

JUNDI (Soldier)

Written by

Mark Shaffer

JUNDI

SUPERIMPOSE: Somewhere in Iraq, 1991.

FADE IN:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A MARINE CORP HUMVEE speeds through the darkness, it's head lights off.

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 us 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 disappears 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!

Corporal Becker attempts to pluck the shard out his eye using his fingernails.

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

I'm hit!

Rawlings rubs his butt cheek, he inspects his fingers and sees blood on the tips.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The HUMVEE speeds towards a MASSIVE TREE.

SERGEANT KENNEDY

Becker, slow down.

(screams)

Stop! God dammit!

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 #2

RAWLINGS took one in his ass.

SERGEANT KENNEDY

Rawlings, can you function?

RAWLINGS

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

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

Corporal Becker plucks the glass shard from his eye, inspects it, then tosses it to the HUMVEE's floor. He rinses his eye with his canteen's water.

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 and hurries around to the HUMMVEES's drivers door.

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

Kennedy wipes his neck and sees blood.

CORPORAL BECKER
Sarge?

A second SHOT rings out.

Sergeant Kennedy slams chest first into the door leaving a blood smear to the ground,

He lays motionless.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)
Man Down! Man Down!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Aziz takes cover behind a tree.

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The Marines open fire, spraying
bullets 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 for movement.

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

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

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

Corporal Becker climbs onto the driver's seat and starts the diesel engine.

CORPORAL BECKER (cont'd)
Marines, let's go

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

the HUMVEE disappears around a corner.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Corporal Becker drives, his head is turned to the side, navigating with one eye.

INT. HUMVEE REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Sergeant Kennedy lies at the feet of his fellow Marines, his unseeing eyes stare into nothing.

Rawlings removes a poncho from his ruck and solemnly covers Sergeant Kennedy.

The Marines bow their heads.

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 and 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. He says something in Arabic, the others LAUGH.

Aziz stops.

His eyes narrow as he scans the terrain, He seems to sense something is wrong-

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 cautiously 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 finds Aziz lying on his back, silently looking up at him, a large red hole where his nose and top teeth are missing.

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

He stands over him, M4 carbine pointed at Aziz's chest.

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

POW! POW!

Corporal Becker swiftly administers coup de grace.

INT. SERGEANT KENNEDY'S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL KENNEDY JR., 10, stands in front of a mirror looking handsome in a charcoal suit. 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, one more time.

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

CATHLEEN
(beams proudly)
I wish your daddy could be here.

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 that displays a RED AND WHITE BANNER with A SINGLE BLUE STAR.

Corporal Becker knocks on the door, Michael Kennedy Jr. sings faintly from inside.

Corporal Becker knocks again.

The singing stops, 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., a look of anger on his face, clenches his fists.

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 aims 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 me outta this dusty ass 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, breaths out, then...

POW! POW!

Puckett peers through his monocular.

PUCKETT (cont'd)

Damn - you close.

Puckett hands the monocular 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 to 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
before the main push.

OAKES
When is the main push?

KENNEDY
(sarcasm)
Well Bill, General Franks 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.

INT. CAMP HENDERSON BARRACKS - NIGHT

Petty Officer third class, DAMARIS CASTELLANOS, 25, Greek
born interpreter and brilliant computer hacker studies a
topographical satellite map of Iraq on a computer monitor.
He looks like a nerd in an army uniform.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Castellanos answers the door.

Lieutenant Kennedy stands outside.

CASTELLANOS

Sir?

KENNEDY

Pack your kit, you're coming on a
mission tomorrow AM.

CASTELLANOS

Sir, I do not do missions, I just
interpret satellite Images.

KENNEDY

Do you speak Arabic?

CASTELLANOS

My mother is from Lebanon.

KENNEDY

So you do speak Arabic?

CASTELLANOS

Yes Sir.

KENNEDY

Pack your kit, we rally zero five
thirty at the motor pool. Glad to
have you on the team.

Kennedy leaves.

Petty Officer third class 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 magazines 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 -