

# **War to End All**

A Short Play  
by

Ken Crost

Ken Crost  
2753 W. Riverwalk Circle  
#J  
Littleton, CO 80123  
303/797-6778  
kcrost@earthlink.net

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

FOSTER KILLIP

A soldier in his late twenties.

ROY FROYD

A soldier in his early twenties.

Scene: A war zone strewn with large rocks on some remote area of planet earth.

Time: The future.

AT RISE: The stage is in darkness. Suddenly, bright lights flash quickly on and off and the sound of futuristic laser weapons fill the stage. FOSTER charges onto the stage firing his laser rifle and then jumps behind one of the large rocks.

FOSTER

(firing his gun)

You bastards! Goddamn it you Swook bastards.

(He hides again.)

FOSTER

Roy! Roy, you there?

ROY (off)

Yeah, Fos. I'm right behind you. Cover me.

(FOSTER starts shooting his laser weapon. ROY enters shooting his gun. Lights and sound fill the stage as ROY hides near FOSTER.)

ROY

Fos!

FOSTER

Yeah?

ROY

We're surrounded. The Swooks led us in here, and now we're screwed.

FOSTER

If they try and take us out, we'll go down fighting.

(The two men jump up and start firing. The lights and sound fill the stage. They stop firing and hide behind the rocks.)

FOSTER

Roy, where's Jimmy?

ROY

Dead.

FOSTER

Brenda and Dianne?

ROY

Dead. They're all dead except Roger. They blew his leg off. I told him we'd be back for him before sun-up. I hope the bastard makes it.

FOSTER

I hope we make it.

(The laser fire starts up and the two men duck down. It quickly dies down.)

ROY

Fos!

FOSTER

What?

ROY

Let's call him.

FOSTER

Who?

ROY

Roger. See how he's doing.

FOSTER

We don't have time...

ROY

Please, Sarg? He's my best buddy, and he's lying over there with his leg blown off and...

FOSTER

All right.

ROY

...bleeding, dying maybe...

FOSTER

I said, all right. What's his number?

ROY

(slowly as FOSTER dials)

632987

(FOSTER pulls out a cellular phone from his pack and dials a number.)

FOSTER

Roger? Hey, Rog, it's me, Fos. How's the leg? (Pause) Gone, yeah, I know, Roy told me. Look, we're gonna try and get you out. Hang in there. (Pause) Don't take too many of those meds, or they'll kill you, understand?

ROY

Fos! Say hello for me.

FOSTER

Roy says hello. (Pause) Okay, see you before sun-up.

(As FOSTER hangs up , a sudden burst of laser fire explodes across the stage and FOSTER gets hit. ROY fires back.)

ROY

Fos, you okay?

FOSTER

Yeah, it only nicked me.

ROY

I'm coming over.

FOSTER

Forget it.

ROY

Bullshit. Cover me.

(FOSTER jumps up and starts shooting  
as ROY crosses over to him.)

ROY

Let's take a look.

(He looks at FOSTER'S arm.)

Hell, it doesn't look bad.

(ROY takes a bandage and puts it on  
FOSTER'S arm.)

FOSTER

I told you it was nothing. I could have you court marshaled. If I remember when we get back, I'm gonna bust your ass for disobeying a superior.

ROY

I'm shaking in my boots, Sarg. Anyway, you'd never do that to a friend from the old neighborhood, now would ya?

FOSTER

You bastard. If you didn't have that helmet on, I'd give one of my patented nuggies like I did when we were kids. Remember the time I chased your ass...

(Laser fire breaks out again.)

ROY

Shit!

(ROY gets hit. He goes one way and  
FOSTER goes the other.)

FOSTER

Roy!

(As the firing continues, FOSTER crawls  
toward ROY.)

FOSTER

I'll get you Roy. Hang on. Those Swooks won't quit until we're all dead.

(FOSTER grabs Roy's hand and pulls him to safety.)

ROY

It's bad, Fos.

FOSTER

(lying)

It's only a scratch.

ROY

Bullshit. They got me bad. Do me a favor Fos.

FOSTER

Anything.

ROY

Call Millie. Tell her I died like a man. I don't want her to hear the bad news from some stupid chaplain.

FOSTER

You're not dying. You got that? It's an order.

ROY

Sure, Sarg.

(FOSTER jumps up and starts shooting.)

FOSTER

You bastards! Come on, show your Swook faces.

(As FOSTER shoots, the sound of the cellular phone ringing can be heard. He stops shooting and hides behind the rock.)

ROY

Fos. (Pause) Fos, your phone!

FOSTER

Ah, shit.

(FOSTER pulls his pack off and opens it. He takes out the cellular phone.)

FOSTER

Hello. (pause) Oh, goddamn it. Judith, I'm in the middle of a war here. (pause) I know it was Matthew's birthday. What was I suppose to do, drive three hundred kilometers to Wiluna so I could send him a birthday card? (pause) Jesus Christ, Judith, would you take it easy. Roy's right here and he's wounded bad. So don't start telling me... (pause) All right, all right, if it will make him feel better, goddamn it. Matthew, you there? (Pause) All right, hang on.

(FOSTER starts singing *Happy Birthday*.  
Once he starts, he motions for ROY to  
join in. They finish the song.)

Okay. Is he happy now? (pause) Good. And don't go calling Millie because Roy wants... (pause) Judith, listen to me... (pause) Shit. She hung up.

ROY

She calling Millie?

FOSTER

Yeah, I guess. Good thing she's not in the Marines, she'd be court marshaled in second.

ROY writhes in pain.)

FOSTER

Roy, come on, it's gonna be fine. Probably all that singing.  
(He reaches into his pack.)

Here, take one of these pain pills.

(ROY takes the pill.)

ROY

Thanks. You're a good friend Fos. Remember the time in Bogotá? We met those two...

(Laser fire breaks out. FOSTER returns the fire and then it's quiet again.)

FOSTER

Quite a mess we got ourselves into today, Roy. One lousy wrong turn and now look. Stuck like pigs in a pen. (pause) That pain pill starting to work?

ROY

Yeah. I can't feel a thing. Those meds really know what they're doing. Two seconds and you're in Zululand.

(The phone starts to ring.)

FOSTER

Shit, I bet that's Millie.

(He lets it ring.)

ROY

It's okay, Fos. Answer it. Maybe it's best that I talk to her.

(FOSTER answers the phone.)

FOSTER

Hello. (pause) Yeah, Millie, he's here.

(FOSTER hands the phone to ROY.)

ROY (in pain)

Hey, babe, how's it going? (pause) Now don't start crying on me, babe. Look, I'm gonna be fine. Fos is here and he's promised to get me out of this mess. (pause) I...love you...too, and...and...

FOSTER

Roy?

(ROY dies and drops the phone.)

FOSTER

Roy!

(FOSTER shakes ROY.)

Roy, come on goddamn it. (pause) Shit.

(FOSTER picks up the phone.)

Hey, Millie, it's me, Foster. I'm sorry, I'm really... Ah, shit. (pause) Hang on Millie, I've got another call. (pause) Hello. (pause) Ma, why are you calling me here? (pause) I know it was Matthew's birthday. I'm fighting a war, not playing a game. (pause) Ma, would you listen to me. Roy is lying here next to me. He just died and you're asking me about my kid's birthday. (pause) Roy, Roy Froyd. You remember, he lived next door to us on Tipple street. (pause) Look, I gotta go. (pause) Ma, I'm hanging up now, 'bye. (pause) Millie, you still there? (pause) Ahh, shit. She hung up, Roy. My mother, one of these days...

(FOSTER hangs up as the firing begins again. The lights flash and the sound of laser fire fills the stage. FOSTER grabs his gun and returns the fire. He runs around the stage, firing in all directions. Suddenly, he gets hit and falls. As he moans in pain, he crawls over to ROY.)

FOSTER

I think those bastards back at the base knew what we'd get into and...

(The phone starts to ring.)

FOSTER

Oh, shit, Roy.

(He starts to crawl toward the phone.)

Probably the lieutenant asking why we haven't secured sector seven. Because we're all dead, you stupid asshole.

(He gets to the phone and answers it.)

Hello. What? No this isn't the Schwartzkoff residence and we didn't order a large pepperoni and mushroom pizza, you stupid...

(FOSTER hangs up.)

Maybe I should have had them deliver, hey Roy? (pause) Roy, I don't think either one of us is going to make it out of this hell hole alive.

(FOSTER dials a number on the phone.)

And, I...don't think...I'll be...court marshaling...

(FOSTER dies. Over the sound system we hear the ringing of a phone and then the sound of JUDITH'S voice answering the call.)

JUDITH

Hello.

FOSTER

Hey, Jude, it's me Fos. I recorded this a few days ago, just in case. If your hearing this, I'm one dead marine, in fact we're all dead.

JUDITH

Foster!

FOSTER

No crying, now. Look, put the little guy on, I've got a message for him. And I love you Jude. I'll wait a second so you can get Matthew.

JUDITH

Matthew, come quick. It's your dead dad. Hurry.

MATTHEW

Dad?

FOSTER

Sorry kid, I won't be coming home so listen to your mom, and don't ever forget our times out at the old ball yard.

(FOSTER sings.)

"Take me out to the ballgame,

(MATTHEW joins in.)

take me out to the crowd, buy me some peanuts and crackerjack, I don't care if I ever get back..." Take care, Matthew.

MATTHEW

'bye dad.

(Laser fire breaks out as we go to  
Blackout.)

The End