

Broken Eagle

By

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INT. ASSEMBLY HALL-DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP of the UN flag.

VOICE (O.C.)
(British accent)
C'mon. Quickly, I know you wankers
understand English, or some form of
it. Take a seat, quickly.

SLOWLY PULLING OUT reveals the many other member nation flags
that flank the UN emblem.

Boots clunk on tiled floor, seats scrape, and different
mumbles are heard.

VOICE (O.C.)
Get seated, shut up ladies.

We see the flags are painted on the rear wall of a small
stage, a UN sealed podium is front center as we finish the

SLOW PULL OUT.

VOICE (O.C.)
Right. Quiet!

Dead silence as a screen lowers down from the ceiling filling
the frame.

The UN symbol slowly comes into focus on the white screen.

It is replaced by a neat office (obviously a set). SECRETARY-
GENERAL CYRUS MOUSTAFFA enters and sits on his desk in a
casual manner, facing the camera.

CYRUS
Welcome to the North American Theater
of Operations in the fight against
Racial Terrorism. Allow me to
introduce myself, I am Secretary-
General CYRUS MOUSTAFFA. All of you are
about to embark on a very crucial
mission of peace in this very
difficult time. We here at the
United...

VOICE (O.C.)
Psst.

Cyrus turns to his left as an animated dove arrives on his

desk.

CYRUS

(to camera)

Well, well look who it is, it's our friend and mascot Darius Dove!

DARIUS

Hello Secretary-General Moustaffa how are you doing?!

CYRUS

I am just fine, my friend. I was just welcoming our comrades, here, to this theater of operations.

DARIUS

(faces the camera)

Oh, hello! What a professional looking bunch you are. Welcome.

CYRUS

It's good that you mention professionalism, Darius, I was just about to mention the professionalism we must conduct ourselves in, at this task at hand. You see, (turning to camera) we have an important mission to accomplish at this very crucial and historic time, for this once, great nation.

We all know of the troubles that have plagued this land in the past few years, economically, morally and some would say spiritually. Problems that, unfortunately affected us, in our own lands, in our own homes. We watched nightly as these Americans set upon each other with unending violence and mayhem. We watched as this great economic engine shuddered and died. We watched as a deep dark depression set in. Then we watched it spread out, to the neighboring countries, and then to us. We saw the hatred that was so endemic to this land, take hold in ours. Something had to be done. That is why we are here, why you have so bravely volunteered to come here and lift our friend up, to stand straight with the dignity that once made it great.

CYRUS

And to do this task we must carry ourselves with the utmost professionalism and dedication that personifies the UN soldier; the world

is watching and waiting. (turning to Darius) So what do you think my friend, did I cover everything?

DARIUS

Why Secretary-General I think you covered everything wing-tip to wing-tip!

The bird spreads his wings out.

CYRUS

(laughing)

Well thank you. Just remember that the Brotherhood of Man is watching. Good luck and god speed.

Lights snap on as the screen rolls back up.

We face CORPORAL EDEL STOLL, a combat medic in the German Army. He's in his early twenties, his freshly scrubbed look betrays the fact that he is fresh off the farm.

He blinks his eyes to adjust to the sudden light.

The owner of the British accent, FIRST SERGEANT RICHARD FAISLEY, climbs up onto the stage.

FAISLEY

Right! I am Sergeant Faisley of the Second Parachute Regiment of the Sixteenth Assault brigade. This is my third deployment to this theater of operations, nearly from the beginning of hostilities. I will assist Captain Aponte of the Spanish Army, the fifth Light Infantry Brigade in your first of many orientations. We will cover the basic of this particular theater of operations known as Midwest-Quadrant Bravo, MQB for short. After this briefing you will be released to your country's units, further briefing will entail there.

FAISLEY

Right. Now, in your transfer packets, which I know all of you have or will have in your hands...

They take the hint and start rifling through their gear

searching frantically for said packet.

Practically in unison they all produce their packets and hold them up.

FAISLEY

... you will find a blue sheet with the numbers two, two, three, eight and the letter "C" in the upper left corner.

Pieces of blue paper rise in the air.

FAISLEY

Pass this to your right and then up to this corner man who will in turn hand them to me. Do it!

They pull it off like a drill team as Faisley holds out his hand.

After the sergeant collects the paper he neatly arranges them, executes a perfect right turn and steps to the side.

FAISLEY

Attention!

Edel, like the rest, jumps to his feet.

CAPTAIN ZENO APONTE walks in and up on to the podium. His fatigues are starched to a razor's sharpness, his polished medals shine as if battery powered. His blue UN beret folded smartly in his right epaulet.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Please be seated. That film never gets old, I could watch it all day! Gentlemen, welcome to Fort Boutros-Gali. My name is Captain Zeno Aponte. I have had the honor of serving the UN as one of my country's representatives for over two years or two tours as we like to say.

He looks each newbie up and down slowly, his slight grin never fading.

CAPTAIN APONTE

All of you will be...

Aponte stops mid sentence, grin fading. He really takes in

the new arrivals.

The silence even gets the attention of Faisley who is setting up a map on a large easel.

CAPTAIN APONTE

...I think we should address the rumors I'm sure all of you have heard in the past few weeks.

He unfolds a paper from his pocket.

CAPTAIN APONTE

I received this from Command in Brussels, just this morning.

He gently places it on the podium carefully.

CAPTAIN APONTE

At this time there are no plans for a draw down of activity in the North American theater of Operations. Although current missions will be re-examined for efficiency, operations will not be impeded. As far as the Chinese pullout, we will continue to receive material support from our comrades, even as they reassign their remaining troops, back to their homeland for disaster relief. The termination of activities will come about as soon as the Racial Terrorist are brought to justice, peace is restored, and this once noble land joins our brotherhood of nations.

He stares at the memo as if to continue.

CAPTAIN APONTE

It goes on in more detail, of course, but that's it in a nutshell. So lets stand down on the continuing spread of this gossip; it truly is counterproductive. Any questions concerning what you just heard?

They're new, but not that new.

CAPTAIN APONTE

No. Good. Let's begin.

The Sergeant sets up the easel and hands Aponte a pointer.

The map is a highly detailed image of the base and it's surroundings.

CAPTAIN APONTE

This is Boutros-Gali. As you can see this fort is divided into sectors according to the different nations. Outside of the base is our area of operations that reach out approximately fifty kilometers. This is Midwest-Quadrant Bravo. The area is pacified...

FAISLEY

(interrupting)

Uh, beg your pardon sir.

CAPTAIN APONTE

(slightly annoyed)

Yes, Sergeant.

Pause.

FAISLEY

There's been an update. I was not able to get it to you before this briefing, my apologies.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Please.

FAISLEY

Seems that East sub-sector K has been redesignated Red. In addition to restrictions placed on unnecessary travel to Lafayette and Indianapolis.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Well...I wasn't aware, what was the nature, bombings?

FAISLEY

Yes sir, those and the snipers. It appears they've returned and a little more numerous.

Aponte glances at the partially covered window to his left, he steps forward just a hair, getting out of the slivers of light that get through.

FAISLEY

They have really pinned down traffic
in K sector.

CAPTAIN APONTE

I see, that's interesting. (turning to
the troops) Now, we have all heard the
incredible tales of the Ameri...of the
Racial Terrorist's marksmanship
skills. Although impressive, they are
easily countered with our training
programs as we have seen. Just
remember that training and you will
prevail anything that they throw at
you. Am I right Sargent Faisley?

FAISLEY

You are, sir!

CAPTAIN APONTE

Okay, lets move on, back to the map.
As you can see to our north sits the
Multinational Air base of Cook county
near Chicago, and to our south, the
Fifth Armored Brigade garrisoned
outside of Indianapolis. In between is
the domain of Boutros-Gali. After an
intensive first year of pacification
this area is basically secure, with
the exception of a few flare ups as we
just heard. Inside the Base or the
wire as we like to say, is the
operational area.

A striking FEMALE SPANISH ARMY OFFICER enters and motions for
the Captain.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Si', Lieutenant.

She shows him the screen to her tactical tablet as the men
shift in their seats.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Oh, yes of course. (To Faisley)
Sergeant I have to step away., take
over.

FAISLEY

Yes sir. Attention!

The two Spanish officers quickly exit the hall.

FAISLEY

All right you lucky bastards, I think you've had enough. You'll find transportation to your units out the doors to my right, your left. Off you go.

They all sport the deer-in-headlight look.

FAISLEY

Exit to your right, now!

They all grab their gear and run out the door.

Cut TO:

EXT. GERMAN ARMY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING-SAME

Edel is dropped off in front of a converted Burger King. Sandbags form a barrier around the lightly battle damaged structure.

He barely gets his bag out before the jeep tears off.

EDEL

(looking up at)
Bur-ger king.

INT. SAME

Edel steps into the former franchise.

Save for the indoor playground, one would never know this was a fast food joint. The windows replaced with blast walls, counters with desks, the only thing left intact is the indoor playground with attached ball pit.

The playground colors contrast nicely with the military issue paint.

VOICE (O.S.)

Better be the new medic.

Edel, slightly startled, looks around, searching for the source.

VOICE (O.S.)

Fuck. (beat) You are new, alright, over here.

He looks at the ball pit. The balls move slightly.

Edel steps closer.

EDEL

(comes to attention)

Corporal Stoll, third medical corps
reporting.

CORPORAL CHRISTOPHER GRACE rises out of the pit like a swamp creature. A few balls stick to his head, ruining the eerie effect.

GRACE

Relax, there's no officers here. You weren't due in till tomorrow. So, what do you know?

Edel hands the last of his paper work to him.

EDEL

I beg your pardon?

Grace flicks away the last of the foam balls and takes the paper work to his desk.

GRACE

Pardon? What, are you from Munich or something? Have a seat.

Edel takes a seat in front of Graces's desk.

GRACE

What do you know, as in are we pulling out now, going home, what have you heard?

He leans forward, waiting.

Edel slowly hands him his remaining paperwork.

EDEL

I'm sorry Corporal, but I don't know much, except what is on the news, I...

GRACE

(cutting him off)

Nobody knows shit.

GRACE

Sorry man, just that we hear lots of

rumors, most personnel are leaving,
it's rare we have some one incoming.
Sorry.

EDEL

I understand, Corporal. If it's of any
interest most of the activity at the
Chicago airfield was heading out.

GRACE

Lot's of brass flying out?

EDEL

Looked like it, but Captain Aponte
just said..

GRACE

(interrupting)

Ah, fuck him. Spaniards are the worst,
they never go out of the wire. If they
could, they would have sat on the laps
of the Chinese guys when they left.
Good riddance to those brutal bastards
too...

Grace checks himself.

He looks over the paperwork, signs, stamps and then hands him
back one sheet.

GRACE

Okay Doc, you're going to Third
Platoon, First Squad, which has been
on stand down for awhile. Means
they'll be going out soon. Good guys
though, for the most part. They lost
their old medic to a Japanese land
mine. Doc Halper, good guy.

Grace gets up and heads to the ball pit as Edel stands and
grabs his gear.

EDEL

So where is it, First Platoon?

Grace stops at the edge of the ball pit.

GRACE

Out the door, turn right, second left,
biggest barrack.

He drops face first, disappearing into the balls.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRACKS ROW-SAME

Edel walks along the main drag, looking at barrack signs.

Out of nowhere an eleven year old BOY wearing a Elmo t-shirt, carrying a skateboard and a sack lunch, nearly runs into him.

EDEL
(startled)
Hey!

BOY
Watch out, man!

The kid looks Edel over and then back from where he came, a little nervously.

EDEL
You should slow down young man, this is a base, no place for a child. Where's your mother at?

BOY
Sittin' on your mama's face, bitch.

Edel goes to grab the kid, who jumps onto his board and takes off. Flipping the bird as he goes. CORPORAL TOMAS KESSINGER who witnessed the drama, tries to kick the passing boy, but misses.

Bird for him as well.

TOMAS
(walking up to Edel)
Fucking Amis, almost had that one. Always up to no good, little damn thieves.

EDEL
(extends his hand)
Thanks for the trouble. Edel Stoll, uh, fifty-sixth medical battalion...

TOMAS
(interrupting)
Stoll, Stoll. The new doc! You're early, that's cool.

TOMAS

Got a place set up for you at First.
I'm Tom, Tom Kessinger .

They shake hands.

TOMAS

Man, there for awhile, I didn't think
we were getting our own medic,
especially in time for First going
back into the field so soon.

EDEL

So where's first's barracks?

TOMAS

(pointing)

Just over there, c'mon.

TOMAS

All the guys are at the base
whorehouse. That's were I was heading,
till that little Ami 'bout kicked your
ass.

EDEL

I'm surprised to see a child on base.

TOMAS

Hey, it's America. What's down is up.
You'll get use to it. Let's get your
gear secured at the barracks and we'll
go hit the whorehouse.

EDEL

I... I can't ... uh.

TOMAS

Aw, c'mon Doc, that American pussy is
top shelf, stuff, just like those hip-
hop videos.

EDEL

No, I must find the medical supply
depot first...

TOMAS

Alright, then, next time. So, Doc, any
word of a pull out, what's going on
out there?

A sharp but faint EXPLOSION O.S., not far away.

EDEL
What was that?

The both look in the direction a few barracks away.

TOMAS
That's not incoming.

VOICES (O.C.)
Medic! Alert!

Tomas takes off.

TOMAS
(grabbing at Edel)
Doc, c'mon!

Edel tears off after the Corporal and others, in the same direction.

CUT TO:

INT. FIFTH PLATOON'S HALLWAY-SAME

An odd brown smoke pours out of the bathroom, it clings to the ceiling. Soldiers pull two others out of the bathroom and into the main room.

Tomas and Edel rush into the chaos.

VOICES (O.C.)
Medic!

Edel runs to the closest man, who lies on his back in shock. His hands look like they're melting, his clothes charred.

He freezes.

TOMAS
Acid bomb, fucking acid bomb!

Another medic SERGEANT BECK, nearly trips over Edel as he runs into the hallway.

BECK
Get water, now!

Tomas grabs a PRIVATE as he runs out.

Edel stares at his patient, stunned.

BECK
 (to Edel)
 Corporal. Corporal! Snap to, for
 fuck's sake.

Beck reaches across and yanks the top of Edel's ear down,
 bringing the medic back in the game.

EDEL
 Yes, yes, we have to move them.

Edel and Beck move their men into the main room.

We get a better view of the second man. He looks like someone
 poured molten wax down the right side of his face, his left
 eye a brilliant white. Large foamy bubbles emanate from the
 hole where his mouth used to be.

BECK
 Where's that water at!

Tomas and a couple more PRIVATES show up with water bottles.

BECK
 Pour it on his head, his face!

Beck holds the man's hands down as water is poured. The man
 screams a gurgling howl of a scream.

EDEL
 Tomas, pour it, I'll hold his hands
 down.

The man, now out of shock, screams from the pain.

More SOLDIERS, followed by STAFF SERGEANT VICKUS, arrive
 carrying fire extinguishers. Stepping over the medics they
 head into the bathroom.

VICKUS
 Doc Beck, what do ya' need!

BECK
 More water, what about medivac?

VICKUS
 (over his shoulder)
 Need more water here! Medivac is
 inbound, three minutes out.

Vickus stoops down to Edel's patient.

VICKUS

Soldier who did this, did you see who
did this?

He struggles to talk as more water is poured on both men.

Sirens in the background grow louder.

MAN

Kid, little boy. Skateboard.

TOMAS

Fuck! I just...

Tomas runs off.

VICKUS

Fucking Amis and this godforsaken
place.

One of the soldiers walks to Vickus.

SOLDIER

Staff Sergeant, it was another acid
bomb in the sink light fixture,
biggest one I've seen so far. It's a
fucking mess.

The two medics continue to treat the burn victims, who's
scream's are slowly drowned out by the approaching
ambulances.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRACKS ROW-SAME

The boy skates for his life through the busy base, missing
vehicles and people on his escape.

Seeing the main gate, he pushes harder.

SLAM!

Out of nowhere a French Foreign Legion SERGEANT knocks him on
his ass, sending his skateboard sailing into the street, to
be crushed by a jeep.

LEGIONEER SERGEANT
(in French)
Look what the spider caught.

CUT TO:

EXT FIFTH PLATOON'S BARRACKS-SAME

Beck and Edel finish loading the wounded into the ambulance.
They watch in silence as it speeds away.

BECK
You're going into the field soon,
better it was here.

EDEL
Yes... what?

BECK
Better that you had your freeze up
here, than out there.

EDEL
I will not freeze up. I know my job.

BECK
(stern)
Well you didn't earlier. Lucky I
didn't keep your ear, put it in my
pocket.

Edel rubs his ear, remembering.

EDEL
I don't know what happened, just went
blank.

BECK
Hey, save it. You get one freeze up.
Out there, this place, is unforgiving.
One pause, one moment of self doubt.
Patients, you, die. Keep moving, your
mind and your feet.

EDEL
Okay.

Beck lights a cigarette and walks off.

BECK
I'll take care of the paperwork. Get
some rest.

EDEL
Okay, thanks.

BECK (O.C.)
Keep moving.

Edel looks at his hands, they shake slightly.

FADE TO:

INT. FIRST PLATOON'S BARRACKS-NEXT MORNING

Edel wakes up. Vickus sits on the bunk across from him,
drinking coffee out of a huge Hoosiers cup. Edel's medic bags
sits next to him.

VICKUS
Coffee's still fresh.

He nods over his shoulder.

EDEL
(sitting up)
Okay. I'm not a big coffee drinker.

VICKUS
I'm Sergeant Vickus, we met last
evening.

Edel looks at his gear next to Vickus.

VICKUS
Making sure all your supplies are
here.

EDEL
I could use more. All due respect
Sergeant, please don't touch my gear.

Edel takes his gear and inspects it.

EDEL
I remember you. How are the patients?

VICKUS
One dead, other evac'd out. Critical.
He'll make it, thanks to Doc Beck and

you. More Doc Beck than you, from what I heard

EDEL
It won't happen again.

VICKUS
(aggravated)
You're damn right it won't happen again. You better square your shit and quick. I don't have time for you to bloom. You hesitate like that again, I'll personally feed you to the Nascar Chainsaw Crews. Understand?

Without waiting for an answer, Vickus stands up towering over the medic.

VICKUS
(calm)
If you need more, head to medical supply or what's left of it. You'll get preference today because we head back into the field in three hours.

This gets Edel's attention.

VICKUS
The rest of the platoon is squaring away the gear.

EDEL
I should help.

Edel heads to his locker.

VICKUS
Relax Doc. Just get your supplies up to par, we'll handle the rest.

EDEL
Yes, Sergeant.

Vickus heads to the door.

EDEL
Sergeant?

Vickus turns.

EDEL

The kid on the skateboard, the bomber.
What became of him?

VICKUS

Oh, the insurgent terrorist punk who
killed a good man, fucked up another?
He's dead. Legion got to him first,
lucky fucker.

Edel freezes.

EDEL

He was a child.

VICKUS

(laughing lightly)
Yeah. He was.

EXT. BASE ASSEMBLY AREA-LATER

First platoon starts to pack into a dozen or so different
types of vehicles.

Edel sorts through and stores his supplies in his packs.

MAJOR BORIS WERNER approaches Edel.

WERNER

You're the new doc, huh?

Edel snaps to attention.

EDEL

Corporal Stoll, Major!

WERNER

At ease. Where you from Corporal?

EDEL

Magelson, sir, near Martfeld.

WERNER

Well, okay, very nice. Do you have all
your gear? We may be out at the
forward base for a while. Doubt we'll
run into trouble, but one never knows.

EDEL

Yes, sir.

WERNER

Well, good, good. I know you're new in country as well as to the company.

WERNER

Just pay attention and listen to your sergeants, squad leaders and you'll do fine.

EDEL

Yes sir, I will. Thank you.

Werner stands awkward looking at Edel.

WERNER

Okay, well, back to work.

Edel snaps a salute, which is returned. Werner walks off as Tomas approaches.

TOMAS

Hey Doc, been looking for you. See you met Major Wern. He's a keeper.

EDEL

Ah, Tom. He seemed uncomfortable. I was wondering what happened to you.

TOMAS

After the bombing I met up with the guys at the ho-house. Had a blast. Hey, we didn't wake you up this morning when we came in? We tried to be quiet, seeing that you were sleeping.

EDEL

No, I didn't hear anything. I wish you had woken me up. I want to meet the rest of the platoon.

TOMAS

Plenty of time for that. You need your rest, you're the doc.

They are interrupted by a heavy set young private named SKINNY.

SKINNY

Fucking bullshit. Hey, Corporal did

you hear the news. What bullshit.

TOMAS

Private Skinny, just interrupt. This is the new Doc.

SKINNY

(to Edel)

Hi doc. Doesn't this place suck.

SKINNY

It's gonna' get worse. Such bullshit.

EDEL

Hi...

SKINNY

The Legion is going out with us. As security ...for us. They're fucking baby-sitting us! Such bullshit.

TOMAS

That's cool. That means they'll get shot at first. Sounds like a sound plan young man.

SKINNY

Hey, Doc, what's this I hear about the drawdown. We going home or what?

EDEL

Well what I have heard is that it's just a rumor.

SKINNY

Fuck. They always say that. What bullshit.

EDEL

But, I've seen, lots of brass flying out. Especially at Chicago, if that helps you.

TOMAS

I knew it. We'll be the last ones out, that'll take months.

SKINNY

See, I told ya', fucking bullshit.

Skinny runs off to spread the gossip.

TOMAS

Well that does suck about the Legion.
Those guys are dicks, real
psychopaths.

EDEL

Sergeant Vickus said that they killed
that kid, the bomber.

TOMAS

Wouldn't be surprised. What'd you
think of Vickus?

EDEL

Kind of a hard-ass, I guess.

TOMAS

Yeah, he is. He knows his shit, been
here since day one. He fucking hates
Americans. Did he give you the
Chainsaw Crew speech?

EDEL

Yeah.

TOMAS

Seen the videos?

EDEL

Back home they try to keep you from
seeing those, but they get through.
Lot of folks think they're fake.

TOMAS

Well they're not..

Tomas hefts one of Edel's packs on to his shoulder.

TOMAS

C'mon, we gotta' get loaded up. You'll
be with me in First squad. I'll
introduce you to the guys.

INT. TRUCK-SAME

Introductions made, the other members of Third Squad,
CORPORAL KARL GRUBNER, SPECIALIST MATTY MATTIAS sit in the
back of a bouncing troop transport truck. Everyone except
Edel faces out, rifles up, scanning the countryside.

Although we never get a good look at the locals, we can see

that these folks have been through hard times, not a fatty in sight, most are female or old men. They get around on bicycles or mopeds.

The convoy halts at a crossroad.

SKINNY

Fuck, bet we're lost again.

Matty readjust his position, closer to Edel, shielding him.

MATTY

Sorry Doc, let me improve my position.

Edel slides a little forward, realizing the tactics.

MATTY

If we get hit, it's at these cross roads.

Grubner peers over the front of the vehicle.

GRUBNER

Looks like the Legion is dismounting.
Yep, we're lost again.

SKINNY

Fucking, Amis, cutting down all the roads signs. Fucking idiots.

EXT. CROSS ROADS-SAME

The soldiers exit their vehicles and set up security around their trucks.

Kids run up.

MATTY

Here Doc, here some candy, time to win hearts and minds.

He hands Edel a bag of old Halloween candy. Since kids have candy radar, the lock onto Edel like missiles. He's quickly swarmed.

EDEL

One for each. Line up please.

The rest of the squad look on with a little humor mixed nervousness.

GRUBNER

(to Tomas)

Did he tell them to "line up"?

TOMAS

He so new he smells good.

MATTY

Shit the only good smell I know is pussy. That ain't him.

SKINNY

Remember those Carolina Frauleins? Oh, that was some serious pussy, I think.

MATTY

Frauleins? You had Fraus. That old hag who blew you for some rations.

TOMAS

(to Edel)

Skinny fucked...

MATTY

(interrupting)

Blew!

TOMAS

... was blown by this old witch for some old rations. Thought he was a real war stud.

Skinny rolls his eyes. The children keep swarming Edel as he runs out of candy.

VOICE (O.C.)

(in French)

Get away you fucking, diseased Nascar waifs!

MATTY

(looking at the Legionnaires)

They have no love for the Amis, kids or not.

Vickus walks up, swatting kids away as he does.

VICKUS

Eyes out, goddamn it! Doc, quit fucking trying to get laid.

Edel looks embarrassed as he puts the empty bag in his pockets.

GRUBNER
(lightly)
Speaking of.

VICKUS
Get those eyes and barrels out. These cocksuckers are just as bad as their parents. Doc, Tomas, I have to tell you that?

Vickus walks to the DRIVER in the cab.

VICKUS
(to driver)
Corporal what's the fuck up this time?

DRIVER
Lost.

A pick up truck slowly approaches the convoy. The soldiers get a little more serious.

DRIVER
Look, inbound vehicle with driver

VICKUS
(loudly)
Inbound vehicle, driver.

Vickus climbs high on the truck and watches the pick-up through his binoculars.

VICKUS
Black driver, one.

The squad scans their areas while the kids act oblivious.

The pick-up stops dozens of yard from the lead vehicle. The driver, an older well dressed BLACK MAN, gets out smiling and walks to the lead trucks, hands casually in the air.

VICKUS
Yeah, he's a T.C. For fucks sake get those fucking kids away from my trucks!

Edel and Tomas shoo the kids away. Doesn't seem to work.

EDEL
(to Tomas)

T.C?

TOMAS

Trusted Citizen, most blacks are.

The black man and an officer shake hands and talk.

MATTY
Second platoon got hit last month
outside of Lafayette, a couple of the
Amis were black guys. Second got cut
to shreds.

SKINNY
I still believe they were black face.
Blacks are can't be Nascars.
Propaganda, man. Such bullshit, we are
friends to Amis blacks.

VOICE (O.C.)
(sarcastic British accent)
They are one of the main reasons we
are here, in this war, this War
Against Racial Terrorism. I thought
Vickus taught you Heinies better than
that.

Everyone turns to see CORPORAL "MARS" MARDLING of the British
Army, cradling his rifle across his chest as if it were a
newborn baby.

TOMAS
Hey, Mars!

SQUAD VOICES (O.C.)
Mars!

MARS
Don't get up ladies. Looks like you
lads are hard at work. (to Edel) New
face?

TOMAS
New medic, Edel meet Mars. The only
English speaker worth a damn around
here.

The two corporals shake hands.

VICKUS

What's wrong Corporal, did one of your Tommie trucks break down again, come to hitch a ride on the German machine?

MARS

Dear sergeant the only hitching around here will be your wife to my nuts.

VICKUS

(holding out his hands)
Deal. Cost you five new dollars.

MARS

Damn. Suckered once again.

Vickus laughs and returns to his binoculars.

TOMAS

Where you been, thought you rotated back?

MARS

Yeah me too. My Major caught me trying to smuggle some Harley's back.

MATTY

So.

MARS

They were his. So now my papers got lost, blah, blah, blah. Won't matter much though, looks like we're packing up.

MATTY

What have you heard?

MARS

Brussels is nervous about something. Company commanders and staff are quick and quiet looking for their hats. With more and more supplies from Poland and Japan getting smuggled in, the Chinese pull out, all kinds of grief. Yes, sir, won't be long.

SKINNY

Then why are we outside of Boutros? Fuck we don't even know where we're going. Fucking bullshit.

Mars rolls his eyes.

VICKUS
 (climbing off the truck)
 Alright mount up, looks like we're un-
 lost.

The squad quickly climbs back into their transport.

MARS
 You Frauleins take good care, I'll see
 you down the lane.

Mars hurries back to his lorry.

INT. TRUCK-SAME

EDEL
 (to Tomas)
 What do you think he meant about
 Brussels being nervous.

TOMAS
 No telling man. I know it's not what
 you have been hearing back home. There
 are so many people in charge at
 Brussels, it's madness. Nothing ever
 gets done.

GRUBNER
 You're in for a hell of a ride, Doc.

MATTY
 Yeah, on my cock, you country hick.

Edel wrinkles his brow and looks back out of the country
 side.

TOMAS
 You really have to get some come backs
 Docs, they're going to eat you alive.

EDEL
 Yes, starting with my cock.

TOMAS
 Alright Doc! Look at you, all grown up
 with your comebacks, you're going to
 do fine young man. Just don't sit so
 close to me, snipers like fresh pussy.

LAUGHTER

CUT TO:

EXT. PAXTON ILLINOIS-NIGHT

The multi-nationals scramble to set up defences at an abandoned airport.

Vickus directs his men to the shell of an old store.

VICKUS

Set up in there, watch out for IEDs.
Doc, stay close to Kessinger.

As the two corporals head off with the rest of the squad they almost run into a SPANISH ARMY RUNNER.

RUNNER

Sergeant Vickus, the CQ needs all
company heads to report immediately
for debriefing.

VICKUS

Now? We haven't even set up security
yet!

RUNNER

The Colonel said if anybody gives

me shit, I was to report them. All due respect, get your ass
there now!

Before Vickus could reply the runner takes off to the next
platoon.

VICKUS

On what the fuck is it now? Kessinger,
you're in charge, don't fuck up!

Vickus shoulders his rifle and heads off the CQ.

TOMAS

Copy that, Sergeant.

Matty comes back from clearing the store.

MATTY

Quarters are cleared. What was that
about.

TOMAS

Hell if I know, something's up though.
Unpack the gear, I'll coordinate with
First squad on roving patrols.

CUT TO:

INT. CQ-SAME

All the company Officers and senior sergeants, some men, some women, gather in a semi-circle inside a lightly damaged family restaurant. A large area map sits in the center. In the corner a massive amount of radios and lap-tops are starting to be set up.

Vickus stands with Werner and the other Germans.

Captain Aponte nervously oversees the communication set up when he spots COLONEL BIPIN VOHRA of the Indian Army.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Attention!

The Colonel steps to the center, his aides, including Aponte, take up positions next to him.

VOHRA

As you were. Ladies and Gentleman approximately two hours ago nuclear weapons were detonated in the cities of Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, and Miami.

Everyone is stunned.

VOHRA

We don't have information yet as to the yields, the extent of damage, we do know that they were all detonated at the same exact time. Brussels, as of nineteen hundred hours zulu, has placed the entire North American Theater of Operations on alert level Red-One. Repeat Red One.

VICKUS

Jesus. Fucking Amis.

VOHRA

So far the finger points there Sergeant. I'm sure Poland and Japan

are all claiming innocence on this one. Bullets and explosives are one thing to smuggle in, tactical nukes are a far different matter.

CAPTAIN LORI HANSEN, of the Norwegian contingent slightly moves forward.

HANSEN

Some of us had family in Chicago, sir...

VOHRA

I know this. Some of us have relations in several of these cities.

VOHRA

I don't have the details yet, but when I know, you'll know. Right now we must summon our professionalism and perform our jobs at the highest level yet. This is a new turn in events. I'll turn the floor over to Captain Aponte.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Attention!

Vohra quickly leaves and exits to his personal tent.

The group starts to talk among themselves as Aponte is handed an update.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Alright settle down. Here's an update. It appears they were all air burst, of a very high yield. There have been high amounts of destruction and deaths. More to follow. Okay, remember we are at level Red-One, pass on instructions to your personnel to follow this new alert level. Dismissed.

HANSEN

Sir, does this have anything to do with those nukes, ten of them that were stolen in Arizona a few months back?

CAPTAIN APONTE

That's still is a rumor, Captain.

Dismissed!

They all helmet up and walk out of the CQ, stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAXTON ILLINOIS-SAME

Werner and Vickus walk back to their posts.

WERNER

(walking)

Sergeant, go ahead and brief the men.
I'm going to get a hold of our command
in Berlin, gets some more details.

VICKUS

Yes, sir. This is really going to
change things.

Werner still in shock, just nods and walks away.

INT. THIRD PLATOON'S POSITION-LATER

Vickus just briefed all four squads of Third Platoon.

SKINNY

Holy shit. They're killing their own
people, their own cities. What's going
on?

A jet screams overhead causing the half the platoon to jump.

VICKUS

Relax ladies, we still own the air.

GRUBNER

But weren't they air burst?

MATTY

Probably rockets, missiles, or remote
airplanes. Doubt they have that kind
of air power.

SKINNY

Hello, fuckers, they are killing their
own!

TOMAS

How many T.C.s have we found tapped or
chain-sawed? Isn't the first time.

EDEL

Skinny is right. We are talking hundreds of thousands of people, maybe a million. This is big.

VICKUS

Newbie is right, this changes the game. We are at Red-One level. If it ain't UN blue and acts even remotely aggressive, burn it.

A second high pitched scream.

VICKUS

Incoming!

The whole platoon takes cover as the scream becomes a loud explosion, lighting up the night.

More explosions and machine gun fire fill the air.

VICKUS

Heads down, out to your fighting positions, move!

CUT TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE-SAME

The platoon heads out the door to their positions.

Mortars hit directly on tented and fortified buildings. Tracer fire comes in from different angles.

There is mass confusion.

VICKUS

Doc, stay with me!

Edel hustles to keep up with his sergeant.

Rocket propelled grenades streak over head, hitting vehicles.

TOMAS

Holy shit, are they inside the wire?!

The men reach the hastily build defensive berms, they take up positions. Weapons pointing out, they scan for targets.

As quickly as they attack begins, it quits.

A few outgoing SHOTS.

GRUBNER

I don't see shit. Fuck.

TOMAS

C'mon fuckers show yourselves.

VOICES (O.C.)

Medic! Medic!

Edel runs to the calls of help.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE-SAME

NORWEGIAN SOLDIERS struggle to help some downed countrymen.

EDEL

Where they hit?

PRIVATE

Shit, Captain stay with us.

Captain Hansen lies on her back, her neck open and bleeding. She gasps for breath. Two more soldiers lie nearby, one headless, the other in shock from a broken arm.

CORPORAL

Doc, help her. I can't stop...

Edel gently pushes aside the corporal.

EDEL

I got her, check on him.

The corporal turns his attention to the broken armed soldier. He begins speaking to him in Norwegian.

Edel struggles to stop the blood flow from her neck, but it's too late, she dies.

He immediately treats an injured British soldier in shocked, who trips over him.

EDEL

It's okay, you're going to be okay.

Tomas runs over.

TOMAS
Doc, you okay?

EDEL
(eyes on the dead woman)
I'm fine. Do you need me there?

TOMAS
No, we're all okay. Looks like a
probe, could be more.

Another MEDIC runs up.

MEDIC
What do you need?

EDEL
We need to triage these, cover her up.

MEDIC
Stretchers are coming, we'll triage at
the gas station. Set up a morgue
later.

TOMAS
Guess you guys got it.

Tomas runs off, as the medics continue treating the wounded.

FADE TO:

EXT. FIRST PLATOON'S FIGHTING POSITIONS-LATER

The men sit still, looking into the darkness, scanning.

Edel silently crawls up.

EDEL
Everybody okay?

They all nod.

Vickus makes his way to Edel.

VICKUS
Casualties? Germans?

EDEL
No Germans. Looks like nine KIA,
twenty wounded. Command took a hit,
lost an Italian Major, British and

Norwegian Captains. Bad guys?

VICKUS

No telling, they hit then run off.
Main attack or probe, no one knows
till sun up. The Legion is out right
now, trying to pick a fight. Nothing.

TOMAS

I thought we had them on the ropes.
The past eight months, were quiet,
except for a few IEDs. We haven't been
hit like this in a while.

MATTY

This was different, more accurate.
Better weapons.

TOMAS

Bet some of that ordinance says, made
in Japan.

GRUBNER

Those rumors of the Readjustment Camp
escapes. I bet it was those guys doing
the shooting. Most of those guys were
vets, red-necks. Explains the accurate
sniping lately.

SKINNY

Command doesn't tell us shit. How
about those rumors of the nukes
getting stolen out of Arizona. You all
told me I was full of shit. Mister
conspiracy theory. Tell those folks in
Chicago that. Fuck.

The Spanish runner approaches a little more careful this
time.

RUNNER

Hey Serge, need you back at CQ
immediately.

Vickus gets up, mindful of snipers.

VICKUS

C'mon Doc. We'll get you some more
supplies, while we're over there.

Edel follows, also mindful of the snipers.

INT. ALTERNATE CQ-SAME

Vickus and Edel walk into the new CQ. It's in the cellar of an old house.

A helmeted Colonel Vohra stands at a large map on an easel.

VOHRA

Patrols are starting to report back.
No sign of the enemy, no blood trails.
It appears that other attacks were
carried out at different installations
at the same time as ours.

An Italian lieutenant LEONETTI raises his hands.

VOHRA

We will dispense with formalities,
just ask your questions, as long as we
don't talk over each other, we should
be fine.

LEONETTI

Other attacks sir?

VOHRA

Yes, there were other attacks on like
sized units of a more aggressive
nature. There are reports of some
being overrun.

Murmurs emanate from the room.

VOHRA

Which ones, is still uncertain. My
staff and I felt the attack earlier
was a hastily arranged event. We can
expect more intense action later.

LEONETTI

They were pretty accurate with their
mortar fire.

Another Indian officer, PATEL, leans in.

PATEL

It's safe to guess that they saw our
direction of travel and surmised,
smartly, they we would set up here.
Prefixing the targets probably took
minutes.

LEONETTI

We were targets of chance, then?

PATEL

As a whole, yes. The accuracy was due to their familiarity of this area.

VOHRA

The important thing is our parameters held against the enemy attack. We did suffer some casualties, mainly due to very accurate shelling.

VOHRA

As we speak, we are being reinforced with two airborne companies from the Foreign Legion. They should be dropping in a few minutes.

Distant AIRPLANES are heard.

VOHRA

Well, speak of the devil.

LEONETTI

Si, sir. Will this be a troop drop only?

VOHRA

Actually Command in their infinite wisdom is giving us a full tactical resupply. We will also be getting a reinforcement of light-armor and a company of light mechanized later as well.

VICKUS

So we are here for the long run sir?

VOHRA

That's correct. We have been designated a secondary emergency extraction point for all units in this sector.

LEONETTI

Extraction point, sir?

VOHRA

Secondary emergency extraction, don't get excited Lieutenant. Orders from

Brussels are to hold this town at all cost. That's the good news. Captain Aponte.

Aponte, much less polished than before, takes to the map.

CAPTAIN APONTE

As you can see here, we hold the entire airfield. With the arrival of the Legion reinforcements now and the armor later, we will have a more dynamic defense.

WERNER

Time frame on the arrival of the armor?

CAPTAIN APONTE

Tomorrow night, if they encounter resistance, perhaps a bit later. Okay, the Norwegians and Italians will post up on the North side, the Indians and the British will hold the South, Spanish and Malaysians, the East, and the Legion and Germans to the West. As we can see...

Edel looks over at the detached, worried face of Werner, and the stoic of Vickus.

FADE TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE-LATER

Werner, Vickus, and Edel stand out side the German command tent watching the newly arrived Legion.

EDEL

They look like pirates.

WERNER

That they do, Corporal, but in a fight, outside of our fellow countrymen, I wouldn't want any other next to me.

VICKUS

They are mean pissers. I like 'em.

WERNER

Reminds me, I have to liaison with

their CO, tie up our defenses.
Sergeant send Lieutenant Sommerfeld to
the Legion command tent, asap.

VICKUS
Yes, sir, will do.

WERNER
We will be here for a while. Yes,
maybe forever.

Edel and Vickus exchange looks as Werner walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST SQUAD'S QUARTERS -DAY

Edel sorts through his newly acquired stock as the rest of
the men prep their gear.

Two Norwegian Army soldiers, CORPORAL FISKE and PRIVATE
NILSEN walk up.

They speak to Tomas, who then points to Edel.

FISKE
(walking over)
You're Doc Stoll?

EDEL
(standing)
Yes, I am.

FISKE
I'm Fiske, this Private Nilsen, we're
with the Second Battalion.

EDEL
Edel Stoll

The all shake hands.

FISKE
We just wanted to say thanks for
trying to help our Captain, Captain
Hansen. She was a good officer.

EDEL
I wish I could have done more, she was
injured very badly.

Edel notices the sling on Nilsen's arm.

EDEL

You were...

NILSEN

Yeah, man, that was me. Must've been some shrapnel. Hit the captain, went through her, broke my arm.

EDEL

Oh. I'm sorry about her, it was quick if that helps.

FISKE

Well, we just wanted to come by and say thanks and to extend a little friendship in her honor, a micro- wake for lack of better terms. They flew her body out last night.

TOMAS

(butting in)

It's been two weeks since the attack.

FISKE

Yeah, they aren't exactly following protocol any more, not many morgues in the states right now.

NILSEN

Anyway she liberated a small, yet distinctive cache of bourbon a week earlier. She was old school, 'gave her a real Viking send off.

Fiske produces a nearly full fifth of Evan Williams.

TOMAS

Our pleasure!

EDEL

(nervous)

Ah, hey, I don't know.

NILSEN

Hey, dude keep it down, don't want to start a riot.

MATTY
(surprises them)
What riot? Oh hello!

EDEL
Guys.

They ignore Edel as they all casually pass through a bombed out hole in the back wall.

Edel looks for signs of Vickus or worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHED BEHIND THIRD'S QUARTERS-LATER

Already in deep conversation, the four soldiers pass around the bottle; vigilant to any passing officers.

FISKE
I'm telling you that's what I heard.
Commands' been talking to the top bad
guys since the nukes went off.

MATTY
C'mon man, this is my second tour, the
Amis never were that well organized,
just hit and run. I just don't see
them having one structure to have top
guys.

EDEL
Weren't they already divided, before
we got here? From what we here back
home, the UN occupation saved this
country from civil war.

They all look at each other.

TOMAS
Forgive him, he's new.

NILSEN
(low voice)
That shit back home, all propaganda.
Racial Terrorism is just plain shit.
I've been shot at by blacks, Browns,
Yellows. Freaked me out man. Black
guys shooting at me Nilsen, from Oslo.
I love hip- hop.

FISKE

Well, they are getting organized. A lot more Readjustment camps had attacks and mass escapes, than we are being told. Most of those guys were Nascars, what ever they call them. I mean c'mon they nuked their own people. I'm not the only person who's scared shitless by the thought of these yanks getting their act together. Brussels has gotta' be negotiating with them.

FISKE

Fuck, with China gone, they have no balls.

TOMAS

Think we'll pull out?

FISKE

Guarantee that's the top of the list.

EDEL

I don't see how, so many people, equipment.

NILSEN

Fiske is right, I heard from one of the Legionnaires that Boutros Gali is nearly empty.

TOMAS

Edel, didn't you see a lot of brass leaving through Chicago when you in processed?

Edel swigs and nods.

FISKE

See rats fleeing the sinking ship.

EDEL

That was before the nukes went off.

MATTY

Makes sense now. Brussel's knew about the nukes getting jacked from Arizona, got an ultimatum from the bad guys, get the fuck out or else. Started to get officers out to be safe, then

boom.

FISKE

Fucking Japs and Poles. Supporting these assholes from day one.

NILSEN

I don't know. I never would've thought I would die in America.

Quiet.

EDEL

Who said anything about dying. At this rate you'll be back in Oslo, listening to your hip-hop in no time.

FISKE

Come here and get killed, get nuked for fucks sake!

NILSEN

Rather that then chain-sawed.

EDEL

Is that true?

TOMAS

Hell yeah. We had some R and R in Lexington, think it was Kentucky.

MATTY

Kentucky.

TOMAS

Yeah, there. Hit this cool whorehouse, Amis chicks everywhere. Some British sergeant got drunk and got lost coming back. Chain-saw crew got him.

MATTY

We could hear him screaming for an hour before they finished him. Still can hear that chainsaw, screaming.

Silence. The bottle is put away.

GRUBNER

(surprising them from the hole)
What the fuck, huh?

TOMAS
Just talking shit, man.

GRUBNER
Well c'mon, some Amis got caught,
they're bringing him in!

Grubner disappears back through the hole.

All four look at each other, then follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE-SAME

After grabbing his medical bag, Edel struggles to keep up, as all hands run to the front gate.

A convoy of trucks make their way through the growing crowd of soldiers.

A battered civilian pick up truck in middle, the holds the
AMERICAN.

He sits, hands bound, blindfolded. Two Legionnaires stand guard over the captive. They pump their fists in the air, in celebration.

The side lined soldiers scramble to get a good look.

The excited nature, dies down as the last truck passes through the gate. In it are six bodies, two Legionnaires, four British.

Legionnaire Colonel MOREL, riding in one of the trucks, sees Edel.

MOREL
Medic! Medic come here!

Edel approaches and walks along side the slow moving convoy.

EDEL
Yes, sir.

MOREL
Our medic is dead,(motions to the deceased) we have no wounded. Just that pig. He is officially, your patient. Treat him. We will abide the

Geneva Conventions, even if he is to be shot. Understand?

EDEL

Yes, sir.

Edel runs to stay behind the captive.

The convoy breaks up, the captive taken to the stockade, a refurbished old bank building.

Edel watches in shock as the two guards kick the wounded man off the truck.

EDEL

(sneering)

That's enough, he's my responsibility now, by order of your Colonel.

He stops mid-kick.

KICKER

He's lucky he only got the boot. It's okay, I'm sure I'll be on the firing squad.

Edel checks the prisoner as the STOCKADE SERGEANT and STAFF approach.

EDEL

Are you shot, where are you injured?

AMERICAN

German huh?

EDEL

I'm a medic, are you injured.

AMERICAN

My head hurts, I was knocked out.

SERGEANT

Doc, you're gonna have to stand back. We have to process him.

EDEL

He may have a concussion.

SERGEANT

Understand that, but we have to process him in, then we'll see about

medical treatment. That's protocol,
mate.

The staff place the prisoner on a stretcher and take him
through the fence.

EDEL

I have verbal orders to ensure...

SERGEANT

Relax Doc, we follow all protocols
here.

SERGEANT

It takes forever to get a medical
officer here from battalion, so you'll
have to do. We'll bring you in as soon
as we search him, these guys are damn
sneaky.

EDEL

Okay, I understand, just mind his
head.

The two Legionnaires walk toward the gate. The Sergeant sees
them.

SERGEANT

Stand down, mates. Your job is done,
he's military police property now,
move on.

The two stand, stare, then walk to back to the pick up truck.

SERGEANT

(to Edel)

I'm Sergeant Walker, Ninth Military
Police, Australian Army, mate. 'Just
saved that Yanks life.

EDEL

(shaking hands)

Edel Stoll, corporal Third Medical
Corp, German Army.

WALKER

A German medic, huh? You guys are
thorough, I like that. Just wait here,
inside the gate and I'll sent for you
when he's processed.

EDEL

Thank you sergeant, and please mind his...

SERGEANT

... melon. No worries mate.

FADE TO:

INT. STOCKADE PRISON CELL-LATER

Edel examines the now washed up and unbound prisoner.

Two guards stand an arm lengths away, while two more including Walker stands outside the barred door.

EDEL

Minor cuts, bruises. I don't see any symptoms of brain damage. We don't have access to x-ray equipment here, so I can't be sure. We'll have to keep an eye on you. I'll leave the guards some light pain killers.

Morel and some other officers start to arrive, obviously Military Intelligence.

AMERICAN

You know you guys are on your way out. We've taken Denver, Seattle, Cheyenne, Kansas. Burned Chicago, New York, L.A...

EDEL

I think you should wait, this is just a medical checkup.

AMERICAN

Shit, heinie, we done smuggled a shit load of nukes into Europe. Gonna set them off, your boys in Brussels know.

Morel motions to be let in.

MOREL

Corporal, I need you to step out now.

AMERICAN

Oh, look at this guy, he's a tough guy.

Edel hurries to finish taping the prisoner's hand.

They unlock the door. Morel motions for all three to step out.

Edel packs and leaves, never taking his eyes off the American.

He makes his way down the hallway toward to door.

AMERICAN (O.C.)

What you didn't get the memo?, fuck
you, bitch!

Edel is stopped by a GERMAN MAJOR.

MAJOR

Corporal Stoll, good work, very
professional.

EDEL

Thank you Major.

MAJOR

(closes in)

Do I need to remind you that what you
just heard, you didn't, yes?

EDEL

Yes sir.

He motions to the door.

Edel scrambles off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP PAXTON AIRPORT-NIGHT

The platoon, on guard duty, is posted on a hill overlooking
the busy airport.

SKINNY

See, that's the twentieth cargo
outbound.

TOMAS

C'mon man, you're scaring the kids.

GRUBNER

He's right, something's up. See those

choppers, they've been sitting there the past few days. Just five, now, what, twenty-three, twenty-four.

SKINNY

You got cargos inbound, light, they fill up, then barely take off. Listen to those engines scream.

EDEL

How can you tell they arrive empty?

SKINNY

They stop really short, no weight. My dad was a ground supervisor at Tempelhof airport.

MATTY

Shit, Skinny you actually do serve a purpose.

Another cargo jet lumbers into the night sky.

GRUBNER

Got a bad feeling about this.

VICKUS

(surprises them)

I'll give you assholes a bad feeling! Why the fuck are you guys pointing that way, the enemy normally attacks from outside of wire!

He kicks Matty. The others reorient themselves.

SKINNY

Yes Sergeant!

VICKUS

If I catch you fuckers gossiping again, I'll place you all on administration, understand me!

SQUAD VOICES

Yes, sergeant!

Vickus storms off to check on the next squad.

TOMAS

Where did he come from? Fuck.

MATTY

Fuck you, my side. Shit

EDEL

You okay, want me to check it?

MATTY

You can check my dick, Doc.

EDEL

Fuck you. He can get placed on administration for abusing an enlisted man.

MATTY

Fuck it, ain't that bad. He's been in a bad mood for a while.

The all nod.

TOMAS

Hey Doc, what did the Amis have to say, anyhow?

EDEL

Ah, nothing, not much.

GRUBNER

Nothing or not much, what gives Doc?

SKINNY

I heard he was part of a sniper team.

TOMAS

Not what I heard, heard he was a scout.

Edel stares into the cold, black night, ignoring the rest of the squads conversation.

FADE TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE-MORNING

A bulldozer carves into the ground, creating an inclined, earthen berm. Perfect for a firing squad.

Edel stands at attention next to several officers who casually drink coffee.

The dozer finishes and parks to the side.

QUIET.

The American is brought in, accompanied by two guards. They walk down the incline, turn his back to the mound of earth.

Edel can't take his eyes off of the bucolic American.

FIVE SOLDIERS and a SERGEANT march in single file and halt in between the formation and the American.

An ITALIAN OFFICER approaches and lightly talks to the condemned man, who subtly shakes and nods his head.

SERGEANT

Attention!

The squad comes to attention as the Officer and two guards march out of the berm.

The American, his hands bound behind him, breathes deep, looks up, then straight at the squad.

The officer takes his place next to the executioners.

OFFICER

Ready! Aim!

Edel focuses on the lone man.

OFFICER

Fire!

The squad fires in perfect unison.

The American drops from sight, as if swallowed by the ground.

The Officer motions for Edel. Together they march over to the prostrate man and halt by his side.

The Officer shoots the American in the back of the head with his side arm.

Edel takes his stethoscope from around his neck and checks the corpses heartbeat.

EDEL

He's deceased.

Coming to attention, Edel now faces the firing squad. He recognizes one of the soldier, one of the two kicking guards.

He smirks at Edel.

SERGEANT

Detail, attention! Right turn, march!

Edel and the Colonel march out of the pit.

The dozer comes back to life.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD PLATOON'S POSITION-LATER

Edel returns to his squad.

TOMAS

There you are, how'd it go?

Edel dumps his gear on his rack and sits.

MATTY

Me thinks it was Doc's first execution.

TOMAS

Hey Doc, are you going to be okay?

EDEL

Yeah.

MATTY

Those can be cold. Some don't even get grave markers.

TOMAS

If they talk, they do.

Edel just nods.

GRUBNER

Doc, you've been zoned out since they captured that Amis. What, did the Legion get a little carried away, slap him around?

SKINNY

Ah, fuck that dirty Amis. I talked to guys on that patrol. He was part of sniper team, trigger man probably. Killed a lot of dudes, including some T.C.s, brutal.

EDEL
 (lightly)
 It's what he said, at the exam, about
 the other nukes.

Oblivious to what Edel just said, the squad starts to banter loudly.

TOMAS
 What, was that Doc?

Tomas moves in a little closer.

Fiske charges in.

FISKE
 Guys, last flights are leaving the
 airport right now! Drop you shit and
 come on!

Fiske disappears out the door.

MATTY
 Did he say last flights?

They run to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD PLATOON'S POSITION-SAME

Outside, what appears to be the entire base is running to the airport.

SKINNY
 I knew it, they're leaving us!

MATTY
 C'mon!

The squad runs out into the charging throngs.

Matty sees Mars, fumble then drop his duffel bag. Mars hesitates but keeps running.

MATTY
 Mars, Mars! What's going on?

MARS
 The fucking brass bastards are leaving
 us, head to the airport, run!

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT GATES-SAME

The Legion has blocked the entrance to the airport with their APCs in anticipation of the mob.

In the back ground a cargo jet screams to make altitude while another sits on the tarmac, rear ramp down, staff loading in.

Panic sets in as the mob crushes against the gate and fences.

Tomas, pressed against the fence, sees Major Werner sheepishly boarding the last jet.

TOMAS

Major! Major Werner, over here!

Werner acts like he doesn't here Tomas.

TOMAS

Fucking asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT-SAME

Werner straps himself into a seat against the fuselage. There is window behind his left shoulder. Looking out he sees the crowd.

The aircraft's CREWCHIEF starts to raise the ramp.

Next to him a nervous Aponte sits.

CAPTAIN APONTE

(to himself)

Come on, come on. Lets go.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT GATES-SAME

Tomas sees Vickus trying to get the squad under control. The rest of the mob tries to climb the the fence. They are pushed back.

TOMAS

Sergeant! Sergeant Vickus!

Vickus hears his name, but can't find the source.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Legion's APC fires a three round burst in the air.

The screaming mob jumps back.

More Legionnaires arrive to back up their own.

Colonel Morel, climbs his APC, holding his pistol in the air.

BOOM!

MOREL
Attention, attention!

BOOM!

MOREL
You will come to attention! Officers,
control your men!

The mob starts to calm down as the different officers and NCOs bring their men under control.

MOREL
Form up, form up as one!

They reluctantly make a formation and come to attention.

In the background the last plane starts to taxi.

MOREL
I am Colonel Michael Morel, the
ranking officer of this base. This
base is now undefended. You have left
you posts. We are vulnerable to
attack.

The crowd of just over a thousand men remain still, all eyes on the plane speeding down the runway.

MOREL
Eyes on me! You will all return to
your post immediately. Those on guard
duty will return to guard duty. Those
not, will return to barracks and wait
further orders. Every platoon will
sent it's two ranking officers or NCOs
to Legion CQ in zero thirty minutes.

The last aircraft finishes taxing and picks up speed.

MOREL

The airfield is now the responsibility of the Legion. Any soldier approaching the fence will be shot, regardless of rank! Dismissed.

Sharp whistling noise.

MOREL

Incoming!

Everybody dives or runs for cover.

Rockets impact the airfield and parts of the base.

Tomas and Edel jump into a trench. Others pile in.

Vickus runs up.

VICKUS

Get the fuck up, man the perimeter!

Tomas and Edel look at each other and climb out of the trench.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT-SAME

The officers sit in silence as they watch Paxton being attacked.

CAPTAIN APONTE

Oh fuck, oh fuck. We're not going to make it.

Werner can't help but look at the action

The plane starts to lift off.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST PERIMETR FENCE-SAME

The firing dies down as the troops, including all of first squad, jump into their fighting positions.

A dark shape, rushes toward them from out of the shadows, a blacked out fire truck, lights off, veers off the road and heads toward the fence.

Two silhouetted human shapes jump off as heavy covering fire breaks out from the tree line.

VOICE

Truck bomb!

The Paxton defenders open up. Tracer fire rips into the front of the truck, blasting the engine. Rocket propelled grenades finish it off, but, inertia carries the truck to within fifty meters of the fence line.

MARS

Down, everybody, down!

BOOM!

A massive explosion levels the area. UN troops are thrown in the air.

Dark human shapes break from the tree line and the fence line.

The defenders struggle to get to their feet.

VICKUS

Stand too, open fire!

Most of the multinationals are able to FIRE back at the oncoming rush.

Morel and his APC rush up from behind and pour rounds into the American ranks, halting and then pushing back the attack.

Edel struggles to his feet.

Cries for medical help fill the air.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT-SAME

As the plane gains altitude, it rolls to the right, giving most of the officers a birds eye view of the huge mushroom explosion.

VOHRA

Oh God, those people are in for a long night.

Werner looks down, ashamed.

FADE TO:

EXT. BASE PAXTON-NEXT MORNING

The battle long over, some troops head back to barracks.

First squad walks together.

TOMAS

I'm telling you, Werner heard me calling out. That fucker, how can he leave?

SKINNY

Officers stick together. Like rats fleeing the ship. Bullshit.

VICKUS

Assholes, check that shit! We got more important things. Specialist, I want a full tactical break down in one hour.

MATTY

Yes, Sarge.

VICKUS

I'm going to the Legion CQ for a briefing. Somebody go find our doc.

Looking back at the battle ground, Matty nods.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGION CQ-LATER

Sergeants and officers of the different nations fill up the spartan command tent.

A large map of the newly restructured United States takes up half the back tent wall.

Colonel Morel walks into the room.

LEGIONNAIRE SERGEANT

Attention!

They snap too.

MOREL

Gentlemen... and ladies, at ease. I am Colonel Michael Morel of the Second

Parachute Regiment, French Foreign Legion. I arrived at here at base Paxton forty-eight hours ago. I am here to save most of your lives.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD PLATOON'S POSITION-MORNING

Vickus enters.

VICKUS
Alright bring it in.

The platoon gathers around.

TOMAS
Sarge?

VICKUS
(holding up his hands)
Who's out?

GRUBNER
All here Sergeant, our next patrol rotation is at zero one.

VICKUS
The East fence line was the only area attacked last night. We suffered two KIAs and twenty wounded. We got lucky.

GRUBNER
Hey, Sarge who's this Morel guy? Is he top dog, now?

TOMAS
So we Germans have no command?

VICKUS
First things firsts. This is our situation. Since the detonations, it's a different game. Brussel's has ordered a complete end of hostilities as well as full and complete withdrawal of forces from the North American theater of Operations.

SKINNY
We're going home?

VICKUS
Not so quick, ladies.

TOMAS
There's a catch.

MATTY
It's the UN, there always a catch.

VICKUS
Shut the fuck up! Apparently the drawdown rumors were true and in place before the nukes. I guess losing a few of your big cities just speeds things up. We are the last functioning UN base in this fuck-hole. Every body has packed and moved on, we just held the door open for them. Now it's time for us to leave. That's why Morel is here.

MATTY
Who's holding the door for us, Sarge?

EDEL
Wait, you mean, Sergeant Vickus that we are the last European force here, in America, here a Paxton?

TOMAS
Fuck that. We are flying out with air cover, that wasn't really the last flight was it?

VICKUS
There's no air cover 'cause there's no aircraft. Those choppers at the airfield, those are being stripped and destroyed, as we speak. We're going to Mexico, overland. We leave at zero four hundred.

TOMAS
Mexico, Mexico, or Texas Mexico?

SKINNY
So we are going home?

VICKUS
We have been given safe passage from the new Pro-Tem government, if that means anything.

TOMAS

Those assholes, last night didn't get that memo, obviously.

EDEL

What happen to the old pro-tem government?

VICKUS

Probably swinging from some trees in D.C. Oh, what, you guys didn't know that Washington was overrun last week? Now you know.

GRUBNER

Treason is a bitch.

MATTY

So are war crimes.

VICKUS

You secure that bullshit, right fucking now! We are going to Mexico fully strapped as per the negotiations. That crazy Legionnaire Colonel, he is leading the way. Balls to the wall. So gear up. I want break downs and cleaning of all weapons. Inspection at zero two. Food, ammo and asses. That's all we're taking. Get it done.

Vickus storms out.

MATTY

Alright you heard Vickus., let's break this shit down.

The platoon gets busy.

GRUBNER

Guess Kessinger was right about our dear officers.

TOMAS

Told you guys. He's in Berlin right now getting blow jobs and telling shit stories.

MATTY

Well at least your mom likes the

stories.

Even Tomas laughs.

FADE TO:

EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA-LATER

The entire base is alive with activity. Over one thousand men and women load up a convoy of different vehicles all parked in perfect formation pointing to the front gate.

At the lead, the French Foreign Legion.

In the middle of the formation the German contingent.

Vickus barks out orders as he oversees from the top of his APC.

Colonel Morel and his STAFF OFFICERS approach.

STAFF LIEUTENANT

Staff Sergeant Vickus come down here.

Vickus reluctantly climbs down and comes to attention as does the rest of the platoon.

Colonel Morel walks to Vickus then snaps to attention as well. The Lieutenant hands him two silver bar pins

COLONEL

By my command rank in the United Nations Security force, I hereby promote Staff Sergeant Klaus Vickus to the rank of First Lieutenant in the German Army command.

Vickus stands unemotional as Morel pins him.

VICKUS

(saluting)

Thank you, sir!

Morel returns the salute as another staff officer snaps a picture.

Morel presses two sergeant pins into Vickus's hand.

MOREL

You will promote Specialist Mattias to

Sergeant, give him my salutations.

VICKUS

Yes sir, I will.

Morel and his officers continue down the formation, passing out more ranks.

The squad breaks into a condescending golf clap.

VICKUS

Oh shut the fuck up!

Mars walks up.

MARS

Looks like someone fucked up, huh mates.

VICKUS

I could say the same.

He flicks Mars's newly pinned sergeant pins.

TOMAS

Sergeant Mars, sounds like a candy bar.

MARS

You know that makes Lieutenant Vickus the highest ranking German in the States.

VICKUS

Specialist Mattias front and center!

A unique, light ROAR fills up the assembly area.

EDEL

Do you guys hear that?

The squad as well as the rest of the area becomes quiet. The roar grows louder. It comes from somewhere outside the wire, from loudspeakers.

It's the sound of a CHAINSAW.

Everyone freezes, trying to find the source.

Seconds go by.

VICKUS

Fuck this.

He climbs into his APC and guns the engine. He revs louder and louder. Other APCs are fired up and revved. The engines drown out the roar of the chainsaw.

The assembly area breaks out into CHEERS.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PAXTON I-57 SOUTH-DAWN

The convoy of one hundred twenty vehicles- APCs, light armored, fuel, water, and communication trucks, troop transports, and anti-aircraft trucks make the way south.

In the background, the airport base burns. Large black columns of clouds raise up like pillars. Occasional fire balls erupt.

In the middle of the convoy, First Squad is in the back of their transport truck, rifles out.

Quiet.

In the front, the Legion APCs set the pace. In the third vehicle sits Morel.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGION COMMO-TRUCK-SAME

Morel ride shotgun in his command truck.

He monitors the cameras from three overhead flying drones, with a tactical tablet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST SQUADS TRUCK-SAME

TOMAS

(to Edel)

Do you think they'll honor the safe passage?

EDEL

No. No, I don't, do you?

Tomas shrugs.

EDEL

The Legion killed that kid, you know.
I'm sure others were killed.

TOMAS

Well yeah, but he killed some of ours
and besides that was way back at
Boutros. Listen, you can't think like
that, this is war. Things happen.

EDEL

I just don't see it that way. We are
in their country. These folks...

GRUBNER

(interrupting)

Hey fuck that, that's bullshit. You
came in late, Doc. When we first got
here, we got shredded in Carolina,
then Ohio river valley. You weren't
there.

A lot of the squad nods.

GRUBNER

And then when you do get here, you
feel sorry for these assholes, after
you only meet a couple of them. Doc,
nothing personal but these Americans
have been fucking people up for
decades, it's about time they get
fucked up. If some kids have to get
lit up in the process, so be it.

Matty works his radio but still listens to the squad.

MATTY

Take a rest ladies. We're stopping.

SKINNY

For what? stopping?

The convoy slows.

MATTY

Get ready to dismount.

The squad jumps down and forms security, before they stop.

SKINNY

Fuck stopping out here, we can get

hit. Fuck.

MATTY

Skinny, shut the fuck up, guns out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF THE CONVOY-SAME

Morel, half out of the top of his command vehicle, watches the same red pick up truck approach. The back of the truck is filled with three women and a dozen kids. A couple dozen vehicles filled with people hang, a hundred yards back.

On the ground next to Morel's truck, squats CAPTAIN BEACHUM .

BEACHUM

(looking through his binoculars)

Sir, I recognize the driver from a few weeks ago. A T.C., helped us find Paxton.

MOREL

Weren't you attacked later?

BEACHUM

Yes, sir.

MOREL

Alright, send a delegation made up of our allies, time they pitched in.

BEACHUM

Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE-SAME

Edel, Vickus and Mars walk to the civilian convoy.

The pick up driver approaches.

VICKUS

Stay sharp, watch that crowd.

MARS

I still hate these meet and greets.

DRIVER

Gentleman, my name is Robert Callis.

We are unarmed and seeking protection.

He shows his UN ID card.

CALLIS

As you can see I've been a Trusted
Civilian since the beginning.

Vickus swipes his card through his tactical tablet and
examines the results.

EDEL

Do you have any wounded, Mr. Callis?

CALLIS

No, we're okay, just worried.

MARS

How many people?

CALLIS

Uh, we have about seventy or so. Is
the UN pulling out, are you guys
leaving?

VICKUS

(interrupting)

What can we do for you, Mr. Callis?

MARS

He has approximately seventy people
Lieutenant, none wounded.

CALLIS

I want to know what you're going to do
for us, for starters.

VICKUS

I don't follow sir. You don't have
wounded or you do? We can treat your
wound...

CALLIS

(interrupting)

For god sake man, we are not wounded,
not yet! Don't you understand? The
word is out, the UN is packing up,
leaving, before they get nuked.

VICKUS

Sir we are a patrol, we are not...

A BEARDED TATTOOED MAN walks up.

MAN

We know you're leaving, we have to go with you! You can't fucking leave us here!

Other male members start to walk over.

MARS

All of you stay back, stay back now!

Almost on que Morel's command vehicle speeds over to the parlay, the top gunner holding his weapon on the advancing group. It works.

CALLIS

Hold on, hold on! Toby go back to the truck, I'll speak for us.

Defiantly Toby walks back.

Morel climbs out, with a few Legionnaires as back up.

MOREL

What's the situation here Lieutenant?

VICKUS

These civilians ask for protection. They have yet to elaborate from who?

CALLIS

I apologize for him, we all really stressed. This is bad. Are you going to leave us here? We all have been TCs since day one, always helping out.

MOREL

We are re-locating to a different zone, not far from here. The rumors of a UN pullout are just that. With the detonations in your cities, we have to reposition our forces for disaster relief.

TOBY (O.S.)

Bullshit, they're fucking running!

CALLIS

Toby, c'mon, you're not helping!

MOREL

He's not.

CALLIS

(calmly)

Listen we know you're leaving. The new government has given you safe passage. It's all over the underground radios. We haven't seen any UN aircraft in weeks. If we stay, they're gonna butcher us. There is a lot of payback going on. We helped you guys out, with the round ups, packing them into trains to the camps. A lot of those folks that didn't make it, well, they have family. I know theses people, it made sense back then, they were trouble. We are going to die if you leave us here.

MOREL

I think you are over-dramatizing this situation.

CALLIS

Colonel, a lot of folks aren't going to follow the safe passage order. Hell, I bet this new government doesn't see the next week. We can be of help, please just see us to the new borders, if they're still there. Please.

Morel looks at the civilian convoy.

MOREL

How many children?

CALLIS

Just over a dozen.

MOREL

They'll be more of you as we go.

CALLIS

I can't speak for them, but we are well provisioned, we'll tag, along behind.

MOREL

Alright, sir, we have a deal. My men

will inspect every, person, every vehicle.

CALLIS

Sir, most of us are armed. Small arms.

MOREL

You will surrender those, for safety. Your convoy will stay two hundred meters behind. Those that can't keep up, will be left behind. You are in charge of these and any new arrivals.

CALLIS

We need those arms, sir.

MOREL

These terms are nonnegotiable.

CALLIS

Okay, Colonel, thank you.

MOREL

I need the children to travel in the front of your convoy, as close to us as possible. They'll be safer.

CALLIS

Of course, thank you again.

Callis respectively heads back to the refugees.

MOREL

Lieutenant, have your medic check out the children accompanied by a detail to disarm our new traveling companions.

VICKUS

(nodding to Edel)

Yes sir.

Edel grabs his gear and walks to the children.

VICKUS

All due respect sir, they could really slow us down.

MOREL

Don't worry Lieutenant, when the time comes they will prove to be worth

their weight in gold.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CONVOY-SAME

Edel examines the last of the kids as the rest of the refugees are processed.

A nine year girl, CLARA, nervously waits next in line, clutching a toy doll.

EDEL

Well what's your name, young lady?

Clara looks down.

EDEL

Well then what's your doll's name?

CLARA

Barbie

EDEL

Barbie, how are you, may I check your friend's temperature?

Barbie nods.

EDEL

Okay. Barbie's friend can I have your index finger?

CLARA

My name is Clara.

He gently clamps a finger thermometer on her.

EDEL

Well Clara it's my honor to meet you. My name is Edel. I have a sister who's about your age.

CLARA

Does she have a Barbie?

EDEL

Oh, yeah, in my country they 're calledl Barbie too. Your is very nice.

CLARA

Thank you.

EDEL

Where are your parents?

CLARA

They went to camp for adjustments.

EDEL

Okay. Well's who taking care of you and Barbie?

CLARA

Molly's mom and dad.

She points to a little girl, huddled with her parents against a truck. They wave.

EDEL

I'm sure you'll be with your parents real soon. Looks like your temperature is perfect.

CLARA

Are you gonna' be chain-sawed?

EDEL

Oh, no. I'm going to be fine. I think those days are over. You should not worry about that.

CLARA

Toby says, if we don't leave, we're gonna' be chain-sawed.

EDEL

Don't listen to him, he's yucky, he has a beard.

She giggles.

EDEL

Little animals live in beards like that.

She laughs.

Vickus walks up.

VICKUS

C'mon doc, we have to roll.

EDEL

Okay, Miss Clara, Miss Barbie, I have to go back to my friends. I won't be far away. If you need anything, just ask for Doc Stoll, okay.

He whips out his last lollipop and hands it over.

CLARA

Okay, Edel Doctor Stoll, I will.

FADE TO:

EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY BRIDGE-SUNSET

The command structure parks under the bridge while the rest of the UN convoy spreads out in a circle.

The civilians are huddled in their own circle down the road.

Edel returns to his squad who are enjoying a supper of rations.

TOMAS

There he is, where you been, man?

EDEL

(exhausted)

Treating the refugees. A lot of kids back there.

GRUBNER

Those fuckers are doomed, lucky they got this far.

TOMAS

Don't know about that. There is a couple of honey's in there, make good war brides. Very appreciative.

EDEL

Those people need a security detachment, they're scared to death.

SKINNY

Fuck them, besides it's been weeks since we had any problems. I heard the drones haven't seen shit for thirty

miles. They won't break the Safe Passage, not if they know what's good for them.

GRUBNER

Gotta be kidding me Skinny. What are we gonna' do? Invade them, take their resources, freedoms, rape their bitches, shit! We haven't seen shit yet. We're their last chance to even up the score.

TOMAS

What does that mean, even the score?

EDEL

Revenge. Groob is right, if we see Germany again, it'll be a fucking miracle.

Everybody stares at Edel.

SKINNY

Where'd that come from?

FADE TO:

INT. MOREL'S TRUCK-NEXT MORNING

Morel travels in his vehicle, monitoring his screens. He watches his drones POV.

MOREL

Distance of Cyclops One?

In the back, two Norwegian soldiers pilot the drones from video game like controls.

1ST PILOT

Cyclops One is five kilometers south, altitude is seven hundred meters.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-57 SOUTH-MORNING

A gray XSS-47a drone helicopter silently flies over the interstate. It's camera's send back intel.

CUT TO:

MOREL

Two?

2ND PILOT

Cyclops Three is still to rear, three klicks, altitude is five hundred meters.

1ST PILOT

(sees something)

Sir?

Morel watches Cyclops One screen go the black.

MOREL

Fuck.

1ST PILOT

One down sir. Rammed by another drone, looks like, out of nowhere.

MOREL

Three, take evasive actions.

2ND PILOT

Roger sir.

The 2nd pilot gains altitude with his controller.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-57 NORTH-MORNING

Cyclops Three's electric engine whines as it gains altitude. A fixed wing drone, decked out in duck tape takes out the UN drone in a mid-air t-bone crash.

CUT TO:

INT. MOREL'S TRUCK-SAME

2ND PILOT

Shit! Three down sir. Saw a drone come in from the East.

MOREL

Fuck. Just like Alabama.

1ST PILOT

Yes, sir. Send up Cyclops Two?

MOREL
No, that's our last one. We'll save
it.

Morel stares at the country side passing him by.

MOREL
(to driver)
Stay south, keep speed.

DRIVER
Yes sir.

MOREL
(into radio)
Talon One Zero, this is Bravo Eagle
six we lost our eyes in the sky. Stay
alert.

The two pilots exchange looks.

MOREL
(to pilots)
Hope you two remember how to shoot
your weapons.

EXT. I-57 SOUTH-LATER

A fast attack jeep type vehicle, code name Talon One Zero,
rides point for the convoy, staying half a kilometer in the
lead.

FOUR LEGIONNAIRES AND A SERGEANT occupy the vehicle. One of
soldiers sticks out the roof hatch manning a full size mini-
gun.

As they pass under an overpass they see over a hundred bodies
hung from the power lines like a human curtain.

MINI-GUNNER
Oh, fuck, man, what the hell?

Talon One slows to take in the half mile long human curtain
on the West side of the highway.

SERGEANT
Keep moving goddamn it! Great place
for an ambush.

The mini-gunner starts to rotate his gun, looking for
threats.

SERGEANT
 (into radio)
 Bravo Eagle Six, Bravo Eagle Six, come
 in.

EXT. I-57 SOUTH-SAME

Minutes behind the point men, the first of the convoy starts
 to pass by the curtain.

VICKUS
 Jesus Christ.

EDEL
 We should cut them down.

SKINNY
 Fuck that. They're a least thirty feet
 up. I ain't climbing up there.

TOMAS
 Who were they?

MATTY
 Locals probably, TCs for sure.

EDEL
 I hope those kids can't see this.

Vickus looks closely through his binoculars.

VICKUS
 They've seen worse...

He sees something. Small wires pass at foot level every ten
 bodies and then down to the ground.

His eyes widen.

VICKUS
 (into radio)
 Contact! Contact! Bodies are wired...

BOOM!

The bodies detonate in sequence from the front of the convoy
 to the rear.

The shaped charges blast a hurricane force rain of body parts
 and innards down, covering every inch of the convoy.

The refugees scream in terror as some soldiers in the convoy open up.

INT. MOREL'S TRUCK-SAME

Morel covered in gore, keeps his composure.

MOREL
(into radio)
Cease fire, cease fire.

The convoy speeds up past the trap as the troops stop firing.

MOREL
This is Bravo Eagle Six, anybody hit?
Damage reports. Talon get me a
rallying point south of the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-57 SOUTH-SAME

Talon One looks over the river. A recently destroyed freeway bridge sits in the background.

SERGEANT
Bravo Eagle-Six this is Talon.
Reroute, reroute the bridge has been
destroyed.

MINI-GUNNER
(looking at the ambush)
Gotta be fucking kidding.

EXT. I-57 SOUTH DESTROYED BRIDGE-LATER

The convoy is formed in half circle on what's left of the destroyed banks of the bridge.

The squad leaders meet with Morel in the middle.

A map is laid out on the ground.

MOREL
They knew our direction of travel, and
set this up for us, strictly for show.
So they want to funnel us to the East
or West, I guarantee they have
something bigger for us. We bivouac
here for the night, get this slime off
of our vehicles. At first light,

backtrack ten klicks, East to Sandusky, then South. The gloves are off ladies and gentleman, we must consider the Safe Passage as void.

VICKUS

Any word on satellite, sir?

MOREL

Still down, we can communicate with command in Mexico, by radio. All sats have been hacked, compliments of the neutral Japs or Poles I'm sure. We are down to one drone for now.

STAFF LIEUTENANT

The refugees sir?

MOREL

Keep them in the rear for now as well as any new ones. Preference to women and children, we may need them later. Single males can get a different ride.

MOREL

They should of thought twice before they sold their homeland out.

LAUGHS.

FADE TO:

EXT. FIRST SQUAD'S TRUCK-DUSK

Vickus is back with the squad, as they dig shallow holes to sleep in for the night.

Nilsen walks up carrying two large water containers.

EDEL

(to Nilsen)

How's the arm, Nilsen from Oslo?

NILSEN

What up Gerrys! Arm is good, so good they have me on water detail.

EDEL

Well, be careful.

NILSEN

(sitting)

They really blew the fuck out of that bridge, man.

MATTY

Bridge? What about those exploding people. Fucking Norwegians worried about bridges!

NILSEN

We're at the rear, Sergeant, a fucking mess. I was buttoned up in the Hog, but Fiske got covered in goo. Thinks he's gonna' get AIDs.

EDEL

How were the kids?

NILSEN

Aw, Doc, everybody freaked out back there. Kids still crying, even our doc, is a little weird now.

EDEL

I should get over there.

VICKUS

Stand down Doc. We're not back at base. If we get hit, I want you here.

Edel puts his medic bag back down.

VICKUS

Listen, you too Oslo. The enemy knows where we're heading by now. All we can do is react and move. The days of hit and runs, acid bombs, and Molotovs are gone. We're going encounter the same type of folks when Operation Broken Eagle was first established. It's going to get ugly, you're gonna' beg for exploding bodies.

EXT. I-57 NORTH-MORNING

The convoy slows down to exit off the I-57.

First squad travels in the back of their truck.

Vickus and Matty stand, scanning with binoculars.

MATTY

Here we go.

Their part of the convoy exits the interstate for a lone country road.

VICKUS

Alright, stay alert. Shit flies at you faster in the countryside.

EDEL

Almost feels claustrophobic.

Trees brush against the various trucks.

THOMAS

Fuck, now I hate trees.

GRUBNER

Where are all the people? This is fucked.

TOMAS

Nascars are a little scared of getting nuked.

VICKUS

(to driver)

Space out more, don't group up.

Edel strains to look back at the refugees who strain to keep up.

MATTY

Doc, if you pop your head up like that again, I'll shoot you myself, save a sniper the bull...

CRACK!

A round tears into Matty's chest. Wild eyed, he sinks down as everyone grabs cover.

Vickus slumps lower but still keeps glassing to his right.

VICKUS

(into radio)

Sniper! Contact to the North! Five hundred meters, behind grass berm.

CRACK!

A second rounds rips the side of his helmet, sending him lower.

VICKUS
Fucking Nascars!

Edel scrambles to Matty.

CRACK! ZING!

Rounds come from the North.

RADIO
Man down. Multiple snipers.

The radio comes alive with EXCITED CHATTER.

The convoys guns open up in all directions. Several APCs break off and head to the threats.

Heavy guns blazing.

More snipers shoot from all directions.

Vickus tries to stand, but the fire keeps his head down.

VICKUS
They're shooting fifties, fuck. Stay
down!

Edel sees Matty's open chest. He's dead.

The Italian truck in front gets hit hard.

ITALIAN VOICES (O.C.)
Medico, medico!

Edel jumps from one truck to the other.

VICKUS
Fuck. Doc!

Edel crawls over Italians, blood is every where.

He starts to treat a soldier who's left arm is missing at the elbow. Looking over he see's the medic, his heads gone.

The Italian driver takes a fatal hit causing the truck to stall, and gently hit a tree.

The sniper fire dies off.

Vickus take his position back. Scanning.

The APCs seek out the snipers positions.

Several motorcycles take off from the distances and disappear.

VICKUS
Goddamn it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE-LATER

The convoy licks it's wounds.

Edel tags and bags Matty as First Squads watches.

VICKUS
Alright. Mount up, we leave in ten minutes. Doc, Skinny take Sergeant Mattias to the rear with the rest of the dead.

First climbs into their truck.

TOMAS
L.T. any bad guys?

VICKUS
Negative, radio says they disappeared.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE-SAME

Edel and Skinny finish loading Matty in with the rest of the dead in a large truck.

Twelve dead are already in place.

SKINNY
Shit, we lost a lot people.

EDEL
There's more wounded.

A BRITISH MEDIC signs in Matty.

MEDIC
Some medics got hit, their supplies are over at the orderly truck, you should resupply.

EDEL
(looking at the refugees)
I will. Any of them hit?

MEDIC
No, not a scratch.

CUT TO:

INT. MOREL'S TRUCK-SAME

Morel works the radio.

MOREL
All positions, this is Bravo Eagle.
Watch your spacing, we can expect more
of it. Here we go.

The convoy rumbles to life and moves forward.

MOREL
(to himself)
Or worse.

FADE TO:

EXT. ILLINOIS/MISSOURI BORDER-NIGHT

Convoy is encircled for protection.

First squad sits quietly eating.

TOMAS
Remember Matty's birthday party?

GRUBNER
Oh, the Chaplin was so pissed at him.

EDEL
He pissed off a chaplain?

TOMAS
Yea, Matty was born on Christmas, so
we threw him a party. Gifts, Amis
strippers, the whole thing.

GRUBNER
We even wrapped up some empty boxes
with tags that said happy birthday
Jesus.

TOMAS

So, we're all drunk, Matty just finished fucking his third stripper when Chaplain Bendig comes to our party.

EDEL

Oh, no.

TOMAS

Right. So Chaplain Bendig walks in, sees all this sin. But he's cool, probably seen worse.

GRUBNER

So, he sees the gifts for Jesus, smiles, and asks when Jesus will be here?

TOMAS

With out missing a beat Matty says, "I don't know who this Jesus kid is, but if he ain't here in ten minutes, I'm opening up his fucking gifts, fuck 'em!"

GRUBNER

Fuck 'em! I choked on my whiskey. Fuck 'em!

Everybody laughs, even Vickus.

SKINNY

He was a crazy mother fucker. How about the black chicks.

TOMAS

God, he loved black women, loved his choco...

Shooting is heard in the distance.

GRUBNER

Fuck. It that us?

VICKUS

Patrol is getting hit.

The radio comes alive. French then English at different levels of excitement.

VICKUS
Sounds like the Legion has ambushed
some Nascars.

More intense fire comes from the same area.

A few Legion APCs fire up and go to the fight as back up.

MOREL'S VOICE-RADIO (O.C.)
Come in Talon Two. Sit rep. Talon Two,
come in.

BLAST!

TOMAS
Rockets. Fucking trap.

EDEL
(whispers to Skinny)
I never did figure out what Nascars
means.

SKINNY
(whispering)
Nascars, circle racers, rednecks. Very
dangerous whites.

Edel nods.

The fight dies off.

VICKUS
They're coming back, wounded.

Edel motions to leave.

VICKUS
No doc, they have their own medics.

One of the APCs is smoking from a direct hit.

Screams are heard.

VICKUS
Fuck, who ambushed who?

The convoy takes in the wounded.

GRUBNER
Poor bastards, that was quick.

Screams in French sound off from radio, getting everybody's attention.

A chainsaw sputters to life.

SCREAMS.

Several Legionnaires stand up and start to yell into the darkness.

SHOTS ring out, dropping them.

VICKUS
Fuck, snipers.

Several shots hit more marks, men go down.

VOICES (O.S.)
Medic, medic!

Without waiting Edel runs off to the shouts.

GRUBNER
They have night vision, move quick!

Edel runs low, flinching from the out going rounds.

Tracers rip into the darkness from all parts of the convoy.

The sniper fire is stingy but, deadly accurate, as gunners go down from head shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel and his RADIOMAN squat behind an APC.

MOREL
(into radio)
All APCs stand down, they're trying to draw us back out, chew us up. Stay back.

Morel slaps a SERGEANT on the back to get his attention.

MOREL
Get those mortars up!

SERGEANT
Rounds out now sir.

Deep POPS as the mortars round leave to the tube.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Edel treats a badly blasted LEGIONNAIRE CORPORAL. The man screams from his wounds. Other medics arrive to help.

The sniper fire starts to pick them off, causing Edel to pull his man to cover, behind a tracked vehicle.

Combat roars around him.

Edel's patient starts to die. They lock eyes. Edel sees the eyes of the acid bombed soldier, the female Norwegian officer, he sees Matty.

Silence.

CORPORAL
Where's my home? Mama, Mama. I'm never
going to leave here Mama. Mama.

He dies. Edel stares off into the battle.

FADE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

The convoy fights on the next day, and the next and the next, over and over again, suffering heavy losses as they fight their way to the border.

Ambushed in small towns, in fields, and on bridges, they fight on. Their numbers dwindle, they leave their dead and sometimes their wounded.

First Squad, yet to suffer another loss, fights on together.

Setting bones, performing CPR, clamping off exposed arteries, Edel is a blur, running from one hot spot to the other. Rain and Sun, day and night, he's become a fast thinking medic.

FADE TO:

EXT. ARKANSAS/MEXICO BORDER-MORNING

The remainder of the convoy sits on a hill overlooking the new national border with Mexico. It's a half-mile wide, mined and barbed-wire no-man's land.

Morel meets with most of the soldiers. The once formidable convoy has been reduced to just under two dozen vehicles. The men are burned and beaten but still determined.

Morel addresses his soldiers:

MOREL

There it is.(pointing) We cross that border, that border, and we are home. Our lands, our families, are beyond that border. Five kilometers. Five. It might as well be five million.

MARS

We're ready sir, ready to go head to head with these bastards.

MOREL

And that is what they want us to do. We've been playing their game all along, now it's time to play our game.

MOREL

It's time to change tactics, gentlemen. Captain Beach

On que, Beachum leads Mr. Callis to the middle.

MOREL

Ah, there is our most trusted civilian.

CALLIS

Colonel Morel?

MOREL

Mr. Callis, what is the present status of your fellow refugees?

CALLIS

Well sir, being in the rear was no cake walk. We have lost about thirty good people. We do have wounded, but we can make it.

MOREL

Yes, I'm sure. How many children were lost?

CALLIS

Uh, none sir. Thanks to your men, and I guess them being children, they are fine. Scared, but fine. Some of them have lost fami..

MOREL

(interrupting)

Haven't we all. So it's safe to say that the insurgents have gone out of their way not to target the kids.

CALLIS

Yes, Colonel.

MOREL

Excellent. Bring all the children here, now.

CALLIS

Sir?

MOREL

I want the children to ride with us. It's the least we can do.

CALLIS

Colonel Morel that's a little dangerous. If someone loses their mind... someone starts shooting...

MOREL

Mr. Callis you're fired. Captain Beachum will take over the refugees.

A stunned Callis is lead away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST SQUADS TRUCK-SAME

Mars runs back to the squad.

MARS

Looks like we're rolling. You Mary's aren't going to believe this shit.

The stop packing their gear.

MARS

Morel is going to mount the kids,
those refugee kids, top side on all
the vehicles

Edel runs off to the rear of the convoy.

VICKUS

Doc, stand down! Doc!

Edel's gone.

VICKUS

Sergeant, go get that asshole.

Grubner runs off after Edel.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Edel runs up as the kids are being rounded up. Some cry as they are being separated from their family by several Legionnaires, including the one who kicked the American prisoner.

EDEL

Wait, stop this! Wait. I have to talk
to Colonel Morel first.

KICKER

Stand down dick head.

Edel grabs a boy.

LEGIONNAIRE CORPORAL

Doc, you heard the man.

He pushes Edel against a truck.

Grubner runs up and starts fighting the Kicker, who drops the kid.

Other soldiers rush up and take sides against the Legionnaires.

They square off as Vickus, and Fiske run up.

VICKUS

What the fuck is going on! Attention!

Everyone reluctantly goes stiff.

VICKUS

You gotta' be fucking kidding me! Do you assholes know where we are, do you remember what we just went through? You're fighting each other!

EDEL

Lieutenant, they are moving the children to the...

VICKUS

I don't give a damn! We will follow orders. It's not your place to question this shit.

GRUBNER

Sir, he's right, it's unlawful.

KICKER

Fuck you, if it wasn't for our Colonel you'd all be dead.

FISKE

You're not going to hide behind kids, man.

VICKUS

Enough! Everyone head back to your units, we're moving out soon. Sergeant, take Doc and get your asses back to the trucks. Move!

Edel, Grubner, and Fiske walk away.

VICKUS

(to Legionnaires)

Get these kids sorted out.

KICKER

You'd better get your men under control before they get us killed.

He stands imposing in front of Vickus.

VICKUS

You want to do this, fuck stick? I'm

not a puncher.

Vickus taps his rifle.

Kicker backs off.

EXT. FIRST SQUADS TRUCK-SAME

Vickus tears into the two soldiers as the others watch on sheepishly.

VICKUS

You damn right I know it's a unlawful order, I know that! Godamn it!

EDEL

We can't do it sir. It puts those kids in jeopardy.

SKINNY

We have to do it. If we don't, we'll never make the border. Those kids have been in jeopardy since they joined us.

TOMAS

Yeah, and the Amis have gone out of their way not to hit them. I think it's a good move.

GRUBNER

Can't risk it man, we're not barbarians, not Legionnaires.

EDEL

We cannot do this.

MARS (O.S.)

He's right mates, we're not in the Legion.

Mars, Fiske, and five other Brits stand off to the side.

MARS

We're not going to be part of it. On the way to tell the old man just that.

VICKUS

Hang on. He'll hang you Tommies from one of his tank barrels. I have an idea.

MARS

Oh, a Jerry with an idea, so aristocratic.

FADE TO:

EXT. CONVOY -LATER

The convoy is lined up waiting to begin the dash to freedom. Every vehicle has a child on top, held in place by a soldier.

Edel and Fiske run down the line.

EDEL

Clara! Clara!

CLARA (O.S.)

Edel Doctor Stoll!

He runs to the source- an Italian APC.

Clara leans over the side.

CLARA

Here I am!

Edel holds out his hands.

EDEL

Jump Clara, come with me.

Clara tries to jump but is held in place by an ITALIAN PRIVATE.

PRIVATE

What's going on?

FISKE

She's coming with us.

EDEL

I need her to come with me.

CLARA

Molly's here too.

EDEL

Molly too.

MOLLY sticks her head up.

PRIVATE
 (holding up hands)
 Go. We want nothing to do with human
 shields. Go, be safe.

The two girls jump down to Edel and Fiske, who spirits them off.

EDEL
 (to Fiske)
 Hey where's Nielson from Olso?

Fiske just shakes his head as the Italian watches the four leave.

Another ITALIAN PRIVATE leans over the top.

PRIVATE #2
 You know you just killed us.

PRIVATE
 Yeah. I'm surprised we got this far.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel sits high in the lead vehicle. A BOY, 8, by his side places a game on his tactical table.

MOREL
 (into radio)
 UN convoy this is Bravo Eagle, prepare
 to move out. Close spacing, steady
 speed. Let them see us. Do not fire
 unless fired upon.

He looks at his human shield.

MOREL
 God help us. Move out.

The convoy rumbles forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST SQUAD'S TRUCK-SAME

Vickus stands out of the hatch of his APC. Behind him the rest ride in the back of the truck.

From his position, Vickus can see the convoy stretched out in front of him, to the rear the lead refugee vehicles. He makes eye contact with Mars, driving a troop truck with Fiske in the back.

They nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel scans the road a head. It's a straight shot, right to the border gate.

He sees partisans taking up position on the West side of the road.

MOREL

(into radio)

To all non-UN personnel monitoring this transmission. This is Colonel Michael Morel, commander of UN forces, North American theater of Operations. We have been given safe passage by order of your new government. We have non-combatants wishing to claim refugee status. Do not fire upon us.

The convoy soldiers scan around for threats.

MOREL

All UN personnel, I want barrels pointing down.

The soldiers comply.

MOREL

Non-UN personnel gathering to the West, do you copy?

Figures in the distance run to positions on the convoy's right side.

A fight is brewing.

RADIO VOICE

Fuck you, frog.

MOREL

(into radio)

Do not open fire, do not open fire. We

have non-combatants on vehicles. We are escorting refugee children.

The convoy rumbles on. Slow and steady.

The soldiers, hands off weapons are all wild eyed with anticipation.

The border draws closer.

Morel's gamble looks like it's paying off.

Americans start scrambling to tear out wires to IEDs. They move obstacles from the road.

American ambush units stand up as the convoy rolls past.

Hundreds of men and women, beaten and worn, show themselves. They rise out of trap door holes in the ground. They appear on roof tops, from out of the rubble, armed to the teeth. Dozens of snipers appear out of nowhere.

The border gates are about half a kilometer away.

CUT TO:

REAR CONVOY-SAME

Captain Beachum leads the refugees from the back of Callis's truck.

BEACHUM

Christ, we would've been cut to pieces.

CUT TO:

FIRST SQUAD'S TRUCK-SAME

Vickus sizes up the situation.

VICKUS

(into radio)

Listen up First.. Troops on West side. East side clear. No visible threats.

CUT TO:

REAR CONVOY-SAME

Callis is a nervous wreck. He knows he's expendable.

CALLIS
(lightly)
Oh God, God, God, please get me
through this.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

They approach the gates to the no man's land. A half-mile away on the Mexican side, there is a flurry of activity as the troops prepare for their incoming comrades.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN SIDE OF BORDER-SAME

Aponte, Werner and several officers of the UN and the Mexican Army watch the convoy approach the gate.

CAPTAIN APONTE
This is the worst part of the border
to come through.

WERNER
It's too narrow. If they break ranks,
it'll be cluster fuck. I should be
there.

CAPTAIN APONTE
Not me. I rotate home soon. I want to
get a far from this country as
possible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel makes eye contact with an Black enemy SNIPER who stands out of a pile of rubble. He smiles at Morel and taps his rifle.

The sight is a little shocking to Morel.

MOREL
Steady, driver. Almost there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Callis nerves get the better of him.

CALLIS
C'mon, c'mon, let's go.

His truck starts to pick up speed.

BEACHUM
Driver slow down, your too close.
Driver!

Callis floors it. He tears off, passing on left side of the convoy, bumping off vehicles and debris.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel sees the pick up gaining, about to pass.

MOREL
(into radio)
Captain Beachum, control that man.
Stop!

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Beachum fights to keep his footing. He pounds on the top of the truck.

BEACHUM
Stop, driver stop!

Callis ignores all as he hurdles for the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Vickus sees the truck tear by him.

VICKUS
Shit, this is going to do it. First
stand by.

Edel grabs the two girls.

Beachum falls to the bed of the truck and rams into the rear door. He aims his rifle at the back of Callis. He fires.

The truck picks up speed as Callis slumps forward dead. It passes Morel, crosses the road, crashes through the fence and explodes in the minefield.

CUT TO:

INT. MOREL'S TRUCK-SAME

Morel is knocked into his seat. He struggle to keep his radio headset on.

MOREL
(into radio)
Stand down, stand down! Do not fire!

Too late. One of the Legionnaires, two APCs down, opens up. He mows down a retreating ambush team.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY-SAME

Vickus ducks for cover.

VICKUS
(into radio)
Go Mars, go now!

Mars breaks ranks and tears off on the left side as well. The air explodes in a massive rolling gunfight, partly at point blank range.

Fiske fights to keep his balance.

As he passes Firsts squads truck, Edel holding both girls jumps in.

EDEL
Stay down!

The girls hug each other and stay low.

Mars keeps pace with the next truck. Children jump into Edel' and Fiske's arms.

This happens over and over as they pass trucks that also provide a barrier against incoming rounds.

They approach the front of the convoy. The Kicking Soldier fights to keep his human shield close as he fires with the other hand.

Edel screams for the kid to jump. The soldier hangs on.

Rounds and explosions rip the air apart.

EDEL

Jump!

The soldier turns and sees Edel's outstretched hands and children laying low.

KICKER

Mother fucker.

He points his rifle.

Fiske pulls his hand gun and shoots Kicker in the throat. He slumps back, releasing the boy, who jumps into the truck.

EDEL

We got him, go!

The bouncing truck picks up speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Vickus and First squad FIRE back at the ever increasing amount of violence.

A rocket propelled grenade disables the truck in front of theirs. It stalls.

VICKUS

Push it! Almost there!

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Morel's truck gets hit just as Mars starts to close in. It crashes into a barricade on the side.

With the driver dead Morel and his men exit the vehicle and fight, the uninjured boy crawls out.

MARS

Edel, if I stop we'll get cut up!

EDEL

That's the last kid!

MARS

If I stop, they'll die!

Edel and Fiske watches the rest of the convoy struggling, their comrades under fire, the approaching border.

EDEL

Go, go! I'll keep up!

FISKE

Don't stop for shit!

They jump off the truck into the maelstrom.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER-SAME

Morel and his men fight on. He sees the rest of the convoy bogging down to his right, to his left the border. Mars tears past him.

One of his men goes down, knocking the boy over.

Pause.

He picks up the kid, clutching him to his chest.

He stands. His men watch on in disgust.

LEGIONNAIRE CORPORAL

Sir, please. Don't.

He gently lets the child go.

Edel pulls the child to him with Fiske covering. They run to the border.

Half-way there Fiske slows down.

FISKE

This is where I get off. Go!

Edel tries to speak but Fiske turns to the convoy and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVOY -SAME

Returning fire Morel and his men are pinned behind their vehicle.

Morel sees Fiske run back to the stalled convoy.

MOREL

The convoy is closer, on me!

Him and his men run to the trucks.

They get within five meters and are shot down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER-SAME

Edel catches up with Mars who made it past the first gate.

Mars slows down.

MARS

Get in, they won't shoot at us here.

Edel gently places the boy in the back of the truck and hangs off the side. He looks back. The fighting has died down as the stalled convoy is overrun.

MARS

Don't doc, we need you here.

Two Mexican tanks make their way to the truck as escorts.

EDEL

You're in good hands, they're not.

He motions back to the convoy.

EDEL

(to Clara)

Take good care of all your friends. I have to go.

Clara, clutching her Barbie, begins to tear up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER-SAME

Edel arrives at the overrun convoy, his hands up.

Dead and wounded are everywhere.

Vickus and Tomas sit crossed-leg, wounded. Their hands are bound behind them. The rest of First Squad lay dead as well as Fiske.

The Americans approach rifles on him.

EDEL

I am unarmed. I'm an experienced
medic. I can help all injured
personnel.

THE END.