

Lost souls

By

Gerasimos Rozis

@2018, Rozis Gerasimos

mrozis@gmail.com

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: On this desolate spot lay thirty thousand half-devoured corpses; It seems as though death had here fixed his throne (George Grote).

FADE IN:

EXT. X BATTLEGROUND - 1941 - DAY

A sea of dead soldiers. Legs, arms and heads lay on the ground. Though the terrain sparkles like rain had fallen, the liquid that shines is not clear but red.

MARTIN (V.O.)

The ground around was covered with fragments of helmets, broken gun stocks and drums, tatters of uniforms and bloodied corpses of my people.

The battlefield lay quiet, for it is now a graveyard of the unburied.

Stretched on the mud among the piles of dead, young sniper MARTIN (18), opens his eyes, comes back to his senses. He is not supposed to be alive considering the huge holes upon his body.

He can't breath. Eyes filled with despair, he spits out the clots of blood from his throat.

A couple yards nearby, Sergeant BRYAN (40), well hidden under another two corpses, whispers in agony. His legs look detached from his upper body.

BRYAN

Don't you fucking move. They're everywhere!

Martin snaps his eyes towards Bryan's voice.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Every natural movement of my body is on hold and so I must force some that mimic an "OK".

Martin blinks rapidly.

Unarmed enemies walk among the dead; They're not soldiers, they're scavengers, souvenir hunters.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

Two o' clock. You see that General down there? You need to take him out.

MARTIN

I can't even move my fucking--

Martin's fingers show signs of life. Trapped around his sniper rifle's trigger, his skin recognizes that familiar metal feeling.

BRYAN

Your gun is in perfect firing position. Two o' clock. The General. Take that shot!

Martin stretches his head to the side, stares through his rifle's scope. Beelines the General, about two hundred meters away, who takes his morning coffee, seated apprehensive in his luxurious leather couch, completely isolated from his soldiers.

A fire fed solely by human fat stands on his path. He focuses even more; the morning light streams in from behind him making a halo effect around the General's head.

MARTIN

I can't fucking see anything.

Martin's eyes leave the scope, turn towards Bryan in despair.

BRYAN

Remember what we're here for. Take the god damn shot.

Martin gets back to his scope, focuses back on his target. Aims for the General's head, between the eyes. Takes the shot.

Triumph, he succeeds!

The bullet crashes the General's skull, who's lifeless body falls down on the ground.

Martin's face muscles come back to life, smirks. Beelines Bryan--

BRYAN

What are you waiting for? Shoot now!

A hulkish soldier figure walks by Bryan, double checks if he is dead, thrusts his rifle's bayonet into his throat.

For such a painful blow, there is no sign of a single emotion upon Bryan's face.

MARTIN
(shouts)

No!

Martin's voice doesn't draw the enemy's attention, although he's so close. It should--

Running on fumes, Martin uses all of his remaining strength, turns his rifle towards the enemy, fires.

The bullet goes through the enemy's body, no blood comes out of the wound. The soldier looks utterly unaffected by the shot.

Bryan is stunned.

MARTIN (V.O.)
What kind of sorcery is this?

A sharp whistle piercing through the air, draws the attention of every single enemy, who storm away, retire towards the General's position.

Martin still in shock, gets back to his rifle scope, checks for the whistle's source.

Another shock; the General up on his feet, lights up a cigarette, stares the approaching jeep.

BRYAN (V.O.)
Damn you pig, now I have to find
someone else to do your job.

Martin shuts his eyes, drifts into unconsciousness. His soul finally rests--

FADE OUT.