

JUNDI (Soldier)

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JUNDI

SUPERIMPOSE: Somewhere in Iraq, 1991.

FADE IN:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A MARINE CORP HUMVEE speeds through the darkness.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

CORPORAL BECKER drives, SERGEANT KENNEDY Rides shotgun. Both wear night vision goggles.

In the back seats are NAVY CORPSMAN DOC NAKAMURO and IRAQI INTERPRETER AZIZ-AL-BARRI.

INT. HUMVEE - REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Four MARINE RIFLEMEN bounce along in silence.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Ahead is a FORK in the road.

AZIZ

Here.

SERGEANT KENNEDY

The map shows our objective is  
two clicks North.

AZIZ

No, is here. I show.

Corporal Becker takes the fork and drives through a rutted  
tree lined road.

CORPORAL BECKER

This doesn't feel right.

AZIZ

Is okay, trust me.

The road leads to a dead end. There is a shell of an abandoned car and a large pile of trash.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
Keep moving Becker.

Corporal Becker pulls a smooth U-Turn, then stomps on the brakes. The HUMVEE skids to a stop.

CORPORAL BECKER  
What the fuck?

The BODY of an AMERICAN SOLDIER hangs from a tree.

The Marines look closer. It is an AMERICAN ARMY UNIFORM, stuffed with dry grass.

AZIZ  
I will check.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
Hold fast Aziz. Becker, get us out of here.

Aziz bolts from the HUMVEE into the darkness.

SERGEANT KENNEDY (cont'd)  
(shouts)  
Becker, go!!

Corporal Becker stabs the accelerator pedal.

We see FLASHES in the tree line followed by the sound of BULLETS impacting their HUMVEE.

A bullet strikes the windshield sending a glass shard into Corporal Becker's eye.

CORPORAL BECKER  
Ow! Fuck!

Kennedy reaches over the HUMVEE's cowl and takes control of the steering wheel.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
(shouts)  
Becker, put your foot down.

CLOSE ON CORPORAL BECKER'S BOOT - steps on the throttle pedal to the floor.

They speed away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Aziz fires a last shot as the HUMVEE disappears around a curve, then he darts to his left through the sparse trees and thick grasses.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Ahead is a sharp bend in the road, the HUMVEE is speeding towards a massive tree.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
Becker, slow down. Slow down!  
Stop!

Corporal Becker stands on the HUMVEE'S brakes and skids to a stop just short of the tree.

We hear BANGING and SWEARING from the rear of the HUMVEE.

SERGEANT KENNEDY (cont'd)  
SITREP?

MARINE #1  
RAWLINGS took one in his ass.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
Rawlings, can you function?

RAWLINGS (O.S.)  
Yes Sergeant Kennedy.

Corporal Becker rinses his eye with his canteen and wipes the blood from his cheek.

CORPORAL BECKER  
That fucking terp Aziz led us into an ambush. Let's go back and kill that fucker!

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
We have a mission to carry out  
Becker, trade places, I'm driving.

CORPORAL BECKER  
I can drive Sarge.

SERGEANT KENNEDY  
I don't have time to debate corporal,  
I need you healthy. Doc, tend to  
Becker's eye,

Kennedy exits the passenger door of the HUMVEE and hurries around to the drivers door.

A SHOT rings out! It strikes the driver's window.

Kennedy stops, he wipes his neck and sees blood on his hand.

CORPORAL BECKER

Sarge?

A second SHOT rings out.

Sergeant Kennedy slams violently into the door and falls to the ground, leaving a blood smear.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Man Down! Man Down!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Aziz lowers his rifle, then takes cover behind a tree.

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The Marines swiftly exit the HUMVEE and spray automatic weapon fire in the direction of the shot.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Aziz smiles as the bullets rip harmlessly around him.

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

CORPORAL BECKER

Cease fire! cease fire!

The Marines scan the area.

Doc Nakamura swiftly tapes a gauze patch over Corporal Becker's eye.

DOC NAKAMURA

Hold still.

CORPORAL BECKER

(whispers)

Doc, help me get Sergeant Kennedy.

Corporal Becker and Doc Nakamuro retrieve Sergeant Kennedy's body and place him in the HUMVEE's cargo area.

Corporal Becker climbs in the driver's seat of the HUMVEE.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Follow me.

The Marines follow the HUMVEE as Corporal Becker slowly drives, their weapons trained back at the hostile area.

After a safe distance.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Marines, let's go.

The Marines climb into the HUMVEE.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Corporal Becker speeds away, his head turned to the side, driving with one eye.

In the rear cargo area, Sergeant Kennedy lies at the feet of his fellow Marines. His unseeing eyes stare into nothing.

RAWLINGS solemnly covers Sergeant Kennedy with a poncho.

The Marines ride along in silence, knowing that it could easily be any one of them lying on the floor of the HUMVEE.

The HUMVEE skids to a sudden stop. Corporal Becker turns, his face looks wicked with a bloody eye patch and blood streaks running down his cheek.

CORPORAL BECKER

Fuck The mission, let's go back and  
kill those motherfuckers!

MARINES

(shout)

Oorah.

The sound of well oiled machinery fills the air as the Marines reload their weapons and silently exit the HUMVEE.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Marines move out double time, running quietly, single file, a two meter interval between them.

Corporal Becker HAND SIGNALS to halt.

We hear ARABIC TALKING and LAUGHING in the distance.

Corporal Becker hand signals to spread out.

The Marines move silently through the trees into a "two point" ambush position.

FIVE ARMED MEN, silhouetted by moonlight, walk single file towards them.

Aziz is on point, smoking a cigarette. He passes it to the MAN behind him, he says something in Arabic, the others LAUGH. Aziz stops and takes a drink from his canteen. He scans the terrain, decides it is safe and continues to walk into the kill zone.

CORPORAL BECKER

Oorah!

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- a) Shock on the faces of the enemy.
- b) The Marine riflemen FIRE their weapons.
- c) All five Enemy Combatants go down in a fraction of a second.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Cease Fire! Cease Fire!

The Marines approach the fallen enemy through the SMOKEY HAZE.

The dead lie in a file, where a moment before, they had been walking, talking, breathing.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Search them.

Corporal Becker stands over Aziz.

Aziz looks up to Corporal Becker, a large red gap where his lip and top teeth are missing.

Corporal Becker, draws his Kay-bar knife, bends down and cuts the American flag patch from Aziz's uniform.

Aziz tries to speak, his mouth moves but only blood bubbles come out.

POW! POW!

Becker administers a coup de grace.

INT. BOSTON - SERGEANT KENNEDY'S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL KENNEDY JR., 10, stands in front of a mirror. His mother, CATHLEEN KENNEDY straitens his neck tie.

MICHAEL KENNEDY JR.  
Mom, it's too tight!

CATHLEEN  
It's only for a little while.  
Now, do you remember the words.

MICHAEL KENNEDY JR.  
(sings)  
"Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the  
pipes are calling."

CATHLEEN  
(beams proudly)  
Your daddy would be proud if he could  
be here to see you.

EXT. KENNEDY HOUSE - DAY

A gray Ford Crown Victoria pulls up and parks. Corporal Becker and a CHAPLAIN step out. Both wear dress uniforms. Corporal Becker has a PATCH over his eye. They walk past a window displaying a RED AND WHITE BANNER with A SINGLE BLUE STAR.

Corporal Becker knocks on the door, he hears young Michael Kennedy Jr. sing.

Corporal Becker knocks again and waits.

Michael Kennedy Jr. opens the door and looks up to the men, puzzled innocence on his face.

Cathleen Kennedy, concerned, steps onto the porch and blocks the soldiers from entering.

KATE KENNEDY  
We were just leaving for mass.

Corporal Becker removes his hat and speaks indistinguishably.



Cathleen Kennedy's expression turns from concern to shock. She covers her mouth with both hands.

CLOSE ON - Michael Kennedy Jr. clenches his fists.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. MOTOR POOL - CAMP HENDERSON KUWAIT - TWELVE YEARS LATER

CLOSE ON A CLENCHED FIST as Lieutenant Michael Kennedy Jr., now a grown man, throws powerful punches at a heavy bag chained to a steel beam.

He is six foot two, long haired, bearded and naked from the waste up. We see ripped muscles, zero body fat and the NAVY SEAL TRIDENT tattooed on his left breast.

SEAL #1  
Hey Kennedy, you're wanted at  
TOC.

Kennedy executes a final spinning back kick, then wipes himself down with a towel.

EXT/INT. TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

The TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER is a large command tent surrounded by GUARDS, sandbags and armored vehicles. Inside is a hub of activity - OFFICERS converse, CLERKS rush about, RADIO OPERATORS communicate, PERSONNEL sit in front of large COMPUTER MONITORS.

A SEAL COMMANDER greets Kennedy and leads him to room with a large satellite map. Kennedy studies the map as the commander points and speaks indistinguishably.

EXT. CAMP HENDERSON KUWAIT - GUN RANGE - DAY

PETTY OFFICER BILL OAKES, 24, black, two hundred twenty pounds of muscle and attitude shoots his M4 assault rifle at a terrorists silhouette target.

POW POW! POW, POW!

In the next lane, SEAMAN HERMAN PUCKETT, SEAL team sniper taunts him.

PUCKETT  
Keep practicin' Oakes, shoot like  
yo huntin' fo yo suppa.

OAKES

I need a moving target. Why don't you run out there and see if I can't tag your redneck ass.

PUCKETT

I'll tell you what, you put two in that haji's balls, and I'll buy you a case of that fancy malt liquor you like.

Oakes raises his rifle and sights through the scope. The target is fifty yards away. He stands stock still, then..

POW! POW!

Puckett peers through his binoculars.

PUCKETT (cont'd)

Damn! - you close.

Puckett hands the binoculars to Oakes.

PUCKETT (cont'd)

Watch and learn son.

He raises his rifle.

Lieutenant Kennedy approaches.

KENNEDY

Good to see you boys are getting range time, you may need it.

Oakes and Puckett stop and listen attentively.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

S-one has discovered a bunker complex they suspect is a possible WMD site, close enough to lob BIO weapons into Kuwait. They want us to clear it before the main push.

OAKES

When is the main push?

KENNEDY

Well Bill, command doesn't share classified intel with lowly lieutenant's like me, but the buzz I'm hearing is zero eight hundred tomorrow.

PUCKETT

Why us? This sounds like a mission any grunt could handle.

KENNEDY

Command does not want regulars for this. They want pro's that can get the job done right the first time. If there are bio, chemical or nuclear weapons, the entire invasion force is jeopardized.

(beat)

Our objective is: One, Search and verify or negate existence of WMDs. Two, Capture and extract any high value personnel and three, Secure any documents or hard drives we find. Once we're out of there, air will come in and destroy it. Hooyah?

PUCKETT AND OAKES

Hooyah!

KENNEDY

We roll at zero five thirty. weapons, camel backs, and assault packs. We should be back in time for beers.

INT. CAMP HENDERSON BARRACKS - NIGHT

DAMARIS CASTELLANOS, 25, Greek born interpreter and brilliant computer hacker studies a map of Iraq on a computer monitor.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Castellanos answers the door.

Lieutenant Kennedy stands outside.

CASTELLANOS

Sir?

KENNEDY

Pack your kit, we have a mission. Report zero five thirty at the motor pool.

CASTELLANOS  
Sir, I do not do missions, I just  
interpret satellite messages.

KENNEDY  
You do speak Arabic?

CASTELLANOS  
My mother is from Lebanon.

KENNEDY  
So you do speak Arabic?

CASTELLANOS  
Fluently

KENNEDY  
Pack your kit, we rally, zero five  
thirty at the motor pool.

Kennedy leaves.

Castellanos appears stunned.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - PREPARING FOR THE MISSION

a)Puckett lovingly wipes his rifle's action with an  
oily cloth, then places it in a Drag bag.

b)Oakes sharpens his K-BAR knife.

c)Kennedy loads extra mags into his battle belt.

D)Castellanos writes his last will.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY - DAWN

A lone HUMVEE speeds along, throwing up a sand rooster tail.

- END PART ONE -

