

**WEAPON OF CHOICES**

by

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*Who are you, when your choices are not your own?*

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**CAPTION:** *By law, PSYOP Units are prohibited from targeting U.S. citizens within U.S. borders. - Executive Order S-1233*

**INT. 4X8 DARK CELL WITH NO WINDOWS - UNKNOWN**

DARA "DAR" AFZAL, Muslim, black hair and olive skin, 30s, opens black doll-eyes lying on her side wearing Army green t-shirt and pants but no shoes. She sits up and tries to stand, but can't. Something *rattles*. She lifts her wrists. Both are cuffed together with shackles going down to her ankles that are attached to the back wall. She *rattles* them more.

DAR  
What the bupkes?

KRISH  
(in *Jewish* accent)  
Me you're askin'?

DAR  
Krish?

KRISHNA "KRISH" PATEL, Indian male, 30s, dark-skin, dressed and shackled same, answers *clearing* his throat as he sits up.

KRISH  
*Yeah, Dar.* How long?

DAR  
Just got here myself. You?

KRISH  
Right after you. Remember anything?

DAR  
How we got here, not a clue. You?

KRISH  
All I remember is --?

DAR  
We'd just come off-mission. Right?

KRISH  
Right. Total FUBAR that one. We got off the chopper and into --?

DAR/KRISH  
A black S.U.V.

DAR  
When everything went black.

KRISH  
Nice segue. Any others here?

BRUCE "LEE" NGUYEN, 30s, Asian, but no accent, dressed and shackled same, answers groggy somewhere else in the room.

LEE  
Where the "f" am I?

DAR  
We is here, bro. *Wherever that is?*

KRISH  
Hey, Lee.

LEE  
Krish, Dar. Where are "we?"

FATIMA "FRANK" WALKER, African-American female bodybuilder, 30s, high-and-tight Type 4 kinky hair, is dressed and shackled same. She *knocks* her metal anklets on the floor.

FRANK  
In your "sick list" mind. *I hope.*

DAR/KRISH/LEE  
Frank?

FRANK  
Me, myself, and I. Is this a dream?

KRISH  
The fact we're all talking about it  
--more like a nightmare.

LEE  
Anybody remember anything after we  
got in that S.U.V?

FRANK  
It was a Humvee.

DAR/KRISH/LEE  
"It was?"

Silence, then the Same Three *murmur* grunting agreements.

FRANK  
A hissing sound --

DAR  
then being carried.

KRISH  
Okay, we were gassed.

LEE  
Big deal, we've been taken before.

FRANK  
Yeah, but anyone else here notice  
our dog tags were also "taken?"

*Rustling* as Dar, Krish, and Lee, check their necks.

DAR  
By which side --and why?

KRISH  
Where, could explain the why.

LEE  
A cement floor?

FRANK  
Yeah, because if it were a dirt one  
--could mean we're in trouble.

All *laugh*, then *pound* floor once with eight fists in unison.

KRISH  
Okay, so we've been taken prisoner.  
Because of --"The Mission?"

FRANK  
Definitely a Charlie Foxtrot that  
one. And we were filmed foxing it  
by that European television crew.

LEE  
So we've been brought here to what?

KRISH  
Plausible deniability.

DAR/LEE/FRANK  
Ewww.

FRANK  
So we have to go with their flow.

KRISH  
Except --remembering alone doesn't  
work, but talking as a group does.

LEE

Yeah, so why not keep us separated?

KRISH

Some kind of new Psy-Ops.

DAR

You should know.

KRISH

One would think. Except this one has a wrinkle.

LEE

You should know. What?

KRISH

What --do we all have in common?

FRANK

(*slams* anklets down)

No. --No significant others.

DAR

No one to miss us if we go missing.

LEE

Roger that. They want us to forget our Mission. Anything else?

A hatch slides open in the bottom of the cell's only door and light pours in. A small metal canister is tossed in rolling on the floor with a metallic sound. The hatch slams shut. A *hissing* sound comes from the canister.

FRANK

Nighty-night, boys from the hood.

LEE

But I just woke up?

DAR

See you on the other side, khavers.

KRISH

Wherever that is?

Four begin *coughing* as gas fills their cell. All pass-out.

**INT. INTEROGATION CELL WITH NO WINDOWS - WHENEVER**

Krish awakes strapped into a metal chair and now blindfolded.

He tilts his head back to see just enough under his blind-fold's bottom-edge to know the room is well lit.

KRISH

Hola?

LEE (O.S.)

Si, señor.

COMPUTER VOICE (FILTERED)

Name.

KRISH

How 'bout --Christopher Walken.

FRANK (O.S.)

The white guy dancing in a hotel to  
Fat Boy Slim's "Weapon of Choice?"  
I'll go with, Abrianna Lincolnia.

DAR (O.S.)

"Abrianna" is Hebrew for Abraham.  
So you're a president now? Okay.  
I'll go with --Georgina  
Washingtonian.

Thirteen amps of *electricity* surge through their brain-stems paralyzing them in pain. It stops. They collapse wondering.

LEE (O.S.)

Jesús Christopher That hurts!

Thirteen amps of *electricity* surge through their brain-stems as they're paralyzed in pain again. It stops. They collapse.

Krish recovers imitating *Christopher Walken* as a defense.

KRISH

"WOW! I got a fever, and the only  
prescription is --more cowbell!"

All Four are *electrocuted* a third time until they pass out.

**INT. EARLIER DARK CELL WITH NO WINDOWS - BEST GUESS**

Dar awakes back on the cement floor, shackled as before.

DAR

Oy vey, such a headache.

FRANK

Definitely shock therapy.

LEE

Not very therapeutic.

KRISH

No, but it was four-hundred and fifty volts DC in pulsed square-waves at 9 amps for six seconds.

FRANK

Thanks for the update, Mr. Wizard. So we're being subjected to E.C.T.?

DAR

Why, I'm not depressed?

LEE

Gettin' there.

FRANK

But that's only supposed to be done under general anesthesia, right?

KRISH

Right. Otherwise, broken bones. Which is why we're strapped down.

LEE

Well all I know is, this makes our SERE training seem sublime. So if they want me to forget everything, I'm on board --as long as no water's involved.

FRANK

Me, too. And I don't mean the movement.

DAR

Sooo no need to torture us, right?

KRISH

Wrong. High doses of electricity administered without anesthesia can lead to memory loss.

LEE

They want us to forget our mission. Get it, got it, gotten over it. But isn't there an easier way?

A hatch slides open in the bottom of the cell's only door and light pours in. A second small metal canister is tossed in rolling on the floor with a metallic sound. The hatch *slams* shut. *Hissing* sound now comes from the canister.

FRANK  
(Oz's *The Cowardly Lion*)  
"What makes a king out of a slave?"

DAR/LEE/KRISH  
"Courage."

FRANK  
"What makes our flag on the mast  
wave?"

DAR/LEE/KRISH  
"Courage."

FRANK  
What have they got that I ain't  
got?"

DAR/LEE/KRISH  
"Courage!"

All Four *laugh-cough* breathing in the gas and pass-out.

**INT. INTERROGATION CELL WITH NO WINDOWS AGAIN - S.O.P.**

Krish comes-to strapped in same chair and blindfolded again.

KRISH  
Tag.

LEE (O.S.)  
Wish we weren't "it."

COMPUTER VOICE (FILTERED)  
Name.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Abrianna Lincolnia.

DAR (O.S.)  
Georgina Washingtonian.

Thirteen amps of *electricity* surge through their brain-stems  
as they're paralyzed. It stops. They collapse exhausted.

KRISH  
Someone call me a cab.

FRANK/DAR/LEE (O.S.)  
You're a cab.

Thirteen amps of *electricity* surge through their brain-stems.  
They're paralyzed in pain, then it stops. They're exhausted.



KRISH  
(Christopher Walken again)  
"WHOA! --Stop, that."

LEE (O.S.)  
Not for naught, Mr. Interrogator --

DAR (O.S.)  
But isn't there a little black pill

FRANK (O.S.)  
or anything else a little less,  
intensely intensified?

*Humming*, then all Four are electrocuted until they pass out.

**INT. WHAT CELL WITH NO WINDOWS - NOW EVEN MORE IN THE DARK**

Krish awakes on floor, except now not shackled, and sits up.

KRISH  
What the fox-trot?

DAR  
Who you, fubar?

LEE  
Back atcha' both?

KRISH  
Anybody remember anything?

DAR  
No clue, clueless.

LEE  
Where the "f" are we?

FRANK  
In your sick mind we hope.

DAR/KRISH/LEE  
Who You?

Frank quotes as *Robert Downey* from "Tropic Thunder."

FRANK  
"I'm the dude, playin' the dude,  
disguised as another dude." Any  
other dudes here?

Silence as all Four listen.

KRISH

Guess not. Again, anybody remember anything?

FRANK

Stop being so bossy! Don't know, don't care. Do know, I'm hungry.

DAR

Me too, and I don't mean the --?

A long pause as Dar tries to remember.

FRANK/LEE/KRISH

What?

DAR

Don't remember?

FRANK

So why put four strangers "who obviously don't know each other" --  
(tilts head to think)  
Man that sounds way too familiar?

KRISH

"In a dark cell for" --*what?*

LEE

Look. I don't know who you all are and I don't care. I just want to  
...

**INT. WHAT CELL WITH NO WINDOWS - UH, OH**

Cell door is thrown open and sunlight pours in.

They cover their eyes, then look at each other. All are now dressed in Army camo-fatigues with combat boots. They examine their uniforms, but find no name, badge, rank, or insignia. All Four now wear dog-tags again, so *play* with them.

KRISH

This is some Christopher Walken shit.

DAR/FRANK/LEE

Who?

FRANK

I remember!

DAR/KRISH/LEE

What?!

FRANK

*Don't remember?*

DAR

Wait, something about --?

Dar slow-turns to Lee, then makes an "Ewww" face.

LEE

Yeah well, I don't like you either.

KRISH

Anything else?

FRANK

Yeah.

DAR/LEE/FRANK

(to Krish)

We hate you the most!

KRISH

Door's open, so let's get the "f"  
outta' Dodge.

DAR

Who died and left you in charge,  
Patton?

LEE

"Whom" cares, F.N.G?

KRISH

Not me, brother.

FRANK

I ain't your G. D. brother!

LEE

(as *Stripes* Warren Oates)

"Lighten up, Francis."

FRANK

Name's not "Francis!" It's, uh --?  
(reads her dog-tag)  
Abrianna Lincolnia. Wait? I'm --a  
*president?*

DAR  
 I cannot tell a lie, mine's --  
 (reads own dog-tag)  
*Georgina Washingtonian?*

LEE  
 Who both should abdicate. Meet --  
 (reads own dog-tag)  
 Jesús Christopher. I'm, *Hispanic?*

FRANK  
 Just as long as none of you are  
 that Christopher Walken guy!

Krish reads his dog-tag then quick-tucks it inside his shirt.

LEE  
 Don't know who he be, but yeah, I  
 hates him, too!  
 (looks at Dar)  
*Do I?*

DAR  
 Have to, only thing we could all  
 agree on.  
 (to Krish)  
*It was?*  
 (claps hands)  
 Don't know, don't care, do know --  
 I'm leaving this ghet-to, pron-to.  
 (stands)  
 Mazel tov, mashuganas.

Dar circles a hand over their three heads as a blessing.

DAR  
 (khag sa-MEI-akh)  
 Chag sameach --Chag sameach --Chag  
 sameach.  
 (both hands held out)  
 You're a helicopter.

Dar side-dance shuffles out the door. Dar is gone.

Frank stands quoting *Lincoln's "2nd Inaugural Address."*

FRANK  
 "Care for him, who shall have borne  
 the battle."

Lee stands *slapping* his butt clean, then bends at the waist  
 waving an arm theatrically at Frank towards the open door.

LEE

After you, Msssss. President.

Frank throws *The Bird* at Lee as she *Moon Walks* out backwards.

FRANK

Foxtrot Uniform, boys from the hoodlum.

LEE

(to Frank)

Don't look for me, 'cause I won't be there --'cause I don't care.

(yells to outside)

Glad I won't have to hang with you creepos no mo'!

(turns to Krish)

Or jerk-off Officers.

(eyebrows go up concerned)

Wait, you're --an Officer?

(sloppy-salutes as Arnold)

"Hasta la vista," baba black sheep.

Lee exits throwing Double Birds behind his back. Lee is gone.

Krish shakes his head, goes to stand, then freezes when the overhead speaker now plays *Fatboy Slim's "Weapon of Choice."*

Krish sits transfixed listening to the music's synthesized voices, then his head jerks reflexive to the music's first beat. He stands to sway like in a trance as music goes to its crescendo, then dances like *Christopher Walken* in the video, except bent over, until freezes in Walken's bunny-hop pose.

KRISH

(imitates *Walken* again)

"I think, a good movie creates its own world, and that world, needn't refer to anything --that's real."

(starts to dance)

"Whoa, Stop!"

Door *slams* shut on Krish as music continues *playing* inside.

CUT TO BLACK.

**CAPTION:** *Even when administered with a muscle relaxant and anesthesia, E.C.T. causes seizures. Memory problems often accompany this procedure.*

FADE OUT.