

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 MICHAEL KENNEDY Rides shotgun. Both wear night vision goggles.

AZIZ-AL-BARRI, IRAQI INTERPRETER, sits in the back seat. He sports a thick black mustache, and holds an AK 47. An American flag patch is sewn onto his Woodland army uniform.

INT. HUMVEE - REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Three MARINE RIFLEMEN and NAVY CORPSMAN DOC NAKAMURO ride along in silence.

They come to a FORK in the road.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

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 pile of miscellaneous trash.

SERGEANT KENNEDY
Keep moving Becker.

Corporal Becker pulls a smooth U-Turn, then stomps on the brakes. The HUMMVEE 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 and bolts 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)
I've got the wheel, Becker, put your
foot down.

Corporal Becker puts the throttle pedal to the floor.

Sergeant Kennedy steers, Becker blindly works the HUMVEE's pedals as they speed away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Aziz fires a last shot as the HUMVEE disappears around a curve.

INT. HUMVEE - REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Rawlings rubs his butt cheek, he sees blood on his fingers.

RAWLINGS

I'm hit!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Aziz darts to his left through the sparse trees and thick grasses.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

SERGEANT KENNEDY

Becker, slow down. Slow down!
Stop!

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

Yes Sergeant. Let's go back and kill
that mother fucker Aziz!

SERGEANT KENNEDY

We have a mission to carry out.
Becker, get in back, I'm driving.

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

CORPORAL BECKER

I can drive Sarge.

SERGEANT KENNEDY
I don't have time to debate corporal
Becker. 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.

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 open fire, spraying
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.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)
(whispers)
Doc, help me get Sergeant Kennedy.

The Marines stand guard as Corporal Becker and Doc Nakamuro retrieve Sergeant Kennedy's body and place him in the HUMVEE's cargo area.

Rawlings, Marine #1 and MARINE #2 scan the area for movement.

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

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)

Let's go.

The Marines climb into the HUMVEE, their weapons trained back at the hostile area.

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.

RAWLINGS

That fucking Aziz led us into
an ambush.

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

The HUMVEE skids to a halt. Corporal Becker turns to the Marines.

His face looks wicked with a bloody eye patch and blood streaks running down his cheek.

CORPORAL BECKER

Fuck it! The mission can wait! 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.

They crouch down.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Corporal Becker HAND SIGNALS to move out double time.

The Marines run quietly, single file, keeping a three meter interval between them.

Corporal Becker signals to halt.

We hear ARABIC TALKING and LAUGHING in the distance.

Corporal Becker signals to spread out into a "two point" ambush position.

The Marines move silently through the trees and wait.

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, then says something in Arabic, the others LAUGH. Aziz stops and takes a drink from his canteen.

Aziz's eyes narrow as he scans the terrain, decides it is safe and continues to walk until they are deep 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 automatic 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 for documents.

Corporal Becker stands over Aziz.

Aziz looks up to Corporal Becker, a large red gap where his 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.

Becker swiftly administers a coup de grace.

POW! POW!

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)
I wish your daddy 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.

Michael Kennedy Jr. clenches his fists.

DISSOLVE TO

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

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, 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 ass.

PUCKETT
I would, if I thought that'd get
my ass outta this dusty sandbox.
(beat)
I'll tell you what, you put two
in that haji's balls, and I'll
buy you a pint of that fancy
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 staying
active, you may need it.

Oakes and Puckett stop and listen attentively.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
S1 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
(MORE)

KENNEDY (cont'd)
before the main push.

OAKES
When is the main push?

KENNEDY
(sarcasm)
Well Bill, Command hasn't shared that
classified intel with me yet.

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 dinner.

- END PART ONE -

