

Shaun

written by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

The sun beats mercilessly down, heat ripples distort the air.

SHAUN (25), lies breathlessly on the desert floor. Only his sweat covered face can be seen.

Voices are heard but indistinguishable.

POV Shaun: The bright sunlight is broken by dark figures moving around him.

A figure steps forward, towering over him and reaching down.

A deep male VOICE resonates over the noise causing the murmuring to cease.

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't touch him.

The figure steps back.

SHAUN
Please. Help me.

POV Shaun: Dark silhouettes start to move towards him.

VOICE (O.S.)
Stay away from him.

POV Shaun's hands - trying to pull himself along the sand.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Make space, do not go near him.

Shaun struggles and manages to raise his head to look up.

SHAUN
I'm begging you, please.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Shaun sits surrounded by friends in a club thumping out beats and shrieking with laughter.

Shouting to be heard, he leans in closer to POLLY (23).

SHAUN
It's my job. I don't want to, I
have to go.

Polly sips at her drink and ignores him.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
I'm a marine. It's my duty.

Polly turns to look and starts to speak but stops.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
It's the biggest challenge of my
life.

Polly thumps her drink on the table and turns to glare at
Shaun. Shouting back at him, her anger barely contained.

POLLY
Climb a mountain, run a marathon,
become a fucking astronaut but
don't let terrorists shoot at you
as a challenge.

Shaun moves closer and puts his arm around her.

SHAUN
Why are you so pissed? You're
usually more supportive.

Polly hesitates, lifts her drink and takes a long sip.

POLLY
Maybe it's because I'm sober.
Maybe it's because you'll be so
far away this time, I just don't
feel good about it.

SHAUN
Hey, you chose to be designated
driver.

Polly just turns away from him

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Why do I get the sense there's
something you're not telling me?

She looks around at their friends laughing and having fun
before turning back.

POLLY
It's nothing, I just don't want
you getting hurt, maybe I'm just
getting superstitious.

Shaun laughs heartily at this and stands with his drink.

SHAUN
Nothing's going to happen to me
and when I come back, I promise
I'll do whatever you want me too.
(to his friends)
My superstitious girlfriend.

Their friends all raise their glasses and laugh in delight.

He pulls her to her feet and kisses her passionately as she holds onto him closely.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER.

Shaun lies in bed unconscious, snoring.

Lying beside him, Polly holds his hand whispering.

POLLY

Climb a mountain, run a marathon,
be an astronaut. Do any of these
things you big goofhead, your
baby's gonna need you.

Polly rubs her stomach and rolls over gently weeping.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY.

The sun bakes the desert sand.

A trio of HUMVEES make their way along a dirt road.

INT. HUMVEE ONE - CONTINUOUS

Shaun, dressed in desert camouflage, holding his assault rifle laughs at a story told by one of his crew, BINGO (19).

BINGO

...And she says, it's not mine
and how the fuck could a cow get
on the roof?

The whole Humvee erupts in laughter.

SHAUN

Where the fuck do you hear these
stories man? They CANNOT be real.

BINGO

I'm telling you it's real, my
brother was the.....

BANG. BANG BANG BANG.

The Humvee is rocked by gunfire as it starts to weave. The DRIVER (22) yells to the crew.

DRIVER

Contact right, small arms fire.

BINGO

(shouting)

Contact left, smalls arms fire, I
think there's an RPG.

SHAUN
(shouting)
Put your foot down, get us the
fuck outta here.

The engine roars as it gathers speed.

The gunfire increases as glass shatters over Shaun.

An ear splitting explosion rocks the Humvee onto its side.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - CONTINUOUS

A gunman closes on the Humvee, weapon raised. As he approaches, a sudden burst of gunfire from the rear window cuts him down in a mist of blood.

Others return shots as the sudden sound of gunfire behind them causes them to swiftly turn.

The crew of HUMVEE TWO have deployed beside their vehicle and are returning fire.

The two top doors of HUMVEE ONE open and the crew climb out, falling to the ground.

Wiping blood from his face, Shaun looks but can't see Bingo.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Where's Bingo?

No one answers, two are spewing on the ground and the Driver is on the radio.

Hearing the gunfire, Shaun sees Humvee Two's crew engaged in a gun battle.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Base of fire from the rear of the
Humvee, support Two, fire, fire,
fire.

He raises his assault rifle and fires on the fighters.

Bingo drops down beside him, blood pouring from his mouth.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
What's keeping you marine, base
of fire NOW.

Bingo can't raise his weapon but meekly points down the road.

BINGO
R.P.G.

Dust and fire explode around Shaun and the crew as the RPG hits close to them.

Shaun lies stunned on the ground as the sound of battle intensifies.

Raising his head he sees Bingo lying dead beside him, reaching out for him, Shaun lapses into unconsciousness.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Shaun struggles and manages to raise his head to look up.

SHAUN
I'm begging you, please.

A large man, JOE (45), steps forward and looks down at Shaun lying on the ground. His deep VOICE echoes in the silence.

JOE
Move you pathetic son of a bitch.

SHAUN
I can't, I'm done.

JOE
You owe her this, keep your
promise or I'll kick your ragged
half ass all the way to the
finish line.

Shaun looks up and sees his friends surrounding him.

A hundred yards away stands Polly with a pram.

JOE (CONT'D)
Now come on. Let's go, one
hundred yards, COME ON.

The crowd starts to cheer. Polly, standing beyond a finishing line tape starts to cry.

Shaun sees Polly and with a grunt of determination pushes himself up, his prosthetic left leg dragging behind him until he is upright.

Ripping off his t-shirt, we see his body covered in scars.

With a roar he staggers onward.

JOE
Almost there, a year of rehab has
lead to this, make your wife
proud, make your son proud and
make me proud.

SHAUN
(gasping)
Joe, I thought physiotherapists
are supposed to help, not
torture.

JOE
Keep moving, I'll resign later.

Staggering the last few yards, he stumbles over the finishing line into the arms of Polly.

Crying together while the crowd surrounds them cheering, Shaun holds her tightly. Joe claps hard and wipes a tear from his eye.

SHAUN
I kept my promise, a marathon,
the biggest challenge of my life.

POLLY
You did, I love you so much. But
why the desert?

SHAUN
I had a friend who told
impossible stories, this tale was
for him, the one legged man and
the desert marathon. No-one would
believe it.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY

Shaun lies on the ground, his eyes flickering open and his ears ringing.

Reaching around, his hands feel something wet and sticky, looking at his hand he sees his own blood.

Dust, gunfire and shouting disorientate him until the sound of HUMVEE THREE scratching to halt focuses him.

Humvee Three's crew exit, surround him and start firing while a MEDIC shouts in his face.

MEDIC
Stay with me marine.

As Shaun is suddenly lifted and placed in the Humvee, he sees his leg lying in the sand.

Drifting into unconsciousness, the sounds of helicopters and gunfire are the last noises he hears before collapsing.

FADE OUT.