

A WAR STORY

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Rough Draft

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VOICEOVER

War - In the beginning a war can be about a number of things - say conflicts that arise from greed, revenge or say - the desire to create havoc. But in the end - the very end, when in the battlefield, a hundred enemies march like cock hungry sluts upon your dick, while another hundred chase your ass to make a fag out of you, war is nothing else than one's own survival.

Voices chuckle.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN -

Four soldiers sit around a table - they along with a few guns and a small stove portion comprise mostly all of the available space. They are having coffee and cigarettes.

They are: Chip, Blot, Kay and Ink.

KAY

..and he started to step backward - slowly - he was young, I am not sure how much but still - his skin seemed soft with adolescence and built frail with tenderness. The problem lay with his eyes. They were black - black as the darkest night itself - vacant. I couldn't figure out whether his movements were that of a frightened kid backing off from the prospect of death that faced him or of a well trained soldier who was inflating time just enough to pounce on his prey like a wild animal in this fucking wilderness.

Kay pauses to take a sip from his cup. Others listen to him attentively.

KAY (CONT'D)

Boil a cup of coffee like this in the training camp and you would be nothing but a bitch.

Blot frowns and takes a sip from his cup.

BLOT
Seems perfectly alright to me!

KAY
Alright you say? Its goddamn lush!
Never had a fucking drink that
tasted better. But -
(he takes a puff)
In the army, if like a woman you
take your time to do nothing but
prepare delicacies - that nobody
gives a fuck about - for delicious
food aint going to help you win a
war - war is won by an empty
stomach and a raging soul - this -
(points at the steaming
cup)
Makes you feel at home. Makes you
feel dead. On the front you are out
there, defending your home. You got
to feel alive, don't you?

He pauses.

KAY (CONT'D)
(to Blot)
Don't you - Bitch?

All laugh.

BLOT
Fuck you Kay. If drinking good
coffee shall fuck you up in a war
then what comes later would - don't
get me started on that. Drink the
motherfucking cup - it might be the
last you're ever going to finish.
And - continue - what happened to
the nip?

KAY
Nip?

BLOT
The nip in the jungle. That
afternoon incident.

KAY

I guess I was done with it. Here I am sitting alive - I overcame the dilemma - whether or not he would kill me - he rots in the woods, though I could never ever be entirely sure why he crept backwards -

INK

(cuts in)

War ruins you in manners unfathomable.

KAY

Don't barge in with that bullshit. Nothing can ruin me, let alone war. Beat the shit out of my drunkard father, didn't cling to my mum whilst she ran away with another drunkard, had a pestering wife and an ever crying baby - left them to be a part of this war - and aint I raining on the enemy like the thunder of God.

(pauses - notices something)

You jotting that shit down Inky?

We notice for the first time that Ink sits scribbling in a diary.

Every eye is on Ink.

INK

Oh.. It's a habit you see.

CHIP

You a writer?

INK

Not truly. Had aspired to be one - and that was before this war broke out - as of now who cares about ink on paper - soil the earth with blood - that's the motto we all live by now.

Kay guffaws and spit on the floor - irritated.

KAY

Now, now spare going literal on our asses. So- how were your aspirations heading before the war?

INK
I worked in a magazine publication.

CHIP
What magazine?

INK
Planet Photography.

Chip grunts and takes a swig.

BLOT
Never heard of it. Didn't publish nudies did it?

INK
Nothing too charming for your taste.

BLOT
My taste - kerouac - accounts for such desperation - that someday you shall write an ode on how I raped your ass.

INK
I don't like you either - but since when has the army started recruiting ass taking bitches?

Ink and Blot are at a glaring war with one another.

Kay is amused.

CHIP
Now - we have a children's quarrel amidst the war. Put it on hold.
(to Ink)
You - Ink - continue writing what you ought to write - and Bit -
(stops and - to Blot)
Blot - you - mind your temper.
Don't crave asses.

BLOT
Yeah, yeah - honeydew boy - t'was not difficult to find pussies with those gentleman looks, was it?

Chip ignores Blot.

CHIP

(to Kay - nodding to something behind him - on the floor)

What do you say - shall we give Kid some coffee? Depriving him of dinner was punishable enough.

Blot responds before Kay.

BLOT

Fuck Kid. He is a moron. A sissy. Leave him loose and watch him scamper to his mamma's titties. Attitude as such - does nothing but contaminate our safety. And if we are not safe - we are dead.

KAY

(to Chip)

On a note - he is right. Let Kid be as such for a while. After that - I will have to toughen him up. After that - feed him.

Ink keeps scribbling.

Blot sniggers. Chip ignores him.

BLOT

(to Chip)

You haven't told me about your share of pussies Honeydew boy?

Chip lingers a long look at Blot.

CHIP

Let me tell you something Bitch - there is a girl far away from all of this madness - waiting for me to return - with her arms wide open. And fuck this, I don't need to tell you that she was, is and will always be the one - but I did tell you - know why? Because a talking dick like you should understand that all it takes to fuck a girl is love - of which, I doubt, you know shit!

Chip takes a deep breath. Blot has a smile curving across his lips.

BLOT

(lighting up a cigarette)
 You know what honeydew boy - you're right on that accord - I know nothing of love - am too - lets call it abused to know a damn thing about it. That's one side of the coin. The other is - I bet that we will win the war - but not before you get run over like a stray by the enemies - then I bet you - you son of a bitch - your girl shall still be waiting - this time, not for you but for me, not with her arms wide open but rather legs wide spread - only to get ravaged in all loveless manners possible - like a whore.

For a moment the table is engulfed in complete silence.

For a moment it seems that Chip has taken no offence at all.

And the next moment - Chip has his gun pointed right between Blot's forehead. He is fuming but everyone around is completely calm. Ink has given up writing for a moment.

CHIP

Hundreds are dying everyday - the corpse of Blot 'the virginal bitch' aint going to matter a dime - tell me motherfucker, why the fuck are you hell bent upon being killed in such an undignified manner?

BLOT

You know how to pull the trigger or would I have to educate you on that?

CHIP

Educate me when you're a dead man - nobody on this table - and I mean - nobody is going to give a damn if I blow your head - the task has been accomplished and no calamities on our side? - doesn't feel like war - lets declare you a martyr.

Kay interferences.

KAY

Pull back your gun. I wont say it again.

Silence. For a moment Chip seems to be giving it a thought. He pulls down his gun. Blot sips from his cup. Ink is back to his writing. Kay looks around at everyone.

KAY (CONT'D)

Nobody on this table gives a fuck about anybody. Its the bitter truth. But that doesn't mean that one can go killing his team mates at will. For the General gives a fuck. War is not only won by patriotism, but also by the number of patriots on the front. And if entire command is handed to mind numbing fucks like Chip here - half of the troops would already be dead before facing the enemy - just because of making some lewd remarks - young and senseless - that's what you all really are.

Not anyone on the table - but someone in the cabin gives a weak sarcastic laugh.

POV: ALL LOOK BEHIND AT CHIP AT SOMEONE.

Meet Kid - the youngest of all. He is tied up and his face is a bit swollen.

KAY (CONT'D)

Well-well-well - look who is back to his senses - aren't my punches something Kid? You had been out for like -

He looks at Chip enquiringly -

CHIP

Um..I guess for around four hours.
Want some -

Kay motions him to stop talking.

KAY

So boy, by now you must have very well understood that in army - if you panic - you get straightened out. It not a rule, but a ritual to be precise. And you don't question your superior's orders.
(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

The General was right - only two teams infected the woods - and we had both of them by their balls - there is no third team - now did you get that? Tell me there is no third team -

KID

(mumbling)

There is no third team.

KAY

I din't hear you panicking pansy fuck. Louder. So that everyone hears every fucking word that you utter.

KID

(louder)

There is no third team.

KAY

There you go - not a bad way to earn a smoke aint it?

Kay tosses a cigarette which lands in front of the Kid.

KAY (CONT'D)

Now - how's your ability to memorise shit - decent aint it?

Kid nods.

KAY (CONT'D)

Good. Now repeat after me. Word by word - 'I panicked like a motherfucking sissy and put my brothers into danger by trying to run away, because the coward me thought that a third enemy team shall take us by surprise and gun us down'. Speak up boy.

KID

I panicked - like a motherfucking sissy..tried to run away and put my brothers in danger. I was a coward for I thought there existed a third enemy team that will gun us.

KAY

Not bad - not bad. You've earned yourself a cup of delicious coffee, prepared by our bitch.

Everybody laughs except Blot and Chip.

Chip gets up and unties Kid and moves over to the stove to pour him a cup of coffee.

Meanwhile:

KAY (CONT'D)

You know the best part about the General Kid? Its that he is never wrong. He has never been wrong. No a living soul can account for the General being wrong. Next time, if you panic, I would chop up your balls and suffocate you with them. That's what brothers do.

Chip is back sitting beside Ksy.

Kid is sipping the coffee. Courage is building within him. He is thinking.

BLOT

What did he say? Had he seen enough men to comprise a third team?

KAY

According to him - yes. Must have been dreaming. None of us saw anything. Only this little shit says so. I have worked for the General for quite some time now - the man is sharp - has won wars - you know why - because he has never been wrong -

KID

(interrupting)
- and not a living soul could prove otherwise.

All eyes are on Kid.

KAY

What did you say boy?

KID

What you had just told me. Not a living soul could account for the General being wrong.

KAY
Yeah - believe that by heart -
rather than interrupting me and
blurring it out.

Kay turns around to face those who are sitting on the table.

KAY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck was I -..?

Kid cuts in.

KID
Pawns.

Everybody looks at him.

CHIP
What did you say?

KID
We are all pawns. Trinkets.

CHIP
Speak less Kid if you want to
finish your coffee with all your
teeth in.

KAY
No-no-no - he is a big boy, let him
have his say.

Ink is looking intently at everybody.

KID
I didn't see enough men to form the
third party of soldiers.
(beat)
I saw enough men to create a third -
a fourth - a fifth - at least three
more parties of soldiers.

Everyone on the table looks at each other.

INK
How sure are you Kid?

KID
Not more sure than I am of us being
dead before dawn -

Blot interrupts -

BLOT

The fuck you say - the General set us up - five of us - just to check how much fire power would be required to take down the enemy in the woods -

(spits)

Hey Kay, put this motherfucker back to sleep.

Kay looks at Kid - unimpressed, unmoved.

KAY

I know his kind - there is always a young one who is bound to die - only for the sake of kepping his goddamn mouth shut.

He puts a hand in his pocket and takes out a metallic knuckle.

KAY (CONT'D)

(putting the knuckle upon his fingers)

You know what Kid, panic attacks are contagious - a fucking disease of doubt could easily induce panic amongst your mates - and we wouldn't be soldiers anymore then, we would be fucked up sissies and the opposition would make whores out of us - now we don't want that, do we?

Kay gets up, flexing his hands.

Chip stops him.

CHIP

Kay, don't you think that we should give a thought-

KAY

(cuts in)

See-

(to Kid)

Panic. Contagious.

Kay moves ahead, his shadow dawning upon Kid.

He throws a punch.

Whilst we witness the other three, who sit on the table, silent. Two smoking, one writing. We track the actions of these three while Kay has his way with Kid.

After a while we stop at Chip as her smokes - thick trails of smoke keep departing his mouth every now and then.

Suddenly- Chip frowns- he strains his ears - perhaps to hear more acute.

A moment.

CHIP

Fuck!

He rises, his chair falling down.

Kay stops and a bloodied but conscious Kid falls on the floor.

Every eye is on Chip as he rushes towards the window.

Chip shades his eyes with his palms to have a better view.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(murmurs)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

KAY

(shouts)

What the fuck is wrong?

Meanwhile everybody as stood up.

Chip turns around. He is shocked.

CHIP

Kid was right. I see troops coming down the hill. More than one party - can tell that by the number of lights. We were being fingered. Fuck!

Kay, Blot and Ink rush to the windows.

BLOT

(shrieking)

Motherfuckers!

Kay and Ink rush back.

KAY

(commanding)

Don't waste no time.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

Take your guns, load them, take
your positions, fuck them!

Everyone rushes for the guns and starts -

INK

Kid yourself Kay - saw their
numbers? We don't stand a chance
even with God by our side!

Kay shrieks loading his gun.

KAY

Then die like a man than being a
wimpy piece of shit. Die fighting!

Meanwhile:

BLOT

Motherfucker! Motherfucker!
Motherfucker!...

Chip takes a loaded machine gun and hands it over to the
battered, bruised and bleeding Kid.

CHIP

(to Kid)
Be brave Kid, be brave!

Everybody rushes forth to take their positions.

They are on each window. Aiming. Breathing heavily.
Perspiring. Afraid.

Except:

Kid stands back, with the machine gun in his hand - glaring
everybody with uncertainty.

KAY

Join us Kid! Watch our back - go
along with Chip and company - save
their ass - save yours too -

Kay keeps speaking - but the sound mutes.

A slow close up tightens slowly into Kid's face.

A moment. He loads his gun.

The sound starts to come back -

KAY (CONT'D)

-should have believed you. Fuck the General. Will kill him if I get out of here alive. I am sorry for what I did -

KID

(interrupts)

I am sorry too.

KAY

You have nothing to be sorry abo-..

Before Kay could finish his line, Kid points his gun at his mates and starts a wild shooting spree along the path of a straight line.

And in a moments it seems so - the inside of the cabin is nothing but smoke and as it slowly drifts apart we see Kay, Chip, Blot and Ink all lying dead in a pool of blood, while Kid stands in a distance, witnessing the act that he had just committed. He is terrified by his own actions.

A big cloud of smoke passes by him, making him disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Two soldiers stand beside each other. Five people are lying dead on the floor - beside the table.

Kay, Chip - below Chip lies Kid, Ink and Blot - as if they were all engulfed in a conflict.

One of the soldier has Ink's notebook in his hand. He is reading.

The other soldier -

SOLDIER #2

Cap. Says that these bastards killed each other - says you can decipher it from the look of the bodies - cunts, spared us the pleasure to gun them down -

SOLDIER #1

(reading the notebook)

This shit could assist Cap's words. No doubt they are enraged and fighting.

(chuckles)

(MORE)

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)

What a waste of the guy who wrote
this - could have had become a
decent writer -

SOLDIER #2

What do you know about writing?

As they turn around to move out.

SOLDIER #1

Probably more than a guy who
doesn't even know shit about
reading -

SOLDIER #2

Do you want me to shoot you in the
head fuck?

SOLDIER #1

Fuck you dickhead - but yeah -
listen to this -

(as he reads from the
notebook)

These lines are good - "War - In
the beginning a war can be about a
number of things -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - MORNING

We trace the bodies that lay dead in the cabin. As the camera
trails Kid's face (who lies beneath Chip) - his eyes pops
open.

SOLDIER #1 (V.O.)

...say conflicts that arise from
greed, revenge or say - the desire
to create havoc.

Kid gets up and moves Chip's body aside and stands up - his
feet stumbling - his clothes are red - drenched completely in
blood.

He goes to the table and picks up a map- onto which coffee
has been spilled and into which cigarette has been burnt.

Next he picks up a gun.

He staggers towards the door of the cabin.

SOLDIER #1 (V.O.)
But in the end - the very end, when
in the battlefield, a hundred
enemies march like cock hungry
sluts upon dick..-

Kid opens the door and comes outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Kid faces the entire forest before him.

SOLDIER #1 (V.O.)
..while another hundred chase your
ass to make a fag out of you, war
is nothing else than one's own
survival.

Kid disappears into the forest with the map in one hand and a
gun in another.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.