

INCUBATOR

Draft #3

Written by

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July 19, 2010
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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Luke sits in a dingy shower bath of a cheap motel, submerged in ice. He's a young man, completely unconscious and motionless.

The eyeballs under Luke's closed eyelids begin to wiggle as he comes alive. As soon as his eyes open, Luke panics.

He gasps for air and sits up as if his spine were a mouse trap. As he hyperventilates, Luke jumps to his feet and climbs out of the tub, hitting his head on the curtain rod.

He is barely able to keep his balance. The wet floor, hypothermia, and dizziness make him wobbly as a drunk. Luke's been left in only a pair of basketball shorts forcing him to shiver violently. He scans the bathroom quickly, completely unaware of his surroundings.

A fluorescent light flickers like the wings of a bug. The bath tub has the color of ice tea. He stumbles out of the bathroom and into...

INT. SINK - CONTINUOUS

...the sink area. He turns to the sink and mirror and discovers some troubling clues:

Written on the mirror in blood red lipstick is the word, "Thanks!" In the sink below the mirror is a collection of bloody surgical instruments.

Luke's eyes widen in fear as he tries to process the information. He instinctively grabs his chest and proceeds to feel his body, hoping to find everything is normal. But his worst fear has come true.

Luke's hand has stopped on a seven inch incision on his lower right side near his lower back. It's closed with staples and is surrounded by black and blue flesh.

LUKE

Oh my God...

He escapes from the bathroom...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...And into the bedroom. He runs to the door and grabs the handle. It turns, but doesn't budge. Luke yanks on the door with his limited strength, but it's no use.

LUKE

Help!

He pounds on the door.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Numerous cars pass by the hotel, drowning out any sound from Luke's room. In front of Luke's door is a maid's cart. Luke can be heard trying to open the door behind it.

At the floor is a block of wood screwed into the wall and door, making it impossible for Luke to escape.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Although Luke can't see his barricade, he soon realizes fighting the door is useless. He turns to the night stand and runs to the phone.

He puts the receiver up to his ear only to find the cord has been cut and dangles just above his chest. He throws the phone in frustration causing it to crash against the wall. This gives him an idea.

Luke slams himself into the wall and pounds on it with fists.

LUKE

Help! Help me!

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke's muffled scream can be heard in the dark empty room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke collapses on the opposite wall and pounds it with his dwindling strength.

LUKE

Please! Someone help me!

INT. OTHER BEDROOM #2- CONTINUOUS

The room looks identical to the first: dark and empty.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke turns to the window beside the door and runs to it. After drawing the curtains, he sees another large barricade covering the entire window, secured by large silver bolts.

He tries unscrewing the bolts but his fingers aren't strong enough. He leans in and bites down on the bolt with his teeth. As he bites and turns his head with all his force, he screams at the pain of his teeth grinding away. After one final push he gives up.

LUKE

Damn it!

Luke slams his fist onto the window.

CUT TO BLACK:

MOMENTS LATER

Luke sits on the bed, his head in his hands. He has no idea what to do. As he rubs his eyes and sighs, he notices the night stand drawer and opens it. He pulls out a copy of the Bible and smirks. Maybe God will hear him.

A sharp stabbing pain strikes Luke, forcing him to drop the Good Book. He clutches his side and screams in pain. Another shot hits him, even more intensely. He rolls over on his back in agony.

He looks down to see if something is wrong with his wound. There is.

A golf ball sized lump has formed and it's moving. From one end of the incision to the other, the lump wiggles and moves as if it were alive.

LUKE

Oh my god!

Luke jumps off the bed to his feet trying to escape from himself.

He screams in horror.

The lump punches at the wall of his side, trying to escape. The pain is extreme, causing Luke to keel over.

At his wits end, Luke throws his hands to his side and screams with all his remaining strength.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Help me! Please someone help me!

Another punch of agony sends Luke to the ground.

He looks at the wound. The lump is growing. Now the size of a baseball and instead of wiggling, it's continuously punching at the incision.

With each punch, Luke cries in pain. He doesn't know what to do.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Please! Stop! Stop it!

It continues to press on his incision trying to get out.

In complete agony and with no other choice, Luke grabs the bruised skin surrounding his wound and attempts to pull it apart.

Tears stream down his face as the creature inside him attempts to escape. Luke tries to rip the skin apart but the staples are too strong and the pain too great.

Weakened by trauma, Luke looks to the bathroom, his face deathly pale. He puts his hand forward and begins to crawl to the bathroom.

INT. SINK - CONTINUOUS

Luke makes it to the other room and reaches for the sink. He grabs a handful of bloody instruments and pulls them to the floor beside him.

He tosses a scalpel and separator to the side but grabs a pair of wire cutters. With his vision blurred from the pain, Luke inspects the cutters up close and questions his own idea but another agonizing shot to the side makes the decision for him.

Luke lays back on the dirty carpet and braces for even more pain. He finds a wash cloth under the sink and sticks it in his mouth to bite on.

He puts the clippers to the first staple, trying to cut between pushes from the creature.

PUSH.

The creature shoves, forcing Luke to grunt forcefully, but he clips the first staple with perfect timing.

The creature pushes again, forcing more tears from Luke's eyes, but he clips another staple just after the push.

As if the creature can see a new hole opening, the pushes come quicker and quicker and harder than before.

Between grunts, tears of pain, and wash cloth muffled screams, Luke is able to clip four more staples. He looks down at the wound to see how much more misery he must endure.

With only four staples remaining, the incision now has a three inch gap. The green skin and thin hair of the creature can be seen pushing to get out.

Clip. Grunt.

Clip. Grunt. Scream.

Luke's eyes can barely stay open.

Clip. Grunt. Cry.

Luke looks at the gap, now five inches long. An alien mouth with large lips and teeth can be seen just below the surface.

Luke drops the wash cloth out of his mouth as he cries out. The terror has overtaken the pain.

The creature prepares for one final push.

LUKE

Oh God...

Clip.

The creature bursts out of Luke's side. A fountain of ooze and blood covers Luke as he screams.

The creature is born.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.