

SOMALILAND

Written by

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Based on true events

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BLACK SCREEN

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

Fresh from its triumph in Operation DESERT STORM, the administration of President George H. W. Bush felt it could not ignore the situation, despite the obvious risks of intervening in a country still at war with itself.

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

U.S. Army Center of Military History

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMALIA - MOGADISHU BEACH - MORNING

Camera crews jockey for position as they film U.S. Special Forces storm the beach. Camera lights shine in soldier faces. They place their hands in front of their face to shield the bright lights. Their surprise arrival is blown.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOGADISHU BEACH - D DAY

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

Throughout the sequence we see shots of a young man as he jogs along the beach. This is Navy Intelligence Specialist Third Class (IS3), SHANE LOPEZ, 19, skinny, auburn hair, pale white.

Various images have him nonchalantly pulling his car up to his house. Takes a shower. Gets dressed. Drives along the San Diego freeway. It's breath taking. Life is good.

INT. SHANE'S CAR - LATER

Sunshine beams through the windows of the car. 75 degrees.

SHANE grabs his coffee and takes a sip.

Flips on the radio. News break in progress.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

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

SHANE

(sarcastically)

Blah, blah, blah.

He reaches to switch the channel to Howard Stern, who also mentions Somalia.

His eyes veer from the road to glance at the radio.

SHANE

That's weird.

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

SHANE steps out of his car. Puts on his ball cap that has Felix the Cat holding a bomb that says VF-31 TOMCATTERS.

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

EXT. MIRAMAR NAVAL AIR STATION - FLIGHT LINE

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

Whips out his military I.D card to the gate guard. Guard waves him through.

Looks left across the flight-line. Sees a freshly painted, immaculately decorated Navy TOP GUN Fighter Weapons School. Slick airplane patches lace the top of the building. Brightly colored F-14s perfectly aligned.

Back to his hangar. Chipped paint, grease with exhaust blast marks on the walls. Two worn deep-gray F-14s in the hangar bay, four more on the flight-line.

Sailors and pilots work to prepare them for flight.

INT. SHANE'S SQUADRON - HALLWAY - LATER

Approaches his office. Sign door, "INTELLIGENCE OPS OFFICE".

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

VF-31 Intel Officer LIEUTENANT STEVENS, short, muscular.  
VF-31 Leading Petty Officer, CHRIS BANKS, frumpy, lazy demeanor sit in wait for SHANE.

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

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
IS3 pull up a chair.

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

SHANE  
(concerned)  
What is it Sir?

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

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

Rubs the back of his head.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
-- you've heard about Somalia.

SHANE  
Heard 'bout it briefly drivin' in.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

They've requested intel guys to support the effort.

SHANE

(shocked)

Me? There's tons of us around. Plus we just got back. I'm confused. Isn't it about Marines goin' in. What would they need with a junior Navy guy like me? Especially one who knows **nothing** about what's goin' on over there?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

We're confused about that too.

SHANE

Sir, I don't even know what ships are out there. I'll be the outsider that's dropped in. You know how outsiders are treated when they're dropped in the middle of a cruise.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

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

SHANE

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

(to Chris)

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

Shane runs his fingers through his hair in frustration.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

(to Chris)

IS2 will take you to Pendleton to make sure its goes smoothly.

(to Shane)

But you now know as much as I do.

SHANE

I'm speechless.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

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

SHANE

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

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

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

Stevens slaps him on the knee. Walks out.

SHANE

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

CHRIS

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

SHANE

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

CHRIS

(laughs)

Now that's a great movie.

SHANE

What? It's not funny Chris.

CHRIS

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

INT. SHANE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

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

INSERT BOOK, which reads:

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

BACK TO OFFICE

Slams the book shut. Stares outside the window.

FLASHBACK - INT. NAVY RECRUITING CENTER - DAY

Shane sits across the desk from a young energetic Navy recruiter. Uncle Sam, Navy ship, airplane posters on wall.

RECRUITER

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

END FLASHBACK

SHANE

Well that's bullshit.

INT. ADMINISTRATION DEPT. - MOMENTS LATER

Barges into the admin office. Waves his ballcap around.

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

SHANE

(to all)

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

NICK

(laughs)

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

TOM

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

SHANE

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

TOM

Bullshit. Keep my name out of it!

SHANE

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

NICK

No more then 270 days.

SHANE

(irate)

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

TOM

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 1 - NEAR CAMP PENDLETON - MORNING

CHRIS's truck travels along Highway 1. Light traffic. Pacific Ocean waves beautifully wash along the shore.

INT. MARINE CORPS BASE - CAMP PENDLETON - CHRIS'S TRUCK -  
LATER

Chris's truck slowly approaches the gate. Cars align single file to get through.

Show their I.D's to guards. Guards wave them through.

Marine Corps red and yellow accents everywhere. Marines march and run in formation.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARINE CORPS BASE, CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA.

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

INT. 1 MEF PARKING LOT - CHRIS'S TRUCK - LATER

They drive to the 1 MEF main office. It's old, gray with red brick accents on building. Resembles Vietnam era.

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

CHRIS gets out quickly. Slams truck door. Puts hat on.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SHANE  
Screw this. I'm go'in in.

Closes his notebook. Grabs his ballcap.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

SHANE approaches the stairs.

A Young African-American MARINE CAPTAIN steps through the door. Tall, stoic, intimidating, chiseled from stone. Carries a box with both hands. Steps down the stairs.

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

Marine Captain stares angrily as he nears Shane.

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

Shane speeds up. Passes him quickly.

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

Drops his box. Charges straight toward him.

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

Puts his finger six inches from Shane's face.

MARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 (yells)  
 What? I don't deserve a salute?  
 You don't like black officers?

SHANE  
 (choppy and scared)  
 Nnnooo sir.

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

SHANE  
 I'm so sorry, sir.

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

SHANE  
 Sir, it will never happen again.

He picks up his box hastily. Walks away.

Shane turns and stares into the parade field.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Bustles with soldiers who carry paperwork and assorted gear.

CHRIS grabs SHANE by the arm. Step in unison to the desk.

SERGEANT  
Do you have your orders?

SHANE  
Yes Sergeant. Here you go.

Sergeant's finger flips through tattered spreadsheets.

SERGEANT  
Petty Officer Lopez?

Looks oddly at Shane's name tag. Then shakes his head.

SHANE  
Yes. IS3 Lopez.

SERGEANT  
You were sent here as Intel?

SHANE  
Yes, Sir.

SERGEANT  
Just Sergeant. I'm not a Sir.

Flips through names and assignments from his spreadsheet.

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

SHANE  
Nothing, just show up and report.

SERGEANT

Hold on.

Checks paperwork again. Confused.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

You might need to report back to  
your base...might not need you.

SHANE

Awesome!

Smiles and slaps Chris on the back.

SERGEANT

I'll be right back. Stand over  
there and I'll get back to you.

They move to the opposite side of the crowded room next to a young Navy Intel Specialist Third Class Petty Officer, DAVE WALSH, dirty blonde, gangly, greasy, pimpled face, and ill-fitting uniform.

SHANE

(to Dave)

Same problem?

DAVE

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

SHANE

Where about's that?

DAVE

Whidbey.

SHANE

Seattle, right?

DAVE

Yep.

SHANE

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

DAVE

Air Wing. A-6's.

SHANE  
Cool. F-14s on the Vinson.

DAVE  
No shit! We're both on the Vinson?

Sergeant waves them over. As if their going to the execution chair.

SERGEANT  
According to your orders the both of you have Top Secret clearances. Is that correct?

SHANE AND DAVE  
Correct.

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

SHANE  
SSO?

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

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

DAVE  
That's bullshit. Who can I talk to?

SERGEANT  
You're talkin' to him.

Sergeant hurriedly stamps their orders.

DAVE  
Is that it?

SERGEANT  
Yep, now go. I have others to process.

Sergeant steps away.

SHANE  
(to Chris)  
Is this how this works?

Chris places his hands on both of their shoulders.

CHRIS

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

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

They stroll down the steps and to the parking lot.

Hands waving back and forth. Clearly frustrated.

DAVE

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

He punches imaginary objects in the air.

DAVE

I'm gonna go get a smoke and hit  
the head. You smoke?

SHANE

Nah. Go ahead. I'll wait here.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PARKING LOT

A young female Marine, RACHEL MARKS, solid build, serious  
countenance approaches. Car keys in hand.

RACHEL

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

SHANE

Shows that bad?

RACHEL

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

SHANE

We're gettin' the shaft.

RACHEL

Isn't that what the military does?

SHANE  
(shakes head)  
Ain't that the truth.

RACHEL  
You headed to Somalia?

SHANE  
Yah. You?

RACHEL  
Leave at the end of the week.

SHANE  
Looks like we're goin' together.

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

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

RACHEL  
If you're lucky.

Hits him on the arm as she walks away. He stares at her.

DAVE walks up from the smoking pit.

DAVE  
Who was that witch?

SHANE  
Don't know but she's hot.

DAVE  
Hot's not the word. More like  
she'd kick your ass. I hate chicks  
like that. Need 'em small, petite.

SHANE  
Then she's all mine.

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

SHANE  
Ankles? What're you talkin' about?

DAVE  
Everyone knows. Marine chicks have  
thick ankles.

SHANE  
Never heard of it. And Navy?

DAVE  
Large hips! Dungarees make 'em 10  
times worse.

SHANE  
Now I know your full of shit.

DAVE  
True bro. Trust me, I know.

CHRIS comes down the steps looking perplexed.

CHRIS  
Sorry fellas. He basically kicked  
me out. We have four days.

SHANE AND DAVE'S MILITARY GEAR CHECKOUT - MONTAGE

SHANE and DAVE get medical shots. Wince at each prick. Get  
camouflage uniforms. Tug on pants and boots. Wrestle with  
flak jackets. Drop helmet. Sign mounds of paperwork.

BACK TO:

EXT. WEAPONS ISSUE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

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

Solders hustle inside. Grab weapons. Handle paperwork.

MARINE  
My orders Sergeant.

SERGEANT  
Thanks Corporal. What type of  
weapon would you like?

MARINE  
M16 would be preferred Sergeant.

Sergeant rustles through papers and turns around.

SERGEANT  
(to colleague)  
Retrieve one of the M16's on the  
shelf would ya?

He hands it to the soldier. Points to the paper.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Sign here.

Corporal grabs the pen, signs and hands it back. Sergeant  
slides him the weapon and ammo clips. Corporal inspects the  
serial numbers. Departs.

SHANE strolls to the window.

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

DAVE  
Don't think so.

SHANE  
(to Sergeant)  
Petty Officer Lopez. They tell me  
I need a gun. My orders, Sir.

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

SHANE  
(to Dave. jokes)  
Whatcha got?

DAVE laughs.

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

SHANE  
(nonchalant)  
Nope.

SERGEANT  
9MM it is then.

SHANE  
Never handled one of those either.

SERGEANT  
(authoritatively)  
Listen here.

Squints at Shane's name tag.

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

SHANE  
Jeez. Okay.

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

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(to Dave)  
Look what he gave me. What the  
heck am I supposed to do with this  
stuff now?

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

CUT TO:

INT. CALIFORNIA - TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE - STAGING HANGAR -  
MORNING

Volunteers stand behind tables. Offer bathroom essentials,  
sandwiches, and baby wipes which substitute for showers.

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

SHANE  
Hi, ma'am. How are you?

LADY  
Fine, son. And you?

SHANE

Can't lie. Bit nervous.

LADY

Certainly understandable young man.

She reaches for sandwiches. Grabs a handful.

LADY (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

Sounds great. Cant bear the thought of eatin' those darn MRE's. My goal is to never eat one and get back home as soon as possible.

He stuffs as many as he can in his bag.

DAVE

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

SHANE

What's that supposed to mean? I predict we're in and out, four weeks tops!

DAVE

(points to sandwiches)

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

SHANE

I don't know. I'll wing it but I'm hopin' for the best. Give me a break. I'm used to lobster every Friday on the ship and all I've heard is how shitty these MREs are. Try my damndest not to touch one.

DAVE

Good luck with that. You'll be tryin' all 10 flavors very soon.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Desert brown covered Marines. Duffel bags and M16s anchor to every back. SHANE and DAVE trail in line out of the 747.

INT. 747 AIRPLANE - COACH SEATING - DAY

Marines talk, play cards, read, and sleep.

Flight attendants walk the aisles serve drinks and snacks.

INT. COACH SEATING - LATER

Atmosphere becomes lively as the plane approaches Somalia.

Soldiers finish drinks and wrap-up card games.

Flight attendants clear and clean the cabin.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

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

Cabin erupts in a thunderous cheer and Marine HOORAH!

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

We have just about 10 minutes before our touchdown in Mogadishu. However, we've received comms from the tower informing us that a small portion of the runway is unstable. It is still somewhat within specs for us to land. We need each of you to firmly secure yourselves and everything around you.

Flight attendants calmly help soldiers secure gear.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

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

SHANE

What the hell, man?

DAVE

We're gonna die before we even get there.

SHANE

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

Sweat builds on foreheads.

DAVE

We're fucked.

INT. COACH SEATING - LATER

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

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

MARINE (O.C.)

What the hell? What are we supposed to do?

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

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

DAVE

If we arrive!

EXT. 747 AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Airplane shudders. Airplane flaps move up and down. Wheels deploy. Lock into place shaking the cabin. Hydraulic sounds reverberate each seat.

INT. COACH SEATING

SHANE lifts his head enough to look out the window.

SHANE

Looks like a bomb hit this place.

Small fires and smoke throughout the city.

DAVE

Get back down man!

SHANE

Okay, okay. I just wanted to see.

He moves back into position quickly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

10 seconds! This sucks.

DAVE

Damn it. We better --

The airplane takes a hard dip.

MARINES (O.C.)

-- fuck. Shit.

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

DAVE

Shit! Shit!

SHANE

Oh Lord. Please help us to stop.

Tires screech. White smoke billows from them. Drift past the windows. Engines roar. They come to a forced halt. Everyone lunges forward. Seat belts put to the test.

DAVE

We made it! Fuck yeah, bro!

Cheers from the cabin abound.

PLANE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

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

EXT. MOGADISHU - AIRFIELD - DAY

The airfield is in shambles. Bullet holes and worn paint on every hangar and building. Sand sprinkled along the runway. People, military vehicles, gear everywhere.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOGADISHU, SOMALIA. (D+4)

EXT. TARMAC

747 off-loads gear.

Streams of soldiers march down staircases.

Step through the 747 door.

SHANE and DAVE are in shock.

DAVE

Holy hell.

(scans the airfield)

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

EXT. TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

Marine CHAPLAIN assists soldiers. He's old, grey hair and confident. Points to truck convoy. Gives a salute. They walk off. SHANE wanders over.

SHANE

Sir, do you have a second?

Squints at Shane's military insignia. Adjusts his glasses.

CHAPLAIN

(surprised)

Navy huh? Haven't seen one of you around here yet. What can I do for you son?

SHANE

Sir, I hate to bother you but I'm a little confused.

Scratches his head.

CHAPLAIN

With what son?

SHANE

There doesn't appear to be  
billeting.

(turns in every  
direction)

Do you by chance know where the  
barracks are 'cause I don't see  
them.

Continually scans the airport.

CHAPLAIN

Barracks. Son this is not  
Pendleton.

SHANE

Really?

Sweat pours from his brow.

CHAPLAIN

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

SHANE

Yes. Have my grandma's in my pack.

CHAPLAIN

Good. Been to some of the most  
difficult places on earth.  
Vietnam, Grenada, Iraq. None worse  
than this.

SHANE

What should I do?

CHAPLAIN

Let me keep it simple for you.

Approaches him. Eyes meet.

Lays one hand on his shoulder. Hands him bug spray.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

This is going to be the worst  
experience of your life, son. Now  
put on some bug spray, and plenty  
of it, and head over there to get  
on one of those trucks. They'll  
take you where you need to go.

EXT. TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

DAVE  
What'd he say?

SHANE  
We're fucked.

Puts his hands on his hips.

Scans horizon like an astronaut who's landed on the moon.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

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

SHANE sees RACHEL and waves.

SHANE  
(smiles)  
Fancy seein' you here.

RACHEL  
Yeah, made a wrong turn back there.

Points to the beach.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Excited to see me?

SHANE  
(laughs)  
You're a sight for sore eyes.

RACHEL  
Wow, you're not too forward.

SHANE  
I didn't mean it that way.

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

SHANE  
Hard not to when I've never been boots on the ground.

RACHEL  
Don't worry, we'll train ya up. I'll be at the Embassy with ya.

Trucks in the distance start.

SHANE  
Is there really no barracks?

RACHEL  
(laughs)  
Barracks? You're such a rookie.  
'fraid not sport. Just us and the  
open plains. Tents and showers  
won't be here for weeks.

Marines yell orders.

RACHEL  
(points to trucks)  
Your chariot awaits!

SHANE  
Yeah, better go. See you there.

Rachel walks off briskly.

RACHEL  
(whispers)  
I hope to see you too.

EXT. MAIN GATE - LATER

Barren landscape. Clusters of Somali "aqals" clan huts.  
Emaciated Somali children smile. Flowers and kisses are  
thrown at the convoy. Women hold crying babies.

CONVOY LEADER  
(to all)  
Lock and load!

Convoy of 20 trucks leave at 15 MPH. Engines roar. Small  
black clouds rise from exhaust pipes. Chamber weapons.

EXT. MOGADISHU - STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

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

Roads deteriorated. Distinguished by Somalis lining street.

Every structure is broken, chipped, scratched, burnt, or

destroyed. Barbed-wire, and iron spikes top large concrete walls. Mostly surround white houses with aqua-blue accents.

EXT. CITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The convoy flows evenly around the largest roundabout. A tattered statue of a woman holds a baby in the middle. Bullet marks each and every portion it.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT

Marines drag open heavy metal gates. Convoy pulls in. One by one they unload.

One 5-ton overflows with cots. Stops abruptly. A MARINE SERGEANT jumps out. Slams the door.

MARINE SERGEANT

(to all)

Pay attention, people. Gather 'round.

(hands wave in)

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

Turns around. Points to the 5-ton.

MARINE SERGEANT

It holds your own personalized bed, room, and living quarters all in one. Can't get much luckier than that?

(yells to dump truck)

Let 'em loose!

Hand waves in circular motion.

Dump truck hydraulics start. Truck bed raises. Back flap opens. Cots slide from bed to ground in a cloud of dust.

DAVE

What the fuck?

SHANE

I don't know how to put one of those damn things together.

DAVE  
You worry to much. I'll help you  
figure it out.

SHANE  
Fuck all that. Where's the  
bathroom?

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

Dave points to the corner of the Embassy perimeter.

DAVE  
That's it? And if you need to take  
a shit.

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

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

DAVE  
(laughs)  
Welcome to the suck.

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

DAVE  
Cause I got a big dick!

EXT. US EMBASSY - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

SHANE grabs a cot from the heap. Hauls it under a random  
tree. Puts his gear under his cot.

Grabs a sandwich from his pack.

SHANE  
Ahhh, peanut butter.

Holds it up.

DAVE

You haven't ran out yet?

SHANE

Nope. Should last me another couple of days.

DAVE

Then what?

Shrugs his shoulders.

DAVE

Well I know. You'll be eat'in these MREs just like me.

(shakes an MRE)

Fav' so far is the ham slice. Delicious.

SHANE

Ham slice? Sounds gross.

DAVE

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

SHANE

What else is in those things?

DAVE

Here take a look.

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

SHANE

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

Holds up a small package of toilet paper.

SHANE

A small roll of toilet paper. Not enough but it's the thought that counts I guess. Hmmm, a small baby bottle of Tabasco, tootsie roll, salt, sugar, creamer and fruity drink mix. Damn, they got everything in here. Is it the same in each one?

DAVE

Some have peanut butter and jelly and other types of crackers. It's a smorgasbord of goodness my friend. You're missin' out. The one weird thing though is that I've been eating these for a couple days and haven't shit once.

SHANE

Really? Not good bro, especially in a place like this. Enjoy your smorgasbord while I eat my homemade sandwich.

EXT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

They sit on green metal cots and eat.

SHANE

(points)

What the hell is that?

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

DAVE

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

SHANE

Never heard of one. Look awesome. Whadda they do?

DAVE

A marine told me they're Nepolese. Brits hire 'em for security.

SHANE

Really? I need to get a picture with one of those dudes.

DAVE

Don't ever approach 'em. They don't talk to anyone and if you get too close they'll chop a finger, hand or something else off...without question.

SHANE

No shit?

DAVE

Dead serious. If they take their sword out somethin' bads 'bout to happen. Look at him walk. People just part for him. Even the Somalis know not to mess with that dude.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Camo netting provides a protective shield from the elements.

SHANE crawls in his cot.

SHANE

What's that sound?

He turns over. Gets his flashlight. Points it up and turns it on. Bugs cover all sides of his netting.

SHANE (CONT'D)

What the hell? There must be a thousand bugs out there.

He stares up at the stars. Bugs scamper across the netting.

Noise from bugs keep him awake.

SHANE (CONT'D)

This is crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - MORNING

Smoke soot covers the top one third of the room.

Standing room only. Maps of Mogadishu stretch across walls. 1 MEF Intel Ops Chief, MAJOR PUTNY, immaculate shave, tight haircut leads the briefing.

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

MAJOR PUTNY

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

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

CAPTAIN STYLES

There are 50 clans throughout the city.

(pointer hits maps)

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

The maps divided into numbered grids.

SHANE

(whispers to Dave)

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

DAVE

Better keep your shit together bro.

CAPTAIN STYLES

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

DAVE

(whispers to Shane)

Famous last words.

CAPTAIN STYLES

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

Shane and Dave raise their hands.

SHANE AND DAVE

Here Sir.

The group parts. He sees Shane and Dave. His eyes get large for a microsecond. He clearly remembers Shane.

CAPTAIN STYLES

Good.

DAVE

Yep. We're screwed.

MAJOR PUTNY

We also expect everyone to be on the roads providing assistance and intel. Now lets move out.

INT. ENTRANCE TO INTEL OPS CENTER - AFTERNOON

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

SHANE sits behind the desk.

RACHEL walks up with a grin.

SHANE

Hey girl, what's up?

RACHEL

Seein' what's up with you.

SHANE

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

RACHEL

I'm ok, question is how 'bout you?

SHANE

Just left the morning intel brief. Styles is the dude that almost kicked my ass in Pendleton.

RACHEL

Oh yah? Just do your job and you'll be fine. Now tell me what's goin' on?

SHANE

Dave and I'll be point for reading out imagery from the air missions.

RACHEL

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

SHANE

Wouldn't think so either. That's the problem. We don't know. When I see the imagery I will. Never mind all that. I hurt my hand yesterday helping Dave moving those stupid water bottles.

RACHEL

Those things are heavy. Let me see.

She grabs his hand. Inspects them. Then rubs.

SHANE

(surprised)

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

Their eyes connect. Smile.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

RACHEL

Thanks. It's difficult being here too. This place is hands down the worst place ever. **No** training in the world can prepare you for what's here, let alone live in it.

SHANE

I feel the same way. I'm not made for this grunt shit. No offense. The constant gunfire is terrifying, and these people! Its crazy how they can treat each other so badly. It's like the Hatfields and McCoys but instead of two rival families, it's 50, and that's just in the city! We're smack dab in the middle of a thousand year old feud.

Looks down at his hands while she rubs them.

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

SHANE  
 Especially Major Jessica Rabbit!

RACHEL  
 Who?

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

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

Cups her hands up to her chest.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 She's one of a kind and doesn't  
 give me the time of day.

SHANE  
 But I'm sure there are some cool  
 guys here that you can talk to,  
 right?

RACHEL  
 You'd think so, but if I even look  
 twice at any of them, they  
 automatically want in my pants.

She stares at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry. You at least listen  
 to me. Means a lot. But you're  
 probably just like the rest and  
 want to get in my pants too!

Looks down at the floor. Then up to his eyes.

SHANE  
 Is it that obvious?

He blushes. She lets go quickly. Smacks him on the knee.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Just kiddin' but you know what you make me do when were together? You make me forget this place a little.

Wrings his hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)

The starving kids. When they chew on that Khat they're like walkin' zombies and then they do the most stupid things. Things that get 'em killed.

RACHEL

What is that Khat stuff anyway?

SHANE

I heard its a plant they chew to for their hunger. They normally chew it in the mornin' for some reason and it makes 'em hallucinate.

RACHEL

It's makes them zombie like.

SHANE

You know the thing I miss so far?

RACHEL

What?

SHANE

Carpet.

RACHEL

(perplexed)

Carpet?

SHANE

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

RACHEL

I really haven't given it much thought, but I know what you mean. Its not the easiest thing to get used to but we're used to living uncomfortably. Expectations become pretty low. So a place like this, with just the simplest of amenities, like say a place to just hang your clothes, seems not too bad. Pretty pathetic huh?

SHANE

No, not really if you put it that way. I think I'm slowly being assimilated. Just yesterday I actually stared and smiled just seeing rolled toilet paper. Now that's pathetic.

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MORNING

SERGEANT

(to all)

Attention. Gather around.

GUNNY

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

Gunny raises a little white packet.

DAVE

(whispers)

Looks like a condom.

Low laughing all around.

GUNNY

Petty officer Walsh. Did I hear you correctly?

DAVE

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

Stares at DAVE.

GUNNY

Well then. Need you to stop thinking and listen for once. That shouldn't be too hard.

SHANE

(whispers)  
Chill out, fucknut.

DAVE

(whispers)  
Okay. Okay. Calm down.

GUNNY

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

Silence.

GUNNY (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

Yes, of course Gunny.

Shane looks over at Dave.

SHANE

(whispers)  
See what you did dickhead?

DAVE

Whaaat?

GUNNY

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

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MOMENTS LATER

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

SHANE

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

Unfolds it. Raises the one inch by eight inch long paper.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Look at these list of side effects?  
(squints at paper)

It says not to take it if you operate heavy machinery, aircraft, perform surgery or technical activities. What the fuck do they consider a tank, Cobra or 40,000 guys with M-16s? Stupid asses.

DAVE

Your kiddin'. Let me look at that.

SHANE

Unfold your own. I'm still looking.

DAVE rips open a packet.

RACHEL

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

They sit and stare at the tiny piece of paper.

CUT TO:

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - DAY

Fans blow to keep airflow. SHANE and DAVE scan pictures from aircraft missions with eye magnifiers. They transfer results to maps on the wall with colored pens.

SUPERIMPOSE: US INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS CENTER (D+11)

SHANE

Are you gettin' this too?

Looks over at Shane's imagery.

DAVE

Damn dude. They have a shit load of equipment and 50-cal. mounted trucks.

SHANE

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

Map is covered with red dots indicating military equipment.

DAVE

We just dropped into the middle of a war zone. Everyone has either an AK or a technical 'round here --

SHANE

-- and we head out there in a couple of days? Not good.

EXT. US EMBASSY - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

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

SHANE and DAVE face towards the rear of the truck.

SUPERIMPOSE: STREETS OF MOGADISHU (D+17)

SOLDIER

(authoritative)

Lock and load everyone.

50-caliber machine gun nests point to the street.

Guards swing open the wide metal gates.

The convoy bunches up as they move outside the fence line.

Somalis line streets. Walk hunched over as if in pain.

SHANE

(yells)

It's crowded today.

Wind blows in their face.

DAVE  
Yeah, don't like it.

SHANE  
Neither do I.

SHANE (V.O.)  
What the fuck am I doin' as a  
gunner?

The convoy slows to five miles an hour.

EXT. MOGADISHU CITY - MARKET SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Crowd grows. Somalis reach in and out of the Humvees. Take bottles of water, MREs and other items. Grab DAVE's legs.

DAVE  
(yells)  
What the fuck?

Dave swipes at Somalis hands.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is going on?

SHANE  
They want food. Break open an MRE  
and throw it.

Shane quickly grabs an MRE, rips open, and throws it out.

Somalis jump to the ground, scramble and grab.

Crowd is too large for the convoy to continue. It stops.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SIDE STREET

Three Somali women with baskets on their heads cross street 20 yards in front of the convoy.

Ten feet behind them, a male Somali jumps out with an AK-47 machine gun.

Points at the group and sprays bullets across the convoy.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - MAIN STREET

Soldiers take cover.

SHANE

Fuck!

MARINE COMMANDER

(to Shane and Dave)

Get down you two.

Wave them down with one hand.

DAVE and SHANE drop to their stomachs in the truck bed.

Marine stands. Shoots in the direction of the Somali gunman.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

MARINE COMMANDER (CONT'D)

(yells)

Stop! Don't shoot! Civilians.

Rounds from the Marine hit all three women in the legs.  
Immediately fall to the ground.

Laundry spills into street.

Screams of pain.

Blood pumps from their wounds.

A Marine jumps out of the Humvee.

Helmet falls to ground.

Runs in the direction of the shooter.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

MARINE COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Stop Marine! Stay in your vehicle.

SOLDIER

I'm gettin' that mother fucker.

Others jump from their Humvees.

Chaos all around.

Somalis run in all directions.

SHANE

What the hell do we do?

DAVE  
Absolutely nothin'. I'm not moving.

SHANE  
Well take a look for Christ's sake.

DAVE  
Fuck that, you do it.

SHANE  
Not me.

Marines walk back from street. Jump back into Humvees.  
Commander reaches in truck and grabs the radio.

INT. HUMVEE CAB

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

KNIGHTS  
Roger that Gumby. Stay tight.  
Reinforcements on the way. Medical  
in tow. ETA 10 mikes.

MARINE  
Roger. Standing by. Setting up  
perimeter.  
(to Dave and Shane)  
Its safe now, boys. You can get  
up.

DAVE  
What the fuck was that?

MARINE  
Rogue gunman.

SHANE  
Did you guys get him?

MARINE  
Got away. Now we have to clean up  
the mess. You guys stay in the  
truck. We'll be on the road in 15.  
Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

EXT. US EMBASSY - THIRD FLOOR BALCONY - EVENING

A beautiful orange glow blankets the city.

Faint car horns come from the distance in the city center.

SHANE and RACHEL straddle a long concrete wall facing the Indian Ocean.

SHANE

(whispers)

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

RACHEL

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

SHANE

I know. I froze out there. I  
didn't know what to do. Why the  
heck are we out on the road as  
Gunners.

RACHEL

Everyone needs to be out there.  
Not enough of us to hide behind  
these walls.

SHANE

I can't shoot though. I just  
barely learned how to clean the  
damn thing.

RACHEL

How 'bout this. We grab a Humvee,  
drive out in the middle of nowhere  
and do some target practice. I'll  
even take Dave.

SHANE

Really?

RACHEL

Anything for you. Sucks Dave has  
to go but I'll force myself.

SHANE

Don't worry 'bout him.

Turns to stare at the horizon.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Looks so peaceful from up here  
doesn't it?

They look out toward the ocean beyond the city.

RACHEL

Yeah.

His palms are damp with anticipation.

She grabs his hands.

Look into each others eyes.

Slowly get close.

Exchange soft short kiss.

Shane pulls away.

She grabs his arm and pulls him close again to kiss.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MOGADISHU - AFTERNOON

Rolling sand dunes from horizon to horizon.

Sand scurries across the top.

Humvee is parked behind a sand berm.

Wind gusts pelts them.

Dozen old bottles serve as targets.

SHANE and DAVE step up to a shoe drawn line. Unholster 9MM.

RACHEL

'member guys. Cup your hand. Hold  
tight.

They examine their hands. Hold steady.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Dirt spits up.

Two bottles crack open.

DAVE

Guess we need more practice.

Release clips from 9MM. Load. Aim.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

RACHEL

Now try my 16.

Slams in a full magazine. Grips. Sternly looks down scope.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

RACHEL

Flip to auto hun.

Dave turns to look at Shane.

Clicks to auto. Pulls trigger in bursts.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Dave goes through the same routine.

RACHEL

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

DAVE

Hell yeah.

CUT TO:

RACHEL AND SHANE BEGIN TO GET CLOSE - MONTAGE

-- They eat breakfast, lunch and dinner.

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

-- They travel around the city together.

BACK TO:

EXT. US EMBASSY COMPOUND - TENT CITY - MORNING

Army tents of US, Italian, British litter the compound.

SHANE and DAVE drag their cots and other gear down the road.

SUPERIMPOSE: US EMBASSY (D+31)

SHANE

Can't believe we finally get tents.

DAVE  
I know. Only been a freakin' month!

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

Large cable spool serves as a table sits in the center with four chairs with different Army insignia's around it.

Two black men sit on cots. One tall, mid thirties, thick military style glasses, muscular build SEARGENT JEROME HILL and TECHNICAL SEARGENT AL ROBERSON, short, early 50's with a slight beer gut and wise eyes.

JEROME  
Hey fellas. How goes it?

DAVE  
Good. I'm Dave and this is Shane.

Sweats and pants profusely.

AL  
Navy guys. Who'd you two piss off?

SHANE  
Still tryin' to figure that out.

DAVE  
Where should we set up?

JEROME  
Just take any corner.

DAVE  
Roger that.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

SHANE lays in his bed. He's alone for the first time since his arrival.

Tent flaps up expose cloudless starry night sky.

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

Points to the sky.

SHANE (CONT'D)

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

Stares at the sky and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - AFTERNOON

Utensils and trays clanking. Soldiers move in line.

DAVE

Dude, you don't look so good. Have you had that rash long?

Points to SHANE's arm.

SHANE

Hadn't really noticed.

Pulls up his sleeve to inspect.

DAVE

Dude, that looks really bad. You takin' those Malaria pills?

SHANE

Reluctantly.

DAVE

I haven't seen you with a bottle of water either. That's not normal, especially 'round here.

SHANE

Haven't been thirsty. It hurts my throat.

DAVE

I'm takin' you to medical whether you like it or not.

SHANE

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

INT: US EMBASSY - NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Bombed out building. No front façade. Scorched walls.

SHANE and DAVE approach. MARTY, African-American, late 20's  
sloppy uniform but an intelligent face and GREG,  
African-American, early 20's, clean cut sit behind desks.

MARTY

Hey fellas. How are ya?

DAVE

I'm fine but can't say the same for  
my buddy here.

Points to Shane.

GREG

(squints to see their  
insignia)

Whoaaa, Navy guys. Welcome,  
welcome. You're the only two here.  
Nice to see brethren.

DAVE

All you in the Nav?

Points to Marty and Greg.

MARTY

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

DAVE

I'm Dave. This sorry excuse for a  
sailor is Shane.

SHANE

Stop. I'm fine, just tired.

MARTY

Have a seat over here Shane. We'll  
have a quick look.

Pats his hand on the cot. Shane takes a seat.

MARTY  
Stick your tongue out.

SHANE  
Ahhh.

Greg grabs his arm.  
Wraps the blood pressure strap around his arm.  
Places a stethoscope to his chest.

MARTY  
You thirsty at all?

SHANE  
No. Should I be?

MARTY  
You're severely dehydrated, bro.

SHANE  
Hurts to swallow though.

He grabs his throat.

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

DAVE  
Check out his arms. Its a show!

Shane takes off his shirt exposing his arms.

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

SHANE  
Sure. I guess.

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

GREG

Now lay down here Shane and relax.

They pull out the IV tube stand and set it up next to him.  
In a matter of minutes Shane's asleep.

INT. NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - MORNING

MARTY

Rise and shine.

SHANE

Ahhh. I feel like shit. How long  
I been out?

Rubs his eyes.

MARTY

Going on 12 hours.

SHANE

12 hours? Holy shit.

MARTY

It's a good thing you came to us  
when you did or there could have  
been some serious complications.  
Wait here. I need to go get  
Commander Balastra.

INT. NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

COMMANDER BALASTRA, well put together man. Short, stocky,  
silver-rimmed glasses and a touch of grey with receding hair  
line. Uniform is clean but a little too large.

CMDR BALASTRA

How you feeling son?

SHANE

Sir. Much better. Lil' tired.

CMDR BALASTRA

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

(to Marty)

Make sure he gets everything before he leaves.

MARTY (O.C.)

Yes, Sir. He's one of us. He gets the special treatment.

CMDR BALASTRA

We need to take care of our own.

SHANE

Thank you, Sir.

Balastra taps him on the leg and walks away.

SHANE

What a great guy.

MARTY

The best. That 'lil guy is so kind-hearted. He'd give you the shirt off his back.

SHANE

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

MARTY

That sucks bro. It's really weird to see two Navy guys in a place like this. Whatdaya guys do?

SHANE

Intel.

MARTY

Well that explains it.

SHANE

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

MARTY

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

(laughs)

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

SHANE

Thanks bro. Would have never thought almost dying out here would be so helpful

MARTY

Don't be so dramatic but if it makes a better story for you, be my guest.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - AFTERNOON

SHANE turns pages of intel message traffic.

RACHEL skips several steps at a time. Flies up the stairwell. Out of breath.

She crashes in the chair across from him.

RACHEL

(excited)

What time do you get off today?

SHANE

Soon as I annotate these maps. Why?

RACHEL

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

SHANE

I guess, but we were told by Gunny not to go up there.

RACHEL

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

SHANE

Alright. Come get me in 45 minutes. I should be done.

Kisses him on the head. He smiles. Nods.

INT. HALLWAY

SHANE and RACHEL are are met by SGT. DAVIS, a 6'0", skinny, dirty blonde. He escorts them through several narrow hallways to a wooden staircase leading to the roof.

EXT. ROOF

Marine sniper in prone position at far end.

Sandbags stacked four high on each corner, a small awning, a water cooler, a chalkboard, two metal chairs surround a small table with various papers held down by truck parts.

SGT. DAVIS

Home sweet home. Come. Take a look.

Motions across the roof as if he was a game show host.

DAVIS grabs RACHEL's hand. Leads her to a sniper position.

SGT. DAVIS

(points in all directions)

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

Davis eyes dart back and forth.

SGT. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hold on. Need to tell my buddy you two are cool.

Walks over to the other sniper, who looks through his scope.

SHANE

What's up with this dude?

RACHEL

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

Davis walks back to them. Obviously excited.

SGT. DAVIS

(excited)

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

Points to his name on the board.

RACHEL

Seven kills? That's insane.

SHANE

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

SGT. DAVIS

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

SHANE

Do you give 'em a warning shot or  
somethin'?

SGT. DAVIS

(hands shake)

Fuck no. There are signs posted  
everywhere. The last time we  
waited to shoot, those crazy  
sunsabitches tossed a grenade over  
the fence.

RACHEL

You guys are rackin' up.

Davis turns to other sniper.

SGT. DAVIS

(yells)

How many for ya Corporal?

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

SGT. DAVIS  
Come look through my scope.

Grabs Rachel's hand again.

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

Rachel gets on one knee. Rests the rifle on the sandbags.

RACHEL  
You can see everything!

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

RACHEL  
Okay. Got him. Amazing.

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

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

SHANE  
Wow. Hard not to mess with this.

RACHEL  
We'd better get outta here. Before  
Gunny sees us.

SGT. DAVIS  
Sounds good darlin'. Come up  
anytime.

Escorts them to the stairs.

Loud BANG.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

Dave sits on the chair next to Shane. Maps on the floor and on the table. Strategy and tracking of warloards going on.

SHANE  
(concern)  
Whatsup?

DAVE  
We have a new roomie. Craziest one yet.

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

DAVE  
Know what he's doin'?

SHANE  
No, what?

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

SHANE  
In the sand? What the hell for?

DAVE  
That's the problem. He's just mumblin'.

SHANE  
Mumblin'? We'll have to deal with it later. I'm going to dinner with Rachel and then heading straight to bed.

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - LATER

First Class Aviation Mate TREVOR BURNS, dirty, 30's, skinny-legged. Wears a t-shirt, shorts, and combat boots.

Sits on cardboard in the middle of tent with a JD bottle, a half full whiskey glass, a 9MM, and four strands of twine.

TREVOR  
(slow southern drawl)  
Hey there.

SHANE  
How's it goin'?

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

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

TREVOR  
Whatcha doin' over there?

SHANE  
Uhhhh, nothing just unwindin'.

TREVOR  
Come check this out.

Points down.

SHANE  
What is it?

TREVOR  
Nothin' yet, but a flag soon.

SHANE  
(peculiarly)  
A flag? Like one you hang outside?

TREVOR  
Yea. You see that flagpole out  
there?

Points in the direction of the Italian tents.

SHANE  
You mean the Italians?

TREVOR  
 (snarls)  
 Yeah, the Italians! That flagpole  
 they have out there is my flagpole!

SHANE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Your flagpole? They've had that up  
 there for awhile now.

TREVOR  
 No. That flagpole belongs to me.  
 We're gonna take it down and put  
 ours up!

His eyes get wider and wider.

SHANE  
 (confused)  
 We?

TREVOR  
 Yea. We.

SHANE  
 Ahhh...I can't man. I've had a  
 long day and need some sleep. Good  
 luck though.

Shane turns and walks to his cot.

TREVOR  
 (crazy laugh)  
 Maybe you didn't hear me correctly  
 boy. This is our little project.

He slowly moves his hand from the twine to the 9MM handle.

SHANE  
 Hmmmm. Well, if you put it that  
 way. Where do ya want me?

Shane pulls a piece of cardboard from under his bed.

Places it directly across from Trevor and grabs some twine.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - LATER

TREVOR is clearly drunk now. He fumbles around with  
 everything.

TREVOR

I think we have this about licked.  
We'll finish up tomorrow.

SHANE

Sounds good I guess. Headed to bed.

Reaches into his cabinet. Pulls out a Walkman.

Lays down on his cot.

Music leaks out of the headphones to fill his area.

INT. SHANE'S TENT

SHANE feels a cold hard tap on his forehead.

Opens his eyes.

TREVOR stands over him with a glass and a 9MM.

SHANE

(startled)

What's up? Something wrong?

Pushes himself back against the wall.

TREVOR

What're you listenin' to?

SHANE

(slowly)

Uhhh...what?

TREVOR

I said. What're you listenin' to?

Shane clearly shaken and bewildered.

SHANE

James Taylor. Why?

TREVOR

James Taylor! I love James Taylor!  
Give it up bro. Let me listen.  
I've even been to his concerts back  
at Louisville's Palace Theatre.

SHANE

But I'm kinda listenin' to it right  
now...helps me unwind.

TREVOR  
I'm the one flyin' around here all  
day so I think I need to unwind  
more than you...don't you think?

Trevor's waves his 9MM at Shane.

SHANE  
Well I guess you can borrow it.

Trevor snatches the Walkman out of his hand and turns.

TREVOR  
(laughs)  
Cool. Owe you one brother.

Trevor lays down on his bunk. Immediately begins to snore.

INT. SHANE'S COT

He tosses and turns. Sleep is in impossible.

SHANE  
(whispers)  
I need to my weapon.

Reaches for his backpack from under his cot.

Unzips it. Hands search for his weapon.

Slowly pulls out the 9MM. Places it next to him.

Closes his eyes in an attempt to sleep. Not likely.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - MORNING

SHANE's watch alarm buzzes. Wakes with heavy blood shot  
eyes. TREVOR is passed out. He gets dressed quickly.  
Grabs his gear and 9MM.

INT. US EMBASSY - INTEL OPS CENTER - LATER

SHANE stumbles in with his gear.

Plops down on the chair.

Hands drop to his side.

SHANE

Whatta night. I hate carryin' this fuckin' thing around.

Shane waves his 9MM around.

DAVE

What the hell happened to you? You look like shit.

SHANE

(irritated)

That crazy motherfucker kept me up all night making a fucking flag!

DAVE

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

SHANE

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

Dave gathers his stuff quickly.

DAVE

P-3's. Reef point.

SHANE

They definitely need to ground that crazy fucker. He's gonna kill someone.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

DAVE laughs as he enters.

Shakes his head.

DAVE

You're gonna have a very interesting time tonight. He's in his same spot again. I think he's waitin' for you.

SHANE

I'm goin' on 24 plus hours of no sleep. Can't take this shit.

Shane places his hand on his 9MM.

DAVE

You're a dope. You're not shootin' anyone. I'm gonna go with ya to the tent to defuse this bullshit.

EXT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

SHANE's eyes are droopy, irritated and red. Disheveled.

Turn to each other.

DAVE

What are you gonna to do?

Shane places his hand on his 9MM.

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

DAVE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute man. We ain't goin' to the OK Corral.

(points to the city)

The enemy's out there.

SHANE

He didn't point a gun at your head did he? I got this!

INT. SHANE'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

TREVOR sits cross legged in the middle of the tent with his flag. Whiskey bottle and glass to his side.

TREVOR

(smiles)

'sup fellas?

DAVE

Not much. Forgot to take some stuff for tonight. We have a mission comin' in soon.

SHANE lays his things down. 9MM holstered.

TREVOR

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

DAVE

Work?

Shane slowly turns around expecting a confrontation.

He stands 10 feet away.

Dave moves between them.

TREVOR

Yeah, work. Those damn Italians!  
Later tonight we have a secret  
mission to carry out.

Shane's face turns red.

DAVE

I think we all need some rest.

TREVOR

Nah, we're doin' it!

SHANE

(to Trevor)

Hate to burst your bubble but I'm  
too tired to do anything.

TREVOR

(stern)

Ohhh, I don't think so man. We're  
in this together. We're seein'  
this thing through brother.

SHANE

Think not.

Steps toward Trevor.

Dave steps in unison.

Trevor eyes beam at Shane not expecting this skinny little  
kid to tell him no.

TREVOR

(to Shane)

Fuck that. You're definitely in.

He slowly sips his whiskey. Then sets it down.

His hands move to find his 9MM pistol.

Eyes swell at its absence.

SHANE

No. I'm dead fucking tired.

Shane darts toward Trevor.

Unlatches his holster clip.

Pulls his 9MM. Chambers a round.

Trevor attempts to move toward his cot to get his 9MM.

Shane quickly moves between them.

He swings his pistol up to Trevor's temple.

Breathes heavily.

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

SHANE

(yells)

Listen motherfucker. I'm not doin'  
a god damn thing. No rope, no  
flag, nothing!

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

Dave walks over quickly. Shane doesn't acknowledge.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I told you I'm not helpin'.

TREVOR

Stop pointin' that thing at me!

Shane cocks the hammer of the pistol.

TREVOR

Wait! Wait!

DAVE (O.C.)

(nervous)

Shane, you need to chill and get  
outta here.

SHANE

We're not gonna let this piece of  
shit push us around. Get up!

TREVOR

What...Why?

A Marine police soldier jumps through the tent flaps.  
Surveys the situation.

Swings his M-16 from his shoulder. Points it toward Shane.

SOLDIER 2

(authoritative)

What the hell's going on here? You  
there, put the weapon down!

INT. US EMBASSY - POLICE OFFICE - LATER

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

MARINE

You two head back. We got your  
statement. Your Gunny has been  
notified. Stay outta trouble.

INT. SHANE'S TENT - LATER

No sign of Trevor except for an empty Jack Daniel's bottle.

DAVE

He's gone.

SHANE

Good riddance fucker.

He flops face first onto his cot.

CUT TO:

INT: US EMBASSY - ADMINISTRATION TENT - AFTERNOON

GUNNY sits behind his desk. Fresh coffee steams his cup.

SHANE

Gunny. You wanted to see me?

GUNNY

Yes. Lopez. I spoke with the MPs  
again. They've dropped the any  
charges against you given their  
assessment of your former roommate.

SHANE

(wipes his brow)

That's a relief.

GUNNY

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

SHANE

Excuse me Gunny but what about the missions? I'm an intel guy not a mess cook.

GUNNY

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

Gunny pushes his glasses up to his forehead.

SHANE

But the corporals are junior to me. What about seniority?

GUNNY

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

SHANE

In the mess hall?

GUNNY

Navy guys gotta start somewhere.

SHANE

Gunny this --

GUNNY

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

SHANE

Easy?

GUNNY

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

SHANE

But --

GUNNY

-- go. That's it.

INT: SHANE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Shane storms in. Throws several papers onto his cot.

SHANE

Fuckin' Gunny just told me I have to pull mess duty. Can you believe that shit? You know how many tens of thousands this country has spent on me doing intel? Unbelievable.

DAVE

What a dick.

SHANE

He actually said it with a smile!

DAVE

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

SHANE

How could I forget.

Shane rolls his eyes.

DAVE

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

SHANE

Yeah, so?

DAVE

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

INT: NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - LATER

SHANE and DAVE walk in briskly, motivated.

Dave swingings his arms as if he's in a ring boxing.

DAVE

Greg, looks like we're gettin' the shaft just because we're Navy.

GREG

Uhh ohhh, can't wait to hear this.

DAVE

Tell 'em, Shane.

Hits Shane on the shoulder.

SHANE

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

GREG

Ohhh, really? And bein' deployed in mosquito infested Mog, getting shot at is not enough.

MARTY

Jerk-offs never cease to amaze.

DAVE

Any way you can help us?

MARTY

(to Greg)

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

GREG

Indeed. My dear partna. We would not want to endanger the camp in any way.

MARTY

(british accent)

I wholeheartedly agree.

SHANE

Would you?

MARTY

Hold on a second. I'll go talk to the Commander.

INT: NAVY MEDICAL FACILITY - LATER

MARTY and GREG come back with several pieces of paper.

MARTY

Here ya go.

SHANE

Awesome! Can I read it?

GREG

By all means.

Holds up the paper.

SHANE

Looks pretty official.

MARTY

As official as it gets bro.

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

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

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE

Medical prep and handling? What the heck is that?

MARTY

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

SHANE

Sounds good to me.

Shrugs his shoulders.

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

"Sanitation disposal or maintenance. Food handling and distribution.

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE

**Bingo!**

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

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

BACK TO ROOM

DAVE

What the hell is Denys-drash?

MARTY

It's pretty much genital  
abnormalities.

SHANE

What? Won't they see right through  
that?

GREG

You guys didn't.

SHANE

True --

DAVE

-- but I didn't get sick.

GREG

Who says you didn't?

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - LATER

GUNNY sits at this desk going through paperwork.

SHANE

Gunny. Have a second?

GUNNY

(short)

Quickly.

SHANE

This'll be quick. I went to the mess hall to check in and they asked about my recent medical issue. So I went to medical and they handed me this to give to them. When I did they told me I can't handle any type of food.

Shane hands the paper over.

Gunny snaps it away. Finger follows each word.

He visually gets angry.

GUNNY

Diathermy. Densy? What the fuck is that?

SHANE

Some kinda of syndrome related to this area.

GUNNY

Fuck. Well, stay in the intel shop then. We'll use Walsh.

SHANE

IS3 had the same thing as I did.

GUNNY

(angry)

Shit! What are you guys doin' in that tent of yours anyway?

SHANE

HM's said it could be contagious.

Shoos Shane back with his hand.

GUNNY

(grumbles)

Well, stay away.

Throws the paper down on the desk.

Shane turns around.

As he nears the exit he grins from ear to ear. This could come back to haunt him.

INT. CHOW HALL - LATER

DAVE and SHANE in the food service line.

Reach to get trays.

Notice a Marines from their intel shop as he preps food.

They make eye contact. He scowls at them.

DAVE

(smiles)

Got ya.

Snaps his fingers and points.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S TENT - DAY

DAVE looks in a small mirror attached to a tent pole. He pokes at his face. Trying to pop his red and severely irritated blemishes.

DAVE

Damn it. It's impossible to get rid of these zits. I sweat constantly in hell hole.

SHANE sits on his cot hand washing clothes in a bucket. AL reads a book. JEROME preps to shave.

SHANE

(to Jerome)

You're not gonna shave with that shit are ya? The smell is to much bro.

JEROME

Shut up over there. Not my fault you can't handle what a brother does to make himself look pretty.

He grabs the MAGIC SHAVE shaving cream can. Pops the top.

JEROME (CONT'D)

(holds up the can)

This stuff can clear up anything.

Dave stops looking into the mirror.

SHANE

Yeah, even a small village!

Turns to Jerome in extreme curiosity.

DAVE

Anything?

JEROME

Sure. Stuff works on anything.  
Look at this pretty face.

Rubs his chin.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Doesn't happen by pure accident.

DAVE

Really?

JEROME

No razor, just this quick brush  
stroke and done.

DAVE

(to Shane. inquisitively)  
Whaddaya think?

SHANE

How would I know? Nothin' else has  
worked for you. Other than the  
smell it's not all that bad.

DAVE

(enthusiastically)  
Then I'll do it!

Slaps his hands together.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hand me over some of that shit!

JEROME

Now that's what I'm talkin' bout.  
Your face is gonna be as tough and  
adorable as a real black man's.

AL

Amen!

He scoops a small amount. Places it into a small cup.

JEROME

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

Jerome hovers over him.

Dave picks up can. Turns to the label.

DAVE

"Razor bumps get no respect."  
(to Jerome)

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

JEROME

Less than 30 seconds is good.  
You'll need to leave it on a little  
longer next time.

Dave mixes.

Spills a quarter-size drop on his thigh.

Wipes it away.

The hair comes off and immediately turns red.

DAVE

What the hell is that? It kinda  
burns!

Wide-eyed. Dave quickly turns to Jerome.

JEROME

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

DAVE

Shane? Look.

Points to where the drop occurred.

SHANE

Just do it already.

JEROME

You like having all those teenage  
zits on your face?

DAVE

Alright, alright.

Dave slowly stands up to the mirror.

Begins to swirl the stick around in the cup.  
He applies the shaving cream to one side and then the other.  
He flips the depressor and wipes the cream from his face.

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

Eyes get larger as he lifts the cream away.  
It leaves cherry red mark.

JEROME  
Stop whining like a little bitch.

Dave grabs the nearest towel.  
He quickly wipes the remaining cream from his face.  
A red rash is on his face.

DAVE  
It fuckin' hurts!

Grabs a bottled water. Opens it.  
Splashes water on his face.

JEROME  
No one forced you. Look at that.  
Took away your zits didn't it?

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

He runs to the mirror.  
Points to his face.

SHANE  
It just looks like you got slapped  
really hard.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MORNING

Gunny stands adjacent to a coffee pot. Reaches for his cup. Pours a dirty brown liquid in his white cup. Turns around.

GUNNY

Petty Officer Lopez and Walsh.

SHANE

Yes, Gunny.

GUNNY

You've...What happened to your face for Christ's sake? It looks like shit. Did you go to medical?

DAVE

No Gunny. I --

SHANE

-- he had an allergic reaction to some meds.

GUNNY

Ohhh, well. As I was sayin'. You two have pulled it together and as Top said, everyone needs a break. I have permission to send our guys to Mombassa. I can't send you both at the same time, though. But do either of you have any interest?

SHANE AND DAVE

Yes, Gunny. Thank you.

GUNNY

Which one of you wants to go first?

DAVE and SHANE look at each other.

Shrug shoulders.

DAVE

(to Shane)

Why don't you go first. You need to get away from that psycho girlfriend of yours. Don't worry I'll take good care of her while you're gone.

Shane throws a dagger stare at Dave.

SHANE

Well, since you put it that way.  
Gunny, I'll go first.

GUNNY

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

DAVE

(quick)

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

GUNNY

We're not in a position to have  
such a thing. Keep your dick in  
your pants as best you can.

(to Shane)

I hope that's not much to ask.

SHANE

No Gunny, its not. Thank you.

GUNNY

(to Shane)

IS3, if you behave there'll be more  
trips.

(to Dave)

That goes for you too. Now get  
your stuff together. You head out  
tomorrow mornin'. And get that  
fuckin' face fixed.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION TENT - MOMENTS LATER

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

SHANE

Fucknut. Get me in trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Shane packs his duffel bag. His clothes are scattered  
throughout his area of the tent.

SHANE

Can't wait to actually use a real washing machine. Hand washing clothes for as long as we have sure makes me appreciate what our ancestors had to go --

RACHEL

-- you got a sec?

SHANE

Of course.

RACHEL

I have to be open and honest here.

SHANE

Okie dokie. But a weird way to start a conversation.

Folds t-shirts. Slides them in his bag.

RACHEL

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

SHANE

Why?

RACHEL

Are we exclusive?

SHANE

I would say yes...with a caveat I suppose.

RACHEL

A caveat?

SHANE

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

Holds his arms out wide.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Quite frankly, it's the worst place. You're my rock and without you I don't know what I would do, but I think we need to take it slow.

RACHEL  
I get it, but I'm exclusive to you.

SHANE  
I understand. Lets talk about this  
once we get back to Cali...not  
here, not now.

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

SHANE  
Come on. Don't worry. There's too  
much to worry about as it is.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

They sit at the spool. Cards across the table. Bottles of  
water and food strewn around. Dave lights a cigarette.

SHANE  
Can I grab one of those from you?

DAVE  
Really?

AL  
Hard to stop if you start, kid.

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

Dave hands him one and a lighter.

He lights it. Takes a drag.

COUGH, COUGH.

JEROME  
You alright there lil' buddy?

SHANE  
Yeah. I'll be fine. Smoooooth.

Jerome grabs a cigar from his pocket.

JEROME  
This is what you need.

Points to his cigar.

SHANE

(coughs)

Need to start small I think.

DAVE

Okay. Who's with who?

JEROME

You kidding? Its Al and I against you two. You need to learn some lessons before are on my team.

DAVE

Okay. This is going to be good.

INT. TABLE SPOOL

AL

(cocky)

Hah. Seven books. One more and we're done here brotha.

AL pulls one card from his hand.

Places it face down adjacent to Shane's card.

AL

(slow and smooth)

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

SHANE

Uhhh, I'm not scared.

AL

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

Shane grabs a card from his hand.

AL (CONT'D)

You sure you want that one boy?

Shane slowly lays down his card.

SHANE

I think so.

Shane flips card over.

Al raises his hand above his head holding a card.

Stands up immediately.

AL (CONT'D)

Take that cracker!!!

Slams his card down on the table.

The card skids across the table showing a spade.

JEROME

(elated)

Hells yeah! Showed these white  
boys how to play.

Laugh as loud as they can. High-five.

DAVE

Glad to know you guys are such  
gracious winners.

AL

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

CUT TO:

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

Large oval table with blue letter placards of 15 Somali  
factions. Simple blue background with large white stars  
decorate the walls.

High-ranking military officers and UN reps in tailored suits  
sit intermixed.

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

A large banner hangs over the top of the conference room  
reads, "Conference of National Reconciliation in Somalia"

GEN. MOHAMMED FARRAH AIDID

(stern)

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

(eyes dart around table)

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

Aidid gets up. Looks at the large expanse of the room. Rushes out with a contingent of aides.

The room is silent. Whispers are heard. As the door shuts the room erupts in chaos.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENYA - MOMBASSA AIRFIELD - MORNING

C-130 Hercules touches down. Tires screech. Cargo netting sways.

Airplane comes to a stop. C-130 door opens. SHANE and others stream out of the plane with gear in hand.

INT. MOMBASSA TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

It's clean but small. Red and green adorn the walls with black leather seats. Posters of Mt. Kilimanjaro and safaris.

A group of three African-American stand waiting. RAY in his late thirties, ANDRE, muscular in his twenties, and QUINCY mid-thirties, athletic build with a shaved head.

Ray reaches his hand out to SHANE.

RAY  
 Hey brother. I'm Ray. That's  
 Andre and Quincy.

SHANE  
 Hi guys. Shane.

He shakes all their hands.

RAY  
 Here by yourself?

SHANE  
 Yeah, alone and unafraid.

RAY  
 If you like to party go with us.  
 You been to Mombassa before?

SHANE  
 Can't say I have.

Everyone laughs.

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

SHANE  
 Timbo?

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

EXT. MOMBASSA - STREETS - BUS

Bustling city. They drive through the city. Slicing  
 through crazy drivers. Indian Ocean sparkles in the  
 foreground. Modern city landscape. Large red billboards.

INSERT BILLBOARD, which read:

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

BACK TO BUS

SHANE (V.O.)  
What kind of place is this?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SHOWER - DAY

SHANE turns on the handle of the shower. Steam funnels upward. Engulfs the bathroom in no time.

He climbs into the shower. Rubs his hair. After months, this was him becoming human again. If only it could last.

EXT. TIMBO DISCO - EVENING

Bus pulls up. Everyone jumps out enthusiastically.

Enchanting building for upper-middle class. Huge palm-leaf thatched roof. Various tropical plants, flowers and decorative lights.

INT. TIMBO DISCO - MOMENTS LATER

Coolly stroll through an arched entrance. Large open air disco on the beach. High-tech music system. People dance.

SHANE sits. A cute Kenyan woman moves in next to him.

WOMAN  
(broken English)  
Hello. Love hair.

Touches the back of his head.

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

SHANE  
(shy)  
Hi.

WOMAN  
Never seen true redhead.

A stunning African woman, KATY, tall, black permed-hair with blonde streaks, acid-washed jeans stands over her.

She gives the woman sitting next to Shane an evil stare.

KATY  
(british accent)  
(to the woman)  
I think you have somewhere else to  
be don't you?

WOMAN  
I do?

RAY  
(to woman)  
Wooohooo. Better get outta here  
girl. This new sista's gonna whip  
your ass.

KATY  
(to woman)  
Get lost. Plenty of other  
Americans around here.

She gets up in a fuss. Stomps away. Gives Katy a dirty look.

KATY  
(to Shane)  
You're welcome.

SHANE  
Thanks, I guess.

KATY  
Mind if I sit?

RAY  
I'll leave you two alone.

SHANE  
Course not. How are you?

She takes the seat next to him.

KATY  
Fine now.

SHANE  
Love your accent. Where ya from?

KATY  
Originally from Nairobi but  
schooled in England.

SHANE  
Impressive.

KATY  
Where you from in the states?

SHANE  
California.

KATY  
(eyes light up)  
Love Cali.

SHANE  
What are ya doin' here?

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

SHANE  
Wow...you like it?

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

She leans in closer to him.

KATY  
So Mr. California, what are you  
doing so far from home?

SHANE  
Heard of that little situation up  
north?

KATY  
Who hasn't?

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

KATY

Certainly nice of 'em. Are you resting and relaxing like you're ordered to do?

SHANE

I am now.

KATY

Good. How long will you be in Mogadishu cause let me tell you, no one can fix that place.

SHANE

Tell me about it. The locals already hate us. But I could be there for six more months but I have no clue. At least I get to come here every two months.

KATY

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

INT. PATIO

SHANE and KATY face each other. Feet crossed as they straddle the outer wall. Feet dangle above the crashing waves. Share drinks. Heavy kissing and petting.

SHANE

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

KATY

Later? Its already 2:30. What could you possibly have in mind?

SHANE

Ahhh, I'm not sure. Do you want to come back to my place?

KATY

Your place is a hotel, right?

SHANE

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

KATY  
Okay, but all we're doin' spend  
time together...nothing more,  
nothing less.

INT. BUS - EVENING

Van pulls up to the gate. Party atmosphere.

SHANE and KATY are close. Hold hands.

RAY  
(to van driver)  
Pull up outside that gate. I need  
to go in to clear a path for us.

QUINCY  
What for?

RAY  
They're not going to let us bring  
girls in here. We need to sneak  
'em in.  
(to van driver)  
Go ahead and open the doors. We're  
getting out.  
(to all)  
Everyone out. Just give me a  
second before you head in.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

They wait at the gate entrance. Couples talking softly.

RAY  
All clear. Be quiet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SHANE and KATY sit on the couch.

SHANE  
You okay?

KATY  
Perfect, actually.

They kiss. She stands up. Grabs his hand.

KATY  
Let's go lay down.

Leads him to bed. They slowly lay on the bed. Kiss.

INT. MOMBASSA - HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Sun beams through window and white thin drapes. One white sheet covers them.

SHANE slowly opens his eyes. Looks over to KATY. She sleeps soundly.

Lifts the sheet. Her perfect dark body against his milky skin. She rustles from the movement. Snuggles next to him.

Shane smiles and then closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. US EMBASSY - ADMINISTRATION TENT - AFTERNOON

Soldiers fill out paperwork, load weapons and eat MREs.

SUPERIMPOSE: US EMBASSY, MOGADISHU (D+97)

RACHEL  
We need to talk.

SHANE  
Oookay.

RACHEL  
So how'd it go?

SHANE  
I guess...it was fine.

RACHEL  
That's it? It was just fine?

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

RACHEL

And that means what? Did you party?

SHANE

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

RACHEL

There's that word again, fine.

SHANE

Yeah fine. What's wrong with that?

RACHEL

I've heard there are a lot of things that go on down there. Women hanging all over guys. Can't imagine there weren't women hangin' all over you. It's just weird, no one's saying anything.

SHANE

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

RACHEL

No not really --

SHANE

-- not really?

RACHEL

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

SHANE

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

RACHEL

What's that supposed to mean?

SHANE

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

RACHEL

Mark? Oh, come on. He's harmless. I would never think about him in that way. He's like 35 years old.

SHANE

Let me just say it looks weird and I'm not the only one sayin' it. And by the way, when they say it directly to me it means a lot.

RACHEL

Who's saying?

SHANE

Never mind who.

She rolls her eyes.

SHANE

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

RACHEL

Well that's stupid. I had no idea.

SHANE

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

RACHEL

That damn word again.

SHANE

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

Daggers from her eyes point at Shane.

DAVE

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

GUNNY

(frustrated)

Well then, go around Market Square. There are plenty of ways to get to the airport.

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

Turns around. Grabs a chair. Stands on it.

GUNNY  
 (to all)  
 I need everyone to gather 'round.  
 Listen up. I know it's gettin'  
 worse and we seem to have overstayed  
 our welcome, but let me put it to  
 you this way. If they throw rocks  
 at you, you can throw rocks back.  
 If they shoot, shoot back but let  
 me stress that you can't spit back.  
 No matter what.

GUNNY  
 Everyone got that?  
 (to Dave)  
 Petty Officer Walsh?

DAVE  
 Yes Gunny. Loud and clear. Just  
 need to do something when I'm  
 getting spit on or hit by rocks.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - LATER

DAVE digs around in the ground. Picks up select rocks.

RACHEL  
 Dave, what the fuck are you doing?

DAVE  
 Lookin' for good rocks.

RACHEL  
 What the hell for?

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

Puts some in his cargo pants. Waves to SHANE.

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

Shane walks over. Points to an area near Dave.

SHANE

Yeah, that's a real good one.

He kneels down. Places a half-dozen in his cargo pants.

EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - LATER

Sunny. Hot day. Humvee lumbers down the road. DAVE and SHANE in the truck bed face forward. Wind blows past them.

DAVE

(yells)

You see that?

Somali boys wind up to throw rocks.

SHANE

I see 'em.

DAVE

My pockets are locked and loaded.

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

DRIVER (O.C.)

Shit.

Hits his steering wheel.

SHANE

You really gonna engage 'em?

DAVE

Hell yah. If their hands raise I'm knockin' 'em down.

Dave reaches down.

Unbuttons his bottom-right cargo pants pocket.

Somali teenagers throw their rocks at the Humvee.

Dave slams his hand on the roof of the Humvee.

DAVE

Incoming!

Shane and Dave duck.

Rocks fly past them. No chance of a hit.

Dave stands up, rears back and throws.  
 Bullseye. Hits a Somali in the chest.  
 Hits another in the leg. He falls and grabs it in pain.

DAVE  
 (laughs)  
 Stupid fuckers.

SHANE  
 Man! I bet they've never even seen  
 a baseball! They are about to feel  
 the effects of 10 years of little  
 league pitching practice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. US EMBASSY COURTYARD - AFTERNOON  
 SHANE sits on a crate and smokes.  
 Somalis sweep the driveway and sidewalks.  
 Faint gun shots in the distance.  
 Tree branches click and trickle down.  
 Bullets ricochet off the top of the Embassy.  
 Somalis jump to ground. Flop like fish just out of water.

SHANE  
 (nonchalant)  
 This shit is crazy.

Puffs on his cigarette.

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - DAY

Room bustles of activity. Hotter than normal. Fans blow warm air. DAVE hovers over a mound of paper on the desk. SHANE walks in holding a folder.

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

DAVE  
 (to Shane)  
 Holy shit. Did you read this?

Hands Shane a classified intelligence report.

INSERT MESSAGE TRAFFIC, which reads:

"Aidid orders SNA militia to attack Pakistani Task Force. TF 22 was to inspect arms cache located at the radio station near Market Square. Fire fight ensued. 24 dead, and 57 wounded Pakistani troops. 1 wounded Italian and 3 wounded American. U.N. Security Council passed Resolution 837, for the arrest and prosecution of the persons responsible for the death and wounding of the peacekeepers"

BACK TO ROOM

SHANE

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

DAVE

It's gettin' worse and worse by the day man. Look at all these techincals movin'.

SHANE

Yeah. Look at the map. It's littered with 'em. And now their attacking the food convoys.

Dozens of red push-pins represent warlord technicals.

DAVE

We're never gettin' out of here.

SHANE

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

DAVE

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

SHANE  
Bomb damage assessment? Fuck.  
We're there already? Whadya tell  
'em?

DAVE  
I told him yes, of course.

SHANE  
Shit.

EXT. US EMBASSY - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Geared up. Walk to the roundabout. Light cigarettes.  
SHANE drops to one knee. Counts ammo magazines.

SHANE  
The stadium I believe.

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

SHANE  
Aidid stronghold info. Shit, after  
what we saw yesterday, no tellin'  
what we'll see.

RACHEL walks in the distance towards them.

DAVE  
You invited her?

SHANE  
Of course. Why not?

DAVE  
You could have warned me.

SHANE  
Warned you? How old are you 10?

RACHEL strolls up. Confident. Happy.

SHANE  
Hi Rach. Good to see you. You  
doing ok today?

Shane touches her hand.

RACHEL  
Yes, of course.

He blushes.

DAVE  
(childish screech)  
Hey Rach.

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

Dave takes a long drag from his cigarette.

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

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

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

EXT. ROUNDABOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers with M-16s arrive in two Humvees. DAVE, RACHEL and SHANE pile in one Humvee. WAYNE, a country boy, is the driver. Rachel rides shotgun. Dave and Shane in the truck bed facing forward over the cab of the Humvee.

SUPERIMPOSE: MOGADISHU MARKET SQUARE (D+112)

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

The Humvee pulls forward and approaches the gate.

Chambering M-16s.

Humvees pull past the gate.

EXT. MOGADISHU - STREETS - LATER

They travel one car length apart.

Approach populated area. Humvees inch through crowd.

Somalis close in on vehicles. Hands reach in and out.

SHANE and DAVE grab open MRE bags. Throw contents out. Somalis dive to the ground grabbing contents.

Dave and Shane look at each other and laugh. Somalis become agitated.

WAYNE  
Fuckers. Move!

Dave slams his hand on top of the Humvee.

SHANE  
Not again.

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

Engine revs. Pick up speed.

Turn on a less congested narrow road.

Buildings on either side surrounded by large concrete walls.

Pass alleyway after alleyway.

Suddenly a male Somali jumps out from behind a wall.

Holds a bottle with a burning cloth hanging from it.

DAVE  
(points)  
Watch that guy.

SHANE  
(yells)  
Cocktail!

He throws the lit bottle.

It flashes out before it hits.

Smashes into the right quarter panel of the Humvee.

Gasoline splashes everywhere.

INT. HUMVEE CAB

Rachel gets completely dowsed.

RACHEL  
Shit, shit. I'm hit!

He puts his arm across her chest.

WAYNE  
Rach, it's okay. Keep your eyes  
shut. It wasn't lit.

EXT. HUMVEE BED

Gasoline partially splashes on SHANE.

SHANE  
Fuck, my eyes!

Tires Skid. Dust kicks up.

Truck stops quickly.

Somali turns. Runs down the alley way. He's gone.

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

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

EXT. STREET

RACHEL stands adjacent to Humvee.

SHANE jumps out.

DAVE pours water on their heads and hands.

DAVE  
Mother fuckers. Are you two okay?

Wiping away the gas from their faces.

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

Spits continually.

WAYNE grabs Rachel's hand. Escorts her in the Humvee. Snaps her seat belt.

Dave holds Shane's shoulder. Puts him in the back of the Humvee. Slams the Humvee tailgate shut.

DAVE

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

CUT TO:

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - LATER

SHANE and DAVE walk in sweaty, grimy, smell of gasoline. Disheveled. Drag their backpacks to their cots.

JEROME and AL lay on their cots talking.

JEROME

You look like shit. What happened?

DAVE

Fucks hit us with a Molotov.

AL

Man, it's getting worse by the day.

Nod their heads.

JEROME

Just the beginnin'. We're seein' terrorist groups out there. Some of 'em fresh off of fightin' the Soviets in Afghanistan.

SHANE

Mujahideen?

JEROME

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

DAVE

Great. Another fuckin' guy to worry 'bout.

SHANE

Ever since that conference things are ratcheted up. This is turning into a total cluster fuck.

AL

I can tell we're being targeted from here on out.

AL (CONT'D)

Fuck all that noise. You guys up for a game of spades tonight?

DAVE

I'm in. How 'bout you Shane?

SHANE

I'm good. Just wanna clean up a little first. Look at my hands.

He puts his hands out. They shake.

JEROME

Being in the middle of it will do that to ya.

EXT. US EMBASSY COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

NARRATOR (O.C.)

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

Mr. Heston walks through a sea of soldiers shaking hands. Sweats profusely. Labored breathing.

NARRATOR (O.C)

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

CUT TO:

INT. USS TRIPOLI - BATHROOM

LISA HARTMAN kneels over a silver toilet in the women's bathroom on the ship. Pukes and gages.

EXT. US EMBASSY COMPOUND - HELICOPTER PAD - CONTINUOUS

NARRATOR (O.C.)

With all the visitors, Clint Black was the most entertaining. He turned alot of people into country fans. He didn't give some political lecture but instead got off the helicopter with his guitar and a bottle of water and sang.

CLINT BLACK hops off the helicopter. Dust flies up from his boots. He's followed by a Marine protection force.

Greeted by several higher-ranking officers.

EXT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

He sits. Guitar in hand. Crowd gathers.

CLINT BLACK

Hello everyone. It's good to be here with ya. Can't say my wife thinks the same but glad to sing a couple of songs for ya'll.

MARINE (O.C.)  
 "A Better Man", "Galaxy Song",  
 "Kill'in Time."

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

Crowd laughs. Nods heads. Begins to play.

CLINT BLACK AT THE EMBASSY - MONTAGE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANE'S TENT - NIGHT

Thousands of stars in the dark sky.

SHANE and DAVE sit in makeshift chairs smoking.

Bottles of water on each side.

SUPERIMPOSE: US EMBASSY (D+120)

DAVE  
 Sure is nice tonight.

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

DAVE  
 Uhhh, ohhh. What?

SHANE  
 Nothing crazy. Prayed to God and  
 asked 'em why I was here.

DAVE  
 Did he answer?

SHANE

Don't think so but I haven't been shot yet...guess it helped.

DAVE

Next time talk to him for me.

SHANE

Sure.

(laughs)

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

DAVE

Hell ya. Have a couple times.

SHANE

Why?

DAVE

Really? Have you heard his music?

SHANE

No, not really.

DAVE

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

SHANE

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

DAVE

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

(jumps out of his seat)

Hold on. Let me get the radio so I can show you something.

Storms into the tent.

Rustles inside the tent.

He runs out with a tape and radio.

DAVE

Just listen to this.

Dave drops the tape in the tray. Hits play.  
He taps his fingers as the song.

DAVE  
(sings)  
"Old man look at my life,  
Twenty four and there's so much  
more. Live alone in a paradise  
That makes me think of two."

He moves his head up and down.

SHANE  
What's the name of this again?

He hits Shane on the knee.

DAVE  
Shhh. Just listen. Soak it in.

Machine gun fire erupts from the corner of the Embassy.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

DAVE  
Shit man! They're ruinin' my song!

SHANE  
Who's on the corners tonight?

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

Wave of 50-caliber rounds snap back into the city from the  
corner. 30 second bursts.

Green tracers jet out into the darkness.

Yell comes from the Nigerian's post.

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

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Return fire. Red tracers hit the Embassy walls. Whistling  
green and red tracers go back and forth 30 feet above them.

DAVE  
Wow! This is a good one.

SHANE

Think we should jump into the hole?

DAVE

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

SHANE

So funny. Who would've thought we'd be sittin' here smokin' and listening to music with a fire fight whizzing 30 feet over our heads.

DAVE

You know what it really shows?

SHANE

No. What?

DAVE

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

INT. TENT CITY - SHANE'S TENT - EVENING

They sit around the table to play spades. DAVE and SHANE on same team. All in joyful moods. Smoke fills the tent.

AL deals. Dave grabs each card dealt to him. His smile gets larger. Shane's eyes get wider and wider.

DAVE

(laughs)

Whatcha got partner?

SHANE

(laughs)

You won't believe this.

JEROME

Just play fucknuts.

SHANE

(to Al)

You wouldn't be laughing if you saw my hand.

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

INT. SHANE'S TENT - LATER

DAVE lays down a 10 of hearts.

Followed by JEROME with a 6 of hearts.

AL lays down his king of hearts.

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

SHANE  
Hate to do it bro but --  
He slams down a spade over Al's king.

SHANE  
(to Al)  
Take that bitch!  
Dave stands up. Points and laughs.  
Reaches across the table and high-fives Shane.

SHANE  
(exuberant)  
The student becomes the master!!!

CUT TO:

INT. INTEL OPS CENTER - EVENING

SHANE leans over a tall wooden table.

Looks through his magnifying loop.

Makes annotations on photos and maps.

DAVE  
How goes it?

SHANE  
Okay I guess. Makin' last minute  
changes to the charts.

DAVE  
That bad huh?

SHANE

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

DAVE

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

SHANE

Yeah. I have 'em drawing down from  
that place on the outskirts of  
town.

DAVE

I remember it. Why so close?

SHANE

Don't know but it took me forever  
to track 'em down from the imagery  
from the missions.

DAVE

You need me for anything?

SHANE

Yeah, help me roll these up. The  
planning meeting is in 30 minutes.

INT. OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The air is hot and sticky. Maps and pictures on the wall.  
One large Googlemap-type image of the warehouse is front and  
center. Several handheld pictures are taped to it.

Humvee locations marked by stickers are strategically placed  
around the warehouse.

Pilots, soldiers, intel and ops guys stand elbow to elbow.  
DAVE and SHANE stand behind everyone.

DAVE

(whispers)

Looks good bro.

SHANE

Thanks. Now the fun begins.

MAJOR PUTNY

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

(points to picture)

20 to 30 armed men and at least three technicals inside. We'll be on station at 0700. Set up our comms. Here, here, and here.

His pointer touches the picture at each location.

MAJOR PUTNY (CONT'D)

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

Everyone nods their head.

MARINES (O.C.)

Hoooyaaa.

SHANE

So much for the humanitarian mission huh?

DAVE

Dude we lost that mission months ago. Just hope it goes without a hitch. Repercussions could be bad, ya know?

SHANE

No doubt bro.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

GUNNY

Walsh, Lopez. A word.

Gunny pulls them aside.

GUNNY

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

DAVE AND SHANE

(look to each other)

Really! That's great.

GUNNY

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

DAVE

Excuse me? We've been spit on, shot at and lived like everyone else. There is nothing anyone has done that we haven't done.

GUNNY

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

SHANE

I don't get you. Nine months ago we couldn't even tie our boots. Now we're in fire fights. Real gunners. I didn't ask for this and I'll be damn if you try and tell me I'm not a grunt.

He storms out.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - MORNING

People stand on Humvees and crates. Point beyond the wall.

SUPERIMPOSE: AIDAD CACHE WAREHOUSE (D+131)

DAVE

Here we go.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - SAME

A tattered chain-link fence surrounds the structure. It holds several windows and one faded red door. Two closed

large bay doors.

A brown dirt road leads in and around the warehouse. One old white car near the entrance with others and various junk scattered about.

EXT. OVER MOGADISHU CITY - MOMENTS LATER

One AH-1 Cobra attack helicopter and one UH-1 Huey attack gunship interweave as they approach from a low position in the direction of the airfield. The sound is rough.

A steady beat in everyone's chest. Becomes harder.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT

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

SHANE  
 Nope, can't say I have.

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

Dave hits Shane playfully on the shoulder.

DAVE  
 What time is it?

SHANE  
 6:58.

DAVE  
 Hell ya. About party time!

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Seven Humvees park a safe distance away. Two have 50-caliber mounted guns. A large speaker on a stand points toward the warehouse.

Soldiers stand, weapons drawn behind open Humvee doors.

COMMANDER

(to handset)

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

No acknowledgement.

Commander gestures to two other soldiers. Points to the warehouse several times. Waves them to get behind trucks.

Both helicopters arrive on station.

Circle the warehouse.

Rotors thump and shake the ground.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Commander grabs the microphone.

COMMANDER

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

Marines chamber weapons.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

-- Six, five --

Gunfire from the warehouse erupts.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Bullets spray the Humvees ricochet off to the ground.

Soldiers crouch down.

Then return GUNFIRE.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

50-cals unload in three second bursts.

Red tracers fly into the warehouse.

Gunfire from both areas.

AH-1 Cobra hovers. Turns its nose toward the warehouse.

A flare of bright flame and smoke leave the two weapons arms from both sides of the helicopter.

Hellfire missiles make a quick get-away.

Wires attached to each missile connect to Cobra.

DAVE (O.C)

There's a wire attached to those missiles.

SHANE (O.C.)

Yeah, way cool. Its a "fly-by-wire". For accuracy.

Missiles directly hit warehouse.

Explosions shake the ground.

EXT. US EMBASSY - ROUNDABOUT - SAME

A group of onlookers from the Embassy yell with enthusiasm.

Fist pump in the air.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

UH-1 Huey begins to circle the warehouse.

It unloads hundreds of 50-caliber casings directly into the warehouse.

Empty casings pour from the Huey's belly.

Both helicopters slow their pattern around the area.

Turn toward the airfield. Leave.

EXT. AIDED WAREHOUSE

It's a smouldering ruin. Anyone inside has died a brutal

death in the attack.

EXT. US EMBASSY ROUNDABOUT

People began to jump off the crates and Humvees.

DAVE

Wow! What a way to start the day.

SHANE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT CITY - ROAD - MORNING

SHANE briskly walks towards RACHEL holding his UN helmet. Marines mill about. Humvees drive by. It's busy.

SHANE

(slow)

Here. I can't take this.

He extends his arms holding the helmet.

RACHEL

Why? What's wrong?

SHANE

Nothings wrong. If they inspect my bag and find this I could get in trouble.

RACHEL

I'm gonna miss you.

SHANE

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

RACHEL

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

SHANE

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

RACHEL

No one said it was fair.

SHANE

I'll write you. I promise.

RACHEL

I want you to know that you are one of us. You've been through the ringer and came out the other end shining.

SHANE

I feel different. I know this will always be with me. I will certainly appreciate things more than ever...especially carpet.

They both laugh.

RACHEL

I would give you a kiss but --

SHANE

-- please don't. Just another excuse for them to throw me in jail and keep me here longer.

They hug.

RACHEL

(whispers)

You take care Marine.

SHANE GOES HOME - MONTAGE

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

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

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

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

EXT. SAN DIEGO - SHANE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Cab door opens.

SHANE steps out.

Grabs bags from the trunk. Slings them over his shoulder.

The key wedges in to unlock the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walks along the hall. Family pictures adorn the walls.

Swings open the door. Just stares.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM

Steps in and immediately drops everything.

Takes off his shoes and socks. Tosses them aside.

Looks down at his feet. Grabs the plush carpet with his toes.

Lets out a long sigh.

BLACK SCREEN

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.

END FILM.