

ANDAR

Episode 1: Because It's Our War

Based on real events

FADE IN:

EXT. HELICOPTERS - NIGHT

Two helicopters containing 12 Delta Force operators from Task Force Sword are flying through the night. They hover over a compound and the men reel down ropes.

INT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The men from Task Force Sword enter the compound. They immediately fire at and kill three men who are holding weapons. They enter another room and two men surrender. They put bags over their heads, drag the men out of the house, and put them on the helicopters. The helicopters take off.

After the helicopters depart, three Afghans enter the compound and assess what has happened. They are older men and wearing traditional Afghan clothing.

AFGHAN #1

(In Pashtun)

The occupiers have killed our
brothers. Gather their weapons.

The other two men pick up the weapons from the deceased.

AFGHAN #1 (CONT'D)

Innocent men. Civilians killed for
no reason. Get the word out.

They exit the house.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - DAY

Security Forces Assistance and Advisory Team 1254 (SFAAT 1254) is on a joint patrol with the Afghan National Army (ANA). SFAAT 1254 has a dozen men, including SFC JOHN RILEY, who is 28 years old and well groomed, SGT JUDSON DARWIN, a red-haired Oklahoman, and SGT GUS BEARINGS, a very large Californian whose uniform is on incorrectly. The ANA has 24 men, who vary in age and appearance. The patrol is on foot with the ANA out front greeting local villagers. It is a cold day in late-March, and the members of SFAAT 1254 are not as alert as they should be.

Bearings and Darwin walk behind the patrol, suspiciously watching the ANA. Another team member is on the radio calling in coordinates. SFC Riley walks with an Afghan soldier, NADEEM, who is close to his age.

NADEEM

Sgt. Riley, you'll be leaving soon?

JOHN RILEY

(Looking in the distance)
I'll be here for several more
months, you know that.

Riley looks at Nadeem and realizes Nadeem is referring to something else.

JOHN RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. We'll all be leaving you
soon.

NADEEM

That's not good.

JOHN RILEY

With good soldiers like yourself,
you guys will be fine. Besides, I
gotta get home to my daughter.

NADEEM

That is a good thing. I haven't
seen my daughter in three years.

Scan to Darwin and Bearings.

JUDSON DARWIN

Hear about the civ-cas last night?

GUS BEARINGS

That's bullshit. More Taliban
propaganda.

JUDSON DARWIN

Better get your kills in. Karzai
might kick us out of this place.

GUS BEARINGS

Well you know what I say to that?
I say pop pop pop, three dead
Afghans.

JUDSON DARWIN

(Laughing)
Look at all these fuckers. We
should just kill them all.
(Pauses)
God I miss baseball. And beer.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ahmad Ahmadzai is looking at the SFAAT 1254 patrol through the sites of his AK-47. Ahmad, in his twenties, is in the prone position, wearing traditional Afghan clothing. He hones in on SFC Riley and fires, hitting him in the chest and shoulder. As Riley falls, Nadeem jumps on top of him to protect him, also getting shot while the patrol maneuvers into a defensive position and begins to return fire. Ahmad stands and runs away.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colonel Greenway is walking through the operations center at the Combined Joint Special Operations Task Force (CJSOTF) camp on Bagram Airbase. Greenway is the commander of CJSOTF and he is walking next to Colonel Martinez, the Deputy Commander. They are leading several younger men down the hall. Some of the men are enlisted soldiers, some are civilians.

GREENWAY

This better be good. I swear they wait until pizza night just to piss us off.

MARTINEZ

Yes, Sir. When I spoke with Major Walker, earlier, he said he'd call when he had a better understanding of the situation.

GREENWAY

So where the hell is Andar?

MARTINEZ

It's in Ghazni, Sir.

GREENWAY

Ghazni? Didn't we give up on that place?

MARTINEZ

(Laughing)

The Poles might say otherwise.

GREENWAY

Right, the fucking Poles. What about the A.L.P.?

MARTINEZ

Authorized, Sir, but it's never gotten off the ground.

GREENWAY

Right.

INT. VTC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Greenway walks in the room, followed by the men following him. There are already several people waiting for him and several soldiers on the VTC screen. The men on the screen are from Task Force Ghazni, including MAJOR WALKER. CAPTAIN STUEBEN stands up.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

(Yelling)

Colonel Greenway!

The rest of the room stands up. Greenway motions them away with his hands and they all sit as he takes his seat.

GREENWAY

Alright, let's get this started.
Are they already up?

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

Yes, Sir. You're looking at Major Walker at Task Force Ghazni.

Greenway presses a button on a computer screen in front of him.

GREENWAY

Major Walker, how's the weather down there in Ghazni?

MAJOR WALKER

(On screen)

Warm as hell, Sir. Apologies for cutting into your dinner. I know how much you all look forward to pizza night.

GREENWAY

Damn right. What do you got for me?

MAJOR WALKER

Sir, late last night, several locals took up arms against the Taliban. I spoke with the DCoP, and he said 15 to 20 young men ambushed and killed 3 Taliban and arrested 5 others. They're calling this an uprising.

GREENWAY

An uprising? Don't we hear about uprisings every year?

MAJOR WALKER

We do, Sir, but this appears to be different.

GREENWAY

How so?

MAJOR WALKER

Well, for starters, they actually killed the Taliban. And on top of that, they don't seem to want our support.

GREENWAY

They don't want our support?

MAJOR WALKER

No, Sir. They hate us as much as they hate the insurgents.

GREENWAY

Can we exploit this?

MAJOR WALKER

Carefully, Sir. And with resources.

GREENWAY

Right. Alright, let me confer from this end. Keep engaging them and keep us posted with any updates. I'll be in touch shortly.

Greenway turns off the VTC. He looks at a man who is in his twenties and in civilian clothing at the end of the table. The man, DOUG MAILER, has a large assortment of papers and maps in front of him.

GREENWAY (CONT'D)

Doug, talk to me.

DOUG MAILER

Sir, I spoke with the J2 down there earlier today. We both agreed that any engagement at this level needs to be done with a very light footprint. Afghans need to be in the lead.

GREENWAY

And why have we not set up ALP yet?

DOUG MAILER

Sir, despite our authority to do so, we've never had an opening. The villagers have never wanted us there.

GREENWAY

(To Martinez)

Assuming this might be an opening, is there an available team at this point that we could even send down there?

MARTINEZ

Yes, Sir. ODA 3124 currently in Takhar. We've been looking for an excuse to put the site in tactical overwatch. They're just awaiting the call.

GREENWAY

How quickly?

MARTINEZ

A week. Two tops.

Greenway rubs his eyes.

GREENWAY

And what's this nonsense about civ-cas? Who the hell authorized that? COM-ISAF is going to have to put a stop on operations.

MARTINEZ

Yes, Sir.

GREENWAY

Alright, make the call. Let's at least weight the options. I'm not putting anyone in there if it's hopeless.

MARTINEZ

Yes, Sir.

GREENWAY

Let's go get pizza.

The whole room stands up as Greenway stands and exits.

EXT. DISTRICT CENTER, TAKHAR PROVINCE - DAY

Six members of Operational Detachment-Alpha 3124 (ODA 3124) are sitting in a shura with several village elders and the District Chief of Police (DCoP) in the open air district center. The ODA 3124 members - MIKE WENDELL, BRUCE JENKINS, ROGER KERMITSKY, DON RIVERS, and WILL WOLLOWS, are in uniform with the full spectrum of Special Forces equipment. Most of them have beards. The village elders are in traditional Afghan garb. Their skin is very brown and leathery. Most have leather sandals on of some sort. The ODA commander, SSGT Wendell, is leading the meeting. Wendell is speaking English to the elders and DCoP who can understand. A translator speaks to the rest.

MIKE WENDELL

First, we would like to thank you
all for inviting us into your homes
and hosting us, we are truly
grateful.

As the translator relays the message, several elders nod in agreement.

DCOP HAMZA

Mr. Mike, it has been an honor. I
speak for all of us here when I say
we appreciate your sacrifices, al-
hamdu lallah.

MIKE WENDELL

Thank you, Mr. Hamza.

A young boy hands Wendell a cup of tea, which he accepts and sips.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)

The reason we are here, though, is
to establish your A.L.P. program,
so you and your boys can provide
your own security.

The elders look at DCoP Hamza, expecting him to speak.

DCOP HAMZA

Yes, the A.L.P. has greatly
improved our security, al hamdu
lallah. With your continued
training, I think they can be even
better.

MIKE WENDELL

Yes, that may be. Unfortunately, I've come here today to tell you that it's time for you all to take security into your own hands. We'll be departing the district in the coming weeks, and are expecting you, Mr. Hamza, to ensure your uniformed officers provide the necessary support to keep the program functioning.

DCOP Hamza's face turns shocked, and as the translator relays the message, the elders begin to turn upset. Wendell allows them to be angry, and continues to sip his tea.

DCOP HAMZA

Mr. Mike, that is a very bad idea. We are not ready to provide that security without your assistance. The Taliban will overrun us. They'll kill us.

MIKE WENDELL

Mr. Hamza, you and I have become friends. I would not leave your district if I did not fully believe your boys are prepared. They are already conducting themselves professionally and without our guidance.

DCOP Hamza begins to think, but is clearly agitated. Will Wollows leans over and whispers something in Wendell's ear.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)

Mr. Hamza, your boys have made great improvements. I know they can keep your villages secure.

DCOP HAMZA

Where will you go?

MIKE WENDELL

We've been reassigned to another district in Ghazni.

DCOP HAMZA

Ghazni? Ghazni is full of Pashtuns. They'll never welcome your assistance.

MIKE WENDELL

When we first came here, you were skeptical. If they will have us, we will try and help them.

DCOP HAMZA

So we'll be on our own?

MIKE WENDELL

Not entirely. We'll be returning periodically to ensure everything is running smoothly.

Hamza nods and begins to stand. Wendell and the rest of his men follow suit, as do the village elders. They begin to put their hands on one another's chests as an expression of trust.

DCOP HAMZA

I think our country can be safe, if you'll only stay a little bit longer.

MIKE WENDELL

Your country will be safe, and it's men like you who will ensure it.

Hamza does not respond. Wendell touches his chest again, and then goes to speak to Roger Kermitsky.

ROGER KERMITSKY

Do they have a chance?

MIKE WENDELL

Nope, none. A casualty of futility.

ROGER KERMITSKY

When's our showtime to check out?

MIKE WENDELL

Standby.

INT. BAGRAM AIRBASE HOSPITAL - LATER

John Riley wakes up in a hospital room. His outer chest is bandaged. GENERAL SCOTT MANKEY, the commander of Regional Command East (RC-E), is standing over him with a doctor, Nadeem, and Sgt. Darwin. Riley sees them. Nadeem has a bandage on his arm, but is healthy otherwise.

SCOTT MANKEY

How are you, Son?

JOHN RILEY

I'm good, Sir. Thank you.

SCOTT MANKEY

Don't blow smoke up my ass. You were shot through the chest.

JOHN RILEY

It does sting a bit.

SCOTT MANKEY

(Laughing)

Damn right it stings. I took three in the chest in Iraq back in '05. You know what the point is?

JOHN RILEY

What's that, Sir?

SCOTT MANKEY

I'm here talking to you. I'm here. No bullets could stop me. And the same will be for you.

JOHN RILEY

Yes, Sir.

The doctor opens his chart and steps towards Riley when he sees Mankey stop talking.

DOCTOR

John, you took a clean shot through your upper right chest. Your body armor blocked the other two that would have actually done some damage. As it is, bullet went in and out. We don't even need to send you home.

JOHN RILEY

Lucky me.

Everyone laughs.

SCOTT MANKEY

They tried to get you a free pass, but I would have none of that. We can get you back with your boys in a matter of days. Not to mention, we can finally get rid of these two.

He motions towards Darwin and Nadeem.

JUDSON DARWIN

Nadeem jumped on you. Probably saved you. He's a real hero.

Mankey pats Nadeem on the back, who is both embarrassed and stunned by the affection.

NADEEM

It's just what Mr. Riley taught me to do.

JOHN RILEY

Nadeem, I owe you my life. You should get back to your family, though. I'm sure you can get some time off to let your arm recover.

NADEEM

Yes, Sir, I'm going back this week. I hope to see my daughter. And my father.

DOCTOR

Alright, you should get some rest. Gentlemen?

SCOTT MANKEY

Take care, Son. I'll try to bring you some of the good grub.

JOHN RILEY

Thank you, Sir.

All the men except Darwin exits. Darwin leans over to talk to Riley.

JUDSON DARWIN

Remember in basic when I kicked your ass?

JOHN RILEY

I don't remember it happening like that.

JUDSON DARWIN

Remember, you made some stupid joke about how my sister's a whore and you want to fuck her, or some stupid shit like that?

JOHN RILEY

You're an idiot.

JUDSON DARWIN

Right, and then I gave you that legendary beat down?

JOHN RILEY

Ok.

JUDSON DARWIN

That didn't even compare to how lit up your ass just got.

JOHN RILEY

Thanks, that's what I need to hear.

JUDSON DARWIN

Damn right. Now I'm gonna go steal your ass a flat screen so you can watch some football in here. Then you're gonna come back to camp and light up some asses of your own.

JOHN RILEY

Cuz that's allowed now?

JUDSON DARWIN

What?

JOHN RILEY

Nothing. Go get me that flat screen.

JUDSON DARWIN

Amen, brother.

They touch fists and Darwin exits.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Assistant Secretary of Defense HUNTER JACOBSEN is sitting at a conference table with three of his staffers and four Department of Defense analysts in suits. Jacobsen is tall, very obese, and years of smoking are catching up to him. The analysts, RAY KAEPERS, JENNIFER DULY, and ANNIE WOLOWITZ, are in their mid to late twenties and trying to overcome their nerves. The fourth analyst, GREG MEADOWS, is in his forties and is the senior analyst.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

(Wheezing)

First, let me thank you all for coming on such short notice.

(MORE)

HUNTER JACOBSEN (CONT'D)

A lot has happened in the past week and frankly, I wasn't interested in reading another memo, as much as I enjoy them.

GREG MEADOWS

Sir, it is absolutely our pleasure. I brought the experts with me to ensure we can answer as much as possible.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Excellent, excellent. Well first, this most recent civilian casualty. How is it possible these Special Forces continue to kill civilians and how is Karzai going to react?

Greg looks taken aback, glances at the other analysts, and then quickly nods as though he understands the question.

GREG MEADOWS

To answer the first part of your question, collateral damage is always going to be a part of warfare. With that said, this is almost certainly a Taliban I.O. campaign. It is difficult to figure out if civilians were even killed at all. There is an investigation underway.

Meadows looks to his three analysts.

JENNIFER DULY

And to answer the second part of your question, Sir, we can expect Karzai to respond exactly as he always does. It won't matter if civilians were killed or not. He'll publicly scorn us and demand some sort of new regulation.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

(Looking suspicious)

I disagree. I think we have a congress breathing down our necks and reckless SOF teams gunning down innocents.

GREG MEADOWS

Sir...

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Furthermore, don't you agree these teams would be much better utilized in another capacity in another locale?

GREG MEADOWS

To be fair, Sir, we'd be reluctant to prescribe policy recommendations.

Jacobsen stops talking and stands up to begin pacing. It is difficult for him to stand up under his weight.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

SECDEF, hell, POTUS, is going to want answers, solutions. They want to see fruits of their labors. And what else are SOF up to these days? The local police?

GREG MEADOWS

The A.L.P, Sir.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Right, arming militias. Just a brilliant idea.

Greg looks at Ray and silently urges him to chime in.

RAY KAEPERS

(In a very slow, deliberate voice)

Sir, here is the thing that's important to understand.

(He pauses)

Calling the A.L.P. a militia is like comparing an F-22 to an F-14. They might have a similar design, but they are two very different animals.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Excuse me?

GREG MEADOWS

I think what he's saying, Sir, is the A.L.P are often confused as a militia, but it is a highly organized, well constructed, police force that answers to both a village shura and a legitimate police chief.

JENNIFER DULY

And they're very effective, Sir.
Village security and governance has
drastically improved at established
sites.

Hunter sits back down.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Then why am I reading every day how
the A.L.P. are raping women, or
illegally taxing villagers? How
come I have to explain to the U.N.
why we're training uneducated
locals how to be hired guns for
local powerbrokers?

GREG MEADOWS

The majority of those incidents
actually are militias, Sir. Those
unfortunately still exist and are
not under the purview of our
special ops teams.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

(After a pause)

American Special Forces kill
terrorists, they don't train
Afghans to start civil wars. We
have to kill this thing.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

RICK GUSTER is interrogating one of the detainees from the
Task Force Sword raid at the Detainment Facility In Bagram.
Rick, in his early thirties, has a five-day-old beard and is
in plain clothes. He sits across from the detainee and
passes a Quran across the table. The detainee accepts.

RICK GUSTER

As promised.

DETAINEE #1

Thank you.

RICK GUSTER

(Surprised)

Well your English seems to be
improving! Isn't that interesting.

The detainee picks up the Quran and several pictures fall
out. He picks them up to look at them. They are pictures of
children.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)

Oh, I figured it would be appropriate to include pictures of the children that you're responsible for killing. Since you killed them for your God, and all.

The detainee looks through the pictures, occasionally looking at Rick.

DETAINEE #1

I'm not responsible for these lives. They would still be alive if you hadn't invaded our country. This is Allah's will.

RICK GUSTER

(Angry)

Allah's will? This was your will. That little girl you're looking at, your bomb took her head clean off. She was buying food at the market. Does Allah not want your fellow Afghans to eat?

The detainee throws the pictures back at Rick.

DETAINEE #1

I would never expect you to understand Allah.

RICK GUSTER

And how about you? You have children, right? You have a couple little girls running around.

The detainee is suddenly much more alert.

DETAINEE #1

Don't ever discuss my family.

RICK GUSTER

Right, because Allah protects your children. I forgot about that. It would be awful if something were to happen to them. Just awful.

The detainee looks like he is about to attack Rick.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)

Of course, if you help me out, give me something, I might be able to help prevent that.

The detainee shuts down and looks at his lap.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)
Ok. You don't want to talk
anymore. I'll go have that chat
with your daughters.

Rick stands up and exits.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKTIYA - NIGHT

Ahmad Ahmadzai enters the house, which is a meager one-bedroom clay hut. His father is sitting on the ground with his wife, three daughters, and several young children. Ahmad's father arises when Ahmad enters.

AHMAD'S FATHER
(In Pashtun)
Ahmad!

AHMAD AHMADZAI
(Excited, in Pashtun)
Father. It's done.

AHMAD'S FATHER
Are you ok? Are you hurt?

Ahmad walks towards the women sitting on the floor and joins them. His father sits back down.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
I'm ok. I'm sorry it's been
several days. I didn't want to
lead them back.

AHMAD'S FATHER
Abdullah has been around, asking
about you. I told him you followed
his orders.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
I did. I know I got one.

Ahmad's mother hands him a cup of tea.

AHMAD'S FATHER
He already says he has another
mission for you to continue your
jihad.

Ahmad looks angry and sips his tea.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
What is his guidance?

AHMAD'S FATHER
He wanted to tell you himself. He was that excited.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
We have the harvest.

AHMAD'S FATHER
(Angry)
Do not argue with his guidance! Do you want to bring harm to your family? Or shame?

AHMAD AHMADZAI
No, father, of course not. I was under the impression, though, that would satisfy them.

AHMAD'S FATHER
It did, that's the problem. Now you know what we have to do. It's important for us to keep jobs while maintaining a presence with our Talib brothers as well as the Americans. It's the only way to be safe.

Ahmad stands up.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
I shouldn't stay here. I just wanted to let you know I'm ok. Pass the word when Abdullah wants to talk.

His father also stands and puts his hands on Ahmad's shoulders.

AHMAD'S FATHER
You're a good son, Ahmad. Some day this will be over.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
Some day.

Ahmad opens the door.

AHMAD AHMADZAI (CONT'D)
Father, have you heard from my brother?

AHMAD'S FATHER

No, all we know is he is still with the Americans.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

I'll try to find out more. I can't afford to lose him.

Ahmad walks out.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD, TAKHAR PROVINCE - DAY

ODA 3124 is on a patrol with the local A.L.P. They are on foot, but three of the ODA are driving three Hummers, which tail the patrol. Mike Wendell is speaking with the A.L.P. commander, Mohibullah.

MIKE WENDELL

Where are you leading us today?

MOHIBULLAH

Some locals discussed this route with us last night. They said the Talibs are coming and going along here.

MIKE WENDELL

That's good. Keep talking with them. That's why you can be such an effective police force.

MOHIBULLAH

Mr. Mike, we're very scared.

MIKE WENDELL

(Nodding his head)

I know, Mo. I promise you, we wouldn't leave you if you weren't prepared.

MOHIBULLAH

Are you saying that to make me feel better or yourself feel better?

Mike looks at him and smiles. At the same time Don Rivers and Will Wollows approach looking very nervous.

WILL WOLLOWS

Mike, where'd all the people go?

Mike looks around and notices the patrol is entirely alone. Mike motions with his hand and the ODA and the A.L.P. assume a defensive posture.

As they begin to slowly walk forward, one of the A.L.P. members spots a mound of rocks. The A.L.P. get excited. Don Rivers runs to stop them.

DON RIVERS
(Yelling)
Whoa whoa whoa. Stop!

The A.L.P. gather at a distance. The ODA continues looking around.

MIKE WENDELL
What do we got?

WILL WOLLOWS
I don't see anyone. No way this thing is remote.

MIKE WENDELL
(To Mohibullah)
Do you think you guys are up for this? Remember the training?

MOHIBULLAH
Absolutely, Mr. Mike.

Mohibullah runs towards the A.L.P. shouting in Tajik. He gives them orders and they scatter. Some build a defensive posture around the IED. Two of the men run towards one of Hummers following them and pull out blast suits.

The two men in blast suits approach the IED, which is under the pile of rocks. They begin to dismantle the IED.

Will and Mike watch, but keep their eyes on the horizon.

MIKE WENDELL
Wouldn't it be ironic if we got into it today?

WILL WOLLOWS
Just let them try. I need to kill me a few more Afghans before I leave this place.

Mike smiles, but tries to compose himself.

MIKE WENDELL
Reminds me of Rickshaw.

WILL WOLLOWS
(In a high-pitched voice)
God damn, Mikey, I just killed me an Afghan.

MIKE WENDELL
(Laughing)
Boom! Head explodes. Dumbass.

Mike and Will watch Don step closer to give some instruction to the A.L.P.

WILL WOLLOWS
What do we got for dinner tonight?

MIKE WENDELL
We have to finish up the jerky.
Finish up the M.R.E.s before we
ship out.

WILL WOLLOWS
Do we have a showtime yet?

MIKE WENDELL
Still on standby. Should be soon.

They stop talking for a second when they begin to receive gunfire. They all hit the deck while Mike and Will run behind the Hummers.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)
(Yelling)
Where's it coming from?

WILL WOLLOWS
(Yelling)
Don, Roger, what do you got?

Don is on his stomach and firing at a grove of trees. Roger is also on his stomach and points to the same trees.

ROGER KERMITSKY
(Yelling)
In the trees!

Mike and Will both look over the front of the Hummer. Will climbs in and mans the 50 calibre gun on the roof. He starts firing at the trees.

After firing over the front of the truck, Mike sees the gun fire stop and several men run from the trees.

MIKE WENDELL
(Yelling)
Cease fire! Cease fire!

The ODA and the A.L.P. stop firing. The A.L.P. begin running after the men. Mike sees several of his men follow.

He gets in the driver's seat and begins driving towards the trees. Two other drivers drive the other two behind him.

The A.L.P. continue past the trees, but the ODA and the trucks stop to assess the damage. They find four bodies of insurgents.

WILL WOLLOWS

Well god damn, Sir. I just killed me some Afghans.

MIKE WENDELL

I see that. Shit, where the hell did they come from? This route was supposed to be cleared.

ROGER KERMITSKY

Maybe the word is out.

MIKE WENDELL

What?

ROGER KERMITSKY

We're fucking leaving, Sir.

Mike looks at Roger and then back at the bodies. He rubs his eyes as he thinks.

MIKE WENDELL

Alright, call Hamza. He can come pick the bodies up, get them to the mosque. Now where did the hell did those jackasses run off to?

DON RIVERS

That way, Sir.

Don points away from the trees towards some buildings.

MIKE WENDELL

Alright, let's go get them.

Mike and all of his men get in the three trucks. They drive towards the buildings. When they get out, they assume a tactical formation and tactically raid the buildings. They find the A.L.P. with their guns pointed at five men on their knees. Mohibullah hits one of them with the butt of his rifle and knocks him down. He then points it at him and prepares to fire.

INT. JOINT INTELLIGENCE CENTER - NIGHT

Doug Mailer and Captain Steuben are playing hockey with hockey sticks and a puck made out of paper and tape. They are playfully being physical and running into people who are sitting at computers working.

DOUG MAILER

Want to know why you're a bitch?

Doug gets the puck past Steuben and pretends to score. He throws his hands in the air.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

There's only one bitch in this room. That's the one wearing jeans.

They both laugh.

DOUG MAILER

You're a bitch because you're the guy losing to the guy wearing jeans. And you're only a captain in the way an Afghan becomes a captain. Hell you probably wouldn't even be a captain in the A.N.A.

Steuben sits down, out of breath.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

Shit, I have to get out of this fucking place. I need to get back in the war. Where the hell is my war?

DOUG MAILER

It's being fought by real soldiers.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

That's bullshit.

MAJOR JACK CHAIN walks in and sits behind a desk. Major Chain is a late-thirties man who is about forty pounds overweight.

MAJOR CHAIN

Steuben! Mailer!

They both abruptly head over. Doug still has his hockey stick.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

Yes, Sir.

MAJOR CHAIN

(Sees the hockey stick)
Who won?

DOUG MAILER

I did, Sir.

MAJOR CHAIN

Figures. Alright, Greenway's on my
ass about Andar. Where are we on
that?

Steuben grabs a chair and pulls it up.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

Sir, the ODA in Takhar is slated to
head down, hopefully within the
week.

MAJOR CHAIN

Has anything changed, though? No
support, right?

DOUG MAILER

There might be an opening. Food,
water, cold weather clothing. It's
possible to garner some goodwill.

MAJOR CHAIN

They'll move into FOB Cross
Section. Maybe they can hire some
locals to help refurbish the site.
Doug, we'll definitely want to get
you down there at some point.
Hell, I'm reading about this thing
in the news. They make it sound
like it's a national uprising.

DOUG MAILER

I wouldn't get my hopes up for
that, but it is possible this could
be legit. Knock the Taliban out of
one of their strongholds the old
fashioned organic way.

Major Chain leans back in his chair.

MAJOR CHAIN

Do you guys think it's worth it?

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
What's that, Sir?

MAJOR CHAIN
Sending an ODA into an environment
that is potentially hostile?

Major Chain pulls out a pack of Chew and puts some in his mouth. He proceeds to spit into a water bottle for the remainder of the conversation.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
Sir, based on our mission in this
country, this is worth it.

DOUG MAILER
This is an opportunity that we
haven't necessarily had before. We
have to exploit it. We won't have
many more of these opportunities
before 2014.

MAJOR CHAIN
(Hard to hear through the
dip)
Ok. I'll advise to push forward.

Major Chain spits into his water bottle, but is thinking.

MAJOR CHAIN (CONT'D)
(To Doug)
Doug, how's your wife doing?

DOUG MAILER
She's hanging in there, Sir. It's
been tough, though.

MAJOR CHAIN
I know. It's not easy.

DOUG MAILER
How's your wife?

MAJOR CHAIN
I think she's fine. Haven't talked
for a couple weeks. That's how we
have to do it. I can't help out,
so I don't want to hear about the
problems.

DOUG MAILER
Fair enough.

MAJOR CHAIN

Good, let's go eat.

They all get up and walk out.

INT. BAGRAM AIRBASE HOSPITAL - MORNING

John Riley is in his uniform sitting on his hospital bed.
Judson Darwin is in a chair reading a magazine.

JOHN RILEY

(Groaning and rubbing his
chest)

This shit hurts.

JUDSON DARWIN

(Still looking at his
magazine)

Well yeah, you were shot.

JOHN RILEY

I need to call Michelle.

JUDSON DARWIN

I called her. She's pissed at you.
You promised her you wouldn't be
shot or blown up. You lied.

JOHN RILEY

(Looking behind him)

Dude!

JUDSON DARWIN

(Looking up)

What? I was just laying the seeds
in case you died. Your wife's hot.
And I wasn't going to let your
three year old grow up without a
father.

John glares at him and proceeds to stand up. His chest is
tight so he has to stretch it out.

JUDSON DARWIN (CONT'D)

Relax. She kept e-mailing me.
She's just nervous. Smooth move,
though, not keeping her updated.

JOHN RILEY

How'd she even know?

JUDSON DARWIN
Mankey. Calls all the families
after a potential fatal wound.

Darwin flips the magazine around to show something to John.

JUDSON DARWIN (CONT'D)
Did you see this?

JOHN RILEY
What?

JUDSON DARWIN
32 people killed in Chicago over
the weekend. We're better off in
Kabul.

General Scott Mankey enters with the doctor.

SCOTT MANKEY
Riley!

Riley stands at attention while Darwin stands up immediately.

JOHN RILEY
Yes, Sir!

SCOTT MANKEY
Doc says you're fine.

JOHN RILEY
Yes, Sir.

SCOTT MANKEY
We got new orders for you.
(Looks at Darwin)
Your little butt-buddy here can tag
along.

Darwin smiles.

JOHN RILEY
Yes, Sir.

SCOTT MANKEY
We're sending you both to provide
support to the J-2 down at Task
Force Ghazni. Showtime's tomorrow
at 10:00 hours. You have a brief
over at the CJSOTF camp tonight at
20:00. Contact Lieutenant Colonel
Macintosh for details. Take the
rest of the day to rest up. Good
luck.

JOHN RILEY AND JUDSON DARWIN

Thank you, Sir!

Mankey exits. The doctor hands Riley a bottle of pills.

DOCTOR

3 times a day. No exceptions.
Trust me, it'll help.

Riley nods. The doctor exits.

JUDSON DARWIN

Let's go to Starbuck's.

JOHN RILEY

Then let's hit the Haji-mart. I
need to get something for Michelle.
Smooth things over.

They exit.

INT. BUILDING IN TAKHAR - LATER

ODA 3124 is still in a stand-off with Mohibullah. Mohibullah continues to point his gun at the detainees. Mike Wendell, Will Wollows, Roger Kermitsky, and Don Rivers surround the A.L.P. who are all very nervous and antsy to shoot the prisoners. The rest of the ODA is providing security around the building.

MIKE WENDELL

Mohibullah! Put your weapon down.

Mohibullah looks enraged, as though he didn't even hear Mike speak.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)

Mo, this is not how we handle
detainees. This is not how I
trained you and your men. We
follow the law. You are a member
of the Afghan government.

MOHIBULLAH

I know this piece of garbage.
(Motions to the detainee
with his gun)
This is my next door neighbor. I
helped raise him.
(To the prisoner in Tajik)
You bring shame to your family!

DETAINEE #2

(In Tajik)

You bring shame. You bring shame
to Allah. You're nothing but a
western puppet.

The remaining A.L.P. move closer, ready to shoot. Mike
Wendell and his men move closer as well.

MOHIBULLAH

(In Tajik)

You know nothing of Islam. You are
no Afghan. You are no Muslim. You
are the infidel in this land.

The prisoner looks agitated and looks at the ground while
remaining on his knees. He looks up at Mohibullah.

DETAINEE #2

(In English)

Make me a martyr. Martyr me in
front of Allah.

He closes his eyes.

MIKE WENDELL

Mo, this is not the way. We will
detain him and turn him over to
Hamza. The A.U.P. will arrest him.
Show your men the right way.

Mike steps forward and carefully pushes Mohibullah's gun so
it points at the ground. Roger, Don, and Will move behind
the prisoners and put bags over their heads.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)

(To Mohibullah)

Good man. Lets move them out.

EXT. TRUCK ON TAKHAR STREET - MOMENTS LATER

ODA 3124 and the A.L.P. are marching the detainees to hand
them over to the proper authorities. Mike Wendell and Don
Rivers are in a truck together behind them. Don is driving.

DON RIVERS

You know when we head out, those
detainees are dead. No questions
asked.

MIKE WENDELL

I know. Not necessarily a bad
thing. Afghan justice.

Static comes through the radio, then a voice.

VOICE ON RADIO
Bladerunner 2, this is Bladerunner
Base. Over.

Mike picks up the radio and brings it to his mouth.

MIKE WENDELL
Bladerunner Base, this is
Bladerunner 2. Read you Lima
Charlie. How me?

VOICE ON RADIO
Read you same. Bladerunner 2, we
have an official request from Bravo
Base for a VTC at 20:00 tonight.
Please ensure your presence.

MIKE WENDELL
Roger, Base. We'll drop off the
package and will be RP Camp Kellen
within the hour.

VOICE ON RADIO
Roger. Out copy.

Mike puts the radio back.

MIKE WENDELL
I need to take a shit.

DON RIVERS
Roger, Sir. Nothing like some
confirmed kills to clear your
bowels.

Mike is clearly thinking about something and shaking his
head.

MIKE WENDELL
Fuck.

EXT. PAKTIYA COMPOUND - DAY

Ahmad and his father are sitting outside with ABDULLAH.
Abdullah is an older Afghan with a long, gray beard. He
pours tea for his guests, who both appear nervous. The whole
conversation is in Pashtun.

ABDULLAH
(To Ahmad)
Ahmad, do not be nervous.
(MORE)

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

I am very proud of you. You did a great thing for Islam and for your country. You bring honor to your family.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Thank you. Allah gave me strength.

Ahmad's father smiles proudly.

ABDULLAH

And what of your brother? Is he still a soldier with the infidels?

AHMAD AHMADZAI

(Looking at his father)

He is. He sends money for the family.

Abdullah ponders this suspiciously.

ABDULLAH

That's good. But Allah will take care of a Mujahid and his family.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

I will remind him of that.

Ahmad looks ashamed and stares at the ground.

ABDULLAH

Do not look ashamed, Ahmad.

(To Ahmad's father)

It is prudent to consider all options to support one's family. We have all made ill-advised decisions to support ourselves.

Ahmad's father nods in agreement and sips his tea.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

This country, I think we all agree, can be great. It was great, when our brothers were in power. It can be great again. But we must remain vigilant and continue to fight the invaders. They are the only obstacle to our glory.

Ahmad's father looks at Ahmad and motions for him to speak.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

I agree. Hopefully I showed my dedication with my latest attack.

ABDULLAH

(Surprised)

You did! Do not misunderstand me. But wars are won by several attacks, several battles. Ahmad, I need you to continue your roll in this war.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

(Nodding)

I know my father will admonish me, but I am concerned about our harvest. It is approaching.

AHMAD'S FATHER

(Shocked)

Ahmad!

(To Abdullah)

Please forgive my son. He does not speak of sound mind.

ABDULLAH

(Smiling)

Relax, old friend. Your son wants to protect his family's interests. It is noble and honorable.

(To Ahmad)

Ahmad, I personally guarantee your father will have the necessary assistance to support the harvest.

Ahmad nods, disappointed.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Ok. How can I help then?

Ahmad's father looks far more content with his response. Abdullah smiled, as though he knows he won.

ABDULLAH

The infidels have invaded our country, but their influence can be misleading. In fact, some of own brothers and sisters now support them. Ahmad, I need you to go to Ghazni. The villagers there, they have taken up arms against the Taliban. They are confused.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Yes, I have heard. They are calling it an uprising.

ABDULLAH

And what happens if the uprising spreads? Or worse, what happens if it becomes a local police program? This cannot happen.

AHMAD'S FATHER

What is my son to do, Abdullah?

Abdullah smiles again and sips his tea.

ABDULLAH

You two have always been loyal. That will not be forgotten; not in this life, and not in the afterlife.

A helicopter flies overhead. All three men look at it, but are not nervous. They are just angry.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

Like locusts.

(To Ahmad)

Ahmad, I need you to go to Ghazni. There is a National Police recruiting center there. I need you to go there, and I need you to sign up to become a police officer.

Ahmad is shocked. He looks at his father, who is equally confused.

AHMAD'S FATHER

I don't understand. You want him to reconcile? I thought... But my other son.

ABDULLAH

(Trying to look reassuring)

Patience, old friend. I would never do such a thing.

(To Ahmad)

Ahmad, go sign up for the police. Say you want to go assist in Andar. You want to help assist the uprising.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Ok. If that's what you ask of me.

ABDULLAH

When you're in Andar, await further guidance.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

I will.

Abdullah smiles broadly and begins to rise. The other two rise as well.

ABDULLAH

Now that the matter of business is done, please stay for a while. I'll slaughter one of my goats in your honor, Ahmad.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

(Excited)

We will!

They exit the yard into the house.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Assistant Secretary of Defense Jacobsen is at the same conference table with his three staffers and analysts Greg Meadows and Jennifer Duly. Jacobsen looks more excited than usual and is walking around the room.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Greg, talk to me.

GREG MEADOWS

Sir, I believe you wanted to know more about Andar?

HUNTER JACOBSEN

(Spittle forms as he talks)

Of course! That's why I called you in here.

GREG MEADOWS

Right, absolutely. I am going to turn it over to Ms. Duly, who has been following this situation very closely.

Greg looks to Jennifer and motions for her to start.

JENNIFER DULY

Sir, there is still a lot we don't know due to a lack of reporting, but based on open sources, we know a group of college-aged men clashed and killed a group of Taliban.

(MORE)

JENNIFER DULY (CONT'D)

This started when the Taliban burned down a school in the village. It turns out, the people actually do want to learn. This turned out to be a final straw.

Hunter is pacing back and forth, rubbing his chin.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Greg, we hear about uprisings every year, though. Who the hell cares about this one?

JENNIFER DULY

This is different, Sir. This appears to be organized. A couple of the young men have been dubbed leaders. We think this is even getting national attention.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Why?

Hunter becomes very interested and sits back down.

JENNIFER DULY

Because this is a Taliban hub. They can't afford to lose Ghazni. Andar is very symbolic. We have had zero presence there, and on their own, the villagers have publicly declared they won't take it anymore. This is a big deal.

Hunter whispers something into the ear of one of his staffers. The staffer nods.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

And what are we doing about it?

JENNIFER DULY

So far, nothing. There is a feeling that ISAF needs to hang back. We don't want to give the impression that this was inspired by the US.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

What could we do even if we did help?

JENNIFER DULY
(Sarcastically)
Well, at the moment, nothing.
There is no one on the ground.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
(Clearly offended)
If there were someone on the
ground.

GREG MEADOWS
Sir, what Ms. Duly has mentioned in
the past is Village Stability
Operations.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
VSO? Which is the precursor to
A.L.P.?

GREG MEADOWS
That's exactly right, Sir.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
So once again, the answer is to
make a well organized militia?

GREG MEADOWS
Sir, this is an organic movement by
the people. It's an Afghan
solution to an Afghan problem. The
only mechanisms we have to legally
arm them is to transfer them to an
Afghan institution. Currently,
they are an organized militia. We
can potentially transition them
into an organized police unit.

Hunter is silent, weighing his options.

JENNIFER DULY
Additionally, Sir, by starting VSO,
we can offer humanitarian
assistance to a very poor village
and assist in developmental
projects. It might be the catalyst
for these people to actually trust
us.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
But to do that, we'd need a SOF
team in there? In a place you
called a Taliban hub? I don't
think Americans have the stomach
for another Helmand.

JENNIFER DULY

Yes. Working with locals, even hostile locals, is what they do best. We're not talking about sending in a Marine battalion. A 12 man SOF team capable of working with the populace.

Hunter whispers something to his assistant again.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Ok, Greg, we need a product on this. Outline what it is and any options we have.

GREG MEADOWS

(Nodding at Jennifer)

Absolutely. We'll get that to you in the next day or two.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

As always, thanks for all that you guys do.

He and his assistants stand up and begin to shuffle out of the room.

INT. BAGRAM GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Doug Mailer is standing in a huddle with four others. They are wearing shorts and matching shirts. Doug is holding a soccer ball. There are two soccer goals at either end of the court and several people in the bleachers. On the other end of the court is Captain Steuben standing with four other men.

DOUG MAILER

Alright 2 shop, this is our game!
Let's kick some ass!

They all put their hands in and simultaneously yell. They separate and go to take their positions. Captain Steuben has already separated from his group and is standing in his positions.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

(Yelling)

Whoa, look at the J2, all grown up!
You think you even belong on the same court as the 3 shop?

No one answers, but Steuben and his J3 team all start laughing.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN (CONT'D)
After this beat down, you'll never
leave the SCIF again!

They begin to play indoor soccer. This is a montage of several scenes. They are all having fun. After a while, COL Martinez walks in.

MARTINEZ
Steuben! Mailer!

The players stop playing. Steuben and Mailer are confused, but run over.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
Sir, you're killing us. We're
about to put the J2 away for good.

MARTINEZ
Are you winning?

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
No, Sir. Not even close.

Martinez shakes his head for a few moments.

MARTINEZ
You're both needed. There's no
time to change. Mailer, you're
briefing Andar to the incoming ODA.
A couple guys heading to TF Ghazni
will also be there. You should
have known about this.

They all exit the stadium. The remaining players throw their hands up in frustration.

INT. VTC ROOM - LATER

Martinez, Doug, and Steuben walk into the VTC room. Doug and Steuben are still in their sweaty workout gear. COL Greenway, Major Chain, John Riley, and Judson Darwin are sitting around the table. SGT Williamson is at the end of the table manning the computer. Mike Wendell is on the VTC screen. Greenway looks at the three who just entered.

GREENWAY
Jesus fucking christ. Mailer,
Steuben, so sorry to interrupt your
love fest.

Major Chain, with a dip in his mouth, laughs to himself and shakes his head. Martinez, Doug, and Steuben take a seat.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN

Sorry, Sir, our schedules must have gotten crossed up.

GREENWAY

Ha, I'm just fucking with ya.

(To Williamson)

Williamson, did we get TF Ghazni up yet?

WILLIAMSON

No, Sir. Their VTC must be down.

GREENWAY

Well, I'm not waiting any longer now that we got Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dumber here.

Doug looks ashamed, but Steuben smiles proudly and waves.

GREENWAY (CONT'D)

Sgt. Wendell, can you hear me?

MIKE WENDELL

We're here, Sir, loud and clear.

GREENWAY

How's the weather in Takhar?

MIKE WENDELL

Hot as hell, Sir. Ready for a change of climate.

GREENWAY

Martinez here says you've been pre-briefed, so I'm sorry to say Ghazni won't be much nicer.

Wendell waits a few seconds then laughs, due to the time delay.

GREENWAY (CONT'D)

So listen, this is mainly a meet and greet. Mr. Doug Mailer here to my left is our resident expert from the J2 on all matters pertaining to Andar. And unfortunately, Captain Steuben over here is our planner from the 3 shop. They will both be shortly behind you once you get on the ground.

MIKE WENDELL

(Nodding)

Yes, Sir. Sounds good. We'll need all the help we can get to get spun up on the intel picture.

GREENWAY

Great. We also have Sergeants Riley and Darwin here, being transferred from RC-East. You guys are going to be our team. Work with the locals, get this uprising to a point we can utilize it. Or better yet, get the A.L.P. up and running.

MIKE WENDELL

We will, Sir. We should be ready to head out within 48 hours.

GREENWAY

That's good.

(To Doug)

Mailer, want to chime in?

Doug looks confused, so Steuben and Chain laugh again.

DOUG MAILER

No, Sir, nothing of substance. Just that the movement right now is in a fragile place. We'll have to move very delicately so they accept our assistance.

MIKE WENDELL

Roger that, Sir. We had similar issues up here. Our first order of business will be to find the elders. Hopefully Task Force Ghazni can give us some guidance.

GREENWAY

I'm sure they will. Let us know if we can help out. Like I said, Stueben and Mailer will be close behind you.

MIKE WENDELL

Roger, Sir.

GREENWAY

Alright, CJSOTF out.

Greenway hangs up the VTC.

GREENWAY (CONT'D)
(To Doug and Steuben)
By the way, you two are going to
Ghazni.

Major Chain laughs, then spits into a bottle. Steuben laughs
and shakes his head.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
For how long, Sir?

GREENWAY
However long it takes, Steuben.
Don't worry, the living conditions
are great. Of course, there isn't
really any infrastructure yet.

Major Chain laughs hysterically.

MARTINEZ
In all seriousness, guys, this is
an important mission. This could
be the turning point. We're
standing down, we need them to
stand up. So take this seriously.

CAPTAIN STUEBEN
Yes, Sir.

GREENWAY
(To Doug)
You ready for this?

DOUG MAILER
Just need to think of a way to tell
my wife I lied to her.

GREENWAY
Lied about what?

DOUG MAILER
That I wouldn't put myself in
danger.

Doug looks legitimately scared.

GREENWAY
You'll be fine. Hell, look at
Riley here. He got shot two weeks
ago and is heading down there.

John waves and Darwin pumps a fist.

DOUG MAILER
Nice to meet you both.

JOHN RILEY
So you're the Andar guy?

DOUG MAILER
Apparently.

JOHN RILEY
Anything we should know?

DOUG MAILER
I suppose saying don't get shot
would be tacky.

Steuben slaps Doug on the back, trying to keep the mood light.

DOUG MAILER (CONT'D)
The issue is factions. The
uprising has grown too fast and no
one has took firm control. There's
a danger it's going to tear itself
apart.

JOHN RILEY
Good to know. I'll keep that in
mind.

GREENWAY
Alright, you guys work with
Martinez here to figure out your
schedules.

Greenway stands up and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Rick Guster is walking around the interrogation room.
Detainee #1 is sitting at the table.

RICK GUSTER
I know you want to go home. I can
make that happen.

DETAINEE #1
You ask me to shame my family.

RICK GUSTER

If I let you go home, would I be shaming my family?

The detainee thinks about this.

DETAINEE #1

You're all pathetic. Most of you don't even know why you're here. You just follow orders. Like sheep.

RICK GUSTER

Yep, that's right. We follow orders. None of us want to be here. But we are. And we actually want to help.

DETAINEE #1

You want our land. You want our resources.

RICK GUSTER

Maybe, but it's not my call. My call is letting you go. If you work with me, that can happen.

The detainee doesn't say anything. Rick looks into a one way mirror. Two men, GREGOR BLACK and ZANDER BELLER, are on the other side observing.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)

Well, never mind, I suppose that offer is off the table.

Rick puts a picture on the table. The detainee becomes immediately upset.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)

That's your daughter, right?

DETAINEE #1

I will kill you. Allah will send your family to hell.

RICK GUSTER

Maybe you won't be released, but we can certainly let your daughter go. It did seem far fetched that she helped you build the bombs.

DETAINEE #1

She had nothing to do with it!

He tries to attack Rick but he is chained to the floor.

RICK GUSTER

I can have her on a flight to her house within the hour. Otherwise she'll have to spend the night. Her cell would be mixed use.

The detainee is beside himself.

RICK GUSTER (CONT'D)

Just give me something.

The detainee takes a deep breath.

DETAINEE #1

Ok. Ok.

Rick waits for him to continue talking. He looks at the mirror, as though suggesting they should pay attention.

DETAINEE #1 (CONT'D)

Andar. They're worried about Andar.

Rick raises an eye brow, unsure of what that means. Gregor and Zander are also confused and instantly look at a map of Afghanistan

GREGOR BLACK

Where the hell is Andar?

Zander points to Ghazni.

ZANDER BELLER

Here. This is what he's talking about.

GREGOR BLACK

Why the fuck would he be talking about a random district in Ghazni? We picked him up two provinces away.

Rick continues to look at the detainee, confused.

RICK GUSTER

We want to know where you're planning future attacks, and your response is they're worried about Andar.

DETAINEE #1

You don't know about the Andar uprising? We all know you Americans are behind the whole thing. Regardless, it got their attention.

RICK GUSTER

I know for a fact you are targeting routes into Kabul.

DETAINEE #1

And what district can we think of that has been solidly in Taliban control and is directly on top of Highway 1?

RICK GUSTER

Andar.

DETAINEE #1

Andar.

They stare at each other, both wanting to lunge at each other.

DETAINEE #1 (CONT'D)

Now let me daughter go, you American scum.

Rick smiles and stands up. He exits the room and enters the room with Gregor and Zander.

GREGOR BLACK

Uh, what the hell was that?

RICK GUSTER

What's Andar?

ZANDER BELLER

It's apparently in Ghazni.

RICK GUSTER

Why is he talking about Andar?

GREGOR BLACK

Maybe we should take his son into custody.

Rick drops his head, as though he's giving up.

INT. HUNTER JACOBSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunter Jacobsen is sitting at his desk talking on the phone to Colonel Greenway. He is holding a product in his hand that Greg Meadows and Jennifer Duly produced. Colonel Greenway is sitting in his office.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
Colonel, how are we today?

GREENWAY
(Sighing)
Assistant Secretary, to what do I owe the pleasure?

HUNTER JACOBSEN
I heard you were getting bored out there.

GREENWAY
And I heard you were looking to downsize my troops.

Hunter laughs, pulling the document to his chest.

HUNTER JACOBSEN
Oh Greenway, I miss the days you were cozily in the Pentagon.

A soldier runs into Greenway's office.

GREENWAY
Hang on, Hunter.
(To the soldier)
You better have a good excuse.

SOLDIER
Sir, I have the official paperwork for the sexual misconduct incident we discussed earlier.

GREENWAY
(Sighing)
Leave it on my desk please.

The soldier puts it on Greenway's desk and then walks out.

GREENWAY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Hunter. So what do you want?

HUNTER JACOBSEN
You're in charge of the A.L.P.?

GREENWAY

Yes.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Does it work?

GREENWAY

Yes.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Can you give me more than that so I can make some informed decisions?

GREENWAY

No.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

No?

GREENWAY

Yes, no. I won't give you ammunition to take to congress to kill a program that is working. The Afghan National Security Forces might be developing their capabilities, but the A.L.P. are the only force that ha been capable at providing village security. So, no, I won't give you any information on the program.

Hunter takes the phone away from his ear. He looks at the paper he's holding. He puts the phone to his ear again.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

What happened to us being friends?

GREENWAY

Support another congressional staff delegation out here and I'll tell you how our friendship is doing.

Hunter laughs.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Are we going to play cards when you get back?

GREENWAY

Do you think that's going to work on me? What do you want?

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Fine. I'll let sec-def ask you about the A.L.P. In the meantime, tell me about Andar.

GREENWAY

What about it?

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Are we supporting it?

GREENWAY

Do you want us to support it?

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Yes. Especially if this can spread, we support it.

GREENWAY

Well I guess we'll send a team to support it.

Greenway shakes his head, knowing Hunter is very behind what is happening.

HUNTER JACOBSEN

Good. I think that's good.

INT. CJSOTF BARRACKS HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Doug is sitting in the hallway in his boxers with a computer in his lap. He is talking to his wife, JOANNE, who has their 10 month old daughter in her lap.

JOANNE

Hiiiiii. You look tired.

DOUG MAILER

Hey Sweet Lady.
(In a high pitched voice)
Hi Baby Girl!

Joanne takes their daughter's hand and waves at him.

JOANNE

(Lovingly)
You look tired.

DOUG MAILER

I am. It's like 4:30 in the morning. I just wanted to make sure I got you before you went to bed.

JOANNE

I know. I don't sleep when you don't call.

Doug yawns and rubs his eyes.

DOUG MAILER

How is everything going?

JOANNE

Good. She's beginning to crawl and even stood up this morning.

DOUG MAILER

(Shocked)

Really? God this sucks. I can't believe I'm missing it.

JOANNE

I know. I miss you. But you'll be home soon.

Doug smiles but doesn't say anything.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

And all that extra money you're making is going to help us buy that house we want.

Doug smiles broadly.

DOUG MAILER

I know. I'm excited. But listen, they're going to send me out for a little while.

JOANNE

(Suspicious)

Out where? For how long?

DOUG MAILER

Down to Ghazni. I'm going to help set up an op.

JOANNE

What? What does that mean?

DOUG MAILER

It's ok. I wouldn't do it if I didn't think it was safe. I mainly am concerned because Internet might be spotty. So I don't want you to be concerned if I for some reason can't get in touch with you.

Joanne is smiling at their daughter and playing with her hands. She looks up at Doug.

JOANNE

You're coming home to us.

DOUG MAILER

You're damn right I am.

JOANNE

Ok. I love you.

DOUG MAILER

I love both of you.

They smile at each other.

EXT. FOB CROSS SECTION - DAY

Mike Wendell and ODA 3124 roll through the gates of Forward Operating Base Cross Section in MRAPs. The FOB, in Andar, is essentially a large wall extending 100 yards each direction. There are a few buildings that are standing, but have not been kept up.

The ODA parks all three trucks outside the first building and hop out. Three of them go secure the gate. Mike and Roger walk together to begin scouting the compound.

ROGER KERMITSKY

Jesus, Sir. I thought you said you were excited about this move.

MIKE WENDELL

I was. I am.

ROGER KERMITSKY

You are?

(Looking at a pile of
junk)

What the hell is that?

MIKE WENDELL

Supplies?

They both start laughing and continue to walk.

MIKE WENDELL (CONT'D)

The district center is over that wall. The DCoP stays there. He's supposed to meet us this afternoon.

ROGER KERMITSKY
Well, at least he officially
invited us. Would have been much
more difficult.

Mike points to a barren section of the compound.

MIKE WENDELL
We can possibly build that out for
helo landing.

ROGER KERMITSKY
We need to assess the viability of
the guard towers.

DON RIVERS
(From afar)
Sir! Bird's in the air. Supply
drop should come in ten minutes!

Mike gives him a thumbs up.

MIKE WENDELL
Let's hope they hit their target.

The two walk up the stairs to one of the guard towers and
look out at the view of Andar. They see a lot of open space
and a few basic structures.

ROGER KERMITSKY
There's nothing here, Sir.

MIKE WENDELL
There certainly is not a lot.

ROGER KERMITSKY
How can this be the seat of the
uprising?

MIKE WENDELL
We'll have to figure that out.

They turn and begin walking down the stairs.

ROGER KERMITSKY
What the hell are we doing here?

MIKE WENDELL
We're here to convince the elders
to let us help them.

ROGER KERMITSKY
No, I mean Afghanistan, what the
hell are we doing here?

MIKE WENDELL
Exactly what I just said.

ROGER KERMITSKY
I guess the question is why.

MIKE WENDELL
Why? Because it's our war. Our grandfathers had World War II. Our fathers had Vietnam. We have Afghanistan.

ROGER KERMITSKY
I think we got the shitty end of the stick.

Mike laughs. They begin to walk back to the MRAPs, where the team is unloading supplies.

MIKE WENDELL
Come on, let's get those unloaded before we meet with the DCoP.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKTIYA - DAY

Ahmad is putting some of his clothes into a small ruck sack. He is sitting in the bedroom which he shares with several brothers and sisters. He has very few belongings. He looks around, ensuring he didn't forget anything. He picks up a picture of his family and puts it in his bag.

He exits the room and enters the family room where his family is waiting. His mother smiles and hands him a bag of food. He accepts it and opens the bag to look inside.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
(In Pashtun)
Mother! This is too much.

He tries to hand it back to her. She pushes it back his way.

AHMAD'S MOTHER
Ahmad, you are my son. My son won't go to war hungry. You make us all proud.

Ahmad smiles and nods his head.

AHMAD AHMADZAI
I'll be back soon.

She smiles at him, but doesn't look so sure. Her eyes begin to tear up. Ahmad's father steps in between them and pushes her away.

AHMAD'S FATHER

Are you crazy, woman? Keep your tears to yourself. He doesn't need to concern himself with your grief.

Ahmad's mother shies away and sits next to her daughters.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Father...

He looks at him admonishingly. His father throws his hands up defensively.

AHMAD'S FATHER

A woman's place in the family is not to make her son's life harder while he's at war.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

A father's place is to protect his family.

AHMAD'S FATHER

(Nodding)

Yes. This is true. So, you know where you're going? What to do?

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Yes. I'm taking the bus to Ghazni City. I'm enrolling with the local police.

AHMAD'S FATHER

The national police!

Ahmad smiles at him. His father realizes it was a joke and puts his hand on Ahmad's shoulder.

AHMAD'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Never lose that sense of humor. But don't get into trouble. You have a job to do.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

I know. I'll do it.

AHMAD'S FATHER

Ok, be safe.

They hug each other. As Ahmad turns to leave, the front door opens and Nadeem walks in. Nadeem looks very worn out, as though he's been on a long trip. He is still bandaged as well.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

Nadeem!

They hug each other.

NADEEM

Hello, brother.

AHMAD AHMADZAI

You're ok? I mean, I thought you might have been...

NADEEM

Dead? I almost was. You shot me, you asshole.

FADE OUT.