

MONSTROUS

EXT. SKY OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A calm, clear night. High full moon. A single engine airplane crosses the sky. Cabin windows are completely dark. Its tail and wing lights flash. Along the tail, in black letters: "SCUAB"

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT

Moonlight, punctuated by the pulse of light from the wings, illuminates the darkness of the cabin of the 12-seater.

A WOMAN'S FACE, EYES WIDE IN FEAR, flashes by.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
(whispers)
Where is he? I can't see anything.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)
Stay close. We can't let him--

SCREAM -- unseen, another woman SCREAMS, then another--

In the last row of the plane sits MOIRA, 20s, redhead -- breathless and frantic, she keeps her eyes on the front of the shadowy cabin as she shoves a small digital camera into a zip lock bag. She seals it.

SLICING OF FLESH

Blood sprays against the seat and window next to Moira -- some of it splatters on her face.

Moira snatches a life vest from under her seat, presses the zip lock bag against it, whispers...

MOIRA
(in Gaelic)
Stay bound together.

A MALE VOICE ROARS IN ANGER

Moira bolts from her seat. The plane banks -- she is thrown against the fuselage. Blue-white moonlight reveals the terror on her face.

Moira clutches the yellow vest, and against the pull of gravity, hauls herself to the emergency door.

She throws the handle forward and pushes the door open -- wind rushes against her face; her long hair whips back into the cabin -- she inflates the vest before she puts it on--

Her head is yanked back -- WET RIPPING SOUND -- she lets out a GUTTURAL CRY OF PAIN as she is dragged backwards--

Her dismembered arm stays attached to the door handle -- blood sprays everywhere--

As she flails in her unseen assailant's grip, Moira stretches to reach the life vest with her feet -- before she's hauled out of reach, she kicks the vest out the door.

EXT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT

The life vest sails down towards the ocean, a hundred feet below the plummeting airplane, and hits the churning water.

The airplane careens in a slow spiral off into the distance. Bright flash followed by a CRACK and RUMBLE as if lightning and thunder has mysteriously marred the cloudless night.

The inflated vest rocks in the rise and fall of the ocean, as the WATER LAPS against it. The zip lock bag that holds the camera is still attached to its side.

EXT. ASTORIA APARTMENT BUILDING (NY) - DAY

On a littered side street in Queens, a ten-story residential building is sandwiched between an auto shop and a small novelty goods warehouse.

In the summer afternoon, the adjacent streets are filled with people heading home from work. A group of students gathers on the corner. An old woman in a black dress and scarf pushes a two-wheeled grocery cart.

A tall, narrow figure stands staring out of a fifth floor window of the building. The figure recedes and disappears from sight.

INT. HARRISON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

INHUMAN SCREECH

DAVID HARRISON, 20s, unshaven, hair a mess, face taut, eyes intensely focused as they track rapid movement.

LOW GROWL

Harrison opens his mouth, takes a sip from a straw that loops two feet to a bottle of beer in a holder secured to the arm of his seat. His hands grip a game controller that his fingers jab and flit over.

HARRISON

What the fuck are you doing?!

He leans in towards the large flat screen TV that he's seated right in front of.

ON TV SCREEN: A dilapidated grand ballroom in a video game -- a Werewolf and Griffin circle each other--

The Griffin's eagle head lets out an earsplitting SCREECH -- its immense wings flap once to lift its lion's torso ten feet off the floor--

The Werewolf leaps into the air and onto the Griffin's back -- with a flash of claws, it deftly swipes off the Griffin's head -- both creatures crash to the floor.

The Werewolf stands on its two massive hind legs, victorious, and ROARS.

BACK TO SCENE

Harrison lifts his hands into the air.

HARRISON

Yes! You are no match for Lycanus,
you mother fucking mythical piece
of--

Sounds from the TV of MOANS, RASPS, SHUFFLING

HARRISON

Oh hell no.

He snatches up the controller with renewed fervor.

HARRISON

No, no, no, no!

ON TV SCREEN: Two dozen Zombies surround the Werewolf and take it down.

BACK TO SCENE

HARRISON

Since when are zombies on this
level? Fuck this.

Harrison pushes back from the TV.

He is in a wheelchair. His powerful arms wrest the chair into a 180.