

ENLISTED

"AN OFFICER, NOT A GENTLEMAN"

Written by

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Directed by

Phil Traill

#1AWV10

SHOOTING DRAFT (White) 10.25.13

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CAST LIST

Pete Hill Geoff Stults
Derrick Hill Chris Lowell
Randy Hill Parker Young
Sgt. Jill Perez Angelique Cabral
Sgt. Major Cody Keith David
Specialist Chubowski Mel Rodriguez
Private Dobkiss Kyle Davis
Private Gumble Mort Burke
Private Park Tania Gunadi
Private Ruiz Maronzio Vance
2nd Lt. Tyson Schneeberger Ross Philips

SETS

INTERIORS

Fort McGee
Motor Pool
Cody's Office
Tyson's Office
Rec. Room

The Claymore
Restaurant
Observation Tower

EXTERIORS

Fort McGee
Lawn
Battalion Area
Motor Pool

Urban Training Facility
Observation Tower

COLD OPEN

1

INT. MOTOR POOL - DAY - DAY 1

1

PETE addresses the assembled PLATOON. He's in speech mode.

PETE

Troops, our mission today is wall painting. That is not a euphemism.

*

DOBKISS

Yeah it is.

RUIZ

(suggestively)

I was painting my wall all night.

*

PETE

Stop. Today we are actually painting an actual wall. Now I know that may not be glamorous--

*

RANDY

Rear D ain't about the glamour!

PETE

But is our sacrifice any less just because we're not risking our lives in combat?

DERRICK

Yes, considerably!

PETE

Good. You were listening. Now, just because we have a boring job doesn't mean we can't have fun doing it! Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the Paint Cart 5000!

Pete whips a tarp off a COOL GOLF CART with several homemade additions like a welded on jib arm with paint rollers and a power sprayer nozzle. The Platoon ad-libs their awe.

PARK/CHUBOWSKI/RUIZ/GUMBLE/DOBKISS

So beautiful. / So noble. / So this is what white people get excited about? / Now this gets me excited! /Imma get all up in that sexy cart.

Everybody looks at Dobkiss.

DOBKISS

Oh I'm the only one?

PETE

Okay, Dobkiss is not allowed
unsupervised time with the cart.
Now whaddya say we take her on her
maiden voyage?

2 EXT. MOTOR POOL - WALL - DAY - DAY 1

2 *

In a stylized shot (a la a rap video) Pete drives the cart, Randy rides shotgun and steadies the jib arm as it rolls across a wall. Pete hits a switch, hydraulics kick in, bouncing and raising Park higher as she gets hard to reach spaces. Dobkiss mans a sprayer gun, Ruiz and Chubowski are towed, also painting. They come to a stop and take in their work. REVEAL the wall is crazily painted.

GUMBLE

That is terrible.

MAIN TITLES

3 INT. THE CLAYMORE - LATER THAT NIGHT - NIGHT 1

3

Pete and his platoon gather round a table, a celebratory mood in the air. Pete is at one end with Randy and Derrick.

PARK

Today was so much fun, Sarge!

Park gives Pete an almost violent high five as she passes.

PETE

Ow.

(to the brothers)

I guess any day your hand hurts
from being high fived too much you
know you did something right.

CHUBOWSKI

You make me want to be a better
man. I'm not going to be, but
you've lit a fire.

DOBKISS

Sgt. Hill, want to hear the rap I
wrote in your honor? Just a head's
up, there's a lot of profanity.

PETE

Well, we're all adults here.

DOBKISS

It also reinforces racial stereotypes
and glorifies criminal behavior.

PETE

Why don't we skip it. But I appreciate the gesture. Tell you what, this round's on me.

PLATOON

(chanting)

Sgt. Hill! Sgt. Hill!

PETE

(chanting)

Sgt. Hill! Sgt. Hill!

(then, to Derrick)

Come on, Derrick.

DERRICK

I am not chanting your name.

RANDY

It's cool, I'll cover for him.

(loud, to Derrick)

Sgt. Hill! Sgt. Hill!

DERRICK

I would like to tender my resignation from this family.

RANDY

Pete, I'm loving the mood here but just one request: can I drive the cart? And Derrick before you answer, this is for Pete to decide.

PETE

No.

RANDY

Derrick, do you have an opinion?

DERRICK

Randy, you know why you're not allowed to drive a golf cart.

4 EXT. MOTOR POOL - FLASHBACK - DAY X

4

Randy puts the cart in gear, looks over his shoulder, ready to back up. Immediately speeds forward, out of frame, CRASH.

5 EXT. BATTALION AREA - PATH - FLASHBACK - DAY X

5

Randy drives a cart while trying to make a milkshake from an MRE, pouring the water into a cup and adding the powder. He crashes into a bush.

6 EXT. BATTALION AREA - LAWN - FLASHBACK - DAY X 6

Randy drives and texts. Troops in formation jump out of his way.

RANDY

"Wudup Dobkiss. Just driving a G cart solo."

7 INT. THE CLAYMORE - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT 1 7

RANDY

Oh sure, if you cherry-pick the data it looks bad.

DERRICK

Dude, those all happened yesterday.

Pete gets up and goes to the bar where he finds 2ND LT. TYSON SCHNEEBERGER, engaged with the bartender.

TYSON

Barkeep, I'm looking for a big noisy IPA with a hoppy nose and a nice body in the 7.0 ABV range.

The bartender looks stumped.

PETE

They have beer. Would you like beer?

TYSON

(laughs, then)

As a craft brew connoisseur I just like to know what I'm getting.

PETE

(pointing to the taps)

Let me tell you about our specials, there's this one. And this one light. Take your pick and let's get on with our lives.

Tyson shoots Pete a look as he laughs again.

TYSON

I'm laughing to keep this in a collegial space... but you might want to watch your tone, soldier.

PETE

Yes, syrup.

TYSON
Did you say "yes, syrup?"

PETE
No, syrup.

TYSON
I feel like you said "syrup" again.

PETE
No sir!

Tyson eyes him suspiciously and walks off, JILL approaches.

PETE (CONT'D)
...up.

JILL
Picking a fight with an officer,
huh? Smart.

PETE
He was holding up the line.

JILL
He was top of his class at West
Point.

PETE
Oh, is that the requirement for
holding up lines? I'm not from
around here.

JILL
It just chaps your ass when you
have to show even the slightest bit
of respect to an officer.

PETE
Love that you're thinking about my
ass, but I respect officers. Just
not cherry eggheads like
Schneeberger.

JILL
Well at least he's a professional.
It's nice to have someone around
here take this place seriously.

ANGLE ON: Dobkiss making out with the shark on the wall as
the platoon drinks and chats, unfazed.

PETE
He's going through some stuff.

JILL

So I get that Lt. Schneeberger's an acquired taste. But he asked me to help him with his new equipment detail. And we actually have some things in common.

ANGLE ON: Tyson, gesturing with his arms to Jill from across the bar. Jill laughs and starts gesturing back.

PETE

What the hell is going on?

JILL

We're insulting you in semaphore. How cool is that?

The two Army nerds signal and laugh, to Pete's annoyance.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh, he is raunchy!

PETE

Please, that is not cool. You want to see cool?

SMASH TO:

8

EXT./INT. MOTOR POOL - THE NEXT DAY - DAY 2

8

Pete on the Paint Cart 5000 in SLO-MO, shades low, hydraulics bouncing. He stops in front of Jill, his platoon whooping.

PLATOON

(chanting)

Sgt. Hill! Sgt. Hill!

PETE

This is cool.

Pete steps out to a wave of high fives from his platoon.

JILL

Yeah, that thing's waaay cooler than what I'm working on.

Just then, A GIANT ROBOTIC SPIDER driven by Tyson emerges from around the corner. He brings it to a stop in front of the platoon, their mouths agape.

TYSON

Say hello to the Mondo Spider!

RANDY

Should I address him in "Robot" or "Spider?" Also, I only know English.

TYSON

Do not actually say hello. The Mondo Spider is a lithium-ion powered robot, one hundred percent electric, designed to provide infantry support.

PARK/CHUBOWSKI/RUIZ/GUMBLE/DOBKISS

So beautiful. / So noble. / This is some white people stuff I like. / I like this! / Imma get all up in that robot.

The platoon fans out around the Mondo Spider, drinking in every detail. Just then CODY appears behind Derrick.

CODY

Corporal Hill. A word.

DERRICK

Oh, but, Sgt. Major, now? 'Cause there's a big...

CODY

I know, Mondo Spider. Let's go.

DERRICK

(turns to Randy)
Do not let anything cool happen without me.

RANDY

Derrick, you know I can't promise that.

Derrick exits with Cody looking over his shoulder as he goes.

TYSON

Now I know what you're asking--

PARK

What does it eat?

CHUBOWSKI

Is it able to love?

TYSON

Maybe I don't know what you're asking.

(MORE)

TYSON (CONT'D)

So let me just tell you what I'm
looking for: a platoon to help test
the next generation of military
technology.

Without being told, the platoon falls into the sharpest,
straightest column they've ever hit. Precise, perfect.

PETE

(too little, too late)
Fall in.

Tyson walks down the line.

TYSON

I like what I see!
(the platoon beams)
But I do have some concerns
about... leadership. Hmm.

The platoon is quietly freaking out and bouncing. Tyson
stops in front of Pete and stares straight at him.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Something is just sticking in my
craw... like syrup.
(beat, then)
Clarity at last. No. I'll just
have to keep looking. Say goodbye,
Mondo Spider.

Tyson and the robot exit.

RUIZ

No. NO! Again, I say no!

Jill shoots Pete a look. The platoon turns to Pete, crushed.

PARK

Sgt. Hill, what happened?

GUMBLE

He said he had concerns about--

PETE

Yeah, we all heard him, Gumble.

RANDY

I can't believe I just saw a
living, breathing robot spider...

PETE

Forget that thing, whaddya say we
fire up the Paint Cart 5000 and get
out there!

RANDY

It hurts every fiber of my being to
say this, but Paint Cart 5000
sucks, Pete!

As the platoon AD-LIBS agreement, we...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

9

INT. CODY'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY 2

9

Cody and Derrick enter Cody's office.

*

DERRICK

Sgt. Major, am I being punished?
Because I really don't want to miss
the Mondo Spider. It's the only
interesting thing that's ever
happened at this post.

CODY

Are you forgetting about when we
saw a turtle riding an alligator?
(he laughs)
How are those two friends?

DERRICK

They're not. The gator ate the
turtle.

CODY

Well that's a disappointing coda.
Moving on. I need an official
portrait. I'd like you to take it.

DERRICK

Come again?

CODY

According to your records you took
a photography course in college.

DERRICK

Yeah, I slept through a class about
pictures. I don't know how to do a
professional portrait.

CODY

Well, the only other artistically
inclined soldier here is Pvt.
Gumble.

POP TO:

10

INT. MOTOR POOL - DAY X

10

*

Gumble creates a sand animation a la Kseniya Simonova.

BACK TO:

11

INT. CODY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 2

11

CODY

I'm looking for something more permanent. And I already tried a so-called "professional."

Cody hands Derrick a STACK OF PICTURES. We see various, awful past portraits. Over-smiling, under-smiling, blinking.

CODY (CONT'D)

That charlatan told me I looked good. I need a photographer who's gonna tell me the truth.

DERRICK

I don't want to be here.

CODY

The job is yours.

Off Derrick's look...

12

INT. MOTOR POOL - LATER - DAY 2

12

A nervous Randy and the platoon approach Pete.

RANDY

Permission to have a frank and lively discussion about a hot button topic?

PETE

Oh God.

RANDY

Okay, I'll start. Let's just rip the Band-Aid off: you're wrong, Pete. Oh my God, I am so sorry. But it needed to be said. But they put me up to it. But I stand by it. But who am I to tell you? I'll tell you who I am! Let me start over.

PARK

Sgt. Hill, you're the reason we didn't get the most amazing detail of all time.

CHUBOWSKI

The Mondo Spider, how we've dreamt of this day.

PETE

You didn't even know what it was an hour ago.

CHUBOWSKI

Is an hour's dream not a dream?

PETE

Look, Schneeberger is bad news. You don't want to work with that guy.

RANDY

No, you don't want to work with him, Sgt. Hill! And you've probably got some really good reasons that we haven't heard yet!

RUIZ

Why did we make him spokesman?

RANDY

Because I get results! If that's okay with Pete!

PARK

(to Pete)

Can't you go talk to Schneeberger? He's not so bad.

GUMBLE

I like him. I like that he's not a hulking figure, it shows that men's bodies come in all shapes and sizes.

DOBKISS

I'm all about that sexy spider.

PETE

He's a weasel, guys! He probably set this up from the start. He dangles the spider in front of you then yanks it away so I'll have to go kiss his butt.

DOBKISS/PARK/CHUBOWSKI/RUIZ/GUMBLE

Great! / Sounds like a plan. / He's a genius. / That's some 3-D chess right there./I like his body shape.

PETE

I get that you like his body shape!

RANDY

Enough!

Randy pulls his hat out of his pocket, holds it in his hands, *
then gives Pete big pleading eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Pete, I'm no longer the brutally honest spokesman who came in here to tear you a new one. Now I'm just your little brother, Randy. A small boy with a big heart whose first crush was on Rosie the Robot, from "The Jetsons." And first book was "Charlotte's Web," from the library. If I may tell an anecdote that's slightly off topic--

PETE

All right, I'll talk to him!

RANDY

You will?

PETE

Yes, if you shut up and get out of my face. *

RANDY

(to platoon, cocky)
And that is how you spokesman.

13

INT. CODY'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY 2

13

Cody is all set for his portrait session in dress blues. Derrick has a camera on a tripod and is adjusting a light.

DERRICK

And I'll pretend this goes here...

(re: light meter)

I'll wave this guy around like I remember what it does. And I think we're ready. Because how would I know? I am not a photographer. Say "cheese."

CODY

(broad smile)
Cheese!

Derrick snaps a few photos.

DERRICK

Okay, I think we got it!

CODY

Did you capture my essence?

DERRICK

Sure! You're smiling. Your eyes are open. You're in focus.

CODY

That's just surface stuff. You know, I was flipping through some photography books for inspiration?

DERRICK

Oh dear God.

CODY

That Annie Leibovitz takes one hell of a picture. Do that for me.

DERRICK

Do what?

CODY

Draw out some inner vulnerability that probably isn't there and you shouldn't be looking for anyway. But if you find it,
(gives a little chuckle)
Now you got some hotcakes.

A beat as Derrick struggles to comprehend his circumstances.

DERRICK

Seriously, what did I do? I'm asking you, God, anyone.

CODY

I'm trying to pull the creativity out of you like a baby colt!

DERRICK

You guys are testing LSD on me, aren't you?

CODY

I know you can do this, Corporal Hill. Are you ready?

Cody bends over to fluff up his hair like a girl and whips his head back. He looks exactly the same.

CODY (CONT'D)

(dramatically)
'Cause I'm ready.

14

INT. TYSON'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY 2

14

Jill is going over details with Tyson who sits at a desk.

JILL

...I reserved the MOUT facility for zero seven hundred tomorrow.

TYSON

Squared away as usual, Sgt. Perez.

JILL

Thank you, sir.

They notice Pete in the doorway, giving a salute.

PETE

Permission to enter, sir?

TYSON

Um... come on in, Sgt. Hill.

Pete places a growler of beer on his desk.

PETE

I got you this gift, sir. Little something for the man with a passion for craft brews.

TYSON

(reading the label)

"Hoptopus Eight-Legged Ale." The Schnee likes.

*

Pete winces but forges on.

PETE

The guy at the liquor store recommended it, sir. He had a complicated moustache so I figured it was a safe bet.

Pete smiles an enormous smile. It feels super weird.

JILL

Whatchya doin', Pete?

PETE

Just shooting a friendly smile to one of the studliest...

Pete sees a West Point plaque on the wall with a picture of Tyson and the words "Squash Manager of The Year."

PETE (CONT'D)

...Squash Managers in the Army.

TYSON

Well, the guys on the team were the real studs. But without their equipment...? Maybe a diff story. What can I do for you, Sgt. Hill?

PETE

I looked... inward and addressed that leadership concern you had and I was hoping you would reconsider using my troops for your detail.

TYSON

What do you think, Sgt. Perez? Are they ready to be part of the next phase of military intelligence?

JILL

I don't know, I'd kinda like to hear Pete talk more.

TYSON

Yes, talk more, Sgt. Hill.

PETE

(he's got nothing)

Ummm just... who better to lead us than you? With your... wiry body that shows men come in all shapes and sizes.

JILL

This got weird fast.

TYSON

But I like the change in attitude.

Tyson gets up and stalks around Pete.

TYSON (CONT'D)

I know there's been some tension between us. I get it, we're cut from the same cloth. Two alphas howling at the moon, right?

PETE

(depressed wolf)

Aawooooooooo...

TYSON

But the Army doesn't work that way.
We respect the chain of command.
When we don't, morale suffers.
Your troops are suffering because
of you. But we can fix that. You
just need to apologize.

PETE

I'm sorry?

TYSON

You need to apologize.

PETE

No, I just did it.

Pete laughs at his own joke. Tyson joins in laughing. Then:

TYSON

No, seriously.

Tyson clicks on his phone and slides it in front of Pete.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Lemme just turn on the P.A.

PETE

I'm... sorry, Lt. Schneeberger.

TYSON

...Sir.

PETE

Sir.

TYSON

Throw a "bro" on there for me.

PETE

Bro.

TYSON

One more time all together.

PETE

I'm sorry Lt. Schneeberger sir bro.

ANGLE ON: various parts of the post as it echoes throughout.

TYSON

Now everyone understands their place.
(playful)
Aawooooooooooooooooo! Do it with me.

Pete joins in, defeated.

15

INT. BARRACKS - REC. ROOM - DAY - DAY 2

15

Pete approaches the platoon.

PETE

Well, I got you the detail.

RANDY

Yes! Pete did it!

The platoon CHEERS. Gumble HOWLS.

PETE

Stop that immediately.

RANDY

Be cool, guys. Act like you been there.

PETE

I'm glad you're happy, but I feel like I made a deal with the devil.

GUMBLE

A handsome devil.

CHUBOWSKI

He's like a tea cup Adonis.

PETE

Stop finding him attractive.

RANDY

Pete, I know that was hard but you got us into the big time: New Equipment Testing. Mondo Spiders, jet packs, light sabers, time travel question mark?

PARK

The sky's the limit now that we're hanging with Lt. Schneeberger!

PETE

I hate to burst your bubble, but he's an officer, he has no interest in "hanging" with you.

This lands on the platoon. Then, everybody's phones buzz.

RUIZ

It's a text from Lt. Schneeberger.

GUMBLE

(reading)

"I hope you can join me tonight for
a feast at the Seacord Lobster
House. No need for RSVPeesies."

All eyes fall to Pete.

PETE

Oh, very convenient that he didn't
invite me.

(his phone buzzes)

I'm not gonna check that.

16

INT. MOTOR POOL - DAY - DAY 2

16

The photo session has expanded to include a seamless backdrop
and more lights. As Derrick snaps away, we see a MONTAGE of
Cody striking various provocative poses:

-- Cody is balancing on a bike, his feet on the handlebars a
la the Annie Leibovitz/Cate Blanchet bicycle photo.

CODY

You should be plumbing my depths.
Ask me about my father. Crack the
Cody coconut.

DERRICK

I don't know what any of that
means.

CODY

For God's sake son, at least tell
me to work it.

DERRICK

Work it.

-- Cody has a mud mask on and is pulling the skin on his face
like the Annie Leibovitz/Meryl Streep photo.

CODY

We wear so many masks, if we saw
our real face in the mirror, would
we even recognize it?

DERRICK

Work it?

-- Cody stands with an umbrella a la a Richard Avedon photo.

CODY

I see you snapping pictures but I
don't see you celebrating the
mystery in every moment.

Cody whips open the umbrella and jumps in the air. Derrick
is in hell. He looks out the elephant doors to see the
platoon marching by with the Mondo Spider by their side.

RANDY

Hey, Derrick. Just a normal day.
You're not missing anything cool.

TYSON

Troops, as you ask yourselves,
"does it get any better than this?"
I say it does not! Tomorrow, you
make military history and
tonight... we feast!

Everybody cheers. Derrick's face falls: he's missing
literally the greatest day in Rear D ever.

CODY

Ahem.

Derrick turns back to Cody, who is up to his neck in a
clawfoot bathtub filled with milk a la the Annie
Leibovitz/Whoopi Goldberg photo.

CODY (CONT'D)

Come on, Corporal Hill. Let's make
magic.

Derrick sighs and goes back to the photo shoot, as we...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17

INT. RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT - NIGHT 2

17

We track down a long banquet table as each platoon member eats lobster and has the time of their life. Dobkiss bites hungrily into a lobster claw, shell and all. Chubowski does a butter shot. Then Tyson, swirling a wine glass by Gumble:

TYSON

...Look at the legs on this one.

GUMBLE

I just wanna live with you.

Continuing past Ruiz and Park as they box with lobster claws. Randy hammers a lobster into submission. Then past Jill, finally arriving at Pete, who could not look more grumpy.

JILL

You know how ridiculous you look sulking in a lobster bib? You literally look like a big baby.

PETE

This whole thing is stupid. It's all about him showing off how cool he is when in actual fact, he sucks.

ANGLE ON: Dobkiss clinking his glass.

DOBKISS

I'd like to propose a toast to Lt. Schneeberger. Never been much of a public speaker... but I'm a dope as hell rapper.

(rapping)

"Lieu to the tenant, Schnee to the burger! Something something something something something Schneebugler!"

PETE

(annoyed, to Jill)

That was supposed to be my rap.

JILL

Seriously? You're jealous of that?

PETE

It should've been "something something something something something Pete-burgler!"

DOBKISS
Lobster truth, for real!

He spikes the claw he was using as a mic, breaking a glass.

DOBKISS (CONT'D)
My apologies.

TYSON
No worries. I'm feeling your flow
and I'm touched by your rhymes.
(then, to all)
And as long as we're dropping truth
bombs, let me hit you with this:
I'm proud of you. You may not hear
that a lot...

ANGLE ON: Some of the platoon, looking accusingly at Pete.

PETE
I say it. I said it yesterday.

RANDY
But he's saying it today. It's
just something to keep in mind.

TYSON
(raising his glass)
Tomorrow we test revolutionary
equipment that could change the
face of the Army. Looking around
this table, I have no doubt I chose
the right platoon for the job.

ANGLE ON: the platoon looking on reverently while covered in
the detritus of their lobster feast.

TYSON (CONT'D)
So if you'll indulge me...

Tyson does semaphore. Randy clutches his heart, touched.

RANDY
He said we're his shining stars.

The platoon is touched and they clink glasses. Pete is
beyond annoyed. He clinks his glass and stands up.

PETE
I want to say something too. You
are my shining stars... too.

Not a great opening. Randy gestures to Pete to wrap it up.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying it's nice to eat
good food and have a great time--

The platoon CHEERS.

PETE (CONT'D)

Not done yet. What makes our
platoon so special to me is the
tightness of our bonds, not the
coolness of our toys.

Pete pauses like a guy who's just made an impressive point.
Then Tyson holds up a cool-looking gun and pulls the trigger.
A net shoots out, entangling Pete.

TYSON

Net gun! We're gonna use that
tomorrow!

GUMBLE/PARK/DOBKISS/RUIZ/CHUBOWSKI

Whaaat?!

Off the platoon's euphoria and Pete's entangled fury...

18

INT. MOTOR POOL - THE NEXT DAY - DAY 3

18

Cody lies dramatically across a stack of tires as Derrick
composes a shot. He's at the end of his rope.

CODY

Hurry up, we're losing light.

DERRICK

We're inside! We only lose light
if we turn off the lights!

Derrick turns away, trying to keep it together.

CODY

Would you like permission to yell
at me, Corporal?

DERRICK

(almost a whisper)
Very much, Sgt. Major.

CODY

Permission granted.

DERRICK
WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME DO THIS?!
I MISSED THE BEST DAY IN REAR D
HISTORY TO TAKE A STUPID PHOTO YOU
COULD'VE GOTTEN AT A MALL!!

Derrick pushes over a scrim then stands there panting.

CODY
Well the truth is, I don't need a
photo.

DERRICK
What?!

Derrick looks around for what else he can push over.

CODY
You've had your tantrum so let's
cork it up. All I was trying to do
was get you excited.

DERRICK
Get me excited about taking weirdly
intimate pictures of you?

CODY
About anything! Let's talk turkey.
(sternly)
You are not a good soldier, you
don't care about anything, and
you're useless to me and the Army.

A beat as this lands on Derrick.

DERRICK
Talking turkey's really hurtful.

CODY
Now I've seen slackers come and go,
but I promised your dad I'd look
out for you. Which at the time
didn't seem like such a project!

DERRICK
I'm sorry--

CODY
Careful what you promise people!

DERRICK
Okay, how is this helping me?

CODY

I had an idea -- I thought maybe you could be a photo journalist.

DERRICK

Why?

CODY

'Cause at one point you liked taking pictures and you're a know-it-all smart ass. That's the journalist part. And the Army's got newspapers.

DERRICK

(beat, then)

That's actually pretty good guidance counseling. I'm sorry you had to get in a milk bath.

CODY

I'm sorry I had to get out.

Cody winks.

DERRICK

Not sure why you're winking.

CODY

Look, this goes beyond the Army. What're you gonna do with your life?

DERRICK

I always thought I could open a bookstore or a Blockbuster-- okay, yeah, I'm seeing your point. Thank you, Sgt. Major Cody.

(looks through his camera)

Gotta admit, I got some good stuff here.

CODY

That's because I can't take a bad picture.

DERRICK

But wait, what about these?

Derrick holds up Cody's bad portraits from before.

CODY

Fake. I mean...

Cody smiles his patented smile. Derrick shoots, it's perfect.

DERRICK

Wow.

CODY

Yeah.

19 EXT. URBAN TRAINING FACILITY (U.T.F.) - SAME TIME - DAY 3 19

Pete and the platoon are in full cammos walking on a fake city street set up for the exercises. They're excited.

RANDY

Oh man I feel sorry for the sons of
bitches who are painting a wall
today. *

PETE

No one's doing that. That's just
waiting for us when this is over.

PARK

You're just mad because you got
caught in the net.

PETE

I had to eat dessert through it!
Anyway, where are the magical
weapons we're supposed to test?

They look around. The area is seemingly deserted.

RANDY

Should I do a spider call?

20 INT. OBSERVATION TOWER - SAME TIME - DAY 3 20

Jill with Tyson looking down on the confused platoon.

JILL

Where's the Mondo Spider?

TYSON

(laughing)

You mean the precision machine that
cost 75 million dollars in R&D?
They don't get to touch that.

JILL

What? I thought we were testing
weapons.

TYSON

You're my bro, so I can tell you
this.

(MORE)

TYSON (CONT'D)

Instead of the platoon being the equipment testers, they'll be more like... the testees.

JILL

What?

TYSON

Testees. It's a little blue. The Schnee goes there sometimes.

JILL

Wait, no. You're gonna be testing things on them?

TYSON

Yup! And believe me, you're gonna be glad you're sitting up here. It's a device that emits concentrated sound waves that cause intense abdominal discomfort and evacuation of the lower intestines.

JILL

(horrified)

Evacuation of... so it's a...

TYSON

A poo gun.

JILL

That's not real.

TYSON

Google it.

Jill does in the amount of time it will take the audience to do the same. Tyson looks out the window, a gleam in his eye.

JILL

Oh my God, it's real!

TYSON

Yup. And those dummies are down there with a belly full of lobster.

Jill recoils, looks out the window. Randy forlornly calls off into the distance.

RANDY

Heeerrre Mondo Mondo Mondo Mondo...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR21 INT./EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER/U.T.F. - CONTINUOUS - DAY 3 21

Jill and Tyson are as they were, observing Pete's platoon.

JILL

So the Army's working on a poo gun?

TYSON

It's more of a poo ray.

(then, like hooray)

Poo rayyy!

(laughs)

Anyway, it's for non-lethal crowd control, blah blah blah.

JILL

But you tricked them!

TYSON

Full disclosure isn't gonna get you a lot of volunteers. I learned that on Match.com.

JILL

I can't believe this.

TYSON

Being test subjects is part of the Army. They're enlisted. It's what they're there for.

JILL

I'm enlisted.

TYSON

Please. You could almost pass for an officer. And your friends are serving a noble purpose. God, I wish I were them.

JILL

No, you don't.

TYSON

No, of course not. I can't wait to see Sgt. Hill's face when he realizes he begged for this.

JILL

Wait, you're gonna be down there with him?

TYSON
 (grinning)
 Oh I'll be down there with him.

Off Jill's look...

22

EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER/U.T.F. - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 3

22

The platoon stands there, mystified. Then, over the P.A.:

TYSON (O.S.)
 Attention Alpha Company,
 momentarily you will see a flag.
 Your objective is to capture that
 flag...

REVEAL Tyson, driving the Mondo Spider around a corner into position at the opposite end of the street. He speaks into a headset. The platoon is completely dumbfounded.

TYSON (CONT'D)
 ...if you can.

RANDY
 Wait, why is he in the spider? Is
 he warming it up for us?
 (yelling to Tyson)
 Are you warming it up for us?
 (to Pete)
 Oh, maybe we get our own spiders!
 (yelling to Tyson)
 Do we get our own spiders?

PETE
 What is happening?

Suddenly they notice something in the tower. Jill, from the observation tower, waves her hands to get the platoon's attention. She uses semaphore signals to warn them.

RANDY
 She's saying: "Run. Poo. Gun." Poo
 gun? What does that mean?

PETE
 Oh God, I thought that was only a
 rumor!

Gumble is Googling it on his phone.

GUMBLE
 It's real! Oh God, images! Why
 the images?

Pete and the platoon scramble to take cover, safe for now.

PARK

Sgt. Hill, you're our leader, you should have warned us about Lt. Schneeberger!

PETE

I said he was the devil.

RUIZ

That just made him sound cool.

RANDY

Pete, if I could put my spokesman hat on one more time, I'd like to apologize on behalf of the platoon. They are sorry. They were seriously like so wrong. They really blew this one.

DOBKISS

We really did, Sgt. Hill. Damn Schneeberger parading that spider temptress in front of us, legs for days, eight of 'em.

RANDY

Dobkiss is going through some stuff, but the important thing is what are we gonna do now, Pete?

GUMBLE

We've gotta get Schneeberger.

PARK

We have to crush him!

CHUBOWSKI

Let's bring him to his Schnees.
(to himself)
That was a good one.

PETE

All right. We obviously can't get close to the flag without "uh oh."

Pete thinks. He looks over and clocks the Paint Cart 5000 nearby. An idea takes hold.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay, we can get Schneeberger. But it's gonna be messy. Who's in?

Pete puts his hand in and the others follow.

RANDY/PARK/DOBKISS/RUIZ/CHUBOWSKI
I'm in/I'm in/I'm in/I'm in/I'm in.

PETE
Gumble, get back here.

REVEAL Gumble slowly skulking away.

GUMBLE
Oh you need all of us? I'm in.

PETE
(deadly serious)
Randy, I need you to drive the
Paint Cart 5000. And I need you to
drive like an absolute idiot.

RANDY
(hushed)
It's the only way I know how.

Randy takes off for the cart. Tyson sees this and trains a satellite-type device on him but he serpentine and ducks and manages to make it to the paint cart. He floors it and drives terribly, swerving and avoiding Tyson's aim.

PETE
Wait, he's straightening out,
somebody text him.

Park pulls out her phone, furiously texts.

ANGLE ON Randy casually pulling his phone out of his pocket, then returns the text while driving.

RANDY
"Oh hey Cindy, on my way with the
cart. C U soon."

We see Randy's driving erratically again, all the way back to the platoon without getting hit.

TYSON
Come on, let me shoot you!

BACK ON the platoon, waiting for instruction from Pete.

RANDY
What now, Pete?

PETE
(grimly)
Now we make.

GUMBLE
History?

PETE
You heard what I said.

ANGLE ON Tyson looking through binoculars searching for prey.

TYSON
Guys, I don't wanna order you to
"come out come out wherever you
are" but...

No answer from the platoon UNTIL, in glorious SLO-MO, the Paint Cart 5000 emerges. It's stacked with platoon members forming a MASSIVE HUMAN SHIELD on the front of the golf cart! Randy drives horribly, with Pete safely in the back. Tyson looks up to find this giant cammo battering ram barrelling down the street headed straight for him. He drops his binocs and reaches for his ray to fire.

Then one by one the platoon is hit. They each fall off the cart in dramatized SLO-MO discomfort, clutching their stomachs. (NOTE: THERE WILL BE NO BODILY SOUNDS OR VISUALS THROUGHOUT, JUST VOCALIZED EXPRESSIONS OF STOMACHS TURNING).

Chubowski is last... he takes many shots before he drops.

CHUBOWSKI
I've been hit! But I go down with
pride and-- Oh God, here it comes!

He falls off. Now there is no more human shield for Randy who falls from the cart clutching his middle just as the cart makes it to the Spider. Pete hops off the back and secures the ray. He trains it on Tyson, who cowers.

TYSON
Wait! No! You passed the test.
You're the... Golden Soldier!

PETE
That's not a thing.

TYSON
No it's not. But please don't
shoot me! I've seen what that ray
can do to a chimp.

PETE.
Say you're sorry.

TYSON
I'm sorry!

PETE
Say I'm sorry, bro. But you're not my bro. But you wish you were my bro!

TYSON
All of that?
(Pete nods)
I'm sorry, bro! But I'm not your bro! But I wish you were my bro!

PETE
I'm still gonna shoot ya, syrup.

Pete pulls the trigger.

TYSON
Aghhh! It works, it really works!

Pete grabs the flag and hoists it victoriously. The platoon cheers as best as they can. We see Jill in the tower, cheering. Derrick emerges from hiding, he's been furiously snapping pictures.

*
*

DERRICK
Guys, that was amazing. Chubowski, clutch your stomach again. Park, keep writhing.

RANDY
Derrick, why didn't you help us?!

DERRICK
Sorry guys, I'm a photo journalist now. Believe me, it was hard to stay neutral.

He continues to snap pictures of the platoon's misery.

DISSOLVE TO:

23

EXT. URBAN TRAINING FACILITY - STILL PHOTOGRAPHY MONTAGE

23

We see a series of beautiful black and white photographs captured through Derrick's probing lens: It has a Ken Burns documentary feel as we see each of the platoon members fall one by one from the cart. Pete grabbing the flag, triumphantly. Cody narrates over stirring music:

CODY (V.O.)

Outgunned and defenseless the brave
men and women of Alpha Company
piled onto a golf cart and hurled
themselves headlong into the path
of a weapon that knew not mercy.
A great deal came out of them that
day, but the most surprising
thing... was courage.

CHYRON: DEDICATED TO SERGEANT MAJOR DONALD CODY (STILL ALIVE)

We end on the photo of Cody in the milk bath, grinning.

END OF SHOW