

WE'VE SURVIVED WORSE  
(draft 4)

Written by

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For Create50 "The Impact"

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EXT. SUBURBAN BACKSTREET - DAY

JACK SKIRROW, war veteran, whizzes down an empty road on his MOBILITY SCOOTER. Full military regalia. MEDALS. BERET. Knuckles white. Squeezes full throttle. Determined stare.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and his scooter approach a duck pond. An abandoned full loaf of bread causes chaos between fighting ducks. They scatter as Jack cuts through them at pace.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

The scooter bobbles along a riverside path. Jack swerves to avoid an abandoned FISHING STOOL - the rod still stationed.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Surrounded by green hills, Jack's scooter judders. Stops dead - no power left. He eyes a distant COTTAGE. Isolated.

Jack clambers off. Pulls 2 WALKING STICKS off the back. One shaky stick at a time, he dodders towards the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE- HALLWAY - LATER

Old wooden door. KNOCKED loudly. Mottled light shimmers through a glass pane. BANGS again.

The door handle jolts down. Will not open.

The butt of a walking stick smashes through the glass. Jack's hand, knuckles red, reaches in. Opens the lock and door.

Jack breaths heavy. Throws his sticks down. Stumbles forward.

INT. MAJOR'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

The ancient shrunken MAJOR lies motionless in a makeshift bed. White hair, brows and moustache shine through darkness.

Jack's hunched silhouette arrives at the open door. His figure stands upright. To attention. Jack salutes.

JACK  
Sir...sir...SIR

Major stirs. Opens a narrow stare. Alert.

MAJOR

At ease.

JACK

(removing his beret)  
Grave news sir.

Jack approaches Major but can no longer mask his frailty and collapses over the bed - pulling down the curtain.

INT. MAJOR'S LOUNGE - LATER

With no curtain there is new light and life. Old PHOTOS; war MEDALS and MEMORABILIA paint history. It is now Jack who lies in bed. Major, in pyjamas, sits bedside holding Jack's hand.

MAJOR

Never have I known such desperate odds...for so many to bare.

JACK

Odds? Survival's impossible sir.

Major nods to an old war photo of at least 30 young soldiers.

MAJOR

You and I. We've survived worse.

Jack shakes his head softly "not this time". Accepts fate.

Major stands. Surveys his surrounds. He touches his medals. Takes in the photos. Soaking up every memory. Every victory.

JACK

Was never fearful serving by your side sir. On your shoulder a man felt brave. Safest place to die.

Major glares down Jack's surrender talk. He offers Jack an old military marching BUGLE.

MAJOR

You still play Jack?

JACK

My privilege...Walter.

Jack sits up and wheezes for a breath. Bugle to his lips, he starts to play. Beautiful. Powerful notes of spirit.

Major opens the window, moustache twitches. He glowers defiantly over his green hilly horizon.