

THE KILL ZONE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. 1ST VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT (IRAQ)

Weird green buildings through night-vision binoculars.

WALTERS (V.O.)

Let death be quick. Don't let me
live the rest of my life half a man...
my limbs torn apart...I shouldn't be
talking to you anymore but let me be
an Avenging Angel.

Muted screams.

Predawn light reveals PFC JUSTIN WALTERS' piercing eyes.
Early 20s, white, intense with a controlled rage ready to
erupt. He can hear the screams.

SUPERIMPOSED: In slow motion, a body plummets through the
air in front of one of the World Trade Center twin towers.
The impact jolts Walters.

SERGEANT FONTANEZ (20, Hispanic) takes note. looks more
frightening than he is. Fact is he's a pussy cat.

FONTANEZ

You okay?

Walters silence says he's not

The sun peeks over the horizon, a prelude to punishing 120
degree heat. A silhouette of the village appears.

Walters and his platoon hug the desert sand waiting for the
command to move.

PLATOON LEADER LIEUTENANT HOLBROOK (Late 20s, White,
unmilitary type except in battle) peers through binoculars.

LT. HOLBROOK

Peaceful.

SERGEANT ROHANA

It's always that way just before.

PLATOON SERGEANT ROHANA (late 30s, White) knows war the most.
Exudes confidence.

PFC BERTRAM (19, white, Baby-faced) smiles. An unlit
cigarette in his mouth makes him look ready to bring 'em on.

BERTRAM

Watch my six, Hoss.

PFC DOWLING (20, Black, friendly eyes and easy smile) stares at the village with apprehension.

DOWLING
Take that cigarette outcha mouth.
You look silly.

BERTRAM
What, bad for my health?

He chuckles at the irony.

PFC LYONS (19, white, big, a hard face, never mind the facial tick) checks his rifle safety.

LYONS
How many times are we gonna clean
out this place?

PFC GOOPY (19, white, a bundle of energy) stifles a sneeze to everyone's horror. They all call him "Goofy." He wouldn't register in an empty room if not for his stutter.

GOOPY
L-look at t-t-that sunrise. B-b-
beautiful.

DOWLING
Good, I'd hate to die in the dark.

SERGEANT JEREMIAH (early 20s, Black) the resident philosopher lectures Dowling.

JEREMIAH
Hey, bro, stop ya bitchin'. It's a
volunteer gig. If you can't do the
time, don't do the crime.

SPECIALIST REGENBOGIN (early 20s, Jewish, easily angered) studies the terrain.

REGENBOGIN
I'm schleppin' out in the boonies
for college money, and somebody in
that village wants to kill me. If
they don't the heat or a scorpion
will...is it, me?

SERGEANT ROHANA
Lose the chatter. Stay focused.
Dowling, you're on point.

Dowling groans, not happy with the assignment.

LT. HOLBROOK
Okay, let's do it.

Nervous, Lyons' eyes dart around. He checks his knife.
Walters stares at the village his eyes tight with anger.

EXT. 1ST VILLAGE - ENTRANCE - DAY

The squad enters. Lieutenant Holbrook scans the deserted streets. He motions to Sergeant Rohana to move his men forward past a building where --

Dowling comes face to face with a surprised Iraqi civilian holding an Ak-47. The Iraqi bolts. Dowling runs after him.

Walters joins the chase.

DOWLING
Son-of-a-bitch, stop! Stop!

Dowling tackles him. The Ak-47 goes flying. They struggle but the Iraqi escapes.

Walters takes aim.

LT. HOLBROOK
No! No! Hold your fire!

Annoyed at the command, Walters runs after the Iraqi and tackles him. The Iraqi yells in protest.

WALTERS
Down! Down! Get down!

Walters whacks him with his rifle. Goofy rushes in and also tries to whack the Iraqi.

GOOFY
Motherfucker! D-D-Die!

WALTERS
Get back! Get back!

He pushes Goofy away then kicks the Iraqi with a vengeance as the Iraqi screams at Walters.

Villagers, awakened by the commotion, trickle out of their homes.

Walters pats the Iraqi down.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
He's clean.

BERTRAM
 (holding the AK-47)
 Hey, Ali Baba, y'all got a license
 for this?

LT. HOLBROOK
 Walters, the man was subdued.

WALTERS
 He was trying to get away.

GOOFY
 And he's c-c-carrying an A-A-K for C-
 C-Christ's sake.

SERGEANT ROHANA
 You're out of line, PFC.

Walters glares at the lieutenant.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Where the hell is Dean?

NASEEM
 Yes, boss.

NASEEM (30s, likeable, an Iraqi interpreter working to feed his family) steps forward. He wears a checkered keffiyeh wrapped to hide his face. Everybody likes him and calls him Dean. Almost everybody.

NASEEM (CONT'D)
 (Arabic)
 What is your name?

JALAL
 (Arabic)
 Jalal Bin Al Fulan. I live here. I
 heard something and thought it was
 thieves.

NASEEM
 His name is Jalal. This is his home.
 He thought we were thieves.

DOWLING
 What's to steal, camel shit?

LT. HOLBROOK
 Ask about insurgents.

NASEEM
 (Arabic)
 We have reports that Al Qaeda is
 here.

JALAL
 (Arabic)
 They were but are now gone.

NASEEM
 They left.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Did any village men go with them?

NASEEM
 (Arabic)
 Did any villagers leave with them?

Jalal gives Walters and the GIs a wary look. All have their M-16s aimed at him.

JALAL
 (Arabic)
 ...No.

NASEEM
 No.

Terror in his eyes, Jalal waits for a verdict. The lieutenant is undecided but hands the Iraqi his Ak-47.

LT. HOLBROOK
 This man can go.

Surprised, Jalal nods and taps his hand on his heart.

WALTERS
 Why don't we just give him some frags
 and invite him for dinner?

The lieutenant glares at him.

SERGEANT ROHANA
 Walters, shut up.

EXT. 1ST VILLAGE - HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Suspicious, Lyons watches Naseem and the Iraqi they just interrogated talking alone in the distance.

LYONS
 The terp's probably screwing us, and
 he gets a paycheck compliments of
 the U.S. taxpayer. Great job.

Walters studies Naseem with pointed interest.

Dowling tears into an MRE packet.

DOWLING

MRES. American genius at work.
This bag here is six month's nutrition
for that haji.

BERTRAM

You could use a mega dose. Only
black man I know can't make a simple
tackle. Don't even think 'bout the
NFL.

DOWLING

Redneck, you can't even spell NFL.

Walters enjoys their banter.

BERTRAM

Betcha can't dribble either.

DOWLING

Well, it's obvious you can -- dribble
shit outcha mouth.

Laughing, they bump knuckles. Trash talking, their favorite
pastime.

Walters, again with curiosity, focuses on Naseem and Jalal
talking by themselves.

DOWLING (CONT'D)

Anyway, my man, Walters sacked that
haji good, not bad for a preacher.

GOOFY

(to Walters)

Y-Y-You know you shouldn't have p-p-
pushed me like that.

Walters ignores him, which irritates Goofy.

GOOFY (CONT'D)

Mr. p-p-preacher how it works is
they're the b-bad g-guys, and I'm
the g-good guy, just like in religion,
g-good and evil, evil and g-good.

Walters glowers sending an unmistakable message.

WALTERS

I know the difference and my name's
not preacher.

Lieutenant Holbrook joins them.

LT. HOLBROOK
We'll critique the mission after
chow.

The lieutenant tries to be conciliatory.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)
You did good, Walters, not shooting
him in the back. Good control.

WALTERS
We didn't read him his Miranda rights.

The lieutenant is not amused.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Let's mount up!

INT. COP THUNDER - DAY

A Tactical Combat Outpost (COP) in a destroyed building for the "Door Kickers." Half a wall missing and strewn garbage attests to life in chaos.

Back from their mission, drenched in their own fluids, the men drop their equipment and plop down exhausted, when --

Walters notices a pack of snarling dogs outside the perimeter.

Dowling pulls out a photo of his girl holding a dog, sets it up, sends them a kiss then proceeds to clean his M-16.

Bertram struggles out of his filthy battle vest.

BERTRAM
Fifty pounds of hot battle rattle
shit. Next time I'm goin' out there
like an Apache in a loin cloth.

DOWLING
Some hot, holy sand in ya crotch'll
cure you of that habit.

BERTRAM
(checking photo)
I don't get it Mister "D," how's a
worthless guy like you rate such a
fine lookin' specimen?

DOWLING
Well, Mister "B," thank you for
complimenting my woman.

BERTRAM

I was talking 'bout the dog.

The men howl. Dowling and Bertram bump knuckles. Good one.

Barking and growling, the feral dogs now tear at each other.

Curious, Walters watches the ALPHA DOG with savage strength chase the others away.

For a moment, Walters and the German Shepherd mix lock eyes. Each with a strange curiosity about the other...the dog dashes off.

DOWLING

Hell of a way to live.

WALTERS

It's not our problem.

DOWLING

They're just looking for food, trying to stay alive.

WALTERS

Let them starve. You'll do them a favor.

DOWLING

Damn, that's cold. You are talkin' about man's best friend. You afraid to make a friend, preacher?

BERTRAM

You see how the Iraqis' treat 'em? A burst from a Ma Deuce would settle all their problems.

DOWLING

Hey, bad-ass 11-Bravo terminator, leave the dogs alone before I whup your ass so bad you'll be havin' bowel movements outcha ears.

The men cheer the trash talk.

BERTRAM

Aw man, you couldn't whip whipped cream if it came in a can.

The others love it. So do Dowling and Bertram, who live to outdo the other. They bump knuckles. Walters grudgingly enjoys the playful exchange. Then he notices --

The Alpha Dog has appeared again.

Once more, they regard each other with curiosity. Walters picks up a rock, but the dog dashes off.

EXT. COP THUNDER - HUMVEE - DAY

The lieutenant unfolds a map on the hood for Rohana.

LT. HOLBROOK
We've got a new warning order. Intel picked up activity here again.

SERGEANT ROHANA
This'll be our third time back.

LT. HOLBROOK
I'd give a year's worth of Coors for more boots on the ground...we saddle up at 0 four hundred.

SERGEANT ROHANA
0 four hundred.

LT. HOLBROOK
By the way, no more feeding the dogs, we're supposed to shoot all wild dogs inside the wire.

Rohana is uncomfortable with this...waging war on dogs.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)
That's from the Colonel.

INT. 2ND VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

Dawn. A voice sings the haunting, quavering sound of the "ADHAN" the Muslim call to prayer.

A SHADOWY FIGURE prostrates himself towards Mecca.

The figure sets up a sniper rifle at a window, looks through the eye-piece, and calibrates the scope. In the distance, he can see the road and his field of fire.

The sniper fondles his prayer beads.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Early morning. Several Humvees stop three hundred yards from the village. Holbrook peers through his binoculars.

The 1st squad dismounts. Bertram dangles an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

LYONS

We cleaned out this place before.

DOWLING

No kidding, Sherlock.

(to Bertram)

I wish you'd lose that cancer stick.

BERTRAM

My mom is busting my balls to quit.
The ragheads're trying to turn my
body into vulture meat with things
that go boom, and in case you haven't
noticed, they'd like to separate me
from my head. Give me some slack.

Walters is amused by their banter.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Hey, jabber mouth, why don't you two
just send the bad guys a telegram?

Lyons checks his pistol, grenades, knife with methodical
professionalism. He notices Walters watching him.

LT. HOLBROOK

Let's do it.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Regenbogen, you're on point. Let's
move it out.

BERTRAM

Kick ass.

Dowling and Bertram bump knuckles.

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - ENTRANCE - DAY

The men approach. Sergeant Rohana motions to stop. He scans
the quiet streets...not a soul. He signals to them. They
move again.

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Eyes alert, Walters passes a house and without warning --
An INSURGENT explodes out of a door, Ak-47 blazing away.

INSURGENT

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

The men dive for cover and return fire.

The insurgent dives for the ground, rolls onto his feet, and disappears into an alley screaming.

Walters takes off after him as every window, alley, and roof explodes with murderous gunfire.

The GIs keep firing demolishing, splintering, crumbling every man-made object in their sights. An insurgent plummets out of a window.

Another is caught out in the open as he runs.

Walters makes his way to the alley, sees a door ajar and kicks it in.

The insurgent explodes out of the shadows screaming.

Walters fires once, twice, a third time. The insurgent drops his rifle but keeps coming. They crash into each other.

Walters lifts him up, throws him back. The insurgent whips out a pistol aiming at Walters. Three shots but it's the insurgent who drops.

Dowling stands at the door, his Colt .45 smoking.

WALTERS

Damn 556 round's useless. I shot him three times!

DOWLING

Colt .45 stops 'em every time. You okay, bro?

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Walters, Dowling, and the platoon continue to move eyeing every window, alley, and rooftop.

DOWLING

When I rotate home, I'm treating my mama, my girl and my dog better.

A MUFFLED LONE SHOT.

Dowling drops.

The men dive for cover.

WALTERS

Sniper! Sniper!

BERTRAM

Dowling!

Other shots ring out.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Behind the wall!

The lieutenant bounds for the wall.

LT. HOLBROOK
Give me cover!

The squad lays cover as Holbrook flies past zinging bullets.

Dowling cries out in pain.

Bertram jumps up to help him, but Rohana yanks him back.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Stay down!

Dowling tries to get up. More fire from the wall but the rounds just kick up sand around him.

The lieutenant yanks a pin and tosses a grenade over the wall. A deafening BOOM. Insurgent bodies fly.

Dowling cries out again. Bertram gives Sergeant Rohana a pleading look then jumps up going for Dowling.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
Bertram!

Another barrage from behind another wall smashes into Bertram. He goes down but continues to crawl to Dowling. He reaches him, tries to drag him back to safety, but --

A second shot from the sniper shatters Bertram's head.

FONTANEZ
I see him! Corner building, left
top end window!

The GIs lay a withering barrage of fire on the window.

Walters jumps up and runs to Bertram and Dowling.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Goddamn it, Walters!
(to others)
On the window!

Sergeant Rohana jumps up, helps Walters drag Dowling and Bertram back as bullets whiz by. They reach cover.

Walters reels back in horror.

Dowling's face is a bloody crater.

Walters swells with rage and explodes for the sniper house.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)

Cover him!

The concentrated fire is devastating, pulverizing the window and concrete.

Walters reaches the building, kicks the door and storms in.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)

Cease fire! Hold your fire!

INT. 2ND VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

Walters bounds up the stairs and kicks another door in. But no one's there. He sees two spent shells by the window and --

The ACE OF SPADES. The sniper's calling card.

He hears a child's cry from the other side of a door, kicks it in and discovers a terrified IRAQI FATHER, his WIFE and TWO CHILDREN.

The Iraqi father pleads for his life, but Walters flings him against the wall and aims his M-16.

Fontanez and Sergeant Rohana rush in.

SERGEANT ROHANA

No!

Rohana steps between Walters and the Iraqi.

WALTERS

Did you see Dowling's face?!

SERGEANT ROHANA

Walters, stand down.

Walters loses it and pounds the wall with his rifle butt over and over until he's purged.

Sergeant Rohana glares at the frightened Iraqi. Lieutenant Holbrook runs in and sees Walters on his knees.

LT. HOLBROOK

Is he hit?

SERGEANT ROHANA

Pulled a muscle.

Helpless, Holbrook looks at the crying, traumatized kids and their parents.

Rohana picks up the Ace of Spades.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
He must've become bored with Baghdad.

LT. HOLBROOK
He took two shots...why?

Rohana studies a casing.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Seven sixty two-fifty four. Russian.
Could be a Dragunov rifle, maybe a
Romanian PSL.

LT. HOLBROOK
Dean!

Naseem appears, his face hidden by his keffiyeh.

NASEEM
Yes, boss.

LT. HOLBROOK
Any other insurgents in this village?

NASEEM
(Arabic)
Are there other fighters here?

IRAQI FATHER
(Arabic)
No, no. Sir, I'm a good man -- I
don't like the insurgents -- They
come -- order us what to do. They
have already tortured and killed
four people, including one child --
they -- they threaten my family --
What can I do?

NASEEM
He says no. They threaten his family.

Troubled, the lieutenant stares at the crying kids.

LT. HOLBROOK
Search every building...ask first.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Walters?

Walters picks up the Ace of Spades and shoves it in his pocket. Hate in his eyes, he glares at the nervous Iraqi.

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - OPEN FIELD - DAY

The squad kneels around Dowling's and Bertram's black body bags their rifles and helmets jutting out from the earth.

Walters stands and stares at the dog tags hanging from the rifles.

A Medevac Helicopter lands kicking up a cloud of sand. Walters and the other men trot the body bags over to the chopper and load them.

Walters watches the Medevac lift and fly away with its grim cargo. Jeremiah looks on with moist eyes.

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - HUMVEE - DAY

Walters, Fontanez, Jeremiah, Regenbogen, Lyons, and Goofy hang by a vehicle.

LYONS

Was it the spook?

FONTANEZ

Yeah.

REGENBOGIN

How do you know?

GOOFY

B-Because he saw the c-c-card, right?

FONTANEZ

Yeah.

JEREMIAH

They say like fifteen kills, the dude's good.

GOOFY

He c-c-could be out there n-now.

Which doesn't make the men comfortable.

LYONS

They always do one shot and scoot, why two this time?

REGENBOGIN

Why? 'Cause the raghead's trying to fuck with our heads.

REGENBOGIN (CONT'D)

He's laughing and saying, I can waste you, and you can't do anything about it. Walters, you were first in did you get a shot?

Walters' doesn't respond. He walks away.

GOOFY

W-W-What's wrong w-with him?

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Walters reaches his vehicle surprised to see, in the distance --

The fighting Alpha dog he saw earlier staring at him.

He picks up a rock and angrily flings it at him.

But the dog is too quick and bolts away.

The lieutenant takes note and joins Walters.

LT. HOLBROOK

Walters.

WALTERS

Sir.

The lieutenant sifts through the sand with a pensive gaze.

LT. HOLBROOK

...Ever wonder how much anger this sand has seen over the millennia?

WALTERS

Matter of fact I have, sir.

LT. HOLBROOK

It's a paradox...this is biblical ground. You wonder what went wrong with God's creation but the animals they don't deserve this; they're God's creatures too, even Iraqi dogs.

They both stare out at the desert bemused.

EXT. 2ND VILLAGE - HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Walters watches Naseem approaching him.

NASEEM

Hello, boss.

Walters responds with a silent, malevolent, look. Naseem is uncomfortable and avoids his eyes.

Walters pulls out the Ace of Spades and studies it.

A scorpion ambles by in the sand. Walters crushes it with his rifle butt over and over and over.

Curious, Naseem watches him vent his rage.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Moving down the road, Walters stares out the window at the parched land. The oven-baked air trembles as it rises.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)
(on radio)
Hold it up.

INT. HUMVEE 1 - DAY

Lieutenant Holbrook looks through his binoculars. An Iraqi SHEEP HERDER approaches. Annoyed, Holbrook waves for him to get off the road. Fontanez honks the horn.

Naseem covers his face with his keffiyeh.

Regenbogen sees wild dogs ripping the flesh off a charred corpse off the road.

REGENBOGIN
Oh, shit...at three O'clock.

The GIs stare with amazement but for Naseem, it's disgust.

NASEEM
No good. Dogs no good. Dogs are
Najis, unclean.

Walters glares at the dogs ripping the corpse apart.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

The sheep engulf the Humvees. The Sheep Herder smiles and waves. Wary, Walters, Jeremiah, Fontanez, and Goofy stare at him waiting for the metal mangling explosion they pray won't come.

Goofy shields his testicles with his hands.

FONTANEZ
If he goes boom you'll lose your
hand as well as your balls.

LYONS (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 Fuck, why're we slowing down?

Walters still watches the dogs feasting on the corpse.

WALTERS
 ...Bon appetite.

He fires his M-16 out the window. One of the dogs plops down dead, the others scatter.

FONTANEZ
 What the fuck you doing? Jesus, you are one violent prick for a preacher.

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 What the hell was that?

FONTANEZ
 Just scattering some dogs, sarge.

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)
 Stop wasting ammo, damn it.

LYONS (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 C'mon, let's go. Get these vehicles moving. We can't hang out. Move!

The sheep pass the Humvees without incident. But unseen by the GIs, the Sheep Herder, frustrated, presses a detonator over and over wired to explosives strapped to his waist...misfire.

EXT. COP THUNDER - DAY

Jeremiah tosses a football with some guys. He takes note of Walters, off by himself.

JEREMIAH
 Walters, come on, playtime.

WALTERS
 Later.

Walters digs into his pocket, pulls out the Ace of Spades, studies it then attaches it to his helmet.

INT. COP THUNDER - NIGHT

The haunting sound of the Adhan filters through the air. The sun is about to go down.

In a corner of the building, Naseem kneels and faces Mecca for "Salah," his daily prayer.

Walters and Lyons clean their equipment while Regenbogen watches Naseem.

REGENBOGIN

Think he's going to heaven?

LYONS

He smiles too much. Fucking 'terp.
He knows our movements. God knows
what else. What does he do when
he's not with us?

Walters studies Naseem with an inquiring look.

INT. COP THUNDER - DAY

The men are curled up asleep on the hard cement floor. Fontanez cleans his weapon.

Walters tears into an MRE when he's surprised to see through the demolished wall the Alpha Dog thirty yards away, still as a statue staring at him. The dog barks.

Not taking his eyes off the dog he continues eating. Annoyed at his stare, Walters picks up a rock and flings it at him.

The dog darts away.

FONTANEZ

That rock's probably been in that
spot thousands of years.

INT. COP THUNDER - NIGHT

FLASHBACK: Voices scream. Muted. Chilling.

Walters is curled up asleep on the floor. The screams get louder and louder then a violent impact like something has hit the ground. His eyes flick open.

INT. COP THUNDER - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

With an open map COMPANY COMMANDER CAPTAIN, BADALATO discusses the next mission with Lieutenant Holbrook, Sergeant Rohana, and an EXECUTIVE Officer.

Captain Badalato (30s, not overbearing, career soldier) points to a map.

CAPT. BADALATO
 It's about twenty kilometers. The Colonel wants us to take a peek. Intel is picking up hostile activity. I'm sending two squads. Can you handle it?

LT. HOLBROOK
 No problem, sir.

CAPT. BADALATO
 Good...the sniper business, how're the men taking it?

LT. HOLBROOK
 They're good soldiers, sir.

CAPT. BADALATO
 ...Hiding behind civilians...it's a new kind of war with a new kind of enemy, and we'd better learn the new rules.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Yes, sir.

CAPT. BADALATO
 I'm going back to Camp Babel, meeting with the Colonel, formulating plans with Civilian Affairs...winning hearts and minds...what we need is more boots on the ground.

LT. HOLBROOK
 It must be difficult for you, sir.

CAPT. BADALATO
 Not as difficult as writing those letters to mothers and fathers.

EXT. COP THUNDER - DAY

An un-amused Walters sees three GIs feeding and playing with the Alpha Dog. Like giddy kids, they enjoy the moment with the dog. Rohana sees them.

SERGEANT ROHANA
 Get rid of that dog, damn it! He's not supposed to be inside the perimeter. Listen up. We're moving out at twelve hundred.

Not happy with the news, Goofy groans.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
 Check your water and ammo. I wanna
 see boots drinking lots of water out
 there. Pass it.

GOOFY
 Are we the only g-g-guys in this
 Army? Why d-don't they send another
 p-p-platoon?

SERGEANT ROHANA
 Because life's unfair. You get the
 privilege of dodging bullets here
 while others dodge crowds at Disney
 land.

Sergeant Rohana notices the Ace of Spades on Walters' helmet.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
 War is a team sport.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

It moves down the road with Walters, Fontanez, Goofy, Naseem,
 and Jeremiah. They see some Iraqi women like mysterious
 aliens clad head to toe in black.

JEREMIAH
 Ooowee...ain't gonna win any fashion
 awards that way.

FONTANEZ
 You think they ever smile or laugh
 under those robes?

JEREMIAH
 If a comic told a joke here in a
 nightclub, he wouldn't know if it
 was funny or not.

FONTANEZ
 They don't allow nightclubs in Iraq,
 dummy.

JEREMIAH
 Damn, my man, Chris Rock would be
 unemployed here.

They pass two insurgent charred bodies on the side of the
 road like something out of a horror movie. They all stare
 in stunned silence.

Walters looks at the bodies without emotion...tough.

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S VILLAGE - DAY

The Humvees arrive. In Humvee 2, Naseem smiles.

NASEEM
My sister and children live here.

GOOFY
Shit, I hope t-they're all g-g-girls.

Glaring at Goofy, Naseem runs his finger across his throat.

JEREMIAH
Yo, Dean, are they foxy?

GOOFY
It d-d-doesn't matter, a goat would
look g-good to me now.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)
(on the radio)
Twenty minutes.

FONTANEZ
Twenty, Dean, go.

Naseem hurries off.

LYONS (V.O.)
And tell the fucker we're watching
him.

Walters watches Naseem with interest.

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Naseem's BROTHER-IN-LAW (early 30s, probing eyes) opens the door, with NASEEM's NIECE (pretty, 15,) besides him. A YOUNGER GIRL and BOY giggle in the b.g.

BROTHER-IN-LAW
(Arabic)
Naseem, how are you?

NASEEM
(Arabic)
Everything is in the hands of Allah.

NASEEM'S SISTER approaches and embraces him.

NASEEM'S SISTER
(Arabic)
Assalam alaykum, brother.

BROTHER-IN-LAW

(Arabic)

What are you doing with the Americans?

NASEEM

(Arabic)

They offered me a ride. I was having trouble with my car and had to leave it on the road.

Curious, his Brother-in-Law glances at the GIs.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Goofy watches Naseem's niece with interest.

GOOFY

...How old you t-t-think?

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Later. A feral dog rips through the garbage. Naseem and his Brother-in-Law rush out yelling at the dog.

Curious, the pretty niece appears in the doorway.

HUMVEE 2

Goofy takes note of her.

HOUSE

Naseem kicks at the dog. It responds with a ferocious growl then dashes off.

HUMVEE 2

Walters and Fontanez watch.

FONTANEZ

Love happens in the strangest places.

WALTERS

They deserve each other.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)

Get Dean back here, we're moving out.

FONTANEZ

Dean! We gotta roll!

Really pissed, Naseem moves to the Humvee cursing in Arabic.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)
 Hey, Dean, easy, that's man's best
 friend you're insulting.

NASEEM
 Dog is no good. Dog is no good.
 Najis, they are not clean. Najis.
 And black dogs are the devil.

JEREMIAH
 Say what? Excuse me? Black dogs?
 Fuck, here we go all over again.

EXT. 3RD VILLAGE - DAY

The Humvees stop about four hundred yards away. The whack, whack, whack of Ak-47s can be heard.

Lieutenant Holbrook scans the village with binoculars.

FOUR INSURGENTS fire at a house.

LT. HOLBROOK
 (into radio)
 Four hajis firing on a building.

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)
 I see it.

LT. HOLBROOK
 (into radio)
 There's something in there they want.
 Take second squad to the left. I'll
 take the first to the right.

They move out double timing to the village. Holbrook reaches within a hundred yards when the insurgents see them and train their fire on the GIs.

The two squads return fire. Two insurgents drop. The rest jump in a SUV and speed off.

Walters and Fontanez head straight for the besieged house. A WOMAN screams from inside. Fontanez kicks in the door. Walters rushes in.

INT. 3RD VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

The screaming woman holds her wounded husband. A YOUNG IRAQI is close by with an Ak-47. He moves it.

With a swoop, Walters grabs the young Iraqi and slams him against the wall. The woman rages at Walters. Walters punches the young Iraqi until he drops his weapon.

WALTERS
Get down! Get down!

He forces him down and rifles through his pockets.

FONTANEZ
Easy, easy.

The young Iraqi protests, but Walters punches him. The Iraqi woman screams.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)
Back off, man! Chill out!

Walters pushes Fontanez away.

Sergeant Rohana, Lieutenant Holbrook and Naseem rush in. Holbrook sees the bloodied Iraqi.

LT. HOLBROOK
Get a medic in here.

The woman continues to scream at Walters.

IRAQI WOMAN
(Arabic)
That is my son! That is my son! Al Qaeda came for my husband. He works for the Americans as a guide. My son would not let them in.

A Medic rushes in and attends to the Iraqi.

NASEEM
She says al Qaeda come for her husband. He works for Americans as a guide. This is her son. He fought al Qaeda.

Embarrassed and ticked off, Holbrook glances at Walters.

LT. HOLBROOK
Tell her we are humbly sorry. Her son is very brave.

NASEEM
(Arabic)
The commander begs your forgiveness for the confusion. Your son is brave.

LT. HOLBROOK
(to Walters)
What happened?

WALTERS

I guess I made a mistake.

Annoyed with his answer, Holbrook glares at him taking note of the Ace of Spade on his helmet.

EXT. 3RD VILLAGE - HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Fontanez approaches Walters.

FONTANEZ

Hey, I'm sorry. I thought you were goin' to k --

WALTERS

Don't interfere with me again. Understand? Understand?

FONTANEZ

What're you gonna do beat up on the whole country looking for the Ace of Spades?

Rohana joins them.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Back off. Walters, you have a problem?

Walters challenges him with a glare.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)

Soldier, I asked is there a problem?

WALTERS

...No problem.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Did the haji engage in hostile action?

Walters bristles at the question. Fontanez tries to help.

FONTANEZ

Sarge, I thought I saw the guy move --

SERGEANT ROHANA

I didn't ask for your fucking opinion.
(to Walters)
Rules of engagement. Rules of
engagement. Got it?

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

The Humvees approach FORWARD OPERATING BASE (FOB) "BABEL," a cement walled mini-city housing hundreds of American soldiers with all the amenities of a mall back home.

They reach a checkpoint with a wall of razor wire. They're cleared then continue to the main gate.

INT. FOB BABEL - HUMVEE 2 - DAY

The gates open. The vehicles move into base where hundreds of trailers known as Containerized Housing Units (CHU) house the soldiers. The GIs fondly refer to them as "Chewz."

Walters, Fontanez, Jeremiah, and goofy clear their weapons of ammo and magazines.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, C-Chew-ville, four-star accommodations for the weary soldier.

They pass another sign "EMBRACE THE SUCK."

GOOFY

Yeah, no s-s-shit. Embrace t-t-this.

They pass scores of male and female soldiers, contractors, and civilians going about their jobs, oblivious to the returning soldiers.

FONTANEZ

Damn Fobbits, freshly shaved and showered, not even breaking a sweat.

JEREMIAH

If I'd taken typing in high school, I'd have me a cool gig too.

FONTANEZ

They'll never have the joy of being outside the wire seeing a guy lose his nuts to an IED.

Goofy sees a female soldier pass by.

GOOFY

Oh, y-yeah, sweetheart I'm home, hungry, and h-h-horny!

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

The men approach their four man trailers.

JEREMIAH

Home sweet home. First thing's a shower.

FONTANEZ

Then let's all party 'til we drop.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - NIGHT

A montage of the men in their beds in all sorts of positions in well-earned sweet, deep, sleep. No party for them.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters places the ace of spades on a shelf. Jeremiah is at his laptop. Goofy, on his bunk, reads a porno magazine. Fontanez is engrossed in his Bible. The wall above him peppered with well endowed female nudes.

GOOFY

'Nez. P-P-Pick up a p-p-pussy magazine so you know what you're really f-f-fighting for.

FONTANEZ

Shut up retard, I'm trying to learn something. Preacher here is no help.

WALTERS

Try Leviticus, twenty four, nineteen. And don't call me preacher.

FONTANEZ

I've read it. You know, there're twenty-five million people in this country. You can't kill all of them and their dogs.

INT. FOB BABEL - GUARD TOWER - DAY

FLASHBACK: Voices scream. Muted. Chilling.

Walters and Fontanez stand at their post. Walters' eyes are transfixed. He can hear the screams then a violent impact that jolts him. He sees something.

He can't believe it. The Alpha Dog is about 30 yards away outside the wire. For a moment, they stare at each other. The dog barks.

FONTANEZ

Ain't that the dog we saw at Thunder? Fucker gets around.

Walters and the dog stare at each other for a long moment. He aims his rifle, but Fontanez blocks the muzzle.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

...He's not the enemy.

Something compels Walters to lower his rifle.

Walters and the dog lock eyes as if communicating.

The dog takes off with a start.

EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Naseem exits chewing on a chicken leg when he's surprised by the Alpha Dog. It growls and stops Naseem with a malevolent stare...Nadeem yells in Arabic, trying to scare him away.

Walters exits the mess hall, sees the confrontation but ignores it.

Growling, the dog holds his ground. Naseem tries again, but the dog bares his menacing fangs. Naseem drops the chicken leg. The dog lurches for it, but Naseem whips out a knife.

NASEEM

(Arabic)

Filthy son of the devil!

He swings at the dog stabbing him in the ribs. It goes down with a whimper. He stabs him again.

Walters still tries to ignore them, but the painful whimpering has an effect. Walters finally walks back and pushes Naseem.

WALTERS

Drop the knife.

NASEEM

Dog is no good, Najis, unclean.

Naseem goes to stab the dog again, but Walters grabs him.

NASEEM (CONT'D)

Dog is unclean. Najis.

Sergeant Rohana and Goofy run over.

SERGEANT ROHANA

What the hell's going on?

NASEEM

The dog does not belong inside base. It is Haraam, Haraam, forbidden.

Naseem can't comprehend Walters' defense of the dog. He looks at him confused.

NASEEM (CONT'D)
Dogs are unclean.

The dog whimpers. Rohana checks out the oozing wound.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Jesus... God damn it Dean. You're not supposed to have a weapon on base!

He rips the knife from him.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
And this dog shouldn't be inside the wire. For you knuckleheads that don't understand English, it's army general order 1A, no pets on base.

Rohana is unsure of what to do.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
Jesus...Walters, take him to the side and put him down.

Walters hesitates.

GOOFY
Fuck it, I'll w-w-whack him.

Walters glares at Goofy.

GOOFY (CONT'D)
It's only a m-m-mutt and an Iraqi m-m-mutt for C-C-Christ's sake.

Walters is reluctant but picks up the whimpering dog.

Naseem's confused at all the attention given the dog.

NASEEM
...Dog is unclean.

INT. FOB BABEL - MEDICAL STATION - DAY

The dog lies on a table. Walters watches the MEDIC prepare a syringe.

MEDIC
You're gonna get me screwed. Hold him down.

The medic injects him with a dose of milky white Pentothal.

MEDIC (CONT'D)
That'll relax him.

He chooses an instrument and probes around.

MEDIC (CONT'D)
Doesn't look like it hit any vitals.

He shaves a spot exposing the wound and stitches it up.

MEDIC (CONT'D)
You know, these dogs are running
wild and rabid all over Iraq.

WALTERS
What about him?

MEDIC
Don't know. Life's not good for a
dog here. You should have put him
down...I can't keep him here. What
do you want me to do with him?

Walters thinks a moment.

WALTERS
Do what you want, he's not my dog.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

MUSAID (30s, bearded, with a bag of plumber's tools) waves
to Naseem.

MUSAID
Naseem! Naseem!

NASEEM
Musaid. As-salam Alaikum.

MUSAID
Wa-laikum As-salam.

NASEEM
How are you?

MUSAID
I am drowning in shit. The Americans
are very particular about their
bathrooms. Do you know how much a
plumber makes in America?

He looks around with a cautious glance.

MUSAID (CONT'D)

My friend, there is talk about you.
Some are suspicious.

NASEEM

Do they suspect you?

MUSAID

Who knows?...please be careful.

EXT. FOB BABEL - PLAY FIELD - DAY

Walters tosses a football with Jeremiah when he hears barking.

A short distance away he sees some GIs toss food to two new dogs. The GIs play with them having a good time. Nobody seems to care about the rules.

INT./EXT. FOB BABEL - MEDICAL STATION - DAY

Lying on the table the Alpha dog wags his tail when he sees Walters enter. The Medic is surprised.

WALTERS

How's he doing?

MEDIC

He'll live. Look, I'm going to have to let him go. If the colonel hears about this, I'm in deep shit.

Reluctant, Walters still pulls out his canteen and gives the dog water.

Outside the tent, Naseem walks by, sees Walters feeding the dog. He's bewildered with the attention to the dog.

MEDIC (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to put him outside.

WALTERS

It doesn't matter to me.

The Medic doesn't believe him.

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters sits under a shade tarp reading a book. Lyons sharpens his knife on a stone.

LYONS

What I want to know is how dean got the knife on base...fucking 'terps.

Walters sees the Medic walk the dog to the gate and deposit him outside the wire.

He goes back to the book unconcerned...but he can't resist another look.

INT./EXT. FOB BABEL - GUARD TOWER - NIGHT

Walters and Goofy are on Guard duty when they hear a dog fight. Several growling dogs have the weakened Alpha dog backed up against the cement barricade. Walters runs off to the gate where Fontanez is on gate duty.

INSIDE GATE

WALTERS

Let me grab the dog.

FONTANEZ

Are you crazy? You left your post.

WALTERS

One minute.

FONTANEZ

I can't let the fucking dog in.

Walters appeals to him in silence.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

You don't even like the dog...You're nothing but trouble Walters. Thirty seconds then I close the gate.

OUTSIDE GATE

Walters chases the dogs away. He reaches out to the Alpha dog, but it growls and retreats. Walters pulls out an MRE and offers some. The dog backs away.

WALTERS

C'mon. C'mon.

He tries again. This time the dog nibbles.

FONTANEZ (O.S.)

Let's go! Let's go!

Walters offers more of the MRE, enticing the dog to follow him inside the gate.

INSIDE GATE

At the base of the tower, he pours water from his canteen into his palm. The dog laps it up.

WALTERS

Stay...I should have let you die.

Walters climbs up the tower. A sarcastic Goofy greets him.

GOOFY

you c-c-check him out for explosives?

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Jeremiah, Goofy, Fontanez, and the Alpha dog relax under the shade of the tarp. Walters comes back from the mess hall with leftovers. The dog barks when it sees Walters.

Walters feeds him like it's an imposition.

Passing by, Sergeant Rohana sees Walters feeding the dog.

SERGEANT ROHANA

I told you to put down that dog. Am I speaking Swahili? If the Colonel gets wind of it guess whose ass is gonna get chewed.

The dog stares at him...cute dog.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)

(softening)

What's the dog's name?

The men all look at each other stumped.

JEREMIAH

Er...Doggie.

FONTANEZ

Doggie? No way. That's a wimpy name. He has way big cojones.

GOOFY

I d-d-don't believe you g-guys. Look at him, he's an m-m-moving laboratory for d-d-diseases. If he b-b-bites me he's military history. B-Boom!

JEREMIAH

If he doesn't bite you, I will, dumb ass.

The dog chomps on the food. Walters tries not to show any affection. Rohana is ambivalent. He doesn't know what to do.

SERGEANT ROHANA

I didn't see or hear any of this.
I'm outta here.

FONTANEZ

You got yourself a doggie, dude.

WALTERS

He's not my dog, dude. Once he's healed, he's outside the wire on his own.

Not convinced, they all smile. Looks like the start of a great relationship.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Walters moves down the food line as servers dish out food. Specialist RACHEL SORENSEN (20s, pretty, intelligent eyes, engaging smile) is in front of Him.

She looks at his name tag.

RACHEL

You're not from San Francisco, are you?

WALTERS

No...I haven't seen you before.

RACHEL

Replacement. I came in last night Intel Detachment.

WALTERS

Good job.

RACHEL

My boy friend's name was Walters.

WALTERS

It's a fairly common name.

PFC KOSLOV (21, thinks he's hot) becomes impatient on line. Behind him, his SIDEKICK gives a stupid grin.

KOSLOV

Hey, let's go sweetheart. You've got a real man hungry back here.

RACHEL

Well, let's see what you got real man. Right now. Let's go. Whip it out.

The other GIs clap and howl at Koslov. Embarrassed, he moves on. She smiles at a surprised Walters.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Sorry. Was it too much? We'd better move before there's a testosterone explosion sending food all the way to the Green Zone.

He takes note of her name tag.

WALTERS

Welcome to Camp Babel...Sorensen.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - TABLE - DAY

Walters sits down. Lyons, Jeremiah, Naseem, and Regenbogen eat. Naseem nods to Walters but he doesn't respond.

LYONS

Hey, Dean, not bad: A couple of grand a month, free room, free chow, the pleasure of our sunny company. Doin' all right buddy, bet you're glad we came, huh?

NASEEM

Saddam was very bad. I thank you, but the killing does not stop.

REGENBOGIN

Fuck, Dean, You want me to go? I'll go. I've got my own problems. But if this Jew leaves, you're a dead man, your wife, your kid, your family.

Walters is silent but hears every word.

Naseem doesn't back down but avoids eye contact.

NASEEM

Americans are strange people. You kill a mother, a child then you say you are sorry, and you think everything is okay.

Walters slams his mug down on the table.

WALTERS

The Shia and the Sunnis have been
murdering each other for centuries,
why would killing matter to you now?

They glare at each other. The whole table becomes silent
with tension.

The GIs at other tables stare at Walters.

Sitting at another table, Rachel takes note.

EXT. FOB BABEL - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Fontanez and the squad watch a game in progress.

Lyons writes something on his helmet with a Sharpie.

Sergeant Rohana approaches Fontanez with two new men: PFC
MATSUMOTO (Japanese American, mid 20s, urban) and PFC NOWAK
(19, wholesome Iowa corn.)

SERGEANT ROHANA

Your replacements, give them Dowling
and Bertram's bunks.

FONTANEZ

Hey. I'm Fontanez, Regenbogin,
Goofy, and Jeremiah over there.
That's Walters and Lyons.

MATSUMOTO

Guys. John Nowak, I'm Mike
Matsumoto...who're Dowling and
Bertram?

LYONS

The guys you're replacing...they're
angels now. You're just in time.
We're goin' into the field tomorrow.

Curious, Matsumoto stares at the writing on Lyons' helmet.

LYONS (CONT'D)

My blood type.

Not what the new guys want to hear.

EXT. FOB BABEL - GATE - NIGHT

Walters entices Doggie with food to follow him to the gate.
The GUARD gives him a curious look.

WALTERS
 (to guard)
 I want to put him outside.

GUARD
 And I wanna go home and get laid.

WALTERS
 Five minutes.

GUARD
 Thirty seconds, that's it.

In a moment of sympathy, he opens the gate. Walters throws the food outside. Doggie pounces on it. As the gate closes, Doggie looks up at Walters, puzzled.

WALTERS
 Don't come back.

INT. 4TH VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

The sun rises while the "ADHAN" echoes calling all to prayer. Dim light filters into the room. Obscured by shadow, the sniper prostrates himself in prayer. Close by his sniper rifle points out a window with menace.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Humvees of the 1st and 2nd squads come to a stop. Lieutenant Holbrook scans the village with binoculars.

He scans each side of the road for IEDs. He sees a battered truck on its side and stays on it for a curious moment.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Jeremiah and Goofy click off their safeties. Fontanez glances at Walters' Ace of Spades on his helmet.

FONTANEZ
 You make me nervous.

WALTERS
 Then keep your distance.

GOOFY
 Hey, don't worry 'Nez, he's d-d-dead man walkin'. It means the sniper gives us a p-p-pass.

WALTERS
 Nobody gets a pass in Iraq.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 Okay, we're gonna hump it from here.

EXT. ROAD - HUMVEES - DAY

The 1st and 2nd squads dismount and group.

LT. HOLBROOK
 After we secure the bad guys, we
 search every house. Ask permission
 first. Be firm but polite.

REGENBOGIN
 How nice, hope they return the
 courtesy -- may I please cut off
 your head?

Sergeant Rohana signals the men to move to the village.

The platoon passes the battered truck when --

The truck explodes, shaking the ground. Engulfed in smoke,
 wounded men scream. A torrent of automatic weapons erupts
 from the village. The men return fire.

Walters and Lyons fire into the village. A WOUNDED GI from
 the second squad emerges from the smoke screaming, his face
 drooping raw bloody flesh from exposed bone.

Shocked by the grotesque face, Lyons stops paralyzed.

An RPG whooshes in and erupts with rage.

SERGEANT ROHANA
 Lyons, fire that weapon!

Enraged, Lyons fires at the village.

LYONS
 Get some Motherfucker! Get some!

The insurgents respond with RPGs producing a nightmare of
 explosions.

The deafening fire-fight rages until the insurgents melt
 away. As fast as it started, it ends...

LT. HOLBROOK
 Cease fire!

An eerie silence...Matsumoto and Nowak stare in shock at the
 wounded GIs.

Sergeant Rohana motions all clear. The men slowly get up, still wary.

Lyons remains in his position, a strange look on his face.

SOLDIER (V.O.)
Second squad, two men down!

A Medic tends to the wounded. Lyons stares ahead in silence.

WALTERS
You okay?

LYONS
Yeah...of course I'm okay.

EXT. 4TH VILLAGE - DAY

Fontanez watches Walters dig through the dead insurgents' pockets.

FONTANEZ
What're you gonna do if you find the card, beat up on the corpse?

THE MUFFLED CRACK OF A LONE SHOT.

A GI'S lifeless body plops to the ground. Everyone dives for cover.

WALTERS
Sniper!

Walters sweeps the area with his eyes looking for signs of the sniper. Nothing.

He jumps up waving his arms taunting the sniper.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akabar!

SERGEANT ROHANA
What the fuck's he doing?

INT. 4TH VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

The shadowy sniper assembles the tools of his trade to make his getaway when he hears Walters yelling.

He looks through the scope, sees Walters taunting him; the Ace of Spades defiantly displayed on his helmet.

EXT. 4TH VILLAGE - DAY

Walters sees a glint of the sniper's scope.
He explodes into a run towards the building.

INT. 4TH VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

The sniper sees Walters barreling towards him, grabs his gear and disappears from the window.

EXT. 4TH VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

Walters rams through the door.

INT./EXT. 4TH VILLAGE - SNIPER HOUSE - DAY

Walters flies up the stairs, kicks in another door and sees nothing except --

One spent shell and... the ACE OF SPADES.

He checks the windows then rushes up to the roof.

In the distance, he sees a vehicle speeding away kicking up dust. He takes a fire position, clicks his M-16 off full automatic and fires spaced shots.

Lieutenant Holbrook and Sergeant Rohana appear.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Forget it, he's too far away.

But Walters continues firing determined to kill the sniper.

LT. HOLBROOK
Cease fire! Cease fire!

Walters empties the magazine. With angry determined eyes, he watches the vehicle disappear into the vast desert.

INT. COP THUNDER - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Walters stands at attention in front of Lieutenant Holbrook.

LT. HOLBROOK
You were given the command to cease fire twice. Do you understand how it's supposed to work?

WALTERS
We were in a hostile combat situation, sir.

LT. HOLBROOK

God damn it, Walters, no matter the situation, if I remember correctly I still command this platoon. Cease-fire is cease-fire. How do you know there weren't civilians in that vehicle?

WALTERS

Sorry, confusion in the fog of war.

LT. HOLBROOK

Soldier, don't you fuck with me! Do not fuck with me!

The lieutenant composes himself.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)

You're a good man. I need you, but don't make this personal.

WALTERS

That's what they're hoping for...sir.

INT. COP THUNDER - BUILDING - DAY

Walters knocks out push-ups. He strains to squeeze out the maximum his face and uniform soaked right through. Goofy sticks his head in.

GOOFY

Are you c-c-crazy, in this heat?
Here, look at t-t-this.

Walters goes to the door finding Doggie about fifty feet away staring at him. He's not happy to see Doggie and ignores him.

GOOFY (CONT'D)

How the hell does he f-f-find us?

WALTERS

If you dumb asses stopped feeding him, he'd be gone.

He stomps his foot to scare him away. Doggie growls showing his fangs. Walters picks up a rock, flings it at him, but Doggie gallops off.

INT. COP THUNDER - BUILDING - NIGHT

The men sleep on the hard, dirty floor and makeshift beds.

EXT. COP THUNDER - PERIMETER - NIGHT

Beyond the base perimeter, several skulking HUMAN SHADOWS crawl on the ground towards the building.

GUARD POST

Matsumoto and Nowak stand guard duty unaware.

NOWAK

Man, I'm tellin' you that JaLo's really hot, beautiful full lips.

MATSUMOTO

It's not her lips I'm looking at.

NOWAK

I hope to meet her someday. I can do some serious stuff with that lady.

MATSUMOTO

She's married.

OUTSIDE PERIMETER

The shadow figures get closer to the perimeter, Matsumoto and Nowak still oblivious.

NOWAK (O.S.)

What?

MATSUMOTO (O.S.)

Don't you keep up with the news? And how the hell you gonna meet her, you're a skinny kid from Iowa?

NOWAK (O.S.)

Hollywood's not that far away.

MATSUMOTO (O.S.)

She lives in New York, doofus.

NOWAK (O.S.)

New York?

MATSUMOTO (O.S.)

Man, did you transfer from Military Intelligence?

GUARD POST

Matsumoto and Nowak hear ferocious barking.

MATSUMOTO (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Matsumoto flips his night lens down. The green figures of six insurgents jump up firing their Ak-47s.

MATSUMOTO (CONT'D)

Hajis! Hajis!

Matsumoto and Nowak return fire.

Nowak pops a flare. The night lights up revealing ghostly figures firing weapons, rushing the perimeter.

INT. COP THUNDER - BUILDING - NIGHT

Jolted from their sleep, Walters, Fontanez, Jeremiah, and Goofy grab their weapons, storm outside and speed to the guard post.

GUARD POST

Arriving, they fire on the insurgents. Lt. Holbrook and Sergeant Rohana join them and open fire.

MATSUMOTO

Hajis!

Another flare ignites illuminating the insurgents. It's a deafening, ferocious fire fight that seems to last forever. Then, the insurgents' gunfire stops.

LT. HOLBROOK

Cease fire! Cease fire!

But Walters continues to fire.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)

Cease fire, God damn it!

Walters empties his magazine.

FONTANEZ

(to Walters)

Hey, man, you gotta chill out.

SERGEANT ROHANA

You fucking deaf, Walters?

(to Matsumoto)

What happened?

MATSUMOTO

We didn't know they were out there until a dog started to bark.

LYONS

It's Naseem.

LYONS (CONT'D)

Shit always happens when he's not around.

LT. HOLBROOK

We'll check it out in the morning.

Another flare lights up the night. Walters and Fontanez see Doggie, in the distance, like an apparition staring at them.

EXT. COP THUNDER - PERIMETER - DAY

Next morning, Lieutenant Holbrook and the squad survey the dead bodies of six insurgents.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Unusual for them to attack at night.

NOWAK

The dog heard them before we did.

MATSUMOTO

That dog saved our asses.

REGENBOGIN

It must have been Doggie.

LT. HOLBROOK

Doggie?

REGENBOGIN

Er...yeah...he hangs around sometimes. He sorta likes us -- I mean Walters saved him. We named him Doggie, sir.

LT. HOLBROOK

Doggie?

Surprised, the lieutenant studies Walters.

Walters rifles through the dead insurgents' pockets, very focused on what he's looking for.

FONTANEZ

The Spook wouldn't be with them. He's too valuable.

Walters scans the area for Doggie...no sign of him.

They head back to the compound, but just before Walters enters, he turns around.

In the distance, he can see Doggie watching him as if saying, now we're even.

INT. COP THUNDER - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Once again, Walters stands at attention before Lieutenant Holbrook, who sits behind a field desk.

LT. HOLBROOK
Didn't you hear me call cease fire?

WALTERS
No, sir.

LT. HOLBROOK
I called it three times.

WALTERS
Everyone was shooting, sir.

Holbrook notices the Ace of Spades on his helmet.

LT. HOLBROOK
...Do you have a death wish or something?

WALTERS
No, sir, my wish is to live a long life and bring death to the enemy.

LT. HOLBROOK
Look, we were all affected by Dowling and Bertram's deaths, but we have to stay focused...work together...I have a very complicated job here, please don't make it any more difficult.

On the edge of insubordination, Walters locks eyes with him.

WALTERS
Our job is to kill the enemy. Killing shouldn't be difficult.

Holbrook studies him. This guy is not going to be easy.

LT. HOLBROOK
Do you know anything about this land, the people?

WALTERS
Yes, I do.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Mesopotamia, the land between two
 rivers. Civilization, the first
 laws, writing, agriculture began in
 this region. Philosophy, medicine,
 astrology, science -- it all
 flourished here.

WALTERS
 It's a paradox isn't it, sir.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Rachel exits the food line. She sees Walters. Walking to
 his table the GIs leer at her.

RACHEL
 Hey.

WALTERS
 Hi.

RACHEL
 The turkey looks good.

WALTERS
 Yeah, they sub-contract the cooking
 out.

RACHEL
 In my grandfather's time, the Army
 did their own cooking. His favorite
 dish was called shit on a shingle.

Walters is surprised and amused.

WALTERS
 A what?

RACHEL
 Well, that's what he said.

Walters chuckles and can't help notice her smile.

From another table, Koslov watches them with interest.

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Several Humvees come to a stop. Lieutenant Holbrook, Sergeant
 Rohana, and Captain Badalato jump out. The Captain looks
 left and right checking the men manning security positions.

Walters, Fontanez, Goofy, Jeremiah, and Naseem jump out of
 another Humvee. Naseem's face is hidden by his kiffiyeh.

LT. HOLBROOK

We in place?

SERGEANT ROHANA

Yes.

(to Fontanez)

No one gets through. No one.
Walters, you with me.

CAPT. BADALATO

(into Humvee)

We're good, Colonel.

Battalion Commander, COLONEL MCDOWELL (late 40s, no-nonsense career soldier but with people skills) dismounts the Humvee.

Naseem knocks on the door. AHMAD (early 30s, coal-black piercing eyes) opens and bids him in.

INT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheik ABDUL RAHMAN TARIQ (60s, intelligent bearded face weathered by years of sun and sand) and the Colonel shake hands.

SHEIK TARIQ

As-salamu alaikum.

COLONEL MCDOWELL

Wa-laikum as-Salam.

NASEEM

(Arabic)

Sheik Abdul Rahman Tariq, this is
Colonel McDowell. The Colonel wishes
you and your family God's bless --

SHEIK TARIQ

Please, English. And may God's
blessing be upon you and your family.

Sheik Tariq, bids them to sit.

COLONEL MCDOWELL

Thank you.

SHEIK TARIQ

This is my son, Ahmad.

Ahmad, unsmiling, extends his hand with a nod.

AHMAD

Peace be with you.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Peace be with you.

Ahmad produces tea and offers it to all. He notices Walters' ace of spades.

SHEIK TARIQ
If I may proceed with our business. There are many here who are tired of the fighting, the torture, and killing. Brother against brother. Many have lost sons, daughters, wives and husbands to the brutalities of Al Qaeda. Existence here is a constant battle to survive rather than enjoying the fruits of life.

Walters notices Tariq fondling his prayer beads.

SHEIK TARIQ (CONT'D)
Many men want to fight back and expel Al Qaeda, but we cannot do it by ourselves at this time. We would welcome any assistance that you may offer, but we must be sure that you are truly committed. We need guns, ammunition, intelligence and guidance.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
We can supply all of those things, but are your men truly prepared to commit to the task?

SHEIK TARIQ
God willing -- may Allah be praised -- he will sustain our courage, and influence our destiny positively.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Some may die.

SHEIK TARIQ
We are dying now.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

It moves down the road with Walters, Jeremiah, Fontanez, Goofy, and Naseem.

WALTERS
Well, whatta you think about the Sheik, is it gonna work?

NASEEM

Perhaps. He greeted the Colonel with traditional Muslim greeting and he did it first.

JEREMIAH

People're being blown up. How's a greeting gonna change that?

NASEEM

It is forbidden to greet a non-Muslim like a Muslim. It was a good sign.

WALTERS

But can he be trusted?

Naseem dismisses it with a shrug.

NASEEM

He is a Sunni.

JEREMIAH

Damn, Dean, you guys gotta get with the program. Sunni, Shiite, what's the big deal? You're all from the 'hood. You all face the same way to Mecca, right?...I mean, damn, can't you just all get along?

NASEEM

Like Catholics and Protestants in Ireland, yes?

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

Outside the base beyond the checkpoints, from a forest of tents and tables, the locals engage in trade.

A car comes to a stop. With a concerned look, Musaid hops out and walks to the first razor wired point. Guards pat him down and check his identification.

He moves on to the second checkpoint impatiently going through another search. Finally, at the gate, another search and they let him in.

INT. FOB BABEL - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Naseem finishes interpreting a document for Captain Badalato and Lieutenant Holbrook.

NASEEM

There is no more. It is finished.

A knock on the door.

CAPT. BADALATO

Yes?

An AIDE enters. Musaid remains outside.

AIDE

Sir, this man works on base, says he needs to talk to Naseem.

NASEEM

Yes, yes, I know him.

CAPT. BADALATO

Let him in. Thank you.

Musaid whispers to Naseem, who stares ahead stunned.

NASEEM

(to Captain)

I am sorry, but I must go quickly.
My wife and son are in danger.

CAPT. BADALATO

Hold on.

(to Holbrook)

Give him escort.

(picking up phone)

I'll clear it with Battalion.

LT. HOLBROOK

Sir, we'll blow his cover.

NASEEM

It does not matter. They have discovered me.

INT. MUSAIID'S CAR - DAY

They speed down the road. Naseem stares ahead troubled.

NASEEM

Have they harmed my family?

MUSAIID

I can't say.

NASEEM

How do they know about me?

MUSAIID

You could not hide it forever.

NASEEM

I did not even tell my own wife.
What could I do? I have a family to
feed...I hate everyone, even my own
kind. It is madness...madness.

Musaid sees the Humvees in the rear-view-mirror.

MUSAID

The Americans, what do they think
will happen when they are gone?

He pulls a gun from under the seat, hands it to Naseem.
Naseem stares at it incredulous.

NASEEM

...I'm a school teacher.

EXT. NASEEM'S VILLAGE - DAY

Musaid's car jerks to a stop. Four BLACK-CLAD INSURGENTS
burst out of Naseem's home. Naseem's WIFE rushes out screaming
and tearing at her clothes.

NASEEM'S WIFE

(Arabic)
Merciful Allah! My son! My son!

Naseem fires at the surprised insurgents.

The Humvees slam to a stop. Walters, Fontanez, Jeremiah,
and Goofy jump out of one, the lieutenant and Sergeant Rohana
the other and open fire. Two insurgents fall dead.

LT. HOLBROOK

Down, get down now!

One surviving insurgent throws his hands up. The other,
badly wounded, crawls in agony.

NASEEM'S WIFE

(Arabic)
My son! My son!

Naseem runs into his house -- then a horrific sob.

Walters, Lieutenant Holbrook, Rohana, and Fontanez rush in.

INT. NASEEM'S HOUSE - DAY

Naseem beats his chest, wailing over his son's body.

NASEEM

My son! My son!

His son has been beheaded, and his head placed on his chest. Enraged, Walters storms out of the house.

EXT. NASEEM'S HOUSE - DAY

Walters strides straight to the surviving insurgents. Naseem's wife screams and points to the one standing.

Walters rips out his 9mm pointing it down by his leg. He picks up an AK-47 and flings it to the Insurgent.

Catching it, the insurgent glares at him defiantly.

WALTERS

Do it!...Do it!

Fontanez rushes out.

FONTANEZ

No!

The insurgent yanks the rifle up, but Walters shoots him dead in the head.

He aims at the other insurgent on the ground, but Lieutenant Holbrook runs out of the house blocking the gun.

LT. HOLBROOK

The man is down.

Defiant, Walters refuses to lower his gun.

Sergeant Rohana carefully moves to Walters.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Walters...buddy...don't do that.

Walters lowers his gun.

Naseem exits his home dazed. He sees the dead insurgent and Walters with his gun...Walters has settled the score.

EXT. NASEEM'S VILLAGE - DAY

Standing by a Humvee, the lieutenant stares ahead. Rohana watches him.

LT. HOLBROOK

How old was the kid?

SERGEANT ROHANA

Thirteen.

The lieutenant is shaken.

Rohana digs out his pack, gives him a cigarette, lights it for him. The lieutenant takes a long, deep drag as if cancer would be preferable to the madness.

INT. FOB BABEL - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Disturbed, Captain Badalato questions the lieutenant.

CAPT. BADALATO
The insurgent was armed?

Holbrook hesitates. The captain looks at him pointedly.

LT. HOLBROOK
Yes, he was.

CAPT. BADALATO
He made a hostile move?

LT. HOLBROOK
Yes.

CAPT. BADALATO
Is anyone disputing that?

LT. HOLBROOK
No.

CAPT. BADALATO
There might be an investigation...
The insurgent did the beheading?

LT. HOLBROOK
Naseem's wife pointed him out. They
made her watch.

The captain stares ahead troubled.

CAPT. BADALATO
Walters studied for the ministry.
Is he a Jesus freak?

LT. HOLBROOK
No, sir, he doesn't proselytize,
doesn't talk about it. I've never
seen him with a Bible. He's a top-
notch soldier...sir...my men...they're
witnessing horror like --

CAPT. BADALATO
I know. I know.

CAPT. BADALATO (CONT'D)
 These kids...They should be home
 going to college, dating their
 sweethearts, having a slice of
 pizza...thinking of the future.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Sir, they'll never be kids again.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters and Fontanez clean their rifles.

FONTANEZ
 We were wrong about Dean.

Reluctant to agree, Walters doesn't acknowledge him.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)
 And you're playing with a court
 marshal...you don't even like Dean.
 Let the lawyers at gitmo figure out
 the bad guys from the good.

WALTERS
 The guy who killed Dean's son, which
 one was he?

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

Two men wash Naseem's son's body. Hushed prayers are said.
 And Naseem, with a stoic face, looks on.

The men shroud the body with a white sheet. Naseem's wife
 fights to control her pain. The Muezzin's haunting call to
 prayer is heard.

EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Outside the entrance, Lieutenant Holbrook talks with Sergeant
 Rohana.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Think the chaplain might be interested
 in Walters?

SERGEANT ROHANA
 I've had one or two talks with
 chaplains in my time...it can't hurt.

Holbrook looks at him as if thanking him for his candor.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters lies on his bunk.

FLASHBACK: Muted voices scream. Chilling. A body falls.

He can hear the screams...then a violent impact and knock on the door. His eyes snap open.

WALTERS

Yeah.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

Walters?

WALTERS

Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON (40s, attentive eyes) enters.

Walters is guarded. He knows why the chaplain's there.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

Yes, they asked me to have a talk with you.

WALTERS

Talk?

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

Relax, no sermons, no heaven or hell. I know you studied for the ministry, and you dropped out. Why?

Walters is not in the mood for talk.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON (CONT'D)

If they do a psychiatric evaluation, you could get a medical. If they prosecute, jail or a dishonorable.

WALTERS

They think I'm crazy for doing my job?

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

They think you're stressed like everybody else. How can I help you?

WALTERS

I don't need help. I need satisfaction.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

Try me...please.

Walters refuses to engage him.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON (CONT'D)
Please, I am not the enemy.

Walters ignores him. Adamant, the chaplain waits him out.

WALTERS
...I hear screams...bodies falling.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
The World Trade Center?

WALTERS
Yes.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
We've all been there. Let it go.
That's not your purpose here.

WALTERS
Then what is my purpose here? When
it happened, I knew I could never
turn the other cheek.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
There isn't a bullet or an RPG or
roadside bomb that will destroy you
more savagely than your anger. It'll
carry on in your children and their
children...win the hearts and minds
of the people here, so their kids
don't carry their hatred to their
grandchildren, or it will never end.

WALTERS
I'm not a fucking social worker.
I'm a Soldier, and I enjoy the
retribution. I Look forward to it.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
Look to God for the ans --

WALTERS
Don't do that! Do not do that! I am
through looking to God! And I don't
want to forget...Nadeem's kid was
only thirteen...what is my purpose
here?

The Chaplain's silence is his answer.

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters sits under the tarp snacking. Fontanez, Jeremiah, and Goofy play cards.

Goofy looks up and discovers Doggie watching Walters eat.

GOOFY

Holy s-s-shit, Where've you b-b-been? T-T-Thanks for the heads-up D-D-Doggie. Hey, Walters, He's here f-f-for you. S-say hello.

WALTERS

He's here for food. Don't feed the damn dog.

Walters continues eating but is uncomfortable with Doggie staring at him. Reluctantly, he throws him a morsel when no one is looking.

Doggie eagerly gulps it down.

The guys pretend they're not aware but sneak a peek.

Finished, Doggie stares at Walters again. Walters doesn't appreciate his stares but throws him his last piece. Doggie devours it.

Walters catches the guys grinning amused with him.

EXT. ROAD - HUMVEE 1 - DAY

Dawn. Lieutenant Holbrook peers through his binoculars at a small village in the distance. He pulls out a crude hand-drawn map.

LT. HOLBROOK

Here, the building on the corner directly across from the mosque.

Rohana gives him a wry look.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Next to a mosque.

EXT. 5TH VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Walters and two squads double time down the street. Three Iraqis watch them with curiosity.

At a corner, the lieutenant waves left. They hang a left.

EXT. 5TH VILLAGE - WEAPONS CACHE HOUSE - DAY

They halt at the mosque. The lieutenant points to the house opposite the mosque behind a gated wall.

Sergeant Rohana motions to Walters who heaves into the gate once, twice, it explodes open.

Walters and Regenbogen rush in. Sergeant Rohana points to the wooden door.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Take it down.

Walters kicks it open.

Regenbogen rushes in with his Mossberg 12-gauge shotgun, then two loud blasts.

REGENBOGIN (V.O.)

Clear!

The squad storms into the house screaming.

INT. 5TH VILLAGE - WEAPONS CACHE HOUSE - DAY

The GIs jump over two dead insurgents then swing from room to room with rifles aimed.

Lieutenant Holbrook bursts into a bedroom, tears a floor-rug away exposing a trap door.

LT. HOLBROOK

Hold it. Light.

Walters pulls out a flashlight. Holbrook carefully lifts the door an inch. Walters shines the light in the crack. Holbrook presses his face to the floor trying to get a view into the crack.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)

Easy...looks good, no wires.

He yanks the trap door open revealing a hole filled with guns and ammunition.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)

Bingo.

EXT. 5TH VILLAGE - WEAPONS CACHE HOUSE - DAY

The two squads load the weapons cache onto one of the Humvees Walters and Fontanez stand lookout. Some PEDESTRIANS quickly walk by. Holbrook looks around concerned.

LT. HOLBROOK
...What's wrong with this picture?

SERGEANT ROHANA
Should be busier. Stay sharp,
Rooftops, Windows. Let's go, guys,
hustle, hustle!

Moving down the street, an IRAQI followed by his WIFE, carries his TWO-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

Walters watches them closely. He hears the first thump of an RPG.

WALTERS
Incoming!

The explosion rocks one of the Humvees. Three GIs go down.

A torrent of fire erupts. Insurgents appear from everywhere.

The Iraqi falls on top of his wife and child protecting them, but he's hit. The child wails in pain, blood pouring from her head.

More RPG rounds explode shaking the ground.

Ak-47s chatter, spewing bullets that ricochet off the street, walls, and Humvees with a metallic ping.

Another insurgent unleashes an RPG.

LYONS
The wall! Behind the wall! Lite
'em up! Lite 'em up!

Lyons responds with his M240 belt fed machine gun.

Chewing up everything in its path.

Lieutenant Holbrook is grazed in the leg. He goes down.

LT. HOLBROOK
Fuck!...I'm okay! I'm okay!

He grabs the phone from the RTO.

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)
Braveheart Five! Braveheart Five!
This is Braveheart three-one. We
are engaged with insurgents. Taking
heavy fire. We have three men down
and two civilians! I need a medevac
now, over!

BRAVEHEART FIVE (V.O.)
Braveheart Five. Medevac in the area.
Should be there in ten mikes. Out.

LT. HOLBROOK
Three-one. I copy, out!

Walters dashes for the wall, bullets pinging around him. He yanks out a grenade pin, lobs it over.

The ground shudders. Sulfurous smoke billows upward. Jeremiah crashes through the gate and empties his magazine.

Amid the bedlam, Walters hears the child screaming.

The mother crosses the street as the battle rages around her. She holds out her child to Walters. He's reluctant, but her cries and screaming child break him down. He takes the child, holding it with a protective embrace.

An RPG booms.

It sends Walters to his knee. He shields the child.

Jeremiah covers the woman. Fontanez and Goofy position themselves in front of Jeremiah, firing at anything that moves. Fontanez' M16 jams.

FONTANEZ
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He yanks the bolt back several times. It clears.

Three insurgents rush across a roof top. Lyons unleashes hell with his machine gun, crumbling the masonry facade.

Two insurgents topple over into the street.

An insurgent lets loose an RPG from a window. It booms.

Walters hugs the child closer.

Lyons chews up the window and insurgent.

More insurgents fire from a roof.

Matsumoto and Nowak pick them off. The insurgents reel backwards.

Then as quick as it started, it stops...silence.

LT. HOLBROOK
Cease fire! Cease fire!

They scan the area for movement, but the insurgents have disappeared.

The tack-tack-tack of two medevacs breaks the silence. A soldier marks a clearing with a smoke grenade. The choppers head for it.

Hugging the crying child like a fragile flower, Walters runs to the medevacs. Lieutenant Holbrook beams with pride as Walters loads the child onto the chopper.

Walters watches the choppers lift and vanish into the sky.

He goes over to Lyons sitting on the ground exhausted. Head bowed, his machine-gun smoking... face twitching.

LYONS

You'll make a good daddy.

Walters extends his hand and helps him up.

EXT. FOB BABEL - FEMALE SHOWERS - DAY

Rachel exits the shower stall. She's confronted by Koslov and his sidekick with a grin that doesn't bode well.

KOSLOV

Hello there, San Francisco.

She glowers. Should she kick him in the nuts or just scream?

RACHEL

You're going to embarrass yourself, aren't you?

KOSLOV

Hey, all's fair in love and war, just trying to find a little love, 'cause, the war's killing me.

Amused at his clever repartee.

KOSLOV (CONT'D)

Hey, that's good, get it? The War's killing me... still wanna see what I got?

RACHEL

Your mother would be very proud you're still a virgin.

KOSLOV

Fuck you, Frisco.

Walters appears.

WALTERS

I know people in San Francisco.

KOSLOV

Oh, man, you again, are you trying to hog her all for yourself?

Jeremiah and Fontanez appear sizing up the situation.

JEREMIAH

Hey, a social gathering and we weren't invited, 'Nez.

KOSLOV

Don't tell me you're going to do the black guy?

JEREMIAH

Walters, my man, we have a situation here. We can try to reason with this man and bore the shit outta him about morality, and civil behavior, or we can shoot the motherfucker and save him from a miserable life of bad choices. 'Nez What should I do?

FONTANEZ

Shoot him.

Jeremiah and Fontanez snap a magazine in their M-16s and chamber a round.

KOSLOV

Whoa, whoa, hold on.

Koslov and his Sidekick carefully back away and disappear.

RACHEL

You weren't really going to shoot him?

Jeremiah and Fontanez remove their magazines and chambered round, avoiding her question with a smile and shrug.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JEREMIAH

From now on, you best be going to the shower with some female buddies.

(to Walters)

Everything under control?

WALTERS

Yeah.

They bump knuckles.

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRUCK - NIGHT

Walters and Rachel sit at the back of a truck. They stare at the expanse of black sky punctuated by billions of stars.

RACHEL

Lucky me you were there, huh?

WALTERS

I just happened by.

Of course, she doesn't believe him. Teasing him:

RACHEL

You were stalking me?

WALTERS

I just got out of the weight room.
I saw you walking out of the showers.

RACHEL

Coincidence, huh?

WALTERS

What're you doing here? This is not
a place for you.

RACHEL

What the hell does that mean?

WALTERS

Ugly things happen here.

RACHEL

And the little woman can't handle
it...my boyfriend died here. Marine.
My brother too, 82nd Airborne...all
the people I love seem to disappear.
How could I sit home watching Reality
TV?

WALTERS

We've had a number of rapes on base.

RACHEL

Horny GIs trying to get into my pants
and Arab men wanting to stone me to
death. What's a girl to do?

WALTERS

I'm trying to be serious.

RACHEL

In Baghdad, I volunteered for a Civilian Affairs program interacting with Iraqis and their kids. A simple thing like chocolate, candy, a doll...their faces would turn into a smile that would light up this sky...how could I stay home and not help?

WALTERS

These people can't be helped. They love death.

RACHEL

No. It's not humanly possible to naturally love death.

EXT. 6TH VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

A taxi pulls up to a curb and parks. The IRAQI DRIVER unfolds a newspaper and reads.

After a few moments, he gets out and saunters down the sidewalk still reading his paper.

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Two Humvees come to a stop. Colonel McDowell, Captain Badalato, Lieutenant Holbrook, and Naseem dismount one. Sergeant Rohana and Walters hop out of the other.

They greet Fontanez, Jeremiah, Lyons and Goofy manning a checkpoint with another squad.

Naseem unravels his keffiyeh from his face, looks at it for a moment then flings it into the street.

LT. HOLBROOK

You sure you want to do that?

NASEEM

I do not need it anymore.

LT. HOLBROOK

(into radio)

We're going in. Stay alert.

He looks left and right to the corner guards and waves.

Fontanez waves back.

No one seems to be aware of the taxi parked down the street.

INT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

The Colonel and Sheik Tariq kiss both cheeks.

SHEIK TARIQ
As-Salam Alaikum.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Wa-laikum as-Salam.

SHEIK TARIQ
Please sit.

Tariq fondles his prayer beads. He notices Naseem's bare face.

SHEIK TARIQ (CONT'D)
...Your face is not hidden.

NASEEM
It is Allah's will.

SHEIK TARIQ
Most gracious, most merciful...well
Colonel, to our business.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
How is the recruitment going?

Ahmad pours tea. Walters watches Tariq finger his prayer beads.

SHEIK TARIQ
Many are afraid. They did not think
that you would stand by them, that
you would soon leave. But many more
are prepared to face Al Qaeda.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Excellent...I understand the village
is without electricity, and we offer
what help we can.

SHEIK TARIQ
Praise be to Allah. Yes, we could
use help on that matter, but we
also have other problems. And if it
is not too much of a burden could we
discuss them?

COLONEL MCDOWELL
I would be honored to help in any
way within my power.

SHEIK TARIQ
God willing.

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

At the checkpoint, a line of Iraqi civilians has formed. Lyons, Goofy, and two other GIs check them out for weapons but give the women a cursory look and let them go by.

An elderly IRAQI WOMAN covered in a burka approaches the checkpoint.

INT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheik Tariq personally pours more tea.

SHEIK TARIQ
The boys' school was damaged. It
must be rebuilt and in winter has no
heat. In addition, they need school
supplies: pencils, paper, chalk,
books...and then there is the girls'
school. Of course, there's the matter
of water.

The Colonel doesn't blink but it's a tall order.

SHEIK TARIQ (CONT'D)
I know it is a lot to ask, and that
you must consult with your superiors
but is the task within your power.
Can you do it?

COLONEL MCDOWELL
I've heard that Al Qaeda has vowed
to cut your head off if you proceed
with the girls' school.

SHEIK TARIQ
A minor concern...can you do it?

The Colonel looks at Tariq with admiration.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Damn straight we can do it.

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

The elderly Iraqi woman approaches the checkpoint, passing the civilians waiting their turn.

LYONS
Hey, hold that woman back.

She keeps walking. Soldier #1 and #2 are surprised.

SOLDIER #1
Stop...hey, lady, stop!

The soldier points his rifle at her.

SOLDIER #2
Go back! Stop!

The woman smiles and waves. She reaches within ten yards of them and BLAM!

Fontanez rushes to help.

The Colonel and his men stream out the door. Walters joins Fontanez.

Tariq looks on horrified at the carnage.

Soldier #1 screams. Maimed and mangled civilians and children lie on the street crying, groaning.

SHEIK TARIQ
It is madness...madness.

Goofy, looks in horror at soldier #1 with his arm blown away.

SOLDIER #1
I can't see, my eyes, my eyes!

Lyons helps soldier #1.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
My arm, where's my arm? Please don't
leave it behind.

Lyons looks around, finds the arm and picks it up. For a confused moment, he looks at the mangled, bloody appendage.

LYONS
I got it! I got it!

A LONE MUFFLED SHOT.

Soldier #2 goes down.

WALTERS

Sniper!

The taxi driver from earlier jumps into the cab, turns the key but the motor won't start.

Desperate, he grinds and grinds the motor.

Walters hears the grinding, sees the driver and breaks into a run for the taxi.

TAXI DRIVER

They are coming!

- He jumps out and runs away.
- The trunk pops open. The sniper jumps out.
- Walters fires.
- Grazing the sniper's hand.
- The sniper stumbles then bursts into a run.
- Walters reaches the taxi.
- Sees the Iraqi sniper dash into an alley.
- And takes off after him.

EXT./INT. 6TH VILLAGE - ALLEY - DAY

- Walters rushes into the alley.
- And follows a trail of blood to a door.
- He kicks it in and rushes into --

THE HOUSE

- Follows the blood up a flight of stairs.
- Kicks in another door.
- Follows the blood to an open window.
- Jumps out onto a roof below.
- And drops into an --

ALLEY

- He follows the blood trail.

- Zigzags through a maze of alleys.
- Coming to a sudden stop at a door slightly ajar.

He stares at the door, carefully pushes it with his rifle. It slowly opens revealing an IRAQI MAN and his WIFE staring at Walters, dread in their eyes.

Walters motions to them to move aside. The man, horrified, nods no trying to tell Walters something. Walters notices several children's toys on the floor but no child.

WALTERS
Can you understand me?

IRAQI FATHER
little.

WALTERS
Where is your child?

The father motions to the second floor with his eyes and holds his hand like a pistol to his head.

Walters understands but frustrated agonizes over what to do. He pulls the Ace of Spades from his helmet and holds it out.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Tell him about this. Tell him a
Soldier does not hide behind woman
and children. Tell him I will find
and kill him.

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Smoke, Death, Civilians wailing, Soldiers dazed. Walters approaches Tariq's house. Another medevac comes to a stop.

Goofy comforts Soldier #1. Lyons holds the mangled arm.

COLONEL MCDOWELL
Get those wounded civilians in the
trucks!

The GIs help the wounded into the medevac.

SOLDIER #1
My arm, give me my arm.

Lyons places the mangled arm on his chest.

Goofy falls down on one knee loosing it.

Lyons tries to clean the blood and particles of flesh off his breast armor. His cheek twitches. He catches Walters' eyes. Madness.

INT. FOB BABEL - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Walters and Fontanez exercise with bar bells. Regenbogin, Matsumoto, Nowak and Jeremiah sit and watch.

Lyons sharpens his knife on a stone, the rasping of the blade underscoring the moment.

Goofy is in a somber mood.

GOOFY

That g-g-guy was lucky.

FONTANEZ

He's missing an arm for Christ's sake and probably blind. Lucky?

REGENBOGIN

My first tour I saw a guy with both his legs blown off. He still had his arms though.

GOOFY

W-W-What about his hands?

REGENBOGIN

Oh, yeah, he still had hands, arms but no legs.

GOOFY

What about his b-balls, did he have any b-b-balls left? I'd rather lose my legs - well, one leg.

REGENBOGIN

What about your dick?

GOOFY

W-W-Well, I guess if I still had my b-balls I'd still have my d-d-dick. I'd rather give up a leg for my b-balls and d-dick.

Matsumoto and Nowak can't believe what they are hearing.

JEREMIAH

What're you gonna do, hop around to get into the valley of milk and honey?

Walters stares ahead listening to the absurdity.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

No chick's gonna go near you with a hairy stump.

GOOFY

But if I still had a d-d-dick and hands, I could always j-j-jerk off.

JEREMIAH

Oh, man, you are one sick motherfucker.

GOOFY

Whatta you want? A man isn't a man without his d-d-dick?

FONTANEZ

What if you lose your arms and legs?

GOOFY

Now you're c-c-complicating things. Okay, I'm n-n-not anxious to lose anything, b-but if I had to lose something let it be a leg b-but not my b-balls or my d-dick or my arms or my hands. What about you, Lyons, what w-w-would you rather lose?

LYONS

...My mind.

Walters gives him a curious look.

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walter exits his trailer, stops for a puzzled moment then heads back. He knocks on Lyons' trailer door.

LYONS (O.S.)

Yeah?

Walters peeks in. Lyons cleans his rifle.

LYONS

Hey.

WALTERS

I'm going to mess hall, let's get some chow.

LYONS

We kick ass like nobody else then we leave. But the bad guys come back.

LYONS (CONT'D)

We return, kick ass some more and
leave again then the bad guys come
back again, on and on and on.

WALTERS

C'mon, let's see what's on the menu.

LYONS

I'm not hungry...I'll see you later.

Walters continues to the mess hall, but something compels
him to run back --

A LOUD GUN BLAST.

He flings the door open and finds --

Lyons, the back of his head blown out, the wall behind him
splattered with blood and brains.

EXT. FOB BABEL - LANDING PAD - DAY

Somber, the squad looks on. Walters and Fontanez carry a
black body bag and hoist it onto a medevac helicopter.

The medevac lifts. Walters stares with a solemn gaze. The
medevac slowly disappears into the sky -- another angel on
its journey to peaceful pastures.

EXT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - NIGHT

By his trailer, looking tired, Lieutenant Holbrook takes a
long deep drag of his cigarette.

Sergeant Rohana goes over to him.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Sir.

LT. HOLBROOK

Lyons was only twenty.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Nineteen.

The lieutenant is embarrassed with his error.

LT. HOLBROOK

...You know...if you could just make
the mangled steel and charred bodies
disappear it truly is a beautiful
land.

SERGEANT ROHANA

My father died in Viet Nam. My grandfather did World War Two and Korea...we know a lot about mangled steel and charred bodies.

Both men search the desert looking for an answer.

LT. HOLBROOK

When I'm not killing bad guys, I teach history...if only I could find the answer in everything I know...

SERGEANT ROHANA

Thousand of years and Cain is still slaying Abel...I don't know what we can do.

EXT. FOB BABEL - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Fontanez and Goofy play a game with some GIs while Walters, Regenbogin, Jeremiah, and Naseem watch from the sidelines. Walters notices --

Some GIs give Doggie food and play with him.

JEREMIAH

Hey, Walters, they're hijacking your dog.

WALTERS

He's not my dog.

Amazed, Naseem watches the GIs rollick with Doggie.

NASEEM

Why do they play with dog like that? Dogs are unclean animals.

JEREMIAH

Dean, my man, cock roaches're unclean. Rats're unclean, flies're unclean -- they eat doo-doo. Politicians're unclean, but dogs are definitely not unclean. They're man's best friend.

A dog doesn't care what religion you are, what color you are or how much money you make. He's gonna love you no matter what. All you gotta do is treat 'em right and give them a little love, food, and water. That's all.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

See, you guys're missing two of the most valuable things in life, the love of a dog and the genius of a woman. That's fifty percent of your wealth right there.

Now some guy will choose a dog over a woman, but that's his loss 'cause now he's only operating at twenty-five percent capacity. You can't operate that way and keep up with the rest of the world. You'll be left behind. Know what I'm sayin'?

Naseem stares at him confused.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Let me ask you Dean, you tired of this war?

NASEEM

Yes.

JEREMIAH

Well, I could end this war tomorrow. Just drop a dime on you and call PETA. Let them know how you treat your dogs. Now you don't want that 'cause if you think GIs are rough you don't want to face an American animal rights activist. Uh, uh. No way...dogs are people too.

Walters stares at the GIs having fun with Doggie.

EXT. BOYS' SCHOOL - DAY

Two trucks pull up followed by two Humvees. The GIs dismount and unload boxes of school supplies.

Cheering, an IRAQI TEACHER and some STUDENTS exit the school. Fontanez gives a book and some pencils to a kid who yells with glee.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

GIs and IRAQI HOSPITAL WORKERS unload trucks of medical supplies. Walters unloads a wheelchair.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Walters carries the wheelchair into a room and sets it down next to several other wheelchairs.

An IRAQI DOCTOR looks around in amazement at the medical supplies stacked high.

IRAQI DOCTOR

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

He embraces him, but Walters feigns a smile. The doctor probes Walters' eyes as if wanting to know who this man is with the power to take life or offer hope.

EXT. 7TH VILLAGE - DAY

GIS climb a telephone pole and string electrical cable to the delight of the locals.

EXT. GIRL SCHOOL - DAY

GIS saw, hammer, and repair the building while young grade-school girls look on with giggles and smiles.

Fontanez gives a GIRL a book and some candy. Her face lights up with glee.

Walters is not amused. A BOY gives him an expectant smile.

FONTANEZ

Hey, Scrooge, lighten up.

Fontanez plops a bag of candy in his hand.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

Walters is immobile, so Fontanez grabs his arm and thrusts it out for him. The boy giggles. His face lights up. He takes the candy and runs away.

SCHOOL BOY

Dank yo!

FONTANEZ

Hey, dude, you gotta control your excitement.

Walters glares at him.

Fontanez notices something.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

We have company.

There, in the distance, is Doggie watching him.

EXT. BOYS' SCHOOL - DAY

The kids paint on white poster board. An array of themes emerge. A TEACHER walks around with a smiling Captain Badalato. GIs intermingle with the kids.

Walters stops at one poster. The KID paints the American and Iraqi flags side by side.

The kid looks up at him with an infectious grin. Walters doesn't smile...but the kid is really cute.

Other young Iraqi kids approach the GIs.

IRAQI KID #1

Chocolate! Chocolate!

They laugh trying to engage the GIs who are all too eager for a diversion from war.

IRAQI KID #2

GI, Angelina Jolie! Me love Angelina Jolie!

The kids makes a suggestive twirl with his hips.

FONTANEZ

Yeah, I love her too, homey. I'll share my candy with you but not my Angelina. No way.

Fontanez gives them candy. They squeal with delight.

Two KIDS, 10 or 11 years old, gather around Walters for candy, but he gives them a humorless stare...

Fontanez hands them his candy. They scoot away giggling.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

Amazing, you have a way with kids.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Fontanez and Regenbogin toss a frisbee with Doggie, who has become quite chummy with the GIs. Walters and Jeremiah watch.

A group of KIDS on the sidelines laugh and cheer every time Doggie leaps up and snatches the Frisbee.

Not being able to contain himself any longer, one of the KIDS runs and grabs the frisbee and tosses it. Then --

An ANGRY IRAQI yells at the kid. The frightened kid drops the Frisbee and stares at the man.

Doggie angrily barks at the Iraqi.

Walters picks up the Frisbee, walks over to the Iraqi and with barely controlled rage glares at him.

Doggie adds his own unfriendly glare and growl. Unsettled, the Iraqi leaves.

Walters hands the frisbee to the kid who gives him the most beautiful smile.

For the first time, Walters smiles at Doggie.

INT. FOB BABEL - LIEUTENANT HOLBROOK'S TRAILER - DAY

Lieutenant Holbrook scribbles in a note book while Naseem gives him an Arabic lesson.

NASEEM

How are you? -- Kaifa haloka.

LT. HOLBROOK

Kaifa haloka -- How are you?

NASEEM

Good morning -- Sabah el kheer.

LT. HOLBROOK

Sabah el kheer -- Good morning.

NASEEM

Come with me. To a man -- Ta'ala.
To a woman -- ma'ee.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

Uneasy, Musaid passes through the gate. He stops a soldier, asks a question. The soldier points to a trailer.

INT. FOB BABEL - LIEUTENANT HOLBROOK'S TRAILER - DAY

Holbrook writes in his pad.

NASEEM

This one is very important. As-salamu
alaikum -- peace be upon you.

LT. HOLBROOK
 As-salamu alaikum -- peace be upon
 you.

A knock on the door. Holbrook opens it. Musaid stares at Naseem, afraid to say it...but Naseem knows something's wrong.

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S VILLAGE - DAY

Naseem and Musaid hop out of the car. Holbrook, Walters, Fontanez, Regenbogin, Goofy and Jeremiah dismount. A VILLAGE MALE approaches Naseem and spits at him.

VILLAGE MALE
 (Arabic)
 You did this!

Naseem and Musaid hurry to a ditch where Naseem's sister sobs. They discover a macabre scene:

A woman and child, hands tied behind their backs, shot execution style.

Naseem gapes at the bodies in shock.

Goofy is shaken.

NASEEM
 (Arabic)
 Where is your husband?

NASEEM'S SISTER
 (Arabic)
 At his father's village.

NASEEM
 She was a cousin. Why?

The Village Male glares at him and produces a paper.

VILLAGE MALE
 They were not sufficiently Muslim,
 but it is really a warning to you.
 (reading)
 "Naseem, your wife will be next if
 you continue to collaborate with the
 satanic Americans."

NASEEM
 My wife, I must go to her. Please,
 protect my sister. Musaid.

They both jump into Musaid's car and zoom off.

Walters, immobilized, can't look away from the bodies.

Goofy loses it.

GOOFY
Motherfucker!

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S VILLAGE - DAY

Goofy sits up against a Humvee. A tired, blank stare. Madness.

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S VILLAGE - NIGHT

Outside by their Humvee Walters, Fontanez, and Jeremiah hear a commotion coming from Naseem's sister's house.

FONTANEZ
...That's Goofy.

INT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hearing Goofy, Walters, Fontanez, and Jeremiah storm in surprising Goofy struggling with Naseem's young niece. Koslov grabs his gun. A chair is under the handle of a door. On the other side the girl's mother screams and bangs on it.

GOOFY
G-Get outta here!

FONTANEZ
Are you crazy? That's Dean's niece.

Goofy draws his 9mm, and shoves it to the girl's temple.

GOOFY
J-Just walk away t-this ain't none of your b-b-business. J-Just walk away.

FONTANEZ
Let her go. It's not right.

GOOFY
R-Right? Is it r-right I have to be humpin' around in t-t-this fucking wasteland, 120 degree heat, g-getting my ass shot when t-t-these people don't even want me here?

FONTANEZ
Be cool, settle down --

GOOFY

Fuck you! I g-g-gotta secure their right to vote, but I'm g-gonna go home in a b-b-bag after they mutilate my b-body, and you tell me it ain't right. I don't c-care about their right to vote. I don't give a d-damn about t-t-their oil. I want to g-g-go home. B-B-But right now, this minute all I want is to g-get laid and f-f-feel human again...j-j-just walk away.

Jeremiah, finger on the trigger, sizes up the situation. Fontanez looks at Walters for help.

WALTERS

It's none of our business.

FONTANEZ

But it's not right.

Walters heads for the exit door.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)

Walters, it's not right -- Walters?

Walters stops at the door for an agonizing, conflicted moment. He turns around staring at Goofy.

GOOFY

I'll b-blow her away. I swear.

Koslov fingers his trigger.

JEREMIAH

(to Koslov)

You won't get out of here alive.

Walters slowly walks to the door glaring at Koslov. Koslov backs away. Walters removes the chair. The girl's mother and two children rush out but freeze when they see the gun to the daughter's head.

WALTERS

(to Goofy)

You want her? Do it. In front of her mother...do it.

For a tense moment, they all stare at each other, a powder keg ready to explode.

Ashamed, Goofy lowers the gun. The girl runs to her parents.

Goofy breaks down.

GOOFY

I want to g-g-go home...I want to g-g-go home.

Jeremiah carefully takes Goofy's gun, removes the magazine and puts it back in his holster. He embraces goofy.

FONTANEZ

This goes to the grave with us.

EXT. NASEEM'S SISTER'S VILLAGE - DAY

Next morning, Walters and the squad prepare to leave.

Naseem talks with his sister. She points to Walters.

Naseem is mystified... strange Americans.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

The muted sound of screams.

Walters stares ahead strangely. Chaplain Samson looks on.

WALTERS

I was about to leave for class...it came on the TV...people running, confused, scared, bodies falling. I felt violated, even though I lived thousands of miles away...I dropped out of school...I didn't know what I could do, but I knew I just couldn't go back and pretend nothing happened...I wanted to kill.

The Chaplain looks away remembering.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

I know that anger.

WALTERS

Do you?...I can kill and not blink an eye. Not even lose sleep like a contract killer, and it feels good. It feels good in every fiber of my body.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

I refuse to believe that.

WALTERS

Then you believe in a lie.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

The sound of Christmas permeates the air. Voices in the b.g. sing, "We Wish You a Merry Christmas."

Jeremiah and Fontanez are about to leave the trailer. Walters cleans his rifle. Regenbogin reads Maxim's magazine.

JEREMIAH
let's go, guys, before the food is gone.

FONTANEZ
You going?

WALTERS
Later.

They exit leaving Walters and Regenbogin behind.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Inside male and female soldiers celebrate Christmas. Several soldiers sing, "Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

The Chaplain sees Jeremiah and goes over to him.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
Where's Walters?

JEREMIAH
He's still in the trailer.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
Is he coming?

JEREMIAH
I guess.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters finishes with his rifle. A knock.

WALTERS
Yeah?

The Chaplain swings the door open. Regenbogin hides the naughty magazine.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON
It's a great party.

WALTERS
I'll be there later.

The Chaplain doesn't believe him.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

You want to sulk, wallow in it?
That's your prerogative but please
not tonight, tonight is not about
you. Tonight is a night of profound
happiness.

(to Regenbogin)

What about you?

REGENBOGIN

Chaplain, sorry but I don't do
Christmas.

CHAPLAIN SAMSON

Christmas is for everybody with peace
in their heart.

(to Walters)

If he refuses, drag him out.

The Chaplain exits. The two look at each other amused.

REGENBOGIN

...Should I wear a yarmulke?

INT./EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Soldiers sing, "Jingle Bells." The Chaplain brings out drinks
and cookies for the guards. He smiles when he sees Walters
and Regenbogin.

Walters and Regenbogin help themselves to food and drink.
Regenbogin joins in the singing.

Rachel walks in and also joins in.

SANTA walks around and offers his bag to the soldiers. They
reach in and pull out a gift.

Regenbogin reaches into the bag.

REGENBOGIN

There better be a dreidel in here.

Walters pulls out his gift.

In a corner by himself, Naseem looks on with interest at
these fearsome warriors--

Whites, Blacks, Hispanics, Asians of all religions or none
at all, indulging in laughter and camaraderie.

He sees Walters, goes over to him, pulls out a small present and holds it out.

NASEEM
Merry Christmas.

Surprised, Walters hesitates then takes the present.

Walters offers him his own present, the one he pulled out of the grab bag.

WALTERS
Happy...Ramadan.

Naseem hesitates then takes it tapping his heart.

Rachel joins Walters and gives him a DVD of "It's a Wonderful Life."

RACHEL
Merry Christmas. We'll watch it together sometime.

WALTERS
Merry Christmas.

A SOLDIER sings, "Silent Night."

A hush befalls the mess hall. Walters is moved. It would be hard to believe were it not for the array of guns and uniforms that outside is a killing field.

Rachel joins in, singing sweetly. Walters takes note she has the most beautiful smile.

EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - NIGHT

Nat King Cole sings, "Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire."

In the back of the mess hall, lit by moon-light, Walters and Rachel kiss...she sees something.

RACHEL
Who is this?

WALTERS
Meet Doggie.

Curious, Doggie watches them. Walters pulls cookies from his pocket and feeds him. Doggie gobbles them down...a fine Christmas, indeed.

EXT. POLLING STATION - DAY

A long, endless, line of Iraqis snakes down the road: Fathers, mothers and their children, the young, and the old inching along for their chance to vote, under the watchful eyes of Iraqi and American soldiers.

Walters, Jeremiah, Goofy, Fontanez, and Regenbogin stand guard.

FONTANEZ

Look at this.

WALTERS

It's not in their DNA. It won't work, not in a thousand years.

JEREMIAH

What's your hurry?

A WOMAN, dressed in black, passes Walters. She smiles with pride and points her purple stained finger at him. She's voted for the first time in her life.

An IRAQI MAN shows his stained finger.

IRAQI VOTER

This is our revenge!

A SMILING IRAQI MAN inches along in a wheelchair. Regenbogin looks at the old man, amazed.

REGENBOGIN

...I didn't even vote at the last election back home...

A LITTLE GIRL waves the Iraqi flag at Walters. Fontanez is amused. Walters is stone faced.

EXT. POLLING STATION - DAY

An IRAQI SENIOR, in his dishdasha, (traditional men's long grey robe) steps out of line calling to his grandson when a GUN SHOT RINGS OUT. He stumbles, blood flowing from his face.

GIs and Iraqi soldiers train the guns in the direction it came from. The voters barely react and keep moving.

Walters, Captain Badalato, and Lieutenant Holbrook rush to the wounded man. Walters looks for the sniper.

CAPT. BADALATO

Get him to the Medic.

Oblivious to the command, Walters scans the buildings.

LT. HOLBROOK

Walters!

Walters hustles the wounded man to the Medical Station where a MEDIC tends to his wound.

WOUNDED VOTER

Okay, Okay...me vote...me vote.

MEDIC

Lousy shot, this is one lucky sonovabitch.

WOUNDED VOTER

Me vote. Vote.

The Medic patches him up. Walters escorts the man back to his spot in line.

WALTERS

Okay?

WOUNDED VOTER

OK. OK. Me vote. Me vote. Tank yo, tank yo. Shukran, shukran.

The Iraqi taps his heart, and with an affirmative nod, Walters acknowledges the very brave man.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Regenbogin reads the Stars and Stripes newspaper.

REGENBOGIN

On January 30, over eight million Iraqis out of fourteen million eligible to vote for the National Assembly, waited patiently on-line for their turn in the first democratic election in fifty years, defying threats of violence by Al Qaeda.

Out of two hundred seventy five assembly members, twenty-five percent of the government seats were reserved for women.

In trying to secure Iraq for voting day, to date over one thousand four Hundred American soldiers have lost their lives.

GOOFY
...F-F-fourteen hundred...

WALTERS
Nobody wants the job.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

Naseem passes through the gate. He Hurries to Lieutenant Holbrook's trailer and bangs on the door.

NASEEM
Boss, it is Naseem! Naseem!

The lieutenant opens the door.

NASEEM (CONT'D)
Boss! Boss! They took Sheik Tariq!
Sheik Tariq!

EXT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Several Humvees swerve around a corner and abruptly stop. Colonel McDowel, Captain Badalato, Holbrook, and his men spill out of the vehicles.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Rooftops, Stay alert!

Sergeant Rohana leads the three officers into the house.

INT. SHEIK TARIQ'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheik Tariq's son, Ahmad, sits on the couch sobbing. Furniture is strewn about -- sign of a struggle.

AHMAD
I swear. I will make a pact with
the devil and burn all of Iraq until
my father is avenged.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters lies in his bunk agitated.

FLASHBACK

He hears the faint sounds of screams and an image of a body falling, falling. Then --

A DEAFENING BLAST. (BACK TO PRESENT)

He bolts up, grabs his rifle and runs outside.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

"CODE RED, CODE RED, CODE RED IS, IN EFFECT," Booms Over the P.A. system.

Soldiers pour out of their trailers. Another blast shakes the ground. Flames and smoke shoot up from the mess hall. Walters takes off and rushes in.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Smoke envelops the building. Walters pulls out moaning, wounded soldiers under piles of tables and chairs.

Rachel is pinned under a table bleeding from her head. He lifts the table off.

WALTERS

Are you hit?

RACHEL

I don't think so.

A wounded GI groans in pain.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

C'mon.

They lift the table off of him. Rachel's surprised. It's Koslov clasping a cell phone in his hand. Next to him, his dazed sidekick struggles to get up.

They carry Koslov out of the mess hall. Another mortar round explodes.

EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

They set Koslov down outside the building.

RACHEL

Medic! Medic!

KOSLOV

I can't...feel my legs.

RACHEL

Hang in there, a Medic's coming.

KOSLOV

My legs...I was a running back...in school.

He realizes it's Rachel.

KOSLOV (CONT'D)

Oh God, don't let my mom find out.

Rachel embraces him.

RACHEL

Medic!

EXT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Walters and Rachel carry the last body and set it down.

A Medic goes down the line checking the bodies. Koslov's Sidekick stares at Koslov's still body.

DAZED GI

...He was calling his Mom.

Walters watches a soldier zip up a black body bag, an act of finality. He scans the carnage.

Walters nods to Rachel...well done.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Walters lies on his cot, petting a very satisfied Doggie. Fontanez, Regenbogin, and Jeremiah clean their gear.

REGENBOGIN

So Moses is standing on the mountain holding two tablets with the twenty commandments. I know, but there were really twenty. He's a little unsteady because of the steep slope and rocks and shouts: my people, the Lord has given us these twenty commandments - he suddenly slips, drops a tablet, shatters into a million pieces. He looks around, shrugs and continues - he's given us these Ten Commandments...

He looks for a reaction. Silence. He giggles at his own joke.

REGENBOGIN (CONT'D)

C'mon, twenty commandments, two tablets. He slips then ten.

Jeremiah walks in pulling up his zipper.

JEREMIAH

Ooweeee. Damn heat. I'm taking a piss, I swear it evaporates mid-air.

FONTANEZ

Hope you didn't piss outside our
chew again.

JEREMIAH

A hundred and ten out there, no wonder
hajis are always pissed off.

REGENBOGIN

It wasn't always that way. This is
the cradle of civilization -- Ancient
Mesopotamia. The Garden of Eden used
to be around here.

JEREMIAH

No way, Eden was a beautiful place --
green, friendly animals, flowers,
trees, tasty fruit.

REGENBOGIN

We could've done without the fruit.

JEREMIAH

Where're the trees?

REGENBOGIN

That's the point doofus. It's a
wasteland out there because we
couldn't follow one rule. We gonna
follow ten? If you did the right
thing, you got Paradise, you didn't,
you got bupkis. That's our reward.

FONTANEZ

Wait a sec, how could the Garden of
Eden be here? It was a Paradise.

REGENBOGIN

Okay, the Bible doesn't specifically
give grid coordinates, but it mentions
the Tigres and the Euphrates not far
from here.

FONTANEZ

God would have put it in a heavenly
place. We're talking God here. He
can do anything. If he could send
the messiah, he could put Eden in a
fabulous place.

REGENBOGIN

You're reading the Catholic Bible.

FONTANEZ

Hey.

REGENBOGIN

What?

FONTANEZ

You sayin' Catholics are wrong?

REGENBOGIN

C'mon, the guy was not the Messiah.
I know the story well.

FONTANEZ

Well, this is what I know, you guys
rejected him. That's your reward.

REGENBOGIN

You guys?...you know what? Fuck you.

FONTANEZ

No, fuck you.

They both jump up ready to go at each other.

WALTERS

Sit down!... our reward is
slaughtering each other for eternity.

Embarrassed, Regenbogin and Fontanez reconsider. They bump
knuckles and sit back down.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Humvees stop three hundred yards outside a village.
Lieutenant Holbrook peers through binoculars.

He sees a black-clad mujahideen by the entrance of a house.

LT. HOLBROOK

(on radio)

I got eyes on a haji guard outside a
house. Something's happening in
there. I'll take the first squad,
go in the front. Sergeant, you go
around the back with the second.
I'll give you two mikes.

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)

Roger that.

EXT. 8TH VILLAGE - DAY

Rohana and the 2nd squad sneak to the rear of the house.

The lieutenant arrives within a hundred yards of the guard.

LT. HOLBROOK
 (to Matsumoto)
 Can you take him?

MATSUMOTO
 Piece of cake.

Matsumoto adjusts his sights, takes aim and squeezes the trigger. The guard slumps to the ground.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Let's go.

The squad takes off for the house. A Mujahid rushes out, sees his dead comrade and fires at the advancing GIs.

The squad returns fire. The Mujahid scrambles back in.

Three mujahideen burst out of the back door. Rohana's squad fires killing them all.

INT. 8TH VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

Lieutenant Holbrook and his men rush into the house through the front, shocked to find --

A WAILING WOMAN over the bodies of three shirtless, beheaded men. Two young children cling to her.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Rohana!

SERGEANT ROHANA (O.S.)
 Yeah!

LT. HOLBROOK
 Clear!

Sergeant Rohana rushes in. Naseem joins them.

LT. HOLBROOK
 (to Naseem)
 Find out why.

NASEEM
 (Arabic)
 Why were these men murdered?

WAILING WOMEN
 (Arabic)
 Allah, merciful Allah! They
 volunteered to become Iraqi policemen.
 Merciful Allah! My husband just
 wanted to feed his family!

Walters sees their mouths have been taped, hands bound, their bodies bloody with cuts, bruises, and holes.

Nearby, he notices an electric drill with a bloody bit.

LT. HOLBROOK

Get the woman and kids out of here.

Matsumoto pulls the woman and kids outside. Walters discovers a laptop computer and a digital camcorder nearby. He clicks the computer on.

On screen, black-clad mujahideen, faces hidden by ski masks surround their victims. One reads in Arabic the sentence imposed by the makeshift Islamic Court.

The insurgent presses a knife to the prisoner's neck.

The victim screams. The GIs watch in horror. Sickened, Naseem turns away. Walters grabs him, forcing him to look.

WALTERS

Don't turn away!

The horrific blood-curdling screams continue. Then --

An eerie macabre silence. Holbrook turns the laptop off.

The men have witnessed a horror they will never, ever be able to speak of: at work, at college, on a date with their girlfriends, or while having a pizza.

EXT. 8TH VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

Walters rushes out grabbing his bayonet. With a wild look in his eyes, he thrusts the bayonet into the donkey cart over and over and over.

Naseem staggers out of the house, dazed.

NASEEM

This is not Islam...this is not Islam.

INSIDE HOUSE

Lieutenant Holbrook watches Walters through the window.

LT. HOLBROOK

(to Rohana)

Gather up all the village.

EXT. 8TH VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

A line of village people file into the house.

INT. 8TH VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

Inside, shocked villagers shuffle past the bloody tortured bodies.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

As it moves Walters, Fontanez, Jeremiah, and Goofy stare in mute silence. No one dares to speak. No one can.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

The Humvees pass the gate. Doggie watches them.

The men dismount. Doggie trots over to Walters.

WALTERS

Get away from me.

Walters rips his belt out, swings at Doggie catching him on the snout. Doggie yelps and whimpers. Walters swings and hits him again. Doggie bears his fangs.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Najis! Najis! Najis!

He swings the belt wildly. Fontanez grabs him.

Doggie runs off.

FONTANEZ

Leave the dog alone.

Walters swings and catches Fontanez on the jaw.

WALTERS

You have a soft spot for Ragheads.

FONTANEZ

It's only a dog.

WALTERS

You kin or something? Fontanez?

FONTANEZ

What?...what the hell is that?

WALTERS

Fuck off.

FONTANEZ

What the hell do you mean?

WALTERS

Get away from me.

FONTANEZ

No, I want to know what your fucking smart ass means?

WALTERS

Do you know who the enemy is? I guess after their eight hundred year visit to your mother country you have trouble knowing.

FONTANEZ

You asshole, I'm from Pennsylvania. The Phillies. The Steelers.

WALTERS

But you don't know who the bad guys are.

FONTANEZ

You're becoming the bad guy! You!

Walters looks at him stunned.

INT. FOB BABEL - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Colonel McDowell, Captain Badalato, Lieutenant Holbrook, an executive officer, and Sergeant Rohana huddle around a map. McDowell points to a spot.

COLONEL MCDOWELL

Here. Predators picked up movement from black clads. Some SUVs pulled up and took someone out of a truck with a hood over his head. Intel says it's a very high probability it's Sheik Tariq. The presence of mujahideen supports it.

CAPT. BADALATO

That's about seventy miles.

COLONEL MCDOWELL

We need to go take a look.

CAPT. BADALATO

My men have just come back from the field. They could use a rest.

COLONEL MCDOWELL

"A" and Charley company are committed elsewhere.

COLONEL MCDOWELL (CONT'D)
I know I'm asking a lot, but I need
you to send your best platoon up
there ASAP. Gentlemen, I want Sheik
Tariq back.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

On his bunk, Fontanez reads the Bible. Taped on the wall
above him is an array of nudes. He notices Walters looking
at his bible.

FONTANEZ
Looking for the Garden of Eden...I'm
not really religious, but you never
know. Would you like to read it?

WALTERS
I already have.

INT. FOB BABEL - MESS HALL - DAY

Sergeant Rohana heads straight for a table with the 1st squad
eating. Naseem eats with them.

SERGEANT ROHANA
We saddle up at eighteen hundred
hours.

The men groan at the news.

JEREMIAH
Can I finish my chicken parmesan?

REGENBOGIN
Shit, we just got back.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Yeah, life's a bitch then you die.
Load up extra ammo, MREs and two
canteens of water per man. Pass it.

WALTERS
What're we doing?

SERGEANT ROHANA
They may have spotted Sheik Tariq.
We're gonna go get him.

NASEEM
Inshalla, if God wills it.

Walters is troubled with his statement.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

Walters heads back to his trailer.

He sees Naseem getting up, finished with his prayers...eyes meet.

NASEEM
I pray for Sheik Tariq.

WALTERS
He's a Sunni.

NASEEM
He is an Iraqi. The bloodshed must stop.

They regard each other.

WALTERS
Inshalla. If it is God's will.

INT. FOB BABEL - TRAILER - DAY

Troubled, Walters sits on his bunk, head buried in his hands. He searches in his trunk for something well hidden.

He pulls a bible out, leafs through it, stops at a page and reads...conflicted, he closes it.

EXT. FOB BABEL - DAY

A line of Humvees and soldiers prepare for battle.

Walters is about to mount up when Doggie appears. He senses something is going on and moves to Walter's Humvee.

WALTERS
Get! Get! Get out of here!

But, Doggie thinks he's playing until Walters picks up a rock and flings it at him. Doggie whimpers with pain. Confused, he scoots away. Fontanez looks at him with disapproval.

Rachel stops a distance from the Humvees. She waves at Walters. He goes to her.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
When I get back we'll watch that movie.

RACHEL
Deal.

They look at each other as if something has been left unspoken.

Walters hops onto the Humvee. Rachel waves. So does he. The radio crackles.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)

Move it out.

The Humvees move. They approach the gate. A sign reads: "DEADLY FORCE IN EFFECT LOAD WEAPONS."

LT. HOLBROOK (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, lock and load.

The men snap magazines into their rifles and chamber a round.

The Humvees pass through the gate.

EXT. FOB BABEL - OUTSIDE COMPOUND - DAY

A car stops. Ahmad jumps out and waves at the Humvees. Naseem waves back.

Ahmad approaches him. For a brief moment, the Shia and Sunni regard each other. Their differences don't seem to matter. They nod in agreement and embrace.

AHMAD

As-salam alaikum.

NASEEM

Wa-laikum as-Salam.

The Humvees continue.

Doggie barks and chases after them, but the Humvees pick up speed, and he falls farther behind. Confused, he stops and stares at the vehicles swallowed up by the vast desert.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

It trundles down the road, Fontanez at the wheel. Walters looks in the rear-view mirror.

FONTANEZ

That wasn't cool back there.

WALTERS

Mind your own business.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Doggie runs at full gallop disappearing into a sea of sand.

He passes a supply convoy of trucks.

He passes a group of black-clad Women.

He passes a man with his donkey.

He zooms past a line of Stryker vehicles.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Walters gazes at the endless desert. Fontanez needles him.

FONTANEZ

He likes you...why I don't know...You need a friend. He'd make a great pet back home.

WALTERS

And someday it'll snow in hell.

Walters glances in the rear-view mirror.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The Humvees are parked. The men dismounted. Above, the vast black sky with billions of twinkling stars and crescent moon inspire awe. Goofy and Jeremiah take it in.

GOOFY

Sure is p-pretty. You wouldn't know t-t-there was a war goin' on here.

JEREMIAH

Whoa, Goofy's getting poetic on us.

GOOFY

You know, you t-t-think because I s-s-stutter I have no feelings. Well, I have f-feelings too.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, and you have 'em t-t-twice as many times.

GOOFY

You ass hole, you see, t-t-that's how wars are s-s-started.

Goofy's been truly hurt. The guys find it uproariously funny except Walters, who gives Jeremiah a look.

JEREMIAH

I'm just busting his balls.

Walters has his own moment with the moon.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Doggie gallops full speed.

He continues moving but tired his gait is slower.

He slows down to a walk.

Finally, exhausted, he plops down, stares at the crescent moon then lowers his head to rest.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Later. Doggie sleeps, but perks up and stares at the moon studying it. He bursts into a run: running, running, running, determined, possessed, disappearing into the dark.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The following morning the platoon prepares to move out when Fontanez can't believe his eyes.

FONTANEZ

Yo, Walters.

Fifty yards away, Doggie stands bedraggled tired, panting, thirsty, looking like he's been through a war zone.

Walters is not happy to see him...so it seems.

REGENBOGIN

Holy crap, we're talking seventy miles!

The men give a rousing cheer.

FONTANEZ

Doggie. Doggie. C'mere boy. C'mere!

Exhausted, Doggie hobbles over to him wagging his tail. Fontanez gives him water from his canteen. The guys gather around feeding Doggie their MREs spoiling him forever.

But, Walters doesn't join them.

Rohana and Holbrook look on with a smile.

Naseem is amazed. Crazy Americans. Imagine, letting a filthy dog lick your face.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)
Walters!...Walters!

Walters turns his back ignoring him.

FONTANEZ (CONT'D)
You heartless prick. Walters...Fuck you, you hear me? I'm taking him back home with me to the States!

SERGEANT ROHANA
You've got a better chance getting laid by a blond pygmy from Polynesia. Army regulations.

FONTANEZ
Sir?

LT. HOLBROOK
Screw the regulations.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Sergeant Rohana hands Fontanez a rope.

FONTANEZ
I don't want to tie him up.

SERGEANT ROHANA
It may get brutal in there. Put him in my vehicle.

Reluctantly, Fontanez ties Doggie down inside Rohana's Humvee
Walters watches from a distance. Doggie returns the look.

EXT. 9TH VILLAGE - DAY

The wail of Adhan greets the orange-red rising sun.

The silhouette of a minaret appears in the distant village.

INT. 9TH VILLAGE - MINARET - DAY

A shadowy figure sets up a sniper rifle. His left hand's bandaged but it doesn't seem to interfere with his deadly ritual.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The molten sun now floats above the horizon. The Humvees come to a stop a thousand feet from the village.

From Humvee one, Lieutenant Holbrook scans the distant village with binoculars. It's eerily vacant.

LT. HOLBROOK
(into radio)
Peaceful.

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)
Yes, sir, I've got eyes on it.

Lieutenant Holbrook squints at the torturous sun. Already the thermometer reads ninety-five degrees and climbing.

LT. HOLBROOK
(into radio)
How we doing, Sergeant?

SERGEANT ROHANA (V.O.)
Good to go, sir.

LT. HOLBROOK
(into radio)
Safeties off.

Every soldier clicks his safety off.

EXT. HUMVEE 3 - DAY

Rohana and the men dismount their Humvees. Doggie tries to follow but is yanked back by the rope. Fontanez approaches.

FONTANEZ
Stay, boy, stay.

Fontanez lays out MREs then pours water from his canteen into his hand. Doggie laps it up.

Walters feigns ignoring them.

Doggie looks at him. He senses danger.

Goofy stares at the village with apprehension.

GOOFY
I n-n-never apologized t-t-to Dean...

Still on the village, a harsh truth.

GOOFY (CONT'D)

They love death more than life.

WALTERS

Your love of life is your strength.

EXT. 9TH VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Cautious, the men slowly move down the edge, every step a horrific moment. Eyes scan every window, every alley, and rooftop. Lieutenant Holbrook squints, something in the distance.

LT. HOLBROOK

...Oh, God...

The men get closer. They stare in disbelief.

EXT. 9TH VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

SHEIK TARIQ HANGS FROM A POST.

NASEEM

Madness! It is madness! How can you let this happen?!...where are you?! Brothers and sisters, where are you?!

No one appears, not one person.

Naseem falls on his knees sobbing.

Walters climbs the pole, cuts the body down.

EXT. 9TH VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Fontanez and Jeremiah place Tariq's body in a Humvee.

Stunned, the lieutenant looks on in silence.

Walters and the men stare at him waiting for a command.

The lieutenant meets Rohana and Walters' eyes.

LT. HOLBROOK

(a whisper)

Fix bayonets.

SERGEANT ROHANA

Fix bayonets!

They all fix their bayonets.

Walters notices Tariq's prayers beads on the ground. He bends to pick them up when --

A LONE SHOT RINGS OUT.

The lieutenant slumps to the ground writhing in pain.

WALTERS

Sniper!

Men dive for cover.

HUMVEE 3

Doggie perks up, tries to jump out the window but is yanked back by the rope.

THE SQUARE

Regenbogin scans the buildings looking for movement.

INSIDE MINARET

The sniper scoops up his gear.

THE SQUARE

REGENBOGIN

The tower! The tower!

Walters explodes into a run for the minaret.

SERGEANT ROHANA

On the tower!

The men unleash hell on the tower.

Ak-47s hidden behind walls, windows, and rooftops erupt.

An RPG booms sending two GIs into the air.

HUMVEE 3

Doggie jumps for the window again but the rope holds. Angered, he yanks on it.

THE SQUARE

Walters speeds to the minaret shedding his armor.

Bullets kick up dirt around him --

But he keeps going on adrenaline auto pilot going for the kill.

HUMVEE 3

Twisting, turning, Doggie angrily bites the rope.

INSIDE MINARET

Walters explodes through the door surprising the sniper making his get-away. He sees the Ace of Spades on Walters' helmet.

Flings his rifle at Walters, whips out his hand gun, fires once knocking Walters' rifle from him. He pulls the trigger again and again, but it misfires.

A fraction of a second. Murderous glares. The most dangerous thing on Earth: Two men, hatred in their eyes and hearts.

They rush each other with their bare hands.

A savage struggle: Gouging, kicking, punching, a primal barbarous fight to the death.

HUMVEE 3

Enraged, Doggie chews and chews on the rope.

INSIDE MINARET

Walters and the sniper pound each other against the wall, the furniture, grapple on the floor.

The sniper bites Walters' ear. Walters screams and gouges his eyes with his fingers.

The sniper struggles to reach Walters' 9mm.

Walters grabs his hand, bangs him up against the wall repeatedly, savagely, with superhuman strength.

The sniper goes down. Walters holds his M-16 over him, hesitates then sinks the bayonet deep into his chest.

The sniper exhales a low, guttural moan then lies motionless.

Standing over him, a savage look in his eyes, Walters releases a horrible anguished primal scream. He slides down bleeding. He's been hit.

HUMVEE 3

Crazed, Doggie savages the rope.

OUTSIDE MINARET

The battle rages. The ominous black clad mujahideen are everywhere.

Lieutenant Holbrook, bloodied and dazed, unfolds his map then gets on the radio.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Braveheart five, this is Braveheart
 Three Six, over!
 (no answer)
 Braveheart five, this is --

BRAVEHEART FIVE (V.O.)
 Braveheart Five, send, over.

LT. HOLBROOK
 Three Six. We're taking heavy fire
 and casualties. They're all over.
 We are in the kill zone. Repeat, in
 the kill zone. I Need arty now!

INSIDE MINARET

Walters rifles through the sniper's pocket pulling out several aces of spade's cards. But, then --

He discovers a picture of a woman wearing her hijab holding three small children...he stares in disbelief...he knows this face...he pulls the sniper into the light.

It's Naseem's Brother-in-Law.

BRAVEHEART FIVE (V.O.)
 Braveheart five. Three-six, You're
 too far for artillery. I'll try to
 get you some air. Move to channel
 four...
 (the radio crackles)
 Three-six You're on with Forward Air
 Controller Feline Zero Two. Out.

Walters carefully puts the photo back in the sniper's pocket.

FELINE ZERO TWO (V.O.)
 Braveheart three-six, this is Feline
 Zero Two. Over.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)
 Braveheart three-six. Immediate
 suppression. Grid Tango-Whiskey-
 Zero-Zero-One-Niner-One-Six. Danger
 close, I repeat, danger close.
 Engaged with company size hostiles.
 Authentication Alpha Bravo Over!

Outside, gunfire and explosions rage. Walters stumbles to the window. More black-clad mujahideen have materialized out of nowhere.

He picks up his M-16, tries to chamber it but it's been disabled by the sniper's first shot.

FELINE ZERO TWO (V.O.)
 Immediate suppression. Grid Tango-Whiskey-Zero-Zero-One-Niner-One-Six. Danger close. Company size hostiles I authenticate, Fox Trot. Hold on a sec, let me see what's available.

Walters stumbles.

FELINE ZERO TWO (CONT'D)
 Feline Zero Two. I can get you two A-10s in about five Mikes. Mark with smoke, do you copy? Over.

LT. HOLBROOK (V.O.)
 I copy. Roger, out!

FELINE ZERO TWO (V.O.)
 Dig in, one, it's gonna get ugly down there. Roger, out.

Walters checks his wound. Oozing blood. Painful. He pulls out his 9mm and chambers a round.

HUMVEE 3

Doggie maniacally chomps on the rope.

OUTSIDE MINARET

FONTANEZ
 Sir, Walters is still in there.

An RPG explodes. Holbrook and the radio man are thrown over.

SERGEANT ROHANA
 Lieutenant! Lieutenant!

Groaning, he tries to get up but Rohana pulls him down.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
 Medic! Medic!

The Medic crawls to the lieutenant. WHACK! He's hit and falls right on top of the RTO.

SERGEANT ROHANA (CONT'D)
 (to Regenbogin)
 Give me smoke over there!

Regenbogin shoots a grenade. Red phosphorous billows up.

More mujahideen appear. They unleash machine guns and RPG's.
Jeremiah takes them down.

JEREMIAH

They're trying to flank us!

Walters appears outside the building. Dazed, he staggers
to the battle, 9mm in hand.

FONTANEZ

Walters!

WHACK! WHACK! Two rounds pound Fontanez. He drops to his
knees with a surprised look and plops over dead.

Walters fires picking off mujahideen. His magazine empties.
He pops it, slams in a new one and fires.

More mujahideen appear, attacking everywhere at once.

Possessed, Goofy fires, picking them off.

WHACK!

Goofy's hit. He goes down still firing.

Another Mujahid rushes Walters, but a round catches his
foot. He Trips sending his AK-47 flying.

Walters pulls the trigger. Empty. He flings the gun at him.

They charge each other rolling on the ground, grabbing,
biting, gouging, fists pummeling each other.

Matsumoto drags Goofy away.

Nowak gives them cover fire.

HUMVEE 3

With unbelievable power, Doggie savagely yanks the rope. It
breaks.

He flies out the window and zooms towards the village.

OUTSIDE MINARET

Jeremiah sees more mujahideen moving on Walters.

JEREMIAH

Where the hell are they coming from?!

He jumps up, fires, cutting down two mujahideen. WHACK!

Jeremiah's hit in the neck. Blood spurts out of his mouth but he refuses to go down. He steadies himself. Trying to help Walters, he staggers to the two struggling men.

- Doggie rockets past the village entrance.
- The Mujahid goes for his knife. Walters grabs his wrist.
- Jeremiah drops his M-16 and pulls out his knife.
- Doggie races towards the square.
- The Mujahid forces the knife closer to Walters' chest.
- Jeremiah 30 feet away.
- Doggie almost there.
- 15 feet, Jeremiah stumbles.
- The Mujahid's knife is inches from Walters' chest.
- 8 feet, Jeremiah staggers, rolls his eyes, and drops.
- Doggie sees Walters.
- The knife presses Walters' chest.
- At full speed and fury, Doggie leaps through the air onto the Mujahid, growling, biting, ripping. Terrified, the Mujahid backs away with Doggie still on his arm.
- Rohana fires. The Mujahid drops.
- Doggie protectively lays on Walters, licking his face.
- The sound of two A-10s circling overhead fades in.

SERGEANT ROHANA
Friendly incoming!

The first A-10 descends. Bombs shriek in on the mujahideen obliterating everything, reducing buildings into useless rubble. The second A-10 swoops down unleashing hell.

But like a rigid sentinel, Doggie stays on Walters' chest as the area erupts like an angry deafening volcano...then...a strange silence... peaceful.

Acrid phosphorous smoke chokes the area. Then, Like a ghostly apparition, Goofy, Regenbogin, Rohana, Holbrook, Matsumoto, and Nowak appear: bleeding, limping, helping each other.

Naseem kneels next to Walters, holds his hand. Walters pets Doggie all enmity gone.

WALTERS

Hey...Buddy...I'm sorry.

Naseem looks at Doggie not sure what to do. He's reluctant but finally pets him, no longer afraid.

Naseem helps Walters struggle to his feet.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

It was your brother-in-law, he's inside.

Surprised, Naseem looks at the minaret.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

(to Doggie)

Let's go boy, we're going home.

Above, three roaring medevacs hover like strange spaceships.

EXT. FOB BABEL - LANDING PAD - DAY

Anxious, Rachel watches the deafening medevacs descend producing a cloud of sand.

Walters is helped out of the chopper. Doggie hops out behind him.

Rachel waves. Walters responds. She goes to him and they embrace. Walters then pets a very happy tail wagging Doggie...

As if they have been friends forever.

FADE OUT.

THE END