

SOLDIER BUDDY

by

RON L. TIDWELL

ROUGH DRAFT # 2

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see an OVER-HEAD SHOT of a large car flipping a SCREECHING BITCH before coming to a halt next to the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - SAME

The driver stands just outside the car over the roof. He lights up a cigarette while peering over at an old house. This house has had a lot a great memories. This is PAT, 42, a large burly type. It's obvious Pat is a painter since he still has white over-spray on his face and hands. In the passenger seat is STEVE, 38, a Palestinian American. Steve helps run his family's convenient store and in the backseat is GABE, 21, Pat's naive younger brother.

The guys are visiting their soldier buddy, EDDIE, 37, who was recently discharged from the Army for PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome). Eddie completed three tours in the Middle East and loved every minute of it. Some say Eddie loved it just a little too much. A few days after Eddie's discharge, Eddie was involved in a hit and run that has left him permanently disabled and in a wheelchair.

We see an old lady on the porch, this is Eddie's mom, IDA, 70's.

IDA

(waves)

Hi Pat. Eddie will be out in just a moment. Do you boys wanna come in for some coffee?

PAT

(waves)

No thinks mom. We'll wait...

Pat pauses for a moment.

PAT

(gets in car)

...Any of you fucks even visit
Eddie once while he was in the
hospital?

There is only SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

PAT

You've got to be kiddin me guys.
This fuckin guy almost dies for our
fuckin country and none of you go
visit him...

STEVE

He was hit by a car in America not
Iraq.

PAT

No fuckin shit Sherlock. Must I
remind you, he was walkin with a
six pack of beer from YOUR store
when he was hit.

STEVE

So your blaming me?

PAT

Now I didn't say that...I just
said...

STEVE

Nah, fuck that. I see what this is
all about. Your going to bring me
here and throw the fucking blame on
me. Some asshole leaves our best
friend for dead in the middle the
street and you blame me?

(MORE)

STEVE(cont'd)

Fuck that...you wanna be real technical about it Pat, Eddie bought the beer on your brother's shift...

GABE

Fuck you Steve! I feel like shit enough...fuck the both of you.

PAT

(faces Gabe)

No. fuck you, you little shit - you want some of me? Huh? That's what I thought.

GABE

Dude, chill. I'm sorry.

STEVE

Dude, he's alive. Alive! Doesn't that mean a thing? This is so fucking pathetic... none of us even wanna get out of the car.

PAT

Look, I'm sorry guys. I dunno, I feel like complete shit here too. We owe him a good time. Got it? Can we all agree on that atleast?

EVERYONE

Yeah. Fuck yeah!

PAT

Cool. We're cool now, right?

EVERYONE

Cool.

STEVE

Shit. They're he is...

We see Eddie being wheeled out on the porch by an attractive girl in pink scrubs, BARBARA, 21.

Eddie is dressed a little shabby with a Army ball cap on. His hair is unkept and his face unshaven.

PAT

(to himself)

Jesus fuckin Christ. He looks like a bad seventies movie.

GABE

Who's the nurse?

PAT

I think it's his physical therapist.

STEVE

Lucky bastard.

PAT

No shit.

GABE

And she has to wear pink.

CUT TO:

PORCH

Barbara slowly helps Eddie down the steps. She appears to know what she's doing. A lit cigar hangs out of his mouth.

BARBARA

Those your friends Eddie?

EDDIE

Now sweetheart, what the fuck do you think?

BARBARA

I was just asking. You don't have to be a dick about it.

A SUPPORT YOUR TROOPS magnet falls off the back of Eddie's wheelchair.

Barbara quickly puts the magnet in her blouse pocket. When the wheelchair gets to the bottom of the steps, Eddie SLAMS on the breaks. Never looking at Barbara.

EDDIE

Put the fuckin magnet back on my chair...please.

BARBARA

You're kidding me, right?

EDDIE

Do I sound like I'm kiddin. Huh!

BARBARA

I dunno. Didn't think it was that important...I was going...

EDDIE

(interrupts)

It's real important. You'd be amazed how important it is.

Barbara THROWS the Magnet at Eddie.

BARBARA

You know what? Fuck you! I don't need this shit!

Barbara starts to walk away almost in tears before meeting Pat half way.

PAT

Sweetie, Whoa, whoa, whoa...

BARBARA

No, fuck that asshole...

PAT

Look, Eddie's my bro. We go back a long way. Don't leave just yet. It's obvious he needs you. You're a nurse right?

BARBARA

Physical therapist...what's the deal with that magnet?

PAT

What magnet?...OK. Look, forget it. Either way, my boy needs you.

Eddie wheels his way over to Barbara and Pat.

EDDIE

Get your own physical therapist bro...and where's my fuckin wheelchair ramp you promised? Your giving my mom a fuckin heart attack.

PAT

I know, I know. I told her next week. For sure... you look good man. Really. We all missed you.

EDDIE

Fuck you. Don't lie. I look like a fuckin idiot.

PAT

Now your pissin me off. C'mon man, we're going to have a good time. I promise.

EDDIE

Sure man, whatever you say.

Steve and Gabe meet up with Eddie.

EDDIE

Wow! If it isn't my camel jockey brother. Dude, your fucking country needs to be nuked. Seriously, no joke. One fuckin A-bomb right down the middle would do the trick...

STEVE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Fuck you to. I'm American not Al-Qaida asshole. How you doing bro? We thought we lost your ass.

Eddie and Steve hug.

EDDIE

Me to. Me too bro.

Gabe approaches.

GABE

I hope your dicks still works faggot.

EDDIE

You going to suck it you little fuck?

GABE

After your nurse sucks mine...

EDDIE

(whispers)

Hey! That's MY nurse. Get your ass over here! How you doing man? You look good.

Gabe and Eddie hug.

GABE

Good. Working with Steve at the store.

EDDIE

Get robbed yet?

GABE

Nah. Steve has.

EDDIE

Ask me about that remedy later.
You'll never get robbed again. I
fuckin guarantee it.

GABE

What is it?

EDDIE

Later bro. It's classified shit.
I'd have to kill ya.... hey guys,
give me a sec with Barb. She's had
kinda shitty day. One sec, that's
it. Then we're outta here.

PAT

Hurry up fucker!

EDDIE

I know I know. Give me a sec.

The guys get back in the car.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE CAR

STEVE

What the fuck was that all about?

PAT

I dunno. He flipped out about a
magnet.

STEVE

What magnet?

PAT

Don't know...don't know.

Eddie and Barbara approach the car.

EDDIE

So, where we going?

PAT

Where do you wanna go?

EDDIE

Oh, I dunno. Somewhere with whole lotta liquor and handicap access of coarse.

STEVE

Get your ass in the car and quit feeling sorry for yourself. That's our job.

Barbara helps Eddie out of his wheelchair and into the backseat.

EDDIE

Exactly! Now your learnin.

PAT

Gabe, help get his wheelchair in the trunk.

Gabe starts to exit the car.

EDDIE

Nah, She's got it Gabe. Chill.

BARBARA

I got it guys. That's my job.

EDDIE

Would ya guys mind if Barb came along? Shes very cool.

A PAUSE

PAT

Sure. Why not. She is your nurse.

Eddie calls for Barbara to get in.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Let me grab my things.

PAT

Dude, what things does she need?

EDDIE

You know, chick shit.

Barbara gets in the back seat with her nap sack.

PAT

So, did you guys meet at the VA hospital?

EDDIE

MySpace.

STEVE

Myspace for a physical therapist?

EDDIE

Just seemed easier at the time.

BARBARA

It's a littler more complicated than that.

GABE

More complicated then Myspace?

EDDIE

The fuckin VA hospitals been dickin me around. So, I took matters into my own hands, put a classified out on Myspace and found Barb.

PAT

No offence Barb, but what's your qualifications for my boy here? I mean, are you affiliated with the VA hospital or the military?

Eddie and Barbara CHUCKLE.

EDDIE

Nah, bro. Barbara hates the government. Despises Bush and all the war shit. Shes a good Physical therapist though. She knows her shit.

Barbara pulls out a CRACK PIPE and lighter out of nap sack. She sticks the pipe to her mouth and is about to light it.

The car hasn't even left the house yet.

BARBARA

(to Eddie)

They're cool right?

EDDIE

Oh, sure. The coolest.

Barbara lights the pipe and holds it in for a couple seconds before letting out a large smoke cloud. Pat is now FURIOUS and THROWS his keys out the window.

PAT

OK. I've fuckin had enough here. Eddie, out of the fuckin car! We need to talk.

EDDIE

(calm)

It's going to be kinda hard to do that Pat.

Pat stands just outside the driver's side door.

PAT

(feels guilty)

Shit! I fuckin forgot...alright, look...

BARBARA

(to Eddie)

I thought you said they're cool?

PAT

What? Are you crazy lady? We are cool. I am cool. I'm the coolest guy you can ever know but when it comes to crack heads in my car...I'm not that cool...and in front of Eddie's house? His mom?

EDDIE

My mom wouldn't know a crack pipe from a blow pop.

PAT

That's not really the point now is it Eddie? It's your mom bro. Your fucking mom.

EDDIE

OK. I get it bro.

BARBARA

Excuse me Pat but I'm not a crack head for your information. So fuck you.

STEVE

This is stupid. You guys should talk. Gabe and I will get out.

Gabe and Steve exit.

GABE

C'mon Barb. I see it's going to be a long night.

Barbara hesitates.

EDDIE

Go on. We'll be a second.

BARBARA

Alright. Fine, but I'm still on the fucking clock.

EDDIE

Yeah, OK, but chill with the pipe.
OK? Just for tonight...

BARBARA

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Barbara exits and goes and sits on the porch. She puts her pipe in her nap sack before lighting up a cigarette.

EDDIE

What's the deal here Pat? I thought we were all here to have a good time? I haven't seen you guys forever.

PAT

We are Eddie. But I didn't expect you to bring some crack head nurse along...

EDDIE

(interrupts)

Physical Therapist.

PAT

Fine. Physical therapist. She's still a fucken crack head if you ask me.

EDDIE

I didn't ask you bro...she's not that bad. Really... nice ass, huh?

PAT

What do you really know about this girl Eddie? I mean, what the fuck man! Look at yourself.

A PAUSE

EDDIE

Wow...didn't know the way I looked made any difference. You don't have to remind how fucked up I look bro.

PAT

I didn't mean it that way. I know your not the same guy...

EDDIE

I wanted to get fucked up in combat not as a civilian...do you know how that makes a guy like me feel? I'm supposed to be in Iraq protecting my fellow soldiers...but I'm here. This is it bro. So she smokes crack. So the fuck what! So I found her on myspace, so what.

PAT

Dude, I'm sorry. Really.

EDDIE

Where the fuck were you guys anyway? Huh?

PAT

What do you mean?

EDDIE

I'm fuckin laying there in a god damn coma. Where were you bro? Where was Steve? Now you wanna tell me who I should hang out with. Fuck that. I gotta enough shit to worry about now. Like my fuckin piss bag overflowing or getting from one room to the other. It's not that easy anymore Pat. You try fuckin in this condition.

PAT

We just didn't wanna see you in that state.

EDDIE

Fuck all that. It's water under the bridge. Now are we going go out and have fun fuckin awesome time or what?

PAT

Yeah. You're right. Let's get outta here.

EDDIE

Barb! Get in! Steve! Gabe! Let's roll!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

The car is still in park.

PAT

So, ladies, have we decided where the fuck we're going?

GABE

I know a cool little bar...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Pat and Eddie shoot the shit over a friendly game of pool. Barb brings over a couple beers for Eddie and Pat while Steve and Gabe mingle at the bar.

BARBARA

(to Eddie)

A gift from me to you.

EDDIE

Thank you very much my fine nurse.

BARBARA

I'm not a nurse, sweetie-pie.

Barb walks over to Pat.

BARBARA

I know I could be a bitch
sometimes...here.

She gives pat the beer.

PAT

Thanks. Didn't mean to call ya a
crack head.

BARBARA

No harm, no foul. Apology accepted.

EDDIE

Alright you two, now kiss and make
up for cryin out loud.

PAT

Yeah, whatever Eddie, just shoot
the ball.

EDDIE

No, really, I'm serous. Kiss and
make up. Seven ball, left side
pocket. I'm not kiddin bro.

Eddie misses shot.

PAT

Now you're on crack Eddie. What are
you doing? Two ball, corner pocket.

Pat makes the shot.

EDDIE

I wanna see you kiss Pat. It would be a sweet gesture. Good fuckin shot bro. Now that deserves a kiss.

PAT

Jesus Christ. C'mon, Eddie, you're being a fucking idiot.

EDDIE

Really? I dunno, Pat. How long as it been since you had any? Becky's gone right? She took the kids and it sounds like to me, you're a single guy now, Right?

PAT

How'd you know Becky left?

EDDIE

Let's just say, a little birdie told me.

PAT

Yeah and I'm sure that birdie's name is Gabe.

EDDIE

Dude, you're way too hard on the kid. Give'em a little slack.

In the FLASH, Barb lays a PASSIONATE KISS on Pat and walks away like it was nothing. Eddie and Pat continue to play their game.

BARBARA

You fucking satisfied Eddie?

EDDIE

Now that was fuckin hot you two!

(a pause)

Now that I've got your undivided attention here, I've kinda got a proposition for you.

(MORE)

EDDIE(cont'd)

Three ball, off the rail and into
the corner pocket.

Eddie makes it.

PAT

I'm not fucking her!

Pat shoots and misses.

PAT

Nah, it's not like that bro.

EDDIE

Jesus man, I was just trying to
have a little fun.

PAT

Kissing your girlfriend? You call
that fun?

EDDIE

Shes not my girl bro.

PAT

Well, whatever she is, I'm not
interested...I mean...

EDDIE

...here it comes.

PAT

I mean, she's cute, don't get me
wrong bro... but I'm not
interested.

EDDIE

Look, I'm not asking you to fuck
Barb. I need a really big favor. A
big one. It's like... the favor of
all favors or something. HUGE.

PAT

What is it? What's up? What's so
huge?

EDDIE

Well, I've had a lot of down time
as you know...time to sort this
shit out. A lot of shit bro. A lot.

PAT

(confused)

OK, what shit? What is it?

Eddie holds up the magnet and tosses on the pool table.

EDDIE

This.

PAT

(picks up magnet)

It's a magnet Eddie. Support our
troops. OK, what's this about?

EDDIE

It's not just a magnet man. It's a
symbol. It fell off the mother
fucker's car who hit me. It was in
my hand.

Eddie wheels over to Pat and gets in his face.

EDDIE

I went down but I saw the
plates...I memorized the license
plate and this magnet was in my
hand when the paramedics
arrived...don't you see what this
means? It's a sign my friend. A
sign.

PAT

A sign? I would say it means call
the cops bro. Throw this guy in
jail where he belongs.

EDDIE

It means, that I know where this
fucker lives.

(MORE)

EDDIE(cont'd)

I have this asshole's address, his phone number, cell phone number. I know when he has to take a shit and how many times he wipes... believe me bro, no cop could possibly give this person what they really deserve like...like I can.

Pat STOPS in mid shoot.

PAT

Wait a minute. Are you tellin me that you know where the guy that hit you lives and you wanna to get revenge? How do you know so much anyway?

EDDIE

Army intelligence bro. If I told you, I'd have to kill ya.

PAT

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I forgot...I dunno man. Sounds a little crazy. Sounds real crazy.

EDDIE

It is crazy bro. We're not going to kill the guy...just rough'em up bit. Kick'em around a little.

PAT

Rough him up? You want me to fuck this guy up...with you?

EDDIE

Dude, all you have to do is drive. That's all I ask. Gabe and Steve will do the rest.

PAT

Gabe and Steve? Do they know this? What's she going to do?

BARB AT BAR

We see Barb an her cell phone. She gives Eddie an AFFIRMATIVE NOD.

EDDIE

(winks at Barb)

She's already doing it bro. She's already doing it.

Barb walks over to Pat and Eddie. She lays another short but sweet KISS on Pat and in one motion, lays one on Eddie as well. This kiss more passionate as she keeps on strolling before she disappears into the ladies room.

PAT

What the hell was that?

EDDIE

Dude, you gots to pay attention.
Eight ball, corner pocket...

Eddie shoots and wins the game.

EDDIE

They don't call me fast Eddie for nothin...you mean you're going to tell me you wouldn't fuck her? Play again?

PAT

Me fucking Barb is kinda irrelevant right now don't you think? What the hell man?

Barb returns in a different outfit. This time her make-up and hair are done up and she's looking like a PORN STAR.

The guys could only STARE. All the guys. Eddie racks up another game.

EDDIE

Look at you. Damn! you're hot.
Wearing any panties under that thing?

BARBARA
(winks at Pat)
I dunno, ask Gabe.

Barb strolls back the bar.

PAT
(mouth drops)
Gabe? Is she fucking my little
brother?

EDDIE
Let's just say, Gabe knows she's
gotta little kitty piecing down
there if ya know what I mean. He's
only had his hand down her pants
the whole time we've been playin.
Like I said, you have to pay
attention man.

PAT
This is gettin way too weird here
dude. I gotta think about this for
a sec, Eddie. I mean, you're asking
me to do something against the law
here. I dunno bro.

EDDIE
It's a done deal bro. It's all set
up. All we have to do is show up.
Barb will then do the rest.

PAT
Do what? How's this set up already?

EDDIE
Barb's been chatting with this fuck
on myspace...

PAT
You found him on myspace?

EDDIE
Dude, Army...

PAT

...intelligence, I know. I know.

EDDIE

So, we've lured this guy into our traps, now we teach him a lesson.

PAT

And what lesson is that Eddie?

EDDIE

Look at me asshole. Just look at me. I am in a fucking wheelchair the rest of my natural born life. The rest of my life bro. Don't you get it?

PAT

Fuck man! I can't believe you're asking me to do this.

EDDIE

Look, we take this kid for a little ride, we kick his ass a little then we'll call the cops. Then we split. No one has to see us. No one has to know bro.

PAT

But the kid. The kid will know.

EDDIE

I've got that all takin care of.

PAT

Should've known...I dunno man,I need to think about this here.

Steve approaches with rounds of Tequila shots for everyone.

STEVE

Alright guys, drank up. We are here to party, Right?

Everyone drinks.

PAT

You in on this too, Bin Laden boy?

STEVE

What the fuck do you mean? These shots are from Barb.

PAT

You mean to tell...

Eddie gives Pat a KICK.

STEVE

You OK Pat?

PAT

Yeah, Yeah. I'm fine. It's cool bro. Tell Barb thanks.

Steve walks back to bar.

EDDIE

Well?

PAT

Steve don't know?

EDDIE

In time. Right now, Steve needs to know nothing.

PAT

And my Brother?

EDDIE

On the other hand, your brother has been some help to me in these few months...and he did visit me in the hospital.

PAT

You had my brother helping you plan this?

EDDIE

He's the computer whiz, I'm not.
Plus he's eager to learn.

PAT

Learn what? Kidnapping?

Barb approaches.

BARBARA

Are we ready boys?

EDDIE

I dunno Barb, Pat seems to be a
little nervous about this. Maybe
you can knock some sense into him,
I can't.

BARBARA

Really?... Pat, Pat, Pat. Would you
PLEASE grow some mother fucking
balls here or I will just have to
take a look-see, if you have any at
all...

Barb CROUCHES down to Pat's crotch and stares at it for a
brief second before standing back up - in his face.

BARBARA

And I doubt it. Such a big man, I
would've thought other wise. My
bad.

PAT

Who the fuck are you anyway? You're
obviously not a nurse or a physical
therapist like you say you are.

BARBARA

That depends...I could be a couple
of things. Who do you want?

Barb slowly walks around Pat. VERY CLOSE.

BARBARA

I could be the best thing you've
ever set eyes on... or...

She pulls out a small gun from inside her skirt and discreetly holds it to Pat's ribs. PRESSING the barrel ever so gently.

BARBARA

I could be one filthy little dike
whore you never wanna meet in an
alley...

PAT

No way...

BARBARA

Yes way...what's it going to be?
Dirty dike or a pretty little prom-
queen?

Barb KISSES Pat on the neck and puts the gun back into her guarder belt holster.

EDDIE

I'm sorry Pat, there was just no
other choice.

PAT

No choice? Draggin me into this was
a choice?

EDDIE

Yeah, kinda. You are my best
friend. You do owe me.

PAT

Now I owe you. What about Steve?
How are you persuading him?

EDDIE

I've got it covered bro.
(yells to Gabe)
Show Pat your little friend, Gabe.

Gabe turns around on his stool and moves his jacket aside to reveal a large hand gun in his belt.

PAT
(to Eddie)
Nice.

EDDIE
(to Gabe)
Thanks bro! Now quickly lose the friend.

PAT
You've been a busy bee I see.
Any more other surprises I should know about?

EDDIE
Now it wouldn't be a surprise if I told ya bro, now would it? Let's go. We don't want to keep Barb's date waitin.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

We ANGLE on the car speeding through town. The mood in the car is SOMBER.

A. Pat looks like a lost soul about to land on Normandy Beach. Smoking and drinking a fifth of something hard as everyone shares the bottle.

B. Steve is still oblivious to the situation but still enjoying himself.

C. Eddie and Barb play grab ass.

D. Gabe sings along to the CD.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR - SAME

Eddie and Barb drink the last of the booze.

EDDIE

Hey dog, I think we need to stop
for some more motivation.

PAT

We do huh?

STEVE

Motivation for what?

GABE

Hey. Turn up that song.

STEVE

Motivation for what dog?

PAT

What, Eddie didn't tell ya?

STEVE

Tell me what? We're going to
another bar, right?

EDDIE

But I didn't wanna tell ya.

PAT

Bullshit! He's the only one in this
car who doesn't know.

STEVE

Know fucking what? You guys are
pissing me off. What? Where we
going Pat?

PAT

We're not going to a bar if that's what you wanna know.

EDDIE

OK. I didn't wanna have to do this.

(a pause)

You see, Steve, I kinda dragged you all into this but what we're about to do is highly illegal and the guy that put me in this wheelchair is about to fucking die. There ya go. Are you happy now Pat?

STEVE

Wait a minute. What guy. What's going on? What's going on Eddie?

EDDIE

The guy that hit me and never stopped. You remember, right?

STEVE

We're going to his house to kill'em?

EDDIE

You're not going to kill'em, I'm going to kill'em. You're going to help get'em in the car.

STEVE

How?

Eddie REVEALS his hand gun and COCKS it.

EDDIE

With this.

Barb REVEALS her gun and COCKS it.

BARBARA

With this.

Gabe REVEALS his gun and COCKS it.

GABE

And with this.

PAT

You told me you weren't going to
kill the kid.

EDDIE

I don't know yet. I'm still thinkin
out the plans here...Pat.

PAT

They're all in on this Steve.

STEVE

Gabe?

PAT

Yep.

STEVE

Barb?

PAT

Oh yeah. Infact, she planned this
whole mother fuckin thing.

STEVE

No shit?

PAT

No shit.

STEVE

Wow...what are we going to do?

PAT

Ask Eddie.

EDDIE

(to Steve)

Don't worry bro.

(MORE)

EDDIE(cont'd)

I just wanna teach this little bastard a lesson. One he'll never forget.

STEVE

What are you going to do Eddie? You really going to kill'em?

EDDIE

Like I said, I'm not sure.

STEVE

You're an asshole Eddie.

Eddie laughs HYSTERICALLY.

PAT

Well, what do you think about all this Steve?

STEVE

I'm just a little disappointed here Eddie...where the hell is my gun?

EDDIE

Now that's more like it. Unfortunately, there's not enough to go around. But don't worry. You wanna play, you'll get to play bro. That I promise.

PAT

There you go Steve. You get to be a terrorist now.

STEVE

Is that all you got? A fucking terrorist? C'mon bro. You can do better than that. You think I haven't heard that shit already?

EDDIE

(to Pat)

Yeah, hey bro, I might have to agree with Stevo here. A terrorist? That's rough man.

PAT

You're the biggest racist in the car, Give me a fuckin break Eddie.

EDDIE

Hardly.

PAT

Oh hardly? Why don't you tell everyone in this car why you were really discharged.

EDDIE

You don't know what your talkin about bro.

PAT

You guys familiar with Abul-Ghraib? The prison in Baghdad where they abused all the Iraqi prisoners. This asshole was there. Couldn't convict him of anything but he was there. So go figure.

EDDIE

Exactly, they couldn't pin shit on me...

PAT

But you were there. That was enough for them to discharge you - dishonorably. Right? Your buddy Steve here isn't exactly a white boy.

EDDIE

(points gun at Pat)

He's like my brother.

(MORE)

EDDIE(cont'd)

You have no idea what your talkin
about...keep it that way. Got it?

PAT

Yeah, I got. I got it bro...

FLASHBACK

ONE YEAR EARLIER

EXT.EDDIE'S PORCH - DAY

This will be the third farewell party that Pat has thrown for
Eddie. The party is winds down and the two best friends have
a heart to heart over a couple beers.

PAT

(toasting)

I can't believe you're going back.
We'll miss you bro.

EDDIE

I'm going to miss you too. I mean,
a part of me wants to say just fuck
it, and another part of me wants to
be right back there...with my
buddies.

PAT

Your buddies, huh?

EDDIE

Yeah...my soldier buddies.

(a pause)

Hey, uh, look bro. I've kinda got
somethin I need to tell ya... I
mean, in the case somethin comes
down...

PAT

Down? What do you mean?

EDDIE

I can't really say right now. You know that shit about, be the best you can be and all that?

PAT

Yeah. The Army add.

EDDIE

Well, I haven't really been the best I could be...I've been kinda fucked up in one way or another...

END FLASHBACK

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR

The car slowly ROLLS into FRAME. They are in front of the KID's house. Barb touches up her make-up one last time, checks her gun and exits

EDDIE

Do what ya gotta do... you know what to do right?

BARBARA

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Piece of cake.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Car slowly rolls into frame with it's lights off. They pull into the driveway disappearing into dark.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - SAME

It's your typical cluttered garage. The door FLIES open as Eddie leads his crew into this mess. A single light dangles, connected to a extension cord from the rafters. They all are wearing black ski mask with holes in the eyes and mouth. Pat and Steve DRAG the kid to an old pick-up truck bench. The kid has a hood over his head. He makes several attempts to escape, but it's no use. He gives up. Gabe finishes off a whole roll of duct tape on the kid and the bench. This kid isn't going anywhere.

Pat grabs the tape.

PAT

(to Gabe)

Hey! Hey! Hey! You know how much this tape cost bro? That shit isn't cheap.

The kid struggles again. Eddie wheels over to the kid and removes the hood. Duct tape also covers his mouth.

EDDIE

(to Gabe)

That is a lot of duct tape bro.

GABE

You told me to tie the fucker up. So I tied him up. What's the big deal?

PAT

With my fucking tape asshole!

EDDIE

(annoyed)

Alright! Alright! That's enough guys. This kids probably shit his pants by now.

Eddie removes the mouth tape.

EDDIE

(to kid)

You shit your pants kid?

THE KID

Pissed my pants.

BARBARA

Good!

EDDIE

What's your name?

THE KID

Justine...it's Justine.

EDDIE

OK, Justine. Do you know why your here? All taped and shit?

THE KID

I dunno, is she your wife or something? I didn't know who she was. Really. I just met her.

EDDIE

My wife? Her?

JUSTINE

Yeah. We weren't doing anything sir, really. I'm not fucking around.

EDDIE

First of all, I know your not fucking around. You're all taped up. That's why your not fucking around. Second of all, do not refer to me as sir. I am not in the military anymore. So don't remind me of where I would rather be. OK? Got it?

JUSTINE

Yeah, sure. What do you want with me?

EDDIE

A lot bro. A lot. If it were my way, your fucking life. But that's still pending.

(a pause)

So Justine, did you enjoy your date with Barb here?

JUSTINE

She said her name was Mary.

BARBARA

Rosemary, asshole. Atleast you can say it right.

JUSTINE

OK, Rosemary. Sorry.

PAT

Jesus christ, Eddie. The fuckin kid is scared shitless.

EDDIE

No, pissless not shit-less. Big difference.

PAT

Whatever dude. What the hell are you going to do with this guy?

Eddie wheels over to Pat in a FLASH.

EDDIE

(pointing gun)

Are you with me or against me, Pat. This shit is gettin a little old now. Real fuckin old bro.

PAT

Oh, you going to shoot me now?

EDDIE

I'm going to do what I have to do.
Now, what is it?

PAT

I'm with you. Get that fucking
thing outta my face.

Eddie Wheels back to Justine.

EDDIE

Now Justine, do you even have an
inkling of an idea why your here?
Why we brought you here? Why your
ass is duct tape to that car bench.
Do you? Huh?

JUSTINE

I dunno. Maybe I seen you at a
party. I race cars for pinks. Did I
beat you in a race or something?

EDDIE

For pinks?

JUSTINE

Pink slips. If I win I get...

EDDIE

(interrupts)

I know what the fuck you get.

GABE

A fuckin street racer. I knew it.

EDDIE

I don't need any help Gabe. I'm
figuring this out just fine on my
own. Speed racer here will figure
this out on his own. Right?

JUSTINE

I guess. I dunno. You can have my
car. The pink and everything.

(MORE)

JUSTINE(cont'd)

It's a fast fucker. It's yours. I won't say a word. I promise.

EDDIE

Look at me asshole! Does it look like I need a car much less, a god damn race car. You're not gettin it Justine. I am in this wheelchair because of YOU! YOU! YOU! YOU! FUCK! MOTHER FUCKER!

Eddie LOSES it. He KICKS anything in his way. Boxes FLY across the room. Barb comes to his aid.

BARBARA

Sweetie, Sweetie, sweetie. Chill for a minute. OK? Take these. They'll relax you.

Barb gives him a couple pills. Without missing a beat, Eddie swallows the pills, washing them down with whiskey.

JUSTINE

(nervous)

What do you mean I put you in that wheelchair?

EDDIE

I think you know Justine. Don't play dumb with me, mofo.

Eddie holds up the support your troops magnet in Justine's face.

EDDIE

Does this ring a bell, Justine?

A PAUSE

PAT

(to Justine)

Why would you have that on your car anyway kid?

EDDIE

Because Justine here, has absolutely no fucking respect for my brothers dieing over there in Iraq. Do you? No respect.

JUSTINE

My sister died last year...in Iraq...

EDDIE

How? And where? Don't be a fuckin smart ass here, Justine...

JUSTINE

In a convoy. It was Kabul...her convoy was ambushed...it was an IED.

EDDIE

I was in Kabul. What's her name and rank? Don't bullshit me now, Justine...

JUSTINE

Corporal Palmer. Jennifer Palmer.

BARBARA

He's lieing. He's been feeding me bullshit all night.

GABE

Yeah, he's just trying to save his ass right now. He knows he's fucking dead meat.

EDDIE

My buddies here say your full of shit. I would say you're reaching for the sky. Reaching pretty fucking high right now, Justine.

GABE

Let's see proof asshole. Proof your so called sister, was even in the army.

EDDIE

Yeah, show me some proof Justine...

JUSTINE

...you're holding it.

EDDIE

I might be holding my dick right now but it don't mean shit. I wanna see some fucking proof boy!

JUSTINE

It's true, the magnet. She put it on my car for good luck.

EDDIE

Looks like we all lucked out now didn't we Justine? Talk about some serious bad luck in this room.

(lights cigar)

Look, I really don't give a shit about your sister or how she died. You hit me while I was crossing the street and left me for dead. Nearly bled to death. But see, the thing is Justine, I have a memory like a mother fuckin elephant. I made a pact with myself while I was laying there practically dead, that if I survived this ordeal, I would hunt you down make you pay for this... Little did I know I would be paralyzed from the waist down.

JUSTINE

I'm sorry. Really. I fucked up. Please don't kill me. I don't deserve this...

EDDIE

I will decide what you deserve boy!

Eddie puts his gun POINT BLANK to Justine's forehead. Gabe and Steve have to hold Pat back from stopping Eddie.

PAT

Don't do it Eddie! Don't fuckin do it bro. He's not worth it!

EDDIE

Let's not talk about worth Pat. All I wanna do is put this mother fucker out of his misery.

The kid starts to BALL.

PAT

Dude! See, he's crying now. Forget it Eddie. Forget it!

EDDIE

He's crying cause he knows he fucked up big time. He's crying cause he's a little pussy.

JUSTINE

I'm really, really sorry, Eddie. I mean it. I'll do anything. Please give me another chance!

EDDIE

Yeah, I know. It's too late my friend...I'm done handing out chances kid.

Ida BARGES in the door. It's obvious whose who in the ski mask.

IDA

(confused)

Eddie?

Eddie's body SLOUCHES as if her were a kid who's having way too much fun and caught red handed.

EDDIE

Mom? What are you doing here?

PAT

Jesus fucking christ.

IDA

Pat. Please don't say that.

PAT

I know, I know. Sorry mom.

IDA

What's going here Eddie? Why this boy taped to the bench? Why are you holding a gun to his head?

EDDIE

It's along story mom. Top secret stuff...

IDA

Since when do you bring your work home?

EDDIE

I'm still special forces!

BARBARA

(laughing)

You told your mom you were Special forces? That's funny. That's really funny, Eddie.

IDA

Barbara? Is that you?

Barb takes her mask off.

BARBARA

Yeah, it's me Ida.

IDA

Can you tell me what's going on here?

BARBARA

I think your son would have a better explanation than me.

IDA

What's with the mask kids. You look like hoodlums.

EDDIE

That's the idea! We're interrogating this guy for war shit.

IDA

He's just a kid...

EDDIE

Exactly mother. He's just a kid. I'm showing these guys war tactics. Cause if I could walk again, I'm going back.

JUSTINE

You're paralyzed. How are you going back?

EDDIE

I don't think I was talkin to you now was I, Justine?

(pause)

Look mom. The guns aren't real. See, it's a fake. A prop gun.

Ida inspects the gun.

IDA

You are right, it's a fake.

EDDIE

Gabe's gun is a fake, Barb's gun is a fake. They were dad's prop guns.

GABE

They're really fakes? You lied Eddie?

IDA

Before my husband died, Eddie's father, He worked for Warner Brother's studio...

EDDIE

He was a prop master. Handled all the firearms in the movies from Seventy one to nineteen eighty.

EDDIE

Dirty Harry. The was dad's guns.

BARBARA

You're a fucking bastard Eddie! I'm outta here!

Barb THROWS the gun on the ground and exits in a FLASH.

PAT

Shit!

JUSTINE

So your really not going to kill me?

IDA

You were going to hurt this boy, Eddie?

GABE

(throws gun)

Fuckin horse shit! I knew it was to good to be true. I knew it!

PAT

(disappointed)

Yeah, I knew it to Eddie. Couldn't even pull this off. Should've known. Should've fucking known.

Pat kisses Ida on the cheek before leaving in a FLASH.

GABE

What are we going to do with the kid, Eddie?

EDDIE

(mentally paralyzed)

I dunno Gabe...I dunno...I think we're done.

Eddie drops his gun.

EDDIE

Can you go now mom. Please?

IDA

Don't hurt that kid.

EDDIE

I know. Just leave and he'll be gone in a few minutes.

IDA

OK. But he better not be here when I come back, Eddie. I will call your parole officer...

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I Get it. Cut the tape off'em Gabe.

Ida leaves.

GABE

(cuts tape off kid)

I better not go to jail fucker.

The Kid BOLTS like lightning. He's gone in a FLASH.

GABE

Now what, Eddie?

EDDIE

This is it. The story of my life.

GABE

You're not going to even turn the kid in? It was a hit and run.

EDDIE

I dunno. With my record, they would throw me in a military prison and throw away the key. I could see it now...they wanted to see me fry after the Abul-Ghraib thing.

GABE

You really committed those crimes?

EDDIE

I didn't stop 'em from happening, if that's what you mean.

A PAUSE

EDDIE

You know you can leave. Gabe. No sense in hanging around here.

GABE

Sorry things didn't turn out better. You know, like the movies.

EDDIE

Believe me, if this were a movie, that kid would've been dean in a Tartentino minute.

GABE

I'm outta here.

Gabe gives Eddie a hug.

GABE
Those guns really props?

EDDIE
Yeah. Sorry bro.

GABE
Damn!

Gabe leaves. Eddie sits there like a wounded dog. PRIDE, DIGNITY and EGO ripped to shreds. He picks up the gun from the ground and examines it. Ejecting the clip to reveal REAL bullets. He chuckles to himself as if the whole ordeal were only a bad dream.

FADE TO BLACK.

ONE MONTH LATER

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Ida enters. Eddie is laying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling almost CATATONIC. He wear's his full Army fatigues.

IDA
(confused)
You have a visiter, Eddie. It's
someone from the military. Is
everything OK?

EDDIE
You tell me.
(a pause)
I'll be there in a minute. Now get
out, please.

Eddie lays there for a moment before dropping the gun that he was holding at the side of the bed. He snaps out of it and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

A man in Army Blues, 50's, waits at the door. He holds a large yellow unopened envelope.

MILITARY MAN

You Eddie?

EDDIE

Yeah. What's up?

MILITARY MAN

My name is Staff Sergeant JOE RICHARDS. Cadet Palmer wanted you to have a few of his items. Including his dog-tags that are in this envelope. I'm very sorry for your loss, sir. Was he a relative?

EDDIE

Loss? What loss? Who's cadet Palmer?

JOE RICHARDS

Justine Palmer. Only been in Iraq a few days when Private Palmer was hit by an motar attack. He had requested to his family that you and only you, receive this envelope upon his death.

EDDIE

(confused)

Yeah, yeah, I know. I was in Iraq. Did three tours...

JOE RICHARDS

We're you hit sir?

EDDIE

Excuse me...

JOE RICHARDS

Were you hit in an attack?

EDDIE

(remembers the kid)

Uh, no...I mean yes I was hit in a ambush in Kabul. Fuckin IED's ya know. Ruin a man's life. Look at me.

JOE RICHARDS

Sorry to hear about that, sir.

EDDIE

Did he suffer?

JOE RICHARDS

No. It was instant.

EDDIE

Good...he was good kid. I tried to knock some sense into the little fucker...

JOE RICHARDS

(chuckles)

Boys will be boys...

EDDIE

Yep. That's true.

(a pause)

Well, look. I appreciate you bringing me his belongings. Is there anything else?

JOE RICHARDS

I believe that's it Sir. You have a good day. If you have any questions, feel free to call me.

Joe gives Eddie his card.

EDDIE

Yes sir, I will do that.

Eddie shakes the man's hand. The man exits. This news hits Eddie like a ton of bricks.

IDA

Is everything OK, Eddie?

EDDIE

I dunno...I'm not sure.

Eddie goes back into his room before opening the envelope. He shuts the door behind him and LOCKS it.

CUT BACK TO:

EDDIE'S BEDROOM

Eddie sits at the edge of the bed anticipating what's in the envelope. Everything has hit him at once. This could've been him in so many ways. Being killed in Iraq or being killed in a hit and run, it didn't matter anymore at this very moment. Either way, he had been spared. Eddie was given a second chance whether he knew or not.

Eddie opens the envelope. A set of dog-tags fall out on to the bed along with a letter. Eddie picks up the tags.

Dog-tags READ: PALMER, JUSTINE M 2030568, US ARMY, CATHOLIC

The letter READS: Eddie, I guess if your reading this by now, you know where I'm at. Hoping it's heaven, but knowing it's most likely hell. You were right. I deserved what ever was coming to me. I know we didn't really know each other, but that night in your garage was very liberating. I went through a lot after my sister died. I really wasn't lieing. I got on a path that I couldn't escape. Illegal racing to drinking to even drugs a few times, I didn't give a shit. I saw your rage and I understood it. It made me understand my own rage and self destructive behavior. My parents gave up on me a long time ago. They're too busy chasing the mighty dollar. That's why your reading this and they're not. Fuck them! I was misunderstood for so long. That night you set me straight. The military isn't for everybody but it was for you, without a doubt and I took that away - FOREVER. I'm very, very sorry. I hope you and your friends can forgive me and know, we'll meet again in another place in another time. Good luck my friend, good luck Eddie - JUSTIN M. PALMER

Eddie fights back the tears.

EDDIE

Wow. That's too much. Shit.

Eddie has a moment of thought before walking over to the other side of the bed and picking up the gun. He removes the clip, DISASSEMBLES the gun, puts it in a box, tapes the box up til the tape is completely gone and the box looks more like a tape ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE

We now see Eddie throwing away the taped up box. He has now been LIBERATED. He closes the trash can lid and walks away.

FADE OUT.

THE END