baby past the top of the now empty stairway and toward the cockpit door.

MAVIS  
I can't find my Schatzie!

KIMBETH  
Don't worry, we'll find him after we  
land.

The Sergeant carries Amanda to the cockpit door. Kimbeth and Dr. Gee carry Claire...

The Sergeant comes back, sees Robert lying between seats.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
(leans in close to his face)  
You and your brother can talk it out.

Suddenly from the semi-darkness -- a spidery grip latches onto the Sergeant's face -- Robert's Mother's severed HAND!

SERGEANT MAJOR  
Ngh! -- Love hand to hand combat!

He grabs the HAND by its wrist and JUMPS to his feet -- But the Hand won't let go, GRIPPING HIS FACE! He wrestles with it, bumps back into the --

172 INT. 747 - GALLEY - UPPER DECK FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

The Sergeant yanks the Hand off his face, sees the microwave -- muscles the HAND into it, SLAMS the door.

The TRAPPED HAND frantically searches for an exit. The Sergeant punches BEEPING buttons, then "START" --

The light goes on... the MICROWAVE starts HUMMING on "High" ... the HAND COOKS!

SERGEANT MAJOR  
There's nothing like Mom's cooking.

The writhing Hand POUNDS behind the door of the microwave which intensely HUMS like it's going to explode.

The Sergeant hustles away -- and up to Dr. Gee coming from the cockpit.

SERGEANT MAJOR  
I gotta go down -- get the gun -- make  
sure dead means "**DEAD**" --

The Sergeant LEAPS down the stairway, disappears into rising FLAMES with a gung ho Marine shout --

SERGEANT MAJOR  
*Semper Fi!*

Dr. Gee's face REACTS -- lit in reflections of FIRE -- He stares at the stairway's growing FLAMES.

173 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kimbeth yells into the radio receiver.

KIMBETH  
Tower! -- This is Overseas 6-6-6!  
Anybody read me? We're approaching  
Miami International Airport! Please,  
help... ANYBODY!

Des and Duncan fly the plane through the TWISTING CLOUDS.

Dr. Gee stumbles into the cockpit, hangs on between the pilots' seats.

DR. GEE  
Keep cool. But ya gotta care -- We  
gotz a FIRE back there!

Kimbeth quickly shuts, locks the cockpit door. She glances at the remaining passengers: Mavis and Sharon with her Baby huddled close to Amanda and Claire laying unconscious on the bunk in the Pilots' Crew Rest area angled behind the cockpit.

KIMBETH  
Everyone left on this plane is here...  
except...

DR. GEE  
Mah babes be layin' low, no show.

DUNCAN  
Where's the Sergeant?

Dr. Gee puts a hand on Duncan's shoulder.

DR. GEE  
Had class... saved our ass.  
(sorry to say...)  
Jumped into flame, to end the game.

Duncan looks devastated... The plane drops suddenly,  
SHUDDERING... Duncan remembers...

SERGEANT MAJOR (V.O.)  
I'm countin' on you, son.

Duncan grips the controls with determination. The plane  
suddenly recovers, levels off.

Des flips a switch.

DES  
Lowering the landing gear!

DUNCAN  
Check the three-green!

DES  
What?

DUNCAN  
The three-green. If they aren't all  
lit, the landing gear's not down!  
(beat)  
They're not lit!

Duncan kicks the switch with his foot. Des grabs him.

DES  
Watch out! That's a reverse thruster!  
Wanna land in the ocean?!

174 EXT. 747 - FLYING LOW - STORMY BLACK OCEAN - NIGHT

The 747 THUNDERS HUGELY, MAGNIFICENTLY -- RIGHT BY US WITH  
FIRE FLICKERING in some WINDOWS -- rain-whipped and gleaming  
in LIGHTNING -- ROARS between storm clouds, veers right over  
raging massive black ocean waves.

175 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

DUNCAN  
Gotta dump the fuel. Or we're toast.



DES  
Where's the dump-fuel switch?!

Des and Duncan look for the switch, see two identical switches  
... They're not sure "which one"... Duncan looks at Des.

DES  
Eenee, meanie, minee...

Duncan suddenly throws the switch on the right...

DUNCAN  
Moe.

He got it right! A "FUEL EJECT" button lights up.

DR. GEE  
Don't fake it. We gonna make it?

DES  
Hell, yes, we're gonna make it!  
Altitude three thousand... twenty-five  
hundred... two thousand! Extend  
flaps!  
(to Duncan)  
Are you sure?

DUNCAN  
No. But LET'S DO IT ANYWAY!  
(turns to Dr. Gee)  
Sorry didn't make it to your show.  
Maybe I can get an autograph?

DR. GEE  
Yo, mah man! Land this plane and you be  
rapping with the Gee on mah next CD!

Dr. Gee tries not to look FEARFUL as he looks up at the  
storm in the front windows --

176 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

Tarczinski, Chief Sears and Frazee gather around the --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
They're four miles out at three thousand  
feet, headed for 2-8 Left...

Lincoln Frazee speaks on the telephone.

LINCOLN  
Emergency landing on Runway 2-8 Left.  
Send in both companies and the  
ambulance... everything you've got!

177 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Frightened, Sharon and Mavis cry. Sharon hugs her Baby. Kimbeth tries to remain brave for them, points out the window.

KIMBETH

We're almost there!

178 EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - LANDING STRIPS - NIGHT

Through moving clouds, landing strip lights blink...

179 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TOWER - NIGHT

Tarczinski, Chief Sears, Lincoln Frazee and the Air Traffic Controller sight the plane as it emerges from the clouds.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

There they are!

The Detective bolts for the door. Police Chief Sears and Lincoln Frazee follow.

180 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Instrument lights flash, an ALARM SOUNDS --

DR. GEE

A'ight... Now that's no good, right?

Everyone in the cockpit sees the RUNWAY clearly for the first time.

EVERYONE

There it is!

DES

We've crossed the outer marker!

DUNCAN

Flaps down thirty degrees!

Des turns to Kimbeth.

DES

How're you doing?

KIMBETH

I've been better.

DES

Guess I won't make that wedding.

KIMBETH

Don't worry, they'll find another ring.

DES

Listen, when this all-niter's over...  
 (looks like he wants to say so  
 much to this admirable woman)  
 You... want to get breakfast somewhere?

KIMBETH

Sure.

DES

We gotta eat, don't we?

KIMBETH

(smiles)

Don't see how we can avoid it.

Suddenly. A loud BANG on the cockpit door... then ANOTHER.  
 The cockpit occupants exchange frantic looks.

DR. GEE

(pressing door, praying)

I wanna be dreamin' in bed, not in this  
 "Flight of the Living Dead"!

181 EXT. SKY - OVER MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

The 747 wobbles unsteadily as it approaches the runway.

182 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Detective Tarczinski, Chief Sears and Lincoln Frazee watch  
 the approach of the huge 747. The Detective clutches the  
 Bible tightly.

183 EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Firemen and Paramedics peer at the plane descending through  
 the clouds of rain. They switch on their emergency  
 equipment... expecting it to be used imminently.

184 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Des and Duncan struggle to guide the plane toward the  
 runway. In the flight engineer's seat, Kimbeth gives up on  
 the radio, expects an imminent crash, reaches for Mavis  
 apprehensively sitting close to Sharon with her Baby on the  
 side bunk where Amanda and Claire lay unconscious.

Suddenly -- **BANG!** The cockpit door CRACKS, SPLINTERS --

DES

Altitude nine hundred... eight  
 hundred... seven hundred...!

**BANG!** More splinters. **BANG!** The microphone stand **BASE BASHES** through **THE DOOR LIKE** a **BATTERING RAM!**

**BANG-BANG-BANG!** **THE COCKPIT DOOR BREAKS OPEN AND FLESH BURSTS THROUGH THE SHATTERED DOOR** gripping the mic stand!

Dr. Gee's thrown across the cockpit into the instrument console. In the doorway... **FLESH** hulks... ugly, scorched, torso **SMOKING BLACK** and **BURNT!**

**FLESH**

The service in First Class **STINKS!**

He smiles, **MIC STAND** now raised for a deadly **SPEARING --**

Dr. Gee scrambles from the console, mistakenly grabs the right-side thruster. The plane **VEERS** left.

**Flesh** is pitched to the left side -- The mic stand point **THUMPS**, jams deep into the bulkhead.

**Duncan** fights the controls to level the plane --

**DES**

Four hundred... three hundred...

**Flesh** stands up... pure **EVIL** in his eyes. **Des** leaps from his chair, yanks the mic stand shaft out of the bulkhead -- and **STABS** **Flesh** in the chest! **Flesh** falls back.

**DES**

(to everyone)

**GET OUT!**

**Mavis** hustles out with **Sharon** and her **Baby** -- **Kimbeth** pulls **Claire** -- **Dr. Gee** drags out **Amanda** still clutching her video camera -- all escaping out of the cockpit -- as **Flesh** grossly extracts the metal shaft, gross yellow liquid oozing... He turns to **Des**.

**FLESH**

You can't kill me. I'm already dead.

**DES**

'Was afraid you'd say that.

**Flesh** reaches for **Des** and grabs him.

**DUNCAN**

Two hundred... one hundred...!

The plane **HITS!**

**Flesh** and **Des** are **HURLED** grappling onto the console.

185 EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The OVERSEAS AIRWAYS 747 **SLAMS DOWN** onto the runway, its BELLY sliding in a THUNDERING SHOWER OF SPARKS on the wet tarmac... Listing to one side... skidding, SCRAPING... the spectacle illuminates the night.

186 INT. 747 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

SPARKS shoot past the window -- Des and Duncan try to hustle out of the cockpit, shouldering Jimmy --

Flesh GRIPS young Duncan's neck... CHOKING, killing him --

SUDDENLY! A SHOT RINGS OUT! FLESH IS HIT IN THE HEAD!

The Sergeant Major appears through the SMOKE from the fire below the stairway -- wielding the pilot's GUN. His face is sooty, his uniform smoking, burnt and torn, his arm gashed.

Flesh releases the GASPING Duncan and drops... only to grab him again. BLAMM! Another shot. Duncan breaks free.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Run, son -- This one's mine!

Duncan hesitates, then bolts from the cockpit... The Sergeant aims in Flesh's face.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Gun control is hitting your target.

Flesh SNARLS... the Sergeant pulls the trigger again. CLICK. Another CLICK. No more bullets.

Flesh rises, advances menacingly toward the Sergeant Major. SMOKE fills the cockpit as they lock in a deadly GRAPPLE...

187 EXT. RUNWAY - SMOKING 747 - NIGHT

The 747 has GROUND to a stop. Flames flare out from the burst windows of the front coach. The front of the plane is hidden in BILLOWING SMOKE.

Ambulances and fire trucks rush toward the plane. There's no movement. No sign of life whatsoever.

Then... surviving Passengers start emerging from the SMOKE ... Sharon and her Baby, the two Hotties and Dr. Gee... The Passengers have a few burn marks, some scorched clothes, but they're okay.

MAVIS

(cries)

I'm so glad we made it... But my poor Schatzie... I loved him so much.

Kimbeth comforts her... Des shoulders Jimmy out. Kimbeth helps Paramedics with Amanda and Claire...

Duncan stands facing the plane, calling out.

DUNCAN

Sergeant -- ! Sergeant Major!

Kimbeth pulls Duncan back, away from the SMOKING WRECKAGE.

188 EXT. TARMAC - 747 - NIGHT

Tarczinski, Chief Sears and Lincoln Frazee watch the Fire Crews and Paramedics close in on the 747.

LINCOLN

Do you think they're...?

CHIEF SEARS

The "Chelsea Cannibals"? Are they...?

All eyes turn to Detective Tarczinski... who gazes out at the runway.

He lifts his FLAMETHROWER and bolts across the runway for the 747 wreck.

Amanda, wounded on a gurney but ever the reporter, sits up shoos away Paramedics also tending Jimmy the copilot. She yanks out her intravenous tube, shoulders her news camera --

AMANDA

This story'll get me a Primetime Emmy for sure -- !

Paramedics place Sharon and her Baby on a stretcher and into an ambulance.

KIMBETH

What're you going to name your baby?

SHARON

Anything but Chelsea.

ON THE RUNWAY -- Paramedics scramble around the surviving Passengers. Duncan points.

DUNCAN

Look!

Everyone turns toward the plane...peering through the SMOKE.

EVERYONE'S P.O.V.. -- An imposing figure walks through the thick SMOKE... advancing toward them.. getting closer... closer... still CLOSER.

THE GROUP TAKES A STEP BACK.

The imposing figure continues towards the group... advancing from beneath the plane's scorched wing... obscured in shadow.

SUDDENLY! THE FIGURE LIGHTS A CIGAR ON HIS BURNING SLEEVE!

It's the Sergeant Major. His tattoos covered with soot. Face burnt slightly. But it's HIM nonetheless. The Sergeant takes a drag on his cigar. (Make that an extra-long drag on his cigar.) Enjoying the taste thoroughly.

Then... BARK! From under his shirt, the Sergeant Major pulls the YORKIE PUPPY!

MAVIS

BABY!

The Sergeant Major gives a little sneeze, emanates a Bruce Willis type of heroic smirk. Mavis gives him a sidelong glance, like that badass fightin' man gruffly has a soft spot that makes him attractive to her.

Des and Kimbeth look on as Duncan rushes up and stops to greet the Sergeant.

DUNCAN

You... okay?

SERGEANT MAJOR

I haven't had this much fun since Grenada!

Duncan impulsively hugs the Sergeant Major, father-son like. The Sergeant looks down at Duncan, glances aside... flips away his cigar. He pats Duncan roughly on the back. Then he holds Duncan at arms length... and salutes him.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Nice flyin', son.

He also gives a good ol' John Wayne salute and nod to Des.

Kimbeth takes Des' hand... They look deeply into each other's eyes. The Sergeant Major smiles.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Y'know, I met a girl once, in Kosovo...

They walk off the runway.

BY AN AMBULANCE gurney -- Claire stands in a neck brace, as Duncan holds her hand, facing her closely.

DUNCAN

How about we sail a slow ship to London?

In passing, the Sergeant gives an appreciative nod to Dr. Gee heroically cool between his two relieved Hotties.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Ya did real good, for a grocery wrapper.

Dr. Gee does a slow burn, opens his mouth to rap back --

SERGEANT MAJOR

(gruffly grins)

Yo, ahh... dude? Your rap's rude.

Gee double takes. Then Duncan steps in before him.

DUNCAN

Now, can I get that autograph?

Dr. Gee finds a pen in his scorched clothes. The pen's melted. He borrows a pen and clipboard off a Paramedic.

DR. GEE

(raps what he writes)

Yo, look 'ere, landin' a plane, have no fear, 'cause Duncan needs no landin' gear.

(looks up, grins)

Know what I'm sayin'? Signed... Dr. Gee Money, rap star extraordinaire. Come down live outta de air. 'Causa you 'n your crew moves, Dee!

Dr. Gee and Duncan groove through a rap handshake in sync.

DR. GEE

You on mah new rap CD -- *Zombie Posse!*

In the shadow of the ambulance, Robert Attenborough clutches his valise... He slips back in darkness.

Detective Tarczinski hustles up, wielding his FLAMETHROWER...

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI

Are those psychos still in there?

DES

Only one. The fat one got sucked out into the Atlantic.



The Detective activates the wicked FLAMETHROWER --

Some of the SMOKING WRECKAGE takes on HUMAN SHAPE -- It's FLESH on FIRE, crawling out -- RAGING onto the tarmac.

Detective Tarczinski runs to him and keeps BLASTING him with MASSIVE nonstop BURSTS of FLAMETHROWER FIRE.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
BURN! YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH! BURN!

FLESH, ENGULFED IN FLAMES, COLLAPSES... gruesomely BURNING.

Two FIREMEN tackle Detective Tarczinski and wrestle the flamethrower from him. Lincoln Frazee and Chief Sears arrive and pull the Firemen off the Detective.

FIREMAN  
This guy's crazy!

LINCOLN  
No, he's not.

DETECTIVE TARCZINSKI  
Burn! Burn! --  
(screaming)  
**BURN!**

He's facing what remains of the Flesh's burning body before the 747 SMOKING IN FLAMES.

CUT TO:

189 INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - FLIGHT COUNTER - NIGHT

Cleaned-up, Robert slips out of a washroom, approaches a flight counter, adjusts his glasses and uncertainly smiles.

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
When is the next flight to Haiti?

Walking away with his new plane ticket, Robert opens his valise... From inside, Mum's microwave scorched hand discreetly hands him a shred of burned flesh, like a strip of face, obviously human.

Robert walks away, puts it in his mouth and chews...

ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH  
Never knew people had such good taste.  
We'll just carry on, Mum, 'cause...  
(licks his lips with a new  
carnivorous gleam)  
Family is forever.

SMASH CUT:

190 EXT. BEAUTIFUL EMPTY BEACH - HAITI - DAY

SPLASHING OUT OF THE WATER, a big ugly hand claws its way up a beautiful empty beach... in Haiti.

The wet Toole survived the plunge, panting.

TOOLE

Big bad Voodoo Abutu... I'm back.

His sharp zombie teeth lustily grin.

TOOLE

And hungry. Time for a barbecue --  
(CLOSEUP at us)  
-- with you!

HUGE JAGGED TEETH SNAP AT US!! -- BLACK OUT.

CREDITS roll with hardcore rap **ZOMBIE POSSE** MUSIC!

POSSIBLE RAP LYRICS FOR THE END CREDIT ROLL

**ZOMBIE POSSE**

Composed by Lorenzo Orzari.

Just come 'n try n' bite me  
Ya muthafuckin' Zombie

Send you back t'yo ho mom, see  
Send ya back in a casket  
In a fuckin' paper basket  
In a zip-lock body bag, G

Burnt to the bone, 'Bie  
Like a bucketa chicken ribs, see  
Cause me 'n mah Posse got dibs, G  
On the power of de gun and de bomb, see

Ya muthafuckin' Zombie  
I ain't on the menu  
I'm Master Mike in the venue  
I got the fans in the can, man

Cause I'm da Doctah Gee  
We don't quit, see  
Fuckin' try to eat me  
Ya muthafuckin' Zombie?

You ain't never gonna beat me  
Ya dead beat sick, ya don't know dick  
Cause me 'n mah posse  
In de house, stomp yo mouse

Cause me, I'm the G — DOctah Gee  
Ah cut you like a surgeon  
Then I sit back with a 40 bourbon  
Mah hotties and mah homiez, see

Ya muthafuckin' Zombie  
Ya come anywhere near me  
I flip you on the Bar B  
Q, Baby! Enda you, fool ghoul  
Crap trap for me 'n mah crew!

Wanna get rough?  
You talkin' to the tough.

Ya muthafuckin' Zombie  
Ya messin' with de wrong G  
What ya think?  
I'm a FUNKY crunchy munchie?

*So out — I'm in.*  
**SEE YA!!**