The Other Side

by Dale Saxton

Current Revisions by Dale Saxton, 13/09/12 [Seventh Draft]

Copyright (c) 2010 This screenplaymay not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author. EXT. FIELD/CLEARING - DAY

DALE'S POV OF A CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS A DRY, YELLOW AND STARVED FIELD.

DALE is undercover of a LARGE CHESTNUT TREE, peering around the side. He is accompanied by LUKE, whom is looking over his shoulder.

Both men are rough and ragged. They wear un-matching, dirty and worn clothes. Neither look clean or well kept. They look early to mid-twenties of age.

DALE is pale, dark-eyed and carrying a terrible cold. Most likely a fever.

He is equipped with an old SEMI-AUTO RIFLE; wooden and sentimental.

LUKE looks a little older. He is larger in size and sports thick woolen-esque sideburns.

LUKE harbours a SCOPED BOLT ACTION rifle; hunter's choice.

DALE is edging round the tree to see the church in the distance.

LUKE (O.S.) Can you see owt?

DALE has his tongue between his lips.

DALE No...not really. You have a look.

LUKE and DALE trade places. LUKE raises his SCOPED RIFLE and steadies it against the tree.

Cars are abandoned and block off the road near them. REFUGE & SUPPLY signs point toward the church.

A SHOT THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE LOOKING AT THE CHURCH.

Nothing is out of the ordinary.

LUKE Looks okay to me.

He turns toward DALE.

LUKE (CONT'D) Shall we make a run?

DALE seems reluctant. He moves further into cover beside LUKE. Both are behind the tree now.

DALE I don't know. Don't you think it's a bit open?

LUKE checks the ammo in his rifle.

DALE looks on, frustrated that he is unable to put forth a safer option.

A sharp pain shoots through DALE's shoulder. His body jerks and he opens his jacket revealing an open wound.

LUKE looks at DALE, who notices and quickly covers it back up.

LUKE

You need anti-biotics.

He doesn't respond.

LUKE takes the rifle from round his shoulder.

LUKE (CONT'D) 'ere. Pass me yours.

They switch weapons.

LUKE (CONT'D) You keep a look out. When I get to the other side, I'll cover you. Alright?

DALE reaches into his pocket and pulls out a closed travel mirror. He opens it to reveal a photograph housed in the lid.

It shows two children, smiling together.

LUKE looks on:-

LUKE (CONT'D) I guess times change.

LUKE forces a smile at DALE, who returns a less convincing one. He closes the lid on the mirror.

DALE They certainly do.

They both check their weapons and load up.

LUKE bolts off round the tree and through the reeds. He keeps his head down moving at a steady jog.

DALE assumes a crouching position, with the rifle steadied against the tree.

### DALE (CONT'D) Don't rush...

LUKE carries on through the reeds.

A THROUGH THE SCOPE SHOT OF LUKE MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE FIELD.

DALE scans the surrounding area. Nothing unusual.

He lowers his rifle. He is nervous and struggles with his fever.

He coughs and splutters into his arm, limiting noise.

He keeps the rifle held against the tree and awkwardly grabs for his canteen with his other hand.

The canteen is caught on his belt.

He struggles trying to pry it free with one hand.

A bird flies from the tree.

DALE is startled.

Concerned, he looks through the eyepiece to check on LUKE.

He regains his composure, lowers his rifle.

Takes a swig from the canteen.

LUKE is now nearly three quarters of the way there. He stops and drinks from his own canteen.

A bead of sweat finds it's way into DALE's eyes.

He quickly wipes it away with a shaking hand.

LUKE has reached the other side.

He turns and holds his rifle in the air toward DALE.

DALE lowers his rifle and lets out a big sigh of relief.

He waves back.

BANG!

LUKE falls to the ground.

BANG!

A bullet ricochets from the tree.

Bark billows into DALE's face.

He drops back behind the tree, Panting heavily and at a considerable pace.

A sniper. How did he miss it?

He raises his rifle round the other side of the tree and lets off a shot at the church.

Quickly retreating back behind cover.

He can't see anything. Another of the sniper's rounds narrowly misses him and hits the tree trunk.

Leaves fall around him.

He releases the used shell from his rifle.

THE SHELL FIZZLES IN SLOW-MO ACROSS THE BLANK LOOK ON DALE'S FACE.

He grabs the travel mirror from his pocket.

We see LUKE and DALE as children again. DALE tries to look at the photo in his trembling hand.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF LUKE IN THE PHOTO.

He holds it out from behind the tree and can see the church in the reflection. The only point of vantage being the bell tower.

> DALE (CONT'D) The bell tower. That's where I'd be.

He pops out from behind cover and lets off a shot.

Not a very good one.

He moves forward at a sprint covering ground quickly as he yanks on his bolted rifle.

CLUNK.

A round flies out and he stops still to take another shot.

Right out in the open. No cover.

Dirt flies up near DALE. A round from the sniper.

It's a near miss.

DALE is shaky, he lets out a grunt lifting the rifle to aim.

He fires a round and the rifle stock rips into his shoulder from the recoil.

Not letting his fever, or shoulder, get the better of him. He starts to slow to a stop and falls to one knee.

He lifts the rifle again and lets out a cry of pain. He is breathing heavily and dripping with sweat. A shot hits the dirt near him.

He doesn't flinch.

He takes a deep breath in and his finger twitches over the trigger.

A THROUGH THE SCOPE SHOT OF THE SNIPER'S VANTAGE POINT.

The window is right in his cross hair.

He releases the air from his lungs.

They both fire a round at each other.

DALE'S POV: DIRT SPRAYS AND COVERS OUR VIEW.

The dirt from the gunshot clears and we see DALE is okay. The vantage point now looks clear and empty.

He sprints for LUKE.

DALE (CONT'D)

Luke!

He slides to the ground and grabs the canteen from his hip.

He turns LUKE over to find a terrible neck wound that has been gushing with blood.

DALE (CONT'D) (frantic and panicked) Oh god. Fuck. Pressure. Pressure!

He starts to put his hands over the neck wound tightly.

LUKE is very pale and not breathing.

DALE pours water onto the wound washing away the blood, but realises it's no use.

He lifts him to a sitting position and cradles him in his arms.

DALE (CONT'D) (starts to break into tears) I got him. It's ok, I got him. He takes a deep breath and looks toward the heavens, holding the tears back.

He takes some supplies from LUKE and slings his rifle over his other shoulder.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

DALE walks into the churchyard. He stops, wiping his wet, scarlet eyes and takes in the sights.

It's a modest size, oozing with history.

Old, tinged-green, gravestones litter the yard around him.

He makes his way up a winding path towards the church, passing signs and notices promising a safe haven:

"OUR LORD PROVIDES A PLACE OF REFUGE FOR THE ILL"

"CLEAN WATER AND SUPPLIES AVAILABLE"

Ripped warning tape blows in the wind.

An ambulance, with various medical instruments falling from the back, is left abandoned on the grass.

DALE strolls over and hops into the rear.

He clutches another bout of pain from his shoulder.

He rifles through a box of pills and finds a packet of penicillin.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he heads back toward the church.

He reaches the front doors. Traditional and wooden. A table has been made up next to the door with a sign:

"EMERGENCY AID"

It only contains a vacant first aid box, empty water bottles and a pile of grey sheets.

DALE touches the sheets and feels their texture. He picks one from the top and notices something in the corner of his eye.

Three bodies lie next to the table on the ground, covered with the same grey sheets from the table.

A QUICK CUT COLLECTION OF CLOSE UPS TO ESTABLISH LITTLE THINGS ABOUT THE DECEASED.

The two smaller bodies have children's shoes peeking from the bottom. Crocs.

One pair pink, the other blue.

The furthest larger body sees a hand protruding from one side.

A woman.

CLOSE UP OF THE WEDDING RING ON HER FINGER.

DALE puts the grey sheet under his arm.

CUT TO:

### INT. CHURCH HALL

The front door creaks open. We hear the squeak of the metal handle as DALE enters.

Pews run up the hall, either turned over or placed untidily.

Streams of light beautifully paint the room through the church windows.

PAN ACROSS THE CHURCH HALL.

The church has been made into a refuge/medical centre.

Several empty hospitals beds, accompanied by drips, reside near the pews.

A couple of older bodies remain rotting on the beds.

Flies are present.

There's another table filled with empty bottles. DALE spots a couple of full ones and puts them in his bag.

He takes a couple of penicillin pills with a swig of water.

He looks at a memorial collage on the wall.

"MAY THE PERISHED BE REMEMBERED FOREVER"

He lifts up a photo revealing more underneath.

Eyes dazed, he takes a moment in thought.

A door is spotted at the other end of the church hall.

CUT TO:

## INT. STAIRWAY

The door opens and DALE calmly walks through, still with the grey sheet underarm.

The room is complete with wooden flooring, wooden stairs and a heavy dust filled air.

The dust dances in the streams of light coming from the stained glass windows, just above the steps.

He climbs the stairs with a steady, controlled pace.

He makes his way toward the bell tower floor. The stairs level out onto it.

Before he reaches the top, he peers over into the small room.

The mans body lay there.

DALE makes his way a little higher. He steps onto the bell tower floor.

# DALE

Hello?

No response.

A family photo is balanced upright on the floor near the dropped rifle:-

A CLOSE UP OF A MAN, WOMAN AND TWO CHILDREN. A BOY and a GIRL.

He throws the grey sheet onto the MAN's body.

DALE looks on at him, similarly to those outside the church. The man's hand is visible, it is exposed out from the side of the grey sheet.

DALE sees the wedding ring on his finger.

CUT TO BLACK.

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