

JUNDI (Soldier)

Written by

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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.

IRAQI INTERPRETER AZIZ-AL-BARRI sits in the back seat. He sports a thick black mustache, and holds an AK 47. An American flag patch displayed on his shoulder.

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)
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 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
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, 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 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 then falls
to the ground, leaving a blood smear on the HUMVEE.

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

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

The Marines open fire, spraying
bullets 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, using night vision goggles, 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.

Corporal Becker climbs onto the driver's seat and starts the diesel engine. The Marines climb into the HUMVEE, keeping their weapons trained back at the hostile area.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Corporal Becker rinses his eye with his canteen's water and drives, his head turned to the side, navigating with 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 mother fucker!

Hoowah?

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

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 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 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
professional 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 lying on his back, looking up at him, a large red hole where his nose and front 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, his 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 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, sing for me.

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 Class A dress 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 faintly from inside.

Corporal Becker knocks again.

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

- END PART ONE -

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

Lieutenant 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 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 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, 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
Could be anytime.

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 chow.

INT. CAMP BASILONE BARRACKS - NIGHT

Petty Officer third class, DAMARIS CASTELLANOS, 25, 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 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.

b)Oakes sharpens his K-BAR knife.

c)Kennedy places rifle magazines into his tactical vest.

D)Castellanos writes his last will.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY - DAWN

A lone HUMVEE speeds along.

- END PART TWO -

