

SCRIPT TITLE

Red Cross

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FADE IN:

EXT. SANDY BATTLEFIELD, MORNING

We see shots of the battlefield from "bird's-eye view." Shows to us like this is a shooting from a helicopter. We see beautiful scenes of sandy fields. The field is filled with hills and with small hills. Some time we looking at these landscapes, which they are displayed to us from the other angles, too. While we see the shots of this fields, hear the people talking...

DON (O.S.)

Mmmmmmmmm... it becomes damn boring here.

EXT. SANDY BATTLEFIELD, TRENCH

We see about twenty soldiers in the trenches. Most of them were dressed in proper military equipment used in Iraq. The camera is placed in the trench as we see them all lined up in it. All were well armed. Discussion continues...

SOLDIER 1

Sorry bro, I'm really, really sorry that we can not turn on the ESPN for you in the middle of the battlefield.

Several of them are quietly laughing ... now, staff is on the location of the conversation.

SOLDIER 2

What's your favorite team, Don? Please don't tell me that is Patriots.

DON

So, I'm from Boston, you chump. Of course that I love Patriots.

SOLDIER 2

From Boston? Ooooooh, so the city is now a city of mourning, after losing the Superbowl like that... Haha! You pick a wrong team, my man.

DON

Why should I be in mourning? Is Patriots beaten by your team, maybe?

SOLDIER 2
Not mine, just like to laughing on
unlucky Tom Brady. Man, when his
mask smeared with tears ... as a
girl after a breakup, haha!

Laughing in the group. Another soldier heckles...

SOLDIER 3
Don, ask him about HIS favorite
team...

SOLDIER 2
Why the fuck would he ask me that?
I'm proud of it.

SOLDIER 3
So come on, tell us...

SOLDIER 2
It's Rams...

DON
Oh, damn... so buddy, then you must
remember that Vinatieri's shot ...

We hear distinctive sounds of soldiers after a joke -
buuuuuuuuuu!

SOLDIER 2
Come ooon, you...

SERGEANT
Hey, shut up! You are not in the
fucking pub!

All at once they are silent. It's totally quiet...

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Better check your weapons...

Now, the soldiers are checking their weapons. We hear the
clicking of guns...

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
This is not good...

Sergeant thoughtfully looking at the floor.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Don, check out the outside.

We see DON as he throws his head out to see the situation...

DON
Nothing, Sir...

SERGEANT
Yeah... it worries me. Be prepared
for the worst.

SOLDIER 2
Why, Sir?

NAREDNIK
Because I said so.

The sergeant went to the other end of the trench. Soldier #2
speaks to Soldier #3.

SOLDIER 2
(whispers)
Why did you have to ask me that?

SOLDIER 3
What?

SOLDIER 2
For Rams. Now, Mike will pull my
leg over that.

SOLDIER 3
He won't, don't be afraid. He's not
like you.

Soldier #3 rolled his eyes. In that moment, sergeant
returns...

SOLDIER 4
Sgt., why wouldn't we go right now,
if there's no one up there?

SERGEANT
So go, come on. Let's see how far
you'll get. God... like they are
stupid and don't know we are here.

Soldier #4 embarrassingly shuts up...

SOLDIER 2
(speaking to soldier next
to him, whispering)
We'll turn into rotten tomatoes
here...

SERGEANT
What did you say?

Soldier #2 looking confused...

 SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 You, you fat creature... you. Tell
 me again what did you say?

 SOLDIER 2
 It doesn't matter...

 SERGEANT
 Spit it out, you crazy
 motherfucker, please don't let me
 force you my way.

 SOLDIER 2
 ... It's about a football game.

 SERGEANT
 As clear as noonday, I heard what
 you said. You'll be punished for
 what you say, and for lying to a
 Sergeant. Let someone remind me...

Soldier #2 rolling his eyes. Asking Soldier #3 for a
 cigarette, he behaves as the Sergeant's threat doesn't move
 him... fearlessly.

 SOLDIER 2
 Do you have cigarette, buddy?

 SOLDIER 3
 Yeah, wait...

Soldier #3 looking for a cigarette in his pocket...

 SOLDIER 3 (CONT'D)
 Here you go... I just, don't have a
 lighter.

 SOLDIER 2
 No need, I have it...

Soldier #2 takes the cigarette and lights it...

 SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
 Just to get through all of this
 crap ... and when I loll at the
 Jim's bar... they will need gallons
 of bear. I won't go out until my
 liver breaks up.

One of the soldiers in the crowd heckles...

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Jim will be very happy when he sees your face, I guess...

SOLDIER 2

Of course that he'll be happy. The whole fucking Springfield knows me.

SOLDIER 3

Just it seems that the women give you a wide berth...

SOLDIER 4

How not to avoid him, when It's easier to skip him than bypass.

We hear the laughter, while SOLDIER 2 can't make a word out of it, although he is trying to. Because of the loud noise, the Sergeant intervenes.

SERGEANT (O.S.)

Alright morons, are you insane or somethin'?

Now we see Sergeant who seems nervous, trying to tell them to be quiet, and that it is not a moment for joking. His face is like he's speaking to brainless little monkeys.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We are in the fucking war zone, and the worst things can happen every damn second. Don't you understand this?

It's dead silence in trench...

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

That's good...

SOLDIER 4

Sir, and if that... moment happens, what's the plan?

SERGEANT

You were deaf when I was talking about that, were you? I'll repeat. As soon as we see the group of rebels, first we'll try to keep them away, with our fire, until it becomes critical for defense. After that, we get out of the trench and move towards the camp, which is our goal.

SOLDIER 1
And, where is the camp, Sir?

SERGEANT
Neither I'm sure nor I know, but we'll move as they told me, that means North-East from here... with hope that the rebels don't already know our positions.

In that moment, soldier #2 whispers to soldier #3...

SOLDIER 2
Shit man, we don't even know where we are going...

SERGEANT
Again you and your big mouth? You really don't care about the punishment that I propose?

Soldier #2 mockingly laughs...

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
It should be...

DON
Why just someone doesn't send a vehicle for us, Sir? Ours, I mean... Isn't that easier than dragging on foot?

SERGEANT
It is, if you are for a quick extermination of all of us at once.

In that moment, we hear the racket out of the trench, in the distance... Sergeant startles.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Get down, get down... Quiet!

After a moment of squatting, Sergeant slowly throws his head to see if anyone's out. We still hear strange voices up there, but we don't see anyone, yet.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(quietly)
That's not our language, Sir...

Sergeant silently, and from the corner of his eye, is watching what is going on outside, but he doesn't see anyone. We still hear the voices. In front of the trench is just a multitude of hills. Behind them could be anyone...

SOLDIER 2
Like I said, we mustn't stay
here...

SERGEANT
Silence! Get down. This is gonna be
very tough.

SOLDIER 2
No shit...

Right now, we hear voices from outside more clearly. The camera is now a little closer to them. Iraqi insurgents speaking between themselves in their own language.

(IN CHARGE) REBEL (O.S.)
(in Arabic)
Nobody is allowed to survive. We
will not let these motherfuckers to
tailor our destiny, understand?

REBEL
(in Arabic)
Understood! Guys, you heard it...
This is our moment!

SERGEANT
(watching from the corner
of his eye)
Shhhhhhhh! I see them.

In those moments, soldiers in the trench seem scared, but they are ready for the worst. Everyone has ready weapons.

SOLDIER 1
How many, Sir?

SERGEANT
Four of them, but be sure that
there are, at least, 5 times as
much.

SOLDIER 3
Shit!

DON
Does anyone understand the
conversation?

SERGEANT
A man, who could understand this,
is not with us anymore...
unfortunately.

SOLDIER 4
 (crossing himself)
 God rest his soul...

We see sad faces after the sergeant's sentence...

SERGEANT
 Now forget it. Let Sam rest in
 peace. Better be prepared, they
 will not wait for you to finish
 your mourning.

SOLDIER 2
 You'll feel my wrath,
 motherfuckers, I swear to God ...
 just because of you I'm not with
 Jim right now...

Soldier #2 throws a cigar...

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
 ... and you'll gonna pay for it.

We see the Sergeant looking out of the trench in the
 direction of the voices they heard. It's Sergeant's "point of
 view". Now, he sees six Iraqi insurgents. One of them turns
 to Sergeant. The Sergeant lowered his head quickly. Seems
 like that the rebel saw him.

DON
 What is it, Sgt.? What's going on?

In those moments, we hear a loud noise outside the trench.
 Iraqi insurgents are preparing for an attack. Crossing the
 lower hills, armed with guns, dressed in classical terrorist
 uniforms, they are running towards trench. There are away
 from the trench about 75 yards. They attack.

REBELS
 (arabic language, all together)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!! Go and get them!!!

REBEL
 (arabic language)
 Kill them all!!!

SERGEANT
 They're off! Be prepared! This is
 your last exam! No surrender, no
 retreat, boys! Save your lifes, and
 take away theirs!

SOLDIER 2

I'll show you motherfuckers who is the bigger motherfucker. Come to daddy.

We see the soldiers who's aiming from the trench. They are prepared. Also, we see the Iraqi insurgents approaching the trench. Sergeant, then, issued an order.

SERGEANT

FIRE!!!

Now, we hear the sounds of guns. The view is from the trench at the rebels. Actually, It's a "point of view" by one of them. He is the only one who does not shoot. Now, cadre is coming down and turns round to the other side. This is the "point of view" of the soldier who takes shelter. We hear that he is breathing rapidly, because of the fear. He rises again to scout the situation. Now, we see how the majority of Iraqi insurgents are hiding behind the hills, and the smallish trenches, too. The shooting will take some time. From the trench with American soldiers, we see the bomb falling into the trench. From the "point of view" of the same person, we see one of the soldiers, at the end of the line, where the bomb actually fell, trying to kick the bomb with his foot, to save himself and the others. That kick was slightly weaker than it should be. We see the bomb exploding and makes a big fuss. It's still the "point of view" of the same man. Camera is shaking. It's mess all around.

SERGEANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are there any injured? Are you all right?

Several soldiers, with painful screams, say that everything is fine. When the dust dispersed, the Sergeant commanded movement.

SERGEANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're out of time! As I said, we're going north-east! Got it?! Good luck!

Then we see the American soldiers fleeing through the hills and hear gunfire. Soldiers, while running away, are deftly looking if there are any enemies around. We see how some of the soldiers suddenly parted each other... and made several small groups.

SOLDIER 2

Fucking Iraqis, you're not killing me! I'll riddle your asses, motherfuckers.

DON (O.S.)
Where are the others?!

SERGEANT
Run, no talking! No time for that!

CUT TO:

At that moment, but on the other side, we see the "point of view" of the man who seems a little separated from the group. He's running out of breath...

DOCTOR (O.S.)
We can do it! We are here! Just...

Now, we hear a loud sound of gun, and, in the same moment, screen goes black.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM, MORNING

Buzzing becomes sligthy rustling. It's complete darkness in the bunker.

There's a man in there. This is Michael. Middle aged, short black hair, very sparse beard, about 6ft, wearing a cream colored pants, brown t-shirt, as well as semi-deep shoes.

Bunker is about 860 square feet, but everything is dirty and messy.

In the main room there is a radio station, then two big tables covering the length of the left side and the width of the room (similar to tables from the workshops). There is a bench too, which is on the right side, and the large table in the middle of the room.

It's a well-camouflaged bunker. Outside, the bunker is covered with the desert dust. Stairs leading to exit door which lies horizontally and opens upwards.

We hear loud noise from radio station on the table.

During very loud buzzing from speaker, in a deep darkness, we hear throbbing and knocking due to Michael's trip up. He tries to find a switch and turns the lights on. It lasts quite long.

At the moment when Michael finally finds a switch, radio station is nearly muted and we can hear a slight rustling only. Michael bewilderedly looking around.

Not knowing where he is, approaching to the radio which has just lost its signal. Realizing that he is the only person in the room, he tries to get out from the bunker but finds a locked door. He rubs his eyes and holds his head with his hands trying to remember how he got there. We can notice that Michael is suffering from a total amnesia.

After a nervous walking in a circle, he sits on a chair next to the radio waiting for a signal. He gets up again...

MICHAEL

(while looking around)

What the fuck is this?! Where the hell am I?

Michael is fearfully looking around, having no idea where he is. He is situated in the largest room in the whole bunker which has seven rooms (this one in which he is and six smaller ones arranged opposite one another - 3x3) and a bathroom down the hall. Basically, there are rooms for sleeping as well as those that contain food, ammunition and other items an army needs. Again, he tries to open the door, code locked, hitting them...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!! Damn!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - LATER

Looking at the clear sky, with a flock of birds in it, we hear echoes of Mike's screams.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

We see him sitting in a chair next to the radio station. Looking at the floor, leaning on his hands and shaking his knee.

MICHAEL

This is impossible, it's not happening... how the hell I got here...

Michael became apparently upset for the ambiguous situation. He nervously shifts glance from the floor to the radio station...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why is this fucking shit just rustling? Let someone pick up the phone!

He takes the microphone...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hello?! Hello?!!

On the table, which is located along the length of the main room on the left side, he sees the bottle half-filled with Vodka. He gets up, takes the bottle and drinks bottoms up. He leaves the bottle on the same table and goes to check the other rooms. Verifies that the first is locked. He checks the other ones. The second one is unlocked and he gets into it.

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM - LATER

Michael enters the room and the first thing he sees are scattered things. The room has three beds on the left side and a metal cabinet on the right. He looks in astonishment at the scene...

MICHAEL

What is all this shit? Somebody was here...

He goes to the closet and opens the first cabinet which contains the half-full box of cigars, a dirty white shirt and a pile of dirty rags. He throws shirt and clothes out of the closet on the floor. He finds cigars and takes them from the first shelf and puts them in the pocket. He then opens one after the other and except dirty laundry he finds and takes a short lead pen. Third cabinet is locked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I knew it... Well, at least I found cigars... and a pen.

Michael puts a pen in his pocket and continues to inspect the room. He takes scattered things but there is nothing in them. He sits on a bed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is just like fucking movie...

He is looking around the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Maybe someone is recording this...

He gets up and begins to walk around the room ...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(ironically laughing)

If somebody is fucking around with me, you know... you know... you are fucked up! You could have found something dirtier, I'm sure it would be even funnier to you. At least you left me cigarettes and Vodka. Never mind that I have no lighter. I will light it on stone, you motherfuckers.

Michael comes out to the hallway outside. He sees a bathroom door, located across the hall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(looking around thinking
that there are cameras)

Voila, there is a toilet! A really nice gesture from your side, whoever you are! I have where to pee, shit and brush my teeth. Ooo yeah, that's something!

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM - LATER

Michael enters the bathroom and sees a little mess in there...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, nothing unexpected. I would be surprised that it's clean.

He opens the mirror above the sink.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to brush my teeth? With a bug spray? Difficult...

He turns to the small, 3-drawer commode and opens the top one...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Powders...

Then, he opens another drawer after closing first one...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Detergents...

In third drawer Michael finds some cloths and two towels.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Rags again... screw you with fucking rags!

He closes the last drawer and sees a screwdriver and a box of screws on the dresser...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This is good for teeth. But not mine.

He goes to the sink and closes mirror above it. Michael is now staring at his face for the next few seconds...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Man... fuck you... all of you.

Mike turns around, nervously comes out and closes the door behind him.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Michael enters the main room, sighing and looking at the watch, which has stopped.

It was exactly 05:23am the moment needle stopped working. Staring at the watch, confused and with strange expression on his face, he moves back to the table. Approaching the table, while still looking at the watch, Michael brushes bottle of Vodka with his elbow. Bottle falls and smashes into pieces.

MICHAEL

No, no, no! Damn! One and only good think here. Will anything good happen to me today?!

At that moment, very loud buzzing started from radio station.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey... here it is, here it is.

Michael goes to the radio station

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?! Talk to me, don't fuck with me. Hello? Who is this? Can you hear me?! Halo?! Halo?!

Signal is lost...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(banging the radio)
Come on baby, don't give up. C'mon, c'mon... you can do it. Come on, not even you, don't fuck with me now... Can you hear me? Can you hear me? Hello? Don't mess with me and open the fucking door. Hello?!

Rustling is weaker and eventually he loses touch with the person on the other side of the line...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fuck the fucking radio! C'mon let me out of here!! Bastards!

He gets up, goes back to the exit door and banging them again...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why is this happening to me? Why? Why?

Then, Michael saw a device with numbers on the door ...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why am I doing this for God's sake? It's code locked.

He turns around again and begins to walk down the main room...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You could give me a window over here at least, I'll suffocate here. Or maybe that's your final goal...

Michael goes to the bench and sits on it...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Damn. My... head...

Michael lies across the bench and puts his hand on the forehead...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM, MORNING

We are looking at empty sleeping room...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM, MORNING

Dirty bathroom full of scattered laundry...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER, HALLWAY, MORNING

Hallway. All way long to the closed doors at the end of it...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE, MORNING

We see horizon line, sandy field and clear blue sky...

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Camera slowly crosses the main room. We can see common soldier's pictures framed and hanged on the walls. On one of them, dozen soldiers are standing together, including one woman and two dark-skinned guys.

Camera is still on the move and shows us the radio station, a broken bottle and spilled Vodka all around and finally comes to Michael who sits on the bench looking at the pictures. He seems worried. He shifts glance from the faulty watch and then to his slightly stained, brown shirt. He does not respond at all, no reaction. His face is cold and totally exhausted. In his stare we can see concern. He takes a previously founded box of cigars from his pocket and keeps staring at it rolling it in his right hand. Then throws it away, on the table and goes to the sleeping room.

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM - LATER

We now see Michael entering the room and moving to the cabinets. He is looking at the third locker, the locked one, and tries to open it again. No luck. At this point, he remembers that there is a screwdriver in the bathroom.

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM

Michael goes to the bathroom and takes a screwdriver from small commode...

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM

With screwdriver in his hand, Michael is trying to pick locked cabinet. It doesn't work as he had hoped. He nervously throws the screwdriver against the wall and begins to walk around the room.

MICHAEL

Fuck!

Apparently annoyed, Michael goes to the bed across the room then he returns to the closed cassette and shakes the whole wardrobe irritated.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaa, damn!!! Oh God...

Michael laid his head on the cabinet. He looks very tired and weary. He goes to the bed and sits on it. Leaning on the arms which he holds on his knees. He looks at the floor helplessly. If, at first, he thought that someone is playing with him, now we see him more anxious. He runs his hands through his hair. Nervously rubs his hair and makes sour faces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What the fuck should I do, what?!
God!

He gets up from the bed and hitting heavily the wall with both palms, releasing painful screams and sounds.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Get me out of here!

MICHAEL leaning his elbows on the wall. We hear a sound like crying, but he doesn't shed a tear. With absolutely no idea where he is and why he is there, Michael sits on the bed again and shares glance at screwdriver. He takes it and spins it around his fingers. He looks dazed and crushed while looking at scratched screwdriver. Sitting on the bed, he begins to write on the wall, scratching it with screwdriver. He wrote "GOD HELP ME" in big block letters. After he's carved this sentence, with a screwdriver in his right hand, slowly walking, he leaves the room and goes to the main room leaving doors open...

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Michael enters the main room, sits on a bench and puts a screwdriver next to himself. Again, he looks at the clock, which doesn't work.

MICHAEL
What happened to you, buddy? Why aren't you alive? It looks like we'll share the same boat...

Sighs. He shares glance at the pictures of soldiers that are right in front of him, then stands up slowly. He comes close to the pictures and looks at one with a dozen of soldiers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who are you guys?

Now we see pictures of soldiers. View is moving slowly from one soldier to another. Soldiers dressed in military camouflage shirts, trousers and deep boots.

MICHAEL (O.S.)(CONT'D)
You were dressed like our soldiers...

We see Michael, again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So, you are ours, right?

Although he is concerned, Michael act calmly but at the same time he's confused when he finds out...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Who took this photo? Is this
 your.....

For a moment, he looks around.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 ... bunker?!

Michael continues to look at the picture.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Wohoo... and there's a lady.

We see a picture of the only lady in the group. Crouched down, with short blonde hair, heavier than most of guys, not so pretty, mid-30s.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (with very first smile on his face)
 You are probably a cook...

Michael turns around and leans on the table below the picture. He looks around, sighs and walks away from the table to the exit door. He's looking at keyboard. We see that there is space for six numbers, secret combination which opens the door. Michael sighs again...

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What can I do to open that damn
 door?? Six numbers...

After staring at keyboard, Mike tries to enter randomly chosen numbers. We can't recognize which numbers he chose but we hear the sound, two short beeps, that gives a negative answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Fuck you!...

He tries over and over again but only to hear the same negative sound. One more time. Now he speaks numbers while typing but we still can't see them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 One... one... one... two...
 eight... nine. Enter.

Two short beeps. Negative answer again.

Now we can see the cadre of the radio station, switching to Michael, while we can hear the sound of numbers Michael is typing. He is still trying to break the code helplessly. Another failed attempt, after which Michael leaves tapping and starts banging on the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Aaaaa!!! Open the door, you sick bastards!!!

After a couple hits, he gives up. Leaning against the wall next to the door Mike slides to the floor slowly. Sitting down with joined knees, Mike puts his head on them and makes sad sound, just like he's crying. This time, he actually cries...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(crying)

God, please...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE, MORNING

We are looking at sandy fields outside the bunker from birds-eye perspective. Water gurgling...

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM - LATER

Bathroom door is open. Michael washes his face and crosses over the hair with wet hands. He turns off the water. We see Michael's image in the mirror. He looks at himself and rubs his eyes. He moves slightly backwards to the commode to open the third drawer and takes a towel. Toweling himself, he leaves the towel at the commode and goes to the main room.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Mike takes box of cigarettes from the table and counts how many cigarettes are in the box.

MICHAEL
Hmmm, useless...

He remembers that he doesn't have a lighter and throws the box on the table, then goes to the radio station. No calls for a long time. It's turned on all the time but there is no noise at all.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's your fucking purpose when you keep remaining silent? How to dial from this shit?

Michael sits down at the table where the radio station is. Moving his hands to the radio, he is attempting to contact someone...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't touch anything, I'll spoil something... damn, it's fucked up anyway.

He gets up and goes to the bedroom.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Help me! Anyone... or you'll gonna keep me here for the rest of my life?! What do you want from me?

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM

Michael is approaching to the locked cabinet...

MICHAEL

Why are you locked? Who locked you up? What do you hide from me? If this is a game, so I have to unlock you to get out of this place, I'll demolish you!!

Michael, being irritated, is banging cabinet with his elbow. Nothing special happens, except he just dents closet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How to open this motherfucking cabinet?! Fuck!

With screwdriver on his mind, he's looking forward to find it and tries again but after few steps down the hallway remembers that he's already tried... he's coming back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You tried Mike, you tried... It won't work...

He stops in front of a locked cabinet and looks at it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What are you hiding, God damn it.

Mike turns around, and with a deep breath comes to bed and sits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
OK, let's see, what useful do I have?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(finger counting)
Radio station that barely breathes,
a screwdriver, a pile of rags and
towels, cigars without lighter,
detergent and a broken bottle of
Vodka. There is, in fact, only a
screwdriver in function...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(sighing)
... there is no hope.

Michael is sitting awhile on the bed, obviously worried. He looks at what is written on the wall. Now we are looking at the inscription - "GOD HELP ME".

He does not know what to do with himself. He's in agony but he tries to hide it and keep a cool head. Mike grabs his head, rubs his hair and looks at the floor, and then he just lies down.

His hands are on his chest, fingers crossed and looking at the ceiling. His view became ours and ceiling transforms into clear blue sky...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S BACKYARD, MICHAEL'S DREAM, DAY - PAST

Camera moves from sky to the huge courtyard with swings, slides, sand for playing, neatly cut grass, etc. It's a sunny summer day. Birds chirping. Kids' hubbub slowly overcome chirping.

We see backyard full of children. It's Mike's "Point of View".

Michael is looking at one girl and three boys playing in sand. After short staring, he moves towards them. At that moment, he hears a woman's voice.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mike! Mike!

MICHAEL turns around to the front door of the house, from which he was summoned by female voice.

He saw a lady. She is Allison, his wife. She's about 5'6, in mid-30s, shoulder-length black hair, dressed in jeans and a red T-shirt. We can't see her face clearly. She keeps calling him.

ALLISON

(happy voice)

Come here for a second. Come on.

You turned into a statue or what?

While Michael moves towards her, Allison enters the house. It's still slightly blurry POV perspective. Michael is slowly approaching the entrance. At the doorstep, he turns round and for a moment looks outside at happy kids. He continues and enters the house but it's empty. He goes from one room to another but with no luck. Nobody is in there.

After searching the whole house, Michael gets out. Backyard is empty. He hears dead silence. While he is running to the sand where kids were playing we hear his footsteps. He stops. But we still hear the footsteps. At that moment we hear dog barking. Mike turns around when a dog jumps on him.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM, MORNING - LATER

Michael has aroused from asleep. He breathes deeply and quickly. Immediately after, he looks at the watch, which stopped a long time ago...

MICHAEL

Oh, fuck...

Michael keeps looking around, trying to remember what he had dreamed of. He slept a little, some 15 minutes.

He rubs his eyes and mumbles something. Again, mechanically, he looks at the carved inscription at the wall.

He's sitting now and looking at the lockers then rises and approaching the locked one...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (banging it lightly)
 Why, why, why? God. Open up. Open
 up, please.

MICHAEL leaves the room, at slowly, and goes to bathroom.

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM

We see Michael looking at his reflection in the mirror.

MICHAEL
 Who am I? Why am I here? What
 should I do? What is this place?

Michael puts his head against the mirror...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (on the verge of tears)
 Give me the strength, Lord. Get me
 out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE, MORNING

A bird stands on a dried wood branch and after a few moments
 flies away.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Michael is sitting next to the radio station, expecting a
 call.

MICHAEL
 You didn't have to leave this here,
 even. It doesn't work anyway.
 C'mon, show me I am wrong and call
 me, for God's sake!

After a while, he leaves the cigarettes pack on the table,
 gets up from his chair and begins to walk in a circle around
 the main room. From hanged pictures, his view finally comes
 to the code-locked door. He freezes for a moment and looks
 into the numbers. Then, he switch his view to the door
 handle. He saw a small hole near the door handle.

Mike goes to the bench, where he previously left a screwdriver, takes it and runs back to the door.

Michael is trying to push a screwdriver into the hole. He did it, but nothing happened. He attempts to move the screwdriver, while it's in the hole. Left and right, up and down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. Let's
something happen. Be useful...

Nothing happens.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
God, what am I doing...

Michael throws the screwdriver in the opposite direction. It falls near the bench.

He sits on the floor near the door, leaning against the wall, with outstretched legs. Sighs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
There is no salvation. Nobody cares
about me. I'm totally irrelevant,
for anyone.

He bends his knees and puts right hand on his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why-Am-I-Here??? Give me a fucking
answer! Anybody?!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(laughing)
You don't give a damn shit about
me. About anyone. Who knows why I'm
here and who locked me down here?
Maybe now someone is laughing at
all this while watching me. What is
going on? I don't even know what
day is it... or... even... year.

Michael puts his both hands on his head and tries to say something.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I... I was... no, it's impossible.
I can't remember anything. Nothing.
What they've done to me? Who did
this? Please God this is just a
dream. Please. There must be
someone who cares about me.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do I have friends at all? This must be some experiment.

Then stops his monologue for a moment...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Year.... Year... How I don't know what year it is? Hahaha, this is total madness!

Michael rises from the ground, goes to the screwdriver, picks it from the floor and takes it back to the bench.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, I'm now like Robinson Crusoe. But somewhere in the middle of fucking nowhere... underground! I only miss Friday... ha... if he's here, at least. Robinson had the advantage.

Michael is obviously trying in every way to cheer up but we still see the concern on his face. He returns to the photos on the wall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you also, like me, were here for a joke? You look like trophies to people who locked us down here. That's right, we all are trophies of motherfucking madmen.

Michael thinks he knows what is this all about. He nervously goes to the radio station.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(shaking radio station)

C'mon, start working you... piece of crap and talk to me you fucking morons!

He stops shaking and now he is just looking at it. We see anger and fear in his eyes. He's leaning on the table, sighs. Anger boiling in him and in this moment he would rather smash the radio station, but he knows that it might be his only hope.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaa, why? Why, why? Let someone tell me what's going on here... Where am I? Help me!

He puts his hands down. He is thinking for a few moments.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Nobody cares about me. No one will
get me out of here. No one even
knows I'm here. I'm fucked up,
totally!

He walks some time tensely in the circle around the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why me? Answer me!

He goes to the bench and sits on it. Now we see a close up of
an insect in the bunker. Picture Goes to black.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM - LATER

We see Michael turning pillows and blankets, looks under the
bed, mattress, behind the bed. He moves on to previous
scattered things and comes to a military vest. He is staring
at it. Now we see vest in close-up.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Whose is this?

Michael continues to look into the vest, after which they are
heading to search it completely. In one pocket is a deck of
cards. He takes it. Somewhat surprised he looks at it for a
while rotating the box.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
A deck of cards. It seems that it
used to be boring here even before
I came.

In the second pocket he found a tissues. He's not impressed.
Actually, he looks a little disappointed expecting a key,
combination or at least a hint of where he is and how to get
out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Pfff...

While holding a pack of cards in hand, Michael puts tissues in his pocket. Then he goes to the metal cabinet and looks around it. He tries to move it but he fails. It's heavy. He stoops down to look under the locker. He sees something. It looks like a bullet. Michael tries to reach it with his right hand. After a short groan he made it. It is a real bullet. Kneeling on the floor, puzzled, Mike is probably looking at rifle bullet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What the f...?

Holding a bullet in his hand, he bends to look under the locker again. Looking for something else but he can't find anything. Mike gets up and leaves the room, looking at the locker.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

We see him enters the main room, holding a deck of cards and a bullet in his hands. He throws cards on the table, sits on the bench staring into the bullet, spinning it with his fingers. Staring at the backside of the bullet, he frowns, trying to read what it said on the casing. The bullet is so dirty so the marks can't be seen clearly. He gets up from the bench and leaves the main room. We hear water rustling.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM

Now we are looking at Michael who is trying to clean up the bullet. He sinks it and rubs under running water. Bullet still looks rusty. Mike takes tissues from his pocket and continues to rub the backside of the bullet. He sees something, mysteriously looking into the bullet while cleaning it's bottom with his thumb. He sees a tag but we don't.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Michael goes into the main room. While still looking at bullet, Mike slowly approaches the wall with photos.

Looking at them for a while, with thoughtful expression, Mike hurries to the bedroom.

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM

He took earlier raided military vest.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Michael returns to the main room and goes back to the photos. In one photo, Mike saw a soldier with vest, similar to the one he is holding.

MICHAEL
What the fuck?

Michael is now approaching the photo, to be sure that he and the soldier have the same vest.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That's it. It's the same vest.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(looking at vest)
Why is it here?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(looks back at the
picture)
Who are you, guys?

Now Michael is visibly upset. He still has no idea what's going on and why is he trapped down there.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Fuck, I have no other choice.

He goes to the radio station and sits down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It has to work somehow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(dragging his hands over
the command table)
C'mon. Let's something happen with
this. Wait, wait... First to
remember current frequency.

Michael takes a lead pen found in locker and remaining tissues.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Some benefit... from the pen and
paper towel. God.

He writes current frequency and whole radio station setup at
the tissue if he needs to restore it, in the case of failed
attempt to contact someone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(mumbling, listing what he
writes)
That... it's on tree and a half,
OK... little from the left...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(switching his view from
paper to radio station
and vice versa)
Tree point five... OK. Second light
from the right... That's it.

Michael starts to change frequency. As he moving it, we hear
different rustling intensity. We are looking at radio
station.

MICHAEL(O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll fucked up something. I'm sure.
But I have no choice.

Now he moves the other controls. Gently buzzing comes along
with rustling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why are you just rustling,
motherfucker?! Do I even do this
right?

Michael still moves controls in hope that he will hear
someone's voice.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Nah, this shit is not working, just
rustling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(strikes radio station)
Go to hell!

He gets up and leaves, then figures out it would be better to
return the frequency as it was before he changed it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's better to restore this...
maybe, by some miracle, someone
calls...

Reading from a tissue, Mike restores radio station's settings and leaves the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No one will save me...

He sits on the bench, looking at the floor and holding his head. He's desperate. What he found wasn't very helpful. He doesn't know what to do. Hermetically detained in bunker, Mike can only hope that someone will find him. He slowly gives up and starts relying on fate.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

God!

His head is leaned on his hands and for a while he is looking around the room. It's a blank stare, like he sees through things, into the distance. He stands up and walks towards the radio station very slowly. Mike looks like a man who doesn't want to live anymore. He moves the chair in front of the central table and sits on it and like a sloth leans his head on hands then slowly switches view to the cards. Michael takes a box and starts mixing cards. After short mixing, Mike builds a layout for a solitaire game. Totally depressed and emotionally destroyed, Mike arranges tickets slowly, one by one. Finally, he starts the game. After drawing a few cards from the pile and sorting them on the table, he finds a Jocker, which, of course, should not be there. Michael is staring at it, without a blink. He's lost. Thinking.

Now, the camera is pointed at the Joker and slowly approaches him, until the Joker fits the screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S BACKYARD, MICHAEL'S DREAM, DAY

... Now we see the real man disguised as a Joker, more precisely the jester. All this happens in Michael's backyard. It's the time of the celebration of his son's birthday. It's sunny day. From the jester, our camera is transferred to the garden, which is full of children and adults. Children are playing with balloons, balls, toys. Confetti flying around while the adults are sitting at the tables. They are having lunch. People and children are happy.

ALISON (O.S.)
 Come on kids, it's time for the
 birthday cake! Let's go...

We see Alison, the one from Michael's first dream, carrying a birthday cake with 5 candles stuck in it. Now, we see her face more clearly. Black shoulder-length hair, with lovely face, nicely dressed in a red robe. Alison brings a cake to the table. We hear the noise of children, as a sign of joy.

BOY
 Hooraaaaaay, a birthday cake! Let's
 go, guys!

ALISON
 That's right, sweetheart. Come on,
 kids. Quickly, quickly, quickly.
 Where is Mick?

In this moment, we see Michael who is holding his son Mick on his shoulders. They are going to the table where the cake is. They are both smiling.

MICK
 Here I am, mom!

ALISON
 Ooooooh, there you are, you
 birthday boy.

She takes Mick from Michael's shoulders in her arms, kisses Michael and turns around with Mick and goes to the table. She put him on the bench. He's standing and the cake is in front of him.

The children are all around, adults are sitting on the benches. They are all waiting for Allison to light the candles. Everyone is waiting for that solemn moment. Behind Mick, there is Michael and his wife. Allison takes a lighter from him, and lights candles, one by one. Everyone is smiling, celebrating... then the jester approaches and take Mick in his hands.

JESTER
 This is my moment. Now you're mine,
 you little warrior.

Mick is obviously happy.

JESTER (CONT'D)
 Guys, shall we sing all together a
 birthday song for our little
 warrior? Here we go... one, two,
 three, and...

KIDS

Happy birthday to you,
happy birthday to you,
happy birthday dear Mickey,
happy birthday to you!

We hear the applause of all.

JESTER

(putting him on the bench)
Come on now, close your eyes, make
a wish and blow those candles.

We see Mick who closes his eyes, while making a wish...

ALISON

Did you make a wish, son?

MICK

Yes!

ALISON

Good. Come on than, blow the
candles...

JESTER (O.S.)

... and do it strong, like a true
warrior!

Now, he is blowblowing the candles. We hear the applause and the noise made by children, who were around him. Michael and his wife are leaning forward and kissing Mick in both cheeks.

MICHAEL

Happy birthday, son.

MICK

(hugging Michael)
Thank you, dad.

ALISON

Happy birthday, sweetheart.

MICK

(hugging Allison)
Thank you, mom. I love you.

ALISON

I love you too, son.

At that moment, we he hear the sound of a biplane. They all turn towards a place where they hear a sound. Biplane is flying across the yard.

On the biplane is a flag with a sign, which is hung on the tail of the plane. On this flag we see caption - "YOU ARE NOT ALONE". Michael is looking at the caption, surprised. Than again we see the caption. The footage is slowed. The camera slowly approaches the caption, while we hear the noise of others.

BACK TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM, BUNKER - LATER

At that moment, Michael wakes up. He has not slept for a long time, breathing rapidly. Mike looks around the room and then he switches his sight to the Joker card. In the meantime, Joker was left next to the other lined cards. Alternately, he switches the view from the Joker to the other cards, and vice versa.

MICHAEL

Oh, man...

He rubs his eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh... ummmmm...

He is looking at the lined cards and thinking. The camera spins around him. Michael is in the center. The camera stops, and after a moment, Michael gets up from a chair, to the right side. He leaves the chair facing diagonally toward the bench. When he starts to move, he begins to feel that something is poking him in the right shoe.

MICHEAL

(looking at the shoe)

Umm... fuck...

He bends towards the shoe and begins to temper space in the shoe.

MICHAEL

What the... wait.

He sits on the bench, and again put his hand in the space of his shoe....

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on... what the fuck. It's impossible like this, I have to take off.

He takes off his shoe and looks into it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What?

He looks into it, but we don't see what's in there. Michael puts his hand in his shoe, and then, he slowly pulls his hand out. He takes the key. Michael is looking at the key and he seems very surprised.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ha! That's it! Oh my God!

At first, very excited, Michael moves to sleeping room without right shoe. Then, he immediately stops, returns, puts on his right shoe, and runs off to the sleeping room. He thinks that it is the key of the only closed locker.

INT. SLEEPING ROOM, BUNKER

We see him entering the room and running to the closed locker. He's excited and, like a drunkard, he can't hit the lock.

MICHAEL

Come on, come on. Please God. Tell me that's it!

Michael is trying to unlock the locker. He's breathing rapidly and his hands are shaking. Finally, he puts the key in the lock.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It matches! Come on, turn around!

It's stuck in the lock when Michael tries to turn the key.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on. Don't fuck me! Just, turn around!

Now we see the key in the lock, which Michael wants to turn.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come on, you piece of iron, come on!

It finally "clicked" and the key is turned.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

BINGO!

Michael opens the locker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
God, finally.

He's looking into the locker. We don't see what is inside. He curiously looking in it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What are you hiding...

He inserts his hands in there and looks in the locker for a while. We still don't see what is inside. We see how he takes out a 3 curled bandages. He holds them in his hands and looks at them. Mike throws them on the bed and returns to the locker just to see dirty rags and t-shirts. He takes them...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(ironically)
Unbelievable...

He throws t-shirts and rags on the floor and returns to the locker. Than he takes a lighter from it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
A lighter... ha-ha... that's it.
You are fucking kidding me. The key
was with me all the time.

Mike puts a lighter in his pocket and continues to stare at the locker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This is definitely a game...

At that moment, his face became serious. He is watching at the locker like hypnotized.

Mike slowly inserts his hands in the locker. After that, he gets his hands out. In his hands is a Red Cross armband. Now we see only the Red Cross armband.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

Situation seems a little bit tense. Michael, while holding a Red Cross armband, goes to the bed, where he just thrown bandages and sits. He's holding the armband and looking at it surprisingly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Armband, bandages... why that?

He puts his hand in his pocket and takes out the lighter now looking at it.

Than, Michael returns a lighter in his pocket, leaves the armband on the bed, next to bandages, and than returns to the locker. He is looking inside, again. Now, from the locker Mike takes out a black leather wallet. He is holding a wallet in his hands and looking at it. He is stunned. Now we see only a wallet. He opens it and sees a tiny bit of the photo. White paper is attached to the back side of the photo. We don't see anything written on it.

Michael quickly and excitedly takes out a photo. Paper accidentally drops out of the wallet on the floor. He is looking at the photo for a while, but he does not recognize anything. We still don't see what is on the photo. Quickly, Michael goes to the bed, takes 3 bandages, Red Cross armband and starts moving toward the main room. As Michael is living the room, the camera stays on the wall with the inscription - "GOD, HELP ME".

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM, BUNKER - LATER

We see Michael sitting on the bench while looking at the photo. He gets up, goes to the table, and leaves the photo on it. There are also 3 bandages, Red Cross armband and pack of cigarettes on the table.

He takes a pack of cigarettes, takes out a cigar and puts it in his mouth... than he returns the pack on the table.

After that, he returns to the bench and sits on it. He takes out a lighter from his pocket and lights a cigar. Mike returns lighter in his pocket and, at the same time, he takes out a bullet casing that he found.

While he is smoking a cigar, he is looking at the bullet casing, but he doesn't see what is written on it. Than, he returns bullet casing in his pocket. He's still sitting on the bench and smoking. We see Michael's "I don't understand anything" face.

Now, he moves his look at his watch, which stopped a long time ago. It's still 05:23AM. He still does not know the reason why the pointers are not moving.

When the cigar almost completely burned, he thrown it on the floor and stubs it out with his foot. He gets up from the bench, goes back to the table, and sits on a chair, which is still facing the bench.

Michael takes the photo and starts looking at it again. We still do not see what is in it. Michael is looking at the photo and, at that moment, flashback shows to us.

FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAEL'S LIVING ROOM, CHRISTMAS, DUSK

Michael is in his home, the same as in his first dream. It's Michael's "point of view. The whole room is decorated and full of balloons and lights, with big Christmas tree. It's silent. Michael is slowly sneaking to the big kitchen. There he sees his wife Allison, who chops up something, and his son Mick, standing next to her and watching. Allison is dressed like a housewife, with the apron, her hair is tied, while Mick is wearing Mickey Mouse t-shirt and suspenders.

INT. KITCHEN, CHRISTMAS

Michael goes to them like a serial killer. He grabs Mick and begins to imitate animal screams.

It's not the "point of view", anymore. Mick begins to giggle and Michael lets Mick and he goes to the place where Allison is chopping something.

MICHAEL

What are you chopping, baby.

ALLISON

(smiling)

Are you crazy, you almost scared him to death!

MICHAEL

Hell no, Mick is my warrior. He's not afraid of starting school, neither. Right?

Mick beats Michael with his fists on Michael's hips, because he is joking him, making a classic children's voice, when they disagree on something.

ALLISON
Don't do that, Mike. Why are you
such a...

MICHAEL
Come on, Allis... it was a joke.

Michael comes down to Mick.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You must learn to take joke, even
on your own account. In that way,
you'll be in a position to fool
someone, too.

Mick is hugging his father.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Come on now, go into the living
room and see what I bought for you.

Mick runs happily out of the kitchen and goes to the living
room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And you didn't answer me, what's
getting ready?

ALLISON
That's my specialty!

MICHAEL
No way? And, what's the name of
this... specialty?

ALLISON
(looking at the
"specialty" confused)
HMMMMMMMM... so... no name, for now.
But we'll figure something out.

MICHAEL
God, it's not a child so we need to
think about his name together.
Let's do it this way, what's in
that your no name specialty?

ALISON
It has everything, mostly
vegetables. Beginning with carrots,
potatoes, onions, even the pieces
of meat.

ALLISON
 (revengeful)
 And yes, it has peppers, too.

Michael is disappointed because there are peppers. He does not like peppers.

MICHAEL
 Ooooooooooooooh, no way I will eat that...

ALLISON
 No, no, no... don't tell me "oooooooooh". Sooner or later, you'll come to love it. Come on now, go to Mick and see if he likes what you bought him... and don't bother me.

MICHAEL
 Yes, ma'am!

He turns and walks away from the kitchen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (to yourself)
 You'll destroy me with those peppers...

INT. MICHAEL'S LIVING ROOM, CHRISTMAS

Michael enters the living room and sees that Mick has already opened his gift. Out of the box, he took out a large stuffed clown.

MICHAEL
 And? Do you like daddy's gift?

Mick happily gets up from the couch and runs to his dad.

MICK
 Dad!

Mick hugs Micheal and doesn't let him... Michael laughs.

MICK (CONT'D)
 You are the best dad in the world.

Mick lets Michael and calls his mother to come...

MICK (CONT'D)
 Mom, come quickly to see what dad bought me!

At that moment, we see Allison entering the living room. Mick runs to Allison and gives her a stuffed clown.

MICK (CONT'D)

Look!

ALLISON

Wow, it's great!

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

How did you know?

MICHAEL

It wasn't that hard... I knew that Mickey likes clowns and jesters...

ALLISON

He's great, really.

Allison returns clown to Mick.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(suddenly)

Come on, let's take a picture with him... Mike, go get a camera. It's in the kitchen.

MICHAEL

In the kitchen?

ALLISON

Yeah, I just wanted to photo my specialty.

MICHAEL

(to yourself)

Specialty...

He turns round and goes to the kitchen to take a camera. During this time, we see Mick and Allison. They are preparing for photo session. Allison explains to Mick where to put his clown.

ALLISON

Put a clown here, among us.

MICK

Like that?

ALLISON

Yes, it's good.

After a few moments, Michael comes back from the kitchen with the camera.

Allison and Mick are sitting on the floor, between the sofa and small table, holding the clown. Allison is on the Mick's right side, clown is between them.

Michael is looking at them, while entering the room.

MICHAEL

Ummmmmm... why are the two of you... oops, pardon me, three... sitting on the floor?

ALLISON

Come on, come on, you're talking too much, come here to take a photo.

Michael goes to them...

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Wait, move this table a little bit forward, and than put the camera on it.

MICHAEL

As you command, Mrs. Smith.

Michael takes the table and moves it forward.

ALLISON

That's it, that's it. Don't touch it anymore.

MICHAEL

Aaaaalright...

Michael sets up a camera for auto-photographing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

MICK

We are!

MICHAEL

Ok. Now, I will quickly...

Michael leaves the camera on the table and runs to Allison and Mick.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

... come to you.

Mick has a smile on his face, he is excited and can't wait to photograph with his clown.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Ok, soldiers, clowns and specialties, make a smile for the camera.

Photo was taken, and this photo is reflected to the present day.

FLASHBACK END

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM, BUNKER - LATER

Now, we see photo that Michael found in the locker. A sight, photographed at his home, just transformed into the photo that is in his hands. It's the same photo that is captured then. Allison, Mick with the clown, and he.

For a few moments, Michael, as hypnotized, is looking at the photo. After that, he puts a photo on the table and lowers his head to the photo. We hear Michael's groan.

MICHAEL
 (crying)
 Why, why, why? Photo... that photo... who got my family? Why are you doing this to me? This is my photo! Who... who took it? How? Oh God, please... I just... no, no...

Michael gets up and sits on the bench. His face is full of tears.

Now, he gets up to pick up a box of cigars from the table. He returns to the bench, taking a cigar from the box and lighter from his pocket and lights a cigar.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE, MORNING

We see the sky, where the clouds are moving rapidly.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Now, at first, we see an empty room. The camera is moving around the entire room, then it came to the hallway, where are the bedrooms.

We see Michael entering the room, from the hallway.

He stops for a moment beside the table staring at something on it.

He takes Red Cross armband, and sits on a chair. The chair is still facing bench diagonally. Michael is looking at the Red Cross armband. He's tensed.

MICHAEL

Why Red Cross... There used to be a doctor. This can't be here for nothing.

At that moment, short flashbacks starts to appear.

FLASHBACK

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, DAY

We see the blurred "point of view" perspective. Someone is running breathlessly.

FLASHBACK END

Now we see Michael rubbing his eyes and gasping. Armband is not in his hands, it's on the table.

FLASHBACK

Again, we see the blurred "point of view" perspective. Some men are still running breathlessly. We hear gunshots in the distance. It seems that the military does a pullback.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
 Let's go! Don't look back, just
 run! Faster, faster!

We still hear gunshots...

FLASHBACK END

Michael is holding his head and breathing rapidly...

FLASHBACK

We see the left hand of the man who runs. On his left hand is the Red Cross armband. It's close-up of Red Cross armband and we see just that, while we hear the gunshots and loud soldiers around.

FLASHBACK END

Michael is still looking like he's traumatized. While we see Michael, we hear the voices of the soldiers. Their voices echo...

SOLDIER (O.S.)
 Down, down! Get to cover!!!

FLASHBACK

Now the screen is totally blurred, while the camera is shaking. We hear a loud bomb explosion.

FLASHBACK END

Michael is still holding his head, leaning his elbows on the table. We hear Michael's "painful" voice. While we see Michael, we hear shouting by one of the soldiers. His voice echoes...

SOLDIER (O.S.)
 Doc! Where is the doctor?! It's an
 emergency!

FLASHBACK

The screen is blurred. "Point of view" perspective. Excitedly, the man looks around, realizing that the soldiers are calling for the doctor.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
DOOOOOOOOOC!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

FLASHBACK END

At that moment, we hear soldier's voice echoing, calling the doctor. Michael is breathing rapidly, gasping and holding his temples.

MICHAEL
No... no... this is... what
happened? Ummmmm... I'm not good...
this sucks... my head...

Michael gets up and leaves the main room. We see that he's not moving quite normally.

He's going through the hallway and entering the bathroom. Michael turns on the water and starts to wash. He pours his head with the water, too.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

We see Michael entering the main room. He's walking and holding his head. He sits on a chair at the table and watches the Red Cross armband. He takes it. Holding it in his hand he is looking at it.

MICHAEL
What happened to me? Is it a...
dream? Armband... it was the
armband.

At that moment, it seems like Michael brings back his memory. He seems like he remembered something.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(negatively nodding)
No, no,... It's impossible. It's
not possible. All... all this
people...

Irritated, Michael hits the table with his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I need to help them.

Michael leaves the Red Cross armband on the table, gets up and moves towards the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(banging the locked door)
Let me out of here! I've got to get
out! Open the door!

He keeps banging the locked door...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
People are dying out there, they
need me! Let me out!

He gives up with banging...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let me... out...

Michael sits on the floor, leaning against the wall. He is on
the verge of tears.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's all my fault... I'm sorry, I'm
really sorry. How could I... God!

We see Michael in that poor condition for some time... with
no word.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
My family... people... It's not
happening...

Michael raises his head and, at the moment, he changes his
mood.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(raising his head)
I... I've not looked at all the
rooms...

Michael gets up from the floor and starts moving towards the
hall. He comes to the first room and tries to open it, but
it's locked.

Mike just passes on to the other room. He does not enter into
it because he has already been in it. He comes to the third
room on the left.

Michael is slowly pressing the lock. The door is unlocked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Shit... It's opened...

Michael is slowly opening the door. As soon as he opens it up
a little, we see that it is totally dark in this room. It is
all black in there.

At that moment, while Michael is opening the door, we hear rustling from the main room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(turns his head towards
the main room)
Fuck. It's a radio!

Michael opens the door just a little bit. Actually, it was only the beginning of the opening.

He forgets that room and runs to the main room. There's still rustling from the radio station.

As soon as Michael entered the room, it started to make his head spin. He grabs his head with his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Ummmmmm, my head... argh... I'm
about to fall... no, no... not now,
just not now.

It is obvious that Michael can't walk, so he sits on the bench. He's hardly breathing. Michael lowers his head down on the bench.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(barely uttering)
Fuck... just... oh...

As the screen starts to fade out, we hear rustling, which eventually disappears.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MILITARY TENT, MICHAEL'S DREAM, DAY

It's "point of view" perspective. At the beginning, the screen is blurred.

Michael lying on a hospital bed and he is looking at the top of the tent, barely opening his eyes. He is in an military tent and there are another 3 beds, apart from his. These 3 beds are empty. In this tent there are also several smaller and larger metal shelves.

At that moment, a doctor enters the frame, actually, Michael's sight. He is about 6.2 ft., slim, about 50 years old, short gray hair, with glasses, dressed in a soldier suit that doctors usually wearing during the war. He's wearing a Red Cross armband on his left arm.

The screen is still blurry. Michael isn't feeling well. Looking around, Michael stops briefly at the doctor's left hand, on which is the Red Cross armband. He looking at the armband.

Then he shifts his glance from the doctor. Military doctor's voice seems quite worried. We hear the echoes of his voice.

MILITARY DOCTOR

Doctor? Doctor? How do you feel,
are you any better now? Do you hear
me?

Now, the screen is slowly crystallizing and finally, we can clearly see the military doctor. Michael, who is lying on the bed, trying to lift himself.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Now, we see Michael and the military doctor in the same frame. Michael is frantically looking around. He is not sure what happened to him.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Feeling any better?

Michael tries to sit and does that with pain. He hardly speaks.

MICHAEL

W.. why am I here? What... khm,
khm.. What happened?

MILITARY DOCTOR

You lost a lot of blood...

MICHAEL

What?

MILITARY DOCTOR
You're hurt. A group of soldiers
brought you here yesterday.

MICHAEL
Excuse me? Yesterday? How long...
khm, khm... how long am I here?

MILITARY DOCTOR
Since yesterday, doc. They brought
you here unconscious. You've just
woken up for the first time since
then. You've been on an intravenous
drip all night.

We see Michael still trying to be fixed to the bed. Trying to
do this, he grabs his right shoulder, which hurts him right
away.

MICHAEL
Aaaargh! Fuck!

Military doctor approaches Michael, to help him.

MILITARY DOCTOR
Easy, easy, doc. Just don't do that
too sharp...

Military doctor removes the blanket from Michael's arm, who
is wearing no shirt, to fix the bandage. The bandage is
bloody.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)
... we have just removed the bullet
from your arm.

Now, it seems that Michael is trying to say something.
Military doctor is still fixing the bandage.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Fellow? Are you alright?

MICHAEL
Bull... bullet...

MILITARY DOCTOR
Yes, we took it out. It looked
quite nasty, trust me. Thanks God
that the bullet didn't hit an
artery. And besides, you've lost a
lot of blood.

MICHAEL

Where... khm, khm... where are we
now?

Now, we see the military doctor who is looking at Michael mysteriously.

MILITARY DOCTOR

In a safe place, don't worry.

Military doctor now goes to the shelf with medications.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Try to waste less energy on
talking, I'll do the talking.

Finally, we see a military doctor who takes a bottle of fluid from the shelf, and a syringe with a needle.

He takes a fluid from the bottle and injects into a syringe and goes with that to Michael.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I have to give you this injection.
It will relieve the soreness.

MICHAEL

What's that?

MILITARY DOCTOR

Just relax, this is good...

A military doctor takes Michael's injured right hand and pokes the needle into the area below Michael's elbow.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Aaaaalright. That's it.

The doctor pulls up the needle from Michael's hand and goes to the waste bin, next to the shelf from which he took a syringe.

At that moment, another man enters the tent. He looks very worried and hectic. He's a young soldier, about 20 years old, medium height, short hair, wearing combat suit and holding his helmet in his hand.

SOLDIER

Doc, over here, quickly! It's an
emergency!

MILITARY DOCTOR

What? Where?

SOLDIER

Back there, we gotta hurry!

At that moment, we hear that something hits the floor. We see the military doctor and the young soldier turning to Michael. He fell of the bed, unconscious.

MILITARY DOCTOR

Shit... soldier, come give me a hand.

SOLDIER

But, doc, we've gotta situation...

Military doctor is moving frightened toward Michael.

MILITARY DOCTOR

(to young soldier)

... come here!

They both go to Michael, who fell of the bed and is lying on the ground unconscious.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Give me a hand. Grab his legs.

The doctor catches Michael behind the back, while the soldier grabs his legs. They are both scared.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on the right shoulder.

Finally, the doctor and the soldier put Michael on the bed. He is still unconscious. Doctor tries to wake him up.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Doctor? Do you hear me? Doc?! Wake up! Soldier, don't look at me like that, call for help!

A soldier goes for help, while the doctor continues with his attempts to wake him up.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Come on, come on... Don't do this to me. Not now. Aaaargh, dammit!

At that moment, we see two more military doctors who are rushing into the tent. They are both about 5.9 ft., one of them is bald, and the other one has short brown hair. They come to Michael.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2

What happened, doc?

MILITARY DOCTOR
He's lost consciousness and fell
off the bed.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2
Mike! Mike!

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)
(to the third doctor)
Miles, hold'em right here.

Only a military doctor 2 and Miles will remain with Michael,
as the first doctor goes out of range.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)
Stay with us, Mike. Please, don't
leave us, man.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2/MILES
(both)
Don't die. Don't die. You're not
alone, you're not alone, you're not
alone,...

Cadre is slowly moving away when Michael awakens from his
sleep.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM, NOON - SAME DAY

MICHAEL wakes up after an hour. After a short time, that he
needed to figure out where he was, he excitedly tighten his
right sleeve, to see if there is a scar on his shoulder, a
scar caused by an injury from his own dream. Fearfully, Mike
looks at his shoulder. No scare. He rolls down his sleeve and
for a sometime he is trying to remember how he had fallen
asleep. He remembered that there was someone at the radio
station, he jumps off the bench and moves toward it, hoping
that someone is still there. He grabs a microphone.

MICHAEL
Hello? Hello, hello?! Are you still
there? Anybody?

Michael looks at the watch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (seeing broken clock)
 Fuck! Who knows how long I was
 asleep ... Hello! Answer, please!

Michael is pounding the radio station, very nervous.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 C'mon, c'mon, please!

At that moment, we hear a man's voice behind him.

BYRON (O.S.)
 Hey, hey, hey. Take it easy. Some
 of us sleep.

Immediately, Michael turns around and sees an unknown man,
 grabs a screwdriver from the bench, pointing it at him.

MICHAEL
 What the fuck?! Who the fuck are
 you? Stay away from me!!!

He saw Byron. Dark, thin, about forty years old,
 approximately 6'2", short black hair, two days beard, dressed
 up in a white shirt with black tie, black pants, black dusty
 shoes. He entered the main room "tattered".

BYRON
 Wait, wait, wait... What's
 going on with you? Put the
 screwdriver down.

At that moment, Michael, from the other side of the table,
 goes to the front door. Passes by a broken bottle.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 (looking at the broken
 bottle)
 Oh, that's going on. You'd better
 clean that up, instead of trying to
 ... what... taake my eyes out with
 that screwdriver.

Michael, all the time pointing towards Byron, reaches the
 exit, looking at Byron, trying to open the door. It's still
 locked.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What are you trying to do?

MICHAEL
 The doors are locked.

BYRON
(surprised)
So?

MICHAEL
How did you get in?

BYRON
What?

MICHAEL
Speak, how did you get in here???

BYRON
You kidding me, right? What's wrong
with you, man?

BYRON (CONT'D)
(moving towards Michael)
Give me a break, you're drunk. Put
the screwdriver down.

MICHAEL
Stay away from me! Stay there!

BYRON
Ok, ok...

MICHAEL
Who are you? Tell me your name.

BYRON
Michael? Hey, buddy?

MICHAEL
How do you know my name?

BYRON
How do I know your name? Did you
just ask me that? Really? Snap out
of it, man.

MICHAEL
I'm good, don't fuck with me! Did
you lock me up here?

Byron is hopelessly watching him for a few seconds.

BYRON
What the fuck is wrong with you, my
friend?

MICHAEL

What's wrong with me? With me? I'm locked in here for hours, I don't know what's going on, why am I here, or who locked me underground! No one answers the shit over there, I don't feel good and above all in front of me... a mysterious man suddenly appears... behaves as if everything is all right. And you ask me what's wrong with me? Spit it out! How did you come here and why am I locked up in the fucking bunker all the time or... I swear... I'll take your eyes out whit this!

Byron looks at Michael dumbfounded. He is almost speechless.

BYRON

Mike, calm down.

MICHAEL

I will not calm down, speak!

BYRON

We are locked because it has to be.

MICHAEL

A? What the hell are you talking about? What has to be?

BYRON

Who called you?

MICHAEL

Mmmm... I do not know... i felt dizzy...

BYRON

Of course you were dizzy. I told you to wait for a call until I rest a little, and what? I see a broken bottle and crazy Michael! Damn!

MICHAEL

OK, will you tell me your name?

BYRON

It's not OK Mike. For God's sake, I'm Byron. We are here together, for two days.

MICHAEL
Together?

BYRON
Yes Mike, together. You and me.

Silence. Byron shakes his head. He cannot believe what has happened to Michael. He's scared but he is trying to calm him down.

BYRON (CONT'D)
OK... Now, would you put the screwdriver down? We could also sit down.

MICHAEL
I don't wanna sit down!

BYRON (O.S.)
I have to, really.

Byron goes to the bench and sits. After that, with a screwdriver in his hand, tensed Michael comes to the chair. He leaves a screwdriver on the table.

MICHAEL
Who was supposed to call?!

BYRON
Ours.

MICHAEL
They're coming for us?!

BYRON
Of course they are... We would know when, if you weren't try to kill yourself with Vodka.

MICHAEL
(cross oneself)
Thanks God! Ha... ha... uf... it's OK. Jesus...

Byron now begins to laugh.

BYRON
Au... Bro... In what kind of adventure are you?

Michael puts elbows on his knees and head on his hands.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They'll probably call again... to
tell us when to be ready.

MICHAEL
You said we're here for two days?

BYRON
Yep.

MICHAEL
How can I believe you?

BYRON
Maaaaaan... you don't have to, I
don't care. I can't do this any
more. When you sober up we'll
talk... just calm down, everything
is OK.

MICHAEL
You didn't tell me. How were you
thrown in here?

BYRON
Same as y... wait... thrown? How do
you mean?

MICHAEL
I mean - we're fucking locked up
here!

MICHAEL nervously gets up from his chair and starts to walk
through the main room.

BYRON (O.S.)
Oh my God... You need to get some
sleep, man.

MICHAEL
You were not with me all the time!

BYRON
Hey, hey... don't yell at me.

MICHAEL
Don't tell me whether I should yell
or not. From where did you show
up?!

BYRON
I was asleep, man. You yelled like
a gorilla.

MICHAEL
Where... Where did you sleep?

At that moment, Michael goes towards the hall.

BYRON
Room next to the bathroom... on the
left.

Michael looks at the door, which was slightly opened just before his vertigo. He looks at them for a while, silently.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Did you find them? You got lost in
a hallway?

Michael slowly pushes already opened door in a disbelief.

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM 2

Pitch dark. Michael enters and turns the lights on. Room is the same as the one next to it, where he has already been. Three beds on the left, metal lockers on the right. On the nearest bed, there is a crumpled blanket. Michael walks around the room. He looks around. We hear footsteps. Byron enters the room. More precisely, he is standing in the doorway, looking at Michael.

BYRON
Ccccc....

MICHAEL
What?

BYRON
What are you looking for?

Michael turns and continues to walk around the room, looking for something. He's confused.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Would you... Would you explain to
me what happened to you while I was
asleep? You don't seem... you
know... normal.

MICHAEL
What?

Byron finally enters the room.

BYRON
You act weird, Mike.

MICHAEL
I act weird?

BYRON
Yes, man, you act weird. Very weird.

MICHAEL
And you are surprised?

BYRON
I'm worried, actually. I've never seen you... like...

MICHAEL
You've never seen me before!

BYRON
There, you see. I'm worried because of that.

MICHAEL
Because of what?

Byron looks at him, he's surprised for a while. Hopelessly, he turns and leaves the room...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey. Wait.

Michael enters the main room, but he doesn't see Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey, where are you man?

Michael is looking around. Byron is gone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Don't fuck with me. Shit!

Michael returns to the hallway.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where did you...

At that point, passing the first room, Mike saw him.

BYRON
Did you sleep here?

MICHAEL
Yeah, a little.

BYRON
What is this mess, man?

MICHAEL
I don't know, I found it that way...

BYRON
Are you sure?

MICHAEL
Yeah, that was... Except those rags
... They're from the lockers.

Byron mysteriously looks into Michael, after his response. Then, he starts to laugh...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What?

BYRON
(nodding towards the wall)
Did you write this?

MICHAEL
Did I write what?

Michael enters the room.

BYRON
That right here, carved.

For a few seconds Mike is looking at carved words the "God, help me".

BYRON (CONT'D)
A, no, no, no? Don't tell me you did it. Ha-ha. Did you?

Michael, sighing, just looks at him.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Ha-ha... You are fucking genius.

Michael turns and leaves the bedroom.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Mike sits on the bench. After a few moments, Byron enters the room.

BYRON
Did you...

At that moment Byron sees Michael as he shows the bullet found earlier.

BYRON (CONT'D)
What's that?

MICHAEL
What does it look like?

BYRON
Where did you find it?

MICHAEL
Why do you ask?

BYRON
OK, shall we ask questions with no answers?

MICHAEL
I found it.

BYRON
Where?

MICHAEL
Here.

BYRON
Where here, man?

MICHAEL
Beneath the lockers in the room.

Byron leaves the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey... where are you going, man?

BYRON (O.S.)
To the toilet.

MICHAEL
To the toilet?

Michael follows him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You are not interested in this, are you?

We see Byron getting into the toilet. The door is opened. Michael follows him.

BYRON

What?

MICHAEL

What? The bullet that I found.

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM

We see Byron, sitting on the toilet.

BYRON

Oh, that... the bullet...

MICHAEL

Yes, the bullet!

BYRON

OK, man... what about it?

Michael goes to Byron, who sits on the toilet. He is looking at him for a while.

MICHAEL

Do you see a label?

BYRON

(ironically)

I don't... the bullet is with you.

MICHAEL

LC.05.

BYRON

And?

MICHAEL

It's our bullet. From the U.S. Marines.

BYRON

Of course it's ours.

MICHAEL

Wait, this situation is normal to you?

BYRON

What situation?

Michael nervously turns around and leaves the bathroom.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's a bullet, man. We were at war
and there's no war without bullets.
For God's sake.

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Michael enters the main room. Leaning on the table, he looks
at the bullet. A few moments later, the picture darkens.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

We see Michael, looking at the family photo while sitting on
the bench. At this point, Byron enters the main room,
watching Michael.

BYRON
Family photo?

MICHAEL
(sighing)
Yeah, family photo...

Byron goes to the bench and sits down next to Michael. They
are looking at a picture.

BYRON
I didn't know you have a kid... how
old is he?

MICHAEL
Nine.

BYRON
 Nine? He looks a lot younger.

MICHAEL
 Yeah... He was six, here.

BYRON
 Happy family...

MICHAEL
 I'm not sure...

Michael leaves a picture in his pocket, gets up from the bench, and goes to the table where the radio station is. He leans on it and looks at Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 You're not worried at all, man.

BYRON
 They'll come, don't worry. They have to.

MICHAEL
 Do you know the code to open the door?

BYRON
 I know, but we can't open it.

MICHAEL
 Why not?

BYRON
 We can't. Then all of this is for nothing. We need to wait 'til they come for us.

MICHAEL
 It would have been better for them to do so as soon as possible. A lot of people are waiting for help outside, and...

While speaking, Michael goes to the big table and takes red cross armband and points it to Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 ... I'm a fucking doctor.

Byron is surprised and confused. He's looking at Mike.

BYRON

A? What people, what are you talking about?

MICHAEL

Are you listening to me? I'm a doctor!

BYRON

Yeah, I know you're a doctor.

MICHAEL

There is a crazy situation outside while I'm sitting here with a fucking idiot who is questioning my mental state... imprisoned in the bunker!

BYRON

The only crazy thing outside is hell risin' heat and be happy you're locked in the bunker... even with an idiot!

MICHAEL

Man, you don't get me.

BYRON

I'm trying.

MICHAEL

There's a whole unit outside. I have no idea where they are... if they're alive at all...

Byron makes a sour smile.

BYRON

OK. It's enough, pal...

MICHAEL

...all I know is... I need to get out... because, if there are injured, they need medical care!

BYRON

Wait, wait, wait... Who the fuck are that people?

MICHAEL

Our people! They are still outside, fighting for their lives, and therefore tell me how to get out of this fucking room!

BYRON

Mike!!! Give me a brake! I need YOU, not some people you've imagined to leave the bunker as soon as possible.

Are... Are you talking about the war?

MICHAEL

Finally! Come on, get us out of here now.

Byron seems a little more calm now.

BYRON

War... that you're talking about... is over for us.

MICHAEL

Over?!

BYRON

Over. Finished. Past tense.

Michael sits on the bench. He doesn't understand the situation.

MICHAEL

(mumbling to himself)

People are out there... no, no...
No one can convince me otherwise...
Don... Randy... my friends.

We see how Michael raises his head and begins to wipe the tears that have been going down his face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I will never forgive myself. What if something happened?

Byron standing upon upset friend, looking at him.

BYRON

Dude, no one was hurt... you need to calm down and listen to me. Would I wear a shirt in the war? Let's switch roles for a while... I'm gonna be a doctor and you'll be a patient.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to listen to you any more. You lied to me all the time and tried to drive me crazy!

BYRON

Mike...

MICHAEL

And screw you... and your shirt. How would I know why you're wearing it and why you're here.

BYRON

Mike, calm down. Everything is fine, man.

MICHAEL

What is fine?! Nothing is fine!

BYRON

Mike... take a breath, man.

Byron goes to the chair, which is turned towards the bench. He sits on it.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Do you even know why we're here?

MICHAEL

I know! But you've got your "War is over" story!

BYRON

OK... Would you now allow me to tell you that story and then you can think about what's really going on?

Michael nodding, without a word.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Are you aware that we came here... yesterday?

Michael seems nervous, again.

MICHAEL

How come I know when we're... I don't know whether it was day or night! I'm in a fucking... Okay, sorry... I'm cool... I don't know what time is it... My watch is...

BYRON
 (looking at his own watch)
 Just past noon. We are here since
 yesterday. Do you remember
 anything?

MICHAEL
 I don't know... I think... radio
 station woke me up. It was... It
 was dark.

BYRON
 Nothing else?

MICHAEL
 Before that, nothing.

BYRON
 You don't even remember why we're
 here... or who sent us?

MICHAEL
 Oh, I know that. Fucking U.S.
 President sent us... to conduct
 some sort of justice... to make a
 democracy over here.

BYRON
 O my God, you are talking about war
 again?

MICHAEL
 No, I'm talking about flowers?!

BYRON
 We need to talk about the real
 reason we are here. Where is your
 gun? Do you have one?

Michael is touching his pockets. Immediately after, he looks
 at Byron again. With angry expression, Mike starts to doubt
 in his own story.

BYRON (CONT'D)
 Of course not. Now, let me explain
 the situation...

MICHAEL
 OK.

BYRON
 I hope I'll be able to convince you
 not to go out 'till ours arrive.

Byron continues, after a short break.

BYRON (CONT'D)

The War, story that you're talking about, has ended about two years ago.

Michael is nervously shaking his leg.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Now, we get access to return to this area and pick up our rags. The task, which I got, was to come in this bunker, and examine if it survived the Iraqi attack. I took you because...

MICHAEL

The only thing I remember, are the Iraqis.

BYRON

...So, I took you because you're a doctor. Precisely, you're assigned to me. No one stepped in this bunker for two years.

MICHAEL

Which two years, are you nuts?! There were battles two days ago!

BYRON

Mike, I'm worried about you, man. Are you even aware of the current year?

MICHAEL

I'm not such an idiot... don't fuck with me.

BYRON

Tell me?

MICHAEL

What?

BYRON

What year is it??

MICHAEL

Man. 2008.

Byron jumps of his chair, in disbelief.

BYRON
God, tell me this is not real.

MICHAEL
What? Hey, all the time you are
looking at me like I'm...

BYRON
... completely mad! Year is 2012,
Mike.

Now Michael gets up, pointing his finger toward Byron.

MICHAEL
No, no, no... don't you dare to
make a fool of me again. Do you
fucking hear me?!

Byron, now totally worried about Mike, is standing in front
of him and looking at his confused face. Scared a little, he
does not like this situation.

BYRON
You are crazy man! I'm not trying
to make you a fool, you are fool.
Damn.

MICHAEL
Wait... Why should I believe you?
A? Why should I believe in all that
crap you're talking about? Prove me
I'm a fool, but not with empty
tales!

BYRON
Do you watch the NFL?

MICHAEL
What?

BYRON
I'm asking you, do you watch the
NFL?

MICHAEL
Are you listening to me? What the
hell? NFL? Are you crazy?

BYRON
Who played in the last finals?

MICHAEL
Are you kidding me?!

BYRON
I'm not, just tell me who played
in Super Bowl this year.

MICHAEL
New York Giants and New England
Patriots.

BYRON
And? Who won?

MICHAEL
Giants.

BYRON
It doesn't tell you anything?

MICHAEL
What should it fucking tell me?

BYRON
I need to prove you where we are,
Mike. Giants beat the Patriots 4
points, so...

MICHAEL
No.

BYRON
No, what?

MICHAEL
It was 3 points... Giants won by 3
points.

BYRON
4 points, but OK... It's not that
important now. I want to tell you
that...

MICHAEL
It is important! You are lying to
me all the time!

BYRON
Don't even try to convince me in
that. I'm a former player, deadly
in love with that sport and I know
what I'm talking about.

MICHAEL
I know what I'm talking about, too!
Why should I believe you?
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I have still no idea who you really
are.

With a brisk walk, Byron goes to the photo of soldiers on the wall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I don't know who sent you, you
don't let me out of here. Why
should I trust you?

At this point, Byron looks at Mike, pointing to the picture.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What is that?

BYRON
Come here.

MICHAEL
A?

BYRON
Come here!

MICHAEL
Hey, buddy... I'm tired of your...

BYRON
Michael!!!

After a few seconds of silent watching, Michael moves towards Byron.

MICHAEL
What is so important in this
picture, I've seen it befo...

Now we see Michael, dumbfounded, looking at the picture.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How... I didn't notice... It's...
Is that you?

Byron makes a few steps back and goes away from the wall.

BYRON
No, that's my grandmother.

Michael is still standing in front of the picture and looking at it. Now we are looking at zoomed frame of a man who sits in a group of soldiers. That is Byron.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you now believe in things that
I'm talking about?

Michael is looking silently at Byron. He goes slowly to the bench and sits on it. Byron approaches and sits on the chair.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Mike, buddy...

Michael "tells" Byron with his hands to stop talking.

BYRON (CONT'D)
OK. I'll be over here in the room
'til you calm down, and... wait for
a response. They'll maybe call.

Byron leaves the main room, while Michael is still sitting on the bench.

He gets up from the bench and took a box of cigarettes from the table. He takes a cigar from the box, returns the box on the table, and sits on the bench again.

Mike takes a lighter from his pocket and lights a cigar. He also takes a family photo from his pocket and looks at it, while smoking a cigar.

MICHAEL
What's going on with me?

He spends some time looking at the photo. After that, he returns the photo to his pocket.

Now, he is looking at the Red Cross armband, which is on the table. Again, he gets up from the bench and goes to the table, takes the armband, and after a moment, he puts it on his left arm.

Michael leaves the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE, NOON - SAME DAY

We see a bird, like a sparrow, who walks on the sandy field. It flies away and disappears from the screen.

BACK TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM - LATER

We see Michael sitting on the chair and mixing a deck of cards. At that moment, Byron enters the main room.

BYRON

Boring, huh? Know that feeling. I spent half of my life in boredom. I'm surprised they still don't call.

MICHAEL

Why are we here?

BYRON

Easy man. Are you feeling better?

MICHAEL

(yelling)

Why we are here??!!

BYRON

OK, OK... I thought you already figured out...

MICHAEL

Huh? You thought I...

BYRON

... yeah, I thought you figured out. After you've recognized me in the photo, I thought you remembered everything. God damn vodka.

MICHAEL

What the fuck are we doing here?! Fuck man! I'm going insane!

BYRON

Alright, alright...

Byron goes to the bench and sits on it.

BYRON (CONT'D)

... but don't interrupt me this time, OK?

Michael just looks at him, not answering anything.

BYRON (CONT'D)

OK?

MICHAEL

Come on, man, just start, I'm listening.

BYRON

Aight, so... We've been here for two days...

MICHAEL

Yeah, you have already told me that...

BYRON

Great. So, we arrived in bunker yesterday, around noon. Right now, I don't have time and there is no reason to explain you why after all this time, but...

MICHAEL

... Everything, explain everything.

BYRON

(sighing)

... ummmm, alright. As we need to complete some procedures, two years after the war ended, we've got access to the bunker, again. Actually, to this area.

We see Michael as he twisted his mouth. We also hear his sighs, without a single word. Byron realizes that he has not yet convinced Michael that the war is over.

BYRON (CONT'D)

As you already know, this area was one of the most dangerous at that time. The bunker has suffered a lot.

The cadre is on Michael.

Screen is transferred at that time, and we see what is going on in Michael's mind

FLASHBACK

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, DUSK

Our frame is blurred. It's "point of view". We hear and we see a couple of bombs detonated in the field. Also, we hear screams of soldiers who are running away. The situation is absolutely unfavorable.

SOLDIER

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!! Doooooooooooooc!!!

FLASHBACK END

INT. MAIN ROOM, BUNKER

Now we see Byron who has the impression that Michael does not listen to him. The sound of calling from Michael's memory is transferred to the present.

BYRON

Doc?

Michael looks as if someone woke him up from a nightmare.

BYRON (CONT'D)

So, you're not listening to me?

MICHAEL

No, no...

BYRON

Of course not.

Michael still does not look good.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Mike?

MICHAEL

Yes, yes... just a headache. Go on.

BYRON

May I?

MICHAEL

Yes, you may.

BYRON

I started to talk about the bunker, when you wandered off.

(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)

The situation here was bad, as you know. Although built for extreme conditions, the bunker could not resist. For this reason, we decided to find a different place. The sergeant led us...

MICHAEL

... alright, Byron, why are we here?

BYRON

Easy. As I said, just two years after the war, we've got an re-access to the bunker. Also the doctor had to go with me... you know... all of these procedures.

MICHAEL

Wait, wait, wait... were there the other doctors who could go with you?

BYRON

Sure. There were another three.

At that moment, Michael seems to have remembered something. His situation becomes clearer.

MICHAEL

White hair... was there a man with white hair?

BYRON

That's right. Bill. That was a week ago, God dammit. You can't remember anything.

MICHAEL

Just... just go on.

BYRON

So, you were going with me, I guess to pick some things that you left here.

Now, we see the flash that occurred earlier, when Michael unlocked the locker with the key which he took from his shoe.

Then, we see a situation when Michael is holding a Red Cross armband in his hand, and than immediately the cadre of the photo with his family, which is watching, too.

BYRON (CONT'D)

No deal has been made, you've taken the responsibility upon yourself. When we got here, before we closed the door, the first task was to examine the valve for blast protection (blast valve). This valve is outside. And after that, when we went into the bunker, the first rule was to hermetically close this place and not to open it until we finish, and until they come for us.

MICHAEL

Why? Why should we be closed?

BYRON

Nothing is gained if the door is open. It's a procedure that is performed when we're testing the ventilation system of bunkers.

MICHAEL

And? Are we done with that?

BYRON

I told you already, until they come for us, we're not done. We can't go out until then. Look, you're imagining things all the time. I think, I think you feel guilty about everything that happened. Because of that, you want to change things. Guilty. A lot of people died then, and you blame yourself for it. You have to look differently at the situation, not just blame yourself, because there are the other people who are responsible, for all of us who were in the war.

It's silence for a while...

BYRON (CONT'D)

Excuse me now, I gotta go to the bath.

(Byron gets up)

BYRON (CONT'D)

You'll be fine.

Byron gets up from the bench and leaves the main room.

Michael is alone now. He's thoughtful for a while. We see Michael, but also we hear voices (echo), which revolves around his head.

VOICE 1
Doooooc! Doooooooooooooc!!!

Michael is looking at the floor, silent like a zombie.

VOICE 2
Help! Get over here, doc! We've got
a wounded one!

Michael is still staring at one spot, he totally wandered off. We hear bursts of fire, footsteps,...

VOICE 3
Don't look back! Just move! Move!

The voices are slowly subsiding.

After a few moments, Michael gets up and goes to the wall where is the photo of the soldiers. He is looking at it.

Michael takes a box of cigars and a lighter from his pocket. He takes out a cigar, puts it in his mouth and lights it, than returns the box and a lighter in the pocket. He is watching the picture for a while.

Now, we se that he is looking at Byron, in fact, who is in the picture.

Byron returns.

BYRON (O.S.)
That photo is damn good...

MICHAEL
Where am I?

BYRON
I don't know. It was a long time ago, who knows where were you then. That photo was made spontaneously after... playing darts, I think. Maybe you've even photographed.

At that moment, we see the flash from Michael's memory, when he photographed his family.

MICHAEL
No way.

BYRON
Just kidding, man...

BYRON (CONT'D)
(referring to the photo)
... memories... bloody memories.

MICHAEL
Is anyone of them still alive?

We see Byron while watching the photo. His expression is serious.

BYRON
Yeah... all... all of them.

Now the cadre is on the photo.

MICHAEL
These are the living heroes, then.

BYRON (O.S.)
That's right.

At that moment, we hear the rustling of the radio station.

Michael looks excited. He goes to the radio station in a hurry.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Easy, man. You'll kill yourself.

MICHAEL
It's them!

Michael comes to the radio station, and Byron comes too.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hello?!

We still only hear the noise, no voices.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who's there? Hello?! Please, answer me!

Michael hits the radio station.

BYRON
Whoa, man, calm down. It's alright.

We finally hear the voice from the radio station, which is unclear. Through noise, we barely hear the voice.

MICHAEL
 Here it is. Hello? Do you hear me,
 sir? Hello??

Again, we hear just rustling. Michael is convinced that he heard the voice.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (talking to Byron)
 Someone was talking, did you hear
 that?

BYRON
 Yes, I heard. They are. There
 always has been problems on that
 line.

MICHAEL
 Do you hear me, sir? Over.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
 (rustling)
 We... do you...

It's rustling again. It's impossible to hear the whole sentences through rustling.

Michael is nervous, waiting for rustling to disappear.

MICHAEL
 Hello? What did you say, sir? Do
 you hear me? Come on! Fuck!

BYRON (O.S.)
 Try to move a scale a little to the
 right.

MICHAEL
 How?

BYRON (O.S.)
 Use a potentiometer to the right.

MICHAEL
 What?

BYRON
 (moving to radio station)
 With that...

MICHAEL
 ... a-ha, I see. This?

BYRON
That's right. But just a little
bit.

Michael moves the frequency scale. The sound is a little bit
better.

The signal is much better now.

BYRON (CONT'D)
That's it, don't touch it anymore.

MICHAEL
Hallo? Do you hear me clearly now,
sir? Over.
... sir?

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
Yes, we can hear you. Are you okay?
Over.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Oh God, thank You.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to the man from the
radio)
I'm fine, sir. Thanks for the
question. Just... just come as soon
as you can. Over.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
We had problems with the line.
What's the situation with the
oxygen? Over.

Michael is confused, turns to Byron.

Byron gives him a signal with his thumb up that everything is
all right with oxygen.

MICHAEL
It's all right with that, sir.
Over.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
Good. And, you and Byron, are you
doing well? Over.

MICHAEL
Yes, yes. It's all good. Me and
Byron are here, waiting for you to
come. When can we expect you? Over.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
We will try to be there for a
couple of hours. Just be patient
and don't go out. Over.

MICHAEL
Understood, sir. We are expecting
you. Over.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO STATION
Just be patient and don't open the
door under any circumstances until
we come. We are on our way. Over
and out.

The connection is interrupted. Michael felt relieved. Now, he is 100% sure that Byron was telling the truth all the time and that he yelled at him with no reason.

Byron's mood does not change, but he feels better too, after the call. But he is still calm, as opposed to Michael.

MICHAEL
Finally something...

(starts to laugh)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
... something to put a smile on my
face.

BYRON
Yeah. I'm glad to see you like
that.

MICHAEL
It's like... I don't know, sorry
man... I'm really sorry.

BYRON
It's alright, man. I understand
you.

Michael sits on the bench. It seems that he is not good, he's hardly breathing.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Are you OK, Mike?

MICHAEL
I'm fine. Just... this dizziness.

BYRON
It's understandable. We didn't see
fresh air for two days.

MICHAEL
Are we done here?

BYRON
We are. Everything was completed
yesterday and last night..

MICHAEL
What about me?

BYRON
What about you?

MICHAEL
Was I helpful?

Byron pauses for a moment. With deep sadness in his eyes
looking at Mike who is staring at the floor.

BYRON
Yes my friend... very helpful, no
doubt.

MICHAEL
Really?

BYRON
Really. I'm proud of you, man.

MICHAEL
Proud?

BYRON
Yes.

MICHAEL
Why?

BYRON
... you know... why.

MICHAEL
Ha-ha, OK then. Glad to hear that.

BYRON
You feel better now?

MICHAEL
Well... it's still spinning.

BYRON

Not that. Do you feel better now than a few hours ago?

MICHAEL

Yeah... you're talking about it. Yes, yes... I feel better, thank you. Like I was dreaming...

BYRON

They say that the reality can be a bigger nightmare than a dream.

MICHAEL

Well... they're maybe right. You think we haven't been entrapped enough?

BYRON

It's never enough.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

BYRON

It's never enough of what is useful. In other words - it does no harm...

MICHAEL

Okay, just... I don't know for how long I'll be able to do this.

BYRON

You'll be OK, don't worry.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There were worse things than waiting.

Michael seems to think about something, looking thoughtfully towards the radio station for a few moments.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Family?

MICHAEL

Sorry?

BYRON

What are you thinking about?

MICHAEL

About a moment they will come and take us out from this prison.

BYRON

You thought enough about it. Relax. When they come, we'll be free.

MICHAEL

OK. I'm going to walk around a little bit... to take some air. If it's really air. Who knows what we breathe here.

Michael gets up from the bench and goes out from the main room. Byron remains in it.

INT. BUNKER, SLEEPING ROOM

Michael enters the dormitory. He walks slowly and looks around. After reaching the wall, he turns around and goes back. He stops next to the cabinets and looks at them. He knock down his head for a moment and sees a white paper on the floor.

Mike dropped it earlier while rummaging the locker.

It's a plain white paper. Nothing in it. Bending to pick it up, Mike made a confused face. He turned the other side of the paper. But the other side doesn't say anything, neither. He crumples piece of paper and throws it, then he goes slowly to the bed next to the wall and sits on it. Looking for some time in the carved inscription, after which he begins to smile and, quite exhausted, he thinks - "why was I doing this?".

INT. BUNKER, BATHROOM

We hear water rustling. Michael is washing his face. With slow moves, Mike turns the faucet off and look towards the mirror. Than he turns to the door, but he sees that there are no towels. He shifts his glance to the small commode on the left, takes a dirty towel from it and, with sore face expression, wipes water from his face. He throws towel on the commode and leaves bathroom. We are now looking at door. Mike closes them. Light goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER, MAIN ROOM

Michael enters the main room. He goes to the bench.

BYRON
You feel better?

Michael startles in a moment because he didn't see Byron at first. He is near the exit.

MICHAEL
Not much. I want out of here as soon as possible... I'm barely breathing.

BYRON
Just calm down. Breathe. We'll not stay here for long. They're on the way.

Michael gets up and moves toward the door.

MICHAEL
I have to go outside.

Byron's hand is outstretched towards Michael, showing him to stop.

BYRON
No! Not a chance. We have to follow the orders. I guess that you learned that.

MICHAEL
I can't, man. I can't take it anymore.

BYRON
Don't you understand? We can't open the door, did you hear what is said? Everything what we done here will be ruined if we get out now. It'll be OK. You have to be patient, man.

Michael nervously sighs. He's impatient and wants to get out at any price. He returns to the bench and sits.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Go wash your face.

MICHAEL

I did that.

BYRON

Okay. Now calm down and don't be a pussy.

Byron slowly walks around the room.

BYRON (CONT'D)

My father was in war too. Vietnam. They say that, although recruited by force, on his deathbed, he said he didn't regret he was in the war. He was a fighter. Although the bullet went through the back of his head, he remained alive for three more days. He loved life, he wanted to see everything, he didn't get bored. Ever. He was a jolly fellow. Unfortunately, I've never met him. He died a week before I was born.

Mike makes a strange face, as he had known that from somewhere. He holds his breath for a few seconds.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, man.

BYRON

Me too. Everyone chooses his own path. His was painted by someone else. But I'm sure he was happy while he spoke those words. He was aware that was needed. He knew my mother, Christie, would give birth in a week and bring me to this cruelty. But, he never had a chance to see me. Because of that I regret most. Not because of his death. It was honorable.

MICHAEL empathizing, suddenly shed a tear. Byron is surprised with Michael's new emotions.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Why are you crying, man?

MICHAEL
(smiling, with tear on his
face)
Nothing, everything is okay, buddy.

BYRON
What did you say, what's your son's
name?

MICHAEL
Mick.

BYRON
Take care of him. A lot of
difficult moments are in front of
him. Teach him to fight.

Michael starts coughing, his breathing is like he was jogging
before this conversation. He wipes tears from his cheek.

MICHAEL
I will. He's my everything.

BYRON
I know.

Michael does not stop coughing. He longs for fresh air.
Coughs are stronger than before.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Are you OK, Mike?

MICHAEL
I'm not sure.

With a cough, Michael talks to Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I need to get out, man. I can't do
this anymore.

Byron keeps quiet. Doesn't know how to explain that they
should still stay in the bunker. Only with a sigh, Byron
overlooked Mike's desire for exit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Say something. Why don't you tell
me that code?

BYRON
I've told you everything for 15
times already. I think that's
enough.

Michael gets up from the bench. He stops right next to the table, still coughing, barely breathing...

MICHAEL

Fuck, man! What's more important, someone's health or condition of the air in a fucking bunker?

BYRON

Someone's LIFE.

Byron's response confuses Michael for a moment.

MICHAEL

Then, please, tell me the code!

BYRON

No, Mike. I won't.

MICHAEL

O, you will, you...

Michael nervously turns around to the table, take a screwdriver and moves towards Byron annoyed by his refusal to tell him the code.

BYRON

Hold on, Mike. Stop.

Michael stops immediately, expecting that he would finally say the door code.

MICHAEL

What?

BYRON

You asked me if bunker status is more important than someone's health?

MICHAEL looks at him confused. He is still angry and still looks like his blood pressure is 300/200.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Well, think about it.

MICHAEL nervously throws a screwdriver on the floor. Cough persists. He begins to walk around the room. Byron goes after him.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Look, man, I'm tired of explanations. It is easier to explain to your ten year old son.
(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)
 Ever since the war began, I didn't
 see a soldier who thinks like
 you...

Now we see that Michael is trying to remember something.

BYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ... Never.

MICHAEL
 (to himself)
 Ever since the war began...

BYRON (O.S.)
 Did you say something? Are you
 okay?

MICHAEL
 2003!

Michael quickly turns toward the front door and moves towards them.

BYRON
 What are you doing, man? Where are
 you going?

Michael comes to the door.

MICHAEL
 (to himself)
 2003, 2003. What is the date?

BYRON
 Mike! Please do not try anything!

MICHAEL
 Shut up!

BYRON
 Hey!

MICHAEL
 March. Yes. March. Hmmmm... 15th!

Michael types in - 150303. Pressing enter. Negative sound.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 No. Not 15th. Not 15th.

BYRON
 Don't do it, Mike. Please.

MICHAEL
Stop talking, B.

Michael is still trying to remember the exact date of the beginning of the war. He thinks the date will help him to get out. Still coughs.

BYRON (O.S.)
Please... Mike. Listen to me. I'm begging you.

MICHAEL
20th! Yes, it's 20th! C'mon now.

Michael types in the following code now - 200303. Finally, we hear positive, one long beep.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That's it! I got you. Oh, finally.

BYRON
For God's sake, Mike, don't do this. Do not open the door!

MICHAEL turns to Byron. He seems reborn.

MICHAEL
Are you coming with me?

BYRON
No, Mike, I'm not... you are coming with me.

Michael doesn't clearly understand what Byron meant to say. He just laughs.

MICHAEL
Whatever.

Mike opens the door and moves out, despite Byron's request not to do that.

EXT. IN FRONT OF BUNKER, NOON

The camera is on the right. The door is opened (upwards) and we see Michael coming out. He breathes deeply.

MICHAEL

Oh, man, finally. What a feeling.

He turns around to the entrance, slips on the stairs and looks into the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, man. Do you want some fresh air? Have you changed your mind?

Michael looks straight into the main room. There is no one there, not even Byron answers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

OK, man.

Michael turns and moves forward, to the field.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When you calm down a bit, we'll ta...

Michael has not even finished his sentence, when we hear a shot from a sniper. He was shot in the head and fell dead on the spot, facing the bunker. We see eyes remained open.

Now we are looking at the bunker while camera is slowly approaching him. No one comes out of the bunker after the shot. No one is in there.

At that moment, when the camera approaches the bunker, bloody soldier who is lying beside a right wing of the door enters the screen. Dark-skinned man, in an uniform, with a helmet on his head. He also holds another helmet in his hand. The camera is still moving and after a while, we see walkie-talkie in his other hand. Camera slowly shifts to his head. Now we see who is the soldier. This is Byron. Camera stops. We are looking at this scene for a few moments.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SANDY BATTLEFIELD, MORNING

We see the same "point of view" shot that we saw at the beginning of the movie, when the panting soldier was running.

Michael was running breathlessly. All around him was sandy space.

MICHAEL

Just a little! Don't... Don't die,
man. Hang in there.

Now we see Michael carrying a wounded soldier. At first, we can't see who the soldier is. He is coughing, covered in blood. Camera moves to his face and we now see that the soldier is Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just a little bit, Byron. Breathe.

BYRON

Slow down, man.

MICHAEL

We need to get there.

At that moment, Michael drops a gun. There is no time and he is not in situation to get back. He just looks at him for a moment and keeps running.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fuck!

BYRON

I can't... breathe... while you're
running. Argh!

MICHAEL

Here we are, 20 meters from the
bunker. Grit your teeth. We can do
it! We are here! Just...

At this point, we hear a sniper shot. Bullet hits Michael in the head. Fortunately, he had a helmet on it. Byron drops from Michael's hands and they both fall.

Michael is a foot away from Byron. His helmet fell close to Byron. They lie motionless, but Byron screams with pain. After a few moments, Michael comes round. But he still does not move, looking right at Byron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shhhhh! Just a little quieter, B.
Do not move. Are you okay?

BYRON

Do I look like that?

MICHAEL

Okay, buddy, bunker is ahead. Don't
move.

For a while, Michael and Byron are laying motionless. Quiet.

BYRON
Mike...

MICHAEL
Shhh...

BYRON
I'll not make it...

MICHAEL
You will, B. Let's go now. Easy.
We're not safe here. Take the
helmet.

BYRON
I'll try.

MICHAEL
C'mon... easy.

They both crawling, Michael towards the bunker, Byron towards the helmet, first. There is no one around them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey... They are maybe not watching
us anymore. We need to hurry.

BYRON
I can't, Mike.

MICHAEL
Of course you can, don't be a
coward.

BYRON
Ha-ha...

MICHAEL
C'mon, man.

Michael is trying to help Byron. He can't handle it, through tears and pain, he is trying to speak.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let's go B, c'mon.

BYRON
No, no,... no, Mike..... Leave...
me. Go....

MICHAEL
Are you crazy?

BYRON

I can't.

Michael is trying to get him up.

MICHAEL

C'mon you can do it. Please.

Each time Michael attempts to help him up, Byron cries in pain.

BYRON

Mike!

Michael is looking at Byron for a few moments.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Save yourself, go into the bunker.

MICHAEL

Byron...

BYRON

Mike!

Byron breathes harder. We notice that he will not live much longer.

BYRON (CONT'D)

It's not your fault. Now go.

MICHAEL

Fuck! I'm sorry, man.

Michael kisses Byron in the helmet and tries to run towards the bunker. After about two meters, Michael falls from dizziness. Byron is helplessly watching all that. Michael gets up and goes, but again he falls outside the entrance of the bunker. He gets up and enters the code in a hidden screen. Mike opens one door wing and loses conscience again, falling downstairs directly into the main room of the bunker. The door remains open.

BYRON

Fuck!

Byron tries to move, crawling. He takes Michael's helmet and continues toward the bunker, hardly, with painful screams. He comes to the door and, with difficulty, heavy breathing, holding Michael's helmet in a one hand and walkie-talkie in another, Byron managed to push the door and with his last breath closed the entrance.

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE
Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Sir?

With a voice from the walkie-talkie, camera goes away from Byron. We now see wide frame.

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE (CONT'D)
Are you there? Answer me. Say something. Hello?

Camera continues to move upwards.

FLASHBACK END

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUNKER, NOON

We see the same screen. Everything continues to the previous flashback. Except the door. The door is open now. Byron lies at the same spot. Camera continues to move upwards. Now we see Michael who lies lifelessly, in the place where he was shot, facing Byron. Camera continues to move in a same direction. Now we see bird's eye perspective. The whole battle field is below us. Then we see two military trucks arriving. They stop. The driver runs out from the first one. From the second truck, the driver and the front passenger go out. One soldier is running towards Byron, while the other two are running towards Michael. They call for help. Voices are barely heard. The camera is too far.

DRIVER 1
Doc! Over here! Hurry!

We see the doctor coming out of the truck and running to Byron.

DRIVER 1 (CONT'D)
And there, and there!

Two more soldiers run out from another truck and try to help Michael.

FADE TO BLACK.

White letters on a black screen:

Dedicated to the military doctors who gave their lives,
trying to save the lives of others.

THE END