PLEASE NOTE:

ALL TEXT IN BRACKETS INDICATES ARABIC. SUBTITLES USED ONLY WHERE NOTED.
FADE IN:

1 EXT. IRAQI DESERT - WIDE ANGLE POV OF WIDE OPEN DESERT - 1 FIRST KILL

Flat grey sky.

The CAMERA is running forward, TOWARD a big sand berm in the distance. There are O.S. sounds: soldier's EQUIPMENT CLANKING, BOOTS RUNNING ON SAND. Hear a man's BREATHING.

The back of his helmeted head and his uniformed shoulders appear in the BOTTOM OF the FRAME, running. This is TROY BARLOW, Sergeant, U.S. Army, 25 years old. On his helmet is a photo-button with a photo of a newborn baby.

Suddenly, on the sand berm 100 meters ahead, an Iraqi soldier stands. Troy stops in his tracks, out of breath, and stares at the figure on the berm. The Iraqi flutters a white flag over his head, then puts it down and picks up a gun. Troy turns around, we see his face for the first time.

TROY

Are we shooting people, or what?

BERM SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

Are we shooting?

TROY

That's what I'm asking you.

BERM SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

What's the answer?

TROY

I don't know the answer. That's what I'm trying to find out.

PAN TO 100 yards away -- ZOOM IN -- SOLDIER #2 stands with his head tilted back while SOLDIER #3 looks into his eyes.

BERM SOLDIER #3

It looks like a grain of sand, but I don't know how I'm gonna get it out --

PAN TO three soldiers 40 yards away -- ZOOM IN --

SOLDIER #4 unwraps a stick of gum and puts it into his mouth. SOLDIERS #5 and #6, plus CONRAD VIG, 22, wiry, intense, deep South, and WALTER WOGOMAN, 19, quiet, tall, Southern, put out their hands and get pieces of gum.

(CONTINUED)
TROY (O.S.)
I think this guy has a weapon.

The Soldiers get ready with their guns, scared.

CAPTAIN VAN METER, 37, crab-like, is in the far distance.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
If they surrender, don't shoot, if they don't surrender, blow 'em away.

PAN BACK TO Troy, faces the CAMERA, CLOSE, scared, then turns back to the dune and runs a few yards. Stops and stares, raises his rifle. He aims at the figure on the horizon.

POV THROUGH SIGHT POST

The Iraqi soldier in Troy's sight post, holding a rifle up. Hear Troy's BREATHING, loud, as he pulls trigger slowly. SLOW MOTION RIFLE sound.

Silent pause. The Iraqi soldier stands there, then his neck explodes like a sack of blood. Silent, except for sound of Troy's LOUD BREATHING as he walks TOWARD the big berm, and UP TO the crest. All we hear are his FOOTSTEPS and BREATHING.

BERM SOLDIER #3 (O.S.)
That guy just shot an A-rab.

BERM SOLDIER #4 (O.S.)
Bullshit.

YOUNG IRAQI SOLDIER

lies on the ground. A piece of his neck is blown away. He is rasping, a white flag is clasped in one hand; a rifle in the other. He is looking up at Troy, who looks down at him.

SMASH CUT TO:

FANTASY - INT. MICHIGAN HOSPITAL - DAY

A white baby girl, covered in blood and placenta, is pulled from between the legs of Troy's wife, DEBBIE. The nurse holds the SCREAMING BABY aloft, proud and happy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VIG (V.O.)
(deep Southern accent)
Congratulations, you got yourself a Eye-raqi, my man.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - FIRST KILL - DAY (PRESENT)

PAN TO Conrad Vig.

VIG
Dag.

PAN FROM dead Iraqi TO Troy, upset, as he murmurs "I Get Around" by the BEACH BOYS.

TROY
'Gettin' bugged drivin' up and down the same old strip, gotta find a new place where the kids are hip, I get around -- '

BERM SOLDIER #1
I didn't think I'd see anyone get shot over here.

BERM SOLDIER #5
Take my picture.

VIG
Do you still want to sell pictures?

TROY
(distracted monotone)
For twenty.

BERM SOLDIER #5
Twenty dollars for a hoo-a shot, man, what's the meaning of life?

BERM SOLDIER #1
What an asshole.

WALTER
You're lucky you got to see anybody shot in this war.

VIG
Been over five days, Jim, ain't gonna be much more of this.

BERM SOLDIER #5
Bobby, take my picture.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He holds the camera out.

BERM SOLDIER #3
If he shot the guy, it's up to him.

BERM SOLDIER #5
It's not like he shot a fucking deer. It's the enemy.

VIG
Troy's enemy, yours for twenty.

Soldiers get their cash out, Vig takes it.

BERM SOLDIER #1
Show some respect for the dead.

BERM SOLDIER #3
Yeah, leave him in peace.

SOLDIER #5 bends next to the corpse and holds his camera out at arm's length.

VIG
No free pictures, motherfucker.

Vig shoves the soldier away and the two wrestle as they roll down the sand berm.

"I Just Want to Celebrate" by RARE EARTH comes on loud.

Troy walks away holding his temple in pain; Soldiers gather to stare at the dead Iraqi, getting their cameras out.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DESERT ROAD - DAY

American soldiers in combat gear dance on a road in the desert. "I JUST WANT TO CELEBRATE" BLARES as the CAMERA DOLLIES THROUGH the soldiers.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY CAMP - DAY

DOLLY INTO tent town, PAST bare-chested soldiers pumping free weights; jogging in formation; sunbathing on big water storage mattresses.
DOLLY OUT of tent town, PAST a lone boom operator, PAST three soldiers at piss tubes, as MUSIC CONTINUES.

ADRIANA CRUZ (O.S.)
Spirits are high and the music is boisterous as these young troops celebrate -- shit. Let me try that again.

DOLLY AROUND the dancing soldiers to see: 36 stripped Iraqi soldiers lying face down in undershorts.

ADRIANA CRUZ (O.S.)
Spirits are high and the music is motherfucking sand in my eye --

PAN TO CNN reporter ADRIANA CRUZ, 45, in white safari jacket over Desert Storm fatigues, cleaning her eye; nearby a cluster of rowdy soldiers who are mugging into the camera.

ADRIANA CRUZ (O.S.)
Spirits are high and the music is soaring as these young troops -- did I just say 'soaring'?

PAN TO cameraman, PACO.

PACO
I think you said soaring.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Did I or didn't I?

DOLLY TO ARCHIE GATES, 40, Major, Special Forces, wearing sunglasses.

ARCHIE GATES
You said 'soaring.'

ADRIANA CRUZ
How did it sound?

ARCHIE GATES
Like bullshit. But this is a bullshit story.

ADRIANA CRUZ
The end of the war's a bullshit story?

ARCHIE GATES
Saddam's still here.

(CONTINUED)
This is a huge win.

How about the Shiites?

Arab versus Arab won't play for the network right now.

How about the gold thing?

I don't have anything on that.

Okay, forget it, tape these guys over here. Cathy, what's up?

Archie and CATHY DAITCH, 30, another reporter, walk off.

Where the hell are you going?

You don't need me for this.

They won't let me go anywhere without an escort, goddamn it.

You're not going anywhere, you're doing the celebration story.

SMASH CUT TO:

mug for Cruz's camera.

We're number one.

Wee-ha.

You're heroes.

We're heroes.
CAMP SOLDIER #8
Give war a chance.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You exorcised the ghosts of Vietnam with a clear moral imperative --

CAMP SOLDIER #10
Is that what we did?

CAMP SOLDIER #8
We kicked ass. We're number one.

CAMP SOLDIER #11
We didn't get rid of fucking Saddam --

CAMP SOLDIER #10
Which totally sucks a big dick.

CAMP SOLDIER #12
Those people are getting reamed --

CAMP SOLDIER #9
Bullshit, we saved Kuwait, man.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Who's getting reemed?

CAMP SOLDIER #11
I don't know who they are --

CAMP SOLDIER #10
We got huge firepower and we ain't helping --

CAMP SOLDIER #11
It's fucked up.

CAMP SOLDIER #8
Fuck that, we liberated Kuwait.

CAMP SOLDIER #9
Weee-haaa.

Adriana watches impassively.

WHIP PAN TO: five soldiers chant Lee Greenwood's anthem, "Proud to Be An American," into Cruz's camera --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 

CAMP SOLDIERS
(chant)
'If tomorrow all the things were
gone that I worked for all my life
and I had to start again with just
my children and my wife -- '

WIDE, HIGH ANGLE
DOLLYING CRANE of tent city.

CAMP SOLDIERS (V.O.)
(chant)
'I'd thank my lucky stars to -- '

EXT./INT. CHOPPER ABOVE ARMY CAMP - NIGHT
DISSOLVE TO:

POV FROM CHOPPER - DUSK
"PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN" BLASTS, CHOPPER PILOTS sing off key.

CHOPPER PILOTS
' -- be livin' here today because
the flag still stands for freedom
and they can't take that
awayyyyy -- '

INT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - LARGE TENT - NIGHT
Troy, wearing a checked Arab headdress, is paraded on shoulders. He holds up a Coke in one hand and Pepsi can in the other, like torches.

TROY
(screaming the song)
And I'm proud to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.
And I won't forget the men who
died, who gave that right to me.
And I'd gladly stand up; next to
you and defend her still today.
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love
this land, God bless the U.S.A. --

Soldiers scream and go nuts. Soda is sputtered and spit.

"I Can't Do Nothing For Ya Man" by PUBLIC ENEMY BLASTS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Walter Wogoman operates two parallel boom boxes like a DJ.

A soldier rapidly peels down one Bruce Lee poster on top of another, like a flip-book animating Bruce Lee. Vig, wearing a bandage across his nose from the fight on the berm, does a series of cheerleader-like karate arm movements. Troy dances.

Soldiers whip brightly-painted toy footballs at Troy. He whips the balls back, is tackled over a table, crashes.

Soldiers -- Vig, Walter, others -- scream viscerally as the music blasts. Two soldiers fire their fingers like pistols at Troy on the floor screaming like a fierce animal.

TROY
Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Vig screams into Troy's face at point-blank range.

VIG
Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

TROY
Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

INT. TV TRUCK - NIGHT

Archie madly humps Cathy, slamming into TV monitors.

CATHY DAITCH
You are a trained warrior, trained warrior, Jesus Christ, Major Gates!

Monitors crash to the floor as Cathy climaxes. Archie rolls to the side and stares at TV images of celebrating soldiers.

CATHY DAITCH
(out of breath)
What's Adriana got?

ARCHIE GATES
(out of breath)
Just the celebration.

CATHY DAITCH
That's it?

ARCHIE GATES
That's it.

(CONTINUED)
CATHY DAITCH
I got something on the gold.

ARCHIE GATES
Like what?

CATHY DAITCH
They think it could be in some bunkers.

ARCHIE GATES
That doesn't mean anything.

CATHY DAITCH
Why not?

ARCHIE GATES
There's thousands of bunkers in Iraq.

CATHY DAITCH
Why don't you stay and help me figure it out, I had some shrimp flown in --

ARCHIE GATES
I gotta keep an eye on Adriana --

CATHY DAITCH
Boy, she really gets the full baby-sitting service, doesn't she?

ARCHIE GATES
You all do.

EXT. TV TRUCK - NIGHT

The door opens, and COLONEL HORN, 45, stands there, with Adriana Cruz behind, pissed. Cathy grabs her clothes.

ARCHIE GATES
What's going on?

COLONEL HORN
I was about to ask you the same question, Major.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You said he was former Delta, he'd take great care of me, what a bunch of bullshit --

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL HORN
Would you please let me handle this?

ADRIANA CRUZ
 Doesn't she have her own goddamn escort?

COLONEL HORN
Of course she does.

WHIP PAN TO:

PRIM, MOUSY WOMAN SERGEANT
Embarrassed, stands nearby.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Why don't you give her someone she can fuck so she'll leave my escort alone?

CATHY DAITCH
That is really unnecessary.

ADRIANA CRUZ
I don't want him walking away from me, giving my stories away --

ARCHIE GATES
What stories? You don't have any stories.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You don't fucking tell people that --

CATHY DAITCH
Look at yourself, my God, you're pathetic --

ADRIANA CRUZ
Look at me? Is that what you're saying, with your panties around your ears?

COLONEL HORN
I really don't need this shit.

Archie just looks at Horn silently.
INT. BUNK TENT - NIGHT

CHIEF ELGIN is 29, stocky, black, no nonsense, shouts.

    CHIEF
    Captain's coming.

MUSIC STOPS, beer is hidden. Soldiers scurry to get ready.

SMASH CUT TO:

CAPTAIN VAN METER

paces. Chief hands him papers.

    CAPTAIN VAN METER
    Let's all try to picture the marksmanship, the focus, the mastery of fear, required to shoot across 500 meters --

    TROY
    It might've been more like 250 --

    VIG
    No way.

    TROY
    Maybe 400.

    VIG
    Blew the guy's head three feet into the air --

Soldiers cheer. Troy is embarrassed -- then cheers --

FLASHBACK - IRAQI DESERT - FIRST KILL - DAY

SLOW MOTION: the Iraqi soldier's head pops into the air.

INT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - BUNK TENT - DAY

WALTER
A-rab kept talking after he hit the ground --

    VIG
    Anybody see Predator, where the black guy --

(CONTINUED)
CAPTAIN VAN METER
Carl Weathers. His arm gets shot off --

VIG
While he's still firing his gun --

WALTER
And when his arm hits the ground --

WALTER AND VAN METER
His hand keeps on firing.

TROY
Did you see the guy with his ear hanging off, sir?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Arnold Schwarzenegger or Carl Weathers?

TROY
No, I heard it happened here.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Whatever, we'll be going home soon, and tomorrow we round up more Eye-Raqis.

They all cheer.

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT - SURRENDER SITE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Hundreds of Iraqis walking in the desert, hands raised above their heads.

TRANSLATOR
(megaphone, in Arabic)
Lay down your weapons, get down on the ground.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
We will not hurt you. Lay down your weapons, get on the ground --

Two tagged Iraqis with bad face wounds get medical help.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Five Iraqis on their knees, plead for mercy in Arabic as they disrobe. They grab and kiss Troy Barlow's hand, as he holds his M-16 on the begging Iraqis. Walter tags a few.

TROY

It's cool, no one's gonna hurt you --

Vig whips out his big Thunder 5 pistol, points it at them.

VIG

Did you rape and torture anybody in Kuwait, Abdul?

The Iraqis wail for mercy. Troy pushes Vig's pistol away.

TROY

You're making them all hysterical, and you're gonna get busted for having that pistol.

Vig points the big pistol at an older IRAQI OFFICER who is the only one not taking his clothes off.

VIG

Take your fucking rags off, take these off. No comprende English, motherfucker?

TROY

What is your fucking problem, Conrad? Could you act in a more professional manner, please?

VIG

I'm sorry, I'm just tryin' git him to obey the spirit of things. I want to be professional about it.

TROY

(leans down) Sir? We need you to disrobe like all the other A-rabs, okay?

The Officer does not move.

TROY

I hate to see it come to this.

Vig and Walter forcibly pull the Iraqi Officer's pants off. Troy turns to the other prisoners.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
Stay down, it's gonna be all right.

VIG
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey.

Troy looks at the Officer's bare buttocks, where a rolled up piece of paper is sticking out --

TROY
There's a document in that guy's ass.

VIG
We got a classified situation.

WALTER
Do you think he ate it?

TROY
It wouldn't come out perfect like that if he ate it.

Troy pulls a latex glove out of his pocket.

TROY
Pull it out, private.

IRAQI OFFICER
(in Arabic)
No! Stop! Get the fuck off me.

The Officer screams in protest and is forcibly subdued by Walter as Vig, wearing the glove, slowly pulls the rolled-up, greasy paper from the Officer's ass -- Troy looks disgusted.

TROY
Open it up.

VIG
You only gave me one glove.

TROY
I'm sorry I don't have another glove, but you gotta open it up. That's how the chain of command works.

Vig takes out a U.S. Army pen and uses it to unroll the greasy paper and lie it flat on the sand.

(CONTINUED)
CLOSEUP - RUMPLED PAPER

It is a handwritten map, with scant Arabic writing, a few spare roads, numbers, and three small boxes.

VIG
What the hell is that?

TROY
Important enough to squeeze your cheeks for.

BERM SOLDIER #1
Hey, look at this --

TROY
Back up, motherfuckers --

Vig pushes Berm Soldier #1 and another soldier as they rubberneck.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DAY

Archie sits on a folding chair facing COLONEL HORN, 45, who is furious. Soldiers and vehicles pass.

COLONEL HORN
You're supposed to make her feel good about the stories we want, not push stories we don't want, and you don't walk away from her to fuck another journalist.

ARCHIE GATES
I never wanted this job, Ron.

COLONEL HORN
It's a great job, Arch, your work in Iraq was over, I'm trying to help you out.

ARCHIE GATES
I don't even know what we did over here.

COLONEL HORN
Don't even start that with me, because this has been a huge success.

ARCHIE GATES
You got your star clinched.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COLONEL HORN
(touches his collar)
It's not my fault you plateaued a long time ago, big-mouthed N.C.O. at heart.

ARCHIE GATES
Just tell me what we did here, Ron.

COLONEL HORN
You want to occupy Iraq and do Vietnam again, is that what you want?

ARCHIE GATES
Fuck it, I'm retiring, anyway. I don't care.

COLONEL HORN
Until you do, you're an Army officer, and you're still taking care of that reporter, so do it right. Maybe she'll hook you up to consult with the media at home.

ARCHIE GATES
Fuck that.

INT. CAPTAIN'S TENT - DAY

SPLASH -- rubbing alcohol is poured over Vig's extended hand by Chief.

TROY
You've washed your hands like a thousand times, Conrad.

VIG
Lord knows what vermin live in the butt of a dune koon.

CHIEF
Don't say that around me.

VIG
Captain uses them terms.

CHIEF
Why do you let this cracker follow you around?

(CONTINUED)
TROY
He's all right, man, he's got no high school, he's from a group home in Jackson --

VIG
Don't tell people that.

CHIEF
I don't give a shit if he's from Johannesburg. I don't want to hear dune koon or sand nigger from him or anybody.

VIG
Okay, how about camel jockey and towel head, hoo-wa?

No.

TROY
No.

VIG
I apologize but it's a little confusing with all that anti-Iraqi, pro-Saudi, and all that language.

TROY
Did you get those aerial photos?

CHIEF
Yeah, I got 'em.

VIG
How did you do that?

CHIEF
I have my ways.

TROY
Chief is hooked up.

CHIEF
Keep Walter on the door.

TROY
Would you take those fucking things off?

Walter stands by the door wearing night vision goggles.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
I never got to use night vision.

TROY
They don't work during the day --

WALTER
Yeah, they kind of work.

TROY
Just stand outside the tent so
Chief can translate my Iraqi ass
map, okay?

Chief unfolds a big aerial-photo map of the Iraqi desert,
ext to the rumpled ass map.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You ready to work with me now?

ARCHIE GATES
Yes, I'm ready to work with you
now.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Good, because I have a story and
you're gonna get it for me.

SMASH CUT TO:

ARCHIE GATES
It was in the guy's ass.

CAMP SOLDIER #13
That's not the real story.

Archie and Adriana follow soldiers picking up mines and
placing them in a box; a TRUCK GRINDS by; they have to
shout.

ADRIANA CRUZ
What's the real story?

CAMP SOLDIER #13
It was in the guy's dick. They
pulled it out with tweezers.

(CONTINUED)
ADRIANA CRUZ
A ten-page atlas of Saddam's bunkers?

CAMP SOLDIER #13
But real small like those little books you get in Cracker Jacks.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DAY
They talk with TEEBAUX, a French soldier taking a bath.

TEEBAUX
They pull eet out the guy's ear.

ADRIANA CRUZ
What guy?

TEEBAUX
I cannot tell you.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You said you could tell us.

TEEBAUX
I'm sorry. Not now.

Archie pulls her off to the side.

ARCHIE GATES
He's French Special Forces, he can help us but he's not gonna talk to me if you're around.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You better not be fucking with me.

ARCHIE GATES
I'm not, I'll bring it to you.

ADRIANA CRUZ
I want the story this time, Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
I said you'll get it, okay?

INT. CAPTAIN'S TENT - DAY
CLOSEUP: Aerial map next to ass map.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF (O.S.)
These are definitely Saddam's bunkers between Karbala and Nazaria.

TROY
What's inside?

CHIEF
According to Intel, Picasso, Sony, Rolex, Armani. Kuwait was Arab Beverly Hills and Saddam sacked it.

TROY
It would be nice to bring something home besides sand fleas --

CHIEF
Whatever, the good Lord put this map in our path and we're gonna find something --

TROY
He could also put a land mine in our path if we go out there --

CHIEF
Don't worry, you're safe with me, I was fire baptized.

TROY
What the hell are you talking about?

CHIEF
I have a ring of Jesus fire to guide my decisions.

TROY
I'm not following this. You're putting me on, right?

CHIEF
For those who understand, no explanation is necessary; for those who don't, no explanation will suffice.

EXT. CAPTAIN'S TENT - DAY

BLOWN-OUT POV of Walter's night vision -- BLURY IMAGE of Archie walking right up to Walter.
ANOTHER ANGLE

WALTER
Sir, sir, excuse me, sir, this tent is restricted --

ARCHIE GATES
Get the fuck out of my way.

WALTER
Mayday, Mayday --

INT. CAPTAIN'S TENT - DAY

Troy and Chief scramble to put the maps under the table as they stand to attention.

ARCHIE GATES
Good afternoon.

He looks them over.

ARCHIE GATES
Would this be the proctology tent?

CHIEF
Yes, sir, I mean, no, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
Then maybe it's the urology tent, or the neurology tent, or the ear, nose and throat tent.

TROY
Captain's at a staff meeting, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
Is the captain a urologist or a proctologist?

They look puzzled.

ARCHIE GATES
It doesn't matter. I'm not looking for the Captain, I'm looking for Sergeant Barlow.

Archie pushes his finger into Troy's name tape, reaches under the table, and takes the map, smells his fingers.

ARCHIE GATES
You're on the path to truth when you smell shit, isn't that what they say?
23. Ext. Captain's Tent - Day

Walter, outside the tent, practices blocking positions, and his eyes are messed up from too much brightness.

Walter

24. Int. Captain's Tent - Day

Vig
I don't recognize you, sir. Are you in this division?

Chief
He's not in this division. He's Special Forces.

Closeup - Archie's S.F.
Crossed Arrows and Special Forces patch.

They look at Archie, intimidated.

Archie Gates
Did you good soldiers present this map to your Captain?

Troy
Not yet, sir.

Archie Gates
I'll take it to him.

Troy
That's not necessary, sir. We'll take it to him. He's our C.O.

He tries to pull the map, Archie puts him in a wrist lock.

Archie Gates
Don't get grabby, Sergeant.

He stares at Troy, who's in pain.

Troy
He's our C.O., sir, we'll have to tell him you took it.

Archie Gates
It won't do either of us any good then, will it?

(Continued)
They all look at him. Archie lets go, looks at the map.

ARCHIE GATES
What do you see here?

CHIEF
Bunkers, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
What do you think is inside the bunkers?

TROY
Stuff they stole from Kuwait.

ARCHIE GATES
Bullshit. I'm talking about 700 million in Kuwaiti bullion.

They all look at him for a moment while it sinks in.

VIG
You mean those little bullion cubes you put in hot water for soup?

ARCHIE GATES
No, not the little bullion cubes you put in hot water for soup.

TROY
Gold bricks.

Archie stares at each of them.

ARCHIE GATES,
Saddam stole it from the sheiks, I have no problem stealing it from Saddam. My guess is that he divided his bricks into many different stashes. Just one stash should be easy to take from his surrendering army, and that would be enough to get us out of our day jobs, unless you reservists are in love with your day job.

DOLLY: Troy, Chief, Vig stare at Archie.
26. **FANTASY** - INT. OFFICE

Silent -- Troy kneels at a disassembled photocopier, tools and parts all around him, opens a bag of toner, which spills black dust all over his white shirt.

27. **EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT**

Silent -- Chief wears the uniform of a baggage loader as he drives along the tarmac in baggage carrier.

28. **EXT. MISSISSIPPI WOODS**

Vig FIRES his PISTOLS with fury at a series of stuffed animals on logs -- blowing the stuffed animals to smithereens.

**END OF FANTASY.**

29. **BACK TO SCENE**

**VIG**
I don't really have a day job.

**ARCHIE GATES**
First we have to be sure the map is more than a love letter from one Iraqi to another.

**TROY**
It's a series of bunkers near Karbala, sir.

**ARCHIE GATES**
Maybe.

**CHIEF**
Definitely, sir. Recon photos match.

Archie holds the map up to the light. He puts the map on the table, turns the light off and clicks on an ultra-violet flashlight he pulls out. A completely different map appears in green markings.

**VIG**
Dag.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES
That's why S.F. is so badass, we get the best flashlights.
Still looks like a series of bunkers in three villages. A bit farther to the east.

CHIEF
Seventy-five klicks north.

ARCHIE GATES
More like 65.

VIG
That's north of any allied troops, we can't do that.

TROY
It's perfect, we don't want any troops around.

CHIEF
Exactly.

TROY
What about mines?

ARCHIE GATES
The grid was swept by the 82nd, but we'll stick to the roads.
Leave at dawn, back by lunch.
Take a little French leave, we shouldn't be missed, but I'll have a friend occupy your C.O. just to be sure. What's the guy's name outside?

TROY
Walter.

ARCHIE GATES
Bolo, come in here.

Walter comes in.

ARCHIE GATES
You will tell Adriana Cruz I've gone ahead and checked things out, and you're taking her to meet me.

WALTER
In Iraq?

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES
No. I'll give you a fake copy of this map. You will then take her on a ride that lasts all morning and takes her nowhere near the villages outside Karbala. When you don't find me it's because you got lost, is that clear?

WALTER
Yes, sir. How do I get her out of here?

ARCHIE GATES
You're gonna take a Chennowth with a radio and drive her out. I'll call you if I need you. Any other questions?

VIG
Is it true you got to cut off an enemy ear to be Special Forces?

ARCHIE GATES
Are you able to control him?

TROY
He'll be fine, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
I'll see you at West Gate in the morning.

30
EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - WIDE SHOT - DAWN
Three figures in fatigues crouch low to the ground as they run to a Chennowth dune buggy. Walter STARTS the ENGINE. PACO the cameraman sits behind Walter with a video camera. Adriana Cruz crouches in with a satellite phone and dramatically gives Walter the thumb's up.

31
EXT. DESERT - ROAD TO CRATER - MOVING HUMVEE - MORNING
Bach's "GLORIA," from Mass in B Minor plays as:

CHIEF
Pull.

Troy throws a painted football into the desert. Chief FIRES his M-16 and blows the ball to pieces. Archie drives, playing BACH on the CD PLAYER.

(CONTINUED)
This humvee is loaded with weaponry and gear, a mounted 60 mm machine gun, a Bart Simpson doll on the grill. A second humvee leads the way, driven by Archie, PLAYING the BACH.

Two humvees roll into the vast desert, littered with burned-out tanks, black craters, overturned vehicles, no people.

CHIEF

Pull.

(Continued)
Troy throws another ball, Chief BLOWS it away.

TROY

Pull.

Chief throws a football from the moving humvee, Troy FIRES an M-16 and misses the ball as it bounces to the desert.

TROY
I gave you a better arc, Chief.

CHIEF
What are you talking about?

TROY
I threw the ball in a higher arc that was easier for you to hit.

CHIEF
Bullshit.

VIG
(driving)
Blacks make better receivers than quarterbacks.

TROY
Stop speaking right now, Conrad.

CHIEF
Warren Moon will kick any ofay quarterback's ass.

VIG
The Oilers have gone nowhere behind Warren Moon.

CHIEF
Randall Cunningham.

TROY
Don't get down in the mud with him, Chief.

VIG
The Eagles will never get to the Superbowl with Cunningham.

CHIEF
Doug Williams took the Redskins to the Superbowl and won, okay?

(CONTINUED)
We can all agree there are many excellent black quarterbacks.

Chief throws a ball. Vig FIRES his giant PISTOL, misses.

Hit it, you sorry-assed cracker, you ain't never gonna hit an Eye-raqi.

I'll shoot an Eye-raqi, I'll blow his head off.

Vig FIRES his big PISTOL while he drives: BLAM, BLAM BLAM.

The humvee ahead stops abruptly; Vig JAMS on the BRAKES; Troy and Chief fall down. Archie sits, pissed.

You said we could fire some rounds when we were far away from camp, sir.

Archie gets out and starts walking.

Come here.

They follow him to the side of the road, where a dead body lies next to a bomb crater while a skinny cow loiters nearby.

Is this what you're after?

Archie picks up a rusted metal rod and pushes it into the bloated corpse with a HISS of GAS escaping. They pull back and cover their mouths and noses. Chief wretches, Troy backs up and trips over an arm sticking out of the sand.

We dropped a lot of bombs out here. We also buried guys alive.

What do you mean we buried guys alive?
CONTINUED:

ARCHIE GATES
Bradleys with big plows broke through the berm and buried the trenches.

FANTASY - EXT. DESERT - BURIAL TRENCH - DAY

A huge plow on the front of a Bradley pushes sand right TOWARD the CAMERA.

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
They had the option to surrender, but they chose to die for their country.

DOLLY INTO three terrified Iraqis, eyes open with fear, as the sand rolls over them.

END OF FANTASY.

EXT. DESERT - ROAD AT CRATER - DAY

VIG
Damn, we missed that, only action we seen was on C.N.N., 'cept for that guy Troy shot.

Archie takes Vig's giant revolver, empties the chambers.

ARCHIE GATES
Shot him in the neck, didn't you?

TROY
That's right, sir.

VIG
I was there and it was amazing.

Vig swings his arms in his pseudo-karate routine.

ARCHIE GATES
Do you know anything about gunshot wounds?

They look at him.

ARCHIE GATES
What makes any gunshot wound bad, provided you survive the bullet, is something called sepsis.

(CONTINUED)
34 CONTINUED:

CHIEF
Infection of the blood.

ARCHIE GATES
Say a bullet tears into you right now --

35 FANTASY - EXT. DESERT OPEN AREA - DAY

A soldier in a T-shirt stands in an open area, a bullet hits him in the side.

CAMERA SWOOPS IN as shirt and skin are snapped away like handkerchiefs, REVEALING his insides pierced by a bullet in SLOW MOTION --

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
It creates a cavity of dead tissue, the cavity fills up with bile and bacteria and you're fucked.

END OF FANTASY.

36 EXT. DESERT - ROAD AT CRATER - DAY

They look at him uncomfortably.

ARCHIE GATES
Then you got the kind of wound that paralyzes or castrates or has a scary name like tension pneumothorax. That's when a bullet pierces your lung, so every time you breathe, air leaks into your chest cavity, and it fills up like a balloon, crushing your heart, your liver, your lung. Your own breathing kills you, one breath at a time.

They look at the corpse.

ARCHIE GATES
But we're going to do this without firing any bullets. And just to be sure, we're gonna do a dry run, so put your suits on.
Troy and Chief sit in the parked first humvee, Vig behind the wheel. Archie sits behind the wheel of the second humvee. They all wear anti-gas suits.

ARCHIE GATES
Violence of action means your movement is so decisive and powerful, the enemy is frozen and you haven't fired a single shot. We'll say the cow is the primary guard outside the bunker. We pull up fast, stop short, move very aggressively. At last cover, I'm the base of fire.

TROY
Got it.

ARCHIE GATES
And -- Go.

The two HUMVEES ROAR down the road; Archie stops the rear humvee, drops down, aims his rifle. The cow stares as the first humvee pulls up fast and stops. Troy and Chief jump out, weapons drawn, flank the cow --

The COW steps back, and EXPLODES.

Troy and Chief stand splattered with cow entrails. The COW'S HEAD LANDS with a THUD on the hood of the humvee.

ARCHIE GATES
Who's hurt?

CHIEF
It's all cow, I think.

TROY
Yeah, it's all cow.

He picks cow entrails off himself.

VIG
Ka-boom, ya'll see that cow's head shoot up, just like Wile E. Coyote man --

CHIEF
You said this was swept for mines.

ARCHIE GATES
That wasn't a mine, it was a cluster bomb, very hard to see.

(CONTINUED)
He inspects a gaping hole in the front grill of the lead humvee, the radiator is shot, a hoof imbedded in it.

ARCHIE GATES
Son of a bitch.

A piece of cow flesh lands on his shoulder, he looks up. He hears Troy singing quietly.

TROY
'My buddies and me are gettin'
real well known, the bad guys know
us and they leave us alone -- '

VIG
He just had a baby daughter and
it's like he wants a envelope a
safety inna world --

Archie looks at them as Vig talks and Troy sings.

ARCHIE GATES
Move the gear to the other humvee,
leave your safeties on, Vig put
that stupid pistol away, Troy's the
base of fire, no shooting, we hit
them with the blinding power of
American sunshine. Help me,
Rhonda.

"I Get Around" by the BEACH BOYS BLASTS as the humvee speeds along. A big American flag flaps in the breeze from a pole at the back of the Hummer.

The humvee drives fast into a village piazza with an old fortress at one end. Vig drives as the humvee speeds around the town square, zooming past scared Shiites in black robes, a few skinny dogs, a few bewildered Iraqi soldiers.

VIG
Where's the bunker?

ARCHIE GATES
It should be right --

He studies the map and points to the gas station with soldiers.

(CONTINUED)
There.

Vig jerks the wheel right. They drive fast.

No -- there.

Archie points left. Vig jerks the wheel left, past the village well and two calm peasants, and drives straight toward the fortress with two Iraqi soldiers in front. Troy drops out of the moving humvee, to his belly, aims his rifle.

Iraqi soldiers look scared as the humvee drives up, like it's going to hit them, and stops, flag fluttering in the breeze.

Vig stands and speaks into a megaphone as he mans the 60mm.

We are the Army of the United States of America. We are here to protect you. Remain calm.

Archie and Chief leap from the humvee with weapons drawn and their free hands held up in a "halt" sign. The two Iraqi guards look stunned as Archie and Chief take their machine guns and put the Iraqis face down on the ground. They pull out plastic twist-handcuffs, as used in urban riots.

Archie holds up a thick white document.

Orders from President Bush, step aside.

Troy runs forward when a gaunt MOTHER, with a baby in her arms, opens her blouse, revealing her small breasts. Other peasants gather.

No milk. Baby milk.

Troy looks shocked until Archie suddenly pushes him past the Iraqi Mother and to the door of the bunker, which Chief holds.
35.

40 INT. BUNKER #1 - DAY

Five Iraqi soldiers look disoriented and scared as they hold their hands up in the air, stare at the cow blood on Troy and Chief's uniforms.

ARCHIE GATES
Do not panic. Step outside --

41 EXT. BUNKER - DAY

VIG
(into megaphone)
We are here for your protection and safety.

Iraqi women and children kiss Vig's feet.

The five Iraqi soldiers exit the bunker with their hands raised, and the starved civilians spit and throw stones at them while "I GET AROUND" KEEPS PLAYING. A CIVILIAN man shouts from a megaphone on the roof. Vig looks up.

CIVILIAN MAN
(in Arabic)
The Americans are here, it is safe to fight now.

VIG
Y'all be cool now, this is the U.S. Military in charge here.

42 INT. BUNKER #1 - STAIRWELL - DAY

Archie runs down the narrow stairs of the bunker, followed by Troy and Chief.

43 INT. BUNKER #1 - BASEMENT - DAY

Chief lashes the Stern Iraqi soldier's hands behind his back and cuffs him.

Troy SHOOTS the door lock with his PISTOL. Then backs up and gives it a running shoulder. The door doesn't budge.

TROY
Shit.

He holds his shoulder in pain. Archie kicks the door repeatedly. Troy joins him, it finally flies open.

TROY
Freeze.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Troy is embraced by a FRIENDLY IRAQI soldier, about 25.

BUNKER #1 FRIENDLY IRAQI
I am love United States of Freedom. I am hate Saddam.

Troy tries some karate moves, jerking his elbows to dislodge the Iraqi from the bear hug --

TROY
Ya -- ya -- ha --

Chief points his M-16 in the Iraqi's face.

CHIEF
Let him go.

The Iraqi throws his hands in the air.

BUNKER #1 FRIENDLY IRAQI
No problem, my friend.

INT. BUNKER #1 - CRATE ROOM - DAY

Archie shoves the Stern Iraqi into the room and goes to a series of wooden crates the size of file cabinets, where Chief helps Archie take off his backpack. Archie pulls out a bolt cutter and opens the crate, which is filled with hundreds of Kuwaiti passports.

BUNKER #1 FRIENDLY IRAQI
You look for the chemical weapon?

TROY
No. We look for the gold.

BUNKER #1 FRIENDLY IRAQI
Gold isn't here.

BUNKER #1 STERN IRAQI
(in Arabic)
Shut the fuck up.

They use the power tools to open the second crate -- also filled with hundreds of passports.

ARCHIE GATES
(in Arabic)
Where's the gold?

The Friendly Iraqi looks at the Stern Iraqi.

(CONTINUED)
37.

CONTINUED:

BUNKER #1 STERN IRAQI

They move the gold.

Archie pulls out the infrared map and shows it to the Stern Iraqi, who says nothing.

CHIEF

Kill him.

TROY

Kill him.

They point their guns. It's a show. Archie holds the map.

ARCHIE GATES

Where?

BUNKER #1 STERN IRAQI

(points to map)

This bunker in other village.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #1 - DAY

Four new Iraqi soldiers, armed with RIFLES, run from the far side of the square and start SHOOTING.

Thirty rock-throwing Shiite scatter at the GUNFIRE. Two men fall to the ground as they are shot.

WAILING CHILD

Ma-maa!

Vig looks terrified as the crowd scatters, leaving him alone as he points his big unloaded pistol. The soldiers point their rifles as they come towards Vig, when suddenly two of them look to the side and shout.

TANKER ATTACK SOLDIER #1

(in Arabic)

Stop the truck!

PAN TO a metal tanker truck three hundred yards out, bearing down fast on the village square.

The soldiers OPEN FIRE on the truck.

INT. CAB OF TANKER TRUCK - DAY

The civilian riding shotgun FIRES back, as the WINDSHIELD SHATTERS on the truck. The driver is dead. The other civilian grabs the wheel.
Archie bursts out the front door, followed by Troy and Chief. They freeze as --

The tanker truck careens sideways toward them, 50 feet away.

An Iraqi soldier FIRES a GRENADE-LAUNCHER off his shoulder, which EXPLODES the container on the back of the truck.

Milk explodes everywhere, cascading in a small wave over Archie and the others who have dived for cover.

Civilian women with plastic containers and ceramic jugs rush out from alleys and try to scoop up the milk. A skinny dog laps it up. Other Shiites crowd the humvee and climb in.

Iraqi soldiers drag the two bodies from the cab of the truck.

point their guns in the crowd.

ARCHIE GATES
Move. Out of the way.

Archie shoves civilian peasants out of the humvee.

PLEADING CIVILIAN WOMAN
Hos-pital.

She holds a shirtless boy of seven with a bandage around his entire chest. Chief pushes her off the humvee.

PLEADING CIVILIAN MAN
America help.

He grabs Archie. Troy shoves the man off the vehicle. Vig STARTS the ENGINE.

ARCHIE GATES
Give them M.R.E.s.

Troy rips open a large duffel and starts handing out Army meal rations and bottled water to the crowd. Iraqi soldiers rip the MREs from the civilians and step on them.

Vig leans on the HORN. The Friendly Iraqi jumps into the rear of the Hummer as it starts to pull away. Archie shoves the Friendly Iraqi out, and he lands on his ass in the swarm of chasing civilians. Archie and Troy look back at the debacle as they pull away.
EXT. DESERT/CEMETERY - DAY

The humvee is stopped in front of a rural cemetery.

CHIEF
I'm all right, I'm cool. Right here, right now. I'm good.

He lies down and breathes heavily with a hand on his chest.

VIG
You'd think this would stop a guy. Sand nig -- I mean A-rab comes with his A.K. like so, I make my move, 'Yo crawdaddy --'

TROY
What the fuck is going on? The civilians are spitting on the soldiers, the soldiers are shooting civilians and ignoring us?

ARCHIE GATES
They're after civilians now.

VIG
Why did they blow up that milk truck?

CHIEF
To starve the people out.

TROY
Why?

ARCHIE GATES
Bush told the people to rise up against Saddam. They thought they'd have our support, they don't, and now they're getting slaughtered.

The others, all drenched in sweat, take off their gas suits; their uniforms are underneath.

They see two peasants closing the lid on a simple pine coffin, with a tie-died blanket covering the corpse inside.

CHIEF
Where's the next bunker?

Archie is looking at the map, thinking.

(CONTINUED)
It's about 20 clicks on the map, according to what that guy said.

No it's not.

PUSH IN TO Archie as he stares at the map, then thinks.

FLASHBACK - EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #1
PUSH IN ON the well at the village center -- see two men in traditional robes wearing an AK-47 beneath, PAN DOWN TO their military boots.

EXT. DESERT - CEMETERY - DAY (PRESENT)

The real bunker's at the well. In the center of town.

What town?

The town we just came from. We went to the decoy bunker. That guy was lying, it's back where we came from.

I can't do this, okay? I've got a family and if I shit in a bag the rest of my life cuz I got shot after the war's already over that would be pretty fucking stupid, wouldn't it?

What is the most important thing in life?

What the fuck are you talking about?

What is it? The most important thing.

Money.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES
Money comes, money goes.

TROY
Respect.

ARCHIE GATES
Too dependent on other people.

CHIEF
God's will.

ARCHIE GATES
Close.

TROY
What is it?

ARCHIE GATES
Necessity.

TROY
As in what?

ARCHIE GATES
People do what is most necessary to them at any given moment. Right now it is most necessary for Saddam's troops to put down the uprising. As long as we don't interfere with that, we can do what we want. They won't touch us.

TROY
(to Chief)
Does this feel right to you?

CHIEF
Yeah, it feels right. We're meant to go back there.

Troy pauses.

TROY
Then I'll be wearing fashionable Kevlar.

VIG
Me, too!

He pulls a vest out of the humvee. Vig does the same.
Walter drives the dune buggy through the fire-darkened skies closer to Kuwait. Oil fires dot the horizon. Paco the cameraman sits in back. Adriana Cruz sits in the sidecar.

**ADRIANA CRUZ**
Where the hell are the bunkers?

**WALTER**
They're supposed to be right around here, how about these fires?

**ADRIANA CRUZ**
I already did this story, goddamn it.

**TIME CUT TO:**

SAME SCENE - LATER

**WALTER**
How about a rare pelican migration out by the marshes?

**ADRIANA CRUZ**
What?

**TIME CUT TO:**

SAME SCENE - LATER

**WALTER**
These brave pelicans are migrating in spite of massive pollution --

**ADRIANA CRUZ**
Fuck that. Stop the fucking car.

**WALTER**
It's Chennowth, ma'am.

**EXT. DESERT - MARSH - DAY**
The dune buggy is stopped by the marsh. Ukrainian pelicans lie dead on the ground.

**ADRIANA CRUZ**
I don't see any bunkers, do you?

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
We'll find Major Gates, ma'am.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Bullshit. All we're finding are Ukrainian cranes.

WALTER
Pelicans.

ADRIANA CRUZ
I already did this story. You're wasting my time. Look at these poor fucking birds all covered in some kind of fucking oil ecological disaster thing...
(suddenly starts crying)
... it's so goddamn horrible, Jesus, Jesus --

WALTER
(starts crying)
Poor fucking birds. Look at them. It's so sad. It's so sad. I wish I never came here.

ADRIANA CRUZ
(stops crying)
You're not going to fuck me. He promised me the gold story and I'm driving.

WALTER
 stil crying)
Military regulations, you cannot drive.

Adriana gets in the dune buggy. The cameraman sits on the back. Walter points his pistol at Cruz.

WALTER
Get off the Chennowth, ma'am.

Adriana STARTS the BUGGY.

WALTER
Don't make me shoot you, ma'am.

He does one of the defense moves we saw him practice earlier.

The buggy pulls out, leaving him behind. He runs after her. She disappears. He stands there.

SMASH CUT TO:
Walter sits there, distressed.

The dune buggy drives back from the distance, circles him.

ADRIANA CRUZ
You gonna tell me where he is?

WALTER
Get out the Chennowth, ma'am.

ADRIANA CRUZ
I don't need you if you don't tell me. You'll die out here, just like these worthless piece of shit.

WALTER
I... I... I can't... fuck. Please stop. Please stop.

* * *

She leaves him again.

SMASH CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

She drives back, circles him.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Where is he? Where is he? Where is he? Come on, bitch, where is he?

WALTER
It's some village near Karbala.

She stops the dune buggy and he gets in.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I'm walking, I'm walking, I'm talking, I'm talking, trying to look natural. I come over here and how about if I lean on it like this?

CATHY DAITCH
Would you ever stand like that?

(CONTINUED)
CAPTAIN VAN METER
Let me see, I think I might. Jesus, this feels stupid.

CATHY
No, it's not stupid.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I'm not really cut out for this, you know. There's three terrific young guys in my unit that you should really talk to.

CATHY
No.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
This one kid, Barlow, actually shot somebody yesterday which was a pretty big deal for us.

CATHY
That's not what we want.

CATCH DAITCH
This is why the captain's story is never told. Captains have no patience to talk about themselves.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
It's true the captain's story is never told.

CATHY DAITCH
So let's do it, mister. Let's tell that captain's story. I've got all morning.

ARCHIE GATES
Faster.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Bach's "GLORIA" plays LOUD as Vig drives and Archie stares straight ahead as the humvee picks up speed.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

The Hummer zips back into the same village square. A few peasants try to scoop milk from the blown-open milk truck and a soldier pushes them away. Children run around frenetically. A few bodies lie piled on the ground. Two soldiers stand around watching over everything, which has calmed down somewhat.

The humvee pulls up to the village well, where the two disguised soldiers stand.

ARCHIE GATES

(into megaphone)

United States Military. Put your weapons down.

Troy and Chief leap out, hold rifles at arm's length as they accost the two soldiers disguised as peasants.

CHIEF

Put it down.

Troy and Chief shove the two disguised soldiers face down in the dirt, pull up their robes, take their weapons, and cuff their hands. The three Iraqi soldiers from the milk area jog over.

Troy and Chief disarm these three soldiers and remove the clips. Vig holds the mounted machine gun on all of them.

VIG

Don't make me smoke your ass, Abdul. We gonna have no nonsense this time.

Archie pulls up a metal bunker door inside the well.

INT. BUNKER #2 - CORRIDOR - DAY

Archie runs down a narrow cement corridor, pistol held at arm's length, white document in the other hand; followed by Troy and Chief.

The Stern Iraqi soldier steps into the corridor at the far end, sees Archie coming, looks terrified, and runs back. Archie and Troy run right past the scared Iraqi. Chief comes third, slamming the Stern Iraqi face down and cuffing him.

Archie kicks a door open and goes in, followed by Troy.
INT. BUNKER #2 - STOREROOM - DAY

Archie and Troy burst in, pointing their weapons aggressively.

TROY
Freeze.

A large room; walls lined with shelves full of brand-new appliances: blenders, Cuisinarts, CD players, small TVs. A huge portrait of Saddam Hussein covers one wall.

A TELEVISION plays a rerun of "Happy Days" in Arabic.

Another TV: CNN's first reports of the Rodney King beating.

An IRAQI CAPTAIN sits in a chair in front of the TVs.

TWO IRAQIS sit, loading rifles. Two OTHERS sit at a RADIO. One tries to figure out a Stairmaster flashing German.

They all jump to their feet when Archie bursts in, except for the Captain watching "Happy Days" and CNN.

ARCHIE GATES
By order of the cease-fire signed in Safwan, March third, the United States Military hereby confiscates all material stolen by Iraq from the State of Kuwait --

One of the rifle-loading Iraqis tries to run. Troy heads him off with his rifle --

TROY
Down.

The other Rifle-Loader stands, looking scared.

BUNKER #2 RIFLE IRAQI #1
(in Arabic)
Please don't hurt me, I surrender.

WHIP PAN TO Chief, who turns the shortwave RADIO OFF, pushes the two Iraqis to the ground. One goes peacefully, the other resists; Chief smacks him in the side of the head with his RIFLE, which FIRES accidentally. Everyone grabs their heads and ducks -- except Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
Keep your goddamn finger off the trigger, Chief.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
Sorry about that.

Archie is offered a Cuisinart by the Iraqi Captain.

BUNKER #2 IRAQI STOREROOM CAPTAIN
For wife.

ARCHIE GATES
I'm divorced.

He throws it on the floor and disarms the Captain.

Troy has one Rifle Iraqi on the ground, but the second is on his knees, putting a CD into a mini-stereo.

BUNKER #2 RIFLE IRAQI #2
Newest and best.

TROY
No, newest and best has better noise reduction.

The Iraqi looks puzzled.

TROY
Less distortion. Get down on the floor, okay?

He pushes the man face down, cuffs his hands. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN's "I Wanna Get Physical" plays.

TROY
This is bad music, it's bad for you.

CHIEF (O.S.)
Hey --

WHIP PAN TO the resistant Iraqi struggling to break away; Chief punches him in the head twice; the Iraqi starts crying.

ARCHIE GATES
(to Iraqi Captain)
Where's the gold? Tell us so we don't have to kill you.

TROY
There's another room over here.

PAN TO Troy, pointing to a narrow door in a corner of the room. Archie kicks it open.
INT. BUNKER #2 - INNER TORTURE ROOM - DAY

A bound, half-naked MAN IN GLASSES, clean-shaven, lies on a metal bed frame. There is an electric cable going to the bed frame. The Man in Glasses shakes.

Troy watches Archie walk over and yank the cable out.

BUNKER #2 INTERROGATION SERGEANT

I am just do my job, buddy.

Archie pauses, then gives the Sergeant a backhand that sends him flying to the corner. Archie steps on the man's wrist, takes a pistol out of his hand. Troy watches.

Archie turns and sees nine civilians across the room: A pair of twin brothers in Western clothing, a woman in Western clothing, two women in traditional robes, and four children. The men and women are bound and gagged.

Archie steps toward the civilians, but the interrogator, SA'ID, 35, also a captain, steps in his way.

SA'ID

These rebel Iraq problem. United States is out now.

Archie stares at Sa'id with contempt.

SA'ID

We take them outside, so it don't bother you, okay, sir?

(in Arabic)

Take them out.

The disarmed Iraqi Sergeant nods and opens a small rear door and pushes the rebel civilians out. Archie walks back to the main room and points his pistol in Sa'id's face.

ARCHIE GATES

Take us to the basement.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

Vig keeps the five cuffed Iraqi guards on the ground at gunpoint as 15 Shiites with crude clubs and slingshots encircle.

BUNKER #2 REBEL

America! We beat Saddam now!

One of the civilians shoots a rock from the slingshot and nails a handcuffed Iraqi in the back of the head.

(CONTINUED)
VIG
Don't start this shit again.

The civilians and Iraqi soldiers back away as Vig mans the mounted humvee machine gun.

VIG
I know y'all Shiite gettin' yer ass whipped -- hey, what the hell is going on here?

PAN TO the nine civilians, and the naked Man with Glasses, who is getting dressed, exiting the bunker, ushered by the unarmed Iraqi Sergeant.

VIG
Git on the fucking ground, Arab.

BUNKER #2 INTERROGATION SERGEANT
Prisoner stay.
(in Arabic)
Don't you move.

VIG
What the fuck are you talking about?

Suddenly, an Iraqi woman runs up to the tortured Man with Glasses and embraces him, sobbing. A little girl with dirty casts on both broken arms runs up and hugs his legs.

The bound civilians prisoners start to walk away from the bunker as someone cuts their ropes, and the unarmed Sergeant has a fit.

BUNKER #2 INTERROGATION SERGEANT
(in Arabic)
Prisoners stay, don't move!

He and two other unarmed Iraqi soldiers chase the prisoners, push them back. The free civilians shoot rocks and club them. A cuffed guard tries to fight back. Vig swings toward him.

VIG
Goddamn it, everybody, calm down.

INT. BUNKER #2 - STAIRWAY - DAY

Archie runs down several narrow sets of cement stairs, followed by Sa'id, the other Iraqi Captain, Troy, and Chief.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUNKER #2 STOREROOM CAPTAIN
(subtitled; Arabic)
It's my ass, donkey dick, Saddam
will shoot me dead.

SA'ID
(subtitled; Arabic)
Saddam worries more about the
rebels than the gold.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

The civilian crowd is beating on the unarmed Iraqi
soldiers who try to defend themselves; the Iraqi Sergeant
is holding on to the Man in Glasses while the woman beats
on him; the little girl is shouting. Suddenly an Iraqi
armored truck with a mounted machine gun races up and
seven Republican guards pour out swinging clubs, followed
by an Iraqi major, about 45. The Iraqi soldiers savagely
beat the civilians.

Vig looks horrified as he watches.

Two soldiers grab the woman from the Sergeant holding the
Man in Glasses, the little girl chases her.

VIG
This is the United States
Military.

The Iraqi major looks Vig over, then looks back to his
soldiers as they round up eight civilians and make them
lay face down.

INT. BUNKER #2 - BASEMENT - DAY

Troy and Chief disarm two guards outside a door in the
basement.

Archie goes through the door, followed by Sa'id and the
other Captain.

INT. BUNKER #2 - BASEMENT LUGGAGE ROOM - DAY

Bright white cement, many overhead lights and a high
ceiling. Empty but for 15 brand new, jumbo-sized Louis
Vuitton suitcases standing neatly in a row in the center
of the room.

Archie stands looking at the suitcases with Troy and
Chief.

(CONTINUED)
Several of the big Vuitton suitcases are laid on their sides by Archie, Troy and Chief.

The Iraqi Captain paces frantically, punching and kicking the walls and talking.

BUNKER #2 STOREROOM CAPTAIN (subtitled; Arabic)
It's Saddam's gold.

SA'ID (subtitled; Arabic)
Shut up, he signed the treaty.

The suitcases are quickly unzipped.

One suitcase is full of gleaming antique silverware. One suitcase is full of jewelry. Archie opens one full of hundreds of gold Cartier watches.

Troy and Chief slip a handful of jewelry into their pockets.

The Iraqi Captain goes nuts, throwing himself on Chief's back, choking Chief, who flails about. Troy punches the Iraqi in the head and rips him off Chief.

Archie puts his pistol in the man's face.

ARCHIE GATES
Listen to me: we leave you alone to beat up your people, but everything you took from Kuwait belongs to us now, understand?

He turns to Chief.

ARCHIE GATES
Put it back.

CHIEF
Why?

ARCHIE GATES
Stick to the plan. The plan is for gold and we're not thieves, we're recovering Kuwait's gold, correct?

Chief and Troy, out of breath, empty their pockets of jewelry.

Archie opens another Vuitton suitcase and pushes it aside -- it's full of Kuwaiti passports.

(CONTINUED)
When Chief opens the next suitcase, he freezes. Archie looks over and freezes. Troy closes cuffs behind the captain's back and looks over his shoulder -- wide-eyed.

The very large Vuitton suitcase is filled with ten-kilo bricks of gold. They all stare. Troy picks one up.

**TROY**

Is this five kilos?

Archie holds another brick.

**ARCHIE GATES**

That's ten kilos.

**TROY**

Five, six, seven, eight, there's thirty bricks in this suitcase.

**CHIEF**

Times 100K each --

**TROY**

Three million dollars.

Archie opens another large Vuitton suitcase, and it is also filled with thirty bars. Troy opens another suitcase, there's another thirty bars. Chief opens another, another thirty bars. They frantically check all of the suitcases. The handcuffed captain is crying.

**ARCHIE GATES**

Ten suitcases; sixty bricks each.

That's thirty million dollars.

Archie, Chief, and Troy look at each other in shock.

**TROY**

How do we get it out of here?

**ARCHIE GATES**

Let's see what we're dealing with.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**CHIEF AND TROY**

struggle with Archie to pick up the heavy, jumbo-sized suitcases sideways, like a table top.

**TROY**

I'm gonna get a fleet of Lexus convertibles in different colors.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
I told you Lexus doesn't make a convertible.

TROY
I'll bet you a Lexus they do.

CHIEF
You're on for a Lexus, but it won't be a convertible.

Suddenly the suitcase rips apart and gold bars fall to the floor; one lands on Troy's foot. He jumps in pain.

TROY
Shit.

Archie, Troy and Chief hoist another suitcase sideways and the bricks rip through and fall to the floor.

CHIEF
They didn't get it here in these bags. The tensilary strength goes only to 200 pounds.

ARCHIE GATES
The what?

CHIEF
Tensilary strength, it's what the suitcase can hold.

ARCHIE GATES
Why would you know a word like that?

TROY
He works at an airport.

CHIEF
30 bars, 27 pounds each is like 900 pounds. The smaller Vuittons handle 65, maybe more.

ARCHIE GATES
You got any more luggage here?

Sa'id looks at him.
Troy and Chief finish putting two and three bars in each bag.

TROY
We can't move all this.

ARCHIE GATES
I saw a truck by the gas station.

TROY
What's the shipping plan, sir?

ARCHIE GATES
I told you that's handled.

TROY
We're in it now, I want to know the plan.

CHIEF
We gotta know how we're getting this home.

ARCHIE GATES
My friend Teebaux is French Special Forces.

FLASHBACK - EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DAY
PUSH IN ON Teebaux's face as he bathes.

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
He's gonna put it in barrels filled with oil and bury it. In a few weeks, we'll drive it to Yanbu --

TROY
Where's Yanbu?

ARCHIE GATES
It's a port in Saudi.

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
Where another friend will ship it on a Turkish boat up in the Red Sea to Marsielles, where a French boat will take it to Baltimore --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHIEF
Get the truck.

TROY
All right, let's see what U-Haul has on the lot today.

OMITTED

INT. BUNKER #2 - STAIRWAY - DAY
Troy runs up the stairs.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY
Troy runs out the front door.

TROY
Conrad, we need a truck --

Troy stops and stares: he sees the Soldiers have mostly subdued the civilian crowd, they have many people on the ground, some of them shouting. The Woman is pleading, the LITTLE GIRL stands with her. The man in glasses, is still gagged, and is subdued aggressively.

AMIR'S WIFE
(in Arabic)
Let my husband go, you held him too long, please, please.

VIG
Did you get it, hoo-a?

TROY
(distracted monotone)
Hoo-a, we got it.

VIG
Is it a lot?

TROY
(distracted monotone)
Hoo-aaaa. Are you cool here?

VIG
They've been ignoring me, but hurry up.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY
Troy runs across the square to a turquoise truck.
INT./EXT. TRUCK IN VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Troy STARTS the TRUCK, drives back toward the well.

TROY
(under his breath)
'Little deuce coupe with a flat
head mill, she'll walk a
Thunderbird like it's standin'
still -- She'll do a hundred and
forty with the top end floored --'
EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

The twin brothers in Western clothing are being mocked by soldiers; jumping back as they are taunted.

Troy parks the turquoise truck close to the bunker, upset by what he sees.

TROY
'She's my little deuce coupe --'

INT. BUNKER #2 - STAIRWAY - DAY

Archie, Chief, Sa'id run up carrying Vuitton cases.

INT. BUNKER #2 - STOREROOM - DAY

They hurry past the huge poster of Saddam, the TVs PLAYING "Happy Days" and Rodney King, the many shelves of stereos, etc., and past the soldiers lying face down, handcuffed.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

Archie, Chief, and Sa'id charge out of the bunker with Vuitton luggage and put it onto the truck. Archie and Chief survey the scene: Iraqi soldiers, who have been mocking the Twins in Western clothing, are laughing. Many civilians are subdued on the ground, some bleeding.

A cuffed Iraqi guard kneels with a bleeding head. Troy looks at Archie and Chief.

The Iraqi Major greets Sa'id warmly and they embrace.

SA'ID
(in Arabic)
My brother, how are you? These Americans are here to take back the gold.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
(in Arabic)
No problem.

Then the Major salutes Archie.

BUNKER #2 TROOP CARRIER MAJOR
You take the Kuwaiti gold, yes?

ARCHIE GATES
We take the Kuwaiti gold, yes.

(CONTINUED)
T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
Saddam cannot keep.

ARCHIE GATES
No, Saddam cannot keep.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
Saddam have too many problem
today.

A rebel runs past, throws a rock, is tackled by a soldier.

ARCHIE GATES
He certainly does.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
You need help to load?

ARCHIE GATES
I think we're all right.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
(in Arabic)
Come over here, help him.

Two soldiers jog over, out of breath.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
These man help you.

SA'ID
You go way fast from this bullshit.

Archie looks at one soldier's hands: blood on the
knuckles, PAN UP TO their faces.

ARCHIE GATES
Let's load up and go.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BUNKER #2 STAIRS (VILLAGE SQUARE) - DAY

Soldiers carry bags up the stairs. A chain of four Iraqi
soldiers and Troy, Chief, Vig pass luggage into the
truck. Archie mans the mounted gun and watches. Captive
civilians and Iraqi soldiers watch.

TROY
Lay that one flat; okay,
sideways --
The truck is completely full (including the passenger seat). They are finished, and very sweaty.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

Troy gets in the truck, slams the door. Chief and Vig are in the humvee. Archie sits in the humvee's driver seat, slams the door. He looks at the IRAQI WOMAN, far to the side who is being restrained and shouting in Arabic.

AMIR'S WIFE
(to Americans, in Arabic)
Do not go. They will kill my husband.

The girl in arm casts is screaming and punching the legs of the soldiers restraining her mother. The sergeant and another soldier pull the Iraqi woman away, stand her in an open area, and SHOOT her dead.

Troy jerks in his seat and turns away. Archie bows his head to the steering wheel. Chief looks down. Vig stares wide-eyed.

The girl in arm casts screams, is grabbed by the hair and pulled away. The man in glasses screams, grabs his daughter, is thrown down and menaced with a knife.

Archie gets out of the humvee and slams the door.

ARCHIE GATES
This has to stop.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
You go now, please.

He salutes Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
I don't think so.

T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
That man leader of uprising.

TROY
Archie, let's stick to the plan, sir, the plan is for gold, right?

CHIEF
We can help them, then be on our way.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
No, we can't. It's not what we're here for.

ARCHIE GATES
Cover me.

Troy gets out of the truck, Chief gets out of the humvee, and they nervously point their rifles at Iraqi soldiers who point their guns back. Vig jumps to his feet and mans the 60 mm as Archie walks over to the Iraqi soldier menacing the man in glasses with a knife.

ARCHIE GATES
No unnecessary shots, Conrad, cuz we know what they do.

VIG
Make infected pockets filled with bile, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
That's right, that's what they do.

They watch with trepidation as Archie grabs the Iraqi soldier's wrist, pulling the blade away. The soldier grabs for Archie's throat with his free hand, but Archie grabs this hand, twists it away, puts the Iraqi in a choke hold, drops the soldier to the dirt. The man in glasses, clutching his daughter, runs to the body of his dead wife and weeps while his daughter prays.

AMIR'S DAUGHTER
(in Arabic)
Allah watch over my mommy.

80       EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

Archie walks back to the Iraqi Major by the humvee.

ARCHIE GATES
I want you to leave this town.

SA'ID
Saddam kill us if we leave. Kill our family.

ARCHIE GATES
(to Major)
Take all your soldiers and get out.

(CONTINUED)
Troy, Chief, Vig point their guns. The Iraqi Major is pissed.

   T.C. REP. GUARD MAJOR
   We give you the gold, now U.S.A.
   is out of civil war.

The Iraqi Major raises his machine gun as he stands next to the humvee, but Archie grabs the barrel and holds it down.

   ARCHIE GATES
   No shooting.

   SA'ID
   Okay, okay, we work something out.

The Major smashes the barrel of his machine gun, with Archie's hand, against the humvee.

Archie winces, but doesn't let go.

Instead, the Major does it again, smashing Archie's hand. Archie winces, doesn't let go. The Major tries to jerk the barrel up, but Archie pushes it down, and it FIRES by accident, into the Major's leg. The Major howls with pain. Blood dribbles out of the bottom of his pant leg like piss.

Troy covers Iraqi #4 with his rifle, cannot see Archie.

   TROY
   What's happening?

   ARCHIE GATES
   Accident. Stay cool.

Vig nervously swings the mounted machine gun from one Iraqi in the rear to another, but doesn't shoot. Iraqi soldiers point their rifles at the Americans.

81 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

   TROY
   No.

   WHIP PAN TO Iraqi #4:  jerks his RIFLE toward Archie and FIRES.

The SOUND CUTS OUT.
CONTINUED:

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: WHIP PAN FROM Iraqi rifle to Archie.

The only sound is the BULLET PIERCING the FLESH of Archie’s lower left arm and tearing his muscle as it passes through. Archie grimaces violently in pain.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: Troy fires his pistol. NO SOUND EXCEPT for the SLOW MOTION sound of the BULLET EXPLODING.

SLOW MOTION: The bullet tears through Iraqi #4's chest.

The only sound is the Iraqi's HEARTBEAT, the BULLET TEARING FLESH and CRUSHING BONE, and the HEARTBEAT STOPPING with a violent SPLASH. Iraqi #4 falls to the ground with only a dull thud and the slow clank of his gear.

REGULAR SPEED: Vig swings the mounted machine gun from one Iraqi to another, but still doesn't shoot. He looks terrified as his finger twitches on the trigger.

Iraqi #2 FIRES a PISTOL TWICE.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: A BULLET tears into Troy's chest with a dull SNAP. He winces in pain.

PAN TO Chief as he FIRES his RIFLE.

PAN TO -- SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION; no sound except the BULLET TEARING into Iraqi #2's knee, smashing through bone. He falls to the ground clutching his leg.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: Vig swings the mounted MACHINE GUN and FIRES. No sound but the slow CRACKS of the red tracer BULLETS EXPLODING from the GUN.

SLOW MOTION: Tracer bullets slice across the face of Iraqi #3 and the Iraqi Sergeant in the rear; no sound but the BULLETS BREAKING through BONE and FLESH.

SLOW MOTION: Archie jams his PISTOL under the Major's chin and FIRES -- the only sound is the slow EXPLOSION of the GUN, and the slow TEARING of TISSUE, ending with a sharp SNAP as the tissue, bone and the bullet crack out the top of the Iraqi Major's head.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN -- REPLAY of entire shootout at REGULAR SPEED. Ending on the wide-eyed Little Girl with her hand in her mouth, staring.
83 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

ANOTHER ANGLE -- REPLAY of entire shootout at REGULAR SPEED. Ending on Troy wincing as he holds his chest.

84 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - BUNKER #2 - DAY

The dead Iraqi Major lies face down in sand with eyes open; Sa'id holds his hand and weeps.

Archie's lightly blood-flecked face stares down at the dead Major, clouds pass overhead.

Dead Iraqi #4 lies with legs twisted under his body.

A rivulet of blood trickles through the sand. A spider runs across it and gets stuck.

LOW ANGLE - UP AT CHIEF

Stone still, staring straight ahead as clouds pass slowly above him in the sky.

Vig nervously swings the mounted machine gun back and forth.

Troy, drenched in sweat, looks pained as he unbuttons his shirt: there's a gunshot in his Kevlar vest. The slug drops out of the dent, into his hand -- he exhales.

Iraqis #5, #6, #7 and the Sergeant, throw their hands up in surrender and drop their weapons.

Archie points.

ARCHIE GATES
Cover these three.

Vig swings the mounted machine gun toward the three remaining Iraqi soldiers who stand over eight terrified civilians.

ARCHIE GATES
Chief.

Chief follows Archie over to the three Iraqi soldiers.

CHIEF
Down.

The soldiers get on their knees, pleading for mercy.

(CONTINUED)
Chief takes the Iraqi soldiers' guns and pushes them down.

ARCHIE GATES
Put the people in the humvee.

TROY
There's no room.

ARCHIE GATES
Make room.

TROY
What happened to the plan?

ARCHIE GATES
It just changed.

TROY
Not for me, let's go.

Chief points to the civilians.

CHIEF
What if that was you?

Troy displays the gunshot in the Kevlar.

TROY
What if this was you not wearing Kevlar?

Civilians and Iraqi soldiers watch the debate nervously.

Suddenly, the sound of an APPROACHING TANK. They turn.

A tank rolls toward them fast, down a narrow side street, followed by a truck.

TROY
Great, a fucking tank. That should send us on our way.

VIG
L.A.W., sir.

Vig lifts the L.A.W. rocket, extends the tube.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHIE GATES

No. Let's get out of here.

TROY

It's about fucking time.

Troy jumps into the luggage-packed truck, STARTS the ENGINE.

Vig starts the humvee; Archie jumps in next to Vig.

PAN TO the eight civilians -- the twin brothers, the woman in Western clothing, the traditional woman and her two kids, plus the Man In Glasses and the Little Girl, jam into the crowded humvee. Chief jumps in.

The tank approaches. The humvee pulls away.

The tank rolls in from the side.

BUNKER #2 MEGAPHONE IRAQI SOLDIER
(subtitled; Arabic)
The Americans cannot save you.
They are leaving the Gulf. Give up.

The TANK TURRET WHINES and CLICKS, stuck in place. An Iraqi pops out the top of the tank.

TANK TURRET IRAQI
(in Arabic)
Push it, come on.

He gestures to the WHINING, stuck TURRET. Another Iraqi tries pushing the turret. The truck pulls up.

EXT./INT. DESERT ROAD FROM VILLAGE/HUMMER - DAY

as it bounces along fast. Archie is in pain while Chief pours disinfectant over the flesh wound in Archie's lower left arm, and wraps it. Vig looks terrified as he drives.

INT. TRUCK

Troy, driving alone, speeds the truck as fast as it will go, bouncing along the road.

TROY

We were home free, you stupid son of a bitch.
The truck is 60 yards behind the humvee.

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
What's the tank doing?

THROUGH JIGGLING BINOCULARS of the tank turning.

CHIEF (O.S.)
Lining us up --

BACK TO SCENE

Vig pushes the humvee's accelerator to the floor.

The civilian Man In Glasses and his Little Girl cling to the humvee with six other civilians, including two five-year-olds, a boy and girl.

Two Iraqi soldiers set up a mortar and load it with a round. A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, a soldier is hit in the arm.

WHIP PAN TO a civilian boy with an old rifle behind the decorative roof of a building. Iraqis shout and point at the sniper. The tank turns to the building.

The TANK FIRES and blows away a section of decorative roof.

The Iraqi soldiers FIRE a MORTAR toward the humvee, half a mile away.

CHIEF (V.O.)
Here it comes.
Vig turns the speeding humvee off the road. Archie jerks the wheel back.

ARCHIE GATES
Stay on the road.

VIG
I don't wanna get hit.

SLOW MOTION: Chief looks straight up with the binoculars.

EXT. SKY - CHIEF'S POV - DAY
SLOW MOTION: A mortar streaks across the sky.

EXT./INT. DESERT - ROAD FROM VILLAGE/HUMMER - DAY
REAR OF HUMVEE, SLOW MOTION: Half the civilians hunch down, bracing for an explosion while the other half crane their necks, looking straight up into the sky. They cower when there is an EXPLOSION above.

REGULAR SPEED: PAN UP TO THE MORTAR AS IT EXPLODES IN THE SKY a hundred yards above the humvee -- into a yellow/white cloud.

CHIEF
Gas.

Iraqis FIRE TWO more gas MORTARS.

Troy leans out the window of the moving truck and squints up at the white/yellow gas cloud above as he drives fast.

Archie and Chief grapple to put on their gas masks. Vig reaches around behind him for his mask as he drives.

VIG
Where's my mask?
EXT./INT. DESERT - MINE FIELD/HUMMER - DAY

He accidentally veers off the road into the open desert.

ZOOM IN TO a field of mines sitting right on top of the sand, 20 yards ahead. (Iraqi mines were often placed this way.)

ZOOM IN ON Archie's alarmed face.

ARCHIE GATES

Mine.

Archie grabs the woman in Western clothing and dives from the humvee followed by Vig, Chief, the Man In Glasses holding the Little Girl, the other civilians, including the two five-year-olds. The Hummer drives ten yards, hits the first MINE with an EXPLOSION and flies into the air --

INT. TROY'S TRUCK - DAY

Flying DEBRIS SMASHES the WINDSHIELD. Troy instinctively jerks the wheel and the truck flips onto its side and slides across the sand.

EXT. DESERT - MINE FIELD

The airborne humvee lands on its side, hits another MINE, is BLOWN into the air, lands on its back, is BLOWN to pieces.

EXT./INT. DESERT - MINE FIELD - TROY'S TRUCK - DAY

Troy sits sideways as the truck slides across the sand to a halt inches before a mine, 30 yards behind the wrecked humvee.

EXT. DESERT - MINE FIELD - DAY

Silence. A WHEEL on the wrecked humvee spins in the air, SQUEAKING.

Louis Vuitton suitcases are scattered all over. One has opened and the gold bars are spilled around.

Vig's right eye has taken shrapnel and is a bloody mess -- he gropes in the sand as blood drips down.
Chief pulls a syringe from a sterile packet, is about to stick it into his leg when Archie grabs his hand.

ARCHIE GATES
This isn't sarin. We'd be dead by now.

CHIEF
Is it mustard?

ARCHIE GATES
No, it's C.S.

CHIEF
Tear-gas?

ARCHIE GATES
Tear gas times ten. Where's Barlow?

CHIEF
I can't even see the truck.

Archie puts his gas mask on the little girl with arm casts. Chief takes his mask off when he sees what Archie has done and gives it to the civilian Man in Glasses.

Civilians stagger to their feet, some cut and bleeding, some limping. They cover their faces with their clothes as the dense white/yellow fog descends around them.

Chief picks up Vig, who stands, blinking his one good eye, while blood streams down his face. He sees his big pistol in the sand with some loose shells, picks them up and puts them in his pockets.

CHIEF
Cover your face, Conrad. Cover your mouth, man.

VIG
Where's Troy?

Vig is in shock. Chief lifts Vig's bloody hand to Vig's mouth.
CONTINUED:

He picks up two Vuitton hat cases, looks up, sees the two little children from the humvee, running across a mine-field screaming.

TROY

Hey. Stop.

Troy stands watching as the children run farther away, crying.

TROY

Goddamn it.

He runs, hard, after the children, who are now 70 yards away, the Vuitton hat cases banging against his legs.

EXT. DESERT - MINE FIELD - DAY

Troy chases the children through the white/yellow fog, eyes tearing. He drops one of the suitcases, catches up to the girl and scoops her up in his left arm and covers her face with her coat.

Troy runs between land mines after the boy, who is way ahead.

Troy drops the other Vuitton bag, catches the boy and has both children under his arms like footballs -- when suddenly Troy is grabbed from behind with a cord around his neck -- he lands on his back with the two children in his arms.

TROY'S POV LOOKING UP

Sa'id, wearing a gas mask, kicks Troy in the head. The screaming children are torn from Troy's arms by Iraqi soldiers. Troy reaches for his knife and it is ripped from his hand as he is dragged to an Iraqi truck.

EXT. DESERT - MINE FIELD - DAY

Archie and Chief circle through the thick haze, each carrying a Vuitton hat case and cover their mouths and noses, choking and coughing.

About five civilians wander around, confused.

VIG

Look out.

(CONTINUED)
Archie spins around, drops the bag and points his pistol.

Two black-robed figures wearing Russian gas masks pick up Vuitton hat cases.

ARCHIE GATES

Don't move.

A black-robed figure walks right past Archie, carrying a Vuitton bag, and takes one of the scared twin men by the arm and leads him to the side.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

More black-cloaked figures appear. There are thirty in all, wearing Russian masks.

Archie, Chief and Vig look disoriented, as Archie points his pistol around as black robes grab suitcases and lead the civilians away.

VIG
What's going on?

EXT. DESERT - MINE FIELD - TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

The robes lead the civilians to a four-foot-high tunnel entrance in a mound of desert earth and disappear into it.

Vig stands and rubs his one good eye, coughing. Chief grabs Vig by the arm and pulls him back toward the tunnel.

CHIEF
Get in the tunnel.

Vig jerks his arm away.

VIG
Troy.

Chief grabs Vig.

CHIEF
You're gonna die.

Vig punches Chief in the side of the head. Chief punches Vig in the stomach. They fall to the ground, fighting.

Archie searches for Troy in the white/yellow haze.

ARCHIE GATES

Barlow.

Two black-robed figures pull Vig off Chief and drag him to the tunnel. Another robed figure pulls Chief to the tunnel. Archie walks, looks for Troy, chokes, vomits into the sand. A black-robed figure takes him by the arm and pulls him back to the tunnel, where they disappear inside.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Chaos. People choking and vomiting (six civilians, Archie, Chief, Vig). Gas lanterns swing.

(CONTINUED)
The tunnel is six feet tall. Buckets are passed, filled with oiled rags that people use to wipe their faces. Archie takes a dripping rag and wipes his eyes, nose, mouth.

**VIG**

We have to go back. We can't leave him there.

Vig's mutilated right eye is bleeding.

**ARCHIE GATES**

We have to wait until it clears.

**VIG**

You made the choice and we lost Troy --

I had no choice.

**VIG**

You had a choice.

**ARCHIE GATES**

I had no fucking choice.

Vig starts crying. Chief hands a bandage to Archie, who puts it over Vig's wounded eye socket.

**VIG**

What about Troy? What choice does he have now?

PAN ACROSS the Man In Glasses as he wipes his daughter's face.

**OMITTED**

&

**EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY**

Republican Guards strip Troy's clothes as he stands in front of Oasis Bunker.

(Continued)
Other soldiers pull off gas masks; one is Sa'id.

An Iraqi tank is parked to the side. Small numbers of Republican Guards and civilians mill about.

REPUBLICAN GUARD #1
(subtitled; Arabic)
Can we shoot him?

REPUBLICAN GUARD #2
(subtitled; Arabic)
We're not supposed to hold any Americans.

SA'ID
(subtitled; Arabic)
He's proof they broke the cease-fire.

A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT. The Iraqis turn to look.

SA'ID
(in Arabic)
They're taking the tank.

PAN TO seven civilians with rifles as they climb the unmanned Iraqi tank.

Four Republican Guards FIRE back at the civilians.

Troy, in his shorts, tries to break away in the chaos. He runs for it, past a fence, is tackled and dragged toward the bunker, sand all over his face -- He sees Adriana Cruz drive up on the far side of the tank.

TROY
(screams)
Hey, Walter. Hey --

Adriana Cruz drives the dune buggy up and stops -- they cannot hear Troy over the TANK and DUNE BUGGY'S ENGINES and commotion.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Start shooting, Paco.

WALTER
I don't like this, we gotta go --

(CONTINUED)
118 CONTINUED:

BACK TO TROY

TROY
(screams)
Hey, Walter, Walter.

They don't hear him. Troy is dragged into the bunker.

Republican Guards pull Walter and Adriana off the dune buggy.

WALTER
Hey.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Let me handle this.

119 INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY

Troy is led, naked, down the corridor by two soldiers.

120 EXT. DESERT - OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

Civilian rebels sit on top of the captured tank with RIFLES as it drives toward the bunker.

Republic Guards FIRE on them, but the TURRET aims at the bunker and FIRES -- BLASTING a hole.

121 INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CRUDE BATHROOM - DAY

Troy is thrown onto the floor of a cluttered cement bathroom with two crude toilets. His clothes are thrown on top of him.

REPUBLICAN GUARD #1
Get dress.

TROY
Okay.

REPUBLICAN GUARD #1
Get dress.

TROY
I said okay.

The door is slammed. Stolen blenders, radios, CDs, stacks of new Levis litter the floor. Troy kicks all the crap angrily and dozens of cell phones tumble from a box.

(CONTINUED)
Troy looks at the pile of cell phones, picks one up, tries it for a dial tone, drops it, tries another, until he gets one that gives him a tone and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(in Arabic)
Can I help you?

Troy looks stunned.

TROY
(into the cell phone)
Um. Do you speak English?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(British accent)
Yes.

TROY
(into cell phone)
Can you -- I need --

He frantically pushes stuff on the floor to block the door.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What number, please?

TROY
Operation Desert Storm.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm sorry?

TROY
The big army in the desert, come on, it's an emergency.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I don't have that number.

TROY
Maybe you could -- hello?

The phone is dead.

TROY
Fuck.

He throws it to the ground, tries another, no dial tone, throws it, tries another, no dial tone, throws it.
TROY
Come on, come on, come on.

He tries another, chucks it, another, gets a DIAL TONE, dials, and waits while the PHONE RINGS.

INT. TROY'S HOME (DETROIT, MICHIGAN) - INTERCUT OASIS BUNKER - CRUDE BATHROOM - DAY

DEBBIE, Troy's wife, picks up the RINGING TELEPHONE and has been woken up. She has a CRYING BABY on her arm.

DEBBIE
(Southern accent)
Hello?

TROY
Honey, it's me.

DEBBIE
Troy?

TROY
It's me, honey.

DEBBIE
My God, the baby's crying.

TROY
I can hear her.

DEBBIE
That's our little Krystal.

TROY
How's she doing?

DEBBIE
She hasn't been sleeping good, and my mother had to go back to work, so I'm real tired, baby.

TROY
I wish I was there to help, gooney-bird.

DEBBIE
Oh, gooney-bird, when are you coming home?

TROY
I'm working on that right now, baby.

(CONTINUED)
DEBBIE
I saw an ad for a computer job.
You want me to call and set up an
interview?

TROY
Listen, honey --

DEBBIE
What date are you coming home?

TROY
They haven't given us an exact
date yet. Listen --

DEBBIE
I'm henpecking you.

TROY
No, you're not.

DEBBIE
I'm lonely and tired and most of
all, I miss you.

TROY
I miss you, too.

FIRE and CONCRETE EXPLODE into one wall of the bathroom.

DEBBIE
What was that?

TROY
The wall just exploded.

DEBBIE
I thought the war was over, honey.

TROY
It is and it isn't, babe. Can you
do me a favor and call the reserve
center?

DEBBIE
You want me to call the reserve
center?

TROY
Tell the duty N.C.O. I'm stuck in
a bunker near 223 north outside
Karbala --

(CONTINUED)
DEBBIE
What do you mean 'stuck'? I thought the war was over.

TROY
I'm gonna be fine, honey, I don't want you to worry, I tried to do something for the family, and I want you to know --

DEBBIE
Know what?

A TANK ROUND SMASHES through the wall, covers Troy in dust.

TROY
That I love you.

DEBBIE
What's happening, Troy?

TROY
Tell Krystal --

Republic Guards push at the door, trying to open it.

DEBBIE
Troy?

TROY
Tell Krystal I'm a rich man and if things work out she'll be taken care of no matter what --

DEBBIE
What are you talking about?

The door is kicked open and Republican Guards enter.

TROY
Gotta go, gooney-bird, I love you --

Republic Guards 1 & 2 punch Troy in the face, drag him from the room.

DEBBIE
Troy?

She waits for a moment, tears in her eyes, and hangs up.
INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - TV ROOM - DAY

A TANK ROUND rocks the room; soldiers frantically exit.

CNN is left PLAYING in the empty room with Adriana Cruz's report from the previous day. "I JUST WANT TO CELEBRATE" plays:

ADRIANA CRUZ (V.O.)
Spirits are high and the music is soaring as these young troops celebrate --

EXT. DESERT - OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

Republican Guards SHOOT rebels off the tank and re-take it.

PULL BACK TO Adriana Cruz and Paco, the cameraman.

ADRIANA CRUZ
(crying)
Look at these fucking people shooting these kids, for Christ's fucking sake, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it.

(stops crying)
I'm being held captive by Iraqi troops at a bunker far outside the gritty city of Karbala, where Shiite --

PACO
You said gritty city again.

ADRIANA CRUZ
(screams, crying)
Who fucking gives a shit these people are dying, you asshole.

PACO
What about Private Wogoman, Adriana?

ADRIANA CRUZ
Let's lay a few of these down first. In three, two, and, I'm being held captive in a gritty area outside Karbala, where Shiites and others are rising up --

PAN TO Walter stripped naked by Republic Guards.

(CONTINUED)
REPUBLICAN GUARD LIEUTENANT
(in Arabic)
I don't want the reporter to see this.

REPUBLICAN GUARD SERGEANT
(in Arabic)
Hey, that's the N.B.S. woman.

REPUBLICAN GUARD SERGEANT #2
(in Arabic)
Wow. She's much taller in person.

REPUBLICAN GUARD LIEUTENANT
(in Arabic)
Get them out of here now.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR OASIS BUNKER #3 - LATER
Walter sits in the Chennowth, naked. Adriana Cruz in the passenger seat, Paco in the back. Republican guards pull the tape out. She grabs it back.

ADRIANA CRUZ
That's mine.

WALTER
Could I have my pants, please?

They hand him his socks.

WALTER
Pants. On my legs.

They give him his helmet.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DAY
CATHY DAITCH
What did you want to be as a boy?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I think I wanted to be either a veterinarian or a C.I.A. sharp shooter.

COLONEL HORN
Doug?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Yes, Colonel.
CONTINUED:

COLONEL HORN
What the fuck are you doing?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I'm giving an interview to C.B.S.

COLONEL HORN
Do you have authorization?

Van Meter pulls out a paper and hands it over.

COLONEL HORN
(looks at paper)
No.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
No?

COLONEL HORN
Who gave you this?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Major Gates.

COLONEL HORN
Archie Gates gave you this? Jesus Christ, Doug.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I don't get to do the interview.

COLONEL HORN
No, you don't get to do the interview.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Archie, Chief, Vig, and dozens of civilians crouch as they walk through the tunnel, single file, carrying Vuitton bags.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

They are still walking in the long tunnel.
They enter a cavernous room. A line of ten children with missing limbs and bandages stand and watch Archie, Chief and Vig enter. They make eye contact.

They carefully wrap a bare wire around Troy's right ear.

SA'ID
(heavy accent)
What is your rank, bro?

TROY
Sergeant.

SA'ID
Your company?

TROY
437th Civil Affairs Company, U.S. Army Reserve.

The wire is wrapped under Troy's chin around his other ear.

SA'ID
My main man. Tell me something, okay? What is problem with Michael Jackson?

TROY
What do you mean?

SA'ID
The King of Pop. Woo-hoo.

TROY
Yeah, Michael Jackson.

SA'ID
He come to Egypt. I see picture in newspaper. Hello with the white glove. I am King of Pop in my hotel with my chopped-up face.

Troy looks at him.

SA'ID
Your country make him chop up his face.

(CONTINUED)
I don't think so.

Michael Jackson is Pop King of sick fahking country.

Bullshit.

Troy is smashed in the face with a clipboard. He looks angry, and like he could cry at the same time.

You are the blind bullshit, my main man. It is so obvious the black man make his skin white and the hair straight -- you know why?

No.

Your sick fahking country make the black man hate hisself, just like you hate the Arab and the children you bomb over here.

I don't hate children.

This is illegal, you know. The war's over.

Yeah, the war is over, that's why you are illegal, man. You break the cease-fire, I think maybe even you steal the gold, so nobody know where you are, right? Your army don't know. I send to you Baghdad for a long time. Nobody find you.

Troy looks scared.

They'll find me.
SA'ID
Do they care, buddy?

TROY
Does who care?

SA'ID
Do your army care about the children in Iraq? Do they come back to help?

TROY
No, they're not coming.

Sa'id signals someone O.S. Troy turns to look, scared.

SA'ID
(in Arabic)
Get it ready.

O.B. #3 Interrogation Guard #1 gestures at a console that is connected to the wire around Troy's jaw. O.B. #3 Interrogation Guard #2 reaches forward and turns a dial. Interrogation Guard #1 murmurs defensively and turns the dial back.

SA'ID
Just get it ready.
(in Arabic)
Come on.

They touch a loose wire to metal rod, it sparks. They connect it to Troy's wire. Sa'id turns back to Troy.

SA'ID
Are they coming to help the Shiite?

TROY
No.

SA'ID
Tell the truth, dudesky. Save us the big bummer.

TROY
That's the truth.

Sa'id signals the guards -- Troy braces. The guard turns a dial, voltage races through the wire, and Troy's face contorts with pain, his teeth chip as he gnashes them together, he bites his lip.

Troy starts shaking slightly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

SA'ID
Does it hurt?

Troy says nothing.

SA'ID
I ask you question, man.

TROY
Yes, it hurts.

(CONTINUED)
SA'ID
You bomb my family. Do you know that? You blow up my home. The whole street. My wife is crush by big fahking block of concrete. She lose her legs, bro, and she got nice legs, too. Those legs cut off now.

Emotion comes into Sa'id's voice as he says this.

TROY
(whispers)
That's horrible.

SA'ID
What?

TROY
(whispers)
I said, that's horrible.

SA'ID
Oh, my God, buddy. I didn't even told you the horrible part yet.

The other two guards listen sadly.

SA'ID
My son was kill in his bed. Did you heard that, dude?

TROY
Yes.

SA'ID
He is one years old. He is asleeping with his toy doll when the bomb come. You see that guy over there? He lose his daughter same way: big U.S.A. bomb.

CLOSEUP - TWO GUARDS
one of them wipes away a tear.

FANTASY - BEDROOM
Concrete and plaster falls onto the bed of a sleeping child.

END OF FANTASY.
INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

TROY
I have a daughter.

SA'ID
Very nice for you, bro. She is safe in Ohio without the bombs and concrete and all this shit --

TROY
I'm not from Ohio.

FANTASY - EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - DAY

Debbie pushes a baby carriage down an idyllic tree-lined sidewalk.

SA'ID (V.O.)
How old is she?

TROY (V.O.)
Ten days old.

SA'ID (V.O.)
What's her name?

END OF FANTASY.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

TROY
Krystal.

SA'ID
What makes you decide to tell me about Krystal, my main man?

TROY
Because we're both fathers.

SA'ID
I'm not a father no more, dude, remember? My son is dead now.

They stare at each other.

SA'ID
Can you think how it feels inside your heart if I bomb your daughter?

FANTASY - EXT. TROY'S HOUSE (DETROIT STREET) - DAY

A BOMB BLOWS in a window on Debbie and the baby.
INT. CAVERN - LARGE ROOM - DAY

Two dozen people are laying down, being treated by BLACK ROBES and the woman in Western clothing, who squeeze aloe onto facial blisters.

At the end of the hall, Archie grits his teeth in pain as a Black Robe uses a turkey baster to shoot alcohol into his infected wound.

Chief prays next to some praying civilians; he has white ointment on his face.

A Black Robe changes Vig's bloody bandage, while a dead body is laid next to Vig and wrapped in cloths; two Black Robes chant.

VIG
Is that guy dead? Where you gonna put him? Is that guy dead?
Where's he go?

BLACK ROBE
A shrine.

VIG
What kind of shrine y'all got?

BLACK ROBE
Shrine that wash 700 year of sin.

VIG
Hey, that's a pretty good shrine, right, Chief?

Chief keeps praying, off to the side.

VIG
I'm sorry I hit you, man. I was scared for Troy, I don't want nothing to happen to him, he's my friend. Chief? Come on, man, I know you was comin' to help me --

Vig reaches out blindly for Chief's hand. Chief looks for a moment at Vig's hand in the air, reaching, then takes it. They remain silent for a moment, hands clasped.

(CONTINUED)
Thanks man, I don't wanna hold no grudges. Maybe we got kicked out of the ring of Jesus fire.

That's not how it works.

How does it work?

I take care of what Jesus puts in front of me; I don't ask no questions. He put the gold in front of me, I took it.

What about now?

Archie walks up, his arm bandaged, and inspects Vig's face.

How you doing, Conrad?

Vig says nothing.

It was my choice today. You can try to head back if you want, take your share and bury it, I'll find Barlow myself.

They look at him.

I'm here, I'm ready.

I want to find Troy.

Okay. Let's check the suitcases.

ARCHIE, CHIEF AND VIG

check the Vuitton suitcases, opening them, looking at the gold, shutting them.

PAN TO children in bandages watching Archie inventory the gold.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
We're missing 28.

ARCHIE GATES
That leaves 92 suitcases, three bars each --

They think.

ARCHIE GATES
23 million dollars. Not bad for a disaster, provided we can find Barlow and not get court-martialed.

He looks at Chief and Vig.

The Man in Glasses (Amir) puts oil on his little girl's face, they are both crying.

ARCHIE GATES
How is she?

Amir does not answer.

CHIEF
How -- is -- your -- little -- girl?

Vig wears his eye bandage; he mimes the girl.

VIG
Broken -- arms. Girl.

AMIR
She's traumatized, what the fuck do you expect? But maybe I should thank you for saving what's left of our lives.

They look at him, surprised.

AMIR
I went to B-school at Bowling Green. I speak English, okay?

VIG
What's B-school? Is that like terrorist training?

CHIEF
Business school, Conrad.
AMIR
I came back to open a couple of hotels near Karbala. I'm almost in the black when this stupid war starts and you guys bomb the shit out of my cafes. Now we try to get rid of Saddam, Bush leaves us twisting in the wind, un-bel-fucking-lievable, man.

WOMAN IN WESTERN CLOTHING
(shrieks hysterically)
Why do President leave us now? There are too many bodies, we don't have medicine --

MAN IN WESTERN CLOTHING
(screams)
Where is the army now? Where is America now?

TRADITIONAL WOMAN
(shrieks)
Stay with Saddam, see what you get.

The Twins pace nervously, covering their ears. Archie, Chief, Vig are watchful as people scream.

ARCHIE GATES
You got a radio?

AMIR
No radio. No water.

He wipes bits of white foam from the corners of his mouth.

ARCHIE GATES
Where's Barlow?

AMIR
They got him, I saw it happen.

ARCHIE GATES
Where would they take him?

AMIR
Oasis bunker. It's full of Saddam's hardcore guys.

CHIEF
Where's that?
AMIR
Like 17 -- 18 klicks from here.

ARCHIE GATES
Take us there.

AMIR
We got no wheels.

ARCHIE GATES
We'll walk until we find some.

AMIR
Why don't you call in the Marines?

ARCHIE GATES
With what? We don't have a radio.

AMIR
Okay, we'll find a vehicle. You drive back to get the choppers, then fly in to get your man.

Chief and Vig look at Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
We can't do that.

AMIR
Why not? You got a huge army here.

ARCHIE GATES
We're not supposed to be involved with the uprising. We killed Iraqi soldiers. We broke the peace accord.

AMIR
You know what I think? I think maybe you're stealing the gold. That's what I think. We're fighting Saddam and dying and you're stealing gold.

Archie looks at him.

ARCHIE GATES
You're wrong.

(CONTINUED)
AMIR
They got half a million men in the desert, they send four guys to pick up all this bullion? I don't think so.

ARCHIE GATES
We need to find our man. How much do you want to take us there?

AMIR
Is it still yours to give? The only reason you have these bags is my people picked them up.

Archie looks at Chief and Vig.

AMIR
We take our share. We'll help you carry your share.

ARCHIE GATES
And you take us to our man.

AMIR
Amir Abdulla.

He extends his hand. They shake.

ARCHIE GATES
Archie Gates.

AMIR
After we get your man, you will take us to the Iranian border.

What?

ARCHIE GATES
We gotta get to a refugee camp or we're dead. The nearest camps are in Iran.

AMIR
You don't need us. You can buy your way over.

ARCHIE GATES
No. Saddam's soldiers will never take his gold. The only chance we have is if we are with Americans.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
We can't go to the Iranian border.

AMIR
Then we don't have a deal.

VIG
Give me a fucking break, man.

CHIEF
We saved your life.

AMIR
And we saved yours.

ARCHIE GATES
We lost a man for you.

(continues)
AMIR
What good is it if you leave us to get wasted? The big army of democracy beats the ugly dictator, saves the rich Kuwaitis, but you go to jail if you help us escape the same dictator. You saw what happened to my wife. Look at my daughter.

Archie looks around. He sees Amir's Daughter, other bandaged children looking at him. A few mothers.

ARCHIE GATES
Who's going?

AMIR
Everyone but the priests. That's 55.

VIG
Fuck it. Who will take us to the Oasis Bunker?

He holds up a gold bar.

Fifty civilians turn and look at him silently.

VIG
This is a human life we're talking about.

AMIR
(laughs)
Tell me about it.

His daughter looks at him and laughs -- until her laughter becomes scary, hysterical and Amir tries to hold her still, and she won't stop as Archie, Chief and Vig watch.

TROY
If Saddam didn't invade Kuwait, your son would still be alive.

SA'ID
Yes, I know. So why you leave Saddam here?

TROY
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)
SA'ID
You think I want to be here?
You think I want to do this. But I have to.

TROY
I can help your family.

SA'ID
Bullshit.

TROY
I will. I could help you.

Sa'id listens.

TROY
You can get a house, just like mine. No bombs.

Door opens -- MAJOR comes in.

MAJOR
Did you get the answer?

SA'ID
Yes.

MAJOR
(to Troy)
Are they coming back?

TROY
No.

MAJOR
Why did you take the prisoners?

TROY
It was an accident.

The Major raises his hand to strike Troy, but doesn't.

MAJOR
(to Sai'd)
Get the answer for Saddam, make sure.

The Major leaves.

SA'ID
I got training and guns from America.

(CONTINUED)
TROY

Bullshit.

SA'ID

Oh, yeah, how you think I learn English, man? Specialist guys come to Iraq, train us when we fight Iran.

TROY

What did they train you in?

SA'ID

Weapons, sabotage. Interrogation.

Great.

SA'ID

I only join Saddam Hussein army because I have to or he put me in jail. So now I get some money for my family, to make good living for family, good house.

TROY

I joined for the extra cash, too. I found out I was gonna have a kid.

Sa'id lights a Marlboro, exhales.

PUSH IN TO CLOSEUP ON Troy's face as the smoke envelops him.

FANTASY - INT. TROY'S BEDROOM (DETROIT)

Debbie looks up and beams as Troy walks into the room. They embrace on the bed.

SA'ID (V.O.)

So, what we get from this dirty Iraq war, you and me, huh?

Troy holds the naked baby against his naked chest.

TROY (V.O.)

(whispers)

I don't know.

END OF FANTASY.
SA'ID

(laughs)

You don't fahking know, right?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SA'ID (CONT'D)
We all scabmbag soldier who get fahked, right? My son is dead and who knows now what happens to you?

INT. CAVERN - LARGE ROOM - DAY
A rug is pulled off the old stone floor, a panel is lifted. Pistols and rifles are pulled out, some of them old.

Chief and Vig load and handle the pistols.

ARCHIE GATES
Did we save anything from the humvee?

CHIEF
This bag.

Archie pulls two of the colored footballs from the beat-up pack. He looks at Chief as if to say "Great."

EXT. DESERT - ROAD TO DECOY AREA - DAY
Archie leads a line of 55 Iraqi civilians across the desert. Everyone carries at least one Vuitton bag. Amir carries his daughter. Vig turns to the twin brothers.

VIG
Y'all say America is Satan, right? America is Satan?

HAIRDRESSING TWIN #1
No!
(in Arabic)
We just want a hair salon.

HAIRDRESSING TWIN #2
(in Arabic)
A salon!

AMIR
They want to have a salon.

VIG
A what?

AMIR
A salon, a hair salon.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
You cut hair?

AMIR
They don't care if they cut
American hair, Shiite hair, Sunni
hair, they just want to get rid of
Saddam for a stable democracy.

HAIRDRESSING TWIN #1
(in Arabic)
You have a terrible haircut.

AMIR
He says you got a terrible
haircut.

Vig touches his hair.

EXT. DESERT - DECOY AREA - DAY

Archie crouches low to the ground, moving quickly,
secretively. He turns and makes a hand signal to Chief,
20 yards away, who turns and makes a hand signal to Vig.

EXT. DESERT - HIGH WIDE SHOT - DECOY AREA - DAY

A lone Iraqi military truck, mint condition.

BACK TO SCENE

Archie, Vig and Chief form a semicircle, surrounding the
truck. They are all 40 yards back from the truck.

ARCHIE GATES
This is the United States Army.
Come out of the truck with your
weapons in the air.

Suddenly Vig's PISTOL FIRES.

VIG
Shit. Sorry.

His GUNSHOT BLOWS a HOLE in the Iraqi TRUCK -- which
DEFLATES like a huge beach ball, circling wildly until it
lies in a heap of collapsed camouflage canvas while fifty
yards away -- 55 civilians flip sand-colored blankets off
and stand up in the desert to look.

Chief lifts the limp canvas of the deflated truck.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES
They used decoys to throw off our bombers.

CHIEF
Where are we gonna get a vehicle?

AMIR
I know a place that's full of deserters. Maybe they got something.

COLONEL HORN
You're going to tell me where he is or you're going back to Riyadh.

CATHY DAITCH
He's helping Adriana Cruz, just like you told him to do.

COMPANY CLERK
She's not here, either.

COLONEL HORN
Who else missing?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Chief's not here.

COMPANY CLERK
Barlow and Vig are gone, too.

COLONEL HORN
Jesus Christ, Doug.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I thought Major Gates was acting on your orders, Colonel.

COLONEL HORN
You don't know where your own fucking men are?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
The war's over, everyone's taking some French leave.

COLONEL HORN
Archie Gates doesn't set up a bullshit interview to take some reservists on French leave.
BERM SOLDIER #1
They got a document out a guy's ass yesterday, Captain.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
What?

BERM SOLDIER #1
Some kinda map or secret list or some kinda thing.

Horn stares at Van Meter.

COLONEL HORN
Check all the radio transmissions, maybe we'll get their position.

ARCHIE, CHIEF, VIG, AMIR, OTHERS NOW WALK AMONG THROUGH AN EMPTY AREA NEXT TO A CANAL. A VILLAGER PASSES WITH AN OLD RADIO PLAYING IRAQI POP MUSIC. A FEW CIVILIANS PASS AND SMILE.

(CONTINUED)
Deserters and civilians cheer and pat Archie, Chief and Vig on the back as they walk to a bunker built into the side of a small hill. Two Iraqi Deserters come out smiling to embrace a disoriented Archie and Chief.

INT. DESERTERS' BUNKER #4 - DAY

They pass through a cluttered room with six cots, down a hallway, to a larger room where two more young Deserters sit watching CNN. There is a defaced poster of Saddam, two peacocks and three monkeys in the room, and the half-eaten carcass of a zebra. Deserters rise and half-bow to Archie.

CHIEF
Where'd you get these animals from?

(CONTINUED)
AMIR
(translates; in Arabic)
Where do the animals come from?

DESERTER LEADER
Kuwait Zoo. (in Arabic)
Have some if you're hungry.

AMIR
This is for you, my friend, to eat if you are hungry.

The IRAQI SOLDIER offers a live monkey to Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
No, thank you.

AMIR
They're not barbarians, they're starving.

ARCHIE GATES
Radio?

DESERTER LEADER
No radio.

ARCHIE GATES
No radio, no water, but yes, C.N.N.

The other Iraqis nod their heads and laugh nervously.

DESERTER LEADER
George Bush get rid Saddam.

ARCHIE GATES
Not exactly.

DESERTER LEADER
Congratulation!

He embraces Archie, who looks at Amir.

ARCHIE GATES
Would you explain to these gentlemen that we need a vehicle of some kind?
INT. DESERTERS' BUNKER - GARAGE - DAY

It is dark. With a CLICK, several bare CEILING LIGHTS COME ON. Archie, Chief, Vig, stare in amazement: It's an underground garage filled with nine luxury cars: a Rolls-Royce, a Jaguar, a Mercedes, an Infiniti convertible, two Cadillacs, a white stretch limousine. Deserter #1 smiles.

DESERTER LEADER
From Kuwait.

Chief stops at the convertible.

CHIEF
Could I ask a question, man?

The Iraqi deserters look at him.

CHIEF
Does Lexus make this model?

DESERTER LEADER
No. Infiniti convertible only.

DESERTER #2
No Lexus convertible.

CHIEF
Exactly what I said.

ARCHIE GATES
Listen. We use these cars to go fight Saddam soldiers.

Deserter #1 looks at Chief and laughs.

CHIEF
What's so funny?

DESERTER LEADER
Cannot take.

CHIEF
What do you mean, cannot take? We kicked Saddam's ass. We definitely take.

ARCHIE GATES
We are the United States military.

Deserter #1 laughs.

AMIR
You're three guys with some civilians and no humvee.

(CONTINUED)
DESERTER LEADER
Need money. Have no money. To eat. To live.
(in Arabic)
You got a whole army here.

AMIR
He says the Americans have many tanks, many airplanes. We have nothing.

The Deserters do not look happy. Amir does simultaneous translation as Archie holds forth.
ARCHIE GATES
Listen to me. We will rise up together.

AMIR
(in Arabic)
Rise up together.

ARCHIE GATES
Rise up together.

Chief and Vig look taken aback as Archie goes messianic.

ARCHIE GATES

CHIEF
We are united.

They raise their joined hands together.

ARCHIE GATES
United. George Bush wants YOU --

CHIEF
To stand up for yourself.

DESERTER LEADER
George Bush.

ARCHIE GATES
He wants YOU --

CHIEF
You.

VIG
Praise the Lord.

ARCHIE GATES
Make the fight for freedom on your own.

CHIEF
Oh, yes, you can.

VIG
Go, baby, go.

Archie walks around, looking into the eyes of each Iraqi deserter, touching them on the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES
Then America will follow.

AMIR
(in Arabic)
Then they follow.

CHIEF
(in Arabic)
Then they will follow, brothers.

ARCHIE GATES
God bless America, and God bless a free Iraq.

Iraqis burst into cheers.
The Hairdresser Twins are going nuts.

ARCHIE GATES
What do you say now, my friend?

He puts his hand on Deserter Leader's shoulder.

DESERTER LEADER
Cannot give car.

ARCHIE GATES
Then I guess we'll have to buy them.

EXT. DESERT - ROAD - LUXURY CARS - DAY

The luxury cars ride across the desert, single file, Vuitton bags strapped to the roofs.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - DAY

Chief, Vig, two civilians drive.

VIG
Judas Priest will pump you, Chief --

CHIEF
No, no, no. That's just headache music.

VIG
One song.

Chief slams in a CD -- TRADITIONAL IRAQI FOLK WAILING PLAYS. The Civilian rifleman in back smiles as Vig scowls.
INT. INFINITI

Archie drives. Amir sits in passenger seat with his daughter on his lap; Deserter #1 in back. They listen to IRAQI MUSIC.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY – CAPTAIN’S TENT – DAY

Captain Van Meter, Col. Horn, two lieutenants look at maps. Cathy Daitch sits smoking.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Depending on what he's looking for, he could be in any Iraqi villages in the south.

COLONEL HORN
Does that sound familiar? The villages in the south?

CATHY DAITCH
No.

COLONEL HORN
Maybe you'd remember more clearly if you were lying down.

Cathy lies down.

CATHY DAITCH
Okay, I remember, it's coming back now, I remember he said... what a fucking asshole you are.

COLONEL HORN
He's been my friend for 12 years, so I know he didn't say that.

CATHY DAITCH
Let me see, maybe it was. maybe it was... oh yeah, it was me who said it.

The Company Clerk runs up and hands Colonel Horn a paper.

COMPANY CLERK
This is from Barlow's unit in Detroit. It came from his wife.

COLONEL HORN
(reads)
From his wife? What the hell is this?
Civilians finish passing 92 Vuitton suitcases into a trench.

ARCHIE GATES
We get our man, we come back to pick up the gold --

AMIR
And my people.

Amir hugs and kisses his daughter good-bye and tries to put her, crying, into the arms of an older woman. He lies down and breathes with a hand on his chest.

CHIEF
I'm cool. I'm in a ring of Jesus fire.

VIG
Wait a second, I want to talk about this plan some more --

ARCHIE GATES
The way a scary thing works is, sometimes it's best not to do it at all, but when you have no choice like now, you do the thing you're scared shitless of, and you get the courage after you do it, not before you do it.

VIG
That's a dumb-ass way to work. It should be the other way around.

ARCHIE GATES
I know, but that's the way it works.

BACH's "B Minor Mass" plays as the Mercedes, Infiniti, and Rolls-Royce drive across the desert.

SA'ID
It's a total waste for your army to come to Iraq, right.

Troy just looks at him.
SA'ID
It's okay, you can tell me. What did we do? Tell me, you're safe.

He turns off the electric shock controls.

TROY
I heard about some bad shit that happened in Kuwait.

SA'ID
Yes, bad things happened. I'm not proud of that.

TROY
So who's got the sick country?

SA'ID
Maybe Saddam is very crazy, right? And then you are crazy to bomb all of Iraq.

TROY
Too much bombing is crazy, but not saving Kuwait.

SA'ID
You come here to save Kuwait people?

TROY
Yes.

SA'ID
Really?
(to the second Iraqi;
in Arabic)
Get the oil.

Interrogation Guard #2 dips a bucket into an oil drum.

SA'ID
Lots of people in trouble around this world, my man. You don't fight no fahking war for them.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
You invaded another country. You can't do that.

SA'ID
Why not, dude?

TROY
It makes the world crazy. You got to keep it stable.

SA'ID
For what? Your pickup truck?

TROY
For stability. Stabilize the region.

Sa'id pulls a CD from Troy's pocket and jams it into Troy's mouth.

SA'ID
This is your fahking stability, my main man.

Sa'id uses the CD as a ramp to pour crude oil into Troy's mouth from the bucket.

OMITTED

EXT. DUNES - DAY
An empty ridge. The Cadillac shoots over it, arcing down toward the bunker, ENGINE ROARING.
163 EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

It is quiet. A Slim Jim is unwrapped as a Republican Guard slowly raises it to his mouth, bites it, chews, and looks puzzled at the cars approaching in the distance.

164 EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - HIGH WIDE SHOT - DAY

The Cadillac drives fast down the approach road to the bunker.

165 EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

The Republican Guard outside the bunker stares at the approaching car. A gunner on the bunker roof gets ready. The front door Guard holds his rifle ready, and is joined by another guard. The Cadillac pulls up fast, stops, the driver's door pops open and Deserter #1 pops out.

DESERTER LEADER
(frantic)
Saddam is coming and he's pissed
at you for letting him down. He's
going to kill everyone.

He gets back in the Caddy and takes off to the rear of the bunker. The Guards look a bit freaked out by this.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #1
(in Arabic)
Oh my God.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #2
(in Arabic)
That's bullshit.

OASIS BUNKER #3 ROOF REP. GUARD
(in Arabic)
Here he comes.

They see the black Infiniti coming, followed far behind by the limo with mini-Iraqi flags flying, then the Mercedes, then the Rolls.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #1
Saddam is coming to kills us.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #2
Saddam is coming.

They shout into the bunker.
INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #3
Saddam is coming to kill us.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #4
Run for your life.

Two Republican Guards frantically run by on their way out.

EXT. DESERT - OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

Five Republican Guards pour out, and take off into the desert on foot, along with Guard #1 and Guard #2.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - ROOFTOP - DAY

The roof guard lets his tripod machine gun fall flat and runs past a trap door, to the far side of the dirt roof and climbs down.

EXT./INT. INFINITE - RIGHT SIDE OF BUNKER - DAY

Vig hums nervously as he drives around to the right side of the bunker while mellow FRENCH ROCK PLAYS quietly on the CD PLAYER. Twin #1 sits with him. Vig stops 30 yards from the bunker, gets out of the Infiniti with Twin #1. The doors autolock and the ALARM SYSTEM CHIRPS ON.

Vig and Twin look back at the car apprehensively as they stroll over to the pile of wood and metal debris close to the bunker, start moving it, Vig suddenly grabs his hand in pain, pulls a splinter out of his finger. He then sees the wide round vent pipe, pulls out a stick of dynamite wrapped in C-4 embedded with nails, nervously drops it to the ground by accident, Twin #1 picks it up, frantically flicks a lighter, Vig drops the bomb into the pipe. Pause; then a MUFFLED EXPLOSION inside the bunker.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY

Air vents spray sparks as Republican Guard soldiers scramble in the smokey dimness to get out.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #5
(in Arabic)
Do you believe it now?

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #6
(in Arabic)
He's going to kill us all!
INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - DAY

Amir and Twin #2 drive the Rolls to the side door of the bunker and park, blockading the side exit.

INT./EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - SIDE DOOR - DAY

Four Republican Guards panic as they pile up against the rear entrance, and run the other way.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - FRONT - DAY

Archie and Chief get out of the limo and run past four more Republican Guards streaming from the smoking bunker, coughing and choking and go inside, followed by two civilians in uniform.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - ROOFTOP - DAY

Two Republican Guards come out the trap door and point at Vig and the Twin #1 to the side of the bunker.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #7
(screams; in Arabic)
Saddam will not kill me.

Vig's and Twin #1's eyes widen with fear as they run back to the Infiniti and Guard #7 FIRES a PISTOL at Vig while Guard #8 aims a grenade launcher. Twin #1 FIRES recklessly back at them.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - SIDE - DAY

Vig runs back to the Infiniti, finds that it is locked as a CAR ALARM VOICE in ARABIC tells him to step away.

CAR ALARM (V.O.)
(in Arabic)
Step away from the vehicle.

Vig looks inside, sees his big pistol sitting on the front seat. A GUNSHOT SHATTERS the WINDOW, SETTING OFF the car ALARM SIREN. Vig quickly reaches in, grabs his pistol, and bolts just as the grenade launcher nails the Infiniti, bursting it into flames.

VIG
Oh, Jesus Fire --

He runs with Twin #1 toward the front of the bunker; Salon Twin #1 and Vig FIRING at the soldiers on the roof.
Guard #8 is hit in the hand -- turns and sees Amir and Twin #2 FIRING from the other side.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #8
(in Arabic)
Fuck it.

He climbs over the back and runs into the empty desert behind the bunker.

OASIS BUNKER #3 REP. GUARD #7
(in Arabic)
Come on, wait, fuck --

He takes off, too. Amir FIRES after them into the desert, missing.

Archie and Chief run past four other Republican Guards fleeing the bunker in the opposite direction. Chief splits off down one corridor, running, while Archie goes down the other. Amir follows after Chief.

Chief walks down a corridor -- hears banging on a door -- kicks in the door. Amir follows Chief as he enters the room.

A room cluttered with debris, but there is another door at the far side of the room -- where someone is BANGING -- Chief approaches and kicks it repeatedly --

CHIEF
Get back.

Chief SHOOTS the lock on the inner door and it finally opens.

Chief and Amir look inside and see, in a sunken room, 50 more civilians huddled together.
Guard #9 runs hard down an empty corridor, carrying a stack of new Levis -- he approaches a corner, turns it, smashes into Archie, their heads bashing together in a head-rattling collision. They both land on their asses, disoriented, rubbing their heads. They each scramble for their guns on the floor, Archie's is closer, he reaches for it --

Suddenly the Republican Guard flails at Archie like a windmill. They have a crazy, slapping windmill fight, when suddenly the Republican Guard grabs his stack of Levis and runs away.

Vig approaches cautiously from the desert, hears an aircraft, and looks up. An Iraqi HELICOP TER comes in fast and OPENS FIRE with MACHINE GUNS --

VIG
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

Vig runs toward the bunker for cover, but is cut off by MACHINE GUN FIRE from the chopper. Shiites FIRE RIFLES up at the chopper.

Chips of metal and plastic fly off as BULLETS HIT the chopper. ARABIC CHATTER is heard over a CRACKLING RADIO.

POV FROM INSIDE CHOPPER
100 feet below --

Vig, Hairdressing Twin #1, and the six Shiites frantically search for cover.

The Chopper FIRES and one of the Shiites running with Vig is hit in the head, thrown by the force of the gunshot into Vig, who goes down, faking it. The Hairdressing Twin also goes down, faking it.

Vig lies face down, out of breath, with the dead Shiite on top of him while the chopper hovers above.

(CONTINUED)
VIG
Jesus God, I don't want to get hit, please, Jesus, watch over me --

EXT. DESERT - NEAR OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY
The six Republican Guards who took off from the bunker are still running. Their conversation is in Arabic and subtitled in English.

OASIS BUNKER #3 GUARD #8
Let's go back and get them.

OASIS BUNKER #3 GUARD #7
Fuck a donkey, no way.

OASIS BUNKER #3 GUARD #8
There's a chopper, we can do it.

He and another Iraqi stop while the other two keep running.

OASIS BUNKER #3 GUARD #7
They killed your families, you fucking cowards.

The tough Iraqi and his partner, sweating profusely, out of breath, split up and head back toward the bunker.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY
Chief, Amir, and the prisoners run up the stairs towards the front door of the bunker.

EXT./INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - FRONT DOOR - DAY
Chief and Amir move the civilians to the front door. One of the civilians runs outside and is SHOT by the chopper hovering just outside.

AMIR
(to the prisoners)
Stay inside.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY
Archie goes down another corridor, kicks open a door -- it's the bathroom full of stolen stuff and cell phones.
INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - SNOW GLOBE ROOM - DAY
Archie kicks in another door -- a room with shelves full of large snow globes, thousands of them.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY
Archie runs down the corridor, holding his pistol.

INT./EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY
Amir and Chief climb a ladder leading from the inside onto the roof. Hairdressing Twin #2 stays with the people.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - ROOF - DAY
Chief and Amir take positions on the roof. The chopper hovers in front of the bunker.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY
Vig and Hairdressing Twin #1 are pinned down by SNIPER FIRE from the side.

INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
Archie kicks in a door -- it is pitch black -- an emergency light flickers on and off -- revealing the Republican Guard interrogator and the Iraqi Major at the control table, where one tries to fix the emergency light with a screwdriver -- they reach for weapons.

In flickering light -- Archie SHOOTS the Iraqi Major squarely in the chest, then the Republican Guard interrogator -- the only sound is the GUN POPPING and the BULLETS TEARING into their bodies.

Archie turns to Sa'id, who stands next to Troy.

(CONTINUED)
SA’ID

It's okay, buddy, we are just talking now --

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- Archie SHOOTS Sa'id in the thigh. The only sound is the PISTOL SHOOTING, FLESH TEARING.

Blood thinly splatters across Troy's face as Sa'id grimaces and falls to the floor. The light flicks on a few beats, then off a few beats.

Archie rips the wires from the table controls, goes to Troy, unhinges the wire from his jaw.

Sa'id writhes in pain on the ground. Archie takes Sa'id's pistol, snaps open a knife, cuts the cord binding Troy to the chair and gives Troy the pistol.

Troy sits, stained with oil, blood, tears. Troy notices that he's wet his pants. He gets up, looks down at Sa'id on the floor, points the pistol into Sa'id's face, FIRES the GUN repeatedly just to the side of Sa'id's face, into the ground. Sa'id looks terrified, crying. Troy stares back.

Troy and Archie look at each other for an intense moment. Troy stares at Archie, out of breath, worked up, about to cry -- Archie stares back at him, tears in his eyes.

ARCHIE GATES

Let's go.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - ROOF - DAY

Chief is on the roof. He pulls a football bomb out of his bag.

EXT./INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Amir distracts the chopper with GUN FIRE.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - ROOF - DAY

Chief pulls the fuse and unleashes the football.

EXT./INT. CHOPPER - DAY

The chopper turns to face the ball just as it hits the Plexiglas window and bounces off and up and then EXPLODES.
THREE KINGS - Rev. 2/9/99

188E  INT. CHOPPER - DAY
The concussion takes out the interior of the chopper.

188F  EXT. CHOPPER - DAY
The chopper wobbles.
SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: The CHOPPER comes CRASHING to the ground in a heap of metal.

189  INT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - CORRIDOR - DAY
Archie and Troy run down the corridor.

189A thru 189A 
OMITTED

189 thru 193

193  INT./EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - FRONT DOOR - DAY
Archie and Troy stop at the door. The crowd of civilian prisoners is clustering around them at the door.
He looks around.

ARCHIE GATES
Keep those people inside.

CHIEF
(to civilians inside)
Stay there, don't move.

Troy and Chief take rifles from the wounded Republican Guards. Troy looks around. It is eerily quiet.

TROY
(agitated)
Where's Conrad?

They silently scan the wide open scrubby area with their eyes. The wind blows. Archie points his pistol and scans. Chief points his rifle and scans. Tension mounts.

Amir directs the civilians to stay clustered near the bunker.

ARCHIE GATES
Keep your fucking guard up.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
Do we still have the gold?

CHIEF
Yeah, half of it.

TROY
How are we getting back?

CHIEF
We got the Rolls.

An Iraqui soldier jumps up as Archie knocks him to the
ground.

TROY
You got a Rolls? Hey. That's an
Infiniti convertible.

He points to the flaming wrecked Infiniti.

CHIEF
I think he's in shock.

TROY
It's a fucking Infiniti
convertible, isn't it?

CHIEF
Roger that?

TROY
Okay, so I owe you a car. I'm not
in shock.

ARCHIE GATES
We can talk about this later,
okay?

TROY
Freeze --

He points his pistol at Amir, walking up from the side.
Everyone tenses.

ARCHIE GATES
He's with us.

Troy and Amir look at each other a moment. Troy still points
his pistol at Amir. It is quiet; the wind is blowing.

TROY
You're the guy with the little
girl.

(CONTINUED)
AMIR
That's right.

TROY
What are you doing here?

ARCHIE GATES
He helped us find you.

TROY
All right. You're all right.

He hugs Amir. Archie scans nervously.

TROY
How's your girl?

AMIR
She's safe. For the moment.

TROY
Outstanding. Excellent. How can we help?

AMIR
We had a deal to get us to the border, but we need more vehicles for these people.

Troy moves nervously.

TROY
We're gonna work it out. We can do it. We have to work it out.

CHIEF
I'm not sure how. This is a lot of people.

TROY
Okay, you choose who we take. You tell the others it's not convenient, they'll have to die. Hey -- where's Conrad?

Troy and Archie look at each other. It is silent again. Amir hears a NOISE. They all jerk to the side, weapons pointed. The wind blows, silently. They wait.

VIG (O.S.)
Yes. Yes. All right.

They all turn to look.
THREE KINGS - Rev. 1/8/99

195 OMITTED
thru 195
210 thru 210

211 EXT. DESERT - NEAR OASIS BUNKER #3 - WIDE SHOT - DAY
thru 211
216 Vig pops up in the desert, 150 yards away.

VIG
You made it.

Vig comes running.

VIG
I thought that was you. Yeah.

Troy smiles as he steps in the direction of Vig. Suddenly a RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT, Troy jumps.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- Vig is hit in the collar bone, ONLY the SOUND of the BULLET SMASHING his FLESH and BONE. He is jerked, falls to his knees, but gets up, keeps staggering toward Troy, 125 yards away.

Troy looks stunned.

Archie turns sharply to his right and, in pain, wound bleeding, FIRES a RIFLE.

A Republican Guard 150 yards to the side, drops to the ground as Archie and Chief continue to HIT him with GUNFIRE.

Troy runs as hard as he can toward Vig.

ARCHIE GATES

Cover him.

Chief looks around frantically with his pistol pointed. Archie scans the area and directs three civilian riflemen to spread out.

ARCHIE GATES

Lock it down. Shoot anything that moves.

AMIR
(in Arabic)

Shoot them if they move.

Troy runs, catches the staggering Vig in his arms and embraces him. Blood runs from Vig's mouth, onto Troy's shoulder, as Vig tries to talk.

(Continued)
VIG
You made it, man --

Troy cries as he runs with Vig in his arms.

TROY
Help him.

Chief takes Vig from Troy's arms and carefully lays him on the ground, cradling his head in his lap. Vig spits blood.

VIG
What happened to the Jesus fire, Chief?

CHIEF
It's around you right now, man, it works on this side or the other side.

VIG
You never told me that part.

CHIEF
That's what it's all about.

VIG
I'm going to hell for this.

CHIEF
I told you we did exactly what Jesus asked us to do, my man, starting with the gold.

VIG
Lemme go to one of them shrines that erase the bad you did, cuz I'm going to hell for this --

TROY
We made the right choice today, Conrad.

VIG
Yeah, all right, Troy.

The hole in Vig's collar bone is pumping out blood. Troy puts his hands over it. Chief looks sad and scared as he tries to turns Vig's head to help him breathe.
CHIEF

Dear Lord watch over this man,
help him if you can. Our Father
who art in heaven --

Fifty prisoners -- children and adults -- sit on the ground
near the bunker, watch from afar.

Troy stands up looking around helplessly.

TROY

Help.

CHIEF

-- hallowed be Thy name, Thy
kingdom come, Thy will be done, on
earth as it is in heaven --

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT and -- SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- hits
Troy in the lower right chest -- and comes out again
three inches over, piercing a thin piece of his side --
with ONLY the sound of TEARING TISSUE. Troy looks
stunned as he is spun around by the shot.

Archie spins around in the desert and looks at Troy.

ARCHIE GATES

Goddamn it.

He runs hard across the desert toward Troy.

Troy falls next to Vig and they look at each other.

Troy's eyes are wide with pain as he breathes with great
difficulty -- rasping.

INT. TROY'S RIB CAGE

His breathing creates an air pocket, crushing his organs
to the left side.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR OASIS BUNKER #3 - TROY'S POV

LOOKING UP AT Chief, who is saying something to Troy,
there's NO SOUND -- except Troy's LABORED BREATHING.

The POV TURNS TO the side -- Vig is no longer breathing.

Archie and Amir step INTO FRAME. Archie looks down at
Troy, opens his waist pack, pulls out a sterile wrapped
scalpel.

(CONTINUED)
Troy's POVs TURN TO the side --

**FISH-EYE LENS**

The Jaguar pulls up in SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION.

Amir's little girl gets out of the passenger side, SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION, NO SOUND. Amir scolds her and gesticulates, indicating she should be back with the others where it is safe. The little girl embraces Amir and stares down at Troy over her father's shoulder.

EXT. DESERT

Troy's eyes are wide, staring up at the girl as he has great difficulty breathing. Archie rolls Troy's shirt up, exposing Troy's chest, with the bullet wound. Archie points to a spot on Troy's upper chest, near the collar bone --

Chief squeezes a small tube of brown disinfectant gel onto this spot -- the only sounds are the SQUIRT of the OINTMENT and TROY'S BREATHING.

Archie looks nervous, then focused as he brings the shiny metal scalpel down. Troy is in great pain as he watches Archie plunge the scalpel into his upper chest. Archie twists the scalpel to open the incision wide --

There is a pronounced HISSING as trapped AIR RUSHES OUT. Huge relief comes over Troy's face as he breathes normally.

REGULAR SOUND FADES BACK IN, the first sound is the GIRL'S THIN, INTERMITTENT HUMMING --

TROY'S POVs (FROM GROUND)

LOOKING UP.

ARCHIE GATES

I've been waiting 18 years to get that right.

He tears open a short IV tube and plunges the IV into the scalpel hole. There is a small valve on the end of the tube, which he tightens.

A GUNSHOT sounds -- Archie turns and looks over --
EXT. DESERT - OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

Five civilian riflemen chase down and SHOOT, at 30 yards, the last Iraqi gunner in the desert.

Troy sits up slowly and watches for a moment.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - FRONT - LATER

The Twins and Amir wrap Vig's body in cloth while they chant; Troy, Chief, and Archie watch and chant also. Troy cries.

Civilian women and children chant and pray around Vig's corpse as it lies in the open trunk of the Jaguar. Troy and Chief do a muted version of Vig's karate arm dance as they look down at his corpse -- only Vig's closed eyes are visible now.

CHIEF
He wanted to go to one of those shrines.

TROY
(tearful)
Did he say that?

Chief nods.

AMIR
Kajatar in Iran. We can take him.

Archie takes Vig's glasses off.

ARCHIE GATES
Good. Take him there.

Troy tightens Vig's wrapping.

EXT. DESERT/OASIS BUNKER #3 - LATER

Troy sits in a folding chair nearby. He looks pained and uncomfortable.

ARCHIE GATES
Air pressure will build up about every fifteen minutes. Release the valve, close it up again.

Archie unscrews the valve on the tube in Troy's chest, and AIR HISSES out. Troy looks relieved. Archie closes the valve.

(CONTINUED)
TROY
How long can I keep doing this?

ARCHIE GATES
Maybe four hours, if you're not bleeding too bad inside.

TROY
I'm really thirsty.

AMIR
There's no water anywhere.

CHIEF
(to Archie)
You're hooked for the call.

LATER. Archie operates a radio hooked up to a car battery.

ARCHIE GATES
(into the radio)
Bolo, this is Brer Rabbit, do you read me?

TROY
We're going to jail.

ARCHIE GATES
No, we're not.

Chief watches, tense.

ARCHIE GATES
(into the radio)
Bolo, this is Brer Rabbit.

226 EXT. DESERT - WALTER - DAY

Walter drives the dune buggy, nude, wearing his helmet with radio attachment. Cruz and Paco ride along. Walter picks up his handset. Archie is heard in a CRACKLING RADIO transmission.

WALTER
(into radio)
This is Bolo, come in.

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
Where are you?

WALTER
(into radio)
About two clicks outside camp.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
We're about ready for the briar patch, over.

WALTER
(into the radio)
Right.

He looks uncertain, worried. Adriana tries to grab the radio.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Let me talk to him. I want to know where he is.

WALTER
Ma'am, please. I'm transmitting a code goddamn it.

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
You got me, Bolo?

WALTER
I think so -- who handles the briar patch?

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
You do.

WALTER
Oh, okay, and the Tar Baby goes to the briar patch if everything's okay, right?

ARCHIE GATES (V.O.)
No, the other way around.

WALTER
Right. Shit, I don't remember how the code goes, sir, I'm sorry --

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DESERT/OASIS BUNKER #3 - ARCHIE - DAY

who looks exasperated. He is sweating with a fever and his arm hurts.

ARCHIE GATES
I need three personnel trucks and a humvee.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
That's a tall order for a secret op, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
Talk to my friend Teebaux. Each driver will get 100K.

WALTER
Did you say 100K?

ARCHIE GATES
Roger. Brer Rabbit at 239 North. Add one medavac pack to the order, and be sure to bring the reporter.

WALTER
Roger. Give me two hours.

(turns to Adriana)
Don't ever grab my helmet like that, ma'am, not ever. And don't mess with me when I'm working a code.

INT. BUNKER #3 - SNOW GLOBE ROOM - CLOSEUP - SNOW GLOBE - DAY

is shaken and little green dollars swirl inside the little world, settling upon an early desert oasis, old buildings, palm trees, donkeys, Three Kings, peasants carrying the baby Jesus, and a Mobil gas station.

WIDEN to reveal hundreds of snow globes are pulled from the shelves and put into old cloth bags.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER #3 - DAY

Chief cracks open a snow globe with pliers as all the water and dollars drain out. Amir filters the water through a cheese cloth held above an urn.

CLOSE ON PLASTIC THREE KINGS AND BABY JESUS

with the Mobil gas station glistening in the wet palm of Archie's hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Archie looks at the Three Kings in his hand.

(Continued)
Troy cracks open a snow globe, filters water with an Iraqi civilian.

Dozens of civilians are doing the same.

Archie passes an urn to some parched civilians who drink the water thirstily. Troy, Chief do the same. Archie turns to Chief.

ARCHIE GATES
Let's give them their gold; leave ours buried.

Colonel Horn, Captain Van Meter, Company Clerk, look at maps and recon photos.
CONTINUED:

COLONEL HORN
223 north, we got a possible
heavy-duty Saddam bunker there.

Cathy lights a cigarette.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
We could sweep from there over to
the border, sir.

COLONEL HORN
Shouldn't be too hard to spot them
if we're lucky.

A humvee with Teebaux, Walter, and Adriana Cruz, and Paco
drives by behind the oblivious Colonel, leading a convoy
of several trucks.

EXT. DESERT - TRENCH - DAY

Amir and the Twins check the 15 suitcases they have dug up,
while the trench is recovered by Chief and an Iraqi
rebel. The cars are in the b.g. Archie fills a single
rusted oil drum with gold bars and tapes it shut.

EXT. DESERT - TRENCH - LATER

Amir hands two gold bars to a civilian peasant, who takes
them and moves on. There are two long lines of civilian
peasants patiently waiting to get their gold, as it is
handed out by Amir and another civilian, while Archie, Troy,
and Chief watch. Civilians stash their gold bars inside
their clothing and bags.

ARCHIE GATES
Tell them to hide it very
carefully. No one can see it.

AMIR
(in Arabic)
Hide it carefully.

EXT. DESERT - TRENCH - DAY

Everyone sits and waits: Archie, Troy, Chief, Amir, his
daughter, 105 civilian peasants.

Troy looks pained, then releases the VALVE on the tube
sticking through his chest bandage and there is a HISS of
AIR. He looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)
There is the sound of DISTANT MOTORS RUMBLING. An approaching convoy in the desert: three open U.S. personnel trucks (driven by Berm Soldier #5, Camp Soldiers #10, and #11) led by a humvee.

Archie, Troy, Chief, Amir, his daughter, dozens of civilians watch the convoy approaching -- they hold their guns ready.

The U.S. Military trucks and the humvee pull up to the bunker.

Walter stands in the front of the humvee with Teebaux, both wearing sand goggles as they pull up, along with Adriana Cruz and Paco. Walter salutes.

TEEBAUX
Quelle gonzesse, Archie, you got yourself shot.

ARCHIE GATES
Those better be words of sympathy.

Three army drivers (Berm Soldier #5, Camp Soldiers #10, and #11), among them the disillusioned infantrymen interviewed by Adriana Cruz earlier, get out of their vehicles, greeted by Chief, Archie, and Amir.

Walter walks up, carrying a medical pack.

WALTER
You did it, man. We scored.

He bangs Troy's fist in greeting.

WALTER
What's that weird thing in your chest?

PAN TO Chief, as he puts a penicillin IV in Troy's arm. Troy looks at Vig's body, and Walter follows Troy.

WALTER
Oh, shit. What happened? What the fuck happened?

TROY
We had to take care of something bad we walked into.

WALTER
I never saw a dead friend before.

Chief puts his arm on Walter's shoulders.

(CONTINUED)
PAN TO Adriana Cruz...

ADRIANA CRUZ
What the fuck happened?

ARCHIE GATES
I called you, didn't I?

Teebaux pushes an IV needle into Archie's arm and tapes the penicillin sack to Archie's shirt.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Did you find the gold?

ARCHIE GATES
No, that's still somewhere in the desert for all I know, but we lost one of our guys helping these people.

ADRIANA CRUZ
Here's my story, goddamn it, and I don't even want to do it, I mean, Jesus Christ, who cares about a story when these people are so fucked.

Starts crying.

ARCHIE GATES
Shoot the story, help them out.

ADRIANA CRUZ
What a bunch of fucking horseshit, this story won't help anybody but you and me and you know it -- Paco, let's start with these people over here.

She walks off, Teebaux comes up.

TEEBAUX
Where ees bullion at, my man?

ARCHIE GATES
Bullion ees buried. I'll show you after we get these people to the border.

TEEBAUX
Which border?

ARCHIE GATES
Iran. Part of the deal.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

TEEBAUX
C'est super, Archie, you got yourself a pain in ze ass mission of mercy, you stupid fuck.

WALTER
Sorry I fucked the code, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
I doubt they heard us.

TROY
Oh, shit, I called my wife, I told her to call the reserve center.

TEEBAUX
Let's beat it out of here, baby.

Bach's "GLORIA" PLAYS.

Civilians pile into the four open trucks. The lone oil can full of gold is loaded, as well. Amir and his daughter are helped into a truck by Chief. Archie whistles loud from the front seat of the humvee -- which leads the way as the convoy pulls out.

Chief, in the back of a truck with civilians, waves.

Troy smiles as he sits in the back of a crowded truck with Amir, his daughter, and other civilians.

EXT. DESERT/ROAD TO BORDER - HIGH, WIDE CURVING HELICOPTER SHOT - THREE-TRUCK CONVOY

along with the luxury cars, led by the humvee, rolls across the two-lane desert road.

EXT. 437TH CIVIL AFFAIRS COMPANY - DAY

THREE BLACKHAWK CHOPPERS are ROARING on the ground as Captain Van Meter, and Colonel Horn board a chopper. Cathy and her cameraman rush aboard the last chopper.

EXT. DESERT - AT IRAN-IRAQ BORDER - DAY

The humvee slows to a halt.

Archie stands in the front of the humvee with a rifle at his side -- looking straight ahead -- concerned. Troy, Chief, Amir, and daughter stare ahead, concerned.
EXT. IRANIAN BORDER

50 yards ahead -- a low wall of razor wire.

100 yards beyond it, a few Iraqi tanks are lined up along the border, 100 feet apart, stretching into the distance either way. There are 50 Iraqi ground troops standing at the border station, marked by razor wire on the one-lane road.

On the far side of the border, Iranian soldiers with relief workers wearing red crescents wait by white school buses and stare at the American convoy.

EXT. IRAQI SIDE OF BORDER

Archie stares at the border, thinking. Amir helps Troy down from the truck. Chief carries the little girl.

TEEBAUX

What are you seenking?

ARCHIE GATES

I see an opening we can walk through. But it's not wide enough for a truck.

Archie gets out of the humvee and looks at the border.

ARCHIE GATES

We'll walk them to the border. The Iranians will take them. We'll walk back to the trucks and get out of here.

Chief turns and signals to the drivers to come up.

Troy takes the safety off his M-16.

Three U.S. drivers (Soldiers #5, #10, and #11) get out with their rifles ready. They release the safeties. Teebaux stays back to man the mounted machine gun on the humvee. Iraqi soldiers on the border nervously watch the Americans and the civilians, holding their machine guns.

INT. IRAQI TANK - POV THROUGH IRAQI GUN SIGHT - DAY

CROSS HAIRS PAN FROM Chief, TO Troy, TO Amir, TO Archie.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

ARCHIE GATES

Make a close group.

(CONTINUED)
AMIR
(in Arabic; translates)
Make a close group; close.

105 civilians empty the trucks and gather in a crowd that walks toward the border. The Twins men carry Vig's body, wrapped in Arabic cloths.

Archie, Troy, Chief, lead the crowd single file through a narrow opening in the razor wire.

On the other side, the crowd spreads out and keeps walking. Archie, Troy, and Chief walk three abreast, seven feet apart, rifles ready.

Amir and Walter are behind, flanking them.

CLOSE DOLLY SHOT - FACES

Civilian children, women, men, as they fearfully walk toward the border. The three U.S. drivers and Teebaux flank the civilians on either side, rifles ready.

PAN TO -- Troy suddenly drops to one knee.

CHIEF
Let the air out.

TROY
It's not the air, I don't know what it is --

CHIEF
Stay back.

TROY
I'm all right. I'm just dizzy or something --

EXT. IRAN SIDE OF BORDER

Iranian soldiers and relief workers stand watching.

EXT. IRAN SIDE OF BORDER

PAN TO the backs of the Iraqi troops and tanks, and the approaching civilians and Americans, walking in the distance.
Archie helps Troy as they walk three abreast with Chief. CHOPPERS are heard in the DISTANCE. They grow LOUDER. Amir turns and looks back. Archie turns around and looks.

Three Blackhawk choppers approach from the distance.

CLOSE DOLLY Archie.

ARCHIE GATES

Double time.

He lets go of Troy and starts jogging toward the border. Troy cannot jog, he crouches down, and is passed by the others. The civilians look up at the choppers as they jog. Chief and Walter look up also. Archie does not.

Teebaux in the humvee swings the mounted gun up to the CHOPPERS as they pass overhead, LOUD.

PAN UP TO three Blackhawks hover over everyone's heads and land in the fifty yards between Archie and the border, blocking his path, blowing up dust.

Archie, Troy, Chief, Amir, the civilians turn and wince in the blowing sand.

Ten U.S. military police jump from the landing choppers, followed by another ten U.S. troops with rifles, including Berm Soldier #1.

Iraqi soldiers watch apprehensively.

MP's grab Archie, Troy, and Chief, and pull them away from the civilians.

Troy shouts OVER the CHOPPERS.

TROY

Wait.

U.S. soldiers push the civilians toward the border.

The civilians, including the Twins carrying Vig's body, run toward the border unaccompanied by American protection.
ARCHIE GATES
Let them get over the border.

Troy pulls away from the MP’s, resisting arrest.

TROY
Let them get over, wait --

Plastic handcuffs are put onto Troy, behind his back.

TROY
I have to reach this --

Archie and Chief, not resisting, are handcuffed in front --

ARCHIE GATES
Put his cuffs in front.

He and Chief are pulled away from Troy.

Iraqi soldiers take the civilians prisoner, grabbing them, throwing some to the ground. Troy looks over his shoulder at this as Amir’s Daughter is ripped from his arms and he is thrown to the ground and dragged.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Not our mission, Barlow.

Troy grimaces on the ground, he can’t breathe, but the cuffs prevent him from releasing his valve. American soldiers watch, upset.

TROY
Cut my cuffs --

Captain Van Meter leans down to Troy. He shouts OVER the CHOPPERS.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
You fucked me and you’re fucked now, so shut your goddamn mouth.

(CONTINUED)
CHIEF
He's gonna die.

Troy lies on the ground suffocating. Archie drags the MP holding him as he goes to Colonel Horn.

ARCHIE GATES
Goddamn it, Ron, give him medical attention --

COLONEL HORN
We are not involved in this problem, Major, do you understand me? You are AWOL, you are a fugitive, you are under arrest.

ARCHIE GATES
Cut his cuffs.

PAN ACROSS Paco taping --

COLONEL HORN
Turn that damn camera off.

He walks up and forcibly pushes the camera to the ground, Van Meter pushes Paco's camera down.

ADRIANA CRUZ
That's a 75 thousand dollar camera, fuckwad --

COLONEL HORN
What the fuck are they doing here?

Cathy fights violently to keep her camera shooting as an MP struggles with her.

CATHY
Son of a bitch, let go.

SERGEANT
I thought she was authorized --

COLONEL HORN
They are not fucking authorized, for Christ's sake --

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER
Troy writhes on the ground.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Berm Soldier #1 stares -- upset by what's happening, reaches in his pocket, pulls out a hunting knife, pops the blade, crouches down to Troy, exchanges a look with the MP standing by, and cuts Troy's plastic cuffs. Troy reaches with difficulty to the valve on his chest and turns it -- and breathes.

Archie looks at Troy, then up at the border.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

A civilian SHOOTS an Iraqi guard; in turn the civilian is SHOT and killed. Other civilians are being lined up in a firing squad. Vig's body is dropped in the sand.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

ARCHIE GATES
You're gonna let this shit happen?
You want that to be the story?

COLONEL HORN
There's gonna be no story, they're shut down, you know my fucking orders.

Archie looks at the border as the Twins plead for mercy.

ARCHIE GATES
We got the gold.

COLONEL HORN
What?

ARCHIE GATES
We got the Kuwaiti bullion.

COLONEL HORN
Bullshit.

Archie pulls away from the MPs holding him and runs toward the lead truck -- where MPs grab and wrestle him down.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

ARCHIE GATES
Pull that barrel.

COLONEL HORN
Pull it.

(CONTINUED)
An MP jumps into the truck, pushes the barrel over; thirty gold bars spill to the sand.

The General looks at the gold. Troy and Chief, held in custody, watch. Adriana watches, looks at Archie.

The General makes a "cut" signal to the choppers -- and the CHOPPER ENGINES CUT OFF and WHIR DOWN; it grows quiet.

The U.S. soldiers -- holding Walter and the drivers in custody -- stand and watch Archie.

    COLONEL HORN  
    How much do you have?

    ARCHIE GATES  
        Four tons.

General Horn picks up a gold brick.

    COLONEL HORN  
    Where's it at?

    TROY  
    Get them over first.

    ARCHIE GATES  
        They helped us get it, Ron. I made a deal, and that's soldier's honor. You can't fuck them now.

General Horn looks at Archie.

    ARCHIE GATES  
        You can return this gold, save some refugees, be a big hero, clinch your star.

Everyone stares at General Horn.

After a pause, the General FIRES his PISTOL into the air.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

Iraqi soldiers freeze as they are about to fire on the civilians.

    COLONEL HORN  
    Roll the cameras. Let's go, Doug.

Captain Van Meter and General Horn walk forty yards to the frozen Iraqi soldiers and the terrified civilians.

(CONTINUED)
CATHY DAITCH
In a morbid tableau these men have recovered some of the gold stolen from Kuwait --

ADRIANA CRUZ
-- in violation of American policy, saved over a hundred refugees who tried in vain to bring down Saddam Hussein --

Archie, Troy, Chief in handcuffs with MPs, watch.

Walter and the other U.S. soldiers watch from afar as Captain Van Meter and General Horn walk into the midst of Iraqi soldiers.

COLONEL HORN
Who's in charge here?

An older Iraqi general steps forward and salutes.

COLONEL HORN
We have to talk about this situation.

Archie, Troy, Chief, U.S. soldiers watch from a distance.

ARCHIE'S POV (FROM AFAR)
General Horn talks to the Iraqi general.

BACK TO SCENE
U.S. soldiers watch.

TROY'S POV (FROM AFAR)

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER
General Horn and Captain Van Meter walk back toward them.
It is quiet. No one says anything.
The CHOPPER ENGINES SLOWLY WHINE into gear.
Colonel Horn walks over to Troy, Archie, and Chief.

(CONTINUED)
COLONEL HORN
You are under arrest. You are going to be court-martialed. And you will show us where the bullion is right now.

He walks into a CHOPPER, which is now REVVING at full speed.

PAN TO Troy, Archie, Chief turn to the border and watch. Walter, the handcuffed drivers, the MPs and other U.S. soldiers also watch.

EXT. IRAN/IRAQ BORDER

The civilians are released by the Iraqis. They collect themselves and gather in a group. The Twins walk with the rest of the group over the border, with Vig's wrapped body, and is received by the relief workers.

Troy, Archie, Chief watch. A U.S. SOLDIER whistles through the LOUD CHOPPERS.

CAMP SOLDIER #10

Yeah.

Then another soldier joins in, whistling and clapping. Then another soldier, until all twenty U.S. soldiers and MPs present are whistling and cheering Troy, Archie, and Chief as they stand there while the CHOPPERS THROB.

Fifty yards away: Amir holds his daughter, on the Iran side, about to get into a Red Cross bus.

Amir and his daughter wave and the Twins wave.

Archie raises his handcuffed wrists to wave back; Troy and Chief follow, raising their cuffed hands to wave.

FREEZE FRAME.

"I Get Around" by the BEACH BOYS KICKS ON.

TEXT OVER BLACK

"Troy Barlow, Archie Gates, and Chief Elgin were court-martialed and convicted of disobeying orders and the wrongful death of Conrad Vig.

They each served eighteen months in a military prison. Adriana Cruz and Cathy Daitch’s testimony resulted in reduced sentences.

Troy Barlow runs his own carpet company in Torrance, CA."
"I GET AROUND" CONTINUES. Troy excitedly gives instructions to workers carrying out big rolls of carpet. He wears a short sleeved white shirt and a dark tie. His wife gives his two-year-old daughter to him as she holds a new baby and Troy uses a respiratory inhaler.

TEXT OVER BLACK

"Chief Elgin applied to the U.S. Army Rangers, but was denied. He then turned down Troy Barlow's offer to partner in the carpet business and plans to join Archie Gates' company."

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - JETWAY (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES. Chief Elgin, wearing nice travel attire and carry a small suitcase, walks along the tarmac with ticket in hand. He shakes hands with three baggage loaders and waves to two more riding in baggage carriers as he heads toward an airplane.

TEXT OVER BLACK

"Archie Gates became a military consultant in Hollywood."

FILM SET (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES. Archie on a film set, wearing sunglasses, shows an action star how to push away the barrel of a bad guy's rifle.

TEXT OVER BLACK

"Saddam Hussein is still in power. Iraqi refugees are still in Iran. Late in 1991, Iraq returned the gold to the government of Kuwait... which claimed that some was missing."

FADE OUT.

THE END