

"DEAD SKY"

A short screenplay

by

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FIRST DRAFT
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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

A British Army Lynx helicopter flies low over London. The streets are in chaos and fires rage all over the city. It heads towards a ten-storey building.

From above, we see a man in military fatigues firing on a crowd of shambling figures with a machine gun. They continue on and overwhelm him.

Suddenly, a rocket fires from a pod on the side of the aircraft and the top of the buildings explodes, sending debris and bodies flying in all directions.

The helicopter flies on and we see the streets of London filled with shuffling forms. In the distance, an explosion is seen and smoke billows from all points of the compass.

The helicopter vanishes in one of the black plumes and emerges from the other side.

INT. LYNX HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot of the helicopter is CAPTAIN RODNEY ELLISON. Beside him sits his co-pilot, WARRANT OFFICER PHIL SMITH. Behind them, in the crew compartment, are seven soldiers, tending an officer.

PHIL

Jesus, captain, what's goin' on?

RODNEY

I don't know, Phil, but it looks like London's gone to hell in a hand basket.
(he glances around) Ask how the lieutenant's doing.

Phil looks around at the soldiers kneeling over their officer. He is bleeding from a wound on his left thigh and many layers of bandages have not stemmed the flow.

PHIL

How's he doing?

A MEDIC looks up at him.

MEDIC

Not good, sir. He's lost a lot of blood. We need to get him back to base.

PHIL

That's where we're headed now. ETA nine minutes. Will he last that long?

The medic shrugs and returns to tending his officer. Phil turns back to look out of the cockpit window as a massive explosion rips through the heart of the city.

Two Tornado jets streak through the sky directly ahead of the Lynx.

RODNEY

For fuck's sake! What are the madmen doing?

PHIL

Jesus, they're bombing London. Look!

We see the London Eye, by the Thames, buckle and contort, its latticework of beams and cables engulfed in flames. It keels over, splashing down into the river and sending a tidal wave erupting over the Embankment.

PHIL

This is insane. How did it all go so wrong so quickly?

Rodney doesn't reply, he just keeps his eyes on their course. Another explosion is seen in the distance and we hear the ROARING of distant jet engines.

Behind them, the officer moans. We WHIP PAN and see him trying to sit up, his face pale.

MEDIC

No, lieutenant. Stay down. Private, help me with him.

A PRIVATE grabs the lieutenant's shoulders and presses him back down to the floor.

PRIVATE

Shit, doc.

MEDIC

I know. Just keep him down while I try and stop the bleeding. Corporal, press down here - hard.

A CORPORAL leans over the lieutenant's legs and presses down onto some gauze, his hands soon becoming bloody.

MEDIC

Shit. Shit. SHIT! I've lost him.

Suddenly, the lieutenant lurches up, screeching. He sinks his teeth into the private's neck and dark blood spurts all over the cabin. The private reels backwards, banging against the bulkhead, his hands clutching at his throat.

CORPORAL

Fuckin' 'ell!

He lets go of the lieutenant's legs and the officer dives forward, his arms thrashing wildly. He catches the corporal clean on the temple and he bangs his head on a metal strut, dropping to the floor unconscious.

MEDIC

Come on, for fuck's sake! Get him down!

The remaining soldiers grab the lieutenant and struggle to hold him down. The medic jabs a needle into the officer's leg, but he continues thrashing around.

MEDIC

Fuck! That should have knocked out a horse!

We WHIP PAN back to the cockpit, where Rodney struggles with the flight controls.

RODNEY

What's going on back there? If you keep it up, I'm liable to crash this thing!

Phil looks around and his eyes widen at the carnage in the back. The lieutenant is still writhing, the corporal is still unconscious and the private is slumped, feebly clawing the gaping wound in his neck.

PHIL

Fuck me. Captain, look, for Christ's sake!

Rodney looks around and then returns his attention to flying the chopper.

RODNEY

Go help. I'll keep us airborne.

Phil unclips his safety belts and climbs around to the crew cabin. The medic quickly hands him a roll of bandages and points to the private. Phil carefully steps over the writhing lieutenant and kneels down beside the private, who is growing weaker.

PHIL

Alright, mate? Here, let me see.

He takes the soldier's hands and moves them away from his throat, exposing the bite wound inflicted by the officer. Blood is pouring out, coating the front of his uniform in sticky, dark red fluid.

Phil unrolls the bandage and wraps it around the private's neck several times.

PHIL

Here, now press against the wound.

He holds the private's hands against the bandage, but they flop back down. We hear a gurgle and the soldier's head lolls to one side.

PHIL

Fuck! Shit! (over his shoulder) I think he's had it, doc.

MEDIC

Okay. Leave him. See to the corporal.
(the lieutenant continues struggling
and screeching) For fuck's sake. Stop
it, man!

Phil crawls across to where the corporal is lying, an ugly gash on the side of his head. Phil checks for a pulse and breathes a sigh of relief.

PHIL

He seems okay. Just knocked out.

Suddenly, the private launches himself from the floor and grabs Phil. The cabin is now filled with screeching from two sources.

PHIL

Aaaargh! Get him off me! Get him the
fuck off!

The private bites down on Phil's shoulder, tearing through the thick uniform and drawing blood. His teeth clamp shut and he flicks his head back, ripping cloth and bloody flesh away. Phil screams and grabs for a nearby fire extinguisher.

PHIL

You fuckin' fucker! I'm gonna fuckin' do your fuckin' bastard 'ead in!

Phil swings the extinguisher and it strikes the private's head full in the face. His nose explodes and blood flies across the cabin again. He reels back, but continues screeching. Phil swings the extinguisher again, bringing it down hard on top of the soldier's head.

We hear the CRUNCH of bone shattering as the heavy extinguisher buries itself into the private's cranium. The helicopter lurches to one side and Phil falls onto the private.

PHIL

Get off! GET OFF ME!

He grabs the handle for the sliding door and pulls. The door RUMBLES open and we hear wind WHISTLING outside.

PHIL

Get the fuck out, you zombie twat!

Phil kicks at the private, who has stopped reaching for him, and the body slides out of the helicopter, falling to the streets far below. Phil struggles to push the door shut, but manages, and he slumps down, clutching his injured shoulder.

We hear a GUNSHOT and Phil jumps. One of the soldiers is standing over the lieutenant, who now has a neat bullet hole in the middle of his forehead, holding a sidearm. The officer is no longer writhing and screeching.

MEDIC

Jesus Christ, man! What the fuck are you doing?

SOLDIER

He had turned, doc. Nothing you could do for him.

The soldier calmly slides his pistol into the holster on his side and sits down, staring at Phil.

PHIL

Don't you fuckin' look at me like that, mate!

The medic gets up and crosses to Phil.

MEDIC

Let me look at that.

The medic winces as he examines the ugly wound on Phil's shoulder. He applies a bandage and places Phil's hand onto it.

MEDIC (CONT.)

Hold that hard. (sighs) Fuck. It's a bite, mate.

PHIL

I fuckin' know it's a bite, mate!

We CUT TO Rodney in the cockpit. He is looking at the London City Airport slowly growing closer below them.

RODNEY

City Airport, this is Army Lynx Bravo Niner-Four. We have injured men on board. Do we have clearance for landing and medical evacuation?

CONTROLLER

(O.S. over headset)

Negative, Bravo Niner-Four. Relay condition of injured personnel. Are any of them bitten?

RODNEY

City Airport, we have injured men aboard. Please allow for medical evacuation.

CONTROLLER

(O.S. over headset)

Are any of them bitten, Bravo Niner-Four?

RODNEY

Yes, dammit. Now clear us for landing.

CONTROLLER

(O.S. over headset)

Negative. Stand by.

There is a crackle as the transmission is cut off.

RODNEY

Bollocks.

He looks around and sees Phil holding his shoulder. Phil gives him a weak smile. The medic shakes his head.

RODNEY

We don't have permission to land yet.
We are going to circle for now. Can you hold on, Phil?

PHIL

You bet your fuckin' arse I can hold on, captain.

RODNEY

Good man. How's the lieutenant?

MEDIC

Dead, sir.

RODNEY

I'm sorry. (pause) Dump the body.

MEDIC

Sir?

RODNEY

Do it, sergeant! We want as little reason as possible for them to deny us permission for landing.

The medic nods grimly and gestures to the soldiers. They grab the lieutenant's body and drag it to the sliding door. One of them pulls it open and they push out their officer's body. Then the door slams shut once more.

The soldier who shot the lieutenant is still staring at Phil.

SOLDIER

He should go out as well.

PHIL

Fuck you, private! I ain't goin' nowhere.

The soldier looks to the medic.

SOLDIER

He's bitten, doc. He'll turn, just like the lieutenant and Jonesy.

The medic nods and looks to Phil.

PHIL

No fuckin' way, man! Captain! For fuck's sake! CAPTAIN!

Rodney is watching from the cockpit.

RODNEY

Phil! Calm down. Nobody's going to throw you out of here.

MEDIC

He's bitten, captain. You've seen what happens to people when they're bitten.

RODNEY

Yes, but they have to die first! You keep my man alive until we land. That's an order, sergeant!

MEDIC

Yes, sir.

The soldier shakes his head with disbelief. He stands and pulls out his pistol again. He aims it at Phil's head.

RODNEY

You put that weapon away now, private!

SOLDIER

Sir, they won't let us land with infected on board. You know that! He's dead already and if we do nothin' now, we'll all be dead too.

RODNEY

I said holster your sidearm.

Rodney is interrupted by a crackle in his headset.

CONTROLLER

(O.S. over headset)

Bravo Niner-Four, ascend to three-thousand AGL and await instructions.

RODNEY

Roger, City Airport. Ascending to
three-thousand.

Rodney turns back to the crew cabin.

RODNEY

Put it away, soldier. We're nearly
home.

Suddenly, there is a high-pitched WHOOSH and the cabin
erupts in flames.

EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

The helicopter EXPLODES in a billowing ball of flame.
Debris rains down onto the Thames, narrowly missing a cabin
cruiser slowly navigating the waterway. The two Tornado
fighters ROAR through the frame and disappear into the
distance.

As we watch the fiery remains of the Lynx falling from the
sky, another helicopter comes in to land at London City
Airport and we see the facility is surrounded by heavy
artillery, tanks and armoured vehicles.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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