

HEROES

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EXT. WAR AIRPLANE, FLYING - DAY

A plane overflies jungle lands. Patches of heavy dark smoke rise up.

The loud BUZZING of the turbines mixes with the constant EXPLOSIONS below.

INT. WAR AIRPLANE, FLYING - DAY

A GROUP OF SOLDIERS sits on one of the sides of the airplane. A GENERAL screams at them. He holds a large black bag.

GENERAL

Change of plans, troop! You will now land on another camp before advancing to the main headquarters. The Wounded Station. And you'll be wearing these when you do that-

He takes out white uniforms out of the bag. They all have the Red Cross symbol embroidered, and a first-aid kit attached.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

There are two grenades and several cartridges in these kits. Use them wisely. Now, you will not kill them as soon as you land. For them, you are the fucking Messiah in person. Act like it. We don't want to attract the attention of their surrounding forces, or give them the opportunity to attack. We want them vulnerable. Let them guide you somewhere secluded and then shoot those motherfuckers like there's no tomorrow. Then spread to the next camp, like we discussed before. Any questions?

The soldiers remain silent as they change into the new clothes and strap on their parachutes.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Ok, be prepared then. We're almost there.

He heads out to the cabin.

One of the soldiers, KEITH, early 20s, blonde, and with idealism still untouched by war on his eyes, tries to put on his parachute. He is nervous.

The soldier next to him, HAROLD, dark hair, about his same age, shamelessly cynical, has the biggest smile on his face.

KEITH
(almost in a whisper)
Is this actually permitted?

HAROLD
What?

KEITH
This. Attacking wounded soldiers.
Posing as the fucking Red Cross.
The Geneva Conventions clearly
established that-

HAROLD
No one cares about the fucking
Genevive Convention, man! This is
war. It's to kill or to fucking be
killed. Anything goes.

KEITH
It's just... that camp is mostly
filled with injured men waiting for
real doctors to heal them. They are
already unable to fight. What's the
point in going after them?

HAROLD
They are still the enemy! They will
recover, and they will shoot our
asses as soon as they can! You've
heard the news. They have destroyed
our cities. I say the more helpless
they are, the better.

KEITH
Well, yes, I guess but... I'm just
saying this is not a dignified way
to kill. Not when they're
vulnerable. Not when they're
expecting someone to help them.

HAROLD
Oh, you're such a pussy, Patterson.

The general walks back in. The soldiers shut up.

GENERAL
Ok, ladies, it's time! Get into
your positions!

He opens the side door of the plane. The soldiers stand up and line in front of it.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Now, make your country proud! JUMP!

One by one, the men jump out of the plane. Keith is particularly anxious. Harold turns to Keith when it's his time to jump. He cannot hold his excitement.

HAROLD

Just fucking do it, okay, man?

He laughs as he jumps off the plane. Keith looks at him fall, and his mind travels elsewhere.

GENERAL

Patterson! What the hell are you doing? JUMP!

Keith comes back to himself. He quickly closes his eyes and gives a long sigh. He crosses himself and jumps.

EXT. OPEN JUNGLE LANDS - DAY

Surrounded by tall jungle trees, the land is destroyed. A light layer of smoke covers the place, which is filled with small brown tents. Rubble is everywhere, along with despair and misery.

As the disguised Red Crossers land, injured ENEMY SOLDIERS come out of the tents, screaming in joy, their faces filled with hope.

SOLDIER #1

Oh, thank God! Finally!

The soldiers run to their saviors. As they take their parachutes off, each of them is guided towards the inside of a tent.

Keith lands. He looks around, in hopes no one will go for him. The second he takes the parachute off, THOMAS, early 30s, approaches him.

THOMAS

Oh, thank God someone sent some help! People are dying by the dozens here every night! Please, here, come with me! My brother needs you!

Thomas runs off to a tent. Keith is frozen. He cannot move. After several seconds, he realizes the man is not there anymore, and follows him inside the tent.

INT. TENT - DAY

The tiny tent is only furnished with a camp bed, and several boxes and pots laying around. It is dark, and filthy.

A soldier, TIMOTHY, late 20s, sits on the bed. He sweats heavily. His right arm is badly bandaged. His brother, Thomas, kneels beside him, whispering comforting words. Thomas spots Keith walking into the tent.

THOMAS

Oh, here you are! Tim, brother, this man will help you, okay? They have sent in people. You are going to be just fine.

TIMOTHY

(groaning in pain)
Thanks, Tom.

Thomas stands up and heads outside.

THOMAS

(to Keith)
It's his arm, as you can see. Please do everything you can for him.

KEITH

(quietly)
I will.

In that moment, Harold walks into the tent, smiling warmly.

HAROLD

Is there anything I can do here?

THOMAS

Yes, please! Come with me.

HAROLD

It will be my pleasure. Keith, you'll take care of this one, won't you?

KEITH

Yes, I will.

THOMAS

(to Timothy)

Tim, I am going outside to assure the others get help. I will be back as soon as I can to check on you.

TIMOTHY

(smiling)

You don't need to check on me. We're not eight anymore.

THOMAS

(smiling back)

I know.

(grabbing Harold)

Ok, come with me.

They both head out of the tent. Keith follows them with his eyes, helplessly. He then turns to Timothy, and approaches him, not sure about what to do next. He unconsciously grabs his arm and starts unwrapping the bandages. The wound is almost bone-deep, gangrened to a little before the elbow. Timothy groans.

TIMOTHY

Be honest, doc. Do I stand a chance?

Keith just looks into his eyes, unable to say anything. Timothy sighs.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I thought so. If you're going to amputate, please do only what's necessary. I have a baby girl back at home, and I want to be able to hold her the best I can.

KEITH

I'll ... I'll do my best.

Timothy groans again.

TIMOTHY

Please tell me you have something for the pain in there.

KEITH

(stuttering)

Uh, yes, yes-

TIMOTHY

Pills, morphine, anything-

Keith grabs his first aid kit. But he knows he can't open it. There are no bandages and medicine there. There are grenades and bullets. He wants to postpone this as much as possible.

KEITH

Yes, certainly. I just need to take a closer look at the wound.

He grabs his arm again, with no clue whatsoever of what he's doing.

KEITH (CONT'D)

So... do you have any other kids?

TIMOTHY

No. Just the girl. Amanda. She was born in October. I still haven't met her, you know? But I got my release last week. As soon as I'm all healed up, I'm ready to go back.

KEITH

...oh.

BOOM! Something explodes in a tent nearby. The explosion shakes the earth, and makes Keith drop his first aid kit, revealing the grenades and the bullets.

Timothy spots them, and his eyes fill with fear. He releases his arm away from Keith.

TIMOTHY

Wait, are you-?

Keith doesn't know what to do. He needs to kill him. Right now. But he can't do it. He just can't. He tries to calm down Timothy instead.

KEITH

Yes, yes, we are, but I-

TIMOTHY

Just kill me, okay?! Just fucking kill me. Do not prolong this for any of us. Just get your job done and shoot me.

KEITH

I don't, I-

TIMOTHY

Just do it, goddamn it! Don't make it harder on me! You won, okay?

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Congratulations. Now fucking do it.
I don't want to start getting
flashbacks of my life right now. It
will hurt more.

BOOM! Another explosion outside followed by gunshots. Tears start to form in Timothy's eyes.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Just do it, man.

Keith thinks for a moment, then looks outside the tent. He grabs Timothy's arm.

KEITH
Can you walk?

TIMOTHY
What?

KEITH
Can you walk?! I'm getting you out
of here.

TIMOTHY
Getting me out of here? You invaded
us! I bet we're surrounded.

KEITH
I don't care, okay? I will not
fucking kill you, that's all I
know. Now, if you can get up, let's
get the hell out of here before
someone finds us!

Timothy stands up and grabs a sheet to cover his arm. Then he follows Keith out of the tent.

EXT. OPEN JUNGLE LANDS - DAY

Keith and Timothy run out of the tent and look around. It seems suspiciously quiet. Before anything else happens, they advance towards the outside of the camp.

KEITH
Ok, hurry. I think we're clear.

Just as they turn around, Harold stands in their way, smiling cynically, holding his riffle.

HAROLD
Where do you think you're going,
Patterson?

KEITH

I am not doing this, Harold. This is not human! The guy has a daughter! He deserves to know her. She deserves to grow up with a father!

HAROLD

Oh, look who's trying to become a hero all of a sudden.

Harold points the gun at Timothy, and shoots him right in between the eyes without thinking it twice.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

The only heroes are the ones who win the war. Now get your shit together.

He hands Keith a grenade.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And you're lucky I didn't shoot you, too. Now let's go.

Harold grabs his first aid kit and starts walking into the jungle, concealing his weapon inside his white uniform. Keith looks at Timothy's dead body. A tear runs down his cheek, as he looks down at the grenade he's holding.

THE END