

"He was The Enemy"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MILITARY TENT - NIGHT

SUPER: ITALY, 1944

A basic military tent, modest, lightly decorated -- dark.

Three men lie asleep in their simple stretcher beds.

CARSON PHILLIPS (24), grubby face, drips of sweat, awakes. His eyes dart to and fro, panicked. His breaths are labored, wheezing.

CARSON

Where am I?

The other two men, dart up, prop themselves up.

HENRY

He's awake.

DAMON

No shit. Get the lights.

A match is STRUCK, illuminating the irritated face of HENRY CALLIGER (25), clean shaven, military haircut. He lights a nearby gas lamp.

DAMON BUBBLE (25), clean shaven, dressed in long-johns and thermals leans beside Carson's stretcher.

CARSON

Where am I?

DAMON

Carson, you're in a military compound. The same one you've been in for months.

Carson looks on, in horror.

CARSON

No, no, no, NO!

(mumbles)

He was the enemy. He was the enemy!

Carson starts rocking back and forth.

DAMON

(nods)

Yes, mate. He was the enemy.

Carson, at ease rests his head back on his pillow.

CARSON

The enemy...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CASSINO CITY, ITALY - DAY

Scattered rubble everywhere. A few ruins left to smolder. Carson and Damon, crouch behind a pile of rubble.

They fire their automatic rifles at an enemy O.S. The enemy fire back, bullets kicking back bits of rock, just inches from Carson and Damon.

DAMON

We have to head back! There's too many of them!

CARSON

Our orders are to--

DAMON

Fuck the orders! C'mon, there are two of us and how many of them? It's a death trap on Codine!

Carson hesitates. A large chunk of debris flies past them, as the enemy opens fire, again. Carson ducks.

CARSON

Shit! Right, time to go!

Carson makes to leave, before he double takes.

He stares, horrified. A SMALL GIRL (5) wonders aimlessly through the rubble. She cries out, in Italian.

CARSON

What the hell?

The Small Girl cries, frightened to death.

Damon, oblivious, yanks on Carson's shirt.

DAMON

Carson, C'mon!

Carson shudders, stares in disbelief.

CARSON

What the fuck is she doing here?

DAMON

Who...?

Damon turns, spots the girl.

She crouches down in the crevice of a ruined building, covers her ears. She screams blue murder, tears drip down her face.

Carson and Damon duck -- More bullets missing them by millimeters.

Carson, wide eyed makes a move towards the girl -- Stops.
Damon clutccches Carson's shirt, holds him back.

DAMON
I ain't dying for a kid.

Carson brushes Damon's hand aside, rushes off.

DAMON
Carson!

Carson runs straight in her direction, rifle out as he fires
at the enemy. They return fire, only just missing.

Carson reaches the Girl, scoops her up, ducks behind some
loose rubble.

The Girl continues her cries in Italian. Carson lowers her
to the rubble -- safe.

CARSON
It's okay. I'm gonna get you out of
here.

The girl screams.

Damon crouches down on the other side of Carson.

DAMON
Are you cracked?!

CARSON
I'm getting her out of here!

DAMON
She's Italian!

CARSON
She's only a kid!

The Girl screams louder. She burrows her head into Carson.

Damon stares at the terrified girl. He nods.

DAMON
You gotta be shitting me, OK.

Carson scoops the girl up. Together, Damon and Carson run
across the rubble. Damon fires at an unseen enemy, Carson
carries the girl under his arm.

Shouts O.S. stop Damon and Carson. Less than 50 meters away,
two ITALIAN SOLDIERS advance on them.

CARSON
(indicating the girl)
Hide her.

Damon scrambles to a nearby rubble pile, where he puts the girl.

The Italian soldiers point their rifles, screaming orders at Damon and Carson.

CARSON
What are they saying?

GIRL
Pa--

DAMON
I don't know--

GIRL
Pa--

CARSON
No time to lose.

A clatter of GUNFIRE from Carson's rifle. The two Italian Soldiers fall down, dead. Carson turns back to the girl, who stares in horror.

GIRL
Papa? Papa?

Carson stares, stunned. The Girl rushes to one of the Italian Soldiers, breaks down into sobs.

GIRL
Papa! Papa!

Carson stares in horror. His body shakes. The hysterical girl breaks down completely, crying.

DAMON
Carson, let's go.

Carson doesn't respond -- Just stares, shaking.

CARSON
(soft)
He was the enemy. He was the enemy.
I had to shoot...

Damon doesn't respond.

CARSON
Right?

FADE OUT: