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Killing Season

By Evan Daugherty

[Gunshots]

Come on, go, go, go.

Move, move, move.

Get down! Get down!

[Speaking foreign language]

Cease fire!

Hold your fire!

[Speaking foreign language]

Go!

[Speaking foreign language]

Hunting.

I am going hunting.

Ow.

[Rustling]

(Reporter #1) Another day
and another round of violence
in Syria on Saturday.

Fighting in the northern city
of Atma has raged for days
causing widespread destruction
and casualties that have now
topped 35,000,

with many of those civilians.

The addition of more troops
in what are sure to be
even bloodier battles ahead
has fueled worries

within the rebel ranks
and around the world.

Talks in Washington calling
for the arming of insurgents
in Syria.

(Reporter #2) We should start considering all options,
including arming
the opposition.

(Reporter #1) Experts say arming the fighting groups
among the opposition
is a sure way
to drag the country
into a protracted civil war.

It will also
further marginalize
those in the opposition who
have advocated non-violence

or to advance
political strategy.

[Oven ding]

[phone ringing]

(Recording) Please leave a message after the beep.

[Beep] Hey, Dad, it's Chris.

(Sarah) Did you get him?

(Chris) No, I got the machine.

(Sarah) Why don't you try his cell?

(Chris) 'Cause he doesn't have a cell.

(Sarah) You could email him.

(Chris) [laughs] Or a computer.

So I'll just leave a message--

Hey, buddy.

How's it going?

Hey. It's good.

It's great.

How about you?

You been radio silent for a while.

Just, you know,

keeping busy.

As usual.

So, hey, listen.

I don't know

if you saw the invite,

but tomorrow's

Matthew's baptism.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Starting him early, huh?

(Chris) What's that?

Nothing.

Just, yeah, that's great.

That'll be a great day.

You know,

we were hoping you were going to make it down.

To be honest,

it's tough for me tomorrow.

Come on, Dad.

What do you got going on?

Just, you know, odds and ends.

Look, if it's

the church thing,

you could just come

to the party afterwards.

You don't even
have to wear a tie.
That sweetens the deal.
[Laughs]
He coming?
Yeah, Dad.
He's going to be there.
Mom's been married
to the guy for 20 years,
you've said about as many words to him.
Yeah, well...
Look, like I said, son...
things have been keeping me
a little busy up here.
Right. Well...
Won't bug you about it anymore.
You're not bugging me.
No, you're not bugging me.
Well, hey, maybe we'll drive up sometime,
surprise you.
Yeah, well, better call first.
Right.
Okay. Well...
Leave you to it.
Goodbye, Dad.
Bye, Chris.
Bye.
Ah...
Fuck!
Shit.
Oh.
God damn.
Oh, shit.
Ah, shit.
[Park braking]
(Emil)
You got engine trouble?
Long way from home, aren't you?
Well, that is the whole idea.
I am on sabbatical
for my health.
Yeah, well,
good luck on that.
May I take a look?

I got it covered, thanks.
It's no trouble.
I just have
to tow it into town.
But that is
30, 40 miles, no?
Please allow me.
I drove hack in London for seven years
and I had no choice but to become
expert on British automobiles.
Really, I don't need any help.
Thank you.
Okay. Okay.
Hey.
Sir.
I just...
I get this shooting pain in my leg.
Comes and goes.
Always puts me in a bad mood.
Try it.
[Engine sputtering]
Ah, you got to be kidding me.
God damn it!
[Honking] Patience.
I'm trying to revive car.
I don't want to have
to do the same for you.
Well, I should've
just towed it in.
Okay, once more,
if you please.
[Engine starting]
Yeah.
Ah.
Well...
You're a miracle worker.
Thank you.
Body of Christ visited
in the filter housing.
I don't like American cars,
very finicky.
You have to be extremely vigilant about maintenance.
You have to listen
to every little thing.

The shooting pain in my leg is just killing me.
I just got to get-- Okay.
My sermon is over.
Drug store will be closed
if I don't head out soon.
Appreciate the help, mister?
Emil Kovac.
Ben.
Benjamin Ford.
Take it easy.
You, too.
Take it easy.
You sure you're all right out here?
Where I come from,
this is a walk in the park. Where is that?
I'm sure you would not
have heard of this place.
I'm--
just leave it at that.
Try me.
Small village, Lukomir.
Oh, yeah, Bosnia.
I was stationed in Bradina.
Yeah. Well, then,
we are brothers.
I don't know about that.
I mean in arms.
Let me shake your hand again.
Yeah, small world.
I have kept you long.
That's okay.
The clock is ticking.
It's too dangerous to be driving anyway.
I think I'm going to head back.
I'm going to ride it out.
You're welcome
to join me if you want.
But I would hate to be bother.
I could lie to you, say it's the Christian in me
who wants you along,
but truth is if anything happens to you,
it's going to come back
and bite me in the ass.
There's a word for it.

I believe it is karma.
Few more minutes.
Winchester, no?
1873, the gun
that won the West.
Yeah, you hunter like me.
Yeah, every now and then.
I don't use that.
I use this.
Evens the odds
a little bit.
I wholeheartedly agree.
You know,
I must confess,
I did not come halfway
around the world
just for mountain air.
I came for trophy.
Oh, whitetail?
Elk. Elk, they gave you a tag,
lucky dog.
What'd you do,
pull some strings with Fish and Wildlife?
No patience. You know,
18 months ago I applied for license
for five bull.
Perhaps you come
with me tomorrow.
No, really.
The storm will be over
and the air will be clear
and maybe, who knows,
you get lucky,
you add another head
to your collection.
Well, what are you using?
I use this.
I'll show you.
Here.
Jesus Christ, buddy.
You fight
in the Indian Wars?
No, this is the same bow
I used as a boy.

You know, it's, gets
very clean strong draw.
Not jerky like yours.
Well, mine won't snap.
Any bow can snap.
That's fiberglass.
I worked with fiberglass
in factory.
That was after the war?
No, before the war. Old soldier like you.
But sometimes
it is difficult
to know when to leave
the battlefield, you know?
You're talking
about the fiberglass.
The tiny beer bubbles
find their way into the malt
during
the manufacturing process.
And then each time
you pull the string back,
the fiberglass
weakens bit by bit.
One day, you are tracking
your quarry through the grass,
and the rocks, and the mud,
and the rain, and the snow,
and finally
you see your prize bull
right in the sights
and snap!
It breaks.
You're a weird duck.
Hmm.
What is this photographer?
Oh, I did those.
Really?
You're a photographer?
Yeah.
What is this one?
Well, that's the old church up in God's Peak.
God's Peak.
Hmm.

Reminds me of home.
Oh, no, please, I'm fine.
Oh, you got to try it.
I have more than I need,
and it doesn't keep real well.
Or not.
It's a free country.
Okay.
If you insist.
This is good.
Good, huh? Told you.
It's delicious.
Oh. It almost
slipped my mind.
I have something
to return the favor.
For the true hunter.
It's too late for me now.
Oh, come on.
You know,
you did not have aspirin today, okay?
So, do not think
of it as a drink.
Think of it
as pain killer.
I always drink
with friend.
Never alone.
I have many rules,
most I break.
But never that one.
So, Zivjeli.
Live long.
Zivjeli.
[Laughing]
(Emil) I'm telling you,
these women are beautiful.
They fuck all night,
I'm not kidding you.
Okay, now, your turn.
You tell me stories.
War stories. I want to hear this.
War stories?
Yes.

Most of those aren't true.
Most, but some. Ones that are,
why would anyone want to talk about it?
How else do you
keep the best life?
The past is dead.
Let's keep it that way.
No, see,
now I see the difference between you and me.
You drink
to forget the past,
I drink to remember.
I don't remember much,
but this I do remember.
The more booze
you brought over there,
there was plenty of blood.
To the war.
Oh, come on, Benjamin.
Is there not anything
you missed about the war?
Only to not miss it.
But why you say this?
It was nothing but like
cakewalk for you, no?
You don't have any idea what
the war was like for me, buddy.
I misspoke.
What I simply meant is that most American soldiers
did nothing more
but lob missiles into Bosnia
from the safety of ships
floating in the Mediterranean.
Most, not all.
Three drinks.
Say again?
My people say
we love Americans
for three drinks,
but we've had five.
And I still love you.
[Laughs]
Hey. Come on.
Let's have six.

Maybe seven.
Two more, we'll forget
we even had this conversation.
Then Billy Joe reached
for his gun to draw
But the stranger drew his gun
and fired before he even saw
As Billy Joe
fell to the floor
the crowd
all gathered round
And wondered
at his final words
Don't take your guns
to town, son
Leave your guns
at home, Bill
Don't take your guns to town
To the man in black.
Love this fucking song.
[Groans]
What?
The shooting pain?
Shrapnel,
finding its way out.
Why don't you
just get this removed?
Well, doctor says my choice.
I hate hospitals anyway.
Maybe you like pain.
Sometimes things
become part of you.
Whether you like it or not.
What is this?
Is this a picture of baby?
My grandson gets
baptized tomorrow morning.
I don't think
I'm going to make it.
I haven't even met the kid yet.
Yeah, but, you know,
he sent this invitation,
I'm sure
he wants you to go.

Well, my wife,
well, my ex-wife,
she's going to bring her new-- hell, I say new,
but she's been married,
what, going on 20 years now.
And you know the kicker?
Kicker? What's "kicker?"
Surprise.
Surprise, yes.
The new guy, he was
best man at our wedding.
Oh, mother fucker.
You're kidding.
Yup.
He's all right.
He ain't a bad guy.
He's been there for my son.
He's been actually more
of a father than I have.
I've been, you know,
away and here and there.
You know, just...
[mumbling]
Oh, come on, Ben.
Let me read something for you.
You test my German. Okay.
It is the hunter's honor
that he protects
and preserves his game,
hunts sportsmanlike,
and honors the creator
and his creatures.
[Laughs]
Benjamin, did you honor
the creator in him?
I didn't kill him.
You didn't?
I haven't killed anything in 20 years.
You're joking.
No. Everything you see here inside, outside,
all bullshit. Bullshit, what do you mean--
Everything here,
bullshit car,
bullshit house,

bullshit fiberglass bow,
bullshit heads on a wall, it's all bullshit.
Come on, I would love to have this.
Want to hear
something pathetic?
This was all here when I bought this place.
You're joking.
No. Furnished with rustic interior design elements.
Oh, my God.
That's what the listing said. That's it.
It's all bullshit. That is not the man you are.
I mean I grew up in a place like this,
but not as big
and actually not as fancy,
but it was, you know,
it was the real deal, mountains, trees,
hung out with my dad.
Hey, I'll show you something.
You'll get a kick out of this.
That was my dad's.
What is this?
Silver star
for gallantry in action.
But does he have some war stories to tell, huh?
Oh, yeah.
I fought three different wars,
four different countries,
still couldn't get
one of these.
Really?
No prize for Ben.
That's not good.
All the good things you did,
you know, why not--
I remember the first time
we went hunting,
I told him
I wanted to use his bow.
He said,
"You're not strong enough to draw the string back."
He taught you
how to use this bow.
Yeah, he taught me how to make a bow.
Oh, make a bow.

He could do anything with his hands.
Oh, yeah, he was... Whoa.
He could do it all.
I hit something
the first time out,
medium sized bow,
right in the heart.
"Eagle eye," that's
what my dad called me.
Ah, Eagle eye.
Yeah. [Chuckles]
Okay, you know...
It's time for me to be roughing it again.
Are you sure?
I've got a spare room in the back-- No, you have
been very kind, you've been very generous.
My offer still stands,
tomorrow at dawn,
the west fork,
and I'll tell you what.
I even give you the first shot.
I appreciate it.
I got lots of things to do tomorrow.
Nice to have you over.
You get good sleep.
You think about it.
Maybe you change
your mind.
My thanks to you.
Thank you.
Okay. Goodnight, Benjamin.
You too, you too.
Have a good sleep.
You too, Emil.
(Ben)
Careful, it's slippery.
(Emil)
So, how do you feel?
(Ben) Got a hangover,
bouncing back.
(Emil)
Not so much for me.
(Ben) You're used to it,
I'm sure.

(Emil) Mountainman, Davy Crockett.

(Ben) You know that?

(Emil) I do.

(Ben) You heard over there?

(Emil) As a boy.

You are Davy Crockett.

I never go this way.

(Ben) Mountainmen.

You go up

in the meadow over there.

I've had good luck there.

I'm going up to the deer stand.

Take this.

It's voice activated. Channel three.

Put it on channel three.

Testing. Testing.

One, two. One, two.

It's good stuff.

Testing. Testing.

Did you ever hear the one
about this old Italian guy

wants to confess

to local padre?

So he slides open the little door in the confessional.

He says, "Father,

forgive me for I have sinned.

"Back during the war,

there was this beautiful woman.

"She came to my house and asked

me to protect her from the Nazis.

"So I hid her up my attic."

The priest says,

"That's a wonderful thing you did, my son.

"There's no need to confess."

And the old man says,

"But it gets worse.

"She started to repay me with

sexual favors like blowjobs."

[Static]

So the priest says, "Fear not,

my son, war makes sinners of us all.

"You are forgiven."

The old man says,

"Well, that's a great burden

off my mind. A great burden.

"But I have one more question."

(Emil) Do you see him?

Do you have a shot?

Yeah, I'll try.

(Emil)

Take him.

He's nothing

but a bag of meat

and flesh and tendon.

Put him out

of his misery.

Take the shot,

Eagle Eye.

You want him, he's yours.

(Emil)

I know.

What the hell was that?

You just spooked him.

(Emil) Colonel Ford,

you've changed.

Kovac?

(Emil) You pulled the trigger back in Menacha.

How'd you know

I was in Menacha?

(Emil)

Because I was there, too.

[Screams]

Fuck.

(Emil) It's the hunter's honor that he protects

and preserves his game,

hunts sportsmanlike,

and honors

the creator's creatures.

You're not Bosnian.

What the fuck do you want from me?

(Emil) I always wonder who would win in a fair fight,

both of us properly armed.

Fuck!

(Emil) Two men alone in the wilderness.

War.

Distilled.

My bow is broken.

This ain't a fair fight.

(Emil) You of all people should know,
war is not fair.
Fuck!
[Grunts]
[screams]
Fuck.
[Birds chirping]
[screams]
I told you,
I wanted a trophy.
Fuck you!
Ah.
I warned you
about the air bubbles
in the fiberglass,
first sign of trouble, and snap!
What, you pissed off about the war or something?
Did something happen to you?
You killed my friend, I killed your friend,
that's what it's about.
I made peace with my sins.
It's over. No.
The war will never be over.
Why don't you just shoot me, then?
Instead of this running around hiding bullshit.
Just shoot me!
Oh, come on, Benjamin.
I just want
to shoot the shit.
Shoot the shit?
Yeah, it's how you say this, right?
Shoot the shit. Shoot the shit?
You just shot me.
What the fuck are you-- I know,
but I had to. I had no choice.
I could've shot you in the heart or the head,
but I didn't.
I could've killed you.
So, come out to sit.
We'll talk like gentlemen.
[Grunting]
Come on, sit over here.
Sit down.
[Grunting]

Benjamin.

What are you,

you going to hang me now?

Pull up your pants leg.

There's a stake

on the end of that rope.

I want you to put it through the

hole in your leg and tie it. What?

Put the stake through the hole in the calf.

(Emil)

Okay.

Let me see!

[Groaning]

Tie it, please.

[Groans]

Tight.

[Screams]

Don't worry.

The calf muscle is very strong.

You can hang like this for days without tearing muscle.

[Screaming]

Okay, you are the old Italian man.

I am the priest.

And this is our confession.

So, what are your sins, my son?

And you say something like, "Oh,
bless me, father, for I have sinned.

"It's been so and so many days since my
last confession, and these are my sins."

Now, you know what that means to confess, no?

Of course you do.

But, you, you say things like,

"Oh, my wife left me.

"Oh, my son calls

different man 'father.'

"Oh, I miss my dear old daddy."

But I go to confession every week,
even more if I find the time.

But you go to retreat

in the mountain,

did you think you could forget the past?

What do you want from me?

I want real confession!

You put bullet in my back

and you left me for dead.
And now for years
you run from the truth.
And I carried the pain alone.
But no more!
So, now it is time
to spill your guts.
Now, you know American Indians
spilled one's guts to reveal
one's most intimate secrets.
I want you
to spill your guts to me.
Or I will spill them for you.
[Screams]
Want good cut?
Like this, and everything spills out on the ground.
Please, stop.
You live alone. This is good,
because I want you to see
all the little creatures will come
down and nibble on your insides.
[Smashing]
[screaming]
(Emil)
You'll be late.
Looks like you missed
your little nephew's baptism.
But you would rather be up here with me,
wouldn't you?
Do you believe
in God, Benjamin?
Who gives a shit?
Did you hear what I said?
Fuck you.
Fuck you!
(Emil)
I believe in him.
I know he exists.
And I'll tell you why.
It was walking home
from the factory in Lukomir.
And I see a crowd of people
in town square.
The soldiers were dragging

Serbs from their houses.
They raped
my mother, my sister,
and they poured petrol
all over the wounded bodies.
The men,
they were not so lucky.
They used the axes to split their heads
open and let them die in square.
And I asked myself,
if God truly exists,
how could he allow
such terrible things?
Then I think all the things
that happened in my life
and I realized that is not
the proof of the absence of God,
this is the proof
of his existence.
Because men alone could not be
capable of such magnificent evil.
Now, I spilled my guts.
Your turn.
Your turn!
Your turn!
Maybe I'm coming in
more clear now, eh?
Dad?
Dad, you around?
Come on, Dad.
Is he here?
There's his car.
He might be asleep.
[Knocking]
[baby cooing]
It's okay.
(Chris) Dad?
[Knocking]
Maybe he doesn't
want to see us.
[Laughs] Which is exactly why we should have called.
Leave it up to my dad
not to be around.
(Emil)

Benjamin.
Be quiet, don't move.
Hey, at least we have a three hour
car ride home to look forward to.
At least he's asleep.
Oh. Hi, but he's awake.
You want this baby
to have a father or no?
Let's play.
Put that fucking bow down.
Otherwise, I have to put
one more head on your wall.
(Ben) That's my family, goddammit.
You threaten my family,
I will end you,
mother fucker, you hear me?
Put that fucking bow down.
I can't hold it much longer.
You wanna play?
You want your war, goddammit?
Yeah. Yeah.
We can play.
You want your war?
Come and get it.
I'll give you a head start.
It is Murphy's Law, no?
Whatever can go wrong
will go wrong.
Bullshit cabin.
Bullshit wine.
(Ben)
Hey.
It's okay.
It's okay.
Hold still. Hold still.
Let me see.
Let me see your tongue.
Oh, there it is.
Yeah, you'll still
be able to talk.
That's good,
'cause I know how much you like to talk.
Yeah. I know it hurts,
but it's okay. Very superficial.

Yeah, let me help you.
[Moaning]
Getting that removed.
Risky.
You proud of what you did?
Or maybe
you don't want to forget.
It's like
with your shot.
Sometimes things
become part of you,
whether you want it to
or not.
Scorpions, Serbian death squad,
tried for war crimes against Bosnian Muslims.
Some did terrible things.
Some were simply caught up in
circumstances beyond their control.
Yeah, which one were you?
You know, I got an idea.
I think this time you should be the old Italian guy,
I should be the priest.
Not talking anymore?
Not giving me any
long dissertations
on the meaning
of war and life?
I'll give you
a very simple one.
When life gives you lemons...
that's right.
Nice and simple.
And my mother,
she used to always have a fresh pitcher
waiting for us when Dad and
me came out of the woods.
One morning we went hunting
and I got one in the chest.
But I missed the heart.
Probably punctured his lungs,
so we had to chase him down.
Like the bowl?
Yeah, me too.
More natural this way.

So, anyway...
we finally caught up.
He made me put that
knife in his throat.
Made me watch
while it bled out.
Got to do it quick, he said,
otherwise the meat will spoil.
You know, you wouldn't think it,
but even in an animal
you can see that exact moment
when the light leaves its eyes.
Almost done.
Damn.
No sugar.
I'm just going to
have to substitute.
This ought to do.
Well, now.
You think a little bit of pain
is going to make me break?
I sure don't know.
What if I like pain?
This might be your lucky day.
Here we go.
[Screaming]
Want another?
Yes, please.
[Gargling]
You like that, huh?
How's it feel to be the one getting tortured?
Is that what you did during the war?
Torture people?
Huh? Tell me.
What?
[Screams]
What'd you do?
Who'd you kill?
Bosnians?
Croatsians?
Women? Children?
Who'd you kill?
No children. No women.
What, then? What did you do?

What'd you do?
I made tools.
What for? What were they used for?
Many things.
For sleeping tent
and shredding muscles.
The goal was to make people talk
and at the end, everyone talks.
You like tools, huh?
I got tools, too.
Don't go anywhere.
[Sighs]
See?
That's that thing
we were talking about.
That word.
Karma.
You torture me and I'll torture you.
Sound familiar?
The Serbs attacked the Bosnians because
the Bosnians attacked the Serbs.
Same goes for the Croatians and
the Nazis back in World War II.
Truth is,
you can go back 1,000 years and still not know
how a conflict
really started.
But we all know how it ends.
You think you're the only one that
lost something in that war? Huh?
It destroyed me.
You hear?
You hear?
[Groaning]
The war is almost over,
Colonel Ford.
For gallantry in action.
[Groaning]
(Emil)
Move!
[Mumbling]
Can't move, eh?
I know this feeling.
For three years...

I had very much
the same feeling.
I was shot in the back and I was
paralyzed from the neck down.
And I could barely talk.
And you know
how much I like to talk.
And there was beautiful nurse.
Her name was Sophia.
She was always
dressed in white.
She always had beautiful smile on her face.
I dreamed
making love to her,
fucking her.
You know
what her job was?
To collect
the piss and the shit
from the pan
from beneath my bed.
But slowly
the feeling came back.
You know,
I taught myself how to write.
I taught myself
how to eat.
I taught myself
to speak again
and to walk like a man,
not like cripple.
I had no help. I had no mother.
I had no father.
I had no wife or child.
And you know
what kept me going?
Not knowing
if you would fight,
and if you did,
who would win.
Because you have been like
such a worthy adversary.
[Groans]
You win.

I know.

Just get it over with.

Yeah, I promise.

But not yet.

Well, what are you
waiting for?

I'm waiting for your confession,
Colonel Ford.

[Grunting]

(Ben)

Please, please stop.

(Emil)

Sit there. Sit there.

[Groans]

You have no idea
how lucky you are.

My country has beauty,
but there is an invisible layer
of blood caked over everything.

Most people cannot see it,
but I have special eyes.

Everywhere I look,
I see red.

Move!

A young cowboy, Billy Joe,
grew restless on the farm.
The boy filled with wanderlust,
he really meant no harm.
Billy Joe fell to the floor,
the crowd all gathered round
and wondered

at his final words,

"Don't take
your guns to town, son.

"Don't leave
your guns at home.

"We'll take your gun to town."

Ah.

Is little Benny tired?

Benjamin?

[Laughs]

Benjamin.

[Grunting]

[creaking]

[creaking]

[creaking]

[creaking]

[creaking]

[screams]

[screams]

The shooting pain again, eh?

Is it the shrapnel

trying to move its way out?

There it is.

What if I try to help it along?

[Screams]

Bless me, father,
for I have sinned.

Bless me,

but do not forgive me.

It has been one week
since my last confession.

It has been a big week and I could go down the list,
but there's short of time.

And of course

you have better things to do.

So, don't forgive us.

Okay.

I confess my sins onto you,
but do not dare absolve them.

I want to be part of them
for me to never forget them.

Okay, you. Your turn.

You, you confess.

Now!

It is only
the three of us here.

You and me and him.

I will keep your secret,
Colonel Ford.

In the end

he's not even listening.

You are the only one
getting in the way of the truth.

I give up.

You win.

You win.

But you lose.

Maybe you'll finally tell him the truth
when you see him face to face.
You want to kill me?
Look me in the eye.
[Screams]
(Ben)
October.
Like this, right?
'95.
My unit was first on the ground outside--
We were tasked with liberating the Bosnian
Muslims from the internment camp there.
The first thing
we noticed was the smell.
Got our attention
right away.
Like my father's
taxidermy shed.
And when we got to the camp,
we saw boxcars sitting out on the tracks.
Looked like they were
full of old clothes.
We got closer,
we began to make out hands and legs.
It was the faces.
Faces just skin
stretched over skulls.
Bodies stuck together.
Stuck to the ground
from the frost,
eyelids frozen open
staring right at you.
Camp was run
by Serbians,
called themselves
the Scorpions.
Dozens of these Scorpions,
they surrendered.
They were all going to go back
to a POW camp for a few weeks
and then after the war,
they'd all just go home.
I'd seen-- we'd all seen
firsthand what they'd done,

the children
they butchered,
women they raped,
tortured.
So we stripped them down,
burned their uniforms, marched them up a hill
in the middle of nowhere. And we got to the top,
my men lined the prisoners up
on their knees facing away.
I joined up
to make my father proud,
but when I told him,
he tried to talk me out of it.
"Remember the elk,"
he said.
"Remember the look in their eyes at the end.
"You see that happen to another man,
doesn't matter if he's a friend
"or an enemy. You see that happen,
it changes you forever."
Of course
I didn't believe him.
Had to find out
for myself.
Should have listened.
I been...
I been in a lot of wars,
but never one like Bosnia.
That war got into my head.
I saw it like a poison.
[Gunshots]
I just wanted it to stop.
I thought maybe killing a few of the
worst ones would make it go away.
So I pulled the trigger.
Just like that I became everything
I hated about that damn war.
Everything.
Then when I got home I couldn't
even look myself in the mirror
or my son in the eye.
Yeah, I figured he was
just better off without me.
Then I was not prepared

to die, but now...
you should
pull the trigger.
Put an end to this for us.
You can finish it.
Don't you know
the things I have done?
Don't I deserve to die?
We are both killers.
Are we not?
We're the same,
you and I.
He is nothing
but meat and flesh
and tendon, put him
out of his misery.
Please, God,
pull the trigger.
Pull the trigger!
So, this old Italian guy,
he wants to confess to the local priest.
He's getting on in age and
wants to make it right with God.
So, he tells the priest,
"Father, back in the war
"there was this beautiful woman that came to my house
"and asked me to protect her from the Nazis,
"so I hid her up
in my attic."
The priest says, "Well,
that's a wonderful thing you did, my son.
"There's no reason
to confess."
The old man says,
"But it gets worse, Father.
"She started to repay me with sexual favors,
"you know, like,
blowjobs and shit like that."
The priest says,
"Well...
"you both are in great danger,
my son.
"War makes sinners
of us all.

"So, you are forgiven."
The old man says, "Well,
thank you, Father.

"It's a great burden
off my mind.

"But I have
one more question."

"What's that, my son?"
"Should I have told her
that the war was over?"

I don't get it.
It's not that funny.
I believe I got something
that belongs to you.

Yeah.

He's got your eyes.
Maybe I'll see them
for myself.

[Speaking foreign language]
Zivjeli.

(Reporter) The war is only just beginning.
Thousands are homeless and fleeing
the province as the war escalates.
Troops have made progress
in the province today,
continuing a cavalcade
of intense aerial shelling
with no signs
of anyone stopping.

"It's like hell on earth,"
said one woman
when she fled with her three children for the border.

It never ends.
But for many of these now...

Hey.

Sorry I'm late.

Come on.

There's someone
I want you to meet.