

FEAR THE NIGHT

A Screenplay

By William Blackmon

TITLE CARD . . . TWO DAYS BEFORE THANKSGIVING - LAST YEAR
- CAMP MURPHY - AFGHANISTAN

EXT: A FIREBASE, CAMP MURPHY, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW: Towers and HESCO barriers ring the base.
Guards stand watch at a steel gate across an entry control
point. Lines of wooden huts, B-HUTS, sit on both sides of a
central dirt road.

DISSOLVE TO:

GROUND LEVEL: A row of B-huts. We hear COLONEL CHANCE
KELLER, SR., (50) tall, lean, dark, talking as the image
draws near one hut. PAPER TEARING, as if unwrapping a
package. He talks to his son, CHANCE (18) via video call.

KELLER (V.O.)

I'm opening it right now, mister impatient.

CHANCE (V.O.)

I'm glad it got there before you left to
come home.

KELLER (V.O.)

How's school by the way?

ZOOM IN: A SIGN BY THE ENTRANCE:

27th INFANTRY REGIMENT
COL. C. KELLER - COMMANDING
WE ARE WOLFHOUD-FEAR THE NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT: A B-HUT - NIGHT

The room is dark. Keller sits at a desk with a laptop open.
A Bible is beside the laptop. An M4 leans against the desk.
Keller wears a black physical training suit and a black
watch-cap. We never see his face, only shadow covered
profiles. Chance sits at his dorm room desk as a second
figure, GEOFF (18), occasionally passes behind him, pacing.
Keller has unwrapped a package from Chance, an MP3 player.
He is putting buds into his ears.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

CHANCE

I already loaded it with a bunch of stuff
you like; you know, old stuff, and some

stuff I like. I know how you like music when you work out.

Keller hits the on button. We hear - 'Don't Worry Child' by Swedish House Mafia.

BAND (V.O.)

I still remember how it all changed -
My father said, don't you worry, don't you
worry child -
See heaven's got a plan for you -
Don't you worry, don't you worry now -

CLICK. Keller turns it off. CRINKLING PAPER.

GEOFF (O.C.)

I can't believe this! Christ!

COMPUTER SCREEN: A paper ball flies behind Chance.

KELLER

What's the matter with Geoff?

CHANCE

Grades.

KELLER

Hmmm. How are yours?

CHANCE

Okay. Could be better.

Keller looks at his watch.

KELLER

Getting' late here, pal. Thanks for the music.

CHANCE

You're leaving tomorrow, right?

KELLER

Yep, first thing.

CHANCE

Well, I guess I won't see ya again until you get here.

KELLER

I'll be there soon. Be careful driving home.

CHANCE

I will.

KELLER
Oh, and Chance - take care of your mother.

CHANCE
I will. Hey Dad -

KELLER
Yeah, buddy.

CHANCE
Love you.

KELLER
I love you too.

FADE OUT:

EXT: A RIDGE - NIGHT

Four Taliban men huddle together behind a rock. ABDUL, (40) the leader, leans on his weapon and peers down at Camp Murphy below. JAFAR (40) watches nervously.

ABDUL
(Poshto)
What time?

JAFAR
(Poshto)
Anytime now.

ABDUL
(Poshto)
This better work.

JAFAR
(Poshto)
It will.

ABDUL
(Poshto)
We've lost too many men to these - these dog soldiers.

Jafar looks at his watch and taps the other two men on the shoulder. They kneel and ready themselves to move.

JAFAR
(Poshto)
Any second now.

CUT TO:

EXT: A DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

An old SUV is barreling, without lights through the night and toward the gates of the camp. A lone Taliban MARTYR is driving.

CUT TO:

EXT: A TOWER - NIGHT

Two soldiers stand on the outside of the tower. ENGINE REVVING. SOLDIER 1 holds his night vision goggles to his face.

SOLDIER 1

(startled)

Holy shit! IED! IED!

CUT TO:

EXT: A DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

GUNFIRE. The SUV speeds toward the gate. Rounds hit all around it.

CUT TO:

EXT: A TOWER - NIGHT

Soldier 2 is firing as Soldier 1 calls on his radio.

SOLDIER 1

This is Tower 3. I have a VBIED inbound to -

CUT TO:

INT: KELLER'S B-HUT - NIGHT

Keller is sleeping. His new MP3 player is still in his ears. BOOM. A huge explosion. Keller sits up.

KELLER

Christ!

He looks around, he takes up his weapon and chambers a round. DISTANT SHOUTING. He throws the door open, barefoot and with just his weapon, disappears into the night.

EXT: CAMP GATE - NIGHT

The gate is blown apart and burning. An exploded SUV sits to the side. Dead soldiers lay on the ground. A Taliban army pours in from the outside. Abdul and Jafar charge inside and shout directions.

EXT: A CAMP ROAD - NIGHT

Armed soldiers in all stages of dress assemble and begin running up the road in the dark. Keller rushes toward a group of men kneeling by the road. LTC DAVID ANDREWS, Keller's operations Officer (45), directs men away and up the road. He calls to Keller.

DAVID

Sir! Sir!

Three young soldiers run headlong into David in the dark. They roll across the ground as Keller arrives.

DAVID

Goddammit, son!

SOLDIER 3

Sorry, sir.

KELLER

What is it?

David looks down at Keller's bare feet.

DAVID

Uh, IED at the gate. They're swarming inside.

KELLER

Well - at least we know where the wolves are.

DAVID

Yeah, in our house.

Keller looks at the three young soldiers.

KELLER (Cont'd)

You boys ready?

David chuckles. Keller stands. The young men are confused, scared. Keller stares in the direction of the fight.

KELLER (Cont'd)
(whisper, determined)
We are wolfhound.

He dashes off. The four all stand and follow behind Keller.

SOLDIER 4
(to David)
Who is that?

DAVID
Wolfhound - six - him - self.

EXT: A CAMP ROAD - NIGHT

GUNFIRE. Keller runs headlong toward the battle. He reaches down and turns on the MP3 player. SWEDISH HOUSE MAFIA resumes.

EXT: THE CAMP GATE - NIGHT

MUSIC. GUNFIRE. The battle is raging. A line of Taliban descend onto a group of four US soldiers and overrun their position. Abdul and Jafar run up behind.

JAFAR
(Poshto)
Take these men straight down the road to the headquarters and -

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. SWEDISH HOUSE MAFIA. Keller appears from the darkness firing his weapon. Two Taliban men fall dead. The remainder return fire. Keller dodges bullets and fires until his magazine is empty. He leaps into the air and swings the rifle like a club landing it hard into Jafar's skull. He falls, dead.

CUT TO: KNIFE: On a fighter's belt.

Keller rolls and reaches for the knife on the Taliban fighter's belt. Another fighter raises his weapon to fire. Keller blocks it and buries the knife into the man's chest.

Abdul turns and flees. The last Taliban fighter turns toward Keller and as he does meets the knife's point as well.

CUT TO: David and the three soldiers run toward Keller.

CUT TO: KELLER: He has straddled the fighter and is savagely stabbing him to death. Blood spurts through the night.

CUT TO: David and the three soldiers.

DAVID
(to the three soldiers)
Go to the gate! Go to the gate!

Soldier 3 slows to a halt and watches Keller.

SOLDIER 3
Ho-ly sh-it!

CUT TO: KELLER: FEINT ROAR. Keller stabs the fighter over and over. He is merciless. He pulls the man's head off of the ground and hacks it from his shoulders. He stands with the bloody head in his hand and searches the night for the next victim as his knife and the head drip blood. He races off toward the next unseen victim.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE CAMP GATE - NIGHT

Abdul is running away from the fight. He stops turns and is met by his men in headlong retreat. He turns and joins them in retreat.

CUT TO: KELLER. He races toward them with the head and knife in his hands. He raises the head and flings it at Abdul.

CUT TO: ABDUL. Horrified. He dashes into the darkness. The head rolls on the ground behind him.

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

EXT: AN AIRFIELD - DAY

A C130 sits on the apron. Men load the ramp and enter it. David, scratched and bloodied, stands at the edge of the apron beside his Hummvee, inside of which is Soldier 3 at the wheel. A second Hummvee pulls up with Keller inside. Keller exits with a kit bag. We never fully see his face.

KELLER
I guess this is it then.

KELLER

You sure we have this under control?

DAVID

Sir, will you just go home please?

Keller looks to a still-shaken Soldier 3.

KELLER

That one of the kids from last night?

DAVID

Yes, sir.

Keller points and waves the kid over. He digs in his pocket and retrieves a unit coin.

KELLER

You did a good job last night, son.

SOLDIER 3

I didn't do anything much, sir. You -

Keller leans in close to the boy.

KELLER

We're all family here and nobody messes with my family.

CLOSE IN: THE COIN: A Wolfhound head and the motto.

The soldier salutes Keller and turns back to the vehicle.

EXT: A RIDGELINE - DAY

Abdul, dirty, bleeding, angry, stands in front of a row of rocket launch rails as Taliban fighters place rockets on them. A FIGHTER calls to him.

FIGHTER

(Poshto)

How many, Abdul?

ABDUL

(Poshto)

All of them, every one.

EXT: A RUNWAY - DAY

Keller is boarding the ramp as David watches.

DAVID

See ya in two weeks. Tell Pam I said hello.

Keller waves as the ramp doors close.

EXT: A RUNWAY - DAY

A C130 is taxiing for takeoff.

EXT: A RIDGE - DAY

Abdul stands at the end of a line of rockets. His hand is raised. He drops it.

ABDUL

(Poshto)

Fire!

EXT: A RUNWAY - DAY

A C130 is at mid-runway in its takeoff. EXPLOSIONS. Dozens of explosion erupt on the runway. The C130 is hit by multiple. It erupts in flames. SIRENS.

FADE TO: BLACK

TITLE CARD . . . MONDAY - NOVEMBER 19TH - ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

INT: A HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DINING ROOM: FAINT DOG BARKING. The room is dark. Three men, all late 30s, wearing movie monster masks, are robbing the house. ARNIE, tall, a bad seed is the ring leader, wears a Frankenstein Creature mask, CARL, short thick, Arnie's brother wears a Mummy mask, and PETE, a reluctant accomplice wears a Dracula mask. All three wear matching black overcoats. The three rummage through the dining room placing silver and other valuables into sacks.

ARNIE

(to Carl)

You had to pick a house with a dog?

CARL

Relax. There's no alarm, just the damn dog and its outside.

SCRATCHING.

ARNIE

Sounds like he wants in to me.

PETE

We're in the middle of nowhere. It ain't going to wake the neighbors.

BARKING. Arnie stops filling his bag.

ARNIE

You're right, it ain't.

Arnie starts out. Pete watches, begins to follow.

ARNIE (Cont'd)

Get back to it.

Pete reluctantly goes back to work filling his bag. Arnie exits.

PETE

(to Carl)

Your brother's a prick.

CARL

Five years in prison.

PETE

I'm not the damn police.

CARL

Just do what he says, hell, I do.

CUT TO: KITCHEN: Arnie is peering out a curtain over the backdoor window. He slowly screws a suppressor onto the end of a pistol.

ARNIE

I got something for your noisy ass.

Arnie eases the door open just enough to slip his arm out. BARKING. THUD. SCRATCHING. The dog rams the door. Arnie is startled but manages to hold it closed. He fires. BAM, BAM. The barking stops.

ARNIE

Shut up.

CUT TO: DINING ROOM: Pete and Carl have finished filling their sacks.

CARL

That's that.

Arnie walks in unscrewing the silencer.

ARNIE

Let's go.

(to Pete)

Your cousin over in Robinson County got a place and some houses for us?

PETE

(attitude)

Yes, I already told you so.

ARNIE

(menacing)

What is your problem, Pete?

PETE

Did you have to shoot the damn dog?

ARNIE

Yes.

Pete fights back lashing out. Arnie reaches into Pete's sack and removes a silver butter knife.

ARNIE (Cont'd)

Be careful. I won't tell you again.

Arnie hands the silver knife back to Pete and stomps out.

PETE

(whisper)

Or what, you'll stab me in the heart with the butter knife?

Carl slaps Pete on the shoulder and pulls him along.

FADE OUT: