

**WEAPON OF CHOICES**

by

Lawrence Whitener

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

WGA-East Reg #I328324  
303 Fieldstone Lane  
Blacksburg, VA 24060  
(c) 540-449-6575  
(e) L\_WH@aol.com  
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by Lawrence Whitener

FADE IN BLACK:

**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 her black doll-eyes lying sideways wearing an 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 attached to the back wall. She rattles them more.

DAR  
What the bupkes?

KRISH  
(in a *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. A 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" are we?

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

KRISH  
'Ey, Lee.

LEE  
Krish, Dar. Again, where is "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, so 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 that 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 wooden chair and 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 run with, Abrianna Lincolnia.

DAR (O.S.)

"Abrianna" is Hebrew for Abraham.  
(in a Jewish accent)  
So you're a dead president now?  
(back to regular voice)  
Okay then, 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. She  
uses a Jewish accent as her defense.

DAR

Oy vey, such a headache.

FRANK

Definitely shock therapy.

LEE

Only 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, this makes SERE training seem sublime. If they want me to "sink" it all, I'm on board. As long as no water's involved, of course.

FRANK

"Of course."

DAR

Me, too. And I don't mean the movement. So 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. A *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 to 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, then 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 do 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

Supposed to, 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

Ain't your G. D. brother!

LEE

(as *Stripes* Warren Oates)

"Lighten up, Francis."

FRANK

Name's not "Francis!" It's, uh --?

Frank fumbles to read her dog-tag.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Abrianna Lincolnia. --Wait? I'm a,  
*dead 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 us 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 --  
(stands, wipes off butt)  
I'm leaving this ghet-to, pron-to.  
Mazel tov, mashuganas.

Dar circles a hand over Other's three heads as a blessing.

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

Dar side-dance shuffles out the door. Dar is now 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, Mssss. President.

FRANK

Foxtrot Uniform, boys from the  
hoodlum.

Frank throws *The Bird* then *Moon Walks* out the door backwards.

LEE

(to Frank, now gone)  
Don't look for me, 'cause I won't  
be there, 'cause I don't care!  
Just 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 and dances like *Christopher Walken* in the video,  
except bent over, then 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 again)  
"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, so memory problems often accompany the procedure.*

                    KRISH, FRANK, LEE, DAR (O.S.)  
                    (Line from "Stripes")  
                    "And that's a fact, Jack!"

FADE OUT.