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By

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2023-2024

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IAGO

Send a patrol out! We relocate our forward operating position tonight! This man... He is no man. Take caution, and don't let him escape. If possible I want him alive.

CONSCRIPT 1

Yes sir. Who is it we're dealing with exactly?

Beat.

IAGO (IN ENGLISH)

Not who, comrade... what. -How do you say "Death" in your language?



## CONSCRIPT 1

Smert?

IAGO

No. What is your *name* for "Death" The one who brings it?

## CONSCRIPT 1

Kosač...

IAGO

The Reaper is coming for us. And his name is Buck Wayland. Load your weapons and say your prayers.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

All is quiet, the wind blows through the trees and crickets chirp.

Calls out into the forest grow louder.

Raindrops begin falling.

Footsteps racing through the wet leaves.

A gunshot rings out followed by more yelling in Russian.

A shadow of BUCK passes from tree to tree.

BUCK is losing them.

Soldier boots stomp and slip over the uneven terrain.

BUCK'S Minnetonka boots glide across the wet roots and whisper against the dead leaves.

BUCK sprints to his marked tree, slides to a stop, grabs the shovel stashed behind the large tree, and starts digging.

And digging.

It is now pouring.

The Russian soldiers are gaining on his trail.

BUCK drops to his knees and digs with all his weight as rain soaks his hair and black shirt.

Calls from the soldiers are growing louder.



The shovel clashes against the stashed bag.

Two Russian soldiers burst out of the brush.

BUCK kicks up the shotgun out of the stash and into his hands, pulls the trigger. BOOM.

The closest Russian soldier drops.

BUCK racks the next shell. BOOM.

The second soldier flips onto his back. He starts screaming in agony.

BUCK racks his shotgun and steps out of the hole.

He walks to the soldier who is thrashing around with blood soaking his chest.

BUCK hangs the barrel of the shotgun over the soldier's face one-handed.

CONSCRIPT 2

God damnit! Please!

BOOM.

EXT. CONSCRIPT CAMP - NIGHT

IAGO smokes a cigar nervously with a radio in hand, sitting by the fire. The soldiers behind him are packing their gear up.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

BUCK reaches down to the dead soldier, picks up his radio.

Crouching, BUCK holds the radio loosely in hand.

He holds the transmitter down once followed by four quick presses. (The number 6 in Morse Code)

EXT. CONSCRIPT CAMP - NIGHT

IAGO's radio goes off. He pulls it closer. The static being transmitted in the Morse Code pattern of 6 6 6.

The Conscript Soldier next to IAGO hears the transmission.

CONSCRIPT 1

It's Morse code. Could be a distress



signal.

(He writes it out)  
Six six six...

IAGO shoots daggers at the soldier.

He holds down the radio transmitter.

IAGO  
So the Devil lives... ain't that right  
Buck?

Radio silence.

I don't suppose you killed my men just  
to play a game of charades.

BUCK  
Your men, they don't beg in Russian.

IAGO  
Conscripts. We all have to start  
somewhere in the new world. That's old  
American blood you've spilt.

BUCK  
Red is red.

IAGO  
So what's the plan then Buck? Pick my  
men off in the dark? More will come.

BUCK  
You should've left me behind in Laos.

IAGO  
No brother, we weren't meant for that  
world... Vietnam wasn't the war we  
were meant to fight. Disorganized  
chaos. Out here we dictate what we  
fight for. We take what's ours.

Radio silence.

Buck, we all take our orders from  
someone. I-- I hope you believe me  
when I say I didn't know that was your  
wife and kid. Wrong place, wrong  
time... Whatever offer Officer Gusev  
gave you, it still stands with me.  
There's still hope for you brother,

you can walk away from this.

BUCK  
Gusev... was just practice. I'm here  
for you.

IAGO  
Buck, I don't think you understand the  
consequences of your actions.

BUCK  
Consequences I can all but guarantee.  
The world will bleed red when I carry  
out my actions.

IAGO  
Take the offer Buck. It's your only  
chance to survive this.

BUCK  
I don't make deals with dead men.

IAGO  
I guess that makes two of us then...

IAGO motions for his soldiers to rally up.

Not many hours left in the night. Come  
sunrise you won't have anywhere to  
hide.

BUCK  
I'm not hiding.

Beat.

IAGO  
How do you want this to end Buck?

Radio silence.

BUCK  
Meet me where it all started.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

BUCK silences the radio. Grabs his bag and walks off into the  
night.

CUT TO: BLACK



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