

Generation Kill 1x01 - Get Some



Humvees can be seen in the distance, crossing the desert.

[VO – all on radio]

ECKLOFF

It's Oscar Charlie, how copy?

FICK

Hitman.

ECKLOFF

Yeah, Misfit Two One, Two Two is ready for you, Nine One.

WYNN

Hitman. All Hitman Two Victors, maintain speed, maintain dispersion fifty meters.

ECKLOFF

Roger that... Copy that.

Close up on Bravo Team One in their Humvee.

COLBERT

See anything, Garza?

GARZA

Something at one o'clock.

COLBERT

Four T-55s at one o'clock, two clicks.

PERSON

[into radio] Hitman, this is Hitman Two One. Enemy contact, four T-55s, one o'clock, two clicks, how copy?

COLBERT

Garza, contact right! [into radio] Enemy foot-mobiles, four o'clock, three hundred meters, by the berm. This is Hitman Two One. Roger that.

All the Humvees are firing rounds.

ECKLOFF

[on radio] Misfit Two One, cleared hot. Missile away.

A helicopter drops a missile.

PERSON

Yeah, get some!

There is a large explosion in the desert.

COLBERT

Watch your sectors.

ECKLOFF

[on radio] Misfit Two Two, cleared hot. Missile away.

Another helicopter drops a missile, and there is another explosion.

FICK

[on radio] Hitman Two One. Stand by for PDA.

TROMBLEY

Is there any contact on the left?

COLBERT

Contact right. RPG team, two o'clock. Five hundred meters behind the truck.

TROMBLEY

Shit. [to his gun] We'll get some later.

A truck explodes.

FICK

[on radio] This is Hitman Two. We have suppressed a ZiL 6x6. Request that Misfit pushes north to sweep flank to search for possible targets.

ECKLOFF

[on radio] Misfit Two One, copy.

PERSON

Sweet! We barbecued them Hajjis.

One of the Bravo Humvees swerves out of line.

ESPERA

[on radio] Bravo Two One, man down! Echo Four Lima is down.

GARZA

Lilley's hit! He's hit!

COLBERT

He's stopping. [into radio] Two One Bravo. This is Two One Alpha, interrogative.

WYNN

[on radio] Push, push, push. Get out of the kill zone.

ESPERA

Grab the wheel!

FICK

[on radio] Two Three, make the hole for Two One Bravo.

MARINE 1

[OS] Stop the vehicles! Christopher!

MARINE 2

[OS] Corpsman! Corpsman!

BRYAN

I'm on it!

MARINE 2

[OS] We've got a man hit! Two One Bravo's got a man hit! Come on!

ESPERA

Don't waste the morphine, Doc. My boy's been smoked.

WYNN

[OS] Is anybody else hit?

Bravo Two members assemble around the stopped Humvee.

GARZA

How's it feel, motherfucker? How's it feel to be fucking dead?

LILLEY

Bro, it feels sad. I feel very alone. And also, I gotta take a shit.

ESPERA

[OS] I told you this shit...

STAFFORD

[OS] Damn, man, and I had dibs on your video camera.

CHRISTESON

[OS] I had dibs on your wife.

FICK

Lilley, you make a nice combat casualty. Congrats.

CHAFFIN

Yeah, you die real good.

FICK

All right, team leaders, let's do a little after-action on this.

CHAFFIN

Hell, yeah!

The team leaders gather together around Fick and Wynn.

ESPERA

Sir! This was the first time the boys got to live-fire any Mark-19s or .50s.

FICK

Yep. Might be the only chance we get before we step off. Be nice if it were otherwise.

COLBERT

It'd also be nice if we got some batteries for our PEC-4s and PEC-13s.

FICK

Our ops chief assures me they're coming. I'm assured of this.

Garza is on top of his Humvee, Trombley beside it, and Person inside.

GARZA

I've never seen a .50 cal fuck up a truck before. That was cool. I wonder what it would look like if you hit a person.

TROMBLEY

At least you got to fire yours. She didn't even shoot off round one.

PERSON

Hey, Trombley, if you keep talking to your weapon like it's trim, everybody's gonna know you're a total psycho.

The camera slowly pans back to the team leaders' meeting.

FICK

[OS] ...good dispersion. The geometry of fire was good. We communicated.

Fick is surrounded by the team leaders, using some rocks to mimic their assault.

FICK

We were good until Espera's team went down. You slowed your vehicles. You don't stop in a kill zone.

PATRICK

You mean maneuver past the vehicles down and leave them?

FICK

You know the SOP. Assault through the ambush, anybody's left behind, you maneuver to do support by fire.

WYNN

None of us are good to anybody if we're dead.

COLBERT

Sir, not to question the SOP, but if we have a disabled vehicle, the nearest element could stop and evaluate the Marines while other elements push through and provide support by fire.

FICK

[looks to Wynn, who nods approval] Yeah, that works, Brad, but only if you don't let emotions take over as you assess the situation. But in principle, it works. It's good.
[looking at his watch] All right, got half an hour to get back to Mathilda for chow.

The team leaders head back to their vehicles. Espera heads towards Bryan, who is standing beside a burned out truck.

ESPERA

Fucking Kuwait, man.

BRYAN

You believe this shit? These people still haven't picked up the trash from the last war.

ESPERA

[Urinating.] People have been fighting over this bitch since ancient times, dawg. How many graves are we standing on? Think about all the wisdom and science and money and civilization it took to build these machines, and the courage of all the men who came here, and the love of their wives and children that was in their hearts. And all that hate, dawg, all the hate it took to blow these motherfuckers away. It's destiny, dawg. White man's gotta rule the world.

[00:05:48]

Opening Credits

[VO – all on radio]

ESPERA

Hitman Two Two, this is Two One Bravo. Our gunner has a silhouette at our nine o'clock, two clicks out.

MARINE 2

Roger, we glassed it. It's a disabled vehicle. It's static. Over.

[00:06:00]

Camp Mathilda. An opening view of the camp moves into the Bravo Company enlisted men's tent.

MARINE 1

[OS] You know, people forget the brain is the biggest erogenous zone.

MARINE 2

[OS] Maybe on you.

MARINE 1
[OS] Man, fuck you.

MARINE 2
[OS] Take a look at that!

Wasik enters the tent.

WASIK
Hey, man. You seen Person?

LILLEY
[Half asleep] Over there, brah.

Wasik makes his way through the tent.

MARINE 3
[OS] Shitbird, you watch it.

MARINE 4
[OS] Got a couple new ones...

PATRICK
And this one little Chinese girl had eyes so slanty, you could've blindfolded her with dental floss, I swear...

ESPERA
[Demonstrating a move] You gotta get tight on a motherfucker's windpipe...

REDMAN
Get off me.

Wasik approaches Kocher, Person, Chaffin and Trombley.

KOCHER
Right as she's pulling the vibrating egg out, she fuckin' licks my asshole.

CHAFFIN
I love an ass lick.

WASIK
Hey, Ray, did you get the word, man? J. Lo's dead.

CHAFFIN
Man, I love an ass-lick.

PERSON
Bullshit!

WASKI
Yeah, I got the word from a Captain in G2.

PERSON
[shouts across the tent] Brad, did you hear about J. Lo?

COLBERT
Get over here, Ray. Need my RTO.

PERSON
Did Conway tell you that?

WASIK
Yeah.

PERSON
Yeah, well, he's full of shit.

WASIK
No, man.

Fick enters the tent.

FICK
Bravo Two! All of you, listen up. H&S company had a negligent discharge today.

CHAFFIN
Fuckin' supply company POGs.

FICK
So the CO personally wants to make sure we brass-check our weapons.

PATRICK
Anybody hurt?

FICK
No, it was a two-oh-three. It's a miracle no one was killed.

PERSON
That would suck, homes, getting killed before you got to go to war and kill people.

MARINE

[OS] Shut up, Person.

FICK

Try wrapping up the chess tourney before lights out. Got the Sergeant Major on my ass.

CHAFFIN

Fuckin' Sixta.

Fick turns to leave, and Person approaches him.

PERSON

Lieutenant, have you gotten any word on-?

FICK

[addresses all the men] I only get what's passed down to me from Godfather, and the only word he gets is from the BBC. If we're lucky, Saddam will back down, let the inspectors in, and we can go home. The important thing is, we are doing our jobs by being here. All of you should be proud.

PERSON

Sir, that's not the word I was asking about. I was... We wanted to know if you knew anything about J. Lo being killed.

TROMBLEY

[OS] Who killed her?

LEON

[OS] Shit, you know she's my cousin.

BAPTISTA

J. Lo?

CARAVALES

[OS] She's Puerto Rican. You're Mexican.

LEON

[OS] So?

FICK

Ray, the battalion commander offered no sitrep as to J. Lo's status.

JACKS

[OS] You piece of shit.

ESPERA

[OS] Puerto Ricans are tropical Mexicans.

STINETORF

[OS] Don't tell me Godfather' didn't know about J. Lo man.

Fick turns to leave. Garza approaches Person.

GARZA

What? J. Lo's dead?

PERSON

Apparently that's the word.

Fick exits the tent. A helicopter passes overhead and Marines mill about between the tents.

[00:08:15]

Inside the enlisted men's tent.

PATRICK

[OS] Jacks, we'll work on that turret tomorrow!

JACKS

[OS] Roger that, Sergeant.

PATRICK

[OS] Bring your canteen. It's gonna be hotter than two rabbits fucking in a wool sock out there in that motor pool.

TROMBLEY

[looking at Reyes] Since when did the Marine Corps start letting in faggots?

ESPERA

[to Lilley, who's holding a video camera] Dawg, you're my driver. How you gonna make your war movie when you're be busy driving my Humvee?

LILLEY

Brah...

ESPERA

What do you think, CNN's gonna want to buy your version of the war?

LILLEY

Maybe.

ESPERA

You know, you'd be better off shooting Rudy. [Points to Reyes, who is standing naked in the middle of the tent.] Now that is some shit you could sell right there.

LILLEY

Brah...

ESPERA

Gay porn! Gay porn, Lilley! Yo, all you gotta do is get Rudy on board, and you're gonna be the next Spielberg of twink movies.

LILLEY

[chuckles] Yeah.

Reyes gets dressed, puts on a backpack full of rocks, and a gas mask.

CHAFFIN

[OS] You're always doing that shit with that rook. The same move every fuckin' day.

WASIK

[OS] There it is.

CHAFFIN

[OS] How's that for a move? Checkmate, bitch.

Outside the tent. Reyes runs. Marines shout encouragement.

MARINE 1

[OS] Hoorah! Get some!

MARINE 2

[OS] Let's go! Slay that dragon!

MARINE 3

[OS] Get some!

PERSON

[shouts] I love you, Fruity Rudy!

The camera pans to an officer's and senior NCOs briefing.

ECKLOFF

Today's high is expected to be eighty-five Fahrenheit, expected again in the upper thirties with shamal winds moving in tomorrow gusting up to seventy miles per hour. [To Ferrando] Sir.

FICK

[To Wynn] Weather's got a better chance of atritting us than the Iraqis.

WYNN

Mmm-hmm.

FERRANDO

Word from the CG is to maintain our readiness and ongoing preparations to enhance our readiness here in Kuwait. What does Godfather think? I think, in other words, no word. Our objective remains getting into that AO, securing that bridge over the Euphrates, and holding it for the main Marine Force. Rolling through Iraq in open-top Humvees is completely outside of what First Recon does. We might not like it, but the general has asked this battalion to be America's shock troops. And Godfather can't tell the general, "We don't do windows." [The men chuckle. Patterson raises his hand.] Captain Patterson.

PATTERSON

Sir, Alpha Company's still missing maps of the AO.

FERRANDO

The problem is battalion-wide and we are working on it, be assured.

SCHWETJE

[raising his had] Sir.

FERRANDO

Yeah.

SCHWETJE

Umm, what is the policy on the wearing of the beanies? When should they be worn?

FERRANDO

Maintaining a grooming standard is mission critical. Just because these men fancy themselves an elite unit doesn't mean they own the rules. Between 0900 and 1700 watch caps are a no-go.

SIXTA

I don't want us to see no cowboy Elvises walking around in them beanies.

FERRANDO

All right, division has handed down change in the signals protocol...

[00:11:14]

The motor pool. Colbert walks by Espera, who's on his Humvee.

ESPERA

Hey. All my hoses are rotted out. I got Dirty Earl working it.

CARIZALES

Got a mess of blown donkey dicks.

COLBERT

On a short string here, Poke.

ESPERA

I just got this bucket five days ago, dawg. This is like Gilligan's Island. They're giving us rocks and coconuts to make radios with.

CARIZALES

Shit. Even the gaskets are gone, man. Back home, they're driving around in Mercedes Benz SUVs picking up their poodles at the dog cappuccino stand. And here we are invading a country with ghetto hoopties. [spits] It's depressing.

Person walks up.

PERSON

[thrusting a hose between Carizales' legs] I bring you gifts.

CARIZALES

The fuck? Where the fuck you find those?

PERSON

I had to suck an officer's cock to get these.

CARIZALES

See? That's some exploitive shit. You've been exploited by your betters. You know what we need in America, man? Is a holiday where once a year the blue-collar man gets to go into the home of the white-collar man, eat his food, sleep in his bed and fuck his shit up.

Colbert gets into his Humvee.

PERSON

[OS] Jeff, you realize you're a communist?

CARIZALES

[OS] Fuck I am.

Espera walks up to Colbert's Humvee.

ESPERA

A Blue Force Tracker. Oh, shit.

COLBERT

[Demonstrates blue force tracker.] Downtown Baghdad, Safwan Hill. The entire AO.

ESPERA

You are the Iceman, dawg. You up here in the twenty-first century, we're all back there in the stone age, man.

COLBERT

Third Infantry to the east, us, our neighbors to the north, and the Euphrates bridge, our objective.

Sixta approaches, shouting at Person.

SIXTA

Jesus Christ! What is you some kind of goddamn hippie faggot? Fuck is this? Devil Dog. Why the fuck is your shirt out of regulation?

Colbert approaches, with Espera.

COLBERT

Sergeant Major, is there a problem? My Marines have been working on that Humvee all morning.

SIXTA

I don't care if your Marine has a sucking chest wound! He will not traipse around on the deck with his shirttails hanging out! Might just NJP all your asses!

COLBERT

Yes, Sergeant Major. Corporal Person, be advised, you're expected to conduct all business in this camp in compliance with the grooming standard under direct order from the Battalion Commander himself.

Person tucks in his shirt. Sixta turns to Patrick.

SIXTA

Sergeant Patrick, your moostache hairs is in violations, growing beyond the corner of your mouth. I hear Godfather hisself say you look like a bum. [shouts] Police that moostache! [Turns to the rest of the men and shouts at them.] Y'all startin' to look like Elvises!

Sixta walks away. Person untucks his shirt.

COLBERT

Hey, don't push our luck.

[00:13:55]

Inside the enlisted men's tent. Person is handing out mail.

PERSON

Walt!

HASSER

Oh!

PERSON

Trombly. [walking over to Colbert, shakes his head] Nothing but letters. No batteries, no diapers, and no turret. Guess not today, homes. Just another five dozen letters from fuckin' schoolkids and shit.

Person opens a letter.

PERSON

Oh my god. Listen to this. "Dear Mr. Army Man..."

TROMBLEY

Army? Fuck that.

PERSON

"I am proud that you are being brave and defending our country against the terrorists. They are bad and I am glad that you are going to catch them and punish them."

JACKS

[OS] She's a good writer.

PERSON

"I am glad that you are so brave and I pray for you."

CHAFFIN

[OS] Oh, what's she look like?

PERSON

She's actually pretty hot.

Person hands Chaffin a photo of a young schoolgirl.

JACKS

Ooh, I like them braids.

STAFFORD

[OS] Let me see, man.

ESPERA

Listen to this shit right here. [Reads from a letter.] "Maybe you'll be able to come home without having to fight."

STAFFORD

[OS] Bullshit.

CHRISTESON

Fuck that.

ESPERA

"Peace is always much better than war and it would be nice if no one would be hurt."

PERSON

[OS] That's some fucking hippie communist shit right there. Where the fuck is this weak-ass child from?

HASSER

[OS] Vermont!

ESPERA

It's Frederick Firestone from 2707 Spencer Road, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

CHAFFIN

[OS] Fucking Maryland.

PERSON

"Dear Frederick! Thank you for your nice letter. But I am actually a US Marine who was born to kill..."

MARINES

Hoorah!

PERSON

"...whereas clearly you have mistaken me for some sort of wine-sipping communist dicksuck. And although peace probably appeals to tree-loving bisexuals like you and your parents, I happen to be a death-dealing, blood-crazed warrior who wakes up every day just hoping for the chance to dismember my enemies and defile their civilizations. Peace sucks a hairy asshole, Freddie. War is the motherfucking answer."

CHRISTESON

[OS] Hell, yeah!

ESPERA

"But thanks for writing anyway."

JACKS

[OS] "Your pal, Ray."

PERSON

Oh, man, every motherfucker in this camp is just waiting for packages of dip, Ripped Fuel, porn mags, batteries, hash chunks, a dirty-ass jerk-off letter from Suzie Rottencrotch. Except for Brad Colbert over here, who actually thinks that his mail-order turret is gonna come in before we step off.

CHAFFIN

[OS] Sorry, Brad.

PERSON

But no. All we get is this happy day fucking horseshit from Miss Cuntlips' fourth-grade class. Can you fucking believe this shit?

JACKS

[OS] That's good, I like that.

LILLEY

[Looks at the girl's photo.] Oh, brah.

PATRICK

[Takes the photo from Lilley.] Damn. I'd eat a mile of her shit just to see where it came from.

ESPERA

Take her diaper off.

[00:16:15]

Sundown. Men are boxing outside.

Camera moves to the mess tent where the men are eating dinner. Fick approaches Colbert.

FICK

Pass the word. Watch caps are a no-go between 0900 and 1700. That's Godfather talking.

Colbert nods and Fick moves away.

The camera pans down the table.

CHAFFIN

She was about sixteen years old...

LILLEY

Brah. Brah.

CHAFFIN

What?

LILLEY

You got sauce on you.

CHAFFIN

Oh, yeah? I look like a mud? I look like Gabe's filthy spic brother? Ha-ha, no.

Espera approaches Trombley and pulls off his soft cover.

ESPERA

What the fuck is on your grape, devil dog?

TROMBLEY

My boonie. Give it back.

ESPERA

You see any other Recon Marine in here wearing a soft cover?

TROMBLEY

[Looks around.] No.

ESPERA

No. No fucking way, dawg. I know you didn't go through BRC, but, boy, you gotta front. All these other grunts look up to Recon like we are cold-blooded warriors. We're carnivorous motherfuckers dawg, and you gotta carry it like that.

There is a tense pause.

ESPERA

Here. I got your six, boy.

Espera hands Trombley a black beanie, which Trombley puts on. Espera tuts and sits down next to Garza.

ESPERA

This motherfucker.

GARZA
FNG, Sergeant.

The enlisted men stand up and walk out. The camera pans to the officer's table.

FERRANDO
[smiles] Cocky motherfuckers.

[00:17:46]

The enlisted men's tent. Men are listening to the radio, reading porn mags, sleeping etc. The camera pans from group to group.

[BBC Radio] The American Department of State has ordered all non-essential diplomats and their families to evacuate to Kuwait, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Damascus...

PERSON
Okay, check it. The escort VHF Watson gave us was in error - It's UHF.

COLBERT
Both the DASC and the DASC(A), right?

[BBC Radio] President Bush...

WASIK
Hold on. I want to hear this.

[BBC Radio] ...Prime Minister Tony Blair and Spanish Prime Minister, Jose Maria Aznar will meet in the Azores Islands in Portugal to discuss the crisis, gathering...

CHAFFIN
I'd chili-dog that bitch.

ESPERA
Nice.

Patrick is shaving the edge of his mustache.

PATRICK
You think that's enough?

WASIK
You should be rockin' it like me, Pappy. Hitler 'stache is reg.

ESPERA

Looked good on Hitler.

[BBC radio] In sport...

Colbert turns off the radio.

PERSON

Huh. No dead fly girl.

WASIK

The media's in on it. They don't want us to know J. Lo's dead. They think it will fuck with morale.

COLBERT

So on the CEOI, they have the escorts listed as no encryption, but they're covered, right?

PERSON

Yeah, you can't do one frequency plane. Doesn't matter on the 113's anyway. They only go to 6.

There is a loud rumbling, and the edge of the tent starts to bow inwards.

HASSER

Fucking hell was that? Not again!

Wynn enters the tent and shouts.

WYNN

I need Marines with sledgehammers!

The men all pick up sledgehammers and start running out of the tent.

MARINE 1

[OS] Come on, dude. Let's go.

MARINE 2

[OS] Let's go, you heard him. Come on, go, go, go!

It's dark and very noisy outside. A shamal wind is blowing. The Marines attempt to secure the tent.

MARINE 3

[OS] Pull it! Come on! Pull

COLBERT

You, get over there! Come on!

MARINE 4

[OS] Hold it down!

MARINE 3

[OS] One, two, three. Go!

[00:19:36]

Next morning. Men are repairing the damage to the tent.

MARINE (Griego?)

[OS] Shame about your tent, sir.

SCHWETJE

Put these with my gear.

MARINE (Griego?)

[OS] Yes sir.

Fick walks past Schwetje and into the enlisted men's tent. Wright is following him.

FICK

Pappy. I gotta be at battalion for a while, so make sure nothing happens while I'm there. This is a writer who's gonna embed with us. He's from Rolling Stone, so be gentle.

Fick leaves.

TROMBLEY

The Rolling Stones?

HASSER

Rolling Stone?

CHAFFIN

Fuck if they don't give us a dope-smoking, peace-freak writer.

COLBERT

Christeson.

JACKS

[OS] Faggot.

COLBERT

Show Rolling Stone Magazine where to stow his shit.

CHAFFIN

You gonna write about how we're all baby killers and mama rapers, huh?

BRYAN

You gonna tell all them people that read Rolling Stone how it fucking feels to be in a war?

PERSON

Actually, most avid readers of Rolling Stone only really know what it feels like to have a cock up their assholes.

Chaffin laughs.

WRIGHT

Could be worse. I used to write for Hustler.

CHAFFIN

You wrote for Hustler?

BRYAN

We're in the presence of greatness.

Person runs up to Wright.

PERSON

What did you write for Hustler?

WRIGHT

Porn reviews, Hot Letters, Beaver Hunt.

PERSON

You wrote Beaver Hunt? [laughs]

CHRISTESON

[Takes Wright's bag.] This way, Reporter, sir.

PERSON

[OS] Hey, Brad! This guy wrote Beaver Hunt! Oh, shit! He must have those Polaroids of your mom.

Wright bumps into boxes.

WRIGHT

Oh, I'm sorry.

CHRISTESON

Your rack, sir.

CHAFFIN

They got you in the fucking ghetto.

JACKS

[OS] Hey, Reporter, you ever seen a grown man naked?

CHAFFIN

You feel me? Fuckin' spics and a goddamn jig.

STAFFORD

Yo, that ain't cool, man, fuckin' race-hating motherfucker.

CHAFFIN

Oh, spics, a coon, and a fucking wigger. See, wiggers be the worst: race traitors, miscegenatin' with the muds.

ESPERA

Hey. You don't have to listen to this little trailer-trash whiskey-tango fuck.

GARZA

Ain't all your crackhead baby brothers nappy-headed and shit? James is the only white boy in the family. Three stepdads, and they're all black.

ESPERA

Take this down, dawg. "It makes my heart heavy to see the white race sink as low as James's mother has. At least if she was Mexican she'd be ashamed of herself. But being a white bitch, she still thinks she's better than the brothers she sells that ass to in the parking lot of the titty bar she works at."

STAFFORD

Oh! Screwby, dawg.

CHAFFIN

Yo, fuck you, man. She's a bookkeeper.

ESPERA

Cockkeeper.

Chaffin laughs.

JACKS

[OS] Hey, bud. I got a twenty spot on Chaffin!

CHAFFIN

Yo, T! You hear that? The beaners are cracking on your people too. Ain't you gonna say something?

HOLSEY

I'm just not into that racial thing, man.

CHAFFIN

All right. Let's go, Garza. Let's talk about what we're gonna do when we get out of the Corps. We're gonna join us a border patrol and shoot us some wetbacks.

Chaffin laughs.

GARZA

[miming shooting a rifle at Wright] Yeah, shoot wetbacks!

Garza and Chaffin leave.

JACKS

[OS] You know that wetback pussies are actually warmer than normal average white pussy.

ESPERA

Welcome aboard.

[00:22:23]

Motor pool.

JACKS

Fuck these turrets! Shit won't go past my five.

REYES

Relax, my Manimal. Pappy will get you fixed up.

PATRICK

Oh, Rudy, hand me your leatherman.

REYES

Roger. [hands Patrick some pliers] Mr. Potato Head at your six, closing fast.

Sixta approaches, and Patrick jumps off his Humvee.

SIXTA

Sergeant Patrick! Hold it there!

Sixta chuckles darkly.

SIXTA

You mocking me? Hairs hanging from your face beyond your mouth areas.

Wasik walks by in the background, pointing to his moustache and raising his arm in a “hail Hitler” salute.

SIXTA

You are unsightly, unsanitary, and in violations of Godfather's grooming standards. Do you reads me, Sergeant Patrick? You has til o'dark hundred to unfuck y'self.

Sixta leaves.

JACKS

Godfather tells us two weeks ago that division's having a mustache-growing contest. Now Mr. Potato Head over here is lifing-out Pappy.

PATRICK

Well. We all got jobs to do. Sergeant Major Sixta's job is to be an asshole, and he excels at the position.

Outside the tents.

COLBERT

It's titanium. Sixteen pounds, about yea big. Should have been shipped weeks ago, and I was starting to wonder if it was shortstopped at battalion somewhere.

SUPPLY MARINE

A shield?

COLBERT

For the main gunner, yeah.

SUPPLY MARINE

Hmm.

Reyes approaches.

REYES

Sergeant Colbert. It's important.

Colbert enters the enlisted men's tent.

COLBERT
Gentlemen.

Person is lying down, pressing a towel to the side of his face.

HASSER
The stove underneath Rudy's espresso pot went off like a 40 mike-mike.

ESPERA
Flamed white boy's face like a rotisserie chicken.

COLBERT
Let me understand this. My RTO has just been burned, in his tent, by an exploding portable stove. And without my RTO, I will be going to war, unable to quickly and effectively establish radio communications within our unit, with other elements of the battalion, and with close air support. Is this what is happening?

ESPERA
That, and they're probably gonna NJP all our asses for operating a stove in the tent against the regs.

COLBERT
Over an espresso maker? This platoon is going down over an espresso maker?

[00:25:38]

Men are using pickaxes outside. The camera moves to an officer's briefing.

FERRANDO
...until division informs me otherwise. All right, that's all for now. Keep it tight, gentlemen. We're on a short string.

The officers leave.

FERRANDO
Lieutenant Fick.

Fick turns back.

FICK
Yes, sir?

FERRANDO
Your CO passed on your report. Your unit sustained a casualty. A Marine was burned.

FICK

Corporal Person sustained minor injuries when a cook stove being operated according to regulations suffered a catastrophic failure.

FERRANDO

And the men operating this cook stove were outside the tent when this happened?

FICK

Yes, sir. At the time, Corporal Person was kneeling by the entrance, servicing a 148.

FERRANDO

And you witnessed this?

FICK

Yes, sir. I observed the stove malfunction and the swift action of my Marines to treat Corporal Person.

FERRANDO

Lieutenant Fick, you might want to consider writing up some of these men for commendation.

FICK

I will consider that, sir.

Fick leaves.

[00:25:45]

Colbert's Humvee is crossing the desert.

[VO]

WRIGHT

Why is the PX at an Army camp?

PERSON

Marines don't need a PX. We're about to loot and pillage a country!

WRIGHT

Then why are we going to the PX?

Outside the PX. Wright hands bags to Colbert and Person.

WRIGHT

AAA batteries. Dip. Skoal and Copenhagen. Baby wipes, various flavored Pringles in a can, and adult diapers. As requested. Why do you need me to get you all this stuff?

COLBERT

In the infinite wisdom of whoever runs the military post-exchange stores, they won't sell this stuff in quantity to actual military personnel. For civilians like yourself, the sky's the limit.

WRIGHT

And why is that?

PERSON

To keep us angry. If Marines could get what they need when they needed it, we would be happy, and we wouldn't be ready to kill people all the time. See, the Marine Corps is like America's little pit bull. They beat us, mistreat us, and once in a while they let us out to attack somebody.

WRIGHT

What's the big deal with the batteries?

COLBERT

They're for our PEC-2s and NVGs, our night vision. Battalion didn't bring enough batteries. We had to ration them.

PERSON

Battalion didn't bring enough of anything that matters. They don't even have enough fucking maps.

COLBERT

The Army goes to war, they bring it all. But Marines, we make do.

PERSON

No maps, no batteries. We keep trying to get this shit mailed to us but nothing ever comes. Fuck if Colbert didn't try and have a shield for the turret Fedexed, not that it'll get here in time.

They get into the Humvee.

COLBERT

Titanium, sixteen pounds. I had it custom engineered.

PERSON

See, when Marines invade a foreign country, we gotta buy all our own shit. Me and Brad spent \$500 of our own money just fixing up the Humvee. Bought our own antennas,

filters, these cammie nets. We even painted it ourselves. So yeah, homes, we pimpin'.

Person starts driving.

WRIGHT

[OS] Why do you guys need the diapers?

[00:27:52]

Person is sleeping on top of his Humvee.

SCHWETJE

[on radio] Hitman two three, this is Hitman. Radio check, over.

Person wakes up and picks up binoculars.

PERSON

Brad, we have major activity on the wire. Two-zero unidentified victors at the checkpoint. Fuck, they're coming through the gates!

Marines shout in the background.

COLBERT

Un-fucking-believable.

PERSON

Shit is on. Has to be.

[00:28:33]

Inside the mess tent. The men are buying pizza.

HASSER

Pepperoni, motherfucker!

MARINE 1

[OS] This fucking rocks!

MARINE 2

[OS] Some beer would go great with this!

MARINE 3

[OS] Here, I'll trade you one.

MARINE 4
[OS] Fuck yeah!

LILLEY
\$10 a pie?

PIZZA VENDOR
No sir, I'm selling \$10 per slice.

HASSER
The fuck you say?

PIZZA VENDOR
With kindness, sir, you go to Kuwait City and get it yourself then.

CHAFFIN
Fucking ridiculous!

LILLEY
You have \$20?

CHAFFIN
Can you believe they're like ten bucks a slice?

LILLEY
I need a twenty!

CHAFFIN
You Hajji motherfucker!

HASSER
Choke, motherfucker!

MARINE 5
[OS] Over here! I'm three for twenty. I'm hornier than a motherfucker!

PERSON
Just when I thought I'd stopped loving the Marine Corps they go and they do this.

ESPERA
This is it, dawg.

COLBERT
The Corps doesn't just bring pizza pies all the way from Kuwait City for no reason.

PERSON

We got lobster in Afghanistan.

Fick and Wynn enter the tent and stride towards Schwetje.

FICK
Captain, sir?

SCHWETJE
Did you guys get some pizza? You can have my extra slice.

FICK
The other companies have bumped into high gear. They're stowing their gear, packing the Humvees. What's up?

SCHWETJE
[chewing.] What do you mean?

FICK
Sir, is there a reason we got pizza delivered today?

SCHWETJE
[still chewing.] Godfather issued maps for your team leaders, the whole AO to the Euphrates.

Schwetje moves his gun off the maps and hands them to Fick.

SCHWETJE
I was gonna bring it up at our briefing tomorrow. Oh. Godfather says General Mattis issued the warning order. So be prepared to move to the staging area within the next forty-eight hours.

Fick picks up the maps and leaves with Wynn.

WYNN
Nice of him to fucking mention it.

[00:30:15]

Outside. Marines are rushing around, loading up Humvees.

JACKS
Get some!

MARINE 1
[OS] Let's roll!

MARINE 2
[OS] Get some!

HASSER
Shit, dawg!

BURRIS
I feel like it's fuckin' Christmas!

HASSER
Whoo!

[00:30:25]

Humvees are moving out. Person crosses between them and approaches the latrines. He knocks on one.

PERSON
It's urgent, Brad. We're fuckin' almost Oscar Mike.

COLBERT
[OS] Ray, can I have just one final moment enjoying the fruits of civilization?

Colbert opens the latrine door and comes out, carrying a roll of toilet paper and a porn mag.

Inside the enlisted men's tent.

FICK
We are breaking open the MOPP suits. They are rated to maintain their effectiveness against chemical and biological attack for thirty days. Now make sure they fit now. There will be no chance to exchange them later. Do not wash, abrade, or puncture your MOPP suit. We expect to fight dirty.

CHAFFIN
Been fighting dirty my whole life.

ESPERA
Sir. If we are fighting in a chemical environment and we get shot, how are they gonna casevac us if we're dirty?

FICK
They're not.

ESPERA
What?

FICK
Hit in a chemical environment, you're fucked anyway.

Colbert pulls out his MOPP suit from its packaging.

COLBERT
Woodland camouflage? Anyone happen to remember we're invading a fucking desert country?

CHAFFIN
[OS] Fuckin' retards.

JACKS
[OS] Exactly. What the fuck, man?

BRUNMEIER
[OS] Can't fight in this shit. I hate these fuckin' things.

TROMBLEY
How come the Reporter gets desert?

WRIGHT
I didn't ask for...

STAFFORD
Are you wearing shorts?

WRIGHT
What? Boxers.

STAFFORD
Screwby. Yo, it's gonna be hot, man. Me? Shit, I'm freeballing it all the way to Baghdad.

CHAFFIN
[OS] Good thing I shaved my balls.

[00:31:50]

Outside. The Marines are standing to attention.

SIXTA

Your President is watching! Americkay is watching! But more important, Godfather is watching. Make no mistake, there will be no fuck-ups! Marines around this world would give their left nuts to be where you are! Anybody not want to go?

MARINES

[shouting] No, Sergeant Major!

SIXTA

Marines, kill on three! One! Two! Three!

MARINES

Kill!

SIXTA

Bata-llion, atten-tion! Dismissed!

The Marines run to their vehicles.

MARINE

[OS] Get some!

[00:33:11]

Bravo is waiting around their Humvees, some inside, some sitting on top of the Humvees.

HITMAN (GREIGO?)

[on radio] Hitman three, can you have your RTO head over here to Hitman? Over.

GARZA

You want any water?

Trombly is sitting in the Humvee, chewing Skittles.

TROMBLEY

Hey, Sergeant, are we there yet?

MARINE

[on radio] Hitman, this is Hitman three. He's en route.

PERSON

What the fuck is taking so long? We've been sitting here for four goddamn hours.

Wright sighs. Person chews dip and spits down the side of the Humvee.

COLBERT

Don't spit on my Humvee, Ray.

PERSON

I didn't.

COLBERT

Ray, when you spit with your lips, you always get it on the side of my Humvee. I heard you spit with your lips. Spit with your teeth, Ray.

HTIMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All Hitman victors, still waiting on the turf.

COLBERT

[into radio] Be advised we're still waiting for the battalion translator.

WRIGHT

Do you mean you guys are invading Iraq with just one translator?

The camera pans from men playing football to Victor Four.

FICK, WYNN

[Singing.] ...We didn't know what to think of him until he sang, Feliz Navidad, Feliz Navidad. Little sister brought...

WYNN

No, shit.

FICK

What is it? Ken.

FICK, WYNN

[Singing.] Brother Ken brought his kids...

Meesh appears. Colbert watches him from his Humvee.

MEESH

Dude man, this majorly sucks!

SMITH

Sir, we cannot delay any longer.

MEESH

I can't believe I'm leaving without my shit, man. It's primo chronic. It's the best in the Gulf!

SMITH

That's regrettable, sir.

MEESH

Bullshit!

MARINE 1

[OS] Let's go, mount up!

COLBERT

Interpreter is stowed.

MARINE 2

[OS] We are Oscar Mike!

COLBERT

We are Oscar Mike to the border staging area.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

Go, go, go.

JACKS

Two two's up!)

PERSON

Hey, War Scribe, want some dip? First couple of times I dipped, I puked a little bit.

HITMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All Hitman victors, all Hitman victors...5, 4, 3, 2, 1

PERSON

But as long as you don't get it in Brad's Humvee, we won't mind.

HITMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All Hitman victors, all Hitman victors-

PERSON

It's good, isn't it?

HITMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] -maintain fifty meter dispersion at two-five kilometers per hour, over.

FICK

[on radio] Roger that.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors, we are Oscar Mike. Maintain fifty meter dispersion at forty-five kph.

ESPERA

Check it out, dawg. White man won't be denied.

The battalion rolls out of Camp Mathilda.

[00:36:28]

Evening. The battalion has set up camp for the night.

[BBC Radio] ... cruise missiles fired by US ships and guided bombs dropped by stealth planes struck targets in downtown Baghdad in what American officials describe as an attempt to decapitate the Iraqi leadership before the war begins. Meanwhile, a quarter of a million American and British-led troops are said to be massed on the Iraq-Kuwait border amid claims that many Iraqi soldiers are ready to defect. In the States, the US Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld has denied reports that negotiations are taking place for a cease-fire. He said the only topic for discussion with Saddam Hussein was unconditional surrender...

COLBERT

We kicked the hornet's nest. Now we better kill all the fucking hornets.

[BBC Radio] ... but the Iraqi leader quoted on state television said Iraqi people were ready to resist any attack, despite American and British...

[00:37:14]

Morning. Fick addresses Bravo Two.

FICK

You're being called upon to kill. We're gonna be invading a country full of civilians. But at the same time, we don't know if the people shooting at us are gonna be in uniform or looking like farmers. If we shoot civilians, we're gonna turn the populace against us and lose this war, but I don't want to lose Marines because we are not aggressive. The ROE boils down to this: if in your mind you fire to protect yourself or your team, it's the right thing.

JACKS

[OS] Hell yeah!

GARZA
[OS] Get that?

ESPERA
[whispers to Colbert] Yo, I don't want to shoot no fuckin' farmers.

GARZA
[OS] Shit, I'd shoot a farmer.

REYES
Sir, you got any word from the rest of the world? Is the UN going in with us, or are we on our own?

FICK
It's the usual French talk of stall and surrender.

(In the background:

MARINE 1
Gas, gas, gas!

The men all immediately start to suit up.

MARINE 2
Move, move, move!

MARINE 1
Gas, gas, gas!

MARINE 3
Move, move, move!)

MARINE 4 (REYES?)
Gas, gas, gas! Get to the vehicles!

MARINE 5 (Lovell?)
Team 3, with me! Go, go, go!

ESPERA
Let's go! Let's take cover! Let's go!

MARINE 6
Move, move, move!

ESPERA
Come on, put a move on it! We gotta go!

REYES

Get to the vehicles, Team Two! Team Two, get to the vehicles!

PATRICK

Two Two, back to the vehicles! Get me a head count!

Wright is left on his own, stumbling towards the vehicles in his MOPP suit and gas mask. He falls to the ground, and Bryan, Garza and Colbert stand over him, also in gas masks.

GARZA

What do you got, Sergeant?

WRIGHT

Can you help me with the...

Wright points to his crotch, where his suit straps are painfully tight. Garza takes out a pair of pliers and cuts the straps.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

All clear! All clear!

MARINE 2

All clear!)

GARZA

I just performed testicle surgery on the Reporter!

WRIGHT

I forgot to spit out my tobacco so I had to swallow it.

Garza laughs.

WRIGHT

And this suit is too small. That strap was crushing my nuts.

BRYAN

Reporter, you are possibly the biggest fuckup I have encountered.

Garza laughs.

COLBERT

Yeah well, maybe he fits right in.

[00:39:49]

Members of Bravo team are sitting under cammie nets, working on their weapons.

PERSON

[To Wright] You know it doesn't make you gay if you think Rudy's hot. We all think he's hot. [to Reyes] Jesus, you're beautiful.

REYES

[Smiles.] Actually I'm going to hell out here. Back home, all I eat is sushi and vegetables. The nutrition here is garbage. You know, I think Sheree and I are going to move to San Francisco. There's no fat people there.

Wynn walks up.

WYNN

That was a no-shit Scud attack, gents.

GARZA

Awesome! I just lived through a Scud attack.

Wynn smiles and leaves.

JACKS

Rudy, why would you give a fuck if there's fat people where you live?

REYES

Brother, I want to live where people care about themselves.

COLBERT

Jesus Christ, Rudy. When are you gonna realize that you're fucking gay?

REYES

I'm not gay.

The men laugh.

COLBERT

When we're on libo, you wear Banana Republic Daisy Duke shorts, and now you're rolling into battle in your goddamn chicken suit and J. Lo glasses. You dress like a pimp queen.

REYES

I don't dress like no goddamn pimp queen. I wear clothes that are body-conscious.

The Marines laugh. Reyes and Colbert bump fists.

(In the background:

MARINE 1
Gas, gas, gas!

MARINE 2
Gas, gas, gas!

MARINE 3
Move, move, move!)

The men all suit up quickly.

PERSON
Hey, good job, Reporter.

WRIGHT
I got it!

[00:41:14]

Officer's and NCOs briefing. Constant explosions can be heard in the distance.

FERRANDO
Air and Arty are now hitting Safwan Hill. There are two Iraqi divisions on the other side of the breach. From the sound of it, they are not having a good day. We are going to demonstrate to the Iraqis that we have not come to harm innocent people or threaten their way of life. But if you bump into an Iraqi who wants to fight, you will fucking kick his ass. Battle streamers for this battalion are gonna be earned on your shoulders, on your shoulders. Now, gentlemen, all mustaches grown for the divisional contest are all to be shaved by the time we reach the Euphrates. This battalion will maintain a grooming standard. That's all, gentlemen.

(Background radio chatter:

MARINE
[on radio] -Actual, we're Oscar Mike.)

The men leave the briefing, Colbert and Fick side by side.

COLBERT
We're getting ready to invade a country, and this is what our leader offers us. Mustaches.

FICK

I trust you, Brad, to keep your personal feelings to yourself.

Fick and Colbert pass Schwetje's Humvee. He's standing by it, looking proud.

SCHWETJE

Check it out. I taped my windows so I can turn my laptop on without the enemy seeing the light. Cool, huh?

Griego appears, holding up a video recorder. He's recording.

GRIEGO

How do you feel on the edge of this historical invasion?

COLBERT

[Looks directly into the camera.] Find those batteries yet for my night vision gear, Gunny?

Griego puts the camera away.

GRIEGO

That's a goddamn sucker punch. Supply situation isn't on any of us.

COLBERT

With all due respect, Gunny, last I checked, your billet was ops chief in charge of procuring supplies necessary for combat readiness.

GRIEGO

Yeah, and I inherited that mess from some POG who fucked it all up before I even got near it.

Griego walks away, and McGraw approaches Colbert, Fick, and Schwetje.

MCGRAW

You get word on the escort?

GRIEGO

[OS] A week. Gave me a fucking week to unfuck this shit. That motherfucker...

FICK

Captain?

MCGRAW

Are we getting tanks or Cobras?

SCHWETJE

Yeah?

FICK

What's up with the escort?

SCHWETJE

We got word a couple of hours ago. We're not getting escort tanks or Cobras going over the border.

FICK

Any reason you waited till now to tell me about this?

Schwetje shrugs. Colbert and Fick walk away, McGraw following them.

FICK

We've lost our armor escort. And we get no ass going over the LOD. That's a low priority to pass on?

COLBERT

Personal feelings, sir.

MCGRAW

They're sending us alone against Iraqi armor. People are gonna die because of this!

McGraw heads off. Kocher approaches, hugs Colbert, and shakes Fick's hand.

KOCHER

See you on the other side, bro.

MCGRAW

[Shouting back to them.] Godspeed! God-fucking-speed to you!

KOCHER

Fucking Captain America.

COLBERT

A little belt-fed today, isn't he?

FICK

We're all excited.

Helicopters fly overhead. Marines shout. Chaffin and Garza look up at the helicopters.

CHAFFIN

Man, they kill hundreds those pilots.

MARINE

[OS] Get some!

CHAFFIN

I would liked to have flown the plane that dropped the bomb on Japan. A couple of dudes killed hundreds of thousands. That fucking rules.

[00:43:57]

Nighttime. Bravo is on the move. There are multiple explosions close by.

HITMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All Hitman victors, all Hitman victors, be advised, we are five clicks out from Breach Point Two. Over.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors, be advised, we are five clicks till Breach Point Two.

PERSON

Man, I wish I had some 'shrooms. This is the fucking shit!

COLBERT

Yeah, it's the shiznit. Watch the fucking road.

TROMBLEY

How come we're not there yet?

PERSON

Maybe because a certain severely retarded company commander by the name of Encino Man who, in his infinite retardation, duct-taped his Humvee windows. Thought he was being all tactical and shit, until Bravo missed the turn at the checkpoint 'cause retard couldn't see out his fuckin' truck.

COLBERT

Ray.

PERSON

Oh, look, there's layers of retardation that most people don't even know about. [He turns to look back at Wright.] You should quote me on that.

FICK

[on radio] Two One, continue behind Raptor. We'll be veering west to the 98 Northing.

COLBERT

[into radio] Roger that. We still headed to Breach Point Two?

PERSON

Look at this shit.

FICK

[on radio] Affirm. Aim for breach point.

PERSON

How come we can't ever invade a cool country, like chicks in bikinis, you know? How come countries like that don't ever need Marines? I'll tell you why. It's lack of pussy that fucks countries up. Lack of pussy is the root fucking cause of all global instability. If more Hajjis were getting quality pussy, there'd be no reason for us to come over here and fuck them up like this, 'cause a nut-busted Hajji is a happy Hajji.

COLBERT

Ray. Ray. How much Ripped Fuel have you ingested?

PERSON

I'm on it like a motherfucker, Brad. [Laughs] I'm moto, dude!

COLBERT

Well, no more of that shit. When you do Ripped Fuel, you can't shut up.

HITMAN (SCHWETJE?)

[on radio] All Hitman victors, all Hitman victors, be advised you are three clicks south of breach point 2. Over.

WRIGHT

It's an interesting theory though.

PERSON

Yeah. Yeah, you should quote me on it. You know what? You should definitely quote me on it. This whole fucking thing, it comes down to pussy. Look, if you took the Republican Guard and comped their asses in Vegas for a weekend, no fucking war.

WRIGHT

So the war's not about oil or WMDs?

PERSON

No. In the opinion of this Marine it's about pussy.

WRIGHT

And it's not about Saddam?

PERSON

No, Saddam's just part of the problem. Look, if Saddam invested more in the pussy infrastructure of Iraq than he did on his fucking gay-ass army, then this country would be no more fucked up than, say, Mexico.

COLBERT

Ray! Please shut up. [He pauses. There is silence.] Thank you.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors, we are one klick until Breach Two.

COLBERT

Wake up, Trombley. You're missing the invasion.

The camera pans out to show Bravo, then moves into Victor Two.

LILLEY

Yo, Christopher. Get some of this on videotape for me, brah. This is us invading a country right here.

Christopher records the wreckage they're passing, and sees an arm poking out of the ground.

CHRISTOPHER

[OS] Oh, shit!

LEON

[OS] Welcome to Iraq, bitches!

[00:47:23]

Daytime. Bravo drives across the desert.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors, all Hitman Two victors, we take this turn, we're screening west with no adjacent support.

COLBERT

[on radio] Roger that.

MCGRAW

[on radio] This is it. We got no escort. It's just our thin-skinned Humvees going against tanks.

PERSON

Jesus, Captain America's a fucking retard. They need to keep that asshole off company-wide comms.

Espera spots something glittering in the distance.

ESPERA

[into radio] Two One Alpha, this is Two One Bravo. We have a possible gun or rocket tube at our two o'clock, five hundred meters, that shiny thing. Over.

COLBERT

Garza. Put your Mark-19 at two o'clock, range at five hundred.

GARZA

I see it glinting, Sergeant. I can't tell if it's a pipe or a tank tube.

COLBERT

I glassed it. It's a pipe. [into radio] Two One Bravo, this is Two One Alpha. We see a pipe in a trash pile. Over.

ESPERA

[into radio] This is Two One Bravo. Roger that. Out.

PERSON

Tell you who the biggest fucking retard is, is that Saddam Hussein. We already kicked his ass once, and what does this retard go and fucking do? He spends the next ten years pissing us off even more. We don't even want to be in this shithole.

COLBERT

Stop scribbling. It encourages him.

They drive past a hamlet.

COLBERT

Stay frosty, gents.

GARZA

Hey!

COLBERT

What do you got?

GARZA

I just waved at an Iraqi, and he waved back. That was cool.

COLBERT

Good, Garza. Be magnanimous.

GARZA

What the fuck does that mean?

COLBERT

Lofty and kinglike.

PERSON

[Shouts at an Iraqi man standing beside the road.] Hey, buddy, it's 10:00 in the morning. Don't you think you oughta change out of your pajamas?

[00:49:18]

Bravo has stopped. Wynn and Fick get out of their Humvee and walk past the men.

REYES

Afternoon, sir. Beautiful day to get our war on.

In Victor One.

GARZA

I'll trade your Pop-Tarts.

TROMBLEY

I got Combos.

GARZA

Yeah, I'll take 'em. [OS] Sucker!

Fick and Wynn pass Victor Three.

PATRICK

Sir, is our mission still that bridge?

Fick gathers the team leaders, sergeants and Bryan around a Humvee.

FICK

All right, gents, listen up. We are here. Our orders that we are to bust north until the battalion tells us to stop.

COLBERT

The bridge we're supposed to be seizing in six hours is here. We've gone beyond the AO. Is battalion still asking us to execute our mission on the same timetable?

FICK

I have no word on that, Brad.

Victor One.

TROMBLEY

Anyone want a Charms?

PERSON

Are you an idiot?

TROMBLEY

No.

PERSON

Never, ever let Charms into this vehicle again.

GARZA

Nobody lets Charms in the vehicle in the whole fucking United States Marine Corps. It's bad luck.

PERSON

Semper simple motherfucker.

GARZA

Fuckin' new guy!

The camera pans back to Fick's briefing.

MCGRAW

[on radio] We've been static way too long, sitting here with our asses hanging out. We don't stand a chance against one T-72 tank. They got seventy of them out here. This is suicide!

COLBERT

Sir, the behavior of your fellow officer, commander of our sister platoon, is starting to concern us.

BRYAN

Captain America's unprofessional.

FICK

If you have a nickname for an officer, I don't want to know it.

Person starts singing off screen, Sk8er Boi by Avril Lavigne.

FICK

Is everyone on your teams getting some shut-eye?

PATRICK

Since they brought us pizza at Mathilda, my whole team hasn't slept. That's, what, thirty hours now?

FICK

We don't know what's coming. You gotta rotate guys, get 'em some sleep.

PERSON

[sings and urinates] He's just a boy and I'm just a girl
Can I make it any more obvious?
We are in love, haven't you heard?
Now we rock each other's world!

[00:50:54]

Bravo travel along an MSR

COLBERT AND PERSON

[singing] Lovin' you is easy cause you're bare-chested,
Makin' love to you is all I wanna do,
Lovin' you is more than just a dream come true,
Everything that I do is out of love for you.
La la.
Do do do do do dooooo.
Aaah ah ah.
Oooh.

Wright laughs.

PERSON

Ohh. When my band opened up for Limp Bizkit in Kansas City, we fuckin' sucked. But then again, so did they. The only difference is that they became famous, and I became a Marine.

GARZA

[OS] Hey, there's kids holding hands.

COLBERT

Aww, cute. Don't shoot 'em, Garza.

Garza chuckles. Colbert looks around in the Humvee until Person hands him a can of dip.

GARZA

[OS] We got hardball ahead, Sergeant.

COLBERT

That's MSR Tampa. When we've crossed it, we'll be the northernmost unit in Iraq. [into radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One. Do you want my victor to provide overwatch on the northeast corner of the MSR?

FICK

[on radio] Roger that. This is Hitman Two. All Hitman victors align off Two One.

[00:52:20]

Bravo Two Humvees are aligned by the side of the MSR. Other Humvees go past them.

JACKS

I got two pickups bearing down on us fast.

REYES

Sir, I observe men with AKs. They're in the lead vehicle.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, this is Hitman Two. We have two victors with armed Iraqis approaching. How copy?

SCHWETJE

[on radio] Hitman, solid copy.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, I am seeing armed Iraqis in civilian clothes in white pickups marked with red diamonds.

BRYAN

We should smoke 'em, sir!

SCHWETJE

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Hitman. Interrogative. Can you, uh... Can you wave them off? Over.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, this is Two. These are armed Iraqis in marked victors with weapons pointed at us. Over.

SCHWETJE

[on radio] ROE states uniformed soldiers only, uh, and they should be firing at us.

FICK

[into radio] This is Two. I'm requesting to at least snatch one victor, find out who these guys are. Over.

SCHWETJE

[on radio] Negative. Wave 'em off. Hitman out.

Fick waves the Iraqis off.

JACKS

This sucks!

PERSON

What the fuck?

CHAFFIN

I had a beautiful head shot.

REYES

We all did, brother.

BRYAN

Are you kidding me?

HASSER

What the fuck was that?

COLBERT

Our first contact with armed Iraqis, and we wave at 'em like bitches.

PERSON

Know what happens when you get out of the Marine Corps? You get your brains back.

[00:54:05]

Ferrando is sitting in his Humvee, eating and listening to the radio.

[BBC Radio] ...India of course chasing that massive Australian total of 359, already one wicket down with just two overs gone and four runs on the board...

Sixta enters.

SIXTA

Company commanders are here, sir.

[BBC Radio] ...Tendulkar, caught and bowled McGrath...

Ferrando gets out of the Humvee.

FERRANDO

You can drop your pots, gentlemen. I don't know if it's me or these new liners, but something in my Kevlar fuckin' stinks.

Everyone smells their Kevlars.

FERRANDO

All right, we're fourteen hours since crossing the LOD. We've moved seventy clicks north. We, gentlemen, are the northernmost unit in Iraq. Our job now is to screen the northern flank of 1-MEF.

PATTERSON

You got any word on our mission, sir? We still doing the bridge assault?

Explosions can be heard in the distance.

FERRANDO

No word. But judging by where they've placed us, higher-ups have deemed that mission irrelevant. Even so, what's foremost in Godfather's mind: we're still very much in the game, gentlemen, very much in the game. Okay, that's all for now.

WYNN

Let's go ahead and round up the team leaders and have them outside the tents in ten mikes.

Ferrando gets back into his Humvee, and Wright approaches.

WRIGHT

Colonel Ferrando, uh, if I can ask, why does your voice sound that way?

FERRANDO

Throat cancer.

WRIGHT

You a smoker?

FERRANDO

No. Just lucky, I guess.

[00:55:35]

Nighttime. A dog barks. Explosions can be heard. Colbert and Trombley are on watch.

COLBERT

Why the fuck are you throwing food around?

TROMBLEY

I'm gonna shoot me a dog.

COLBERT

No, you're not, Trombley. No one's shooting any dogs in Iraq. [Looks through his scope.] I got seven. You got seven?

TROMBLEY

Yes, Sergeant, I see seven.

Lovell approaches.

LOVELL

You seeing all these Iraqis?

COLBERT

Yeah, we've counted over sixty.

LOVELL

See how they're walking all jacked-up? Sore-footed.

COLBERT

At the rate this is going, this whole goddamn war will be over without us firing a goddamn shot.

[00:56:33]

Daytime. Bravo watch Iraqi's approaching along a railway line. They search the men as they arrive.

JACKS

Shut up.

GARZA

Sit down.

JACKS

...Er... English?

HASSER

This guy's clean.

IRAQI

Mister, mister, my... my water... drink. Please, mister.

ESPERA

Brad.

Espera pulls a knife out of the Iraqi's water bottle.

ESPERA

Prison rules, dawg, just like LA.

An Iraqi man speaks in Arabic to Fick and Meesh.

MEESH

They are just civilians fleeing Basra. They are grateful to be liberated by the Americans.

The Iraqi man speaks, again in Arabic.

COLBERT

Poke, what manner of belt does this gentleman appear to have donned?

Espera pulls off the Iraqi man's belt.

ESPERA

Military issue, dawg.

Espera removes a document from the belt and hands it to Colbert.

Meesh speaks to the Iraqi in Arabic.

COLBERT

[To Fick] Sir, this is Republican Guard.

Meesh speaks to the Iraqi in Arabic.

GARZA

Sergeant, somebody down the line already gave these guys MREs.

Iraqis shout in Arabic, waving pieces of paper.

COLBERT

It's good!

JACKS

Shut up! Sit down! Shut the fuck up!

ESPERA

Sit down.

FICK

Hmm. This is the shit Psy-Ops dropped on Iraqi Forces, promising safe passage to any who surrender to the Americans.

An Iraqi speaks.

MEESH

He says thirty kilometers east of here on a bridge by the canal, there are Iraqi military death squads that are executing Iraqi soldiers who flee.

The Iraqi continues speaking.

MEESH

The death squad dudes are in white SUVs with red diamonds on them. They are Fedayeen. They are loyal to Saddam.

Bryan is tending to the Iraqi's injuries and sores.

BRYAN

These guys can't walk.

MARINE

[on radio] Three Two actual, this is Three Two. Be advised, Alpha just got hit by arty. Over.

KOCHER

[on radio] Three Two copy.

KOCHER

Alpha just had artillery hits near their position.

BRYAN

[OS] Get someone on the comm. We need at least 347 tons up here.

McGraw walks up, pointing at a wild dog.

MCGRAW

Shoot that dog, Corporal!

KOCHER

Sir, shouldn't we be saving our rounds for enemy combatants?

MCGRAW

Shoot that fucking dog!

KOCHER

Darnold, give it a piece of your jerky.

BRYAN

[OS] Stine, can you get me some water from the Humvee?

JACKS

[To an Iraqi.] Turn around.

BRYAN

[OS] No, I don't want your fucking cigarette.

CHAFFIN

That the same hand he uses to wipe his ass? I ain't touching no filthy Hajji gum that's been touched by them filthy brown Hajji fingers.

LILLEY

Brah, these are people.

An Iraqi man waves a picture of his wife and children.

IRAQI

Good? Good?

CHAFFIN

Oh yeah, very good. Yeah, I'd stick my cock through that veil hole and fuck the shit out of your wife's face any day.

An Iraqi speaks.

PERSON

Oh, my God. Check it out! They got their own Fruity Rudy.

Person hands over a photograph of two Iraqi men hugging. Chaffin chuckles.

CHAFFIN

Hey, we captured a fucking gay Iraqi!

LILLEY

Yo, hold that turd-pusher up. Fo shizzle, a gayass Hajji.

LILLEY

Danger close, twelve o'clock. It's Godfather.

Iraqi speaks. Ferrando approaches.

FICK

Meesh, Meesh. Take him over there. Sergeant.

Ferrando, Eckloff, and Schwetje walk up to Fick.

FERRANDO

Alpha took three artillery hits. Somebody has an idea we're here. And we've got four hours of daylight to make it to our next position. We're not gonna deal with these surrenders. That's from Division. Send them all back the way they came.

FICK

Roger that, sir.

SCHWETJE

We have orders, Nate.

Ferrando, Schwetje, and Eckloff leave.

BRYAN

Are they fuckin' serious? Send them back where? What, the fucking death squads? Sir, under Articles 13 and 20 of the Geneva Convention, we're obligated to take care of and protect any fuckers who surrender to us.

FICK

Division has ordered us to unsurrender these Iraqis.

Fick looks at Wright who prepares to walk away.

FICK

[To Wright.] Write this as you see it. I'm not here to stop you.

BRYAN

The Iraqis' first contact with Americans, and we fuck 'em.

COLBERT

Bravo Two, listen up! Get ready to push!

MARINE 1

Let's go, gents!

MARINE 2
Mount up, boys!

MARINE 3
Mount up!

MARINE 4
Let's go!

Meesh collects items from the departing Iraqis.

MEESH
Mm-hm. Hm.

MARINE
[OS] Yo John, quick dicking around. Let's go.

The unsundered Iraqis begin walking back from where they came from.

FICK
[on radio] We're Oscar Mike.

COLBERT
Turn it over, Ray. We're Oscar Mike.

Bravo drives away.

[01:05:11]

End Credits.

[VO - all on radio]

HITMAN TWO TWO
Say again Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two, over.

HITMAN TWO THREE
Hitman Two Two, you're coming in weak and unreadable. Try cleaning your handset, try again.

HITMAN TWO TWO
Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two. How you read me now?

HITMAN TWO THREE
Two Three has you loud and clear, out.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two, over.

HITMAN TWO THREE

This is Two Three. Send your traffic.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Roger. Be advised, REDCON-1 in five mikes.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Solid copy. REDCON five mikes.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hitman Two Two out.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Hitman Two Two, this is Hitman Two Three.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hitman Two Three, Two Two. Go ahead.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Roger. Hey, I got two unknowns moving along this berm that's over here to our right side. I can't see what they got going on, but they're acting kind of funny.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Roger. Checking.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Yeah, you guys should be able to get out the glass and see a little bit better than we can from where we're sitting. Just keep your eyes on them.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Copy all, looks like I got those two individuals moving. We're trying to get eyes on them right now, see if they're armed.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Roger.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Two Two, Two Three. Go ahead.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hey, roger. Hey, up to your left, we've got two unknowns moving there. You see that grove that's just kinda to the northeast of your vehicle?

HITMAN TWO THREE

That's affirmative. Understand, it's about off your ten o'clock right now?

HITMAN TWO TWO

Yeah, yeah, ten o'clock. It's about three hundred meters. It's that date palm grove. There's some people moving around in there. It might just be, you know, locals. Just keep your eyes on them.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Roger. They in the center of that palm grove, or on the right or left?

HITMAN TWO TWO

If you look like right in the center of it, there are some people moving around in like white clothing. That's what it looks like to us.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Roger. I've got - we've got eyes on some white pajamas, and we'll keep an eye on them.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Hey, roger. Solid copy.

HITMAN TWO THREE

This is Hitman Two Three.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Two Three. Go ahead.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Hey, on this canal crossing, you might want to get a ground guide out.

HITMAN TWO TWO

Copy. Thanks for the heads up.

HITMAN TWO THREE

Roger. Two Three out.