

## Generation Kill 1x03 - Screwby



[VO – all on radio]

MISFIT TWO ONE

Time on station, three zero mikes, holding at three Cherubs southwest, holding area Chevy, carrying four Hellfires...

RECON THREE

Misfit Two One, this is Recon Three. Solid copy on check in. Stand by for six-line.

[00:00:23]

Bravo is camped in a field, checking their Humvees.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

We're on a sealed base.

JACKS

Got any extra batteries for the 119?

PATRICK

Grab all the extra drivers, fill up the vehicle together.

MARINE 2

Check the air filter on that Humvee.

MARINE 3

Ampusel, grab me a donkey dick.

MARINE 4

Damn run-flats.

MARINE 3

Grab me Dirty Earl!

CARISALEZ

I can fix anything from a screen door to a broken heart.)

Bravo Two One work on their Humvee.

COLBERT

Trombley, did you eat?

TROMBLEY

Uh. Yes, Sergeant.

COLBERT

You hydrated?

TROMBLEY

[OS] Yes, Sergeant.

COLBERT

Have you defecated?

TROMBLEY

No, Sergeant.

PERSON

[OS] Fuck!

COLBERT

Trombley, we have a long day ahead of us. I need you to take a dump now before we get on the road.

PERSON

[OS] Hey, before you shit, hand me the bolt cutters.

Griego walks up to the Humvee.

GRIEGO

Outstanding job yesterday, gentlemen.

COLBERT

Can I help you with something, Gunny?

GRIEGO

Sergeant, yesterday we had a trial by fire.

HASSER

[OS] Come on.

GRIEGO

I want you to know, Brad, that I'm here for you and your men.

HASSER

[OS] Come on!

GRIEGO

Are there any combat stress reactions anyone needs to talk about? Remember, I'm certified combat stress instructor.

HASSER

Fuck, fuck! [banging against his gun] It did it again.

MARINE

[OS] Hey Darnold, we need those windows cleaned!

COLBERT

No, we're good, Gunny. But we would be a lot better if you were getting us the gun lube and batteries we need. That might do it for my combat stress.

HASSER

Yeah, mine too!

Griego begins to walk away towards Two Two.

MARINE 2

[OS] Dirty Earl, you up for worm dirt?

PATRICK

[OS] Why didn't you do it first?

REYES

[OS] I don't know, Sarge.

PATRICK

[OS] Rudy, you ain't got no goddamn common sense.

REYES

[OS] I know, brother.

GARZA

[OS] Sergeant, the spare caught a bullet too.

ESPERA

[OS] Fuck!

CHAFFIN

Ready to kill, Gunnery sir?

REYES

Stay hard, James.

Colbert climbs on top of the Humvee to inspect the Mark-19.

HASSER

That's where it's hanging up. Now I get off maybe ten rounds before it jams.

COLBERT

Yeah. This shit is totally ineffective in these conditions. We need LSA. [to Fick who gets up on the Humvee as well] Lieutenant. Sir, the main weapon on your point vehicle is unreliable. Given the prevailing climatic conditions, using this lubricant is like trying to fuck a virgin underaged Phuket whore with chalk when KY is clearly called for, sir.

FICK

You'll have to deal with it, Sergeant. We have four more towns to assault through today. [jumps down from the vehicle] You want logistics, join the army. Marines make do.

Griego walks by another Humvee.

GRIEGO

Marines, I just want you to know, the company commander feels that it was our team that scored the touchdown yesterday for Godfather.

BRYAN

Of course Godfather's happy. He's trying to get his full bird on our backs.

STAFFORD

At least I got to bust my cherry.

BRYAN

My point is, we gotta follow Godfather wherever he leads, no matter how fucked up it happens to be.

PATRICK

Sure do.

BRYAN

Yo Stafford, yesterday we ran the gauntlet with no ass and no air, and for what? Fuckin' artillery blew the shit outta that town after we rolled through it.

Wright walks up with his camera.

PATRICK

We're reconnaissance Marines. Swift, silent and deadly.

STAFFORD

[OS] Hooray.

PATRICK

And Godfather knows this. And he knows when he sends us into the shit like yesterday, we'll probably come out on top. 'Cause we're the best. But that don't make it right.

BRYAN

Hey Beaver Hunt, why are you even here? I mean, after yesterday any cognizant person with a speck of common sense would have caught the first truck south.

Trombley walks up and hands Stafford back the ammo box that has been converted into a shitter.

TROMBLEY

Thanks.

STAFFORD

Yo! Yo, son, you shit on my shitter.

TROMBLEY

Just wipe it off or something.

Stafford tosses the shitter back at Trombley.

STAFFORD

Yo, Trombley, this shitter's the only luxury I got out here!

BAPTISTA

[speaks in Portugese]

STAFFORD

Screwby.

Trombley walks away.

PATRICK

[OS] Devil dog, your aim sucks.

BRYAN

[OS] Hey Pappy, if Lance Corporal Trombley's as good with his SAW as he is with his shitter, I think team one has issues.

The men laugh.

[00:04:03]

Godfather holds a command meeting.

PATTERSON

Is it correct to surmise from your sitrep, sir, that we're gonna be rolling through these towns with a lot of ass today?

FERRANDO

Yes, Captain. We got kudos directly from General Mattis I might add, for punching through yesterday where RCT One failed to go. But now it looks like we're back to being one unit among many. And unfortunately, when we're rolling with the Regimental Combat Team, we can get lost in the middle of all that ass. The only way we're gonna get back into the game and score like we did yesterday is to find another mission where we can break off. And, Captain Patterson, you can depend on Godfather to look for any opportunity to get us back into the game.

Schwetjie laughs. Patterson looks at him quizzically.

FERRANDO

[OS] Count on it. Now, gentlemen, keep your powder dry.

[00:04:44]

Fick walks up to Colbert's Humvee.

FICK

[handing Colbert a can] Present for you. LSA. Scammed some off the guys in RCT One.

COLBERT

Sir, not to get homoerotic about this, but I could kiss ya.

Fick laughs and walks away.

COLBERT

Walt! Get that Mark-19 properly lubed.

HASSER

Now we're talking about killing some motherfuckers.

MARINE

[OS] Matt, hurry up and get off the fucking dirt. We gotta go.

[00:05:20]

Bravo drives down a road by some fields.

COLBERT

[OS] This place gives me the creeps.

PERSON

[OS] Yeah, those guys waving at us are probably the same ones who tried to kill us yesterday.

They drive by a burnt out truck.

PERSON

[OS] Damn, homes.

COLBERT

[OS] Hit with RPGs.

PERSON

Yeah, a buddy of mine in One Seven had to fucking clean up a Humvee that got hit like that. Said he found the driver's fingers in the engine compartment.

WRIGHT

How did they know they were the driver's fingers?

PERSON

'Cause they were still gripping the steering wheel, fucknuts.

They pass some dogs in the field.

TROMBLEY

We oughta shoot some of these dogs.

COLBERT

Trombley, I keep telling you we don't shoot dogs. We shoot people. And we generally only shoot people if we have to.

TROMBLEY

I'm afraid of dogs.

PERSON

You're afraid of dogs? What, were you bitten in your formative years?

TROMBLEY

My dad was once. The dog bit him and my dad jammed his hand down the dog's throat, ripped up his fucking stomach.

PERSON

Where did we find this guy, man?

TROMBLEY

I like cats.

They continue driving.

[00:06:57]

Colbert and Kocher scope out a hamlet.

COLBERT

[OS] Remember how the kids would come running out to us in Afghanistan?

KOCHER

[OS] Yeah.

FICK

[on radio] Hitman, this is Hitman Two. Eyes on the village confirms no enemy presence.

Bravo Two One Alpha watch McGraw picking up an AK from a dead Iraqi soldier.  
Lilley films.

LILLEY

Captain America, brah. Winning the war one souvenir at a time, right?

FICK

[on radio] Hitman Actual, this is Hitman Two. Do you read?

ESPERA

Shit, get that on video?

LILLEY

Fuck yeah.

LEON

Fucking scumbag, man.

ESPERA

Hey, That's Bravo Three's commander.

Everyone laughs.

McGraw walks up to Colbert and Kocher.

COLBERT

Check it out.

MCGRAW

Sergeant! For the life of me, I could only find a black one. Have you located any red ones?

KOCHER

No, sir.

MCGRAW

If you do, you'll be sure to let me know?

KOCHER

Yes, sir.

Colbert laughs as McGraw walks away.

Christeson watches the hamlet through his binoculars while Stafford sketches it.

STAFFORD

PFC Christeson, how far do you make it from the berm to the edge of that hut?

CHRISTESON

About 100 meters. 120.

STAFFORD

Not bad. About 225. See that beehive-shaped thing?

CHRISTESON

Yeah.

STAFFORD

That's where they cook their bread. It's always gonna show hot in a thermal. [shows Christeson his sketch of the hamlet] It's all about the windows and doors, man. Entrances and exits.

CHRISTESON

Screwby.

Kocher and Colbert continue to observe the hamlet.

KOCHER

Brad?

COLBERT

Yeah?

KOCHER

I'm, uh, concerned about Captain America.

COLBERT

Mmmhmm.

A truck pulls up, and some Marines get out.

KOCHER

Those guys are with RCT One.

RCT ONE MARINE

Move, move, move!

The Marines set up a position outside the hamlet and begin firing at it.

COLBERT

What the fuck?

KOCHER

We don't have comms with that unit!

COLBERT

Fuck, that's women and children. [standing up and yelling] Cease fire! Cease fire!

Christeson raises his rifle and aims.

COLBERT

Do not engage!

Stafford knocks Christeson's rifle down.

STAFFORD

Hold your fire, hold your fire!

Schwetje drives up.

COLBERT

[on radio] All Hitman Victors, we've been observing this hamlet. It's only women and children.

Schwetje attempts to get out of his vehicle but is yanked back by his radio cord.

COLBERT

[into radio] Do not engage.

Griego films as Schwetje fires a grenade towards the hamlet.

MARINE

[on radio] Ten seconds.

COLBERT

[shouting towards Schwetje] Sir, they're shooting that hamlet in error! Sir, we don't have any comms with RCT One and they're shooting that hamlet in error!

Schwetje reloads and fires another grenade.

MARINE

[on radio] Laser on. Spot. Enrage Seven One is at heading 030. Link them up. Cleared hot. Seven One, missile away.

Explosions rock across the hamlet.

PATRICK

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Hitman Two two. Who cleared that helo hot?

FICK

[on radio] This is Hitman Two. Nothing on our nets. Over.

Colbert walks back towards Kocher away from the smoking remnants of the hamlet.

PATRICK

[on radio] Interrogative, does anyone have positive ID on enemy personnel there?

FICK

[on radio] Unaware at this time. Over.

MARINE

[on radio] Enrage Seven One is off left, egressing south. Standing by for BDA.

MARINE 2

[on radio] Roger. Good effect on target. Building destroyed.

KOCHER

They fucking got good effect on target.

MARINE 1

Enrage Seven One copies. Good effects, one building destroyed.

[00:10:11]

Wright and Espera talk by the Humvees.

ESPERA

Dip?

WRIGHT

Yeah, thanks.

ESPERA

Dawg, we was like, 13 or 14 and we were pedaling around in this neighborhood I grew up in, just east of LA. We saw some cholos from another hood. And we thought we was all hard gangbanger wannabe so we started saying, "Fuck off, yo! Fuck off," throwing and flashing signs to them and stuff. So they started throwing down on us. Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah! Kicking our little asses. Then some of the older dawgs from our hood come out, grab those fools, took one behind the Tastee Freez. They stabbed him up with a screwdriver. Killed that cholo. See, generally white people, they don't drag a dude behind

the Tastee Freez and stab him to death with a screwdriver. So after that day I decided, I'm gonna hang with white people.

WRIGHT

[nods] Well, here you are. Chaffin! Excuse me. [walks over to Chaffin] Chaffin, um, did you get a picture of my girlfriend from Leon?

CHAFFIN

I don't think so.

WRIGHT

Straight blonde hair, brown eyes?

CHAFFIN

Did she have a big stain on her face?

WRIGHT

No.

CHAFFIN

Yeah. Haven't seen her.

COLBERT

Poke! [gestures for Espera to come]

Fick leads a meeting around the hood of a Humvee.

FICK

This town Ar Rifa runs right down on the MSR for two clicks. Must be seventy-five thousand people in it. Our mission is to haul ass pass it.

ESPERA

After that, what's next? Sir?

FICK

Haul ass through the next one, hope the Iraqis keep their heads down.

COLBERT

Sir, in that last hamlet, all it took was one shot. That was just an undisciplined grunt from RCT One. Everybody opened up, and schwacked it over nothing.

ESPERA

Hey, we can only keep our own honor clean, dawg. What these other motherfuckers do in this big wide AO ain't on us.

LOVELL

Yeah, it's hard enough to keep our own guys out of the shit. We can't be worrying about the rest of the world.

COLBERT

Yeah, I know you all saw our own CO trying to fire off a 203 round in the middle of all that.

LOVELL

[OS] Fucking Encino Man.

ESPERA

[scoffs] But he missed though.

LOVELL

Badly.

COLBERT

[OS] Yes, that's just -

FICK

Look, Brad, can't live in the past. You need to snap to. We got a lot of shit ahead of us.

COLBERT

Roger that, sir.

The meeting disperses.

WYNN

[OS] Mount up!

[00:12:36]

Bravo Two drive down a dirt road.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two Victors, quick hold to herringbone, break. Hitman Three has fallen behind.

Bravo Two halts, and Marines get out and set up a parameter.

ESPERA

[on radio] Hitman Two, Two One Bravo set.

PATRICK

[on radio] Two Two, set.

STAFFORD

[singing] With a little bit of uh-uh  
And a little bit of uh-uh

STAFFORD AND CHRISTESON

[singing] With a little bit of  
And a little bit of uh-uh.

STAFFORD

[singing] I was like, good gracious check on my

STAFFORD AND CHRISTESON

[singing] tracers

STAFFORD

[singing] So dangerous trying to

STAFFORD CHRISTESON

[singing] show patience

STAFFORD

[sings] And looking for the right time to shoot my steed

CHRISTESON

[singing] Mmm

STAFFORD

[singing] Catch them when they run and

STAFFORD CHRISTESON

[singing] hit the back of their knees

STAFFORD

[sings] I'm leaving, please believe me

STAFFORD CHRISTESON

[singing] Oh!

STAFFORD

[singing] Me and the rest of my heathens, probable– [asks] Yo, man, how'd that line go?

CHRISTESON

[OS] Q-Tip!

STAFFORD

What?

CHRISTESON

Looks like two men in black pajamas, creeping along at our nine o'clock. Two hundred meters.

STAFFORD

Are they armed?

CHRISTESON

I think so. Should I light them up?

STAFFORD

Yo, Gunny! Christeson got two foot-mobiles, maybe with weapons. Two hundred meters to our nine o'clock.

WYNN

If they got weapons, light them the fuck up.

Christeson fires at the foot mobiles.

COLBERT

[on radio] Hitman Two Three, this is Two One. Interrogative, what are we engaging?

BAPTISTA

[on radio] Hitman Two One, this is Two Three, what are we shooting?

Fick runs over.

FICK

You're shooting too high.

PERSON

[on radio] All Hitman Two Victors...

Christeson adjusts his fire.

FICK

There you go.

WYNN

[OS] Bravo Three is ready to push. We're Oscar Mike.

MARINE

[OS] Go, go!

FICK

Let's go, guys.

WYNN

[OS] Battalion is rolling.

FICK

[OS] Maintain suppressive fire.

MARINE

[OS] Let's go, let's go, let's go!

MARINE 2

Mount up!

FICK

Go go go!

Everyone returns to their vehicles and starts their engines.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, this is Hitman Two. Our command Victor's made contact with an RPG team. We have engaged them. How copy?

WYNN

[OS] Let's go! We're Oscar Mike!

MARINE 3

Mount up!

MARINE 4

Go go!

Bravo Two begin driving away.

CHRISTESON

You know what? We were just fighting actual guerrillas.

STAFFORD

Screwby.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, Hitman, this is Hitman Two. Do you copy? Over?

FICK

[on radio] Hitman, Hitman, this is Hitman Two. We've suppressed an RPG team. How copy? Over.

PATTERSON

[on radio] Hitman Actual, this is Assassin Actual. Be advised, we are taking inaccurate fire from the northeast.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, Hitman, this is Hitman Two. Do you copy? Over.

Wynn stops sharply.

WYNN

Son of a bitch!

FICK

Why are they stopping?

Bravo Two's vehicles have halted, and the Marines get out and form a perimeter around the vehicles. They are being shot at by the nearby town.

FICK

Fuck.

Fick gets out of his vehicle and runs up to Colbert's position.

FICK

Why the fuck did you stop?

COLBERT

Bravo Three got an order from Hitman.

FICK

I didn't receive any such order.

COLBERT

Sir, this is contrary to our SOP. We're bunched up in the open, and that town is definitely hostile.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, this is Hitman Two. Do you copy? [to Colbert] Damn it, Hitman is not on comms.

Kocher runs up.

FICK

[to Kocher] Do you have any information, Sergeant? Why aren't we in a defensive position?

KOCHER

Sir, all I know is that Hitman ordered my platoon to stop. This is his goat roadie.

McGraw runs over.

MCGRAW

Jesus Christ, Nate. You're alive.

FICK

Dave, what the fuck is going on?

MCGRAW

You were taken out by an RPG team. Gunny Wynn's dead. If you need a ride, Nate, mi casa es su casa.

FICK

We've stopped based on an erroneous report. No one in Bravo Two was hit.

Wynn runs up.

WYNN

Hell are we doing here?

MCGRAW

This is the type of Vietnam shit that gets a whole company wiped out!

ESPERA

Sir, I am worried that there are people in that ville trying to organize a mass RPG attack against us. I think my concerns are reasonable.

PATRICK

[OS] Sir, you want us to set up a sniper position?

MCGRAW

Nate? Nate?

PATRICK

[running over] Sir, do you want us to set up a sniper position?

FICK

[to Colbert] Push your security out farther. Let's make the best of this.

COLBERT

Yes, sir.

FICK

I'm gonna find the Captain.

The group begins to disperse.

COLBERT

[OS] Trombley, punch out twenty!

ESPERA

[into radio] Leon, Christopher, punch out twenty!

MARINE

Go go go go!

Lovell checks on the distance of a nearby palm grove by Schwetje's postion.

SCHWETJE

[OS] I'm gonna call this one in right now.

LOVELL

Sir, that's a cunt hair over 200 meters, sir. That's danger-close for artillery.

SCHWETJE

Danger-close?

PATRICK

[on radio] Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two. Break...

Lovell gets out his military dictionary.

LOVELL

Sir, danger-close is an artillery strike within six hundred meters of a friendly position.

BRYAN

That would be us.

LOVELL

Two hundred meters, that's pretty much on top of our heads.

BRYAN

Dumb motherfucker, sir. Even the most boot-fucked Marine knows danger-close.

GRIEGO

You're way outta line.

FICK

[walking over] Skipper! What the fuck is going on here? You weren't on your comms.

SCHWETJE

I'm calling in a fire mission.

BRYAN

Sir, I don't like this. These two get their fucking heads together, it's fucking dangerous! It's the oldest play in the book. Officers calling in danger-close fire missions to get medals.

GRIEGO

Lieutenant Fick, you need to square these shitbirds away. You need to NJP that man.

Fick runs over to Schwetje and puts his hand on Schwetje's radio.

FICK

Sir, tell me exactly what you're doing.

SCHETJWE

I'm calling in a fire mission on a hunter-killer RPG team.

FICK

There is no RPG team. I called it in, my men destroyed it.

GRIEGO

Lieutenant, it doesn't matter if we're right or wrong. You and your man can't disobey orders. An officer who does needs to be relieved of his command!

FICK

Sir, I'm merely trying to pass you accurate information. There is no hunter-killer RPG team.

Fick removes his hand from Schwetje's radio.

FICK

What is your order, sir?

SCHETWJE

I'm calling in a fire mission, at Papa Quebec 0-5-9 0-9-8 0-3-8 degrees. Two hundred meters.

FICK

Aye aye, sir.

Fick begins walking away from Schwetje back towards the Humvees.

SCHETWJE

[into radio] Steel Rain, Steel Rain, this is Hitman. Fire mission. Over.

STEEL RAIN

[on radio] Hitman, Hitman, this is Steel Rain. Fire mission, out.

LOVELL

Sir, should we dig in for the fire mission?

FICK

There won't be a fire mission.

SCHETWJE

[into radio] Grid Papa Quebec 0-5-9 0-9-8, over.

FICK

Hitman's using the wrong protocols.

BRYAN

What?

STEEL RAIN

[on radio] Grid Papa Quebec 0-5-9 0-9-8, out.

LOVELL

Hitman has the grids all designated wrong. There won't be a fire mission.

BRYAN

There's a switch. For once our asses get saved by sheer incompetence.

SCHETWJE

[into radio] RPG team in the open.

STEEL RAIN

[on radio] RPG team in the open, out.

SCHETWJE

[into radio] OT direction 2-0-3-8 degrees.

Fick walks back to the Humvees.

Alpha observes the town.

STEEL RAIN

[on radio] Hitman, this is Steel Rain. Reconfirm grid zone designator.

SCHETJWE

[on radio] Um, what do you mean?

STEEL RAIN

[on radio] Standby, Hitman. Break, break. Assassin, this is Steel Rain. Your grid zone designators are correct. Message to observer: Papa Uniform 1-4-9 2-1-3, Bravo, five guns, one round, HE delay in effect. Target number Juliet November 1-0-0-1. Splash in five seconds.

PATTERSON

Five seconds to splash down!

A bomb hits the town. A second one flows.

BARRETT

Sir, two hits. Suspected Ba'ath party headquarters.

PATTERSON

That's a lot of ordinance we just dropped in the middle of a city. I'm worried about civilian casualties.

Bravo Two observes the town from behind a wall as they continue to be shot at. Through his binoculars, Person sees smoke rising from where the bomb hit. Prayer can be heard broadcasting in the background.

PERSON

Hey, looks like Alpha hit something with that.

ESPERA

[OS] I guess it pays to have the right protocols when you call in a fire mission.

Bravo Two continues to be shot at.

COLBERT

I don't see any muzzle flashes.

TROMBLEY

Why do we have to see them?

COLBERT

Trombley, shut up.

PERSON

I got flashes!

COLBERT

Where?

PERSON

[OS] Uh, two hundred meters. My eleven o'clock! Uh, second story, white building with the sandbags on the roof. Two buildings behind the roadblock.

COLBERT

Yeah, I got it! His head's bobbing. We're cleared to engage.

PERSON

Right on, right on!

Bravo Two opens up on the town.

HASSER

Die, fucker! Die, die!

PERSON

[OS] Is that it?

MARINE 2

[OS] Nice!

HASSER

It worked. It worked!

PERSON

Damn, sucker. I just got some. Look at me, Brad. I'm a man now. Just like you. Except, I don't look like a faggot and talk all educated.

Colbert walks away.

COLBERT

Watch your sectors.

Espera takes Colbert's place. Person blows him a kiss.

Wright hides behind the wheel of a Humvee. Fick walks up.

FICK

Most people in America right now probably think of Iraq as a dangerous country. Now, if I were to stand up, I might get killed. But to us, behind this wheel, it's pretty safe. So to us, Iraq is a safe country. Right here. I feel pretty safe. Do you feel safe?

WRIGHT

Pretty safe, I guess.

FICK

See? It's all relative.

LAVs roll past. Fick runs over to Colbert's position.

COLBERT

The natives are getting restless.

FICK

Prayer is a good thing. Maybe it'll keep them too preoccupied to shoot at us.

COLBERT

Sir, the scuttlebutt I'm hearing says you may be relieved of command.

FICK

There could be an investigation.

COLBERT

For trying to unfuck Hitman when he is about to drop arty on his own fucking company? That's brilliant. Sir, your leadership is the only thing I have absolute confidence in.

FICK

I'm assured that I'll have the right to address any allegations before anything is formalized. I'm assured of this.

COLBERT

Sir, to highlight my growing lack of confidence in the strategic plan, can you explain why we are strong-pointing this hostile city in tin-plated Humvees, while M-1 tanks, LAVs, and Amtracs roll past? Isn't it supposed to be the other way around? I mean, how exactly did this happen?

FICK

You wouldn't believe it if I told you. Make sure to conserve your fire. It's gonna be a long night.

Fick walks away.

Reyes and Patrick observe the town.

REYES

There's no plan for this, Pap.

PATRICK

For what?

REYES

Strong-pointing a walled town with Humvees. It all feels so random, what we're doing. Running here, shooting. Running there, bombing. That might be a legit target burning over there, but it might be a school, Pap. I hope it's legit. I hope this is good karma. [pauses] Everything here is ancient, Pap. We're in an old, old place.

PATRICK

Yep. [spits]

[00:23:34]

Alpha watch Iraqis walking out of the town, waving white flags.

PATTERSON

White flag.

BARRETT

Hmm, could be some Habudabu trickster shit.

The Iraqis approach Alpha's position. One of them is carrying a wounded child in his arms.

PATTERSON

Let's go.

Alpha go up to meet them.

IRAQI FATHER

Help, please. Help!

MARINE 1

Corpsman! Get the Corpsman!

IRAQI FATHER

Saddam. Fedayeen shoot. Not you. Saddam. You kill Ba'ath party. Saddam. Very good. Saddam in our city, shooting at you, not us. We help. Come. I'll show you. Come

PATTERSON  
Okay.

BARRETT  
Captain!

PATTERSON  
Call battalion.

BARRETT  
Battalion's on the net. Godfather wants to see you.

PATTERSON  
Keep a handle on this till I get back.

BARRETT  
Yes, sir.

Ferrando holds a command meeting.

FERRANDO  
In Ar Rifa, this commander taught us something about seizing the initiative. Earlier today, when his company came under attack by Fedayeen paramilitary forces, laying in ambush with RPGs, he chose to stop, and bring the fight to them. [Patterson walks up.] Captain Patterson, greetings.

PATTERSON  
Sir. I need the translator. We just knocked out the Ba'ath headquarters. We have an opportunity to-

FERRANDO  
There's a school of thought that says we shouldn't have stopped, particularly given the proximity to a hostile city. But this kind of aggressiveness is what I mean by interrupting the enemy's own decision-making cycle. It's against all doctrine, but as the General often reminds me, doctrine is the last refuge of the unimaginative. The fact is I just got off the nets with Chaos, and the General is impressed with our initiative. We are on his radar screen. Gentlemen, we're coming out from beneath all this ass and getting back into the game. And he's given us a tasker. [points to map] This is the Qal'at Sukkar airfield. A British paratroop regiment is staging to hit the field at dawn. The General has advised me, that they're running late. And he suggested, if we're up for it, that we can get to the field first. To do this, we have to cross forty clicks. Godfather needs an airfield.

PATTERSON

Sir? We have good intelligence from the locals on the Ba'athist and Republican guard units in this town. We can exploit the information-

FERRANDO

There's no time. We're pulling outta here in the next hour. See to it, gentlemen.

The meeting disperses.

An Iraqi man talks to Fick as Meesh walks up.

IRAQI MAN

All you find, we find. [Arabic]...together. [Arabic]

FICK

Meesh, seriously, what is this guy trying to tell me?

MEESH

Eee, they are glad to be liberated.

FICK

Okay, I got that. But what is he trying to tell me right now?

MEESH

They want to show us the locations of the Republican guard, Ba'ath party and Fedayeen forces. Maybe some weapon caches, maybe some chemical weapons.

FICK

Okay then. It looks like we got our work cut out for us. Tell this man he's going to come with us. Tell him I'm going to take him back to talk to-

MEESH

No no no no no. That's not how we're rolling, eh? We are pulling out of here soon. But rest assured, Godfather has a legit plan to exploit the situation. [hands the Iraqi man a briefcase] We are going to give these righteous people IR chem lights. They are going to set them up where the bad guys are and mark them for the bombers who are going to bomb the shit out of whatever's marked. American Air Force. The best in the world.

FICK

How do we know this guy isn't just going to put these chem lights on the homes of people he owes money to? How do we know for sure that he's even on our side, Meesh? How do we know anything unless, unless we properly debrief these people and check their intel?

MEESH

[offers Fick a bottle of beer] Here.

FICK

No thanks, Meesh.

Fick walks away.

MEESH

Okay, it's not the good shit, but it's local brewed.

Meesh gets another bottle from a nearby child.

[00:27:43]

The battalion drives away from Ar Rifa.

[00:27:54]

Nighttime. The battalion is stopped.

PERSON

Oh. You should write this down, Reporter. See, the war's actually not about pussy. It's about NAMBLA. You know, North American Man-Boy Love Association. See, places like Thailand where they used to fuck little boys and shit, they're drying up.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors...

PERSON

We're opening up Iraq for a whole new supply of kids, man.

COLBERT

Ray, please!

PATRICK

[on radio] Hitman Two this is Hitman Two Two...

COLBERT

I'm trying to gauge the approach to our target.

PERSON

Right! 'Cause we're going to drive forty clicks off-road, in the dark, to an airfield with Republican Guard on it, by ourselves. And they say that I did too much acid in high school. Christ. The business end of Mattis's crack pipe must be hot to the fucking touch. Brad, listen, there's no way that we can go forty clicks here-

COLBERT  
Get down!

PERSON  
Why?

COLBERT  
Get down!

Everyone ducks down as shots ring out.

TROMBLEY  
[OS] What?

PATRICK  
[OS] Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

TROMBLEY  
Holy fuck.

COLBERT  
Give me your headset.

(In the background:

GARZA  
[OS] Why are we always hating on the Mexicans?

ESPERA  
[OS] Anybody hit?

LILLEY  
[OS] Lilley's up!)

COLBERT  
[into radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One. That is a friendly unit northbound on the MSR firing on our position.

(In the background:

ESPERA  
Leon!

LEON  
I'm good!)

COLBERT

[into radio] I say again, that is blue on blue fire.

(In the background:

ESPERA

Everybody's cool?

GARZA

I'm ok, Sergeant.)

COLBERT

[into radio] They're northbound towards Assassin's position. How copy?

PERSON

Those are fucking reservists! I saw the markings.

FICK

[on radio] Hitman Two One, this is Hitman Two, copy.

COLBERT

You alright?

FICK

[on radio] I'm rolling to Assassin's position.

WRIGHT

Yeah, I think so.

TROMBLEY

I'm fucking wet! [to Wright] Hey! Hey! Did you piss on me? Don't fucking tell me I have reporter piss on me!

PERSON

Brad, they shot our fucking water cans.

SCHWETJE

[on radio] All Hitman victors are Oscar Mike.

COLBERT

We're Oscar Mike.

They start driving.

PERSON

Damn it. Forty clicks, no fucking water.

TROMBLEY

Fuck it, at least you're dry.

FERRANDO

[on radio] All victors, this is Godfather. Stand by, H&S has a truck down.

COLBERT

Stop.

Ray stops the vehicle.

PERSON

Start! Stop! Start! Stop! Jesus! I'm beginning to think Godfather's just a big cocktease.

Colbert gets out of the Humvee and begins walking to the downed truck.

MARINE 1

[OS] I can't believe they shot a hole in our fucking tire.

COLBERT

You guys all right?

MARINE 1

That was some bullshit, trigger happy reservists.

TORKLESON

Hey Iceman. Can you believe those fucking reservists? They just shot us up.

MARINE 1

It was shock trauma. A bunch of fucking doctors. Didn't they have to take an oath or some shit against fucking people up?

COLBERT

You need some security while you do this. I'll get with the LT-

Sixta walks up.

SIXTA

Belay that, devil dog! Godfather's got a mission, and that mission is now! Abandon this vehicle, put your asses on another vehicle. Let's get moving.

TORKLESON

[OS] But, Sergeant-

SIXTA

No butts! These asses ain't in gear ten minutes ago, you's in direct disobedience of a direct order from Godfather hisself!

COLBERT

What are you carrying?

TORKLESON

Battalion's chow, M-16's, ammo, four hundred pounds of C-4, couple of cases of Claymore mines, all kind of shit like that.

SIXTA

Torklesen! Get your bobbies in a running truck and load up right now. You hear me?

[00:30:55]

The battalion continues moving towards Qal'at Sukkar.

FICK

[on radio] Two One, this is Hitman Two. Interrogative, where is the turn? Over.

COLBERT

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One, it's coming right up, one zero zero meters, over.

FICK

[on radio] Two One, it better be, I can assure you that Godfather's watching.

COLBERT

Dude, I am so lost right now.

PERSON

Don't worry about it buddy, I know where we're going. We passed seven villages, there's one more. Hey, do you remember the gay dog episode of South Park? The one where uh Sparky runs away 'cause he's humping all those other dogs and shit?

COLBERT

Yes, Ray I ... I do remember it very well. But I don't see what relevance this has on our present status.

PERSON

There's the hamlet, our turn.

COLBERT

[into radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One, we're making that turn now, over.

FICK

[on radio] Roger that. Nice job, over.

PERSON

Hey, Brad? Do your Big Gay Al for me. Come on, buddy! Do it for your old pal Ray, the one who made the right turn!

BRAD

[imitating Big Gay Al] Well, hello there little pup! I'm Big Gay Al. Have you been outcast?

PERSON

[laughs] Fuck, yeah.

TROMBLEY

They had this gay bar open up in the town where I'm from in Michigan, and people trashed it every night. They had to close it after a month.

PERSON

But, see, there's money in that, Trombley. Did I tell you I'm gonna open my own gay bar when I get back home? It's gonna be called The Golden Stream, and it's gonna be like this, big urinal, right? And there's gonna be this two-way mirror that everybody pisses against. That way, when you're sitting at the bar having drinks, there's like all these big fucking giant cocks just pissing right at you.

TROMBLEY

Corporal, are you a faggot?

PERSON

You know what? I'm gonna franchise that shit. You can have Michigan, Trombley. Very lucrative territory, homosexually speaking.

TROMBLEY

That's not funny, Corporal Person.

COLBERT

Ray, give it a rest.

ESPERA

[into radio] Echo Five Charlie, Echo Five Charlie, this is Echo Five Echo. Interrogative, how much further to the airfield?

COLBERT

[on radio] Echo Five Echo, I don't copy.

GARZA

Sergeant?

ESPERA

What?

GARZA

I just lost my helmet.

ESPERA

What do you wanna do, hold a funeral?

GARZA

Sergeant?

ESPERA

We ain't going back for it, Gabe.

PERSON

[singing] Sometimes I feel I've got to [pauses, looks at Brad]

Run away, I've got to-

Person points at Colbert. Colbert claps his hand twice.

PERSON

[singing] Get away from the pain you drive into the heart of me.

Take my tears and that's not nearly all.

PERSON, COLBERT

[singing] Oh, tainted love

TROMBLEY

[singing] Ohhaaaohhhh

PERSON, COLBERT

[singing] Tainted love.

TROMBLEY

[singing] Ohhaaaohhhh

PERSON, COLBERT, WRIGHT

[singing] Don't touch me please,

I cannot stand the way you tease!

Oh, I love you but you hurt me so.

TROMBLEY

[singing] Ohhaaaohhhh

PERSON, COLBERT, WRIGHT  
[singing] Oh, tainted love.

[00:34:00]

Daytime. The battalion continues driving.

[00:34:07]

First Recon has stopped while waiting for Alpha to recon the airfield.

FERRANDO  
Get me General Mattis.

ECKLOFF  
[into radio] Chaos Actual, this is Godfather. Stand by for traffic, over.

MATTIS  
[on radio] Roger. Send traffic, over.

ECKLOFF  
Sir, we got Chaos on the net.

Eckloff hands the radio to Ferrando.

FERRANDO  
[into radio] Chaos, this is Godfather. Teams are out now getting eyes on the field. Break. We'll have complete sitrep for you within five mikes. How copy, over.

MATTIS  
[on radio] Solid copy.

FERRANDO  
[into radio] Roger that. Out. [to the Command staff] Chaos is waiting. Brits are in the air. But our U-2 surveillance picked up four possible T-72 tanks on the Iraqi field. If our eyes affirm this intel, Chaos needs to abort the British assault. They hit the point of no return in under thirty mikes, so where the fuck are my eyes on that field?

ECKLOFF  
[into radio] Assassin Actual, Godfather needs your sitrep ASAP, over.

PATTERSON  
[on radio] Roger that, stand by.

Alpha Two Three halts on its way to the airfield.

PATTERSON

[on radio] Assassin Two Three, this is Assassin Actual, how copy?

FAWCETT

[into radio] Assassin, this is Assassin Two Three. We are one klick out, forty mikes from objective. I say again, four zero mikes, over.

PATTERSON

[into radio] Roger.

Eckloff hangs up the radio and addresses Godfather.

ECKLOFF

Alpha's forty mikes away from getting eyes on the field.

FERRANDO

These guys have bitched and moaned, moaned and bitched that I haven't given them a legitimate recon mission. I finally give them one, and they fucking fail me. We don't have that option. We will recon that field. We will recon it in force. I want the entire battalion Oscar Mike inside of ten minutes.

Sixta nods and runs off.

ECKLOFF

Sir, that's not a reconnaissance mission. That's an assault.

FERRANDO

Semantics.

ECKLOFF

What about the T-72s?

FERRANDO

The violence of action is to our advantage. I'll request that Division adjust the ROE accordingly.

ECKLOFF

Roger that, sir. [into radio] Assassin Actual, this is Godfather. Abort that mission. RTB.

PATTERSON

[on radio] Interrogative, you want me to return to base?

ECKLOFF

[on radio] Affirmative.

[00:37:44]

Wright, Person, and Colbert sleep in the Humvee while Trombley keeps watch.

WYNN

[on radio] All Hitman Two gunners, be advised. Alpha has a team re-entering friendly lines to the north. How copy?

JACKS

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Hitman Two-Two. Roger that.

Fick walks up.

FICK

Brad?

Fick shakes Colbert awake.

FICK

Get your team ready. We're assaulting the airfield. Less than ten mikes.

Fick leaves.

COLBERT

[shaking Person] Wake up. Walt, range the Mark-19 as far out as you feel comfortable engaging targets with good effect.

HASSER

What about Alpha's recon?

COLBERT

They're out of time.

PERSON

[OS] Oh, I'm up.

COLBERT

They fucked it. We're going up against tanks.

MARINE 1

[OS] Let's go! Mount up!

MARINE 2

[OS] Hey, grab a diesel. Let's mount up!

CHAFFIN

It's on race. Two-Two's up.

PERSON

[OS] Young man, if you have to do number one, go now, because once I start the car, I am not stopping.

LILLEY

[filming] Naked Marine, the internet loves you!

TROMBLEY

[OS] Fuck you, Person.

ESPERA

[OS] Lilley!

COLBERT

[OS] Trombley, get your ass back in the vehicle.

ESPERA

[OS] Where's Lilley? Lilley! [addressing Lilley] Lilley, we're Oscar Mike, man. Move it.

REYES

[OS] Pappy, we're Oscar Mike!

ESPERA

You really are gay, aren't you?

LILLEY

Brah, you are not cool.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

[OS] ... you'd better give me a minute.

MARINE 2

[OS] If you guys would quit bitchin' about it... )

The battalion begins to drive away.

[00:37:31]

In Patterson's vehicle.

ECKLOFF

[on radio] This is Godfather. Godfather Actual has declared all Iraqis hostile in proximity to the objective. How copy? Over.

PATTERSON

[in radio] Affirmative. Copy that. [to Barrett] Godfather just changed the rules of engagement. He's lowered the bar. Shit. He's removed the bar. New ROE has all Iraqis on or near that airfield declared hostile.

BARRETT

Free-fire zone?

PATTERSON

I'm not passing that word. Keep this change in the ROE off our net.

In Colbert's vehicle.

COLBERT

Got any comms with those A-10's?

PERSON

Negative.

COLBERT

Those jets are goddamn Air Force. They shoot Marines.

PERSON

You know that map showed fences. If there's fences, we're going to need the bolt cutters.

COLBERT

They're under the reporter's seat.

PERSON

Hey, can you lift your ass in a hurry if we need to get to those bolt cutters?

WRIGHT

Uh, I think so. [moves around trying to reach the bolt cutters] Ow.

COLBERT

You have to get out of the Humvee to open it.

WRIGHT

Um-

COLBERT

I don't see a fence anyway.

WRIGHT

[OS] Uh, do you need them now?

PERSON

Charlie just cleared a guard tower.

WRIGHT

'Cause I-

HASSER

No!

COLBERT

What is it, Walt?

HASSER

Fucking shit! Mark-19's jammed!

COLBERT

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One. Our Mark-19 is down. I say again, our main gun is down.

HASSER

Shit!

COLBERT

Either unfuck it now or get on your fucking SAW.

HASSER

I'm trying!

TROMBLEY

I see men running, two hundred meters, ten o'clock.

COLBERT

Are they armed?

TROMBLEY

They're something.

COLBERT

Well, the order is that everyone is declared hostile. Light 'em the fuck up.

Trombley fires a burst towards the men.

TROMBLEY

Oh, shooting motherfuckers like it's cool! [fires another burst] Fuck!

MARINE (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All right gents, keep your heads on a swivel. Maintain your dispersion.

MARINE (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] Everybody stay on a line.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors, maintain dispersion. Target building five hundred meters ahead. Break. Hitman Three is holding our flank. Over.

COLBERT

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is TwoOne. I have two tanks, northwest side of the warehouse. Over.

The battalion begins driving onto the airfield. Guns open up.

FICK

[on radio] This is Hitman Two. Affirmative.

COLBERT

[on radio] They appear to be stationary. No personnel.

LOVELL

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Hitman Two Three. I have an unmanned ZPU-57 TAC-2 appears to be abandoned. Over.

FICK

[on radio] Two Three, this is Two. Copy that.

The Humvees halt.

COLBERT

[watching McGraw] He's got his fucking bayonet out.

McGraw gets out of his vehicle and begins firing.

COLBERT

[OS] Doing his Rambo.

MCGRAW

Follow my tracers!

REDMAN

He's shooting at scraps of metal.

PERSON

Can you believe that fucking retard is in charge of people?

COLBERT

Jesus Christ.

McGraw runs back to Kocher's Humvee and points at a distant hamlet.

MCGRAW

Engage those buildings!

REDMAN

Sir, that's more than three thousand meters away. Range of my fifty is 1830.

MCGRAW

Move into position. Engage! Engage!

McGraw runs away.

REDMAN

Should I light them up?

KOCHER

Nah, we're not engaging. Those aren't military buildings. They're civilian huts.

[00:40:52]

The battalion is camped on the airfield after securing it.

PERSON

Yeah, looks like Saddam's big bad Republican Guard Hajjis got wind I was coming. As the great warrior poet Ice Cube once said, "If the day does not require an AK, it is good."

COLBERT

They stick around and manned those, we'd have been dead before we even saw them.

Some Marines climb around on the abandoned Iraqi tanks.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

Take a picture of me...

MARINE 2

Get one of me. I'm much better looking than Steve.

MARINE 1

Get the fuck out of here.)

PERSON

Dude, lighten up!

COLBERT

Then again the world wouldn't have to deal with the prospect of you returning to your cretinous daughter-fucking trailer-park red-state shithole, and producing mutant, Whiskey Tango, scrotum-faced, bucktoothed, zit-exploding progeny.

Ferrando walks up behind Colbert.

TROMBLEY

Heads up.

FERRANDO

I need a channel to division main.

COLBERT

Lance Corporal Trombley, Channel five. [hands the radio to Ferrando] Sir.

FERRANDO

[into radio] Chaos, this is Godfather.

MATTIS

[on radio] Send it.

FERRANDO

[into radio] Be advised. We have seized the enemy airfield. Early reports are we've captured several enemy tanks and self-propelled triple-A batteries. It appears that we've overrun the entire 255<sup>th</sup> Mechanized Regiment, who have fled. And sir, we've sustained zero casualties.

MATTIS

[on radio] Outstanding.

FERRANDO

[into radio] Thank you. Roger that. Out.

Ferrando returns the radio and begins to walk away. Wright watches some planes fly by overhead.

WRIGHT

Is that the British paratroopers?

FERRANDO

No. We scrubbed their mission. We got here first.

COLBERT

Gentlemen. We just seized an airfield.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

Hey what's in there? Can you see inside?

MARINE 2

Whole bunch of dirt.)

COLBERT

That was pretty fucking ninja.

[00:42:34]

Doc Bryan examines the Marines.

ESPERA

[OS] Christopher! Get some dried camel shit for the fire...

BRYAN

Just keep it dry, eh?

REYES

I know they're heinous, bro. I'm living in it.

Bryan and Jacks groan as Chaffin takes off his boots.

BRYAN

Oh!

JACKS

Holy fuck.

BRYAN  
Jesus!

CHAFFIN  
That feels good.

JACKS  
Smells like dick juice.

BRYAN  
When's the last time you took your boot off and gave your paw some air?

CHAFFIN  
Come on, Doc, give it a rest. You know we can't. They ordered us to sleep in the damn things.

Fick and Wynn walk up to Lovell and Patrick.

FICK  
Got some good news. We're so far ahead of RCT One, we'll be here a good twenty-four hours before they show up. However, there is a bit of concern in some quarters about being overrun, since we don't really know what's around us out here, so make sure you maintain fifty percent watch and the comms are good. We've got pre-register on-call artillery if we want it.

PATRICK  
Sir, has any thought been given to destroying the weapons and ordinance that are sitting over there?

FICK  
Actually, that did come up, but it seems the battalion's supply of C-4 is now unaccounted for. The battalion supply truck we left last night? It is a smoldering heap of twisted metal and failed hopes in the trustworthiness of the Iraqis we are striving so hard to liberate.

LOVELL  
What does that mean, sir?

FICK  
It means we're on one meal a day.

Fick and Wynn walk away.

(In the background:

CHAFFIN

Holsey, as you people say, my feet be stanky!)

[00:43:43]

Bravo Two congregates around Two One's Humvee.

PERSON

[OS] I'm just saying I'm surprised is all, Brad. I mean, aren't you surprised?

COLBERT

Shut the fuck up.

PERSON

I mean I'm betting that they were thinking that they could just, you know, leave a fully-loaded supply truck laying around, just like you could anywhere in America, you know? I mean, you park your unlocked car in Detroit or Baltimore, I mean, your shit's gonna be there guaranteed when you get back from the day spa with your skin all exfoliated and shit, right? I mean, seriously, homes, why would our Iraqi brethren want four hundred pounds of C-4, claymores, and crates of M-16s? I mean, it just doesn't make any sense. Oh, wait! You know, they could be using all that C-4 for, like, a giant 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration. What do you think, Brad?

COLBERT

I think it's time for you to shut the fuck up.

Burris and Scott walk up.

BURRIS

Hey, nice job shooting those camels, Trombley.

TROMBLEY

Uh, I think I shot one of those Iraqis, too. I saw him fall.

SCOTT

All we saw was camels going down.

BURRIS

Camel-killer.

TROMBLEY

Look, I didn't mean to shoot innocent camels, all right? I'm sure I shot people.

COLBERT

Shouldn't you two be doing the after-action report on Alpha's failed recon mission?

Burris and Scott walk away. Sixta walks up.

SIXTA

[to Garza] What's this about you losing your Kevlar?

GARZA

It bounced off my head, Sergeant Major. Last night.

SIXTA

Bounced off your head?

GARZA

I was up on the .50-cal and the Humvee went over a berm, Sergeant Major.

SIXTA

That Kevlar wasn't yours to lose! That was the property of this United States Marine Corps! It belonged to every Marine! 'Cause of your failure to secure that helmet, you've jeopardized every Marine serving today! I was considering NJP'ing your ass. [turning to Colbert] Sergeant Colbert! This is what happens when you don't enforce the grooming standards. The mens gets all lax, and then other standards fall. Devil Dog here stops using his chinstrap, goes over a bump, Kevlar goes flying off his head, and our protective posture is weakened.

COLBERT

Roger that, Sergeant Major.

Sixta winks and walks away.

GARZA

I'm not the fucking retard who lost a whole supply truck.

Person laughs.

[00:46:18]

Two Iraqi women approach the camp, dragging a litter behind him.

MARINE

[OS] Gimme any target, I'll get anything out to seven hundred yards.

WRIGHT

What are they dragging? Think they want something?

CHAFFIN

One humanitarian ration for two blowjobs, that's the going rate in this part of the world.

BRYAN

Stiney, give me a hand.

BEDOUIN WOMAN 1

[loud, distraught Arabic]

Bryan approaches the women.

BRYAN

Stop.

BEDOUIN WOMAN 1

[loud, distraught Arabic]

BEDOUIN WOMAN 2

[comforting Arabic]

Bryan looks down at the liter and sees an injured boy.

BRYAN

Hey, buddy. Can you hear me? Good.

Some Iraqi men approach carrying a boy. More of Bravo Two continue to gather around the scene.

BEDOUIN MEN

[Arabic]

BEDOUIN WOMAN 1

[Arabic]

BRYAN

Kid's been zipped with 556. Marines shot this kid. Fucking jackasses. Trigger-happy motherfucker.

STINETORF

Doc, is there anything I can do?

BRYAN

Yeah, Stiney, get me the battalion surgeon. We need to casevac this kid, or he's dead.

STINETORF

Done.

Stinetorf runs off.

STINETORF

[OS] Christensen, Stafford, two stretchers to Doc, twelve o'clock.

BRYAN

You're a very brave kid. He's very strong, all right?

CHRISTESON

[OS] Doc.

BRYAN

Yeah?

CHRISTESON

[OS] He's been hit by a 556. Blew out his calf muscle but there's no arterial bleeding. He'll make it.

Wright and Meesh walk up.

BRYAN

Roger that.

WRIGHT

Why aren't they angry?

MEESH

They are grateful to be liberated and welcome the Americans as friends. These mistakes are unavoidable in war.

BRYAN

Bullshit! We're fucking Recon Marines. Our whole fucking job is to observe, not make these kinds of mistakes. And we don't fucking shoot unarmed kids.

WRIGHT

Where did this happen?

MEESH

[Arabic]

Fick, Aubin, and Stinetorf approach.

BEDOUIN MEN

[Arabic]

MEESH

Dude, they were tending their camels and shit, so who knows where it was.

STAFFORD

Fuck, man. Trombley did this.

BRYAN

[to Aubin] Sir, priority one surgical pediatric, four bullet wounds to the abdomen. 144 tach weak, 30 rest, 90 over palp. He's stable for now.

FICK

Godfather's denied the request to casevac the boy.

BRYAN

Well, we need to casevac him, or he's dead.

Colbert walks up.

AUBIN

I'll go ask the battalion commander again.

BRYAN

Thank you, sir.

BEDOUIN WOMAN 1

[to Colbert, distraught Arabic]

BRYAN

[OS] Shot by that asshole, Trombley, Brad. He's been zipped by 556 from Trombley's SAW.

COLBERT

Don't put this on Trombley. I'm responsible.

BRYAN

Yeah? Well, twenty other Marines rolled by them and didn't shoot. So why don't we bring Trombley here and see what he's done.

COLBERT

Don't say that, it was my order. What can I do here?

BRYAN

Not a fucking thing apparently, Brad.

Aubin runs back.

FICK

There's gotta be something we can do.

AUBIN

Under the rules, we have to provide him with care until he dies.

BRYAN

Yeah, well so?

AUBIN

Put him in my care. I'm billeted next to the battalion commander. If he's in my care and Godfather has to watch him die, he might change his order.

BRYAN

Right, let's do this.

FICK

It's the only chance we've got.

BRYAN

All right, on three. Gentle. Ready? One, two, three.

They lift the stretcher carrying the boy.

BRYAN

Ready? Let's go.

Bravo Two carries the two Iraqi boys across the camp to the Command tent. Trombley watches from beside his Humvee.

Bravo Two arrive with the boys outside Ferrando's tent. Sixta comes out.

SIXTA

What the hell is going on here?

BRYAN

We brought him here to die.

Eckloff comes out.

SIXTA

Gets him the fuck out of here.

FICK  
Stafford.

STINTORF  
Set him down over here.

The rest of Bravo Two carry the liters to a nearby tent.

Ferrando comes out.

FERRANDO  
Sergeant Major, what the fuck is going on?

SIXTA  
Sir. Bravo Two in rebellion because they thinks they shot an Iraqi child.

STINTORF  
Does he want water? Keep him still.

FERRANDO  
You're requesting that I send this wounded civilian to the RCT for aid. Problem. Our tactical situation is extremely precarious here. These are the northernmost Marines' positions and we are thirty clicks north of that. We are far behind enemy lines. We have incomplete intel as to the position of the Iraqi units [gesturing towards a map] here, here, and here. We don't even know what happened to the four thousand troops that were at this airfield six hours ago. And there's only 350 of us. What can be done? Option one, casevac by helicopter, doesn't exist. Army, Marines are engaged, taking casualties. Last night, the Iraqis stopped the Army advance. They turned back thirty-six Apache helicopters. Shot a few down. Option two, I detach a platoon and have them drive thirty clicks through enemy lines to the shock-trauma unit here. If any of you were a casualty right now, I don't think I could casevac you. But supposing I could. I imagine there's some of you think we have to give wounded civilians every consideration we would give ourselves. That is not true. The ROE say we have to give them the same medical care they would get by local standards. The standards here are fucking zero. It's a shitty situation for us, but nobody put a gun to our heads and forced us to come here. We're all volunteers. [to Eckloff] Get me Captain Patterson.

ECKLOFF  
Yes, sir. [into radio] Assassin Actual, this is Godfather Five.

PATTERSON  
[on radio] Godfather Five, this is Assassin Actual. Send traffic.

EKLOFF  
[into radio] DX on the net. Over.

PATTERSON

[on radio] Standing by.

FERRANDO

I'm dispatching an Alpha platoon to take this child to the shock-trauma unit.

[00:54:03]

Nighttime. Wynn and Fick walk up to Two One Alpha's Humvee.

WYNN

Huddle up, we're gonna talk.

COLBERT

Ray.

CHAFFIN

[on radio] This is Echo Four Charlie. Who's on Two One Bravo's gun?

MARINE

[on radio] Echo Three Lima is up on Two One Bravo.

FICK

We made a mistake today, collectively and individually. We must get past this. Can't sit around and call it quits now. We have fighting ahead.

WYNN

Hey, look, guys, we're Americans. We must make sure when we take a shot that we are threatened. You gotta see that these people are just like you. You got to see past the huts, the camels, the different clothes they wear. These are people in this fucking country. This family here might lose a son. We shot their camels, too. One camel could be a year's income to them. We're not here to destroy their way of life.

FICK

Trombley, you have to be prepared for the possibility of a formal investigation in the shooting. You need to write it up.

WYNN

Keep your head up.

Wynn and Fick walk away.

TROMBLEY

Is it going to be ok, Sergeant? I mean this investigation?

COLBERT

You'll be fine, Trombley.

TROMBLEY

No, I mean for you, Sergeant, since you gave all the orders. I don't care about any of this, you know, I mean I'll be out in a couple of years. But you, Sergeant, this is your career.

COLBERT

I'll be fine.

CHAFFIN

[on radio] Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two, watch my six. I'm taking a dump.

MARINE

[on radio] Roger that.

PERSON

I don't wanna sound like I'm defending Trombley or anything, but how come nobody remembers that they declared everybody hostile? I mean, they told us to shoot at everybody.

HASSER

Yeah. But you know what's even more fucked up? Trombley only shot two bursts, maybe seven rounds. I mean, we're bumping down a dirt road, his targets are like two hundred meters out, and he hits exactly what the fuck he's shooting at. I mean, fuck man, the boy is a cold-on, deadeye killer.

PERSON

Yeah, no shit. It's 'cause he's a psycho. But at least he's our psycho.

Wright digs his ranger grave, clearly winded. Colbert walks up.

COLBERT

You all right, reporter?

WRIGHT

Yeah, I'm just sucking wind.

COLBERT

What happened today, um... [a long pause] You need to square those walls. You'll never make any progress digging that way.

Colbert walks away.

[00:57:55]

End credits.

[VO – all on radio]

RAPTOR

Steel Rain, this is Raptor. Adjust fire, system aided, over.

STEEL RAIN

Raptor, this is Steel Rain. Adjust fire, system aided, out.

RAPTOR

Ten digit grid November Uniform 6-7-3-1-2 0-9-5-7-1, over.

STEEL RAIN

Ten digit grid November Uniform 6-7-3-1-2 0-9-5-7-1, out.

RAPTOR

Five BMPs in the open, request splash, over.

STEEL RAIN

Five BMPs in the open, request splash, out.

STEEL RAIN

Message to observer: Charlie, two rounds, five guns in effect, target number Alpha Bravo 1-0-0-4, over.

RAPTOR

Message to observer: Charlie two rounds, five guns in effect, target number Alpha Bravo 1-0-0-4, out.

STEEL RAIN

Shot, over.

RAPTOR

Shot, out.

STEEL RAIN

Splash, over.

RAPTOR

Splash, out.

RAPTOR

Ten digit impact grid November Uniform 6-7-2-1-4 0-9-6-1-1, correct fire for effect, over.

STEEL RAIN

Ten digit impact grid November Uniform 6-7-2-1-4 0-9-6-1-1, correct fire for effect, out.

RAPTOR

Record this target, end of mission, target suppressed, over.

STEEL RAIN

Record this target, end of mission, target suppressed, out.

CHARLIE NINE TWO

Red Five, this is Charlie Nine Two. We are in sector, gunner up, scanning with thermals. We have multiple personal with small arms. Understand we are on restricted ROEs, over.

RED FIVE

Charlie Nine Two, this is Red Five. That is affirm. Keep a hard posture. Only prosecute targets that are an immediate threat, over.

CHARLIE NINE TWO

Roger that, Red Five. Holding position. Stand by for further reports. Charlie Nine Two, out.

ASSASSIN

Steel Rain, this is Assassin. SEAD, over.

STEEL RAIN

Assassin, this is Steel Rain. SEAD, out.

ASSASSIN

Grid to suppress Papa Victor 4-7-6 8-3-9, grid to mark Papa Victor 4-5-7 8-3-7, over.

STEEL RAIN

Grid to suppress Papa Victor 4-7-6 8-3-9, grid to mark Papa Victor 4-5-7 8-3-7, out.