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FADE IN:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE - IRAQ DESERT - SUMMER 2002 - DAY

Hot, dusty, dry. The FOB is a hodgepodge of buildings, barbed wire strung between to seal the perimeter. Manned by a company-sized element - roughly 125 soldiers - from the 3rd Armored Calvary. The FOB houses a Forward Aid Station (FAS) set up to treat soldiers wounded during action in the area.

Radios chatter. Urgent, frantic communication. A mass-casualty event occurring. SOLDIER MEDICS scramble to receive the incoming casualties.

OUTSIDE THE FOB PERIMETER...

A line of vehicles approaches. Smoke billows from a badly damaged Armored Personnel Carrier (APC). The twisted ramp drags the ground behind the vehicle. The engine dies, the APC clatters to a halt just inside the main gate.

Medics, aid bags in hand, sprint to the APC. MEN inside are covered in blood, indistinguishable, unrecognizable. The medics begin extracting the wounded. 3 SOLDIERS, all with missing limbs, moan and writhe in pain. They are placed on the ground and emergency treatment begins.

STEVE ANDREWS, in desert camouflage pants, brown T-shirt and surgical gloves, looks quickly from casualty to casualty.

ANDREWS

Jones, get a tourniquet on this one.  
Roberts, start an IV.

Andrews looks for more help. A YOUNG LIEUTENANT, pale with shock, watches the grim scene from a short distance.

ANDREWS

Lieutenant, I need an O2 tank!

The LT doesn't move. A medic APC clatters up and stops. The ramp drops. Andrews points at the vehicle.

ANDREWS  
(yelling)  
Oxygen! Now!

The LT snaps to and dashes to the APC. Andrews crouches by another casualty - the left leg is badly mangled, barely attached below the knee. Andrews yells to Tommy V, a medic rushing up to help.

ANDREWS  
Tommy. He's bleeding out. Get a...

Tommy V is already prepping a tourniquet for the leg. The two work in perfect sync and with unspoken efficiency - the result of many drills and dozens of casualty events together.

ANDREWS  
(to the patient)  
I got you, man, stay with me...

Andrews begins stripping off the man's protective vest to do a heart-lung assessment. He hesitates for a split second when he sees the name on the vest: "Garcia", shakes his head hard to focus and gets back to work.

Even as he finishes taking vitals, Andrews is already biting off the cap from a needle to start an IV. In seconds, fluid is dripping and Andrews calls for help.

ANDREWS  
Urgent Surgical! Let's get him loaded up.

A YOUNG PRIVATE and ANOTHER SOLDIER help carry the injured man to a medical APC. As the APC rumbles off, a radio crackles with calls for cover fire and target positions over the continuous chatter of automatic weapons and sporadic explosions from the on-going action in the distance.

A HUMVEE PULLS INTO THE COMPOUND

And stops. The driver gestures at the slumped figures of TWO SOLDIERS in the back and yells...

DRIVER  
"MEDIC!... MEDIC!..."

Andrews scoops up his bag and sprints to the vehicle. He quickly examines the wounded man and yells back to Tommy V.

ANDREWS

2 gunshot wounds. Possible sucking  
chest...

CARRY SOUND OVER FADE TO:

INT. IRISH PUB - SOUTH BOSTON - 9-10-2001 - EVENING

MEN AND WOMEN, professional 20-30 somethings, party in the obviously-familiar pub. Jackets off, ties loosened, yells for more drinks over the din.

A chorus of "AN-DREWS!... AN-DREWS!... AN-DREWS!..." drowns out all other noise and conversation.

STEVE ANDREWS, 30, with a perfect haircut and navy-blue Brooks Brothers suit, jumps effortlessly onto a chair, rips off his necktie and twirls it over his head in answer to the call. This is his night, his party.

With great flourish, DAVE MALONEY, similar in age and dress, begins a Peter Gabriel song using a beer-bottle microphone.

MALONEY

I'm on my way I'm making it...

SEVERAL GIRLS join in....

MALONEY & GIRLS

BIG TIME!

Andrews dances to the song. A bottle of Irish whiskey is passed up to him. He flings his tie into the air and takes a deep draw. Wild applause. A cell-phone goes off with a "*Sympathy for the Devil*" ring-tone. Andrews whips out his phone as he takes another hit of the whiskey.

ANDREWS

Speak truth to power. (pause) *Dean!*  
(pause) Yeah! Hang on a minute...

He leaps down, zigzags through the crowd like a running back, heading for a door and quiet.

EXT. IRISH PUB - EVENING

Andrews bursts out onto the sidewalk along the street. The noise of the party fades as the door closes.

ANDREWS

Just having a little going-away party.  
What's up in the big city?

INT. 102ND FLOOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER - NEW YORK - EVENING

DEAN STRICKLAND, an even slicker version of the young entrepreneurs in Boston, takes in the view of the lights of "the City That Never Sleeps" spread out below him.

DEAN

It's all up, buddy. I'm looking out  
the window of your new office. You  
ready for a new life?

EXT. IRISH PUB - SAME TIME

Andrews smiles as he looks up and down the run-down, crowded Boston street.

ANDREWS

On my way, brother. Zapped all my  
files into the ether world. Just  
waiting to be retrieved when I get  
there. Pack light...

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - SAME TIME

Dean finishes the sentence as he steps closer to the windows.

DEAN

...travel fast! Can't wait. We've got worlds to conquer, fortunes to make, bud. Everything we've dreamt about since college!

ANDREWS

Living the dream! (smiles) I just hope the office looks better than your side of our dorm room did.

DEAN

It's all good, Steve. Call me when...

EXT. IRISH PUB - SAME TIME

The roar of a jet overhead drowns out Dean's last words.

ANDREWS

What? Dean?

He waits, no answer. Dean is already gone.

ANDREWS

Love you, man.

He flips the phone shut, looks up at the jet, turns and enters the pub.

INT. IRISH PUB

The noise of crowd is still chaotic. Maloney and the girls are still doing their song and dance routine.

MALONEY & GIRLS

My car is getting bigger. BIG TIME. My house is getting bigger. BIG TIME. My eyes are getting bigger and my mouth. BIG TIME. My belly's getting bigger. BIG TIME. And my bank account...

A SEXY WOMAN, Andrews tie draped over her bare shoulders, seductively sips a fresh bottle of whiskey.

SEXY WOMAN  
(to Andrews)  
Want some of this?

She holds it out. LAURA, Andrews's wife, intercepts the bottle as she steps between them. Laura is a beautiful, petite brunette with Spanish and German/Irish ancestry. She speaks to Steve but looks at the woman.

LAURA  
I think that's enough for tonight. You have packing to do and I promised the *baby-sitter* we wouldn't be too late.

She snaps the tie off the woman and guides Andrews through the crowd. The party goes without them.

FADE TO:

INT. ANDREWS'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Andrews, hung over, steps from the elevator into the lobby, a tall, steaming coffee in his hand. TOM, an associate, falls in with him as he makes his way through a maze of cubicles.

TOM  
You're in early, short-timer.

Andrews rubs his eyes and sips his coffee. They pause by a glass-paneled office. Andrews fumbles with a key.

ANDREWS  
All set to travel. Just some last details. What the flying fu...?

The knob doesn't budge.

ANDREWS

An authoritative voice answers the unfinished question.

VOICE  
I had the locks changed.

Andrews whirls to see JASON HARGROVE, his now ex-boss.

HARGROVE - CONTINUES

Company policy. Your contacts stay here.

Andrews faces Hargrove, mutual dislike obvious.

ANDREWS

I have personal stuff in my computer.  
I want it. *Now!*

Before Hargrove can respond RANDY, another coworker, rushes up.

RANDY

(urgently - out of breath)  
Guys! You've got to see this! The Twin  
Towers... It's bad...

He dashes off. The others follow.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM

A TV is on and SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE are watching intensely. The image is of the TWIN Towers of the World Trade Center in New York. Smoke billows from the North Tower.

ANNOUNCER

...a very disturbing live shot there. That is the World Trade Center, and we have unconfirmed reports this morning that a plane has crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center. CNN Center right now is just beginning to work on this story, obviously calling our sources and trying to figure out exactly what happened, but clearly something relatively devastating happening this morning there on the south end of the island of Manhattan. That is once again, a picture of one of the towers of the World Trade Center.

The group watches in a daze. Randy takes the remote and switches to another network.



Another live shot of the towers, a bit shaky as the cameraman struggles to hold the frame. The camera suddenly widens and pans to catch an airliner banking steeply just before it smashes into the South Tower. A huge ball of flame erupts from the impact.

There are cries of "My god!", "Shit!" and "Jesus!". Andrews yells as he reaches for his cell phone.

ANDREWS

Tower 2! Dean!

He punches his speed dial. Busy. He tries another number. Busy. Andrews slaps the phone shut and quickly shouts orders.

ANDREWS

The phones are out. Tom! Try to get Jennifer on her cell. Randy! Try Allison. Everyone else, try whoever you have numbers for. They're all in there. Go! GO!

He turns back to the images of the carnage on the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDREWS HOME - BOSTON - EVENING

The home is an upscale rehab in one of Boston's better neighborhoods. Andrews is on his cell phone, eyes glued to continuing coverage of the 9/11 disaster on TV.

ANDREWS

They're sure? (pause) Okay. Let me know if anything changes.

He flips the phone shut. Laura enters carrying COLLIN, their 1-year old son. She sets Collin on the floor at Steve's feet. The boy starts playing happily with a red, toy truck.

LAURA

(hesitantly)

What did you find out?

Fighting tears, Andrews doesn't look away from the TV.

ANDREWS

Gone.

LAURA

Who?

ANDREWS

All of them. Dean. The whole company.

A shot of a fire truck with men hosing down smoldering ruins flashes on the screen. Collin points excitedly at the TV.

COLLIN

Tuck!

Andrews looks at his son and smiles despite his pain. Laura picks Collin up and hugs him close, protective.

LAURA

Jesus God. (pause) What are we going to do?

Steve doesn't answer. He stares at the TV but his eyes are focused on something in his mind.

EXT. STREET - BOSTON - OCTOBER 2001 - DAY

Andrews walks a street near downtown, aimless, distracted. Fenway Park is visible several blocks away, Boston University across the turnpike. He pauses in front of a pizza joint - one he and Dean ruled during their college days. Through the window he sees...

INT. PIZZA JOINT - FLASHBACK TO 10 YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

A diehard Boston sports hangout. Memorabilia and photos from the Bruins, Red Sox, Celtics and Patriots cover the walls.

The Friday night rush. Many PATRONS wear Red Sox jackets, jerseys, ball caps. WAITRESSES balance 18" pizzas, pitchers of beer and trays of mugs as they push their way through the crowd. Andrews and Dean dig in as a pie is laid before them. Dean fills their mugs and raises his in a toast...

DEAN  
Living the dream!

Andrews clinks his mug to Dean's.

ANDREWS  
To the Dream!

They drink. Andrews raises his mug again.

ANDREWS  
To the Sox! They shall rise again!

DEAN  
To the Sox.

They drink. Dean takes a big bite of pizza but keeps talking.

DEAN  
When we take over the world, first  
thing we buy the Sox. Minimum four  
straight Series. You and me, heroes.

ANDREWS  
(Laughs)  
Now that is a dream!

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - 2001 - DAY

Andrews smiles.

ANDREWS  
Love you, man.

The image dissolves to here and now, leaving him staring at  
his own reflection as he speaks. Funny looks from passers-by.  
He turns away and moves on.

DOWN THE STREET...

He pauses in front of another store front and looks in.

INT. STORE - 10 YEARS EARLIER

A laundromat. COLLEGE STUDENTS do homework while clothes wash and dry. Dean and Andrews load machines with piles of dirty clothes. Andrews takes off his socks and T-shirt, stuffs them into the washer and...

ANDREWS

Damn! I forgot...

He turns to Dean just in time to catch a jug of detergent.

DEAN

Got ya covered. Like my old man says,  
watch your buddies' backs. It's all  
about the team.

Andrews splashes detergent on his clothes and shuts the lid with a BANG.

SOUND OVER CUT  
TO:

INT. SAME STORE - NOW AN ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE - 2001- DAY

The door BANGS shut as a YOUNG MAN enters the store. Andrews snaps back to the present. The laundromat is now a neat, open room with "Go Army" posters on the walls. YOUNG MEN in their teens and early 20's fill out paperwork at the chair-desks lining the side walls. A RECRUITING SERGEANT, about 28, sits behind a large desk at the back of the room. His immaculate dress uniform is decorated with rows of medals and ribbons.

INT. ANDREWS HOME - BOSTON - THAT EVENING

Steve sits on the couch talking his cell phone.

ANDREWS

Me too. He was my best friend. Always  
had my back. He... We had so many  
plans together for the future.

Collin climbs onto the couch and up onto his shoulders, reaching for the phone. Laura picks up Collin and holds him close. Steve listens to the person on the other end.

ANDREWS

I was supposed to have been there. I might have been able to help. (pause)  
I know. You too. And give my love to Mrs. Strickland. I will. Bye.

He flips the phone shut and looks at Laura holding Collin.

ANDREWS

Dean's dad sends love.

He stands and paces - agitated, angry, frustrated.

ANDREWS - CONTINUES

I have to do something. For Dean. For you and Collin.

LAURA

What? You quit your job here. New York is out...

She tears up. He puts his arms around his wife and son.

ANDREWS

I have some ideas.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE - BOSTON - DAY

Andrews enters. He pauses to look at the posters. The Recruiting Sergeant rises from his desk.

RECRUITING SERGEANT

Can I help you, sir?

Andrews doesn't hear the sergeant as he studies the posters. The sergeant steps closer.

RECRUITING SERGEANT

Sir?

Andrews turns.

ANDREWS

I want to enlist.

The sergeant looks over the Brooks Brothers suit, the slick hair cut, the Italian-leather loafers.

RECRUITING SERGEANT

Yes sir. Follow me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANIELS FARM - GEORGIA - DAY

White clouds drift across the bright blue sky over rolling fields of peanuts. A big, green John Deere tractor kicks up a plume of dust as it pulls a harvester over the crop.

BOBBY DANIELS, 20, in faded jeans, T-shirt and straw cowboy hat, cuts the engine and exhales deeply as he reaches the end of last row. He drops easily to the ground and surveys his work. Exacting perfection belies his "good ol' boy" demeanor.

His FATHER, an older, heavier version of Bobby, waves to his son with a mangled hand missing a finger then turns and begins walking towards the house in the distance. An American flag flies high on a pole, a black POW/MIA flag below it.

Bobby jogs to catch up with his father.

FATHER

(heavy southern accent)

That ought to do it.

DANIELS

Yep, guess so.

Business handled, they walk on in silence.

INT. DANIELS' HOUSE - DAY

A classic 1950's farmhouse. A table in the entry is covered with photos of his father, grandfather and other relatives in uniform - a shrine to the family tradition of service to their country. A framed Bronze Star hangs on the wall above.

Bobby and his father enter just as his younger TWIN BROTHERS reach the bottom of the stairs lugging an old, packed duffle bag that reads "DANIELS" in faded black lettering.

DANIELS  
Hey, thanks guys!

The twins grin and follow the men into the dining room.

INT. DANIELS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

GRANDPARENTS and a TEENAGE SISTER are waiting. A homemade banner above the table reads "Good Luck." His MOTHER begins to pass plates and dishes of food around the table.

MOTHER  
Just because your leaving tomorrow you  
still have to clean the dishes.

DANIELS  
Never ends.

FATHER  
(under his breath)  
Try being married to her.

A playful "whap" from Mother's backhand.

FATHER  
Your mother and I met in the service.

DANIELS  
Yeah, I know. She was your nurse after  
you lost your finger during the  
grenade attack. Heard it a million  
times. A real bleeding hero...

FATHER  
Got your mom to notice.

DANIELS  
Lucky it wasn't something else that  
was missing.

Grandmother looks shocked, the twins lost, the sister embarrassed. Daniels ducks a "whap" from his mother.

FADE TO:

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Daniels sits on his bed putting his boots on. His father calls up from the bottom of the steps.

FATHER

Hey, get going! You're goin' to miss the bus. And don't wake the twins.

DANIELS

Be right there.

INT. DANIELS HOME - HALLWAY

Daniels takes a final look into his little brothers' room. They are still fast asleep.

INT. DANIELS HOME - ENTRY

He bounds down the stairs to find his family gathered by the front door. His mother crying, his sister trying not to.

FATHER

Alright, that'll be enough of that. He's going to boot camp not war.

MOTHER

It'll be war soon enough the way the world is headed. (pause) Those poor people in New York! How could such a thing happen in America?

DANIELS

Mom, don't worry. I'll be alright. And hopefully come back with... all my fingers.

He grins at his father, who whaps him with a backhand.



FATHER

Don't even need both hands to put a  
whippin' on ya.

DANIELS

Never ends.

Daniels gives his mother and sister hugs and kisses goodbye,  
then scoops up his duffle and heads out the door.

EXT. ROAD NEAR DANIELS HOME - DAY

The men walk down the dusty road to the main highway. A row  
of mailboxes lines a rickety shelf at the intersection. His  
father takes out an old compass. It is hard for him to speak.

FATHER

You know I'm not superstitious but...  
(pause) Take this.

He hands the compass to Bobby.

FATHER - CONTINUES

When... if, you ever find ya' self  
lost or unsure, use this. It'll guide  
ya. It helped when your granddad gave  
it to me. Helped him before that.

DANIELS

Thanks, dad.

They hesitate on the verge of a hug but the bus pulls up. The  
DRIVER jumps out, opens the cargo door and tosses Daniels bag  
in. His father stuffs some money in Daniels' shirt pocket and  
puts his bad hand on Bobby's shoulder.

FATHER

You take care of yourself, Bobby.

Daniels nods, turns and boards. The bus pulls away, leaving  
the father in a swirl of dust at the roadside.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT BENNING, GEORGIA PARADE GROUNDS - JAN. 2002 - DAY

A cool, overcast afternoon. The FORT BENNING ARMY BAND is playing. Stands are full of proud PARENTS AND FRIENDS. The BASIC TRAINING COMMANDER salutes from a podium as the GRADUATING PLATOONS march by in their Class A uniforms.

Laura looks on with pride from the front row as Andrews marches past. The last platoon comes to a halt, the Commander taps the microphone and looks over the formation.

COMMANDER

Congratulations! You are now part of  
the greatest army in the world. *HOOHA!*

SOLDIERS

*HOOHA!*

COMMANDER

You are released to your families.  
Good luck on your future assignments.  
(pause) DIS-MISSED!

The crowd erupts in cheers and applause as the soldiers rapidly disperse to find waiting family and friends. Laura runs up to Andrews and jumps into his arms, showering him with hugs and kisses.

LAURA

I'm so proud of you. I love you so  
much.

He hugs her tightly.

ANDREWS

I love you too. (pause) We only have  
tonight, ya know. Fort Sam tomorrow.  
Medic training.

LAURA

Don't remind me. (sighs) Texas! And I  
thought Georgia was a long ways from  
home.

He keeps one arm around her, gently, firmly steering her  
through the mass of people.

ANDREWS

You'll be able to visit. (pause) I  
have to say I'm pretty excited.

She looks down toward his pants with a flirty smile.

LAURA

I can see that. (pause) So, what time  
did you say your flight is?

ANDREWS

Thirteen-hundred... Sorry. One  
o'clock.

LAURA

(still flirtatious)  
Oh, OK then. We have tonight. We'll  
just have to make the most of it.

He slaps her ass and gives her a kiss and a flirty wink.

ANDREWS

Roger that.

They disappear into the crowd and celebrations.

FADE TO:

EXT. SAN ANTONIO AIRPORT - NIGHT

An Army bus idles in the concourse outside the baggage claim  
area. SOLDIERS board in ones and twos.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Andrews sits by himself, looking out the window of the bus at  
nothing. Bobby Daniels walks down the aisle stops by Andrews.

DANIELS

(Gesturing to empty seat)  
Hey, anyone sittin' there?

Andrews looks at Daniels, the empty seat and back to Daniels.

ANDREWS

Nope.

Daniels stows his duffle overhead and plops down.

DANIELS

How y'all doin' this lovely evening?  
I'm Bobby Daniels.

They shake hands.

ANDREWS

Good, all things considered. Steve  
Andrews.

DANIELS

Glad that bullshit is over with, eh?

ANDREWS

Roger that. Where you coming from?

DANIELS

Jackson. You must be a Benning boy,  
right?

ANDREWS

How'd you guess?

DANIELS

It's obvious. (pause) So off to Fort  
Sam is it? Gonna to be a health care  
specialist?

ANDREWS

Nah, man. A combat medic.

DANIELS

Same thing.

ANDREWS

Only if you want to wipe asses.

Daniels laughs. The doors close and the bus starts to pull  
away. A loud yell and pounding on the side of the bus brings  
it to a halt. The doors open again.

DON MANCINI, 22, a portly Italian from Brooklyn, makes his way down the aisle as the bus pulls out again. He squeezes into the seat behind Daniels and Andrews. Stuffing a Snickers bar into his mouth, he joins the conversation.

MANCINI

What's going on, mutha' fucka?

Daniels looks over his shoulder at Mancini.

DANIELS

About fuckin time you joined the party. Didn't think you were going to make it.

Mancini punches Daniels in the shoulder.

MANCINI

Fuck off. (looks at Andrews) Who's this?

DANIELS

(to Andrews)

Allow me to introduce this tubby fucker here. Andrews meet ass-jockey. Ass-jockey, Andrews.

MANCINI

Fort fuckin Sam! Get to see some chicks, have a few drinks. Get laid. Hell yeah, mutha fuckas!

DANIELS

Fat chance. (to Andrews) Got no game. Even his hand falls asleep on him.

Andrews laughs. Mancini and Daniels play fight in jest.

ANDREWS

Hey, stop fiddle-fuckin around. Look. We're here...

They look out the window to see the 232 Medical Battalion sign that reads "Home of the Combat Medic".

EXT. FORT SAM HOUSTON - NIGHT

The bus rolls to a stop at the barracks parking lot. The door opens. SERGEANT HARRISON steps onto the bus.

SERGEANT HARRISON

(loud, commanding voice)

OK ladies, grab your gear and get off my bus. Head over to the CTA and get in formation, 7 man front! Move it!!

DANIELS

(to Andrews and Mancini)

I thought this basic training bullshit was over.

SERGEANT HARRISON

Let's go, move it, move it, move!

ANDREWS

Guess not.

They rush off bus, grab their bags and run to the formation.

EXT. FORT SAM HOUSTON - BARRACKS - NIGHT

The 232 Medical Battalion barracks is a large, impressive building: 3 levels branching into 6 different wings. Underneath, a breezeway with phones lining the walls leads to various company areas. A stairwell leads up to barracks bays.

This is Fox Troop CTA. On the ground is a mural of a flying Falcon with a medical caduceus in one claw, an American Flag banner in the other and a Red Cross wrapped around its wing.

SOLDIERS, men and women, dressed in Class A uniforms are in columns and rows evenly spaced with their bags in front of them. Sergeant Harrison enters the CTA breezeway.

SERGEANT HARRISON

ATTENTION!

They snap to. Sergeant Harrison paces in front of the formation.

SERGEANT HARRISON

At Ease! OK, soldier medics, here's what's going to happen. First rule is no one, I repeat NO ONE, will cross the paint. (points to the mural) You haven't earned that right yet.

SOLDIERS

*HOOHA!*

SERGEANT HARRISON

Grab your gear. Head up to the bays and grab a rack. Reform back here in 5 minutes in BDUs!!!

Soldiers grab duffle bags and run to the stairs.

FADE TO:

INT. FORT SAM HOUSTON BARRACKS - MORNING

Soldiers dash around the barracks bay in a rush to shower, brush teeth, dress and get to formation. Daniels and Mancini accidentally tangle their pistol belts together and fumble about trying to disconnect themselves. Andrews looks at them and laughs as he finishes dressing.

DANIELS

(To Mancini)

Just, just, move that way...

MANCINI

Like this? No. This way...

ANDREWS

(Laughing)

You all right over there? Need some help? Maybe your own room?

DANIELS

(Frustrated)

Can't... seem... to get... off...

ANDREWS

Keep fucking around like that and  
you'll get something off. I hope  
you're wearing protection.

MANCINI

Hardy frickin' har, asshole.

The belts suddenly release.

EXT. FORT SAM HOUSTON CTA - MORNING

Andrews, Daniels and Mancini scramble into formation.

MANCINI

(To Andrews and Daniels)

Fuckin' finally time to eat. I'm  
frickin' starving.

ANDREWS

Doesn't look like you've missed too  
many meals.

DRILL SERGEANT DAVIS approaches.

SERGEANT DAVIS

(To formation)

Good Morning Soldier Medics. We're  
going to march you to chow. There will  
be no talking in the DIFAC PLATOON!  
RIGHT-FACE! FORWARD... MARCH! LEFT,  
LEFT...

The platoon moves out in formation repeating the cadence.

PLATOON

Left. Left...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRACTICAL'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

6-8 hospital beds line one wall, some with training dummies  
under the blankets.



By each bed is a cart with IV tubing, boxes of alcohol pads, catheters, etc. Groups of student soldiers examine the setups and talk among themselves.

SGT. KIRK SELLARS, the instructor, enters the room.

SELLARS

OK soldier medics, listen up! Today we are learning about hemodynamics. Blood flow and shock. How many pints of blood in the human body? Anyone?

MELISSA ALBRIGHT, a shapely blonde, raises her hand.

ALBRIGHT

8 to 12, Sir. Varies with sex, weight and overall physical condition.

SELLARS

Good. Alright, who can explain what is meant by hypovolemic shock? Mancini.

MANCINI

(hesitantly)

Um, shock due to loss of blood?

SELLARS

Great!

Daniels gives Mancini a thumbs up with a sarcastic smirk.

SELLARS

My job today is to teach you to recognize and treat shock. There are several ways we can do that, dependant on the severity of injury, say a severed limb.

He holds up a tourniquet.

SELLARS

The bleeding can be slowed with a tourniquet.

SELLARS

Volunteer?

Albright stands.

SELLARS

Please step forward. Expose your right arm.

Albright steps to the front and takes off her uniform blouse. Daniels' jaw drops, his head flops forward and a small moan escapes. He is in love. Instructor Sellars suddenly slams his fist on the table.

SELLARS

BOOM!

The students jump.

SELLARS

RPG. The limb is gone below the elbow. If you don't act fast, your patient will bleed out in minutes. Take the patient's arm. (holds Albright's arm) Keep it above heart level. Make sure the tourniquet is above the wound but not on the joint. Make sure the material is about 2 inches in width as not to cause further damage to the surrounding tissue. Tie a square knot, slip the stick into it and turn until the bleeding stops. Secure it and splint in place.

Mancini points at Daniels and whispers to Andrews.

MANCINI

It'd work better around his neck.

Sellers does not look up.

SELLERS

Quiet Mancini. Check for distal pulse. There should be none. Mark the patient with a T and the time. Questions?

None.

SELLARS

OK, start pairing up and practice on each other.

Behind him, Mancini starts to fashion his tourniquet into a noose.

SELLERS - CONTINUES

And NO putting it around each other's necks!

Mancini quickly unties the noose. The students pair up. Daniels and Andrews work together. Sellars walks the room pausing to watch here and there.

SELLARS

Good job people. Everyone get a chance to practice? Anyone need more time? NO? Good. Next we'll...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. FORT SAM HOUSTON - MONTAGE

The platoons do morning exercises and runs.

Classroom medical training - stabilizing wounded on back boards, starting IV's, triage assessment, etc.

Stolen moments alone or on the phone with loved ones.

Studying and comparing notes until lights out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRACTICAL'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Instructor Sellars addresses the class.

SELLARS

Let's review IV fluid replacement. Everyone gets stuck today. Who can tell me why we need IV's?

ANDREWS

To make sure the body retains its fluid level, Sergeant.

SELLARS

Right. Why is that important?

ALBRIGHT

So the body can recover and to keep blood pressure up.

SELLARS

Correct. First things first. Make sure you have all your equipment.

The students check their supplies: tape; IV catheter; IV tubing; a Penrose tourniquet; alcohol pads; IV bag; chux pads; gauze; band aids; gloves.

SELLARS

You've all done this before. I want to see you moving faster but with precision. Lives are at stake. Pair off. You have two minutes. Ready? Go!

Andrews works with Mancini. Daniels has ended up with Albright. He picks up the IV, nervously spikes the tubing into the end of the bag and checks the flow for air bubbles. Albright calmly offers her arm. She is already pumping her fist to make the veins more apparent. Daniels sets the tourniquet, wipes her arm with an alcohol pad and gets ready to insert the catheter needle.

Someone yells, "OW!", just as he starts to "take the plunge". He flinches. Albright takes his hand and smiles.

ALBRIGHT

It's all right. Just do it.

SELLARS

30 seconds. There are more wounded needing your attention. Let's go!

Daniels takes a deep breath and inserts the catheter. He quickly secures it with tape and adjusts the flow of the IV. Daniels and Albright lock eyes for a long moment. Instructor Sellars walks by and checks the results.

SELLARS

Excellent. Good work.

He moves to another group with a small puddle of blood on the floor.

SELLARS

Clean that up. Now switch. Make sure everyone gets a chance to bleed.

FADE TO:

INT. FORT SAM HOUSTON - CTA BREEZEWAY - NIGHT

A light breeze offers relief from the heat. SOLDIERS shine boots, talk on the phones, study and quiz each other. Daniels and Mancini sit at a picnic table with Albright and another FEMALE SOLDIER. Andrews is on the phone.

ANDREWS

...hot as hell. And humid! How's my little soldier? (listens) I know. I wish I could be there too. When I get my final posting we'll get an apartment. Start packing. Got to go. Big test tomorrow. Need to study.  
(pause) Love you too, beautiful. Bye.

He hangs up and joins the group at the picnic table.

ANDREWS

So, where we at?

MANCINI

Going over the scenarios in the back of the book.

ANDREWS

Cool, what are you on?

DANIELS

Let's say you have an adult male with disorientation, slurred speech and weakness to the left side. What are we dealing with?

ALBRIGHT

A man after sex?

They all laugh.

DANIELS

OK. What does he have and how would you treat it?

MANCINI

A CVA. Possible stroke. Give O2, monitor, transport. Call it in to...

ANDREWS

Smart ass! What are the steps for checking the patient's mental status?

MANCINI

AVPU! Alert, Verbal, Pain and Unresponsiveness.

Daniels gives Mancini a high-five.

DANIELS

Fuckin-a right, doggy!

ANDREWS

We are going to smoke this flippin' test.

DANIELS

(nervous)

I hope so.

ALBRIGHT

Don't worry, you'll be fine. (smiles)  
I'm sure of it.

Daniels returns the smile.

FADE TO:

INT. FORT SAM HOUSTON - CLASSROOM #1 - DAY

TEST DAY. Students sit in their seats, laboring over the tests.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP BULLIS TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Camp Bullis is across town from Fort Sam Houston. Tents, with hardened shells for extra protection, are set in neat rows.

Andrew's and the others are in formation, dressed in BDU's with web gear, canteens and M-16 training rifles. They are dripping with sweat. DRILL SERGEANT DAVIS, a lanky black man with a tough, no-nonsense bearing, gives instructions.

SERGEANT DAVIS

... you need to hydrate, hydrate,  
hydrate! HOOHA!

SOLDIERS IN UNISON

HOOHA!!

SERGEANT DAVIS

This is your Field Training Exercise. While at Camp Bullis, you will travel in 2 man buddy teams. No one goes anywhere alone. Fire watch and roaming guard will be 2 hour shifts. Shower and water points are at the east end of the tents. Keep your AO clean and take care of each other. We have great training in store for you. There will be EMT exercises, survival lanes, loading and unloading the many vehicles the Army owns. Chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear and explosive consequence management. And the obstacle course competition. All this can be yours for the low cost of a 12 mile road march. Drink Water!

SOLDIERS

(in unison)

Beat the heat, Drill Sergeant!

They drink from their canteens.

SERGEANT DAVIS

While you are here stay focused, pay attention and work together with your team. Have a good time. (sardonic smile) It's *almost* over.

The soldiers erupt in cheers and congratulatory laughter. High-fives are exchanged.

SERGEANT DAVIS

OK, settle down Soldier Medics. You can play grab ass later. Gather your gear and head out to your tents.

The soldiers pick up their gear and head to the tents.

INT. CAMP BULLIS - TENT - DAY

The space between the cots is very tight, only 6 inches separate them. The air is hot and stale and there is very little light. Mancini enters followed by Daniels and Andrews.

MANCINI

Aw, shit! It smells like wet dog...

DANIELS

(With a hint of sarcasm)

Man, you let one go? Lay off the Slim Jims!

ANDREWS

Pretty fuckin' rank in here. That hamster die up your ass? Whew!

MANCINI

Close quarters. Looks like we'll be bunk mates. You see how close those fuckers are? I'll be on top of you the whole night.

DANIELS

I knew you were a fag...



MANCINI

Screw you. I'm going to see the real ladies.

He walks out of the tent hailing the middle finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT BULLIS - MONTAGE - DAY

The teams practice loading and unloading their medical gear into APC's and other vehicles for deployment in action.

They enact mass-casualty incidents - some made up to look injured, others making assessments and initiating treatment.

They practice treating and evacuating wounded under live-fire circumstances.

They march and drill in both teams and larger units.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP BULLIS TRAINING SITE - MORNING

A slight breeze pushes a few thin clouds across the sky. Soldiers mill about in small groups talking or walking to and from the latrines and water points to fill canteens and camelbacks. Sergeant Davis strides to the CTA, scanning a clipboard in his hand. He stops in mid-stride and commands...

SERGEANT DAVIS

Formation...

INT. CAMP BULLIS - TENT - DAY

Daniels, Mancini and Andrews are checking their gear.

SERGEANT DAVIS (V.O.)

...in 5 minutes!

ANDREWS

Almost the last fuckin' day!

MANCINI

Hell, yeah! Let's get the hell out of this shit hole.

ANDREWS

You guys know where you're getting assigned yet?

MANCINI

Fort Drum, New York. You?

ANDREWS

Fort Carson, Colorado.

DANIELS

Me too. 3rd Cav?

ANDREWS

Yeah, 2nd Squadron. You too?

DANIELS

Looks like you ain't getting rid of me.

MANCINI

You two take this buddy thing way too far. Oh well. Don't ask, don't want to know.

They gather their gear.

ANDREWS

We're going to miss you, Mancini.

MANCINI

Really?

DANIELS AND ANDREWS

Nah!

They laugh.

ANDREWS

You guys are sick. Let's go.

They exit the tent.

EXT. CAMP BULLIS - OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Andrews's team moves to the start line of the obstacle course.

SERGEANT DAVIS  
GET READY. GET SET. (pause) GO!!

The team sets off at a furious pace, easily passing through the tubes and over the high wall. Up the hill, hurdling through the window of the short wall. Flawless. They dive into the water and under the barbed-wire sand pit. Mancini's pistol belt snags the wire and slows the whole team.

SERGEANT DAVIS  
5 minutes 55, 56, 57...

Mancini rips free. They accelerate through the obstacle, pull each other up and sprint for the finish to the cheers of their cadre.

SERGEANT DAVIS  
6 Minutes, 10, 11, 12...

The team races across the finish line. Mancini drops to the ground, gasping as if it were his last breath.

The are all sweating, walking around, crouching, trying to ease the burning in their chests. They gulp water and pour some each other's heads. The Sergeant Davis walks over, looks at his stop watch, then looks hard at the team.

SERGEANT DAVIS  
(severely)  
Feel good about yourselves do you?

The team looks at him apprehensively. Davis smiles.

SERGEANT DAVIS  
You should. 6 Minutes, 29 Seconds. A  
new company record!

Andrews sighs in relief and takes another look at the record board to see Instructor Davis's name on the plaque.

LONG FADE TO:

EXT. FORT CARSON - 2ND SQUADRON'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A car pulls up to the 2nd Squadron's Headquarters building. Andrews, in a new uniform, gets out. Laura slides into the driver's seat.

ANDREWS

Keep your phone handy. I'll call you.  
OK sweetie, see you later. Love you.

LAURA

Love you.

She drives away. Andrews pauses to read a sign which indicates the 2nd Squadron Aid station location. As he turns to head in that direction, a group of SOLDIERS passes. They are wearing BDU's but with black, Stetson cowboy hats adorned with the gold crossed-saber insignia of the 3rd Calvary. They also have silver spurs on the heels of their black combat boots. He stares at the incongruous image as the men disappear around a corner.

INT. FORT CARSON - 2ND SQUADRON AID STATION - DAY

Andrews enters building to see a row of SICK AND INJURED SOLDIERS seated along the wall awaiting their turn to be evaluated. Some soldiers have ice packs over their knees or shoulders sitting in obvious discomfort. MEDICS walk in and out of rooms, with stethoscopes around their necks carrying medical charts, paperwork and various medical equipment. A voice is heard from further down the hallway.

VOICE

Give him a Z pack with some cold meds.  
Have him follow the instructions! Make  
a follow-up appointment for next week.

2ND VOICE

Roger, sir.

Tommy VILLANUEVA - "TOMMY V" - a short, stocky Hispanic medic, walks into the hallway. Andrews follows him.

INT. 2ND SQUADRON AID STATION - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Tommy V enters a treatment room and speaks to an ill SOLDIER.  
Andrews pauses at the doorway.

TOMMY V

Here you go. Take this and follow up  
with us in a week. If your symptoms  
persist or worsen come back right  
away. Got it?

SICK SOLDIER

Roger.

ANDREWS

Excuse me

TOMMY V

Did you sign in?

ANDREWS

Sign in? Uh, no. I'm...

TOMMY V

OK, so what's wrong with you?

ANDREWS

Nothing. I'm a new medic. I'm just  
checking in.

TOMMY V

Cool, new booty. OK, new booty, just  
wait out front and we'll get to you  
soon enough. You can see that we are  
kind of busy.

ANDREWS

Roger.

INT. 2ND SQUADRON AID STATION - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Andrews takes a seat near the front door. Daniels enters  
hurriedly, oblivious to the soldiers awaiting treatment. He  
doesn't see Andrews sitting there. Andrews grabs Daniels arm.  
Daniels spins and yanks his arm away.

DANIELS

What the fu... Oh, hey man what's up?  
(big smile) I see you finally made it.  
I thought you were one of them.

He gestures to the waiting patients.

ANDREWS

The wife just dropped me off.

DANIELS

Cool. I got to go. We'll catch up  
later.

TOMMY V

Hey, new booty. Come with me.

Andrews follows Tommy V down the hallway to the last office  
in the row of rooms.

INT. 2ND SQUADRON AID STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Andrews follows Tommy V into the aid station walking into SFC Garcia's office. SFC GARCIA is a stout, muscular, 30 y/o Samoan Platoon Sergeant charged with placing the new arrivals. His perfectly pressed battle dress uniform and brightly shined black boots add to his air of arrogance and self-importance. Tommy V knocks on the open door with a strong fist. Garcia quickly grabs some papers from his desk, seemingly irritated at the intrusion.

GARCIA

What do you want?

TOMMY V

Sergeant, new soldier arriving from  
Fort Sam.

GARCIA

Get down, give me twenty.

Andrews hits the floor and starts doing pushups while Garcia sizes him up.

GARCIA

So what's your story?

ANDREWS  
Arriving from Fort Sam.

GARCIA  
Fort Sam, Sergeant.

ANDREWS  
Roger, Sergeant.

GARCIA  
You're older than most. What's the deal? Lose your job at the plant?

ANDREWS  
No, Sergeant. Wall Street. I was heading to work at Tower One...

GARCIA  
Get up. Villanueva, get this gentleman in-processed. We'll figure out what to do with him later, if he lasts that long.

TOMMY V  
Roger, Sergeant. Moving.

Andrews jump up, snaps to attention, salutes and walks briskly out of the office.

INT. 2ND SQUADRON AID STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrews is barely breathing hard from the pushups.

ANDREWS  
What the fuck is his problem?

TOMMY V  
Just a hard ass. Welcome to the Cav. They call me Tommy V.

EXT. FORT CARSON - MOTOR POOL - DAY

The motor pool is a huge garage 40-feet high. SOLDIERS, some with black Stetsons and silver spurs, talk as they gather into platoon formations. Tommy V leads Andrews to the Medical Platoon area. Daniels is already there.

TOMMY V

Just fall in with your buddy.

ANDREWS

Roger.

He stands next to Daniels.

DANIELS

(quietly)

Still standing I see.

ANDREWS

Yep. This is cake after the last couple of months.

The 1ST SERGEANT, a middle-aged white male with some graying at the temples, steps out of the building. His BDUs are perfectly pressed, spurs and boots shining.

1ST SERGEANT

Atten-*tion*!

The platoons snap to attention.

1ST SERGEANT

At ease. You should all have your assignments. Get to work. Dis-missed.

PLATOON

Ayieeya!

ANDREWS

(To Daniels)

What the fuck is aiyeaa? And those black hats and spurs?



DANIELS

It's a CAV thing. You're a cowboy  
Medic now, boy. This ain't the  
infantry. No hooah here.

They enter the motor pool.

INT. FORT CARSON - MOTOR POOL - DAY

6 bays big enough to repair vehicles from Humvees to tanks.  
SOLDIERS in overalls work on various vehicles. Andrews,  
Daniels, Tommy V and other medics enter and cross to a bay  
with the red cross Medic insignia on the door.

INT. FORT CARSON - MOTOR POOL - TOE ROOM - DAY

The TOE Room is a staging area where medical vehicles are  
maintained and equipment is stored. A room in the back corner  
is the NCO office. It is dark and poorly lit with walls  
painted white and green. The men enter. Tommy V knocks on the  
frame of the open office door.

TOMMY V

Sergeant...

SERGEANT COLLINS, a short, pudgy, white man, sloppily  
dressed. He is shooting the breeze with Garcia and SERGEANT  
HANSON, a skinny white man with a New England accent.

COLLINS

It looks like we are all in line for  
gunnery next week. (pause) I'll take  
Eagle. Hanson you take the FAS team  
and Garcia you get Grim troop.

TOMMY V

Sergeant...

COLLINS

Wait one...

Tommy V, stands patiently with Andrews. OTHER MEDICS joke  
loudly in the TOE room.

HANSON

Keep it down in there!!

The noise dissipates.

COLLINS

OK, let's get it done. Make sure you have everything you need. Tommy V come on in. What's up?

TOMMY V

Sergeant, this is PFC Andrews. Where do you want him?

COLLINS

Put him with the FAS team with Hanson.

TOMMY V

Roger. Hey Hanson!

Hanson pretends he did not hear the exchange.

HANSON

Yeah? What?

TOMMY V

Here's your new guy, Sergeant.

HANSON

Getting fucked again, am I? Great!

HANSON

(to Andrews)

You got all your gear?

ANDREWS

CIF last week.

HANSON

Ok. We got gunnery next week. Tomorrow we have PCI/PCC's. Bring in all your gear. I'll make sure you have a packing list today. Roger?

ANDREWS

Roger, Sergeant.

HANSON

OK. Go to lunch and be back by 1250.

ANDREWS

Roger.

Andrews and Tommy V join Daniels and some other Medics.

DANIELS

Alright? He wasn't too hard on ya?

They exit.

EXT. FORT CARSON - DAY

They head for the mess area.

ANDREWS

Gunnery?

DANIELS

A week long FTX for the big guns in the squadron to shoot and qualify and work on maneuver exercises. Should be cool. So where'd they put you?

ANDREWS

The FAS team.

DANIELS

I got GRIM Troop. Right on the front line baby. You get to hang with the PA.(snidely) Good Luck.

ANDREWS

Luck? Who's the PA?

DANIELS.

He was a prior Special Forces 18 Delta type and speaks something like 4 or 5 languages. Tops in his class at school, the whole 9. Make sure you're on your game with him.

ANDREWS

Jesus! What else, do you like it so far?

DANIELS

It's not so bad. We spend a lot of time in the motor pool, checking out vehicles, maintenance. Bull shit really. Not a lot of medical stuff so far. Only FAS guys work in the aid station. How's the wife?

ANDREWS

Good, she's doing good. Not going to be happy that we have to go out to the field so soon after getting here. Getting larger...

Andrews and Daniels enter the dining facility.

FADE TO:

INT. FORT CARSON - TOE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Hanson talks in front of the soldiers in the TOE room.

HANSON

Listen up. We just got some new track in for 106. We need to have it changed out by COB today. Get it done. Andrews you come with me. We're going to meet the PA. Let's go.

INT. FORT CARSON - AID STATION - PA'S OFFICE - DAY

THE PA is about 40 with short graying hair, 5 feet 10 inches tall and solid. He is seated at his desk, wearing a COCKS ball cap, typing away at a computer. There is a Motor Trend magazine with a picture of a 1968 Mustang on the cover, the PA standing next to it. Another picture is of him standing by a destroyed bridge in BDUs and sunglasses, holding a sign which reads "**I did this**". A medical diploma hangs on the wall. Hanson knocks on the door jam.

HANSON

Sir.

PA

Yes.

HANSON

Sir, new booty for the team.

PA

Maybe, we'll see about that. What's his story?

HANSON

Just outta AIT. Should I leave him here with you?

PA

Have him wait outside. I'll get to him in a few.

HANSON

Roger.

Hanson leaves. Andrews takes a seat in the hallway. A few minutes pass. The PA calls from his office.

PA

You still out there?

ANDREWS

Yes Sir.

PA

Get in here. Tell me about yourself.

Andrews steps into the office.

ANDREWS

Well, sir, I grew up outside of Boston and entered the military after 9/11.

PA

Why, a sudden injection of patriotism?

ANDREWS

I wanted to help.

PA

Why a medic?

ANDREWS

I thought it would be the best way to do the most good.

PA

Good. I don't have any slackers on my team. I want medics who want to train hard and learn.

ANDREWS

The 6-million dollar medic.

PA

We'll see. For now, you'll work here in the Aid station with me until we go out to gunnery. Make sure you are here at 0530 for sick call. Make sure that Hanson knows the deal. What do you know about hernias?

ANDREWS

Sir?

PA

Nothing. That's all.

ANDREWS

Roger.

He salutes, turns and exits.

INT. FORT CARSON - MOTOR POOL - DAY

The Medic 113 APC is at the end of a row of vehicles being worked on. Daniels holds a crow bar as SEVERNS hits a track pin out of place to detach a bad section from the rest of the track. Hanson and Garcia watch.

GARCIA

Come on, this isn't the women's badminton team. Hit it harder, Mary.

Andrews walks in.

DANIELS

About time you get to work, Slacker.

Andrews rolls his eyes.

HANSON

(To Andrews)

Come on, our track is over here.

They walk to the 577. Other medics are working on the engine compartment and checking the oil, differentials etc.

HANSON

OK, boys. We got a new fish. Show him how to PMCS (Preventive Maintenance Checks and Services) this bucket.

The FAS TEAM introduces themselves [NAMES] to Andrews and begin to show him the procedures to work on the 577.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS APARTMENT - EVENING

Unpacked boxes litter the small apartment. Collin sits contentedly in a playpen. Andrews enters and picks up his son.

ANDREWS

There's my little soldier. (louder)  
Hey sweetie, I'm home.

Laura comes in from the kitchen. They hug.

LAURA

I thought you were going to call.

ANDREWS

Daniels gave me a ride. How's my budding family doing today?

He gently touches her stomach.

ANDREWS

I have something to tell you. There's a gunnery practice. We're expecting to be in the field all next week.

LAURA

But we just got here.

ANDREWS

I know. Sorry.

LAURA

How long are you going to be gone?  
What will you be doing out there?

ANDREWS

The big guns, tanks and such will be  
shooting and qualifying. We're there  
for medical support, just in case  
something happens. What's for dinner?

FADE TO:

EXT. FORT CARSON - TRAINING GROUNDS - FAS STATION - DAY

The FAS (Forward Aid Station) is camped. A power generator is runs and grinds in the background. Tommy V and another medic are placing camouflage over the 577's exterior. Hanson, Severns and another medic are unloading equipment from a **LMTV** truck. Andrews and the PA are getting the mobilized aid station in order. The 113 track vehicle's ramp is down. Inside, Medic #5 listens to the voice traffic on the radio.

The men break to rest underneath the netting as the sun begins to set. The radio crackles to life.

VOICE #1

Break, break, break. This is Grim 39,  
Grim 39 to Base Ops. Over.

VOICE #2

This is Grim Ops go with traffic.

VOICE #1

Grim Ops, this is GRIM 39 we have an  
overturned Hemet. Grid location as  
follows... 76791. 1 soldier injured on  
sight needs extrication. Over.

The PA is on his feet and moving before anyone else.



PA

Get the 113 ready to roll.

The radio communications continue as Hanson, Tommy V and Andrews leap into action.

VOICE #2

Roger, we'll get someone to you ASAP.

VOICE #1

Roger. Out.

Hanson puts on his helmet as he sprints to the 113. Tommy V jumps in the drivers hatch and starts the engine. Andrews grabs his aid bag and hurls himself into the back. The ramp closes. Severns monitors the radio from the 577.

VOICE #2

Saber FAS, Saber FAS this is Grim Ops.  
Over.

SEVERNS

Grim Ops, this is Saber FAS go with  
traffic.

VOICE #2

Saber FAS we need a team and possible  
transport. We go an overturned Hemet  
and a possible 1 soldier injured on-  
site. Grid location 76791. Over.

SEVERNS

Roger, we've been monitoring and have  
a team on the way. Approximately 5  
mikes out. Over.

VOICE #2

Good job. Give us a sit-rep. Over.

SEVERNS

Roger. OUT.

The remaining FAS team members scramble to ready the aid station.

EXT. FORT CARSON - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

SOLDIERS are gathered around the wrecked Hemet, lying on its side in a ditch. A SOLDIER is half under the vehicle, a GRIM 39 NCO at his side. ANOTHER SOLDIER, dazed and bleeding from a head wound, sits near by. The FAS 113 races over a hill at top speed. It slows, turns and stops. The ramp drops. Hanson starts treatment of the head laceration. Andrews evaluates the other man.

ANDREWS

Easy, now. You're going to be OK. (to Hanson) I need some help over here.

Hanson has his patient hold a gauze pad over the wound and dashes to Andrews side, yelling to Tommy V.

HANSON

Call a sit-rep into the PA. (to GRIM 39 NCO) What do we got here?

Andrews is diligently attending to the pinned soldier. A bone is sticking through the lower portion of his left pants leg. GRIM 39 CO looks pale, in shock.

ANDREWS

A tib-fib compound fracture. We'll have to long board and splint him for transport. I've started the vitals.

HANSON

(To injured soldier)  
You got any numbness or tingling?

INJURED SOLDIER

(Groaning)  
Yeah, my leg tingles a lot. Hurts like a mother fucker.

HANSON

(To Andrews)  
What else do you need?

ANDREWS

O2. (to the injured soldier) The good news is your getting out of the field. The bad news is your basketball career is on leave.

Hanson gives the soldier oxygen and starts an IV while Andrews splints and stabilizes the leg. With the help of Grim NCO, they roll him onto the long board, strap him down and carry him to the 113.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT CARSON - MOTOR POOL - DAY

The medics are packing larger equipment into the trailers spray painted "FAS/MAS, Medic PLT 3rd ACR". Garcia strides up with an air of anger and irritation.

GARCIA

Get the fuck down, get down all of you!!

The men stop their work and start doing pushups.

GARCIA

Have you lost your goddamn minds? I told my Non-Coms to have this shit packed, with the larger equipment on first. Who had this brilliant idea?

Still doing push-ups, the men look at Andrews.

GARCIA

Andrews, get the fuck up and over here now.

Andrews gets up and faces Garcia.

OK stupid, why the fuck are you packing it this way?

ANDREWS

Sergeant, if we put all the heavy equipment in first the balance of cargo will shift.

GARCIA

Haven't you heard of blocking and bracing?

ANDREWS

Roger, but...

GARCIA

But, but, but fuckin nothing!

ANDREWS

If you overload the back end, the balance will still be lop sided and you can incur breakage.

GARCIA

Sergeant!

ANDREWS

Roger, Sergeant.

GARCIA

Get the fuck down, start pushing.

Andrews drops and starts push-ups. Garcia paces angrily.

GARCIA

Get the fuck up and redo this shit. I want to see all the Non-Coms in the TOE room in 5.

He strides away as the men rise and look at each other, shaking their heads and sighing.

FADE TO:

INT. BROADMOOR HOTEL DINING ROOM - VALENTINE'S DAY - NIGHT

The Broadmoor Hotel is a beautiful, historical hotel at the base of the mountains in Colorado Springs.

Andrews, Daniels, Laura and SUSAN, Daniels' young, blonde girlfriend, sit at a table in the Tavern dining room. Laura is 8 months pregnant.

ANDREWS

Sweetie... Um, I have to tell you something...

LAURA

I knew it. You're having an affair!

DANIELS

Yeah, with me. And we're going away together!

ANDREWS

Not gay. But I am leaving you. And yes, with him.

LAURA

What?

ANDREWS

Well... We got deployment orders. We're leaving at the end of March.

Laura looks dismayed. He puts an arm around her.

ANDREWS

I know, I know. I'm not happy either. But what can I do?

SUSAN

How long will you guys be gone?

DANIELS

Rumors have us at a year.

LAURA

What the hell am I going to do for a year without you?

ANDREWS

I dunno. There's a lot to talk about.

LAURA

Ya think?

SUSAN  
I'll be there to help.

DANIELS  
(joking)  
Great. Lesbians!

No one laughs. Andrews pulls Laura close and kisses her.

ANDREWS  
You're going to be fine. Do you want  
to go up to the room?

LAURA  
No, let's just finish dinner.

The WAITER arrives at the table with the dinner entrees. As they start to eat, the mood becomes solemn.

FADE TO:

EXT. KUWAIT AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

A jet lands and taxis to an open place on the tarmac. Stairs are rolled up to the doors. The soldiers wince as they exit, both from the bright sun and the 117-degree heat.

EXT. IRAQ - DESERT ROADS - EVENING

The sun sets as the convoy rolls through the desert, heading north. Random shots fired from the growing shadows of the desolate countryside ricochet off the side of the vehicles in the convoy.

INT. MEDIC 113 APC - EVENING

Andrews and the other FAS Team members flinch when the first rounds hit their vehicle. After a few more hits, they begin to relax.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NEXT MORNING

The convoy slows at the intersection of 2 highways. A sign reads in Arabic and English: TO RAMADI (left arrow), TO BAGHDAD (right arrow). The convoy heads left.

EXT. IRAQ HIGHWAY - NEAR RAMADI - DAY

Smoke billows from bombed-out buildings. The streets are littered with destroyed vehicles, some on the road, some off to the sides.

EXT. RAMADI - DAY

The convoy stops at the outskirts of town. The 1st Sergeant assembles a patrol to move on foot ahead of the vehicles.

1ST SERGEANT

3rd Infantry cleared this area last week. But let's not get sloppy. Stay close, work tight and keep your eyes open. Move out!

They move in quick bursts, darting from one area of cover, signaling the next group to hop-scotch ahead and so on.

EXT. MONTAGE - RAMADI STREETS - DAY

Grim Troop slowly, cautiously works its way through Ramadi.

Bradley Fighting Vehicles follow the foot patrol, turrets turning back & forth as the gunners scan for targets. The rest of the convoy follows the Bradleys.

Their objective, a bombed-out palace along a river at the outskirts of town, is visible in the distance.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RAMADI - PALACE - DAY

Grim Troop enters the palace grounds. A courtyard filled with trees and grass lines the drive up to the palace, now a heap of rubble. The convoy stops. Soldiers exit their vehicles.

Severns jumps out of the drivers hatch of the 113 APC as Daniels and Garcia exit the rear.

SEVERNS

Fuck. I think I am still vibrating.  
Got any water?

Daniels tosses him a bottle of water. Severns walks the line to check on the soldiers after the trip. The men try to relax as they sip water.

BANG, BANG, BANG! Grenades go off in the near distance, followed by gun fire. Soldiers hurriedly put on flak vests and jump into vehicles for cover. Daniels grabs his aid bag and weapon. He passes SOLDIER #1 as he runs.

DANIELS

Anyone hurt?

SOLDIER #1

No. A couple of grenades. We fired back with some .50 cal and scared them off. I guess we're too far back for them to reach us.

As Daniels walks back to his vehicle, SOLDIER #2 calls to him.

SOLDIER #2

Hey! Medic!

DANIELS

Yeah?

SOLDIER #2

There's a guy out front. Injured civilian. They need a medic.

Daniels looks around, spots the 1st Sergeant.



DANIELS

TOP? You want I should go?

1ST SGT

Yeah. Roll out.

EXT. RAMADI, IRAQ - PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Daniels jogs toward the palace gates with soldier #2.

DANIELS

You know what's wrong with him?

SOLDIER #2

Arm injury, I think. There he is.

SOLDIER #3 helps an IRAQI MAN with a bloody right arm sit against a tree. A cloud of flies circles the wound. Soldier #3 looks disgustedly at the blood staining his own T-shirt.

SOLDIER #3

He's all your's. Christ! This is my last clean shirt. Fix him up and get him outta here.

DANIELS

Anyone know what happened?

SOLDIER #3

Yeah, this shit-for-brains Haj fell into a ditch. Cut his arm on an old drain pipe. Dumb ass.

DANIELS

Yep, looks like shit.

He swats at the flies away and tries to calm the Iraqi.

DANIELS

OK, OK. Let me take a look. What's your name?

The Iraqi looks confused. Daniels realizes he speaks no English. He opens his aid bag and begins treatment. He cleans the wound and dresses it with gauze and tape.

After putting the arm in a sling, Daniels tries to start an IV The Iraqi recoils in horror. Daniels yells over to Soldier #3.

DANIELS

You! Come here. We are not in the business of treating civilians right now. We don't have enough supply. Next time send him to a hospital. Got it?

SOLDIER #3

Right. Whatever.

Soldier #3 prods the Iraqi through the gate. Daniels leaves.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Daniels approaches the 113.

SEVERNS

Where the fuck were you?

DANIELS

Treating a civilian at the front gate. Stupid fuck slipped and fell on a pipe. Great avulsion though, almost perfect.

SEVERNS

You know the PA's rule on civilians.

DANIELS

Yeah, I know. It was just a bandage.

SEVERNS

Well, rest up and drink something. We're heading out to Fallujah tomorrow. Someplace called Dreamland.

DANIELS

Wonder-fuckin-ful.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY

Compound Dreamland is just west of the city. It lives up to its name. A large, man-made lake has been sculpted into the landscape, bordered by palm trees. Neat rows of bungalows are clustered in groups here and there. Most have been looted. Doors, windows and electrical wiring are gone.

Grim troop pulls to the far end of the area near FOX troop and the FAS Team. A few days pass without any serious events.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - DAY

The FAS Bungalow is set up as an aid station. Camouflage netting is draped over the front half of the building, held up by tent poles. FAS TEAM MEDICS play cards on a makeshift table under the netting.

INT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - DAY

2 litters along one wall are set up as a patient-evaluation area. Andrews is stitching up a cut on the hand of SOLDIER #4. The PA watches.

PA

What you do in this case is use a mattress-type stitch because of the clean laceration edges. (to soldier)  
Next time, hero, do me a favor and don't play with your fuckin' knife.

INJURED SOLDIER

Roger, sir.

Daniels enters with a sick GRIM TROOP SOLDIER. The PA turns to Daniels and his patient.

PA

So, what did you bring me?

DANIELS

Sir. Abdominal pain times 2 weeks.

PA

(sarcastically)

Poor fucker. Got a tummy ache? Let's take a look. Lie down.

The Grim Troop soldier lies back on one of the litters. The PA pulls up the soldier's shirt and begins probe the man's abdomen, checking for signs of appendicitis.

PA

Good news. You're not sick, just full of shit.

GRIM TROOP SOLDIER

Sir?

PA

You're all backed up. Take these pills and drink some fuckin water. If it doesn't correct itself in the next few days come back and we'll correct it for you.

Holds up a hand and SNAPS the latex glove tighter, a simple but menacing gesture.

GRIM TROOP SOLDIER

Roger, Sir! (to Daniels) Thanks, Doc.

He pulls down his shirt and hurries out of the bungalow. The PA walks over to Andrews. He peels off the latex gloves as he examines the stitches.

PA

Good job. Dress it up and write your notes.

He tosses the gloves in a trash can and disappears into the next room. Daniels looks at Andrews.

DANIELS

Nice hand job, jackass. (pause)  
How things treating you here?

ANDREWS

Steady, we have been lucky so far,  
Nothing too big. Yet. Thank god for  
that. You?

DANIELS

Nothing really. Just a real cool  
avulsion in Ramadii. And that A-hole  
with the stomach pain and dehydration.

ANDREWS

(Sarcastically)

Really, dehydration. Not that the  
limited supply of fucking water had  
anything to do with it.

DANIELS

No shit. Hey, I got to head back.  
Catch up with you later.

He heads for the door.

ANDREWS

Be careful out there.

DANIELS

Never.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - DAY

Daniels exits and heads down the row of bungalows. SOLDIER #4  
calls to him.

SOLDIER #5

Hey, Doc!

Daniels turns.

SOLDIER #5

Get your gear together and over to the  
TOC, ASAP. Got a patrol heading out.

Soldier #5 dashes off. Daniels follows.

INT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - GRIM TOC BUNGALOW - DAY

The TOC is the Troop Operations Center, a virtual tent wrapped around a small bungalow with tables, chairs, computers and radio equipment. The 1st Sgt. and the COMMANDER work on day-to-day operations.

THREE SOLDIERS are looking over maps with the 1st Sergeant. 2 RADIO OPERATORS monitor communications near the back. SOLDIER #5 looks up as Daniels enters.

DANIELS

So where do you need me?

SOLDIER #5

Last Humvee.

DANIELS

Got it.

He turns to exit. The radio operator yells out...

RADIO OPERATOR #1

Hey, TOP! Eagle just got hit hard.  
They need us to roll out.

1ST SERGEANT

(looking at Daniels)  
Get going! Move it!

Radio Operator #1 holds a hand over one ear and closes his eyes, concentrating on the transmission coming into his headset.

RADIO OPERATOR #1

Hold on! (long pause) They're on their  
way back. (pause) With injured.

1ST SERGEANT

Get over to the FAS NOW!

Daniels is already running out of the tent.

DANIELS

On my way.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - ROW OF BUNGALOWS - DAY

Daniels runs frantically to the FAS aid station.

INT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - DAY

Daniels bursts in.

DANIELS

Eagle Troop en route with injured.

Andrews and the others are already in action prepping for the incoming wounded.

ANDREWS

We heard.

The PA barks orders to his team.

PA

I'm not seeing the Hextend, dammit!  
Get more Kerlix in here. And clear the  
back. We may need more room...

The FAS radio starts squelching...

RADIO

SABRE FAS, SABRE FAS. THIS IS EAGLE  
MED. Over!

Hanson, the radio operator, responds.

HANSON

This is SABRE FAS. GO with traffic.

RADIO

SABER FAS. We got 3 patients heading  
your way.

HANSON

Eagle Med, what's your ETA?

RADIO

3 mikes.

HANSON  
Extent of injuries?

RADIO  
3 Patients... 2 GSW's... 1 sucking  
chest wound.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

The sun is setting as the Eagle Medic 113 roars through the gates.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - EVENING

The Eagle Medic 113 pulls up and quickly drops the ramp. The EAGLE MEDIC exits the vehicle, yelling out for help.

EAGLE MEDIC  
Give me a hand here!! I need some more  
help over here!!!

Everything happens very fast. The FAS team medics rush out to assist. THREE WOUNDED SOLDIERS are pulled out of the Eagle 113 and carried into the aid station on litters. Despite bandages, a trail of blood runs between the 113 and the bungalow.

INT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - EVENING

COLLINS, a portly kid with glasses, attends to an EAGLE TROOP SOLDIER with a gun-shot wound. Blood oozes and he is gasping for air. Daniels notices that Collins's hands shake as he tries to insert an IV catheter.

DANIELS  
You OK? Let me handle this.

Daniels takes the catheter and inserts it quickly and precisely, anchoring it to the arm of the patient.

The PA and Andrews work together on the SOLDIER WITH THE SUCKING CHEST WOUND injury. They needle decompress him. Non-effective. The patient is gasping harder for air and suddenly stops. The PA initiates CPR.



10 minutes pass as the other medics and patients look on. It is futile. The PA stops, wipes his face and looks at his wrist-watch.

PA

Time of death 1934 hours. Make sure you get the paperwork done. Wrap him up and clean him.

A somber mood hits the aid station

ANDREWS

Ayeeiah!!

He looks down at the patient and goes to work. The PA moves to the next table and starts to evaluate another patient.

PA

What do you got?

DANIELS

A through and through, sir. Nothing but meat. I got a suture kit here. He's shocky but stabilized. I'm just cleaning the wound now sir.

PA

Good. Let's get to stitchin'. Get a 9-line going. We need to get these people out of here.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - EVENING

The Eagle Medic 113 is cleaned and restocked.

PA

What's the ETA on the bird?

FAS MEDIC

5 mikes.

PA

Load 'em up.

The deceased soldier and the injured are loaded into the FAS Medic 113. The PA and his team watch it pull away, headed to the Compound Dreamland landing zone. Daniels turns to the PA.

DANIELS

Sir... (pause) How did you know when to stop?

PA

There wasn't anything else we could do. He needed a surgeon. (pause) He was dead before he got here.

He looks straight into Daniels eyes.

PA

Just keep your head in the game and don't dwell.

DANIELS

Roger.

The PA exits. Daniels just stares at nothing.

FADE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - FAS BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Andrews and Daniels are outside underneath the cammo netting. Daniels smokes a cigarette, Andrews finishes wiping blood from his hands and arms.

ANDREWS

That was a bitch.

DANIELS

Yeah.

ANDREWS

You got to get back?

DANIELS

In a bit. I need to calm my nerves.

He takes a drag from his cigarette. Garcia appears in the doorway, obviously agitated.

GARCIA

Andrews, get your ass in here. This isn't going to clean itself.

ANDREWS

Roger, Sergeant. Moving.

He looks at Daniels, mouths "asshole".

DANIELS

Never let's up, does he?

ANDREWS

Where you off to?

DANIELS

To catch some Zs. Heard we're going to HIT in the morning.

ANDREWS

Keep your head down.

DANIELS

Never. Besides, who is going to take care of your ass?

ANDREWS

Don't forget to lube first.

DANIELS

All I got is track grease.

GARCIA - O.S.

Andrews, stop fuckin around and get in here.

FADE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - GRIM TOC BUNGALOW - MORNING

Obviously tired, Daniels makes his way along the bungalows. The 1st Sergeant steps out.

SGT. CALLAHAN

DANIELS! Patrol in 5 minutes with 2nd platoon. Grab your shit and report to SFC Schneider.

DANIELS

Roger, TOP. On my way.

Daniels takes a deep breath and turns back the other way.

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - GRIM 2ND PLATOON BUNGALOW - MORNING

Brown T-shirts, underwear and green socks hang from a cord stretched between 2 bungalows. SOLDIERS sit on cots cleaning weapons, double-checking ammo and equipment. Daniels approaches.

DANIELS

SFC Schneider? Daniels reporting...  
um, for patrol.

SFC SCHNIEDER

Roger, nice of you to get your ass here in time. You'll be in Grim 22.  
That BRAD over there.

He points to a nearby Bradley fighting vehicle, its ramp is down. SGT TYLER is in the turret checking communications with the Grim Troop TOC.

SGT TYLER

(speaking on the radio)  
Roger, we are up on comms. Roger out.

DANIELS

Hey, Sergeant. Where d'ya want me?

SGT TYLER

In back with the rest of the meat.

DANIELS

AYEEYIA!!

INT. BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - DAY

Daniels steps into the back area of the Bradley and takes a seat next to SPC ANEDA, a squat, heavy, Latin American.

DANIELS

Hey bud, what's up?

SPC ANEDA

Nothing. You the medic for this goat fuck?

2 OTHER SOLDIERS enter the Bradley and sit.

DANIELS

Yeah. So I guess you're screwed.

The soldiers chuckle. SGT Tyler climbs down from the turret and walks to the rear of the Brad where Daniels and Aneda sit with other solders.

SGT TYLER

OK, fuckers. Equipment, ammo check...  
Make sure you got everything, no  
turning back.

SOLDIERS

(In unison)

AYEEYIA!!

They start to check their equipment and each others.

SGT TYLER

We SP in 5 minutes. Get ready! We are  
going amber out the gate, go red on my  
say so.

SOLDIERS

Start Point in 5. Roger!

The engine roars. The ramp closes. The sunlight goes out.  
The Bradley jerks forward, uncomfortable and loud.

EXT. DETROIT CITY - DAY

"Detroit City" is an industrial area of the local town with metal shops, car garages, etc. It eerily quiet - deserted. The sound of the approaching Bradley is deafening. It stops.

INT. GRIM 22 BRADLEY - DAY

The sunlight blinds the men inside as the ramp winds down. SGT Tyler appears in the opening.

SGT TYLER

OK, get your asses out and lineup. We got a short patrol through Detroit City. I want 2 columns, with RTO...

The Radio Transmitter Officer snaps to and falls in line.

SGT TYLER

Medic! In front with me. Get going!

EXT. DETROIT CITY STREET

The soldiers quickly exit the Bradley and form up. Daniels falls in next to Tyler.

SGT TYLER

Keep your heads about, be alert, CYA  
(cover your ass)... MOVE OUT!

The patrol starts down the street. The men scan roof tops and peer into abandoned buildings and shops, searching out any enemy.

The sudden CRACK, CRACK, CRACK of an AK-47 sends up puffs of dust around the soldiers feet as bullets hit the ground around them.

SGT TYLER

Asses down, Go, Go, Go! Get Down!!

Soldiers respond quickly as more shots hit walls nearby. WHOOSH. The corner of a building near SPC Aneda explodes.

ANEDA looks down at his arm - blood seeps through his shirt sleeve.

ANEDA

Fuck! mother fucker! shit! I'm fuckin' hit! Goddamn it! DOC! DOC, get your ass over here! I'm fuckin' hit!

Daniels rushes up and slings his aid bag to the ground.

DANIELS

Ok buddy, got you. Let's see...

Daniels cuts open Aneda's sleeve. There is a small laceration to his forearm, a minor cut with minimal bleeding. Daniels opens a bandage and dresses the wound. As he finishes he slaps the wound. Aneda winces.

DANIELS

Boom, all better.

ANEDA

Thanks.

DANIELS

No problem.

The patrol is still receiving fire as Daniels returns to his position by Sgt. Tyler.

SGT TYLER

Good?

DANIELS

Yeah, just a minor lack. He'll be OK.

SGT TYLER

Good. Now, see those tires about 25 yards up the road?

Daniels looks. There are 3 stacks of huge industrial tires.

DANIELS

Yep.

SGT TYLER

You and the RTO take cover up there.

## DANIELS AND THE RTO

Roger!

Daniels and the RTO sprint to the tires, zig-zagging as the gunfire follows them up the road.

## EXT. STREET BY TIRES

As they take cover, bullets hit the tires with a *boing-whip* sound. Daniels gets into the beat, drumming on his M-16 and the tires, singing with the rhythm of the bullet hits, seemingly oblivious to the danger.

DANIELS

Bang, whip, boom, boom, boom, rat-a-tat, Bing, bam, boom...

The RTO crouches lower as the incoming rounds increase. He looks at Daniels, utterly astonished.

RTO

Have you lost it or what?

Daniels stops, snaps back to the moment, embarrassed.

DANIELS

Sorry. (pause) It is a good beat.

The RTO shakes his head and laughs. The fire ends abruptly. SGT Tyler signals for the team to continue the patrol.

## EXT. DETROIT CITY STREET

The patrol rounds a corner. The vehicles are waiting at the EP (End Point) of the patrol area. Daniels walks the line checking for injuries as the soldiers gather by the vehicles.

SGT TYLER

Mount up!

Soldiers move into the vehicles. SGT Tyler climbs up on Bradley Grim 22. Daniels and SPC Aneda take seats in the rear with 2 other soldiers.



INT. BRADLEY

Daniels sits at the back corner near the ramp. SPC Aneda sits forward near the turret on the opposite side. Ramp up, the vehicle moves out. The soldiers drink water and recheck equipment. After a few moments, Aneda motions that he wants to change positions. Daniels nods and yells over the noise.

DANIELS

Sure, no problem!

They switch positions. Aneda speaks loudly to a BUDDY next to him. The other soldier shakes his head and points to his ears - he can't hear Aneda over the roar of the engine. Despite the noise, tension from the fire-fight eases. Aneda takes another look at his arm - blood seeps through the bandage.

Daniels notices the blood as well. He gets Aneda's attention by waving at him. He mouths "*I got you*" and shoots Aneda the "*2 finger to the eye, I got you thumbs up*" relaying that he will look at it when they get back. Aneda starts to give the thumbs up...

EXT. DETROIT CITY STREET - DAY

*BOOM!* An IED buried in the road explodes under the Bradley. The 30-ton vehicle is tossed into the air, twists and crashes down. The steel ramp snaps into 2 pieces.

INT. BRADLEY - DAY

Daniels is covered with blood and entrails. Aneda's helmet lands on his lap, a portion of his fractured skull still inside. A fire breaks out.

SGT TYLER

(Yelling)

Get the fuck out! Out, now!

The dazed men snap into action and scramble out of the Bradley. There is no time to pull the bodies of Aneda and his buddy out before the flames roar through the compartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND DREAMLAND - AID STATION - EVENING

Andrews sits under the netting. Daniels, still covered in blood, slumps into a chair next to him.

ANDREWS

Heard it was rough out there today.

DANIELS

Yeah. (long pause) I couldn't... There was nothing I could do.

ANDREWS

Forget it. Get cleaned up. Sleep.  
Focus on being ready for the next  
time. When you can do something.

Daniels stares off, still dazed from the days events. Andrews CLAPS his hands together. Daniels jumps in his chair, shakes his head and looks at Andrews.

DANIELS

Be ready. Right.

He stands, yawns and stretches.

DANIELS

Patrol tomorrow. Up to HIT for a few  
weeks. Something about a train  
station.

ANDREWS

Maybe you could catch one home. Later.

DANIELS

Later.

Andrews watches his friend walk away.

ANDREWS

Take care of yourself.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROAD ALONG THE EUPHRATES RIVER - IRAQ - DAY

The Grim Troop convoy makes its way into HIT, a small town northwest of Fallujah.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HIT, IRAQ - DAY

An intense mid-day sun beats down on a seemingly abandoned train station set on a hill south of the city. The Grim Troop convoy, covered in the dust of the road, comes to a halt along the main building.

The landscape is arid, with little vegetation. The soldiers stretch and yawn as they unload. A slight breeze carries a nauseating stench to the hill.

SOLDIER

UGHH! This place smells like shit.  
What the hell is that?

1ST SERGEANT

It is shit. See that little pond down there? It's a cesspool. Raw sewage.  
(louder) OK, funs over. You know the drill. Get moving!

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HIT, IRAQ - MONTAGE - DAY

Grim Troop settles in at their new base.

Vehicles are arranged as per protocol.

A defensive perimeter is established.

An over-watch position - with sandbags, a machine gun and ammo netting - is set on the roof and manned.

EXT. HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - DAY

Andrews and the FAS are also on the move. Their Convoy slows at it approaches Habbabiyah air field, a former Iraqi Air Force base. There is more vegetation than in Hit. A large lake borders the west edge of the base.

The static of radio chatter between the vehicles gives notice that they are on higher alert as they enter the base. The turrets of the Bradleys swing to and fro, scanning for threats as do the gunners on the APCs.

The FAS team sets up in an abandoned gymnasium also occupied by elements of Heavy Company and the 43rd Engineers.

EXT. HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Follows exteriorly to interior of the gym then back out

The FAS team consisting of PA, Andrews, Medic #5 Tommy V and Collins stroll up to the gymnasium floor and PA gathers the team to go over the plan. They will be clearing the building ensuring there is no enemy in or near it. They line up along the wall of the front door.

PA

(To FAS Medic #5)

OK, kick in the door.

MEDIC #5 hits the door and it swings open.

PA

Let's go slowly room by room.

The group heads off to the first room. The gym is a typical gym, it has an older parquet floor and 3 rooms used as offices off to the sides and a shower/locker room in the back. They finish and meet back in the main area and take a smoke break.

NCO #5

All clear, sir.

PA

OK, guys. Back to the tracks and start unloading the gear.

The FAS team walks out the back door.

BANG, BANG, BANG. An AK-47 fires at them and ricochets hit the gym building. They hit the ground to cover up. Soon the barrage of gunfire stops.

PA

Any one get hit?

FAS Members sounding off in sequence that no one got hit

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG. More gunfire hails in.

PA

Bring it in. Take cover. Here's what we're going to do. Andrews, Tommy V and I will go off to the right and flank them. I'll signal when we are in position. Team 2 will drive them toward our position and we ambush them. Battle drill one alpha. Got it?

FAS TEAM

Roger.

PA

OK, Let's go. Cover us

TEAM 1 with the PA head off to the right slowly flanking the 3 shooters as TEAM 2 keeps suppressing fire. Three Iraqi men start to run right in the line of sight Team 1. Andrews shoots his target and the enemy falls like a stone. The second man falls from the PA's shot and the third was wounded in the leg by Tommy V and was not located.

ANDREWS

Got 'em, They're down

PA

Let's take a look

They walk to the enemy's position

TOMMY V

All Clear! All Clear!

The FAS team returns to the vehicles and drive to the Heavy Company area. The PA jumps out of the Humvee and races into the Heavy Company Headquarters office to speak to the commander. The FAS Team climbs out the vehicles and re-check each other and take a drink of water.

HANSON

Dad's pissed

Loud voices are heard. PA walks back out the door down to the Humvee and points to the building 50 yards in front of them.

PA

Get in the fuckin' vehicles. We're taking that building. And get the aid station unpacked and set up!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT DAY: AL ASAAD AIRFIELD - PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

The in/out processing center was an office building located near the epicenter of operations at the Al Asaad Airfield. The purpose was where soldiers were processed for leave. This is a building surrounded by concertina wire and had its own small version of a moral center with TV for movies and housed a small bank of computers and phones. The reason for this was that the soldiers are protected because their weapons have been stored for travel. There are a number of pallets outside with duffle bags on them and soldiers wandering about. Duffle over his shoulder, Andrews enters the building.

INT. PROCESSING CENTER - PHONE ROOM

Andrews sits at a phone cubby. A sign on the wall reads "5 MINUTES MAX."

ANDREWS

Hey sweetie, its me.

INTERCUT WITH LAURA AT HOME IN COLORADO

INT. ANDREWS' APARTMENT - FORT CARSON - NIGHT

LAURA

Hey hon, glad you called. Lil man has his first appointment in a few days. Are you going to make it?

ANDREWS

Should have no problem. We're expecting to leave tomorrow afternoon sometime.

LAURA

Great, can't wait.

ANDREWS

Me either. Its been what, 9 months?

LAURA

Wow, yeah I guess, it seems longer.

ANDREWS

You ain't kiddin'. I only got a few minutes. How's my boy doing?

LAURA

Same.

ANDREWS

A few more days. Hey sweetie, I got to go and get through the out-processing brief. I'll call when I can. Love you.

LAURA

Me too, be safe.

ANDREWS

Never, ha-ha. Bye.

LAURA

Bye, hon.

EXT. AL ASAAD AIR FIELD - NOVEMBER 3, 2003 - DAY

About 40 SOLDIERS in line listening to the Briefer giving instructions.

There are 3 Chinook class helicopters in the near distance with ramps down and propellers winding up kicking up dust reading for take off. The soldiers begin their walk toward the rear to the ramp and begin loading into the helicopters. Within a few minutes the Chinooks take off in formation and begin their heading toward Baghdad air Field (BIAP) and the long ride home for leave.

INT. CHINOOK 1

Andrews notices a few small first aid kits hanging from the bulkhead near his chair. A chopper crewman leans over to Andrews, yelling to be heard above the noise of the engines.

CREW MEMBER

I guess that they didn't think of having soundproofing in these suckers, eh?

ANDREWS

I guess not. Why are we so low?

CREW MEMBER

We're at 400 feet. RPG's can't get us here.

EXT. CHINOOK FORMATION

A sudden *WHOOSH* passes close to Chinook 1 and explodes in the hull of Chinook 2. The huge chopper begins to swirl out of control.

*WHOOSH! WHOOSH!* Two more RPG's along streak into the sky along with small arms tracer rounds. An explosion rips open the hull of Chinook 3. It drops from the sky like an anvil.

A final RPG explodes near the tail of Chinook 1.

INT. CHINOOK 1 - COCKPIT

The PILOT & CO-PILOT struggle with the controls. They are heavy and hard to manipulate. The world outside spins by as the chopper makes a rapid descent.



PILOT  
Brace for impact!

INT. CHINOOK 1 - CABIN

The men are already bracing themselves.

PILOT - CONTINUES  
(over speakers)  
We're coming in HARD!

Men & loose gear tumble around the cabin.

INT. CHINOOK 1 - COCKPIT

The co-pilot yells into his radio.

CO-PILOT  
Mayday, mayday! This is Echo 241  
Headed for BIAP. Location 33.18'  
45.74" North, 43.48' 49.31" East.  
Outside of Fallujah approx 3 miles.  
Going down, send assistance!!

EXT. DESERT

Chinook 1 hits the ground, and rolls and skids to a stop near the other downed helicopters. The desert is hot and the dust rolls up. The passenger compartment begins to tear apart, a body flies out the back before impact, another body is crushed under the seat as the now shredded compartment is a remnant of its original self. The other 2 Chinooks are almost unrecognizable. The first Chinook crashed and there are audible sounds of soldiers yelling for help. The second Chinook took most of the damage and was on fire. Soldiers are still strapped in their seats, with major burns, bloody, broken, dead. No survivors. The second helicopter hit was in the same shape of that of Andrews.

Andrews was lucky, he suffered from a small gash to his skull and minor lacerations to his arms and legs. The Crew Member took the worst of it. He was decapitated from being thrown about the cabin. Andrews, still strapped in his chair lying on its side begins the process of getting out.

He takes out a knife of his pocket and cuts the straps dropping him out of his seat. He quickly gathers his thoughts and begins to grab what he can find from the small first aid kit and begins to go to work.

His thoughts are of being a medic, who never rests, even when he is going on leave. His focus goes back onto triaging the soldiers. He takes a deep breath.

Andrews first notices "Crew Members" body lay throughout the broken cabin and his head thrown outside on the nearby ground. He hears soldiers writhing in pain calling for help. He gathers his equipment, thoughts and begins treating patients. It seems forever until help arrives.

30 minutes later (Real time) he has a confirmed 20 soldiers dead, and the rest suffer from a multitude of injuries, amputations, sever hemorrhaging, missing eyes, blood is everywhere. There a small select few like Andrews, which he recruited as litter bearers. Andrews began to sort out the patients as a helicopter lands nearby. The BAS Commander steps out with 5 medics and nurses and begins to help out Andrews in treating and reddening for transport. He also notices other helicopters flying in the area beginning to land.

COMMANDER

(Running to Andrews  
suddenly recognizing him)

What we got?

Working on a soldier with a missing arm. In a hurried voice and out of breath. His forehead is bleeding profusely into his eyes and only wearing his bloody t-shirt and pants.

ANDREWS

We got 20 dead, and the rest in pretty bad fuckin' shape, sir! 10 Urgent Surgical and 5 Surgical and the rest I haven't got to.

COMMANDER

OK. Let's get you looked at.

He takes his bandage out of his pocket and places it over Andrews head.

I got this one, get on the copter!

Andrews boards the closest bird. The Chinook soon winds up and takes off back to Al Asaad airfield. He takes a seat and passes out.

FADE TO

EXT. BATTALION AID STATION-AL ASAAD - NIGHT

What seems to be a moment later he is woken up to find himself in the BAS with Albright at his side. His first thoughts are of his wife. He sits up straight and quick giving him a sever headache.

ANDREWS

What the... ?

ALBRIGHT

You took a pretty bad hit to the head.  
You're one lucky S.O.B.

ANDREWS

How's that?

ALBRIGHT

That was some heroic shit you pulled off. 3 Downed birds, 20 dead and you're treating patients.

ANDREWS

(wearily)

Gotta do what I gotta do. How long have I been out?

ALBRIGHT

Just the night.

ANDREWS

Shit, Laura!

ALBRIGHT

The phones are out. They shut them down until all who need to be notified are.

ANDREWS

Laura is expecting me any day.

ALBRIGHT

FRG will inform her of your status.

ANDREWS

(Sarcastically)

Yeah, I'm sure.

(He puts his head back and falls off to sleep again)

FADE TO:

EXT. HABANIJIA AIR FIELD - FAS AID STATION - DAY

Andrews talks to Laura via a satellite phone at the Heavy Co. area behind the FAS building. INTERCUT BETWEEN ANDREWS AND LAURA - AT HOME - TAKING CARE OF SON (SPECIFIC ACTION?)

LAURA

Hey hon! I am so glad your coming home. Lil' man here is becoming a handful. (pause) The doc said he might have autism.

ANDREWS

(Concerned)

Autism?

LAURA

Yeah, he has been having some issues and not really talking as he used too. I brought him to the doc and he is going to have some testing done. I'm so glad you'll be here with me.

ANDREWS

Just a few days. I'm heading out of here in a couple of days. Back to Al Asaad.

LAURA  
Call when you can.

ANDREWS  
No problem sweetie. Love ya.

He hangs up the phone and hands it to the **RTO** in Heavy Co HQ.

EXT. HABANIJIA AIR FIELD - FAS BUILDING - DAY

Andrews and ANOTHER MEDIC from the FAS head out toward the FAS building. Andrews is obviously in an other world.

FAS MEDIC  
Hey bud. What's up?

ANDREWS  
Nuthin'.

FAS MEDIC  
Really, what's up?

ANDREWS  
Not, sure, Laura said that my lil' man is having some issues. The doc is talkin' about autism.

FAS MEDIC  
Sorry, man. What is it? Is it bad?

ANDREWS  
No too sure, I'll ask Dad when we get back.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HIT IRAQ - DAY

It's the 4th of July. GRIM Troop is eating a nicely prepared meal with steak, hot dogs, hamburgers, cake, soda and real juice. Daniels sits down to eat, a big smile on his face.

DANIELS  
This is what I'm talking about! I've had dreams about this meal for weeks!  
(MORE)

DANIELS (cont'd)  
(with a bow and wave of his hand)  
Gentlemen, *bon appetit!*

BANG! A gun shot. A few men jump. Most just start eating, so inured to guns and RPG's that they accept them like passing traffic in the city.

A soldier calls from the roof above.

SOLDIER - V.O.  
Hey! We need a medic up here!

Daniels pounds the table so hard that plates rattle and soldiers jump more than when the shot rang out.

DANIELS  
Shit... Damn... mother fucker...!

VOICE  
Doc, get your ass up here...

Daniels grabs his aid bag and starts for the stairs that lead up to the roof. He pauses and turns...

DANIELS  
Anyone who even looks at my plate  
better never, EVER get hurt. Not even  
a little scratch!

He slings his aid bag over his shoulder, pauses, grabs a fully-loaded hot dog and bites off half of it.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

A metal ladder runs up the side of the building. The sun has made it feel more like a branding iron. Daniels lets out a small cry of pain as he climbs and a chunk of the hot dog falls out of his mouth.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - ROOF - DAY

Daniels reaches the roof. The 1st SGT is kneeling next to ammo netting where the victim is located. Off to the side the Commander is screaming at an NCO.

DANIELS

Hey, TOP. What do we have?

1ST SGT

A dumb ass is what we got. He got shot  
in the leg. By him!

As he points to the NCO with the commander.

DANIELS

Roger. (pokes his head under the  
netting) You OK? I don't see any  
blood.

INJURED SOLDIER

My leg hurts a little and I've got  
this hole where my calf used to be

DANIELS

WOW. OK, let me take a look.

He bends over to evaluate the injury. The leg is elevated and  
dressed with gauze.

INJURED SOLDIER

What?

DANIELS

A through and through. All meat.  
You're lucky. (Pauses) Well, sort of.  
Hey TOP! We need to get him out of  
here. Need a 9 line. And the SKED to  
get him off the roof.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The man injured is strapped to a SKED, a sled-like stretcher.  
SEVERAL SOLDIERS carefully help lower him from the roof. Once  
on the ground, Daniels checks the wound again before the man  
is carried to a waiting helicopter in the open lot next to  
the station. Daniels sits back down to his meal.

DANIELS

Great, cold.

**INSERT TRANSITION SCENE - DANIELS ON MED-EVAC CHOPPER TO BAS**

INT. BATTALION AID STATION TENT-NIGHT

Daniels walking through the busy tent where all the beds are filled with patients with different types of injuries. Nearby the doctor is working feverishly on a patient with a half amputated arm and bloody face. The nurse drops a piece of equipment and Daniels picks it up to hand it to her. At that moment, Albright walks in.

ALBRIGHT

(soft, stern voice)

Daniels?

He doesn't turn, doesn't know who is speaking to him.

DANIELS

Yeah?

ALBRIGHT

I need a hand. Come back here.

Daniels walks past the gurneys in the end of the tent and walks through to the other side letting the flap of the tent close behind him. Standing there is an almost teary eyed Albright.

ALBRIGHT

I thought you were shot, the news came in about a medic being shot and heard that Med flight headed to your position.

DANIELS

No worries, whoever is taking the report on the radio fuckerd it all up. I was there when that idiot got shot. By his friend

Giving him a hug and a kiss

ALBRIGHT

I am so glad it wasn't you.

DANIELS

Me too. How are you?



ALBRIGHT

Good, could be better with you around  
more often

DANIELS

I wish. You know every chance I get, I  
m goin to come see you.

ALBRIGHT

As long as it's not on a litter.

A voice from the other side is heard calling for Daniels to  
come get back on the helicopter.

DANIELS

Hey, darlin, got to go. The war won't  
wait.

ALBRIGHT

OK. Be safe.

DANIELS

Nope.

With a small tear in her eye, she watches Daniels leave  
through the tent flap heading through the emergency room area  
and out the other side to the helicopter pad. She follows  
him out and as the helicopter takes off, he throws her a kiss  
and a wink. She laughs and waves good bye.

EXT. FAS AID STATION - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - DAY

The FAS building is 100 yards from the front gate at the  
Habbaniyah air field.

A FLA arrives with a supplement team from the Battalion AID  
Station. The additional soldier medics are needed because of  
the sheer volume of patients the FAS team is encountering. A  
hand-painted sign hangs above the door. It reads:

**Welcome to the SABRE FAS aid station. OPEN 24/7.**  
**This week's special: Vasectomies 2 for 1**

BAS NCO notices the sign and laughs. He enters the building.

INT. FAS AID STATION - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - DAY

The aid station is in a large room that was once used as a cafeteria. Along one wall there are 8 litter stations with trauma buckets and oxygen tanks. Green chests with medical supplies are laid out along the opposite wall.

Hanson, the radio man, greets the BAS NCO as he enters.

HANSON

About time you fuckers showed up.

BAS NCO

Traffic. Had to cut through the park.

HANSON

(laughs)

I'll bet. You can set your gear in that room. Dad will be out soon

Written on the walls were helpful medical tips and information, such as the stages of shock, how to evaluate a patient and the 9 line Med-Evac request. Atop of the door frame the PA wrote a saying which read:

*Being a medic is not just a job or simply a MOS.  
Being a Medic is a privilege. Every patient is a test of your  
skill, knowledge and integrity. Either meet the standard of  
care or learn to flip burgers.*

A white board is attached to the wall which has the daily schedule written on it:

0600: PT/Personal Hygiene  
0700: Breakfast  
0800-1130: Morning chores  
1130-1300: Lunch  
1300-1600: Training  
1600-1800: Dinner  
1800-2200: Personal time  
2200-0230: Haji Time

BAS MEDIC

What's Haji Time?

TOMMY V  
You'll see. Just wait

BAS MEDIC  
Hey it's BAS NCO's birthday tomorrow  
and we GOT to do something special.

TOMMY V  
I got something for him.

EXT. FAS AID STATION - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - EARLY EVENING

EXT DAY-FAS -Forward Aid Station

Andrews and Tommy V sit outside, eating, listening to the  
radio and playing chess.

Tommy V looks at a thermometer on the table next to the chess  
board. It reads 120. He pulls a package of Ramen Noodles and  
a bottle of water from a small pack hanging from his chair.  
He gulps 1/2 the water, crushes the noodles into small  
pieces, stuffs them into the remaining water, caps the bottle  
and sets in the sun. Andrews looks at him quizzically.

TOMMY V  
Ain't got a microwave here.

ANDREWS  
If only...

All is quiet as the men study the chess pieces.

*WHOOSH! BOOM!!!* An RPG rockets by and splinters a tree 30  
feet away. Tommy V turns to Andrews.

TOMMY V  
(apathetically)  
Haji time. Guess we better get inside.

ANDREWS  
Guess so. (pause) They're early.

They stand. Andrews makes one more move on the chess board.  
The BAS NCO burst through the door.

BAS NCO  
What the fuck was that?

TOMMY V  
Haji time. A bit earlier than usual.

FADE TO:

INT. FAS AID STATION ROOM - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - DAY

The FAS team and BAS MEDICS are getting ready for the afternoon's training. Andrews is preparing with straps on a long board.

ANDREWS  
OK, listen up! It's time to get started. I'll need a volunteer...  
(he points to the BAS NCO) Come on up here and lay down.

The BAS NCO lays down on the litter.

ANDREWS - CONTINUES  
OK, come up and take a look.

The rest of the medics stand and move closer to the litter.

ANDREWS - CONTINUES  
Today, we are going to review the procedure for C-Spine stabilization and, most of all, RESTRAINT!

On cue, the medics pin down the BAS NCO and strap him in.

BAS MEDIC  
Happy birthday! Your wife sent me a little something for you...

He pulls a box of Hostess cupcakes out his aid bag.

BAS MEDIC  
We thought you would like one!

He shoves a whole cupcake into the mouth of the squirming NCO. Most of the gooey mess ends up on his face.

Everyone is laughing as he is strapped down tight. The medics lift him up and stand him upright and hang a sign with the words It's my birthday and they take pictures. The PA walks into the room, hearing the raucous.

PA

All right, all right. Get him cleaned up. It's almost time for dinner.  
(pause, smile) I see you already had desert.

FADE TO:

EXT. FAS AID STATION - FRONT STOOP AREA - NIGHT

The time is 2300 hours and its dark and breezy outside. Andrews and Tommy V are returning from using the phone and enters the aid station looking depressed. PA and Collins are sitting outside talking about the days events.

HANSON

(To Andrews)

Everything OK? How are the wife and kid doing?

ANDREWS

Fine, Thanks

The lights in the nearby village outside the compound suddenly go dark. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM is heard in the distance, it was only heard from those sitting outside.

PA

GET INSIDE! GO! GO! GO! Get your shit on!

INT. AID STATION - NIGHT

Garcia runs around the aid station, yelling.

GARCIA

Get some cover! Get your gear on!

BAS NCO runs out of the back room.

BAS NCO

What the fuck? What's going on?

HANSON

Wait for it...

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Mortar rounds start to hit around the aid station building shaking it. The flash of explosions can be seen through the windows. The medics start running to get under a strong structure for protection and end up in the doorway between the aid station and hallway. They are huddled together in their helmets and flak jackets, most in army shorts and PT gear.

ANDREWS

Mother fucker! Damn it!

TOMMY V

What? This ain't the first time.

Andrews slaps his leg and begins to scratch.

ANDREWS

I know. These fuckin gnats are biting the shit out of me.

(The group starts to laugh)

HANSON

(To BAS NCO)

Welcome to Habbaniyah.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIT, IRAQ - TRAIN STATION - DAY

3 GRIM Troop Bradley vehicles head out on patrol to look for a weapons cache.

EXT. HIT, IRAQ - STREETS - DAY

The GRIM Troop Bradley's turn up a side street and stop in a courtyard. A single shot rings out. The bullet hits the GUNNER of the lead Bradley in the neck. He slumps down into the turret.

INT. HIT, IRAQ - LEAD BRADLEY

The CONVOY COMMANDER immediately holds pressure on the gunner's neck to stop the bleeding.

CONVOY COMMANDER  
(screaming)  
Help, I need some help over here!  
Call a medic! NOW!

EXT. HIT, IRAQ - COURTYARD - DAY

The convoy come under fire from all directions. Bullets ricochet of the armor as the GUNNERS of the other 2 Bradley's return fire with their machine-guns.

INT. GRIM TOC - SAME TIME

The 1st SGT and Grim Commander are in the TOC with other soldiers listening to the radio.

GRIM SOLDIER  
TOP! TOP! The patrol just got hit.  
We need to get the medics out there.  
They got one down. And they are taking  
fire.

1ST SGT  
Get 'em spun up and out there.  
Make it happen. NOW!

EXT. GRIM TOC - SAME TIME

Medics run to their APC's and fire up the engines. In seconds they are racing away.

INT. GRIM TOC - SAME TIME

The radio operator keeps up the communication.

RADIO OPERATOR  
GRIM 45. We got the medics in route to  
your location. Be on scene in 5 mikes.

INT. LEAD BRADLEY - HIT, IRAQ - COURTYARD - SAME TIME

The commander and radio operator are spattered with blood.

GRIM 45 RADIO OPERATOR  
Roger, 5 Mikes. OUT.

The injured soldier is gasping and gurgling for air.

EXT. HIT, IRAQ - COURTYARD - DAY

There is no more incoming fire though the Bradley gunners continue to scan the area down the barrels of their guns.

The Medic convoy arrives. The 113 ramp opens and Daniels runs to the lead Bradley.

INT. LEAD BRADLEY - HIT, IRAQ - COURTYARD - DAY

Daniels looks over the wound.

DANIELS  
Let's get him out of here. Help me get  
him the fuck out of here.

EXT. HIT, IRAQ - COURTYARD - DAY

They pull the injured gunner out and put him on a litter.  
Daniels covers the wound and starts an IV

The litter is carried to the 113 and loaded. The ramp goes up. Two of the Bradleys lead the convoy out. The Medic 113 APC follows and the third Bradley brings up the rear.

INT. MEDIC 113 APC - HIT, IRAQ - DAY

Daniels monitors the IV A SOLDIER gets on the radio.

SOLDIER  
GRIM OPS. GRIM OPS. THIS IS...



EXT. HIT, IRAQ - STREETS - DAY

The convoy roars down a seemingly deserted street.

BOOM! An IED explodes with such force that the 113 flips completely over.

INT. LEAD BRADLEY - HIT, IRAQ - DAY

The 1st Sergeant hears the explosion and climbs up into the turret to see what happened.

1ST SGT

Fuck, fuck! Turn the fuck around!  
Let's get a perimeter around that  
vehicle.

EXT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - SAME TIME

The FAS TEAM and BAS TEAM members are sitting outside chatting and joking around. The mood is very light. Collins and the PA are lying on their cots reading. The PA reading over a MOPAR car catalog and Collins is reading a book. Andrews and Tommy V are playing chess. Hanson is checking the 577 and listening to the radio.

A convoy passes by the FAS team's Aid Station and heads out the front gate for a patrol of the Ammo Supply point (ASP).

INT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - SAME TIME

Hanson monitors the radio traffic from the Grim Troop convoy and the patrol just heading out.

RADIO VOICE

BREAK. BREAK. BREAK. This is GRIM 7  
calling GRIM OPS.

2ND VOICE

This is GRIM OPS. Go with traffic.

The PA enters and pauses as he listens in on the cross-talk.

1ST SERGEANT

We are in need of a 9 line MedEvac.  
We got 2 DOA and 1 injured with  
amputated foot. MY GRID location is  
976549.

VOICE #2

Roger that. Bird will be there in 8  
mikes.

1ST SERGEANT

GRIM 7 to SABRE FAS.

Hanson puts on his headset.

HANSON

GRIM 7 go with traffic

1ST SERGEANT

SABRE FAS, I need to talk to the PA.

HANSON

Roger.

He hands the headset to the PA.

PA

1st Sergeant, this is PA. What do you  
need, TOP?

1ST SERGEANT

You been monitoring?

PA

Roger. Any of them coming my way?

1ST SERGEANT

Negative. I thought you should know  
that Daniels is down. (pause) He  
didn't make it.

PA

Roger. I'll inform the team. Over and  
out.

He throws the head set down and walks out.

EXT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - DAY

The PA looks at the medics relaxing outside.

PA  
(sternly)  
Bring it inside.

He turns and re-enters the building. The men get up, puzzled looks on their faces.

GARCIA  
Come on, get the fuck in the aid  
station.

They follow him in.

INT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - DAY

The PA turns, a hard look in his eyes. The men look uneasy.

PA  
Gather around. I got some bad news.  
(pause) GRIM Medics got hit. We lost  
Daniels. (pause) Sniper attack leading  
to a complex attack with an IED  
explosion.

Andrews bends over like someone punched him the gut, stunned.  
Tommy V puts a hand out and looks like he wants to say  
something but words fail him.

PA  
What we have to do now is pray for the  
families and give any support that we  
can. Be strong and keep your heads in  
the game.

He leaves, laying his hand on Andrews shoulder on his way  
out. Andrews storms out, visibly angry and upset.

EXT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - DAY

The medics exit the aid station and mill around. Some smoke, no one talks. A fire ball rises in the distance. Tommy V sees it before the others.

TOMMY V

What the...

The others follow his gaze just as the sound of the distant explosion reaches them. The FAS and BAS teams watch in astonishment. The radio starts to squelch.

RADIO VOICE #1

43rd OPS. This is 4-3-4 ASP Patrol  
NCO. Over.

RADIO VOICE #2

This is 43rd OPS. Go with traffic.

4-3-4 NCO

43rd OPS. We are taking heavy fire.  
Request assistance. 43rd OPS. Over.

ROGER

We got someone coming out now.

EXT. STREETS - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - DAY

The 4-3-4 ASP patrol is under extremely heavy fire.

An RPG shrieks past 434 APC and explodes through the 113 behind them. Another RPG slams into the 113 but does not explode. Screams emanate from the 113.

The 4-3-4 NCO looks inside. Three soldiers holding their legs, covered in blood and body parts. The NCO looks dizzy, ready to puke.

The head of the 2nd RPG, lodged in the engine compartment, begins to sputter.

4-3-4 NCO

Oh, shit. Oh, shit! FUCK ME! Let's...

INT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH - SAME TIME

The action can be heard on the radio.

RADIO

....get the fuck out of here!

The FAS medics are already grabbing aid bags and weapons.

RADIO

43rd OPS. We are under RPG attack. 4-3-  
7 just got hit. 3 casualties and  
unknown vehicle damage...

EXT. STREETS - HABBANIYAH, IRAQ - SAME TIME

The patrol is regrouping around their vehicles, trying to get out of the kill zone.

4-3-4 NCO

...We need to exfil immediately.

EXT. FAS TEAM - HABBANIYAH AIR FIELD - SAME TIME

The FAS team continues to monitor the radio transmissions as they run to their vehicles. Andrews, Tommy V and the PA load into the 113.

43RD OPS

SABRE FAS. SABRE FAS. This is 43rd  
Ops.

COLLINS

This is SABRE FAS. Go with traffic  
43rd OPS.

SABRE FAS

We need you to spin up and meet with 4-  
3-4 113 patrol. They just got hit and  
have 3 injured. Request assistance. We  
are sending you support.

COLLINS

Roger that. We're on it. Over.

INT. FAS 113 - DAY

Andrews and PA start preparing IV bags and trauma kits as soon as the ramp closes.

EXT. HABBANIYAH AIR FIELD - FRONT GATE - DAY

The 113 roars up to the open front gate then stops suddenly.

INT. FAS 113 - DAY

The sudden stop jars Andrews and the PA.

PA  
What the... ?

Tommy V yells back to them.

TOMMY V  
4-3-4 patrol is incoming. ETA 2 mikes.

PA  
Roger. We'll treat here. (to Andrews)  
Run back and get the teams and FLA up  
here. GO!!

EXT. HABBANIYAH AIR FIELD - FRONT GATE - DAY

The ramp to the 113 open. Andrews leaps out, sprinting the 50 yards back to the FAS aid station.

EXT. HABBANIYAH AIR FIELD - FAS AID STATION - DAY

Andrews yells as runs up to the station.

ANDREWS  
We need everyone up front! The FLA!  
O2. Injured arriving in 1 mike. Go!  
Go!

Without pausing to catch his breath, Andrews turns and sprints back toward the front gate.

EXT. HABBANIYAH AIR FIELD - FRONT GATE - DAY

**NOTE: THIS IS THE SAME ACTION AS THE OPENING SCENE**

The FAS and BAS Teams in the FLA arrive to the front gate and start unloading equipment as a line of vehicles approaches. Smoke billows from the badly damaged 113. The engine dies and the APC grinds to a halt just inside the front gate.

The FAS medics sprint to the APC. The ramp, which would normally be closed, drags on the ground behind the disabled vehicle. The medics immediately begin to extract the wounded from the APC. 3 SOLDIERS, all with missing limbs, moan and writhe in pain. They are placed on the ground and emergency treatment begins.

ANDREWS looks quickly from casualty to casualty.

ANDREWS

Jones, get a tourniquet on this one.  
Roberts, start an IV

Andrews looks for more help. He spots a YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

ANDREWS

Lieutenant, I need an O2 tank. Now!

The Lieutenant does not question the order - he turns and dashes to a medic APC for the oxygen. Andrews crouches by another of the casualties. The man's left leg is badly mangled - almost gone below the knee. Andrews yells at Tommy V, another medic just rushing up to help.

ANDREWS

Tommy V. He's bleeding out. Get a...

Tommy V is already preparing a tourniquet for the leg. The two medics work fast, in perfect sync and with unspoken efficiency - the result of many drills and dozens of casualty events together.

ANDREWS

(to the patient)

I got you, man, stay with me...

Andrews begins stripping off the man's protective vest to be able to do a heart-lung assessment.

He hesitates for just a second when he sees the name on the vest: "Garcia". Andrews shrugs it off and gets back to work.

Even as he finishes taking vitals, Andrews is already biting off the cap from a needle to start an IV. In seconds, fluid is dripping and Andrews calls for help.

ANDREWS

Urgent Surgical! Let's get him loaded up.

A YOUNG PRIVATE and ANOTHER SOLDIER help carry the injured man to the medical APC. As the APC rumbles off, a radio crackles with calls for cover fire and target positions over the continuous chatter of automatic weapons and sporadic explosions from the on-going action in the distance.

Shouts of "MEDIC!... MEDIC!... MEDIC!... erupt from a nearby Humvee. Andrews scoops up his aid bag and sprints to the vehicle. He yells back to Tommy V

ANDREWS

2 GSW's (Gun-shot wounds). Possible sucking chest...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PETERSON AIR FORCE BASE, COLORADO - LATE AFTERNOON

A large jet touches down as the sun starts to dip behind the mountains.

EXT. PETERSON AIR FORCE BASE - TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

A large crowd of CIVILIANS and MILITARY PERSONNEL cheer wildly as the plane taxis up to the terminal.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrews watches the crowd through the small window of the plane. He can see them waving but cannot hear them. He is smiling though with tears in his eyes.



ANDREWS  
(to himself)  
Finally.

EXT. PETERSON AIR FORCE BASE - TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

2 fire trucks hose down the plane with water cannons. The plane stops and the hatch opens. It has been 6 long months since that day in Habbaniyah and when Daniels died.

The soldiers, duffle bags over their shoulders, walk down the stairs to a nearby welcome tent.

INT. PETERSON AIR FORCE BASE, WELCOME TENT - DUSK

VOLUNTEERS hand out sodas and Whoppers. The soldiers scarf down the burgers as if they haven't eaten in months. In small groups, they exit the tent and load up on waiting buses just outside.

EXT. FORT CARSON EVENTS CENTER - LATER

The buses arrive at the FT. Carson Events Center. The soldiers unload with their gear, awaiting orders, anxious to connect with their families. The COMMANDER calls for a formation.

The soldiers form up by unit. The event doors swing open. FAMILIES are gathered inside. MUSIC ROARS (Toby Keith - American Soldier). The crowd's cheers and applause drown out the music.

The soldiers march into the events center.

INT. FORT CARSON EVENTS CENTER - NIGHT

The formation enters. The POST GENERAL COMMANDER calls out...

GENERAL  
Right face!

The formation turns right and stops.

GENERAL

At ease. (pause) I am not going to make this a long speech. I know you are all anxious to see you heroes. We wanted to thank you and welcome you home. It has been a long tough year and we appreciate all that you and your families have sacrificed for our country. THANK YOU and WELCOME HOME!!

A MILITARY BAND strikes up the Army Song. The crowd and soldiers sing together. The music fades. The General speaks.

GENERAL

COMPANY, ATTENTION! DISSS-MISSED! You are now released to your families. THANK YOU!

The crowd and soldiers rush to find their families. Andrews finally finds Laura and Collin. They cry and hug and kiss and look at each other in disbelief.

LAURA

I am so overwhelmed. I love you, I missed you sooo much.

ANDREWS

I love you too!

He gives Laura and Collin more kisses.

ANDREWS

He's gotten big

LAURA

(looking at Collin)

Hey weenut, it's your dad!

Collin grins broadly.

FADE TO:

EXT. FORT CARSON - SABRE COURTYARD - NEXT MORNING

Two months pass and block leave is over. The returning soldiers are in Class A uniforms standing in formation. They are receiving the combat awards. The courtyard is filled with family and friends watching the awards ceremony. The 1st SGT is in front of the formation at a podium.

1ST SGT

Thank you. What you accomplished over the past year has not gone unnoticed. Your hard work, sacrifice and professionalism is well known army-wide and you should be proud of your accomplishments. Many of our fellow soldiers did not make it back. The awards we give you today honor those who cannot be here to share in our victories. Please take a moment to remember them.

In the moment of silence that follows, soldiers bow their heads. Some speak barely-audible dedications to their fallen brothers-in-arms.

The 1st Sergeant calls the formation to attention. He reads off names and the awards the soldiers are to receive. He reaches Andrews.

1ST SGT

Specialist Andrews. Army Commendation Medal. And Combat Medical Badge.

The COMPANY COMMANDER pins the decorations on Andrews uniform and shakes his hand. The 1st SGT continues calling out names and awards.

EXT. FORT CARSON - SABRE COURTYARD - LATER

The ceremony is completed.

1ST SGT

COMPANY! ATTENTION! DISMISSED!

Andrews walks over to Laura and Collin. She looks at his medals and ribbons, smiling proudly. He puts his arm around her.

ANDREWS - V.O.

Come on. Let's go home.

As they start away, a SOLDIER in BDU's with a slight limp hurries to catch up. He cuts in front of Andrews. A WOMAN stands just behind the intruder, who nods deferentially to Laura.

SOLDIER

(to Laura)

Ma'am.

He turns to Andrews and offers a hand. Andrews looks perplexed as he shakes the man's hand.

SOLDIER

I just wanted my wife to meet the man  
who saved my life.

SOLDIER'S WIFE

Thank you for bringing him back to me.

She gives Andrews a big, sincere hug. Andrews squints, then lights up as he catches the name on the soldier's uniform.

ANDREWS

Of all things! Garcia? (pause) Uh, I  
mean Sergeant. How are you?

GARCIA

Skip the sergeant crap. (smiles) Call  
me Joe. Look...

He pulls up his left pant leg. A bright metal prosthetic is attached just below the knee.

GARCIA

Titanium. (smiles) Bullet-proof!

ANDREWS

Great. They letting you stay in?

GARCIA

Yeah. Rear-D.

Garcia pauses awkwardly, then gives Andrews a quick, hard hug.

GARCIA

Man, thanks again.

ANDREWS

No problem. It's what I do. Good luck.

He salutes Garcia, who gives an even sharper, crisper salute back. He and his wife walk away as Andrews and Laura continue in the other direction.

GARCIA

(To his wife)

A great medic and a real good guy.

GARCIA'S WIFE

The best.

FADE TO:

**NOTE: NEED SCENE WITH ALBRIGHT - TALK OF DANIELS.**

EXT. FORT CARSON, PARADE FIELD - **A MONTH LATER?**

An entire Regiment of the 3rd Armored Cavalry is gathered on the parade field by squadron rank formations. Most are wearing black Stetson cowboy hats and gold spurs. The 3rd ACR Commander steps up to the podium, standing tall and wearing a perfectly pressed uniform and polished boots.

GARRISON COMMANDER

ATTENTION!

The formation snaps to the position of attention.

GARRISON COMMANDER

Soldiers respond BLOOD AND STEEL!!  
Welcome back, I'm sure you all enjoyed your block leave. During my time off I spent a great afternoon out at Turkey Creek horseback riding with the Joint Chiefs.

(MORE)

GARRISON COMMANDER (cont'd)

Their words were filled with admiration and accolades. They are very proud of the work you did in Iraq. So proud, they asked if we were ready to go again. They gave us 8 months to be prepared. It seems that the fury of 3rd ACR will be felt again. Commanders, make sure your people are ready to go, get 'em trained and ready. DISMISSED!!

FADE OUT:

CREDITS ROLL OVER ACTUAL PHOTOS OF 3rd ACR FAS TROOP

THE END

**SHOULD WE END WITH LIFE GETTING BACK TO NORMAL (as much as possible) then news of 2nd deployment?**