

Generation Kill 1x06 - Stay Frosty



[VO – all on radio]

BOOM BOOM

Seven Two, this is Boom Boom.

SEVEN TWO

Boom Boom copy Seven Two. Go ahead.

BOOM BOOM

Friendlies are south. Go ahead and egress left. T0T1A mobilized and ready for remarks.

SEVEN TWO

Copy, Seven Two. I copy all. Ready for remarks.

[00:00:25]

Nighttime. A plane can be heard overhead.

KOCHER

[shouts in Arabic]

IRAQI MAN

[shouts in Arabic and groans as he's captured.]

McGraw runs towards prisoner, screaming.

REDMAN

Sir? What the fuck?

MCGRAW

Jesus, Eric. I thought that Hajji was killing you.

IRAQI PRISONER

[mutters in Arabic]

MCGRAW

I fucked his shit up good, didn't I?

REDMAN

You stuck him in a magazine. Better luck next time, sir.

CARISALEZ

Damn, sir. Your hamster must have fell off its wheel.

McGraw laughs nervously.

[00.01.38]

Explosions can be seen and heard.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two Victors, this is Hitman Two. Continue digging in. We're holding here while RCT One advances. Over.

COLBERT

RCT One is moving into Al Kut.

PERSON

[OS] Yeah. It's about time they carried their weight.

COLBERT

Kocher is on patrol in this zone. Do not engage on your left beyond 11 o'clock.

ECKLOFF

[on radio] Solid copy on all, Three Two. Godfather out.

Bravo Three Marines arrive in Humvee with prisoner.

KOCHER

I'm taking him to a field interrogation.

IRAQI PRISONER

[speaks in Arabic]

KOCHER

[to McGraw] It's all good. He's your capture.

CARISALEZ

[OS] Shit, he'll probably fuck up the report.

[00:02:52]

Daytime. A helicopter approaches the command tent, and Ferrando disembarks.

(Background radio chatter:

BOOM BOOM

Mobile One One, this is Boom Boom. You got wind 1-5 out of the north.

MOBILE ONE ONE

Roger...

BOOM BOOM

One One is egressing.

MOBILE ONE ONE

Roger. You're clear to egress to the south.)

ECKLOFF

Sir, the officers are assembled.

FERRANDO

Alright, let's go right away.

Ferrando walks with Eckloff to the command tent.

FERRANDO

[addresses officers] As of 0915 hours, forward elements of Colonel Dowdy's regiment seized the main bridge over the Tigris River in Al Kut. As you know, I just returned from a meeting with General Mattis. What you don't know is that shortly after Dowdy led his regiment into Al Kut, General Mattis relieved him of his command. And gentlemen, Colonel Dowdy was also relieved of the ammo for his sidearm. Colonel Dowdy is a good man, but he did not fully embrace maneuver warfare. And lest we forget, maneuver warfare is America's warfare for the 21st century. It is all about the violence of action. With First Recon at the tip of the spear, seven thousand Marines have just completed the Corps' longest march since the Barbary campaign against Tripoli in 1803. Actually, some of you are riding in the same Humvees they used.

The men laugh.

FERRANDO

Through our use of maneuver, we have tied down many times our number of the enemy's force, opening the door for the Army to invade the enemy capital from the west.

SCHWETJE

Sir, does this mean it's the end of our mission?

FERRANDO

Unknown. But First Marine Division is positioning itself on the outskirts of Baghdad for the assault, and we will be there. Rest assured, Godfather will find a mission for this battalion. But what I want to leave you with today is this: Colonel Dowdy did succeed this morning. He did lead his men into Al Kut. But General Mattis has a long memory. He did not forget that at critical moments, Dowdy hesitated to execute orders. And gentlemen, Ferrando has a long memory, too.

The officers walk away from the briefing.

SCHWETJE

Gunny, that stuff about the General's memory and Dowdy being relieved, was Godfather talking about us in there?

GRIEGO

I believe he meant, sir, that if you don't square away Nate Fick, you'll be in his sights.

[00:06:22]

Bravo is camped outside of Al Kut.

FICK

Gunny, the men get those new MREs?

WYNN

They did. They're happy. These are the new ones with milkshakes. There's strawberry, chocolate and vanilla.

FICK

Yummy.

WYNN

Did you get Hasser's report on shooting that civilian? We've got to take care of this ass-covering bullshit. It'll be good for Hasser too. He does his duty, gets back to being a Marine.

FICK

Thanks, Mike. You're a fucking nag.

The camera pans to Colbert's Humvee.

PERSON

Hey, Walt. [begins humping Hasser's head] Feel the love. Walt, baby.

HASSER

Leave me the fuck alone.

PERSON

Finally, he speaks.

Person drinks some of the milkshake and leaves traces of pink liquid over his mouth.

COLBERT

I liked it better when we were starving. Then I didn't have to see shit all over your face.

PERSON

Want some?

Fick approaches Hasser.

FICK

Walt. Finish your report and get it to me ASAP. You did nothing wrong, but we're gonna see if there's a better way to stop these cars.

PERSON

Walt's got a great way, LT. Shoot the driver, stop the car.

COLBERT

Trombley.

Colbert hands the radio over to Trombley and walks away from the Humvee with Fick

COLBERT

Sir, it's vital. Hasser will write his way clear, but we're fast becoming an army of occupation. We can't just shoot these civilians like we're doing.

PERSON

[OS] Hey, Walt.

FICK

Marines aren't cops, Brad. We're an aggressive force. That said, we'll see what we can do.

PERSON

[OS] I'm just fucking with ya.

ESPERA

Hey, fuck it, Walt. These Hajji motherfuckers are trying to kill us. I'm for lighting up every motherfucker that comes within one hundred meters.

Explosions are heard, close by.

TROMBLEY

Damn, man. Didn't we kick their asses already?

Fick leaves. Colbert returns to the Humvee.

PERSON

This is really interesting Brad. You know, Iraqis don't really seem good at fighting, but then they never really completely surrender either.

COLBERT

Put down that fucking milkshake and dig a fucking hole.

PERSON

Why, so I can be more like the teacher's pet?

COLBERT

Yeah, that's exactly it. You should be more like Trombley.

PERSON

More like Trombley? More like Trombley?!

GROUP CHANTING

[OS] Whopper Jr.

COLBERT

Give me the hook.

GROUP CHANTING

[OS] Whopper Jr. Whopper Jr. Whopper Jr. Whopper Jr.

Hasser gets up and begins walking away.

MARINE

Hoorah! Go get some! Wahoo!

COLBERT

Walt.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

Anybody find that extra pin from the gypsy rack?

MARINE 2

No, we still missing that?

MARINE 1

That thing's gonna fucking fall off and we're gonna lose all our water cans. Maybe take an extra toe-strap and strap those down.)

[00:09:18]

Fick walks up to Bryan inspecting the men.

BRYAN

Brunmeier, drink the fucking water.

FICK

How are they doing?

BRYAN

Ass to mouth disease. Half the guys got the shits.

BRUNMEIER
Both right now?

BRYAN
Yeah, take 'em. It's a good thing this is over.

There is a load crash in the background.

JACKS
[OS] Fuck!

BRYAN
[OS] For us, anyway.

ESPERA
[OS] Yo, Manimal just dropped a case of grenades.

CHAFFIN
[OS] See? That's why we can't have nice things.

JACKS
[OS] Fucking hick.

Schwetje and Griego approach.

FICK
You wanted to see me, sir?

SCHWETJE
Nate, did you hear? General Mattis shitcanned Colonel Dowdy.

GRIEGO
He took the ammo from his sidearm, Lieutenant.

SCHWETJE
The Colonel wasn't a team player. Godfather said we should all play on the team.

GRIEGO
If it can happen to a full bird Colonel, it can happen to anyone.

SCHWETJE
Nate, so you know, there will be no more questioning of my orders.

FICK

Respectfully, sir, I've only tried to interpret your intent to the best of my ability.

McGraw approaches.

MCGRAW
[OS] Captain, sir.

SCHWETJE
Here comes the warrior on our team. Outstanding work last night taking down that EPW.

MCGRAW
Just doing my job.

SCHWETJE
Looks like he put up quite a fight.

GRIEGO
A fight like that tells me that the company took in a high value asset. He did not want to surrender.

SCHWETJE
You have the after-action report?

MCGRAW
Sergeant Kocher is bringing it.

GREIGO
While your platoon has been busy shooting civilians at roadblocks, Bravo Three was taking in live prisoners.

FICK
I heard. Good work, Dave.

Kocher walks up.

(In the background:

MARINE 1
Man, I'm hungry. Anybody got any chow over there?

MARINE 2
Yeah, I got some. What do you want? Want a humrat?

MARINE 1
Hey, I'll take anything I can get at this point.

MARINE 3

Tell Victor Three to get on the road, we got CAO checks)

SCHWETJE

This'll be handy if we write your platoon up for a commendation.

GRIEGO

Sergeant, your EPW put up quite a struggle. It's a good thing your CO was there.

KOCHER

If you want to believe that sir-

FICK

Sir, what was the reason for this meeting?

SCHWETJE

Right. Battalion says we're moving on.

GRIEGO

That's ASAP, Lieutenant.

Schwetje, Griego, and McGraw leave.

KOCHER

Lieutenant, I was about to-

FICK

Yeah, but no. Not the right time.

[00:11:40]

Bravo drives along a paved road.

WRIGHT

Trombley, why were they calling you Whopper Jr.?

TROMBLEY

They were calling me that?

WRIGHT

Ray... Why were they calling him that?

Person shrugs.

PERSON

Brad, we got foot mobiles.

COLBERT

[into radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One. We, uh, we've got a bunch of foot mobiles at 11 o'clock.

FICK

[on radio] Interrogative: do they have weapons? Hostile intent?

Bravo approach some naked Iraqi men who are kneeling with their hands in the air.

PERSON

They got naked intent.

COLBERT

[into radio] Be advised, there's a minivan pulling off the road.

FICK

[on radio] Roger. Be vigilant. Over.

COLBERT

Trombley, range your Mark-19. Bad guys could be in that van. [into radio] Stand by, Hitman Two.

FICK

[on radio] Roger, standing by.

COLBERT

Walt, watch your fucking sector.

Hasser picks up his SAW and points it out the window.

PERSON

Man, it looks like we caught these guys in the act, trying to change out of their uniforms.

COLBERT

[into radio] Two Actual, we ought to halt the convoy here.

FICK

[on radio] Roger that, Two One.

The convey halts. There is an exchange in Arabic between the Iraqi men and Meesh.

MEESH

They say they were robbed.

FICK

Lying motherfuckers. Tell us where you hid your uniforms, huh? Your documents.

IRAQI MAN

[speaks Arabic]

MEESH

They say there were robbed by the soldiers. They stole their clothes and siphoned the gas from the car.

REYES

[OS] Lieutenant Fick, sir! Over here!

Fick, Colbert, and Wright walk away from the Iraqi men towards the side of the road.

PERSON

[OS] Hey, be careful of the one on the right! He's got a horse cock like Manimal's. You don't want to get that thing angry.

REYES

Sir, we have three Arab males... naked. It appears they've been shot execution style. HM2 Bryan investigating the cause of death has determined all three have been killed with gunshot wounds to the back of the head.

FICK

Good work, Rudy.

REYES

Team Two at your service, sir.

JACKS

[OS] Team leader of the year, Rudy Reyes.

BRYAN

This ain't our work.

MEESH

Dudes are telling the truth. He says they are farmers. One family of brothers. I don't think he's lying.

ESPERA

[on radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One Bravo. I've got a motherfucking English speaking Hajji in this minivan waving around his wife beater. Says they got jacked by some Iraqi soldiers.

IRAQI MAN 1
[shouts in Arabic]

IRAQI MAN 2
Shh. Americans, you win battle, beat Saddam's army. Now his army beat us. What you do?

IRAQI MAN 1
[complains in Arabic]

IRAQI MAN 2
Shh. They rob us. What do you do?

IRAQI MAN 1
[complains in Arabic]

ESPERA
Listen, this is something you're gonna have to uh... You have to take it up with the UN. Okay? Just stay back from the road. And you don't have to wave your T-shirts around anymore, all right? Here. [throws them a bottle of water]

GARZA
Found a Hajji helmet. Fits good. How do I look?

ESPERA
Like a target.

GARZA
It's better than nothing.

[00:15:04]

Nighttime. Fick holds a meeting with Bravo Two.

FICK
What we did, running and gunning through those towns, the good stuff and the bad, was all part of the plan. Of all the Marines in the First Division, the General selected us to be the instrument of long range strategy. We led the feint to Al Kut. We tied down two Iraqi divisions, saved untold numbers of US soldiers. You should be proud.

GARZA
Why didn't we go into Al Kut?

FICK

Gabe, the General's plan wasn't about taking the city. It was about making the Iraqis think we were gonna take it. To be clear, the Commander's intent was never to take it. The focus has always been Baghdad.

GARZA

This sucks, man. We did all this shit because we took a wrong turn?

FICK

Gabe, that's not what I'm saying.

STAFFORD

[OS] What, you got something better to do?

FICK

What the fuck is in your hand?

GARZA

It's my new helmet, sir. It's Hajji gear I painted Marine camo. I lost my kevlar in the run to the airfield, remember? Sergeant Major Sixta made me ditch the bike helmet.

FICK

Brad? How's your team's combat effectiveness?

COLBERT

Well, we got Person's allergies, but none of my teams got the shits.

ESPERA

Leon and Lilley both have it, but they're still doing their job, sir.

FICK

Team Two is out. Three is almost as bad. Looks like we'll be nursing this platoon all the way into Baghdad.

COLBERT

My money is we won't be in the assault to Baghdad. You don't use Humvees to attack an urban center.

PERSON

Well, you don't use Humvees to strong point a city either, but we did.

ESPERA

Maybe they'll hook us up, sir, let us guard some of Saddam's money in one of those palaces.

PERSON

I don't know. I just hope that we get to fuck up some more shit before the war ends.

GARZA

Yeah. They need to send our asses to Baghdad.

The men head back to their Humvees.

[00:17:30]

Greigo watches a burnt out tank through his NVG.

(In the background:

MARINE 1

Hey, you got that porn mag I let you borrow?

MARINE 2

Nah, man.)

BRYAN

[OS] Reyes, how many guys are sick on your team?

REYES

[OS] I have three men down, warrior healer.

BRYAN

That makes fourteen in the platoon.

BRYAN

Are you throwing up? Wake up, Budweiser. Hey, Brunmeier, come on. Wake the fuck up.

BRUNMEIER

I got the shits, doc. I can't.

BRYAN

Drink some water, you fucking asshole.

Griego approaches.

GRIEGO

What's this about a T72 tank on this side of the perimeter?

BRYAN

It's fucking blown, Gunny. We had optics on it.

GRIEGO

Reyes.

REYES

Aye, Gunnery Sergeant.

GRIEGO

What kind of piss poor team leader are you, not checking out an enemy tank on your perimeter?

REYES

Roger that, Gunny. Being I'm the only man on my team not down with the shits, I will take out a patrol.

GRIEGO

No, you put the hammer to your team. Like Godfather says, malingering spreads like a yeast infection unless you nip it in the bud.

BRYAN

These men can't walk.

LOVELL

Has our Lieutenant approved this order?

GRIEGO

He has. If the men are ill, then you should go with them, Corpsman.

BRYAN

I love this guy.

GRIEGO

And you'd better watch it, Doc.

Greigo walks away.

LOVELL

[to Reyes] Team Three will take it. Your men are sicker.

Team Three wade through a swamp in the dark to the tank.

HOLSEY

It doesn't even have a turret.

BRYAN

Fucking cocksucker sends us into a fucking swamp to check this weak shit out.

There is a splashing sound nearby.

HOLSEY

What the hell was that?

STINETORF

I shit my pants.

Fick approaches Reyes' team and Griego.

GRIEGO

[OS] How are you showing yourself as team leader tonight?

REYES

[OS] Well, tonight? Um...

FICK

Rudy.

REYES

Yes, sir.

FICK

Where the hell is Lovell's team?

REYES

They're out there. They're inspecting the T72.

FICK

A tank? Where?

REYES

In the swamp. The blown-out one. Gunnery Sergeant Griego, he informed us that you wanted a patrol-

GRIEGO

They're covering your ass, Nate.

FICK

What the fuck is going on here?

GRIEGO

How would it look if that tank was operational?

FICK

Well, I'll tell you what it looks like right now. It resembles an incompetent moron climbing up the asshole of his company commander by inventing a bullshit mission. Did you seek my authority before tasking my platoon with this?

GRIEGO

I did. I woke you 40 mikes ago to affirm the order.

FICK

You woke me? I haven't been to sleep in 36 hours. I have no recollection whatsoever of you waking me. [pauses] I thought I was dreaming. Get the fuck out of here. And do not ever again mess with my platoon.

GRIEGO

I was just trying to cover you. You know you're suspect with battalion.

FICK

Fuck that. You can fuck with me all you want but do not, I repeat, do not fuck with my men. I'm putting it down, Gunny. You picking it up?

Griego walks away, and Team Three stumbles into sight, Stinetorf retching.

JACKS

[OS] Hey Stiney, that's my front yard you just puked on there.

STINETORF

Sorry.

[00:21:17]

Daytime. The road is choked with Iraqi civilians approaching a roadblock held by Alpha Team.

BURRIS

[OS] Clumps of them in 10s and 20s. They're coming from as far as I can see.

COLBERT

Quite a party you got going, Damon.

FAWCETT

They started showing up at zero dark thirty.

FICK

The plan is for my platoon to escort these folks through our lines to the southern checkpoint. Need you to let them through in blocks of 40.

COLBERT

Sir, if I may ask, why not send them back to Al Kut? The fighting's over there.

FAWCETT

These people aren't from Al Kut. They say they're from Baghdad.

Fick whistles.

COLBERT

They walked over a hundred miles?

FICK

Look, we don't know who anyone is. Could be a suicide bomber among us, so stay frosty. Keep your vehicles at a walking pace and this is important: keep a good distance from these people.

COLBERT

Roger.

Fick walks up to Espera's vehicle.

ESPERA

White boys on my team celebrating the end of our war, sir. [laughs]

COLBERT

35, 40 at a clip. Keep the families together.

FAWCETT

Roger. Smith, bring them through in groups of 35. Keep the families together.

COLBERT

Slow walk them. Stay hard. Slow walk them.

LOVELL

Slow walking them.

SCHWETJE

[on radio] This is Hitman Actual. Keep your eyes open. Watch their hands. Some of them might be armed.

PERSON

Hey kid, nice jacket.

COLBERT

Espera. Espera! Take this group.

IRAQI BOY

As-salāmu `alaykum.

REYES

As-salāmu `alaykum. As-salāmu `alaykum.

COLBERT

Keep your fucking distance from them.

ESPERA

Lilley, I want you to take up the rear. Garza, come up here to the front. All right? Let's roll.

MARINE 1

[on radio] Bravo, this is Two Two. Don't point your weapons at these people, but keep your guns up.

MARINE 2

[on radio] Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two. Roger, copy that. All right, we've got the left side on this one.

MARINE 3

[on radio] Two Two, keep an eye on that group coming past your Humvee.

COLBERT

Where's my Trombley? Get these people some water. Not the ass water. Get the bottled.

MARINE 1

[on radio] Two Two, keep that group tight. Keep a good pace.

LEON

Carry that, miss? I got it.

STAFFORD

Yo, break out some MREs. Like my nigga Tupac said, "it's hard times, man."

CHRISTESON

Yeah.

STAFFORD

Make me wanna holler.

CHRISTESON

Word.

IRAQI
What are these?

JACKS
Sure.

IRAQI WOMAN
Water! Water!

REYES
Pass them around.

IRAQI WOMAN
Water! Water!

IRAQI MAN
Water water, me me!

COLBERT
Keep moving.

CHRISTESON
Easy, easy, easy.

IRAQI WOMAN
Thank you, soldier. Thank you for letting me pass on my own road in my own country.

COLBERT
Excuse me, ma'am?

IRAQI WOMAN
Why are you Americans here?

COLBERT
We want to help you, ma'am.

IRAQI WOMAN
You know, I come from Baghdad. It is a beautiful city and you are bombing it. This is to make my life better?

JACKS
Goddamit! Brad, we don't have to take this kind of guff. I mean, we're liberating these ungrateful bitches.

IRAQI WOMAN

You know, this is a very beautiful country. And our President is very stupid. Maybe you are here for liberation, I don't know. But because of oil, it feels like war of aggression.

JACKS

Ma'am, I think you got a really good point. No, I really do. Really.

COLBERT

So much for death before dishonor.

JACKS

Damn, Devil Dog, for a piece of ass like that, I would...well I'd sell your sister to Uday and Qusay.

MARINE

[on radio] Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two. Watch out for that Hajji on your left. He looks a little suspicious.

JACKS

Go on. Go.

A woman tries to pass her sick baby to Sergeant Colbert.

COLBERT

Wh- yeah well don't- don't give that thing to me. Yeah, I understand. Ma'am, I understand.

Baptista looks at Lovell until he gets out of his Humvee and helps some Iraqis up onto the vehicle.

LOVELL

Here you go. Are you happy now?

BAPTISTA

Man, like this I grow up.

LOVELL

Come on.

IRAQI GIRL

So kind. So kind.

LOVELL

Here you go. [Arabic] Mikey, give us a hand.

STINETORF

It's okay. Come on.

LOVELL

I got you. Here we go. Woah, woah, woah, easy, easy, easy. In you go. That's enough.

HOLSEY

No more. Truck's full.

STINETORF

All right, now.

LOVELL

We just turned this combat team into a hay ride.

BATISTA

Si. Obrigado.

Fick and Wynn walk between the Humvees. Bryan is treating a sick baby.

BRYAN

Got to keep them cool. [to Fick and Wynn] Doesn't matter what we do here, a quarter of these babies are gonna die.

CHRISTOPHER

[holding a crying baby] Sh sh sh.

WYNN

You all right, Nathan?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, Gunny. I'm good. We're helping people.

FICK

This humanitarian stuff, we get lost in it, we're not combat effective.

WYNN

This is our future here.

STAFFORD

Lieutenant, sir! Godfather's on the radio for you. Battalion wants us Oscar Mike.

Marines dismantle the road block.

ESPERA

Yeah, man. I know, thanks.

A car approaches the road block.

LEON

Don't Bravo it. Use the smoke first.

A Marine shoots a smoke grenade, which bounces off the road and hits an elderly Iraqi in the back of the head, killing him.

ESPERA

What the fuck?

CHRISTOPHER

Shit!

MARINE

[OS] His fucking head exploded! Guarantee he ain't getting up.

ESPERA

At least we gave him a happy meal before he died! No wait, check that. Before we hit him in the head with a fucking 40 Mike-Mike.

[00:28:07]

Bravo is driving along a road. They drive past a downed tank.

PERSON

Goddamn! How'd the fuck the Hajjis kill an M1A1?

COLBERT

Not a mobility kill. Both tracks look okay.

PERSON

Think the Marines in there got out?

COLBERT

If not, they died fighting a legit enemy.

PERSON

Jesus, dude. That was First Marines. They've got to be from Oceanside.

FICK

[on radio] Hitman Two One, this is Hitman Two. The ECP for the division camp is at grid Papa Quebec 2-7-8 3-9-4. Over.

COLBERT

[into radio] Roger, I copy. Grid Papa Quebec 2-7-8 3-9-4. Over.

FICK

[on radio] Affirm. Hitman Two out.

TROMBLEY

Hey, those are dogs we ought to shoot.

COLBERT

If I felt we could spare the ammo, I'd give you the order.

PERSON

Oh, fuck, man.

There is a man's head in the road.

COLBERT

Do not run that over, Ray. [They run over the man's torso.] Jesus. You just can't fucking win.

[00:29:18]

Nighttime. Bravo is camped outside of Baghdad. Colbert and Fick talk, sitting on the hood of Colbert's Humvee.

FICK

[OS] Man, they're prepping Baghdad hard.

COLBERT

And we're in a fucking POG camp. It's over for us. We won't be part of the show in Baghdad.

FICK

Yeah.

COLBERT

This wasn't what we trained for. I just wanted to get one real recon mission in this war. You know? Putting us in these is an affront to my warrior spirit. I'm a hunter, not a fucking truck driver corralling gun platforms.

FICK

Brad, we were the fucking first boots on the ground in the American invasion of Mesopotamia. And you got your men out alive. Might be sad about not getting your

mission but for me, I got to tell you, I'm glad this is over. One other thing, no more cat holes. This fucking POG camp we're in has a legit slit trench latrine. Really.

COLBERT

That's my recon mission, then.

JACKS

[on radio] Staffard, Two on the comms. ...Hitman. Hitman Two Three, this is Hitman Two Two... Over.

Ficks departs, and Colbert wanders over to Espera's Humvee.

COLBERT

Hey.

MARINE

[on radio] Manimal, you're no longer allowed to touch the handset again. Over.

ESPERA

Hey.

JACKS

[OS] Yeah, you're right. Over.

ESPERA

I put my babies down. Think I'm gonna get some shuteye.

COLBERT

I want you to know you've done good, Tony. You earned a lot of reputation in the recon community as my ATL. You've always had my six, and I just want you to know that I really appreciate that. And it's been...

ESPERA

Do you realize the shit that we've done here, the people we've killed? Back in the civilian world, dawg, if we did this, we would go to prison.

COLBERT

Poke, you're thinking like a Mexican again. Think like a white man. Over there, they'll be laying on the medals for what we did.

ESPERA

[turns to Lilley] What's with you, dawg?

LILLEY

I'm tweaking, bro. Don't feel right unless I'm strapped. I'm gonna go pull guard duty.

Colbert walks away. He passes Ferrando.

COLBERT

Sir.

FERRANDO

Sergeant, they're speaking pretty highly of First Recon at division headquarters. The General thinks we're slaying dragons.

COLBERT

I'm pleased to hear that, sir.

FERRANDO

But between you and me, it's bullshit. You men need another mission. Tanks are gonna lead the way into Baghdad, but we want to get in the game too.

COLBERT

Yes, sir.

FERRANDO

Be advised, Brad. Stay frosty.

[00:33:30]

Daytime. Marines are whooping and whistling at a female Marine.

MARINE

[OS] I got her right in front of me!

JACKS

Titties! Show me them titties! Come on, baby! I got 15 large. Just give me one ass cheek!

CHAFFIN

That is one liberated bitch.

JACKS

I'm gonna hit that shit.

STAFFORD

You must be wearing your desert goggles, that ain't nothing but a piece of nappy haired Whiskey Tango.

CHAFFIN

He's right, man. You ain't hittin' shit. WM like that? No, she be wearing Kevlar panties nailed on top of a concertina wire bush.

JACKS

Yeah, well, I'm gonna do a recon pool. I'm gonna make a path for all you motherfuckers.

CHAFFIN

Shit, man, you imagine the stank on that cunt?

JACKS

That is exactly where I'm going! Yes, sir, I'm gonna go down on her like she got all of Saddam's WMDs just buried right between her legs.

Jacks mimes his actions with his gas mask.

STAFFORD

You better dig deep. Oh, yeah, baby! Get in there, Jacks, come on! Give it a little tap! Pat it, pat it!

The men laugh.

ESPERA

[video recording Jacks] It's not that bad over here, don't kill yourself like that.

STAFFORD

Shit, go get it, baby. Get some for old JC.

MARINE 1

[OS] Oh, shit. Heads up.

MARINE 2

[OS] Oh, shit, smash!

Jacks walks straight into Sixta.

SIXTA

Belays that, Devil Dog! You's a squealin' like a bunch of butt-fucked Vassar bitches! Unfuck yourselves or we gonna suffer the spectacle of a WM with a bunch of horny Devil Dogs trailin' her stern. Get yourselves squared up here. Corporal, you're inappropriatin' your chemical filtration device by attemptin' fornication wit it! Jesus, do I have to tell you not to desecrate your mask with perversions? Where the fuck are your helmets?

Stafford is leaning against Colbert's Humvee, with Person inside.

PERSON

Fuckin' Sixta. No sooner do we stop getting shot at, the motherfucker is out here lifing us in his illiterate fucking retardese.

STAFFORD

People think they have the authority to kill the minority, man. Fuck the police.

MARINE

[OS] Wahoo! Holy shit!

PERSON

What the fuck?

Colbert is running around the field, topless, making aeroplane wings.

MARINE 2

[OS] What the fuck?

MARINES

[OS] Whoops and laughter

MARINE 2

[OS] What the fuck? Get some!

REYES

Fuckin' Brad.

LOVELL

Hmmm .

MARINE 3

[OS] Yeah! Hell, yeah. It don't get no better than that.

MARINE 4

[on radio] All stations, be advised. Sergeant Colbert is wings level. Can somebody clear him hot?

MARINE 5

[OS] Hey, Mosely, get over here.

PERSON

[gets out of Humvee and crosses to Wright] What, did you like give him some Rolling Stone drugs or something?

WRIGHT

No.

PERSON

What the fuck did you do to him?

WRIGHT

Just asked him what he would be if he wasn't a Marine.

PERSON

[OS] Oh my god, he wants to be a ballerina? That's my fuckin' dream.

REYES

[OS] Come on, brother.

COLBERT

[shouts] Whooooooooo

MARINE 1

[OS] What the fuck?

MARINE 2

[OS] You fucking rock.

Colbert stops and drops to his knees.

COLBERT

[to Person and Wright] Better now. [stands up and heads to his Humvee] Ray, I want you to gather the team.

(In the background:

MARINE

Hey, dude, you're not supposed to be touching mine...)

PERSON

All right.

Colbert rummages in the Humvee.

COLBERT

Drop your pots, gents. Sergeant Colbert's giving you a pass.

Bravo Two One gather around Colbert.

COLBERT

There's something I've been keeping from you. I wasn't sure we were gonna live to share this moment.

(In the background:

MARINE

Fuck yes!)

Colbert pulls a tin of Beefaroni out of his kitbag.

PERSON

[gasps] Chef Boyardee, the master!

COLBERT

To celebrate.

(In the background:

MARINE

Over here, hurry up! Hurry up!)

COLBERT

Trombley, get a fire going. Walt, here.

PERSON

You deceiving, conniving, Hebrew motherfucker. How were you gonna keep this from your dearest pal, Ray-Ray?

COLBERT

I got one more secret to share.

Colbert holds up a brand new copy of *Juggs*.

PERSON

[gasps] Juggs!

COLBERT

No, no, no, no, no! Wait! Wait! Wait! Not yet. I need, I need some time with this alone.

PERSON

Come on. Just give me one.

COLBERT

Just calm down. You'll get your sloppy seconds with Jasmine. And Ray, you gotta share with Trombley.

PERSON

What? He'll kill her!

TROMBLEY

Eat, fuck, kill, all the same, right?

PERSON

Yeah! All the same if you're a fucking psycho. Brad, I, I'm telling you, I fear for Jasmine.

WRIGHT

Speaking of which, one of you guys still has my girlfriend's picture.

(In the background:

MARINE

Watch out for that!)

PERSON

Dude, I hate to tell you this, but your girlfriend's kind of a whore.

WRIGHT

What?

PERSON

Yeah, last time I saw her, she was doing all of H&S company.

COLBERT

She doesn't deserve you, man.

PERSON

No.

(In the background:

MARINE

Hey, dude, come here. Hurry up!)

Lilley walks up.

LILLEY

Brah, civilian food gives me the munchies! Mmmm.

COLBERT

Lilley. [throws a can to Lilley]

LILLEY

Thanks, Brad.

Espera appears.

COLBERT
[to Espera] Beefaroni?

(In the background:

MARINE
Do it. Come on!)

COLBERT
What's your problem?

ESPERA
Last time the white man gave my people something, it was blankets laced with typhoid.

COLBERT
Poke, can't we all just...get along?

GARZA
Hey, Whopper Jr., you got any Tabasco to go with this?

WRIGHT
Okay, there it is. You did just call him Whopper Jr. Now what the hell is that about?

(In the background:

MARINE
Move it! Move it!)

LILLEY
We call our man Whopper Jr. because they're sold at Burger King. [Wright looks puzzled] Burger King.

WRIGHT
Right.

LILLEY
B.K. Baby killer. Trombley's our little Whopper Jr. ever since he shot those shepherds.

PERSON
[OS] Damn, Brad, what else you got hidden in the Humvee? A fat chick?

ESPERA

Shoot some civilians, you get a reputation. Right?

PERSON

Walt. Walt. He didn't mean that. [Walt laughs] Walt.

HASSER

You're a fuckin' messed up hick. You can't even eat ravioli.

PERSON

I eat ravioli.

The men laugh.

MARINE

[OS] Look at him! Whoo.

[00.39.30]

Ferrando briefs the officers.

FERRANDO

Gents, the final battle against Saddam's military began this morning when RCT Five crossed the Diyala River. The final assault of Baghdad is under way. Now, some of you may have surmised that this is not a game for marines in open Humvees, that while this great battle is being fought, you'd be sitting in a field holding your dicks.

(Background radio chatter:

MARINE

Godfather...

MARINE

Solid copy, out.)

FERRANDO

Or if you're in H&S company, holding our dicks. This is a problem that's been gnawing at Godfather since Al Kut. And the solution was right in front of me the whole time. Gentlemen, the northern flank. Above Baghdad, we assume a significant Republican guard presence, especially since it's this region that's home to the Sunnis and Ba'athists. Now, it turns out this had been weighing on the CG's mind when I went to meet with him last night. Chaos has committed all three regiments to the assault from the east, here. There's a town called Baqubah about 50 klicks north of the city where an Iraqi mechanized Republican guard division is unaccounted for. Okay? Now this leaves Chaos' northern flank as tender as the Virgin's thigh. Until I met with him, CG thought his only option was to peel off a mechanized battalion. As a good officer should, I gave

him another option. Gentlemen, we are going to Baqubah. Expect morning orders within 30 mikes.

ECKLOFF

[speaks privately to Ferrando] Sir, there's a situation. Despite our best efforts, they came up on our comms this morning. They know where we are and they're less than two clicks from our perimeter. Sir, we could give them a tangential mission, maybe task them with guarding H&S?

FERRANDO

[aside to Eckloff] Major, Major, we can't unfuck this one. [speaks to the rest of the officers] Gentlemen, one other thing: Delta Company will be with us. The reservists have arrived. All right, that's it.

MARINE (Griego?)

[OS] Fuck. Delta.

[00.41.43]

Bravo begins getting ready to leave.

REYES

[OS] What's the location of the checkpoint?

ESPERA

[OS] Just follow my motherfucking truck.

KOCHER

[OS] Hey, T, what's the date today?

CHAFFIN

[into radio] Copy that, Two Two. Solid copy.

PERSON

Yo, Dirty, pass me a donkey dick. Radiator?

CARISALEZ

Yeah, wait one, Ray.

PERSON

What the fuck are you doing?

KOCHER

Writing in my journal.

PERSON

About all this shit? What, about how you're singlehandedly winning this war? That's the type of shit that Cody puts in his little diary.

KOCHER

Look, if they say we fought valiantly here, I want 'em to know we fought retarded.

PERSON

Yeah, 'cause going into towns, storming an airfield with no observation-

KOCHER

Come on Ray. I work for Captain America. You have Fick at least.

REDMAN

I've been telling you, Eric, don't have to be that way. One bullet in the head, our whole platoon is squared away.

KOCHER

Stow that fuckin' shit. You had your chances like everybody else and you haven't done it, so fuck you, man.

CARISALEZ

Here comes dumbass.

PERSON

Well, guys, it's been groovy.

Person leaves as McGraw walks up.

MCGRAW

Good work, men.

KOCHER

[sighs] Yes, sir.

MCGRAW

Good. Good work.

McGraw and Fick walk together.

MCGRAW

Each man sees things differently in combat. Right now at any time, we could die. It's almost enough to make you lose your sanity. But to remain calm and stay in a place where you think you will die, that too is the definition of insane. Nate, you have to become insane to survive in combat. [Fick nods at him] Yeah.

Colbert draws a map in the dirt.

COLBERT

This is how it comes down to us. We're on point for the battalion, but first we're linking up with War Pig.

PERSON

Great. We're gonna be rolling with some real ass, the fuckin' LAVs.

COLBERT

Good news, bad news, Ray. They're giving us the LAVs but that's because they're sending us north of Baghdad, where all Saddam's people are from. And they don't love us up there like they do down south.

TROMBLEY

So fuck 'em where they live.

HASSER

[OS] Damn right.

COLBERT

We'll be surrounded by friendlies until here...the magic line. No American unit has gone past this line. A couple tried yesterday and got ambushed. This... is bad guy country. All right, gents, we got 30 mikes. Somebody's got to win this.

ESPERA

What the fuck are you all moto about?

Swarr approaches.

COLBERT

Jumpin' Jehoshaphat. Are we that desperate for cannon fodder that they're clearing out the sick, the lame, the crazy?

SWARR

Look at you boys, huh? What's up with these guys?

ESPERA

What's up, dawg?

SWARR

Look at these guys.

COLBERT

How the fuck did you find us?

SWARR

I came up with Delta.

PERSON

Shit, the fuckin' reservists, dude?

SWARR

Brad, you're not gonna believe it. It has been madness since day one.

COLBERT

What happened to your cushy liaison gig at Al Jabar?

PERSON

Yeah, rockin' the fucking side pipe with them air force hotties.

SWARR

Fuck that, I ain't had a war since Somalia. I had to get some. But I seriously would not have jumped ship if it meant rolling with Delta.

COLBERT

[OS] What, I understand that.

ESPERA

What? Clusterfuck?

SWARR

They're off the hook. Dude, they don't got any gear or food. They were pulling escort duty just to eat. And then they got to rollin' into these hamlets and doing these shows of force, you know, cowboy shit for fun. Like this one time, I swear to god, they thought it'd be funny to give these little kids, like, porn mags, like Hustlers and Maxims and shit, show the little Hajjis what we're fighting for. This old Iraqi comes storming out, starts screaming at our interpreter about how we're fucking up their morals or some dumb shit, right? And he's super fucking pissed. The old man's got an RPG.

ESPERA

What?

SWARR

Delta fuckin' freaks. They lob like twenty-six Mark-19 rounds. They fuck up the whole hamlet.

COLBERT

Fuck.

PERSON

Bull-fucking-shit.

SWARR

Ollie North filmed the whole fucking thing.

ESPERA

What?

PERSON

The Oliver North?

SWARR

Oliver fuckin' North was standing there with a camera crew from Fox filming the whole thing like it was the turning point in the fucking war. These Delta fucks are like LAPD cops and DEA agents and fucking Air Marshals. You know what I mean?

COLBERT

[OS] Yeah.

SWARR

And they're led by this Napoleon douche who is like a Corporal or some shit in Albuquerque PD. I swear to god, this motherfucker has got cattle horns on his Humvee.

COLBERT

This is so colossally retarded, I can't even say anything about it.

SWARR

Godfather knows. He's been ducking us on the comms for the past couple weeks. But they're here now, Brad, and they're rolling with you.

A Marine laughs in the background.

GARZA

No fuckin' way. We're working with reservists?

ESPERA

[OS] That's some bullshit.

A Humvee drives past, with cattle horns on the front.

HOLSEY

[OS] Look at this motherfucker.

SWARR

[OS] Check it out. If I'm lying, I'm dying.

PERSON

[OS] Oh. That's a real Marine.

Schwetje is standing outside the command tent.

SCHWETJE

Fick!

Schwetje gestures Fick over.

SCHWETJE

We're out of our MOPPs. Right now.

FICK

Yes, sir.

Fick walks back to Bravo Two.

ESPERA

You can actually see it rolling downhill.

LOVELL

Yep, here it comes.

FICK

Change in SOP. Out of our MOPP suits. You've five mikes to get right, then we're Red-Con one.

COLBERT

Roger that.

ESPERA

[OS] We're back in cammies!

GARZA

So fresh and so clean.

Everyone starts changing back into their camouflage uniforms.

MARINE 1

[OS] Oh fuck, I don't have bootpants.

MARINE 2 (CHAFFIN?)

[OS] My balls smell like Jack's mouth.

MARINE 3

[OS] How do you know what his mouth smells like?

MARINE 2 (CHAFFIN?)

[OS] 'Cause my balls were in it.

MARINE (PERSON?)

[OS] What the fuck do they do over there, man?

[00:47:37]

Bravo are on the road.

WRIGHT

No, really, if we're not in our MOPP suits, that means there's no WMDs. If there's no WMDs, then why are we here in the first place?

PERSON

I knew you were a fucking gay-ass liberal. You tried to pretend by invading Iraq with us, but I knew.

WRIGHT

I'm serious, Ray. Isn't that the whole point of us being here?

TROMBLEY

The point is we get to kill people, you dumb fuck.

PERSON

What's the difference anyway, man? I mean, the war's almost over. We're just about done with this bitch.

They pass refugees by the side of the road.

TROMBLEY

Shit, man, they're taking everything.

PERSON

Yeah, they're pretty much liberated around here.

COLBERT

Ray, stay focused. We have a mission.

PERSON

Yeah, some mission..."cross the magic line." What the fuck can that be all about?

COLBERT

That's us. [points to the Blue Force Tracker] War Pig, then Recon. The line is on 34 northing. On the other side? The Iraqis. And they're mechanized. Focus, Ray. Focus.

[00:48:47]

Late evening. Bravo continues driving.

COLBERT

[OS] Watch for mines, Ray. Remember, this is bad-guy country.

TROMBLEY

[OS] Hey, Reporter, do you know what you're supposed to do if the Humvee gets hit by a mine? You're supposed to curl up like a bitch.

COLBERT

[OS] Trombley, make nice.

TROMBLEY

[OS] You know how to curl up like a bitch, don't you, Reporter?

[BBC radio] ... What is believed to be the final assault on the city's defences. And now for cricket...

LILLEY

BBC says they're puttin' whoop-ass on Baghdad. And we're out here in the fucking sticks.

Sports on BBC radio continues.

ESPERA

Man, turn that shit off.

[BBC radio] ... disappointing result. "But," he said, "there's always a next time."

Lilley turns the radio off.

ESPERA

We're out here under the radar where nobody knows we're here. Hopefully, it'll fuckin' stay that way.

COLBERT

“Once more into the great good night. Cry. 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war.”

PERSON

Man, when I get home, I am gonna eat the fuck out of my girlfriend's pussy.

WRIGHT

Is that Shakespeare?

TROMBLEY

Shakespeare wrote that? About his girlfriend's pussy?

MARINE

[on radio] Godfather, Godfather.

There are explosions ahead of them.

PERSON

I take it the LAVs in front of us just crossed the magic line.

FERRANDO

[on radio] Solid copy.

COLBERT

The LAVs report enemy contact on both sides of the road. Rockets, mortars and machine guns.

FICK

[into radio] Hitman, Hitman, small arms fire to our three o'clock, 2-5-0 meters out.

COLBERT

I have no targets. No targets. Walt, what are you shooting at?

HASSER

I got muzzle flashes behind those walls.

COLBERT

Whoa! Hold on, buddy! That's a fuckin' village over there.

HASSER

I see fuckin' fire coming in.

COLBERT

Not from the houses! There are people in that village, Walt.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two victors...

COLBERT

They ain't shooting at us.

FICK

[on radio] ...advance to 1-6 northing on Route Green. Break. They've made contact with a squad-sized force. Over.

COLBERT

[into radio] Roger. [to Ray] Ray, halt the vehicle.

PERSON

All right.

COLBERT

LAVs have stopped.

MCGRAW

[on radio] Enemy! Enemy, both sides! Break!

PERSON

Oh, my God. Is he crying?

COLBERT

No, he's not. He's just nervous.

MCGRAW

[on radio] We're gonna die if they don't get us out of here! They sent us to die!

Person laughs.

COLBERT

Okay, fuck it. He's crying.

FICK

[into radio] All Hitman Victors, this is Hitman Two. Be advised, the LAVs are egressing to the south. Break. We're pulling back into a defensive position and dropping mortars. Over.

PERSON

[into radio] Yeah, that's a solid copy.

COLBERT

Trombley, the LAVs will be coming up on our left. Do not engage. If you do, they'll schwack us.

HASSER

Jesus Christ. Tracers skipping around us.

COLBERT

That's our own guys, shooting down the axis of our convoy.

FICK

[on radio] All Hitman Two Victors, hold your fire...

HASSER

Fucking reservists.

FICK

[on radio] Hold, Delta. Over.

COLBERT

Is that the reservists firing on the ville? Walt!

HASSER

Hey, it's Delta. They're laying down FPF on the village. It's all fucked up.

COLBERT

Get those guys on the net.

PERSON

It got passed down. We have no comms with Delta. I don't know, maybe the fucking retards will just run out of ammo.

COLBERT

God damn, this is gonna be a long night.

[00:52:26]

Next day. Alpha Humvees are on the move.

(Background radio chatter:

ASSASSIN ONE

This is Assassin One. We are set.

ASSASSIN TWO

Assassin One, this is Assassin Two, we are bounding.

ASSASSIN ONE THREE

Assassin One Two, this is Assassin One Three. We have multiple enemy entrenched 400 meters to the north. Break. Possible enemy mortar position. North 1,000 meters. Interrogative.)

Colbert is leading a team checking out enemy entrenchments in a field.

COLBERT
Stay in line!

(Background radio chatter:

ASSASSIN ONE THREE
Are you in the position to observe and prosecute these targets from there?

ASSASSIN ONE TWO
One Three, this is Assassin One Two. Affirm. We are static. Stand by while I roll the Godfather back. Assassin One Two out. Break, break. Twisting, Twisting, Assassin One Two over.

TWISTING
Assassin One Two, this is Twisting. Send your traffic.

ASSASSIN ONE TWO
Roger. We have multiple entrenched personnel...)

TROMBLEY
They all got blankets on to hide their heat signatures, right, Sergeant Colbert?

COLBERT
A week ago, they didn't know we could see their thermals at night. Now they're adapting.

TROMBLEY
Didn't work for that guy.

There's an explosion immediately in front of Colbert's team. Marines are firing on their position.

COLBERT
Get down! Stay the fuck down.

Patterson gets out of his Humvee and runs towards the men who are firing.

PATTERSON
No! Cease fire! Cease fucking fire, Sergeant!

PERSON

[driving towards the men firing] Fucking assholes!

PATTERSON

Sergeant! Cease fire!

PERSON

Fucking motherfucker.

PATTERSON

Cease fire! Cease fire now! Cease fucking fire!

PERSON

You stupid fuck!

PATTERSON

Sergeant! What the fuck?

MARINE (ALPHA TEAM SERGEANT)

My staff Sergeant told me to engage all movement.

PERSON

What are you doing? You dumb motherfucker, you realize you're shooting at Marines?

MARINE (ALPHA TEAM SERGEANT)

I saw an Iraqi helmet.

PATTERSON

I got this, Corporal.

PERSON

[OS] Fuck.

COLBERT

[on radio] Two Actual, this is Two One. Who the fuck is shooting at us?

GARZA

Fuckin' LAPD cops from Delta! They fucking love shooting Mexicans.

COLBERT

It was Alpha, Gabe. Alpha. Mistakes happen.

FICK

[on radio] Two One Actual, what's your status?

TROMBLEY

Everyone likes to shoot Mexicans, even Mexicans.

[00:54:25]

Bravo Two Humvees are stationary. There is mortar fire nearby.

COLBERT

[into radio] Hitman Two, this is Two One. This is accurate mortar fire. Request permission to egress.

FICK

[on radio] Negative. Our orders are to hold our position. We're blocking for Alpha. Over.

PEERSON

There's a fuckin' brain-dead idea.

COLBERT

That's a hold. We're covering Alpha's assault.

PERSON

Whoa, Brad. Check out the retard casevacing lamb chops. Oh, man, that's fucking intense when you think about it, homes. I mean, here's this poor farmer who's out there in the middle of-

COLBERT

Ray, shut the fuck up.

Colbert scopes Alpha's attack.

COLBERT

Fucking fish in a barrel.

PERSON

Same motherfuckers who tried to smoke your ass.

[BBC radio] ... the most dramatic pictures have shown American Marines in Baghdad city center pulling down a giant statue of Saddam Hussein. Fighting seems to have come to an end...

COLBERT

Turn that shit off.

PERSON

All right, fine.

COLBERT

Apparently, these motherfuckers up here don't listen to the BBC.

PERSON

No talking, no radio. Jeez, Brad.

[00:56:11]

Bravo Three are advancing across a field. Delta reservists are photographing themselves with dead Iraqis.

KOCHER

Grab the mag.

DELTA RESERVIST 1

[OS] Hey, how about this guy over here?

DELTA RESERVIST 2

[OS] No, man, over here, J.J.

DELTA RESERVIST 1

[OS] Bobby, use my camera too, man.

MARINE

[OS] Damn!

REDMAN

Fucking reservists, man.

DELTA RESERVIST

[OS] Just take the fucking photo.

KOCHER

Hey, be careful, Dan. RPG could be mined. Don't pick shit up till you check it.

REDMAN

Copy that.

KOCHER

[shouts in Arabic and charges towards a live Iraqi soldier] Get up. Get the fuck up.

IRAQI SOLDIER

No no no.

KOCHER

Come on.

IRAQI SOLDIER

Okay. Okay, okay.

KOCHER

Now.

REDMAN

Got you covered, Eric.

KOCHER

Hands. Come on. Hands.

COTTLE

Thank you. You saved our asses. This is the first real fighting we've seen.

KOCHER

Move and I'll blow your fucking head off.

IRAQI SOLDIER

I have a family!

McGraw runs up.

MCGRAW

[laughs] Yeah! Oh, yeah. We ought to cut his throat like in the Chechen soldier video.
Huh? [grunts]

McGraw stabs at the Iraqi soldier with his bayonet.

MARINE (CARIZALES?)

Captain, sir. Sir, what are you...

MCGRAW

[laughs]

KOCHER?

Sir.

MCGRAW

Yeah! Intimidation tactic.

KOCHER

Sir, we got this situation under control.

MCGRAW

Oh! Fuck! Fuck! Bombs!

KOCHER
Stay down.

MCGRAW
We got a live one, men!

KOCHER
Cover him, Redman.

COTTLE
You motherfuckers. I'm sorry I shook your hand. You abused that prisoner.

[00:57:46]

Bravo Two is checking a field.

FICK
[OS] Hey, Bravo Two, stay on line.

An elderly Iraqi climbs out of a hole.

FICK
[OS] Hold your fire.

ELDERLY IRAQI MAN
[surrendering] No Saddam. No Saddam

FICK
Come on. Al salam al'icum.

Elderly Iraqi man kisses Fick.

PERSON
Looks like you won some hearts and minds, sir. And some tongue.

DELTA MARINE
[drives by] Hey, check it out! We got their colors! Yeah! I love killing people!

Bravo Two are holding the captured soldier.

IRAQI SOLDIER
Please, I'm a very low soldier.

CHRISTESON

Oh, fuck that. You were waiting to kill us. You didn't put your weapon down.

IRAQI SOLDIER

I'm afraid if we put our weapons down, the police will come and beat us. Everybody under Saddam is silent. If he say we go to war with America, we say "good." If he say we don't go to war with America, we say "good."

REDMAN

Shit yeah. We can't drop our weapons either.

Fick walks up.

FICK

We got orders. Next stop is Baghdad.

MARINE

[OS] Sweet, man.

FICK

I don't want any war crimes in the back of my truck. Untie his hands. Give him some water.

IRAQI SOLDIER

You let me go? How can I go home? My sergeant, he sees me, he find out I didn't fight.

STAFFORD

Negro, ain't no Saddam. Know what I mean? Ain't no Iraqi army. You ain't got a sergeant no more. Either we killed his ass already or shit he be running away faster than you. Feel me?

WYNN

You're going to Baghdad, my friend. We got a prisoner collection center there.

IRAQI SOLDIER

Baghdad? For free? I'm so happy. Thank you, thank you. I'm so happy.

STAFFORD

[OS] It's all good, playboy.

IRAQI SOLDIER

Thank you, thank you very much. Thank you, thank you.

[00:59:22]

Bravo are on the move. There is gunfire.

HASSER

Contact, two o'clock!

PERSON

What the fuck, man? Don't these fucking guys know that we won the war already?

COLBERT

We got ambushed all the way up here. There still could be some bad guys who wanna play.

PERSON

[sings] Mammamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys.

COLBERT

God damn it, Ray. No country music. Okay?

PERSON

Dude, it's not a country song, it's a cowboy song.

Colbert shoots an Iraqi soldier who was trying to sneak up alongside the Humvee.

COLBERT

I hate to break it to you, Ray, but there are no cowboys.

Bravo continues driving into Baghdad.

CHRISTESON AND STAFFORD

[singing off screen]

Can I kick it?

Yes you can.

Can I kick it?

Yes you can.

Well I'm on.

Uh huh. Uh huh. Can I kick it?

Yes you can.

Can I kick it?

Yes you can.

Can I kick it?

[01:00:55]

End Credits

[VO]

CHAFFIN

I don't give a fuck what you write. It's gonna come out all liberal media bullshit spin on it anyway.

WRIGHT

Seriously, what am I supposed to do with all this bullshit you guys constantly talk?

CHAFFIN

Oh, you think I'm some sort of racist psycho redneck?

ESPERA

What, you ain't?

CHAFFIN

And you ain't some fucking militant taco-bender revolutionary?

ESPERA

See, reporter? No outsider can understand how we really are.

CHAFFIN

We're all fucking brothers.

ESPERA

And we're all fucking alpha males.

CHAFFIN

We gotta constantly test each other.

ESPERA

All we do is fight for position in the pack, dawg. All that training we do, the martial arts to grappling... is for practice, but it's also for real, to achieve dominance over a motherfucker. We do the same thing mentally. It's prison rules, dawg. We probe for any fucking weakness we can find... family, race, brains, looks... anything you have on a motherfucker, you wear it the fuck out.

CHAFFIN

Being a Marine isn't about words, anyways. It's about your fucking actions.

ESPERA

Back home in the civilian world, a fool slaps a "protect the planet" sticker on his car, suddenly he's all about the environment and shit. Don't matter that he still drives that fucking car, fires up his computer and video games and cell phone every night with electricity made from nuclear power, coal, and fucking melted baby seal oil. Nuh-uh-uh, I

got a dolphin sticker on my shit, so I'm all about saving the fucking planet. In our fucking Marine Corps civilization, it don't matter what a motherfucker says. Only thing that matters is, dawg, would you charge that motherfucking machine gun when the motherfucker tells you to charge the motherfucking machine gun.

CHAFFIN

Shit, everybody in this platoon is a hard charger. Marines bitch about everything, man. Chow, fucking moron officers, no time for a combat jack, but you will never hear a Marine in this platoon bitch that we could die at any second.

ESPERA

Hell no.

CHAFFIN

That's what we signed up for.

ESPERA

Hoorah that, motherfucker.

CHAFFIN

Fucking care if some latte-sipping bisexual college student reading about Justin Timberlake in "Rolling Stone" thinks I'm a psycho racist cracker? Fuck no. I'd give my life for any brother in here. I know any one of them would do the same for me. You think it matters if I call fucking T a nigger? Shit! Fucking love that big dark green marine and his big old beautiful nigger dick. Love all my dirty spic brothers here.

ESPERA

And I love this fucking cracker-ass inbred racist peckerwood fuck. I don't know why I do, dawg, but I do.

CHAFFIN

'Cause I'm pretty and I shave my balls. Want to touch 'em, Reporter?

WRIGHT

No. Thanks.

CHAFFIN

Look, man, I joined the Marine Corps ten days after I graduated high school. I went to school with all these rich kids at St. Tammany's Parish, but I was an apartment kid. My mom worked. I worked summers digging footings on the weekends. I was a dishwasher at D'Angelo's Pizzeria. I busted my ass. Became a Recon Marine since I was 19. My shit is tight as fuck. I know that, my brothers in this platoon know that, so fuck all of you.

ESPERA

Damn, War Scribe, you just spit on my fucking rack, dawg.

WRIGHT

Where?

ESPERA

There! You see that pile of dried camel dung? That's my fucking pillow, dawg. You fucking spit on it, fool. You're a heinous-asswhite boy.

WRIGHT

I'm sorry.