

EXT. BARREN BORDER - DAY

Sergei stands in a desolate, silent field. Across a gravel road stands Kristoff, an enemy soldier barely old enough to enlist.

KRISTOFF

(Laughing)

If it makes you feel any better, now
there's at least more than one soldier
god hates enough to guard a big whole
bunch of nothing

Kristoff's chuckle fades as Sergei sternly glares at him before turning away.

EXT. BARREN BORDER - EVENING

As Sergei puffs the glowing roll of paper, Kristoff unwraps his sandwich from the foil. He gestures it towards Sergei who declines with a headshake.

KRISTOFF

(Eating)

You know, my Pa did the same thing.
Ma called them cold stares, you could
barely talk with him before he'd
completely space out.

Sergei took a long drag from his smoke

SERGEI

I'm sorry to hear that.

KRISTOFF

No one to be sorry for, he probably loved it. The old man didn't care for most people so to him it was a superpower to avoid the in-laws.

The two shared a brief chuckle

KRISTOFF

Honestly the only thing he probably hated were the meds they put him on. You don't seem to mind them though.

Kristoff gestures to the paper Sergei was smoking

KRISTOFF

Lazarus Spice, the pharmaceutical officer hyped it up as some old war drug. Supposed to keep you moving and out of shock, but in reality...

SERGEI

You breathe in pure poison. I know.

A long silence droned as sergei took a long huff.

KRISTOFF

Only takes a few years being on it 'fore your lungs start bleeding, real bad.

SERGEI

I know.

KRISTOFF

Nausea, loss of appetite and hair loss are almost guaranteed.

SERGEI

I know.

KRISTOFF

Recent reports say death is almost
guaranteed after 5 years of consistent
spice smoking.

Kristoff glares at the puff of smoke Sergei blows

SERGEI

I know.