

THREE KINGS

a screenplay by
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Story by
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FADE IN:

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY

WIDE ANGLE POV of wide open desert, flat grey sky.

THE CAMERA is running forward, toward a big sand berm in the distance. There are O.S. sounds: SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENT CLANKING, BOOTS RUNNING ON SAND. Hear a MAN'S BREATHING.

The back of his helmeted head and his uniformed shoulders APPEAR in the BOTTOM of the FRAME, running. This is TROY BARLOW, Sargeant, U.S. Army, 25 years old. On his helmet is a photo-button with a photo of a newborn baby.

Suddenly, on the sand berm 100 meters ahead, an IRAQI SOLDIER stands. Troy stops in his tracks, out of breath, and stares at the figure on the berm. The Iraqi flutters a white flag over his head, then puts it down and picks up a gun. Troy turns around, we see his face for the first time.

TROY
Are we shooting people, or what?

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
Are we shooting?

TROY
That's what I'm asking you.

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
What's the answer?

TROY
I don't know the answer. That's what I'm trying to find out.

PAN TO THREE SOLDIERS 40 yards away -- ZOOM IN --

SOLDIER #1 unwraps a stick of gum and puts it into his mouth.
TWO OTHER SOLDIERS put out their hands and get pieces of gum.

PAN TO 100 yards away -- ZOOM IN -- SOLDIER #2 stands with
his head tilted back while SOLDIER #3 looks into his eye.

SOLDIER #3
It looks like a grain of sand, but
I don't know how I'm gonna get it
out--

CAPTAIN VAN METER, 37, crab-like, is in the far distance.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
If they surrender, don't shoot, if
they don't surrender, then shoot.

PAN BACK TO Troy, faces the CAMERA, CLOSE, scared, then turns
back to the dune and runs a few yards.

Stops and stares, raises his rifle. He aims at the figure on
the horizon.

POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

The Iraqi soldier in the cross hairs. Hear Troy's breathing,
loud, as he pulls trigger slowly. Slow motion RIFLE sound.

Silent pause. The Iraqi soldier stands there, then his neck
explodes like a sack of blood. Silent, except for sound of
Troy's LOUD BREATHING as he walks toward the big berm, and up
to the crest. All we hear are his footsteps and breathing.

SOLDIER #3 (O.S.)
That guy just shot a towel head.

SOLDIER #4 (O.S.)
Bullshit.

YOUNG IRAQI SOLDIER

lies on the ground. A piece of his neck is blown away. He is
rasping, a flag is clasped in one hand; a rifle in the other.
He is looking up at Troy, who looks down at him.

SMASH CUT TO

FANTASY - INT. HOSPITAL, TORRANCE, CAL. - DAY

A WHITE BABY GIRL, covered in blood and placenta, is pulled
from between the legs of Troy's WIFE, DARLENE. THE NURSE
holds the SCREAMING BABY aloft, proud and happy.

VIG (V.O.)
(deep southern accent)
Congratulations, you got yourself

a rag head, my man.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY (PRESENT)

The rasping Iraqi dies.

PAN TO CONRAD VIG, 18 or 20, wiry, intense, deep south,
wearing Army issue glasses, out of breath.

VIG

Dag.

Troy turns, upset, murmurs "I Get Around" by the Beach Boys.

TROY

"Gettin' bugged drivin' up and
down the same old strip, gotta
find a new place where the kids
are hip, I get around --"

SOLDIER #1

I didn't think I'd see anyone get
shot over here.

VIG

It looked like the guy's head blew
three feet into the air --

FANTASY SEQUENCE IN SLOW MOTION

The Iraqi's head pops three feet into the air.

BACK TO THE SCENE

SOLDIER #1

Bullshit, that's not what happened.

VIG

I said it looked like that
happened, but then we got here and
he was still breathing.

SOLDIER #2

Oh, my God, it's just like
'Predator,' where the guy, the
black guy --

SOLDIER #3

Carl Weathers. His arm gets shot
off.

VIG

And when it hits the ground, his
hand keeps on firing.

SCENE FROM 'PREDATOR'

Carl Weathers arm is shot off and keeps firing.

BACK TO THE SCENE.

SOLDIER #5
Take my picture.

VIG
Do you still want to sell pictures?

TROY
(distracted monotone)
For twenty.

SOLDIER #5
Twenty dollars, man, what's the
meaning of life?

TROY
You're lucky you got to see
anybody shot in this war.

VIG
War's been over five days, Jim,
ain't gonna be much more of this.

SOLDIER #5
Bobby, take my picture.

He holds the camera out.

SOLDIER #4
If he shot the guy, it's up to him.

SOLDIER #5
It's not like he shot a fucking
deer. It's the enemy.

VIG
Troy's enemy, yours for twenty.

Soldiers get their cash out, Troy takes it.

TROY
Accept no substitute, this is the
real thing, oh, Jesus [winces] --

VIG
What's wrong?

TROY
I got a really bad headache all of
a sudden--

SOLDIER #7 bends next to the corpse and holds his camera out
at arm's length.

VIG
No free pictures, motherfucker.

Vig shoves the soldier away and the two wrestle as they roll down the sand berm.

"I Just Want to Celebrate" by Rare Earth comes on LOUD.

Troy walks away holding his temple in pain; SOLDIERS gather to stare at the dead Iraqi, getting their cameras out.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT ROAD - AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN COMBAT GEAR

dance on a road in the desert. "I Just Want to Celebrate" BLARES as the CAMERA DOLLIES THROUGH the soldiers.

DOLLY INTO TENT TOWN, past bare chested soldiers pumping free weights; jogging in formation; sunbathing on big water storage mattresses; DOLLY OUT OF THE TENT TOWN, past a soldier taking a makeshift foxhole desert bath, past a dead Iraqi on the road, a chopper hovering in the distance, to MORE DANCING SOLDIERS, as music continues --

BILL SMITHSON (O.S.)
Spirits are high and the music is
boisterous as these young troops
celebrate -- Shit. Let me try that
again.

DOLLY AROUND the dancing soldiers to see: hundreds of stripped Iraqi soldiers lying face down in undershorts.

BILL SMITHSON (O.S.)
Spirits are high and the music is
fucking motherfucking sand in my
eye --

PAN PAST CNN REPORTER BILL SMITHSON, 45, in white safari jacket over Desert Storm fatigues, cleaning his eye; nearby a cluster of ROWDY SOLDIERS who are mugging into the camera.

DOLLY TO ARCHIE GATES, 55, Lieutenant Colonel, Special Forces, wearing sunglasses, talking to HAVICHON, a FRENCH Special Forces Captain on CRUTCHES with a broken leg.

ARCHIE GATES
Is that what you got from this
experience? A goddamn watch?

HAVICHON
Ees a great fucking watch.

Close up: portrait of a sheik on a Rolex.

ARCHIE GATES
There's 700 million in gold out
there and you're fucking around

with a watch?

HAVICHON

Bon dieu de merde, that's a lot of gold, man.

ARCHIE GATES

One bunker of gold and we retire from this horseshit, Hashy--

BILL SMITHSON

Gates.

ARCHIE GATES

Just a second. The problem, Hash, is how do you find it?

HAVICHON

Like one sowsan bunker out sair --

ARCHIE GATES

Maybe two sowsan bunker out sair, Hash, how do you find Saddam's bullion?

BILL SMITHSON

Could I have some help over here, for Chrissakes?

ARCHIE GATES

My goodness, Bill, what seems to be the problem?

BILL SMITHSON

I'm trying to do a story here and the fucking sand is blowing in my face --

ARCHIE GATES

You want me to stop the sand? I can't do anything about that.

BILL SMITHSON

No, you're too busy talking about the fucking gold, which by the way makes a great story if you'd get me a goddamn lead on it --

ARCHIE GATES

I think the Saddam story goes more for the jugular, journalistically speaking, I mean, he's still here beating the shit out of his country.

BILL SMITHSON

Would you just be my guide and not

my fucking producer? You're my
guide.

ARCHIE GATES
OK, go do your celebration story,
Bill.

SMASH TO: Rowdy soldiers mug for Smithson's camera.

SOLDIER #5
We're number one.

SOLDIER #6
Waaaa-hooooo--

BILL SMITHSON
You're heroes.

SOLDIER #6
We're heroes.

SOLDIER #7
Give war a chance.

BILL SMITHSON
You've exorcised the ghosts of
Vietnam with a clear moral
imperative --

SOLDIER #5
Is that what we did?

BILL SMITHSON
Where the hell are you going?

Archie is walking off with CATHY DAITCH a young reporter.

ARCHIE GATES
I'll be right back.

BILL SMITHSON
I don't want you helping other
reporters, goddamn it.

SOLDIER #1
We kicked ass.

SOLDIER #6
We didn't get rid of fucking
Saddam --

SOLDIER #8
Which totally sucks a big dick.

SOLDIER #6
Those people are getting reemed --

SOLDIER #7
Bullshit, we saved Kuwait, man.

BILL SMITHSON
Who's getting reemed? The Shiites?

SOLDIER #8
I don't know who they are, man --

SOLDIER #6
We got big firepower but we ain't
saving them --

SOLDIER #5
Fuck that, we liberated Kuwait.

SOLDIER #1
Weehaaaaaaa.

Five soldiers chant Lee Greenwood's anthem, "Proud to Be An American" into Smithson's camera --

SOLDIERS (CHANT)
'If tomorrow all the things were
gone that I worked for all my life
and I had to start again with just
my children and my wife--'

WIDE, HIGH ANGLE DOLLYING CRANE OF BIG TENT CITY

SOLDIERS (CHANT OS)
'I'd thank my lucky stars to --

Dissolve to POV from chopper - night - of twinkling lights of
vast U.S. Army camp below.

"Proud to Be An America" blasts. CHOPPER PILOTS sing off key.

CHOPPER PILOTS
'--be livin' here today because
the flag still stands for freedom
and they can't take that
awayyyyy --'

INT. LARGE ARMY TENT - NIGHT

"Proud To Be An American" BLASTS on as

Troy, wearing a checked Arab headdress is paraded on
shoulders. He holds up a Coke can in one hand and a Bud can
in the other, like torches.

TROY
(screaming the song)
And I'm proud I to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.
And I won't forget the men who

died, who gave that right to me.
And I'd gladly stand up; next to
you and defend her still today.
Cause there ain't no doubt I love
this land, God bless the U S A --

Soldiers scream and go nuts.

Beer is sputtered from soldiers' mouths.

"I Can't Do Nothing For Ya Man" by Public Enemy blasts.

WALTER WOGOMAN, 19, quiet, tall, Southern operates two parallel boom boxes like a DJ.

A Soldier rapidly peels down one Bruce Lee poster on top of another, like a flip-book animating Bruce Lee. Vig wearing a bandage across his nose from the fight on the berm does a series of cheerleader-like karate arm movements.

Soldiers whip brightly painted toy footballs at Troy. He whips the balls back, is tackled over a table, crashes.

Soldiers -- Vig, Walter, others -- scream viscerally as the music blasts. Two soldiers fire their fingers like pistols at Troy on the floor screaming like a fierce animal.

TROY
Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Vig screams into Troy's face at point blank range.

VIG
Rahhhhhhhhh.

TROY
Rahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Goddamn it, where the fuck did
this beer come from we gotta take
more Iraqis prisoner tomorrow.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY

WIDE SHOT - HUNDREDS OF IRAQIS walking in the desert, hands raised above their heads.

TRANSLATOR (MEGAPHONE)
Hasnala shi aluno quibaan --

CAPTAIN VAN METER
We will not hurt you. Lay down
your weapons, get on the ground --

TWO IRAQIS with bad face wounds get medical help.

FIVE IRAQIS

on their knees, plead for mercy in Arabic as they disrobe. They grab and kiss Troy Barlow's hand, as he holds his M-16 on the begging Iraqis.

TROY

It's cool, no one's gonna hurt
you --

Vig whips out his big Thunder 5 pistol and points it in their faces.

VIG

Did you rape and torture anybody
in Kuwait, Abdul?

The Iraqis wail for mercy. Troy pushes Vig's pistol away.

TROY

You're making them all hysterical.

Vig points the big pistol at an OLDER IRAQI OFFICER who is the only one not taking his clothes off.

VIG

Take your fucking rags off, take
this off. No comprende English,
motherfucker?

TROY

What is your fucking problem,
Conrad?

VIG

I'm trying to git him to obey the
spirit of things but he won't take
his rags off.

TROY

(leans down)

Sir? We need you to disrobe like
all the other towel heads, OK?

The Officer does not move, Troy punches his head once. Vig and Walter forcibly pull the Iraqi Officer's pants off. Troy takes out a bottle of aspirin, eats two.

VIG

Whoa, it's a freaky thing, Troy.

Vig points to the Officer's bare buttocks, where a rolled up piece of paper is sticking out --

TROY

There's a document in that guy's
ass, Conrad.

VIG
That's the freaky thing.

WALTER
Do you think he ate it?

TROY
It wouldn't come out perfect like
that if he ate it.

Troy pulls out a latex glove out of his pocket.

TROY
Go get it, Private.

IRAQI OFFICER
Hasa man timal!

The Officer screams in protest and is forcibly subdued by Walter as Vig, wearing the glove, slowly pulls the rolled up, greasy paper from the Officer's ass -- Troy looks disgusted.

TROY
Open it up.

VIG
You only gave me one glove.

TROY
I'm sorry I don't have another,
but you gotta open it up. That's
how the chain of command works.

Vig takes out a U.S. Army pen and uses it to unroll the greasy paper and lie it flat on the sand.

CLOSE UP - THE RUMPLED PAPER

is a handwritten map, with scant Arabic writing, a few spare roads, numbers, and three small boxes.

VIG
What the hell is that?

TROY
Important enough to squeeze your
cheeks for.

INT. TELEVISION TRUCK - DAY

In the half-light of dozens of TV monitors playing Iraqi news from around the world, Archie Gates madly humps CATHY DAITCH on a lawn chair which is slamming into the monitors.

CATHY DAITCH
You are a trained warrior, trained

warrior, trained warrior, Jesus
Christ, Colonel!

TV monitors crash to the floor as she climaxes. Archie lays
on the floor catching his breath, stares at a sideways
monitor of soldiers celebrating; she stands, dresses.

CATHY DAITCH
(breathless)
What's Bill got?

ARCHIE GATES
Just the celebration story.

CATHY DAITCH
That's it?

ARCHIE GATES
That's it --

ARCHIE GATES
How about you? Did you find
anything?

CATHY DAITCH
It could be another bullshit lead
but I need you to help me find a
guy who might have something on
the gold --

ARCHIE GATES
Who's the guy?

CATHY DAITCH
Somebody Barlow, maybe in Company
B--

ARCHIE GATES
Barlow.

CATHY DAITCH
Got a map out of a prisoner's head.

ARCHIE GATES
Out of a prisoner's head?

CATHY DAITCH
Or his ear, or his ass, or his
dick, and they got like a fifty
page full-color mini atlas of
Saddam's bunkers --

ARCHIE GATES
Out of a guy's dick?

The door explodes open and two MPs grab Archie, pants around
his ankles, and drag him from the truck.

EXT. TELEVISION TRUCK - DAY

Archie is faced by an OLDER TWO STAR GENERAL (GENERAL PYE),
a YOUNGER ONE STAR GENERAL (GENERAL HORN).

GENERAL PYE

This is not the way we service the
media, Major. Stop her --

WHIP PAN TO Cathy runs away as she dresses, MPs grab her.

MP

You are in violation of code 37D,
grinding Major Gates.

They let her go. Soldiers in gas suits laugh.

ARCHIE GATES

You guys have no manners
whatsoever --

Bill Smithson runs up, agitated.

BILL SMITHSON

I told you he was with her --

GENERAL PYE

We're handling this, OK?

The MP pushes Smithson away.

BILL SMITHSON

I wanted help with the gold story,
and he took off on me--

ARCHIE GATES

That's a lot of bullshit.

Smithson is walked away. Archie pulls his pants up.

GENERAL PYE

I give you a prestige job in the
media war of the century and the
guy feels neglected.

ARCHIE GATES

I'm helping him plenty with his
big celebration feature -- Where
did you get this fucking star?

Archie suddenly reaches out and grabs the corner of General
Horn's collar, with its one star.

GENERAL HORN

They made me a general, pal.

ARCHIE GATES

For what? I don't even know what we did over here, but Schwartzkopf gets a book deal, you get a star, Powell gets to be fucking president--

GENERAL HORN

Are you high? This is a huge win for us.

ARCHIE GATES

Running the press pool's a real big win for me.

GENERAL PYE

You want us to kill more Americans to occupy Iraq?

ARCHIE GATES

I'm just saying it's ironic, that's all.

GENERAL HORN

What the fuck is ironic?

ARCHIE GATES

We got the biggest army in the world here but Iraq still has the d-bag dictator in power, but that's how the world works I guess.

GENERAL PYE

Just take care of Smithson and maybe he'll hook you up to consult on movies.

GENERAL HORN

It's either that or be a security guard when you retire.

ARCHIE GATES

Fuck you, Ron.

GENERAL HORN

I'm a general now, you can't say fuck you to me.

ARCHIE GATES

OK, sir, but there's another thing I'd like to say, if you don't mind.

GENERAL HORN

Go right ahead, Colonel.

Archie leans wild-eyed into Horn's face and whispers --

ARCHIE GATES
Fuuuuuck yooouuuu, Ronnnnn.

INT. CAPTAIN'S TENT - DAY

SPLASH -- rubbing alcohol is poured over Vig's extended hand by DOC ELGIN, 25, stocky, black, no nonsense.

TROY
You've washed your hands like a thousand times, Conrad.

VIG
Lord knows what vermin live in the butt of a dune koon.

DOC
Why do you let this cracker follow you around?

TROY
He's a good kid.

DOC
He's a wall-eyed cracker.

TROY
He's got no high school, man, he's from a group home in Jackson --

DOC
I don't give a shit if he's from Johannesburg. I don't want to hear dune koon or sand nigger from him or anybody.

VIG
Captain uses those terms.

TROY
The point is, Conrad, 'towel head' and 'camel jockey' are perfectly good substitutes.

DOC
Exactly.

VIG
I'm sorry, man, it's a little confusing is all.

DOC
What can I do for your headache?

Doc Elgin opens a case full of pill bottles.

TROY

Got any Vicadan?

DOC

All gone. How about Caffergot?

TROY

Excellent. Let's translate my
Iraqi ass map.

Troy pops the pills, Doc pulls a document from a folder and opens it as he hovers over a table with Troy and Vig.

TROY

Van Meter's at the big pow wow?

DOC

We're cool for at least three
hours, but keep Walter on the door.

Walter stands by the door wearing night vision goggles.

TROY

Would you take those fucking
things off?

WALTER

I never got to use night vision.

TROY

They don't work during the day and
stand outside the tent.

Doc unfolds a big aerial-photo map of the Iraqi desert, next to the rumpled ass map.

DOC

These are definitely Saddam's
bunkers near Karbala.

TROY

What's inside?

DOC

According to Intelligence --
Picasso, Armani, Rolex, Mercedes,
Sony you name it -- Kuwait was
Muslim Beverly Hills and Saddam
sacked it.

VIG

Man, get an awesome stereo system
with like ten BOS speakers --

TROY

Silver Lexus convertible.

DOC
Lexus doesn't make a convertible.

TROY
Yes, they do.

DOC
Infiniti has one coming.

TROY
You're wrong.

DOC
You can't get a car home from here
anyway.

TROY
If I get enough Rolexes I could
buy one when I got home.

VIG
One gold Rolex, I get a very fine
split level outside Jackson.

TROY
My one problem, see, is the risk
here --

DOC
What risk? We already did the
risk. I signed up last year to
bank some computer training--

TROY
Tell me about it.

DOC
Next thing I know I'm sitting here
waiting to get hit by a Scud. I
put my life on the line for what
purpose I'm not sure, and now the
good Lord puts this map in my
path --

TROY
He could put a land mine in your
path if we try to find this
place --

DOC
You're safe with me.

TROY
Cuz you have a galactic plutonium
forcefield.

DOC

I don't talk about it. But I do
have a ring of Jesus fire.

TROY
You have a ring of Jesus fire.

DOC
I was fire baptized.

VIG
I was baptized in water.

DOC
I'm fire baptized.

TROY
I don't even know what water
baptism means.

DOC
For those who understand, no
explanation is necessary; for
those who don't, no explanation
will suffice. You can benefit from
my Jesus ring if you do right by
me, you got that?

TROY
OK.

CUT TO

POV WALTER'S NIGHT VISION --

BLURRY IMAGE OF ARCHIE WALKING right up to Walter.

WALTER
This tent is restricted --

ARCHIE GATES
Get the fuck out of my way.

WALTER
May day, may day --

CUT TO

Troy and Doc scramble to put the maps under the table.

ARCHIE GATES
Good afternoon.

He walks up to them.

ARCHIE GATES
Would this be the proctology tent?

DOC
Yes, sir, I mean, no, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
Then maybe it's the urology tent.

TROY
Captain's at a staff meeting.

ARCHIE GATES
That's OK, I'm not looking for a
proctologist or a urologist I'm
looking for Sargeant Barlow.

Archie fixes his gaze on Troy, walks up, reaches under the
table, and takes the map, smells his fingers.

ARCHIE GATES
You're on the path to truth when
you smell shit, isn't that what
they say?

VIG
I don't recognize you, sir. Are
you in this division?

DOC
He's not in this division. He's
Special Forces.

Troy and Vig are impressed.

DOC
He's the guy taking Bill Smithson
around.

ARCHIE GATES
And you would be the Three Wise
Men, right, Mappy, Slappy, and
Pappy --

He points in order to Doc, Vig, and Troy, who picks up his
family photo button.

ARCHIE GATES
That leaves Cappy outside.

CUT TO

Walter, outside the tent, practices blocking positions.

WALTER
Damn. Freeze. Do not pass. Hold
it, freeze. Stop. Freeze.

CUT TO

VIG
His name is Walter.

ARCHIE GATES
Did you good soldiers present this
map to Captain Van Meter?

TROY
Not yet.

ARCHIE GATES
Then I'll take it to him.

Troy stands and grabs the map.

TROY
We'll take it to him. Sir.

ARCHIE GATES
It won't do either of us any good
then, will it?

TROY
He's our commander, sir. We'd have
to tell him you took it.

Both Troy and Archie hold the map, staring at each other.
Everyone is tense.

ARCHIE GATES
It could be nothing but a sandy
love letter from one Eye-raqi to
another --

TROY
It's a series of bunkers near
Karbala.

ARCHIE GATES
Maybe.

TROY
Not maybe, definitely. Recon
photos match the map.

ARCHIE GATES
May I look at the goddamn map?

Troy lets go. Archie holds the map up to the light. He then
pours some of Doc's rubbing alcohol on the map, and holds it
to the light again. He puts the map on the table, turns the
light off and clicks on an infra-red flashlight he pulls out.
A completely different map appears in green markings.

VIG
Dag.

ARCHIE GATES

That's what makes Rangers badass,
we get the best flashlights.

They stare at the new map in the infrared glow, captivated.

ARCHIE GATES

Still looks like a series of three
bunkers in three villages. A bit
farther to the west.

DOC

Seventy-five klicks north.

ARCHIE GATES

More like 65.

TROY

Much closer to Karbala.

ARCHIE GATES

Leave at dawn, back by lunch, not
a big deal. Of course --

He turns the overhead light back on.

ARCHIE GATES

-- there could be nothing inside
but starving Arabs and stolen
watches, but I think it's worth
checking out, even if I have to do
it with clueless reservists like
you.

They look at him.

ARCHIE GATES

I mean, I could take the map, but
you could talk, it starts to
become a pain in the ass for me,
so we'll do the gold together.

DOC

What gold?

ARCHIE GATES

You don't even know what's inside
these bunkers, do you?

VIG

Rolexes.

ARCHIE GATES

Rolexes are swell, but I'm talking
about Kuwaiti bullion.

VIG

You mean the little cubes you put
in hot water for soup?

ARCHIE GATES
No. Not the little cubes you put
in hot water for soup.

TROY
Gold bricks.

ARCHIE GATES
5 kilos each, \$50,000 in today's
market.

VIG
For one gold brick?

ARCHIE GATES
I'm sure Mr. Hussein has divided
his bricks. into many different
hiding places, but just one hiding
place should be easy to take, and
that would be enough to get us out
of our day jobs. Unless the three
kings are in love with their day
jobs.

Dolly: Troy, Doc, Vig stare at Archie.

FANTASY - EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

SILENT - Troy walks in white shirtsleeves, dark tie, pulling
a cart with a salesman's black case on it over a curb.

FANTASY - INT. OFFICE

SILENT - Troy kneels at a disassembled photocopier, tools and
parts all around him, opens a bag of toner, which spills
black dust all over his white shirt

FANTASY - INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT

SILENT - Doc is a red cap. He lifts suitcases from the trunk
of a black Mercedes while a rich white father (mother and two
small children behind) tells him to be careful.

FANTASY - EXT. MISSISSIPPI WOODS

Vig fires his pistols with fury at a series of stuffed
animals on logs -- blowing the stuffed animals to
smithereens.

BACK TO

VIG
I don't really have a day job.

TROY

What about the risk of taking a Humvee and all that --

ARCHIE GATES

We do this shit all the time.

VIG

What else did you do, sir?

ARCHIE GATES

In Panama we went sailing in Noriega's boats.

TROY

Wow.

ARCHIE GATES

In Vietnam, we got a big gold Buddha, which we unfortunately dropped in a swamp by accident.

DOC

What about Iraqi soldiers?

ARCHIE GATES

Let's see. They had the shit bombed out them for two months, they're deserting all over the place, and they've completely surrendered to us. That's a beaten army in every sense of the word.

He looks at them.

ARCHIE GATES

You are now under my command, salute --

They salute him. He straightens Troy's salute.

ARCHIE GATES

What's the guy's name outside?

TROY

Walter.

ARCHIE GATES

Cappy.

Walter comes in.

ARCHIE GATES

You will take Bill Smithson on a special mission to find the gold story, but it will be a meaningless ride that lasts all

morning and takes him nowhere near
Karbala, is that clear?

WALTER

How am I gonna get out of the
company?

ARCHIE GATES

Your captain will be detained by
a friend of mine.

VIG

Is it true you got to take an
enemy ear to be Special Forces?

ARCHIE GATES

No, but if you talk to anybody
about this, I'll kill you.

Vig smile fades as he looks into Archie's cold stare.

EXT. DESERT CAMP - WIDE SHOT - DAWN

Three figures in fatigues crouch low to the ground as they
run to a motorcycle and side car. Walter kickstarts the
motorcycle. PACO the cameraman sits behind Walter with a
video camera. Walter's face is painted beige and brown with
camouflage spots, so is Bill Smithson's, as he crouches in
the sidecar and dramatically gives Walter the thumb's up.

EXT. VAN METER'S TENT - DAY

Cathy Daitch stands next to a cameraman filming Van Meter
while another man holds a boom over Van Meter's head.

CAPTAIN VAN METER

How about if I lean on it, like
this?

CATHY DAITCH

Very dashing.

CAPTAIN VAN METER

Does it look too posed?

CATHY DAITCH

Would you ever stand like that?

Van Meter tries a couple of poses.

CAPTAIN VAN METER

I think I might, Jesus, this feels
stupid.

CATHY DAITCH

You'll get used to it. First
question: did you dream as a boy

you'd be commanding an infantry
company in a desert war?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
As a boy, I wanted to be either a
veterinarian or a CIA
sharpshooter --

EXT. DESERT - MOVING HUMVEE - MORNING

Bach's Gloria, from Mass in B Minor plays as

Pow pow pow, Vig fires his big pistol into the desert.

DOC
Pull.

Troy throws a painted football into the desert. Doc fires the
M-16 and blows the ball to pieces.

Archie drives and moves his hand to the Bach.

The convertible Humvee is loaded with weaponry and gear, a
mounted 60 mm machine gun, a Bart Simpson doll on the grill.

The Humvee rolls into the vast desert, littered with burned
out tanks, black craters, overturned vehicles, no people.

DOC
Pull.

Troy throws another ball, Doc blows it away.

TROY
Pull.

Doc throws a football from the moving Humvee, Troy fires a
pistol and misses the ball as it bounces to the desert.

TROY
I gave you a better arc, Doc.

DOC
What are you talking about?

TROY
I threw the ball in a higher arc
that was easier for you to hit.

DOC
Bullshit.

VIG
Blacks make better receivers than
quarterbacks.

TROY

Stop speaking right now, Conrad.

DOC

Warren Moon is an excellent
quarterback.

VIG

The Oilers have gone nowhere
behind Warren Moon.

DOC

Randall Cunningham.

TROY

Don't get down in the mud with
him, Doc.

VIG

The Eagles will never get to the
Superbowl with him.

Archie moves his hand to the Bach.

DOC

Doug Williams took the Redskins to
the Superbowl and won, OK?

TROY

We can all agree there are many
excellent black quarterbacks.

Doc throws a ball. Vig fires his giant pistol twice and
misses.

DOC

Hit it, you sorry-assed cracker --

VIG

This gun's too heavy to shoot
one-handed like a movie star --

Vig fires: blam, blam, bam. The Humvee stops abruptly.

ARCHIE GATES

Shut the fuck up.

They sit in embarrassed silence; the joyous Bach choir plays.

EXT. DESERT DAY

No more music. Troy, Doc, and Vig stand spread apart. They
wear white anti-gas suits and hold pistols and drink from
plastic water bottles. A bomb crater is nearby, a wrecked,
burned truck to the side, a SKINNY COW meanders.

ARCHIE GATES

When we pull up to the bunker, the

approach is something called violence of action, which is standard in special operations. It means your movement is so fast and decisive that the guards are frozen and we haven't fired a single shot.

Troy kicks at something in the sand -- and a decayed human arm springs out, attached to a body with a half-rotted face.

TROY

Shit.

ARCHIE GATES

We dropped a lot of bombs out here and we buried some guys alive --

VIG

What do you mean?

ARCHIE GATES

Bradleys with big plows cut through the berms and covered the trenches --

FANTASY - A HUGE PLOW

on the front of a Bradley pushes sand right TOWARD THE CAMERA

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)

They had the option to surrender, but they chose to die for their country.

DOLLY INTO five terrified Iraqis, eyes open with fear, as the sand rolls over them.

BACK TO THE SCENE

ARCHIE GATES

Let's rehearse.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

They sit in the Humvee and hold their pistols ready.

ARCHIE GATES

We'll say the cow is the primary guard outside the bunker. We pull up fast, and stop short.

TROY

Got it.

ARCHIE GATES

And -- Go.

The cow stares as the Humvee pulls up to it fast. Troy and Doc jump out, pistols drawn, flank the cow --

The cow steps back, and explodes.

Troy and Doc stand splattered with cow entrails. The cow's head lands with a thud on the hood of the Humvee.

ARCHIE GATES
Who's hurt?

DOC
It's all cow, I think.

VIG
Yeah, it's all cow.

He picks cow entrails off himself.

DOC
They said this was swept for mines.

ARCHIE GATES
Mines are forever, Doc. They never get all of 'em.

TROY
(low murmur)
'If you could, help me Rhonda,
help help me Rhonda --'

Archie watches Troy.

ARCHIE GATES
Did you guys see any action at all?

VIG
Only night bombing on CNN, except for Troy's supercool shooting that guy in the neck--

Archie takes Vig's BIG PISTOL and EMPTIES THE SHELLS and puts them into his pocket.

ARCHIE GATES
Is sepsis cool?

VIG
What's sepsis?

DOC
Infection of the blood.

ARCHIE GATES
As in septic tank, because that's what happens when a bullet hits

you. The lead tears in there --

FANTASY - INT. STOMACH MUSCLE AND TISSUE

Slow motion, a bullet pierces flesh, makes a cavity --

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)

Makes a cavity of dead tissue that closes down in a convulsive motion typical of all gunshot wounds. The cavity fills up with bile and bacteria and you're fucked.

Bile fluid fills the cavity.

BACK TO THE SCENE

ARCHIE GATES

But other than a wound that blinds, paralyzes, or castrates, the worst wound I've ever seen is something called tension pneumo thorax --

DOC

I heard something about that --

VIG

Tension pneumo what?

ARCHIE GATES

A bullet, or a blade doesn't kill you, but makes a little hole in the lung, so every time you breathe, a little air leaks into the chest cavity, which starts to fill up like a balloon. And that balloon starts to push your organs to the side, crushing your lung, your liver, your heart. Your own breathing kills you, one breath at a time -- kinda like a job you can't stand or a bad lie you once told.

DOC

That's not fatal, they can stop it.

ARCHIE GATES

If you know how to make another little hole in the chest to let the air out, just like you would with an overinflated tire.

They look at Archie, scared by this.

TROY

Can we play the Beach Boys when we go in?

DOC

The goddamn Beach Boys.

TROY

I'm not ashamed of liking the Beach Boys. It calms me down. Better than Mozart.

ARCHIE GATES

Bach.

EXT. DESERT - DAY - HIGH WIDE SHOT

'I Get Around' by The Beach Boys BLASTS as the Humvee speeds along. A big American flag flaps in the breeze from a pole at the back of the Hummer.

The Humvee drives fast into the central square of a small village of low, sand-colored stucco buildings and shanties.

Vig drives as the Humvee speeds around the town square, zooming past scared Shiites in black robes, a few skinny dogs, a few bewildered Iraqi soldiers.

VIG

Where's the bunker?

ARCHIE GATES

It should be right --

He studies the map and points to a decayed green building.

ARCHIE GATES

There.

Vig jerks the wheel right. They drive fast.

ARCHIE GATES

No -- there.

Archie points left. Vig jerks the wheel left, drives straight toward a low cement building with two Iraqi soldiers in front.

Iraqi soldiers look scared as the Humvee drives up, like it's going to hit them, and stops, flag fluttering in the breeze.

Vig stands and speaks into a megaphone.

VIG

We are the Army of the United States of America. We are here to protect you. Remain calm.

Troy and Doc leap from the Humvee with pistols drawn and

their free hands held up in a 'halt' sign. The TWO IRAQI GUARDS look stunned as Troy and Doc simply take their machine guns and put the Iraqis face down on the ground. Troy and Doc pull out plastic twist hand-cuffs, as used in urban riots.

Archie bounds forward holding up a thick white document.

ARCHIE GATES
Orders from President Bush, step
aside.

Troy finishes handcuffing one of the Iraqi soldiers, as a gaunt mother, with a baby in her arms, opens her blouse, revealing her small breasts. Other peasants gather.

IRAQI MOTHER
No milk. Baby milk.

Troy looks shocked until Archie suddenly pushes him past the Iraqi mother and to the door of the bunker, which Doc holds.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Five IRAQI SOLDIERS look disoriented and scared as they hold their hands up in the air.

ARCHIE GATES
Do not panic. Step outside --

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

VIG
(into the megaphone)
We are here for your protection
and safety.

Iraqi women and children kiss Vig's feet.

The five Iraqi soldiers exit the bunker with their hands raised, and the starved Shiite civilians spit and throw stones at them while 'I Get Around' keeps playing.

VIG
Ya'll be cool now, this is the
U.S. Marines in charge here.

INT. STAIRWELL - BUNKER

Archie runs down the narrow stairs of the bunker, followed by Troy and Doc.

INT. BASEMENT OF BUNKER - DAY

Doc lashes an Iraqi's hands behind his back and cuffs him.

Troy shoots the door lock with his pistol. Then backs up and gives it a running shoulder. The door doesn't budge.

TROY

Shit.

He holds his shoulder in pain. Archie kicks the door repeatedly. Troy joins him, it finally flies open.

TROY

Freeze.

Troy is embraced by an Iraqi soldier, about 25.

FRIENDLY IRAQI

I am love United States of
Freedom. I am hate Saddam.

Troy tries some karate moves, jerking his elbows to dislodge the Iraqi from the bear hug --

TROY

Ya -- ya -- ha --

Doc points his pistol in the Iraqi's face.

DOC

Let him go.

The Iraqi throws his hands in the air.

FRIENDLY IRAQI

No problem, my friend.

Archie goes to a series of WOODEN CRATES the size of file cabinets, where Doc helps Archie take off his back pack. Archie pulls out a bolt cutter and a pneumatic saw, both attached to a small air tank - and opens the crate, which is filled with hundreds of Kuwaiti passports.

FRIENDLY IRAQI

You look for the chemical weapon?

TROY

No. We look for the gold.

They use the power tools to open the second crate -- also filled with hundreds of passports.

ARCHIE GATES

Where's the gold?

FRIENDLY IRAQI

They move the gold.

Archie pulls out the infrared map and shows it to the Iraqi, who says nothing.

DOC

Kill him.

ARCHIE GATES

Not yet.

TROY

Kill him now.

They point their guns. It's a show. Archie holds the map.

ARCHIE GATES

Where?

FRIENDLY IRAQI

(points to map)

This bunker. I'll take you.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

FOUR NEW IRAQI SOLDIERS, armed with rifles, run from the far side of the square and start shooting.

30 rock-throwing Shiite scatter at the gunfire. TWO MEN fall to the ground as they are shot.

CHILD

Ma-Maa.

Vig looks terrified as the crowd scatters, leaving him alone as he points his big unloaded pistol. The soldiers point their rifles as they come towards Vig, when suddenly two of them look to the side and shout.

ARMED IRAQI SOLDIER

Ganan azwar!

PAN TO a shiny METAL TANKER TRUCK three hundred yards out, bearing down fast on the village square.

The soldiers open fire on the truck.

INT - THE CAB OF THE TANKER TRUCK

The Shiite riding shotgun fires back, as the windshield shatters on the truck. The driver is dead. The other Shiite grabs the wheel.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Archie bursts out the front door, followed by Troy and Doc. They freeze as --

The tanker truck careens sideways toward them, 50 feet away.

An Iraqi soldier fires a grenade-launcher off his shoulder which explodes the container on the back of the truck --

Milk explodes everywhere, gushing around the wheels of the Humvee and the feet of Archie and the others.

Shiite women with plastic containers and ceramic jugs rush out from alleys and try to scoop up the milk. Other Shiites crowd the Humvee and climb in.

Iraqi soldiers drag two bodies from the cab of the truck. Troy and Doc point their guns in the crowd.

ARCHIE GATES
Move. Out of the way.

Archie shoves Shiite peasants out of the Humvee.

SHIITE WOMAN
Hos-pital.

She holds a SHIRTLESS BOY of 7 with a bandage around his entire chest. Doc pushes her off the Humvee.

SHIITE MAN
America help.

He grabs Archie. Troy shoves the man off the vehicle. Vig starts the engine.

ARCHIE GATES
Give them MRE's.

Troy rips open a large duffel and starts handing out Army Meal Rations to the crowd -- Vig leans on the horn.

The friendly Iraqi jumps into the rear of the Hummer as it starts to pull away. Archie shoves the friendly Iraqi out, and he lands on his ass in the swarm of chasing Shiites.

Archie and Troy look back at the debacle as they pull away.

EXT. DESERT MARSH - DAY

Raging oil fires, 50 feet high -- billowing black smoke. Walter drives the motorcycle through the smoke. Paco the Cameraman sits on back. Bill Smithson sits in the sidecar.

BILL SMITHSON
This is boring, I already did this damn story, goddamn it, where the hell is the gold?

WALTER
How about rare pelican migration out by the marshes?

BILL SMITHSON
What?

WALTER
These brave pelicans are migrating
in spite of massive pollution --

BILL SMITHSON
Fuck that. Stop the bike.

Walter keeps driving.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Doc gets out of the stopped Humvee, shaken, and walks around.

DOC
I'm all right, I'm cool.

He lies down and breathes heavily with a hand on his chest.
Archie gets out and walks around, agitated, clearly upset.

ARCHIE GATES
What is the art of war, because it
is not for killing people, it's a
stratagem to give life to many by
killing the evil perpetrated by a
few -- I am burning up in this
goddamn suit --

He angrily takes off his gas suit; boxers and sweat-drenched
green T-shirt underneath. Troy and Vig guzzle water.

ARCHIE GATES
Discriminating use of violence as
a last resort, and even then,
carefully, surgically, that's what
I learned, that's what I'm good
at. But now they underestimate all
this, bomb the same towns for six
weeks and still leave the scumbag
dictator to starve and butcher his
own people.

The others, all drenched in sweat, take off their gas suits.

TROY
(agitated)
I don't even know what happened
back there. Civilians were
spitting on their own soldiers;
the soldiers were shooting the
civilians and ignoring us --

DOC
They already surrendered to us.
Now they're after Shiites.

VIG
What exactly is a Shiite?

ARCHIE GATES

They make up the ethnic majority
but they don't have any power.
When Bush pulled us out, he told
them to start a civil war to bring
Saddam down, and now they're
getting wasted.

VIG

(totally puzzled)

The civil war? How could it be the
civil war?

FANTASY - STOCK FOOTAGE: UNION SOLDIERS FIGHT DIXIE REBELS

BACK TO THE SCENE

Vig looks puzzled.

TROY

It's a war inside the same
country, Conrad. That's a civil
war.

Archie chucks each of them MARINE UNIFORMS without name tags
which everyone puts on, except Troy.

ARCHIE GATES

Put these on, we are now U.S.
Marines.

TROY

I can't do this, OK? Because I've
got a family and if I shit in a
bag the rest of my life cuz I got
shot after the war's already over
that would be pretty fucking
stupid, wouldn't it?

ARCHIE GATES

What is the most important thing
in life?

TROY

What the fuck are you talking
about?

ARCHIE GATES

What is it?

TROY

Did you hear anything I said.

VIG

Respect is the most important.

ARCHIE GATES
Too dependent on other people.

DOC
Money.

ARCHIE GATES
Comes and goes, man.

TROY
What is this bullshit?

DOC
What's the most important thing?

ARCHIE GATES
Necessity. That's what dictates
what will happen at any given time
in life. Necessity says we don't
spend American lives taking out
Saddam, which leaves Saddam the
necessity of taking out the
Shiites so he can stay in power,
which leaves us to take the gold.

TROY
We could've been shot.

ARCHIE GATES
Did you notice they didn't touch
us? We decimated their entire
country. They're scared shitless
of us. [looks at his watch]
There's time to try another
bunker. I say we go.

DOC
Let's do it.

VIG
Rock and roll.

TROY
OK. And I'll be wearing
fashionable kevlar. As a necessity.

He pulls a vest out of the Humvee.

EXT. MARSH

The motorcycle is stopped by the marsh. Siberian pelicans fly
all around. Many lie dead on the ground. Bill Smithson paces
with a cell phone.

BILL SMITHSON
(on cell phone)
I'm at some goddamn marsh, all

we've seen are Russian cranes.

WALTER
Pelicans.

BILL SMITHSON
(on the cell phone)
I think the Saddam story goes more
for the jugular, journalistically
speaking, Al. Let's grow some
balls and do the Shiite uprising,
for Christ's sake.

Bill Smithson closes the cell phone.

BILL SMITHSON
We're going north to do the
Shiites.

WALTER
I thought the gold was the hot
spot.

BILL SMITHSON
Karbala's the new hotspot, and
I'm driving.

WALTER
Military regulations, you cannot
drive.

Smithson mounts the bike. The cameraman sits on back. Walter
points his pistol at Smithson.

WALTER
Get off the vehicle, sir.

Smithson starts the bike.

WALTER
Don't make me shoot you, sir.

The bike pulls out, leaving him behind. He runs after the
bike and jumps into the side car.

EXT. COMPANY B CAMP - DAY

Captain Van Meter strolls, handling an M-16.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
The M-16 is the basic weapon of
the infantry. During Vietnam, it
was fully automatic.

GENERAL HORN (O.S.)
Doug?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Yes, General.

GENERAL HORN
What the fuck are you doing?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Well, I'm giving an interview to
CBS.

GENERAL HORN
Do you have authorization?

Van Meter pulls out a folded paper and gives it to the
general, who looks at it.

GENERAL HORN
No.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
No?

GENERAL HORN
Who gave you this?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Major Gates.

GENERAL HORN
Archie Gates gave you this? Jesus
Christ, Doug, come with me.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I don't get to do the interview?

GENERAL HORN
No, you don't get to do the
interview.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

ARCHIE GATES
Faster.

Bach's 'Gloria' plays loud as Vig drives and Archie stares
straight ahead as the Humvee picks up speed.

EXT. ANOTHER VILLAGE OUTSIDE KARBALA - DAY

The Hummer zips into a bigger village piazza with an old
fortress at one end, and races straight to the entrance to an
underground bunker in the middle of the piazza.

ARCHIE GATES
(into the megaphone)
United States Marine Corps. Put
your weapons down.

Troy and Doc leap out, hold pistols out at arm's length as they accost TWO IRAQI SOLDIERS pointing rifles at them.

TROY
Drop your weapon.

DOC
Put it down.

Troy and Doc shove the two Iraqis face down in the dirt and cuff their hands behind their backs.

VIG
Don't make me smoke your ass,
Abdul.

INT. SECOND IRAQI BUNKER - DAY

Archie runs down a narrow cement corridor, pistol held at arm's length, white document in the other hand; followed by Troy and Doc, pistols drawn.

An IRAQI SOLDIER steps into the corridor at the far end, sees Archie coming, looks terrified, and runs back. Archie and Troy run right past the scared Iraqi. Doc comes third, slamming the Iraqi face down and cuffing him.

Archie kicks a door open and goes in, followed by Troy.

INT. INNER ROOM, SECOND IRAQI BUNKER - DAY

Archie and Troy burst in, pointing their guns aggressively.

TROY
Freeze.

A large room; walls lined with shelves full of brand new appliances: blenders, cuisinarts, CD players, small TVs. A huge portrait of Saddam Hussein covers one wall.

A television plays a rerun of 'Happy Days' in Arabic.

Another TV: CNN's first reports of the Rodney King beating.

An IRAQI CAPTAIN sits in a chair in front of the TVs.

TWO IRAQIS sit loading rifles. Two others sit at a radio.

They all jump to their feet when Archie bursts in, except for the officer watching 'Happy Days' and CNN..

ARCHIE GATES
By order of the cease-fire signed
in Safwan, March 3, the United
States Marines hereby confiscate
all material stolen by Iraq from

the Emirate of Kuwait --

One of the rifle-loading Iraqis tries to run. Troy heads him off with his pistol --

TROY

Down.

The other rifle-loader stands looking scared.

IRAQI RIFLE-LOADER

Isnam panan fatwa aznir --

WHIP PAN TO Doc, who turns the shortwave radio off, pushes the TWO IRAQIS to the ground. One goes peacefully, the other resists; Doc smacks him in the side of the head with his pistol, which fires accidentally. Everyone grabs their heads and ducks -- except Archie.

ARCHIE GATES

Never hit anyone with your pistol,
Doc.

DOC

Sorry about that.

Archie is offered a cuisinart by the Iraqi Captain.

IRAQI CAPTAIN

For wife.

ARCHIE GATES

I've been divorced three times.

Troy has one rifle Iraqi on the ground, but the second is on his knees, putting a CD into a mini-stereo.

RIFLE IRAQI #2

Newest and best.

TROY

No, newest and best has better
noise reduction.

The Iraqi looks puzzled.

TROY

Less distortion. Get down on the
floor, OK?

He pushes the man face down, cuffs his hands. Olivia Newton-John's "I Wanna Get Physical" PLAYS.

TROY

This is bad music, understand?
It's bad for you.

DOC (O.S.)

Hey --

WHIP PAN TO the resistant Iraqi struggles to break away and Doc punches him in the head twice, the Iraqi starts crying.

ARCHIE GATES

(to Iraqi Captain)

Where's the gold, Captain? Tell us
so we don't have to kill you.

TROY

There's another room over here.

PAN TO Troy pointing to a narrow door in a corner of the room. Archie kicks it open.

INT. INNER ROOM - DAY

A bound, naked SHIITE MAN IN GLASSES, clean shaven, sits on the floor in a five foot square shallow metal box, four inches deep, filled with water. There is an electric cable going into the water. The naked Shiite in glasses shakes.

Troy watches Archie walk over and yank the cable out.

IRAQI SARGEANT

I am just do my job, buddy.

Archie pauses, then gives the Sargeant a backhand that sends him flying to the corner. Archie steps on the man's wrist, takes the pistol out of his hand. Troy watches.

Archie turns and sees TEN SHIITES across the room: 3 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 4 CHILDREN. The men and women are bound and GAGGED.

Archie steps toward the Shiites, but the INTERROGATOR, 35, also a captain, steps in his way.

INTERROGATOR

These Shiite. Iraq problem. United
States is out now.

Archie stares at the INTERROGATOR with contempt.

INTERROGATOR

We take them outside, so it don't
bother you, OK, sir? Kata fanam.

The disarmed Iraqi Sargeant NODS and opens a small rear door and pushes the Shiites out. Archie walks back to the main room and points his pistol in the Captain's face.

ARCHIE GATES

Take us to the basement.

EXT. FRONT OF BUNKER TWO - DAY

Vig keeps the TWO CUFFED IRAQI GUARDS on the ground at gun point as 15 SHIITES with crude clubs and sling shots encircle.

One of the Shiites shoots a rock from the slingshot and nails a handcuffed Iraqi in the back of the head.

VIG
Don't start this shit again.

The Shiites back away as Vig motions with his big pistol.

VIG
I know ya'll Shiite gettin' yer asses whipped -- Hey, what the hell is going on here?

PAN TO the ten Shiites, and the naked Man with Glasses, who is getting dressed, exiting the side of the bunker, ushered by the unarmed Iraqi Sargeant.

VIG
Git on the fucking ground, Arab.

IRAQI SARGEANT
Prisoner stay. Gabar matan.

VIG
What the fuck are you talking about?

Suddenly a SHIITE WOMAN runs up to the tortured Shiite Man with Glasses and embraces him, sobbing. A LITTLE GIRL with dirty casts on both broken arms runs up and hugs his legs.

The bound Shiite prisoners start to walk away from the bunker, and the unarmed Sargeant has a fit.

IRAQI SARGEANT
Kinam vanir! Vanir!

He chases the prisoners, pushes them back. The free Shiites shoot rocks and club him.

VIG
Goddamn it everybody calm down.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

Archie runs down several narrow sets of cement stairs, followed by the Interrogator, the other Iraqi Captain, Troy, and Doc. (SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH)

IRAQI CAPTAIN
It's my ass, donkey dick, Saddam will shoot me dead.

INTERROGATOR

Saddam worries more about the
Shiite than the gold.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

The Shiite crowd curses and spits on the Iraqi soldiers. The Sargeant is beaten.

Suddenly an Iraqi armored truck with a mounted machine gun races up and SEVEN IRAQI SOLDIERS pour out swinging clubs, followed by an IRAQI MAJOR, about 45. The Iraqi soldiers savagely beat the Shiites.

Vig looks horrified as he watches.

TWO SOLDIERS grab the Woman from the Man With Glasses, and drag her into a circle with three other soldiers; the ten year-old girl with dirty casts on both arms, screams and punches at them.

The Man With Glasses is held down at knife point.

VIG

(into the megaphone)

This is the United States Military.

The Iraqi Major glances over at Vig, but the soldiers do not stop brutalizing the Shiites -- they round up eight more Shiites and make them lay face down.

INT. BASEMENT

Troy and Doc disarm TWO GUARDS outside a door in the basement.

Archie goes through the door, followed by the Iraqi Interrogator and Captain.

INT. ROOM OF BUNKER 2 - DAY

Bright white cement, many overhead lights and a high ceiling. empty but for 15 brand new, jumbo-sized Louis Vuitton suitcases standing neatly in a row in the center of the room.

Archie stands looking at the suitcases with Troy and Doc.

Several of the big Vuitton suitcases are laid on their sides by Archie, Troy and Doc.

The Iraqi Captain paces frantically punching and kicking the walls and talking (SUBTITLED in ENGLISH).

IRAQI CAPTAIN

It's Saddam's gold.

INTERROGATOR

Shut up, he signed the treaty.

The suitcases are quickly unzipped. One suitcase is full of gleaming antique silverware. One suitcase is full of jewelry.

Archie opens one full of hundreds of gold Cartier watches.

Troy and Doc slip a handful of jewelry into their pockets.

The Iraqi Captain goes nuts, throwing himself on Doc's back, choking Doc, who flails about. Troy punches the Iraqi in the head and rips him off Doc.

Archie puts his pistol in the man's face.

ARCHIE GATES

Listen to me: we leave you alone
to kill your Shiites, but
everything you took from Kuwait,
that belongs to us now, understand?

He turns to Doc.

ARCHIE GATES

Put it back.

DOC

Why?

ARCHIE GATES

Stick to the plan. The plan is for
gold.

Doc and Troy, out of breath, empty their pockets of jewelry.

Archie opens another Vuitton suitcase and pushes it aside - it's full of Kuwaiti passports.

When Doc opens the next suitcase, he freezes. Archie looks over and freezes. Troy closes cuffs behind the Captain's back and looks over his shoulder -- wide-eyed.

The very large Vuitton suitcase is filled with five-kilo bricks of gold. They all stare. Troy picks one up.

TROY

Is this five kilos?

Archie holds another brick.

ARCHIE GATES

Yeah, that's five kilos.

TROY

Five, six, seven, eight, there's
sixty bricks in this suitcase.

DOC

Times 50K each --

TROY

Three million dollars.

Archie opens another large Vuitton suitcase, and it is also filled with sixty bars. Troy opens another suitcase, there's another sixty bars. Doc opens another, another sixty bars. They frantically check all of the suitcases. The handcuffed Captain is crying.

ARCHIE GATES

Ten suitcases; sixty bricks each.
That's thirty million dollars.

Archie, Doc and Troy look at each other in shock.

With effort, Doc and Troy help Archie pick up the heavy, jumbo-sized suitcase sideways, like a table top.

TROY

I'm gonna get a fleet of Lexus convertibles in different colors.

DOC

I told you Lexus doesn't make a convertible.

TROY

I'll bet you a Lexus they do.

DOC

OK, you're on for a Lexus, but it won't be a convertible.

Suddenly the suitcase rips apart and gold bars fall to the floor; one lands on Troy's foot. He jumps in pain.

TROY

Shit.

Archie, Troy, and Doc hoist another suitcase sideways and the bricks rip through and fall to the floor --

ARCHIE GATES

They didn't get it here in these bags.

DOC

The tensilary strength goes to 200 pounds.

TROY

The what?

DOC

Tensilary strength, it's what the

suitcase can hold.

ARCHIE GATES
Why would you know that?

TROY
He works at an airport.

DOC
60 bars, 13 pounds each is like --
800 pounds. The smaller Vuittons
handle 65.

ARCHIE GATES
You got any more luggage here?

The Interrogator looks at him.

INT. BUNKER BASEMENT - LATER

120 small, round, Vuitton overnight bags, laid out and
opened, cover the entire floor of the basement.

Troy and Doc finish putting 5 bars in each bag. Archie paces,
sweating, speedy like he's on cocaine.

ARCHIE GATES
It's crazy to take it all, we're
not prepared for it. It's crazy
not to take it all, how can we
leave it?

Troy and Doc look nervous.

TROY
What's the shipping plan?

ARCHIE GATES
I told you that's handled.

TROY
How is it handled? You have to
tell us now.

DOC
Yeah, tell us now.

ARCHIE GATES
(pacing)
I've got a friend, he's in French
Special Forces. He's gonna put it
in barrels filled with oil and
bury it. In a few weeks, he'll
drive it to Yanbu --

TROY
Where's Yanbu?

ARCHIE GATES
It's a port in Saudi.

SILENT FANTASY

Havichon talks to an EGYPTIAN MAN in Lacoste sportswear

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
Where another friend will ship it
on a Turkish boat up the Red Sea
to Perpignan, where a French boat
will take it to Baltimore --

BACK TO THE SCENE

TROY
I don't know about getting them to
Baltimore, but these hat boxes
ain't gonna fit in the Humvee.

ARCHIE GATES
We need a trailer.

TROY
OK, I'll call U-Haul in Karbala to
see what they have on the lot
today.

ARCHIE GATES
See what you can get, Barlow.

INT. NARROW CEMENT STAIRCASE OF BUNKER

Troy runs up the stairs.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

Troy runs out the front door.

TROY
Conrad, we need a trailer --

The Iraqi Major stares coldly at Troy. Troy stares at the two
soldiers beating Shiites; five others clustered around the
woman on the ground.

VIG
Did you get it? Troy, did you get
it?

TROY
Yeah, we got it.

VIG
Is it a lot?

TROY
Yeah, it's a lot.

LATER

Troy and Vig untangle, with difficulty, an ox cart from a messy pile of old ox carts against a bombed out building. Troy looks troubled --

TROY
(under his breath)
'Little deuce coupe with a fiat
head mill, she'll walk a
Thunderbird like it's standin'
still --'

CLOSE UP A SHIITE MAN is smashed in the face with a club.

CLOSE UP TROY pulls a heavy chain from the Humvee.

TROY
'She'll do a hundred and forty
with the top end floored --'

The Little Girl with arm casts is screaming while her father, the Man In Glasses, tries to hold her.

Troy and Vig quickly chain the ox cart to the Humvee.

TROY
'She's my little deuce coupe --'

INT. NARROW CEMENT STAIRCASE OF BUNKER

Archie, Doc, the Interrogator run up carrying Vuitton cases.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM OF BUNKER - DAY

They hurry past the huge poster of Saddam, the TVs playing 'Happy Days' and Rodney King, the many shelves of stereos, etc., and past the soldiers lying face down, handcuffed.

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

Archie, Doc, and the Interrogator charge out of the bunker with Vuitton luggage and put it onto the ox cart Troy has rigged. Archie and Doc stop and stare in shock -- Soldiers 6 & 7 drag and beat Shiites; 5 wounded men and women lie on the ground bleeding. A cuffed Iraqi Guard kneels with a bleeding head. Five soldiers continue to encircle someone (the Shiite woman). The Man In Glasses and the Little Girl PRAY in ARABIC as they bow on the ground.

Troy and Vig stare back at Archie, looking tense.

The Iraqi Major greets the Interrogator warmly and they embrace. Then the Major salutes Archie.

IRAQI MAJOR
You take the Kuwaiti gold, yes?

ARCHIE GATES
We take the Kuwaiti gold. Yes.

IRAQI MAJOR
Saddam cannot keep.

ARCHIE GATES
No, Saddam cannot keep.

IRAQI MAJOR
Saddam have too many problem today.

ARCHIE GATES
He certainly does.

Shiites run past throwing rocks at Iraqi soldiers 6 & 7 who tackle and pummel them to the ground.

IRAQI MAJOR
You need help to load?

ARCHIE GATES
We can do it ourselves.

The Major turns and shouts --

IRAQI MAJOR
Hazal jarat finan.

Iraqis 6 & 7 jog over. The soldiers are out of breath.

IRAQI MAJOR
These man help you.

INTERROGATOR
You go away fast from this
bullshit.

Archie looks at one soldier's hands.

CLOSE UP: BLOOD on the Iraqi Soldier's knuckles and wrists.

PAN UP TO THE FACES of the Iraqi soldiers.

ARCHIE GATES
Let's load up and get out of here.

INT. STAIRWELL

Iraqi Soldiers 6 & 7 carry suitcases up the narrow stairs.

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

Luggage is loaded into the Humvee and the cart while Troy directs Iraqis 6 & 7; Doc and Vig help.

TROY
Lay that one flat; OK, sideways --

ARCHIE GATES
This isn't gonna work.

TROY
Sure it is --

The cart collapses from the weight into a pile of broken wood.

The Vuitton bags roll onto the debris-cluttered ground, one goes through a pool of blood. Doc picks the case up.

IRAQI MAJOR
You need a truck.

ARCHIE GATES
We'll rig two carts.

TROY
Let's take the truck.

ARCHIE GATES
We're not taking their truck.

TROY
Why not?

IRAQI MAJOR
We cooperate with peace accord.
Please take truck.

TROY
Let's take the truck.

Archie looks vaguely disgusted.

Troy backs the truck up.

Vuitton hat cases are loaded into the back of the truck, which is completely full.

Archie sits behind the wheel of the Humvee. Vig sits next to him. Archie starts the engine. Iraqi 6 taps on the door of the Humvee by way of saying goodbye. Archie nods.

The Iraqi Major points to the Shiite Woman.

IRAQI MAJOR
Nazaran yafit haisul.

Archie watches as Iraqis 6 & 7 walk directly to the circle of soldiers around the woman -- it is now clear she has been

raped. They pull her from the group, they stand the Woman in an open area and shoot her dead.

Troy jerks slightly in his seat and turns away. Doc stares.

Archie bows his head to the steering wheel and leans there for a second as Vig looks wide-eyed at the dead woman.

The Girl in arm casts screams. She is grabbed by the hair and pulled away by an Iraqi soldier, but the Man In Glasses punches him and takes the girl. The soldier chases them with a knife and jabs at the man, cutting him, but not lethally.

Archie gets out of the Humvee and slams the door, walks slowly toward the Iraqi soldiers.

ARCHIE GATES

This has to stop.

The Iraqis look at him. The soldier with the knife continues to slash the Man In Glasses.

INTERROGATOR

You get your ass kick in a war, it feel good to be strong again.

ARCHIE GATES

What did you say?

IRAQI MAJOR

You go now, please.

He salutes Archie.

ARCHIE GATES

I don't think so. I'm sure you know about the Geneva Convention, right?

INTERROGATOR

Geneva convention? You bomb my house, man.

IRAQI MAJOR

That Shiite man is leader of uprising. He kill my man.

TROY

Archie, let's stick to the plan, sir. The plan is for gold, right?

DOC

We can help them first, then be on our way.

TROY

No, we can't. It's not what we're

here for.

ARCHIE GATES

How much?

IRAQI MAJOR

What?

ARCHIE GATES

How much gold do you want to let
these people come with us?

The Iraqi Major smiles. The Interrogator laughs.

INTERROGATOR

Cannot do.

ARCHIE GATES

What do you mean, cannot do? I'm
offering you a lot of money.

The Iraqi Major continues smiling.

IRAQI MAJOR

Cannot let Shiite go --

INTERROGATOR

Saddam kill us.

IRAQI MAJOR

Saddam kill to me if we let them
go, OK? Now you go.

ARCHIE GATES

Cover me.

TROY

Jesus Christ, we can't save
everybody.

ARCHIE GATES

Are you listening? I said cover me.

Troy and Doc stare at Archie, then Troy gets out of the truck, Doc gets out of the Humvee, and they nervously point their pistols. Troy points his gun at Iraqi 6, who has come forward with a rifle; Doc points at Iraqi 7, who has also come forward. To the rear, Iraqi 6 stands with a rifle, near Iraqis 2,3,4 and the Sargeant stand over the eight prone Shiite prisoners laying face down.

Vig nervously sits for a moment, then jumps to his feet and mans the mounted machine gun in the rear of the Hummer.

ARCHIE GATES

No unnecessary shots, Conrad, is
that clear?

VIG

Yes, sir.

ARCHIE GATES

Because we know what bullets do to vital organs, don't we?

VIG

Make infected pockets filled with bile, sir.

ARCHIE GATES

That's right, that's what they do.

Troy, Doc, Vig watch with trepidation as Archie walks toward the soldier slashing the Man In Glasses, who carries the Girl.

Archie reaches over and grabs the slasher's wrist, pulling the blade away from the man's body. He holds the soldier's wrist up. The soldier grabs for Archie's throat with his free hand, but Archie grabs this hand and twists it away, putting the Iraqi into a choke hold. The soldier drops the knife in the dirt.

The bloodied Man In Glasses collapses to the ground, clutching the Little Girl in arm casts.

Troy, Doc, Vig point their guns. The Iraqi Major is pissed.

Archie sweeps the soldier's feet out, pins the soldier face down on the ground, and throws the soldier's gun away. Archie helps the Shiite Man In Glasses to his feet, takes the Girl, and walks them over to the Humvee.

Two Shiite prisoners try to stand up, the Iraqi guards kick them back down.

IRAQI MAJOR

(pissed)

U.S.A. is out of Shiite war.

The Iraqi Major raises his machine gun as he stands next to the Humvee, but Archie grabs the barrel and holds it down.

ARCHIE GATES

No shooting.

Troy looks scared as he points his pistol at the Iraqi soldiers, who point their rifles back at Troy and Doc.

CUT BACK TO the Major pauses, then smashes the barrel of his machine gun, with Archie's hand, against the Humvee.

Archie winces, but doesn't let go. The Major does it again, smashing Archie's hand. Archie winces, doesn't let go. The Major tries to jerk the barrel up, but Archie pushes it down,

and it fires by accident, into the Major's leg. The Major howls with pain. Blood dribbles out the bottom of his pants leg like piss.

Troy covers Iraqi 6 with his rifle.

TROY
What's happening?

ARCHIE GATES
Accident. Stay cool.

Vig nervously swings the mounted machine gun from one Iraqi in the rear to another, but doesn't shoot. Iraqi soldiers point their rifles at the Americans.

ANGLE ON TROY

TROY
No.

WHIP PAN TO Iraqi 6 jerks his rifle toward Archie and fires.

The sound cuts out.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: WHIP PAN from Iraqi rifle to Archie.

The only SOUND is the BULLET PIERCING THE FLESH of Archie's lower left arm and tearing his muscle as it passes through. Archie grimaces violently in pain.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: Troy fires his pistol. NO SOUND except for the SLOW MOTION SOUND of the BULLET EXPLODING.

SLOW MOTION: The bullet tears through Iraqi 6's chest.

THE ONLY SOUND is the IRAQI'S HEARTBEAT, the bullet tearing flesh and crushing bone, and the heartbeat stopping with a VIOLENT SPLASH. Iraqi 6 falls to the ground with only a dull thud and the slow clank of his gear.

REGULAR SPEED: Vig swings the mounted machine gun from one Iraqi to another, but still doesn't shoot. He looks terrified as his thumbs twitch on the triggers.

Iraqi 7 FIRES twice.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: a bullet tears into Troy's chest with a DULL SNAP. He winces in pain.

PAN TO the windshield of the Humvee shatters behind Doc; he turns and fires his pistol.

PAN TO -- slightly slow motion: NO SOUND EXCEPT THE BULLET TEARING INTO IRAQI 7'S KNEE, smashing through bone. He falls to the ground clutching his leg.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: Vig swings the mounted machine gun and FIRES. NO SOUND BUT THE SLOW CRACKS OF THE RED TRACER BULLETS EXPLODING from the gun.

SLOW MOTION: tracer bullets slice across the face of Iraqi 5 and Iraqi 2 in the rear, NO SOUND BUT THE BULLETS BREAKING THROUGH BONE AND FLESH.

SLOW MOTION: Archie jams his pistol under the Major's chin and FIRES -- the ONLY SOUND IS THE. SLOW EXPLOSION OF THE GUN, and the slow tearing of tissue, ending with a sharp SNAP as the tissue, bone, and the bullet CRACK out the top of the Iraqi Major's head.

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN -- replay of entire shoot out at REGULAR SPEED. Ending on the wide-eyed Little Girl with her hand in her mouth, staring.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- replay of entire shoot out at REGULAR SPEED. Ending on Troy wincing as he holds his chest.

The dead Iraqi Major lies face down in sand with eyes open; the Interrogator holds his hand and WEEPS.

Archie's lightly blood-flecked face stares down at the dead Major, clouds pass overhead.

Dead Iraqi 6 lies with legs twisted under his body.

A rivulet of blood trickles through the sand. A spider runs across it and gets stuck.

LOW ANGLE up at Doc, stone still, staring straight ahead as clouds pass slowly above him in the sky.

Vig nervously swings the mounted machine gun back and forth.

Troy, drenched in sweat, looks pained as he unbuttons his shirt: there's a gunshot in his kevlar vest. The slug drops out of the dent, into his hand -- he exhales.

Iraqis 2, 3, 4, and the Sargeant, throw their hands up in surrender and drop their weapons. Big Iraqi 2 walks toward the Humvee in surrender, and bows down.

Archie points.

ARCHIE GATES
Cover these three.

Vig swings the mounted machine gun toward the three remaining Iraqi soldiers who stand over eight terrified Shiites.

ARCHIE GATES
Doc.

Doc follows Archie over to the three Iraqi soldiers.

DOC

Down.

The soldiers get on their knees, pleading for mercy.

IRAQI SOLDIER

Kazal stan hamir in fatar.

Doc takes the Iraqi soldiers' guns and pushes them down.

ARCHIE GATES

Put the Shiites in the Humvee.

TROY

There's no room.

ARCHIE GATES

Make room.

TROY

What the fuck happened to
necessity?

ARCHIE GATES

It just changed.

TROY

Not for me.

Shiites and Iraqi soldiers watch the debate nervously.

ARCHIE GATES

Obey the fucking order, Barlow.

TROY

This is fucked up.

Doc points to the Shiites.

DOC

What if that was you?

Troy displays the gunshot in the Kevlar.

TROY

What if this was you not wearing
Kevlar?

Suddenly, THE SOUND of an APPROACHING TANK. They turn.

A tank rolls toward them fast, down a narrow side street,
followed by a truck with a rocket launcher.

TROY

Great, a fucking tank. That should
send us on our way.

VIG
Grenade launcher, sir.

Vig struggles to lift the grenade launcher.

ARCHIE GATES
No. Let's get out of here.

TROY
It's about fucking time.

Troy jumps into the luggage-packed truck, starts the engine.
Vig starts the Humvee; Archie jumps in next to Vig.

PAN TO the eight Shiites, plus the Man In Glasses and the
Little Girl, jam into the crowded Humvee. Doc jumps in.

The tank approaches. The Humvee pulls away. The tank rolls in
from the side, but the tank turret WHINES and CLICKS, stuck
in place. An Iraqi pops out the top of the tank.

TANK IRAQI
Hazal mafan.

He gestures to the whining, stuck, turret. Another Iraqi
tries pushing the turret. The truck with the small rocket
launcher pulls up.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE

as it bounces along fast. Archie is in pain while Doc pours
disinfectant over Archie's gunshot wound in his lower left
arm, and wraps it. Vig looks terrified as he drives.

INT. TRUCK

Troy, driving alone, speeds the truck as fast as it will go,
bouncing along the road.

TROY
We were home free, you stupid son
of a bitch.

WIDE AERIAL SHOT

the truck is 60 yards behind the Humvee

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
What's the tank doing?

POV

through Doc's jiggling binoculars of the tank turning.

DOC (O.S.)
Lining us up --

BACK TO THE SCENE

Vig pushes the Humvee's accelerator to the floor.

The Shiite Man In Glasses and his Little Girl cling to the Humvee as they sit on top of the Vuitton hat cases with eight other Shiites, including TWO FIVE YEAR OLDS, A BOY AND GIRL.

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

Two Iraqi soldiers take a THIN ROCKET, four feet long, and load a clear plastic canister of brown fluid into it. A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, a soldier is hit in the arm.

WHIP PAN TO a Shiite boy with an old rifle in the third floor window of a small stone building. Iraqis shout and point at the sniper. The tank turns to the building.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvee drives fast over the bumpy two-lane road.

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

The tank fires a round at the building which COLLAPSES.

INT. SHIITE BUILDING - DAY

A SHIITE MOTHER, FATHER, AND TWO CHILDREN pray at a crude table when the ceiling collapses.

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER TWO - DAY

The Iraqi soldiers fire the rocket launcher.

DOC (O.S.)

Incoming.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Vig turns the speeding Humvee off the road. Archie jerks the wheel back.

ARCHIE GATES

Stay on the road.

VIG

I don't wanna get hit.

SLOW MOTION: Doc looks straight up with the binoculars.

SLOW MOTION: a rocket streaks a squiggly white line of smoke across the sky.

REAR OF HUMVEE, SLOW MOTION: half the Shiites hunch down, bracing for an explosion while the other half crane their

necks, looking straight up into the sky. They cower when there is an EXPLOSION above.

PAN UP TO - REGULAR SPEED: the ROCKET EXPLODES in the sky a hundred yards above the Humvee -- INTO A BROWN CLOUD.

DOC

Gas.

Troy leans out the window of the moving truck and squints up at the brown gas cloud above as he drives fast.

Archie and Doc grapple to put on their gas masks. Vig reaches around behind him for his mask as he drives.

VIG

Where's my mask?

He accidentally veers off the road into the open desert.

ZOOM IN TO a field of mines sitting right on top of the sand, 20 yards ahead. [Iraqi mines were often placed this way]

ZOOM IN ON Archie's alarmed face

ARCHIE GATES

Mine.

Archie dives from the Humvee followed by Vig, Doc, the Man In Glasses holding the Little Girl, the other Shiites, including the Two Five Year Olds. The Hummer drives ten yards, hits the first mine with an explosion and flies into the air --

INT. TRUCK DRIVEN BY TROY

Flying debris smashes the windshield. Troy instinctively jerks the wheel and the truck flips onto its side and slides across the sand.

EXT. MINEFIELD

The airborne Humvee lands on its side, hits another mine, is blown into the air, lands on its back, and is blown to pieces.

Troy sits sideways as the truck slides across the sand to a halt inches before a mine, 30 yards behind the wrecked Humvee.

SILENCE. A wheel on the wrecked Humvee spin in the air, squeaking.

Louis Vuitton suitcases are scattered all over. One has opened and the gold bars are spilled around.

Shiites stagger to their feet, some cut and bleeding, some limping. They cover their faces with their clothes as the dense brown fog descends around them.

Vig's right eye has taken shrapnel and is bloody mess -- he gropes in the sand for his glasses as blood drips down.

Archie puts his gas mask on the Little Girl with arm casts. Doc takes his mask off when he sees what Archie has done and gives it to the Shiite Man in Glasses.

Doc picks up Vig's glasses and hands them to Vig, who stands, blinking his one good eye, while blood streams down his face.

DOC
Cover your face, Conrad. Cover
your mouth, man.

Vig is in shock. Doc lifts Vig's bloody hand to Vig's mouth. Unseen in the fog, Troy climbs out of the overturned truck.

He picks up two Vuitton hat cases, looks up, sees the TWO LITTLE CHILDREN from the Humvee, running across a mine field SCREAMING.

TROY
Hey. Stop.

Troy stands watching as the children run farther away, crying.

TROY
Goddamn it.

He runs, hard, after the children, who are now 70 yards away, the Vuitton hat cases banging against his legs.

Doc pulls a syringe from a sterile packet, is about to stick it into his leg when Archie grabs his hand.

ARCHIE GATES
Don't do it, this isn't sarin.
We'd be dead by now.

DOC
Is it mustard?

ARCHIE GATES
It's C.S.

DOC
What's that?

ARCHIE GATES
Tear gas times ten, but it's not
lethal. Where's Barlow?

DOC
I don't know.

EXT. DESERT - MINEFIELD

Troy chases the children through the brown fog, he drops one of the suitcases, catches up to the Girl and scoops her up in his left arm and covers her face with her coat.

TROY'S POV

as he runs between land mines after the Boy, who is way ahead.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Troy drops the other Vuitton bag, catches the Boy and has both children under his arms like footballs -- when suddenly Troy is grabbed from behind with a cord around his neck -- he lands on his back with the two children in his arms.

TROY'S POV LOOKING UP

the Iraqi Interrogator, wearing a gas mask, kicks Troy in the head. The screaming Children are torn from Troy's arms by Iraqi soldiers. Troy reaches for his pistol and it is ripped from his hand as he is dragged to an Iraqi jeep.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR ARCHIE AND DOC

ARCHIE GATES
Does anybody see Barlow?

Archie and Doc circle through the thick haze carrying a Vuitton hat case and cover their mouths and noses.

DOC
I can't even see the truck.

About five Shiites wander around, confused.

VIG
Look out.

Archie spins around, drops the bag and points his pistol.

TWO BLACK ROBED FIGURES pick up Vuitton hat cases.

ARCHIE GATES
Don't move.

A Black Robed Figure walks right past Archie, takes a scared Shiite man by the arm and leads him to the side.

More black cloaked figures appear. There are THIRTY IN ALL.

Archie, Doc, and Vig look disoriented, point their pistols around as black robes appear and lead the Shiites away.

VIG
What's going on?

The robes lead the Shiites to a 4 FOOT HIGH TUNNEL ENTRANCE

in a mound of desert earth and disappear into it.

Vig stands and rubs his one good eye. Doc grabs Vig by the arm and pulls him back toward the tunnel.

DOC
Get in the tunnel.

Vig jerks his arm away.

VIG
Troy.

Doc grabs Vig.

DOC
You're gonna die.

Vig punches Doc in the side of the head. Doc punches Vig in the stomach. They fall to the ground, fighting.

Archie searches for Troy in the brown haze.

ARCHIE GATES
Barlow.

Two black-robed figures pull Vig off Doc and drag him to the tunnel. Another robed figure pulls Doc to the tunnel.

Archie walks, looks for Troy, chokes, vomits into the sand. A black robed figure takes him by the arm and pulls him back to the tunnel, where they disappear inside.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Chaos. People choking and vomiting. GAS LANTERNS SWING. The tunnel is 6 feet tall. Buckets are passed, filled with oiled rags that people use to wipe their faces. Archie takes a dripping rag and wipes his eyes, nose, mouth.

VIG
We have to go back. We can't leave
him there.

Vig's mutilated right eye is bleeding.

ARCHIE GATES
We have to wait until it clears.

VIG
You made the choice and we lost
Troy --

ARCHIE GATES
I had no choice.

VIG

You had a choice.

ARCHIE GATES
I had no fucking choice.

He screams at Vig, who looks scared.

ARCHIE GATES
I can't walk away from a crime
like that and take the gold and
live my life like nothing
happened, and if you can, then I
hope you die right now.

Vig starts crying. Doc hands a bandage to Archie, who puts it over Vig's wounded eye socket.

VIG
What about Troy? What choice does
he have now?

PAN ACROSS the Man In Glasses wipes his daughter's face.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER - DAY

Iraqi soldiers strip Troy's clothes as he stands in front of Oasis Bunker surrounded only by fortress ruins in the desert. The Iraqi Interrogator pulls off his gas mask.

Two Iraqi tanks are parked to the side. Small numbers of soldiers and civilians mill about.

IRAQI SOLDIER (SUBTITLES)
Can we shoot him?

IRAQI SOLDIER #2 (SUBTITLES)
We're not even supposed to have
American prisoners.

INTERROGATOR (SUBTITLES)
He's proof they broke the cease-
fire.

A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT. The Iraqis turn to look.

INTERROGATOR
They're taking the tank.

PAN TO 7 Shiites with rifles climb the unmanned Iraqi tank. 4 Iraqi soldiers FIRE back at the Shiites.

Troy, naked, tries to break away in the chaos. He runs a few feet, is tackled and dragged toward the bunker.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE TANK

Bill Smithson drives the motorcycle up and stops.

BILL SMITHSON
Start shooting, Paco.

WALTER
I don't like this, we gotta go--

Iraqi soldiers pull them off the motorcycle.

WALTER
Hey.

BILL SMITHSON
Let me handle this.

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR OF OASIS BUNKER

Troy is led, naked, down the corridor by two soldiers.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER - DAY

Shiites rebels sit on top of the captured tank with rifles as it drives toward the bunker. Iraqi soldiers FIRE on them, but the turret aims at the bunker and FIRES -- blasting a hole.

INT. BUNKER - CRUDE CEMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Troy is thrown onto the floor of a cluttered cement bathroom with two crude toilets. His clothes are thrown on top of him.

IRAQI SOLDIER
Get dress.

TROY
OK.

IRAQI SOLDIER
Get dress.

TROY
I said OK.

The door is slammed. Stolen blenders, radios, CDs, stacks of new Levis litter the floor. Troy kicks all the crap angrily and hundreds of cell phones tumble from a box.

Troy looks at the pile of cell phones, picks one up, tries it for a dial tone, drops it, tries another, until he gets one that gives him a tone and dials.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Jalam nafad.

Troy looks stunned.

TROY
(into the cell phone)

Um. Do you speak English?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(British accent)

Yes.

TROY
(into cell phone)
Can you -- I need --

He frantically pushes stuff on the floor to block the door.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
What number, please.

TROY
Operation Desert Storm.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'm sorry?

TROY
The big army in the desert, come
on, it's an emergency.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I don't have that number.

TROY
Maybe you could -- hello?

The phone is dead.

TROY
Fuck.

He throws it to the ground, tries another, no dial tone,
throws it, tries another, no dial tone, throws it.

TROY
Come on, come on, come on.

He tries another, chucks it, another, gets a dial tone,
dials, and waits. Troy dials a number.

He waits while the PHONE RINGS.

INT. TROY'S HOME - TORRANCE, CAL.- NIGHT

Darlene, Troy's wife, tired from the pregnancy, picks up the
RINGING TELEPHONE. She has a crying baby in her arm.

INTERCUT with bunker:

DARLENE
(Southern accent)
Hello?

TROY
Honey, it's me.

DARLENE
Troy?

TROY
It's me, honey.

DARLENE
My God, the baby's crying.

TROY
I can hear her.

DARLENE
That's our little Krystal.

TROY
How's she doing?

DARLENE
She hasn't been sleeping good, and
Mamma had to go back to work, so
I'm real, real tired, baby.

TROY
I wish I was there to help, gooney-
bird.

DARLENE
Oh, gooney-bird, when are you
coming home?

TROY
I'm working on that right now,
baby.

DARLENE
I saw an ad for a computer job.
You want me to call and set up an
interview for my war hero?

TROY
Listen, honey --

DARLENE
What date are you coming home?

TROY
They haven't given us an exact
date yet. Listen --

DARLENE
I'm henpecking you.

TROY
No, you're not.

DARLENE
I'm lonely and tired and most of
all, I miss you.

TROY
I miss you, too.

FIRE and CONCRETE EXPLODE into one wall of the bathroom.

DARLENE
What was that?

TROY
The wall just exploded.

DARLENE
I thought the war was over, honey.

TROY
It is and it isn't, babe. Can you
do me a favor and call the C.O. on
base?

DARLENE
You want me to call the C.O.?

TROY
Tell him I'm stuck in a bunker
near 223 north outside Karbala --

DARLENE
What do you mean 'stuck'? I
thought the war was over.

TROY
I'm gonna be fine, honey, I don't
want you to worry, I tried to do
something for the family, and I
want you to know --

DARLENE
Know what?

Another MORTAR SMASHES through the wall, covers Troy in dust.

TROY
That I love you.

DARLENE
What's happening, Troy?

TROY
Tell Krystal --

Soldiers push at the door, trying to open it.

DARLENE

Troy?

TROY

Tell Krystal I'm a rich man and if things work out she'll be taken care of no matter what --

DARLENE

What are you talking about?

The door is kicked open and soldiers enter.

TROY

Gotta go, gooney-bird, I love you--

The soldiers punch Troy in the face, drag him from the room.

DARLENE

Troy?

She waits for a moment, tears in her eyes, and hangs up.

INT. TV ROOM OF OASIS BUNKER - DAY

A MORTAR ROCKS THE ROOM; soldiers frantically exit.

'CNN' is left playing in the empty room with Bill Smithson's report from the previous day. "I Just Want to Celebrate" PLAYS:

BILL SMITHSON

Spirits are high and the music is soaring as these young troops celebrate --

EXT. OASIS BUNKER - DAY

Iraqi soldiers shoulder-launch a rocket at the tank, EXPLODING it. Soldiers shoot into the flaming wreck.

PULL BACK TO Bill Smithson and PACO, the cameraman.

BILL SMITHSON

I'm being held captive by Iraqi troops in the gritty city of Karbala, where Shiite --

PACO

You said gritty city again.

BILL SMITHSON

OK, we'll go again.

PACO

What about Private Wogoman, Bill?

BILL SMITHSON

Let's lay a few of these down first. In three, two, and, I'm being held captive in a gritty suburb of Karbala, where Shiite fundamentalists are rising up --

PAN TO Walter is stripped naked by Iraqi soldiers. Their CONVERSATION is in ARABIC and SUBTITLED in ENGLISH.

IRAQI CAPTAIN

You better not let that fucking reporter see you doing this.

IRAQI SARGEANT

Hey, that's the CNN guy.

IRAQI CAPTAIN

Wow. He's much shorter in person.

IRAQI CAPTAIN

Get them out of here now.

LATER

Walter sits on the bike, naked. Bill Smithson in the sidecar, Paco in the back. Iraqi soldiers pull the tape out.

BILL SMITHSON

At least let me keep the tape.

WALTER

Could I have my helmet, please?

They hand him his socks.

WALTER

Helmet. On my head.

They give Walter his helmet, with built-in radio headset.

EXT. U.S. COMPANY B CAMP - MESS AREA - DAY

GENERAL HORN

Who's missing?

CAPTAIN VAN METER

Is Doc here?

The White Assistant shakes his head 'NO.'

CAPTAIN VAN METER

Doc's not here?

GENERAL HORN

You don't know where one of your own fucking aides is?

CAPTAIN VAN METER
How about Barlow?

The White Assistant shakes his head 'NO.'

GENERAL HORN
Check all the radio transmissions.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
I run a tight company, Ron. Don't break my bails.

GENERAL HORN
I'm not breaking your balls, Doug, I want to find these guys.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Archie, Doc, Vig, and dozens of Shiites crouch as they walk through the tunnel, single file.

Dissolve

They are still walking in the long tunnel.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

Archie climbs out of a small mound in the desert, squints in the light and looks around.

A strange minaret stretches skyward from the flat desert, 200 yards away. The minaret is made of yellow stone, it twists 150 feet into the air, like a twisting wedding cake.

Archie leads the others toward the minaret. No one is around, except for a few black robes. Archie, Doc, and Vig enter the old wooden doorway of the ancient Minaret.

INT. MINARET HALLWAY - DAY

A line of TEN CHILDREN with missing limbs and bandages stand and watch Archie, Doc, and Vig enter. They make eye contact.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, OASIS BUNKER - DAY

CLOSE UP: the hands of an Iraqi soldier carefully wrap a bare wire around Troy's right ear.

INTERROGATOR
(heavy accent)
What is your rank, bro?

TROY
Master sargeant.

INTERROGATOR

Your company?

TROY

B Company, infantry, United States
Army.

The wire is wrapped under Troy's chin around his other ear.

INTERROGATOR

My main man. Tell me something,
OK? What is problem with Michael
Jackson?

TROY

What do you mean?

INTERROGATOR

The King of Pop. 'I'm bad, I'm
bad, you know it --'

TROY

Yeah, Michael Jackson.

INTERROGATOR

He is fahking the small boys, man.

TROY

What are you talking about?

INTERROGATOR

He come to Egypt with the small
boys. I see picture in newspaper,
always he is with the small boys
in the hotel window. Hello with
the white glove. I am King of Pop
in my hotel with the small boys.
No girls. Just the boys.

TROY

He likes kids.

INTERROGATOR

Yeah, he like to fahk them up the
ass.

TROY

Bullshit.

Troy is smashed in the face with a clipboard. He looks
angry, and like he could cry at the same time.

INTERROGATOR

You are the blind bullshit, my
main man. It is so obvious he
like the small boy so he all the

time travel with them.

TROY

Fine.

INTERROGATOR

And if it really true? You say --

TROY

I say it's sick.

INTERROGATOR

That's because you got a sick country, bro, you got no respect for the children. That's why you bomb them over here, right?

TROY

I don't think so.

INTERROGATOR

Michael Jackson is Pop King of sick fahking country.

TROY

Wrong.

Troy is smashed in the face with the clip board. Blood drips from his nose.

INTERROGATOR

Bullshit wrong, dude. A black man make the skin white and the hair straight. You know why?

TROY

No.

INTERROGATOR

Your sick fahking country make the black man hate hisself, just like you hate the Arab and the children you bomb.

TROY

I don't hate children.

INTERROGATOR

Do they care, buddy?

TROY

Does who care?

INTERROGATOR

Do your army care about the Shiite children? Do they come to help?

TROY
No, they're not coming.

The Interrogator signals someone O.S. and suddenly voltage races through the wire, causing Troy to gnash his teeth together so hard they chip. He writhes in pain.

INTERROGATOR
(in subtitles)
That seemed like too much volts.
You got to build it up slow.

A SECOND IRAQI gestures defensively at a console that is connected to the wire around Troy's jaw. A THIRD IRAQI reaches forward and turns a dial. The SECOND IRAQI murmurs defensively and turns the dial back.

INTERROGATOR
Just figure it out.

The Interrogator turns back to Troy.

INTERROGATOR
Are they coming to help the Shiite?

TROY
No.

He is jolted again -- his face contorts, he bites his lip.

INTERROGATOR
Tell the truth, dudesky. Save us
the big bumper.

Troy starts to cry, represses it. His lip is bleeding.

INTERROGATOR
Does it hurt?

Troy says nothing.

INTERROGATOR
I ask you question, bro.

TROY
Yes, it hurts.

INTERROGATOR
You bomb my family. Do you know
that?

Troy starts shaking slightly.

INTERROGATOR
You blow up my home. The whole
street. My wife is crush by big
fahking block of concrete. She

lose her legs, bro, and she got
nice legs, too. Those legs cut off
now.

Emotion comes into the INTERROGATOR'S VOICE as he says this.

TROY
(whispers)
That's horrible.

INTERROGATOR
What?

TROY
(whispers)
I said, that's horrible.

INTERROGATOR
Oh, my God, buddy. I didn't even
told you the horrible part yet.

The other two guards listen sadly.

INTERROGATOR
My son was kill in his bed. Did
you heard that, dude?

TROY
Yes.

INTERROGATOR
He is one years old. He is
asleeping with his toy doll when.
the bomb come. You see that guy
over there? He lose his daughter
same way: big USA bomb.

CLOSE UP the two guards -- one of them wipes away a tear.

FANTASY - CONCRETE AND PLASTER

falls onto the bed of a sleeping child.

BACK TO THE SCENE

TROY
I have a daughter.

INTERROGATOR
Very nice for you, bro. She is
safe in Ohio without the bombs and
concrete and all this shit--

FANTASY - DARLENE

pushes a baby carriage down an idyllic tree-lined sidewalk.

INTERROGATOR (OS)
How old is she?

TROY (OS)
Ten days old.

INTERROGATOR (OS)
What's her name?

BACK TO THE SCENE

TROY
Krystal.

INTERROGATOR
What makes you decide to tell me
about Krystal, my main man?

TROY
Because we're both fathers.

INTERROGATOR
I'm not a father no more, dude,
remember? My son is dead now.

INT. LARGE ROOM OF MINARET - DAY

TWO DOZEN PEOPLE are laying down, being treated by SHIITE
CLERICS in black who squeeze aloe onto facial blisters.

At the end of the hall, Archie grits his teeth in pain as a
CLERIC uses a turkey baster to shoot alcohol into his
infected wound. Archie SCREAMS in pain.

Doc paces, exhaling; he has white ointment on his face.

DOC
I'm OK. I'm cool. I'm a survivor.

A Shiite changes Vig's bloody bandage, while a DEAD BODY is
laid next to Vig and wrapped in cloths; two clerics chant.

VIG
Is that guy dead? Where you gonna
put him?

SHIITE CLERIC
A shrine.

VIG
What kind of shrine ya'll got?

SHIITE CLERIC
Shrine that wash 700 year of sin.

VIG
Hey, that's a pretty good shrine,

right, Doc?

Doc stares at Vig.

VIG

I'm sorry I hit you, man. I was scared for Troy, I don't want nothing to happen to him, he's my friend. Doc? Come on, man, I know you was comin' to help me --

Vig reaches out blindly for Doc's hand. Doc looks for a moment at Vig's hand in the air, reaching, then takes it. They remain silent for a moment, hands clasped.

VIG

Maybe we got kicked out of the ring of Jesus fire, on account of stealing.

DOC

That's not how it works.

VIG

How does it work?

DOC

I take care of what Jesus puts in front of me. That's what we did with the gold.

VIG

What about now?

DOC

I'm gonna see.

Archie walks up, his arm bandaged, and inspects Vig's face.

ARCHIE GATES

How you doing, Conrad?

VIG

I'm good to go, chief.

ARCHIE GATES

Let's check the suitcases.

Archie, Doc, and Vig check the Vuitton suitcases, opening them, looking at the gold, shutting them.

PAN TO children in bandages watch Archie inventory the gold.

DOC

We're missing 28.

ARCHIE GATES

That leaves 92 suitcases, five
bars each --

They think.

ARCHIE GATES
23 million dollars. Not bad for a
disaster, provided we can find
Barlow, get back before dark and
not get busted.

He looks at Doc and Vig.

ARCHIE GATES
It was my choice today. So you can
head back if you want. I'll find
Barlow myself.

DOC
What about the gold?

ARCHIE GATES
Take what you can carry. Try to
find a vehicle. Bury what you have
outside camp. Be careful about it.

They look at Archie.

VIG
I want to find Troy.

Doc thinks.

DOC
I'm in.

ARCHIE GATES
OK, where does that leave us? We
don't have any water, we're
dehydrated. You got a radio here?

The Shiite Man In Glasses puts oils on his Little Girl's face.

ARCHIE GATES
How is she?

The Shiite Man In Glasses does not answer.

DOC
How -- is -- your -- little
girl?

Vig wears glasses over his eye bandage; he mimes the Girl.

VIG
Broken -- arms. Girl.

MAN IN GLASSES

She's traumatized, what the fuck
do you expect?

They look at him, surprised.

MAN IN GLASSES

I went to b-school at Bowling
Green.

VIG

What's b-school? Is that like
terrorist training?

DOC

Business school, Conrad.

MAN IN GLASSES

I came back to open a couple of
hotels near Karbala. I'm almost in
the black when Saddam starts this
stupid fucking war and you guys
bomb the shit out of my cafes. Now
we try to get rid of Saddam, Bush
leaves us twisting in the wind, Un-
be-fucking-lievable man.

ARCHIE GATES

You got a radio?

MAN IN GLASSES

No radio. No water.

He wipes bits of white foam from the corners of his mouth.

ARCHIE GATES

Where's Barlow?

MAN IN GLASSES

They got him, I saw it happen. And
they won't take him back to the
same place.

ARCHIE GATES

Where would they take him?

MAN IN GLASSES

Oasis Bunker. It's full of
Saddam's hard core guys.

DOC

Where's that?

MAN IN GLASSES

Like 17 - 18 clicks from here.

ARCHIE GATES

Take us there.

MAN IN GLASSES
We got no wheels.

ARCHIE GATES
We'll walk until we find some.

MAN IN GLASSES
Why don't you call in the Marines?

ARCHIE GATES
With what? We don't have a radio.

MAN IN GLASSES
OK, we'll find a vehicle. You
drive back to get the choppers,
they fly in to get your man.

Doc and Vig look at Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
We can't do that.

MAN IN GLASSES
Why not? You got a huge army here.

ARCHIE GATES
We're not supposed to be involved
with Shiites. We killed Iraqi
soldiers. We broke the peace-
accord.

MAN IN GLASSES
Tell them it happened when you
reclaimed the gold. Don't tell
them it was about us.

ARCHIE GATES
They'd find out, we'd go to jail.

MAN IN GLASSES
You know what I think? I think
maybe you're boosting the gold.
That's what I think.

Archie looks at him.

ARCHIE GATES
You're wrong.

MAN IN GLASSES
They got half a million men in the
desert, they send four guys to
pick up all this bullion? I don't
think so.

Archie looks at Vig and Doc.

ARCHIE GATES

We need to find our man. How much do you want to take us there?

MAN IN GLASSES

Fifteen suitcases.

ARCHIE GATES

That's too much.

VIG

Give it to him. We've got a lot.

ARCHIE GATES

We're gonna need it to buy our way back today, so we better spend it wisely. I'll give you eight.

MAN IN GLASSES

You need some guns, right? You lost your gear.

ARCHIE GATES

Yeah, we need some guns.

MAN IN GLASSES

You need some fighters, too. I mean, you can try to take Oasis on your own, but look at these grunts --

Doc and Vig look pissed. Archie's arm is in pain.

ARCHIE GATES

Yeah, OK, we need some fighters.

MAN IN GLASSES

So that's worth more than eight suitcases.

ARCHIE GATES

Ten.

MAN IN GLASSES

Fifteen.

Archie looks at him.

ARCHIE GATES

That's four million dollars.

MAN IN GLASSES

I think we need it more than you, John Doe, don't you?

He extends his hand. They shake.

ARCHIE GATES

Archie Gates.

IMAM (MAN IN GLASSES)

Imam Katar. I'll give you back five suitcases to get us over the Iranian border.

ARCHIE GATES

What?

IMAM

We gotta get to a refugee camp or we're dead. The camps are in Iran.

DOC

We can't go to the Iranian border.

IMAM

Then we don't have a deal.

VIG

Give me a fucking break, man.

DOC

We saved your life.

IMAM

And we saved yours.

ARCHIE GATES

We lost a man for you.

IMAM

What good is it if you leave us to get wasted? The big army of democracy beats the ugly dictator, saves the rich Kuwaitis, but you go to jail if you help us escape the same dictator. You saw what happened to my wife. Look at my daughter.

Archie looks around. He sees Imam's daughter, other bandaged children looking at him. A few mothers.

ARCHIE GATES

Who's going?

IMAM

Everyone but the priests. That's 55.

VIG

Fuck it. We'll find this place on

our own.

IMAM

It's not on a map. You can look.

DOC

Somebody else will take us.

Doc pulls gold bars from a case and holds them up

DOC

Who will take us to Oasis bunker?

Fifty Shiites turn and look at him silently. Doc dumps a whole suitcase of gold bars. Imam translates.

IMAM

Jarat yalam fantam uraz.

People stare at the gold and say nothing.

IMAM

I don't think so.

VIG

This is a human life we're talking about.

IMAM

(laughs)

Tell me about it.

His daughter looks at him and laughs -- until her laughter becomes scary, hysterical and Imam tries to hold her still and she won't stop as Archie, Doc, Vig watch.

INT. OASIS BUNKER - DAY

CLOSE ON -- Head of a golf clubdriver: "Made in USA."
Interrogator holds the golf club near the head, paces.

INTERROGATOR

I only join Saddam Hussein army to make good living for family, good car, good house, and now my son is dead.

TROY

I signed up for the extra cash, too.

INTERROGATOR

We got a lot in common, dude. I got training and guns from America.

TROY

Not from America.

INTERROGATOR

Oh, yeah, specialist guys come to
Iraq, train us when we fight Iran.

TROY

What did they train you in?

INTERROGATOR

Weapons, sabotage. Interrogation.

TROY

Great.

The Interrogator lights a Marlboro, exhales.

PUSH IN TO CLOSE UP on TROY'S FACE as the smoke envelopes him.

FANTASY -- INT. TROY'S BEDROOM - TORRANCE

Darlene looks up and beams as Troy walks into the room, they
embrace on the bed.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

So what we get from this dirty
Iraq war you and me, huh?

FANTASY - TROY

holds the naked baby against his naked chest.

TROY

(whispers)

I don't know.

BACK TO SCENE

INTERROGATOR

(laughs)

You don't fahking know, right?! We
all scahmbag soldier who get
fahked, right?

TROY

Right.

Interrogator laughs and takes a practice golf swing.

TROY

So why are you doing this to me?

INTERROGATOR

It's my job, man, for Saddam, just
like your job when you bomb my
house.

TROY

It's not just a job, it still matters what you do.

INTERROGATOR
Bullshit. It's all a job.

TROY
It still matters what you do, what you're doing right now matters.

INTERROGATOR
Bullshit.

TROY
The art of war is not for killing people, it's a stratagem to give life to many with minimum violence, minimum --

INTERROGATOR
Then why you bomb my fahking house and kill my son? Can you think how it feels inside your heart if I bomb your daughter?

FANTASY - SLOW MOTION - A MISSILE

silently destroys Troy's suburban house.

BACK TO SCENE

TROY
Worse than death --

INTERROGATOR
It feels like this --

Holding the driver at the head, he raps the bridge of Troy's nose.

TROY
Don't --

INTERROGATOR
Everyday, inside my heart --

He raps Troy's nose repeatedly to make his point.

INTERROGATOR
Like this, like this, like this --

He breaks Troy's nose with a crack.

INT. MINARET

A rug is pulled off the old stone floor, a panel is lifted. Old pistols and rifles are pulled out.

Doc and Vig load and handle the old pistols.

ARCHIE GATES

Did we save anything from the
Humvee?

DOC

This bag.

Archie pulls two of the colored footballs from the beat up
pack. He looks at Doc as if to say "Great."

LATER

Archie's arm is in pain as he carefully wraps a thin layer of
light blue plastic explosive around a football, presses small
nails sideways into the plastique and inserts a fuse in the
end of the ball. Another ball-bomb just like it has already
been constructed.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Archie leads a line of 55 Shiites across the desert. Everyone
carries at least one Vuitton bag. Imam carries his daughter.

VIG

You got the same name as the tall
model who does David Bowie.

DOC

That's Im-an, with an 'n.' He's
Imam with an 'm.'

VIG

That's the same name.

DOC

It's not the same name.

VIG

Whatever. They're both attractive
names.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Archie crouches low to the ground, moving quickly,
secretively. He turns and makes a hand signal to, Doc, 20
yards away, who turns and makes a hand signal to Vig.

HIGH WIDE SHOT: A lone Iraqi military truck, mint condition.'

Archie, Vig, and Doc form a semicircle, surrounding the
truck. They are all 40 yards back from the truck.

ARCHIE GATES

This is the United States Army.

Come out of the truck with your
weapons in the air.

No response. Suddenly Vig's pistol FIRES.

VIG
Shit. Sorry.

His gunshot blows a hole in the Iraqi truck -- which deflates like a huge beach ball, circling wildly until it lies in a heap of collapsed camouflage canvass while 50 yards away -- 55 SHIITES flip sand-colored blankets off and stand up in the desert to look. Doc lifts the limp canvass of the deflated truck.

ARCHIE GATES
They used a lot of decoys to throw
off our bombers.

DOC
Where are we gonna get a vehicle?

IMAM
I know a place that's full of
deserters. Maybe they got
something.

HIGH WIDE SHOT: They walk in a single file line in the desert. Archie in front, carries a Vuitton bag.

EXT. DESERTER'S BUNKER - DAY

Archie now walks among Shiites toting old rifles. There are bomb craters, destroyed cars, a few mud dwellings nearby.

SHIITE
America!

SHIITE #2
America! Friend!

SHIITE
Freedom! Thank you to America!

Shiites cheer and pat Archie, Doc and Vig on the back as they walk to a bunker built into the side of a small hill. TWO IRAQI SOLDIERS come out smiling to embrace a disoriented Archie and Doc.

INT. IRAQI BUNKER - DAY

They pass through a cluttered room with six cots, down a hallway, to a larger room where two more YOUNG IRAQI SOLDIERS sit watching CNN. There is a defaced poster of Saddam, two peacocks and three monkeys in the room, and the half-eaten carcass of a zebra. The soldiers rise and half-bow to Archie.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Food? You give food?

ARCHIE GATES
We don't have any food.

DOC
Where'd you get these animals from?

IMAM
(translates)
Kishan tramai jahal?

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Kuwait Zoo. Nabal hazala fan taq.

IMAM
This is for you, my friend, to eat
if you are hungry.

The Iraqi Soldier offers a live monkey to Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
No, thank you.

IMAM
They're not barbarians, they're
starving.

DOC
I'm getting really dizzy, man.

Vig sticks out a WHITE TONGUE and nods.

ARCHIE GATES
We need water.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Water all gone. No one have water.

ARCHIE GATES
Radio?

FRIENDLY IRAQI
No radio.

ARCHIE GATES
No radio, no water, but yes CNN.

The other Iraqis nod their heads and laugh nervously.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
George Bush get rid Saddam.

ARCHIE GATES
Not exactly.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Congratulation!

He embraces Archie, who looks at Imam.

ARCHIE GATES
Would you explain to these
gentlemen that we need a vehicle
of some kind?

INT. BUNKER GARAGE - DAY

It is dark. With a click, several bare ceiling lights come on. Archie, Doc, Vig, stare in amazement: It's an underground garage filled with nine luxury cars: A ROLLS ROYCE, a JAGUAR, a MERCEDES, an INFINITI CONVERTIBLE, FOUR CADILLACS, a WHITE STRETCH LIMOUSINE. The friendly Iraqi smiles.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
From Kuwait.

Doc stops at the convertible.

DOC
Could I ask a question?

The Iraqi deserters look at him.

DOC
Does Lexus make this model?

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
No. Infiniti convertible only.

FRIENDLY IRAQI 2
No Lexus convertible.

DOC
Exactly what I said.

ARCHIE GATES
Listen. We use these cars to go
fight Saddam soldiers.

The Friendly Iraqi looks at Doc and laughs.

DOC
What's so funny?

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Cannot take.

DOC
What do you mean, cannot take? We
kicked Saddam's ass. We definitely
take.

ARCHIE GATES
We are the United States military.

The Iraqi laughs.

IMAM
You're three guys with a bunch of
Shiites and no Humvee.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
Need money. Have no money. To eat.
To live. Kish falan azar yat imal
tanat.

IMAM
He says the Americans have many
tanks, many airplanes. We have
nothing.

The Iraqis do not look happy. Imam does simultaneous
translation as Archie holds forth.

ARCHIE GATES
We will rise up together.

IMAM
Jihala vamat.

ARCHIE GATES
Rise up together.

Doc and Vig look taken aback as Archie goes messianic.

ARCHIE GATES
Look at us. Working together. Many
races, many nations. Tell him, Doc.

DOC
We are united.

They raise their joined hands together.

ARCHIE GATES
United. George Bush wants YOU --

DOC
To stand up for yourself.

FRIENDLY IRAQI SOLDIER
George Bush.

ARCHIE GATES
He wants YOU --

DOC
You.

VIG
Praise Jesus.

ARCHIE GATES
Make the fight for freedom on your
own.

DOC
Oh, yes, you can.

VIG
Go, baby, go.

Archie walks around, looking into the eyes of each Iraqi soldier, touching them on the shoulders.

ARCHIE GATES
Then America will follow.

IMAM
Jahal yaqat.

DOC
Jahal yaqat, brothers.

ARCHIE GATES
God bless America, and God bless
a free Iraq.

Iraqis burst into cheers.

ARCHIE GATES
What do you say now, my friend?

FRIENDLY IRAQI
Cannot give car.

ARCHIE GATES
Then I guess we'll have to buy
them.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The luxury cars ride across the desert, single file, Vuitton bags strapped to the roofs.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

VIG
Judas Priest will pump you, Doc --

DOC
I already had it with the Beach
Boys today.

VIG
One song.

Doc slams in a CD-- TRADITIONAL IRAQI FOLK WAILING PLAYS.
The Shiite riflemen in back smile as Vig scowls.

INT. INFINITI

Archie drives. Imam sits in passenger seat with his daughter
on his lap. They listen to Iraqi music.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Shiites finish passing 92 Vuitton suitcases into a trench.
The bags are buried. Archie drives a stake to mark the spot.

ARCHIE GATES

We get our man, we come back to
pick up the gold --

IMAM

And my people.

ARCHIE GATES

My gold isn't here, and I mean all
of it, your people will not
survive.

Doc and Vig pull off distributor caps from the Cadillacs and
Limousine (but not the Jaguar) and put them in Doc's pack.

IMAM

I understand.

ARCHIE GATES

OK. Let's load and go.

Imam hugs and kisses his daughter goodbye and tries to put
her, crying, into the arms of an older woman.

VIG

Wait a second, I want to talk
about this plan some more --

ARCHIE GATES

We're going to drive in and get
Troy, exactly like we discussed.

VIG

I have a bad feeling like we're
gonna get wasted.

ARCHIE GATES

You're scared. It's good to be
scared when there's guns around.

Vig looks uneasy. Archie hums Bach's 'Gloria' and moves a
hand in the air, then puts his hands on Vig's shoulders and
SINGS THE BACH LOUD. Vig eventually joins in the chorus.

DOC

I'm cool. I'm all right.

He lies down and breathes with a hand on his chest as Archie and Vig keep singing.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

Bach's B Minor Mass plays as the Mercedes, Infiniti, and Rolls Royce Drive across the desert.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - OASIS BUNKER - DAY

The Interrogator finishes putting tissue in Troy's bleeding nose.

TROY

Your son wouldn't be dead if
Saddam didn't invade Kuwait.

FANTASY - IRAQI SOLDIERS

smash the windows of a Benneton store, then a Cartier store.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

I know.

TROY (O.S.)

I heard about some bad shit that
happened there.

FANTASY - IRAQI SOLDIERS

drag patients from their hospital beds and AN IRAQI SOLDIER
dives on top of a crying NURSE and starts to rape her while
a BABY is taken from an incubator, which is stolen.

BACK TO THE SCENE

TROY

Who's got the sick country?

INTERROGATOR

Maybe Saddam is very crazy, right?
And then you are crazy to bomb all
of Iraq.

TROY

Too much bombing is crazy, but not
saving Kuwait.

INTERROGATOR

You come here to save Kuwait
people?

TROY

Yes.

INTERROGATOR

Really?

(to the Second Iraqi)

Jahaza fan.

The Second Iraqi dips a bucket into an oil drum.

INTERROGATOR

Lots of people in trouble around
this world, my man. You don't
fight no fahking war for them.

TROY

You invaded another country. You
can't do that.

INTERROGATOR

Why not, dude?

TROY

It makes the world crazy. You got
to keep it stable.

INTERROGATOR

For what? Your pick up truck?

TROY

No, for stability. Stabilize the
region.

The Interrogator pulls a CD from Troy's pocket and jams it
into Troy's mouth.

INTERROGATOR

This is your fahking stability, my
main man.

The Interrogator uses the CD as a funnel to force-feed the
crude oil into Troy's mouth as he pours it from the bucket.

EXT. RIM OF DUNE OVERLOOKING OASIS BUNKER

Archie, Doc, Vig, stand on a sand ridge and look down on the
Oasis bunker in the distance. Behind them are the three cars,
Imam, and a handful of Shiite gunmen. They get into the cars.

EXT. DUNES

An empty ridge. The Infiniti, Rolls, Mercedes shoot over it,
arcng down toward the bunker, engines roaring.

EXT. OASIS BUNKER

It is quiet. A Slim Jim is unwrapped as an IRAQI GUARD slowly
raises it to his mouth, bites it, chews, and looks puzzled at

the cars approaching in the distance.

HIGH WIDE SHOT - looking straight down.

The cars drive three abreast down the approach road to the bunker. The Infiniti is in the middle, flanked by the Rolls on the left and the Mercedes on the right.

INT. INFINITI

Vig looks scared as he drives the Infiniti straight toward the bunker. A Shiite sits up front with him. Fifty yards from the bunker, Vig turns sharply and drives in circles.

EXT. BUNKER

TWO IRAQI GUARDS, one chewing a Slim Jim, look bewildered as they stare at the circling Infiniti fifty yards away.

INT. MERCEDES

Archie, with Imam in the passenger seat, two Shiites in back, speeds the Mercedes past the guards, around the right side, to the back side of the bunker, skidding across the sand.

AERIAL VIEW

The Mercedes and the Rolls diverge around the bunker on either side: Rolls on the left, Mercedes on the right.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Doc drives the Rolls around the left, to the bunker's rear.

EXT. BUNKER

Iraqi soldiers fire a grenade that blows up right behind the Rolls as Doc skids right up to a rear entrance of the bunker, the grill touching the metal door. Doc parks, blockading the rear door shut, and, with three Shiite riflemen, jumps out.

INT. INFINITI

A Shiite helps Vig wedge a piece of wood onto the gas pedal. Vig suddenly grabs his hand in PAIN. The Shiite looks at him.

VIG
Splinter.

SHIITE
Come on.

EXT. INFINITI

Vig and the Shiite bail out of the moving Infiniti. Wads of plastic explosive are taped to the grill of the car as it speeds towards the bunker, then drifts to the side --

VIG

Go straight, go straight --

He jumps up and down and points, but the Infiniti goes far to the side of the bunker and explodes into some ruins. The two guards point their guns at Vig and the Shiite and they run into the desert as bullets pop around them.

EXT. RIGHT SIDE OF BUNKER

Archie skids the Mercedes to a halt on the right side of the bunker, jumps out, slams the door, followed by Imam and the two other Shiites.

They run toward the bunker, Archie with a wad of plastic explosive and nails in one hand and a cigarette lighter in the other. He HEARS the CHIRP of a car alarm being activated as he runs to the bunker.

Imam finds a vent hole on the low facade of the bunker, pulls off a grill. Archie lights a fuse sticking out of the plastic explosive, and drops it into the vent.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Troy gags and spits, his front is covered in oil. The Interrogator raises the bucket.

INTERROGATOR

Are you feeling stable enough for more?

An EXPLOSION elsewhere in the bunker causes the lights to flicker out.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR

Iraqi soldiers scurry in the darkness with flashlights. They go to the rear door, pile up in the dark, pushing.

EXT. REAR OF BUNKER

The parked Rolls Royce blockades the rear door.

EXT. SIDE OF BUNKER

Archie and Imam run back to the Mercedes, but the car is locked, his pistol sits inside on the front seat. A GUNSHOT from the bunker roof shatters the window of the Mercedes, setting off THE CAR ALARM.

Archie reaches in, grabs his pistol, and bolts as a launched grenade blows the Mercedes.

EXT. FRONT OF BUNKER - DAY

12 Iraqi soldiers pour out of the smoking bunker as 3 Shiite riflemen with Doc fire on them. Two Iraqis go down, with only the sound of bullets piercing their flesh.

6 Iraqis run for it, into the desert. 2 Iraqis throw their hands up in surrender while 2 look ambivalent, one holds a stack of new Levis. Doc raises a hand to stop his Shiite gunmen from firing, but they fire anyway and 3 Iraqis fire back -- the Shiite next to Doc is hit in the face.

DOC

Stop shooting, what's the matter
with you?

He reaches out and holds the rifle of a Shiite. Everyone stops firing, slowly the Iraqis drop their guns. Doc has WET HIS PANTS.

Archie runs up from the right, grabs Doc's arm and they run past surrendering Iraqi soldiers and into the front entrance of the bunker. Imam takes cover on the side of the bunker while Shiites and Iraqis aim at each other.

Vig approaches cautiously from the desert, HEARS AN AIRCRAFT, and looks up. An Iraqi helicopter comes in fast and opens FIRE with MACHINE GUNS --

VIG

Shit.

Vig runs toward the bunker for cover, but is cut off by MACHINE GUN FIRE from THE CHOPPER. Shiites FIRE rifles up at the chopper.

INT. IRAQI CHOPPER

Chips of metal and plastic fly off as bullets hit the chopper. Arabic chatter is heard over a crackling radio.

POV - FROM INSIDE THE CHOPPER

100 feet below -- Vig and six remaining Shiite riflemen are running into the desert away from the chopper.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Vig and the six Shiites frantically search for cover.

The chopper FIRES and one of the Shiites running with Vig is hit in the head, thrown by the force of the gunshot into Vig, who goes down, faking it.

Vig lies face down, out of breath, with the dead Shiite on top of him while the chopper hovers above.

VIG

Jesus God, I don't wanna get hit,

please Jesus, watch over me --

INT. BUNKER

It is dimly lighted by a few mounted emergency lights.

Archie and Doc run down the empty stairs, through the big main room -- it is empty. Archie goes down the right side, kicks open a door --

It's the bathroom full of stolen stuff and cell phones --

Doc goes down the left side of the room -- kicks in a door -- a room full of Benneton sweaters in all colors.

Archie kicks in a door -- a room with shelves full of large snow globes, thousands of them.

Doc kicks in a door -- a room cluttered with debris, but there is another door at the far side of the room. He approaches and kicks it repeatedly, without success.

Archie kicks in a door -- it is pitch black -- an emergency light flickers on and off -- revealing the two Iraqi torturers at the control table, where one tries to fix the emergency light with a screwdriver --

In flickering light -- Archie SHOOTS one Iraqi guard squarely in the chest, then the other -- the only SOUND IS THE GUN POPPING and the BULLETS TEARING into their bodies.

Archie turns to the Interrogator, who stands next to Troy.

INTERROGATOR

It's OK, buddy, we are just talking now --

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- Archie shoots the Interrogator in the thigh. THE ONLY SOUND IS GUN SHOOTING, FLESH TEARING --

Blood thinly splatters across Troy's face as the Interrogator grimaces and falls to the floor. The light flicks on a few beats, then off a few beats.

Archie rips the wires from the table controls, goes to Troy, unhinges the wire from his jaw.

The Interrogator writhes in pain on the ground. Archie takes the Interrogator's pistol, snaps open a knife, cuts the cord binding Troy to the chair and gives Troy the pistol.

Troy sits, stained with oil, blood, tears. He gets up, looks down at the interrogator on the floor, points the pistol into the Interrogator's face.

The Interrogator stares at Troy, who stares back. Archie watches, out of breath. Troy FIRES the gun just to the side

of the Interrogator's face, into the ground. The Interrogator looks terrified, crying. Troy stares back, looks unhappy, lowers the gun.

Troy and Archie look at each other for an intense moment.

ARCHIE GATES

Let's go.

INT. ANOTHER BUNKER ROOM

Doc shoots the lock on the inner door and it finally opens. He looks inside and sees, in a sunken room, 50 more Shiite civilians huddled together. Archie rushes by with Troy.

ARCHIE GATES

Come on.

INT. FRONT DOOR OF BUNKER - DAY

Archie and Troy run out of the bunker --

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF BUNKER - DAY

The chopper hovers right there. It FIRES A GRENADE which EXPLODES next to Archie and Troy. They scramble back into the bunker.

INT. FRONT DOOR OF BUNKER - DAY

Archie and Troy run into Doc at the door, knocking him over. They crouch inside the door; the chopper hovers low outside.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Vig gropes the sand for his glasses, crawling on his hands and knees with the dead Shiite on his back.

VIG

You gotta be my disguise, Mr.
Shiite, cuz they need my help over
there --

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The six Iraqis who took off from the bunker are still running. Their CONVERSATION is in ARABIC and SUBTITLED in ENGLISH.

TOUGH IRAQI

Let's go back and get them.

IRAQI #2

Fuck a donkey, no way.

TOUGH IRAQI

There's a chopper, we can do it.

He and another Iraqi stop while the other two keep running.

TOUGH IRAQI

They killed your families, you
fucking cowards.

The Tough Iraqi and his partner, sweating profusely, out of
breath, split up and head back toward the bunker.

INT. FRONT DOOR OF BUNKER - DAY

Archie's in great pain. He grimaces as he tightens the
bandage around his forearm. Troy is shaking uncontrollably.
Doc grabs Troy's shoulders firmly.

ARCHIE GATES

We're gonna get out of here alive,
just do what I say, do you hear me?

Troy nods. Archie pulls one of the football bombs wrapped in
C-4 from his small pack, and hands it to Doc.

Archie pretends to throw with nothing in his hand.

ARCHIE GATES

Step, throw, one-two -- I'm gonna
give it a five second fuse. That
gives you two steps out the door.

PAN ACROSS Troy and Doc listen intently.

Archie cuts the fuse on the ball with his knife.

The three of them stand at the door, ready. Archie holds his
pistol ready. Doc holds the football, Troy holds the lighter.

ARCHIE GATES

Wait --

EXT. BUNKER

Imam, lying in a ditch, is concealed on the side of the
bunker, and aims an old rifle at the chopper.

GUNSHOTS ring off the side of the chopper, chipping plastic.
The chopper banks toward Vig in response.

Vig watches the chopper turn toward him.

VIG

God help me.

INT. BUNKER

Troy flicks the lighter and with a shaking hand tries to
light the fuse. Archie steadies Troy's hand. The fuse is lit.

ARCHIE GATES

Go.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF BUNKER - DAY

Archie FIRES his pistol as he goes out the door with Troy, also FIRING a pistol. Doc follows with the ball, fuse burning. Doc throws the ball hard at the chopper, hovering 40 feet up.

INT. CHOPPER

The chopper turns to face the ball just as it hits the plexiglas window and bounces off, not exploding. The pilots look perplexed. The ball hits the ground and EXPLODES.

EXT. BUNKER

Archie, Troy, Doc, stunned -- turn back to the bunker.

INT. BUNKER DOORWAY - DAY

They run inside and take cover, catch their breath. Troy and Doc look terrified.

ARCHIE GATES

OK. Shorter fuse this time.

He pulls out the second ball, cuts another fuse, affixes it. They wait at the door again, watching the chopper.

EXT. BUNKER

Imam, from the side of the bunker, FIRES again, the chopper swivels toward him to RETURN FIRE --

INT. BUNKER

Troy lights the second fuse. They bolt out the door, Troy and Archie FIRING pistols, Doc in the middle with the ball.

EXT. BUNKER

SLOW TO FREEZE FRAME MID-STRIDE -- with just THE SOUND OF THE CHOPPER: Archie, Doc, Troy, three abreast, mid-stride.

RESUME REGULAR SPEED -- Doc unleashes the football.

PAN TO - SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- the ball hits the chopper broadside and THE CHOPPER EXPLODES INTO A BALL OF FIRE.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION: The chopper comes crashing to the ground in a heap of metal. The rotary spins off, whips over Archie, Troy, and Doc's heads and smashes into the bunker.

Silence.

Troy and Doc look at each other, and punch their fists together. Troy notices that he's wet his pants.

ARCHIE GATES
We're not done. Check every Iraqi here.

Archie rolls over bodies lying on the ground, pulls out their weapons. Troy and Doc take rifles from wounded Iraqis.

TROY
(agitated)
Where's Conrad?

ARCHIE GATES
Don't let your guard down.

Doc nervously scans the area with his pistol pointed.

50 Shiite prisoners start streaming out of the bunker.

ARCHIE GATES
Stay there, don't move.

Imam directs the Shiites to stay clustered near the bunker.

IMAM
Jakar yizam ut naral --

TROY
How are we getting back?

DOC
We got the Rolls.

An IRAQI SOLDIER jumps up just as Archie knocks him to the ground from behind and twists the gun away. Doc binds the soldier's hands with a plastic cuff.

TROY
You got a Rolls?

ARCHIE GATES
It's been a busy day.

Archie pulls pistols from the bloody bodies of the two Iraqis in the chopper.

TROY
Hey. That's a convertible.

He points to the flaming wrecked Infiniti.

ARCHIE GATES
Keep your fucking guard up.

TROY

Is that leather interior?

DOC
I think he's in shock.

TROY
It's a fucking Infiniti
convertible, isn't it?

DOC
Yes.

TROY
OK. So I owe you a car. I'm not in
shock.

ARCHIE GATES
We can talk about cars later, OK?

TROY
Freeze --

He points his pistol at Imam.

IMAM
Take it easy.

TROY
Who is this guy?

ARCHIE GATES
He's with us.

Troy and Imam look at each other a moment, Troy still points
his pistol at Imam.

TROY
You're the guy with the little
girl.

IMAM
That's right.

TROY
What are you doing here?

ARCHIE GATES
He helped us find you.

TROY
All right. You're all right.

He hugs Imam.

TROY
How's your girl?

IMAM

She's safe. For the moment.

TROY

All right. Excellent. How can we help?

DOC

Calm down, man.

TROY

I'm calm. Don't I look calm?

IMAM

We had a deal to get us to the border, but we need more vehicles for these people.

Troy moves nervously.

TROY

We're gonna work it out. We can do it. We have to work it out.

DOC

I'm not sure how. This is a lot of people.

TROY

OK, you choose who we take. You tell the others it's not convenient, they'll have to die.

DOC

Take it easy, man.

TROY

You think I don't know what I'm saying. I know what I'm saying. We're gonna do more than steal, that's what I'm saying. We're gonna help these people out.

IMAM

This guy was worth saving.

ARCHIE GATES

He's a soldier.

Troy and Archie look at each other, smile slightly.

VIG (O.S.)

Yes. Yes. All right.

They all turn to look.

WIDE SHOT -- Vig pops up in the desert, 150 yards away.

VIG
You made it.

Vig comes running.

VIG
I thought that was you. Yeah.

Troy smiles as he steps in the direction of Vig. Suddenly a RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT, Troy jumps.

SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION -- Vig is hit in the collar bone, ONLY THE SOUND OF THE BULLET SMASHING HIS FLESH AND BONE. He is jerked, falls to his knees, but gets up, keeps staggering toward Troy, 125 yards away.

Troy looks stunned.

Archie turns sharply to his right and FIRES a rifle.

An IRAQI SOLDIER, 150 yards to the side, drops to the ground as Archie and Doc continue to hit him with gunfire.

Troy runs as hard as he can toward Vig.

ARCHIE GATES
Cover him.

Doc looks around frantically with his pistol pointed. Archie scans the area and directs 3 SHIITE RIFLEMEN to spread out.

ARCHIE GATES
Lock it down. Shoot anything that moves.

IMAM
(translates)
Haza janav yasat.

Troy runs, catches the staggering Vig in his arms and embraces him. Blood runs from Vig's mouth, onto Troy's shoulder, as Vig tries to talk.

VIG
You made it, man --

Troy cries as he runs with Vig in his arms.

TROY
Help him.

Doc takes Vig from Troy's arms and carefully lays him on the ground, cradling his head in his lap. Vig spits blood.

VIG
What happened to the Jesus fire,

Doc?

DOC

It's around you right now, man, it works on this side or the other side.

VIG

You never told me that part. I guess I could go to one of them shrines that erase the bad you did --

TROY

We made the right choice today, Conrad.

VIG

We did good, right?

TROY

We made the right choice.

The hole in Vig's collar bone is pumping out blood. Troy puts his hands over it. Doc looks sad and scared as he tries to turn Vig's head to help him breathe.

DOC

Dear Lord watch over this man, help him if you can. Our father who art in heaven --

50 Shiites -- children and adults -- sit on the ground near the bunker watch from afar.

Troy stands up looking around helplessly.

TROY

Help.

DOC

-- hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done --

A gunshot rings out and -- slightly slow motion -- hits Troy in the lower right chest -- and comes out again three inches over, piercing a thin piece of his side -- with only the sound of tearing tissue. Troy looks stunned as he is spun around by the shot.

Archie spins around in the desert and looks at Troy.

ARCHIE GATES

Goddamn it.

He runs hard across the desert toward Troy.

Troy falls next to Vig and they look at each other.

Troy's eyes are wide with pain as he breathes with great difficulty -- RASPING.

INT. TROY'S RIB CAGE

His breathing creates an air pocket, crushing his organs to the left side.

TROY'S POV

looking up at Doc, who is saying something to Troy, but there's NO SOUND EXCEPT TROY'S LABORED BREATHING

The POV turns to the side -- Vig is no longer breathing.

FLASHBACK TO THE OPENING SCENE, but with weird, MUFFLED SOUND

SOLDIER #5

Take my picture.

VIG

Do you still want to sell pictures?

TROY

(distracted monotone)

For twenty.

SOLDIER #5

Twenty bucks?

VIG

War's been over five days, ain't gonna be any more of this, Jim.

SOLDIER #5

Twenty dollars, man, what's the meaning of life?

TROY

You're lucky you got to see anybody shot in this war.

SOLDIER #5

Bobby, take my picture.

He holds the camera out.

SOLDIER #4

If he shot the guy, it's up to him.

SOLDIER #5

It's not like he shot a fucking deer. It's the enemy.

VIG
It's Troy's enemy, yours for
twenty.

BACK TO THE SCENE - CLOSE UP

Troy lies on the ground, trying to breathe, eyes wide.

TROY'S POV

Archie and Imam step into frame. Archie looks down at Troy, opens his waist pack, pulls out a sterile wrapped scalpel.

TROY'S POV TURNS TO THE SIDE --

FISH EYE LENS - The Jaguar pulls up in SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION.

Imam's Little Girl gets out of the passenger side, SLIGHTLY SLOW MOTION, NO SOUND. Imam scolds her and gesticulates, indicating she should be back with the others where it is safe. The Little Girl embraces Imam and stares down at Troy over her father's shoulder.

EXT. DESERT

Troy's eyes are wide, staring up at the Girl as he has great difficulty breathing. Archie rolls Troy's shirt up, exposing Troy's chest, with the bullet wound. Archie points to a spot on Troy's upper chest, near the collar bone --

Doc squeezes a small tube of brown disinfectant gel onto this spot -- the only sounds are the squirt of the ointment and Troy's breathing.

Archie looks nervous, then focussed as he brings the shiny metal scalpel down. Troy is in great pain as he watches Archie plunge the scalpel into his upper chest. Archie twists the scalpel to open the incision wide --

There is a pronounced HISSING as trapped air rushes out. Huge relief comes over Troy's face as he breathes normally.

Regular sound FADES BACK IN, THE FIRST SOUND IS THE GIRL'S THIN, INTERMITTENT HUMMING --

TROY'S POV FROM THE GROUND, LOOKING UP

ARCHIE GATES
I've been waiting 18 years to get
that right.

He tears open a short I.V. tube and plunges the I.V. into the scalpel hole. There is a small valve on the end of the tube, which he tightens.

A GUNSHOT SOUNDS -- Archie turns and looks over --

EXT. DESERT

FIVE SHIITE RIFLE MEN chase down and shoot, at 30 yards, the last Iraqi gunner in the desert.

Troy sits up slowly and watches for a moment.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUNKER - LATER

Shiite women and children chant and pray around Vig's corpse as it lies in the open trunk of the Jaguar. Archie, Troy and Doc stand together watching. Troy and Doc do a muted version of Vig's Karate arm dance as they look down at his corpse.

TROY
He's got no family.

Archie sadly takes Vig's big pistol from Vig's clenched hand.

ARCHIE GATES
We're his family now.

DOC
He wanted to go to one of those shrines.

IMAM
Kajatar in Iran. We can take him.

Archie takes Vig's glasses off.

ARCHIE GATES
Good. Take him.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Archie fills a single rusted oil drum with gold bars and tapes it shut. Troy sits in a folding chair nearby. He looks pained and uncomfortable.

ARCHIE GATES
Air pressure will build up about every fifteen minutes. Release the valve, close it up again.

Archie unscrews the valve on the tube in Troy's chest, and air hisses out. Troy looks relieved. Archie closes the valve.

TROY
How long can I keep doing this?

ARCHIE GATES
Maybe four hours, if you're not bleeding too bad inside.

TROY
I'm really thirsty.

DOC
There's no water anywhere.

IMAM
(to Archie)
I got you hooked up if you want to
call your man.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Archie operates a radio hooked up to a car battery.

ARCHIE GATES
(into the radio)
Tar Baby, this is Brer Rabbit, do
you read me?

DOC
We're gonna be court-martialed.

ARCHIE GATES
No, we're not.

Troy watches, tense.

ARCHIE GATES
(into the radio)
Tar Baby, this is Brer Rabbit, are
you reading this?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Walter drives the motorcycle, nude, wearing his helmet with
radio attachment. Smithson and Paco ride along.

Archie is heard in a crackling radio transmission inside
Walter's helmet. Walter speaks into the small mouthpiece.

WALTER
(into radio)
This is Tar Baby, come in.

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
Where are you?

WALTER
(into radio)
About two clicks outside camp.

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
We're about ready for the briar
patch, over.

WALTER
(into the radio)
Right.

He looks uncertain, worried.

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
You got me, Tar Baby?

WALTER
I think so -- who handles the
briar patch?

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
You do.

WALTER
Oh, OK, and the Tar Baby goes to
the briar patch if everything's
OK, right?

ARCHIE GATES (O.S.)
No, the other way around.

WALTER
Shit, I'm sorry, sir, I don't
remember how the code goes --

INTERCUT WITH Archie, who looks exasperated. He is sweating
with a fever and his arm hurts.

ARCHIE GATES
Six personnel trucks and a Humvee.

WALTER
Wow. That's a tall order for a
secret operation, sir.

ARCHIE GATES
Talk to my friend Hash. Each
driver will get 100K.

WALTER
Did you say 100K?

ARCHIE GATES
Roger. Brer Rabbit at 239 North.
Add one medavac pack to the order,
and dump the reporter.

WALTER
Roger. Give me two hours.

INT. COMPANY B RADIO TENT - DAY

TWO DECODERS sit at a table wearing headphones. One writes
down: "BRER RABBIT AT 239 NORTH, DUMP THE REPORTER."

INT. BUNKER - DAY

CLOSE UP A SNOW GLOBE is shaken and little green dollars swirl inside the little world, settling upon an early desert oasis, old buildings, palm trees, donkeys, Three Kings, peasants carrying the baby Jesus, and a Mobil gas station.

WIDER TO REVEAL HUNDREDS OF SNOW GLOBES are pulled from the shelves and put into old cloth bags.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

Doc cracks open a snow globe with pliers as all the water and dollars drain out. Imam filters the water through a cheese cloth held above an urn.

CLOSE ON the plastic Three Kings and Baby Jesus with the Mobil gas station glisten in the wet palm of Archie's hand.

Archie looks at the Three Kings in his hand.

Troy cracks open a snow globe, filters water with a Shiite.

Dozens of Shiites are doing the same.

Archie passes an urn to some parched Shiites who drink the water thirstily. Troy, Doc do the same.

EXT. B COMPANY RADIO TENT - DAY

Captain Van Meter, General Horn, and two radio decoders stand looking at logs of transmissions.

CAPTAIN VAN METER

There's so many transmissions --

GENERAL HORN

Narrow it down to what sounds like
Archie Gates and a Humvee.

A Humvee with HAVICHON and Walter drives by behind the oblivious General, leading a convoy of several trucks.

GENERAL HORN

I want a direction, we're not
gonna comb the whole goddamn
desert --

A PRIVATE runs up and hands General Horn a paper.

PRIVATE

This is from Barlow's C.O. at Fort
Bragg, something with his wife.

GENERAL HORN

(reads)

Fort Bragg? I'll be damned.

Walter and Hash drive past Smithson and Paco and Cathy.

BILL SMITHSON

Where the hell is he going now?

CATHY DAITCH

I say we keep watching the General.

She takes off and Smithson follows her.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Imam pours gasoline on a pile of Vuitton suitcases,
Troy throws a match, the suitcases go up in a rush of fire.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Imam hands two gold bars to a Shiite peasant, who takes them
and moves on. There are two long lines of Shiite peasants
patiently waiting to get their gold, as it is handed out by
Imam and another Shiite while, Archie, Troy, and Doc watch.
Shiites stash their gold bars inside their clothing and bags.

LATER

Everyone sits and waits: Archie, Troy, Doc, Imam, his
daughter, 105 Shiite peasants.

Troy looks pained, then releases the valve on the tube
sticking through his chest bandage and there is a hiss of
air. He looks relieved.

There is the SOUND OF DISTANT MOTORS RUMBLING. An approaching
convoy in the desert: six open U.S. personnel trucks, led by
a Humvee.

Archie, Troy, Doc, Imam, his daughter, dozens of Shiites
watch the convoy approaching -- they hold their guns ready.

The U.S. Military trucks and the Humvee pull up to the bunker.

Walter stands in the front of the Humvee with Hash, both
wearing sand goggles as they pull up -- Walter salutes.

HAVICHON

Quelle gonzesse, Archie, you got
yourself shot.

ARCHIE GATES

Those better be words of sympathy.

6 ARMY DRIVERS, among them the disillusioned infantrymen
interviewed by Bill Smithson earlier, get out of their
vehicles, greeted by Doc, Archie, and Imam.

Walter walks up, carrying a medical pack.

WALTER

Watcha doing out here, Troy?

They bang fists in greeting.

TROY

Protecting the free peoples of the world, Walter, you know how it is.

WALTER

We better get you fixed up to go home to the land of the brave.

Walter pushes an I.V. needle into Troy's arm.

TROY

Give me that penicillin, baby.

Doc pushes an I.V. needle into Archie's arm and tapes the penicillin sack to Archie's shirt.

HAVICHON

Where ees bullion at, my man?

ARCHIE GATES

Bullion ees buried. I'll show you after we get these people to the border.

HAVICHON

Iranian border?

ARCHIE GATES

Part of the deal.

HAVICHON

C'est super, Archie, you got yourself a pain in the ass mission of mercy.

WALTER

Sorry I fucked up the code, sir.

ARCHIE GATES

It means we gotta move. They might be coming for us.

Bach's "Gloria" plays powerfully.

Shiites pile into the six open trucks. The lone oil can full of gold is loaded, as well. Imam and his daughter are helped into a truck by Doc. Archie whistles loud from the front seat of the Humvee -- which leads the way as the convoy pulls out.

Doc, in the back of a truck with Shiites, waves.

Troy smiles as he sits in the back of a crowded truck with Imam, his daughter, and other Shiites.

HIGH, WIDE CURVING HELICOPTER SHOT

The six truck convoy, led by the Humvee, rolls across the two-lane desert road.

EXT. BASE CAMP - B COMPANY - DAY

SIX APACHE CHOPPERS are ROARING on the ground as Captain Van Meter, his White Assistant, and General Horn board a chopper. Smithson, Paco, and Cathy and her CAMERA MAN rush aboard the last chopper in the line.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvee slows to a halt.

Archie stands in the front of the Humvee with a rifle at his side -- looking straight ahead -- concerned. Troy, Doc, Imam, and daughter stare ahead, concerned

EXT. THE IRANIAN BORDER

50 yards ahead -- a low wall of razor wire.

100 yards beyond it, dozens of Iraqi tanks are lined up along the border, 100 feet apart, stretching into the distance either way. There are 50 IRAQI GROUND TROOPS standing at the border station, marked by razor wire on the one-lane road.

On the far side of the border, IRANIAN SOLDIERS with RELIEF WORKERS wearing RED CRESCENTS wait by white school buses and stare at the American convoy.

EXT. IRAQI SIDE OF THE BORDER

Archie stares at the border, thinking.

Imam helps Troy down from the truck. Doc carries the Little Girl.

HAVICHON

What are you seenking?

ARCHIE GATES

I see an opening we can walk through. But it's not wide enough for a truck.

Archie gets out of the Humvee and looks at the border.

ARCHIE GATES

We'll walk them to the border. The Iranians will take them. We'll walk back to the trucks and get out of here.

Doc turns and signals to the drivers to come up.

Troy takes the safety off his M-16.

5 U.S. Drivers get out with their rifles ready. They release the safeties. Havichon, with his leg in a cast, stays back to man the mounted machine gun on the Humvee. Iraqi soldiers on the border nervously watch the Americans and the Shiites, holding their machine guns.

INT. IRAQI TANK - DAY

POV THROUGH IRAQI GUN SIGHT -- cross hairs pan from Doc, to Troy, to Imam, to Archie.

EXT. BORDER

ARCHIE GATES
Make a close group.

IMAM
(translates)
Jihad yamat -- yamat.

105 Shiites empty the trucks and gather in a crowd that walks toward the border. Two Shiite men carry Vig's body, wrapped in Arabic cloths.

Archie, Troy, Doc, lead the crowd single file through a narrow opening in the razor wire. On the other side, the crowd spreads out and keeps walking. Archie, Troy, and Doc walk three abreast, 7 feet apart, rifles ready.

Imam and Walter are behind, flanking them.

FACES: CLOSE DOLLY - SHIITE Children, Women, Men, as they fearfully walk toward the border. The five U.S. Drivers flank the Shiites on either side, rifles ready.

PAN TO - Troy suddenly drops to one knee.

DOC
Let the air out.

TROY
It's not the air, I don't know
what it is --

DOC
Stay back.

TROY
I'm all right. I'm just dizzy or
something --

EXT. IRAN SIDE OF THE BORDER

Iranian soldiers and relief workers stand watching.

PAN AROUND TO - IRANIAN SIDE POV

The backs of the Iraqi troops and tanks, and the approaching Shiites and Americans, walking in the distance.

EXT. IRAQI SIDE OF THE BORDER

Archie helps Troy as they walk three abreast with Doc.

CHOPPERS ARE HEARD in the distance. They grow LOUDER. Imam turns and looks back. Archie turns around and looks.

SIX APACHE CHOPPERS approach from the distance

CLOSE DOLLY Archie.

ARCHIE GATES

Double time.

He lets go of Troy and starts jogging toward the border. Troy cannot jog, he crouches down, and is passed by the others. The Shiites look up at the choppers as they jog. Doc and Walter look up also. Archie does not.

Havichon in the Humvee swings the mounted gun up to the choppers as they pass overhead, loud.

PAN UP TO Six Apaches hover over everyone's heads and land in the 50 yards between Archie and the border, blocking his path, blowing up dust.

Archie, Troy, Doc, Imam, the Shiites turn and wince in the blowing sand.

10 U.S. MILITARY POLICE jump from the landing choppers, followed by another TEN U.S. TROOPS with rifles.

Iraqi soldiers watch apprehensively.

M.P.S grab Archie, Troy, And Doc, and pull them away from the Shiites.

Troy shouts over the choppers.

TROY

Wait.

U.S. soldiers push the Shiites toward the border.

The Shiites, including two who carry Vig's body, run toward the border unaccompanied by American protection.

ARCHIE GATES

Let them get over the border.

Troy pulls away from MPS, resisting arrest.

TROY
Let them get over, wait --

Plastic handcuffs are put onto Troy, behind his back.

TROY
I have to reach this --

Archie and Doc, not resisting, are handcuffed in front --

ARCHIE GATES
Put his cuffs in front.

He and Doc are pulled away from Troy.

Iraqi soldiers take the Shiites prisoner, grabbing them, throwing some to the ground. Troy looks over his shoulder at this as Imam's daughter is ripped from his arms and he is thrown to the ground and dragged.

TROY
Look what's happening.

He collapses to one knee.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
Not our mission, Barlow.

Troy grimaces on the ground, he can't breathe, but the cuffs prevent him from releasing his valve. Troy struggles.

TROY
Cut my cuffs --

Captain Van Meter leans down to Troy. He shouts over the choppers.

CAPTAIN VAN METER
You fucked me and you're fucked
now, so shut your goddamn mouth.

Shiites are lined up in a firing squad.

DOC
He's gonna die.

Troy lies on the ground suffocating. Archie drags the MP holding him as he goes to General Horn.

ARCHIE GATES
Goddamn it, Ron, give him medical
attention, don't let him die --

GENERAL HORN

We are not involved in the Shiite
problem, do you understand
me? You are AWOL, you are a
fugitive, you are under arrest.

ARCHIE GATES
Cut his cuffs.

General Horn walks away as MPS stare at Troy on the ground,
concerned.

A US SOLDIER stares -- upset by what's happening, reaches in
his pocket, pulls out a hunting knife, pops the blade,
crouches down to Troy, exchanges a look with the MP standing
by, and cuts Troy's plastic cuffs. Troy reaches with
difficulty to the valve on his chest turns it -- and breathes.

Archie looks at Troy, then up at the border.

Imam and the Shiites are lined up in a firing squad. Vig's
body is dropped in the sand.

ARCHIE GATES
We got the gold.

GENERAL HORN
What?

ARCHIE GATES
We got the Kuwaiti bullion.

GENERAL HORN
Bullshit.

Archie pulls away from the MPs holding him and runs toward
the lead truck -- where MPs grab and wrestle him down.

ARCHIE GATES
Pull that barrel.

GENERAL HORN
Pull it.

An MP jumps into the truck, pushes the barrel over; 30 gold
bars spill to the sand.

The General looks at the gold. Troy and Doc, held in custody,
watch. The General makes a 'CUT' signal to the choppers --
and the chopper engines cut off and whir down; it grows QUIET.

THE U.S. Soldiers -- holding Walter and the Drivers in
custody -- stand and watch Archie.

GENERAL HORN
How much do you have?

ARCHIE GATES

4 tons.

General Horn picks up a gold brick.

GENERAL HORN
Where's it at?

TROY
Get them over first.

ARCHIE GATES
They helped us get it, Ron. I made
a deal, and that's soldier's
honor. You can't fuck them now.

General Horn looks at Archie.

ARCHIE GATES
You can return this gold, be a big
hero, get another star maybe.

Everyone stares at General Horn. After a pause, the General
fires his pistol into the air.

Iraqi soldiers freeze as they are about to fire on the
Shiites.

GENERAL HORN
Let's go, Doug.

Captain Van Meter and General Horn walk 40 yards to the
frozen Iraqi soldiers and the terrified Shiites.

Archie, Troy, Doc in handcuffs with MPS, watch.

Walter and the other U.S. Soldiers watch from afar as
Captain Van Meter and General Horn walk into the midst of
Iraqi soldiers.

GENERAL HORN
Who's in charge here?

An OLDER IRAQI GENERAL steps forward and salutes.

GENERAL HORN
We have to talk about this
situation.

Archie, Troy, Doc, U.S. soldiers watch from a distance.

ARCHIE'S POV FROM AFAR

General Horn talks to the Iraqi general.

BACK TO THE SCENE

U.S. Soldiers watch.

TROY'S POV FROM AFAR

General Horn and Captain Van Meter walk back toward them.

It is QUIET. No one says anything.

Pan across Paco taping.

BILL SMITHSON

In a morbid tableau these men have
recovered some of the gold bullion
stolen from Kuwait --

CATHY DAITCH

--in violation of American policy,
saved over a hundred Shiite
refugees while recovering stolen
Kuwaiti gold --

GENERAL HORN

Turn that damn camera off.

He walks up and forcibly pushes the camera to the ground, Van
Meter pushes Cathy's camera down.

BILL SMITHSON

That's a 75 thousand dollar
camera --

GENERAL HORN

What the fuck are they doing here?

SERGEANT

I thought they were authorized --

GENERAL HORN

They are not fucking authorized,
for Christ's sake --

MPs take the tapes from the cameras.

GENERAL HORN

Haven't I taken care of you,
dammit?

He signals the choppers to start up.

THE CHOPPER ENGINES SLOWLY WHINE into gear.

CATHY DAITCH

I'm gonna get that tape back.

General Horn walks over to Troy, Archie, and Doc.

GENERAL HORN

You are under arrest. You are

going to be court-martialed. And
you will show us where the bullion
is right now.

He walks into a chopper, which is now revving at full speed.

PAN TO Troy, Archie, Doc turn to the border and watch.
Walter, the handcuffed Drivers, the MPS and other U.S.
Soldiers also watch.

The Shiites are released by the Iraqis. They collect
themselves and gather in a group. The group walks over the
border and is received by the relief workers.

Troy, Archie, Doc watch. A U.S. Soldier WHISTLES through the
loud choppers.

SOLDIER #10

Yeah.

Then another Soldier joins in, WHISTLING and CLAPPING.

Then another soldier, until all twenty U.S.
Soldiers and MPs present are whistling and cheering Troy,
Archie, and Doc as they stand there while the choppers throb.

50 yards away: Imam holds his daughter, on the Iran side,
about to get into a Red Crescent bus.

Imam and his daughter wave.

Archie raises his handcuffed wrists to wave back; Troy and
Doc follow, raising their cuffed hands to wave.

Freeze frame.

"I Get Around" by the Beach Boys KICKS ON.

CUT TO

Text over black: Troy Barlow, Archie Gates, and Doc Elgin
were court-martialed and convicted of disobeying orders and
the wrongful death of Conrad Vig.

They each served eighteen months in a military prison. Bill
Smithson and Cathy Daitch's testimony resulted in reduced
sentences.

Troy Barlow runs his own carpet company in Torrance, Cal.

INT. TROY'S CARPET COMPANY - (MOS)

"I Get Around" CONTINUES. Troy excitedly gives instructions
to workers carrying out big rolls of carpet. He wears a short
sleeved white shirt and a dark tie. His wife gives his two
year old daughter to him as she holds a new baby and Troy
uses a respiratory inhaler.

CUT TO

Text over black: Doc Elgin applied to the U.S. Army Rangers, but was denied. He then turned down Troy Barlow's offer to partner in the carpet business and plans to join Archie Gates' company.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - CURBSIDE (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES: Doc Elgin takes Vuitton bags curbside at Kennedy airport and is given a ten dollar tip.

CUT TO

Text over black: Archie gates became a military consultant in Hollywood.

FILM SET - (MOS)

MUSIC CONTINUES: Archie on a film set, wearing sunglasses, shows an action star how to push away the barrel of a bad guy's rifle.

CUT TO

Text over black: Saddam Hussein is still in power. Shiite refugees are still in Iran. Late in 1991, Iraq returned the gold to the government of Kuwait . . . which claimed that some was missing.