

The Trench

By

Chris Beadnell

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cbeadnell@ymail.com

EXT. THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD - GERMAN TRENCH - DAY

Ten minutes after the shelling. The air thick with smoke. German soldiers' bodies hinder the movement of the British.

Soldiers, CARTER (19), and EASON (25) slowly maneuver to the communications post at the end of the trench.

EASON

This is the last burrow. You look
in there. Remember, no prisoners.

Eason climbs out of the trench. Rolls a cigarette and walks back toward the division.

Carter studies the dugout. It is so dark. He looks down. Retrieves a cord operated dynamo torch under a body.

He moves into the dugout. Pulls the cord. The light shakes with his fear. Shines upon another's wide open eyes. A GERMAN SOLDIER (27). Bloodied shrapnel in his left leg.

Carter drops the torch. Clumsily reaches for his rifle. The bolt is jammed. He feels for his bayonet. It is not there.

GERMAN SOLDIER

(shakes his head)

Please, please. No. Please, no.

CARTER

Well, I dare say you'll perish here
tonight anyway, old son.

Carter strikes the soldier's head with his rifle butt.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - BEELITZ - DAY

Rows of injured lie in the ward. In one bed lies the German soldier, with bandaged head and thigh. He reads a book.

A First Lieutenant holds mail and reads out names.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Hitler. Adolf?

The German soldier's eyes lift above the book.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Das bin ich.

THE END.