

Aerial (Working Title)

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Blurb/Synopsis: A man carrying humanity's last chance at survival encounters a young boy while in the wilderness, creating an ethical dilemma.

This is a short excerpt from my story named 'Aerial', I hope it will inspire me to create a prop for a film adaptation of it:

The sun rose over a once prosperous city, the light breaking over a towering church steeple that had fallen into disrepair. Ivy wound round every surrounding tree and building like a great serpent devouring any remnants of human civilization. Insects scuttled between the cracks, ants carrying chunks of food twice their body weight crawled back to their colonies and centipedes slithered round the maze of brick, scouring for their next meal. Dawn had ignited a chorus of birdsong that had once been comforting to man, but now only signalled another day on a desolate planet. Nature had reclaimed much which had been taken from it in the absence of human life, the buildings of old were no longer able to shelter those that had built them.

With the rise of the sun also came a surprise visitor however, wandering down what had been one of the many highways leading into the city. It was a lone figure, the first human to visit in nearly a century. They moved with haste, lightly jogging and hopping over the many holes and inconsistencies found in what was left of the tarmac and were soon surrounded by the remains of the monolithic buildings at the heart of the city, which had once stretched high into the clouds.

While the human appeared to be relatively nimble, they were grunting as they climbed over wrecked vehicles and under large chunks of debris as if slowed by a great weight. They were carrying a set of containers that was creating a slushing sound that resonated throughout the streets of downtown. The silence of the dead city left the figure uneasy, they consistently checked behind them to see if they had been followed and occasionally, they paused and muttered to themselves "what are the chances that anyone is living in this tomb?".

After a little while longer the figure stopped and perched upon a low crumbling wall and surveyed their immediate surroundings. The slight tap of pebbles had echoed down the street and alerted them, their head movements were now far more distressed, jolting from side to side in a manner not too dissimilar to a security camera. There was movement behind an old bus and then very suddenly a young boy emerged with both of his hands up in the air. The boy then began to slowly approach the figure until they could clearly see under the hood for the first time, there was a large mask gripping their face and a pair of very dark piercing eyes. They then lowered their hood to reveal a man who could not have been much younger than forty with a slightly aged complexion and long dark brown hair.

The man's mask was of particular interest to the boy as it had been put together using a range of components, and while it looked like it had once been black, rust and other effects caused by the atmosphere had noticeably altered its appearance. The pipe coming from the containers fed into the mask and occasionally would make a large suction sound setting off a volley of flashes from lights located on the side of the mask. It caused a shot of the bubbling liquid in the containers to be forced up through the pipe at high speed, which shocked the young boy. However, as the boy edged closer, he reached out to remove it, but the man recoiled, the lights seeming to flicker more as he was flooded with distress.

Melancholy soon passed across the boy's face; he was unaware what he had done wrong. However, after a few moments to recover from shock the man spoke, "Are you sick?"