

SOMALILAND

Written by

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Based on true events

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Never has this humanitarian impulse proven more dangerous to follow than in 1992 when the United States intervened to arrest famine in the midst of an ongoing civil war in the east African country of Somalia.

Greeted initially by Somalis happy to be saved from starvation, U.S. troops were slowly drawn into interclan power struggles and ill-defined "nation-building" missions.

U.S. Army Center of Military History"

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMALIA - MOGADISHU BEACH - MORNING

CAMERA CREWS jockey for position as U.S. Special Forces STORM the beach. SOLDIERS shield their faces from camera spot lights. Their surprise arrival is blown.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOGADISHU BEACH - D DAY

INT./EXT. CALIFORNIA - SAN DIEGO - LA JOLLA BEACH - MORNING

Throughout the sequence we see shots of a Navy Intelligence Specialist Third Class, SHANE LOPEZ, 18, skinny, auburn hair, pale white as he jogs.

Various images have him nonchalantly pulling his car up to his house. He takes a shower, dresses and hops in his car. Life is good.

INT. FREEWAY - SHANE'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Breathtaking San Diego sunshine BEAMS into the car.

Shane grabs his coffee to take a sip. FLIPS the radio dial.

NEWS ANCHORMAN (V.O)

...US and allied forces have stormed the beaches of Somalia in an effort to feed a starving nation. The situation remains--

He switches the channel. Howard Stern also talks of Somalia. His eyes veer from the road to an odd glance at the radio.

EXT. MIRAMAR NAVAL AIR STATION - SQUADRON PARKING LOT - MORNING

Shane steps out of his car. Puts on his ball cap that has "FELIX THE CAT" holding a bomb that says VF-31 TOMCATTERS.

SUPER: Miramar Naval Air Station. Home to Fighter Squadron-31. (D+1)

EXT. MIRAMAR NAVAL AIR STATION - FLIGHT LINE - CONTINUOUS

Shane briskly approaches the guard gate. Sign posted. "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY WILL BE ALLOWED ACCESS TO THE FLIGHT LINE. PRESENT PROPER IDENTIFICATION."

Shane WHIPS out his military I.D card to the GATE GUARD who waves him through.

Across the flight line is the famous decorated Navy TOP GUN Fighter Weapons School. Slick airplane patches lace the top of the building. Brightly colored F-14s perfectly aligned.

Shane's hangar has chipped paint, grease and exhaust blast marks on the walls. Two worn deep-gray F-14s in the hangar bay, four more on the flight-line.

Sailors and PILOTS prepare them for flight.

INT. SHANE'S SQUADRON - HALLWAY - (MOVING) - LATER

He passes the sign door, "INTELLIGENCE OPS OFFICE".

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Old metal desks and large four-drawer safes with bright red magnet stickers read "CLOSED". Posters on walls of Russian and Chinese military equipment and vehicles. More posters, "KEEP CLASSIFIED SAFE" and "LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS".

VF-31 Intel Officer LIEUTENANT STEVENS, short, muscular and

Leading Petty Officer, CHRIS BANKS, frumpy, lazy demeanor  
sit in wait for Shane.

SHANE  
(matter of fact)  
What did I do now?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
IS3, pull up a chair.

Shane grabs a chair. Drags it over opposite the two.

SHANE  
(concerned)  
What is it, sir?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
We were told this morning that  
you'd be deploying within the week.

SHANE  
(laughs)  
Excuse me, sir? Not followin'.  
(to Chris)  
You're messin' with me again right?  
Not somethin' I would expect--

Stevens rubs the back of his head.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
You've heard about Somalia.

SHANE  
Heard 'bout it drivin' in.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Well, they've requested intel  
support.

SHANE  
(shocked)  
Me? We just got back. I'm  
confused.  
(beat)  
Isn't it about Marines goin' in.  
What would they need with a junior  
Navy guy like me? Especially one  
who knows nothing about what's  
goin' on over there?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
We're confused as well.

SHANE

Sir, I don't even know what ships are out there. I'll be the outsider dropped in the middle of a cruise.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

You're not going on a ship. Your orders say you'll be on the ground embedded with the 1st Marine Expedition Force or as they call it 1 MEF.

SHANE

On the ground? I don't know anything about being on the ground. I don't even like campin' for Christ's sake.

(to Chris)

What the heck is 1 MEF? Has to be a mistake.

Shane runs his fingers through his hair in frustration.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

(to Chris)

First Marine Expeditionary Force. IS2 will take you to Pendleton to make sure its goes smoothly.

(to Shane)

But you now know as much as I do.

SHANE

I'm speechless.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

For all we know its gonna be an up and back op. How long can it possibly take to feed those folks? Six months tops.

SHANE

Six months? Hope not. We just got back. I wanted to stay home a 'lil while before we go back out.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Don't worry you'll stabilize it, get those skinnies some food and get the hell home. I gotta run.

Stevens slaps him on the knee. Walks out.

SHANE

Chris, what the hell just happened?  
I have an apartment, goin' to  
college, bills to pay and a million  
other things.

CHRIS

Don't worry. We'll take care of  
all that.

SHANE

This is total horse shit. I joined  
the Navy so I wouldn't have to  
carry a gun and sleep in the sand.  
And now all the sudden I'm in "FULL  
METAL JACKET" mode.

CHRIS

(laughs)

Now that's a great movie.

SHANE

What? It's not funny Chris.

CHRIS

Calm down bro. Let me talk to  
Master Chief and we'll head out.  
I'll be back in a few.

INT. SHANE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

He grabs a World Fact book from the book shelf. Flips open.

INSERT BOOK, which reads:

SHANE (V.O.)

"14 million people living and  
divided into four major clans and a  
number of minority groups. Somalia  
embodies one of postcolonial  
Africa's worst mismatches between  
conventional state structures and  
indigenous customs and  
institutions. Repeated attempts to  
impose a centralized bureaucratic  
governing structure have managed  
only to sever the state from the  
society, yielding it the world's  
most famous failed state."

BACK TO OFFICE

Slams the book shut. Stares outside the window.

BEGIN FLASHBACK - INT. NAVY RECRUITING CENTER - DAY

Shane sits across a desk from an energetic Navy RECRUITER. Uncle Sam, Navy ships, airplane posters adorn the walls.

RECRUITER

Join our ranks! See the world on  
the Navy's dime. No life like the  
ship life. Warm food and livin'.

END FLASHBACK

SHANE

Such bullshit.

INT. ADMINISTRATION DEPT. - MOMENTS LATER

Barges into the admin office. Waves his ballcap around.

Navy Personnelman Third Class NICK JONES, late teens, sandy blonde hair and Navy Personnelman First Class, TOM MARTIN, 28, crusty, tattoos sit behind desks.

SHANE

Okay, who's idea was it to send me  
to fuckin' Somalia?

NICK

(laughs)

Hell if I know man. I saw the  
message when I came in this  
mornin'. Don't worry, I hear it's  
great this time of year! A true  
Christmas vacation spot.

TOM

Yeah. The women are going to love  
a 20 year old Irish Mexican. Just  
think, they might even capture you  
as their slave. How do you feel  
about nose rings?

SHANE

Jackass. I'm sure the Marines need  
someone to type somethin' for 'em.  
I'll let 'em know you're available.

TOM  
Bullshit. Keep my name out of it!

SHANE  
I hate Africa, it's so fuckin' hot.  
I can't believe it...I'm gonna  
freakin' miss Christmas. How long  
do these **orders** say?

NICK  
No more then 270 days.

SHANE  
(irate)  
270 days? You mean I could be in  
that shithole for nine months?  
Ohhh man, I'm really screwed.

TOM  
Don't stress bro. You could be  
there for a week or nine months;  
just depends on what they have you  
doin'.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 1 - CHRIS'S TRUCK (MOVING) - MORNING  
Easy traffic along the beautiful Pacific Ocean waves.

INT./EXT. CAMP PENDLETON - CHRIS'S TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER  
They inch along to the gate as cars align single file.  
Everyone presents I.D's to GUARDS. Guards wave them through.  
MARINE red and yellow accents everywhere. MARINES march and  
run in formation.

SUPER: MARINE CORPS BASE, CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA.

MARINES (O.C)  
(cadence)  
One, two, hut one, hut two.

INT. 1 MEF PARKING LOT - CHRIS'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER  
The building is straight out of the Vietnam era. Old, gray  
with red brick accents.

CHRIS  
Let me go in first and then I'll  
come and get you. I want to see  
what's going on.

In a rush CHRIS gets out and SLAMS the door. Puts hat on.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - LATER

SHANE  
Screw this. I'm goin' in.

Closes his notebook. Grabs his ball cap.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Shane approaches the stairs while a young African-American  
MARINE CAPTAIN steps out the door. He's intimidating,  
chiseled from stone and carries a box with both hands.

SHANE (V.O.)  
Shit! Shit! Should I salute if he  
can't salute back? Don't make eye  
contact. Keep moving. Keep moving.

The Marine Captain stares angrily as he nears Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
Hello, sir.

Shane speeds up. Passes him quickly.

MARINE CAPTAIN  
(authoritative and angry)  
Halt right there sailor!

He drops his box. Charges straight toward Shane.

MARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck was that, sailor?

His finger just six inches from Shane's face.

MARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
What? I don't deserve a fucking  
salute? You got a problem with a  
(MORE)

MARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
black officer?

SHANE  
(choppy and scared)  
Nooo, sir.

MARINE CAPTAIN  
Then what are you, fuckin' stupid?  
Never seen a black Marine officer?

He inches closer.

MARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Did I frighten you?

SHANE  
I'm so sorry, sir. I...

MARINE CAPTAIN  
You better get straight, boy. The  
next time you don't render me a  
salute, even if it's a pansy ass  
Navy salute, those skinny arms of  
your's are gonna fall off from  
doin' a thousand push-ups.

SHANE  
Sir, it will never happen again.

The Marine Captain picks up his box hastily and walks away.

Shane turns, awe struck as to what just happened.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
What a friendly guy.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Bustles with soldiers who carry paperwork and assorted gear.  
Chris grabs Shane by the arm and step in unison to the desk.

SERGEANT  
Do you have your orders?

SHANE  
Yes Sergeant. Here you go.

The sergeant's finger flips through tattered spreadsheets.

SERGEANT  
Petty Officer Lopez?

He oddly looks at Shane's name tag.

SHANE  
Yes. IS3 Lopez.

SERGEANT  
You were sent here as Intel?

SHANE  
Yes, sir.

SERGEANT  
(shakes his head)  
Just Sergeant.

He FLIPS through names and assignments from the spreadsheet.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
(to paper)  
Appears we have plenty of personnel  
for those assignments.  
(to Shane)  
Where there other instructions?

SHANE  
Nothing, just show up and report.

SERGEANT  
Hold one.

The Sergeant is clearly confused.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
You might need to report back to  
your base...might not need you.

SHANE  
Awesome!

Shane smiles and slaps Chris on the back.

SERGEANT  
I'll be right back. Stand over  
there.

They move to the opposite side next to a young Navy Intel  
Specialist Third Class Petty Officer, DAVE WALSH, 19,  
blonde, gangly, greasy, and ill-fitted uniform.

SHANE  
(to Dave)  
Same problem?

DAVE  
Yep. Most screwed up system I've  
ever seen. Hope to get the hell  
outta here and go home.

SHANE  
Where about's?

DAVE  
Whidbey.

SHANE  
Seattle, right?

DAVE  
Yep.

SHANE  
They flew you out here for this  
shit? Blows. I'm down the road in  
San Diego. Air Wing or ship?

DAVE  
Air Wing. A-6's.

SHANE  
Cool. F-14s on the Vinson.

DAVE  
No shit! Same here?

The Sergeant waves them over.

SERGEANT  
According to your orders, both of  
you have Top Secret clearances,  
correct?

SHANE AND DAVE  
Correct.

SERGEANT  
Captain recommends you two join 1st  
MEF Special Security Office.

SHANE  
SSO?

DAVE

SSO? That's not what I was sent here for. I don't even know how to do that.

SERGEANT

But you have the clearance. And the MEF needs your quals.

DAVE

That's bullshit. Who can I talk to?

SERGEANT

You're talkin' to 'im.

The Sergeant hurriedly stamps their paperwork.

DAVE

Is that it?

SERGEANT

Yep, now go. I have others to process.

The Sergeant steps away.

SHANE

(to Chris)

Is this how this works?

Chris places his hands on both of their shoulders.

CHRIS

You two go outside. I'll see what I can do.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Dave scuffle down the steps, hands flutter.

DAVE

Cant believe this shit. We're gettin' screwed. I'm intel not a damn jarhead.

Dave punches imaginary objects in the air.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab a smoke. You need to bum one?

SHANE  
Nah. Go ahead. I'll wait here.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A young female Marine, RACHEL MARKS, 19, solid build, serious countenance approaches. Keys in hand.

RACHEL  
Hi there, sailor. You look a lil' confused. Fish out of water.

SHANE  
Shows that bad?

RACHEL  
(puts her finger near his forehead)  
Writtin' right there.

SHANE  
We're gettin' the shaft.

RACHEL  
Isn't that what the military does?

SHANE  
Ain't that the truth.

RACHEL  
Somalia?

SHANE  
Yah. You?

RACHEL  
Leave at the end of the week.

SHANE  
Looks like we're goin' together.

RACHEL  
Sure does. Well, hang in there. We won't be there long. Feed some starvin' fucks and head back.

SHANE  
Hope you're right. Maybe I'll see ya there.

RACHEL  
If you're lucky.

She hits him on the arm as she walks away.

MOMENTS LATER--

DAVE  
Who was that witch?

SHANE  
Don't know but she's hot.

DAVE  
Hot's not the word. I don't dig on  
chicks like that. Need 'em small,  
petite.

SHANE  
Then she's all mine.

DAVE  
(laughs)  
Be my guest. Ankles are too thick.

SHANE  
Ankles? What're you talkin' about?

DAVE  
Everyone knows. Marine chicks have  
thick ankles.

SHANE  
Never heard of it. And Navy?

DAVE  
Large hips! Dungarees make 'em ten  
times worse.

SHANE  
Now I know your full of shit.

DAVE  
True bro. Trust me.

Chris comes down the steps.

CHRIS  
(perflexed)  
Sorry fellas. They basically  
kicked my ass out. You have four  
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

days.

SHANE AND DAVE'S MILITARY GEAR CHECKOUT - MONTAGE

Shane and Dave receive medical shots. Wince at each prick. Get camouflage uniforms and tug on pants and boots. Wrestle with flak jackets and helmets. Sign mounds of paperwork.

EXT. WEAPONS ISSUE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Small old red brick building the size of a drive-through photo booth. One door and one small window with iron bars.

Soldiers hustle to the window, grab weapons, and paperwork.

MARINE

My orders Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Thanks Corporal. What type of weapon would you like?

MARINE

M16 would be preferred, Sergeant.

The Sergeant rustles through papers and turns around.

SERGEANT

(to colleague)

Retrieve one of the M16's on the shelf would ya?

He hands it to the soldier and points to the paper.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Sign here.

The Corporal grabs the pen, signs, and hands it back.

The Sergeant slides him the weapon and ammo clips while the Corporal inspects the serial numbers. Departs.

Shane strolls to the window.

SHANE

(to Dave)

What should I tell 'em? Haven't shot a weapon in years. Think they'll get me some practice first?

DAVE  
Don't think so, bro.

SHANE  
Petty Officer Lopez. They tell me  
I need a gun. My orders, sir.

SERGEANT  
Sir? Whatever. Lopez huh? It's a  
weapon not a gun. What kind you  
need?

SHANE  
(to Dave. jokes)  
Whatcha got?

Dave laughs loudly.

SERGEANT  
(perturbed)  
We only have 16s and 9s. Have you  
ever handled a 16?

SHANE  
(nonchalant)  
Nope.

SERGEANT  
Nine millimeter it is then.

SHANE  
Never handled one of those either.

SERGEANT  
(authoritatively)  
Listen here.

Squints at Shane's name tag.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Lopez. Everyone who has these type  
of orders gets a weapon.  
(taps the paper)  
If yah never fired a 9MM or M16,  
you get the lesser of two evils.  
Now sign.

SHANE  
Jeez. Okay.

He turns around. Arms extended. Holds 9MM and ammo clips.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

What the heck am I supposed to do with this stuff now?

DAVE

Same as me. Put 'em in your backpack. If it ever gets to a point were they're relyin' on us to use 'em, we're in deep shit!

INT. TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE - STAGING HANGAR - MORNING

A nice elderly LADY stand behind tables. She offers bathroom essentials, sandwiches, and baby wipes.

SUPER: TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA (D+3)

LADY

How are you son?

SHANE

A bit nervous.

LADY

Certainly understandable young man.

She reaches for sandwiches and grabs a handful.

LADY (CONT'D)

Here, I made these. Save 'em for the flight and when you get there they'll be waitin'. A little taste of home.

SHANE

(manages a weak smile)

Can't bear the thought of eatin' those darn MRE's. I have a goal...never eat one and get back as soon as possible.

Shane stuffs as many as he can in his bag.

DAVE

Well you better take a shit load of 'em cause we might be there longer than you think, bro.

SHANE

I predict we're in and out, four

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

weeks tops!

DAVE

(points to sandwiches)

Well those sandwiches aren't gonna last four fuckin' weeks.

SHANE

Give me a break. I'm used to lobster every Friday on the ship and all I've heard is how shitty these MREs are. Tryin' my damnedest not to touch one.

DAVE

Good luck with that. You'll be tryin' all ten flavors very soon.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Desert brown uniformed Marines with duffel bags and M16s anchor to every back. Shane and Dave trail in line.

INT. 747 AIRPLANE - COACH SEATING - DAY

Marines talk, play cards, read, and sleep. Flight attendants walk the aisles serve drinks and snacks.

COACH SEATING - LATER

The vibe becomes lively as the plane approaches Somalia.

Soldiers finish drinks and prepare. FLIGHT ATTENDANTS clear and clean the cabin.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

Hello everyone and thank you for allowing us to get you here to support Operation Restore Hope.

Cabin erupts in a thunderous CHEER and Marine HOORAH!

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

We have just about ten minutes before touchdown in Mogadishu. However, we've received comms from the tower informing us that a small

(MORE)

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

portion of the runway is unstable.  
It is still somewhat within specs  
for us to land. We need each of  
you to firmly secure yourselves and  
everything around you.

Flight attendants calmly help soldiers secure gear.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I will give you five minutes to  
prepare and the flight attendants  
will double check and make  
necessary arrangements. After that  
we will make our final descent.

SHANE

What the hell, man?

DAVE

We're gonna die before we even get  
there.

SHANE

I figured one of us would die out  
here but not both of us in the  
middle of the runway.

Sweat builds each soldier's forehead.

DAVE

We're fucked.

LATER--

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

We're making our final descent and  
should land in five minutes. I  
need everyone to ensure they are  
firmly strapped in and all  
belongings firmly stowed and  
secured. I also need everyone to  
bend over, place your head between  
your legs and cover the back of  
your head with your hands.

MARINE (O.C.)

What the hell? What are we  
supposed to do?

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

This is merely a precaution due to  
(MORE)

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C) (CONT'D)

an expected short and harder than normal landing. This 747 is made for this so please stay calm and assume the requested position.

DAVE

If we arrive!

MOMENTS LATER--

The airplane SHUDDERS as the flaps move up and down. It's wheels deploy and lock into place SHAKING the cabin. Hydraulic sounds REVERBERATE each seat.

MOMENTS LATER--

Shane lifts his head enough to look out the oval window.

SHANE

Looks like a bomb hit this place.

Small fires and smoke burn throughout the city.

DAVE

Get back down man! What the fuck are you doin'?

SHANE

I just wanted to see.

Shane moves back into position quickly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Ten seconds! This sucks.

DAVE

Damn it. We better--

The airplane takes a HARD DIP.

MARINES (O.C.)

Fuck! Shit.

The airplane hits the runway hard. BOUNCES up one and down.

DAVE

Nooo!

SHANE

Oh Lord. Please help us to stop.

White smoke from the tires BILLOWS outside the windows.

Engines ROAR like a lion as they're a forced halt. Everyone LUNGES forward putting seat belts put to the test.

DAVE

We made it! Fuck yeah, bro!

Joy from the cabin abound.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

Great landing if I say so myself.  
Now we need to figure out how to  
take off from this place. Thanks  
fellas, do us proud.

EXT. MOGADISHU AIRFIELD - DAY

Bullet holes and worn paint mark every hangar and building. Sand sprinkled along the runway as people, military vehicles, and gear everywhere.

747 off-loads as a stream of soldiers MARCH down staircases.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOGADISHU, SOMALIA. (D+4)

747 - STAIRCASE - SAME

Shane and Dave are in shock as they step outside.

DAVE

Holy hell.

(scans the airfield)

It's hot as balls out here...I need  
a smoke.

MOMENTS LATER--

A Marine CHAPLAIN assists soldiers. He's old, grey and confident. He points to truck convoy for several soldiers as Shane wanders over.

SHANE

Sir, do you have a second?

He SQUINTS at Shane's collar and adjusts his glasses.

CHAPLAIN

(surprised)

Navy huh? Haven't seen one of you

(MORE)

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

around here yet. What can I do for you son?

SHANE

Sir, I hate to bother you...

Scratches his head.

CHAPLAIN

With what son?

SHANE

There doesn't appear to be billeting.

(turns in every direction)

Do you by chance know where the barracks are?.

CHAPLAIN

Barracks? Son, this is not Pendleton.

SHANE

Really?

Sweat pours from his brow.

CHAPLAIN

We all need to be strong and find strength. Do you by chance have a bible?

SHANE

My grandma is in my pack.

CHAPLAIN

Good. Been to some of the most difficult places.

SHANE

What should I do?

CHAPLAIN

Let me keep it simple for you.

The Chaplain approaches Shane. Their eyes meet as he lays one hand on his shoulder.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

This is going to be the worst  
experience of your life.

(hands him a can)

Now put on some bug spray, and  
plenty of it, and head over there  
to get on one of those trucks.

MOMENTS LATER--

DAVE

What'd he say?

SHANE

We're fucked.

Shane puts his hands on his hips and scans horizon like an  
astronaut who's landed on the moon.

TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Military vehicles line up single file. Soldiers throw  
everything into vehicles. Marines SHOUT orders to move.

Shane sees Rachel. His stomach fills with butterflies.

SHANE

(smiles)

Fancy seein' you here.

RACHEL

Yeah, made a wrong turn back there.

She points to the beach.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Excited to see me?

SHANE

(laughs)

Sight for sore eyes.

RACHEL

Wow.

SHANE

(blushes)

I didn't mean it that way.

RACHEL  
 Sure yeah didn't. You look as  
 nervous as a whore in church.

SHANE  
 Hard not to when I've never been,  
 as they say, boots on ground.

RACHEL  
 We'll train yeah up.

Engines from the nearby trucks ROAR to life.

SHANE  
 Is there really no barracks?

RACHEL  
 (laughs)  
 Barracks? Such a rookie,  
 'fraid not sport. We won't even  
 have tents and showers for weeks.

Marines yell orders in the distance.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 (points to trucks)  
 Your chariot awaits!

SHANE  
 Yeah, better go. See you there.

Rachel walks off briskly.

RACHEL  
 (whispers)  
 I hope to see you too.

AIRFIELD MAIN GATE - LATER

It's a barren landscape with lusters of Somali clan huts.

Emaciated Somali CHILDREN smile and throw flowers and kisses  
 at the convoy. WOMEN hold CRYING babies.

CONVOY LEADER  
 (to all)  
 Lock and load!

A convoy of twenty trucks crawl as thick exhaust spews from  
 their pipes. Every SOLDIER chamber weapons.

EXT. MOGADISHU - STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Children run alongside the convoy. Their eyes show they want to play but their bodies are weak.

The route is deteriorated and distinguished by Somalis lining street. Structures broken, chipped, burnt, or destroyed. Barbed-wire, and iron spikes top large concrete walls as they surround white houses with aqua-blue accents.

CITY CENTER ROUNDABOUT - CONTINUOUS

The convoy flows evenly. A tattered statue of a woman with a baby. Bullet marks cover every portion.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Marines DRAG open heavy metal gates as the convoy pulls in.

EMBASSY ROUNDABOUT - CONTINUOUS

One by one five-ton trucks unload their contents. One overflows with cots, and stops abruptly.

A MARINE SERGEANT jumps out. Slams the door.

MARINE SERGEANT

Pay attention, people. Gather 'round.

(hands wave around)

I'm only gonna say this once. See this truck, ladies?

Turns around.

MARINE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Your own personalized bed, room, and living quarters all in one. Can't get much luckier than that?  
(to dump truck driver)

Let 'em loose!

Dump truck hydraulics start raising the truck bed tailgate flap. Cots slide out to ground in a cloud of dust.

DAVE  
What the fuck?

SHANE  
How do you put one of those  
together, anyway.

DAVE  
You worry to much.

SHANE  
Fuck all that. Where's the  
bathroom?

DAVE  
Over there bro. See those white  
PVC pipes in the ground.

Dave points to the corner of the Embassy perimeter.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
That's it? And if you need to take  
a dump?

(points to far wall)  
Those wood boxes with a hole in  
'em. Your throne.

SHANE  
Gotta be kiddin' me. It's out in  
for everyone to see...I get nervous  
when someone stands next to me at a  
stall.

DAVE  
(laughs)  
Welcome to the suck.

SHANE  
Don't know why the fuck your  
laughing. You gotta use 'em too.

DAVE  
I got a big dick!

COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Shane grabs a cot from the heap and hauls under a tree. He  
puts his gear under it and grabs a sandwich from his pack.

SHANE  
Ahhh, peanut butter.

Holds it up.

DAVE  
You haven't ran out yet?

SHANE  
Nope. Should last me another couple of days.

DAVE  
Then what?

Shane SHRUGS his shoulders.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Well I know. You'll be eatin' these MREs just like me.  
(shakes an MRE pack)  
Fav' so far is the ham slice.  
Delicious.

SHANE  
Ham slice? Gross.

DAVE  
Not as gross as the Chicken a'la King. Now that's gross. Not enough Tabasco on the planet to make that taste like food.

SHANE  
What else is in those things?

DAVE  
Here take a look.

Hands him an MRE bag. Rips it open. Pulls the contents out.

SHANE  
Crackers, cheese spread, knife, fork. Ohhh, this is cute.

Shane raises a small packet.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Toilet paper. Not enough but it's the thought that counts, I guess. Little bottle of Tabasco, tootsie roll, salt, sugar, creamer and fruity drink mix. Damn, they got everything in here.

DAVE  
A smorgasbord of goodness, bro.

COURTYARD - LATER

Shane and Dave sit on green metal cots and eat.

SHANE  
(points)  
What the hell is that?

A short ASIAN MAN with a floppy hat and a golden curved sword strapped to his back rises six inches above his head.

DAVE  
Don't point dumb ass! That's a Ghurka. Baddest, most dangerous group of dudes around.

SHANE  
Look awesome. Whadda they do?

DAVE  
A marine told me they're Nepolese. Brits hire 'em for security. If they take their sword out somethin' bads 'bout to happen. Look at him walk. People just part for him. Even the Somalis know not to mess with that dude.

COURTYARD - NIGHT

Shane crawls in his cot. His camo netting provides a protective shield from the elements.

SHANE  
What's that sound?

He turns over to get his flashlight and FLIPS it on. Bugs cover all sides of his netting.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
What the hell? Must be a thousand bugs.

Bugs SCAMPER camper across the netting as he stargazes. Noise from bugs keep him awake.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is crazy.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - MORNING

Smoke soot covers the top one third. Standing room only. Maps of Mogadishu cover the walls. Operations Chief, MAJOR PUTNY, immaculate shave, tight haircut leads the briefing.

SUPER: US EMBASSY INTEL OPS CENTER (D+5)

MAJOR PUTNY

The situation remains fluid. We're to provide intel to our food distro groups. Current threat level is assessed as low. Roving gangs and warlord strongholds predominately. As we feed the city the trust will grow.

(to Styles)

Captain Styles provide the cities makeup.

Assistant Ops Chief, CAPTAIN STYLES, African-american, 20's, rugged, fit, and motivated.

CAPTAIN STYLES

There are 50 clans throughout the city.

(pointer hits maps)

Major warlord sections are here, here, here, and here.

The maps divided into numbered grids.

SHANE

(whispers to Dave)

Holy shit. That's the dude that chewed my ass back at Pendleton.

DAVE

(whispers to Shane)

Better keep your shit together.

CAPTAIN STYLES

We've five major warlords. The most dangerous being Mohamed Farrah Aidid. If we stay out of their way, they'll stay out of ours.

DAVE  
 (whispers to Shane)  
 Famous last words.

CAPTAIN STYLES  
 We'll be flying P-3 reef point  
 missions and random helo scout  
 patrols. When we get intel on  
 warlord movements and the amount of  
 military equipment, we'll provide  
 that to the UN. Where are my  
 imagery guys?

Shane and Dave raise their hands.

SHANE AND DAVE  
 Here, sir.

The group parts as he notices Shane and Dave. His eyes get  
 large for a microsecond as he clearly remembers Shane.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

An Army green table with an ENTRY CONTROL LOG, pens stand in  
 a cutout water bottle. Various magazines. Two small  
 chairs, one behind the desk, and one on the other side.

Shane sits behind the desk as Rachel approaches.

SHANE  
 Hey girl, what's up?

RACHEL  
 Seein' what's up with you.

SHANE  
 Nothin' just sittin' in for the  
 guard while he grabs some grub. How  
 you hangin'?

RACHEL  
 I'm okay, question is how 'bout  
 you?

SHANE  
 Just left the morning intel brief.  
 Styles is the dude that ripped me a  
 new asshole in Pendleton.

RACHEL  
 Oh yeah? Just do your job and  
 (MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

you'll be fine. Now tell me what's goin' on?

SHANE

We'll be point for reading out imagery from the air missions.

RACHEL

Can't imagine the warlords have a lot of stuff, right?

SHANE

Wouldn't think but that's the problem. We don't know.

(grabs his hand)

I hurt my hand yesterday moving those stupid water bottles.

RACHEL

Things are heavy. Let me see.

She grabs his hand and inspects them. Then RUBS.

SHANE

(surprised)

Gunny's gonna kill us if he sees this...but don't stop!

Their eyes connect as they smile in unison.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know if it wasn't for you, this place would be unbearable.

RACHEL

Thanks. This place is hands down the worst place ever. **No** training in the world can prepare you for what's here.

SHANE

I'm not made for this grunt shit. No offense. The constant gunfire, and these people...it's crazy how they can treat each other. Hatfields and McCoys but instead of just two it's like fifty, and that's just in the city. We're smack dab in the middle of a thousand year old feud.

He looks down as she continues the hand massage.

RACHEL

It's twice as tough for me.  
There's hardly anyone to talk to.  
Most of 'em are bitches.

SHANE

Especially, Major Jessica Rabbit!

RACHEL

Who?

SHANE

The big boobed redhead Major who  
walks smelling like she just swam  
through a river of perfume. You  
can smell her a mile away.

RACHEL

Ohhh, you mean Gibbons? She's put  
together alright.

Rachel cups her hands up to her chest.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She's doesn't give me the time of  
day. None of 'em do.

SHANE

There has to be some cool guys here  
that you can talk to, right?

RACHEL

If I even look twice at any of 'em,  
they automatically want in my  
pants.

She stares at him in a half-hearted sexy way.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You at least listen  
to me...means a lot. But you're  
probably just like the rest.

She looks down at the floor. Then up to his eyes.

SHANE

Is it that obvious?

She lets go of his hands and smacks him on the knee.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Just kiddin' but you know what you  
make me do when were together? You

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

make me forget this place a little.

Wrings his hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)

The starving kids. When they chew on that "Khat" they turn into zombies and then they do the most stupid things.

RACHEL

What is that Khat stuff anyway?

SHANE

I heard it's a plant they chew to quell their hunger. They chew it in the morning and then they hallucinate.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know the thing I miss?

RACHEL

What?

SHANE

Carpet.

RACHEL

(perplexed)

Carpet?

SHANE

Yeah, carpet. There's none of it here. You ever stop look around? We just got here and I already hate sand. I miss the feeling of it on my feet. I love walkin' around the house and feelin' it between my toes. I'm not talkin' that shitty carpet, but real plush carpet. You know?

RACHEL

I know what you mean. Its not the easiest thing to get used to but we're used to living uncomfortably. Expectations become pretty low. So a place like this, with just the simplest of amenities, like say a place to just hang your clothes, seems not too

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

bad. Pretty pathetic huh?

SHANE

Not really if you put it that way.  
I think though that I'm slowly  
being assimilated. Just yesterday  
I actually stared and smiled just  
seeing rolled toilet paper. Now  
that's pathetic.

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MORNING

SERGEANT

(to all)

Attention. Gather around.

GUNNY, 40s, a dictionary picture Marine.

GUNNY

I mean everyone, pay attention.  
This could be one of those orders  
that will save your life.

Gunny raises a little white packet.

DAVE

(whispers)

Looks like a condom.

Low laughs all around.

GUNNY

Petty officer Walsh. Did I hear  
you correctly?

DAVE

I don't think so, Gunny. Sorry, I  
was just thinking out loud.

Gunny provides a death stares toward Dave.

GUNNY

Need you to stop thinking and  
listen. That shouldn't be too  
hard.

SHANE

(whispers)

Chill out, fucknut.

DAVE  
 (whispers)  
 Okay. Okay. Calm down.

GUNNY  
 Now, does anyone other than Petty  
 Officer Walsh have an idea of what  
 this is?

Silence.

GUNNY (CONT'D)  
 Your lucky I'm here then.  
 (to Shane)  
 Right, Petty Officer Lopez?

SHANE  
 Yes, of course Gunny.

Shane looks over at Dave.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 See what you did, dickhead?

DAVE  
 Whaaat?

GUNNY  
 This little packet needs to be  
 taken once a week to keep you from  
 getting Malaria. And let me tell  
 yeah. Malaria, once contracted is  
 the gift that keeps on givin'.

MOMENTS LATER--

Shane pulls out a small multi-folded paper from the packet.

SHANE  
 Jeez, check it out. I practically  
 need a microscope to read this.

He unfolds the one inch by eight inch long paper.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 Look at these list of side effects?  
 (squints)  
 It says not to take it if you  
 operate heavy machinery, aircraft,  
 perform surgery or technical  
 activities. What the fuck do they  
 (MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

consider a tank, Cobra or 40,000  
guys with M-16s? Stupid asses.

DAVE

Your kiddin'. Let me see.

SHANE

Unfold your own. I'm still  
looking.

Dave rips open a packet.

RACHEL

It says we could experience  
hallucinations, nighttime sweats,  
insomnia, severe depression,  
anxiety, paranoia, mood changes,  
agitation, unusual behavior, muscle  
weakness, irregular heartbeat, and  
lung problems such as inflammation  
of lung tissue. In rare cases,  
suicidal thoughts.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - DAY

Fans PUSH down hot air while Shane and Dave SCAN pictures  
from aircraft missions with EYE MAGNIFIERS. They transfer  
results to maps on the wall with colored pens.

SUPER: US INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS CENTER (D+11)

SHANE

You gettin' this too?

Dave looks over at Shane's imagery.

DAVE

Dude. They have a shit load of  
stuff and 50-cal mounted trucks.

SHANE

They call 'em "technicals". This  
is fuckin' crazy. Look at this...  
(points to map)  
...it's littered with military  
stuff. Where'd they get this shit?

Map is covered with red dots indicating military equipment.

DAVE

We just dropped into the middle of

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

a war zone. Everyone has either an  
AK or a technical out there--

SHANE

And we head out there in a couple  
of days?

EXT. US EMBASSY - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

Four HUMVEES line up to exit. Each with a driver,  
passenger, and four armed soldiers in the truck bed; two  
facing forward and two facing the rear.

Shane and Dave face towards the rear of the truck.

SUPER: STREETS OF MOGADISHU (D+17)

SOLDIER

(authoritative)

Lock and load!

Fifty-caliber machine gun nests point to the street.  
Somalis line streets, some hunched over in pain.

Guards SWING open the gates as the convoy bunches up to move  
outside the fence line.

SHANE

(yells)

Crowded today.

Wind BLOWS in their face.

DAVE

Yeah, don't like it.

SHANE (V.O.)

What the fuck am I doin'?

EXT. MOGADISHU - MARKET SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

The convoy slows to five miles an hour. Crowd grows.  
Somalis reach in and out of the Humvees and take bottles of  
water, MREs and other items. MEN grabs Shane's legs.

SHANE

(yells)

What the fuck?

Dave swipes at Somalis hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

DAVE  
Break open an MRE and throw it!

Shane quickly grabs an MRE, rips it open, and throws it. Somalis jump to the ground, scramble and grab. The crowd is too large for the convoy to continue and STOPS.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Three Somali WOMEN with head baskets cross street twenty yards ahead of the convoy.

SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A MALE Somali JUMPS out of a crowd with an AK-47 machine gun and SPRAYS bullets across the convoy.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

SOLDIERS DIVE to take cover.

SHANE  
Fuck!

MARINE COMMANDER  
(to Shane and Dave)  
Get down you two.

He WAVES them down and in a second Dave and Shane are on their stomachs.

A Marine stands and FIRES gunman's direction.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

MARINE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Stop! Don't shoot! Civilians.

Bullets from the Marine slice into the legs of the basket carrying women, dropping them. Laundry spills into street. They SCREAM as blood PUMPS out of their wounds.

The Marine JUMPS out of his Humvee, while his helmet falls to ground. He sprints in the direction of the assailant.

Again BANG, BANG, BANG.

MARINE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
Stop Marine! Stay in your vehicle.

SOLDIER  
I'm gettin' that mother fucker.

Others hop out of their Humvee's. CHAOS all around. Somalis run in every direction.

SHANE  
What the hell do we do?

DAVE  
Absolutely nothin'.

SHANE  
Well take a look for Christ's sake.

DAVE  
Fuck that, you do it.

SHANE  
Not me.

Marines walk back from street. Jump back into Humvees.

Commander reaches in truck and grabs the radio.

INT. HUMVEE CAB - MOMENTS LATER

MARINE COMMANDER  
(to radio)  
Gumby to Knights. Gumby to Knights over. Convoy attacked. No friendly casualties. Several civilians hit. Need medical ASAP.

EXT. US EMBASSY - THIRD FLOOR BALCONY - EVENING

A beautiful orange glow blankets the city. Faint car horns come from the city center.

Shane and Rachel straddle the ocean facing concrete wall.

SHANE

(whispers)

Can't believe that shit. Been here two weeks and already I'm in a fire fight.

RACHEL

My convoy got hit two days ago... you guys need training.

SHANE

I froze. I didn't know what to do. Why the heck are we out on the road as gunners anyway?

RACHEL

There's not enough of us to hide behind these walls. How 'bout this. We grab a Humvee, drive out in the middle of nowhere and have some target practice. I'll even take Dave.

SHANE

Really?

RACHEL

Anything for you.

SHANE

Don't worry 'bout him.

They turn to gaze at the horizon.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Looks so peaceful from up here.

RACHEL

Yeah.

Shane's palms are damp with anticipation. She grabs his hands as they look into each others eyes. They slowly get close and exchange soft short kiss.

Shane pulls away, unsure but she grabs his arm and pulls him close again.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MOGADISHU - AFTERNOON

Rolling sand dunes from horizon to horizon. A Humvee is parked behind a sand berm. The wind gusts pelts Shane and Dave step up to a shoe drawn line and upholster their 9MM to shoot bottles.

RACHEL

'Member guys. Cup your hand. Hold tight.

They examine their hands. Hold steady.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Dirt spits up. Two bottles crack open.

DAVE

Guess we need more practice.

They release clips from 9MM. Load. Aim.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

RACHEL

Now try my 16.

They slam a full magazines. Grips. Stare down the scope.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Flip to auto, hun.

Dave turns to look at Shane and looks in bewilderment. He clicks to auto and pulls the trigger in bursts.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Dave goes through the same routine.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

200 rounds in the sand. I pronounce you honorary warriors.

RACHEL AND SHANE BEGIN TO GET CLOSE - MONTAGE

-- They eat breakfast, lunch and dinner.

-- They take long walks. Read to each other.

-- They travel around the city together.

EXT. US EMBASSY COMPOUND - TENT CITY - MORNING

US, Italian, and British tents litter the compound.

Shane and Dave DRAG their cots and other gear down the road.

SUPERIMPOSE: US Embassy - Tent City (D+31)

SHANE

Can't believe we finally get tents.

DAVE

Only been a freakin' month!

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

A large cable spool serves as a table in the center of the room surrounded by four various Army chairs.

SEARGENT JEROME HILL, tall, 30's, thick military glasses, muscular build and TECHNICAL SEARGENT AL ROBERSON, short, 50's with a slight beer gut and wise eyes lay on cots.

JEROME

Hey fellas. How goes it?

DAVE

Good. I'm Dave, Shane.

Shane and Dave sweat and pant profusely.

AL

Navy guys. Who'd you two piss off?

SHANE

Still tryin' to figure that out.

DAVE

Where should we set up?

JEROME

Take any corner.

SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

Shane lays in his bed, alone for the first time. His tent flaps up and expose the cloudless starry night sky.

SHANE

(whispers)

The sky looks just like Fresno.  
You couldn't tell the difference.  
It's beautiful.

He points to the sky.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Orion, the Little Dipper...Lord I'm  
sorry if I rarely pray. I don't  
know if I can do this. Please give  
me strength. Give me what you feel  
I need. I need something. I don't  
know what to do.

His eyes close as he falls asleep.

INT. US EMBASSY COMPOUND - MESS HALL - AFTERNOON

Metal utensils and trays CLANK as soldiers move in line.

DAVE

Dude, have you had that rash long?

Dave points to Shane's arm.

SHANE

Hadn't really noticed.

Shane pulls up his sleeve to inspect.

DAVE

That looks really bad. You takin'  
those Malaria pills?

SHANE

Reluctantly.

DAVE

Come to think of it I haven't seen  
you with a bottle of water. No  
normal, dude.

SHANE

Haven't been thirsty. Hurts my  
throat.

DAVE

We're goin' to medical.

SHANE

If they try to stick me with  
anything I'm kickin' your ass.

INT: US EMBASSY - NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

It's an old bombed out building with no front façade and  
completely scorched walls.

Shane and Dave approach MARTY, an African-American, late  
20's in a sloppy uniform but an intelligent face and GREG,  
African-American, 20's, clean cut behind worn desks.

MARTY

Hey fellas. What can we do for you?

GREG

(squints to see their  
insignia)

Whoaaa, Navy guys! Our first.  
Welcome, welcome. Nice to see  
brethren.

DAVE

All you in the Nav?

Dave points to Marty and Greg.

MARTY

Sure are. Marty, that's Greg. Our  
lone officer is Commander Balastra.

DAVE

I'm Dave. This sorry excuse for  
Shane.

SHANE

Stop. I'm fine, just tired.

MARTY

Have a seat.  
(pats the cot)  
We'll have a quick look.

Shane slumps in seat as if he's just run a marathon.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Stick your tongue out.

SHANE

Ahhh.

Greg grabs Shane's arm and wraps it with a blood pressure strap. Places a stethoscope to his chest.

MARTY  
You thirsty at all?

SHANE  
No. Should I be?

MARTY  
You're severely dehydrated.

SHANE  
Ummm, it does hurts to swallow.

Shane massages his throat.

MARTY  
You have strep.  
(to Greg)  
Get an IV. We need to get some fluids in this boy.

DAVE  
Check out his arms. It's a show!

Shane takes off his shirt exposing his arms.

MARTY  
As I suspected.  
(to Greg)  
He has that rash like the others.  
We can fix it but you're gonna need to stay with us 'till tomorrow. Is that okay?

SHANE  
Sure. I guess.

DAVE  
I'll keep it on the down-low and just let Gunny know.

Marty pulls out the IV tube stand and set it up next to him. In minutes Shane's asleep.

NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - MORNING

MARTY  
Rise and shine.

SHANE

Ahhh. Damn. I feel like shit.  
How long how I've been out?

Shane rubs his eyes.

MARTY

Going on twelve hours.

SHANE

Twelve hours? Holy shit.

MARTY

Good thing you came when you did or there could have been some serious complications. Wait here. I need to get the Commander.

MOMENTS LATER--

COMMANDER BALASTRA, a well put together man. Stocky, and wears silver-rimmed glasses and a touch of grey with receding hair line.

CMDR BALASTRA

How you feeling son?

SHANE

Sir. Much better. Lil' tired.

CMDR BALASTRA

To be expected. We've run some additional tests. Everything checks out. You were severely dehydrated. Not uncommon around here. I need you to take these pills for a couple days and take it easy.

(to Marty)

Make sure he gets everything before he leaves.

MARTY (O.C.)

Yes, sir. He's one of us so he gets the special treatment.

CMDR BALASTRA

We need to take care of our own.

SHANE

Thank you, sir.

Balastra taps him on the leg and walks away.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What a great guy.

MARTY

The best. That 'lil guy is so kind-hearted.

SHANE

Lucky. We're surrounded by knife-welding psychopaths who've grown to hate the two skinniest Navy dudes on earth. Every little shit job seems to roll our way.

Marty works on packaging Shane's medicine.

MARTY

That sucks. Really weird to see two Navy guys in a place like this. Whatdaya guys do?

SHANE

Intel.

MARTY

Well that explains it.

SHANE

This whole thing has been a cluster fuck from the start.

MARTY

We go everywhere marines go and it seems you do as well now.

(laughs)

Don't worry though, we'll take care of you.

SHANE

Thanks man. Would've never thought almost dying out here would be so helpful.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Rachel merely SKIPS several stairs at a time as she flies up the stairwell. She reaches the top out of breath.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - AFTERNOON

Rachel CRASHES into Shane's chair as he's reads intelligence message traffic stamped "TOP SECRET" on the top and bottom.

RACHEL  
(excited)  
What time do you get off today?

SHANE  
Soon as I annotate these maps I'm good. Why?

RACHEL  
Cause I was talkin' to one of the guys on the roof yesterday. He said he would be happy to give us a tour later today. Wouldn't that be cool?

Rachel is beyond enthused, almost JUMPING out of her boots.

SHANE  
I guess. Gunny told us not to go up there.

RACHEL  
I know, I know, but we don't have to stay long. I just want to get a look at the city from up there... see what's goin' on.

SHANE  
Alright.

Rachel kisses him on the head.

HALLWAY - LATER

Shane and Rachel are escorted by SGT. DAVIS, 30's, tall, dirty blonde to a wooden staircase leading to the roof.

ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A Marine SNIPER in prone position SCANS the city on the far end. Sandbags stacked four high on each corner, a small awning, a water cooler, a chalkboard, two metal chairs surround a small table.

SGT. DAVIS

Home sweet home. Come take a look.

His motions are as if he's a game show host. Davis grabs Rachel's hand and leads her to a sniper position.

SGT. DAVIS (CONT'D)

You can see the whole city from up here...the port, the stadium's over there, market square.

Davis eyes DART back and forth.

SGT. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hold on. I need to tell my buddy your cool.

He walks over as the other sniper, looks through his scope.

SHANE

What's up with this dude?

RACHEL

Shhh...be cool, babe. If you were puttin' bullets in people's heads every day you might be a 'lil hyper.

MOMENTS LATER--

SGT. DAVIS

(excited)

Come check out the death board. That's me. Seven kills so far.

Points to his name on the board.

RACHEL

Seven? That's insane.

SHANE

We haven't even been here that long. What gets you to shoot 'em?

SGT. DAVIS

I don't shoot 'em. I snipe 'em. They get too close to the perimeter they're gonna need a body bag.

SHANE

Do you give them a warning shot or somethin'?

SGT. DAVIS  
(hands shake)  
Fuck no. There signs posted  
everywhere. The last time we  
waited to shoot, those crazy  
sunsabitches tossed a grenade over.

RACHEL  
You guys are rackin' up.

Davis turns to other sniper.

SGT. DAVIS  
(yells)  
How many for yah Corporal?

CORPORAL  
Today? Only one fucker but they're  
just finishin' their khat.

SGT. DAVIS  
Come look through my scope.

He snatches Rachel's hand again.

SGT. DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Get on down there and look.

Rachel gets on one knee and rests the rifle on the sandbags.

RACHEL  
You can see everything!

SGT. DAVIS  
Put it on a skinny near the  
perimeter.

RACHEL  
Okay. Got him. Amazing.

SGT. DAVIS  
(bounces on his heels)  
Think about it. You have his lil'  
life in your finger. If you  
wanted, you could take it in a  
second. Cool huh? Shane try it.

Shane leans down on one knee and points it down range.

SHANE  
Wow. Hard not to miss.

BANG.

CORPORAL (O.C.)  
(yells)  
Makes two today!

SGT. DAVIS  
(laughs)  
That's what I'm talkin' about.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

Maps are strewn out all over the floor and table.

SHANE  
(concern)  
What's up?

DAVE  
We have a new roomie. Craziest one  
yet.

SHANE  
We just got rid of the others a  
couple days ago. It's like we're  
running a hotel.

DAVE  
Know what he's doin'?

SHANE  
No, what?

DAVE  
He's sittin' in the middle of the  
tent...in the sand.

SHANE  
In the sand? What the hell for?

DAVE  
He's just mumblin'.

SHANE  
Mumblin'? I don't have time for  
this shit. I'm going to dinner  
with Rachel and then heading  
straight to bed.

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - LATER

Aviation Mate TREVOR BURNS, 30's, ill kept, wears a t-shirt, shorts, and combat boots as he sits on pieces of cardboard, indian-style in the middle of tent with a whiskey bottle and half full whiskey glass, a 9MM, and strands twine.

TREVOR  
(slow southern drawl)  
Hey there.

SHANE  
How's it goin'?

TREVOR  
Nice tent...don't particularly like  
the location but don't you worry,  
I'm fixin' that.

Shane takes off his shoes. Looks back down to his twine.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Whatcha doin' over there?

SHANE  
Uhhh, nothing just unwindin'.

TREVOR  
Come check this out.

Trevor hands hover over his prized possessions.

SHANE  
What is it?

TREVOR  
Nothin' yet, but a flag soon.

SHANE  
A flag? Like one you hang outside?

TREVOR  
Yea. You see that flagpole out  
there?

Trevor points in the direction of the tents next door.

SHANE  
You mean the Italians?

TREVOR  
(snarls)  
Yeah, the Italians! That flagpole  
(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

they have out there is my flagpole!

SHANE

(sarcastically)

Your flagpole? They've had that up there for awhile now.

TREVOR

That flagpole belongs to me. We're gonna take it down and put ours up!

Shane's eyes how confusion at this mad man.

SHANE

We?

TREVOR

Yea. We.

SHANE

Ahhh...I can't man. Long day, need sleep. Good luck though.

Shane spins around to his cot.

TREVOR

Maybe you didn't hear me correctly, boy. This is our little project.

Trevor's hand slowly moves from the twine to the 9MM.

SHANE

Hmmm...where do ya want me?

Shane pulls a piece of cardboard and sits on it directly opposite Trevor.

LATER--

TREVOR

(drunk)

Think we have this about, about licked...fffinish up tomorrow.

SHANE

Sounds good I guess.

SHANE'S COT - SAME

Shane reaches into his cabinet and pulls out a WALKMAN. Lays down on his cot. Music LEAKS out of the headphones.

SHANE'S COT - LATER

COLD HARD metal rests on Shane's temple. He opens his eyes.

Trevor hovers over him with a whiskey glass and his 9MM.

SHANE

(startled)

Uhhh, what's up...something wrong?

Shane pushes himself back against the wall.

TREVOR

What're you listenin' to?

SHANE

(slowly)

Mmmm...what?

TREVOR

I said. What're you listenin' to?

Shane clearly disorientated and bewildered.

SHANE

James Taylor. Why?

TREVOR

James Taylor! Love me some James Taylor! Give it up...let me listen. I've even seen him in concert...bbbback at Louisville's Palace Theatre.

SHANE

But I'm kinda listenin'--

TREVOR

I'm the one flyin' around here all fuckin' day...so I think I need it more...

Trevor's flippantly waves his 9MM in the air like a wand.

SHANE

Well...I guess you can borrow it.

Trevor snatches the Walkman out of his hand.

TREVOR

(laughs)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Cool. Owe you one man.

SHANE'S COT - LATER

Worried, Shane tosses and turns. Sleep is in impossible.

SHANE

(whispers)

I need to my weapon.

Shane reaches for his pack under his cot and UNZIPS. His hand searches for his 9MM. BINGO. He slowly removes it and places it on his chest. Closing his eyes now might work.

SHANE'S COT - MORNING

Shane's alarm BUZZES. With blood shot eyes he gets dressed quickly. He gathers his gear and 9MM. Trevor's passed out.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - MORNING

Shane stumbles in with his gear and plops on the chair. His hands drop to his side.

SHANE

Whatta night.

(waves his 9MM)

I hate carryin' this fuckin' thing around.

DAVE

You look like shit.

SHANE

(irritate)

Crazy mother fucker kept me up all night making a fucking flag!

DAVE

Is that what he's makin'? He wanted me to help but I told him I had to work. Thought he would be passed out by the time you got in.

SHANE

Well, he wasn't. Where'd this fuckin' guy come from anyway?

Dave gathers his stuff, throwing all his gear in his bag.

DAVE  
P-3's. Reef point. Imagery.

SHANE  
They definitely need to ground that  
crazy fucker.

INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

Dave, 9MM to his side. In delight he shakes his head.

DAVE  
Well bor, he's in his same spot  
again. Think he's waitin' for you.

SHANE  
I'm goin' on twenty four plus hours  
of no sleep. Can't take this shit.

Shane places his hand on his 9MM like he's going to draw.

DAVE  
You're a dope. I'm gonna go with  
you to the tent. Don't worry.

EXT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

Shane's eyes are droopy, irritated and red. He's a  
disheveled man.

They turn to each other.

DAVE  
What are you gonna to do?

Dave puts his arm to the side of Shane to hold him back.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute, bro. We ain't goin'  
to the OK Corral.  
(points to the city)  
The enemy's out there.

SHANE  
He didn't point a gun at your head  
did he?

INT. SHANE'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Trevor sits legs crossed in the center with his flag. Like an alcoholic his Whiskey bottle and glass to his side.

TREVOR  
(smiles)  
Sup fellas?

DAVE  
Forgot to get some stuff for tonight. We have a mission comin' in soon.

Shane lays his things down. His 9MM holstered.

TREVOR  
Well I guess that leaves me and Shane tonight. Work to be done.

DAVE  
Work?

Shane slowly turns from his cot expecting a confrontation.

Dave moves to position himself between them.

TREVOR  
Yeah, work. Damn Italians! We have a secret mission tonight.

Shane's face turns red.

DAVE  
I think we all need some rest.

TREVOR  
Nah, we're doin' it!

SHANE  
(to Trevor)  
Hate to burst your bubble bud...I'm too tired to do anything.

TREVOR  
(stern)  
Ohhh, I don't think so man. We're in this together. We're seein' this thing through--

SHANE  
Think not.

Shane steps toward Trevor. Dave in unison.

Trevor eyes BEAM at Shane not expecting a skinny little kid to tell him no.

TREVOR  
(to Shane)  
Fuck that. You're definitely in.

Trevor slowly SIPS his whiskey and sets it down. His hands move to find his pistol and his eyes swell at its absence.

SHANE  
No...I'm dead fucking tired.

Shane CHARGES Trevor unlatching his holster clip to real his 9MM while in the slickest of moves chambers a round.

Trevor attempts to move toward his cot to get his 9MM; however, Shane moves in between.

Shane breathes heavily as he SWINGS his pistol up to Trevor's temple.

Trevor's eyes move from Shane's eyes to the 9MM.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Listen mother fucker. I'm not  
doin' a god damn thing. No rope,  
no flag, nothing!

Shane's gun barrel SHAKES as it rests against Trevor's head.

Dave walks over quickly. Shane doesn't acknowledge.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
I told you I'm not helpin'!

TREVOR  
Stop pointin' that thing at me!

Shane COCKS the hammer of the pistol.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Wait! Wait!

DAVE (O.C.)  
(nervous)  
Shane, you need to chill and get  
outta here.

SHANE  
We're not gonna let this piece of  
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

shit push us around. Get up!

TREVOR

What...Why?

A Marine POLICE OFFICER jumps through the tent flaps. Surveys the situation and SWINGS around his M-16 from his. He points it toward Shane.

SOLDIER 2

(authoritative)

What the hell's going on?

(to Shane)

You there, put the weapon down!

INT. US EMBASSY - POLICE OFFICE - LATER

Shane and Dave sit on small wooden chairs. Two grizzled Marines flip through paperwork. Look up occasionally.

MARINE POLICE OFFICER

You two head back. We got your statement. Your Gunny has been notified. Now get the hell out.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - LATER

Trevor's empty Jack Daniel's bottle is all that's left.

DAVE

He's gone.

SHANE

Good riddance fucker.

Shane flops face first onto his cot.

INT: US EMBASSY - ADMINISTRATION TENT - AFTERNOON

Gunny holds a mug of fresh coffee as STEAM billows up.

SHANE

Gunny. You wanted to see me?

GUNNY

Lopez. I spoke with the MPs again. They've dropped any charges against

(MORE)

GUNNY (CONT'D)

you given their assessment of your former roommate.

SHANE

(wipes his brow)

That's a relief.

GUNNY

With that said I'm need you to report to the mess hall when you get back from Mombassa. They need someone to assist in food prep.

SHANE

Excuse me Gunny but what about the missions? I'm intel.

Gunny looks his notes. Not even a care that Shane is there.

GUNNY

We all need to chip in where we can. No options here.

SHANE

But the corporals are junior. What about seniority?

Gunny pushes his glasses up to his forehead.

GUNNY

Got nothin' to do with seniority. This is a Navy guy becomin' a Marine thing.

SHANE

In the mess hall?

GUNNY

Navy guys gotta start somewhere.

SHANE

Gunny this--

GUNNY

You've had it easy since you've been here.

SHANE

Easy?

GUNNY

I'd expect this from Walsh. Not you. You have your direction. Am

(MORE)

GUNNY (CONT'D)

I clear?

SHANE

But--

GUNNY

Go, get the fuck outta here.

INT: SHANE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Shane STORMS in. Throws several papers onto his cot.

SHANE

Fuck. Gunny just told me I have to pull mess duty. Can you believe that shit?

DAVE

What a dick.

SHANE

He actually said it with a smile!

Dave jumps up from his cot.

DAVE

Wait. I have an idea. Remember when you got sick?

SHANE

How could I forget.

DAVE

Who worked on you? Marty, Greg, the Commander. We've been close to them ever since right?

SHANE

Yeah, so?

DAVE

Time for us to call in a favor. Have 'em make some shit up about your rash. Somethin' that keeps you from serving food.

INT: NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - LATER

Shane and Dave walk in briskly, motivated. Dave swings his

arms out in front as if he's in a ring boxing.

DAVE

Greg, looks like we're gettin' the shaft again.

GREG

Uhhh ohhh, can't wait to hear this.

DAVE

Tell 'em, Shane.

Dave hits Shane on the shoulder.

SHANE

Gunny just ordered me to report to the mess tent. His rationale. To experience a Marine kind of life.

GREG

Ohhh, really?.

MARTY

Jerk-off.

DAVE

Can you help?

MARTY

(to Greg)

Whadaya think? I think the Commander would be more than happy to provide a diagnosis that strictly outlines certain restrictions for our fine brethren.

GREG

Indeed. My dear partna'. We wouldn't want to endanger the camp in any way.

MARTY

(british accent)

I wholeheartedly agree.

Shane almost hops out of his boots with glee at the plan.

SHANE

Would you?

MARTY

Hold one. I'll go talk to the Commander.

MOMENTS LATER--

Marty and Greg come back carrying pieces of paper.

MARTY

Here ya go.

SHANE

Awesome!

(looks down to read)

Can I read it?

GREG

By all means.

SHANE

Looks pretty official.

MARTY

As official as it gets bro.

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

"Petty officer Lopez is placed on partial restricted duty from the following activities for a minimum of four weeks. Medical preparation and handling."

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE

Medical prep and handling? What the heck is that?

MARTY

Hell if I know but we had to add a couple of other bullshit things to make it seem legit.

SHANE

(shrugs)

Sounds good to me.

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

"Sanitation disposal or maintenance. Food handling and distribution."

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE (CONT'D)

**Bingo!**

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

"Chemical or biological treatment.  
Patient could contract or infect  
any or all due to recent  
Denys-Drash syndrome, diathermy,  
and Anaphylaxis medical  
hospitalization. For further  
guidance seek the council of CMDR  
Balastra."

BACK TO ROOM

DAVE

What the hell's Denys-drash?

MARTY

Pretty much genital abnormalities.

SHANE

What? Won't they see right through  
that?

GREG

You guys didn't.

SHANE

True--

DAVE

But I didn't get sick.

GREG

Who says you didn't?

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - LATER

Gunny sits at this desk going through paperwork.

Shane is scared but puts on his brave face.

SHANE

Gunny. Have a second?

GUNNY  
(short)  
Quickly.

SHANE  
This'll be quick. I went to the  
mess hall to check in and they  
asked about my recent medical  
issue...so I went to medical and  
they handed me this to give to  
them.

Shane hands the paper over.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
When I did they told me I can't  
handle food.

Gunny snaps it away. His finger follows each word.

GUNNY  
(angry)  
Diathermy. Densy? What the fuck?

SHANE  
Some kinda of syndrome related to  
this area.

GUNNY  
Fuck. Stay in the intel shop then.  
We'll use Walsh.

SHANE  
But Walsh had the same thing.

GUNNY  
Shit! What are you guys doin' in  
that tent anyways?

Shoos Shane back with his hand.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - DAY

Dave stares into a small mirror attached to a tent pole,  
poking at his face. He desperately tries to pop his  
severely irritated blemishes.

DAVE  
Damn it. It's impossible. This  
hell hole is wrecking havoc on my  
face.

Shane hand washes clothes in a small bucket while Al reads a book and Jerome preps to shave.

SHANE  
(to Jerome)  
You're not gonna shave are you?  
The smell is to much.

JEROME  
Not my fault you can't handle what  
a brother does to make himself  
pretty.

Jerome GRAPS his MAGIC SHAVE shaving cream. Pops the top.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
(holds up the can)  
This stuff can clear up anything.

Dave stops looking into the mirror.

SHANE  
Yeah, even a small village!  
Turns to Jerome in extreme curiosity.

DAVE  
Anything?

JEROME  
(matter of fact)  
Anything. Look at this pretty face.

Jerome rubs his chin.

JEROME (CONT'D)  
Doesn't happen by pure accident.

DAVE  
Really?

Dave goes from skeptic to a inquisitive subject.

JEROME  
No razor, just this quick brush  
stroke and done.

DAVE  
(to Shane)  
Whaddaya think?

SHANE  
How would I know? Nothin' else has  
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

worked. Other than the smell it's  
not all that bad.

DAVE

(enthusiastically)

Then I'll do it!

Dave SLAPS his hands together.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hand me over some of that shit!

JEROME

Now that's what I'm talkin' about.  
Your face will so be as adorable as  
a black man's.

All doesn't even look up and is half listening.

AL

Amen!

Jerome scoops a small amount and places it into a small cup.

JEROME

Just pour a little bit of water and  
mix 'em.

Jerome hovers over Dave as he picks up the eyes the label.

DAVE

"Razor bumps get no respect."

(to Jerome)

Cool. Exactly what I need. "Works  
in four minutes or less." Do I  
need to have this shit on for four  
minutes?

JEROME

Less than thirty seconds is good.  
Next time will be need to be  
longer.

Dave mixes the ingredients and SPILLS a quarter-size drop on  
his thigh. He immediately wipes it away leaving a red mark.

DAVE

What the hell is that? It kinda  
burns!

Dave quickly turns to Jerome in a slight panic.

JEROME  
Don't be a pussy, just put it on.

DAVE  
Shane? Look.

Points to where the drop occurred.

SHANE  
Just do it already.

JEROME  
You like having all those teenage  
zits on your face?

DAVE  
Alright, alright.

Dave slowly approaches the mirror and begins to swirl the stick around in the cup. He applies the shaving cream liberly to his face, then wipes it away.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
What the hell? It burns!  
(twitches)  
It burns! Get me some water!

Dave's face is virtually on fire.

JEROME  
Stop whining like a little bitch.

Dave grabs the nearest water bottle and towel. He SPLASHES his face to quell the fire storm on his face.

The remnants is a harsh red rash is on his face.

DAVE  
Fuck!

Dave SPLASHES more water on his face.

JEROME  
No one forced you. Look at that.  
(points to Dave's face)  
Took away your zits didn't it?

DAVE  
It looks like I took a red marker  
and colored a red beard on myself.  
Look at this!

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MORNING

Gunny reaches for a coffee cup. Pours a dirty brown liquid and turns around.

GUNNY  
Lopez and Walsh.

SHANE  
Yes, Gunny.

GUNNY  
You've...what happened to your face for Christ's sake? Did you go to medical?

DAVE  
No Gunny. I--

Shane eyes an opportunity to insert his self fulfilling lie.

SHANE  
He had an allergic reaction to some meds.

GUNNY  
As I was sayin'. You two have pulled it together and as Top said, everyone needs a break. I don't think so but anyway. I have permission to send guys to Mombassa. I can't send you both at the same time, though. But do either of you wanna go?

SHANE AND DAVE  
Yes, Gunny. Thank you.

GUNNY  
Which one of you wants to go first?

Dave and Shane look at each other in confusion.

DAVE  
(to Shane)  
Why don't you go first. You need to get away from that psycho girlfriend.

Shane throws a dagger stare at Dave.

Gunny's face grows to a frown.

GUNNY

Don't want to hear about any girlfriends here. Who is it anyway?

DAVE

(quick)

No, no one Gunny. I was givin' IS3 a hard time.

GUNNY

Keep your dick in your pants as best you can. I hope that's not much to ask.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Shane hits Dave in the arm as soon as they walk out.

SHANE

Fucknut. Get me in trouble.

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Shane clothes are scattered as he packs his duffel bag.

SHANE

Can't wait to actually use a real washing machine. Put my toes in some carpet.

Rachel peaks her head into the tent with a worried look.

RACHEL

Got a sec?

SHANE

Of course.

RACHEL

I have to be open and honest here.

SHANE

Weird way to start a conversation.

Shane folds t-shirts and slides them in his bag.

RACHEL  
I didn't think it would affect me  
but I don't like the thought of you  
going to Mombassa.

SHANE  
Why?

Rachel wrings her hands. She nervous and awkward.

RACHEL  
Are we exclusive?

SHANE  
I would say yes? I don't know. Do  
you?

RACHEL  
I don't know.

SHANE  
Rach, this is not the best place to  
start a relationship.

Shane waves his arms like he cradles the tent.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You're my rock and without you...I  
don't know what I would do, but I  
think, ahhh I don't know.

RACHEL  
It just seems I'm more vested than  
you. I can't help it.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

Shane, Dave, Al and Jerome huddle around their spool, cards  
litter the table. Dave LIGHTS a cigarette.

SHANE  
Can I grab one of those?

Dave is taken aback. He doesn't even reach for one.

DAVE  
Really?

AL  
Hard to stop if you start, kid.

Shane is as smooth as he can be but no, he's still a geek.

SHANE

Just a couple puffs. Need  
somethin' to take the edge off.

Dave reluctantly hands him a cigarette and lighter.

Shane lights it and takes a drag. COUGH. COUGH.

JEROME

You alright there lil' buddy?

SHANE

Yeah. I'll be fine. Smooth.

MOMENTS LATER--

Dave holds the cards, shuffling them as best he can.

DAVE

Who's with who?

JEROME

You kiddin'? Me and my boy against  
you two. You two need some lessons  
from the master.

LATER--

AL

(cocky)

Hahhh. Seven books. One more and  
we're done here.

Al pulls one card from his hand and places it face down next  
to Shane's card.

AL (CONT'D)

(slow and smooth)

Go ahead. Lay it down...don't be  
scared.

Shane's a little shaken by the game play.

SHANE

Uhhh, I'm not scared.

AL

You should be. Lay it down. Come  
on...do it.

Shane handles a card from his suit.

AL (CONT'D)

You sure you want that one, boy?

Shane hesitates and then slowly lays down his card. He flips card over.

Al raises his hand above his head holding a card and stands up immediately.

AL (CONT'D)

Take that cracker!!!

Al SLAMS his card down on the table. The card SKIDS across the table showing a spade.

JEROME

(elated)

Hell's yeah! Showed these white boys how to play.

Al and Jerome laugh in unison. Throw high-five's.

DAVE

Glad to know you guys are such gracious winners.

AL

Told ya boy! I had ya from the start. I can read minds!

INT. ADDIS ABBABA, ETHIOPIA - HOTEL CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

A large oval table with blue letter placards for fifteen Somali factions. Simple blue background with large white stars decorate the walls.

High-ranking military officers and United Nation representatives in tailored suits sit intermixed.

SUPER: ADDIS ABBABA, ETHIOPIA - CONFERENCE OF NATIONAL RECONCILIATION IN SOMALIA" (D+92)

A large banner hangs above and room reads, "Conference of National Reconciliation in Somalia"

GENERAL MOHAMMED FARRAH AIDID in full regalia commands the room, knowing he's the big dog.

GEN. MOHAMMED FARRAH AIDID

(stern)

It has become perfectly clear that Somalia has been overtaken by a large faction...a faction too large to see what is right for the great country of Somalia.

(eyes dart around table)

I sit here as my people are killed everyday by this so called humanitarian mission. I have no regrets but can and will no longer subject my people to the lies and deception of this occupying body. The United Congress of Somalia (USC) which I lead will not abide, aid, or support any action. To that end. The UCS withdraws.

Aidid gets up and looks at the large expansive room. He rushes out with a contingent of AIDES.

Dull whispers echo throughout the room. As the door shuts the room erupts in chaos.

EXT. KENYA - MOMBASSA AIRFIELD - MORNING

A C-130 HERCULES touches down. It's tires screech as it comes to a stop.

The rear cargo hatch opens allowing Shane and other MEN stream out of the plane with gear in hand.

INT. MOMBASSA TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

It's clean but small. Red and green adorn the walls with black leather seats and posters of safari's throughout.

RAY, 30's, ANDRE, 20's, and QUINCY 30's, African-American SOLDIERS in civilian clothes wait for a taxi.

Ray reaches out to shake Shane's hand.

RAY

Here by yourself?

SHANE

Yeah. Alone, and unafraid.

RAY  
You been to Mombassa before?

SHANE  
Can't say I have.

The three guys laugh in delight.

ANDRE  
Can't wait for those ladies to get  
a look at that red hair!  
(points to Shane's hair)  
Timbo is definitely for you bro.

SHANE  
Timbo?

QUINCY  
Hottest disco on the Indian Ocean.  
Guaranteed good time.

RAY  
He's comin' with us.

EXT. MOMBASSA - STREETS - BUS

The PASSENGERS bounce in their seats as the bus slices through the bustling city. The Indian Ocean sparkles but like a warts littering the country side are large red billboards.

INSERT BILLBOARD, which read:

"Protect Yourself: AIDS can be with  
Anyone". "Condoms can prevent  
AIDS".

BACK TO BUS

Shane stares in amazement like at the zoo.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SHOWER - DAY

Shane nude turns on the handle of the shower. Steam funnels upward and engulfs the bathroom in no time. He rubs his hair. After months, he's becoming human again.

EXT. TIMBO DISCO - EVENING

Bus pulls up. Everyone jumps out enthusiastically.

It's an enchanting upper-middle class building. Huge palm-leaf thatched roof, various tropical plants, and decorative lights lay over the facade.

INT. TIMBO DISCO - MOMENTS LATER

Shane, Andre, Ray and Quincy calmly stroll through an arched entrance. Large open air disco on the beach have YOUNG ADULTS DANCE.

Shane sits at a simple table. A cute KENYAN WOMAN, 20's, moves in next to him.

WOMAN  
(broken English)  
Hello. Love hair.

She touches the back of his head.

ANDRE  
I told you, bro. You're a star  
already and you've only been here  
five minutes!

SHANE  
(shy. to woman)  
Hi.

WOMAN  
Never seen true redhead.

A stunning African woman, KATY, 20's, tall, permed blonde streaks, tight jeans stands over the woman.

Katy gives the woman next to Shane an evil stare.

KATY  
(british accent. to  
woman)  
I think you have somewhere else to  
be?

WOMAN  
I do?

RAY  
(to woman)  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Wooohooo. Better get outta here girl. This new sista's gonna whip your ass.

KATY

(to woman)

Get lost. Plenty of other Americans around here.

The woman gets up in a fuss and stomps away. She gives Katy one last dirty look.

KATY (CONT'D)

(to Shane)

You're welcome.

SHANE

Thanks, I guess.

KATY

Mind if I sit?

RAY

I'll leave you two alone.

Ray moves as quickly as he can to the dance floor.

SHANE

Course not. How are you?

Katy pulls a chair from the table and sits next to him.

KATY

Fine now.

SHANE

Love your accent.

KATY

Originally from Nairobi but schooled in England.

SHANE

Cool.

KATY

Where you from in the states?

SHANE

California. Do you know where that is?

KATY  
 (eyes light up)  
 I'm not to third world. I know  
 where that is. I love Cali.

SHANE  
 What are ya doin' here?

KATY  
 Go to Technical University of  
 Mombassa -- graphics art design.

SHANE  
 Wow...you like it?

KATY  
 Love it. Hope to get my degree and  
 go to the states after graduation.  
 Maybe California. The beaches, the  
 lifestyle. It's somethin' I think  
 about all the time.

She leans in closer to him.

KATY (CONT'D)  
 So Mr. California, what are you  
 doing so far from home?

SHANE  
 Heard of that little situation up  
 north?

KATY  
 Who hasn't?

SHANE  
 That's me.  
 (points to chest)  
 Sent to protect and feed. We've  
 got five days to, as they say, rest  
 and relax.

KATY  
 Certainly nice of them. Are you  
 resting and relaxing like you've  
 been ordered?

SHANE  
 I am now.

KATY  
 Good. How long will you be in  
 Mogadishu, cause let me tell you no  
 (MORE)

KATY (CONT'D)

one can fix that place.

SHANE

Tell me about it. The locals already hate us and I could be there for six more months but haven't a clue. At least I get to come here every two months.

KATY

Well then...I better be on my best behavior so you come see me!

PATIO - LATER

Shane and Katy face each other kissing and heavy petting. Feet crossed as they straddle a wall. Their feet dangle above the crashing waves.

SHANE

Looks like everyone's leaving. Have any plans for later?

KATY

Later? It's already 2:30. What could you possibly have in mind?

SHANE

Ahhh, I'm not sure...wanna to come back to my place?

KATY

Your place is a hotel, right?

SHANE

Yeah, it's nice. It's safe. It doesn't have to mean more than just staying with me.

INT. BUS - LATER

A party atmosphere. The bus pulls up to the gate.

Shane and Katy are almost in each others laps.

RAY

(to van driver)

Pull up outside that gate. I need to go in to clear a path for us.

QUINCY

What for?

RAY

They're not gonna let us bring girls in here. We need to sneak 'em in.

(to van driver)

Go ahead and open the doors. We're getting out.

(to all)

Everyone out. Just give me a second before you head in.

EXT. HOTEL - GATE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The group mingles but talk softly.

RAY

(whispers)

All clear. Be quiet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shane and Katy sit close and comfortably on a couch.

SHANE

You okay?

KATY

Perfect, actually.

They kiss. She stands up and grabs his hand.

KATY (CONT'D)

Let's go lay down.

She leads him by softly holding his hand to the bedroom.

BEDROOM - SAME

They slowly lay on the bed, kissing the entire time.

BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun beams through the window and white thin drapes.

One white sheet covers them. Shane slowly opens his eyes and turns over to Katy as she sleeps soundly. He lifts the sheet to reveal her perfect dark body against his milky skin. She rustles but only snuggles next to him.

Shane smiles and then closes his eyes.

INT. US EMBASSY - ADMINISTRATION TENT - AFTERNOON

Soldiers fill out paperwork, load weapons and eat MREs.

SUPER: US EMBASSY, MOGADISHU (D+97)

RACHEL  
We need to talk.

SHANE  
Oookay.

Rachel  
So how'd it go?

SHANE (CONT'D)  
I guess...it was fine.

RACHEL  
That's it? It was just fine?

SHANE  
(defensive)  
Well I was with a couple guys, I didn't know.

RACHEL  
And that means what? Did you party?

Rachel like a criminal lawyer grills Shane.

SHANE  
Of course...we all did. Hung out, but overall it was fine.

RACHEL  
There's that word again, fine.

SHANE  
Yeah fine. What's wrong with that?

RACHEL  
I've heard there's a lot of things  
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

go on down there. Women hanging all over guys. Can't imagine there weren't women hangin' all over you. It's just weird, no one's saying anything.

SHANE

Maybe because there's nothing to say. Why? Are you asking around?

RACHEL

No not really--

Rachel realizes for a moment her probing is going wrong.

SHANE

Not really?

RACHEL

When somebody comes back from Mombassa saying it was just fine, it makes me start to wonder. Should I be worried?

SHANE

...about what? I'm the one that needs to worry, don't you think?

Shane sees an opening to question Rachel.

RACHEL

What's that supposed to mean?

SHANE

You know what I mean. Who the hell is that Canadian officer you've been hangin' with?

RACHEL

Mark? Oh, come on. He's harmless. I would never think about him in that way. He's like thirty five years old.

SHANE

I'm not the only one who's saying it's weird. And by the way, when they say it directly to me it means a lot.

RACHEL

Who's saying?

SHANE  
Never mind who.

Rachel's getting more frustrated by the moment.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
They know we're together, whether  
you think we're keeping this  
under-wraps or not. It puts me in  
an awkward position.

RACHEL  
Well that's stupid. I had no idea.

SHANE  
Let's just drop it. Everything's  
fine.

Shane turns his back on her to try to get away.

RACHEL  
That damn word again.

SHANE  
Ohhh, come on. Let's talk about it  
later. We got shit to do.

Daggers from her eyes point at Shane.

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - LATER

DAVE  
Gunny. Ever since that debacle at  
the conference last week the  
skinnies are throwin' rocks at us.  
They're even spitting on us when we  
go through the Market.

GUNNY  
(frustrated)  
Well then, go around it. There  
plenty of ways to get to the  
airport.

RACHEL  
...but Gunny they're doing it  
everywhere we go. Even now  
throwing rocks.

Gunny turns around to the group and grabs a chair. He  
stands on it to command the room.

GUNNY

(to all)

Listen up. I know it's getting worse out there and we've seem to have outstayed our welcome, but let me put it this way. If they throw rocks at you, you can throw rocks back. If they shoot, shoot back but let me stress that you can't spit. No matter what.

Gunny's intentionally touches his eyes to everyone's.

GUNNY (CONT'D)

Everyone got it?

(to Dave)

Walsh?

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - LATER

Dave on his knees as he digs around in the ground.

RACHEL

Dave, what the fuck are you doing?

Dave finds his medieval weapons and slides them in his cargo pants pockets.

DAVE

Getin' good rocks.

RACHEL

What the hell for?

DAVE

You heard Gunny. If they throw 'em at me, I'm throwin' 'em back.

He waves to Shane.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shane, come get some. There good ones over here.

Shane walks over. Points to an area near Dave.

SHANE

Yeah, that's a real good one.

Shane kneels down and places some in his pockets.

EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS (MOVING) - LATER

Sunny, brutal hot day. Dave and Shane in the bed of the truck face forward over the cab of a Humvee, as it hits pot holes. Wind blows past them like an outdoor hair dryer.

DAVE  
(yells)  
You see that?

A Somali BOY winds up to throw a rock.

SHANE  
I see 'em.

DAVE  
Pockets are locked and loaded.

The traffic gets heavy forcing the Humvee to come to a stop.

DRIVER (O.C.)  
Shit.

The DRIVER HITS the steering wheel.

SHANE  
You really gonna engage 'em?

DAVE  
Hell yah! If his hand raises I'm  
knockin' him down.

Dave reaches down to unbutton his pants pocket.

The Somali boy rears back awkwardly and throws his projectile like an eight year old girl.

Dave SLAMS his hand on the roof of the Humvee.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Incoming!

Shane and Dave DUCK as the rock flies past. Not even close.

Dave stands up, cocks and throws. BULLSEYE. It beans the Somali boy in the chest.

As smooth as a Major League pitcher, Dave FIRES again. Perfect as it hits a boy in the leg. He grabs it in pain.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Stupid fuckers.

SHANE

Looks like they've never even seen a baseball! They're about to feel ten years of little league.

Shane starts launching his rudimentary bombs.

EXT. US EMBASSY COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Shane sits on a crate and smokes as SOMALI JANITORS SWEEP the driveway and sidewalks.

Faint GUN SHOTS in the distance. Tree branches CLICK and TRICKLE down. Bullets RICOCHET off the top of the Embassy.

Somalis SCRABLE to ground and FLOP like fish out of water.

SHANE

(nonchalant)

This shit is crazy.

He PUFFS on his cigarette as if just another day.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - DAY

The room bustles of activity. Table top fans PUSH warm air around the confined space. Dave HOVERS over a mound of papers on the desk. Shane walks in holding a folder.

SUPER: US INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS CENTER. (D+105)

DAVE

(to Shane)

Holy shit. You read this?

He hands Shane a classified intelligence report.

INSERT MESSAGE TRAFFIC, which reads:

"Aidid orders SNA militia to attack Pakistani Task Force. TF 22 arms cache inspection located at the radio station near Market Square. Fire fight ensued. 24 dead, 57 wounded Pakistani. One Italian and three wounded American. U.N. Security Council passed Resolution

(MORE)

837, for the arrest and prosecution of the group responsible."

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE

Had no idea that's what was goin' yesterday when I was hangin' out in the courtyard. Thought it was just a random fire-fight.

DAVE

It's gettin' worse and worse by the day, bro. Look at all these techincals.

Dave points to the map of Mogadishu.

SHANE

It's littered with 'em. And now their attacking the food convoys.

Dozens of red push-pins show warlord gun trucks.

DAVE

We're never gettin' out of here.

Dave's worry turns to despair.

SHANE

I know. After that fuckin' disaster with the Pakistani's we've officially went from humanitarian to hunters.

DAVE

No shit. The Major asked me yesterday if we were BDA and targeting qual'd.

SHANE

Bomb damage assessment? Fuck. We're there already? What did you tell him?

DAVE

I told him yes, of course.

SHANE

Shit.

EXT. US EMBASSY - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Shane and Dave are geared up and walk to the roundabout. Shane drops to one knee to count ammo magazines.

SHANE  
I hate going to the stadium.

DAVE  
(british accent)  
Ahhh, to see the Brits, eh? What we takin'?

SHANE  
Warlord stronghold info.

DAVE  
Shit, after what we saw yesterday, no tellin' what we'll see.

Rachel walks in the distance towards them.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You invited her?

SHANE  
Of course. Why not?

DAVE  
You could have warned me.

SHANE  
Warned you? How old are you ten?

Rachel strolls up. Confident. Happy.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Hi Rach. Good to see you. You doing okay?

Shane touches her hand.

RACHEL  
Yes, of course.

He blushes.

DAVE  
(childish screech)  
Hey Rach.

RACHEL  
Hi Daaave. I won't ask you how you feel cause I don't really care.

Dave takes a long drag from his cigarette.

DAVE  
 (laughs)  
 Notice how I didn't ask you?

He blows smoke in her direction. She waves him off.

SHANE  
 Ahhh, you two settle down. We have  
 work to do.

MOMENTS LATER--

Mounted SOILDERS arrive in two Humvee's.

Dave, Rachel and Shane pile in one Humvee. WAYNE, a country boy, is the driver. Rachel rides shotgun. Dave and Shane in the truck bed facing forward over the cab of the Humvee.

SUPER: MOGADISHU MARKET SQUARE (D+112)

MARINE  
 (to all)  
 We don't have a full compliment of  
 gunners today, but we have to push  
 anyway. Keep focus out there.

The Humvee's pulls forward and approach the gate.

EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS (MOVING) - LATER

The Humvee's travel one car length apart as they approach a populated area.

A CROWD closes in on the vehicles, forcing them to inch along. Skinny hands reach in and out of the truck beds.

Shane and Dave immediately grab and tear open MRE bags. They shower the crowd with an assortment of goodies. They DIVE to the ground to nab a morsel.

Dave and Shane laugh at the chaos.

WAYNE  
 Fuckers! Move!

Dave slams his hand on top of the Humvee.

SHANE  
 Not again.

DAVE  
 (yells)  
 Get us the hell out of here! It's  
 going get worse.

The engines REV and they gather speed.

MOMENTS LATER--

The Humvee's turn on a less congested narrow road were buildings on either side are surrounded by concrete walls.

They pass alleyway after alleyway.

Suddenly a MALE SOMALI POPS out from behind a wall, holding a bottle with a burning cloth hanging from it.

DAVE  
 (points)  
 Watch that guy.

SHANE  
 (yells)  
 Cocktail! Cocktail!

The male TOSSES the lit bottle. It FLASHES out before it smashes into the right quarter panel of the Humvee. Gasoline SPLASHES everywhere.

INT. HUMVEE CAB (MOVING) - SAME

The gasoline dowses Rachel completely.

RACHEL  
 Shit, shit! I'm hit!

Wayne puts his arm across her chest.

WAYNE  
 Rach, it's okay. Keep your eyes  
 shut. It flashed out.

EXT. HUMVEE BED (MOVING) - SAME

Gasoline partially SOAKS Shane.

SHANE  
 Fuck, my eyes!

The tires of the Humvee's SKID. Dust devils form.

The perpetrator turns to run down the alley. He's gone.

RACHEL (O.C.)  
What the fuck? I'm soaked.

WAYNE (O.C.)  
Get some water Dave from the back  
and pour it over their heads.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel stands next to Humvee. Shane jumps out as Dave pours water on their heads and hands.

DAVE  
Mother fuckers. Are you two okay?

They both WHIP away the gas from their faces.

SOLDIER (O.C.)  
(yells)  
Watch our perimeters!

RACHEL  
(dazed)  
I'm okay I think...we need to get  
out of here though.

She spits to get the taste of gas out of her mouth.

Wayne grabs Rachel's hand and escorts her into the Humvee.  
He SNAPS her seat belt.

Dave holds Shane's shoulder and guides him into the back of  
the Humvee. He SLAMS the Humvee tailgate shut.

DAVE  
All set. Let's go. Let's go!

INT. SHANE'S TENT - LATER

Shane and Dave walk in grimy -- smell of gasoline. They're  
DISHEVELED as they DRAG backpacks to their cots.

Jerome and Al lay on their cots, STOP in mid talk.

JEROME  
You look like shit. What happened?

DAVE

Fucks hit us with a Molotov.

AL

Man, it's getting worse by the day.

Al and Jerome are shocked but not totally surprised.

JEROME

Shit, from what we're seein' terrorist groups out there. Some fresh off of fighting the Soviets over there in Afghanistan.

SHANE

Mujahideen?

JEROME

Yep. They have this crazy leader Laden or whatever who's spreadin' his wings.

Dave gets more upset by this new wealth of information.

DAVE

Great. Another fuckin' guy to worry about.

SHANE

Ever since that conference thing, it's been ratcheted up. This is turning into a total cluster fuck.

AL

I can tell we're being targeted from here on out...fuck all that noise. It's depressing me. You guys up for a game of spades tonight?

DAVE

I'm in. How 'bout you, bro?

SHANE

Just wanna clean up a little first. Look at my hands.

Shane holds out his hands to show he has the shakes.

EXT. US EMBASSY COURTYARD - DAY

SHANE (V.O.)

Over time celebrities began to visit Mogadishu. Notables that you would expect -- President Bush and General Powell. Of course, great speakers but the sinking feeling of the situation didn't allow for much of a jovial visit. Other notables that you wouldn't expect like Charlton Heston, God only knows how he got there. I think after visiting they rethought their decision.

HESTON walks through a sea of soldiers SHAKING hands as he sweats profusely while his breathing labored.

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everyone thought he was going to die right there on the front steps of the Embassy. Another odd visitor was famous country singer, Clint Black and his hot wife, Lisa Hartman. What sucked for us was that she immediately got sick on her first day and was puking her guts out on the USS Tripoli for the remainder of their visit.

INT. USS TRIPOLI - BATHROOM - SAME

LISA HARTMAN, a singing superstar HUGS a silver toilet. She can't stop herself from PUKING.

EXT. US EMBASSY COMPOUND - HELICOPTER PAD - CONTINUOUS

CLINT BLACK hops off the helicopter. Dust flies up from his boots. He's followed by a Marine protection force and greeted by several HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS.

EXT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Clint sits on a stole, guitar in hand as the CROWD gathers.

CLINT BLACK

Hello everyone. Good to be here.

(MORE)

CLINT BLACK (CONT'D)

Can't say my wife thinks the same  
but glad to sing a couple of songs  
for ya'll.

MARINE (O.C.)

(yells)

Play a hit!

CLINT BLACK

Don't worry, I'll play 'em all but  
never given much thought to  
"Kill'in Time." Now that I'm here,  
it sure puts a whole new meanin' on  
it, don't yah think?

The crowd laughs and he begins to play.

CLINT BLACK AT THE EMBASSY - MONTAGE

- Plays guitar with soldiers.
- Soldiers follow him around the camp.
- He sings for anyone who crosses his path.

EXT. SHANE'S TENT - NIGHT

Thousands of stars hang in the dark clear sky.  
Shane and Dave sit in makeshift chairs smoking.

SUPER: US EMBASSY (D+120)

DAVE

Sure is nice tonight.

SHANE

As nice as it can be. Just like  
our first one. You know what I did  
that day?

DAVE

Uhhh...what?

SHANE

Nothing crazy. Prayed to God and  
asked him why.

DAVE

Did he answer?

Dave takes a large DRAG of his cigarette.

SHANE

I haven't been shot yet...guess it helped.

DAVE

Next time talk to him for me.

SHANE

Sure.

(laughs)

Hey, I meant to ask you the other day. Did you said you were writing to Neil Young?

Dave gets visibly excited by the sound of Neil.

DAVE

Hell ya. A couple times.

SHANE

Why?

DAVE

Really? Have you heard his music?

SHANE

No, not really.

DAVE

You should. It speaks on so many levels. It's more than music, it's poetry. If it wasn't for Neil I don't know where I would be.

SHANE

I'm not that passionate about music I guess. I just like listening to Stern.

Another name from Dave's past that gets him excited

DAVE

Who doesn't love Howard, but Neil is for the soul.

(jumps out of his seat)

Hold on. I want to show you something.

He STORMS into the tent.

MOMENTS LATER--

Dave runs out of the tent with a tape and radio.

DAVE  
Just listen to this.

Dave drops the tape in the tray. Hits play and begins to tap his fingers to the song.

SHANE  
What's the name of this again?

Dave hits Shane on the knee.

DAVE  
Shhh. Just listen. Soak it in.

Machine gun fire erupts from the corner of the Embassy.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Shit man! They're ruinin' my song!

They are both nonchalant about the event.

SHANE  
Who's on the corners?

DAVE  
Fuckin' Nigerians. They get spooked by the smallest thing.

Waves of 50-caliber rounds SNAP back into the city in ten second BURSTS. Green tracers JET OUT into the darkness.

Indiscriminate noises come from the Nigerian's post.

SHANE  
Ahhh, yah see! Just organizing their counter. Nothing big...

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Red tracers HIT the Embassy walls.

WHISTLING green and red tracers rounds ZOOM thirty feet above Shane and Dave.

DAVE  
Wow! This is a good one.

SHANE  
Think we should jump into the hole?

DAVE  
Hell no. It's fine. Those rounds  
can't come in here.

SHANE  
So funny. Who would've thought  
we'd be sittin' here smokin' and  
listening to music with a fire  
fight whizzing over our heads.

DAVE  
You know what it really shows?

SHANE  
No. What?

DAVE  
We're gettin' used to this place.  
Can't be good.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

Al, Shane, Dave and Jerome around the table -- spades. All  
in joyful moods as smoke FILLS the tent.

Al deals. Dave smile gets larger with each card. Shane's  
eyes get wider and wider. Their no poker faces.

DAVE  
(laughs)  
Whatcha got partner?

SHANE  
(laughs)  
You won't believe this.

JEROME  
Just play, fucknuts.

SHANE  
(to Al)  
You wouldn't be laughing if you saw  
my hand.

Dave and Shane go back and forth laying down Ace's. They  
take each book from Al and Jerome. Snicker each time.

LATER--

Dave, with authority lays down a ten of hearts. Followed by

Jerome with a six of hearts and Al with his king of hearts.

AL  
 (laughs)  
 Looks like you didn't plan on that  
 one did yah, sport?

SHANE  
 Hate to do it but--

Shane slams down a spade over Al's king.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 (to Al)  
 Take that bitch!

Dave stands up. Points and laughs at their competition.  
 Reaches across the table and high-fives Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 (exuberant)  
 The student becomes the master!

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

Shane LEANS over a tall wooden table and GAZES through his magnifying loop. He makes annotations on photos and maps.

DAVE  
 How goes it?

SHANE  
 Okay. Making last minute changes  
 to the charts.

DAVE  
 That bad huh?

SHANE  
 Aided's dudes are in that warehouse  
 down the road.

DAVE  
 No shit? Is that what the intel is  
 sayin'?

SHANE  
 Yeah. I have them down at that  
 place on the outskirts of town.

DAVE

I remember. Why so close?

SHANE

Don't know but it took me forever to track them down from the aircraft missions. Help me roll these up. The planning meeting is in thirty minutes.

INT. OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The air is hot and sticky. PILOTS, SOLDIERS and INTEL OPERATIONS MEN stand elbow to elbow. Dave and Shane stand behind everyone.

Maps and pictures cover each wall. One oversized Googlemap-type image of the warehouse is front and center. Several handheld pictures are taped to it. Humvee locations mark their strategic locations around the warehouse.

DAVE

(whispers)

Looks good, bro.

SHANE

(whispers)

Thanks. Now the fun begins.

MAJOR PUTNY

Listen up people. Aided has fortified the location you see here.

(points to picture)

Twenty plus armed men and at least three technicals inside. We'll be on station at 0700. Set up our comms. Here, here, and here.

His pointer touches the picture at each location.

MAJOR PUTNY (CONT'D)

Air support comes from the 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment and will be on station by 0655. We've already told Aided that they have till 0700. If they give us the slightest bit of shit our ROE is to forcefully remove them. We're not gonna have a

(MORE)

MAJOR PUTNY (CONT'D)

repeat of what happened to the Nigerians.

(beat)

Everyone got that?

Everyone nods, deadpan and serious.

MARINES (O.C.)

Hoooyaaa.

SHANE

So much for the humanitarian mission, huh?

DAVE

Dude we lost that mission months ago. Repercussions could be bad.

SHANE

No doubt.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

GUNNY

Walsh, Lopez. A word.

Gunny pulls them aside. His usual grumpiness comes through.

GUNNY (CONT'D)

We received orders indicating that you two will be leaving in the next couple days.

DAVE AND SHANE

(look to each other)

Really!

They almost jump out of their boots.

GUNNY

Figured that would be your reaction. Just when the action gets good the Navy pulls you out. Typical.

If he could he would SLAP them.

DAVE

Excuse me? We've been spit on, shot at and lived like everyone

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

else. There's nothing anyone has done that we haven't.

Gunny's face turns red. Shocked at his reaction.

GUNNY

Listen here. The fact remains we're now in a fight and you two are high tailin' it out of here.

Shane with a sudden dose of courage.

SHANE

I don't get you.

Gunny's takes a step back.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Nine months ago we couldn't even tie our boots. Now we're in fire fights. Put up as real gunners. I didn't ask for this shit. You have been the biggest prick and that's being kind. I'll be damn if you try and tell me I'm not a grunt.

SILIENCE. Gunny turns and STORMS out.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - MORNING

People stand on Humvee's and crates. Point beyond the wall at the upcoming attraction.

SUPER: AIDAD CACHE WAREHOUSE (D+131)

DAVE

Here we go.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - SAME

A tattered chain-link fence surround the structure with windows and a faded red door. Two closed large bay doors.

A brown dirt road leads in and circles it, as a white car near the entrance and various junk scattered throughout.

EXT. MOGADISHU CITY - MOMENTS LATER

One AH-1 COBRA ATTACK HELICOPTER and one UH-1 HUEY ATTACK GUNSHIP interweave and descend from a low position in the direction of the airfield. They provide a STEADY BEAT in everyone's chest. It quickens.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - SAME

DAVE  
(to Shane)  
Ever seen a Hellfire hit a building?

SHANE  
Nope. Can't say I have.

DAVE  
Well you're about to if those idiots don't get out.

Dave hits Shane playfully on the shoulder.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
What time is it?

SHANE  
6:58.

DAVE  
About party time!

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Seven Humvee's park a safe distance away, two with 50-caliber mounted guns. A large speaker points toward the warehouse.

Soldiers stand, weapons drawn behind open Humvee doors.

COMMANDER  
(to handset)  
Attention! Your departure of this facility has expired. Please exit the building in an orderly manner or we will be forced to secure the location and physically remove you. I will provide a countdown to acknowledge.

No acknowledgement.

The Commander gestures to two soldiers and points to the warehouse several times. He waves them to get behind trucks.

FROM ABOVE -- Both helicopters arrive on station and circle the warehouse like vultures. Their rotors THUMP the ground.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The commander grabs the microphone in one last attempt.

COMMANDER

(to handset)

Time is up. I will countdown from  
10. When I reach one we will begin  
our entry. Ten, nine, eight,  
seven--

Marines CHAMBER weapons. Their ready to fight.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Six, five--

ENEMY GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the warehouse.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Bullets spray the Humvee's and BOUNCE off to the ground.

Soldiers crouch down and return GUNFIRE.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Humvee 50-caliber mounts unload in three second BURSTS.

American red tracers FLY into the warehouse.

Gunfire ensues from both areas.

An AH-1 Cobra turns its nose toward the warehouse. A bright flame leaves it's two weapons arms of the helicopter. HELLFIRE MISSILES make a quick get-away toward their target. Wires attached to each missile connect to Cobra.

A DIRECT HIT to the warehouse. Explosions SHAKE the ground.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - SAME

A group of ONLOOKERS YELL with enthusiasm and FIST PUMP.

EXT. MOGADISHU - MOMENTS LATER

The UH-1 Huey begins to circle the warehouse and UNLOADS it's arsenal directly into the warehouse. Empty casings pour from the Huey's belly.

Both helicopters slow their pattern and retreat to base.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A smouldering ruin. Anyone inside has died a brutal death in the attack.

EXT. US EMBASSY ROUNDABOUT - SAME

The onlookers hop off the crates and Humvee's in pure joy.

DAVE

Wow! What a way to start the day.

SHANE

I know right. Good thing we're leaving soon 'cause this place is gonna be a shit storm.

EXT. TENT CITY - ROAD - MORNING

Shane briskly walks toward Rachel holding his UN helmet. Marines mill about. Humvees drive by. It's busy.

SHANE

(slow)

Here. I can't take this.

He extends his arms holding the helmet.

RACHEL

Why? What's wrong? I got that for you...

SHANE

Nothing, nothings wrong. If they inspect my bag and find this I could get in trouble.

She realizes it's for the best

RACHEL  
I'm gonna miss you.

SHANE  
I'm going to miss you too. But we aren't that far away from each other. We can visit when you get back...whenever that is.

Shane knows this is mostly talk.

RACHEL  
I know. They still haven't told me when I can leave.

SHANE  
Total bullshit. You've been here almost longer than anyone.

RACHEL  
Ahhh, I'm used to it. It's the Marine way don't ya know.

She tries to make light but knows she will miss him.

SHANE  
I'll write you. I promise.

RACHEL  
I look forward to it.  
(beat)  
I want you to know that you're one of us now. We've put you through the ringer.

SHANE  
I feel different and this place will always be with me. I'll certainly appreciate things more than ever...especially carpet.

They both laugh.

RACHEL  
I would give you a kiss but--

SHANE  
Please don't. Just another excuse for them to throw me in the mess hall and keep me here longer.

They hug.

RACHEL  
(whispers)  
You take care, Marine.

SHANE GOES HOME - MONTAGE

-- He waits on makeshift wooden chairs in Mogadishu Airport terminal.

-- He flips through magazines on his military C-9 flight. Drifts in and out of sleep.

-- Catches a cab at Travis Air Force Base terminal.

-- Stares out the window of the cab at the ocean.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - SHANE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Cab door opens and steps out. Grabs bags from the trunk and slings them over his shoulder. The key wedges into the lock.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane pass along family pictures on the walls and swings open the door to his room. He stops and STARES.

SHANE'S ROOM

He steps in and immediately drops everything. Takes off his shoes and socks and tosses them aside. He looks down at his feet. GRABS the plush carpet with his toes.

Let's out a LONG SIGH.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Not two months later on October 3, 1993 a 15-hour battle ensued leaving 18 Americans dead and 73 injured. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Somalis were killed.

In March 1994 the U.S. and United Nations forces pulled out of Somalia. Leaving the country as they found it...in ruin."

FADE TO BLACK.