ENLISTED

Written by

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ACT ONE

CLOSE on a PHONE. A finger scrolls photos of THREE BROTHERS. As kids, hanging on each other. CRACK! As stupid teens. CRACK! Then as MEN IN UNIFORM. Oldest proud, middle grumpy, youngest goofy. CRACK! Why the cracks? We're in:

1 EXT. AFGHANISTAN - TOWN - DAY 1

SERGEANT PETE WAITS (29) is like a kid playing grown-up, Ralphie from "Christmas Story" as Clooney from "Ocean's 11." Quick, funny, *a leader*. He's looking at the photos as he and his UNIT are shot at (CRACK!), using a wall for cover.

PETE
These are my brothers. Great guys.

PRIVATE
Cool, cool. Hey, we gonna die?

MUSIC CUE: the epic opening of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck."

PETE
I won't let that happen, buddy.
(into his radio)
Hi fellas, we're being shot at real bad and we'd like some backup.

FEMALE LIEUTENANT ON RADIO (O.S.)
The file for your op was corrupted. Command can't access your info so are unable to order reinforcements.

PETE
You can't come because your *PC crashed?!* Lemme get right on that.
(calls over wall)
Hey, any of you have a PC?

An RPG SCREAMS OVERHEAD, EXPLODING ON A BUILDING BEHIND HIM.

PETE (CONT'D)
They must be Mac guys.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. TCO (TACTICAL COMBAT OPERATIONS) - AFGHANISTAN - DAY 2

Pete CHARGES IN. Battle-torn, *pissed*. Nervous techs watch.

PETE
What *dick* denied my backup?!

An OFFICER (50s, a prick, looks OLD) turns. *Yeah?*

PETE (CONT'D)
Shoot, you're old. You're like Larry King in camo. I can't punch Larry King. Still, your dumb red tape put my men in danger.

PRICK OFFICER
Boy, it's not my job to explain how the Army works. You got your team out under heavy fire. You're a *hero*. Now get out of my face.
(to a fellow officer)
These enlisteds... you signed up to get shot at. Deal with it, candy-ass.

PETE
Maybe I can punch Larry King.

"Thunderstruck's" chorus HITS as Pete DECKS the officer.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. HELICOPTER - AFGHANISTAN - DAY 3

Pete's in back, MP at his side. A FEMALE OFFICER hands him reassignment papers.

FEMALE OFFICER
Nice job, genius. You lost a rank and got booted stateside. You're leading a Rear Detachment unit at some base in northern Florida.

PETE
Come on, punish me but don't waste me! Rear D guys aren't even real soldiers, all they do is wash tanks and get high.

FEMALE OFFICER
How do you know?

PETE
My two brothers are in a Rear D.
(realizing)
Wait. Northern Florida?

And as Angus' guitar chugs post "Thunderstruck!!"...

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. FORT MCGEE - PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY ONE) 4

All excitement has disappeared and we're in the sleepy

opposite of a war zone: palm trees, cinder blocks. Florida. A “Welcome, Brother!” sign is held by the BROTHERS from Pete’s phone: CORPORAL DERRICK WAITS (20s), middle child, smart but cynical, likes to prove he’s cooler/smarter than people, not thrilled about the military or... well, anything. PRIVATE RANDY WAITS (20s) is his opposite: a big, happy, eager-to-please kid brother.

DERRICK
Man, we look like chicks excited about our boos. Thank God I talked you out of the flowers.

RANDY
You didn’t, I put a bouquet on his bunk.
(off his look)
Just some carnations. They’re man flowers. Here he comes!

Pete steps off the bus and they take each other in.

RANDY (CONT’D)
Hey, brother!

PETE
Hey, brothers.

DERRICK
‘Sup, less handsome brother. How’s Uncle Sam’s favorite nephew?

Randy puts hands on their heads. It’s a loving gesture.

DERRICK (CONT’D)
Stop, Randy! You know I hate that.

RANDY
No. Hand-head is how we’ve said “I love you” since we were kids so give me this because we haven’t been together in a year and I’m happy Pete didn’t get blown up.

PETE
(with authority, like a dad)
Derrick, give him his hand head.

DERRICK
(begrudgingly does it)
Ugh, fine. I can’t believe you punched an officer. That’s dumber than the time I tricked Randy into licking a popsicle made of Windex.

RANDY
I got so sick. Plus side, I cleaned up my puke with my puke.

PETE
That’s not a “plus side,” buddy. I really did miss you guys.

DERRICK
Yeah yeah, let’s not get all Nicholas Sparks about it.

RANDY
Less talk, more hand-head.
(Derrick struggles to get away)
Stop making it so hard to love you!

BASE LOUD SPEAKER VOICE (O.C.)
Sgt. Waits, please report to Sgt. Major Cody’s office.

As Randy and Derrick “ooooo” (”someone’s in troooouuble!”)

5 INT. FORT MCGEE - CODY’S OFFICE - DAY (DAY ONE) 5

COMMAND SERGEANT MAJOR CODY (50s, black) has the highest enlisted rank in the Army, a 30-year vet. Intimidating, no filter, firm but fair. He sits at his desk, Pete before him.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
I served with your father for half my life. When he died, I swore I’d look out for you and your brothers.
(Pete is touched)
This isn’t a nice moment, dammit! Y’all a bunch of fuck-ups.

PETE
Sorry, Uncle Cody. I mean-- Sorry, Sergeant Major Cody.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
I had each of you transferred here ‘cause wherever you were, you were screwing up. Derrick doesn’t care about being a soldier at all. Know what he did his first week here?

FLASHBACK TO:

6 EXT. FT. MCGEE - BARRACKS - A FEW MONTHS AGO - DAY 6

Derrick (cigar in mouth, feet kicked back) has set up a casino in his room. Soldiers play. Cody, angry at the door:

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Don’t run a casino in my barracks!

DERRICK
Deal the man in!

CUT TO:

7 EXT. FT. MCGEE - MORTAR RANGE - A FEW WEEKS AGO - DAY 7

Randy is training on the mortar range with Derrick.

SGT. MAJOR CODY (V.O.)
Then Randy showed up. He actually loves being a soldier. Problem is, he’s too gung ho for his own good.

RANDY
I can aim by sight! Boo-ya, bitch!

He drops the mortar in the tube. Ca-THUNK! It fires! They watch it go up... then fall on a nearby FUEL TANKER. BOOM!!

RANDY (CONT’D)
Do I have to pay for that?

POP BACK TO:

8 INT. FORT MCGEE - CODY’S OFFICE - DAY (DAY ONE) 8

PETE
Did he have to pay for it? Sounds pricey.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Now you’re just like them! C’mon son, you had a great career going! You should be wearing the Medal of Honor, shaking hands with Obama, judging beauty pageants with Cee-lo and shit.

PETE
That Officer insulted my men. I went with my gut.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Well your gut’s a dumbass. And because of that, now you get to lead one of my Rear Detachment platoons. This unit has a problem.

PETE
Is it a morale problem?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
No, it’s a “they’re slackers and dipshits” problem. Besides, I don’t do morale. I didn’t lose my foot to a land mine so I could pat soldiers on the head.

For emphasis he TAKES OFF HIS FAKE FOOT, puts it on the desk.

PETE
I’ve never talked with you where you didn’t bring up your fake foot.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
When your foot gets blown off by a land mine, you get to bring it up whenever you like.

PETE
Why do you have a white guy foot?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
I have tiny feet, my size only comes in white. I want you to shape up that unit. We have war games scheduled with an Italian platoon soon, I expect you to kick some Italian ass.

PETE
Italians come here to train?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Lotta countries come here to train. Turns out the only place as hot and miserable as the Afghani desert is twenty miles outside Disney World.

PETE
If all your orders are this easy I should be out of here and back to leading real soldiers in no time. I think I can manage war games. I’m used to playing them for keeps.
(then)
I just gave you chills, right?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
(handing him a photo)
No. Your second order is to go find this dog.

PETE
I gotta find *dogs* now?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Name is Bogie. This is his favorite toy.
(throws him a squeaky toy)
Walk around base, see if you can get the little son of a bitch to show his little son of a bitch face.

PETE
Last week I caught an insurgent's grenade and threw it back at him. So this is great.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Dummy, the most important part of Rear D's job is taking care of the families of deployed soldiers. Whatever they need, you will do. Someone needs a babysitter? You gonna sit babies. Someone lost a dog? You find that dog. Got it?

Just then, Derrick and Randy show up at the door.

RANDY
Here to give Pete a tour, Sergeant Major! Hey, fake foot! *Fake foot brings all the boys to the yard.*

DERRICK
That would make a hell of a bong.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
It's nice seeing you three boys back together again.
(Randy goes for hand-head)
Don't touch my head, boy.

9 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BASE/MOTOR POOL - DAY (DAY ONE) 9

Derrick, Randy and Pete walk as WE TAKE IN THE BASE. We see soldiers marching, training, etc. Young women and men of every race and ethnicity. The Youtube generation in camo.

RANDY
So, everybody thinks all Rear D does is wash tanks and get high.

PETE
Come on, nobody thinks that.

RANDY
We totally have a mission. We take care of families of deployed troops, and this sweet-ass base. So we mow lawns, sort mail...

DERRICK
... and wash tanks and get high. And our mission sucks balls. Any boring ass job you can think of falls on us because we're the ones not good enough to be deployed.

RANDY
That's why the base seems empty. There's usually a battalion here.
(sighs, like a little kid)
It does suck that we wash the tanks but never get to drive them...

They pass the Motor Pool, a car dealership-like facility with military vehicles. A BLACK SOLDIER IN GLASSES washes a tank.

DERRICK
What up, Private Black Elton John?

PRIVATE BLACK ELTON JOHN
Not much, Corporal Alcoholic.

DERRICK
Mine was playful, yours was just mean.

RANDY
(to Pete)
How great is this camaraderie???

Elton John grumbles as Pete wraps his head around all this. SGT. JILL POP (opposite of neurotic: confident, funny and ballsy) exits the garage. Pete notices: *wow*. Near a HUMVEE a PRIVATE listens to Reggaeton. She clicks off his radio.

JILL
Private Sanchez, were you too busy listening to awful music to fix the armor on your Humvee like I asked?
(he hesitantly nods "yes")
How many push ups should he do?

Soldiers laugh, shout numbers: they love her. Playing along:

PETE
How about a thousand?

JILL
Good number! Do one for the armor, 999 for getting the lyric “me gusta dat booty” stuck in my head. Private Maurer, you count them.

Push-ups / counting commences (will continue in the bg the rest of the scene). Jill comes over to Pete.

JILL (CONT’D)
Hi, you must be the new Waits brother. I’m Sgt. Pop.

RANDY
I know it seems like she’s being nice, but she hates us and she’s about to say something mean.

JILL
I head up the other Rear D platoon here, the one not full of rejects and mental patients.

RANDY / DERRICK
So mean. / Good one, Sergeant.

PETE
But I shouted a number and you were like, “Good number!” And I was all, “Wow I think there’s a thing here.”

JILL
Look, if Cody wants you here that’s fine. Just keep your unit out of my unit’s way.
(Randy giggles)
Unlike your screw ups my platoon is full of bright, dedicated soldiers.

PETE
Excuse me, but I’m the most dedicated soldier you’ve ever seen.

RANDY
That’s right, Jill!

PETE
And my troops will be too once I get through with them.

JILL
Got a chip on your shoulder, huh?

PETE
Actually I have a chip in my shoulder. About yay big. Part of a bomb. It hurts when it rains. And when it doesn't rain.

JILL
I like a man who likes a challenge.
(Pete smiles)
I'm just kidding, I don't like you or the GI Bros.

Jill walks off. Derrick, amused, turns to Pete.

DERRICK
Is that why they sent you here? Army poster boy gonna whip us grunts into shape?

PETE
What's wrong with that?
(Derrick starts laughing)
What?

10 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - DAY (DAY ONE) 10

Pete's Rear D Platoon (10 in total) AKA the Island of Misfit Toys trains on a bayonet range. Men and women who are out of shape, small, some too big. An old guy. Randy's with them. ANGLE ON: Derrick and Pete watching from afar.

PETE
Those are *soldiers?* They look like people waiting for free cheese.

DERRICK
Look, Randy's showing off for you.

RANDY
Swift and sure motions! Army code states an effective method is by reciting a chant of some sort.
(he stabs dummy in/out)
Bradley. Cooper! Bradley. Cooper! I don't wanna kill Bradley Cooper, it's just a rhythm thing.

Everybody starts imitating Randy's stabbing method.

ENTIRE PLATOON
Bradley. Cooper!

PETE
How am I supposed to win war games with these idiots? Hell, I wouldn’t even trust any of them to find a dog.

Just then Randy RIPS the dummy off its perch as he trains. He stabs then humps it on the ground. It’s in TATTERS.

DERRICK
He’s actually much improved.

RANDY
Do I have to pay for that?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - SIX AM (DAY TWO) 11

“Reveille” plays on speakers as all salute the rising flag. Pete stands before his platoon: Randy, Derrick, PRIVATE NAILS (she has big nails), PRIVATE HIPSTER (hipster), Private Black Elton John, PRIVATE GRANDPA (old), a Korean WOMAN, PRIVATE CHUBOWSKI (big) and PRIVATE SICK (it’ll make sense later).

PETE
At ease. I’m Platoon Sergeant Pete Waits. It’s good to be here.

RANDY
Aw yeah, says it’s good to be here!

DERRICK
Randy, stop being his hype man.

RANDY
You’re not the boss of me.

PETE
We need to get ready for war games! And find a dog! The second one I still do not get, but okay! Now, working together starts with a sense of trust, but we don’t know each other yet. We have no tradition. This platoon doesn’t even have a motto.

RANDY
Yeah yeah, a motto embodies the spirit of the unit!

PRIVATE BLACK ELTON JOHN
How about, “Got your back, nigga?”

PETE
Love the meaning behind it, but there’s one pesky little word.

PRIVATE NAILS
How about, “Got your back, n-word?”

PETE
That’s somehow worse.

PRIVATE HIPSTER
Why do black people like Chris Brown?

PRIVATE BLACK ELTON JOHN
To piss off white people.

PETE
Please don’t start a race war.
Let’s start with your appearances.
(re: each soldier in line)
Mustache is too big, hair too long.
There’s a weight issue in this
general area. What’s your name?

PRIVATE CHUBOWSKI
Private George Chubowski, Sergeant.

PETE
Chubowski? Okay, you can’t change.
It’d be weird if you *weren’t* big.

RANDY
No one likes an ironic name!

DERRICK
So what if they don’t look perfect?

PETE
Fair point. Maybe there’s a great
soldier inside each of you.

We begin a SERIES OF SHOTS of the platoon. They do push ups, flutter kicks, etc. Everyone but Randy, Chubowski and Korean Woman struggles. In fact, the Woman TEARS through exercises.

12 EXT. FORT MCGEE - OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY (DAY TWO) 12

Muddy sun-beat awfulness. Derrick takes off his helmet.

PETE
Keep it on! Danger is everywhere!

DERRICK
But it’s hot as nuts out here!

13 INT. FORT MCGEE - COMMAND OFFICES - DAY (DAY TWO) 13

Pete tests PRIVATE NAILS. He holds up cards with K, W and G.

PRIVATE NAILS
The call signs for those are...
Kilo... Whiskey... and Gyllenhaal?

PETE
Gyllenhaal. As in Jake Gyllenhaal.
One of our nation’s finest actors.

As she tentatively nods “yes” and Pete rubs his temples.

14 EXT. FORT MCGEE - RUNNING TRAIL - DAY (DAY TWO) 14

Randy runs with Derrick and Chubowski (he’s tough). The Korean Woman BURNS by, just flying, knocking Randy down.

RANDY
Why you throwing elbows, Denise?!

15 EXT. FORT MCGEE - TRAINING COURSE - DAY (DAY TWO) 15

Derrick stops and takes off his helmet.

DERRICK
Screw this. There’s no “danger.”

Pete pops up and chucks a rock at Derrick’s head.

PETE
Danger is everywhere!

16 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY (DAY TWO) 16

The platoon is beat up, tired, miserable. Private Grandpa is splayed on the ground.

PETE
Turns out there was not a great soldier inside each of you. Plus I think Private Grandpa’s dead.

Suddenly, in SLO-MO, a Jeep of ITALIAN SOLDIERS drives up. In contrast to Pete’s miserable bunch, they are sexy, noble- a poster for awesome. Pete’s platoon gazes, open-mouthed.

RANDY
(whispering, awestruck)
The Italians...

The jeep screeches to a halt as SLO-MO ends.

MAIN ITALIAN SOLDIER
Voi soldati sono testicoli! Haha!

The Italians drive away, laughing.

DERRICK
I’m very fluent in Italian so I can say with a lot of certainty that he just called us “testicle soldiers.”

RANDY
That hurts.

PETE
This’ll just make it sweeter when we crush them at war games.

DERRICK
(snickering)
Yeah, okay.

PETE
Corporal Waits, for that lack of spirit you are now in charge of finding the dog. Take an hour and look around before you hit chow.

Pete throws him the squeaky toy.

DERRICK
Seriously? Come on, Pete.

PETE
Excuse me?

DERRICK
(fake enthusiasm)
I mean, “Yes, Sergeant Brother!”

PETE
Everyone else is dismissed. And stop poking Grandpa with a stick.

Reveal DENISE poking him. Grandpa “ughs” from the ground as A CANNON goes off as “Retreat” plays on speakers. All stop what they’re doing and salute the lowering flag. THE LOST DOG runs by unseen. It will do this the rest of the script.

17 INT. / EXT. CAR / TOWN - EVENING (DAY TWO) 17

Pete, Derrick and Randy (back seat) drive down main street.

RANDY
Woo, boys night out! Going out for our first beer together in a year, I love it. Man, don’t we have the best job? We’re serving our country, and now we do it together!

DERRICK
(Randy tries hand-heading him)
Not while I’m driving, Sling Blade!

RANDY
Let me love you! Pete, check out this great town we’re stationed in.

PETE
Strip club, strip club, store, gas station, strip club, bar and bar.

RANDY
Pretty sweet town, right?

18 INT. THE CLAYMORE - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE) - CONTINUOUS 18

An Army bar. MUGS marked with name/unit fill a wall. Denise (Korean Soldier) does shots (Rick Flair “Woos!” each time) as Private Sick plays Golden Tee. The brothers sit at a table as a WAITRESS sets down beers.

RANDY
Check it out, Denise and Private Sick are here.

PETE
Why do you call him that?

PRIVATE SICK
(re: game)
Sick! Sick shot, bro! So sick.

PETE
(to Derrick)
How’d the dog search go?

DERRICK
I’m on it. Man, chill with the Army stuff. See, I’m all about life post-Army. I’m thinking landscape design, maybe some PI work. I’ve been writing some historical fiction.

RANDY
Did you ever do anything with my idea for “Teddy Roosevelt, Zombie Slayer?”

DERRICK
No man. And I never will.

PETE
When did you get into writing?

DERRICK
Lotta stuff we did while you were over there you don’t know about. On Randy’s birthday we went to Medieval Times, and the knight won a joust for him. He even gave him his handkerchief.

RANDY
It had knight sweat on it, man. It was so bad ass.

DERRICK
It was *so embarrassing*, but still. Woulda filled you in if you had called or something.

PETE
I remember his birthday. I had to clean up the mess after an IED blew up the bad guy who was planting it. His socks were hanging up on the telephone wires. Blown clean off.

RANDY
Were there... feet in the socks?

Pete nods. Derrick rolls his eyes, takes note of bartender CASSY (pretty, blue collar). He starts over to the bar.

DERRICK
Well I'd love to hear more of the Adventures of Sergeant Awesome, but I'd rather do some drinking.

PETE
We <u>are</u> drinking.

DERRICK
Not enough.

RANDY
Let him go. He likes that girl.

Derrick sits at the bar and addresses Cassy.

DERRICK
My bella, can I get a shot, a beer, and even a hint of a smile?

Cassy passes him a beer without a hint of a smile.

RANDY
(to Pete)
She doesn't like him.

DERRICK
(to Cassy)
Make it two shots, then.

Cassy moves off, unwilling to give Derrick the time of day. Across the room, a LOCAL GIRL catches Randy's eye.

RANDY
Sorry man. Booty calls.

PETE
You didn’t just say that, really?

Randy races off to join the Local Girl. Jill approaches.

JILL
So, Derrick struck out, Randy’s being a sewer dick. Welcome to Fort McGee nightlife.

They both watch as Randy “act dances” a lyric in the song playing (a la “You make a grown man cry” in “Start Me Up.”) He looks ridiculous but the Local Girl and her friend laugh.

PETE
Girls like that?

JILL
He plays the percentages. Hey, sorry about earlier. It’s just, I’ve worked really hard to get to a position that was kinda handed to you as a consolation prize.

PETE
I agree. As long as you agree you have a chip on your shoulder, too.

JILL
A huge chip! Woman in the Army are undervalued. Hell, we just got cleared to *fight*. But I don’t need appreciation. I’m here to work.

PETE
You so want appreciation.

JILL
Just a tiny bit of appreciation. Like a baby toe of appreciation.

19 EXT. THE CLAYMORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO) 19

A Porsche Boxster, vanity plate *RICH YO* pulls up. WALLACE (handsome, cocky, slick) exits, in suit, with a red leather case. AN EIGHT YEAR OLD KID ON A BIKE is here.

WALLACE
Pretty dope car, right?
(the kid shrugs)
Ugh, enjoy being poor forever.

20 INT. THE CLAYMORE - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT TWO) 20

Jill looks over to see Wallace grabbing a drink at the bar.

JILL
Aw nuts, my ex just got here.

Wallace walks over, carrying a froofy drink and his case.

WALLACE
Wassup, Jilly Jill?
(then to Pete)
Who are you?

PETE
I'm Pete. What's with the case?

WALLACE
It's for my racquetball racquet, bro. I'm ranked 7th in the state.

PETE
Oh! I'm ranked first in the state. In not giving a crap about racquetball.

WALLACE
Attitude, huh? See my badge? Says "attaché." Means I'm a contractor. From *Washington*. I'm more important than every grunt here.

PETE
This guy, really?

JILL
We all make mistakes. Mine just wears Antonio Banderas' cologne.

WALLACE
So you two are hanging out? That's cool. Last week, I hung with that chick who banged General Petraeus. I could've gotten in there, too. Unless it's normal for a woman to do this.
(sexy sniffs Pete's neck)
Signed, A. Banderas.

Randy, who's doing shots with Denise ("Woo!"), calls over:

RANDY
Pete, that's Wallace! He sucks! Last week Derrick and me filled his Porsche with packing peanuts!

JILL
They did that? That's the first time I've liked your brothers.

WALLACE
Wasn't funny then, isn't funny now!
(then to Jill)
I'm hanging with the Italians if you want to join.

He waves and we see indeed there are a bunch of handsome Italians at a table. One of them sees Pete and yells:

MAIN ITALIAN SOLDIER
Voi soldati sono testicoli! Haha!

PETE
Yeah, "testicle soldier," got it. They really need to learn colloquialisms.

WALLACE
Ohhh, you're the new sergeant who's about to crazy-lose some war games.

PETE
I feel like I don't need to take crap from a guy drinking a cosmo.

WALLACE
First of all, this is a Velvet Hammer, as anybody with even a passing knowledge of the movie "Cocktail" would know.

JILL
(to Pete, shrugging)
Burn?

WALLACE
And I run the war games, dummy. I bring in foreign platoons that want to keep sharp against Americans. Except they don't like to lose, so I always match them with a numbnuts unit that can't possibly win.

PETE
So we're like the Washington Generals?

WALLACE
More like the Washington Privates.

Wallace, chuckling at his own joke, looks for laughs.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
No one? Fine. Anyhow Jill, come have a drink, you're looking yummy.

JILL
Ew! Nothing aside from cupcakes should be called "yummy."

PETE
And don't talk down to her. Jill's a million times better at what she does than whatever it is you do.

JILL
Uh, I don't need you defending me like I'm some little girl. Who do you think you are? You just got here.

Jill heads with Wallace to the table. Pete, frustrated, sees Derrick leading Randy, Denise and Private Sick in more shots.

PETE
Do not get hammer-faced drunk! You gotta be up at oh-six-hundred.

As Derrick gives a thumbs up, then does a shot:

21 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - SIX AM (DAY THREE) 21

Start of the day. Pete stands before his platoon, perturbed.

PETE
Some of you look terrible. How long did you stay there last night?

Derrick turns away and PUKES (off camera).

RANDY
He stayed the longest.

PETE
Great. Got a progress report on the dog, Corporal Waits?

Derrick pulls the dog toy out, squeaks it. Sarcastically:

DERRICK
The canine is not in our vector.

PETE
Wait, did you even *look* yesterday?
(Derrick shakes "nope")
Dammit, I know it's stupid but I gave you an order.

DERRICK
Yes, Sergeant Awesome Brother!

PETE
We gotta get serious around here! Better! Faster! Tougher! If you're gonna be a bear be a what?

PRIVATE NAILS
A panda bear?

PETE
No, you're supposed to say grizzly.

PRIVATE CHUBOWSKI
Pandas are powerful. They can rip apart bamboo with their teeth.

PETE
My point is, be the strongest bear.

PRIVATE GRANDPA
Panda's still a pretty strong bear.

Derrick just starts walking away.

PETE
Where the hell are you going?

DERRICK
To bed. I'm hungover.

PETE
Get back in line, soldier!

DERRICK
Knock it off, Braveheart, your rah rah crap doesn't apply to Rear D.

PRIVATE BLACK ELTON JOHN
Yeah, you seem cool, but we're all here for a reason. Hell, I failed my dental exam. We know we suck.

DERRICK
Well there's our motto. "We suck."

RANDY
Maybe we do but knock off the negativity, you guys! And support your brother, Derrick!

DERRICK
Why? He’s only here to look good, get his stripe back and get out.

PETE
Oh, maybe I should hang around so I can turn into a drunk with no future?

RANDY
Now you knock off the negativity, Pete. Damn, this is getting so negative!

DERRICK
Pete just cares about Pete. Why do you think we never heard from him?

PETE
Oh sorry, I was a little busy getting shot at every day to worry about Randy’s stupid birthday!

DERRICK
And I’m sorry that I turned into a giant screw up and Randy turned into the worst soldier in the history of the Army!

Randy looks at him, shocked and hurt, then DECKS him.

PRIVATE SICK
Aw, sick!

Derrick and Randy fight. Pete goes to stop them but Derrick punches him - Pete punches him back! As all three fight:

RANDY
One large Guillotine coming up!

PETE
Stop using your stupid MMA terms!

DERRICK
I can’t breath, I can’t breath...

The CANNON goes off and “Retreat” starts playing. The brothers stand to salute the flag. And see Sgt. Cody, Jill and HER PLATOON saluting but watching from not too far away. As Pete locks eyes with the flag, knowing they fucked up, and maybe in the background we see the LOST DOG run by again...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT 3

22 INT. FORT MCGEE - CODY'S OFFICE - LATER (DAY THREE) 22

Pete, Derrick and Randy stand before an angry Cody.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Why are you punching their faces, Pete? Don't punch their faces.

RANDY
To be honest, it started going south when Pete said he was stronger than a Panda Bear.

PETE
I never said I was stronger than a Panda Bear.

DERRICK
You're not.

PETE
I mean sure, I could probably choke out a baby panda.

DERRICK / RANDY
Incorrect. / Why would you do that?! It's a baby!

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Stop talking! Just get out. Not Pete. Me and you gotta talk.

23 EXT. CODY'S HOME - NIGHT (NIGHT THREE) 23

A Florida Cracker-style home (tin roof, porch). Cody and Pete sit out front, drinking beers. Cody has a BAT.

PETE
You gonna hit me with that?

SGT. MAJOR CODY
The bat's for my sixteen year-old daughter's boyfriend, Da'Quan. I don't like Da'Quan. He's gonna pull up in the driveway, and he's gonna turn his ass around.

Pete massages an ache in his shoulder. Cody notices.

SGT. MAJOR CODY (CONT'D)
You got banged up over there, huh?

PETE
Let’s see. Concussion from an RPG, shrapnel in my shoulder, busted wrist, two herniated discs. I got those carrying a buddy. I took a digger when I slipped in his blood.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Yeah, well my foot got blown off.

They both laugh. They have to. A beat, then:

PETE
I feel guilty I’m not there.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
I know, son. And I know jobs like finding dogs seem crazy. But this work is <u>important</u>. If something happens <u>overseas,</u> you have to tell the family. Soldiers who did this, they showed up at your house once.

<u>This strikes a chord with Pete</u>. Thinking back:

PETE
This one lady played Monopoly with me all night... I liked that.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Your father was a good man.

PETE
Yeah, he was.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
So start acting like him.
(this lands on Pete)
Thinking you’re too good for all this ain’t gonna cut it. Your troops need to know you’re one of them. Your brothers, too.
(headlights FLOOD driveway)
Oh, hell no! Get your ass back to Kinkos you twenty year old bastard!

BRITNAY (16), Cody’s daughter, leans out the front door.

BRITNAY
Leave Da'Quan alone, he’s sweet.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
He ain’t gonna be so sweet with this bat upside his head!

The car quickly backs out of the driveway. Britnay *harumps* and SLAMS the front door shut. Gleefully to Pete:

SGT. MAJOR CODY (CONT'D)
I love being a Dad.

24 INT. PX - NIGHT (NIGHT THREE) 24

The on-base market. Pete's grabbing beer as Jill walks up.

JILL
Tough morning with the troops, huh?

PETE
We all make mistakes.

JILL
Look, I didn't even date Wallace, it was a hook up- okay, like five hook ups, maybe six. Seven tops... plus a trip to Tampa where we jetskied together.

PETE
Two jetskis or one?
(off her embarrassed look)
Oh my God! It was one!

JILL
He's different than anyone here. And I liked being with a guy who's not always trying to protect me.

PETE
That's my problem: I always try to have someone's back. I thought that's what being a soldier meant.

JILL
Hey no, you can't say that and walk off like you won the conversation!

PETE
No, I won. Cute tea, by the way.

He pulls a box of Sleepy Time Tea (the one with the Teddy Bear in PJs on the label) from her cart. As he walks off:

JILL
I need help falling asleep! I've been having nightmares about a wolf with my cousin Tina's face on it! Why am I telling you this?!

25 INT. BARRACKS - DERRICK/RANDYS' ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT THREE) 25

Randy's sprawled, asleep. Derrick is reading. Pete enters.

PETE
What's up with him?

DERRICK
He got mad at himself for letting you down, did an hour of jumping jacks as punishment then passed out. He cried. You ever seen a man cry while doing jumping jacks? It sounds funny, but it's just sad.

PETE
(sits, opens beers, then)
I'm sorry I didn't keep in touch, okay? I guess I thought about what could happen, like with Dad... I thought if I was distant it'd be easier for you. I was wrong.

DERRICK
It felt like you didn't need us, you dick. We're all we've got.

Pete takes out his PHONE, the one we saw on page one, and scrolls photos as he talks. The last is of them, as kids, hands on each other's heads. This is not an easy admission:

PETE
This is too heavy for Randy to hear, but you want to know how much I needed you guys? I put these pictures on here. My favorites. And I kept this with me so I could look at them in case, you know, I thought I was gonna bite it... So you'd be the last thing I see.
(beat, then)
I looked at these a lot, Derrick.

A heavy moment as this hits Derrick. He takes it in, then:

DERRICK
You're right, that is way too heavy for Randy.
(off Pete's laugh)
I saw him cry at a Gap ad, dude is sensitive.

PETE
So you really want to be a writer?

DERRICK
Or maybe a plumber. I have five solid minutes for a stand up set--

PETE
You don’t know what you want to do.

DERRICK
I have no clue.

THUMP, THUMP. Randy is up doing jumping jacks and CRYING.

RANDY
I’m sorry I disappointed you, Pete.

PETE
That’s even sadder than you said.

26 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - SIX AM (DAY FOUR) 26

Pete is before the platoon, who stand stiffly at attention.

PETE
Everyone just relax, okay?
(Grandpa sits on ground)
That’s too much. Now look, I owe you guys an apology. I’ve been acting like I’m the only winner in the middle of a bunch of losers.
(dramatic pause)
Well guess what? I’m a loser too.

RANDY
Really thought that was going the other way.

PETE
I’m just like you guys. A beat up, sucky let down.

PRIVATE BLACK ELTON JOHN
This is a terrible apology.

PETE
But we don’t have to be losers! Do you really want to lose to them?

He motions to SHIRTLESS Italians a ways off. They’re smoking cigarettes, and a RIPPED one is showering with a hose.

PETE (CONT’D)
That’s pornographic! Now come on Private, when you look in the mirror who do you see?

PRIVATE DENISE
Daffy Duck. I have a picture of him taped to my mirror.

PETE
Who do you see next to Daffy Duck?

PRIVATE DENISE
Ryan Gosling. And next to him it's another picture of Ryan Gosling but in this one he's got two kittens--

PETE
You see you! You, Chubowski, big moustache guy, all of us, we are soldiers in the Army of the United States. Guardians of freedom and liberty. We're here because on some level we believe that. So what if we're the ones no one else wants? We don't need them. We have each other now - we're here together now. We will train together, we will fight together. And we will have each other's backs because we are all we've got. We are brothers.
(to Derrick and Randy)
We are all we need.

He locks eyes with them, telling them he's there. For them.

RANDY
I wish we had a motto to shout.

DERRICK
We do have one. We are brothers!

It happens instantly, the platoon picking it up in chorus:

PLATOON
We are brothers!

PETE
We are brothers!

PLATOON
(even louder)
We are brothers!

A HAND rests on Derrick's head. Randy's hand. Derrick rests a hand on Pete then Private Nail's head. The entire platoon follow suit, until every soldier has a hand on another. All there for each other, having the other's back. Then:

PETE
Let’s go kick some Italian ass.

27 EXT. FORT MCGEE - WAR GAMES AREA - DAY (DAY FOUR) 27

Italian soldiers talk lazily amongst themselves. They wear MILES gear (it’s basically military laser tag, the sensors BEEP if you get hit). Then a RUMBLE LIKE THUNDER.

ITALIAN
Preggo?

MUSIC CUE: The chorus of “Thunderstruck” BLARES AS A TANK CRASHES THROUGH PALMETTO SCRUB TOWARD THE ITALIANS. Randy sticks his head out, more excited than he’s ever been.

RANDY
I’m finally driving a tannnnnk!!

The platoon runs behind it and fires their weapons (no gunfire; MILES works on infra-red bursts). Italian sensors beep. They voice frustration and fight back. We COVER the battle. Pete takes cover behind a bush. From his radio:

PRIVATE NAILS (ON RADIO)
Gyllenhaal Squad is down, sir.

PETE
The call sign for “G” is Golf not--
actually, Gyllenhaal’s way better.

JILL (ON RADIO)
Relax, we’ll clean up your mess.

Pete whirls to find Jill’s platoon storming out of the woods.

PETE
Sgt. Pop? What are you doing?

JILL
Having your back.

They fight alongside Pete’s platoon. We highlight people’s moves, like Denise throwing an elbow and knocking down an Italian. It finally comes down to the Main Italian (the one we’ve heard speak) and Randy. Randy executes a perfect Army roll, pops up, and takes the guy out! Pete, proudly:

PETE
Nice Army roll, Randy! You did it!
We won! USA! USA! USA!

All celebrate as Jill smiles to Pete. TIME CUT: the platoons walk past the Italians, slapping hands a la Little League.

PETE / DERRICK / RANDY / JILL
Good game, good game, good game.

PETE
Okay, beers on me.

DERRICK
Wait, we have to do one more thing.

28 EXT. FORT MCGEE - SURROUNDING AREA - DAY (DAY FOUR) 28

Pete, Derrick, Randy and Jill trudge through palmetto scrub in the awful, beating midday sun as Derrick squeaks the toy.

DERRICK
Keep looking! Bogie could be anywhere!

PETE
It really is hot as nuts out here.

And just then a CUTE DOG bounds out of some nearby scrub. Derrick scoops him up as the dog grabs the toy playfully.

PETE (CONT'D)
Good work, soldiers. Let's make sure he gets back safe.

29 EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY (DAY FOUR) 29

The TANK rolls down the street. The DOG'S HEAD sticking out the top as if it was the window of a car.

30 EXT. FORT MCGEE - ON-BASE HOUSING - DAY (DAY FOUR) 30

Derrick is at a front door with the dog. The door swings open revealing CASSY (the bartender). Derrick's jaw drops.

CASSY
Bogie!

She takes the dog, happy and teary.

DERRICK
I didn't know this guy was yours.

CASSY
It's not, it's my brother's. He's overseas. Bogey is what reminds me of him. I've been so depressed every day without this guy. So thank you.

She gives Derrick a hug. He tries to be casual.

DERRICK
This is what we do.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. FORT MCGEE - BATTALION AREA - DAY (DAY FOUR) 31

Pete and Jill’s platoons stand before Cody.

SGT. MAJOR CODY Nice work, Sgt. Waits. You fulfilled your mission; you won war games by shaping up your soldiers.

PLATOON
(proudly)
Hooah! We are brothers!

SGT. MAJOR CODY
And you found that dog, which may be even more important. Great job.

PLATOON
(proudly, again)
Hooah! We are brothers!

SGT. MAJOR CODY
But what the hell are you doing taking out a tank?! You’re not supposed to take out a damn tank!

RANDY
Hooah! We are brothers!

DERRICK
Not the time for the motto, buddy.

PETE
The tank was a diversionary tactic.

SGT. MAJOR CODY
Diversionary my ass. Sgt. Pop, you helping him out technically isn’t fair but it was a cool move, so you’re all right.

Pete and Jill share a look as her soldiers cheer her.

SGT. MAJOR CODY (CONT’D)
As for you crazy ass idiots--

32 EXT. FORT MCGEE - MOTOR POOL - DAY (DAY FOUR) 32

Pete stands before the platoon.

PETE
Well, Sergeant Major Cody says our punishment is washing all the vehicles in the motor pool.

They take in the motor pool. The tank is parked here.

DERRICK
I will say that the tank doesn't quite seem dirty enough yet.

RANDY
To maximize the cleanliness of the tank, we should see it at its dirtiest, Sergeant!

PETE
Son of a gun, this plan makes sense. So, how do we get it dirty?

33 EXT. FORT MCGEE - VARIOUS - DAY (DAY FOUR) 33

As credits roll the brothers: use the tank to tow a couch with the platoon sitting on it, see how high they can jump the tank, waterski behind it as it drives through mud (maybe Jill even tries this) and do whatever else we can get away with. As every man (and a lot of women) in America decides they love this show, Wallace pulls up in his Porsche.

WALLACE
You guys are in trouble! You're not supposed to change the rules of war games! The government makes a ton of money off this stuff, they're going to be very mad!

PETE
I like your squeaky angry voice.

Just then the tank DRIVES INTO FRAME AND ROLLS TOTALLY OVER THE PORSCHE. All are silent a beat, then:

PRIVATE SICK
Aw, sick!

The hatch pops open and Randy and Derrick pop out.

RANDY
Heh, Derrick was totally covering my eyes as I drove. What'd I hit?
(sees the Porsche)
Do I have to pay for that?

END OF SHOW *