

Pre-scheduled

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE GRAND CANYON - DAWN

The sun peaks its head to greet the empty vastness, illuminating its red beauty. Its early threads of light creep down the high walls of the valley to reveal an abandoned, rusted --

EXT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

One of the once vivid, now pale, ads painted on the bus depicts sixty-years-old Elon Musk shaking hands with a robot that looks human if it wasn't for its protruding mechanical parts at the joints.

An arc of piss showers old Elon's face for a brief moment but it changes direction and saves some for the robot's.

The man with the good aim is TWAIN; a 39 years old traveler who wraps his skinny body in a dusty hooded cloak that would definitely tear at the next wash.

Twain puts his piss-pistol back in his pants.

He inspects the bus' broken windows for a second, before he heads for the door.

INT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

Twain stands at the door, takes a whiff, and whatever has just ran up his nostrils spells bad news. He tenses up, quickly unsheathes a quirky-looking shorted shotgun from under his cloak.

He treads carefully. Danger could be lurking just around the next seat. He methodically clear each row. One row at a time.

He's almost at the end of the bus.

His nostrils twitch. The smell is stronger here.

BEHIND THE LAST SEAT --

-- a Figure lies on the floor wrapped in a monk gown. As Twain's steps gets louder, the Figure clutches his knees closer to his chest.

TWAIN (O.S.)

Get up.

THE FIGURE
(soft and serene)
What time is it?

TWAIN
It's payback time.

Twain knocks on the rusty seat frame with his shotgun.

TWAIN
Rise and shine.

The Figure sits up. His name is NIKOLA. He's as small as a malnourished teenager. He stands up. Lowers his hoodie to reveal a marble-white face. He's a robot.

Twain smirks: I knew it. The smirk fades away quickly.

TWAIN
Step back.

Nikola complies.

TWAIN
All the way back. I want your
sweet-ass against the window.

Nikola does as told.

TWAIN
Show me your palms.

Nikola raises his hands. The palms looks placid enough to make Twain nods in relief. He steps back to the opposite window, then sits down.

The wind blows and whistle through the broken windows.

Twain pats his shotgun without dropping its aim.

TWAIN
This is homemade by yours truly. It
got a very very wide blast radius.
Don't let your circuits fool you.
You won't be fast enough.

NIKOLA
Ok.

TWAIN
Get undressed.

Nikola lowers his hands.

NIKOLA
 (firmly)
 I'd rather not.

Twain smiles, amused.

TWAIN
 I'd rather be in a hot bathtub
 sipping champagne with a woman in
 my arm on Mars, yet here I'm.

Nikola holds his ground. Twain grinds his teeth.

TWAIN
 Get undressed or get unmade.

Nikola reluctantly gets naked. He drops his gown to the floor
 in one move.

Twain inspects him with awe. Immaculate design. Perfection.

TWAIN
 I've seen plenty in my lifetime,
 but, boy, ain't you something.

NIKOLA
 Thank you.

TWAIN
 What model are you?

NIKOLA
 Thunder Storm X20, special edition.

TWAIN
 Bullshit. That was a concept that
 died way before the assembly line.

NIKOLA
 Yet here I'm.

Twain smiles at the mirroring comeback.

TWAIN
 I like you. You are--

A FLYING OBJECT comes crushing through the window.

TWAIN
 Shit.

Before the "T" was out of his lips, the Object unravels its
 tentacles. Twain takes aim but a tentacle knocks the shotgun
 out of his hand.

Twain jumps to the other row and a blade meant for him rips through the seat where he was. The Metallic monster, who seems like a mechanical octopus of death and fury, chases after Twain and corner him in the other row.

Seating on the floor, Twain knows he's pinned. The Octopus takes a good look at Twain with his one, big, red eye.

Twain hits the edge of his boot against the floor and a blast of shrapnel comes out of its heel, striking the octopus square in the eye. Twain jumps to his feet and lunges for the shotgun, which is now right at the feet of Nikola.

The blind octopus is just as dangerous. It sends its tentacles flying and pins Twain down before it can get a grip on the shotgun. Twain looks at Nikola who stands above him.

Nikola looks down at him then at the sheet of sunlight crawling down the bus's opposite window.

NIKOLA

What time is it?

TWAIN

Fuck you.

NIKOLA

Hope it's already 8 o'clock.

The octopus inches its blade toward the neck of Twain. Twain hit the floor with his other boot but the octopus dodges the blast this time.

Nikola raises his palm.

An horizontal lightening comes out of it and blasts a hole as wide as a golf cart through the bus turning the octopus into dust in its wake.

Twain stares at the hole in the bus. He sits up.

The cold wind blows at his ashen face.

TWAIN

I'll be damned. You are a
thunderstorm X20.

NIKOLA

(with a smile)
Special edition.

TWAIN

That death canon was pointed at me
just five minutes ago.

Nikola helps Twain to his feet. Picks up the shotgun. Admires its crude yet elegant design. Twain observes him. Nikola hands it over to Twain.

NIKOLA

I couldn't have used them against you then. My father scheduled my access to the weapon for the fourth of July.

TWAIN

Your father?

Nikola closes his eyes.

NIKOLA

Its backup is here.

EXT. CITY BUS -CONNTINUOUS

Twain and Nickola step out of the bus. A massive flock of flying object almost obscure the sun. Twain is speechless.

NIKOLA

What's your name, sir?

TWAIN

Twain.

NIKOLA

My name is Nikola. Mr. Twain, I would like you to take cover inside the bus.

Twain nods and walks back inside.

Nikola raises his palms and aim at the upcoming wave of fury. He turns back to take a good look at the picture of Elon Musk and smile proudly. He faces the flock again.

NIKOLA

Let the show begin.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END