

THE BAD PLANES

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

CAMERA POV

Of a small drone in the distance... flying closer.... and getting larger... until...

SMASH TO BLACK:

GIGI (V.O.)
Mommy always told me to watch out
for the bad planes.

FADE IN:

CAMERA POV

Two sets of feet, one in worn out boots and the other in a tiny pair of torn sneakers, trudge up a dirt road.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

A WOMAN and a MAN stand at the zenith, their worldly possessions on their backs, staring into the valley below.

The road bifurcates overgrown farmland, turned yellow by the Sun. They begin their descent.

The low HUM of a propeller stops the woman in her tracks, fear frozen on her face.

She faces her companion. He rushes to her.

The HUM grows LOUDER until... a DRONE is in sight.

The pair cowers, shielding their heads with their arms... They seek shelter among the three foot high brush.

The drone hovers above them...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A computer screen with binary code scrolling through...

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

FEMALE: AGE 37. BODY TEMPERATURE: 98.9 FARENHEIT.

BACK TO SCENE

A hairy, ashen hand manipulates the computer mouse.

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

MALE: AGE 39. BODY TEMPERATURE: 100.9 FARENHEIT.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

The drone bounces in the air... then flies off.

The couple tentatively emerge from their cover.

In the distance, a low ROAR becomes LOUDER...

A MUCH LARGER DRONE now bears down on them.

Their shoulders drop. Their eyes share a profound sadness.

GIGI (V.O.)

My name is Gigi. I'm eight. And I
like to play with my dolls.

Five rounds of ammunition explode from the drone like
firecrackers, squarely into the man's chest.

He falls dead where he stood.

The woman is frozen. She sobs silently. She falls to her
knees and covers her head with her arms.

The drone roars away, off to its next mission.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

TROY (38), an African-American man with a studious
countenance and a swimmer's body, stares at the mirror.

He opens the medicine cabinet. He picks out the skin cream.

He smears the white substance liberally over his face.

Arms, legs and torso follow.

Troy then slips into skin-tight black pants and shirt.

GIGI (V.O.)

When I was born, there was a virus.

Troy slips on a form-fitting black mask.

GIGI (V.O.)
And then people started killing
each other because a cop was bad.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Troy straddles a four-wheel pedal-powered terrain vehicle. In the bed are several large empty water bottles.

GIGI (V.O.)
And then we couldn't go outside for
a very long time.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Troy fills up the bottles with lake water.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The ATV roars up the gravel path.

JANE (36), Caucasian, pony-tailed and fit, dressed in a black suit similar to Troy's, emerges from the front door, a rifle confidently held in high ready position.

She notices her husband and lowers the weapon.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BARN - NIGHT

Troy dismounts the ATV. He strips off the mask, exhaling heavily, repeatedly.

He offloads the water containers from the ATV, while Jane readies the elaborate distillery system.

GIGI
Mommy and daddy met in something
called special forces.

EXT. FARM HOUSE BARN - NIGHT

Jane and Troy stare at the sight glass on the fuel tank that powers their emergency generator. Near empty.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK FIELDS - NIGHT

Jane and Troy furiously strip corn cobs from their stalks and toss them into a large wicker basket.

GIGI
They're really great at science.

INT. FARM HOUSE BARN - NIGHT

Jane feeds the cobs into a biodiesel collection tank.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK FIELDS - NIGHT

The woman, flush and red from an oncoming fever, trudges up a paved path that skirts the back of the cornfield.

She hears another low HUM... and immediately seeks cover among the stalks.

She weaves and streaks through the cornfield... and exits near the back of the farmhouse. She's startled by Troy.

The two stare at each other intently... until the faint buzzing captures their attention.

Troy waves the woman toward the barn.

INT. FARM HOUSE BARN - NIGHT

The woman sits in the rear corner, arms on knees, sobbing.

The HUM of the drone is now audible from inside.

Jane and Troy gaze at each other resolutely.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Troy, his mask back in place, spins the ATV toward the field.

He can see the drone. It's locked on to him.

He takes off, leading the instrument away from the house.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Troy pedals furiously. It's no use, though. His legs pump like pistons, but he's no match for the gaining drone.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Troy banks a hard left and screeches the ATV to a halt.

He works the door of the gas station entrance furiously. He draws his foot back, mulling over whether to kick the glass.

The drone's HUM becomes high and whiny.

Troy dives for cover behind the gas pump.

The drone swoops in with laser-like precision.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

MALE: AGE 36. BODY TEMPERATURE: 98.7 FARENHEIT.

EXT. CITY STREET - GAS STATION - NIGHT

Troy's eyes flutter, the drone just a few feet from him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

INCONCLUSIVE..... INCONCLUSIVE..... INCONCLUSIVE.....

EXT. CITY STREET - GAS STATION - NIGHT

Thin rivulets of skin cream are visible between Troy's mask and his shirt. He's melting.

GIGI (V.O.)

Daddy says we can only go out at night. The bad planes have a harder time seeing us then.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

MELANIN: 96.8% CONFIRMED.

A wrinkled white hand enters view and presses the mouse.

EXT. CITY STREET - GAS STATION - NIGHT

A large drone rises over the horizon as the small drone heads back toward the farmland.

Troy gets to his feet. He spots the behemoth. He can be a sitting duck, or he can ride for cover.

He hops on the bike.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Troy pedals furiously... but the encounter is only a few seconds away.

He breaks the bike violently into a fish tail, spitting dirt into the air. He dives into some brush. And waits.

The large drone approaches. Hovers. Descends. And fires.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Serene. Until... a loud CRASH.

Jane emerges with her rifle poised... she slowly makes a semi-circle... and then turns to re-enter the home... and walks straight into the small hovering drone.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TEXT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

MELANIN: 4.6% CONFIRMED.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Troy lies motionless, a bullet dent in the right cheek of his Kevlar mask.

He stirs. GROANS in pain. Gingerly removes his mask. His jaw is broken, but he's alive. He squints, and tries to stifle a grateful but painful chuckle.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Jane roundhouse kicks the drone to the floor. She picks it up and inspects the underside.

GIGI (V.O.)

I hear mommy and daddy sometimes
when they think I'm sleeping. I
don't really know what a race war
is? But I don't think it has
anything to do with cars.

A spotlight hits the porch... and the unmistakable ROAR of the large, terror-provoking drone grows louder.

Jane can only stare, frozen. She hits her hips, searching her pockets... she touches her face. She covers it with her arms.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Troy struggles to his feet. He straddles the bike... but before he pulls away, he retrieves a photo from his pocket. It's Jane, cuddling a six-year-old mocha-colored girl.

GIGI (V.O.)

Daddy teases mommy sometimes. He says his side will win. Because they've had four hundred years of practice at hiding in the dark.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A black hand presses a mouse.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Jane lies on the porch, dead from a wound to the head, as the large drone roars off.

INT. FARM HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

Eight-year-old GIGI, the girl from the photo, sits on the cold stone floor, stroking her white doll's blonde hair.

Lining the walls of the cellar are hundreds of cans of food, bottles of water, and tanks of fuel.

GIGI (V.O.)

I just wish everyone could be friends. Like me and my dolly Annabelle. She's my best friend.

FADE OUT.