

ALIEN: AIRBORNE

rev 0.9 [Radio Edit]

Written by

Kendall Castor-Perry

Set in the world of Alien

kendall@castor-perry.com
+1 747 900 1138

INT. RESCUE VEHICLE 'LOMPOC' CONTROL ROOM

FX: AMBIENT SOUNDS OF RESCUE VEHICLE CONTROL ROOM.

COLONY AI
(through speakers)
*Self-destruct initiated... Three
minutes to detonation...*

FX: DISTANT, STUTTERING BURSTS OF HEAVY CANNON FIRE; IN THE GAPS BETWEEN BURSTS, SHRIEKS OF XENOMORPHS BEING SHREDDED.

CULLINAN
I fucking hope not, Mister Trier.

TRIER
Weyland-Yutani rescue rule number one. Don't let panicking colonists torch a trillion-credit colony. Of course I disabled the damn self-destruct, Lieutenant.

FX: MORE CANNON FIRE BURSTS AND XENOMORPH SHRIEKS.

CULLINAN
And you're sure the zenos won't burn through with their acid blood?

TRIER
New nanotechnology hull. They can spew their guts over the ship all day, they won't get through.

CULLINAN
The vent up there, that smoke coming in. What's burning?

TRIER
Fucks sake don't panic. I lubed up the cannons before we touched down. Always lube up before a bug-fuck, Lieutenant, don't they learn you that at officer school?

FX: FAINT SCURRYING SOUNDS.

TRIER (CONT'D)
And before you completely freak out, don't worry about them crawling through the ducting. All our services come through pipes less than an inch in diameter. We're safe in here. Safe as in one of your simulations.

FX: CHIME FROM THE CONTROL DESK.

TRIER (CONT'D)
Bingo. Surveillance drones in the
hangar. Let's take a look-see.

FX: SWITCH CLICK. MOTORS AS LARGE SCREEN RISES UP.

CULLINAN
That pile of bodies. Jeez, it's the
colonists. Are they...

TRIER
Checking infra-red...

FX: KEYBOARD SOUNDS, TRIER 'TSK'-ING.

TRIER (CONT'D)
Alive. Most of them are there.
That's good. Easy recovery.

CULLINAN
Wait, over there. Three zenos.
They're carrying people.

TRIER
Christ. It's almost like they don't
wanna hurt them... hey, what's
that, what's that, gonna zoom in.

FX: KEYBOARD SOUNDS.

CULLINAN
A fucking zeno mini-me. Can't be
more than two feet tall.

TRIER
And white. They are never white.
Gonna check the zeno catalog.

FX: KEYBOARD SOUNDS.

TRIER (CONT'D)
Nothing like that listed. Looks
kinda old. On its last legs.

CULLINAN
Ever seen an old zeno on a... a
real bug hunt?

TRIER
Hah. Course not. We air 'em out
when they're young and feisty.
That's our job.

CULLINAN

You got a sound feed? Turn it up.
They are doing something.

FX: KEYBOARD SOUNDS. ECHOIC AMBIENCE FROM THE HANGAR ADDS IN.
MOANING HUMAN SOUNDS FROM THE PILE. THEN HUMAN SCREAMS:

TRIER

Goddamn. They're kissing them--

FX: DREADFUL SCREAMS; SQUELCHING; CRUNCHING, FLESH TEARING AS
TONGUES ARE RIPPED FROM HUMAN MOUTHS.

CULLINAN

They've just cut out the fucking
tongues. Why do that? Ever seen
that before?

TRIER

That's all the colonists on the
pile now. Check out the old white
one, it's lying down by the pile.

CULLINAN

The three big zenos. The way
they're kneeling down. Like they're
in prayer. Zoom in closer.

FX: CHIME FROM THE CONTROL DESK.

TRIER

System's decrypted an old
restricted genetic analysis.
(sucks air in)
Shit.

CULLINAN

One zeno each side and one at the
top of the head. Like a cross.

TRIER

Shit. Shit. So, xenomorph
reproduction is asexual, right.
They must teach you that back home.

CULLINAN

Parthenogenetic, like aphids. The
queen lays eggs, they hatch,
sure... what are... they're holding
mini-me's head down...

TRIER

This here says they can breed.
Like, sexually.

CULLINAN

What, they fuck? Ridiculous, Trier.
(gasps)
Christ, look, they've jaw-punched
holes in mini-me's head...

TRIER

Maybe the worker zenos develop into
fertile males when they're old...

CULLINAN

... and its head has opened up,
like a big puffball. And there's
some kind of smoke coming out...

FX: DISTANT BURSTS OF CANNON FIRE. NO XENOMORPH SHRIEKING.

TRIER

... and spawn, like salmon, or
spore, like fungi, except...

CULLINAN

... look at this, Trier. That smoke
headed straight for the colonists,
like it knew... it's flowing right
into their mouths...

TRIER

... but what if their sperm, or
spores, are as infectious as their
(coughs)
... eggs... what the...

TRIER COUGHING FOR A MOMENT.

FX: SWITCHBLADE SOUND OF KNIFE OPENING WITHIN THE CONTROL
ROOM. STICKY WET SOUND OF FLESH BEING CUT.

CULLINAN

Jeez. The colonists are standing
up. Look at their mouths, Trier,
look what's coming out. They've got
double jaws, double fucking zeno
jaws. They're becoming fucking
human zenos! They'll use the colony
ships to leave the planet.

FX: FIST THUMPING ON CONTROL PANEL.

CULLINAN (CONT'D)

But... fuck it! If they're no
longer human, then we can take them
all out! Trier, send in the
disinfection drones. All of them.

(MORE)

CULLINAN (CONT'D)

(beat)
Now, Trier!

FX: AMBIENT RESCUE VEHICLE SOUNDS; KNIFE DROPS ON FLOOR.

CULLINAN (CONT'D)

Trier, your mouth, what the fuck's
happened. Wait. That smoke from the
vent... that's not grease, is it...

FX: LOW INHUMAN MOAN.

CULLINAN (CONT'D)

Trier, not you too...

FX: THE SQUELCH OF TRIER'S INNER XENOMORPH JAWS SMACKING INTO
CULLINAN'S MOUTH AND RIPPING OUT HIS TONGUE...

END 'AIRBORNE'