

THE INITIATIVE

ACT I

SCENE I

MONTAGE - AROUND THE JUNGLE

The vast expanse of the moist jungle lies still under the overcast skies.

Foreign insects buzz and flutter about the tall, verdant trees.

Drops of condensation rest idly on the verdant tree leaves.

The sun is shrouded under the ominously clouded skies.

END MONTAGE

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A YOUNG GIRL appears INTO VIEW, as she skips happily along the barren dirt road. Suddenly, as she steps, an EXPLOSION BLAST EMERGES, as a LAND MINE DETONATES.

Out of the jungle, a group of American soldiers, guns in hands, gingerly and vigilantly make their way through the jungle. Among them are GENERAL CALVIN "CAP" MCMURRAY, LIEUTENANT GEORGE DOUGLASS, PRIVATE TRENT MAYES, PRIVATE ELI RASMUSSEN, PRIVATE BILL "BETS" VAUGHN, PRIVATE SAMUEL "SWEETS" MCPHERSON, PRIVATE CORNELL TILDEN, PRIVATE STANLEY "INFO" INGE, and PRIVATE FRANK "FATSO" DILAURO. The platoon vigilantly and gingerly amble along the jungle.

CA

(in a whisper;
enthusiastic)

I love the sights and sounds of
foreign land.

(turns to platoon; in a
whisper; stern)

Okay, gentlemen. I want you to look
everywhere around you, and to tread
on this terrain as if there are hot
coals under your fucking feet!

(one full beat)

Lucky for us it's not rain...

Before Cap can finish, the CLOUDS begin to accumulate, as TORRENTIAL RAIN begins to FALL.

Cap and his men look in awe and disgust.

LT. DOUGLASS
Spoke too soon, Cap.

CAP
(in a whisper; stern)
Okay, gentlemen. Please follow the
aforementioned instructions. Let's
go.

Cap and his men gingerly proceed, as they start to make their way into the barren field. Cap leads the way, as his men tentatively follow. After about three yards, Cap comes to a halt. The TORRENTIAL RAIN has ceased.

CAP
(calls aloud)
Stop right here!

Cap's men heed his orders, as they all cease their motion.

CAP
(turns to platoon)
I'm sensing something here.
(looks at Lt. Douglass)
Lieutenant, give me a coin.

LT. DOUGLASS
(confounded)
A coin? I don't see a juke box
anywhere nearby.

CAP
Somebody please give me a coin.

All of the men begin rummaging through their pockets, as Bets finds and presents a quarter to Cap.

BETS
(hands coin to Cap)
Here you are, Sir.

CAP
(looks uncertain at Bets)
Thank you, Private Vaughn. Are you
sure you want to give me your
life's savings?

A slightly embarrassed Bets give a silent "Yes" nod motion with his head, as Cap proceeds.

CAP
(looks at men)
Get back.

Everyone heeds Cap's orders, as they retreat ten feet backward.

Cap takes the quarter and flips it in the air.

CLOSE ON - QUARTER

Floats aimlessly in the air, as it falls to the ground.

The minute the quarter falls to the ground, an EXPLOSION EMERGES, as it produces a CHAIN REACTION of EXPLOSIONS.

WIDE ANGLE - BARREN FIELD

AS EXPLOSIONS BLAST all around.

Cap and his men watch the field in the safety of a nearby bush.

CAP
(in a whisper)
Looks like the fourth of July came
a little early, fellas.

The explosions cease, as the risen dust begins to settle in the field. Cap carefully makes his way from behind the bush, as he vigilantly surveys the field.

CAP
Just as I expected. The old ground
and air attack.

LT. DOUGLASS
You think so, Cap?

CAP
Couldn't be more evident, Georgie.
They hear you step on a land mine,
and try to snipe you when you're
hurt.
(beat)
Well, looks like we deciphered
their strategy. Yet, I see no signs
of sni...

Before Cap can finish, a GUN SHOT is FIRED, as it narrowly misses him.

Cap quickly retreats, along with his platoon, as a succession of GUN SHOTS FIRE from the opposite side of the jungle.

CAP
(yells aloud)
The enemy has spotted us. To your
positions, men!

The platoon heeds Cap, as they start to FIRE their GUNS.

WIDE ANGLE - PLATOON

Carefully focus on and FIRE their GUNS at enemy troops.

OPPOSITE ANGLE - ENEMY SOLDIERS

Masked and dressed all in black, FIRE their GUNS from within the jungle.

WIDE ANGLE - PLATOON

Start to rapidly re-load their guns, as they continue their defense against the enemy.

Trent takes a grenade from his side armor, pulls the pin, as proceeds to toss it.

CLOSE ON - GRENADE

Flies through the air and proceeds to settle in enemy terrain in the jungle. Seconds later, an EXPLOSION ENSUES.

The Enemy Soldiers start to retreat, as some are shot and killed out of the trees.

Cap calls his men to attention.

CAP
(yells loudly)
Okay men, hold your fire!

The platoon obey Cap's orders, as they halt their fire.

LT. DOUGLASS
Whadya see, Cap?

CAP
(carefully surveys scene)
Death. Destruction, Carnage.
Victory.

(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
(turns to platoon)
Score one of the U,S, of A, men.

FADE OUT.

SCENE II

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap and his platoon are headed back to their base, as they vigilantly watch their surroundings. Members of the platoon converse with each other.

FATSO
(gasps for air; in
Brooklyn accent)
Can't believe this humidity for
Chrissake. Feel like I'm in Miami.

INFO
Being a man of your corpulence,
your blood vessels are most likely
contracted, causing excessive
perspiration, loss of breath, and
rapid fatigue.

FATSO
(sarcastic)
Thanks, Doc.

ELI
(weary)
Man, my shoulder's killin me. How
much longer 'til we get back to
base?

BOB
(teasing)
Aw, poor baby. Want me to get your
baba?

ELI
Shut it, Pat.

CORNELL
(wearily wipes his brow;
in Southern accent)
Good Lawd. This heat be killin'.
(turns to Sweets)
You okay, Sweets?

Sweets ceases his walking, as he sits on the ground. He places down his backpack, and removes an insulin kit.

TRENT
(calls aloud)
General, may we please stop?
Private McPherson needs his shot.

Cap hears Trent and turns around, as he orders everyone to halt.

CAP
Halt yourselves, men.

Everyone heeds Cap and stops walking.

Sweets takes a vial of insulin from the kit, pulls out a syringe, and begins to prepare the fluid for injection.

BETS
You need help, Sweets?

SWEETS
No thanks, Bets. I've become a pro
at this.

Sweets has now filled the needle with insulin, as he lies on his back, carefully pulls up his shirt and protective shield. He looks momentarily at the syringe, and then painfully injects himself in the stomach.

Everyone looks on in stoic amazement.

BOB
(looks on; sardonic; in a
whisper)
Of all the platoons to have a sugar
case, he had to make his way into
ours. Not to mention a spook.

LT. DOUGLASS
(stern; in a whisper)
Show some damn respect, Crayton.
That man is risking his health in
defense of his country.

Sweets carefully removes the syringe from his stomach, as he takes an AUDIBLE SIGH of relief.

CAP (O.S.)
(aloud)
McPherson, are you okay to continue
walking back to base?

SWEETS
 (softly)
 Yes, Sir.

Sweets carefully rises to his feet, as he gathers his insulin kit, and covers his stomach.

CAP
 (looks at platoon)
 Okay gentlemen, let's proceed.

Everyone continues on the journey back to the base.

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - ESTABLISHING SHOT -
 EARLY EVENING

The Base lies still under the moon-lit sky.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - BARRACKS - EARLY EVENING

The soldiers are recuperating after a long day in battle, as they converse amongst themselves.

FATSO
 (painfully rubs his feet)
 Marone, talk about agony of the feet!

BOB
 (looks at Fatso's feet)
 Jeez Louise, look at your toes. If they looked any more like sausages, you'd snack on 'em!

FATSO
 (slightly offended)
 Don't get wise, you! Don't forget I'm from Brooklyn.

BOB
 Oh, that's right.
 (in faux New York accent)
 Fuggedahboutit.

FATSO
 (raises his hand in mock-indignation)
 Why I oughta...

BETS

(fiddles with transistor
radio; slightly peeved)
Will you two keep it down? I'm
trying to listen to the latest
sports scores.

INFO

(scoffs)
Good luck with that, Bill. The
radio frequencies here are so
limited, you can barely get a rock
n'roll station.

ELI

Who you lookin to lose with now,
Bets?

BETS

Ha ha. I got a sure feeling with
this one.

TRENT

Just like all the others?

BETS

(slightly indignant)
Come on now. Nothing like following
sports when you've got something
riding on it.

TRENT

Who's your favorite team, Bets?

BETS

The one that covers.

Bets continues to fiddle with the transistor radio, when he
finally gives in and turns it off in frustration.

BETS

Man, I'm really missin' the States.

SWEETS

(nervously stammers; eats
candy bar)
I hear that, Bets. I c-c-can't wait
to get home.

TRENT

Relax, Sweets. We're providing the
best service known to man.

BOB

You're damn straight, Mayes.

TRENT

Thanks, Crayton. Just think, we're on our way to achieving the Initiative.

Everyone falls silent, as they look at each other and at Trent in confoundment.

CORNELL

What you talkin' about, Mayes?

TRENT

Well Corny, I happened to hear Cap speaking to some major defense officials, and they have a big mission lined up for us.

BOB

When did this happen?

TRENT

Recently.

BETS

How recently?

TRENT

Wish I could say, fellas. But it sounds quite confidential.

ELI

Come on and spill it, Mayes.

TRENT

Sorry, Eli. I don't know anything about it. What it is, what it means, who's involved, you name it.

INFO

Sorry Trent, but I have quite some difficulty believing you. A clandestine and complex mission like the one you're describing couldn't possibly be shrouded in ambiguity.

FATSO

(slightly frustrated)

Will you please speak English?

INFO

In layman's terms, he's full of
shit.

TRENT

Maybe so Info, but my ears have yet
to deceive me. I know what I heard.

BOB

Oh, really? So what's in it for all
of us?

TRENT

Well Bob, that's the fun part. We
just have to make it through this
tour to find out.

BETS

Like a contest?

TRENT

Not quite sure.

ELI

Man Trent, you are really tight-
lipped on this one.

TRENT

No intentions, Eli. If I give away
too much info, we'll lose our
focus.

BOB

Hogwash. Lt. Douglass says we're
the greatest collection of troops
he's ever seen.

BOB

I don't know what you're gettin'
at, but I don't believe a word of
it.

TRENT

Suit yourself, Crayton. You're just
gonna have to see for yourself.

The room falls silent, as everyone looks coyly at one
another. Trent breaks the ice.

TRENT

See what I mean? You call can't get
your minds off of it.

FATSO
 What in the hell are you talkin'
 about, Trent?

TRENT
 You'll find out soon enough, Fatso.

Trent notices Info looking wryly at him, and speaks up.

TRENT
 Everything alright, Info?

INFO
 Fine, Trent. I just don't believe
 any of your claims.

TRENT
 Another skeptic. I can dig it.

BOB
 (lights up cigarette;
 smokes)
 Even if it was true, what do you
 think we'd get out of it?

SWEETS
 (slightly nervous;
 stammers)
 Y-y-you better put that out, Bob.
 There's no sm-sm-smoking in the
 barracks.

BOB
 (takes puff of cigarette)
 Take it easy, Sweets. It's not like
 Cap will be walking through that...

Before Bob can finish, Cap walks into the barracks, as Bob quickly extinguishes his cigarette.

Everyone rises to their feet and remains stock still, as Cap slowly ambles around the barracks.

CAP
 At ease, gentlemen.

Everyone sits back down, as Cap continues.

CAP
 I just came by to commend you on
 your stellar performance today.
 (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

And since I hand out compliments like a miser hands out nickels, I must remind you that you will all be under lofty expectations.

(beat)

There is no doubt in my mind that this platoon contains some of the finest soldiers our fine nation has ever offered. And together we will prevail and conquer. Am I clear?

Everyone looks soberly at Cap, as they nod their heads in silent agreement.

CAP

Before I depart, I must remind you of the regulations you all must adhere to while under this regime.

(looks at his watch)

They include a strict curfew and a no smoking policy in the barracks.

(beat; looks sternly at

Bob)

Something that Private Crayton has failed to obey. Private Crayton, you are to clean the showers every morning and night for two weeks for your infraction. Thank you and good night.

Cap departs OUT OF VIEW, as Bob looks on in disappointment, as EVERYONE LAUGHS at him.

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MESS HALL - MORNING

The Guys eat breakfast, as they prepare for another day. They converse amongst each other.

BOB

(looks disgusted at food)

It's time like this that I miss my Mama's fried chicken-fried steak.

CORNELL
 (mouth half full)
 That sounds mighty fine.

BOB
 (impudent)
 I be anything with chicken does to
 you, boy.

TRENT
 (quickly and angrily
 intervenes)
 Hey, Cray. Let's cut the crap!

BOB
 (strongly)
 You got a problem, Trent?

TRENT
 (boldly)
 Yeah, I do. Everyone in this
 platoon should be treated the same,
 regardless of anything.
 (beat; looks at everyone)
 Am I right, fellas?

Everyone looks coyly at their trays, as they let out a
 muffled and collective "UH-HUH".

BOB
 (sarcastic; puts hand to
 ear)
 Do you hear that, everyone? That's
 the sound of crickets chirpin'.

TRENT
 Fuck you, Cray!

BOB
 (angrily rises from his
 seat and confronts Trent)
 What'd you say, prick?!

Everyone rises from their seats, as they try to get between
 the two. Suddenly Lt. Douglass appears INTO VIEW.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (yells loudly)
 Alright now, break it up men, break
 it up God damn it!

Everyone ceases and remains still, as Lt. Douglass continues.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (yells angrily)
 Just what in the fuck is going on
 here?!

BOB
 (angrily grasps for air)
 Well, Lt. Douglass, it appears
 Private Mayes has decided to engage
 in war-like activity here at
 breakfast.

TRENT
 (angrily grasps for air)
 Well, Lt. Douglass, it appears that
 Private Crayton has come down with
 a bad case of color blindness.

Cornell remains serious, as a slight smile fissures from his
 lips.

The two look intensely at each other, as Lt. Douglass chimes
 in.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (stern)
 Alright men, let's take all this
 stupid shit and put in a pile in a
 far away corner?
 (beat)
 You are all representing the United
 States of America. Now start acting
 like it or else. Shake hands you
 two.

Trent and Bo look intensely at each other, as everyone looks
 on in silent trepidation.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (yells sternly)
 I believe I said to shake each
 other's fucking hands!

Bob hesitates, then tentatively extends his right hand to
 Trent. Trent looks intensely at Bob, as he slowly but firmly
 shakes Bob's outreached hand, as they then release.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (stern)
 That's more like it. I won't
 mention a word of this to Cap.
 (MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
 But if I see or hear any more
 shenanigans, let's just say you'll
 be Cap's bitches. Comprene?
 (beat)
 Now, let's all finish our
 breakfast, as we have quite a day
 planned.

Everyone returns to their seats, as Lt. Douglass departs OUT
 OF VIEW. Everyone eats their breakfast.

BOB
 (pours syrup on his
 pancakes)
 Man, look at this thick, delicious,
 and sweet syrup.
 (looks at Sweets)
 Hey Sweets, would you like some...
 Oops, almost forgot.

Sweets looks sardonically at Bob, as he gives him the finger.

ELI
 Cut it out, Bob. I'm not gettin' in
 trouble on account of you. Let's
 just eat and get this day started.

Everyone falls silent, as they continue eating breakfast.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The platoon carefully makes their way around a jungle, as
 they battle the unbelievable humidity.

BOB
 Woo doggie! This reminds me of
 summers during my teens in Waco.

FATSO
 (rubs sweat from his brow)
 What I'd do to be there right now.

BOB
 You'd stick out like a sore thumb,
 Fatso.

FATSO
 You think I care? They got great
 barbecue down there!

INFO

Speaking of barbecue, I feel like I'm in one right now. Just further proof of the deterioration of the Ozone layer.

ELI

(exasperated)

How much further do we have to go? I don't think I can make it back.

(turns back)

How you holdin' up, Sweets?

Sweets, also battling the heat, attempts to eat a chocolate bar, which is rapidly melting in his hand.

SWEETS

(slightly exhausted; looks disgusted at melted chocolate)

Fine, I guess.

CAP

(stern)

Let's continue, men. No letting up.

Cap and Lt. Douglass lead the way, as everyone attempts to continue the journey.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Trent carefully walks through the jungle, as he vigilantly inspects his surroundings. Suddenly, he notices something.

TRENT'S POV

DARK FIGURE

Statuesque, lithe, and clad in a see through dress, makes their way through the jungle.

BACK TO SCENE

Trent focuses more intently on the mysterious figure, as he begins to follow it around the jungle.

Trent begins to walk around the jungle in pursuit. He quickly makes his way towards the figure.

The Mysterious Figure notices Trent approaching, as she starts to accelerate her pace.

Trent continues his pursuit, as he notices something.

TRENT'S POV

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE

Stands, her back facing Trent, as it views a nearby tree.

BACK TO SCENE

Trent gingerly approaches the Mysterious Figure.

TRENT
(gentle)
Are you lost?

The Mysterious Figure turns around, to reveal a young woman, her face covered by a veil.

TRENT
(gently raises his hand
and approaches her)
Please, I mean you no harm.

The Mysterious Figure retreats a few feet back, as Trent continues to approach her.

TRENT
Please, I kindly ask for your
trust.

The Mysterious Figure begins to approach Trent, as she is now face-to-face with him.

TRENT
What's your name, Dear?

The Mysterious Girl does not respond, as she continues to stare at Trent.

TRENT
(slowly recites)
Do you speak ENGLISH?

The Mysterious Girl does still not respond, as she takes Trent by the arm and leads him over to the tree.

She gently caresses Trent on his cheek, as she looks tenderly at him. The Mysterious Girl then motions to Trent to lie down.

TRENT
 (confounded but excited)
 Lie down?

The Mysterious Girl takes Trent and gently lies him down on the ground.

Trent lies stock still on the ground, as the GROUND beneath him suddenly EXPLODES, as a LAND MINE DETONATES.

Trent lies immobile, as the Mysterious Girl kneels down alongside him. She then pulls out a large machete, raises it above her head, and prepares to stab Trent.

TRENT
 (in a whisper)
 Seduced by the enemy. I've merited
 my demise.

The Mysterious Girl drops the knife as a VOICE EMERGES.

INFO (O.S.)
 (yells loudly)
 Trent!!!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Trent comes to, as he is awakened by Info.

INFO
 (gently jostles Trent)
 You alright, Trent?

TRENTY
 (gasps for air; confused)
 Info, where the hell am I?

INFO
 You're in the jungle, man. You're
 fallin' behind.

TRENT
 (breathes heavily; comes
 to)
 Oh, I didn't realize. Must be crazy
 from the heat.

INFO
 There's plenty of it around, I'll
 say. Want some water?

TRENT
 (pulls out canteen)
 I'm good, thanks.

Trent uncaps and takes a swig from his canteen. He hesitates as he momentarily and aimlessly stares around the jungle. Suddenly a VOICE EMERGES.

CAP (O.S.)
 (yells loudly)
 Mayes, get your ass up here with
 the rest of us!

Trent covers and conceals his canteen, and starts to catch up with the platoon.

Meanwhile, the rest of the platoon continues, as they converse amongst each other.

ELI
 (exasperated)
 They say some like it hot. Whoever
 does has shit for brains.

CORNELL
 (exasperated)
 I live in North Carolina, and I
 ain't never felt heat like this.

BOB
 (sarcastic; in a whisper)
 Maybe your ancestors did.

ELI
 (looks at Bob; unhearing)
 What was that, Bob?

BOB
 I just said I agree. Heat is quite
 a doozy today.

FATSO
 (tiredly wipes sweat from
 his brow)
 Marone, what I'd give to be on the
 rooftop of my apartment with an ice-
 cold Schaefer.

INFO
 You do know that alcohol constricts
 the blood vessels, which would make
 you feel even hotter?

FATSO
(waves hand dismissively
at Info)
Take a hike, will ya?!

The platoon continues on their way, as Cap halts them.

CAP
(yells loudly)
Halt! I think I see something.

Cap carefully makes his way around the jungle, vigilantly inspecting his surroundings.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
Whadya see, Cap?

CAP
(carefully looks around)
Just a sec, George.

Cap tentatively makes his way around the jungle. He then quickly notices something.

CAP'S POV

STRANGE SYMBOL

Embedded in the bark of a nearby tree.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap continues to look intently at the symbol, as he reports his findings to the platoon.

CAP
(looks closely at symbol)
I found something.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
What is it, Cap?

CAP
(calls out)
A symbol.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
A symbol? What kind?

CAP
Come over here and see.

Lt. Douglass carefully goes over to Cap, as the rest of the platoon remains still. Lt. Douglass carefully inspects the symbol

CAP AND LT. DOUGLASS' POV

SYMBOL

Etched into the bark.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap and Lt. Douglass look curiously at the symbol, as they attempt to decipher its meaning.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (looks curiously at
 symbol)
 What the hell is it Cap?

CAP
 (carefully inspects
 symbol)
 Looks like a type of tribal seal.
 We could be in their territory.

LT. DOUGLASS
 What should we do, Cap?

CAP
 Keep going, George. We're the
 Army... The most intrepid of all.
 (beat)
 Gather up the troops and let's get
 mo...

Before Cap can finish, the TREE proceeds to EXPLODE, as a SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS EMERGE from the jungle.

Everyone in the platoon flees or ducks for cover, as they try to avoid the blasts.

CAP
 (yells loudly)
 Stay down and keep your guns
 positioned!

A moment of silence follows ensues, as Everyone remains on the ground, anticipating the next course of action.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (in whisper)
 What do we do now, Cap?

CAP
(in a whisper)
Tell 'em all to get up...slowly.

LT. DOUGLASS
(yells out)
Alright, everyone get up...slowly!

Everyone in the platoon begins to attentively rise from the ground, as they vigilantly look around.

CAP
Is everybody alright? Anyone hurt?

Sweets gingerly makes his way up, as he winces in pain.

LT. DOUGLASS
McPherson, are you alright?

Sweets nods his head silently in a "YES" motion, as his fellow soldiers go to check on him.

CAP
Let's take a breather and continue
on our way.

ELI
You okay, Sweets?

SWEETS
(catches his breath)
Fine, thanks.

The platoon continues on their journey, as Sweets follows gingerly.

TRENT
You alright, Sweets?

Sweets nods silently to Trent, as he trudges along.

Cap continues to lead the way, as he speaks to Lt. Douglass.

CAP
Did you get a good look at that
symbol, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
Sure did, Cap. Don't know what the
hell it is, though.

CAP

One thing I was told that has
always stayed with me. The greatest
battle your enemy wages with you is
in the mind.

(one full beat)

And they will not win this one.

Lt. Douglass looks soberly at Cap, as they two continue to
lead the platoon on the journey.

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN GRASSLAND - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The platoon, clearly fatigued after a long journey, take in
their surroundings. Cap and Lt. Douglass talk strategy.

LT. DOUGLASS

(slightly out of breath)

Cap, we've been out here all day.
The platoon is looking beat.

CAP

Patience, George. We'll take a
breather in a few. We're making
great strides.

Cap continues to look around, when he notices something.

CAP'S POV

MYSTERIOUS SYMBOL

Appears written in the dirt, followed by characters written
underneath.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap quickly surveys the symbol and writings and calls out to
Lt. Douglass.

CAP

(yells loudly)

George, get the hell over here,
now!

Lt. Douglass joins Cap, as he notices the ground before him.

LT. DOUGLASS
(looks in astonishment at
ground)
What in Sam Hill is this?

CAP
(looks curiously at
ground)
I dunno. But we're sure as hell
gonna find out. Write down what you
see.

LT. DOUGLASS
(incredulous)
You're kiddin' me, right Cap?

CAP
(looks sternly at Lt.
Douglass)
Do I look like I'm kidding, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
Cap, you can't expect me to try and
write down this gibberish and in...

CAP
(angrily interjects)
That is an order, Lieutenant
Douglass!

Cap and Lt. Douglass stare angrily at each other, as Cap pulls out a pen and paper and presents them to Lt. Douglass. The platoon looks on soberly.

Lt. Douglass looks sternly at Cap, as he hesitates and then takes the pen and paper from him.

CAP
Make sure to write everything down,
including the symbol.

BOB (O.S.)
(calls out)
What is it, Cap?

CAP
 (calls out to platoon)
 Well Crayton, it looks like another
 sign left by our enemies. Come and
 take a gander, men.

Members of the platoon carefully make their way over to Cap
 and begin inspect the ground.

They carefully analyze the symbol and writing, as they
 attempt to decipher its meaning.

CAP
 (looks at Info)
 Inge, you're the scholar of this
 platoon. What do you make of this?

INFO
 (carefully looks at
 ground)
 Well, based on my observations,
 some of the writing appears to be a
 melange.

CAP
 (looks confounded at Info)
 A mel what? Speak English for
 Chrissakes.

INFO
 (carefully explains)
 A melange. A jumble, mixture. All
 of the symbols displayed here
 appears to be different languages.
 (points to symbols and
 explains)
 This one here appears to be
 Japanese characters. And this here
 looks like Sanskrit. This is
 Arabic, and this one appears to be
 Hebrew.

CAP
 Do you know what it says?

INFO
 Alas Sir, I know the symbols, but
 not their meaning.

CAP
 (slightly frustrated)
 Shit on a shingle. Thank you for
 your input, Inge.

INFO
My pleasure, Sir.

Cap looks at his men, as he prepares to give his next set of orders.

CAP
(looks soberly at platoon)
Gentlemen, it is not getting any cooler. Let's go back to base.

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - BARRACKS - NIGHT

The Guys are trying to unwind after a very long day. Bob smokes a cigarette near an open window, Fatso soaks his sore feet, Cornell grooms himself in a nearby mirror, Info reads a book, Eli clips his toenails, Bets drinks a soda, as Sweets is in the bathroom. They converse amongst each other.

FATSO
(painfully rubs his feet)
For Chrissakes, I thought we'd never get back.
(looks over at Bets)
Bets, what the hell are you doin'?

BETS
(fiddles with radio)
Trying to see if I can get a station on here...
(angrily hits radio)
Sonuvabitch. Why can't the rest of the world catch up to us?!

BOB
(takes a puff of cigarette)
You hear what you're saying, Bets?

BETS
(snappishly retorts)
Yes, I know what I'm saying, Cray. What do I gotta do to listen to some sports? I'm goin' fucking mad here!

INFO
Well Bill, as I stated before...

BETS
 (angrily interjects)
 Yes Info, I remember your radio
 signal speech!

Info, evidently affected by Bets' interjection, stays quiet
 and continues reading.

BETS
 (angrily paces around
 barracks)
 I just want to have a little
 action!

ELI
 Well, if you're interested, there
 are two roaches racing in the mess
 hall.

BETS
 I'm serious, Eli! I can't scratch
 this itch!

Bets angrily SLAMS his FIST into a nearby TABLE.

FATSO
 Hey, quite making a racket. You'll
 get us all in trouble!

BETS
 Why don't you go and eat another
 sandwich, tons of fun?

FATSO
 (angrily rises from bed)
 Hey, I'm from Brooklyn, pal. Watch
 how the fuck you talk to me!

Info and Eli restrain Fatso before he can get any closer.

Bob finishes up his cigarette, as he notices Cornell.

BOB
 Hey, boy. I think that rug on your
 head is tidy enough.

Cornell ignores Bob and continues grooming himself.

BOB
 Better not look too much longer in
 that mirror, boy. You'll have seven
 years bad luck. You listenin' to
 me, boy?

Cornell, still looking in the mirror, replies.

CORNELL
You'll have fourteen!

EVERYONE gives a collective OH, surprised at Cornell's unexpected retort.

BOB
My goodness. They actually know how to add and subtract.

INFO
Actually, it's multiplication. You see, he just...

BOB
(angrily interjects)
Wasn't talkin' to you, Poindexter!

Info quickly recoils and looks away from Bob.

BOB
That was quite a knee slapper, boy. You come up with that one all by yourself?

CORNELL
(looks in mirror)
No, your Mama told me!

EVERYONE, again surprised by Cornell, give a COLLECTIVE OH.

Bob, clearly offended, lividly approaches Cornell, as Bets restrains him.

BOB
(angrily points his finger)
You better watch you mouth, boy!

CORNELL
(turns from mirror and faces Bob: boldly)
What you gonna do, cracker?

BOB
I don't think you know who you're talkin' to, boy.

CORNELL
I do. A cracker.

BOB

Watch it, spook. My Mama was a good woman, and you better show her some God damn respect.

CORNELL

Show me respect and I'll show you respect.

ELI

That sounds fair, right fellas?
Let's just stop...

BOB

(swiftly interrupts)
Nah, Eli. This boy better learn that if he wants respect, he's gonna have to earn it.
(looks sternly at Cornell)
I'll forget everything you said if you just apologize.

CORNELL

(bold)
I ain't apologizing to you racist honky ass. I should report you to Cap and Douglass.

BOB

(looks at everyone)
See what I mean, fellas? He don't deserve to be in our platoon, or even defending our great nation.

CORNELL

Man, fuck you!

BOB

I'll let that one slide. Keep it up, and I'll show you how we do it in the Lone Star State.

CORNELL

(bold)
Bring it, pecker!

Bob angrily approaches Cornell, as Bets restrains him, as EVERYONE YELLS aimlessly.

Suddenly, Trent emerges INTO VIEW, shaving cream on his face.

TRENT
 (raises his voice)
 Hey, what the hell is goin' on
 here?! I can't even shave without
 something going down.
 (turns to Eli)
 What's going on, Eli?

The noise dies down, as Trent continues.

ELI
 Cray and Corny are fighting.

TRENT
 I can't believe this. Look at us.
 Do you realize what we are?

BOB
 Look at all of you. Why don't you
 say how you really feel about him?
 Right now, it's the Army. Next,
 it'll be schools, jobs, you name
 it. Who's with me on this?

The room is completely silent, as Bob looks around
 disappointedly.

CORNELL
 (raises his voice and
 looks at Bob)
 You hear that, fellas? It's the
 sound of crickets chirping!

Everyone looks around, unsure of how to respond.

TRENT
 We are defenders of the free land,
 representatives of the greatest
 nation in the world, an inspiration
 to all of our citizens, a beacon of
 reassurance in a sea of
 uncertainty.
 (one full beat)
 We are soldiers.

Everyone looks on in silence, as Trent continues.

TRENT
 (passionate)
 I know we can all put aside our
 differences and work together as a
 platoon.

(MORE)

TRENT (cont'd)
 Not only to defeat the enemy, but
 to conquer the Initiative! For each
 other, for America!
 (beat)
 It's in our grasp, boys. Let's go
 out and grab that fucker!

Trent reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out something, and
 begins to unfold it. It is an American flag.

TRENT
 (presents flag to platoon)
 This flag was given to me by
 father, who served in the Army for
 ten years, whose father, fifteen
 years, gave it to him. Each of them
 proudly fought for their country.
 And I am now continuing that proud
 tradition.
 (one full beat)
 This is my most prized possession,
 which I now share with you. Let's
 make a pledge...
 (places flag on floor)
 Who's with me, fellas?

EVERYONE places their right hands on the flag, as they start
 to recite The Pledge of Allegiance.

EVERYONE
 (aloud; in unison)
 I pledge allegiance, to the United
 States of America, and to the
 republic, for which it stands. One
 nation, under God, indivisible,
 with liberty and justice for all!

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - GENERAL'S QUARTERS -
 NIGHT

Cap sits quietly in a chair, carefully making strategy.
 Seconds later, Lt. Douglass appears INTO VIEW.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Burning the midnight oil, I see.

Cap does not reply, as Lt. Douglass is quick to remind him.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (waves his hand in front
 of Cap's face)
 Hello? Earth to Cap!

Cap re-directs his attention.

CAP
 (comes to)
 I'm sorry, George. Really been into
 this new strategy.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Always working.

CAP
 George, I didn't rise through the
 ranks of this fine institution by
 resting on my tuccus.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (curious)
 Tuccus?

CAP
 Let's just say General Rosenberg's
 influence rubbed off on me.

Lt. Douglass laughs lightly, as he turns serious.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Cap, I wanna talk to you about
 something.

CAP
 Sure. What is it, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
 I wanna talk about what happened
 today.

Cap places down his notepad, as Lt. Douglass sits next to
 him.

CAP
 What about it?

LT. DOUGLASS
 I just wanted to let you know that
 I did not take kindly with your
 tone of voice towards me. I'll let
 it pass this time, but don't you
 dare do it again.

Cap, completely taken aback by Lt. Douglass, remains composed
 in his chair, as he leans in to face him.

CAP
 (stoic; stern)
 My goodness, George.
 (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

It's good to see you still have that fire under your ass. You've always been one of the toughest and strongest man I have ever served alongside. Until now.

(one full beat; intense)

Just remember this. Pussies admit when they're hurt. Pussies discuss petty, inconsequential shit. Pussies let their weaknesses overtake their strengths. But most of all, pussies expect apologies from everything and everyone.

(beat)

Know your place. Don't be a pussy, George, and I won't treat you like one.

Lt. Douglass looks soberly at Cap, as he calmly rises from his chair and departs OUT OF VIEW. Cap remains in his chair, as he composes himself and returns to plotting strategy.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE IV

FADE IN:

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - BARRACKS - LATE NIGHT

Sweets groggily awakes from his slumber, as he takes his insulin kit from underneath his bed and heads towards the bathroom.

He opens the bathroom door, as the bathroom light shines upon him, when he notices someone.

SWEETS' POV

ELI

Sits on the toilet, pants down, holding a PlayGirl magazine. Eli looks at Sweets, eyes wide open, and quickly pulls up his pants.

BACK TO SCENE

Sweets look astonished at Eli, as Eli's right arm pulls Sweets into the bathroom.

INT. U.S. ARMY BASE - BARRACKS - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Eli and Sweets are now in the bathroom, as Eli attempts to explain.

SWEETS

(yells in shock)
Eli, what you are doing? You
were...

EL

(covers Sweets' mouth with
his hand; in a whisper)
Will you keep it down, Sweets?
You're gonna wake everyone up!

Eli takes his hand off of Sweet's mouth, as Sweets continues.

SWEETS

(shocked; in a whisper)
Eli, you were jacking of to a men's
mag! What is wrong with you?!

Eli takes a moment, as he looks soberly at Sweets.

ELI

(in a whisper)
Sweets, I'm gay. I'm sorry you had
to find out this way.

SWEETS

(in a whisper)
But why Eli?

ELI

(in a whisper)
I was the only boy in a house full
of women. My Dad died when I was
twelve. I just never had that male
influence, I guess.
(beat; starts to tear up)
Please don't judge me, Sweets.

SWEETS

(in a whisper)

I won't, Eli. You shouldn't be
ashamed of being who you are.

EL

(worried; in a whisper)

What would all the fellas think?
You see how Crayton treats Corny
because he's black.

SWEETS

(in a whisper; strong)

So? I've got the sweet blood and
resemble a human pin cushion. That
still didn't stop me from living my
dream of serving my country.

Eli looks soberly at Sweets, as Sweets looks him square in
the eye.

SWEETS

You may not realize it, but you
hold the key which is opening a
door that has been closed to so
many for so long.

(one full beat)

Don't let it close.

Eli looks squarely at Sweets, as a slight smile fissures from
his lips.

ELI

(in a whisper)

Not a word of this to anyone,
please.

SWEETS

(puts hand on his heart;

in a whisper)

You have my word. Now get out of
here, get rid of that mag, and get
some sleep.

(presents syringe)

I've gotta shoot up.

ELI

(looks scared at syringe;

in a whisper)

And you're calling me brave.

Eli departs OUT OF VIEW from the bathroom, as he closed the
door behind him.

Sweets prepares the insulin syringe, as she drops his pajama pants, as it reveals a severe bruise on the left side of his hip.

Sweets takes a deep breath, as he carefully sticks the syringe just above the bruise. Sweets winces in pain, as he pushes down the plunger of the syringe, injecting his insulin. He then carefully removes the syringe and places it in the sink. Sweets takes a very AUDIBLE SIGH, as he stands in silence in the bathroom.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - TORRENTIAL RAIN - DAY

Cap and the platoon are carefully making their way along the jungle, as they communicate via walkie-talkies.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie-talkie)
 Rasmussen, are you there? Over.

ELI (V.O.)
 (from over walkie-talkie)
 Am here, Cap. Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie-talkie)
 Do you or Crayton see anything?
 Over.

ELI (V.O.)
 (from over walkie-talkie)
 No, Cap. Just rain and lots of it.
 Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie-talkie)
 Mayes, this is Cap. Do you read me?
 Over.

INTERCUT WALKIE CONVERSATION

TRENT
 (speaks into walkie;
 carefully looks around)
 This is Mayes, Cap. Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 Do you and Inge see anything? Over.

TRENT
 (speaks into walkie; looks
 around jungle)
 Negative, Cap. We are currently
 South West, and nothing to be
 found. Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie
 talkie)
 Thank you, Mayes. Over
 (looks at Lt. Douglass)
 We're comin' up empty today. I
 think we should...

Before Cap can finish, a VOICE EMERGES from one over his
 WALKIE TALKIE.

SWEETS (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Cap, it's McPherson. DiLauro and I
 found something on our end here.
 Please come quick! Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 McPherson, where are you located?
 Over.

SWEETS (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 On the North East side. Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 Stay right there. We're coming over
 now...
 (switches dial on walkie
 talkie and speaks into
 it)
 Men, go to the North East end of
 the jungle, Now! Over.

The entire platoon are now joined in unison, as they stare
 intently at something.

PLATOON'S POV

TORSO

Bloodied, mutilated, and barely recognizable, lies idly in
 front of a tree.

BACK TO SCENE

The platoon looks curiously and disgusted at the torso, as they try to make sense of everything.

BOB
(sarcastic)
Looks like we found our lunch.

CAP
(sternly; stares at torso)
This is no time for joking,
Crayton. Focus, God damn it!

The platoon continues to examine at the torso, as they are repelled by its fetid odor.

INFO
(inspects torso)
It appears to be a human torso.

CAP
(testy)
Okay, a torso. From who, what? I
want some fucking answers!

INFO
Well, judging by its state of
decomposition, fetid odor, and bone
structure, it appears to belong to
a child.

FATSO
(shakes head in dismay)
Poor kid.

LT. DOUGLASS
These mongrels are not even above
killing innocent children.

CORNELL
(looks at torso and
points)
Check that out. It's that logo we
saw yesterday. Looks like someone
carved it in the bone and skin.

CAP
(looks closely at torso)
You're right. Excellent
observation, Tilden.

Bob looks sardonically at Cap, as he continues reviewing the torso with everyone.

BETS
 (looks concerned at torso)
 I don't know who these guys are ,
 but they're certainly leaving their
 mark.

The platoon look at the torso one last time before departing.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - TORRENTIAL RAIN - DAY

Bets and Cornell are deployed together, as they take a respite from their trek. They stare at the falling rain and start to converse.

CORNELL
 (looks at rain)
 Some rain, huh?

BETS
 (looks at rain)
 Cats and dogs.

CORNELL
 How long have you been in the Army?

BETS
 This is my ninth year. How about
 you?

CORNELL
 Fourth. Where you from?

BETS
 Baltimore. Born and raised.

CORNELL
 North Carolina. Originally from
 Georgia.

BETS
 Down South, eh? Must be an
 interesting place to live.

CORNELL
 Not when you're my color.

Cornell looks seriously at Beat.

BETS

Not to worry, pal. I'm color blind.

Cornell, now reassured, smiles slightly.

CORNELL

Wish all people were like you.

BETS

(pulls out cigarette;
offers it to Cornell)

Wanna smoke?

CORNELL

(politely declines)

No thanks.

BETS

(places cigarette in mouth
and lights it)

Don't pay Crayton any mind. He's
your typical backwards, inbred,
redneck prick. His bark is worse
than his bite.

CORNELL

He just can't stand to see a black
man succeed.

BETS

(takes puff of cigarette
and exhales)

Wish I had an answer for you.

CORNELL

I don't want answers. I just want
respect.

BETS

Just because one person doesn't
respect you, doesn't mean no one
else does.

(takes puff of cigarette
and exhales)

Like I said, everyone in the
platoon besides Crayton respects
you. You fit in well and don't make
a lotta noise. Keep it up and
you'll be just fine.

Cornell looks tenderly at Bets.

CORNELL

(pats Bets on shoulder)

I appreciate that, Bets. You mind
if I call you Bets?

BETS

(puts out cigarette)

No worries. It's my nickname.

CORNELL

How'd you get it?

BETS

Well, let's just say I have a bit
of a gambling problem.

CORNELL

Cards?

BETS

Sports. Baseball, football,
basketball, hockey, the ponies, you
name it, I've wagered on it.

CORNELL

How much?

BETS

(laughs lightly)

Enough. Great thing about being in
the Army is that my bookie can't
hound me.

CORNELL

Have you always liked sports?

BETS

Oh yeah. Especially when I've got
some action on 'em.

CORNELL

No, I mean have you ever played
sports?

BETS

When I was younger. Played Babe
Ruth League, Pop Warner, was All-
State in football three years in a
row. Had scholarships up the wazoo.

CORNELL

What happened?

BETS

One night, I went joyriding with some friends. The care we were driving almost collided with a nearby truck. Our car veered off the road and hit a telephone pole.

(beat)

We were all injured in the crash. Broke two ribs and a fractured the vertebrae in my left knee. And just like that it was all gone: the scholarship, the glory, the ability.

A moment of silence ensues, as Cornell remains silent and looks soberly at Bets.

BETS

That's probably why I love betting on games. It's the closest I'll ever come to realizing my dream. Catching a pass from Unitas, going to bat against Koufax, posting up against Chamberlain or Russell, ridin' Man O'War past the finish line.

(one full beat)

But with dreams come reality. We're busy trying to achieve our dreams that we fail to see how quickly life passes us by.

CORNELL

Pretty solid words of wisdom.

BETS

(lights up another cigarette; waves dismissively at Cornell)

Nah. Just something everyone learns at one point or another.

(looks straight at Cornell)

You may think you're going through a rough patch right now. Just remember, that sometimes we have to get pricked by thorns in order to smell the roses.

(beat)

You'll be just fine, kid. Keep your head up, your eyes focused, and the rest will take care of itself.

CORNELL
I appreciate that.

Cornell extends his hand, as Bets warmly shakes it.

BETS
(takes puff of cigarette;
looks at rain in dismay)
Jesus Christmas, when's this rain
gonna let up?!

Suddenly, a VOICE EMERGES from over Bets' WALKIE TALKIE.

CAP (V.O.)
(from over walkie talkie)
Alright, men. Let's join up on the
East side. We must continue onward.
Over.

BETS
(looks at Cornell)
Well, that's our cue. Let's
continue on our merry way.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The rain has cleared up, as the platoon is now together, as they continue their journey.

FATSO
(exhausted)
Marone, when are we gonna get back
to base? I don't know how much
longer I can go!

ELI
Will it kill you to put your body
in motion?

FATSO
(snappishly retorts)
Well, it certainly ain't helping
now!

BOB
Where in the hell are we, Trent?

TRENT
Looks like no man's land.

The platoon continues on their way, as Cap suddenly halts them.

CAP
(calls aloud)
Stop right here, men.

Everyone stops in their tracks, as Cap stares pensively at the surrounding area.

LT. DOUGLASS
What is it, Cap?

CAP
I'm sensing something. Men, have your weapons ready.

The platoon raises their weapons, as they heed Cap's edict. Cap continues to analyze the scene, when a VOICE EMERGES from over his WALKIE TALKIE. It is the head of the Army, GENERAL THOMAS RADBURN.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
This is General Radburn. Is anyone there? Over.

CAP
(quickly grabs walkie and speaks into it)
This is Cap McMurray. Over.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Cap, I have urgent news. We have just received word that your base is currently under attack.

CAP
(yells into walkie)
Are you shittin' me, Radburn? When did this happen?

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
The attack occurred shortly after noon today. You and your platoon are advised to return to the base at once. Over.

CAP
(speaks into walkie)
Thank you, Radburn.

Cap turns to his platoon.

CAP
Men, we must be getting back.
ASAFFP.

Everyone looks quizzically at one another, as they continue their way back to base.

LT. DOUGLASS
What's going on Cap?

CAP
Some serious shit, George.

FADE OUT.

SCENE V

FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap and the platoon have returned to the base, as they survey their surroundings.

PLATOON'S POV

ARMY BASE

Entirely ravaged, as fires rages and smoke rises from the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone watches in horror, as Cap takes initiative.

CAP
(yells sternly)
Jesus, Mary, and sweet Saint
Joseph, look at this shit! Men,
find the nearest water source and
put out those flames, gather all
food rations, get your stuff, and
let's the fuck outta here, STAT!

Everyone heeds Cap, as they start to take action.

CAP
(sternly speaks into
walkie)
(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
U.S. Army, this is General Cap
McMurray. Do you read me? Over.

Cap awaits a reply, which arrives seconds later.

ARMY OPERATOR (V.O.)
(from over walkie)

This is the U.S. Army. Over.

CAP
(yells into walkie)
Yes, I need help, now! Our entire
base has been destroyed!

ARMY OPERATOR (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Thank you. I will now put you in
contact with the next person in
charge.

CAP
(yells into walkie)
Make it quick, God damn it!

Seconds later, a VOICE EMERGES from over the walkie. It is
General Radburn.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Cap, this is General Radburn. Do
you read me? Over.

CAP
(speaks into walkie)
Radburn, this is Cap. We have
returned to base. It is completely
ravaged. Barely anything salvaged.
We need provisions, anything you
can spare. I have a diabetic who
need insulin, for Chrissakes!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Okay, hold your horses, Cap. We
will do our best to get what you
need as soon as possible.

CAP
(yells into walkie)
I need everything now, damn it!
Where the hell are we going to
stay? We have no base!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Cap, I assure you that we will do
 everything in our power to provide
 you with and your platoon with all
 that you need. Over.

CAP
 (yells into walkie)
 Well hurry it up! Over.

Cap throws his walkie on the ground in frustration.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (consoling)
 Take it easy, Cap. You can't afford
 to lose your head at this time. The
 troops need you.

Cap looks sternly and soberly at Lt. Douglass.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Just relax. We're gonna get
 everything organized. We got a
 great set of men here.

CAP
 (calm; contrite)
 You're right, George. I'm sorry.
 Just can't believe this is
 happening.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (points in the distance)
 Look, Cap. Mayes found something.

Cap, Lt. Douglass, and the rest of the platoon head over to
 see Trent's discovery.

CAP
 What is it, Mayes? This better
 be...

Before Cap can finish, he notices something.

PLATOON'S POV

WIDE ANGLE 0 MYSTERIOUS SYMBOL

Made entirely out of ashes, lies spread on the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

The platoon look at the symbol in astonishment and puzzlement.

FATSO

Well, at least we know who was responsible.

BOB

I think I speak for everyone when I say these fuckers mean business.

CAP

(impudent)

Speak for yourself, Crayton. They haven't seen us yet.

Everyone in the platoon is seated, as Cap advises them on their next course of action.

CAP

Okay, gentlemen. I want you to listen very carefully to what I am about to say. It might just save us all.

(beat)

We are currently facing an unexpected obstacle in our path. However, like every proud service man before us, we will prepare and make use of all we have available to us. Most importantly, we will work together, stand united, and conquer.

LT. DOUGLASS

Due to the damage our base sustained, we will be forced to sleep under the stars tonight. All rules followed in the barracks will stay in effect.

(beat)

We will now perform a preliminary check of all requisite provisions and salvaged belongings, before more are sent to us.

(looks at Cap)

Cap, if you please.

CAP

Thank you, Lieutenant. McPherson, do you have your needed medicine?

SWEETS

Yes, Sir. I have enough vials to last me the remainder of the week.

CAP

Excellent. Rasmussen, what about our food rations?

ELI

Well Sir, we still have some packets of oatmeal, soup, and some canned ham. Between everyone here, it should last us the next two days.

CAP

Very good. Tilden, what about our artillery?

CORNELL

Sir, I'm sorry to report that all of our artillery appears to be stolen or damaged.

CAP

Crap. At least we know our enemies' priorities. Abstain from any gunfire unless absolutely necessary. Wasted ammo is an adversary's upper hand.

(beat)

Is there anything else to report?

The platoon remains unresponsive, as Cap looks soberly at them.

CAMP FIRE

Burns and crackles in the dark night, as Cap and his platoon try to keep warm.

ELI

(shivers)

Man, I never thought I'd miss the barracks so much.

INFO

I must say, I do enjoy this camp fire. It evokes memories of my days with the Boy Scouts.

BOB
(sarcastic)
Aww, how sweet. How about we roast
some wienies and marshmallows and
tell ghost stories?

FATSO
(slightly surprised)
Please don't mention food right
now.

BOB
Sorry, Fatso.
(looks at Info)
Hey, Info. You said you were in the
Boy Scouts, right?

INFO
Yes, that's correct Bob.

BOB
What'd you get a badge for?
Abstinence?

Some of the platoon LAUGH lightly. Cornell is not one of
them, as he makes his feelings known.

CORNELL
(softly)
What about you?

BOB
(strong)
What was that? I don't believe I
was speaking to you, boy!

CORNELL
(stands up and speaks
louder)
I said what about you?

BOB
(stands up and speaks
sternly)
What about me, boy? You got a
problem?

CORNELL
What if I do?

BOB
Then we'll all just have to find a
solution.

Bob and Cornell stare intensely at each other.

BOB

Man, I wish I had a rope with me so
I could hang you from one of these
trees. One less to worry.

CORNELL

(angrily lunges at Bob)
You mother fucker!

Cornell goes to attack Bob, as everyone tries to restrain them.

BOB

Come on, spook. I'll show you how
ewe do it down in Texas!

CORNELL

How? Fucking steers up the ass?!

BOB

You tar baby sonuvabitch!

Everyone continues to restrain Bob and Cornell, when Lt. Douglass appears INTO VIEW.

LT. DOUGLASS

(yells sternly)
Alright, alright. What the hell is
going on here?

Everyone settles down, as they heed Lt. Douglass.

LT. DOUGLASS

(looks at his watch)
I do believe it is almost time for
curfew, and none of you are in bed.
(beat)
Thank you, Inge. May I also remind
you that Cap is sleeping a few feet
from here? Now would someone like
to tell me what is happening here?

INFO

Well Sir, Crayton and Tilden had a
disagreement that escalated.

LT. DOUGLASS

Be prudent, men. Don't make me have
to come over here again.

Lt. Douglass walks OUT OF VIEW, as everyone is quiet and settled. Trent looks around the surrounding area, when he notices something.

BOB

Visibly upset, stands by a tree in the distance, smoking a cigarette.

BACK TO SCENE

Trent heads over to Bob

TRENT
You okay, Bob?

BOBB
Get lost, Trent. I need some time alone.

TRENT
Bob, what's the problem?

Bob looks soberly at Trent, as he does not reply.

TRENT
Why are you doing this?

BOB
(livid)
Doing what, Trent? What the hell am I doing?

TRENT
What you did there moments ago.
Making fun of Info and then
fightin' with Corny. That's what.

Bob continues to look at Trent and does not respond.

TRENT
I'm waiting.

BOB
(attempts to elaborate)
You don't understand. You just
don't under...

TRENT
(swiftly interjects)
What Bob? What don't I understand?
Spit it out!

BOB
 (yells angrily)
 My Mother was raped by a black man!

Trent looks speechless and astounded at Bob.

TRENT
 (sober)
 Bob, you're kidding me, right?

BOB
 (points intensely at his
 face)
 Do I look like I'm kiddin', Trent?

TRENT
 Bob, I never knew. I'm so sorr...

BOB
 (angrily interjects)
 Save me your sympathy. I ain't no
 fucking patsy. I'm a soldier!

TRENT
 Why haven't you told anyone?

BOB
 (starts to tear up)
 Admit that to the people back home?
 That's like being a Redskins fan.

TRENT
 Bob, you can't punish Corny for
 something someone else did long
 ago. He had nothing to do with it.

BOB
 (tears up; intense)
 Don't matter. They're all the same,
 Trent. First it's our women, then
 our land, our armed forces, our...

Before Bob can finish, Trent proceeds to SLAP him in the face. Bob recoils and then regains himself, as he looks incredulously at Trent.

TRENT
 Listen to yourself. Do you see what
 just happened? Here we are, in a
 time of need and uncertainty, and
 you just want to complicate matters
 with your personal pettiness.

BOB

Trent, I really don't want to hear...

TRENT

(swiftly interrupts)

But you're gonna listen. And listen good you will. We have to stand together, regardless of race, religion, whatever. We have to accomplish our objective.

(one full beat)

So, are you with this platoon or what?

Trent looks seriously at Bob, who remains unresponsive. He then extends his right hand, as Bob firmly shakes it.

TRENT

This platoon is and will remain colored in Army fatigue. Remember that.

(looks at watch)

Look at the time. Exactly curfew. Another busy day tomorrow. Slumber well.

Trent walks away OUT OF VIEW. Bob remains standing in the jungle, as the stares pensively at Trent departing.

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE NIGHT

The platoon is fast asleep, lying next to the remains of their former base.

Eli, wide awake, stares pensively up at the night sky. He then looks at his platoon mates, who are all sleeping.

Eli then takes his foot and caresses it up against Info. Info starts to lightly toss but remains dormant.

Eli again takes his feet and rubs it up against Info's leg.

INFO

(groggy; grumpy)

Eli, I appreciate the warmth of your feet, but some of us are trying to sleep.

Eli, clearly embarrassed, removes his foot from Info's leg, as he stares pensively up at the sky.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VI

FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MORNING

The platoon starts to awaken, as Cap calls them to attention.

CAP
Rise and shine, ladies. Lt.
Douglass is cookin' breakfast. You
snooze, you lose. Get movin'.

FATSO
(painfully rubs his back)
After what I went through last
night, I'll take anything I can
get.

BETS
Felt like I slept on a bed of
bricks.

The platoon eat their breakfast by the campfire, as they
converse amongst themselves.

CORNELL
(looks disgusted at
oatmeal)
Man, what I'd do to get a hot bowl
of grits.

Bob sits visibly exhausted by the camp fire, as this fellow
platoon mates notice.

BETS
(looks concerned at Bob)
Man Cray, you look like shit.
(sarcastic)
Even more than you usually do.

BOB
(exhausted)
Very funny, Bets. Couldn't get a
blink of sleep last night.
(MORE)

BOB (cont'd)
Was afraid enemy troops were gonna
come and kill us.

ELI
We're not fighting the boogie man,
Bob.

BOB
(yawns)
You fuckers should be thankin' me
for protecting your asses. God only
knows what's lurkin' out there.

SWEETS
(takes spoonful of
oatmeal; mouth half full)
What do you think Cap has planned
for us?

TRENT
I don't know Sweets, but I sure
hope we have another base to return
to. We're vulnerable without one.

BOB
(yawns)
Hence the reason I slept with one
eye open. WE can't be seen out in
the open at all times. We'll be
sittin' ducks.

INFO
I'm sure it's nothing to worry
about. Cap's a four-star general,
and he'll know exactly what to do.

Off in the distance, Cap and Lt. Douglass discuss strategy.

CA
(uncertain; in a whisper)
I don't know what to do, George.
I've never faced something like
this before.

LT. DOUGLASS
Cap, I don't think anyone's been
faced with a scenario like this. AT
least, not anyone I know.

Cap begins to nervously pace back and forth, as Lt. Douglass
notices.

LT. DOUGLASS

(grabs Cap)

Get a grip, Cap. Remember, we have to lead under any circumstances, at all times. Our country's counting on us.

Cap looks soberly at Lt. Douglass, as a smile fissures from his lips.

CAP

George, where I be without you?

LT. DOUGLASS

Probably up to your neck in commies.

CAP

I wish there was just some sign that will show us with the way. Anything.

LT. DOUGLASS

Come on, Cap. We have to be realistic. It's not like it's just going to fall out of the sky.

Suddenly, a WHIRRING NOISE EMERGES from overhead. Cap and Lt. Douglass look up.

CAP AND LT. DOUGLASS' POV

ARMY HELICOPTER

Hovers overhead.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap and Lt. Douglass see the helicopter, as they head over to see it closer.

The platoon also sees the helicopter, as they run toward it.

The Helicopter presents a large, bulky MASS, as it drops out of the copter.

CAP

(yells loudly)

Everyone move the hell back!

Everyone heeds Cap, as they quickly vacate the area.

The large MASS HITS the ground with a RESOUNDING THUD, as dust rises from the ground.

Everyone tentatively approaches the MASS, as they look at it in confoundment and awe.

BETS
(looks at Mass)
What the hell is it?

FATSO
(heads over to Mass and starts to smell it)
It's...
(exclaim)
Our stuff!

Everyone excitedly starts to try to tear apart the provisions package, when a VOICE EMERGES.

CAP
(yells loudly)
Get the hell away from there, all of you!

Startled members of the platoon vault back, as Cap takes initiative.

CAP
You're all like God damn hogs at a trough!
(beat)
These are our provisions. We must be mindful of all quantities and conserve as much as possible. Lt. Douglass and I will oversee all rations to ensure that they are evenly allotted to each and everyone of you. Its that understood?

Everyone in the platoon nods their heads in silent comprehension. Cap and Lt. Douglass begin to unpack the provisions.

CAP
(finds insulin; presents it to Sweets)
McPherson, here's your sweet juice.
(motions to Lt. Douglass)
George, let's put everything into a separate pile.
(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
 Food water, first aid kits,
 toiletries, ammo, you name it.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
 You got it, Cap.

Cap continues to unpack the provisions, as he look at everything.

CAP
 Providence is truly a divine gift
 bestowed upon a few deserving.

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap has gathered the platoon, as he gives them a post-meal pep talk.

CAP
 I hope all of you had an enjoyable
 and sufficient breakfast. Due to
 the unforeseen destruction of our
 base, we will need to find the
 closest one.

CAP
 (powers on walkie and
 speaks into it)
 Hello? This is Cap McMurray. Just
 wanted to let you know that we
 received our provisions. Over.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Cap, this is General Radburn. Am so
 glad to hear that you have
 everything you need. Over.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 Well, not everything. I want some
 form of working transportation to
 enable us to reach the next nearest
 base. Over.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 I'm sorry Cap, no can do. At least
 not now. Over.

CAP
(speaks into walkie)
I beg your pardon?

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
I'm sorry, Cap. But I am under
strict orders not to send any
helicopters out, unless in an
emergency scenario.

CAP
(yells angrily into
walkie)
You're shittin' me? What do you
thin this is? Our entire base was
ravaged by enemy forces. We are all
vulnerable to enemy attacks. We are
completely outnumbered. All of our
other troops are either dead or
wounded .Now send us a fuckin
chopper, STAT!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
General, I'd appreciate it if you
could please refrain from...

CAP
(angrily yells into
walkie)
Now you listen here, you fuckin'
pipsqueak! I've served this country
since you were a trickle in your
daddy's dick.
(beat)
I demand to speak to your superior
right this moment!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Cap I'm sorry, but I have direct
orders from superiors to...

CAP
(angrily interrupts; yells
into walkie)
I don't care if you report to
General Grant himself. Get us a
helicopter you sonuvabitch!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Again Cap, we have limited captors
deployed. Have you considered using
a jeep?

CAP
(yells angrily into
walkie)
A jeep?

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Every U.S. Army base is equipped
with at least one jeep. It is
recommended you employ it.
(beat)
Excuse me, but I have an important
meeting to attend now. Be well and
stay strong.

CAP
(yells into walkie)
Radburn? Radburn?! Damn it, answer
me!

There is no reply from General Radburn, as Cap throws his
walkie on the ground in anger.

LT. DOUGLASS
Cool it, Cap! You're gonna get a
heart attack for Chrissakes!

CAP
How the hell are we going to get to
the nearest base in a jeep?

LT. DOUGLASS
We have to find a way. We're the
Army.

Cap looks silently at Lt. Douglass, as he lightens up.

CAP
(softly)
Let's get the jeep on the road.

Cap and Lt. Douglass look around the ravaged base, as they
notice something.

CAP AND LT. DOUGLASS' POV

LARGE GRAY CAPE

Lies still amid the rubble and debris.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap and Lt. Douglass carefully make their way over to the gray cape, as they start to slowly remove it.

Dust and debris rise into the air, as they try to blow it away. A massive Army jeep appears INTO VIEW. Cap and Lt. Douglass look in awe at the jeep.

LT. DOUGLASS
(in awe)
Our chariot awaits.

CAP
(surveys and walks around jeep)
Good golly, Miss Molly. Look at this monster!

LT. DOUGLASS
Can't believe it survived the attack.
(surveys jeep)
Think we'll all be able to fit in here?

CAP
We'll manage. Remember, we're the Army.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VII

FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MAGIC HOUR

The entire platoon is ready to depart on their journey, as Cap speaks to them.

CAP
(paces back and fourth)
Men, before we depart, I just wanted to speak to you.
(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

Plutarch stated that the best measure of a man is how he bears up under misfortune.

(beat)

And we have had quite our share. And we have persisted. I don't know where this journey will take us, but I do know that it will test every modicum of our physical and mental well being.

(one full beat)

And I know we will prevail.

The platoon looks silently at Cap, as Lt. Douglass calls them to attention.

LT. DOUGLASS

Okay, gentlemen. To ensure our journey expedites properly, I will need you to ensure you have all of your belongings. Next, carefully place your belongings near the provisions in the jeep. Finally, find your assigned seat in the jeep.

(beat)

If you can't follow, you deserved to be left behind. Am I clear gentlemen?

PLATOON

(in unison)

Sir, yes sir!!

The platoon has finished packing and preparing, as Cap turns to them.

CAP

(looks at remains of Army base)

Gentlemen, get one last gander. Like the mythic Phoenix, you will all rise from the ashes and stand proud in triumph.

The platoon looks pensively at the remains of their former base, as they prepare to depart.

CAP

(hops in driver's seat)

Okay. May we reach our destination safer and stronger, starting now.

Cap looks for the keys to the jeep, as he is unable to locate them.

CAP
(frantically looks for
keys)
Jesus Crickets, where the hell are
the keys?! We'll never get anywhere
with...

Before Cap can finish, Lt. Douglass intervenes.

LT. DOUGLASS
(discovers and presents
keys)
They were in the glove compartment.

A slightly embarrassed Cap takes the keys from Lt. Douglass.

CAP
(sheepish)
Very well. Let us be on our way.

Cap starts the JEEP'S ENGINE, as the jeep begins to move.

WIDE ANGLE - ARMY JEEP

Rides off into the sunset.

MONTAGE - JEEP JOURNEY

Cap carefully drives the Army jeep through the vast and verdant jungle.

During the night, Lt. Douglass drives the jeep, as Cap peacefully naps in the passenger's side seat.

The troops sleep peacefully in back of the jeep, as they are tautly packed together.

Fatso unknowingly places his foot over Info's face. Info smells Fatso's sock, starts to squirm, and pushes Fatso's foot off his face.

Trent stares pensively out the narrow jeep window.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BARREN LAND - UNKNOWN LOCATION - TORRENTIAL RAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap gingerly drives the jeep along the muddy paths, as he communicates with Lt. Douglass and Info.

CAP
 (tries to manage steering wheel)
 Jimminy Crickets, these roads are a fucking disgrace.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Just take your time, Cap.

CAP
 Where are we on the map?

LT. DOUGLASS
 Inge, please provide us with an update.

INFO
 (attempts to read map)
 Okay, I believe we are currently in the...
 (tries to read map)
 I can't read the map. It's too dark in here. Just a sec...

Info opens the passenger-side of the window and places his arm outside.

CAP
 Inge, what the hell are you doing?

INFO
 (tries to read map from outside window)
 Okay, here we go. We are currently in...

MAP

Blown by the strong wind, flies out of the Info's right hand.

Info looks in frightened shock, as Lt. Douglass calls out to him.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
 (calls out)
 Inge, an update please!

Info does not respond, as Lt. Douglass quickly notices.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Inge, where is the map?
 (shakes Inge by his
 shoulders)
 Inge, answer me God damn it!

CAP
 (drives; re-directs his
 attention)
 Inge, I demand a status update,
 now! What the hell is going on?
 Where's the map?

LT. DOUGLASS
 You lost the map, didn't you?

CAP
 Who lost the map? Are you shittin'
 me?

Cap presses hardily on the stop brake, as the JEEP comes to a SCREECHING HALT.

Everyone sleeping in the back is awakened, as they check to see what is happening.

BETS
 (groggy; grumpy)
 What in tarnation is going on? We
 get in an accident or something?

CAP
 (sarcastic)
 Men, I want to inform you that w
 are now officially lost, thank in
 large part to our scholar, Private
 Inge.

Everyone looks on in stunned indignation, as Cap continues.

CAP
 Private Inge proceeded to lose our
 only map, as we will now have to
 rely on our ingenuity to get back
 to base!

INFO
 (contrite)
 Guys, I'm so sorry. It wasn't
 intentional, I swear!

TRENT

Let's not point fingers, and try to figure our next step.

CAP

Spoken like a true leader, Mayes. Get the brain trust together while Lt. Douglass and I have a pow wow.

The entire platoon, covered in ponchos, smokes, stretches their legs, and talks strategy, as the rain has abated.

INFO

(remorseful)

Guys, I don't know what to say. If there's anything I can do...

BOB

(swiftly replies)

Resurrect Magellan.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES LIGHTLY, as Trent re-focuses everyone.

TRENT

Alright fellas, let's focus. Info, what do you remember seeing on the map before you lost it?

INFO

(tries to remember)

I remember seeing a path to the North West that leads about fifteen-hundred miles to the nearest base.

TRENT

Are you sure?

INFO

(hesitates; then answers)

No.

BETS

Splendid. He doesn't know his ass from his el...

TRENT

Easy there, Bets. Let's not panic. Info, try and envision the map, make a pattern in your mind, and go from there.

BOB
 (sarcastic)
 It's the least you can do.

TRENT
 (turns to Bob;stern)
 Can it, Bob.
 (turns to Info)
 Relax, focus, visualize, then
 realize. Okay?

Info nods his head silently in a "Yes" motion.

TRENT
 (pats Info on shoulder)
 That's my boy.

ELI
 (mock-complains)
 This damn helmet always messes up
 my hair!

Bets, standing next to Eli, looks sardonically at him.

ELI
 What?

BETS
 That's the first time I've ever
 heard a soldier complain about his
 hair.

ELI
 Well pardon me for trying to look
 good.

BETS
 (sarcastic)
 I don't blame you. What with the
 slew of Army women around.

Eli remains silent, as he quietly walks away from Bets.
 Meanwhile, Cap and Lt. Douglass discuss strategy.

CAP
 For Chrissakes George, why couldn't
 you hold onto the map?

LT. DOUGLASS
 You need a second pair of eyes on
 the road, Cap. What can you do?
 Shit happens.

CAP

Do I look like a toilet bowl? Don't
you dare answer!

LT. DOUGLASS

Cap we need to think of something
fast! We're in the middle of
nowhere, we're lost, and to make
matters worse, we're running low on
gas!

(beat)

We're way behind the eight ball
right now, and the enemy's cues are
looking mighty sharp!

Lt. Douglass looks intensely at Cap, as Cap looks soberly at
him.

CAP

Gather the troops, and let's be on
our way.

The platoon makes small talk, as Cap calls them to attention.

CAP

Gentlemen, may I please have your
attention. After extensive
discussion, Lt. Douglas and I have
decided to follow our instincts and
continue on our journey.

(beat)

We will monitor our coordinates and
directions, and I am confident we
will reach our destination. Does
anyone know how many tankards of
gas we have?

SWEETS

One tankard remaining, Sir.

CAP

Thank you, McPherson. Let's fill up
and be on our way. Not a moment to
waste.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VIII

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN LAND - UNKNOWN LOCATION - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The jeep continues on its way.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY JEEP - FRONT SEAT - DAY

Lt. Douglass is now behind the wheel, as Cap guides him along with Info.

LT. DOUGLASS
(carefully handles
steering wheel)
Where to next, Cap?

CAP
(carefully watches path)
Keep her straight George.
(turns to Info)
Inge, are you certain this is the
correct path from the map?

INFO
Yes Sir. About five hundred miles
West.

CAP
You had better be right, Inge.

INT. ARMY JEEP - BACK SEAT - DAY

The rest of the platoon engages in light conversation in the back.

CORNELL
Man, Info must be a cooked lobster,
cause he in hot water.

BETS
Leave it to the smartest guy to
lose our map.

TRENT
Don't be so harsh, Bets. Who hasn't
made a mistake in their life?

LT. DOUGLASS
Private Inge, are you certain this
is the correct way to base.

INFO

Yes.

CAP

Very well then.
 (turns key in ignition)
 Onward chariot.

MONTAGE - JEEP JOURNEY

Cap carefully drives the jeep, as Lt. Douglass and Info attempt to direct him.

Lt. Douglass, now behind the wheel, tiredly blinks his eyes, as he tries to focus on the road ahead.

The jeep continues along a mud-filled path, as torrential rain beats down on it.

A visibly stressed Info attempts to remember the way to base, as he forlornly rubs his brow.

END MONTAGE

INT. ARMY JEEP - BACK SEAT - DAY

Bets and Bob are engaged in a game of poker, as everyone else looks on.

BOB

(mock-complains)
 Are they purposefully trying to go over every bump? Don't they see we have a game going here?

CORNELL

(witty)
 Man Bets, I bet you glad to finally get some action.

BETS

(throws down two cards;
 picks up two)
 You can say that again, Corny.
 These cards they put in the provisions have made me on happy camper.

FATSO

(stern)

You two better keep it down. Cap sees you two schleps, he'll punish us all.

BOB

(puts down three cards;

picks up three)

I'd rather take my fate than be old Info right about now.

(puts down cards; sees

Bets' hand)

Shit, you win again!

ELI

I hear ya, Cray. Just hope we got to base safely.

Suddenly, a VOICE EMERGES.

CAPC (O.S.)

Gentlemen, are we behaving ourselves back there?

PLATOON

(aloud; in unison)

Yes, Sir!

CAP

(focuses on road)

I trust you are all paying keen and close attention to the road we are taking, lest we have any questions?

TRENT

(confident)

Sir, based on the current path we are on, and the mileage on the jeep, I believe we will arrive at base, no later than eighteen-hundred hours.

Cap hesitates, as he listens closely to Trent's response, as he then replies.

CAP

Mayes, those are exactly the same estimates as mine.

(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
 Exemplary leadership and attention,
 as always.

Cap continues to drive, as members of the platoon look in disbelief at Trent.

BOB
 (incredulous)
 How the fuck did you do that?

TRENT
 It's all in the focus, fellas.

Cap continues to drive, when he suddenly spots something.

CAP
 (exclaims)
 Men, I think I see something!

FADE OUT.

SCENE IX

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The Army jeep pulls INTO VIEW and comes to a stop. Both the driver-side and passenger-side DOORS OPEN, as everyone begins to exit. They then behold a most unlikely sight.

PLATOON'S POV

VAST BARREN DESERT

Remains still, as nary a person or creature can be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone looks on in wide-eyed perplexity at the vast and vacant horizon, as they try to register their surroundings.

CAP
 (stares out at desert;
 softly)
 A desert.
 (beat)
 A desert.
 (starts to chuckle)
 A desert.
 (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
 (raises voice in anger)
 A mother fuckin' desert! And we're
 smack dab in the middle of it!
 (angrily grabs Info by
 neck and shows him
 desert)
 Look at this, Inge. Look at what
 the fuck you've gotten us into. We
 should leave you to bake in the
 heart of the sun and come back to
 watch your bones bleach.
 (hesitates; angrily kicks
 sand)
 Fuck me in the ass with a ladle!

Cap tries to START the JEEP, but the jeep will not start.
 Everyone remains silent, as they watch Cap.

CAP
 (grabs Info by shirt;
 looks angrily at him)
 You are a disgrace to the regimen.
 And if we happen to make it out of
 here alive, I will see to it that
 you are given a dishonorable
 discharge.
 (beat)
 Am I clear?

INFO
 (stutters nervously)
 Ye-ye-Yes Sir!!

Cap angrily throws Info in the sand, as he walks a few steps
 away.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Cap, lay off Inge, will ya?

CAP
 (turns and looks
 incredulous at Lt.
 Douglass)
 Lay off him, George? Lay off him?
 I'M starting to think you both have
 the same IQ level

ELI
 Pardon my interjection, Sir. But I
 must agree with Lt. Douglass.
 (MORE)

ELI (cont'd)

Despite being stranded, we all have necessary provisions, and we are all of sound body and mind. We really have no need for concern.

CAP

(sarcastic; angry)

Well Rasmussen, thank you so much for your feedback. But since I lead this platoon, I will decided what is okay and what is not!

Eli, clearly embarrassed, sheepishly dips his head.

LT. DOUGLASS

Cap, Rasmussen's got a point. I mean, we're stranded, but we're not exactly in dire straits. We've got everything we need, and we've got each other.

Cap remains silent, as he ruminates over Lt. Douglass' words.

CAP

(calm; stern)

Alright then. We'll just have to rough it then. However, I don't intend to stay here. Repair that jeep ASAFP and start making arrangements.

(beat)

Am I clear?

PLATOON

(aloud; in unison)

Yes, Sir!

Suddenly, Info speaks up.

INFO

If I may say so, I would advise all of you to breathe through your noses. Open mouths in deserts can quickly lead to dehydration.

CAP

(sarcastic)

Well Inge, thank you for your informative tidbit.

(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

If only you could read a map the way you remember pointless shit, we wouldn't have to breathe through our fucking noses!

Info looks disappointed, as he hangs his head in blatant shame.

BETS

(pats Info on shoulder)
Sucks to be you right now, man.

Bets walks away, as Info stands, alone and disappointed.

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Members of the platoon diligently set up their temporary base in the broiling heat of the sun.

ELI

(exasperated)
The sun is a lot like a bad rash.
No matter how hoar you try, you can't get rid of it.

FATSO

(carries package)
Is it lunch time yet?

BETS

It's always lunch time with you, tubby.

FATSO

(indignant)
Watch it, fucko!

BOB

(wipes sweat from brow)
Whew! Brings me back to my days in Waco.

Bob takes out his canteen, uncaps it, and starts to drink from it. Cornell notices and beckons him.

CORNELL

Say, can I get a drink of water?

Bob takes his lips from off his canteen, as he looks tacitly at Cornell.

CORNELL
Come on, man. I left my canteen in
the jeep. Please?

BOB
No offense, but I can't. Don't take
it personal.

CORNELL
(incredulous)
Don't take it personal? Man, I
ain't got no cooties!

BOB
Maybe so, but who knows what else
you may got.

CORNELL
(angrily heads towards
Bob)
Shit, who the fuck you think you
talkin' to?

Members of the platoon restrain Cornell, as Trent intervenes.

TRENT
Everybody calm down. What the hell
is going on?

CORNELL
(points to Bob)
Crack McPeckerwood is starting up
again. All I want is a drink of
water, and he won't give it to me.

BOB
I don't know where his mouth's
been, Trent.

CORNELL
But I bet you'd give a drink to
anyone else here.

BOB
I'm a germaphobe. I don't trust
anyone's lips on my canteen. No
matter what color.

CORNELL
You also a racist, lyin' mother
fucker! Let me at him, fellas!

Cornell lunges towards Bob, as everyone again attempts to restrain him.

ELI
(yells loudly)
Man, what the fuck is a matter with you?

BOB
Tell him, Eli. I mean...

ELI
(angrily interjects)
I'm talking to you too, Bob. Look at us. Stranded in the middle of nowhere, and instead of helping one another, we're all at each other's throats.

(beat)
Now maybe it might be me or this God damn heat, but I know we are getting out of this sand trap. I don't know how or when, but we will.

(beat)
Don't forget that pledge we took on Trent's flag. Fifty stars, thirteen stripes, and all united and under God. And right now, we're desecrating it. Each and every one of us.

Everyone looks on in silence at Eli, as he continues.

ELI
Let's start working together, and honor that flag and everything and everyone it stands for.
(puts out his right hand)
Who's with me?

Everyone looks at Eli, as they slowly but one-by-one place their hands in a circle with Eli's.

CLOSE ON - PLATOON'S ARMS

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

The platoon are seated in the sand, as they relax and take in the beams of moonlight.

TRENT

(looks up at sky)
Man, look at that full moon. Ain't it something?

SWEETS

(looks up at sky)
The things we take for granted.

ELI

I must say, this sand is pretty comfortable. I wouldn't mind sleeping out here.

FATSO

What are you, nuts? Then you'll have sand everywhere. In your hair, feet, even your privates.

BETS

Speaking of sleep, does anyone have the time? I think it's almost curfew.

BOB

(checks his watch)
Relax, Bets. Not for another half hour.

ELI

Hey, fellas. Can I ask you all something?

Everyone nods in tacit agreement.

ELI

What do you think we're REALLY fighting for? Let me re-phrase that. What effect do you think our fighting will have? On our country's future? On our future?

BETS

(takes puff of cigarette)
Talk about a question out of left field.

SWEETS

(eats candy bar)

I hope they fight to find a cure
for diabetes.

BOB

Still don't understand the
question.

ELI

Just consider it for a moment. How
will our fighting affect our
country, our enemies' countries,
and how will it shape the future?

CORNELL

Well, one thing my pop always told
me is whatever decision or action
you make will always have some type
of result.

ELI

But what is that result, Corny?
Peace, prosperity, petulance,
plague, what?

TRENT

So many generations before us must
have wondered the same thing. AN
now it's up to us to find the
answer.

FATSO

(pessimistic)

Fuggedahboutit. If they didn't
find the answer then, what makes
you think we will now?

TRENT

That's just it, Fatso. Am with Eli
on this one. Maybe we were all
brought together for a reason.
Maybe this is why we were put out
here in the desert, in these exact
circumstances. Maybe it's the plan
of the Initiative.

BOB

I think we all know Info is
responsible for us being in this
camel stop.

CORNELL
Speaking of Info, where is he?

SWEETS
(looks out over yonder and
points)
I think I see him. Way out there.

TRENT
I'm going to talk to him.

Trent rises and makes his way over to Info, who is staring pensively and aimlessly out at the desert.

TRENT
Whatcha doin' Info? We got a nice
little chat session going?

INFO
(sensitive)
Trent, please leave me alone.

TRENT
Come on, Info. Don't be like that.
(looks at his watch)
Besides it's almost time for
curfew. Can't let Cap see you out
here all alone like this. He'll...

INFO
(angrily interrupts)
He'll do what, Trent? What hasn't
he already said or done to me? Do
you see the way he looks at me?
(starts to cry)
I'm dead where I stand. I'll never
have a career of honor and
prestige. Thank God my old man's
not alive to see this.

TRENT
(calm)
Don't be so hard on yourself, Info.
Despite what you may think, we're
all behind you.

INFO
(wipes away tear from eye)
Don't patronize me, Trent! I'm a
soldier! Just like all of you.

TRENT

Info, you're the smartest sonuvabitch I've ever met. But right now you're acting like an immature, stupid fuck. Please stick with the former.

INFO

Can you just please leave me alone? I've heard enough encouraging words for one night.

Trent looks tacitly at Info, as he replies.

TRENT

Alright then. Suit yourself. Just know that there's a place for you back there. If you want it.

Trent walks away from Info, as he makes his way back to the platoon, as Info watches him depart. Info turns back around, as he continues to stare out at the desert.

FADE OUT.

SCENE X

FADE IN:

INT. ARMY JEEP - BACK SEAT - LATE NIGHT

All of the platoon are sound asleep, as Eli starts to toss and turn. He soon awakens, as he looks around the jeep and notices someone missing.

ELI

(jostles Fred on his shoulder; in a whisper)
Fatso? Fatso, wake up.

FATSO

(tosses and turns; cranky)
What the hell do you want?

ELI

(in a whisper)
Where's Info? I don't see him here.

FATSO
 (dismissive; in a whisper)
 Maybe he had to take a leak or a
 dump. Go back to sleep, will ya?

Eli carefully and quietly makes his way out of the van, as he slips on his boots and starts to walk along the desert. He tentatively walks along the desert, when he notices something.

ELI'S POV

FIGURE

Lies idle in the sand, illuminated by the radiant full moon.

BACK TO SCENE

Eli notices the figure, as he starts to make his way towards it.

Eli, now by the figure, carefully analyzes the figure, as he kneels down beside it.

ELI'S POV

INFO lies lifeless in the sand, a gun shot wound penetrating his temple.

BACK TO SCENE

Eli starts to tear up, as he holds Info's cold and lifeless hand in his.

ELI
 (hysterical; yells loud)
 Info!!

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE NIGHT

The platoon, along with Cap and Lt. Douglass, carefully inspect the body and the area.

TRENT
 (in disbelief; softly)
 I can't believe it, Info.

BETS
 (looks at body; shakes
 head in disbelief)
 Fuckin shame.

SWEETS

(looks at body; worried)
What's gonna happen now?

Cap takes initiative, as he starts to issue orders.

CAP

(paces back and forth)
Good sweet Jesus, I can't believe
I've got a casualty here. George,
have you tried the walkie?

LT. DOUGLASS

(wields walkie)
Nary a signal, Cap.

CAP

(grabs his walkie and
yells angrily into it)
Hello? Is anyone there? Answer me,
you fuckin slugs!

Cap angrily throws his walkie into the sand, as everyone
watches him in quiet trepidation.

CAP

(calm)
There are shovels in our
provisions. Break 'em out and start
diggin.

TRENT

Sir, if I may say, I believe that
Private Inge deserves a better and
more honorable...

CAP

(angrily interjects)
I don't believe you're in charge
here, Mayes!

TRENT

But Cap....

CAP

(angrily interrupts)
We can clean out his inside, stick
our hand up his ass, and have a
puppet show, but it ain't happening
on my watch!

BOB
 (witty)
 I must say, that is pretty fun...

CAP
 (lividly intervenes)
 Clam it, Crayton!
 (beat)
 Now, I believe I just issued an
 order, which has not been carried
 out. If I have to repeat myself,
 things will get ugly.

Everyone looks at Cap, as they start to get the shovels and shroud for Info. Cap watches the platoon, as he notices Lt. Douglass staring intently at him.

CAP
 (turns to Lt. Douglass;
 strong)
 Is there a problem, George?

Lt. Douglass continues to stare strongly at Cap, as he turns and walks away.

Cap stands firm, as he continues to watch everything around him.

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MAGIC HOUR

The platoon is gathered, as they pay their respects and bury Info.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Let us bow our heads in silence.

Everyone heeds Lt. Douglass, as they bow their heads and close their eyes.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Lor, we are here today to pay
 tribute to and offer one of our
 finest and bravest. May you welcome
 Stanley William Inge into your
 heavenly kingdom, where he will
 reside in peace and comfort for all
 eternity. Amen.

PLATOON
(in unison)
Amen.

Everyone raises their heads and opens their eyes, as Lt. Douglass looks and nods tacitly at the platoon, as they carefully lift Info's shrouded body and begin to lower it into the sand.

Fatso and Bets take nearby shovels, as they start to cover the body with sand.

ELI
(tears and chokes up)
So long, Info. Miss ya, buddy.

Everyone starts to make their way back to the jeep, as they remain silent.

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

DREAM SEQUENCE

Trent stares pensively out at the desert. He then notices something.

TRENT'S POV

LIGHT

Glistens from the desert horizon.

BACK TO SCENE

Trent's curiosity gets the better of him, as he starts to head over to the light. Trent is now far out in the desert, as he looks around to find nothing. Trent looks back around, when he suddenly feels something and looks down.

TRENT'S POV

TRENT'S LEGS

Being pulled under by quick sand.

BACK TO SCENE

Trent attempts to pull his legs out, but to no avail, as the quick sand continues to pull him under.

TRENT
 (screams out)
 Somebody help me! I'm going under!

Nary a soul appears, as the quick sand has now pulled Trent's body half way under. Trent attempts to reach for anything that can pull him out, as the quick sand is now pulling his arms under.

TRENT
 (screams louder)
 Please help me!!

The sand now pulls Trent under, as all but his right hand can be seen.

CLOSE UP ON TRENT'S HAND

As it starts to go under the sand.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY JEEP - BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Trent quickly awakens from his nightmare, as he PANTS heavily and quickly looks around.

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Trent stares out at the desert, as he smokes a cigarette. Suddenly a VOICE EMERGES.

ELI (O.S.)
 Isn't it a little past curfew?

Trent turns to find Eli standing a few feet away.

TRENT
 (in a whisper; takes puff
 of cigarette)
 Keep it down, will ya? You'll get
 us both busted.

ELI
 (looks curiously at Trent)
 Since when do you smoke?

TRENT
(takes a puff of
cigarette)
Stole one from Bets. I won't tell
if you won't.

ELI
Your secret's safe with me. Whatcha
doing up so late?

TRENT
Shouldn't I be asking you that?

ELI
I asked first. So?

TRENT
(takes puff of cigarette)
Having trouble sleeping.

ELI
Still thinking about Info?

TRENT
(throws cigarette in sand;
exhausts smoke)
That and some other shit.

ELI
Like what?

TRENT
You know.

ELI
No, I don't. What?

TRENT
(cross)
It's little late for a psychology
session, Eli!

EL
I'm sorry I asked. Just want to
make sure you're okay.

TRENT
I'm fine, alright. I'm a big boy,
who can take care of myself.

Eli stares coyly at the sand, as Trent soon replies.

TRENT
(contrite)
I'm sorry for snapping at you, Eli.
Just had a lot on my mind.

ELI
It's cool.

TRENT
I just thought about burying Info.
Seeing his body lowered into the
sand, I can't help but think that
could've bene one of us.

ELI
I know it's tough to see someone
you care about take their own life.
It happens more than we care to
admit.

TRENT
I men, you saw how everyone was
ridin' on Info. Like he was a rent-
a-mule. He didn't mean to get us
lost here.

ELI
I know how it feels to have fear of
being ridiculed, especially by your
peers.

Trent and Eli look soberly at each other, as Eli leans in to
kiss Trent, who swiftly pushes him away.

TRENT
What your's deal, Eli?

ELI
Trent, I didn't mean anything, I
swear. We're cool, right?

Trent looks sternly and tacitly at Eli, as he starts to walk
back to the jeep. Eli quickly catches up to him.

ELI
Trent, you can't tell anyone about
this, okay?

Trent does not reply and continues walking, as Eli continues
to pursue him, as he stands in front of and halts him.

ELI
Trent, please.

Trent stops, as he looks intensely at Eli.

ELI
(chokes up)
Trent, let me explain. I'm...

TRENT
(swiftly replies)
A homo?

ELI
(sheepish)
Yeah.

TRENT
How long?

ELI
Since high school.

Trent nods tacitly, as he looks strangely at Eli.

EL
(gets hysterical)
Don't look at me like that, Trent.
Remember what you said back when we
swore on the flag? Well, I do.
(beat)
That we would all stay united,
despite our differences. Don't
forget that, Trent. Don't you dare
be a hypocrite!

TRENT
Keep it down, will ya? You're gonna
wake everyone up.

ELI
Don't do this to me, Trent. You
know how much I love my country and
how proudly I've served. Don't you
dare tell me I'm not a soldier!

Trent looks at Eli, as he is slow to respond.

TRENT
Anyone else know about this?

ELI
(hesitates; replies
calmly)
No. And I wanna keep it that way.

TRENT
 Not a word of what happened tonight
 to anyone. Keep away from me,
 except when we're in battle.

Eli nods his head in a "Yes" motion, as Trent continues.

TRENT
 I'm not judging you or your life
 style. But there's no place for it
 here. AT least, not right now.

Trent walks away, as Eli starts to tear up, as he somberly
 watches him depart.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XI

FADE IN:

INT. ARMY JEEP - MORNING

A VOICE EMERGES

FATSO
 (screams loudly)
 Mother fucker!

Everyone inside and outside of the jeep halts, as they got to
 see what is happening.

Fatso emerges from the jeep, as he is in pain.

FATSO
 (winces in pain)
 Marone da mi!

BETS
 You alright, Fatso?

FATSO
 (in pain)
 Not right now I ain't.

Lt. Douglass appears INTO VIEW, as he checks on Fatso.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Private DiLauro, are you alright?

FATSO
 (in pain; gasping for air)
 Sir, no Sir!

CAP
 (walks up to Fatso; upset)
 Just what in the hell is going on
 here? DiLauro, what is your deal?

FATSO
 I am not well, Sir.

CAP
 What the hell is wrong with you?

FATSO
 (winces in pain)
 I've got pain and swelling, Sir.

CAP
 Could that pain and swelling be
 from your awesome corpulence?

BOB
 (sarcastic)
 You can say that again!

CAP
 (turns and yells at Bob)
 Enough out of you, Crayton!
 (turns to Fatso)
 What is hurting you, DiLauro?

FATSO
 (in pain)
 I'm hurting down below, Sir.

CAP
 (yells)
 What was that, DiLauro? I couldn't
 quite hear what you were saying.

FATSO
 (yells in pain)
 I'm hurting down below, Sir!

CAP
 Oh.
 (beat; slightly repulsed)
 Aw, shit!

Bob and Bets attempt to suppress their laughter, as Cap quickly turns to face them. They both swiftly turn serious, as Cap looks sternly at them.

CAP
 (turns to Fatso)
 Where exactly, DiLauro?

FATSO
 (in pain; in disbelief)
 What?!

CAP
 (yells angrily)
 Where are you hurtin', you porky bastard? Is it the grapes or the stem, son?

FATSO
 (confused)
 What?

CAP
 (yells angrily)
 Is i your stick shift or your ball bearings?

FATSO
 (in pain; points to spot)
 In between. In between, on my side.

CAP
 (frustrated; throws his arms up)
 I can't get a straight answer.
 George, take care of this, will ya?

Lt. Douglass carefully approaches Fatso and kneels down beside him.

LT. DOUGLASS
 DiLauro, we're all here to help you. But we're gonna need your cooperation. Comprende?

Fatso nods silently, as Lt. Douglass continues speaking to him.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Now, I need you to tell me where it hurts. Point to it.

Fatso indicates the location of his pain, as Lt. Douglass carefully inspects.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (examines area on Fatso)
 Let's get a better look see.

Lt. Douglass, Cap, and the platoon catch a glimpse of the affected area, as they give a COLLECTIVE GROAN and cover their eyes in disgust.

BOB
 (covers his eyes)
 Sweet Jesus, Fats, you could've warned us!

ELI
 (repulsed; covers his eyes)
 What the hell is that?!

LT. DOUGLASS
 (examines area)
 Good golly, Miss Molly. Looks like a bite.

BETS
 (looks at wound)
 Looks more like an infection from here. We haven't showered in three days.

FATSO
 (incredulous)
 What?

CAP
 Let's see the afflicted area. Drop trow!

Fatso heeds Lt. Douglass, as he painfully and slowly unbuckles and removes his pants.

BOB
 (sniffs armpit; repulsed)
 You're tellin' me.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (examines afflicted area)
 Nah. It's a bite. I was an Army medic for five years.

TRENT

Snake?

LT. DOUGLASS

No. A snake bite would usually have fang marks. This looks like prongs. More like an insect bite.

ELI

If it is, that one big ass mosquito.

LT. DOUGLASS

Not a mosquito bite.

CAP

Then what the hell is it, George?

LT. DOUGLASS

It's a scorpion bite.

FATSO

(distressed)

A scorpion? Ah fuck me!

LT. DOUGLASS

Relax, DiLauro. This is no time to panic. The bite looks fresh, so you were probably just bitten. But we need to get the poison out before it starts to spread.

FATSO

How we gonna do that?

LT. DOUGLASS

We have to make an incision.

FATSO

English, please.

LT. DOUGLASS

We have to cut open the wound.

FATSO

(adamant; quickly rises)

No fucking way!

LT. DOUGLASS

(tries to calm Fatso)

DiLauro, we need to get the poison out or else you'll die!

(calm)

(MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
 I promise we'll make it as quick
 and painless as possible.
 (turns to platoon)
 Someone get me a first aid kit.

Members of the platoon search for a first aid kit, as Lt. Douglass waits patiently. Sweets appears with a first aid kit, as he hands it to Lt. Douglass.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (takes first aid kit from
 Sweets)
 Thank you, McPherson.
 (beat; unpacks first aid
 kit)
 Okay, DiLauro. I am going to
 carefully make an incision in the
 wound, and then we are going to
 carefully drain the venom.
 (presents scalpel; looks
 squarely at Fatso)
 Now this may hurt a little. Just
 stand still and be brave.

Fatso takes a DEEP BREATH, and closes his eyes, as Lt. Douglass readies his scalpel.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Okay, I'm going in.

Lt. Douglass begins the incision, as Fatso braces himself, as everyone watches.

Lt. Douglass takes the scalpel and digs in. Fatso winces in immense pain, as everyone watches and attempts to hold him down, as some cover their eyes.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (removes scalpel)
 Okay, the incision is done. It's
 time to drain out the venom.

Lt. Douglass starts to drain out the venom, as Fatso expresses his displeasure.

FATSO
 (in pain)
 Marone da mi!

Lt. Douglass finishes the drainage of the venom, as he carefully looks at the wound.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (carefully inspects wound)
 The draining of the venom is
 complete...

FATSO
 (relieved)
 Thank you, God.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (carefully inspects wound)
 But there's still some in there.

FATSO
 (incredulous)
 You gotta be kiddin' me? Then get
 it out!

LT. DOUGLASS
 I wish it were that easy. The
 residual venom is now deep in the
 tissue. Creating any further
 incisions would risk severing major
 arteries and tendons.

FATSO
 (worried)
 Then how do we get it out?!

LT. DOUGLASS
 Well, the only way we can attempt
 to fully remove the venom, is to
 have it sucked out.

FATSO
 (incredulous)
 Suck it out?

LT. DOUGLASS
 I'll do my very best, but first I
 have to...

CAP
 (sternly interjects)
 Oh, shit no. No Lieutenant of mine
 is going to undertake such a menial
 task.
 (turns to platoon)
 I'm going to need a volunteer.

Everyone in the platoon remains silent, as they look away
 from Cap.

CAP
 (sarcastic)
 Not all at once, now.

Everyone in the platoon does not reply, as Cap quickly retorts.

CA
 Well, since no one has stepped forward, I'm going to have to select one of you yellow-bellies at random.
 (beat)
 McPherson can be excluded on account of his sweet blood. The rest of you tampons line up.

Trent, Eli, Bob, Cornell, and Bets heed Cap, as they line up in a queue.

CAP
 (turns to Lt. Douglass)
 How should I do this, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
 Whatever you feel is best, Cap.

Cap looks around the desert, as he notices something.

CAP'S POV

LARGE ONYX STONE

Lies inches away in the sand by Cap's feet.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap stares closely at the stone, as he carefully picks it up and looks at it.

CAP
 (looks at platoon)
 Okay. Here's how it's gonna go. I'm going to throw this stone with my eyes closed, and whoever it lands closest to is the lucky sucker.
 (motions to platoon)
 Stand back a few more feet, so none of you get hit.

The members of the platoon heed Cap, as they start to tread back a few feet.

Cap readies his arm, as he takes a few DEEP BREATHS. He then reaches back, lunges forward, and releases the stone.

CLOSE ON - STONE

Travels in mid-air in SLOW MOTION.

Sweets, Fats, and Lt. Douglass silently watch the stone's trajectory.

CLOSE ON - STONE

Hits the ground in SLOW MOTION, as sand rises up around it, at the feet of one of the platoon members.

The stone has landed at the feet of Eli, as Eli looks at the stone in disappointment.

CAP
 (opens his eyes)
 Ding, ding, ding! We have a winner!
 Eli Rasmussen, come on down!

Eli reluctantly makes his way over to Cap, as relieved members of the platoon look on.

CAP
 (brings Eli over)
 Okay George, we have our designated vampire. What's next?

LT. DOUGLASS
 Since we're dealing with poison, we have to make sure it's safe for both parties. We need milk.

CA
 (signals to platoon)
 Look for some milk in our provisions, stat!

Members of the platoon heed Cap, as they look for milk.

BETS
 (presents packet of powdered milk)
 Found it!

LT. DOUGLASS
 It's not pure, but it'll do. Mix it with water so it'll be in liquid form.

(looks at Eli)
 (MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
 Rasmussen, I need you to try and
 suck as much venom as you can,
 without swallowing, and spit it
 out. You drink the milk when you're
 finished. Okay?

Eli nods tacitly in a "Yes" motion, as he readies himself for
 the task at hand.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Whenever you're ready, Rasmussen.

Eli makes his way over to Fatso, as he gets on his knees. He
 takes a DEEP BREATH, as he puts his head in between Fatso's
 legs and starts to suck.

Everyone watches Eli in sober amazement, as his SUCKING can
 be heard.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (carefully watches and
 instructs Eli)
 That's it, Rasmussen. Suck and
 spit. Suck and spit, but don't
 swallow.

Everyone continues to watch, when Trent suddenly breaks into
 LAUGHTER. Cap notices this, and is none too pleased.

CAP
 (angrily confronts Trent)
 Private Mayes, I don't find the
 humor in your fellow Private's pain
 and misfortune. You mind telling us
 all what's so fucking funny?

Trent gets his final giggles in, as he then turns serious.

CAP
 (paces back and forth;
 looks sternly at troops)
 So, is there anyone else that would
 like to trade places with
 Rasmussen?

Everyone remains silent and still, as Cap checks with Lt.
 Douglass.

CA
 How we doin' over there, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
 I think we're almost done here,
 Cap.

(MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
 (turns to Eli and Fatso)
 Rasmussen, just spit out that last
 gulp and I'll take it from here.

Eli heeds Lt. Douglass' orders, as he SPITS out some of the
 venom on the sand.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (hands Eli cannister of
 milk)
 Rinse a little and then spit. Then
 drink the rest.
 (turns to Fatso; pours
 antiseptic on gauze pad)
 Let's disinfect the wound, and you
 should be all set. This may sting a
 little.

As Lt. Douglass aids Fatso, Eli proceeds to VOMIT profusely.

CAP
 (watches Eli vomit in
 disgust)
 Jesus Christmas, Rasmussen. Did you
 just barf up a rib?

BOB
 (watches in disgust)
 Sure sounds like it.

Eli finishes vomiting, as Lt. Douglass goes over and kneels
 beside him.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (concerned)
 You okay, Rasmussen?

Eli nods tacitly in a "Yes" motion, as he spits some more in
 the sand.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Just get it all out.
 (whispers in Eli's ear)
 Son, you deserve a purple heart for
 what you just did.
 (turns to platoon and Cap)
 DiLauro should be fine. I would
 stay off your legs for about half a
 day, and I'll apply more antiseptic
 later.

CAP
 I don't know what I'd do without
 you, George.
 (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
 Rasmussen, you have my permission
 to do whatever you want once we get
 outta this sandbox.
 (beat; checks his watch)
 My goodness, look at the time.
 We've gotta eat supper, men.

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

The platoon is crowded around a camp fire, as they eat their
 dinner and converse.

CAP
 (mouth half full; witty)
 Say, why don't someone place some
 more food in Rasmussen's plate?
 He's certainly earned it!

BOB
 (mouth half full; witty)
 Anything to wipe the taste out of
 his mouth!

Everyone continues eating and conversing, under the
 luminescent desert moon.

INT. ARMY JEEP - BACK SEAT - LATE NIGHT

Everyone is fast asleep, as Fatso tosses and turns. He rises
 from his slumber, as he rubs his head, and carefully makes
 his way out of the jeep.

Fatso slowly ambles around the desert, as he looks around. He
 then notices something.

FATSO'S POV

FOOD SUPPLY

Lies idly by Cap and Lt. Douglass in the front seat of the
 jeep.

BACK TO SCENE

Fatso looks incredulously at the food supply, as he starts to
 gently approach it.

FOOD TINS AND PACKETS

Lie scattered and open on the sand.

Fatso lies lazily against a rock, as he stares aimlessly out at the desert. Fatso lets out an AUDIBLE BELCH, as he remains idle.

Suddenly, Fatso starts to clench his chest, as he lunges forward, and starts to BREATHE HEAVILY. Fatso GASPS for air, as he struggles to respire.

Fatso continues to PANT, as he rolls over on his side, and stops moving. Fatso is now dead, as his corpse lies on the moonlit sand.

SEGUE TO:

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MORNING

Everyone somberly stands around the corpse of Fatso, as they try to make sense of it all.

SWEETS

(looks at body in
disbelief)

Man, I can't believe it. Poor
Fatso.

CAP

McPherson, never mock the deceased.
You know better.

CORNELL

First Info, now Fatso. I don't
wanna hang around to find out who's
next.

BETS

(looks at corpse; wary)
At least could've left us some grub
before he bought the farm.

ELI

(picks up strewn garbage)
He most certainly did. Every last
morsel is gone.

BOB

(takes puff of cigarette)
It figures that fat fuck would do
something like that.

TRENT

(slightly upset)

Quit talking like that, Bob. He was one of ours, and now he's gone. Let's show him the same respect we showed Info.

Cap and Lt. Douglass stand a few feet away in the distance, as they discuss their current situation.

LT. DOUGLASS

My goodness, Cap. A second soldier in three days. We can't go on like this.

CAP

No need to fear, George. I've been planning for something like this.

LT. DOUGLASS

(confounded)

Planning what? WE have no food, no transportation, our water supply is diminishing, and we're in the middle of nowhere!

CAP

Thanks for the news flash, Conkrite. You haven't let me tell you my plan.

Lt. Douglass await Cap's reply.

CAP

We're gonna walk until our radios receive a signal, and from there, we get a captor to take us to base.

LT. DOUGLASS

(incredulous)

Are you insane, Cap? Trek across this arid desert and unknown terrain. These men have been through enough already.

CAP

George, these men are in the U.S. Army. They are trained year-round to endure any conditions. And if they don't, they end up like Inge and DiLauro.

LT. DOUGLASS
Does your pride have no limits?

CAP
Not when it comes to the country I
love. We leave tomorrow, nine-teen
hundred hours sharp. And that is an
order.

Cap and Lt. Douglass stare intensely at each other, as Cap begins to walk towards the platoon. Lt. Douglass continues to gaze intensely at Cap.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE XII

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MORNING

The entire platoon is all packed and ready to depart. Cap provides some inspirational words.

CAP
(slowly paces back and
forth)
Okay, gentlemen. We will now be
departing to arrive at base. Please
look after one another, for you are
all each other have.
(beat)
Are there any questions?

No one in the platoon replies, as Cap concludes his speech.

CAP
Very well, then. Onward brave and
noble men.

The platoon with Cap and Lt. Douglass leading the way, take the first steps of their new journey.

MONTAGE - DESERT

The blazing and ever-present sun radiates its beams on the weary platoon.

A perspired but determined Cap plods arduously along, leading the platoon on their journey.

Sweets uncover his canteen and takes a huge gulp of water, as he finishes and continues on his way.

Bets, Bob, and Cornell wipe sweat from their brows, as they try to retain their composure and proceed onward.

Trent nobly treads along, as Eli follows behind him. Eli starts to gaze amorously at Trent's butt. Trent, intuiting someone watching him, swiftly pivots around, as Eli rapidly turns his eyes downward before Trent can see him.

END MONTAGE

EXT. DESERT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The entire platoon is completely fatigued, as they stop to rest. Cap notices this and is none too pleased.

CAP

(looks irate at platoon)
Just what the fuck do you think
you're doing?

BETS

(painfully rubs his feet)
I don't know how much longer I can
go, Sir.

ELI

(gasps for air)
I'm with Private Vaughn, Sir. My
puppies are barking like crazy.

CAP

Oh, so you two are too tired to
continue? How about we leave you
two fags here to bake?

EL

(strongly speaks up)
Sir, I object.

Everyone looks at Eli in awkward silence, surprised by his insurgence.

CAP
(surprised)
Excuse me? What was that Rasmussen?

Eli looks squarely at Cap, hesitates, then speaks.

ELI
I said I object to what you said.
Calling Vaughn and I fags.

Everyone looks worried at Eli, as he looks squarely at Cap, awaiting his reply.

CAP
My, my, my. Look at the grapes on this one! Well Rasmussen, I didn't know you were a fanny packer!

ELI
Excuse me?

CAP
Did I stammer, Rasmussen? Answer my God damn question!

Eli hesitates, as he looks soberly at Cap.

ELI
Sir, I believe you misinterpreted me.

CAP
I misinterpreted you? Please explain.

ELI
What I meant to say is that I take objection to your questioning Vaughn and my sexuality. It's been a long day, I'm hot, sweaty, hungry.
(beat)
I let my emotions get the better of me, and for that I apologize to everyone.

An awkward silence ensues, as Eli awaits Cap's response.

CAP

Well, thank you for clarifying, Rasmussen. For a moment I thought I was gonna have to boot your fairy ass out of this platoon. Cause if you were one of them, you'd be lucky to get a job in a friggin' mess hall after I'm through with you!

Cap looks intensely at Eli, as he then starts to LAUGH uproariously. The rest of the platoon then follows him in LAUGHTER.

ELI smiles faintly, as he retains his caution.

LT. DOUGLASS

Cap, I must concur with some members of the platoon. Maybe we should find a safe spot to rest and continue on our way tomorrow?

Cap looks soberly at Lt. Douglass, as he then looks at the platoon.

CAP

Well George, before making any kind of decision, I want to receive a consensus from the platoon.

(turns and looks soberly
at platoon)

Men, do you want to continue our journey to base tomorrow?

The platoon looks cautiously but pleadingly at Cap, as they all nod their heads in a "Yes" motion.

CAP

Okay then. Let's do a little more walking and I'm sure we'll find a place to settle. Carry on, gentlemen.

EXT. OPEN LAND MASS - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Everyone is resting, as they converse amongst themselves.

BOB

Shit, I wish we were at a bar, so I could treat Eli to a cold one!

BETS

I must say, it took a lot of gall
to stand up to Cap like he did.
Thought we'd both be toast for
sure.

CORNELL

He did what all of us have wanted
to do at one point or another.

TRENT

You guys wanna keep it down? Cap's
only a few feet away.

BOB

Well, at least we know who wouldn't
do it.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES, as Trent attempts to explain.

TRENT

Come on, fellas. You know what I
mean. We have to remain together.
Look at all we've been through.

BETS

Tell us about it. Hate to say this,
but some of you are starting to
look like cheeseburgers right about
now.

ELI

Tell me about it, Bets. I don't
know how much longer I can go
without food in my gut.

CORNELL

It's times like this that I miss my
Mama's home cookin'. Chitlins,
collard greens, nibblet corn,
biscuits. Lord have mercy!

Bob is about to comment, when Trent looks sternly at him. Bob
remains silent.

A few feet away, a haggard Cap and Lt. Douglass talk amongst
themselves.

LT. DOUGLASS
What's eatin' you, Cap?

CAP
What are you talkin' about, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
Well, you have this look on your
face that says otherwise.

CAP
Well, I am a little tired. And a
little hungry.

LT. DOUGLASS
Join the club.

CAP
I'm also a little worried.

LT. DOUGLASS
(looks incredulous at Cap)
You, worried?

CAP
I'm being serious, George.

LT. DOUGLASS
Well, I wasn't making fun. I've
just never seen or heard you
worried. Ever.

CAP
Did you see what happened today?

LT. DOUGLASS
What? With Rasmussen?

CAP
Yes, God damn it, with Rasmussen.
Did you know he talked to me?

LT. DOUGLASS
Well, what can I say? These new
generations gotta lot of moxie.

CAP
I should've nailed his ass with
insubordination.

LT. DOUGLASS
Technically Cap, you can't.
(MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
He just took resentment for what
you said, and explained his reason
for doing so. No harm, no foul.

CAP
(looks incredulously at
Lt. Douglass)
Holy hot shit. First a Private, now
my Lieutenant.

LT. DOUGLASS
Just being honest, Cap. You may not
realize it, but your men have the
utmost respect for you. Just never
question their manhood.

CAP
If they were real men, I wouldn't
have to.

LT. DOUGLASS
This platoon has braved all the
elements, has seen the death of two
members, and are still fighting the
good fight. If that isn't the
measure of man, I don't know what
is.

CAP
I know that's true. I just need to
remain in control. Of everything.

LT. DOUGLASS
When someone has to talk about
being in control, it usually means
they aren't. Just some food for
thought.

CAP
I'd rather have some for my belly.

LT. DOUGLASS
I hope to have some too.
(gets up and pats Cap on
shoulder)
I'm going to take a leak.

Lt. Douglass departs OUT OF VIEW, as Cap remains, ruminating
over Lt. Douglass' words.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XIII

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSLAND - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The platoon has finally made their way out of the desert, as they have re-gained their confidence and are nearing their destination.

CAP
 (yells out exultantly)
 How you like that, fellas? We're
 finally back on grass!

BOB
 (in a whisper)
 Would sure like to smoke some right
 now.

CAP (O.S.)
 (calls out)
 What was that, Crayton?

BOB
 (yells out)
 Nothing, Sir.

CAP
 George, do me a favor and talk into
 your walkie.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (powers on walkie and
 speaks into it)
 Testing, testing, testing. One,
 two, three.

Lt. Douglass awaits a reply, as there is none.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (shakes head in
 disappointment)
 Looks like another dead sign...

Before Lt. Douglass can continue, a VOICE EMERGES on the other end of the WALKIE.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Hello? This is General Radburn.
 Over.

Everyone looks at each other in shock, as Cap quickly grabs the walkie from Lt. Douglass.

CAP
 (yells into walkie)
 Hello? This is General Cap. Over.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Hello, Cap. This is Radburn. Can I help you?

CAP
 (yells angrily into walkie)
 You bet your sweet white heinie you can help me! My platoon and I have been stranded out here with no food, no water, and no transportation for day, and I want a God damn explanation!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Cap, my deepest apologies for everything you and your platoon have been through. But we've been under attack for days now.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 What the hell are you talking about?

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Enemy forces have been invading and seizing all of our platoon. You're one of the lucky few to have made it this far.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 That still doesn't explain why we couldn't receive a signal on our walkies.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)

(from over walkie)

Well actually it does. Enemy fire attacks completely ravaged our antenna systems, which made it impossible for any communication to take place. We just had them repaired an hour ago.

LT. DOUGLASS

(speaks into walkie)

Radburn, this is Lieutenant George Douglass. We understand the unforeseen events that have occurred, but we really need to get to a base with access to necessities.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)

(from over walkie)

I understand. Based on the signal I'm getting from you, I believe you are very close to a base. Another fifty miles and you should be there.

LT. DOUGLASS

(speaks into walkie)

That's music to our ears. Thank you.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)

(from over walkie)

Thank you all. Please be very careful when you arrive at base. God only knows what's waiting. Radio us for anything.

CA

(speaks into walkie)

And we can't wait to find out.

(turns to platoon)

Men, let's finish what we started.

Cap and the platoon continue on their way, with renewed optimism and hope for a safe arrival.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap and the platoon are now back in the jungle, as they carefully inspect their surroundings.

CAP
 Never thought I'd be so glad to be
 back in the jungle.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Nice to see a little green for a
 change.

The platoon continues on their way, when Trent suddenly
 notices something.

TRENT
 (exclaims and points)
 Hey, look over there!

Everyone heeds Trent, as they turn their attention yonder.

PLATOON'S POV

AMERICAN FLAG

Blows in the breeze, just above the copse of trees.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone looks fixated on the flag, as they tentatively move
 forward.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (softly)
 We've reached base, boys.
 (raises voice)
 We've reached base, boys!!

CAP
 (yells exultantly)
 Hallelujah, we've reached base!!

EVERYONE YELLS exultantly, as they run towards the base.

WIDE ANGLE - PLATOON

As they make their way towards the base in SLOW MOTION.
 Suddenly exultation turns to shock.

PLATOON'S POV

WIDE ANGLE - ARMY BASE

Littered with the bloodied corpses and body parts of
 slaughtered soldiers.

BACK TO SCENE

The platoon stop cold in their tracks, as they survey the carnage in silent horror.

CAP
 (surveys scene in
 disbelief; in a whisper)
 Jesus Christmas and Mary Magdalene!

LT. DOUGLASS
 (surveys scene; soft but
 stern)
 Everyone stay perfectly still.
 Approach tentatively.

CAP
 (surveys scene; stern)
 Draw your weapons, men. Enemy
 forces may be lurking.

The platoon heeds Cap, as they present and ready their guns for fire.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (surveys surroundings; in
 a whisper)
 So far, no signs of enemy forces.
 Keep your eyes peeled.

CAP
 (surveys surroundings;
 stern)
 Shoot anything that moves. I
 repeat, shoot anything that moves.

The platoon, with guns drawn, continues to survey the area surrounding the Army base, as they keep their guard up.

TRENT
 So far, we see nothing. Shall we
 proceed?

CAP
 Slowly

The platoon obeys Cap's command, as they begin to sidle closer to the Army base.

LT. DOUGLASS
 See anything, men?

No one replies to Lt. Douglass' query, as they proceed with caution.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (turns to Cap)
 Cap?

Cap nods tacitly, in a "No" motion, as he signals to the platoon to move closer. The platoon is now on the Army base, as they continue to discover more corpses of fallen comrades.

EXT. SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The platoon carefully analyzes the grounds of the base, as they are now in front of the entrance. Everyone stops, as they await Cap's edict.

CAP
 (pulls out and powers on
 radio; speaks into radio)
 I've gotta tell someone about this.
 (yells into walkie)
 Hello? This is Cap. Over.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over radio)
 Yes, Cap. This is Radburn.

CAP
 (speaks into walkie)
 My platoon has just arrive at base,
 and it is a blood bath in this
 mother fucker!

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Cap, I advise you and your men to
 proceed with extreme caution.
 There's no telling what these
 sickos are capable of.

CAP
 (yells into walkie)
 Well, no shit Sherlock. My men and
 I are looking at it right now!

LT. DOUGLASS
 (grabs walkie from Cap and
 speaks into it)
 Radburn, this is Lieutenant George
 Douglass.

(MORE)

LT. DOUGLASS (cont'd)
It is complete carnage here. We're uncertain of what our next course of action should be.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
How are the facilities? The base?

LT. DOUGLASS
(analyzes exterior; speaks into walkie)
Well, from my vantage point, the exterior has slight damage, but is primarily intact.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
What about inside?

LT. DOUGLASS
(speaks into walkie)
We haven't entered yet.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
In this scenario, it is advised you enter and check the entire premises. Bodies, bombs, rebel forces...

BOB
(in a whisper; sarcastic)
He forgot Christmas gifts.

Bets lightly punches Bob in the shoulder.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Should you find anything, use your best judgement and respond accordingly.

LT. DOUGLASS
(speaks into walkie)
Very well. We will proceed as such. Thank you as always, General.

GENERAL RADBURN (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
You're welcome, George. Be safe and God speed, men.

Lt. Douglass hands Cap's walkie back to him, as she and the platoon await Cap's next order.

CAP
 Let's enter the facilities, one at a time. Scour the entire premises, leave no stone unturned. I want even the urinals inspected. Is that understood?

PLATOON
 (call aloud; in unison)
 Sir, yes Sir!

CAP
 (opens door to base; turns to platoon)
 We're goin' in, fellas.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XIV

FADE IN:

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - CORRIDOR - UNKNOWN LOCATION - EARLY EVENING

Cap and the platoon, guns aimed and ready, make their way through a dimly lit corridor, as they vigilantly survey the scene.

CAP
 (in a whisper)
 Somebody find a damn light switch!

Members of the platoon quietly scramble after hearing Cap's orders, as Eli is the first to respond.

ELI
 (calls out)
 I found it!

Eli flips the light switch, as the corridor is now illuminated in red.

CAP
 Red alert.
 (beat)
 Everyone stay close together. Keep your eyes open for anything. Stay quiet and ready for your weapons.
 (looks down corridor;
 (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
turns to platoon)
Proceed, men.

The platoon continues down the corridor, vigilantly looking around for anything/anyone suspicious. They turn the corner and continue on their way.

Lt. Douglass, right behind Cap, walks and looks around, when he feels a drop on his shoulder. He feels the drops and looks upward.

LT. DOUGLASS
(calls out)
Halt!

Everyone stops, as they turn their attention to Lt. Douglass.

CAP
What is it, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
(shows Cap stain)
I felt something drip on me.

CAP
From where?

LT. DOUGLASS
(points to ceiling)
Up above the ceiling.

CAP
(looks curiously at stain)
What is it?

LT. DOUGLASS
Looks and feels like blood.

CAP
Are you shot?

LT. DOUGLASS
No.

CAP
Okay, then. Let's investigate.

TRENT
Sir, I believe I found the source.

Everyone walks over to Trent, as they carefully inspect his discovery.

PLATOON'S POV

AIR VENT

Slowly trickles out blood.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone looks curiously at the air vent, as they await their next course of action.

CAP
(soft)
Let's open the vent.

Everyone looks at Cap.

CAP
(yells)
Did I stutter? Open the damn vent!

Bets moves forward, as he carefully inches up and tries to remove the cover on the vent. Bets pulls the cover off and moves back, as a slew of body parts and blood spills from the vent.

Everyone moves backwards and watches in horror.

The spill concludes, as everyone looks at the mess before them in silent shock.

BOB
(looks at spill in horror)
That ain't raw meat and ketchup,
fellas.

SWEETS
(worried)
I want to get out of here.

CAP
Don't be a coward, McPherson. We
can't let them sense our fear.
Let's continue.

Cap continues down the corridor, as the platoon reluctantly follows.

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - BARRACKS - UNKNOWN LOCATION - EARLY EVENING

The platoon enters the barracks, as they once again look for the light switch.

CAP
Gentlemen, let's shed some light on
this subject.

The light switch is found and flipped, as the barracks are
again lit red and the mysterious symbol is now inscribed all
over the walls.

CAP
(looks around barracks)
Well well, look at what we have
here. Guess they left their calling
card.

CORNELL
(looks around barracks; in
a whisper)
Man, this is some freaky shit.

CAP
Let's carry on, men.

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - MESS HALL - UNKNOWN LOCATION - EARLY
EVENING

The platoon is now in the Mess Hall, as they continue to
survey the scene.

LT. DOUGLASS
The Mess Hall's the only place they
haven't touched so far.

CAP
Looks can be deceiving. God only
know what they're hiding.

The platoon approaches a massive refrigerator, as they stop
and await Cap's edict.

CAP
(looks at refrigerator)
Jesus, look at the size of this
fridge!
(turns to platoon)
Wanna look inside?

LT. DOUGLASS
(cautious)
I would proceed with caution, Cap.
Lord know what could be in there.

CAP

Guess there's only one way to find
out...

Cap takes hold of the lever and proceeds to carefully open the refrigerator door. Everyone looks at the refrigerator's contents.

PLATOON'S POV

REFRIGERATOR

Packed with food.

BACK TO SCENE

The platoon looks in shock and delight at the refrigerator's contents.

ELI

(looks hungrily at food)
It' fo-fo-food!

Everyone starts to frantically stick their hands in the fridge, looking to grab as much as they can.

LT. DOUGLASS

(yells)
Hold it!

Everyone heeds Lt. Douglass, as they cease.

LT. DOUGLASS

How do we know this food isn't
poisoned or tainted?

BOB

Where's Fatso when we need him?

LT. DOUGLASS

Before any of us put a morsel in
our mouths, let's be safe.

CAP

Always the voice of reason, George.
Put the food down, men

Everyone heeds Cap, as they place the comestibles back in the refrigerator.

BETS

But Lieutenant, how much do we know
if the food is edible or not?
(MORE)

BETS (cont'd)
I Mean, none of us can play a
guinea pig.

CAP
Vaughn does have a valid point.

Lt. Douglass ponders over the situation and looks around,
when he spots something.

LT. DOUGLASS' POV

MOUSE

Crawls aimlessly in a kitchen corner.

BACK TO SCENE

Lt. Douglass smiles faintly, as the looks curiously at the
mouse.

LT. DOUGLASS
Problem solved.

Lt. Douglass takes food from the refrigerator, and moves
toward the mouse.

LT. DOUGLASS
Stay quiet so you don't scare him
away.

Lt. Douglass gently approaches the mouse, as he eyes it
vigilantly. He kneels down beside the mouse and quickly
scoops it up with his left hand. He then begins to feed it
some of the food from the refrigerator.

After a few nibbles, Lt. Douglass places the mouse back down
on the floor, as the mouse continues ambling around the
kitchen.

LT. DOUGLASS
(looks cheerfully at
platoon)
I guess we have our answer right
there, fellas.

SWEETS
(uncertain)
I don't think we should be eating
from a kitchen where there are
mice.

BETS

Speak for yourself, pal. That mouse
would have been my dinner if there
wasn't any food in that fridge.

(turns to refrigerator)

Let's eat!

Everyone begins to bombard the refrigerator, when Cap speaks
up.

CAP

(yells)

Let's take it easy now!

Everyone halts and places the food back in the refrigerator.

CAP

Your like a pack of pigs at a damn
trough! We have to conserve what we
can for the long haul. Now just sit
tight while Lt. Douglass and I
decide what's for dinner.

INT. ARMY BASE - BARRACKS -UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Members of the platoon unwind and converse on their first
night in the new Army base.

ELI

That was some meal we had.

BOB

(rubs his foot)

Any meal would taste good when you
haven't eaten for nearly a week.

CORNELL

(rubs lotion on chest)

I'm just glad we finally found this
base. Thought I couldn't have gone
any further.

ELI

They even had extra insulin in the
fridge. Good stuff, huh Sweets?

SWEETS

(organizes insulin
bottles)

You can say that again.

BETS

(looks around barracks)
Just wish our enemies didn't have
the courtesy to decorate.

TRENT

Wanna know something, guys? I think
we've done it.

BOB

Done what, Trent?

TRENT

We've conquered the Initiative. We
survived the jungle, the desert,
hunger, fatigue, you name it. We've
done it.

BETS

(incredulous)
Are you frickin' nuts, Mayes? We
did jack shit. Take a look outside
or in the hallway. All of our
comrades slain and butchered, all
this Manson-esque artwork, and to
top it off, no idea what's gonna
happen next.

Everyone remains awkwardly silent, as Bets looks directly at
Trent.

BETS

I can't and won't speak for anyone
here. But if anyone here agrees
with Trent, I seriously suggest you
lay off the Kool Aid.

(beat)

I'm goin' out for a smoke.

SWEETS

Oh, the rules say no one can go
out...

BETS

(angrily interrupts)
Oh shove it, Sweets. I ain't afraid
of no boogie man in black.

Bets departs OUT OF VIEW from the barracks, as everyone
remains silent.

EXT. FRONT SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Bets stands alone in the dark, as he looks around the Army base.

He picks up a dismembered hand from the ground and looks closely at it.

BETS
 (wittingly wields hand)
 Let's give him a hand, ladies and gentlemen!

Bets places the hand back down on the ground, as he lights up his cigarette and smokes away.

He

BETS
 (exhales smoke)
 Anybody thinks I'm scared of some fags in black has another thing comin'.

Bets continues to smoke and look around the Army base, when he notices something.

BETS' POV

MAGAZINE

Lies by a tree in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Bets' curiosity gets the better of him, as he throws his cigarette on the ground and heads over to the magazine. Bets arrives, as he picks up the magazine and gives it the once over.

CLOSE ON - MAGAZINE

Reads "THE COMPLETE SPORTS ALMANAC"

Bets' eyes go wide, as he eagerly peruses the magazine.

BETS
 (eagerly reads magazine)
 Hallelujah. College football, horse racing, soccer, lacrosse. Christmas has come early. Guess this didn't turn out so bad after...

Before Bets can finish, he stops, gasps, and falls to the ground, as a massive knife is wedged between his abdomen.

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Cap and the entire platoon stand around in disbelief, as they carefully survey the scene.

CAP
 (carefully analyzes
 corpse)
 What did I tell you skirts in
 camouflage? NO one is to go outside
 at night!

ELI
 Vaughn wouldn't listen Cap.

LT. DOUGLASS
 And look at the end result.

TRENT
 (carefully inspects
 corpse; spots something)
 Don't look now, but Zorro left his
 mark.

Cap and Lt. Douglass look at a section of the corpse, as they notice something.

CAP
 Put on your flashlight, George.

CLOSE ON - TORSO

Has the mysterious logo etched on the left side.

CAP
 Christ O' Mighty, they know we're
 here. Men, get inside right now.
 Lock all doors and windows and
 report any ruckus to Lieutenant and
 I.

ELI
 A ruckus?

CAP
 Inside now!

The platoon heeds Cap, as they depart OUT OF VIEW to the barracks.

CAP
 (turns to Lt. Douglass)
 George, will you make sure the
 platoon gets to bed? I'll be right
 in.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Yes, Cap.

Lt. Douglass heads OUT OF VIEW into the barracks, as Cap has a moment alone outside. He looks around, and then grows serious.

CAP
 (speaks aloud)
 I don't know who you or what you
 are, where you come from, what you
 believe, or why you're targeting
 us.
 (beat)
 But I do know this. You are toying
 with the best and strongest nation
 in the world. We will not cower in
 fear to your threats, concede to
 your demands, or bow in defeat. We
 will stand our ground, defend our
 honor, and prevail for freedom.
 Back the fuck off!

Cap looks intensely in the darkness, as the slowly turns around and makes his way back to the Army base.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XV

FADE IN:

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE NIGHT

Cap lies wide awake, gun by his bed side, as he vigilantly watches for anything/anyone.

SEGUE TO:

SAME - HOURS LATER

It is now morning, as Cap is still wide awake, as Lt. Douglass sidles over to check on him.

LT. DOUGLASS

I guess you're gonna need some
extra java for breakfast, huh?

Cap lies motionless and does not reply, as Lt. Douglass continues on his way to breakfast. Cap remains idle, as he stares blankly at the ceiling.

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - MESS HALL - UNKNOWN LOCATION -
MORNING

The platoon sit silent and somber, as they try to eat breakfast.

ELI

(looks somberly at
pancakes)
Pancakes. Bets' favorite.

CORNELL

Just doesn't feel the same without
him.

SWEETS

Guys, this might be the final time
we see and eat together.

TRENT

(incredulous)
I can't believe I'm hearing this,
Sweets. What is this, the last
supper?
(beat)
I know Bets wouldn't want us
sitting around fretting. We gotta
go out, stare our enemies straight
in the eye, and fight.
(beat)
But first, let's start off with a
well-balanced breakfast. Whadya
say, boys?

EVERYONE CHUCKLES lightly, as they eat their breakfast and start to converse.

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - GENERAL'S OFFICE - UNKNOWN LOCATION -
MORNING

Cap stands facing an American flag, which hangs behind a desk in his office. Cap stares pensively at the flag, when a VOICE EMERGES.

LT. DOUGLASS (O.S.)
Doing your mental aerobics, I see?

Cap's focus is broken, as he turns around to see Lt. Douglass standing a few feet away from him.

LT. DOUGLASS
Good morning.

CAP
Good morning.

LT. DOUGLASS
Haven't heard from you all morning.

CAP
Just need some time alone with my thoughts. To strategize.

LT. DOUGLASS
You alright?

CAP
Fine. Why do you ask?

LT. DOUGLASS
Doesn't sound like a typical Cap answer.

CAP
(snappishly retorts)
Oh really, George? Can you tell me what a typical Cap answer is, cause I'd really like to know.

Lt. Douglass, clearly affected by Cap's sudden outburst, remains silent and looks soberly at Cap.

CAP
(contrite)
Please forgive me, George. I don't know what's gotten into me lately.
(one full beat)
I think a lot of us feel that way. I never realized the true cost of being a patriot.

LT. DOUGLASS
You know what they say. Freedom isn't free.

CAP
Is the platoon ready?

LT. DOUGLASS
 They just finished breakfast.
 Should be prepped and ready to go
 in a few.

CAP
 Any luck with the walkies?

LT. DOUGLASS
 Still no signal. Lines must be
 having defects.

CAP
 (shakes his hand in mock
 amazement)
 Incredible. Nothing seems to be
 work at all this entire time. Next
 thing you know, there'll be a gun
 aiming for me from a window.

Just as Cap finishes speaking, Lt. Douglass spots something,
 as his eyes go wide.

LT. DOUGLASS' POV

SHOTGUN BARREL

Sticks out of an aperture of the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Lt. Douglass runs towards Cap, as he yells out.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (yells loudly)
 Get down, Cap!

Lt. Douglass knocks Cap the to the floor and covers him, as a
 SHOT FIRES from the gun, HITTING LT. Douglass in the
 shoulder.

From the floor, Cap pulls out his gun and begins FIRING SHOTS
 at the gun man.

Cap and Lt. Douglass quickly make their way out of the office
 down a corridor, as SOUNDS of GUNFIRE can be heard OUTSIDE.

CAP
 (yells loudly)
 Men, we are under attack. Men I
 repeat we are under attack!

The platoon emerges INTO VIEW weapons ready, as they encounter Cap and Lt. Douglass.

CAP

Men, we must vacate the premises immediately. We are under attack!

TRENT

(looks at Lt. Douglass)
Lt. Douglass, what's happening?

LT. DOUGLASS

I've been shot, Mayes.

CAP

Let's bandage you up and get fightin'!

INT. SECOND ARMY BASE - CORRIDOR - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The platoon makes their way down a corridor, as they quickly discuss strategy with Cap.

CAP

Let's carefully make our way out.
Keep cover, use your walkies, and
if they shoot at you, shoot the
fuck back! Got it?

The platoon nods in silent comprehension, as Cap looks at them.

CAP

Let's get 'em, boys.

Everyone starts to make their way out of the Army base.

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

WIDE ANGLE - PLATOON

As they emerge from inside the Army base, as they start to FIRE their GUNS.

Trent and Eli take cover in a nearby corner, as they FIRE SHOTS at enemy forces.

ENEMY FORCES

Masked and clad in black, FIRE their GUNS at the platoon.

Eli, in far corner in back of the Army base, grabs his walkie and speaks into it.

ELI
(yells into walkie)
This is Rasmussen. Over.

SWEETS (V.O.)
(from over walkie)
Eli, this is McPherson. Can you hear me? Over.

ELI
(speaks loudly into walkie)
I hear ya, Sweets. Where are you? Over.

INTERCUT WALKIE CONVERSATION

SWEETS
(speaks into walkie)
I found a foxhole a few feet away. Am trying to fight as many as I can. They're everywhere. Over.

ELI
(speaks into walkie)
Just stay where you are. I'll try and join you as soon as I can.

SWEETS
(speaks into walkie)
No worries. I'm fine. Oh shit.

EL
(speaks into walkie)
What's the matter?

SWEETS
(speaks into walkie)
I forgot to take my insulin this morning. No wonder I'm feelin' weak already.
(beat)
Let me take it now. Be right back. Over.

Sweets places down his walkie, as he pulls out a syringe and vial of insulin from his shirt pocket.

He then places the vial of insulin on a nearby rock, as he prepares the syringe. Suddenly, an EXPLOSION BLAST EMERGES, as debris flies everywhere.

CLOSE ON - INSULIN VIAL

Lies idle on a rock, as a piece of debris completely SHATTERS it.

An astounded Sweets looks on in shock, as he drops the syringe and looks closely at the broken vial. Sweets starts to sob and shake uncontrollably, as he gently falls to the ground. Sweets is now dead.

CLOSE ON - SWEETS' WALKIE

Lies on the ground next to Sweets' lifeless body.

ELI (V.O.)
 (from over walkie)
 Sweets, it's Eli. Did you take your
 shot? Over.
 (beat)
 Sweets, you there? Sweets, answer
 me. Over.

WIDE ANGLE - FOXHOLE

As a GRENADE emerges INTO VIEW, lands, and EXPLODES, as a CLOUD OF SMOKE and BLOOD EMERGES from the foxhole.

EXT. REAR SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Eli awaits a response on his walkie from Sweets, but receives no reply. He wields his gun, as he vigilantly looks around. He tentatively ambles around, as he checks for any enemy forces. Seeing nothing, he sidles up against a nearby tree. Eli takes an AUDIBLE SIGH of relief, as he has a brief respite.

Suddenly, an ARM holding a KNIFE emerges INTO VIEW, as it STABS Eli in the shoulder.

Eli YELLS in pain, as he grabs the arm and begins to wrestle the arm, as a REBEL SOLDIER emerges INTO VIEW.

Eli quickly throws the Rebel Soldier down on the ground, as he aims his GUNS and proceeds to FIRE. The SHOT hits the Rebel Soldier in the abdomen, killing him.

Eli looks in momentary silence at the fallen Rebel Soldier, as he looks and begins to painfully remove the knife from his shoulder.

Eli removes the knife, as he WINCES and GRUNTS in pain. He rips off a piece of his uniform, as he tautly wraps it around his wound.

Eli continues on his way, as he points his gun and looks vigilantly around for enemy forces. Little does he know that he is being watched.

MYSTERY SNIPER SCOPE POV

A Sniper for the Enemy Forces carefully and quietly waits in a nearby tree, as he quietly trails Eli and readies his weapon for fire.

BACK TO SCENE

Eli, still oblivious to the Sniper, continues to amble through the jungle. Suddenly, before he can continue a VOICE beckons in the distance.

TRENT (O.S.)
(calls out)
Hey Eli.

Eli turns around.

ELI'S POV

TRENT

Stands in the distance, as he makes his way over to Eli.

BACK TO SCENE

Eli smiles, as he starts to head towards Trent.

Suddenly, a GUN SHOT EMERGES, as it hits Eli in his already-stabbed left shoulder.

Eli falls to the ground in SLOW MOTION, as more SHOTS are FIRED, STRIKING him in the back and lower pelvis.

Trent's eyes go wide, as he dashes to the aid of his friend and comrade. He spots the Sniper and FIRES SHOTS at him.

The Sniper is HIT, as he falls OUT of the tree in SLOW MOTION and hits the ground.

Trent FIRES two more SHOTS at the Sniper, killing him. Trent looks angrily at the Sniper's corpse, as he quickly turns his attention to Eli.

Trent turns Eli over, as he kneels down beside him.

TRENT
 (hysterical)
 Eli, are you alright?

ELI
 (in a whisper; gasping)
 Thanks for getting him, Trent.

TRENT
 Anytime, buddy.
 (starts to pull Eli up)
 Come on. I'm taking you back to
 base. We'll get you all patched up.
 You'll be good as new...

Trent attempts to pick up Eli, but is met with resistance.

TER
 (looks incredulous at Eli)
 Come on, Eli. We gotta get you back
 to base.

ELI
 (in a whisper; gasping)
 I ain't gonna make it, Trent.

TRENT
 (looks incredulous at Eli)
 What are you talking about, Eli?
 (yells hysterically)
 We're soldiers, God damn it! We
 fight and we win!

ELI
 (in a whisper; gasping)
 I'm sorry, Trent. But this is one
 fight I ain't gonna win. I can't
 feel my legs. I ain't livin' my
 life like no veggie.
 (one full beat)
 You know what you have to do.

Trent looks perplexed at Eli, when he realizes what he is asking.

TRENT
 (strongly objects)
 No. No way. No fucking way, Eli.

ELI
 (in a whisper; softly)
 Please Trent. Just do it.

TRENT
 (strongly objects)
 No, I can't. I won't. It's just
 not...

ELI
 (swiftly interjects;
 starts to cry intensely)
 Just do it, Trent!
 (softly)
 I've lived and fought like a
 soldier. And now I wanna die like
 one.
 (one full beat)
 Don't deny me that, Trent. Please.

A moment of silence follows, as Trent looks tenderly at Eli.

ELI
 (in a whisper)
 Come in close to me.

Trent heeds Eli, as he leans in close to him. Eli faintly
 raises his head and kisses Trent on the lips. He then gently
 drops his head.

ELI
 (in a whisper; gasping)
 Hope that wasn't too bad for you.
 Figured since that was my last
 kiss, it might as well be somebody
 I love.

Trent looks soberly at Eli, as he continues.

ELI
 Just want you to know despite what
 you or any one of the platoon think
 of me, I always consider you my
 brothers.
 (beat)
 There are many just like me,
 wanting to live a respectable life
 and serve their country proudly.
 Make sure they get that
 opportunity.
 (beat)
 You think we wear pink, but we're
 in camos, just like everyone else.
 Our blood is pure and red, and
 spills for liberty. Don't you ever
 forget that.

Trent nods his head in a "Yes" motion, as he looks soberly at Eli.

ELI
 I love you, Trent. Truly and
 unabashedly.
 (one full beat)
 I'm ready.

Trent gently pulls out his gun, and places it on Eli's abdomen. Trent looks away, as he readies his gun.

Trent carefully pulls the trigger, as a SHOT is FIRED, killing Eli.

Trent turns towards Eli's lifeless corpse, as he starts to CONVULSE. Trent touches Eli's corpse, as tears run down his face.

Trent starts to walk away from Eli, as he tries to contain his emotions. Suddenly, a pair of HANDS emerges INTO VIEW from behind a tree and apprehends Trent.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - AFTERNOON

On the other end of the jungle, Bob carefully makes his way through, as he looks for any enemy forces.

Bob dashes through, when a LOUD EXPLOSION EMERGES from beneath him, sending him flying to the ground.

Bob lies on the ground, as he writhes in pain. Bob looks, as he finds that his left foot has been BLOWN OFF. He looks a few feet back in front of him.

BOB'S POV

GROUND DIVOT

As brumes of smoke billow, indicating a land mine detonation.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob looks painfully at his foot.

BOB
 (yells in pain; gasping)
 Mother fuckin' landmine!

Bob GASPS for air, as he attempts to get up, but falls back down and grimaces in pain.

BOB
(yells in pain)
Sonuvabitch!

Bob remains on the ground, when he notices three FIGURES emerging INTO VIEW.

They are enemy forces, as their backs face Bob, guns wielded and ready.

Bob looks in courage and fear, as the braces for the enemy soldiers to fire their weapons.

GUN SHOTS are FIRED, as Bob closes his eyes. He quickly opens them to find all the enemy soldiers on the ground. Standing a few feet away is Cornell gun in hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob looks at Cornell, as he smiles faintly at him.

BOB
(slightly happy)
Man, are you a sight for sore eyes.

CORNELL
(sardonically)
Yeah, yeah. Quit the sweet talk.

Cornell heads over to help Bob, when Bob spots something.

BOB
(yells loudly)
Look out!

BOB'S POV

ENEMY SOLDIER

Approaches Cornell, with gun ready.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob pulls out his gun, FIRES a SHOT, and kills the Soldier.

CORNELL
(looks at Soldier; looks
at Bob)
Well, hot damn. Talk about one hand
washin' the other.

BOB
Or in this case, shooting.

Cornell bends down to help Bob.

CORNELL
 (looks in disbelief at
 Bob's leg)
 Lord hammercy, what happened to yo'
 leg?

BOB
 (sarcastic)
 It fell off after I did the cha-
 cha. Stepped on a land mine.

CORNELL
 (helps Bob up)
 We gotta get you back to base. Your
 leg is bleedin' like a pig.

BOB
 (sarcastic)
 Thanks for reminding me.

Cornell and Bob start to head back to base when they notice something and stop in their tracks.

BOB AND CORNELL'S POV

TREES IN JUNGLE

Lie still, as multitudes of ENEMY SOLDIERS emerge INTO VIEW.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob and Cornell look in silent astonishment at the Enemy Soldiers.

BOB
 Looks like we've got company.
 (beat)
 I feel like a one-legged man in an
 ass-kicking contest.

CORNELL
 Actually, you are.

BOB
 Well, I guess this means we're done
 for.

CORNELL
 Maybe for you. I come from the
 South. We don't go down without a
 fight.

BOB

Well in Texas, we don't back down
to no one, no how.

(turns to Cornell)

Listen, I just wanted to say how
sorry I am for everything I put you
through. It's been a pleasure to
serve with you, Cornell.

Bob extends his hand to Cornell.

CORNELL

(shakes Bob's hands)

Thank you, Bob.

BETS

Whadya say we show these fuckers
how the Army does it?

CORNELL

Thought you'd never ask.

WIDE ANGLE - JUNGLE

As Enemy Soldiers start to converge on Cornell and Bob.

The sound of GUN SHOTS EMERGES, as EVERYTHING FADES TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XVII

FADE IN:

EXT. SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap and Lt. Douglass carefully amble around the Army base,
vigilantly watching for Enemy Soldiers.

CAP

(in a whisper)

George, do you see anything?

LT. DOUGLASS

(vigilantly looks around)

Nothing Cap. See if you can reach
any of the platoon on your walkie.

CAP

(pulls out walkie and
speaks into it)

(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)
 McPherson, Crayton, Mayes,
 Rasmussen. Answer me! Over!

There is no reply, as Cap throws his walkie on the ground in frustration.

CAP
 Not a God damn reply, George.

LT. DOUGLASS
 Looks like it's just us. We're
 going to have to...

Before Lt. Douglass can finish, the sound of GUN SHOTS EMERGES, as Lt. Douglass is HIT in the back, shoulders, and lower abdomen. Lt. Douglass falls to the ground, as Cap quickly runs to his aid.

Cap quickly spots the Enemy Sniper and SHOOTS at him. The Enemy Sniper is hit, as he falls to the ground. Cap FIRES two more SHOTS into the Enemy Sniper before heading over and kneeling beside Lt. Douglass.

CAP
 (in a whisper; worried)
 Holy grits and shit, George! Are
 you okay?

LT. DOUGLASS
 (in a whisper; gasping for
 air)
 Been better, Cap. Cap?

CAP
 (in a whisper)
 Yeah, George?

LT. DOUGLASS
 (in a whisper; gasping)
 I never told you this, but there's
 a chopper in the Army base. You'll
 find it in the back. Covered.

CAP
 You sonuvabitch. Why didn't you
 tell me?

LT. DOUGLASS
 (in a whisper; gasps)
 I wanted to be the first to ride
 that sucker. Guess that's not gonna
 happen now, huh?

Cap looks soberly at Lt. Douglass, a faint smile fissures from his lips.

LT. DOUGLASS
 (in a whisper; gasps)
 Ride that bad boy like the hounds
 of hell, Cap.
 (one full beat; intense)
 And show these fucks how we do it
 in the U. S. of A A!

Lt. Douglass bows his head to the ground, as he lays idle.

CAP
 (attempts to rouse Lt.
 Douglass)
 George? George!

Lt. Douglass does not reply to Cap, as Cap looks on in sorrow at his fallen comrade. Cap starts to tear up, as he places his hand on Lt. Douglass' heart.

Cap quickly wipes away the tears from his eyes, as he gets up and heads over to the Army base.

EXT. REAR SECOND ARMY BASE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE
 AFTERNOON

Cap carefully makes his way around the Army base when he notices two massive wooden doors. Cap gently opens both of the doors, when he beholds their contents.

CAP'S POV

ARMY FIGHTER CHOPPER

Fresh, new, and ready to go, lies idle.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap looks in wide-eyed wonder at the chopper.

CAP
 Look at my new toy, Mom.

WIDE ANGLE - SKYLINE OF JUNGLE

As the WHIRRING CHOPPER appears INTO VIEW.

INT. ARMY CHOPPER - DAY

Cap rides the chopper, as he attempts to find and strike enemy forces.

CAP
(rides chopper and looks
for forces)
Alright now. Let's see what we can
find and kill...
(beat)
Oh wait, is that who I think it is?

CAP'S AERIAL POV

ENEMY SOLDIERS

Emerge from the jungle as they start to OPEN FIRE.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap leans the Chopper forward and prepares to attack.

CAP
(readies Chopper gun)
Fourth of July coming a little
early, pricks!

Cap begins FIRING SHOTS from the Chopper. The SHOTS HIT the Enemy Soldiers, as they fall to the ground.

CAP
(laughs sardonically)
Ha! Direct hit!
(looks from Chopper)
What do we have here? Ah, some more
lambs for the slaughter!

CAP'S AERIAL POV

More ENEMY SOLDIERS emerge INTO VIEW from the jungle, as GUN SHOTS are immediately FIRED in their direction, killing them all.

CAP

(yells loudly and
exclaims)

Tilt!

(beat)

Man, I'm a natural at this. Step on
up, fuckos!

(looks around)

Let's check for some more, shall
we?

Cap carefully pulls the steering wheel of the Chopper to his left, as it gravitates in that direction.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Slews of ENEMY SOLDIERS emerge INTO VIEW from the jungle, as they start to FIRE SHOTS at the Chopper above.

INT. ARMY CHOPPER - FRONT SEAT - DAY

CAP

(looks down from chopper)

Oh, there you are. Guess we're
gonna have to fight fire with fire!

CLOSE ON - LARGE RED BUTTON

On the Chopper's switchboard, as Cap presses down on it.

CLOSE ON - BOTTOM OF PLANE

As an ENEMY MISSILE emerges INTO VIEW.

CAP

(yells loudly)

Time to go boom!

Cap presses down again on the red button.

WIDE ANGLE - ARMY MISSILE

ZOOMS through the sky towards the jungle, as it HITS and EXPLODES on ENEMY SOLDIERS in the jungle.

Trees and portions of the jungle go up IN FLAMES.

CAP
 (loudly exclaims)
 Kaboom, fuckos! I am Cap McMurray,
 U.S. Army General of the U. S. of A
 A. Greatest land in the free
 fucking world. And don't you forget
 it!
 (handles steering wheel)
 Time to land this baby.

Cap carefully guides the steering wheel of the chopper, as he attempts to land, when suddenly the SOUND of GUN FIRE EMERGES. Cap quickly takes notice and looks down.

CAP'S AERIAL PO

ENEMY SOLDIERS

Stand at the other end of the jungle, FIRING their GUNS at the Chopper.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap looks at the soldiers and turns the Chopper in their direction.

CAP
 (mock-frustration)
 Sweet Mary and potatoes, where are
 y'all comin' from? You're like
 lemmings.

Cap starts to FIRE the GUNS from the Chopper, when nothing projects.

CAP
 Shit.

Cap quickly attempts to maneuver the Chopper.

More ENEMY SOLDIERS emerge INTO VIEW from the jungle, as they start to SHOOT their WEAPONS at the Chopper.

INT. ARMY CHOPPER - FRONT SEAT - DAY

Cap still struggles to fly the chopper away, as ENEMY SOLDIERS continue to SHOOT.

Cap is about to make a wide pivot, when a PINGING NOISE EMERGES, as Cap acknowledges it.

CAP
(sober)
They're starting to hit me.

Cap worriedly tries to adjust the direction of the Chopper, when he notices something.

CAP'S AERIAL POV

ENEMY SOLDIERS

Ready a LARGE SCUD MISSILE, as they FIRE it towards the Chopper.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap quickly unbuckles himself from the pilot seat, as he vaults out of the Chopper.

CAP
(yells loudly)
Incommminng!!!

Cap escapes from the Chopper just in time, as the MISSILE COLLIDES with the CHOPPER, as a MASSIVE EXPLOSION ensues.

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Cap lies tiredly on his chest on the ground, as he GASPS for air.

CAP
(gasping)
I've gotta get the hell out of here. Just have to get to the jeep.

Cap begins to carefully rise from the ground, as a GLOVED HAND holding a club emerges INTO VIEW and HITS Cap over the head, as everything FADES TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XVIII

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - MAGIC HOUR

Cap lies idly on the ground, as he awakens and starts to rise. He carefully looks around, when he sees something.

CAP'S POV

WIDE ANGLE - ENEMY SOLDIERS

Stand still and silent in front of Cap.

BACK TO SCENE

Cap looks vigilantly at the Soldiers, as he tentatively steps forward.

CAP
(sternly)
Hello. I'm General Cap McMurray.
Who are you?

None of the Enemy Soldiers reply, as Cap inquires again.

CAP
(yells sternly)
I repeat, who are you? Take off
your fuckin' masks and show me your
faces, like men!

The Enemy Soldiers remain silent, when one Soldier steps towards Cap.

CAP
(yells strongly)
Well, didn't you hear me? Show me
your fucking face. Now!

The Enemy Soldier continues to step towards Cap, when Cap halts him.

CAP
(stern)
Hold it right there. Take off your
mask!

The Enemy Soldier takes off his mask to reveal his identity. It is Trent.

CAP
(astounded)
Mayes? You've alive!

TRENT

And well.

CAP

(stern)

What are you doing? What is all this? I demand an answer.

TRENT

My goodness Cap, so many questions, so little time.

CAP

(yells sternly)

Answer me, you sonuvabitch!

TRENT

My my, Cap. Such strong language from someone who is grossly outnumbered. Don't you think?

CAP

I demand an explanation, Mayes. What is all this?

TRENT

I'm truly surprised you haven't caught on by now.

CAP

Mayes, I swear if you don't give me an answer in five seconds I'm...

Before Cap can finish, Trent quickly pulls out a gun and aims it at Cap.

TRENT

(intense; points gun at Cap)

I strongly advise you to be patient. You have just been witness to the most perfectly executed mission in the history of the world.

(one full beat)

Here it is, in all its splendor. The one, the only, the Initiative.

Cap looks puzzled at Trent, who continues.

TRENT

What's the matter, General? Didn't think a small-town boy from Idaho could pull it off? But I did.

(turns to Enemy Soldiers)

Or rather, we did.

CAP

How did you do it?

TRENT

My, my. Where do I begin? First, you were lied to about The Initiative. You were told it was a secret mission designed against the enemy. But you were never told what it was about.

(beat; presents mysterious logo)

This is where this came in. We made a logo to indicate a covert, clandestine operation that no one could decipher. How could you figure out what we were when you knew nothing of who we were?

CAP

What about your platoon members?

TRENT

That's where the difficulty arose. I didn't count on us getting lost in the desert. But like all unforeseen obstacles, we adjusted. And we did. Of course we had to make a few minor tweaks. That torso we found the jungle? Just a baby lamb. The General Radburn you spoke to on the walkie? Just an actor. The carnage you saw inside and outside the base? All plastic dummy parts and ketchup. Lots of ketchup.

(beat)

Shit, who do you think cleaned it all up?

CAP

(stern)

How dare you betray your unit, your obligation, your country, your...

TRENT

(rapidly interjects)

Please save the patriotic, rah-rah schlock for some other poor schlep.

(beat)

I had on sole motivation. Profit. You see, the older I get, the more I realize what my country and most of the entire world is all about....

(one full beat)

Domination. Personal domination, world domination, total domination. Every living and breathing human being wants to be better, bigger, stronger, and badder than every one they see. Famous or common. Rich or poor. Smart or stupid. Harmless or lethal. We all want to top each other.

Cap looks sternly at Trent, as he stands still and listens.

TRENT

Everybody sees us fighting and fails to realize the whole and unadulterated truth. The real battle doesn't exist here on these fields. It's all over. In our homes, neighborhoods, businesses, past times, you name it. And the reward for all of it is supremacy and survival.

(beat)

Daily life and the attempt to live it is the toughest war we will ever wage. And only the fittest come out alive.

CAP

Then why are you still alive?

TRENT

Quite the query, if I may say so. You need look no further than our platoon. All weak. An intelligent perfectionist, a glutton, a gambler, a Negro, a racist, a diabetic, and a fag.

CAP

(stern)

You're the weakest of all of them.
A traitor.

TRENT

That's one way of looking at it. I
was a soldier, a motivator, a
"leader". At least in your eyes.

(beat)

I prefer venture capitalist. Has a
nice ring to it, doesn't it? All I
had to do was play the part, bide
my time, and watch each one of you
perish.

CAP

How can you lie with treason?

TRENT

You know, I actually gave that a
modicum of thought, when I realized
that treason pays pretty fucking
well. But it's not just me...

(turns to Enemy Soldiers)

Take 'em off, fellas.

WIDE ANGLE - ENEMY SOLDIER

Remove their masks IN UNISON to reveal Soldiers from every
country and culture from around the world.

TRENT

Every major continent is
represented behind me. We're all
different in some way, but
essentially we're all the same.

(beat)

Kind of looks like a New York City
subway car, huh?

CAP

You incredible asshole.

TRENT

Incredibly rich asshole, if I may
add.

(beat)

Everything will be in our
possession.

(MORE)

TRENT (cont'd)

Industry, environment, education, food supply, finance, media, you name it. And we'll pass it on to future generations to perpetuate the propaganda.

(beat)

Little does the public know just what kind of slippery slope into oblivion they're truly on. What world governments have planned is the like of which The Initiative is only just the onset of.

CAP

(intense)

I am not going to stand here and let you...

TRENT

(impudently interjects)

What exactly do you plan on doing? Fighting for Old Glory, apple pie, hot dogs, Chevrolet, and all that jingoistic mumbo jumbo?!

(beat)

Thanks, but I'll pass. It's called the American Dream because those who believe it can never truly grasp the illusion.

A moment of silence ensues, as Cap looks intently at Trent and the Enemy Soldiers.

TRENT

(looks at his watch)

Golly, look at the time. We really have to be on our way.

(comes to; delves into pocket)

Speaking of Old Glory...

(pulls out American flag and tosses it to Cap)

I won't be needing this any more. Consider it a consolation prize.

Trent readies and aims his gun at Cap.

WIDE ANGLE - ENEMY SOLDIERS

Follow suit, as they prepare and aim their guns IN UNISON at Cap.

TRENT
 (aims guns at Cap)
 So, do you have any last words?

Cap nods silently in a "YES" motion, as he steps forward, picks up the American flag from the ground and wraps it around his body.

CAP
 (stands firm; tears up;
 speaks loudly)
 I pledge allegiance, to the flag,
 of the United States of America.
 And to the Republic, for which it
 stands. One nation, under God,
 indivisible, with liberty and
 justice for all!!!

Seconds after Cap completes the Pledge of Allegiance, Trent and ALL of the ENEMY SOLDIERS FIRE SHOTS at him.

Cap, wrapped in Old Glory, stands firm, as GUN SHOTS HIT him from all angles throughout his body.

Cap falls to the ground in SLOW MOTION, as he lays lifeless on the ground.

Trent and all of the Enemy Soldiers remain silent, as they look soberly at Cap's body for a moment.

Trent turns to face all of the Enemy Soldiers, as he turns back around. Trent grins and raises his gun in the air in exultation, as all of the Enemy Soldiers do the same IN UNISON.

ENEMY SOLDIERS
 (loud; in unison)
 Yeaahhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

EVERYONE CHEERS and celebrates the execution of The Initiative, as they lift Cap's corpse and begin to carry it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - SUNSET

Residents and Soldiers celebrate, embrace, and dance in the streets.

CLOSE ON - CAP'S CORPSE

Wrapped in a bloodied American flag.

FADE OUT.

THE END