

PATH TO PEACE

by
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EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

The moment after an explosion. Debris falls down like snow. Bodies and parts litter the ground. Noises are muted but a constant buzz drones like ringing in the ear.

MAN (V.O.)

With a detonation velocity of 8,092 meters per second, Composition C-4 can cause serious damage.

In the distance, a burned and bloody WOMAN cries over the remains of a child.

MAN (V.O.)

The force of the blast kills anything within fifteen meters.

BYSTANDERS rush onto the scene to help any survivors.

MAN (V.O.)

I was about twenty meters away.

A MAN lies on his stomach. His back is peppered with shrapnel and blood oozes from his ears.

MAN (V.O.)

But that doesn't mean I won't die.

A MEDIC approaches him, then waves others over to help.

MAN (V.O.)

There's only one path to peace...

Several others arrive to help. They prepare to roll him over.

MAN (V.O.)

Kill the bastards, all of them.

They roll him over, his gaze locks on the crying Woman.

MAN (V.O.)

In dying, I have one regret...

The Man's jacket falls open to reveal a vest packed with C-4.

MAN (V.O.)

That woman is about thirty meters away. She'll probably live.

He mouths a prayer and squeezes a detonator.

CUT TO BLACK.