

CONSCRIPTED

By Sara Rose Carr

June 7th, 2021

760.331.9324
Saracarr@gmail.com

War and Peace

The perceived madness of war
and the ridiculous sham of peace
are divided by a flimsy partition
of rice paper in the mind.

War sorts the wheat from the chaff of men
in turn causing a heightened sense of,
invulnerability, immortality, awareness, arousal,
and melancholy that knows no bounds
of appropriateness or cares.

I want to live, love and die
behind the flak jacket of my cameras lens
in a shithole of my own choosing
and not in the senseless mediocrity
and insanity of routine.

No one ever lied to me within the sound of gunfire.

- Sebastian Rich, Conflict Photographer

BLACK

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
GET DOWN! I SAID GET THE FUCK
DOWN!

Sounds of bombs. Rapid gun shots. Heavy breathing.

Silence.

INT. TRADER JOE'S - DAY

The place is DESTROYED. Windows broken, shelves torn down, food scattered everywhere. SMOKE hangs in the air surrounding DEAD BODIES in DARK GREY UNIFORMS.

SABINA REY (23) with chapped lips and dried dirt-covered skin hides behind fallen debris, flinching at GUN SHOTS.

A large EXPLOSION followed by a piercing RING.

She closes her eyes, her body shaking.

Silence. She waits. Slowly, she stands, revealing the same DARK GREY UNIFORM and an ASSAULT RIFLE too large for her body.

A woman's SCREAM comes from the other side of the store. Sabina ducks, watching behind fallen crates.

MEN in BLACK UNIFORMS with BANDANAS covering their faces, drag away a kicking and screaming **LYLA CENTINELA** (18), also in a dark grey uniform out of a back entrance.

LYLA
No, no, no, SABINA! HELP! SABINA!

GUN SHOT followed by more petrifying silence.

Sabina turns away, before bending over to VOMIT. Recovering, she stumbles her way out of the front of the store...

EXT. TRADER JOE'S - DAY

Your average present day suburban outlet, except everything has gone to shit. The air is thick and heavy in SMOKE from a SCHOOL ON FIRE across the street.

The famous GOLDEN ARCHES of a McDonald's catch flame, crumbling into the middle of the road.

LARGE DARK GREY VEHICLES line the streets, more men and women in DARK GREY UNIFORMS jump out of them.

They're not police, they're not military. These are **DEFENDERS**. One approaches Sabina, motioning her towards the vehicles.

DEFENDER

Private Rey, let's go-!

More men in BLACK UNIFORMS appear from the store, unleashing gunfire on the Defender.

He takes a BULLET, collapsing on top of Sabina. She struggles to shove his dead weight off her body, crawling towards the side of the store, the gunfire persisting.

Near the school, **JOHN SAWYER** (29) crouches in a corner. He holds his twin sister, **ANA SAWYER** (29), her body limp

He presses down on a GASHING wound on her thigh. He looks up, panic written all over his face, as he locks eyes with Sabina.

An EXPLOSION comes from the school. John and Ana disappear from her sight.

Sabina ducks up against the wall, shielding her face as the smoke thickens. Gunfire continues from all directions.

A BULLET hits her arm, knocking her to the ground. She CRIES out in pain.

After a moment, she makes her way to her feet, her eyes turn cold. Her hands shaking, she loads her gun, turning back to face her enemy. She aims and...

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: ONE YEAR EARLIER - NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK

EXT. APARTMENT PATIO - NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK - MORNING

From the second story, Sabina smokes, drawing in a NOTEBOOK. She loosely sketches a BLUEPRINT of a HUNTING RIFLE.

SNOW covers her surroundings. She wears only sweats and a t-shirt. She drops her cigarette into a MUG, recklessly sitting on the railing. She hangs her body over the railing like a rag doll.

NEIGHBOR (60s) exit his apartment below, bundled up in a coat, locking his door. He looks up at her with an enthusiastic wave and smile.

NEIGHBOR

Hang like that too long, all the blood'll rush to your head.

SABINA

That's the goal.

NEIGHBOR

Go inside.

SABINA

Party pooper.

He heads towards his car.

NEIGHBOR

You coming to game night?

SABINA

(smile, and slight wave)
Wouldn't be caught dead.

INT. SABINA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Sabina washes her face, and brushes her teeth. Her phone rings: "MOM". She silences it.

INT. SABINA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The place is empty, save for a makeshift coffee table of cardboard boxes and a pale couch, where a pair of jeans hang off the armrest. She sniffs them before putting them on.

Her phone rings again: "MOM".

Slinging her coat and bag on, she answers...

SABINA

Yeah?

...while pouring coffee into a travel mug, spilling all over her shirt.

SABINA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Shit.

KATE (O.S.)

Good morning.

SABINA

Yes, hi, good morning.

KATE (O.S.)

You seem agitated.

SABINA

Do you need something?

KATE (O.S.)

Just making sure you're still coming for dinner tonight.

Sabina mouths "fuck" and runs her hand over her face.

SABINA

Of course, yeah, I'll be there.

KATE (O.S.)

Great. Jack's excited to see you.

SABINA

I gotta go.

KATE (O.S.)

See you at seven?

SABINA

Said I'd be there.

She hangs up, staring at her stained shirt.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - MORNING

KATE REY (48) stands on her porch. She hangs up her phone.

The streets are still and silent. JACK REY (6) bundled up in winter garb, excitedly plays in the snow with a TOY AIRPLANE.

He ZOOMS towards Kate, flying the plane around her legs.

KATE
(American Sign Language)
Breakfast. Now.

JACK
(ASL)
Five more minutes.

KATE
(ASL)
Now.

JACK
(ASL)
I'm almost done -

KATE
(ASL)
Three minutes...

Elated, Jack takes his plane back out to the front yard.

EXT. SABINA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sabina shuffles out of her complex and hops into a beat up HONDA CIVIC. It struggles to start, but eventually does.

CARLO (17, baby face, rebel mind) knocks on her window.

SABINA
(sotto)
Dammit.

She forces a smile, and rolls down window.

SABINA (CONT'D)
Hey, Carlo.

CARLO
Bina, hey, I emailed you that petition -

SABINA
Sorry, yeah I'll take a look tonight, promise.

CARLO

It's really important that we get enough signatures for this, or you know, we're all toast. Well, I'm not toast, but you'll be toast. Legally I'm fine till next year. But I'd hate to see my favorite neighbor get drafted, so...
(sadly chuckles)

SABINA

Right, right. I mean, *if* that happens though.

CARLO

I think we're past "ifs".

SABINA

Shouldn't you be like, planning prom or something? Don't stress so much about this stuff.

CARLO

The Defender's Division is getting wiped out, you can't ignore the numbers-

SABINA

Hey, look, I gotta get to work, but I'll look at it later, okay?

CARLO

Yeah, sure.

She backs out of her spot, he waves.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW PALTZ - MORNING

Sabina drives through a picture perfect winter scene, the Hudson River winding through her commute.

She approaches A BRIDGE where she's greeted by a line of cars, stopped at a CHECKPOINT.

DEFENDERS with assault rifles slung over their shoulders address the cars. One approaches her.

DEFENDER #1

County ID and registration please.
Reason for travel?

Sabina has it ready. Hands it over.

SABINA

Work.

Defender #1 circles her car - reading her plates, shining a light underneath the car. She taps on her trunk. Sabina pops it open from inside. Nothing. Defender #1 closes it.

A few cars up ahead, a SERVICE DOG barks - Defenders swarm the car, and chaos ensues.

DEFENDER #1

Wait here please, ma'am.

A MAN, MR. TAYLOR (50's) is dragged out of his car and handcuffed along the edge of the bridge. He fights restraint, ultimately getting CLUBBED.

A Defender pulls a crying TODDLER out of his car.

Sabina watches, locking eyes with Mr. Taylor, recognizing him. She gets out of her car, jogging towards the scene calling ahead.

SABINA

Mr. Taylor? Mr. Taylor!

Defender #1 stops her.

DEFENDER #1

Ma'am, stay in your vehicle!

SABINA

He's just a teacher at the high school. Do you have reason to search him?

DEFENDER #1

Ma'am do not make me tell you again, please get in your vehicle-

SABINA (CONT'D)

I promise you he's done nothing wrong.

DEFENDER #1 (CONT'D)

We've got enough going on here now, please do not make a scene.

SABINA

Mr. Taylor, it's Sabina, Sabina Rey!

MR. TAYLOR

Sabina, don't.

SABINA

He's harmless, I promise. He's just
a teacher-

She continues towards him. A WHISTLE is blown. A BATTON
SMACKS her in the STOMACH, knocking her to the ground,
hitting her HEAD on the asphalt. She WAILS.

Mr. Taylor is placed into a GREY VAN and driven off, as the
toddler CRIES out. Sabina rolls onto her back, trying to
catch her breathe.

Defender #1 grabs Sabina's arm, pulling her up.

SABINA (CONT'D)

(shoving her off)

I got it.

She gets back in her car, her face scratched. Cars HONK.
Still in shock, she moves the car forward.

EXT. MUD PUDDLE COFFEE ROASTERS - MORNING

Sabina sits in her car, cleaning up her face. She flinches as
she attempts to get out of the car. Too much, she falls back
into the seat.

INT. MUD PUDDLE COFFEE ROASTERS - MORNING

Sabina waddles inside. Preparing drinks is **CHARLIE CAMPS** (27,
F), donning a bright smile and a questionable amount of tie
dye.

SABINA

You piece of shit, you didn't tell
me you'd be home!

Charlie spots her from across the room, runs to embrace her.

CHARLIE

Still no phone, sorry. Oh my god,
what happened to your head?

SABINA

Normal commute things.

CHARLIE

The usual?

SABINA

And a flat white for the Grinch.

CHARLIE
Coming right up.

Sabina relaxes, leaning against the bar.

SABINA
Do you remember Mr. Taylor?

CHARLIE
Yeah...Donnie had him.

SABINA
He just got detained.

CHARLIE
Shit, where?

SABINA
Crossing over Mid-Hudson.

CHARLIE
What happened?

SABINA
I don't know.

CHARLIE
I haven't thought of him in years.

SABINA
I didn't know he had a kid.

DEFENDERS enter the shop, and everyone grows silent.

Charlie hands Sabina the drinks.

CHARLIE
Dinner? I can come over tomorrow?

SABINA
Sure, but you're cooking.

CHARLIE
Deal.

INT. STUDIO LOFT - DAY

A record plays lite 70s rock. An OLD TV flickers and mumbles the NEWS. Blueprints of HUNTING RIFLES cover the walls.

Sabina works on the same blueprint from this morning. Frustrated, she throws it into a trash-bin full of others.

LYDIA CAYENNE (70s, no bullshit) enters. She dawns salt and pepper hair and well loved overalls.

LYDIA
You know, when I hired you, I
didn't anticipate the high volume
of trees you'd be killing.

SABINA
I work better on paper.

LYDIA
Just happy you know what paper is.

Sabina continues her work, focused.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
You cold?

No. SABINA LYDIA (CONT'D)
I can turn up the heat.

SABINA (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

LYDIA
How's it looking?

SABINA
I don't even know anymore.

LYDIA
Well don't let your boss know.

SABINA
Sorry.

LYDIA
Looks pretty good for someone who
doesn't know what they're doing.

Lydia directs her attention to the news segment on TV:

BREAKING NEWS: NEW REALM COALITION ATTACKS LINCOLN CENTER.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
So much despair in the world today.
Harold fought in Vietnam. He was
never the same.

SABINA
I didn't know that.

LYDIA

He never was one to talk much about
it. None of them were.

(beat)

Come on. I need a drink.

Lydia leaves, putting on her coat. Sabina checks the time:
1:15 PM.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Sabina and Lydia sit alone at the bar. The bar tender pours
Lydia a glass of scotch. He turns to Sabina.

SABINA

Seltzer. Thanks.

Lydia nearly downs her drink. She eyes Sabina.

LYDIA

You're quiet. You get that a lot?

SABINA

A professor once described me as
"acutely focused".

LYDIA

Mhm. So Bina, what do you wanna be
when you grow up?

SABINA

So you brought me here for the
loaded questions.

LYDIA

Only kind I know sweetcheeks.

SABINA

An architect.

LYDIA

But you studied mechanical?

SABINA

Yeah.

LYDIA

So why not study architecture?

SABINA

Not much of a market right now.

LYDIA

What makes you say that?

Sabina nods to the television above the bar, the news reporting on the same LINCOLN CENTER ATTACK.

SABINA

Our society seems to enjoy blowing shit up more than they like building it.

LYDIA

Well that's kinda...

SABINA

Dark?

LYDIA

Fucked.

They share a slight chuckle. They turn back to the TV:

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

The New Realm Coalition has taken responsibility for a total of sixteen attacks throughout the country since November, taking thousands of lives...

SABINA

Earlier you said there's so much despair in the world...how do you not feel like you're adding to it with your work?

LYDIA

"Our" work.

SABINA

I'm just a contractor.

LYDIA

Not a hunter?

SABINA

Not anymore.

LYDIA

We're making them safer.

SABINA

For the person looking down the barrel.

LYDIA
We're not making assault rifles.

SABINA
They're all made with one goal.

LYDIA
Where there's despair, there's
someone seeking hope...some just
find it in different...mechanics.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - HOPKINSVILLE, KY - DAY

SUPER: HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

John works out in his crystal clean and tidy room, doing pushups, pull-ups, sit ups. He's clean cut, all-American, drenched in sweat, his face flush.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY BATHROOM - NIGHT

John showers, meticulously scrubbing his body with a bar of soap.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
How was your week?

JOHN (V.O.)
Fine. Better.

John notices a blind on his window, slightly askew - he attempts to balance it. It snaps off, creating a hole.

JOHN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
I only showered three times
yesterday.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
That's good.

JOHN (V.O.)
I wouldn't say it's good. It's
progress. But not good.

John is handed a handful of pills and vitamins. He stares at them a moment before taking them.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

John sits across from his THERAPIST (50's).