

The Fight

by

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FADE IN:

ON AN UNIDENTIFIABLE VOID

An archaic television set juts out of a porous, scarlet red ground.

STATIC flares up.

A black and white image slowly starts to bleed in...

A young SOLDIER stoically leans forward against a barrage of wind and rain.

Another image. An INFIRMARY. Silent cries of the wounded.

Gangrenous limbs, charred faces, bullet ridden torsos.

Another image. A LEGLESS soldier gripping the lifeless hand of another.

An explosion inside a trench.

Fatigued men endlessly marching towards certain doom.

A lone helmet on a scorched field.

A bayonet slicing through the air.

A gun-turret firing round after round.

A tank rolling through smoke.

...people dieing.

...War. Anguish, horror and suffering boiled down to ten seconds of hell.

And the image skips and starts again.

The young soldier waiting for his death.

The nightmare of the infirmary.

The men, the bombs, the bullets, the deaths.

Loops again.

War.

The clip continues.

In the darkness behind the television set, a flash of light.

Another television begins playing the clip.

Three more televisions begin the clip.

Ten televisions showing the men.

50 televisions showing the bombs.

100 televisions showing the bullets.

1,000 televisions showing the dead.

The field of televisions stretch on, stuck firmly in the red spongy ground...

Stuck to a BLOOD CELL.

WE'RE INSIDE A BODY

Moving past the the blood, the veins, the muscle, the flesh.

Moving away from the millions of television sets playing the same harrowing clip.

Pushing through the skin into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

An overcrowded hospital room of chaos and confusion, devoid of any homeliness.

A bustle of patients and workers all taking no heed to a YOUNG BOY, pale and weary, laying in a bed.

His lips cracked and dry...

His breath shallow...

His eyelids flutter..

His hand falls limp, the grip on a red crayon loosens...

And with a sickening thud it falls to the floor.

FADE OUT: