

# **OFF GRID**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. DESERT WASTE LAND - SUNRISE**

An old two-lane asphalt road, surrounded by alkali flats, extends straight to the horizon. Dried weeds grow from the cracks of its sunbaked surface.

A lone vehicle, an old Model X Tesla, speeds down the desert road. The SUV has been modified with solar panels on the roof, wire-mesh windscreen and a desert camo paint job.

The Tesla decelerates, pulls to the shoulder and stops.

**INT. TESLA - SAME**

The Tesla's driver bangs both hands on the steering wheel; the left hand wrapped in bloody gauze. He YELLS an impressive soliloquy of choice profanity.

The driver is BRYSON (75). Shaved head, long grey beard and buckskin clothing.

Bryson grabs a straw hat and a bottle of water before he steps out of the vehicle.

**EXT. TESLA - CONTINUOUS**

He performs a quick check of the Tesla's elaborate after-market solar panel wiring. An old-fashioned LCD gauge reads ZERO charge.

He slams a fist on the the roof and kicks a door panel.

Bryson scans the stark surroundings.

BRYSON

Shit.

He reaches in the passenger side window and retrieves an old model sat-phone. He extends the antennae and dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(computer automated)

Amazon 911. Please state your emergency.

BRYSON

I need medical assistance.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I see that you are calling from an unregistered satellite phone off sector. Please state your name.

BRYSON  
(exasperated)  
Aw, Christ.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
And your given name?

Bryson gets a devilish grin and chuckles.

BRYSON  
Jesus. Heh-heh.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I'm sorry. We have no record of a  
Jesus H. Christ as an Amazon Prime  
member. Would you like to  
subscribe? Say yes, or no.

Bryson takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

BRYSON  
Representative.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Representative. Sure. I can help  
you with that. An Amazon  
representative will be with you  
shortly.

Bryson is put on hold as a muzak version of The Beastie Boys  
'Sabotage' plays. Moments later-

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
This is Brittany. How may I help  
you, Mister Christ?

Bryson frowns at the handset.

BRITTANY'S voice is pleasant and cheerful but a little  
unnatural. Another computer.

BRYSON  
I cut myself with a hand saw and I  
need some medical help.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Cut. Hand saw. Help.  
(beat)  
Do you still have the weapon?

Bryson rolls his eyes.

BRYSON  
I have the saw, but it's not a  
weapon. It's a tool.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Proponents of the former second  
amendment in the early twenty-first  
century argued that weapons were  
tools. They stand corrected.

Bryson speaks slowly and very concise.

BRYSON  
It is a tool...that you operate  
manually...to cut wood. Like...for  
carpentry.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Understood.  
(beat)  
Why would you use a manually  
powered surgical tool to cut wood?

BRYSON  
I'm old school, I guess.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Old school. Understood.

A long pause.

BRYSON  
So...ah...can I get some  
assistance?

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
You are off sector. Are you  
ambulatory?

BRYSON  
I am, but I drove all night and my  
car's out of juice. Trust me, I'd  
much rather have gone to an Amazon  
Med-Shed.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
What is your personal assessment of  
the injury?

BRYSON  
I might have some ligament damage,  
but, right now, I'm thinking just a  
(MORE)

BRYSON (cont'd)  
couple of stitches and a shot of  
antibiotics would do me just fine.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Understood. As you are not a Prime  
member, you will be expected to  
provide credits upon treatment. A  
medical drone will arrive shortly  
to your coordinates with security  
assistance.

BRYSON  
Security?

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)  
Place the weapon in view and  
maintain ten meter distance prior  
to their arrival. Good day.

**CLICK**

BRYSON  
Wha-? Bitch.

Bryson tosses the phone back onto the passenger seat and  
takes a long drink of water.

He opens the back hatch, retrieves the saw and places it on  
the hood. The saw teeth are a dark crimson of dried blood.

Bryson looks toward the direction he was driving and the  
rising sun. No cars, no movement, nothing.

Time passes:

- Bryson plays Hacky-Sack.
- He stands on the shoulder of the road and pees while  
drinking water.
- He throws a Frisbee into the wind and catches it.
- He rolls and smokes a joint.
- He checks his battery and the gauge is rising.

Bryson, now resting in the shade of his vehicle, perks up.  
The BUZZ of approaching drones.

BRYSON  
Here we go.

He gets up and climbs into the back of the vehicle.

### **DRONES**

Two Amazon DRONES approach. A green and white medical drone and a black and white with red strobe security drone. The security drone is in the lead.

The security drone hovers over the vehicle's hood and scans the hand saw with a red laser on an X and Y axis.

It dispatches a weapon from under its chassis. The weapon twitches back and forth as it searches for Bryson.

#### **SECURITY DRONE**

Jesus H. Christ. We are here to help. Place your hands on the vehicle and prepare to be corrected.

Bryson emerges from the back of the Tesla. He wears a hood with two eye holes and shoulders a pump shotgun.

### **BOOM**

He shoots the security drone out of the sky and racks another round in the chamber.

The medical drone wavers in the air as if startled.

#### **MEDICAL DRONE**

Jesus H. Chri-

### **BOOM**

He shoots down the medical drone.

Bryson hurries over to the security drone and stomps a heel into the camera.

He walks over to the medical drone. It whirls but is unable to take off.

#### **BRYSON**

I'll take that, thank you very much.

As he snatches the payload of medical supplies from the drone, the camera turns to face him.

#### **MEDICAL DRONE**

Jesus H. Christ. We are here to help. Why do you resist?

Bryson places the shotgun muzzle up to the camera.

BRYSON  
I'm just old school.

**BOOM**

FADE OUT