

TRENCH WAR

BY

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EXT. FIELD - DAY

A deep trench in an open field, JAMES, 30, tall and handsome looks through his sniper rifle.

SIMON, 19, thin with bad teeth kneels down beside James in the mud.

SIMON

A small group? Kill them.

JAMES

Why aren't you on your radio son?

Simon grabs a pair of binoculars and peers over the top of the trench.

SIMON

I see them. Just a couple, shoot them.

JAMES

Get on your radio now, that's an order.

SIMON

No, give me your rifle I could even hit them from this distance. Easy.

JAMES

Do I have to remind you of why you're out here, help me with my mission that's all. I need you to stay focused, please , get on your radio.

Simon tries to snatch the rifle out of James's hands.

James comes away from the scope.

SIMON

I can do it if you won't.

James holds on tight to his rifle, won't let Simon take it.

JAMES

Solider, out here I am your commanding officer and you will follow my orders. Get on that radio now.

SIMON

No.

JAMES

Fine then leave it here with me. You're done. Get yourself back to base camp. I don't need you here.

SIMON

I'm not a coward, I'm not going anywhere.

JAMES

You should never have come out here.

SIMON

All of that talk of you killing countless men and you won't do it now.

James opens up his jacket and shows Simon several medals pinned to his chest.

JAMES

I'm the most decorated sniper in the history of the British army. And I'm commanding you, not only for my safety but for your own, get yourself back to base now.

SIMON

I'm not going anywhere.

JAMES

I left my fiancé waiting to be married so I could fight for my king and country. I've been away from home too long. I didn't do this so that men like you could be jealous over what you think I have or haven't done.

SIMON

JAMES

I've never once said I've killed anyone. I need your radio, the enemy is in the move and towards our lines.

Simon again tries to snatch the sniper rifle out from James's hands. James leans back, out of Simon's reach.

SIMON

Give it to me.

JAMES

No.

SIMON

I want to win this war.

JAMES

There are no winners in war, only losers.

Simon launches himself forwards attacking and wrestling with James. Simon smacks James over the head with a rock and finally is able to yank the rifle from James's hands.

Simon steadies himself and takes aim.

SIMON

I'll show you.

Simon pulls the trigger but nothing happens. Simon checks the rifle over, trying to see what's wrong.

James, now bleeding from the head is laughing at him.

JAMES

There's no bullets in it. Now do you understand, I won't take a life.

Simon throws the rifle down.

SIMON

Then that means you're a traitor.

Simon stands up, removes his own pistol from his belt and shoots James dead.

Simon steals James's medals. Looks down at them in his hand and smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I deserve these, not you.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.