

FORT HOOD

By

Aidan Brown, Noah Vaknin, Vincent Chiaravalle, Angelo Ramirez

401 W Kennedy Blvd Registered
WGA/W Copyright©2022

5/2/22 Draft #1 Assignment 4

FORT HOODCAST

Pvt. Miller.....NOAH
Pvt. Robin.....ADAM
Pvt. Kwatko/Stick-stone.....ANGELO
Sgt. Hyde.....VINNY
Pvt. Turner/Peanut.....AIDAN
President Clinton.....ACTOR
Main President Advisor.....ACTOR

2.

3.

FORT HOOD

SETS

EXTERIORS

FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP

VIETNAM JUNGLE

FORT HOOD WOODS

INTERIORS

BARRACKS

HYDE'S OFFICE

UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT BUILDING

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE OF VIETNAM - NIGHT - 1960'S

One man, a torch and a knife in both of his hands, is traveling stealthily in the forest by himself.

The light of the torch illuminates a very small area and just barely illuminates his body, showing his green uniform with a name-tag reading SECOND LIEUTENANT Hyde (mid 40s). Through this light this substance called AGENT ORANGE is covering his war-torn face. The orange from the agent orange mixes with the dark green uniform.

In the distance there are large explosions of warfare. Planes can be heard flying across. With each explosion comes a loud flash of light, lighting the entire jungle that Second Lt. Hyde travels through.

Second Lt. Hyde uses each loud, distant explosion to camouflage his voice. Second Lt. Hyde calls out different names, in which we presume are his accompanying soldiers. These are the men in his squad that he is looking for, which he must've been separated from.

Light flash. BOOM.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
Hoffman!

Light flash. BOOM.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
Klyde!

Light flash. BOOM.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
Gustaves!

Light flash. BOOM.

5.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
Miller!

Light flash. BOOM!

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
Willi-

Second Lt. Hyde's call is interrupted by rustling in the long grass ahead of him. This rustling was only seen during the light flash.

Second Lt. Hyde pauses and waits for the next light flash in order to get a better view of what's in the bushes.

Light flash. BOOM.

With the next flash, a green uniform is seen as it quickly scurries across the path, some distance in front of Second Lt. Hyde.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HYDE
(yelling)
HEY!

Second Lt. Hyde pulls out his gun, drops his torch, and moves toward the disturbance.

With each flash he can see the silhouette up ahead get clearer and clearer. The person starts to run down the path as Second Lt. Hyde gets closer and closer.

It is a chaotic moment of explosions and flashes as the heavy breathing of both Second Lt. Hyde and an unnamed man are heard on top of the rustling of foliage with every foot step.

The explosions stop for a few moments as the flashing lights remain, and as this happens the man Second Lt. Hyde is chasing disappears from sight.

It is now almost completely silent, as Second Lt. Hyde stops running and all that can be heard is his heavy breathing in the darkness, with periodic one-second flashes brightly illuminating the area.

Second Lt. Hyde is looking around nervously, and after a couple flashes, out of nowhere a Vietnamese man (the one he was chasing) appears in his face. In a split second, Second Lt. Hyde shoots his gun and shoots the man dead, before the

6.

man could say a single word.

After this, there is a moment of silence, and more men similar to the other appear out of the trees and bushes. They surround Second Lt. Hyde on all sides. For some reason, they do not attack him, but without a second of hesitation, he spins around, spraying his gunfire, gruesomely killing every single one on sight.

The constant illumination hits his spit-firing gun shows the almost-terrifying anger on his face as he does it. Blood splatters everywhere. As he finishes his 360-degree spin, his aggrieved face now has a slight smirk.

When he finishes, the scene is silent again. With each light flash, you can see him now kneeling on the ground in the pouring rain. He is now not only covered in agent orange, but also heavy blood-splatter. The smirk on his face turns to a slight chuckle, then a laugh, and after a couple seconds of laughter, his yelling turns to screams as he looks up towards the sky.

CUT TO:

EST. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - DAY - 1994

Many platoons are dispersed over a large training camp. Some are running together, yelling cadences, while others are doing jumping-jacks, or climbing drills, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP DAY - DAY 1994

After marching, one platoon of about 30 men can be seen standing at attention. There are 3 rows, 10 men in each row. They are all exhausted from what is presumed hours of marching. At the forefront of the platoon is a now older, SERGEANT Hyde (early 60s).

SGT. HYDE

(yelling)

What the actual fuck kind of bullshit was that you call marching? That shit was more disorganized than my nasty logger I dropped in the toilet bowl this morning.

There is a slight chuckle from EDDIE TURNER/PRIVATE TURNER (PEANUT) (18) in the 2nd row, far right.

7.

Without hesitation, Sgt. Hyde instantly walks over to where the chuckle came from, eyeing everybody from left to right in the general area.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Now who the fuck has the nerve to
laugh while I am speaking! I will come
over there and gut you like a
Vietnamese tree-climber!

There is a moment of silence.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
You flap-mouthed ladies want to sit in
silence? SCREAM!

There is another moment of silence.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Do you pig-bodies understand the
English language? I said scream!

The group of 30 men start screaming. Sgt. Hyde starts yelling commands over their screaming, to which he can be easily heard.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
If you can hear what I am saying, then
you are not fucking screaming! Scream
Louder!

The screaming of the men gets slightly louder.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
I feel like I could pour a glass of
milk and fall asleep! I want you to
scream like you're little schoolboys
getting fucked by your local priest! I
want you to keep screaming until the
peanut-gallery makes themselves known.

The screaming of the men is now extremely loud. Underneath the screaming, Pvt. Turner speaks up.

PVT. TURNER
(yelling over the screaming)
Sir, it was me, sir!

SGT. HYDE
At ease, men!

8.

The men stop screaming, and stand at attention.

Sgt. Hyde walks over to Pvt. Turner and looks him straight in the eyes. Pvt. Turner is a short, scrawny man with glasses.

SGT. HYDE

You think you can laugh while I am speaking? You worthless, conceited, no-body, lame-ass, piece of horrendous dog shit.

PVT. TURNER

Sir, no, sir!

Sgt. Hyde is standing directly in Pvt. Turner's face, looking down at Pvt. Turner when he is yelling at him. He is so close that spit is going into Pvt. Turner's face with each word.

Pvt. Turner does not make eye contact and continues to stand at attention when he speaks.

SGT. HYDE

Then why in the Holy Mary Mother of God did you laugh when I was speaking?

PVT. TURNER

Sir, because what you said was funny, sir!

SGT. HYDE

What was funny, exactly, private?

PVT. TURNER

Sir, when you described the nasty logger you dropped in the toilet bowl, sir!

SGT. HYDE

You think loggers are funny? How about you check the inside of your pillow-case tonight before you lay your head on it. There might be a big steamy present from yours truly waiting for you. I sure do hope you'll be laughing then! So everyone around here knows your peanut-gallery bullshit, you shall be called Private Peanut! Is this clear?

PVT. PEANUT

Sir, yes, sir!

9.

SGT. HYDE
What is your name?

PVT. PEANUT
Sir, Private Peanut, sir!

Sgt. Hyde looks to the surrounding men.

SGT. HYDE
From now on, you will all refer to
this nappy-sack as Private Peanut, is
this clear?

RECRUITS
(in unison)
Sir, yes, sir!

Sgt. Hyde returns to the front of the platoon.

SGT. HYDE
Just so you lolly-gagging, sissy-
fuckers know, I will tolerate no
disrespect in my corps.

Sgt. Hyde is pacing from left to right, with his hands held
behind his back, eyeing everyone in the platoon.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
For your best-friend Private Peanut's
nonsense, you will all drop and give
me 50!

RECRUITS
(in unison)
Sir, yes, sir!

The recruits all get down and start doing pushups in unison.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP DAY - DAY - 1984

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS: PT

-Men climb ladder-like obstacle

-Sgt. Hyde yells as they crawl through mud

-Marching ("One Mile, No Sweat" cadence while marching)

10.

-Men do pull-ups while Sgt. Hyde yells
-Men climb different ladder-like obstacles
-More Marching ("All the way" cadence while marching)
-Rifle holding
END SERIES OF SHOTS: PT

CUT TO:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - HALLWAYS - 10 PM

The platoon has finished PT for the day and now are walking the hallways of the facility towards their barracks. There's a sea of military men walking and talking to each other as they crowd the hallway. They all look extremely exhausted. There's chatting and laughter spread throughout the crowd.

A couple of men walking together. NATHAN MILLER/PVT. MILLER (mid 20s), THOMAS ROBIN/PVT. ROBIN (mid 20s), and Eddie Turner/Pvt. Peanut are walking alongside each other.

Pvt. Robin is a mid-sized man with what would be ginger hair (if he didn't have a buzz cut). He has circle 'John Lennon' glasses and wears a cross at all times.

Pvt. Miller is a slightly taller man, with a sharp chin, and disciplined manner to his walk.

PVT. PEANUT
I hate that guy. He is a psychopath.

Pvt. Robin chuckles.

PVT. ROBIN
(condescendingly)
Yeah, he is pretty bad, isn't he...
Private Peanut.

PVT. PEANUT
I get it, we're supposed to be
disciplined but like come on, the shit
he says is downright fucked up.

PVT. ROBIN
Then just don't be a pussy.

PVT. PEANUT
What?

11.

PVT. ROBIN
You heard me, I said just don't be a
pussy.

PVT. PEANUT
(offended)
How am I being a-

Pvt. Robin interrupts Pvt. Peanut.

PVT. ROBIN
Also, how 'bout you stop bein' the one
to push his goddamn buttons all the
time. That shit's annoying as fuck.

Pvt. Miller has been walking alongside the two the whole
time, remaining silent in thought about his day of PT he had
today, and the one tomorrow.

Pvt. Robin looks at Pvt. Miller for reassurance.

PVT. ROBIN
(jokingly)
Look at Miller, he's annoyed too.
Isn't that right, Miller?

Pvt. Miller has either tuned them out or doesn't care about
the conversation because his facial expression remains
unchanged as he stays continuing forward walking alongside
the two.

Pvt. Robin waits for a response from Pvt. Miller. However,
Pvt. Robin, knowing his best friend, recognizes he won't get
one.

PVT. ROBIN (CONT'D)
Yeah, good point, Miller.

Pvt. Robin looks back at Pvt. Peanut.

PVT. ROBIN (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
See, you made this motherfucker so mad
that he forgot how to speak.

PVT. PEANUT
I just don't understand why the only
way to 'discipline' is to be an
asshole. And how do you expect me not
to laugh when...

12.

Pvt. Peanut is flustered and starting to rant but he is quickly interrupted by Pvt. Miller, who finally breaks his silence.

Pvt. Miller addresses him by his last name, Turner, rather than his nickname, 'Peanut'.

PVT. MILLER
Turner, I know he's an asshole but
c'mon, you just gotta get through it.

PVT. MILLER (CONT'D)
When he yells in my face, I've started
to just tune it out and respond to
everything with 'sir, yes, sir'. And,
somehow it works out well.

PVT. ROBIN
(condescendingly)
See, if Miller can do it, I know you
can too, Peanut.

PVT. MILLER
Shut the fuck up, Tommy.

Pvt. Miller addresses Pvt. Robin by his first name, implying their friendship.

As the three of them are walking, they pass by Sgt. Hyde's office, peering through a large window that shows part of the interior of his office.

PVT. MILLER
Besides, he must be good for
something, look at all those medals
he's earned.

Pvt. Miller points at the medals, there is a Military Medal of Honor, a distinguished Service Cross, and many other gold trophies and medals aligning the room. The photos and trophies on the walls illustrate Sgt. Hyde had a very long presence in the military.

Pvt. Miller looks towards Pvt. Peanut to reassure him.

Pvt. Peanut points towards a picture of Sgt. Hyde shirtless in Vietnam with a cigar in his mouth. In the photo he is holding a thumbs up while crouched down next to a small Vietnamese child.

PVT. PEANUT
Wow, even Vietnam...

PVT. MILLER
Yeah, that's why I speak so highly of
the man. He served with my dad in
Vietnam... in the same squad,
actually.

Pvt. Miller looks away for a second, appearing like he's
going into deep thought.

The three men turn and continue back down the hallway along
with the rest of the platoon.

PVT. PEANUT
Oh yeah, I think I heard about that.
It was pretty crazy, right? Hyde was
the only..
(realizing)
.. one to survive...

Pvt. Miller looks back at Pvt. Peanut.

PVT. MILLER
Oh, it's fine, man. It was a freak
situation-

PVT. ROBIN
Wow, look what you did, Peanut.
Brought up Miller's dead dad.

PVT. MILLER
Fuck off, Tommy.

Trying to ignore his friend, Pvt. Miller looks towards Pvt.
Peanut to keep his conversation going.

PVT. MILLER
Yeah, it was pretty crazy. My dad,
Hyde, and their squad were ambushed by
a fuck ton of Vietnamese in the middle
of the jungle. Only one out was Hyde.

There is a moment of silence.

PVT. PEANUT
Jeesh, that's pretty tough, man. I'm
sorry.

14.

PVT. MILLER

No, no, it's fine. My old man wanted to go out in a blaze of glory, anyway. He was one crazy motherfucker... just like Hyde. Sometimes I like to think, that the only reason Hyde got out of there over my dad was because the that orange shit everywhere made Hyde go just a tad more batshit than my dad.

There is another moment of silence. Pvt. Robin fills it.

PVT. ROBIN

That agent orange shit'll do it.

There is another moment of silence, this time interrupted by Sgt. Hyde, as the platoon reaches the barracks at the end of the hallway.

Sgt. Hyde is standing alongside the doorway from the hallway to the barracks.

SGT. HYDE

What the fuck are you sissies moseying along for? Hurry the fuck up to your bunks!

The entire platoon instantly shift into gear, and put a pep in their step.

SGT. HYDE

You fucks are walking slower than Peanut's grandma after a hernia!

Pvt. Peanut rolls his eyes.

The men all run in barracks and approach their bunk beds.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - BARRACKS - 10 PM

The barracks is a large room lined up and down with bunk beds on both sides. The beds are all meticulously made.

After a couple seconds of hassling and fluttering by their bedsides. Sgt. Hyde calls out.

15.

SGT. HYDE
Attention!

All the men stand at attention at the front of their bunks. They are all wearing a grey military sweater along with dark green shorts.

There is silence as the Sgt. walks up and down eying every single man he walks by. Almost as if to make note of them being there. **He passes by Pvt. Miller, Pvt. Robin, and Pvt. Peanut, and so on.**

Sgt. Hyde stops in front of a very tall man towards the end of the line.

The man is so large, and with shoulders so broad that Sgt. Hyde has to look up in order to address him.

SGT. HYDE
Holy Mary mother of God...
(pauses and looks up)
... And who the fuck are you? and why
the fuck is your massive ass here in
my corps?

NOSH KWATKO/PVT. KWATKO (STICK-STONE) (mid 30s) is a man of Native American descent. He stands very tall above the rest. He has a tattoo of a native-like symbol on his forearm. If it weren't for the buzzcut, he would probably have long, black hair.

With a broad, deep voice, Pvt. Kwatko addresses the sergeant very quietly. Pvt. Kwatko was either not yelling as everyone else does when they address the sergeant, or he is so soft-spoken that his yelling voice is quiet as well..

PVT. KWATKO
Sir, my name is Nosh Kwatko, sir, I am
a new recruit sent in as of tonight,
sir.

SGT. HYDE
Holy shit. You are just about one of
the biggest motherfuckers I have ever
seen in my great long miserable life!
Your asshole must be bigger than the
Mariana Trench. You are so wide that
you must've given mommy a hysterectomy
on your way out! Is there a reason why
you are so fucking large?

PVT. KWATKO
Sir, I don't know, sir.

SGT. HYDE
Is it 'cause you're an Indian, Pvt.
Kwatko?

PVT. KWATKO
Sir, maybe, sir.

SGT. HYDE
Just so you know, in the Army we don't
kill our enemies with sticks and
stones, we use this thing called a
firearm! Do you know what a firearm
is, Pvt. Kwatko?

PVT. KWATKO
Sir, yes, sir.

SGT. HYDE
Also, your name is too fucking
confusing for me to say right, you are
now known as Private Stick-stone. Is
this clear, Private Stick-stone?

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir, yes, sir!

Sgt. Hyde turns away from Pvt. Kwatko and starts again down
the line of men and towards the front of the room.

He continues to eye every man as he walks. The air is still,
just as it always is when the room is shared between silence
and Sgt. Hyde.

When he gets to the front of the barracks, just before the
exit doors, he turns around to address the men.

SGT. HYDE
At ease!

Sgt. Hyde exits the room and in an instant, life breathes
into the room.

When the barracks doors close, conversation erupts. All the
men are exchanging nightly remarks with each-other before
bed.

Through the sea of conversation, Pvt. Robin and Pvt. Miller
can be heard conversing.

17.

Pvt. Miller is sitting on his bed sharpening his combat knife while facing Pvt. Robin who's laying in bed with his hands on the back of his head.

They both sleep on bottom bunks, across from each other.

PVT. MILLER

What do you think about that new guy?

Pvt. Miller doesn't look up from his knife as he speaks.

PVT. ROBIN

I don't know. Seems alright. You know how he's gonna be treated by everyone though... "Fresh-meat".

Pvt. Miller looks away from his knife and looks towards Pvt. Kwatko, who's on the other side of the room.

Pvt. Kwatko is getting ready for bed, and he is the only one in the room not conversing with anyone.

PVT. MILLER

(looking at Pvt. Kwatko)

I'm not sure about this guy though, Tom. Seems different...

(turns head towards Pvt. Robin)

..almost immovable.

PVT. ROBIN

To Hyde, no one is immovable.

Pvt. Robin takes off his glasses, turns over in his bed, and faces away from Pvt. Miller.

The lights in the room shut off, conversation dies down, and everyone goes to sleep.

Pvt. Miller finishes sharpening his knife, lays down, and goes to sleep.

As everything has quieted down, Pvt. Robin turns back over.

Pvt. Robin pulls a book out from under his bed. Pvt. Robin opens to a page in which there is a polaroid picture acting as a bookmark. Instead of reading the book, he pulls out the polaroid and puts the book down. On the polaroid is a picture of Pvt. Robin's wife with his son sleeping peacefully in her arms.

The room is silent. Everyone except Pvt. Robin is now asleep.

18.

Pvt. Robin stares at this photo for a couple seconds, and then he proceeds to grab his cross around his neck, kisses it, and starts praying. After a minute of praying, Pvt. Robin opens the book back up and puts the picture back in.

PVT. ROBIN
(whispering)
Goodnight Mary. I'll be home soon.

Just as Pvt. Robin turns over to go to sleep, there is a slight ruckus in the large room.

Pvt. Robin turns his head in a quick glance, but after a few seconds of inspecting the surroundings, he turns back over in his bed.

RATTLE RATTLE

FOOTSTEPS

After hearing more noise, he looks over to his left at Pvt. Miller, who is sleeping.

PVT. ROBIN
(whispering)
Psst. Miller... Hey dumbass, did you hear that?

Pvt. Miller doesn't move, he clearly is sound asleep.

FOOTSTEPS

After hearing these noises, Pvt. Robin sits up and reaches for his glasses under his bed. He hears a door **CREAK** and shut.

Pvt. Robin puts on his glasses and looks around to his left and right. The ruckus is over.

Pvt. Robin lays back down and closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

WIPE IN:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - BARRACKS - 5 AM

BANG BANG BANG BANG

"First Call"/"Reveille" plays on the loudspeaker.

Pvt. Miller's eyes open up in a jolt.

Sgt. Hyde is banging a baton onto the metal cover of a trash can.

SGT. HYDE
(yelling)
REVEILLE REVEILLE REVEILLE! Rise and
shine Sardines! Welcome to another day
of Hell!

Everyone in the room rises in an instant, and begins to make their bed.

Sgt. Hyde continues banging the baton as all the men scurry around their bed areas, putting on their uniforms and making their beds.

SGT. HYDE
I want those beds so perfect that
Jesus H. Christ himself would come
down from the sky to enjoy a good
night's rest on them!

Sgt. Hyde walks over to some men who are tying their boots and gets in their faces.

SGT. HYDE
Hurry up! Hurry the FUCK up assholes!
There is no time for lolly-gagging and
finger-smelling! Put a move on!

The first one with a made bed and at attention is Pvt. Kwatko.

Sgt. Hyde Notices and walks toward Pvt. Kwatko.

SGT. HYDE
Oh wow, would you look at that. It
looks like we have a little movie star
in the barracks with us.

Sgt. Hyde gets in Pvt. Kwatko's face.

SGT. HYDE
Do you think you're special, Private
Stick-Stone?

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir, no, sir!

SGT. HYDE
Do you consider yourself a good
noodle, Private Stick-Stone?

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir, I don't know, I just do what I am
told, sir!

SGT. HYDE
Well isn't that great! You're a little
lap dog, Private Stick-Stone! I bet
you like sniffing asses like a dog
too. Do you like to sniff ass, Private
Stick-Stone?

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir, no, sir!

SGT. HYDE
Well isn't that swell. A lap dog who
doesn't sniff ass. You are perfect for
my corps, Private Stick-Stone!

Sgt. Hyde turns away from Pvt. Kwatko, and by the end of
their exchange, all the men have lined up, fully uniformed,
and at attention.

The room is silent as Sgt. Hyde walks up and down the line of
men, now standing at attention.

Eying them as he walks by, **Sgt. Hyde passes by Pvt. Miller,
Pvt. Robin, and an empty space in line where Pvt. Peanut
should be.**

Sgt. Hyde stops in his tracks and looks at Pvt. Peanut's
empty area.

Sgt. Hyde addresses everyone.

SGT. HYDE
Corps, do you see this?

RECRUITS
(in unison)
Sir, yes, sir!

SGT. HYDE
What is this?

There is silence.

21.

SGT. HYDE
(yelling)
Do any of you skid-marks understand
the English fucking language? I said
what the FUCK is this?

Pvt. Robin speaks up.

PVT. ROBIN
Sir, a quitter, sir!

Sgt. Hyde walks up to Pvt. Robin.

SGT. HYDE
Yippee-Kye-Yay, motherfucker! Thank
you, Private Robin! And do you know
why he quit, Private Robin?

PVT. ROBIN
Sir, because he couldn't handle it,
sir!

SGT. HYDE
Pvt. Robin, you're gonna make me break
into my happy dance.

Sgt. Hyde turns away from Pvt. Robin and walks up and down
the line, beginning to address all the men.

SGT. HYDE
That empty space in line between Pvt.
Robin and Pvt. Harolson is the remnant
of a worthless, good-for-nothing,
maggot-swallowing, pile of rotting
feces. Private Peanut is indeed a
quitter.

Sgt. Hyde pauses as he continues to walk down the line with
his hands behind his back.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
You have come here to eat, sleep,
breath, sweat, and shit the military.
If that does not sound enticing to
you, please do speak up at this
instant.

Sgt. Hyde pauses again as he passes Pvt. Kwatko and looks at
him with a long pause.

22.

SGT. HYDE
Private Stick-stone, perhaps I have
been much too nice to you.

Sgt. Hyde approaches Pvt. Kwatko.

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir?

SGT. HYDE
Did I say you can speak Private Stick-
stone? And if I did, I still can't
hear jack shit from you!

Pvt. Kwatko tries to speak in his loudest voice.

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir, this is my natural voice, Sir!

SGT. HYDE
Bullshit! I can't hear shit! If you
don't speak up now, then I'm going to
make you speak up, even if the last
thing I have to do is rip that jaw
wider than a bear trap set in reverse.

Pvt. Kwatko tries to speak louder, but has the same voice
tone as last time.

PVT. STICK-STONE
Sir?

Sgt. Hyde pushes Pvt. Kwatko.

SGT. HYDE
If you keep this up, I will make sure
your dishonorable discharge will be
done by me and make the rest of your
pathetic life a living hell.

Sgt. Hyde leaves and Pvt. Kwatko gets back up. Some start to
talk about the noises from last night and others talk about
Pvt. Kwatko.

PVT. MILLER
That's rough man. Over something like
that..

CUT TO:

23.

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - DAY- 12:30PM

Pvt. Kwatko is performing exceptionally well on training exercise, but Sgt. Hyde is still giving him a hard time for him not responding loud enough.

SGT. HYDE

Private Stick-Stone. I see that you're a natural, perhaps you'll be a perfect space sniper. Since you know, nobody can hear you scream for help.

Sgt. Hyde focuses on targeting Pvt. Kwatko throughout the rest of Training.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - DAY- 4:45PM

SGT. HYDE

We're done maggots. It's time for food, where you'll learn how to eat danger and shit victory.

Everyone follows Sgt. Hyde back to the mess hall for dinner. Sgt. Hyde pauses to take a few seconds to look away from Pvt. Kwatko, who takes the opportunity to hide from Sgt. Hyde and quickly moves to a nearby building.

During dinner, Sgt. Hyde notices that Pvt. Kwatko is missing.

SGT. HYDE

Where the hell is Private Stick-stone? None of you will take another bite, until I can personally send his body to his Buffalo wife in a box.

PVT. MILLER

Another quitter, Sir?

Sgt. Hyde turns to face Pvt. Miller.

SGT. HYDE

Are you mentally brain-dead? What kind of fuckin' question was that? Of course that pebble-brained buffoon quit!

PVT. MILLER

Sir, maybe it was for a reason, Sir.

24.

Sgt. Hyde looks appalled. Sgt. Hyde walks up to Pvt. Miller and gets in his face, saliva dripping from his mouth like a ravenous dog.

SGT. HYDE
(menacingly)
And what might that reason be,
Private?

PVT. MILLER
Sir, nothing, Sir.

Pvt. Miller looks down, clearly not wanting to make eye contact due to what he just said. Sgt. Hyde grabs Pvt. Miller's shoulders and makes him stare straight into his face.

SGT. HYDE
No, you motherfucker, say what you
wanted to say!

Sgt. Hyde seems to be taunting Pvt. Miller now, almost trying to goad him into saying what he wants him to say.

PVT. MILLER
Sir, it was nothing.

Sgt. Hyde looks shocked, as if he unexpectedly lost control of the situation. His face quickly contorts back to anger.

SGT. HYDE
Go to my fucking office, you sorry ass
excuse for a Private.

PVT. MILLER
But sir, we have to find Private
Kwatko.

SGT. HYDE
(screaming)
I'll find your fucking Native American
boyfriend and give him a piece of my
mind, you asshole!

Sgt. Hyde's face goes red from all of the screaming.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
My office, NOW! Robin, escort him and
make sure no funny business happens or
I'll shoot both of you!

25.

Sgt. Hyde turns to face the recruits.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
(frantically waving his arms)
Alright we'll divide ourselves into
four squads to go find this Chee-chee
Cherokee son of a bitch! Let's get a
move on!

The squads empty out of the mess hall. Pvt. Robin and Pvt.
Miller split off to walk to Sgt. Hyde's office.

PVT. MILLER
You think Kwatko actually quit?

PVT. ROBIN
I wouldn't blame him, Hyde was teasin'
his ass him all day.

PVT. MILLER
What do you think would happen to
Kwatko once he has been found?

PVT. ROBIN
One thing, for sure, is a mouthful.
Maybe even some physical violence
thrown in for good measure.

Pvt. Miller and Pvt. Robin approach Sgt. Hyde's office, where
Pvt. Robin nods and leaves Pvt. Miller to go find the search
party.

CUT TO:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - SGT. HYDE'S OFFICE - 6
PM

Pvt. Miller enters Sgt. Hyde's Office, plaques, medals and
trophies flood the deep red walls. Several photos decorate
the walls, showing men in gear. One photo that took Pvt.
Miller's attention was a very old photo depicting a smiling
young man next to an overbearing, looming man, a tiny woman
who looks extremely stressed and a young blonde girl with
pigtails and a pink dress. The place, while full of lavish
accolades and trophies of the past, seemed quite hollow and
empty of life.

Pvt. Miller gazes at the creaky wooden floor and looks at the
ornate, ancient wooden desk in the center of the room, with
four carefully placed items upon it from left to right: a
blinking computer monitor, a calendar displaying the date of

1984, a rusty dog-tag with scratched-out initials and an old double barreled shotgun, with one shell loaded inside.

Pvt. Miller shifts his gaze to that ridiculous photo of Sgt. Hyde next to that Vietnamese child with the cigar in his mouth and stops. Pvt. Miller immediately thinks of Pvt. Turner/Pvt. Peanut, evident by his intense gaze into the picture.

PVT. MILLER
(quietly whispering)
Turner... what happened to you?

Pvt. Miller snaps out of his locked gaze with the picture.

PVT. MILLER (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is that old man?

Pvt. Miller shifts his attention to an old closet at the side of the room, about the size of a small cupboard. The stark white closet is slightly ajar, a major contrast to the rest of the well-put room.

Pvt. Miller walks over to the closet, figuring he shouldn't investigate what lays behind and moves to shut the door. After a couple of attempts to shut the door, he looks closer at the floor, seeing the sleeve of a military uniform poking out of the closet, blocking it from closing.

Pvt. Miller bends down to move the uniform, causing the door to move a little farther out, realizing that the uniform is more than just any uniform.

Pvt. Miller, heart beating fast with every second passing by, looks down at the nametag on the uniform to reveal that the name reads "Pvt. Turner".

Pvt. Miller stumbles back in shock, taking the image in front of him in horror, a round, young face, a blood-stained sleeve and two lifeless eyes lying on the floor next to the body. Pvt. Miller shoves the body in the closet and closes the door.

SGT. HYDE
(screaming from outside the door)
Miller! I'm gonna kill you when I get
in there!

Pvt. Miller scrambles to the old wooden chair in front of the desk, averting his eyes to the old calendar, glancing at the word Orwell Productions scrawled on the front cover, to avoid

27.

suspicion. Sgt. Hyde busts into the room, almost taking the door off of its hinges.

SGT. HYDE

What the fuck were you thinking back there with that little stunt you pulled? Do you have some sort of fucking mental problem or were you just raised to be a disgusting, filthy animal?

Pvt. Miller continues to avert his eyes, staring at the dogtag in front of him, careful to not look Sgt. Hyde in the eyes or glance at the closed closet.

SGT. HYDE

Look me in the fucking eyes when I'm speaking to you, Private!

Sgt. Hyde notices Pvt. Miller looking at the dogtag and snatches it in front of his face. Sgt. Hyde begins to wave it in front of his face.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)

You like this dogtag, you puffed up sissy? Does it make it feel good about yourself? Remind you of dear old dead dad? What a fucking joke.

Sgt. Hyde throws the dogtag at Pvt. Miller, hitting Pvt. Miller in the face and watching the tag fall to the floor.

Sgt. Hyde sits in the chair in front of him, face flushed in anger. Sgt. Hyde begins looking around the office, eyes scanning the room, and just as Sgt. Hyde is about to look at the closed closet...

PVT. MILLER

You knew my father?

Sgt. Hyde's eyes avert from the closet, beadily training them on Pvt. Miller, who looks at Sgt. Hyde for the first time in the office.

A flicker of relief passes through Pvt. Miller's face before resorting back to anger. Sgt. Hyde relishes in Pvt. Miller's anger, grinning from ear to ear with a manic look on his face.

SGT. HYDE

Yeah, I remember your deadbeat dad. A

fucking waste of time, he was,
cracking jokes, thinking he was the
life of the party. Probably was a good
week of dinner for them Vietnamese
fuckers.

Sgt. Hyde grins. He clearly knows that he is riling Pvt.
Miller up. Pvt. Miller looks at Sgt. Hyde with anger,
frustration filling up his face.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
(condescendingly)
Got something to say, you donkey
fucker? They oughta carry your
retarded ass back to the cemetery with
dear old dead dad!

Pvt. Miller is clearly fed up with Sgt. Hyde's antics. Pvt.
Miller moves swiftly and grabs the shotgun from the desk.
Pvt. Miller points the shotgun at Sgt. Hyde, anger flushing
his face.

PVT. MILLER
Don't talk about my dad like that,
Sergeant.

Sgt. Hyde laughs.

SGT. HYDE
Then shoot me, you fucker! Go ahead,
shoot an American hero and see where
it gets you. I'm not scared, I've
served multiple wars and have been in
worse situations than a little bitch
baby crying about how I'm talking his
dear old father.

Pvt. Miller looks shocked, completely losing all of his
composure. Sgt. Hyde snatches the shotgun, pointing it
directly at Pvt. Miller's skull.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
That's what I thought. I oughta kill
you for that bullshit you just pulled
on me. I knew you didn't have the
fucking nuts to shoot me, just like
your crazy fucking worthless excuse
for a father!

Sgt. Hyde grins, and for just a brief second, there's a
bloodthirsty smile plastered upon his face. Sgt. Hyde lowers

the shotgun, placing it back on the desk.

Pvt. Miller glances at the floor, seeing the dogtag from earlier, quietly pocketing it as Sgt. Hyde angrily glares at Pvt. Miller in front of him.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
Just letting you know Miller, one more
step out of line and I will fucking
shoot you with the shotgun and you'll
join your dad six feet under.
Understood, Private?

Pvt. Miller nods, solemnly looking at the ground.

SGT. HYDE (CONT.D)
(screaming)
Now get the fuck out of my office!

Pvt. Miller exits the room. Sgt. Hyde grins, pulling out a dirty rag, polishing his musty shotgun.

Sgt. Hyde waits for a few minutes, before leaving with his shotgun, and a long bow knife that he retrieves from a hidden drawer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD BARRACKS - NIGHT - 1994

Sgt. Hyde walks around the exterior of the barracks looking for Pvt. Kwatko. Then suddenly, he gets flashbacks, to his time in the war, turning him more aggressive and bloodthirsty.

SGT. HYDE
(yelling)
Vietnamese fucks! I'm not dying today!

Sgt. Hyde pulls out his weapons and looks for the nearest soldier, a man by the name of Pvt. Skipper becomes his target.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
You. I never gave a shit about you
fucker, but at least now your memorial
can read in your stupid, shitty
fucking language.

PVT. SKIPPER
What?

30.

SGT. HYDE
Cái chết sẽ giải thoát bạn, Vietnamese
motherfucker!

From a distance, Sgt. Hyde shoots him in the legs. Sgt. Hyde approaches him, then slashes his throat with his knife.

SGT. HYDE
It was a short lived name... Now tell
me, where are the others?

Pvt. Harolson is watching in horror, too shocked to move.
Pvt. Harolson is quickly spotted by Sgt. Hyde.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
What are you doing sneaking up on me
like that? Come here, sweetheart!

Sgt. Hyde lounges at Pvt. Harolson, pinning him to the
ground.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
No matter what disguises you
Vietnamese scum use, I will never
forget this never-ending war! Cái chết
sẽ giải thoát bạn!

Sgt. Hyde smashes Pvt. Harolson's face with the hilt of his
shotgun until it's a bloody brain mashed pile. As Sgt. Hyde
breathes heavily, he sprints off deeper into the forest,
blood covering his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - BARRACKS - NIGHT

Pvt. Miller lays in his bunk staring at the ceiling. He looks
to his left, and glances at the moon. All other soldiers are
out of the building, leaving Pvt. Miller alone to himself.

Pvt. Miller takes the dogtag out of his pocket and flips it
in the air, like a coin. He catches it and places it down on
the top of his hand. Pvt. Miller stares at the scratched out
marks until he's able to decipher that it reads, "Miller, T
Aaron - A Pos - Protestant."

Pvt. Miller takes a deep breath in recognition, puts the
dogtag back in his pocket and jumps out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - OFFICERS BUILDING - 9PM

Pvt. Miller scans himself into the main building. Reaching the second floor, Pvt. Miller exits into the public bathroom. He pulls out a tape recorder from his jacket, places it on the sink, and looks in the mirror. Pvt. Miller stares at his reflection for a while, before he snaps out of it. He grabs the recorder and hits the record button.

PVT. MILLER

(whispering)

Evidence search number one. I hold my
father's dogtag in my hand, in which
Sgt. Hyde has kept in his possession
for many years.

Pvt. Miller ends his recording. He rushes into the stall at the sound of footsteps walking by. Standing on top of the toilet, Pvt. Miller waits.

After the sounds of footsteps fade away, Pvt. Miller comes out of the stall and takes his recording device back out.

PVT. MILLER (CONT'D)

Evidence search number one continued.
I plan on breaking into Sergeant
Hyde's office on the account of a dead
soldier's body, which I found earlier
in his office closet. I believe that
Sergeant Hyde is killing recruits in
cold blood.

Pvt. Miller ends his second recording, looks in the mirror, and takes a deep breath. He exhales and exits the bathroom.

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - SGT. HYDE'S OFFICE -
9:15 PM

Pvt. Miller walks to the exterior of Sgt. Hyde's office and looks down both sides of the hallway, just to make sure the coast is clear. After scanning the area, he sees that no one else is inside of the office. He takes out a pin and attempts to unlock the door. After a few attempts to breach the door, Pvt. Miller succeeds and lets himself into the office, locking the door behind him.

Pvt. Miller rushes to the closet and swings open the door. The closet is empty, the body found earlier is now gone. He continues his search of the office but he finds nothing that can be used against Sgt. Hyde as evidence.

32.

Feeling defeated, Pvt. Miller walks back over to the closet. He scans the closet again. Pvt. Miller notices a cut in the carpet. He lifts the carpet up and finds a hole in the ground.

His heart is beating through his chest and his heart rate spikes.

Pvt. Miller folds the carpet over and finds a small box in the hole. He takes the box out of the hole and lays the carpet back in it's original position. Scanning the box, Pvt. Miller finds that there is a lock that binds the box from being opened.

Hearing footsteps from a distance, Pvt. Miller rushes over to the corner of the office and hides. As the footsteps get closer, Pvt. Miller looks through the blinds to see that it's only the janitor heading towards the bathroom.

As the janitor passes the office, Pvt. Miller waits a few moments before it's clear to exit. He locks the door handle and shuts the door behind him as he makes his exit.

PVT. MILLER
(wondering aloud to himself)
I wonder where Tommy is.

Pvt. Miller quickly sprints to the barracks, stashes the box, and walks off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD WOODS - DEEP FOREST - NIGHT - 1994

Sprinting through the forest, Sgt. Hyde yells.

SGT. HYDE
(yelling)
Sticks and stones may break your bones
maggot, but when I find out you work
for Vietnam, I'm going to be the one
breaking your puny bones.

The bushes near Sgt. Hyde rustle. Out of pure instinct, Sgt. Hyde shoots at the general direction of the sound. The shrapnel pierces through the chest and the neck of another bystander.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Well, well, well, look what we have
here, another Vietnamese scum in

33.

hiding. What's your name son?

The victim can barely speak.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Bullshit! Clearly your peanut-sized
brains can't handle the pure freedom
song singing within the hearts of our
speech! Cái chết sẽ giải thoát bạn!

Sgt. Hyde points his shotgun at the victim and pulls the trigger. Sgt. Hyde drops the shotgun for more maneuverability, as he sees an upcoming clearing in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT - 1994

Pvt. Robin sprints through the dense forest, branches whizzing by him, leaving with scratches across his body. Pvt. Robin finds a clearing, catches his breath and stops.

Shooting is heard in the distance. Pvt. Robin, uniform in tatters, immediately springs up, running to nearby cover behind a tree, falling into prone position.

Sgt. Hyde, sprinting into the clearing, runs to a nearby rock and ducks behind it.

SGT. HYDE
Is anyone here?

Pvt. Robin stays quiet.

SGT. HYDE
(yelling)
Please, I need help!

Pvt. Robin slowly emerges. He creeps over to the distant yelling coming from behind the rock.

PVT. ROBIN
I'm here Sergeant, I'm here.

Pvt. Robin makes eye contact with Sgt. Hyde, who's covered in blood, medals on his uniform stained in deep red. Sgt. Hyde is clutching his chest, seemingly nursing a wound.

SGT. HYDE
What took you so long, Private?

Pvt. Robin looks solemn. His eyes drop from Sgt. Hyde to the ground.

PVT. ROBIN
I'm sorry, sir... I wasn't thinkin'.

Pvt. Robin looks at Sgt. Hyde, proceeding to crouch right next to him. Sgt. Hyde smiles, blood covering his face, then starts growling like a dog.

Pvt. Robin stares at Sgt. Hyde in horror, watching as Sgt. Hyde reveals that he's holding a long bow knife where he was clutching his chest, which he twists in the air. Glee fills Sgt. Hyde's face, watching the blade move back and forth in the air.

PVT. ROBIN (CONT'D)
Sir? Are you okay?

Sgt. Hyde stops growling. Pvt. Robin, in panic, tenses his body, worried about Sgt. Hyde.

SGT. HYDE
Cái chết sẽ giải thoát bạn. Get ready
to die, you Vietnamese fuck!

Sgt. Hyde stops the swinging motion of the blade, holding it in front of him, directly pointed towards Pvt. Robin's throat.

Pvt. Robin leaps up, scratching his throat with the tip of the knife. Small drops of blood start falling from Pvt. Robin's throat, piercing his uniform.

PVT. ROBIN
(struggling to speak)
I ain't no-no Viet...

Pvt. Robin clutches his throat, stumbling into the clearing. Sgt. Hyde emerges, leaping to his feet, running towards Pvt. Robin. Sgt. Hyde begins growling again, knife held in front of him, staring intensely at Pvt. Robin.

SGT. HYDE
(momentarily stopping growling)
You fuckers have caused enough
trouble! Bad enough we lost the war,
but I have no problem finishing you
assholes off!

PVT. ROBIN

I-I...

The blood rushing from Pvt. Robin's neck starts becoming too much to hold in his hand, spilling over the sides of his outstretched hand. Sgt. Hyde stops growling, holding his knife in front of him.

SGT. HYDE

(screaming)

Time to die, scum!

Sgt. Hyde swings the knife at Pvt. Robin, just narrowly missing his shoulder. Pvt. Robin, stumbling back, takes one hand off his throat to defend himself.

PVT. ROBIN

(stumbles)

You two faced...

(yells)

You two-faced crazy fuck!

Sgt. Hyde swings the blade again, sinking it deeply into Pvt. Robin's outstretched hand, severing three fingers. Pvt. Robin screams in horror, blood pouring from his hand.

Sgt. Hyde swings the knife into Pvt. Robin's side, piercing his side, causing Pvt. Robin to fall to the ground. Sgt. Hyde smiles wide, with a crazy look in his eyes, blood completely covering his face, he slowly walks over to Pvt. Robin's body.

PVT. ROBIN

(whispering)

Mary... I'm so sorry.

A single tear falls down Pvt. Robin's face.

Sgt. Hyde begins cutting into Pvt. Robin, as if he were chopping him like a steak, creating a defined line through the middle of his torso, adding to the sharp strike he already placed upon Pvt. Robin.

Sgt. Hyde eventually finishes his chopping, cutting Pvt. Robin, guts spilling out, in half.

Sgt. Hyde wipes the knife off with his hand. Blood starts pouring from his hand, but instead of anguish, he smiles, licking the blood from his hand.

Sgt. Hyde, blood dripping from his cut hand, emits a loud howl and sprints out into the forest.

36.

Pvt. Miller appears from the forest, seeing Pvt. Robin's chopped body. He rushes over, seeing the cold, dead body of his former friend lying in a pool of blood.

The blood rushes to Pvt. Miller's face. Holding Pvt. Robin's split body, he quietly mourns his lost friend with a small prayer.

PVT. MILLER
Goodbye, my friend.

Pvt. Miller sets the body down and runs out of the woods, back towards the camp.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - BARRACKS - MIDNIGHT

Laying back in his bunk, Pvt. Miller examines the lock on the box. He toys with the lock, but nothing works. He jumps down from his bunk and walks over to his bunkmate's storage container. He scans the area, before pulling wire cutters out of the container.

Pvt. Miller looks both ways to make sure he is alone and attempts to cut the lock. After a few attempts, Pvt. Miller successfully breaks the lock and the box can be opened.

Pvt. Miller stares at the box for a few moments before taking a deep breath and lifts the lid open. The box is full of dozens of soldiers dogtags, which Pvt. Miller finds range over numerous years, and two human eyes, presumably the ones taken from Pvt. Peanut.

Pvt. Miller gasps.

The barracks door opens and shuts from a distance. Pvt. Miller hides the box under his bedsheets and pulls out a book, acting like he is reading.

The footsteps draw closer, but Pvt. Miller doesn't look up from his book. The footsteps stop.

SGT. HYDE
Private Miller. Just the man I was
looking for.

Pvt. Miller jumps out of bed, stands in attention and salutes his sergeant.

PVT. MILLER

Sir.

SGT. HYDE

At ease, soldier.

Pvt. Miller continues to stand, while Sgt. Hyde walks closer to Pvt. Miller, with his hands behind his back.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)

Now Private, something from my office has gone missing, and a little birdie of mine told me that it was you who took it.

Pvt. Miller still stands with his hands at his side.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)

This box of mine, I hold very dearly, so I need it back.

Pvt. Miller continues to stand with his hands at his side.

PVT. MILLER

Sir, I don't know what you're talking about, sir.

Sgt. Hyde walks right up to Pvt. Miller, standing right in his face.

SGT. HYDE

So you didn't take a box of mine out of my office?

PVT. MILLER

Sir, I don't know what you're talking about, sir.

Sgt. Hyde turns away from Pvt. Miller and starts to pace back and forth.

SGT. HYDE

So you know nothing about the dogtags and your poor little friend's eyes, in the box sitting on your bed? Don't play me as some sort a fool.

Pvt. Miller's eye twitches.

PVT. MILLER

Sir, I don't know what you're talking

38.

about, sir.

Sgt. Hyde grabs Pvt. Miller's head and slams it on his bunk.

The box full of dogtags and Pvt. Peanut's eyes falls to the ground, spreading all over the floor. The two eyes roll across the ground, until Sgt. Hyde squishes them with his military boots.

Pvt. Miller stands up and continues to stare into Sgt. Hyde's eyes.

SGT. HYDE
So not only do we have a thief, but we
have ourselves a liar too. Private, it
would better for you to own up to it.

There is a brief silence.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Sit down Private.

Pvt. Miller stays standing.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I said sit down Private.

Pvt. Miller doesn't sit down.

PVT. MILLER
Sir, respectfully, I would like to
remain standing. Sir.

SGT. HYDE
In that case.

Sgt. Hyde takes a baton from his waistband and starts beating Pvt. Miller down to the ground, swinging at his head, ribs, and knees. Pvt. Miller attempts to fight back, but is brutally hit unconscious.

Sgt. Hyde grabs Pvt. Miller by his feet and starts to drag him away from his bunk towards the exit of the barracks, leaving a trail of blood following them.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

39.

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - WOODS - 2:00 AM

Sgt. Hyde throws his shovel into the dirt and looks over at Pvt. Miller, who is still unconscious. Sgt. Hyde walks over to Pvt. Miller and hovers over his body.

Sgt. Hyde smacks Pvt. Miller across the face a few times, waking Pvt. Miller up slightly.

SGT. HYDE
I want you awake for this.

Sgt. Hyde walks back over to the hole he dug, picks up the shovel and starts digging deeper.

Pvt. Miller's eyes get extraordinarily wide. He realizes his hands and feet are tied together.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you.

Sgt. Hyde pauses. Pvt. Miller blinks slowly, but stares at Sgt. Hyde.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
Rather, I'm simply going to push you into this small ditch. Then I'm going to accidentally shovel all this dirt onto your body and you will accidentally suffocate to death.

Pvt. Miller faints.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
You can never stop fucking things up Miller, I swear.

Sgt. Hyde walks over to Pvt. Miller and attempts to slap him in order to wake him up again. He is unsuccessful, Pvt. Miller remains unconscious.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
God damnit.

Sgt. Hyde storms away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FORT HOOD BASIC TRAINING CAMP - WOODS - 2:30 AM

Some time has passed. Pvt. Miller, now awake, sits against a tree while still being tied up and not able to go anywhere.

Sgt. Hyde appears in the distance with a bag in hand. Pvt. Miller looks from behind the tree and sees Sgt. Hyde. Pvt. Miller lays down on his face and acts like he is unconscious again.

Sgt. Hyde arrives at Pvt. Miller's body and sets down a paper bag. He pulls out a bottle of smelling salts and rolls Pvt. Miller on his back. Sgt. Hyde puts the bottle up to Pvt. Miller's nose and he coughs.

SGT. HYDE
Welcome back Private.

PVT. MILLER
(coughing)
Don't do this.

Sgt. Hyde grabs Pvt. Miller by the collar and drags him to the ditch.

SGT. HYDE
Now why in all that is motherfucking holy, would I let you live.

PVT. MILLER
Because I did nothing wrong. I won't say a word.

Sgt. Hyde laughs hysterically.

SGT. HYDE
You already stole from me, and lied to me. I highly doubt you would keep your dirty mouth shut.

Pvt. Miller rolls in the dirt and attempts to break free. He fails.

PVT. MILLER
(screaming)
FUCK.

The screams echoes through the forest briefly.

SGT. HYDE
That was pathetic. You're just like

41.

your father. A weak little bitch.

Sgt. Hyde drags Pvt. Miller and launches him into the ditch. Pvt. Miller hits his head on the ground and goes back unconscious.

Sgt. Hyde walks over to the brown bag and grabs a bottle of water. He pours the water on Pvt. Miller's face, waking him back up.

SGT. HYDE (CONT'D)
I told you, I need you awake for this.
Cái chết sẽ giải thoát bạn, Miller.
You will certainly not be missed.

Pvt. Miller, dazed, looks up at the sky. He slowly blinks as Sgt. Hyde starts to toss dirt on his feet.

As the grave starts to fill up, a branch snaps behind Sgt. Hyde. He stops shoveling and grabs his gun from his waistband. Pointing the gun, he reaches for his flashlight.

BANG

A bullet tears through Sgt. Hyde's hand, knocking the gun to the ground. He screams.

BANG BANG

Bullets tears through both of Sgt. Hyde's knees, knocking him to the ground.

Sgt. Hyde crawls to his gun and reaches for it with his only healthy hand.

BANG

Another bullet rips through his other hand.

Sgt. Hyde lays in front of his gun bleeding. An unknown figure starts to walk towards Sgt. Hyde. Pvt. Miller lays in the ditch with his eyes closed.

The figure slowly walks up to Sgt. Hyde, throws the empty shells in the ditch and reloads the gun. Loading one bullet into the chamber, the unknown figure cocks the gun.

BANG

The bullet rips through Sgt. Hyde's skull. Sgt. Hyde lays dead with blood pouring from his body.

42.

The figure picks up the shell, throws it into the ditch, and walks over towards Pvt. Miller.

PVT. MILLER
(facedown)
Don't shoot.

Pvt. Miller turns over to his back and looks at the figure in shock.

PVT. MILLER (CONT'D)
(confused)
Kwatko?

PVT. KWATKO
A thank you would have been nice.

Pvt. Miller laughs in relief.

PVT. KWATKO (CONT'D)
Let's get you the hell out of there.

Pvt. Kwatko lifts Pvt. Miller from the dirt and out of the ditch. Pvt. Miller groans in pain. Pvt. Kwatko cuts loose Pvt. Miller's hands and feet and Pvt. Miller falls to the ground.

PVT. MILLER
How did you know?

Pvt. Kwatko lifts up his shirt and shows Pvt. Miller scars all over his body.

PVT. KWATKO
He made it seem like I quit. Then he caught me, next to a government building, tortured me, and tried to kill me. What he taught me in survival camp, was what ironically actually saved me. I got away and lived.

PVT. MILLER
How did you know where he was?

PVT. KWATKO
I've been tracking him, ever since I got away, and have been collecting evidence against him too.

Pvt. Miller takes a deep breath in shock.

PVT. KWATKO (CONT'D)

I saw him go into the medic's office
and I knew something was up. I
followed him to the entrance of camp
but I knew I couldn't go in, so I
waited in the woods for him. I saw him
exiting camp and heading into the
woods, so I followed him here and
found him doing this. I had no idea it
would be you and I didn't know he
would have a gun.

PVT. MILLER

Is it better that he's dead? Or should
we have kept him alive?

Pvt. Kwatko lifts Pvt. Miller to his feet.

PVT. KWATKO

Let's not worry about all that right
now, let's get you fixed up.

Pvt. Kwatko throws Pvt. Miller on top of his shoulders and
carries him out of the woods.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - 1994

The room is a large, wide, spherical room with long, wide
wooden tables and solid white walls. A large United States of
America flag stands in the corner, six men are gathered
around a table. PRESIDENT CLINTON, in his late 40s, looks at
the men around the table, including his MAIN PRESIDENTIAL
ADVISOR, with a stern expression on his face.

MAIN PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR

Mr. President, another from Nixon's
Agent Orange Program, just died.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

(annoyance in his voice)

There's only two left. We can only
cover so many of these deaths caused
by our so-called Vietnam war heroes.

MAIN PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR

Why don't we shut the program down?

PRESIDENT CLINTON

That would be admitting failure of all

sides in our Vietnam operation, which we cannot afford to do. I know the men killed their own battalions in the heat of war, but appealing Nixon's program would cause a public stir that I do not want to face. Let us proceed forward.

The six men are huddled in intense concentration around the wide, circular desk.

They huddle over a set of three blinking computer screens depicting three separate things: Pvt. Miller and Pvt. Kwatko trudging through the woods, Sgt. Hyde's dead body, and the last showing a separate sergeant, in his mid 50s, screaming at a battalion of soldiers.

The light blinks. A name pops up on the bottom of the third screen: Sergeant Krueger. Sergeant Krueger's face showcases two different colored eyes, a large, hooked nose, and a deep scar running from the bridge of his nose to the tip of his lip.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Order the military funeral for Hyde.
Anything that happened in that forest
stays in that forest, understood?

The four other men and the Main Presidential Advisor nod in agreement. The Main Presidential Advisor moves away from the desk to a nearby phone.

MAIN PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR

(on phone)

Yes, we would like to prepare the
military funeral for Sergeant Hyde.
President's orders.

FADE TO BLACK:

MAIN PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR

(on phone)

Goodbye.

Cái chết sẽ giải thoát bạn = Death shall set you free

45.