

BUZZKILL

by

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WT Week 3: Option B

FADE IN

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Twisted columns of steel, pipe, and rebar protrude from the ground in all directions. A yellow mist has settled into the low lands, trenches, and bomb craters.

All is quiet except for the PLIP of light rain that pockmarks the oily sheen of bubbling pools and puddles.

The silence is interrupted by the WHIR of two approaching DRONES that fly slowly across the wasteland. Each drone has two green LED lights in the front and emits a LASER ARRAY that scans the ground in a grid pattern.

The drone's grey and black camouflage helps to blend in with the bleak environs. The only difference are their tail markings that resemble runic symbols.

One drone continues forward while the other suddenly stops over a fluid filled crater. The two lights turn from green to yellow as it focuses its array mid-crater.

The lights turn green again as it continues forward and out of sight.

Seconds pass...

SPLOOSH!

Fluid is blown from one of the pipes that stick out from the middle of the crater pool.

A shaven head slowly rises from the muck to expose the eyes. Black and brown ooze trickles down the scalp and face of a grizzled, war torn FIGHTER.

The fighter scans the horizon and, seemingly satisfied, crawls from the mire. Strapped to his back is an aluminum canister with a GREEN CROSS emblazoned on the side.

He checks his compass and gets his bearings. He turns and, out of habit, motions his hand toward a hillside covered with razor ribbon and barbed wire.

At the base of the hill, he searches through assorted debris until he reveals a meter diameter storm pipe. He stoops down and crawls forward on hands and knees into the darkness.

The going is rough. He encounters many obstacles that are merely nuisance until the carcass of a decaying deer blocks his path.

Unable to go over or around the large buck, he chooses to slash his way through it.

He cuts his way into the anus and worms his way through by shoving the remains to each side as he goes.

Halfway through the carcass, he stops and listens.

WHIR

He looks over his shoulder to see a drone approach the entrance. It pauses as the lights turn from green to yellow, and the laser array flicks back on.

The fighter, covered in gore, remains motionless as the grid pattern passes over him and the deer. The laser flicks off.

The whir gets louder as it enters and reverberates through the pipe until it hits a deafening crescendo.

The drone is directly over him when laser array flicks on. The beam fixates on the deer's one remaining eyeball. It begins to sizzle and -

POP!

The laser flicks off again. The drone's lights turn green, and it exits the pipe.

The fighter exhales a great breath of relief. He scrambles to the end of the pipe and dives into a ditch of quagmire.

He clamors up and peers over the edge. In the distance is an elaborate castle with turrets, and a moat with a raised draw bridge. He ducks back down.

After a fist pump of triumph, the fighter delicately takes the canister off his back and holds it dearly. He slides his palm over the sides to reveal the green cross.

Atop the canister, he flips a switch and turns a handle. The seams HISS and the exterior begins to frost. The green cross changes to a glowing red skull and crossbones.

The fighter stands, arches his back, and hurls the canister, end over end, towards the enemy keep.

From high above, a drone swoops down, and shoots the canister in mid-arc.

PHOOM!

The canister explodes and adds another cloud of yellowish green gas into the atmosphere.

Down, but not out, the fighter picks up a length of pipe and storms the castle.

As he approaches, the perspective and scale is realized. The enemy keep is but a gigantic arthropod mound.

His battering swings THUMP the massive structure, but does little damage. He raises his fists in rage, then hangs his head in defeat.

From behind -

WHIR

The fighter turns and takes a batters stance to face a hovering drone.

Neither move. A standoff.

The green lights of the drone flip to an angry red.

The fighter rears back with the pipe to swing, as a second drone buzzes by. The laser severs his hamstrings, collapsing the man to the ground.

Now helpless and writhing in agony, the two drones take turns slashing and eviscerating until an unrecognizable pile of flesh lies steaming in the night air.

CLOSE ON DRONES

The drones land on an open area adjacent to what was the fighter. From the bottom of each drone, a hatch opens, and a stairway extends to the ground.

Two arthropods, similar to a cockroach, descend the steps. They walk on their hind legs and approach each other.

They high-five their victory and bump thoraces.

FADE TO BLACK