

JUNDI

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JUNDI

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.

NAVY CORPSMAN DOC NAKAMURO and IRAQI INTERPRETER AZIZ-AL-BARRI sit in the back seat.

INT. HUMVEE - REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Four MARINE RIFLEMEN bounce along in silence.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The HUMVEE approaches 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 piles 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 disappears into the darkness.

SERGEANT KENNEDY (cont'd)  
(shouts)  
What the?... Becker, go!

Corporal Becker stabs the accelerator pedal.

We see FLASHES in the tree line followed by the sound of BULLETS impacting the 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 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 bend in the road.

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.

CORPORAL BECKER  
That fucking traitor Aziz, let's go  
back and kill that fucker!

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

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

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 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 HUMVEE's door  
then falls to the ground.

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

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The Marines exit the HUMVEE and open fire, spraying  
cover fire in the direction of the shot.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Aziz takes cover behind a tree and 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)  
Doc, help me.

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

The Marines climb onto the HUMVEE, keeping their weapons trained back at the hostile area. Corporal Becker rinses his eye with his canteen's water then climbs onto the driver's seat and drives, his head turned to the side, navigating with his one good eye.

INT. HUMVEE REAR CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Sergeant Kennedy lies at the feet of his fellow Marines, his unseeing eyes stare up 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 gauze eye patch and blood streaks running down his cheek.

CORPORAL BECKER  
Fuck it! The mission can wait! Let's  
go back and kill that fucker!

MARINES  
(shout)  
Oorah.

The sound of well oiled machinery fills the air as the Marines reload their weapons, 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. the Marines kneel.

We hear ARABIC TALKING and LAUGHING in the distance.

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

The Marines move silently through the trees.

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 who 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 with deadly accuracy, 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, still alive, lying on his back, a large dark hole where his nose, front teeth and upper lip are missing.

Becker stands over Aziz and draws his Kay-Bar knife.

Aziz looks up.

Becker bends down and cuts the American flag patch from Aziz's uniform and places it in his pocket.

Aziz tries to speak but only blood bubbles come out.

Becker aims his M4 at Aziz's chest.

Aziz's eyes widen.

POW! POW!

Corporal Becker swiftly administers a coup de grace.

INT. SERGEANT KENNEDY HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL KENNEDY JUNIOR, 10, stands in front of a mirror 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, do you remember the words?

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

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

EXT. KENNEDY HOUSE - DAY

A gray Ford Crown Victoria pulls up and parks.



Corporal Becker, wearing an EYE PATCH, steps out, followed by a CHAPLAIN. Both wear service alpha uniforms. They walk past a window that displays a RED AND WHITE BANNER with A SINGLE BLUE STAR.

Corporal Becker knocks on the door, He hears Michael Kennedy Junior. Singing inside.

Corporal Becker knocks again.

The singing stops, the door opens, Michael Kennedy Junior 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 Junior, a look of anger on his face. He clenches his fists.

TWELVE YEARS LATER

NT. MOTOR POOL - CAMP BASILONE KUWAIT

Michael Kennedy Junior, 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 over 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.

Kennedy enters and is greeted by a SEAL COMMANDER who leads him to a room with a large satellite map. Kennedy studies the map as the SEAL Commander points and speaks indistinguishably.

EXT. CAMP BASILONE, 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

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

PUCKETT

I would, if I thought that'd get me outta this dusty ass catbox.

(beat)

I'll tell you what... put two in that haji's balls and I'll buy you a twenty four of your fancy malt liquor at the PX.

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

General Franks has not shared that intel with me but I'll be sure to keep you in the mix.

PUCKETT

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

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 the 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. We roll at zero four thirty, weapons, camel backs, and assault packs. We should be back in time for chow.

INT. CAMP BASILONE BARRACKS - NIGHT

Petty Officer third class, DAMARIS CASTELLANOS, Greek born interpreter and brilliant computer hacker studies a topographical satellite map of Iraq. 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've volunteered for a mission.

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 four thirty at the motor pool. Glad to have you on the team.

Kennedy exits scene.

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.

b) Oakes sharpens his K-BAR knife.

c) Kennedy places extra pistol magazines into his tactical vest.

D) Castellanos writes his last will.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY - DAWN

A lone HUMVEE speeds along.

- END PART ONE -

