

The Enlistment

by

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Based on many true stories.

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EXT. LAMAR HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

HOUSTON, TEXAS

The school is lit up with lights and decorations. STUDENTS go in and out of the cafeteria. OTHERS hang outside in the courtyard.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUED

"COLLEGE NIGHT!" is written on a big colorful banner which hangs in the middle of the cafeteria.

Booths with COLLEGE RECRUITERS line up against the walls. GROUPS OF SENIORS run from one booth to the other with applications, bumper stickers, etc. CAMERON JAMES, 20, good looking, wears a backwards baseball cap. DEVIN, 18, a beautiful blond, and several FRIENDS wait in line at the "Texas Tech" Booth.

The group TALKS and LAUGH among themselves. RANDY, 20, is toasted and flirts with GIRLS who LAUGH at him. Cameron, silent, looks on to the "University of Texas" booth which is much more crowded.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUED

CHRIS JAMES, 17, wears a button down shirt tucked in to khaki pants. He is at the "ARMY" booth. Chris skims through a photo album of soldiers jumping out of planes, etc.

CHRIS

This looks bad ass.

Two ARMY RECRUITERS smile. Cameron appears out of nowhere and puts Chris in a friendly headlock. Recruiters stop smiling.

CAMERON

You crazy fuck! What did I tell you!?

Cameron kisses Chris's cheek and leads him away from the disappointed recruiters.

CAMERON

Love ya dude.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUED

Devin and the others are now at the "Texas A&M" booth.
Cameron and Chris join them.

CAMERON
Look what I found.

DEVIN
Chris!

CHRIS
Hey Devin!

Devin gives him a hug.

DEVIN
What's up cutie?

The girls start to crowd Chris. Cameron smiles.

CHRIS
Just talking to the Army, seeing
what's up.

RANDY
My little soldier huh!?

Chris smiles at the idea. SARA, 17, pretty brunette, gets
closer to Chris.

SARA
That's hot.

CAMERON
Going to a bad ass college with a
bunch of good looking girls is hot.

RANDY
Blowing shit up and shooting a
bunch of guns is hot dude.

Some LAUGH.

CAMERON
Whatever. If Chris doesn't go to
Texas I am going to kick his ass.

Randy LAUGHS.

RANDY
Yea we know.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

What are yall even doing at the Texas A&M booth? Agriculture and Management? Which one is it? Yall wanna sell me some tomatoes or be some cow's manager?

Everyone LAUGHS.

CAMERON

(to Chris)

You need to be talking to UT, right over there.

RANDY

Shit's harder than last year, Cam. The only way to get in now is if your family is alumni or if you're really foreign and exotic.

A few CHUCKLE. Everyone looks at the UT line. It is very long with many FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENTS in khakis, and tucked in shirts.

CAMERON

That's lame. Not even going to try? I say force your way in there if you have to.

CHRIS

The way you did?

The Group looks at Cameron for his reaction.

CAMERON

Believe me, I will get in there somehow.

PRINCIPAL MCSWOON, black, 60 years old, walks up to the group.

MCSWOON

Mr. James. Come to see your people off?

CAMERON

Yes sir.

MCSWOON

How did you do on your SAT's.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

920.

MCSWOON

God Damn boy, you made a 1300 on
your Practice SAT's.

BEAT

MSWOON

Were you hungover or still drunk?

The group LAUGHS, Cameron doesn't.

CAMERON

No sir.

MCSWOON

HCC is a great place to start.
Don't be discouraged.

CAMERON

I am not worried sir. I have faith
I will get in.

MCSWOON

Faith don't pay the bills, boy.

Group LAUGHS. Cameron sees THREE BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTES who
wave a joint at him.

MCSWOON

(to Devin)

So University of Miami, right
darling?

DEVIN

Yes sir!

MCSWOON

(smiling)

You're going to do great.

Devin smiles. Cameron seems irritated.

CAMERON

Lets get out of here. I'll meet up
with yall later.

Cameron with his arm around Chris, leads the way to the
brunettes. Devin isn't pleased. The two reach the girls and
head to the exit. Cameron smells the joint.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Nice.

As they exit Chris makes eye contact with the smiling Recruiters.

CHRIS

Hey Cam, I'll meet you at the house.

CAMERON

Sure?

CHRIS

Yea.

Chris walks off.

CAMERON

Alright. Get in those books.

The recruiters motion for Cameron. Cameron shakes his head and puts his arms around the girls and struts out of the cafeteria.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Oakland, California

Sketchy drug deals are rampant. GUN SHOTS fire off in the background.

INT. PULLINS HOUSE - CONTINUED

RACHEL, black, three, and really cute. She watches TV. LEAH, black, 19 and pregnant is in the kitchen on the phone. There are bills all over the kitchen table. Leah empties several packages of noodles into boiling water. Something at the door STARTLES the Rachel.

LEAH

Its just ya daddy, girl.

Rachel runs to the door. MAURICE "MO" PULLINS, 23, 6'6 and black walks in with a plastic bag.

RACHEL

Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

PULLINS

Baby!

Rachel gives Pullins an intense hug. Pullins walks to Leah, still on the phone. He kisses her cheek and then her pregnant belly. He puts the bag on the table.

LEAH

Hold on, mama. Tacos?

PULLINS

No. Nachos.

LEAH

Damn it, Mo.

PULLINS

More noodles? At least there is some lettuce in here.

Leah LAUGHS and then SIGHS.

PULLINS

Well after tonight no more tacos or nachos anyway.

LEAH

(to the phone)

Mama, I gotta call you back.

PULLINS

Got laid off.

LEAH

Why?

PULLINS

Check it out. They got this machine thing now. This damn thing takes the order at the drive-thru.

BREAK

PULLINS

They don't need me anymore.

LEAH

A fuckin'...

RACHEL

Bad word, Bad word!

(CONTINUED)

LEAH
A damn robot, Mo?

PULLINS
Yea, Leah. A robot.

LEAH
(irritated)
What are we going to do, Mo!? Look
at this girls teeth!

Rachel grabs Pullins by the leg with a great big smile with
a lot of crooked teeth.

RACHEL
I love you daddy!

Pullins smiles back.

PULLINS
I love you too.

PULLINS
I'll figure it out. Don't worry
about that.

Leah SIGHS. Pullins jumps on the couch. Rachel jumps on him
and tickles him. Pullins LAUGHS.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Ft. Drum, New York

Sunny day outside. Military vehicles are in the parking
lot. STUDENTS come in and out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUED

Most STUDENTS are in their seats. Couple of JOCKS mingle
around and talk to PRETTY GIRLS. KIDS play catch with wads
of paper. ERIC GREEN, 17, sits in the back and keeps to
himself. He is lanky with glasses on. He is not a bad
looking kid, but he dresses odd.

Green has his eyes on JENNIFER, 18, a beautiful blond who
flirts with KYLE, 18, a good looking guy with a varsity
jacket on. The TEACHER, 50, female, comes in and people get
to their seats. She points at the chalkboard behind her
which has a large mathematical equation on it.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER
Alright. Who figured it out?

Kyle raises his hand.

TEACHER
Yes Kyle.

KYLE
Negative eighty six over a thousand
and twelve.

The class LAUGHS. The teacher shakes her head.

TEACHER
Anyone else?

No one raises their hand.

TEACHER
Mr. Green?

Green looks at his notes.

TEACHER
Mr. Green?

GREEN
I don't know.

TEACHER
Give it a try.

GREEN
I did, and I don't know.

Jennifer looks back at Green.

TEACHER
Okay. The answer is 3.2

KYLE
I knew it.

Jennifer and the Class LAUGHS, Green doesn't. The bell
RINGS.

EXT. THE JAMES FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Cars are parked everywhere. DRUNK GUESTS go in and out of the house, SOME stumble to their cars and drive away, recklessly.

INT. THE JAMES FAMILY HOME - CONTINUED

"WE'LL MISS YOU!" and "YOUR A HERO!" banners decorate the house. The party is in full swing. Cameron walks around with a bowl of ice cream. He makes a group of people LAUGH and then he's off to the next group. Devin comes up, tipsy.

DEVIN

Hey baby.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CAMERON

Hey good looking.

DEVIN

I want to talk to you.

CAMERON

Are you drunk already?

DEVIN

(giggly)

A little. You're not?

CAMERON

No mam. When mom is done cooking, I am done drinking.

Devin smiles and rubs Cameron's belly.

DEVIN

I see that. Food was yummy.

Devin's smile simmers down.

DEVIN

I need to talk to you, about Miami.

CAMERON

(seriously)

Nothing to talk about. We have to try, right?

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN
(reluctantly)
Yes, but.

Cameron sees MARTHA JAMES, 55, giving Chris an intense hug.

CAMERON
I love you.

Cameron kisses Devin on the cheek and walks over to Martha and Chris and joins the group hug.

CAMERON
Come on guys, none of that. Yall
know I get emotional.

Chris and Martha smile.

BOTH
We love you too.

There is a moment between the three.

CAMERON
Alright enough of this. Have to
stay strong.

CHRIS
I'll be fine guys.

BEAT

CAMERON
I'm going to take our boy here out
for some cigs.

CHRIS
Sounds good.

MIKE, 35, fat and drunk, comes up to Chris and Cameron.

MIKE
Ready for another whiskey?

CAMERON
I'm good, Mike.

CHRIS
Well, I am good.

Chris takes the glass from Mike.

CHRIS
And I'm about to be better.

Chris takes the shot.

MIKE
That a boy!

CHRIS
Lets go Cam.

MARTHA
Okay to drive honey?

CHRIS
He's fine. He been eating non stop
for the past 2 hours.

Chris gives Cameron a once over.

CHRIS
Think about going to boot camp too,
fat ass.

Cameron LAUGHS.

MARTHA
Watch your language, Chris.

CAMERON
Just going to the K mom, be right
back.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

There is a full moon. Cameron's car rides through an empty neighborhood.

INT. CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT

Cameron drives at an easy pace. They listen to the RADIO. Chris stares out his window. They pull up to a stop sign. Cameron checks both ways. Cameron turns the music down. Chris looks at Cameron, he doesn't want to hear it.

CAMERON
Are you sure about this?

CHRIS
Yes I am. Thanks for asking.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Why?

CHRIS

(irritated)

Why not?

Cameron SIGHS.

CAMERON

Smart people don't join the Army,
Chris

CHRIS

What?

CAMERON

You know what I mean.

CHRIS

No I don't.

CAMERON

When was the last time you seen a
doctor or lawyer join the Army or
have their kid join the Army?

BEAT

CAMERON

I just know that you have so much
to offer, don't blow it.

CHRIS

First of all, it's "saw" a doctor.
And I am trying to offer it
man. How do you not see
that? It's not all about money,
Cam.

Cameron fidgets in his seat.

CHRIS

Really don't get it do
you? Look. Remember how bad you
wanted to get into the UT last
summer?

CAMERON

Yea..

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Remember how upset you were when you couldn't get in?

CAMERON

Yea.

Chris looks at Cameron.

CHRIS

Listen, the Army is my UT, that's it. You don't have to get it. That's it.

Cameron pulls up to a stop light. The K, a gas station, is on the other side of the light.

CAMERON

And if you aren't dead by your 21st birthday, then what?

CHRIS

If I die, I die. If I like it, I stay. If not, I get out and go to whatever University I want, for free.

Cameron stares on.

CHRIS

I want this experience man.

CAMERON

Can't get shit from an experience if you die half way through it.

CHRIS

What? Now you're scared?

The light turns green. Cameron eases out into the intersection.

CHRIS

Fucking hypocrite.

A car runs a red light and CRASHES into Cameron's car at a very high speed. Cameron's car rolls over several times. Hunks of metal, tire, and glass are thrown in every direction. The car stops rolling and the car lands upside down in a ditch next to the K.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Arlington Cemetery, Virginia

The dark sky pours down rain. The WILBANKS family and SOLDIERS surround a casket with an American flag draped over it. There is a picture of JAKE WILBANKS next to the coffin in his military uniform. WOMEN sob, CHILDREN look confused, and MEN stare at the coffin. The casket is lowered into the ground. Seven SOLDIERS stand in formation with their rifles at ease in front of their LEADER.

LEADER

Ready!

The seven Soldiers point their rifles in the air.

LEADER

Fire!

The soldiers FIRE one shot in the air. Everyone is startled but MAX WILBANKS, 17, military haircut.

LEADER

Fire!

The soldiers FIRE their second round. The CROWD flinches and more PEOPLE cry. Max looks angry.

LEADER

Fire!

Soldiers FIRE. WENDY WILBANKS, 8 and CAROL WILBANKS, 66 CRY hysterically. FRED WILBANKS, 60 stands to the side of the ladies with his hands on Max's shoulders. Max looks focused. There is LOUD thunder.

EXT. GRAPE STREET - BUS STOP - NIGHT

Oakland, California

A bus with Pullins on it pulls up to a bus stop. Pullins gets out and walks down the street. ADDICT, 45, dressed in raggedy clothes with holes in his socks walks up to Pullins, itching.

ADDICT

What's up Mo?

Pullins keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

ADDICT

Mo!?

Pullins keeps walking.

ADDICT

Mo, I know you need this money!

Pullins keeps walking.

ADDICT

(yells out)

I pay double for your trouble!

Pullins stops. The addict runs up to him. Pullins turns around to see the Addict.

PULLINS

I can't, alright. I am done with that. Go get it from D.

ADDICT

You know D shit dirty!

Pullins begins to walk away.

ADDICT

Well stay broke then nigga.

Pullins turns around and comes up to the Addict like he is going to tear his head off. He stops in his tracks. Takes a breath, turns around and heads home.

INT. PULLINS HOUSE - LATER

Pullins walks into the house, frustrated. Leah chops onions on the counter with a pot of boiling water next to her.

PULLINS

God damn it!

LEAH

Don't say that, Mo!

Pullins walks and grabs a beer out the fridge and goes to the couch.

LEAH

They weren't hiring at the burger place?

(CONTINUED)

PULLINS

I can't even get a shitty ass job,
Leah!

Pullins takes a big swig of beer.

LEAH

Calm down.

The phone RINGS. As Leah continues to chop onions she answers the phone.

LEAH

Hey mama.

BREAK

LEAH

Okay. Yea. Great. I'll let him
know right now.

BREAK

LEAH

Love you too.

Leah hangs up the phone.

LEAH

That was momma.

Pullins drinks his beer.

LEAH

She said cousin Leon joined the
Army Reserve or something like
that; he really likes it. Says it
easy.

PULLINS

The Army, girl? I don't know about
all that.

LEAH

He told mama that it pays, like a
lot.

Pullins turns around and looks at Leah in disbelief.

EXT. STRETCH OF HIGHWAY - DAY

A pick up truck with hay in the back drives down a long stretch of country highway.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - CONTINUED

Fred drives the pick up. Carol is in the passenger seat in tears. Max is in the back with Wendy.

MAX

I'm fucking going!

CAROL

Please Max. Your brother just died!
Lord!

Carol's SOBS.

MAX

Yea he's fucking dead! And you want
me to do nothing?

CAROL

You're not going!

Carol CRIES harder.

MAX

Tell her pa!

Carol looks at Fred.

CAROL

Tell me what, Fred?

FRED

I think it's great that he wants to
go.

Carol trembles.

INT. GREEN HOUSE - DAY

WALTER GREEN, 60, wears camouflage, sits on an old wooden chair with with a bottle of whiskey. He drinks his whiskey out of a dirty glass. The room is dark but you can see military medals and photos on the wall. Walter watches Vietnam photos on the wall. The front door CREEPS open, Green pokes his head through and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER
Get in here boy.

Green drags his feet, stares at the ground.

WALTER
Head up, chest out.

Green attempts to follow the order.

WALTER
Sit down.

Green walks to the table cautiously. He sits down on the wooden chair.

WALTER
How are your grades?

GREEN
They are getting better.

WALTER
Look at me when I talk to you.

Green looks up, scared, but tries not to show it.

GREEN
I am improving, sir.

WALTER
Been saying that, where you at right now?

GREEN
High C's, sir. Still climbing, sir.

WALTER
I smelt bullshit before you walked in.

He takes a large gulp of his whiskey.

GREEN
Sir?

WALTER
(angry)
Shut the fuck up!

Green is terrified.

WALTER
You blew your last chance, boy.

BEAT

WALTER
I talked to Major Connely this
afternoon.

GREEN
Please no.

WALTER
Come Monday we are going see the
Major, and we are going get your
ass enlisted.

GREEN
Please dad?

WALTER
No more "please daddy"! I didn't
have a daughter!

Walter looks at Green in disgust.

WALTER
Let's see if Uncle Sam can't do a
better job with you.

GREEN
No!

Walter gets up, takes off his belt. His face twitches and
he walks towards Green.

EXT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION - NIGHT

A small run down shopping center. A bus pulls up to a stop
with Pullins in it. Pullins exits the bus, he looks a little
uneasy.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION - CONTINUED

Small station. Words like "Benefits" and "Family" cover the
wall. Different RECRUITERS hover over a computer laughing at
the screen. HISPANIC RECRUITER pushes the other recruiters
out of the way when Pullins walks in.

(CONTINUED)

HISPANIC
Excuse me, gentleman.

The other recruiters CHUCKLE and shake their heads. The Hispanic meets Pullins at a desk.

HISPANIC
Yes sir, please take a seat right here.

Pullins slowly sits down.

HISPANIC
We offer a variety of packages with many benefits. It all depends on which one suits you and your needs.

Pullins squirms in his seat.

HISPANIC
Just take a look at this pamphlet and tell me what you think.

Pullins reluctantly takes the pamphlet.

PULLINS
Uh, yea.

Pullins gets up. BLACK RECRUITER walks up.

PULLINS
I'm a just take this home.

Black recruiter whispers something in the Hispanics ear. The Hispanic sighs and gets up. The Black Recruiter sits down.

BLACK RECRUITER
Sit down son.

Pullins thinks about it.

BLACK RECRUITER
You want to get paid right?

Pullins sits down.

BLACK RECRUITER
Shit, I can't blame you. Why you think I'm here?

The Black Recruiter crumples the pamphlet up and throws it towards the trash can. Swish. Pullins becomes more comfortable.

BLACK RECRUITER

Check it out. I got a spot that just opened up. It's three years which is the minimum you can sign anyway.

Black recruiter looks around.

BLACK RECRUITER

What's good about this deal if you sign today you get a check for ten G's.

Pullins looks excited. Black recruiter LAUGHS.

BLACK RECRUITER

Hold on now, nigga. You get the check when you get done with boot camp, and you have to stay infantry.

BREAK

BLACK RECRUITER

But everyone does the same shit anyway.

PULLINS

Am I going to have to go somewhere.

BLACK RECRUITER

Out of the country? We are done with Iraq. They are bringing home soldiers as we speak. You ain't going to do nothing but make cash and do some push-ups.

Pullins thinks about it. Hispanic Recruiter hears this off in the background and smirks. Other recruiters crowd in closer to hear.

BLACK RECRUITER

Give me three months I'll give you ten G's. I don't give a shit what you do after that.

Pullins thinks. Curious recruiters watch on.

BLACK RECRUITER

This deal won't be here tomorrow either.

He pushes a very large packet in front of Pullins with a shiny black pen on top.

EXT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION - DAY

The station is in the center of a large, nice shopping center. WHITE PEOPLE walk in and out of stores. Max walks quickly into the station, Fred is right behind him.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION - CONTINUED

The station is big. Everything is organized. Posters of soldiers jumping out of planes cover the walls. The words "Honor", "Courage", etc are displayed. All the RECRUITERS are white. Fred and Max walk in.

RECRUITER
Come on in yall!

Fred and Max are excited.

RECRUITER
I just want to start out by
thanking you for thinking about
serving your country.

Max and Fred sit down.

RECRUITER
Have we looked into anything
particular?

MAX
Five years, ranger, where do I
sign?

Recruiter is caught off guard, but happy.

RECRUITER
That's great.

Recruiter smiles. Fred and Max smile back.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Several tattooed BLACK GUYS hang outside in the front yard. Some have their shirts off. TWO GUYS fight in the yard. Pistols on top of t shirts. SLIM, PULLINS, D, and JACOBY all play basketball. Slim chunks up a three pointer. Swish.

SLIM
So you gonna ride Uncle Sam's dick,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone LAUGHS except Pullins. Slim shoots up a three. Swish. Jacoby rebounds and passes the ball to Pullins.

PULLINS
I said chill with that.

Pullins shoots up a three. Swish.

SLIM
Just saying, you're my homeboy.
It's all my duty and shit to
tell you, your trippin'.

Slim CHUCKLES to himself. Jacoby passes the ball to Pullins who shoots up a three pointer. Swish. D passes the ball to Slim.

D
Yea, sure about that?

Slim shoots, swish.

SLIM
Uncle Sam's only black nephew and
shit?

D, Jacoby, and Slim LAUGH. Pullins LAUGHS at something else.

PULLINS
You non playing basketball fools
ain't heard? Unlike your talent
scouts, Uncle Sam come 'round
Christmas time.

Pullins shoots. Swish.

PULLINS
Shit. Slim still probably waiting
on the coach from Kentucky to call
with that deal.

Pullins, Jacoby and D LAUGH. Slim doesn't like it. Pullins shoots. Swish.

JACOBY
What you mean Uncle Sam be comin'
round Christmas time?

Jacoby passes the ball to Pullins.

PULLINS

Free insurance. Free school. Free food. Shit, I bet I get at least a hundred G's in the next three years?

Pullins shoots a three. Jacoby rebounds the ball, surprised he stops in his foot steps.

JACOBY

What!?

SLIM

Whatever. I don't buy it.

BEAT

SLIM

Only fools who want to hang out with a bunch of other fools are either fagots or bitches. Now pass me the ball J.

Jacoby tries to pass the ball to Slim but Pullins intercepts it. Pullins launches the ball and hits Slim dead in his face. Blood squirts out of Slims nose, he falls to the ground.

SLIM

Fuck!

Pullins gets on top of Slim and begins pummeling his face in.

PULLINS

Who the fuck do you think you are talking to, motherfucker!?

He continues to pummel his face in. No one intervene.

EXT. HERMAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An unmarked police car pulls up to a packed hospital. Several SICK and HEALTHY PEOPLE come in and out of the hospital. DETECTIVE 1 and DETECTIVE 2 hop out of the car.

DETECTIVE 1

Just hurry the fuck up.

DETECTIVE 2

I don't want to hear it. I was supposed to get off five hours ago.

An ambulance speeds up to the E.R. PARAMEDICS pull out a BLACK MALE on a stretcher.

INT. HERMAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cameron lays asleep. His right leg is bandaged up and hanging in the air. He has a bloody wrap around his head. FAMILY and FRIENDS surround him. Everyone looks exhausted. Cameron wakes up to everyone's relief.

CAMERON

Chris?

Martha CRIES louder. Others begin to cry. Cameron gets upset as it sits in. People CRY louder. Everyone moves in closer to hug and console him. Devin seems oddly reserved.

CAMERON

Devin?

The two detectives enter the room without knocking.

DETECTIVE 1

Excuse me?

Family cant hear them over the SOBBING. Detective 1 knocks on the door.

DETECTIVE 1

Excuse me?!

Detective 1 KNOCKS louder. They can't hear.

DETECTIVE 1

Excuse me!

Everyone looks at Detective 1.

DETECTIVE 2

Cameron James?

MARTHA

Yes.

DETECTIVE 2

As I am sure you know, your brother...

Detective 2 looks down at his clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE 2

(continued)

A Chris James, was killed in the crash that you sustained your injuries in.

Silence.

DETECTIVE 2

The procedure for vehicular fatalities require investigators to draw the blood of both drivers.

DETECTIVE 1

We drew the blood of the man who was driving the vehicle that ran the red light.

Cameron is confused.

DETECTIVE 1

To see if he was drinking?

Cameron nods.

DETECTIVE 1

He came up negative.

CAMERON

Okay..

DETECTIVE 1

While you were unconscious, we also drew your blood.

Cameron nods.

DETECTIVE 1

The legal limit to drive an automobile in the state of Texas is point eight zero.

BREAK

DETECTIVE 1

Your blood alcohol level was .82. Making you legally drunk when you got in that crash.

MARTHA

(sobbing)

What does all this mean?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE 1
Your son is criminally liable for
the accident, and for Chris's
death.

RANDY
And the guy that ran the red
light!?

DETECTIVE 1
(to Martha)
When Cameron is released from the
hospital he will be put into the
custody of the Sheriffs Department.

BEAT

DETECTIVE 1
He is going to be charged with
involuntary vehicular manslaughter.

People GASP.

CAMERON
What?

EXT. COURTHOUSE - HOUSTON, TX

1 year later

Cameron is dressed in a suit. Randy, Devin, Sara, and
OTHERS, smoke cigarettes. Cameron chews on a straw. Martha
comes out of the courthouse and waves them to come in.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUED

The JUDGE, 65, white, looks stern. He sits in front of an
American flag. The PROSECUTOR is a young man with glasses.
His table is tidy. The PUBLIC DEFENDER is over weight and
sweats. His table is cluttered with documents.

JUDGE
Will the defendant please rise.

Cameron and his defender rise.

JUDGE
In Texas v James, you have been
found guilty of involuntary
manslaughter. Would the defense
like to say anything before
sentencing?

(CONTINUED)

DEFENDER

Yes your honor. Before sentencing my client I would like the court to take into consideration that another vehicle sped through a red light, and crashed into my client's vehicle.

The judge is not impressed.

DEFENDER

Um, I would also like the court to refer to the witnesses testimony. Several of the guest testified under oath that my client was more than okay to drive.

JUDGE

Counselor, the court has heard your arguments in reference to the other vehicle. The court maintains that if Mr. James had not been drinking he would have been more coherent, therefore, more able to maneuver his vehicle.

BEAT

JUDGE

A maneuver that could have possibly avoided this crash completely.

DEFENDER

Yes your honor. And um, will the court please note that Mr. James is a full time student at the local community college with plans of studying law at the University of Texas.

JUDGE

Counselor your client was at a community college before he was convicted of a felony. Prison should be the concern here, not law school.

The defender looks like a deer in headlights.

JUDGE

Let me help you out counselor.

Cameron just stares.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

A man is dead. Worse than that, a man who wanted to fight for his country is dead.

BEAT

JUDGE

(continuing)

Ambition is nothing without commitment. Mr. James' previous run-ins with the law shows disregard to commitment of self.

The judge looks at a sheet.

JUDGE

Oh no. Skipping class, smoking pot, minor in possession of alcohol. No, Mr. James obviously lacks the focus that success requires. And unfortunately because of his drinking we will never know the full potential of his brother either..

DEFENDER

(interrupting)

Your honor.

JUDGE

You're done counselor, it's my turn. A slot is reserved for a Mr. Christopher James in the United States Army for the time period of four years. Your client has two options.

Cameron does not like the sound of this.

JUDGE

He can sign for five years, a light sentence at that, where he will be detained in the Texas Department of Corrections until his time is served.

Judge looks at Cameron.

JUDGE

(continued)

Or he can choose to do himself a favor, and his country a service,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE (cont'd)
by filling his brother's spot, and
sign up for United States infantry
for four years.

A light CHATTER in the audience.

JUDGE
Your client has a month to decide.
Court adjourned.

Judge SLAMS the gavel on his desk.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - CONTINUED

Martha sits at the dinner table which is covered with
bills. Martha's eyes are blood shot. Cameron stirs a pot
of soup in a daze.

MARTHA
You could die in there.

CAMERON
I can die out there.

BREAK

CAMERON
Ray has made it.

MARTHA
What? Ray isn't done, and you
aren't Ray.

CAMERON
What's that supposed to mean?

MARTHA
Nothing. You could finally go to
UT, sweetie. When you get out.

CAMERON
If I get out. I could go to Iraq?

MARTHA
You watch news. The president said
we are focusing on getting soldiers
out of Iraq.

CAMERON
Who knows?

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

I know it's a roll of the dice,
but..

Cameron SIGHS. Martha stares at Cameron and then she CRIES. Cameron walks over and holds her. Martha tries to catch her breath.

MARTHA

I want you to go see your Uncle
Ray.

CAMERON

Of course mommy.

INT. PRISON - DAY

HUNTSVILLE, TX

RAY JAMES, 50, buzz cut, rough skin, has a tattoo of judicial scales hanging off a cross on his neck. Cameron, excited, walks into the visiting area. He sees Ray, across glass, standing with his hands in the air. Ray takes his seat. Cameron goes up and puts his open palm on the glass, and sits down.

RAY

What's up crazy?

CAMERON

Whats up?

RAY

Shit you know. Living the dream.

Cameron smiles.

RAY

Thanks for that commissary again. I
have been making some good spreads
lately.

CAMERON

Tuna and Beans?

Ray smiles.

RAY

I hear you're in quite the dilemma.

Cameron looks for advice. Ray LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
God rest his soul. I bet Chris
would love all this.

Something registers with Cameron.

RAY
He wanted the best for you. He was
like your little big brother.

A teared up Cameron smiles.

RAY
You know he came to visit me a lot
too. Not as much as you did with
all his studying, but a lot.

Cameron nods his head no.

RAY
Always talking about you too. Damn
it. He wouldn't shut up about you.

Cameron smiles. But it quickly goes away. He thinks.

CAMERON
What the fuck am I going to do?

RAY
You know what you're going to do.
And it sure as hell isn't going to
happen in here, too good looking
for that.

CAMERON
I don't want to get brainwashed.

RAY
Everyone's brain needs a little
cleaning. Come on, getting high,
skipping classes at that bullshit
school you don't even want to go
to.

BREAK

RAY
Maybe you do need a splash of water
on your face. And this way you
will get paid for it.

Cameron looks at Ray, there's a spark in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You're pretty just like your daddy
was, they aren't going to like
that. But fuck em'.

Cameron smiles.

INT. BARRACKS - FT. BENNING - EARLY MORNING

OVER BLACK

MACHINE GUN FIRE

MARSHALL

(V.O)

It's time to wake the fuck up!

MACHINE GUN FIRE

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUED

FT. BENNING, GEORGIA

DRILL SGT MARSHALL and DRILL SGT MACK run around FIRING
BLANKS with their machine guns which have red square looking
things at the end of their barrels.

WILLIAMS

Hurry the fuck up you bags of shit!

SOLDIERS get out of bed, grab their toiletries, footlockers,
and rush to the latrine. Cameron lays in a bottom bunk and
stares up. Jackson jumps down from the bunk above. Jackson
looks at Cameron, and shakes his head in disgust.

CAMERON

What dude?

JACKSON

Get your shit straight out there
today.

CAMERON

Shouldn't even be thinking about
me, superhero.

Green is at his foot locker looking for something.

GREEN

(nervous)

Damn it man.

(CONTINUED)

He looks harder. He gets worried.

GREEN

Shit! Where's my razor?

Cameron throws Green a razor.

CAMERON

There you go. I shaved last night.

GREEN

Sweet man. Thanks.

CAMERON

You got it.

Green smiles with gratitude.

INT. BARRACKS LATRINE - CONTINUED

Long lines at the sinks and the urinals. Green cautiously shaves the few hairs on his neck. Jackson elbows Green out of the way.

JACKSON

Time's up dude.

Green wants to say something but can't. He makes eye contact with Cameron who looks at everything happen. Green shrugs. Pullins is at the urinal. He tries to pee and shave at the same time. WILKINS, 25 stands behind Pullins.

WILKINS

Come on dude, you're gonna make us late.

PULLINS

It's not like I'm not trying.

BREAK

PULLINS

(mocking)

Dude.

Pullins shows Wilkins his razor.

PULLINS

See what they got me doing?

Pullins turns around and begins to shave and pee at the same time. MACHINE GUN FIRE. Pullins cuts himself shaving.

(CONTINUED)

PULLINS

Shit!

MARSHALL

(O.S)

You're only making it worse suck
fucks!

Cameron roams through the latrine. Wilkins shaves very fast. Cameron leans in front of Wilkins, checks out his hair and his five o'clock shadow. Soldiers at the urinals shove each over who is next. Cameron mingles over to the showers. He disappears behind a wall. We HEAR him pee. We then HEAR the shower turn on and off. A couple soldiers LAUGH.

EXT. CONTROL POINT - CONTINUED

The soldiers wear sweats with "ARMY" on their chest. They stand at attention in formation. DRILL SGT WILLIAMS, 35, big, black and bald, and relaxed. DRILL SGT MARSHALL, big, country, and crazy.

WILLIAMS

Let me be the first to welcome all
you stupid fucks to First platoon,
Bravo company 1/19th, Ft. Benning.

A CHUBBY SOLDIER looks around.

MARSHALL

(yelling)

Eyes straight, shit fucks!

Marshall looks Chubby Soldier up and down.

MARSHALL

Army strong my ass.

Some SOLDIERS LAUGH.

WILLIAMS

Every cycle it gets worse. Yall
are about the worse pieces of shit
I seen yet!

MARSHALL

We'll fix that.

WILLIAMS

See privates, once you signed those
papers back from whatever shit hole
you came from, you became
government property.

(CONTINUED)

Soldiers look concerned.

WILLIAM

Literally, look it up. Have any complaints write your congressman.

Marshall laughs.

MARSHALL

Your mamas gone. Your daddy's gone!

WILLIAMS

Yep.

MARSHALL

And your high school girlfriend gone too! Your best friend back home has his little dick in her right now!

Green and more soldiers look concerned. Pullins smirks. Jackson looks straight. Cameron, curious, looks at everyone.

EXT. PAIN FIELD - DUSK

Hundreds of SOLDIERS perform physical training. Some climb rope, run through tires, logs, etc. Pullins, less heavy, sprints toward a rope. A group of soldiers CHEER him on.

CAMERON

Come on Pullins!

Jackson flies by Pullins.

GROUP

(discouraged)

Awe!

WILKINS

Fuck them, Jackson! You got this.

GREEN

Come on Mo!

Jackson climbs up the rope very fast. Pullins climbs his rope very slow. Jackson slaps the top bar with his hand and slides down.

CAMERON

Come on now!

(CONTINUED)

PULLINS

Shut up James! This shit is
fucking scary!

Cameron and Green LAUGH.

GREEN

I told you!

Pullins gets up to the top and slowly gets back down. The group CHEER. Pullins gives a big teathy smile.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

The platoon, now in camouflage, are covered in mud and banged up. They make a large circle around soldiers who grapple.

Green, wears hideous big brown glasses. Cameron, Pullins along with some OTHERS from the platoon CHEER for Green. CAPS, 23, short and stocky, is at the other corner. Wilkins, Jackson and MANY SOLDIERS CHEER for Caps.

CAMERON

Let him have it Green!

PULLINS

The green machine!

Green tries to escape the circle, but soldiers won't let him. Everyone LAUGHS.

CAMERON

Come on!

Green looks at Cameron.

CAMERON

We're stuck here right!? Might as
well kick some ass while we are
here!

This gives Green a sense of confidence.

JACKSON

Bust his head open Caps!

Green jumps up and down a couple of times. He looks at Cameron.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Hell yea!

Caps flies through the air, hits Green in the chest with his head. Green drops. Caps gets on top of Green. He headbutts him and knocks Green out.

CAMERON

Fuck that!

Cameron runs over and throws Caps by the back of his shirt into a bush of thorns close by. Cameron then rushes to Green, Jackson cuts Cameron off.

JACKSON

Whats up with that, James!?

CAMERON

Caps is not going to blindside my boy, Jackson.

JACKSON

There is no rules to this shit!

Jackson walks up close to Cameron's face.

WILLIAMS

Back off James!

Cameron walks to Green who sits up against a tree with a bloody nose.

CAMERON

Good try.

GREEN

Thanks.

CAMERON

For real I saw you find that rhythm, you were going to do good if that fuck didn't cheat.

GREEN

I don't know..

CAMERON

Come on man. It's up to us how we play this out. Remember when me and and Pullins were messing with you for liking that fake wrestling shit on TV?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

Yea?

CAMERON

Remember what you said?

GREEN

No.

CAMERON

You didn't mind that it was fake or scripted. All you cared about was that at any given moment the smallest wrestler could beat the biggest wrestler.

Green smiles.

GREEN

Yea. But like you said, it's scripted.

CAMERON

Shit, what isn't?

Cameron points at the others who still grapple.

CAMERON

How we end this is on us.

Green looks at Cameron.

CAMERON

You got heart Green Machine. I'll take that over skill any day.

Cameron puts his hand out, Green grabs it and gets up.

CAMERON

Don't quit on me.

GREEN

I wont if you won't.

They both jog over to grappling soldiers.

GREEN

Want to go again?

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

Why not.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

It rains. Exhausted soldiers run through the woods with large logs above their head. Williams follows along next to the formation.

MARSHALL

Yall hear that!?

SOLDIERS

Yes drill Sgt!

MARSHALL

Sound off James!

CAMERON

Exhausted, Drill Sgt.

MARSHALL

Take your panties off James!

Soldiers LAUGH.

MARSHALL

Let me get a "Hoah!" from the real killers our there!

SOLDIERS

Hoah!

BREAK

MARSHALL

(chanting)

Trained to kill!

SOLDIERS

Kill we will!

MARSHALL

Train to kill!

SOLDIERS

Kill we will!

Most soldiers CHANT off loudly with excitement. Jackson's veins pop out of his neck as he SCREAMS the chant.

(CONTINUED)

MARSHALL
Train to kill!

Pullins, the only black guy in the formation, looks at everyone like they are crazy.

SOLDIERS
Kill we will!

JACKSON
Sound off James!

Cameron is burnt out, barely jogs.

CAMERON
Leave me alone psycho.

Soldiers CHUCKLE. Jackson breaks formation and rushes Cameron. Cameron stops and Jackson gets in Cameron's face.

CAMERON
Jesus. You must like me a lot.

JACKSON
Soldier the fuck up! Fucking around here is one thing. But in the sandbox, you will get us all killed.

Williams runs over.

WILLIAMS
God damn it, James!

CAMERON
What?!

It begins to rain.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - NIGHT

It pours rain. Soldiers stand around Marshall and Williams.

WILLIAMS
All right Privates. Talk is over.

MARSHALL
Yes sir!

WILLIAMS
You will be tested on your shooting, your grenade throwing, and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS (cont'd)
most important we see who's got
heart.

Jackson, Wilkins, and others look excited. Cameron, Pullins,
and Green eat sunflower seeds.

MARSHALL
I'm clocking yall.

WILLIAMS
Well let's do it then.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - NIGHT

The soldiers look exhausted. They are sweaty, muddy and out
of breath.

EXT. GRENADE RANGE - CONTINUED

Jackson crawls in the mud under barbed wire with his M16. He
ends up at a big hole and falls into it. Jackson finds
several grenades on the ground. He launches them in the air.
After each EXPLOSION there is a red light. After three
EXPLOSIONS there is a green light. Jackson runs off and
jumps into another hole. There is a m16 and targets in
front of him. He shoots well.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - NIGHT

It pours rain. Jackson flies out of the woods to a mild
CHEER. Cameron, Pullins, Green and others sit back and spit
out sun flower seeds as Jackson clears the finish line.

WILLIAMS
The record to beat was Choi's 10
minutes and 49 seconds. Jackson
came in with a..

Williams looks at his clock.

WILLIAMS
Shit. He knocked it out in eight
minutes flat.

MARSHALL
Damn. Nice job Jackson!

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS
James! You're up.

GREEN
Come on, Cam!

PULLINS
Show them what you got!

MARSHALL
Shut up out there!

Cameron spits out a sun flower seed and jogs up to the starting line. Williams shakes his head.

WILLIAMS
This lazy piece of shit.

Cameron arrives to the starting point.

WILLIAMS
Ready!?

Cameron does not move.

WILLIAMS
Set!?

Cameron does not move. Williams shakes his head.

WILLIAMS
Go!

Cameron sprints off and disappears in the distance.

WILLIAMS
Well shit.

PULLINS
HAH!

EXT. GRENADE RANGE - NIGHT

Cameron quickly passes through the mud and the barbed wire. He jumps into the grenade pit and takes the pin out of two grenades and chunks them at the same time. The first explosion sets off the green light. The second grenade blows up the green light. He runs over to the second hole, grabs his M16 and shoots extremely well.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - NIGHT

Cameron, filthy, runs towards the finish line.

GREEN
Come on James!

Cameron crosses the finish line.

WILLIAMS
Time?

MARSHALL
7:13...new record.

Williams shakes his head.

WILLIAMS
What a waste.

Cameron spits out a sunflower seed and jogs off.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Exhausted, first platoon stumbles inside. Williams goes to his office, grabs a black trash bag. He throws the bag to the middle of the room. Letters scatter from the bag.

WILLIAMS
Mail time.

Williams goes to his office. Soldiers rush the bag.

INT. BARRACKS/CAMERON'S FOOTLOCKER - CONTINUED

Cameron skims through several envelopes. He opens one and reads the letter. His smile slowly fades. He SLAMS his locker to the ground.

INT. - BARRACKS SHOWER - DUSK

The shower has small stalls with no doors. There is two feet of dirty water. Most soldiers lean against the wall. Jackson and others are on some adrenaline high. Cameron rests his head in the corner with his eye closed.

DEVIN
(O.S)
Baby, its not you it's me.

Cameron cringes.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN
(O.S)
We are so far apart.

DEVIN
(O.S)
We are so young.

DEVIN
(O.S)
Maybe in the future.

Cameron cringes again.

DEVIN
(O.S)
I mean, you joined the Army.

DEVIN
(O.S)
I met someone else.

CAMERON
Fuck!

Jackson, Wilkins, and Caps LAUGH.

JACKSON
Hey James, I been meaning to ask
you. Are you just some tree
hugging pussy or are you just some
fucking pot head?

Some LAUGH. A used bar of soap with curly hair floats by and touches Cameron's leg. Cameron rushes Jackson. Cameron punches Jackson in the face. Blood SPURTS from Jackson's nose and Jackson falls back. Cameron pins him against the wall with his left hand. Cameron repeatedly punches Jackson in the face. Cameron stops and Jackson falls to the ground. Soldiers make a path as Cameron walks out of the shower with a bloody fist.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cameron stands in front of Williams.

WILLIAMS
(in disbelief)
You beat that swoll fool Jackson's
ass?

Cameron looks straight. Williams LAUGHS to himself.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Going to school when you get out? Good benefits these days.

CAMERON

Yes Drill Sgt, not staying.

Williams CHUCKLES.

WILLIAMS

You're something else. But I have seen plenty of people like you. And yea I know of your situation. And I don't care what the judge or the recruiter said, you're going to war. And your slick recruiter got you to sign for the infantry, so you're really fucked.

William picks up a black shiny pen from his desk and points it at Cameron.

WILLIAMS

This fucking pen right here, fucks more shit up than anything, anywhere.

CAMERON

So I hear.

WILLIAMS

Better start acting, son.

CAMERON

I am not an actor.

WILLIAMS

If you don't start acting like somebody else, anybody else, just not you.

BREAK

WILLIAMS

We see motherfuckers like you all the time. You just end up hating life.

Cameron seems to get more comfortable with Williams.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

If you don't play the game you will get chewed up and spit out. A felony isn't shit compared to a bad conduct discharge.

CAMERON

Your wasting your time Drill Sgt.

WILLIAM

A lot of people don't want to be here, private. I know you're in here on that legal court shit. I feel for ya, somewhat. That's some fucked up shit, but it happened. You signed the line, and that's that.

Cameron stares at the ceiling.

WILLIAMS

You're here and there is nothing you can do about it. What you do while you are here is up to you.

Cameron looks at Williams. Williams starts to write on documents.

EXT. UVANNI PATROL BASE - DAY

Samarra, Iraq

Patrol Base Uvanni is an abandoned elementary school. SOLDIERS do different things. Some play basketball with a lifted old crate and a soccer ball. Some clean their weapons, smoke cigarettes, etc.

Cameron rides in the back of a Humvee with a load of trash as it leaves the perimeter. JAMES WALKER, 35, white guy, drives. Walker drives around towards the back of Uvanni. He sees a HOMELESS IRAQI who sits on a corner and does fancy tricks with a Yo-Yo. Walker smirks.

EXT. LOUISIANA - 7 YEARS EARLIER

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

It's dark and it rains. Walker is with a sleeping bag, bags of clothes and a back pack full of books. He does very difficult Yo-Yo tricks. During the middle of a trick one of the Yo- Yo's flies off and goes down towards the

(CONTINUED)

bayou. Walker chases the Yo-Yo, it disappears. He looks for it and eventually finds it on top of an Army Recruiting Flier that says "Travel the World!". The flier prevents the Yo-Yo from going through hole in the drain. He picks up the Yo-Yo and looks at the flier for a BEAT. He throws the flier away.

EXT. UVANNI PATROL BASE - CONTINUED

Cameron jumps off the back of the Humvee and begins to throw bags of trash into the pit. Walker hops out the Humvee with his M16, and pulls security. GUN SHOTS in the near distance.

CAMERON

Watch out for me dude.

Walker CHUCKLES and pulls security. Cameron throws several trash bags into a burning pit.

WALKER

I got you.

Cameron grabs a bag of trash and throws it, it busts and wet trash spills all over Cameron. Walker can't help but LAUGH.

CAMERON

Of course! Nasty ass gravy.

More SHOTS fired. A bullet ricochets off the charred back rear door of the Humvee.

CAMERON

Shit! We have to get rid of this Humvee, man. It's always get blown up or shot at. See that shit. That was that door's fifth IED.

WALKER

Hurry up. Don't want you getting killed burning trash.

CAMERON

That'd be great.

EXT. UVANNI - DAY

Soldiers clean their weapons, smoke cigs, etc. Some carry boxes that say "AMMO". In the corner there are five outhouses. Cameron is behind the outhouses with gloves on. Green is bigger, no glasses, and smokes close to Cameron.

Cameron knocks on the back of the second outhouse and puts his ear close. With disgust he pulls out the shit can and cautiously guides the heavy can down. He pours in kerosene and then stirs it in with a broken shovel. Cameron throws a flaming match in and walks to the next one. He does the same thing, but this time he places it on the ground too hard, and it lightly splashes Cameron in the face.

CAMERON

Shit!

Soldiers in the background LAUGH. Cameron drops the shovel and begins to wipe his mouth. He realizes this and throws the gloves on the ground. He then wipes his face with his bare hands. Soldiers LAUGH hysterically. A very agitated Cameron goes up to the back of the last outhouse. He pulls out the can, suddenly lots of water drops on his hand from the toilet above.

CAMERON

Shit no!

Cameron rushes to the front of the outhouse and opens the door. A MAN in an Iraqi police uniform sits on the toilet with a bottle of water in one hand, the other hand is in his ass.

CAMERON

Sgt Walker!?

Man looks at Cameron dumbfounded. Sgt Walker walks up to Cameron LAUGHING. Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

Come on man. I thought we were done with this.

WALKER

I don't know what to tell you. It's how they do it. It's a culture thing.

CAMERON

This is a right and wrong thing. There is absolutely no way that not using toilet paper is cleaner.

(CONTINUED)

Walker smiles.

CAMERON

Washing your dirty ass with water and your bare hand only leaves you with a dirty ass, and now a dirty hand! You have to have toilet paper. It's the middle man.

Walker LAUGHS.

WALKER

I'll tell them. But you know it's like teaching Chinese.

CAMERON

Just tell this one that if he wouldn't mind, at least in the outhouses, if he would use toilet paper with no water.

Cameron looks at the confused man still on the toilet.

CAMERON

Tell him that when he adds water to his shit it takes longer for the shit to burn.

Cameron is much less stressed.

CAMERON

(to man)

Sorry for busting in on ya.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Rain coats and bungee cords create makeshift shower stalls. Cameron, Green, and other Soldiers clean themselves with bottles of water. Cameron's face is covered with soap. He finds a bottle and empties a few drops on his face.

CAMERON

Damn it! Green?

GREEN

Yes.

CAMERON

Got any water left?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

Sorry buddy.

Green grabs his green "Green Machine" towel with an image of a small quirky wrestler on it and exits. Cameron SIGHS.

EXT. UVANNI ROOF - DUSK

Jackson and Wilkins are at one corner. They eagerly look for something suspicious. Cameron and Green play cards close by.

WILKINS

Sweet! Check it out!

Two large packs of wild dogs bark at each other viciously on the soccer field.

GREEN

Cam, look at that.

CAMERON

That's a lot of pissed off dogs.

GREEN

Wolves too.

CAMERON

Nice.

GREEN

Look! A wolf from the west side of the field is walking over to the east side.

A dirty black wolf walks slowly with his head held high to the other side of the field.

CAMERON

They all look the same. How do they know who is who?

GREEN

I don't know.

The lone wolf continues to walk until he is right in front of the opposing pack. Several of the other dogs BARK wildly, others back up.

CAMERON

(surprised)

Some of those dogs are backing up.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

Hell yes.

All of a sudden the lone wolf takes a squat.

CAMERON

No way.

The wolf takes a crap in front of the other pack, and then frolics back to his side.

GREEN

Sweet!

Cameron and Green laugh together.

GREEN

That is the coolest thing I have ever seen.

SHOT FIRED. The lone wolf goes down. Cameron and Green get their rifles ready and scan their sectors. Jackson and Wilkins LAUGH hysterically. Jackson's rifle smokes. Cameron jumps up.

CAMERON

What the fuck?

Cameron runs toward Jackson when he is interrupted with a hail of enemy GUN FIRE.

GREEN

Enemy fire. West. Three o'clock!

Cameron jumps back into his position, grabs his rifle. Several INSURGENTS with suicide vests run through the soccer field blasting AK47s. The soldiers return FIRE.

A MAN on a roof 100 meters out shoots an RPG which EXPLODES in front of Cameron and Green, rubble flies everywhere. Soldiers run to the roof to help. GUN FIRE and EXPLOSIONS increase between soldiers and insurgents. A YOUNG SOLDIER who stands next to Cameron and Green shoots an INSURGENT who runs towards them with a suicide vest on. There's a SHOT. The Young Soldier gets his brains blown out.

CAMERON

Jesus!

Green's scared stiff. Walker jumps into their position.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER
Fire your weapons!

A dump truck swerves onto the soccer field and races towards Uvanni. Green, scared, lays down behind sand bags to protect himself. Cameron looks through his scope and sees a young teenager driving the dump truck.

WALKER
Fire!

Cameron shoots at the engine to stop the truck, but it keeps full speed, smoke from the hood.

WALKER
Shit!

Walker looks through his scope and shoots the boy in the head. Before the truck comes to a complete stop, it explodes. The explosion is so large it demolishes a section that surrounds the Patrol Base. Rubble, glass, dust, smoke fly everywhere. Debris falls on the soldiers. They run downstairs. Jackson shoots erratically as he walks towards the others. Green runs to the entrance as fast as he can.

JACKSON
That's what the fuck I am talking about!

Jackson shoots more SHOTS in every direction as he walks towards the others. He bumps into Green and accidentally SHOOTS Green's foot. Green drops to the ground.

GREEN
Ahhh! Fuck me!

WALKER
God damn it Jackson, you fucking idiot, put your weapon on safe and go get a medic!

Walker tends to Green's foot.

INT. MEDICS ROOM - LATER

Green lays on a table. His foot lifts up by bungee cord. Soldiers crowd Green.

JACKSON
You shouldn't have been so close Green!

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

You got to be kidding me!

Walker walks into the Medics Room.

WALKER

Okay Green. First Sgt is ready for you know.

Green quickly hops up on one crutch and heads out.

INT. 1ST SGT OFFICE - CONTINUED

FIRST SGT HAWK, late 30's, big, white, and red sits at his desk. A map with routes contrived with black yarn and thumbtacks is posted behind Hawk.

HAWK

What's it gonna be, Green?

Green MUMBLES.

HAWK

Spit it out boy!

GREEN

I think we should follow protocol. I mean I think Jackson should be demoted.

HAWK

I understand son. Don't think that I don't. But, bottom line, we are low on men.

GREEN

Especially good men.

HAWK

A man with a gun is a man with a gun. We need him.

GREEN

And protocol?

HAWK

Protocol is objective. At this point we need men. Whatever one man that may be.

BREAK

(CONTINUED)

HAWK
What would your dad want you to do?

BREAK

HAWK
Take the Purple Heart..

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Green limps out with a bottle of pills. Cameron walks up to Green.

CAMERON
You get that motherfucker?

Green pushes Cameron out of the way.

CAMERON
Shit!?

GREEN
You don't fucking get it, James!

Green hops away and throws several pills in his mouth.

INT. UVANNI - LATER

Stuff is thrown everywhere, shelves are knocked over. Walls are covered in bullet holes. Everyone's covered in dust. WEEPING SOLDIER cries with his head in a corner. Jackson and buddies TALK casually. Cameron goes up to Walker.

CAMERON
I have to get out of here man.

WALKER
What?

CAMERON
I have to leave.

WALKER
Fuck you.

CAMERON
Fuck that.

BREAK

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

I am serious man. It's going to be an issue for everyone if you don't get me away from Jackson.

Jackson and buddies watch on.

WALKER

Cam?

CAMERON

Sarge, I am not dying for some ass hole.

WALKER

It's not the time.

CAMERON

It's the perfect time!

Walker gets up.

WALKER

Come with me.

Cameron and Walker exit. Jackson stands with curiosity.

INT. SMALL SHACK - CONTINUED

Room is empty except for old dumbbells and a bench a bar. There are bags of rocks used as weights which are put on the ends of the bar.

WALKER

Fuck Cameron.

CAMERON

All I want to do here is survive sarge. I mean I respect how much you like to help these people but Jackson, that fucking psycho, he is going to get us all killed.

WALKER

Alright, Private James. You think you're telling me shit I don't already know? I get it, I got it. I just didn't want you to leave.

Cameron is confused.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER
Your a good soldier.

CAMERON
That's a first.

WALKER
But you could have been a great
leader. You have a way with the
men.

Walker thinks and then SIGHS.

WALKER
Alright man, I'll get you out of
here.

Cameron's shocked.

CAMERON
How? Where?

WALKER
It's this detail. They have been
asking for us to give them someone
for the past three months.

CAMERON
Where?

WALKER
You would be the last person I give
up.

CAMERON
Where am I going?

WALKER
I am giving you what you ask
for. A way nicer, "safer" life,
just 40 miles north.

CAMERON
What the fuck are you talking
about?

WALKER
Our Colonel up in Tikrit kicked out
some gunner for running his mouth
too much.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

So?

WALKER

I'll give you the slot.

CAMERON

And what slot is that?

WALKER

A spot in a palace when all you have to do is keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

Cameron smiles.

WALKER

(sarcastically)

That should be easy for you.

INT. BUNKS - UVANNI - NIGHT

Lights out. Cameron is at Green's bunk. He nudges him, but Green doesn't wake up. Cameron gets closer.

CAMERON

(whispering)

Green machine.

Green slowly wakes up. Cameron smiles.

GREEN

What's up?

CAMERON

I am out.

Green looks confused.

CAMERON

Walker got me out of here. I was literally about to kill Jackson just to increase the peace.

Cameron laughs. Green does not.

GREEN

Where are you going?

CAMERON

Something up in Tikrit.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

What?

CAMERON

I don't know, some nine to five.

GREEN

You're leaving, slash running away?

Cameron looks surprised.

GREEN

I'm fucking shot in the leg, Cam!

CAMERON

I know dude be lucky it wasn't in the head. And that fucker is still a Specialist Green!

GREEN

Yea we are supposed to deal with it right, together man? Don't quit on me. Don't quit.

Cameron thinks about it.

CAMERON

Have to look out for number one. I suggest you do the same.

GREEN

What?

CAMERON

We got to write our own script.

GREEN

You fucking hypocrite.

This upsets Cameron.

INT. BARRACKS - DARK

Everyone sleeps. Walker walks up to the Cameron.

WALKER

Hey.

Nothing. Walker pokes Cameron in the head. Cameron wakes up.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Get ready.

Cameron rushes and knocks something over, it wakes curious soldiers.

SOLDIERS

Hey!?

WALKER

Shut up and go back to sleep!

Cameron gets his stuff and exits quickly. Jackson has his eye on Cameron as he exits. Green has his eye on Jackson.

EXT. UVANNI - CONTINUED

Two supply trucks and two humvees are lined up. BLACK SOLDIERS jump out of the first supply truck with clear bags of mail and brown boxes. WHITE GUNNERS on Humvees pull security.

INT. SUPPLY TRUCK - CONTINUED

LUCAS WASHINGTON, 19, black, baggy pants, and a bottom row of gold teeth is in the truck and throws bags of mail towards Pullins.

LUCAS

Hurry up, nigga. Get me the fuck out of here. This place all kinds of fucked up, ya dig?

Pullins, with a nice diamond in his left ear, grabs what he is thrown.

PULLINS

You ain't got to tell me.

EXT. UVANNI - CONTINUED

FRED WILSON, 55, black, one gold front tooth, pulls security while he chews a cigar.

WILSON

Yall hurry up now, ya hear?

Cameron and Walker come out of the Patrol Base. Cameron recognizes something in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON
Is that Mr. Pullins?

PULLINS
Is that Mr. James!?

CAMERON
Sure is!

Cameron gets up to Pullins.

CAMERON
What the fuck's up!?

Cameron and Pullins hand shake and hug.

PULLINS
I know nigga, its been a minute.

Cameron reaches for Pullin's diamond ear ring and takes a look.

CAMERON
Yes it has!

Pullins enjoys the admiration.

CAMERON
Well shit, you're obviously doing good?

PULLINS
Yes I am.

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON
How are Leah and the kids?

PULLINS
Doing great. Leah is taking some nursing classes. It was rough adjusting to the country life but it's happening. The kids love it.

CAMERON
That's great.

Pullins smiles big and grabs Cameron in for a big bear hug.

PULLINS
Good to see you.

CAMERON
Good to see you too.

EXT. - UVANNI - DUSK

Wilson hops in the driver seat of the first supply truck.

WILSON
(O.S)
Let's get the hell out of here!

EXT. SAMARRA VILLAGE - DUSK

The convoy drives through the run down city of Samarra. Wilson swerves to avoid craters in road from previous explosions. They drive by blown up cars and most buildings have bullet holes in them. The convoy passes a building with a large dome that is completely made out of gold. There are more bullet holes in this building than any other.

INT. SUPPLY TRUCK - CONTINUED

It is very crowded. Wilson drives with a cigar in his mouth. Cameron is stuck in the middle with a large shift stick between his legs. Pullins is in the passenger seat. They drive slowly by the golden dome.

PULLINS
I wonder where all the money went.

WILSON
(eyes on the road)
Mhmmmm.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

They drive on a lone highway through the desolate desert. The convoy passes up a Shepard walking a flock of black sheep. They reach a sign that reads "Tikrit".

EXT. PALACE PYTHON - DAY

Tikrit, Iraq

The convoy pulls up to a large luxurious palace that stands out in the middle of the desert. The convoy stops by a beautiful fountain.

INT. PALACE PYTHON - DAY

Gold everywhere. The couches, the dressers, the tables, everything. Cameron walks in.

CAMERON
Get the fuck out of here!

PULLINS
You haven't seen shit.

INT. PALACE PYTHON - POOL - CONTINUED

Cameron walks into the pool area with nothing but a green duffel bag. A large gold chandelier shines on SOLDIERS as they jump into a large indoor pool. Rap MUSIC plays in the back ground.

All the soldiers are fatter than Cameron. Cameron walks in slowly, in amazement. He steps on a beer can and smiles. SGT BOUGHTON, 35, walks in.

BOUGHTON
Listen up guys.

Nothing.

BOUGHTON
Guys?

Cameron can't believe he gets ignored.

BOUGHTON
Jesus.

Cameron makes eye contact with Boughton.

BOUGHTON
Pvt. James!?

CAMERON
Yes Sgt.

BOUGHTON
Glad to have you aboard.

CAMERON
Me too.

BOUGHTON
Not going to have any problems with you right?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON
I can't see why.

BOUGHTON
Good.

CAMERON
What exactly am I going to be doing?

BOUGHTON
Colonel McKnight's PSD.

CAMERON
PSD Sgt?

BOUGHTON
Personnel Security Detachment.

Cameron still doesn't get it.

BOUGHTON
Sgt Walker said you've done this before.

Cameron smiles and shrugs.

BOUGHTON
It doesn't matter. I am sure you will do fine.

BREAK

BOUGHTON
Your going to be the Colonel's gunner. Your trained proficiently with automatic weapons correct?

CAMERON
Of course Sgt. Isn't everyone.

Boughton laughs.

CAMERON
What's the R.O.E, Sgt?

BOUGHTON
The what?

CAMERON
Rules of Engagement, Sgt?

(CONTINUED)

BOUGHTON

If anything gets close to the colonel, shoot it. You will be better off not asking many questions. We have an amazing gym and you can take classes. Enjoy your free time.

CAMERON

School classes?

BOUGHTON

Oh yes. We have a very fast internet connection here. You can enroll into online classes back in the states from here?

CAMERON

We don't have running water at Uvanni and you guys have internet?

BOUGHTON

Yes.

CAMERON

And when I get out and go to a real college, those classes will transfer?

BOUGHTON

Yes. If you leave the Army for school which I don't recommend, yes, the classes will transfer.

Cameron is excited.

BOUGHTON

Sgt. Nunn runs that department.

Cameron smiles.

INT. GOLD SHOWER - NIGHT

Cameron smiles as he showers in a gigantic tub with golden trim. The hot water steams down on his body and he scrubs himself with a fluffy white loofah.

INT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Beds are spread out all over the room. Soldiers get dressed into their starched uniforms. Cameron's uniform is wrinkled and worn.

CAMERON

Don't tell me you have dry cleaning up here?

MARK GHANDAR, 22 with an attitude.

GHANDAR

Duh.

Soldiers LAUGH.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The ballroom has been transformed into an exquisite chow hall. Most of the people in the ballroom are older high ranking OFFICERS.

Pullins is behind the chow line serving steak and shrimp. Cameron waits in line. He smiles as he sees Pullins serving food. The line moves forward. PFC NUNN, Tall, fat, Puerto Rican, and flamboyantly homosexual, stands behind Cameron. He inches forward to Cameron.

NUNN

(feminine)

You're from down south in Samarra, right?

Cameron look straight.

CAMERON

Yea. Why?

NUNN

It was hard for you huh?

CAMERON

What?

NUNN

You know. Being lonely.

Cameron turns around to see the very feminine Nunn. Nunn looks Cameron up and down very sexually. Cameron nervously laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Where the fuck am I?

NUNN

Back to Kansas, sweetie

CAMERON

How in the hell did you get in here?

INT. NUNN'S FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

Miami, Florida

NUNN and two LESBIANS sit on a couch in the living room. Nunn wears purple sweat pants and a baby blue top. SGT MAJOR NUNN, 60, Puerto Rican, stands in front of the three.

SGT NUNN

Stop acting like your still thinking about it.

NUNN

I don't know daddy, what else can I get?

SGT NUNN

18 thousand dollars for marrying one of your lesbian friends isn't enough to your already guaranteed 30 thousand a year? Four years son. It will go quick.

NUNN

(feminine)

I guess.

SGT NUNN

And try to you know..

NUNN

(attitude)

No I don't. Try to what?

SGT NUNN

You know learn something?

LESBIAN

Oh no daddy Nunn. It's different now. Antonio can be all he can be now.

Sgt Nunn looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

LESBIAN
They might not ask.

NUNN
(flamboyant)
But I will be telling!

Nunn snaps his fingers. Lesbians and Nunn LAUGH and do high fives.

SGT NUNN
Lord have mercy.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUED

Cameron turns around to look at Nunn, face to face. Cameron sees Nunn's name tag.

CAMERON
Shit. Nunn? Your in charge of the schooling department right?

NUNN
I am also Colonel McKnight's personal assistant.

CAMERON
But fucking of course.

NUNN
Did you just say butt fucking?

Cameron does not want to but he LAUGHS.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUED

The PSD chows down and TALKS loud. Everyone, but Cameron, is plump and smiley. Cameron eats. PFC LARRY WINESTOCK, 24, skinny, Jewish and bald sits across from Cameron.

LARRY
So what was Samarra like?

He swallows what he has in his mouth, and waves the steak and shrimp at Larry.

CAMERON
If my boys knew I was eating steak and shrimp. They would kick my ass. Shit, I would kick my ass.

Some LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

What did yall eat down there?

CAMERON

MRE's, protein bars, cans of tuna,
noodles. I mean whatever we'd get.

Cameron gets a lot of attention. Ghandar is not impressed.

GHANDAR

Yall got some of our extra though.

CAMERON

You mean left overs? And that
means that nasty ass gravy yall
throw away. Yea thanks dude!

The PSD LAUGHS. Cameron gets a scoop of mashed potatoes and
avoids the gravy.

LARRY

Have you killed anyone?

CAMERON

I don't think so.

GHANDAR

How can someone not know?

CAMERON

If we were to get shot at, it would
most likely be a sniper, and we
wouldn't know where it was coming
from.

BREAK

CAMERON

I am not going to just shoot
anybody.

Ghandar rolls his eyes.

LARRY

How did yall get all that stuff
like tuna and ramen?

CAMERON

You know, packages. Family,
friends, people back home.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Strangers back home sent you stuff
to eat?

CAMERON

Yea dude. Cigarettes, dip,
magazines.

LARRY

Why don't we ever get that stuff
sent to us?

NUNN

Them infantry boys be slumming it
down there. You don't even much
know whats going on, Larry.

Everyone LAUGHS, including Larry.

EXT - PALACE - NIGHT

Pullins and Cameron sit back in rocking chairs, and LAUGH
hard. The laughter slowly lets down and Pullins goes into
his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He pulls one
out.

PULLINS

You smoking yet?

CAMERON

Not yet.

Pullins smiles as he lights his cig up. Cameron looks up at
the sky which is full stars.

CAMERON

Damn. I Don't see that down at
Uvanni.

PULLINS

I bet.

Cameron looks at Pullins.

CAMERON

Good to see you too, bro.

PULLINS

Yea, I bet. I don't know how you
did it. But you did it.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Did what?

PULLINS

Get this fucking detail. There's a fucking waiting list to try to get in here.

CAMERON

What?

PULLINS

For real.

CAMERON

I mean yea the gold, the steak and shrimp..

PULLINS

It's way more than that.

CAMERON

It's still Iraq, Mo.

PULLINS

Not really.

EXT. PALACE - AFTERNOON

Four Humvees line up ready to exit. Cameron is the Colonel's gunner in the first Humvee which has a big number "1" on his bumper. Cameron plays with a shiny 50 caliber machine gun.

CAMERON

I can't believe yall have the 50 cal's. We thought no one had these things.

INT. HUMVEE - CONTINUED

Boughton sits in the back seat.

BOUGHTON

Top notch huh?

Ghandar, sits in the driver's seat.

GHANDER

Now you will fire if you need to right?

(CONTINUED)

BOUGHTON
Don't mind Ghandar. He wanted to
be gunner.

CAMERON
Of course he did.

Cameron sees Larry reading an algebra book.

CAMERON
What the hell you doing,
Larry? Math homework?

LARRY
Yup.

Cameron CHUCKLES.

CAMERON
Whats the deal? What are we doing?
A raid, TCP, IED watch?

There is a BEAT and then everyone LAUGHS, except for
Cameron. COL MCKNIGHT, 60, distinguished white with a head
full of grey hair, hops in the back seat of the Humvee.

MCKNIGHT
Let's go.

Boughton is caught off guard.

BOUGHTON
Roger sir!

Boughton fumbles to grab the mic.

BOUGHTON
(in the mic)
Move out!

CAMERON
Where are we going?

GHANDAR
Another god damn concert.

CAMERON
Concert?

LARRY
It's bad ass.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY

Sun shines bright without a cloud in the sky. The four humvees hum through the desert. A large compound is seen far ahead.

EXT. LARGE COMPOUND - DAY

The PSD convoy goes through the security gate. Thousands of SOLDIERS walk around. There is a large stage ahead in the distance with a large crowd in front of the performers. The humvee drives slowly towards the stage. Cameron uses binoculars to see that it's Toby Keith performing.

CAMERON

No shit?

EXT. TOBY KEITH CONCERT - DAY

Thousands of SINGING PEOPLE from all branches of the military and contracting companies throw their hands in the air and sing along to Toby Keith's, "Courtesy of the Red white and Blue." Red, white, and blue inflatable balls bounce through the crowd.

Cameron, Larry, and Ghandar and the rest of the PSD are in the front row. Colonel McKnight is backstage taking pictures of Toby performing. Larry takes a swig of his flask and passes it to Cameron. Cameron takes the flask and chugs it. Then he gets into the song with the drunk crowd and Toby.

EVERYONE

"And Uncle Sam puts your name on
the top of his list, and the
statue of liberty started shaking
her fist!"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMPOUND - GAME ROOM - DAY

The room is full of video games, billiards, ping pong, etc. Cameron and Larry play pool. Cameron waits for Larry to take his shot.

CAMERON

This is unbelievable. I had no idea
anything like this existed in Iraq.

Larry knocks a ball in the pocket.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Majority of bases are like this.

Larry makes a ball in. Cameron looks around.

CAMERON

I can't believe it.

Larry smiles and knocks another ball in.

LARRY

Yea man not too many people got the balls to go get shot at. Definitely consider yourself big balled.

Cameron LAUGHS. Larry knocks in the eight ball and wins the game.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

PFC Nunn, skims through an architecture book at his desk. There is a KNOCK at his door.

NUNN

Come in.

Cameron walks in and sits at the desk.

NUNN

So what were you thinking of studying?

CAMERON

The law.

NUNN

Law? Like law school?

CAMERON

Yes.

NUNN

Love the ambition but let's get this undergrad knocked out first. Any ideas for a major?

CAMERON

Whatever the closest to law school is.

(CONTINUED)

NUNN
Political science?

CAMERON
Sold.

EXT. BRASSFIELD - PARKING LOT - DAY

The four humvees are parked with the doors wide open.

INT - MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONTINUED

Cameron is laid out in the passenger seat with his feet on the dash. He reads a book which has "Foreign Policy" on the front. He chews gum. Ghandar is in the driver seat with his feet up on the dash. He reads a book which has "Hunting" on the front. Larry is in the back seat spread out and reads a book titled "Wiring".

CAMERON
(still reading)
Check this out. We captured Saddam
right?

LARRY
Yes..

CAMERON
There is this International Court
for war crimes.

GHANDAR
Yea..

CAMERON
Bush could have executed Saddam
himself after we captured him.

GHANDAR
(irritated)
Yes..

CAMERON
But he didn't. He returned Saddam
to Iraq to let the people decide
what to do with him. His own
people had him killed

GHANDAR
So fucking what?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

You hear that Bush is just a cowboy who just wanted to blow up Iraq for oil money.

GHANDER

Yea.

CAMERON

Just saying there is something to be said about how it ended up. It's evidence that we are actually doing something good over here for the Iraqi people.

LARRY

It is interesting.

GHANDER

Now you're going to go back home and be a politician, Socrates?

Cameron LAUGHS.

CAMERON

What's your problem dude? Yea I want to be a lawyer. Argue for money, sounds good to me. Shit, my expansive vocabulary kicks your ass everyday, for free.

Larry cracks up.

LARRY

Yes it does.

GHANDER

Crooked ass lawyer huh?

CAMERON

Whatever dude. What are you going to do when you get out of here?

GHANDAR

I am going to be a police officer.

CAMERON

I would be a crooked ass lawyer before a crooked ass cop any day.

Ghandar thinks of something to say but falls short.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Exactly.

INT - NUNNS OFFICE - NIGHT

Nunn's desk is covered in books, notes, and highlighters. Cameron has his head in his hand.

NUNN

Come on cutie?

Cameron can't help but LAUGH.

CAMERON

Damn it Nunn. You know I would have kicked your ass in high school.

NUNN

Aw, my baby is all grown up.

Cameron thinks about that for a second.

CAMERON

Alright, the sixth amendment protects American citizens by making it unlawful for police to search one's person and house without a warrant showing probable cause.

NUNN

Yes, very nice. But that's not the sixth Amendment..

CAMERON

Excuse me that is in fact the fourth amendment.

Nunn smiles.

CAMERON

The sixth amendment actually allows those who are being accused of a crime the right to a trial by a jury of his peers.

NUNN

Or hers...

CAMERON

Yes, or hers as well.

CAMERON

(As matter of factish)

Not only that, but the sixth amendment protects the rights of the accused by giving him, or her, the right to confront those who have accused him of any wrong doings.

Nunn smiles and claps his hands together with feminine excitement.

NUNN

Yay! Exciting stuff!

They high five each other.

EXT. FOB BRASSFIELD - DAY

McKnight's Humvee with the "1" on the bumper is in the middle of a large line with other military vehicles. Cameron, on the gun, sees MP officers in the distance frisking American soldiers.

CAMERON

That's fucking weird.

INT. MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONTINUED

Ghandar drives, Boughton is in the passenger seat. Larry and McKnight are in the back seats. Cameron talks down to the cab.

CAMERON

What is this place, sarge?

BOUGHTON

Base Brassfield.

They pull up to the front gate with waiting MP's.

CAMERON

It's big.

Cameron makes eye contact with the MP. The MP sticks his head in the Humvee looks around and brings his head back out.

(CONTINUED)

MP

Who are you transporting?

GHANDER

Col. McKnight, 3-69.

MP

Roger. I am going to need to see everyone's ID's.

Everyone gives Ghandar their ID's. Ghandar gives the MP four ID's. The MP takes them and looks them over thoroughly. He looks up at Cameron.

MP

Gunner. I need your ID.

CAMERON

Why would I have my ID in Iraq?

MP

What?

CAMERON

My ID is back in the states. None of my old company brought their ID's. It's fucking Iraq

MP

(to Ghandar)

That's going to be a problem.

CAMERON

Think I am trying to sneak in here, do ya?

MP still looks at Ghandar.

MP

Sgt, can't let you in here if your gunner doesn't have any identification.

CAMERON

I don't believe this.

BOUGHTON

Shit! James!

CAMERON

(serious)

Hey, yall got a dress code?

(CONTINUED)

BOUGHTON
Shut up James!

CAMERON
Who's Dj'ing tonight?

BOUGHTON
James!!

INT - MCKNIGHTS HUMVEE

The convoy strolls through the massive base. The base sits on at least ten acres. There are 3 large outside pools with high dives. There is a pizza hut, burger king, PX, and thousands of PEOPLE everywhere.

The convoy passes by the largest pool. Cameron has the best view as the gunner on top of the humvee. He looks at PRETTY GIRLS swim. Cameron sees a HOT GIRL with a nice body get out of the pool and dry off. Cameron's mouth moves to say, "What the fuck?", But nothing comes out.

BOUGHTON
Don't even think about it Pvt.
James. Those girls are Air Force.
Completely off limits.

CAMERON
I can't even speak to them?

BOUGHTON
Not at all.

CAMERON
Why?

BOUGHTON
At ease, private.

CAMERON
That's fucked up.

Boughton glares at Cameron.

INT. NUNNS OFFICE - NIGHT

Cameron walks in.

CAMERON
Whats up, man? Why can't I talk to
girls while I wait on the colonel
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON (cont'd)
to take pictures of shit for seven
hours?

Nunn laughs.

CAMERON
Nunn, I had not seen a female for
eight months. And then I couldn't
talk to the ones who were walking
not even forty feet from us.

NUNN
Hello, I am right here.

Cameron LAUGHS.

CAMERON
For real man.

NUNN
I am being for real.

CAMERON
Boughton is starting to get to me.

Nunn smiles.

NUNN
I was wondering how long it was
going to take.

CAMERON
What?

NUNN
Everything that glitter ain't gold,
baby. You're the colonel's 24 hour
a day baby sitter.

CAMERON
Man..

NUNN
There is nothing else to be said
about that. I thought you would get
restless sooner than this.

BREAK

CAMERON
Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

NUNN
Your no POG.

CAMERON
POG?

NUNN
People Other than Grunts.

CAMERON
Great.

NUNN
You're better than this.

Cameron stares at the ceiling.

EXT. PYTHON PALACE - DAY

The PSD wash humvees next to the fountain. Cameron washes the Colonel's humvee. Larry takes a part a radio close to Cameron.

LARRY
How was it really down there. I know half these infantry dudes that have come through here had to be full of shit.

Cameron smiles as he hoses down the humvee.

CAMERON
Yea, I know. It's probably not as exciting as they made it seem. Shit pops off sometimes, but not frequently.

LARRY
What do you mean?

CAMERON
I mean it's slower then you probably think. A random sniper, road bomb, etc. That's the worst part about it. It's all luck. Shit, Rambo could hit a pot hole and get blown the fuck up.

Larry smirks.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Yea. That's not how many have put it, but that's actually how I was thinking it was.

CAMERON

Yea, I figured. Shit was cool though.

LARRY

Why?

Cameron scrubs a tire with a sponge and a bucket of water.

CAMERON

Dealing with the Iraqis, up close and personal. Shit, we would spend the night at some of their houses for a day or two if shit was getting real bad.

LARRY

What?

CAMERON

Yea. They fed us, a lot of them were really cool.

BOUGHTON

(O.S)

Scrub that "1" good, James!

Cameron scrubs the "1" again, and then he goes back to his tire.

CAMERON

(continuing)

A lot of them liked us. Most Iraqis who don't like us unfortunately can't read either. So they think we are here blowing shit up for fun.

LARRY

As I am sure many are.

CAMERON

Yea. But doctors and other professionals, they like us here. Like we were talking about before, most Iraqis hated Saddam. He was fucking shit up. They don't want to be told who

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON (cont'd)
runs the country. They want to
vote.

LARRY
It makes sense.

CAMERON
Yea, it's good stuff.

BOUGHTON
I said get back to that number
three.

CAMERON
I already got it sarge!

BOUGHTON
I didn't ask if you cleaned it
already. I said get back to it!

CAMERON
Sgt, I got it. Look at it.

The "1" is very shiny.

BOUGHTON
Just do it.

Boughton walks away.

CAMERON
Sgt, why do we have this number on
here?

BOUGHTON
What?

CAMERON
We are supposed to be protecting
the colonel. That's why we rotate
our spot in the convoy every time
we leave the palace?

BOUGHTON
Yes, Specialist James, get back to
work.

CAMERON
What's the point of moving the
colonel's Humvee around in the
convoy when there is a big ass
number 1 on our truck?

(CONTINUED)

BOUGHTON

Get down.

CAMERON

What?

BOUGHTON

Get the fuck down! Push up
position, now!

Cameron slowly gets down to the push up position. His arms are extended.

BOUGHTON

I have just about had it with your
mouth super star. Start pushing.

Cameron begins to knock out push ups.

BOUGHTON

I don't care how smart you are or
how smart you think you are, but
you need to realize that no one is
listening. You need to comprehend
that you are
opinion-less. Understand?

Cameron still knocks out push ups.

CAMERON

No Sgt. I do not understand how I
can have an opinion on being
opinion-less.

Larry LAUGHS. Boughton just shakes his head and walks out. Cameron waits for Boughton to exit.

CAMERON

Are you fucking kidding me?

LARRY

The army needs more soldiers like
you.

CAMERON

Shit, maybe so.

INT. PYTHON POOL - NIGHT

Soldiers lounge around. Some read, some play cards, play on the internet, etc. Cameron reads. GUN SHOTS go off in the distance. Cameron instinctively jumps up, ready to go. Cameron notices that everyone else ignores the shots. He gets back into bed and reads.

There are several more GUN SHOTS, no one does anything. Cameron puts his book down and just stares at the ceiling listening to the SHOTS.

CAMERON

How can yall just sit here, when
all that shit is going on down the
street.

BOUGHTON

Yall go to sleep! Lights out.

CAMERON

It's not even 8:30!

Most lights go out, but there is just enough light to see a little more than shadows. The fire fight gets louder, EXPLOSIONS and GUN FIRE goes off in the distance.

GHANDAR

Go to bed James.

CAMERON

I can't believe this shit. Knowing
damn well all you guys are going
home telling everybody you're
heroes.

BREAK

GHANDER

What could you do?

CAMERON

I can decide to not go to bed at
8:30 on a Friday night, in Iraq,
when just a few miles away our
friends are getting shot at and
fucked up.

GHANDER

Give it a rest.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON
Unbelievable.

Cameron leaves the pool area.

EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

Cameron paces around. GUN FIRE still goes on near by.
Cameron looks around at all the security.

CAMERON
Shit.

Cameron paces back and forth.

CAMERON
What the fuck, man?

He paces around. He sees a leather computer chair with a pack of cigarettes with matches stuffed in the cellophane. He pulls out a cig and lights it up. Cameron takes a big hit and a long exhale. It hits the spot.

INT. POOL AREA - DARK

Magazines and playing cards float in the pool. Laptops are still on. Boughton rushes in.

BOUGHTON
Everybody up!

Everyone moans and groans.

BOUGHTON
Outside in five. The colonel is already ready.

This surprises a few who get up get dressed.

EXT. PALACE - DARK

The convoy is ready and waits at the exit.

EXT. DESERT - DARK

The humvees hum down the long highway with their brights on. The stars are out with a full moon.

EXT. BAYOU - DARK

A Humvee is flipped over upside down in the bayou, the bottom of the tires barely pop out of the water. Three other Humvees stand by. Many other vehicles surround the area. A large spotlight aims at the bottom of the tires sticking out of the water. The angry Colonel hops out of the humvee with the shiny "1" on it, and rushes to the accident.

MCKNIGHT

(to himself)

God damn it.

The PSD walks up towards the bayou. A crane slowly lifts the Humvee out of the bayou. Dirty water drains from the car through all the gaps in the Humvee, around the doors, etc. SPECTATORS GASP when they see towels, shirts, everything possible stuffed into all the cracks around the doors. A failed attempt to keep water from going in the Humvee.

GHANDAR

What the fuck happened?

LARRY

Humvee flipped over in the bayou. Crushed the gunner, he died immediately. The other four drowned inside.

BOUGHTON

(angry)

Fucking great.

Boughton scurries off towards McKnight.

LARRY

God damn night vision. The layers of depth are all fucked up.

CAMERON

What?

LARRY

They give the grunts these old piece of shit fucking night vision goggles. The depth in these goggles makes it very difficult to drive, you're really not even supposed to drive with them. We either need to get new ones or let soldiers drive with their headlights on.

(CONTINUED)

GHANDER

What?

LARRY

The convoy was going to ride along the bayou. The driver of the first humvee had to have seen it. But because the depth of the goggles are shitty and out of date the bayou probably looked a lot further away than it actually was.

CAMERON

Are you fucking kidding me?

The cane raises the humvee high in the air. Cameron recognizes a big black spot on one of the humvee doors.

CAMERON

No..

LARRY

What?

Cameron scans the Humvee. He looks at the clothes, etc which hangs from the cracks in the door, etc. Green's "Green Machine" towel is shoved into the crack around the window. Cameron gets angry and then cringes.

CAMERON

Jesus.

Cameron is frozen and and after a BEAT a tear rolls down his left cheek.

EXT - DESERT - NIGHT

Pitch black desert. We HEAR the convoy hum down the highway. In the distance, a large complex which is lit up like a Christmas tree.

EXT. PALACE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Anaconda is much larger, and much more exquisite than Python, and the fountain is a statute at least two stories tall. A Black Hawk sits on a helicopter pad on top of the palace. Several DRUNK OFFICERS are outside the palace. They smoke cigars and drink cocktails.

Two black Mercedes and four black suburbans are by the front door. Music BLARES from the inside. McKnight and the PSD pulls up to the valet.

INT. ANACONDA - CONTINUED

This is a full out party. There is a large stage in the middle of the Ballroom. MILEY CYRUS, with rolled up jeans, boots, and a cowboy hat sings, "America, the Beautiful" LOUD and intense.

ZACK EFRON stands behind Cyrus. He tries to look cool but he wears a helmet and looks like he thinks the palace is going to blow up any second.

A SMALL MAN with a small camera roams the party. Everyone tries to get their face in the shot. It's pretty cheesy. The large doors swing open and McKnight and his PSD walk in. Cameron walks in, angry.

INT. DEVIN HOUSE - DAY

Pizza boxes and bottles of wine surround the TV room. GIRLS in pajamas and blankets are laid out.

COMMENTATOR

(Overly excited O.S)

Now back to the combat ridden
Tikrit, Iraq, and pop star Miley
Cyrus Call of Duty!

GIRL

Scary.

An overweight Devin walks in, purple teeth, with a glass of red wine in her hands.

Her TV displays all the people back at Anaconda trying to get in front of the camera smiling and waiving. All of a sudden the camera man stops at Cameron who looks more pissed than ever. Devin sees this on TV and drops her glass of wine which SHATTERS on the ground.

INT. ANACONDA - LATER ON

The music is now off and officers stumble around.

Miley and Zack, who still has a helmet on, sit at a big table with a large line in front of them. Miley, not scared at all, signs autographs with a big smile on her face, she has fun.

SINGER

Thank you so much guys, yall are
great!

McKnight walks up to a BODYGUARD and gives him an envelope which goes directly into his pocket.

INT. ANACONDA - CONTINUED

Miley, Zack, McKnight, Boughton, and the rest of the PSD are lined up for a pic. Everyone in the picture is holding a different letter. The letters spell out "HAPPY 13th BIRTHDAY, JULIE!" The male, alert, holds the camera.

BOUGHTON
(out to Cameron)
Pick up your "T" James.

Cameron lifts his letter up a little.

BOUGHTON
(yelling)
Higher!

Cameron SIGHS.

ZACK
Okay guys. One, two, three!

Zack takes the picture.

MILEY
Jesus, Zack! Stop being such a pussy and take a good pic already! We're in a green zone, hello?! Fuck!

Miley shakes the anger off and strikes a lovely pose.

MILEY
Okay, I am ready.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Cameron walks down a hallway with two pairs of night vision goggles. He sees Ghander.

CAMERON
Do you know what is up with the night vision goggles that we give the infantry?

GHANDER
(yelling out)
Leave it alone Rambo.

(CONTINUED)

The irritated Cameron walks up to a door in the hallway, and walks in.

CAMERON
Sgt. Boughton?

GHANDAR
You can't go in there!

INT. OFFICE OPERATIONS - CONTINUED

Cameron walks into a private meeting with GENERAL MCGEE, an old man, Col. McKnight, and Sgt. Boughton. The room is very big and decked out with over the top high tech surveillance systems, large flat screens, etc. General McGee stands in front of a screen. McKnight and Boughton sit in front, at a table. Cameron gets behind some big boxes and looks on. A crumpled American flag pokes out a box which helps conceal Cameron.

MCGEE
(to mcknight)
God damn it Bernie! You told me
your sector was stable.

MCKNIGHT
It has been, Dan.

MCGEE
Then why in God's name are
Samarra's numbers so far off?

MCKNIGHT
We have improved on, um.

MCGEE
Shut up Bernie, The only numbers
you keep coming up with is lots of
arrests, and lots of next day
releases.

MCKNIGHT
I know that god damn it! It's not
like I can just pull a terrorist
out my ass now is it, Dan.

MCGEE
And what the hell happened outside
of Samarra, Colonel. One of your
boys can't even drive at night,
flips a Humvee, and drowns 5
soldiers in 4 feet of water?

(CONTINUED)

McKnight thinks about what he should say.

MCGEE

And don't give me any night vision
shit either. We can't afford it,
literally.

MCKNIGHT

Yes, sir. Sgt Boughton here was
able to find some compelling
evidence that makes it look like
the incident was combat related.

MCGEE

What kind of evidence were you able
to pull from the bayou which would
help argue that it was a combative
situation?

McKnight looks at Boughton.

BOUGHTON

Oh, yes sir. Um, there seemed to be
a large hole close to the
bayou. This means it's very
possible that an IED occurred
during the convoy. If so the
explosion could have definitely
pushed the Humvee into the bayou.

MCKNIGHT

Good. No more talk about night
vision then.

MCGEE

Good. Now to the other parts of
your sector.

Cameron walks out to the middle of the room and stands at
attention. He salutes General McGee.

CAMERON

Sir, could I please have a word?

BOUGHTON

James, this is a private meeting.

CAMERON

I just wanted to come in and
discuss the issues with the depth
of all the night goggles down at
Uvanni.

(CONTINUED)

MCGEE

God damn it. Colonel McKnight!?

MCKNIGHT

Sgt Boughton!

BOUGHTON

Private James!

Boughton grabs Cameron and drags him out of the office.

INT. BOUGHTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Cameron paces around in front of Boughton.

BOUGHTON

What the hell is wrong with you?

CAMERON

Whats wrong with me?

BEAT

CAMERON

It's not hard enough that we have to avoid getting killed by the enemy everyday.

BEAT

CAMERON

Now we have to worry about our own commanders penny pinching on the equipment of our soldiers who need it the most.

BOUGHTON

Slow down, Private. That's your General.

CAMERON

SO what? What the fuck has he done but ask people for their autographs. That fucking colonel's reputation is based on the backbone of 19 year old infantry soldiers, my fucking friends, fighting, right now.

BOUGHTON

You will give your respect to your commander, private.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

You want me to respect this?

Cameron shows Boughton a pair of old, beat up goggles.

BOUGHTON

Where did you get those?

CAMERON

These are mine, from Uvanni.

Cameron shows Boughton the second pair of goggles which are more advanced and brand new.

CAMERON

And these are the ones I got when I arrived here at this goddamn palace.

Boughton looks on.

CAMERON

Why the hell do you guys have the good shit, and the real soldiers getting shot at everyday have the shitty shit?

BOUGHTON

Private James.

CAMERON

We drive the colonel around with our headlights on..

BOUGHTON

(irritated)

Private James.

CAMERON

That accident, that killed my friend, was not combat related, and you fucking know it!

BOUGHTON

If you don't shut your mouth I am sending your insubordinate ass back to that shit hole you came from so you can get back to being blown up with your buddies.

BEAT

(CONTINUED)

BOUGHTON
How's that sound?

Cameron throws a right hook which knocks Boughton to his hands and knees, bleeding.

BOUGHTON
You stupid fuck! You just killed yourself. I am sending your ass back down to Uvanni. If your not dead by the time we leave expect to be court martialed when we get back to Georgia.

CAMERON
Make sure your prepared for some questions when we get back too.

Cameron exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

Cameron and Pullins are outside on the rocking chairs smoking cigarettes. Cameron is in deep thought as he looks up at the beautiful starry night.

PULLINS
(laughing)
Get the fuck out here?

CAMERON
Yea man. Can't take this fake shit anymore.

PULLINS
Boughton is weak. Can't believe you laid him out, though. That's hilarious.

CAMERON
Yea.

BEAT

CAMERON
Did you hear about Green?

PULLINS
Yea man. All kinds of fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Yea I have to go back. I shouldn't have never left.

Pullins thinks on it.

CAMERON

I want you to come back with me.

PULLINS

What? I don't know about that.

CAMERON

Come on. What the fuck is this place. Some dog and pony show.

Pullins scans the magnificent palace.

CAMERON

And you know what pisses me off? I know that all these people are going home telling everyone they did this and they did that. I am not going to be a liar when I get home.

Pullins laughs.

PULLINGS

That Lucas tries to tell all these girls back home he's the nigga that found Saddam.

Cameron and Pullins LAUGH.

CAMERON

Yea and he's cheerleading from the sidelines, man.

BREAK

CAMERON

It's not like you haven't been shot before..

PULLINS

Shit. I have been shot twice.

CAMERON

Damn. See, you were made for the infantry.

(CONTINUED)

PULLINS

I can choose my own gun?

CAMERON

Yea.

Pullins thinks about it.

PULLINS

I have been getting too soft up here..

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

I have been talking to my main Sgt, Sgt Walker, down in Uvanni. He really wanted to me to get you down there. You will like him.

PULLINS

(suspicious)

Why is that?

CAMERON

He talked to the higher ups and got it to where if you go back to infantry and come down to Uvanni with me, he can get you you your ten thousand dollar check back.

PULLINS

Don't fuck with me.

CAMERON

Have to sign back to infantry though, it's the only way.

BREAK

CAMERON

And what you have half a year left on your contract? We are done with Iraq in 3 months.

BREAK

PULLINS

Fuck it, do it. Ten gs for three months. Out three after that, and we could really use the money.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

I think your going to like it.

Pullins looks curious. Cameron gives him a big hug, excited.

EXT. SAMARRA - ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Wilson drives the truck. Cameron is in the middle with the stick shift, Pullins has shotgun. They ride by the golden dome where HOMELESS TEENAGERS fight.

PULLINS

How does the city have all these homeless people but they have this building covered in gold?

CAMERON

Same old shit. Wrong people have the money.

Wilson drives and chews on his cigar.

WILSON

Mhmmm.

EXT. UVANNI - DAWN

Lucas jumps out of the dump trucks with several large black garbage bags of mail. SOLDIERS rush towards him. Lucas smokes a cigarette with an all white gold grill in his mouth.

LUCAS

Yall crazy niggas slow down, watch my clothes.

MUDDY SOLDIERS run up to Lucas trying to get the mail bag. Lucas does not want to get dirty so he drops the bag.

LUCAS

Motherfuckin' wild animals!

The muddy soldiers tear through the bag. Cameron and Pullins walk up. Pullins holds a case of CD's, with headphones around his neck, and a basketball in the other hand. Cameron carries two large clear bags of gravy. Soldiers excited to see Cameron, walk up CALLING OUT for him.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON
I got extra gravy everybody!

SOLDIERS
Booooo.

Cameron LAUGHS.

CAMERON
God damn this gravy.

He throws the two bags in the trash. Walker watches on and smiles.

CAMERON
But because of Sgt. Pullins here,
you guys are going to get a rare
sneak peak at what those fuckin'
POGS are eating up there in the
palace.

PVT JOHNSON, 19, goofy looking but hardened by his service.

JOHNSON
Yea you gotta tell us about the
high class living. And then
explain why your dumb ass came back
here.

Soldiers in the background LAUGH.

CAMERON
I am not going to get into all the
details because your going to get
real mad at me.

Soldiers chuckle.

CAMERON
But fuck that place.

CAMERON
(louder and more upset)
And after that stupid shit that
happened to Green!?

Cameron has the undivided attention of the soldiers.

CAMERON
Fuck that. That shit is not
happening.

There is CHATTER with in the listening soldiers. Cameron looks at the pissed off Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

It's about that time for a regime change within our ranks. We don't need to make anything else make us look more fucked up than we already are.

Pullins drags up a cooler.

CAMERON

Speak of the devil. This is Sgt Maurice Pullins. He is good people, treat him as such. We are lucky to have him.

Pullins opens the cooler to CURIOUS SOLDIERS. Its full of lobster, steaks, and prawns. Soldiers rush the cooler with excitement. Soldiers run up to Pullins eager to met him. Jackson, Wilkins, Caps sit back and watch.

JACKSON

A hodgey loving liberal and and a pot smoking nigger, great.

Caps and Wilkins LAUGH.

INT. UVANNI - CHOW HALL - NIGHT.

Pullins and Cameron walk into the run down cafeteria, each holding a side of the cooler. Walker walks up.

WALKER

Shrimp?

CAMERON

Prawns.

They both LAUGH and hug each other.

CAMERON

It feels good to be back.

BREAK

WALKER

Sorry about Green.

CAMERON

Yea it's more fucked up than you think. Let's talk about it later?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Yea, but I want to know what happened.

CAMERON

You will.

WALKER

How did you end up convincing Pullins?

CAMERON

Shit he's excited. We just have to let him choose whatever gun he wants.

WALKER

What?

Cameron LAUGHS.

CAMERON

That was the deal.

WALKER

Come with me I want to introduce you to this new guy. He is doing a lot of good here.

Walker calls over OMID, 21, pretty boy middle eastern guy. He has a large diamond stud in each ear.

WALKER

Omid, this is the guy I was telling you about, Cameron.

Omid puts his hand out to Cameron. Cameron shakes his hand and notices Omid's extravagant watch.

CAMERON

Nice to meet you. Nice jewelry. You don't see this everyday. Where are you from?

EXT. ARABIAN CITY - PARADE - DAY

Saudi Arabia

BELLY DANCERS, and PEOPLE in Arabian costumes dance through the closed street. Several older Mercedes convertibles drive through the parade. All cars have a driver in the front, with waving POLITICIANS in the back next to their SONS.

(CONTINUED)

One of cars has Arabian Prime Minister ALY BADAWI in the back seat with his son, Omid who wears a "Western All Stars" Jersey, and a gold watch. Confetti falls on them. He TALKS as he waves and smiles.

BADAWI

(accent)

I have decided where we are going.

OMID

(no accent)

Fuck yes! Fuck yes! I knew it! I fucking knew it. New York? Tell me it's New York?

Badawi waves to the CHEERING crowd.

BADAWI

Miami.

OMID

(overly excited)

Oh shit! You fucked up dad! You fucked up!

BADAWI

You are joining the military.

OMID

Dad! What the fuck? If America doesn't make me join why are you making me join?!

BADAWI

Be good for you. Better than Arabian Army. A nice time will be waiting for you. Keep your mouth shut while your there and leave honorably.

OMID

Fuck that. I want to have a nice time now!

Omid pouts.

INT.UVANNI - CHOW HALL - CONTINUED

Omid and Cameron shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

OMID

Just trying to survive, know what I mean?

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

Yea. But damn can surviving just get boring.

Omid smiles.

OMID

Yea. It's nice to meet you.

Walker smiles.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Soldiers feast. They CHAT, smile and enjoy themselves. Many approach Cameron and Pullins and pat them on their backs in appreciation.

OMID

How did you up in this shit hole, Sgt. Walker?

Walker smiles to himself.

WALKER

I couldn't sit still to save my life. Went from house to house, park bench to park bench and the Army really just fell in my lap.

OMID

Like it?

WALKER

I love it.

Walker takes a big bite of his lobster and smiles big.

INT. BUNKS - NIGHT

Cameron writes a letter. Some play board games, etc. Walker walks with a map in his hand.

WALKER

Mount up.

Soldiers GROAN with disapproval.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON
Just took a shower sarge.

WALKER
Oh well in that case, get the fuck
up!

Cameron gets up.

CAMERON
What's up.

WALKER
Voting day's coming up. First
Sergeant, wants us to get more face
time with the Iraqi citizens.

More MOANS.

CAMERON
Shit, I'd rather talk to them than
most of yall.

Half the soldiers LAUGH.

WALKER
Come on, show them they're safe and
encourage them to vote.

CAMERON
Where we going sarge?

WALKER
Al Qaida has increased IED'S close
to the soccer field, the main
voting section.

CAMERON
Yea?

WALKER
We'll go to a busy spot in the
market, set up a TCP and keep an
eye on the Soccer field.

OMID
T.C.P's are cool.

WALKER
There we go. Omid's ready.

JACKSON

For the new guys. Just a reminder that I am a sergeant, now. Make sure to call me sergeant out there.

CAMERON

Oh, wow, promotion? This should be fun.

JACKSON

Yes, Specialist James, it should.

BREAK

JACKSON

Alright guys. Standard TCP. Search the cars. Anything suspicious let me know. Besides when you are searching, there is no reason for soldiers to be interacting with Iraqis.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAMARRA - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bravo Team performs a TCP, Traffic Control Point, in a crowded market. soldiers stop Iraqis, check ID's, search vehicles. Many Iraqis drive through smiling with appreciation.

Alert soldiers scan the area. Iraqis buy fruit, play dominoes, laugh, etc. Cameron patrols the market on foot. He mingles with in the groups of Iraqis. Iraqi children surround Cameron and shoot him with big water guns, they laugh.

KID

Where you been boy!?

Cameron LAUGHS.

CAMERON

On vacation! What's it to you?

KID

No vacation for soldier!

The Kid shoots Cameron with his water gun, Cameron laughs, he pulls out a plastics water gun from his pocket and shoots the Kid back.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

You're right about that!

Cameron and the Kids LAUGH. Kids surround Cameron and shoot him with water guns. Cameron runs to a hose which sticks out behind a wall. He pulls out a couple of balloons from his pocket and fills them up with water. He throws water balloons over the wall towards the kids. Kids enjoy the balloons EXPLODING on them. Jackson sits in a Bradley on the other side of the street. Caps drives the Bradley.

JACKSON

(to Caps)

Get the fuck over there.

Caps plows forward towards a busy intersection. In fear of getting crushed by the tank cars reverse or scoot up to make space.

INT - IRAQI CAR - CONTINUED

An Iraqi MAN drives, ARABIC MUSIC lightly plays in the background. His hands are on the wheel at ten and two, he sees Jackson, he smiles and abruptly stops. The man sees that there is not enough room for the eager Jackson to get through. He waives and puts the car in reverse.

EXT. JACKSON BRADLEY - CONTINUED

Caps bogards through the intersection.

JACKSON

Get us through already, Caps.

The Bradley guns it and drives over the Man's hood.

JACKSON

(to the man)

Back up!

Jackson throws his right palm out.

JACKSON

Back up!

Man gets out of his crushed car, furious. Jackson gets out and gets in Man's face. Cameron runs over and pushes Jackson off the Man.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Alright! Everybody calm down. Damn it Jackson. The Man was trying to back up for you.

JACKSON

That's Sergeant Jackson, Specialist James!

Cameron looks at the enraged Iraqi. Cameron puts his hand on his chest and SPEAKS broken Arabic.

CAMERON

(in English subtitles)
Sorry for him.

Cameron points at Jackson.

CAMERON

(English subtitles)
Not your fault.

The Iraqi man still steaming, simmers down and walks backwards to his car. As he backs off. There are random GUN SHOTS.

CAMERON

Enemy Contact, check your sectors.

Cameron looks around looking for a suspect, he does not see anything but civilians with no weapons.

CAMERON

Hold your your fire.

Soldiers scan the area with their trigger finger itching.

CAMERON

Finger off triggers until you see a threat. A lot of unarmed civilians.

SOLDIERS

Roger!

There is a loud CHOPPING SOUND.

PULLINS

(at the ready)
What the fuck is that Cam?

Cameron scans the area. A BUTCHER violently chops up a pig.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Just a butcher. Good ears. Listen for everything. But but don't fucking shoot everything. We don't need any more enemies!

JACKSON

That hodgey loving shit won't save your life, it will kill ya. If anything moves, shoot it!

SHOTS are fired from the distance. Soldiers are scared, scanning the area. Jackson shoots at a random building with nothing there.

CAMERON

Hold your fire, god damn it!

Soldiers seem like they want to shoot, but they refrain.

JACKSON

Your going to get us all killed!

CAMERON

Everyone hold your fire!

The soldiers march backwards, alert.

CAMERON

Listen yall. I love yall. But I love myself more than anything.

A couple of soldiers SMILE. This lightens up the stressful situation.

CAMERON

Not accidentally shooting random people is the safest thing for me, and we to do right now. Unless we see muzzle fire do not shoot. Too many civilians. Hoah?

SOLDIERS

Hoah!

An INSURGENT, under a street light far away, jumps from a dumpster and shoots at Cameron and the soldiers. Cameron shoots him twice in the chest before anyone lifts their rifle.

CAMERON

(continuing)

Don't make a random person an enemy.

(CONTINUED)

INSURGENT 2 pops his head up from a rooftop. Pullins sees him, shoots him in the head from afar blowing INSURGENT 2 brains out.

PULLINS

That's a no brainer.

CAMERON

Sgt. Pullins what would you do if some random fools with guns were marching up and down your block, back in Oakland?

PULLINS

They wouldn't have as many guns as I would.

Soldiers CHUCKLE.

CAMERON

Well put Sgt. Pullins.

Much more at ease, they walks backwards towards a convoy of humvees and tanks ready to take them back to Uvanni.

EXT. OP MEYERS MANSION - DAY

This is a blown up two story house on the corner of a busy intersection in the middle of the city. Jackson and Caps pull security on the road with 240Bravo machine guns.

Cameron and Pullins roll dice. Omid and Walker watch. Cameron rolls a six.

CAMERON

Hah!

Out of nowhere a people goes by Cameron's head.

CAMERON

What the hell?

OMID

What?

Another pebble goes by. Omid jumps up goes to the edge of the building. Cameron follows. Down in the alley there is a LADY, 55 waving at the soldiers.

CAMERON

(yells out)

Whats up?

(CONTINUED)

She waves for them to come down.

CAMERON
What's wrong?

OMID
Lets go see.

PULLINS
Yea lets go.

EXT. IRAQI LADY'S COURTYARD - CONTINUED

Cameron hops the wall and sits on the top. Hands in the air.

CAMERON
Peace.

The lady smiles and rushes Cameron to hop over. She is fearful of Cameron being seen. Cameron hops over, the others jump over as well. Omid walks over to the lady and SPEAKS Arabic with her. Pullins and Cameron look at each other impressed.

JACKSON
Get on with it.

OMID
Shut up Jackson.

Cameron and Pullins laugh.

JACKSON
I am going to search the place.

CAMERON
Calm down.

Omid and the Lady continue to TALK Arabic for a brief moment. Omid nods his head.

OMID
She says that there is a house
three or four blocks down.

JACKSON
Three or four?

Jackson makes the lady cautious and hesitant.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

God damn it, shut up Jackson.

Omid continues to TALK to the lady in Arabic.

OMID

She says that there is a guy that lives three or four houses down. He drives a cab. He's always talking about attacking us.

JACKSON

What?!

OMID

The guy has a crush on her youngest daughter, and brags about killing soldiers.

CAMERON

What else?

OMID

They guy keeps talking about 12th...

PULLINS

Voting day?

CAMERON

Yea.

Jackson, aggressively, goes up to the lady.

JACKSON

Third or fourth house?

OMID

Back off Jackson.

Jackson left hands holds three fingers, his right hand holds four finger.

JACKSON

(shouting at the lady)

Three or four?

The scared lady puts up three fingers to shut Jackson up.

JACKSON

Wasn't that easy.

Jackson walks away. Caps smiles and follows.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

There are two cabs. One on the left side by the second house. The other one is at the end of the street on the right side. Jackson, Pullins, Omid, Caps and Cameron are in the middle of the street with night vision.

CAMERON

There's two cabs.

OMID

It doesn't make any sense. One is close and the other is far down. She said the middle of the street.

JACKSON

She said, third, the close cab is the second. That's the house.

Jackson runs up to that house, Caps follows.

PULLINS

These motherfuckers.

CAMERON

(reluctantly)

Let's at least keep an eye on them.

The three run towards the house.

INT. SUSPECTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Furniture is thrown around. A family sits on the floor frightened. Jackson throws stuff out of a dresser. He searches for something.

JACKSON

God damn it. Ask him where all the cell phones are at?

CAPS

Fucker probably has a box of them.

OMID

Chill out. We checked the whole house while you were throwing shit around. There is nothing unusual here.

JACKSON

That's bullshit! I have seen this guy around. He always looks like he is up to something.

(CONTINUED)

OMID

"Looks like he is up to something..."? Get out of here. Cameron, can you please calm this guy down.

CAMERON

Come on, Jackson.

Jackson still searches the dresser. He finds nothing. Out of frustration he throws the dresser down on the ground.

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUED

IRAQI TEENAGER, TALKS on the phone. Sandbags surround the room. This is a hide-out for the family, but also the Teenager's room. There is a poster on the wall of the rapper Pimp C in a fur coat. Rap MUSIC plays in the background. He hears the dresser CRASH right above him.

TEENAGER

(in English subtitles)

Hold on.

Teenager picks up a bat which lays next to a baseball. He runs up stairs. He cracks open a make shift door.

INT. SUSPECTS HOUSE - CONTINUED

IRAQI MOTHER YELLS at Jackson in Arabic. The Mother gets into Jackson's face. Jackson pushes the Mother to the ground. IRAQI DAD YELLS something in Arabic.

The Teenager pushes his door open which is secretly a section of a wall in the kitchen. He runs up and hits Caps in the back with the bat and then runs towards Jackson SCREAMING in Arabic.

TEENAGER

(English subtitles)

Mama.

Jackson shoots the Teenager in the head. Blood is splattered against the wall. Mother SCREAMS, gets off the ground and meets the Father who holds his dead son in his arms. He WEAPS loudly.

Pullins, Jenkins, and Omid just stare at Jackson in disbelief. Caps looks scared for Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON
Oh, shit.

INT. UVANNI - HALLWAY

A line of soldiers sit on the floor outside the First Sgt's office. The mood is different among soldiers. A lot of attention is on Cameron. Cameron sits between Pullins and Walker. Omid is next to walker.

CAMERON
Why is the whole platoon out here.

WALKER
Character witnesses.

CAMERON
They weren't even there.

WALKER
First sgt is documenting soldiers talking highly of Jackson.

PULLINS
God damn.

WALKER
Can't believe this shit they are going to try to protect that piece of shit.

PULLINS
Well god damn, is anyone not crooked.

WALKER
Sometimes I wonder. The only way he gets off is if he can prove that his life was in danger.

BREAK

WALKER
And unfortunately its not going to be that hard for him. Caps is going to back his boy up, and 1st Sgt Hawk does not want to lose another soldier.

OMID
Guys, I can't stand that man and I think he gives a bad name for all
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OMID (cont'd)
of us but I can't get involved. My
dad would somehow get involved and
that just can't happen.

PULLINS
Will they even let me say
something?

CAMERON
Yall shut the fuck up.

INT. 1ST SGT OFFICE - NIGHT

There are maps posted all through the office. First Sgt
Hatch sits at a table across from Cameron. Jackson sits in
the corner

CAMERON
Are you serious First Sgt?

HATCH
At ease, specialist. I have
fifteen soldiers saying that the
little Iraqi boy came a swinging
with a lethal weapon at Sgt
Jackson.

CAMERON
Fifteen soldiers First sgt? There
was only four people in the house,
First sgt.

HATCH
Are you denying that the kid had
lethal intent towards Sgt.
Jackson?

CAMERON
I can't speak on the teenager's
intent, First sgt.

HATCH
Is a bat a lethal weapon, private?

CAMERON
Yes, First Sgt.

HATCH
Well, son, you just admitted that
the boy could have killed Sgt
Jackson, didn't ya?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

First Sgt, the bat is a lethal weapon. I still believe that the Iraqi boy was not putting Sgt. Jackson's life in danger.

Hatch sighs. He lights up a cigar.

HATCH

Hard decisions boy, I know.

BREAK

CAMERON

They aren't that hard.

Hatch stands up.

HATCH

Alright look, don't forget we are extremely low on men. Everyone's is getting blown up or sent on some bullshit detail.

Hatch points at Jackson.

HATCH

We need men to watch your back. And a man on your side is man on your side!

Hatch storms out. Cameron looks at Jackson.

INT. 1ST SGT OFFICE - CONTINUED

Cameron scribbles on paper. Jackson stares at the ground. Two men, seasoned, CID 1 and CID 2, walk in with blue shirts, 'C.I.D' written on front and back. They pull out a sheet of paper.

INVESTIGATOR 1

Sign it.

CAMERON

What is it?

INVESTIGATOR

Don't have to bullshit us, kid. We want that piece of shit out of here too.

Cameron reads over the paper and signs it. The CID guys grab Jackson from the corner.

(CONTINUED)

INVESTIGATOR 1

Put your hands on the fucking wall,
hard ass.

CID pushes Jackson against the wall 1 handcuffs Jackson.
Cameron watches. CID 2 grabs Jackson by the left arm, CID 1
grabs the right arm and they head to the exit.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Jackson huh? Yea, I have heard of
your fucked up ass. Think it's cool
to shoot kids, huh?

INVESTIGATOR 1

There is no reset button for this
shit.

They shove the cuffed Jackson out of the office.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Cameron exits the room to a smiling Walker. Walker puts his
arm around Cameron's shoulder as they walk through the
hallway.

WALKER

Hard?

CAMERON

No.

Random soldiers hang out and looks at Cameron.

SOLDIER

Sell out.

Cameron and Walker walk off in the hallway talking to each
other.

INT - UVANNI - BUNKS - NIGHT

Pullins, Walker, and Omid sit around Cameron and CHAT
loudly.

EXT. UVANNI - DAY

A formation of four platoons are in front of four
Bradleys. Cameron, Pullins, Walker, and Omid each stand in
front of a platoon. Walker stands in front of everyone.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Gentleman, We will be in history books for what happens today.

Soldiers look straight.

WALKER

For the first time Iraqi citizens will be able to vote for a government of their choice.

Soldiers pay attention.

WALKER

Al Qaida will be out trying to stop this. But that's not gonna happen.

BREAK

WALKER

Anyone could be here right now, gentleman. But it's us who are here. Do us proud.

Soldiers get pumped. Some jump up and down. Some push each other for motivation.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

A bright sun shines, no clouds. Thousands of IRAQIS mingle around the voting station. There is a lot of security around the perimeter of the soccer field.

Iraqis go to tables and dab their thumbs in ink. Then they go to booths and push their thumb in the appropriate box. They gleefully walk away with their thumbs in the air. Cameron scans the area with his binoculars.

CAMERON

(to Pullins)

Nice day.

PULLINS

Hell yea it is. We need to do this back in the states.

CAMERON

What?

PULLINS

Have armored security around voting stations so we can get some black people to vote.

(CONTINUED)

Cameron and Pullins chuckle. Cameron sees a taxi cab with several raggedy cars following drive slowly through the soccer field. The cars stop and the drivers stare. Cameron get on his radio.

CAMERON
(on radio)
Rooftop four, five and six. We
have a suspicious looking cab.

OMID
(O.S on radio)
Roger.

CAMERON
(Radio)
Yall stand up and reveal
yourselves. Let them know we are
here.

OMID
(OS)
Roger.

EXT. ROAD BY SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUED

The convoy sits there and stares at the soccer field suspiciously. In between the soccer field and the road there are a few houses. Several soldiers sit concealed on the roof. They slowly stand up with their weapons. The Man in the first car gets frustrated and slowly leads the convoy away.

OMID
(smiling)
Not today.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Cameron sees the convoy drive away and smiles.

CAMERON
No sir.

Cameron notices an Iraq man staring at him. Curiously, Cameron walks toward the strange man. The strange man cautiously walks backwards slowly letting Cameron know he is not a threat. Cameron is alert, but not overly.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Hey, its alright. Come on.

The guy guy backs up. Cameron puts his empty hands in the air.

CAMERON

Look.

The man smiles and slowly walks toward Cameron. Cameron finally recognizes the man from the incident with Jackson.

CAMERON

Hey!

MAN

(smiling)

Hello!

CAMERON

(smiles back)

Yes, Hello.

MAN

(accent)

Thank you. Thanks you.

CAMERON

For what?

MAN

(accent)

Thank you.

Man slowly walks away backwards pointing to the voting booths.

MAN

Thank you. Thank you.

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

You're welcome.

EXT. UVANNI - DAY

Duffle bags line up in formation. Soldiers packs things away into their bags and onto trucks. Pullins, Cameron, Omid, and Walker sit on top of their duffel bags, they all smoke cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Well gentleman, job well done.

They all nod their heads and smile in agreement.

PULLINS

I am really glad I came, Cam.

CAMERON

I figured you would like it. Are you going to stay infantry when we get back to the states?

PULLINS

Naw. I'll go back to being a cook until I finish out my contract. Then take the money and go to Culinary school or something like that.

CAMERON

Nice bro.

Pullins thinks and smiles.

CAMERON

What about you Omid?

OMID

Man, I am done! Get my honorable discharge and I am out of here. Straight to Miami.

Cameron smiles.

WALKER

What about you James? You were a hell of a soldier out there today. We really could use you out in Afghanistan next year. Any convincing I can do.

CAMERON

I don't know. I did enjoy myself there at the end. Depends on how much my signing bonus would be.

Cameron stands up and winks at Walker.

CAMERON

I am hitting the sack before we ship out. See yall bright and early.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

We'll be in there in a minute to
catch Obama's speech.

INT. CRAMPED ROOM - DAY

Omid, Walker, Pullins, Cameron and other soldiers huddle
over the TV.

PRESIDENT

Thanks again to the troops. As
Iraq comes to an end we can look
back with accomplishment. We
captured Saddam Hussein, and the
Iraqi people had him executed. We
built new schools and new hospitals
to promote education and well
being.

BREAK

PRESIDENT

We now focus the courage of our
American soldiers to create
peaceful unions in other places
such as Afghanistan, where trouble
remains.

INT. UVANNNI - CAMERON'S BUNK - DAY

An exhausted Cameron rests, boots off, with dirty socks. He
stares up with content.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY

University of Texas. Austin, Texas.

This is a beautiful campus.

Thousands of PEOPLE go from class to class. TWO GUYS throw a
football in front of the tower. THREE GIRLS study on
blankets.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Large auditorium with hundreds of good looking STUDENTS. PREPS, ATHLETES, etc.

A PROFESSOR is at a large chalk board looking for a piece of chalk.

Cameron walks in. Professor notices him. Cameron is more muscular, tan, looking good. He smiles from ear to ear.

He wears a gray t-shirt with "ARMY" on it. He soaks it all in. He is very excited.

He sees an open seat between two hot girls. A BEAUTIFUL BLOND blond sits on one side. An EXOTIC BRUNETTE with her lip pierced sits on the other side of the empty seat.

CAMERON
(to the blond)
Hello, Chris.

He puts his hand out.

BLOND
(smiles)
Hey, Jennifer.

They shake hands, she's into it. He turns to the Brunette.

CAMERON
Hey, I'm Chris.

BRUNETTE
(smiles)
Hey, I am Courtney.

CAMERON
Sweet.

The Brunette smiles. Cameron sits down. The Professor slowly spells out "GOVERNMENT?" across the chalkboard. The question mark is large.

PROFESSOR
There are two elements to the this word I just wrote down. Government and the question mark. Security vs freedom. The more government we allow the less freedom we have. More freedom, less security.

(CONTINUED)

The professor walks up to the chalkboard and puts his hand over the large question mark so that only the word "Government" remains.

PROFESSOR

Whose instinct pushes them to government? From what you know to what you don't know. Just the word government. Who is going with it?

Most people raise their hands. The professor puts his hand over the word "Government" just leaving the large question mark on the board.

PROFESSOR

Now whose intuition is lightly pushing them to the question mark?

Some students raise their hand, including Cameron.

PROFESSOR

Okay. That's a little less than I was hoping.

Professor scans the class.

PROFESSOR

Alright so who is up. Why are you here. What have you seen. What do you want to see. Anyone?

Students look around.

PROFESSOR

Guys this is a litigation class. All we will be doing is talking. And mostly about really controversial stuff. So lets get to it.

Students look around. Cameron tries to persuade the blond girl to volunteer. The professor catches this.

PROFESSOR

Guy with the Army shirt. You went with the question mark didn't you?

CAMERON

Yes sir.

PROFESSION

That's gotta be a first. Well, what's up? Stand up and tell us who you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

126.

Cameron stands to the attention of the whole class including his two new friends. Cameron looks up at the Professor and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - CAMERON'S BUNK - UVANNI

Cameron opens his eyes with a smile.

THE END