

INDEPENDENCE DAY

by

CALL ME X

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Sunlight, reduced to a rusty hue, coats the city scape.

A girl, MONICA BEDFORD, 19, stands outside the bus shelter. Her black hair. Her olive skin. Her thumbs hooked under the straps of her back pack, wearing shorts.

A BLUE STREAK BUS pulls up, momentarily obscuring her before it rolls away.

INT. BUS - SAME

Monica rummages through her wallet, swipes a blue card, and heads down the aisle.

She finds a seat across from a kindly-looking woman. This is JUNE, and she appears to be in her sixties.

Monica glances around. The bus is nearly empty. She spies a wiry GUY in his twenties, a few sets back. The skin on his face leathery and taut.

He locks eyes with Monica, produces a small device that looks like a vape, and puts it to his neck. A quiet *ting* is heard. He lowers his arm, and slumps back in his seat.

Monica looks forward.

MONICA

So glad I'm getting out.

June turns her head. Robotic. Unnatural.

JUNE

Where you headed, love?

Monica casts a wary eye her way.

MONICA

Christ, you're A.I., aren't you?

JUNE

Nuh uh. Hybrid. There's blood coursing through these veins, doll.

Monica sighs.

MONICA

Does it matter where I'm headed? Just as long as it's far from here.

JUNE

It always matters.

MONICA

My aunt's got a place out in the country. She said I could come anytime.

(then)

I guess it's any time.

JUNE

I hear you. Good for you. I wanted to leave once, but...

MONICA

Well, you A.I.'s got that chip, right?

JUNE

That's right. We don't go--

MONICA

Past the perimeter. I know.

An THUD and a POP is heard from outside. Monica looks out her window.

Off in the distance, fireworks splash against the gloaming.

MONICA

Independence Day. How many you think even know what the Revolutionary War was?

JUNE

And you do?

MONICA

I'm no dummy. All anyone remembers now
is The Great War, and The Purge after.
I'm learned.

JUNE

I suppose you are.

WIRY GUY

Hey, gimme a cigarette.

Wiry guy is in Monica's ear. He's that close.

MONICA

Get away, creep. I don't smoke.

His eyes dance wildly. Fiending.

WIRY GUY

I said, gimme a smoke. I need a
fucking cigarette--

June's hand shoots out, clamps onto his balls like a vice. She
clenches her teeth, and twists.

JUNE

Sit down.

Wiry guys squeals, his cries like a dog whistle. Can barely
make a sound.

June releases.

Wiry guy collapses in the aisle.

The bus DRIVER checks his rearview, looks back to the road.

JUNE

(to Monica)

But, you get out if you need to, doll.
It's your independence day, too. No
matter what you're running from, or
where to.

Monica tries on a smile. It suits her well.

MONICA

Thanks.

The brakes hiss as the bus comes to a halt.

June gets up.

JUNE

This is me.

June departs.

Monica watches out the window.

June steps onto the sidewalk. She's lifted off her feet, and drawn forcefully onto a metal slab. She sticks to it like a magnet, the crushed side of her face visible.

Her lips purse like a gasping fish.

The bus lurches forward.

Monica looks ahead.

Through the windshield of the bus, darkness encroaches along the horizon.

A colorful mortar explodes off in the distance.

FADE OUT.