

VERVE

7-15-15

OPERATION:
PRINCE OF FREEDOM

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BEAUTIMUS

WE OPEN ON: A CICADA landing on an GOAT SKULL. Eventually it flutters its wings and rises into the night sky, climbing over a hillside to reveal:

AN AMERICAN FORWARD OPERATING BASE IN SOUTHERN AFGHANISTAN

It's a rare night of relaxation at FOB "Iron Wolf." Like most forward operating bases, "Iron Wolf" is situated so that it has a 360° view of its rural, mountainous surroundings. A few WOODEN STRUCTURES and about a dozen MILITARY TENTS are encircled by HESCO BARRIERS. There's a HELIPAD and a COMMON AREA in the center of the base where we find:

A CROWD of MARINES gathered around a makeshift STAGE watching a performance by Country Star BUCK AVERY (40s).

At the moment, Buck is the biggest name in country music and has as many platinum records as he does DUIs. Fourteen. He's got the body of a professional bowler, a very evident spray-on tan, and a thick Southern accent. The Marines applaud as Buck wraps up a song.

BUCK

Thank you. Y'all are too kind. You know, Mick Jagger once called my music close-minded, flag-wavin', xenophobic nonsense.

MARINES

Boooooo!

BUCK

I know, I know. But you know what I told him? I said "at least I don't look like an old Puerto Rican woman!"

DRUNK MARINE

You're my hero Buck!

BUCK

I appreciate that, but I'm not the real hero here tonight. Y'all wanna know who the real heroes are?

(beat)

My roadies. Give it up for Gil and his team everybody.

SGT. GIL CHALMERS (27), a stocky Marine with a face you kind of want to slap, stands off-stage wearing a HEADSET holding a CLIPBOARD. He smiles at Buck and takes a bow.

Buck raises a BEER to the Crowd.

BUCK (CONT'D)
 Here's to finally gettin' the hell
 outta this shit-filled sandbox and
 goin' home to the greatest country
 in the universe, and thanks to our
 hard work, every single American on
 the face of the Earth is safe!

The Marines applaud.

SMASH CUT TO:

CAMCORDER FOOTAGE: It's a scene we are all too familiar with.
 A TALIBAN EXTREMIST (face concealed) stands in dark room
 behind a kneeling AMERICAN MARINE who has his hands bound and
 a BURLAP SACK over his head. The Extremist has an AK-47 slung
 over his shoulder and grips a MACHETE in his right hand.

AMERICAN MARINE
 Mom, Dad, if you're watching this,
 I just want you to know that I love
 you and that I died honorably,
 serving my country.

The Extremist violently jerks the Marine's head back.

AMERICAN MARINE (CONT'D)
 (whimpering)
 Ah! Shit...shit...oh God..

CUT BACK TO:

"IRON WOLF" FORWARD OPERATING BASE - STAGE

Buck struts around the stage with his GUITAR slung across his
 back and a MICROPHONE in-hand.

BUCK
 If you don't mind, I'd like to get
 real with y'all for a minute.

Buck takes a deep breath.

BUCK (CONT'D)
 Recently there have been some
 pretty appalling things said about
 yours truly by certain members of
 the *Twitter*-sphere.

DRUNK MARINE
 Play another song!

BUCK
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!
(another deep breath)
Just some pretty hurtful things.
Mainly that I'm a quote unquote
"racist."

Buck takes a moment to check in with the Crowd.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Crazy right?

IN THE CROWD

As Buck rambles on, we see LT. WILL COOPER (27) filter into the crowd. He is a clean-cut, below average height Marine with a perfectly ironed UNIFORM. Not an athlete, but definitely in shape. He holds an IPAD and looks around nervously as he approaches the Drunk Marine.

WILL
(to Drunk Marine)
Corporal...

The Drunk Marine hides his BEER and tries to sober up.

WILL (CONT'D)
...have you seen Sergeant Russell?

DRUNK MARINE
Uhh, last I saw him he was headin'
out on patrol at 1800 hours.

WILL
That's what I thought. As you were.

Will turns away and continues searching. The Drunk Marine downs his Beer.

BACK TO BUCK

BUCK
...and finally, would a racist have
a tattoo that literally says "*not
racist*"?

Buck pulls up his sleeve to reveal a fairly fresh TATTOO that says exactly that.

DRUNK MARINE
Probably not!

BUCK
Bingo. Probably not.

SMASH CUT TO:

CAMCORDER FOOTAGE

The Extremist now has his Machete against the Marine's throat.

AMERICAN MARINE
I don't want to die. I'm begging
you...

EXTREMIST
Quiet!

AMERICAN MARINE
Don't do this...please don't do
this...

The Extremist raises his Machete in preparation to deliver a fatal blow.

AMERICAN MARINE (CONT'D)
Dad, I know you're still mad that I
got blitzed and crashed your Tacoma
into the family room, but all that
seems meaningless given everything,
and I don't want you to feel bad
that you got irrationally mad at me
for something so stupid now that
I'm being executed. Just know that
I forgive you. God, this whole
thing has really put stuff in
perspective huh?

EXTREMIST
Time to bleed for your country, you
dirty infidel--

Lt. Will Cooper walks into frame.

WILL
What the hell is this?

AMERICAN MARINE
Damnit, cut!

We jump out of the Camcorder Footage to see that we are
actually in a: **MARINE STORAGE SHED.**

Will stands beside the American Marine, who rips the Burlap Sack off his head, revealing himself to be:

SGT. DEREK RUSSELL (29) whose golfer's gut suggests that he's skipped the last few months of PT, and unlike most Marines, he violates the grooming standard by letting his blonde, curly hair grow out, which compliments his emerging patchy beard.

RUSSELL

Oh hey Will, I was just teaching my dad a lesson about healthy communication.

The Extremist turns the CAMCORDER off and removes his 'Taliban Garb.' It's PRIVATE WHISKERS (24), a scrawny Marine with a wispy mustache and a squeaky voice, who looks like a high school freshman.

WILL

(to Russell)

Can I have a word Sergeant?

RUSSELL

Sure.

Will walks out.

WHISKERS

Does this mean I can go watch the Buck Avery concert now?

RUSSELL

No, I'm gonna need you to clean all this up.

"IRON WOLF" FORWARD OPERATING BASE - STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Will, followed by Russell, walks right past the Buck Avery concert.

BUCK

...so I'm at the White House, and the President is ramblin' on about how I'm the "beatin' heart of every American," meanwhile I'm clenchin' my b-hole as tight as I damn can because I have the world's worst case of the coke farts...

INT. LT. WILL COOPER'S LIVING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Will enters with Russell trailing behind. His Quarters are quite neat, including a tightly made BED, a DESK, and a MINI-FRIDGE.

RUSSELL

Why does command keep flying that racist asshole over here? How come they couldn't send a good band, like Journey, or Hanson?

WILL

Believe it or not, the guy brings up morale. Nevertheless, I will be making a formal recommendation for Hanson.

RUSSELL

Thank you. I mean for Christ's sake, we joined the Marines to shoot guns and make the world a better place, not to be *Uber* drivers for Buck fucking Avery.

WILL

I take it you're on the Avery escort tomorrow.

RUSSELL

If he asks me to guess his dick size one more time I am gonna lose my shit.

Russell reaches into Will's Mini Fridge, pulls out a COKE ZERO, chugs it, and chucks the empty Can on the ground. Will picks up the Can and throws it away.

WILL

You know, it wouldn't hurt if you could tread a little lighter when misusing Marine assets to teach your Dad valuable lessons. The Marines that get missions are the Marines that follow protocol.

RUSSELL

Yeah well in two weeks we won't even be Marines, we'll just be two normal boring nobodies with normal boring nobody lives. I want stories man, stories that live on even after my glorious demise.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I have this dream that, decades from now, our grand kids will be sharin' a bowl of Chili con Queso at their local *Buffalo Wild Wings* tellin' tales of how their grandpapas were the guys who finally brought peace to the Middle East, and arguin' over which one of us would win in a knife fight.

Will puts a hand on Russell's shoulder.

WILL

Believe me, I want that too buddy. But for now, I think I've got something that'll lift your spirits.

Will presents his iPad with *Google.com* loaded up on the screen. Russell's eyes light up.

RUSSELL

You didn't...

WILL

I just got mother truckin' WiFi.

MOMENTS LATER

Russell furiously masturbates to porn on Will's iPad behind a small SHOWER CURTAIN in the corner. On the other side of the Curtain, Will is doing push-ups and listening to "MmmBop" by *Hanson*.

WILL (CONT'D)

This really is a fantastic song.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

Do you mind turning it down? I just found my closer.

WILL

Your closer?

RUSSELL (O.S.)

The carefully selected porn video that I plan to finish to. My Dad always said it's the video you cum to that defines you.

Russell, mid-jerk, notices an open FILE on Will's iPad entitled "*Operation: Hammer*." He scans it over before walking out from behind the Curtain with his PANTS down.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(re: the File)
You're going on a mission tomorrow?
How come you didn't tell me about
this?

Will stops doing push-ups and stands to put his SHIRT on.

WILL
There's nothing to tell.

RUSSELL
I just poured my heart out a second
ago about wanting a memorable
shared experience, and now you're
holdin' out on me?

WILL
Of course not. Orders were to keep
the operation classified. I was
just following protocol.

RUSSELL
You *have* to get me on this.

WILL
I would, but it's not my call, you
know Major Meyers signs off on all
manifests.

RUSSELL
Yeah, and Meyers has a fat '*son I
never had*' boner for you.

WILL
Really? You think so?

RUSSELL
Without a shadow of a fuck. Please
dude. This could be our last chance
at an awesome story.

Will thinks about it.

WILL
Alright. I'll talk to Meyers first
thing tomorrow.

RUSSELL
Thank you.

Will nods. Russell walks back into the 'Jerk-Off Corner' and
closes the Curtain.

The sounds of strange porno begin echoing throughout the room. Will turns up "MmmBop" to drown out the moans.

"IRON WOLF" FORWARD OPERATING BASE - STAGE - LATER

Buck finishes his final number to massive applause.

BUCK
You're welcome! Good night!

Gil (the Marine/roadie) walks out on stage holding a RED VELVET BOX.

GIL
Not so fast Buck. On behalf of the United States Marine Corps and every free citizen in the world...

BUCK
Oh no. What do we have here?

GIL
...it is my pleasure to present to you our highest honor. The Prince of Freedom Medal!

BUCK
Holy shit...

Gil takes the MEDAL out of the Box. It is a shining gold emblem that depicts Buck's face on an eagle-winged Statue of Liberty. Gil proceeds to place the Medal around Buck's neck.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(staring at the medal)
I'm a Prince?

Buck turns to the Crowd and throws his fist into the air.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I'M A FUCKIN' PRINCE!!!

Insane applause.

BUCK (CONT'D)
And as your Prince, I promise to never stop playin' country music until every terrorist, man, woman, child, baby, or dog is dead!
WOOOOOOOOH!!!

An ornate 'Prince of Freedom' BANNER drops down behind Buck as red, white, and blue FIREWORKS explode over the stage. The Marines go wild.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: We see the Fireworks exploding over the FOB.

INT. "IRON WOLF" COMMAND TENT - THE NEXT MORNING

MAJOR JAMES C. MEYERS (50s) smokes a *PALL MALL* CIGARETTE at his DESK while reviewing a MAP. He is "Iron Wolf's" tough, no-nonsense commanding officer, the type of guy that was either going to be a Marine or an actor that only played Marines.

VOICE (O.S.)
Good morning Sir.

The Major jumps.

MAJOR MEYERS
Jesus Christ Schneider!

Looming behind him is PRIVATE SCHNEIDER (20s), the Major's pale, stone-faced assistant.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
How long have you been in here?

PRIVATE SCHNEIDER
Three point five seconds Sir.
Lieutenant Cooper is here to see you.

MAJOR MEYERS
Then send him in. And for the love of God, knock next time.

Private Schneider opens the door and lets Will in. The Major motions for him to have a seat.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
Smoke?

WILL
No thank you, Sir.

The Major lights another one up. Private Schneider exits.

MAJOR MEYERS
It's just the two of us. No need for formalities. Feel free to call me Jimmy, or I dunno, Dad. Yeah, call me Dad.

WILL

Okay.

MAJOR MEYERS

Anyway, I'm glad you're here son.
Take a look.

The Major points to a location on the Map.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)

Last night one of our infrared
satellites was able to pin-point
the exact location of Fhatal
Muharef's encampment at these
coordinates. That slippery Hajii
has been on the FBI's 'Most Wanted
List' for over a year and in 0200
hours we're gonna unload so much
Goddamn boom boom into that little
gully of his that Allah himself is
gonna wet his panties.

WILL

(smiling)

Oorah.

The Major leans back in his chair, utterly pleased.

MAJOR MEYERS

'Operation: Hammer' is officially a
go. I'm gonna need ya on your A-
game out there today Lt.

WILL

Absolutely Sir.

MAJOR MEYERS

Dad.

WILL

Right.

Will clears his throat.

WILL (CONT'D)

Umm, about the Operation, I wanted
to talk to you regarding Sergeant
Russell. I was thinking--

MAJOR MEYERS

Funny you should mention that pudgy
dumb-fuck. I've been dealing with
his shit all morning. Schneider!
Bring in the--

Private Schneider appears out of nowhere holding a LAP TOP, spooking the Major once again.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
Holy hell!

PRIVATE SCHNEIDER
Here you are Sir.

Private Schneider walks away. The Major leans into Will.

MAJOR MEYERS
(whispering)
There's somethin' goin' on with that boy. I can't quite put my finger on it, but I feel like he's in some sorta 'Live Die Repeat' type situation. You know, like he's been here before, knows everything I'm gonna do before I even do it...

The Major abruptly looks over his shoulder with a paranoid look in his eye, then slowly back to Will and shakes it off.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
Take a look.

The Major plays a video on the Lap Top.

ON LAP TOP SCREEN: Footage from Russell's 'Execution Video.' The Taliban Extremist (*Whiskers*) is Water-Boarding Russell.

RUSSELL
(choking on water)
Enough Goddamnit! I'm gonna kick your fuckin' ass Whiskers!

The Major slams the Lap Top shut.

MAJOR MEYERS
Sgt. Derek Russell has been a bleeding ulcer in this battalion's stomach since he got here and I'm Goddamn sick of it! I don't care if he's our only translator, I'm dishonorably discharging that shit-stain today.

This shocks Will, who panics, and stands to attention.

WILL
You can't do that.

MAJOR MEYERS
And why not?

WILL
Because...

Will takes a moment to find the words.

WILL (CONT'D)
...because the video was my idea. I
take full responsibility for it and
if anyone deserves to be
reprimanded it's me.

The Major sighs and shakes his head.

MAJOR MEYERS
Sit down son.

Will sits.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
Look, I know you and Sergeant
Russell have a history, but in the
great Sea of Life, some people are
meant to drown. You can try to
rescue them, but in the end,
they're just gonna pull ya down to
the depths along with em. Now, are
you positive that this wildy
irresponsible video was in fact
your doing?

Beat. Will does his best to keep composure.

WILL
Yes Dad.

MAJOR MEYERS
It's Sir, and that is very
disappointing news Lieutenant.
Punitive action will have to be
taken. I have no choice but to
remove you from 'Operation: Hammer'
and reassign you to another detail.

WILL
I understand.

MAJOR MEYERS
That'll be all.

Will gets up to leave.

WILL

Sir, I want you to know that wherever you have me reassigned, I will be focused and dutiful.

MAJOR MEYERS

Well you might as well join your partner in shit on the Avery escort.

Will nods, disappointed.

PRIVATE SCHNEIDER

God bless you, Sir.

MAJOR MEYERS

Excuse me?

Major Meyers suddenly SNEEZES. He is stunned. He shoots Will a terrified *'see what I'm talking about'* look.

EXT. "IRON WOLF" FOB - LOADING ZONE - MORNING

Russell stands next to TWO HUMVEES talking to SGT. CARL JOHNSON a.k.a. "SPIDERMAN" (40s), a grizzled Humvee driver with a hint of crazy in his eyes.

SPIDERMAN

...well what do ya think I did? I made a couple skis out of the dead dude's femur and took off down the mountain like Lindsey fuckin' Vonn.

RUSSELL

See now that's the kind of crazy story I want. I haven't had anything even close to that happen to me over here.

SPIDERMAN

Here? That was Park City, Utah. I've seen even weirder shit over here. I once saw this Hajii milkin' a goat for its semen, and before I knew it, I was sippin' on goat cum with some guy named Ganjigal. You know what it tasted like? Cherry GoGurt. You ever had Cherry GoGurt?

Russell nods.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)

Then you've tasted goat spooge my friend.

"IRON WOLF" FOB - COMMON AREA - SAME

Will walks through the base carrying his GEAR BAG and reviewing a MISSION BRIEF. He passes Major Meyers giving orders to the team that's gearing up for 'Operation: Hammer.' He stares on at them longingly until:

WHISKERS (O.S.)

Hey Lieutenant!

Private Whiskers, wearing a hefty BACKPACK and a CAMERA around his neck, runs up to Will and trots along side him.

WILL

Private Whiskers.

WHISKERS

I was told you're the C.O. for the Avery transport headed to McCarren Airfield.

WILL

The mission's working title as of now is 'Operation: Prince of Freedom,' but yes, I'm the C.O.

WHISKERS

Then I'm with you! Yes Sir, my tour effectively ended this morning. By 1800 hours my tushie will be on a plane headed state-side, back to see my beautiful wife and five handi-capable children.

Whiskers takes out a PHOTOGRAPH of his heavy-set Wife. Not the shiniest pearl in the sea.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

Check her out, she's a beauty huh? Nearly eight months pregnant with triplets. Best part is I'll be home in time to see the birth. God I miss her. Before I left she told me "You come home now, you come home in one piece, because this family is going to need you." Now I'm only one harmless operation away from gettin' back to them.

WILL

Did you say *four* handicapped children?

WHISKERS

Handi-*capable*. And I have five.

"IRON WOLF" FOB - LOADING ZONE - SAME

Spiderman buttons up his SHIRT as he wraps up another story.

SPIDERMAN

...biggest bug I've ever seen. Long story short, that's why they call me "Spiderman."

RUSSELL

That was absolutely disgusting.

SPIDERMAN

Thank you. Yep, the bastard refuses to heal. Just keeps on drippin'. Though, I haven't had to pay for lube in six years. One of the perks.

Russell ponders the "perk."

Will and Whiskers approach the Humvees. Russell darts toward Will.

RUSSELL

What'd Meyers say?

WILL

(curt)

Well, I went in there to recommended you this morning, and you'll never guess what he told me...

Will is stopped by the eager, child-like expression on Russell's face. He can't bring himself to tell his best friend the truth.

WILL (CONT'D)

...he said, uh, that there weren't any open positions on 'Operation: Hammer.'

RUSSELL

Bull shit.

WILL

I know. So I told him, "If Sergeant Russell can't come along, then Goddarnit, neither will I!" Then I demanded he reassign me to 'Operation: Prince of Freedom,' or whatever it's called.

RUSSELL

Well fuck, at least we're together right?

WILL

Yeah.

BUCK (O.S.)

Let's get movin' ladies!

Buck and Gil approach the Humvees.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Which one of y'all is the medic? I need an I.V. pronto, the Prince is mucho hungover.

Whiskers snaps a couple photos of Buck with his Camera. Gil whips his head around and points at Whiskers.

GIL

Delete that.

WHISKERS

Okie doke!

WILL

Alright everyone, listen up.

Everyone is: Russell, Buck, Gil, Whiskers, and Spiderman.

WILL (CONT'D)

McCarren Airfield is twelve clicks east of here. I need everyone to stay frosty, the Porchugo Valley has had some unconfirmed reports of hostile movement. We should arrive at 0900 on the dot.

BUCK

I got a question.

WILL

Yes Mr. Avery.

GIL
Prince of Freedom.

WILL
What's your question?

BUCK
Where's my gun?

WILL
You don't get a gun. Let's saddle
up!

Gil winks at Buck as he secretly hands him his PISTOL. Buck
nods in amusement.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - AN HOUR LATER

The Two Humvees cruise along a narrow dirt road amidst the
rural Afghan terrain. Nothing but wilderness for miles.

INT. LEAD HUMVEE - SAME

The Lead Humvee consists of: Will, in the front passenger
seat, Spiderman, who drives, and Whiskers, who yells down
from the Turret.

WHISKERS
...so we never *actually* got married
because we wanted my wife's *Baba* to
be able to see the wedding. Only
thing is, she was stuck in Ukraine!

WILL
(barely listening)
That's great.

WHISKERS
But with some elbow grease and by
taking a third mortgage out on the
house, we were finally able to get
Baba a first-class plane ticket to
the states. I just hope work comes
soon because I have some mouths to
feed!

SPIDERMAN
(nudging Will)
Wouldn't mind gettin' a hummer from
that *Baba*, if ya know what I mean.
(beat)
(MORE)

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
I mean I'd enjoy it if she slobbered
my shaft.

WILL
(into his Lapel Walkie)
How's it goin' back there?

INT. HUMVEE 2 - SAME

Humvee 2 consists of: Russell, who drives, and Buck & Gil,
who both sit in back.

RUSSELL
(responding on his Lapel
Walkie)
Take a listen.

Russell holds his Lapel Walkie towards the back seat.

GIL
Ummm, ten inches?

BUCK
Bigger.

GIL
Twelve?

Buck gestures for Gil to '*keep going up.*'

RUSSELL
(into Lapel Walkie)
We almost there?

WILL (O.C.)
Still six clicks out.

GIL
(to Buck)
No way. Prove it.

RUSSELL
(to Buck)
So! Prince of Freedom medal huh?
Pretty cool stuff.

BUCK
I'd say so. It's only one of the
highest honors the Military offers.

GIL
The highest.

RUSSELL

So were you actually in the
Military at one point Buck?

BUCK

Officially? No. But unofficially,
yes. Not at liberty to talk about
it though. Top secret.

RUSSELL

Oh yeah, well if you can't talk
about it I unders--

BUCK

Ever heard of the Black Falcons?
Probably not, because no one has,
'cept for me and the three other
Falcons, one of which may or may
not currently be a cast member on
"Duck Dynasty." Let's just say if
it wasn't for us, you'd be speakin'
Portuguese right now. In fact, you
probably wouldn't be speaking
anything at all because you would
have died in a nuclear chemical
blast that we were lucky enough to
have stopped with only one second
left on the bomb timer. So, you're
welcome.

GIL

Thank you Buck. Thank God for you.

LEAD HUMVEE

WHISKERS

...ooh wee, I'm so close I can
almost smell my wife's cookin'!
Well, she hasn't been cookin' much
lately, with the chemo and all.

A muffled VOICE comes from the Humvee's COM-UNIT. Faint
SCREAMS can be made out amidst the STATIC.

WILL

(into Com-Unit)

McCarren 1, this is Warthog Actual,
didn't read that. Say again.

Nothing but static.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (into Com-Unit)
 This is *Warthog Actual*, please
 repeat.

Static. Will smacks the Com-Unit.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Goddamnit. Piece of shit Coms.

HUMVEE 2

BUCK
 It tastes like what?

RUSSELL
 Cherry *GoGurt*. Apparently it's a
 delicacy out here.

BUCK
 And it's straight-up goat jizz?
 Sounds a little gay to me.

GIL
 Super gay. Okay Buck, the suspense
 is killing me, how big is it?

LEAD HUMVEE

Will fiddles with the Com-Unit, which still emanates nothing
 but static.

Through the window, Will locks eyes with a very suspicious
 looking AFGHANI MAN standing on the side of the road. They
 don't break their gaze until the Humvees completely pass by.
 Will is put on-edge.

SPIDERMAN
 You guys wanna play "I Spy" or
 somethin'?

WILL
 (nervous)
 Spiderman, slow down.

WHISKERS
 Ooo! I love "I Spy!" Okay, I'll go
 first. I spy with my little eye
 something black on the side of the
 road.

Will looks up and sees the "something black." His eyes widen.

WILL
I.E.D!!!

WHISKERS
Noooooooo--

Will shoves the STEERING WHEEL to the side a second before:

BOOOOM!!! An I.E.D. is triggered, creating a MASSIVE
EXPLOSION.

The BLAST knocks both Humvees off the dirt road, sending them
careening down a rocky hillside towards a flat:

POPPY FIELD

The Humvees slam into the bottom of the small valley, which
can't be bigger than two soccer fields and is surrounded on
all sides by forested mountains.

SMOKE spews out of the mangled vehicles.

Russell kicks his door open and races desperately to the Lead
Humvee, ripping open the passenger door and helping a
slightly bloodied Will out of the vehicle.

WILL
Am I good?

Russell looks Will over, then palms Will's crotch.

RUSSELL
Where it counts.

Together they help an even bloodier Spiderman out of the
driver's seat.

Buck bursts out of Humvee 2 and immediately starts running.

BUCK
FUUUCK!!!

WILL
Mr. Avery!

Russell runs after Buck, tackling him before he gets very
far. As Russell tries to restrain him, Buck takes out his
incredibly large SAMSUNG GALAXY and starts whacking Russell
in the face with it.

RUSSELL
Why are you hitting me?! I'm trying
to help you ya redneck dick-hole!

Gil limps out of Humvee 2 holding his arm.

WILL
Spiderman, I need a sit-rep on the
Humvees.

SPIDERMAN
Roger that.

WILL
Whiskers watch our six.

WHISKERS
Yes Sir.

Whiskers, dirty and bloodied, turns the Humvee's FIFTY-CAL
towards the ridge. He tries to cock it, but to no avail.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
Fifty's jammed!

Will leans into Humvee 2 and speaks into the Com-Unit.

WILL
(into Com-Unit)
McCarren 1 this is Warthog Actual.
Do you copy?

Static.

SPIDERMAN
Hog two is offline, busted front
axel, the other's got some bumps
and bruises, but I think I can get
her runnin'!

WILL
(into Com-Unit)
McCarren 1, this is Warthog Actual.
We've struck an I.E.D. three clicks
East of the Porchugo Pass,
requesting immediate assistance, do
you copy?

Nothing. Will throws the Com-Unit down.

WILL (CONT'D)
Coms are taking a fucking dump!
Spiderman, switch out the tires, we
need to get moving.

Buck is finally able to push Russell off of him. He stands
and addresses everyone.

BUCK

Y'all idiots had ONE JOB TO DO! To ensure the Prince's safety! Now that said safety is in jeopardy, the Prince has to take matters into his own hands!

GIL

You idiots had one job to do! Now he has to take matters into his own hands!

Buck taps the screen on his Samsung Galaxy, then raises it into the air.

RUSSELL

What the hell are you doing?

BUCK

Sending General Lancaster a text so he can triangulate my location. Lancaster is fully aware that if something happens to me, the morale of the entire U.S. Military goes in the shitter. Y'all should be thankin' me! Any moment the sky will be darkened by Apache helo-choppers and black eagle war-planes because I'm the mother fuckin' Prince of Freedom. Believe me, they're comin'...any second now...

Buck keeps his Phone raised over his head for a few beats. The Group waits in silence until:

AFGHAN FARMER (O.S.)

Salaam.

Everyone turns to see a scraggly AFGHAN FARMER (late 20s) standing no more than ten feet away holding a BURLAP BAG.

This spooks Buck, who haphazardly pulls out the Pistol Gil gave him and fires, inadvertently shooting Gil in the back of the head.

Gil's body crumples to the ground.

The Afghan Farmer gasps.

No one moves for a moment. Then the Marines raise their weapons and aim them at the Afghan Farmer.

WILL
(to the Afghan Farmer)
Get on your knees!

The terrified Afghan Farmer doesn't move.

WILL (CONT'D)
Russell, tell him to get on his
knees!

RUSSELL
Pushwahem! Gorabe pushwahem!

The Afghan Farmer is frozen with fear.

Will charges the Farmer and brings him to the ground, pinning him down with his knee.

Russell kneels next to Gil and check his vitals.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
What the fuck Buck?! You just
killed Gil!

BUCK
You think *I* shot him? No way. It
was that sand-beaner. I mean, uh,
that...nice guy.

Will marches up to Buck, snatches the Pistol out of his hand, and kicks the back of his legs, bringing him to his knees.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Ow!

WILL
Don't you fucking move.

Russell slaps Buck across the face.

WHISKERS
Geez. Of course this happens now,
on my way home. Could you imagine
if something happened to me when
I'm *this* close. Knock, knock. Who
is it? Uh, Mr. Cliche. Mr. Cliche
who--

VOOOMP! A BULLET hits Whiskers in the back of the head. He falls lifelessly into the Humvee.

Directly above, a handful of armed TALIBAN SOLDIERS make their way off the dirt road and head down the mountainside, firing at the Marines.

BULLETS pepper the ground around the Marines.

WILL
Suppressive fire!

Russell and Spiderman start unloading rounds into the mountainside. Will covers Buck, who crouches on the ground with his hands over his ears.

The Afghan Farmer gets up and escapes into the Poppy Field.

ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

TALIBAN SOLDIERS periodically emerge from behind ROCKS, laying fire on the Marines below. One TALIBAN SOLDIER aims an RPG, but before he can fire, he is shot in the head.

POPPY FIELD

SPIDERMAN
Get some!

PHFFFT! Spiderman is hit in the shoulder. He's down.

RUSSELL
They're flanking us!

Will frantically looks around.

WILL
Fall back on me!

Will hoists Buck to his feet and falls back into the Poppy Field followed by Russell.

Will and Russell dive into a DITCH and set up in defensive positions. However, Buck doesn't stop running.

WILL (CONT'D)
BUCK!!!

Will jolts up to follow him, but is suppressed by enemy fire. Pinned down, he helplessly watches Buck disappear into the brushy overgrowth.

MOUNTAINSIDE

The Taliban have set up in multiple locations and are firing at the Marines from numerous angles.

POPPY FIELD - DITCH

Will fires into the mountainside, however he only gets a few rounds off before his MAGAZINE clicks empty.

WILL

I'm out!

Russell picks off a Taliban Soldier, gets another right in his sights, pulls the trigger, and...click.

RUSSELL

Me too.

WILL

This is bad Russ.

RUSSELL

Will, in case we don't make it, you should know that I banged your sister when we were on leave last Summer, and I didn't wear a dong bag. I told her I put one on. But I lied. And I'm ninety-percent sure she gave me herpes.

WILL

What?!

RUSSELL

I just couldn't die with that on my conscience. Also, we analed--

BANGGG!!! An RPG hits the ground ten-feet in front of them, blowing them both back. Then, silence.

SLOW-MOTION: Will's ears are ringing. He opens his eyes to see nothing but dust swirling all around him. Through strands of light, Will sees a TALIBAN SOLDIER with an AK47 aimed right at him. He has a perfectly clear shot. It's over. The Taliban Soldier squeezes the trigger and WHAMMMM! A Humvee slams into the Taliban Soldier, crumpling his body underneath the vehicle. It's Spiderman! BACK TO REAL TIME.

SPIDERMAN

(to Will/Russell)

COME ON!

Spiderman hops in the Turret, however, the Fifty Cal is still badly jammed. He proceeds to take his Shirt off, revealing an infected, pus-filled SPIDER BITE. He then squeezes the tennis-ball-sized protuberance until a BROWNISH-GREEN OOZE pours out of it into his palm.

Russell and Will see this. They look horrified.

Spiderman then uses the Ooze to lubricate the Fifty's Chamber. He tries to cock it. Success.

Spiderman pounds the mountainside with heavy FIFTY-CALIBER ROUNDS, obliterating a section of Earth where a Group of Taliban previously resided.

SPIDERMAN (CONT'D)
(to Will/Russell)
What are you waitin' for?! Let's
go!!!

Will and Russell gain their senses.

WILL
Throwing smoke!

Will throws two SMOKE GRENADES. Instantly, two plumes of WHITE SMOKE blossom out of the ground, covering them as they run out of the Ditch and into the field towards Spiderman.

Spiderman continues to lay fire with the Fifty Cal, but is stopped when he sees SOMETHING.

SPIDERMAN
(squinting)
What...

MOUNTAINSIDE

A TALIBAN OFFICER'S eyes widen as he notices the same "SOMETHING."

TALIBAN OFFICER
(in *Pashto*)
...the fuck?

POPPY FIELD

Will and Russell are moments away from reaching the Humvee when out-of-nowhere:

A MONSTROUS BLACK INSECT, that looks like a Rhinoceros Beetle the size of a *Nissan Pathfinder*, rams into the side of the Humvee.

Spiderman is violently thrown from the Turret and the Humvee is sent tumbling.

Will and Russell stop in their tracks, frozen in disbelief.

TWO MORE of the same horrifying CREATURES trample their massive, black bodies over to the smoking Humvee.

Using their chainsaw-sized PINCERS, the Creatures effortlessly rip through the Humvee's exterior metal shell.

Spiderman, badly battered, slowly stands up, when suddenly, one of the BUGS skewers him with its HORN. As blood sputters out of his mouth, he gurgles:

SPIDERMAN

Now that's a big fuckin' bug...

Will and Russell watch in terror as the Creature thrusts Spiderman into the air. Before Spiderman touches the ground, the Creature slices its pincers through his torso, severing him cleanly in half. The two SECTIONS of lifeless meat hit the ground with a THUD.

Behind them, a BLACK SWARM of GIANT BUG CREATURES peak over the mountainside and plummet down towards the Poppy Field.

MOUNTAINSIDE

The Taliban Officer chaotically sprays bullets into the CLUSTER of CREATURES charging at him, however, the bullets are ineffectual and he is swiftly diced to pieces.

POPPY FIELD

The Creatures tear their way into the Humvee's FUEL TANK, and as GASOLINE pools out, they slurp it up through gelatinous TUBES that protrude from their mouths.

Will looks at Russell. The shock paralysis has worn off. After a moment, they make a run for it.

A few Taliban Soldiers dart through the brush, mindlessly shooting in every direction. However, they are quickly overtaken by a HERD of BUGS and minced alive.

Will and Russell leap behind a small BRICK WALL, landing on the MANGLED REMAINS of a Taliban Soldier. Russell pulls an RPG from the Dead Soldier's rigid grasp.

WILL

What the hell are these things?!

RUSSELL

Aliens bro! This is an invasion!

Russell peers over the Brick Wall. Approximately fifty-yards from them, a TALIBAN SOLDIER is running from a BUG that thunderously gallops behind him, and unfortunately, they are barreling directly towards Russell and Will's position.

Russell ducks back down and thinks for a split-second before stepping out from behind the wall and aiming his RPG at the Taliban Soldier (*who is in Russell's direct line of fire to the Bug*).

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to Taliban Soldier)
HEY! *PUSHWOREM!*

Russell waves his hands, but the Taliban Soldier keeps beelining it straight for them.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
MOVE!

The Taliban Soldier understands and dives out of the way.

Russell instantly fires.

The RPG hits the BUG dead-on, creating a fire-ball explosion much larger than one RPG is capable of creating. Russell crouches back down behind the wall.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
What now?!

WILL
I don't know! Let me think!

The Taliban Soldier Russell saved hurtles himself over the Brick Wall and lands right next to them. There's a moment of tension as the Taliban Soldier catches his breath.

TALIBAN SOLDIER
(winded)
This way.

The Taliban Soldier pushes himself up and bolts towards the center of the Poppy Field.

Russell gets up.

RUSSELL
Let's go!

WILL
With that Hajii?! Have you lost your fucking mind?!

RUSSELL
Any better ideas?!

Will watches the Taliban Soldier run into the distance.

He peeks around the Brick Wall, witnessing a Group of Taliban being chopped into meaty-chunks. There is no other option.

WILL
Shit!

Will leaps up and the two of them run after the Taliban Soldier.

POPPY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Russell and Will catch up with the Taliban Soldier. Another Taliban Soldier (TALIBAN SOLDIER 2) joins the Group and runs alongside them.

The first Taliban Soldier bends down and lifts up a RUSTY HATCH DOOR in the ground.

TALIBAN SOLDIER
Inside!

Taliban Soldier 2 jumps inside.

TALIBAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
QUICK!!!

Will and Russell dive in, followed by the Taliban Soldier, who slams the Hatch Door shut behind them.

INT. UNDERGROUND STORAGE HATCH - SECONDS LATER

The inside of the Hatch looks like it is used for the storing and smuggling of Opium. A hanging LAMP provides dim lighting for the dingy space, which is no larger than a small bedroom.

Will and Russell are on the ground across from:

ACHMED (30s), the Taliban Soldier Russell saved, and MUHAMMAD (40s), formerly known as "Taliban Solider 2."

Achmed has a shorter beard than most of his Taliban counterparts, which makes him look more like an aid-worker than a soldier. Muhammad on the other hand wears a TATTERED CAMOUFLAGE JACKET he must have pulled from a dead Soviet years ago. Frankly, he looks pretty scary.

Will groans, crawling out from underneath some dusty DEBRIS.

RUSSELL

You good?

WILL

No! Not good! I'm incredibly
confused! What just happened?!

Achmed and Muhammad share a similar exchange in *Pashto* (the official language of Afghanistan).

Everyone is quieted by the tremendous sound of a BUG thundering overhead. The noise is deafening. After a few moments, the trampling cacophony passes.

Everyone's gaze slowly lowers from the ceiling until each side meets eyes. Both parties are weaponless at this point.

The tense silence is broken by Muhammad, who starts muttering in *Pashto* to Achmed.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to Russell)

Ask him if he knows what the hell's
going on?

RUSSELL

(to Muhammad)

Barkal ala muharam assada?

Muhammad turns to Russell with a thoroughly confused expression. Russell clears his throat.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(to Muhammad)

Assada barkal? Bularek ala muharam?

Muhammad aggressively yells at Russell in *Pashto* before pulling a KNIFE.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Will grabs a PAN off the floor. Russell grabs an OLD SANDAL.

WILL

(to Russell)

What the hell did you say to him?!

RUSSELL

I just asked what was going on then
complimented his beard as a sign of
friendship!

Muhammad advances towards them, still yelling in *Pashto*.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Casam! Casam! Wasabi casam!

Right before Muhammad collides with Russell, Achmed steps in between them.

ACHMED
Enough! Will you please stop
defiling our native tongue?!
(to Muhammad)
Khushala shum pa.

Muhammad slowly lowers his Knife, but not his gaze. Will and Russell lower their respective Pan and Sandal.

RUSSELL
I'm trying to reason with him
Goddamnit!

ACHMED
You called him a "purple bathroom!"
And before that you were just
screaming "my name is good
morning!"

Will turns to Russell.

WILL
(matter of fact)
Why would you say that dude?

RUSSELL
Because!
(sighs)
Because I don't actually speak
Pashto, okay? I mean, I know a
little. A few words here and there.

Will is shocked.

WILL
What? You've been the battalion's
translator for the past eight
months!

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. AFGHAN HOME - 2 MONTHS AGO

Major Meyers and Russell sit with a local AFGHAN TRIBAL LEADER (50s), who angrily points at Russell.

TRIBAL LEADER
(*Pashto* subtitled in
English)

This American has been harassing
our women, giving cigarettes to our
children, and last week he fed our
goats so much hashish they ran off
a cliff!

Major Meyers turns to Russell.

RUSSELL
He said it's been a blessing having
the Americans here and he's never
felt safer.

MAJOR MEYERS
Seems angry.

RUSSELL
It's a cultural thing. He *seems*
angry, but he's actually just
nervous.

MAJOR MEYERS
Okay. Tell him "thank you for your
time, and may our nations find
everlasting peace."

Russell "translates" to the Tribal Leader.

RUSSELL
(fake *Pashto*)
Bunjabi horam alaki.

SUBTITLES: *Today is November.*

The Tribal Leader lowers his head and begins to weep.

MAJOR MEYERS
What's happening? Why is he crying?

RUSSELL
He's saying he wishes there was
something he could offer us as a
token of gratitude.

MAJOR MEYERS
Oh, well maybe I'll take this
little jar here.

Meyers picks up a PORCELAIN JAR and puts it in his BAG.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
(to Tribal Leader)
Thank you.

TRIBAL LEADER
(*Pashto* subtitled in
English)
You are monsters.

END OF FLASHBACK.

BACK IN THE HATCH - CONTINUOUS

RUSSELL
I was bored okay! And translators
make an extra two grand a year.

Will shakes his head in disbelief.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Are you mad? You look mad.

WILL
Twenty minutes ago I would have
told you how incredibly
irresponsible and negligent that
was, but right now, it's like ninth
on my list of things to wrap my
brain around.

RUSSELL
Sooo, you're not mad?

Muhammad begins yelling in *Pashto* again. This time he's
looking directly at Will and pointing to the Hatch Door.

WILL
No! You listen to me! We're not
going anywhere until we figure out
what's going on, okay?!

Muhammad shoves Will. Russell jumps in the middle of them.

RUSSELL
Chill! Everybody chill!

Russell takes a deep breath.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Clearly we are dealing with a
classic alien invasion narrative
here guys.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Now, if my xenology is correct, these things travelled here by way of meteor, not to colonize Earth, but to eradicate the population and strip us of our resources before moving onto the next planet.

ACHMED

You could not have possibly gathered all that so quickly.

WILL

This isn't *Starship Troopers* Russ!

RUSSELL

No, no. You're right. From our brief encounter with them I can already tell this is a much more complex and unique situation. I mean, did anyone else notice they looked like mutated beetles? What if they came from underground? You know, like in *Tremors*.

ACHMED

Tremors?

WILL

(sighs)

It's a Kevin Bacon movie.

Muhammad scoffs. Everyone turns to him.

We slowly PUSH IN ON: Muhammad's face as he utters in *Pashto*. Ominous Music underscores what seems to be some sort of Ancient Prophecy he's foretelling. It's eerie and foreboding.

Muhammad finishes and looks to the Heavens.

Will and Russell look to Achmed for clarification. Beat.

ACHMED

He thinks they're "*Jew-Bots*."

RUSSELL

Jew-Bots? That's straight up anti-Semitism homie.

ACHMED

Hey, this is an open forum. Aliens, *Tremors*, Jew-Bots, it is all on the table until we are able to gather more information.

RUSSELL

Good point. We shouldn't rule anything out just yet.

WILL

Oh come on, we can definitely rule out Jew-Bots. That's the kind of bigoted crap only--

(realizing)

Oh my God...Buck...

Will runs to the Hatch Door.

RUSSELL

What are you doing?

WILL

Come on! We gotta find Buck!

RUSSELL

Dude stop, there's no way he survived more than three minutes after he took off like a rapist in the night.

WILL

We have direct orders from Meyers to deliver Buck safely to--

RUSSELL

Fuck Meyers, and fuck Buck Avery! You wanna get yourself eaten by a Graboid before we even know what's going on?

Will climbs up the LADDER, making his way to the Hatch Door.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Will!

WILL

You can stay down here with these anti-Semites if you want, but I have a mission to complete.

Will opens the Hatch Door and peers outside.

POPPY FIELD

Will's head pokes out of the ground. Nearby, a BUG has a WOMAN pierced on its Horn.

WOMAN
AHHHHHHHH!!!

BACK IN THE HATCH

Will climbs down the Ladder.

WILL
Actually, I'm willing to keep Jew-
Bots on the table for now.

When Will is only halfway down, there is a loud KNOCKING on the Hatch Door.

WILL (CONT'D)
Mr. Avery!

Will rushes back up the Ladder and opens the Hatch Door. Light pours into the room. A DARK FIGURE hovers above the entry way, and after a moment, we see that it's:

WILL (CONT'D)
Whiskers?

MOMENTS LATER

RUSSELL
Dude, I literally saw you get shot
in the head.

WHISKERS
I was shot?

Whiskers takes off his HELMET, revealing a gory exit-wound in his forehead. Everyone gasps.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
Huh. I will say I've noticed I'm
having trouble putting words
together my.

Will tends to Whisker's wound, wrapping a RAG around it.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
(to Achmed/Muhammad)
And who are you nice fellas? Hey,
cool beard!

ACHMED
I am Achmed, and this is Muhammad.

WHISKERS

Neat!

WILL

Whiskers, did you see Buck out there?

WHISKERS

Hmm, lemme think...who's Whiskers?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS FOREST REGION - DAY

Buck pops out from behind some foliage and runs into a clearing. Wide-eyed and scared, he takes a few steps before collapsing in exhaustion.

Buck notices a TALIBAN SOLDIER facing away from him, slumped against a GIANT TREE. Buck cautiously picks up a ROCK, takes a deep breath, and charges the Soldier.

Buck is about to smack the Rock against the Soldier's head but stops when he sees that the Soldier's body has already been severed in two.

Buck leans in to check if the Soldier is still alive when suddenly his eyes pop open.

BUCK

Ah shit!

Buck smashes the Rock against the poor Guy's face. The Soldier moans, then seems to notice something behind Buck as he lets out a dying breath.

Buck turns to see a GIANT BUG staring at him. He freezes.

The Bug attacks, but Buck is able to jump out of the way just in time, causing the Bug to slice into the Giant Tree. The Bug turns back to Buck and storms towards him.

Buck screams like a girl, but before the Behemoth can reach him, the Giant Tree falls down and crushes it to death.

Buck stands there, stunned. After a moment, Buck takes out his Samsung Galaxy, snaps a selfie, and faints.

CUT BACK TO:

IN THE HATCH - LATER

Muhammad sits on the ground sharpening his Knife next to Whiskers, who is examining the PICTURE of his Wife.

WHISKERS

Hey, does anyone know who this woman is?

(re: his Wife)

Yeeesh. Kind of a heffer.

Will is fashioning some sort of weapon out of a SHOVEL and a BROKEN BOTTLE. Achmed and Russell both have their ears to the Hatch door, listening for movement.

ACHMED

You were right about one thing. Phenotypically the creatures definitely resemble some type of beetle.

RUSSELL

Okay. First of all, who taught you English? And secondly, Will wants to know what "phenotypically" means.

ACHMED

I learned it from the United States Military.

RUSSELL

I knew I recognized you! You were Second Battalion's translator right?

ACHMED

Dog Company, Second Battalion, I gathered intel for the Taliban from multiple sources.

RUSSELL

Whoa. So if you're like some badass Taliban double-agent, why'd you help us?

ACHMED

You saved my life, I saved yours. Now we are even.

Amidst constructing his terrible 'Shovel-Spear,' Will notices a thick, SMOKY HAZE wafting throughout the room.

RUSSELL
(to Achmed)
Hey you wanna hear a joke? Why do
translators get along so well?
(beat)
Because they just *understand* each
other.

Russell winks at Achmed.

ACHMED
Yee wahkt fubarek shumpafa.

SUBTITLES: *You are an idiot.*

RUSSELL
Ashteve bushemi.

SUBTITLES: *Steve Buscemi.*

Will sees that the Smoke is emerging from behind a DUSTY
CANVAS hanging on the wall.

WILL
Guys! Something's burning!

Russell and Achmed hop down off the Ladder and sniff the air.

RUSSELL
It doesn't smell like a fire. Yeah,
it smell's more like the alley
behind *Wong's Chinese Massage*.

ACHMED
(realizing)
Aorzar bah jolan! Of course!

Achmed moves the Dusty Canvas aside, revealing a large METAL
DOOR. As he opens it, SMOKE billows out into the room.

ACHMED (CONT'D)
(coughing)
Follow me.

Muhammad and Whiskers quickly follow Achmed through the smoky
doorway. Will is hesitant.

RUSSELL
Come on dude.

After a moment, Will picks up his 'Shovel-Spear' and
cautiously follows Russell inside.

HATCH - LIVING QUARTERS - SECONDS LATER

The space looks like a Studio Apartment. There is a MAT on the ground, a COFFEE TABLE, PILLOWS, BLANKETS, a FRIDGE, a COUCH, and various Opium SMOKING DEVICES. THICK SMOKE lingers in the air.

In the middle of the room stands the *extremely* high Afghan Farmer from before. Achmed waves smoke out of his face.

AFGHAN FARMER
Salaaaaaaaaaaaaam.

Achmed hugs the Afghan Farmer.

ACHMED
Salaam Ghandour!

GHANDOUR (formerly "Afghan Farmer") is disheveled and grungy. He looks like an 'Afghan *Spicoli*.'

ACHMED (CONT'D)
Everyone, this is my cousin
Ghandour.

WILL
We've met.

GHANDOUR
(very high)
Welcome to where I sleep.

RUSSELL
Damn Ghandour, you really hot-boxed
this bitch.

ACHMED
Ghandour is Afghanistan's premier
Opium harvester.

The compliment embarrasses Ghandour.

WILL
Opium? This is heroin?!

Will covers his face with his Shirt.

WILL (CONT'D)
Russell! Cover your face before you
overdose!

RUSSELL
You can't overdose from second-hand
smoke.

WILL

Did you learn nothing from
D.A.R.E.? Come on, let's get outta--

The BOOMING TRAMPLE of a BUG rumbles overhead. After a moment it passes.

RUSSELL

(placating)

There's nowhere to go Will. You and I both know that our best chance at survival is to wait out whatever the fuck is happening up there.

Russell surveys the Group, taking note of a large wooden OPIUM PIPE.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Look at it this way, maybe we're all trapped down here for a reason. Taliban and Americans, forced to survive as a team and throw away their differences for something bigger than themselves. We have an incredible opportunity before us.

WILL

You just wanna get ripped on
Afghani primo.

Russell places a hand on Will's shoulder.

RUSSELL

Yes. Yes I do. But I also want to make history. I mean, think if JFK and Hitler had the opportunity we have here. An opportunity to sit down at the Table of Humanity and work their shit out. But they didn't, and as a result, our forefathers died by the millions. There are fields in Denmark where oranges grow to be the size of bowling balls because of all the bodies fertilizing the soil. Oranges have never been that big before Will. That's really big for oranges. But today's our chance to plant a different seed. A seed of peace.

Will slowly uncovers his face.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 (addressing the Group)
 Who's with me? Who will help me
 plant this seed?

Ghandour exhales a preposterously large bong rip.

GHANDOUR
 (clearing his throat)
 I'm in.

Russell turns to Will.

RUSSELL
 What's it gonna be Will?

Off Will's incredulous expression, we SMASH CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The Group sits Indian-style around a short COFFEE TABLE.
 Russell has draped a RAG over his head, making himself
 resemble some sort of fat shaman. A WOODEN OPIUM PIPE rests
 in the center of the Table.

RUSSELL
 Achmed, do you mind translating for
 Muhammad?

Achmed gives a "sure" nod.

NOTE: All English dialogue coincides with Achmed speaking in
Pashto to Muhammad.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 (to Group)
 Congratulations.

Russell slowly claps.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 And thank you all for taking the
 first step towards finally bringing
 peace to the Middle East. The table
 you sit at today represents the
 Table of Humanity. This space...
 (feeling the table)
 ...represents the divide between
 our two great tribes. This
 candle...
 (picking up a CANDLE)
 ...represents, the uhh...

Beat.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Fuck the candle.

Russell tosses the Candle aside.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
By the end of our session, we will
have closed this divide, henceforth
uniting us as "The Fellowship of
Peace."

Whiskers goes for the Opium Pipe but Russell slaps his hand.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Not yet Whiskers.

Muhammad mutters something in *Pashto* and gets up to leave.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Where's he going?

GHANDOUR
He said he never agreed to this and
he hopes a...ummm, Achmed, how do
you say *tasanga*?

ACHMED
Birthday.

GHANDOUR
Yes, he hopes a horse rapes you on
your birthday.

Russell closes his eyes.

RUSSELL
Muhammad, please sit down.

Achmed and Ghandour beckon him to sit. Eventually he does.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
It's okay Muhammad. I understand
your animosity. You want to live
your life the way your people
always have, yet my country makes
that difficult for you. I mean who
are we to say what you can and
can't do? I know I would be uber
pissed if someone invaded our
country, harassed our women and
gave our children cigarettes.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
That would totally suck. So on
behalf of America, I apologize.

Achmed translates. Muhammad nods, actually appreciating the
apology.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to Group)
I think that's the perfect place to
start. We must apologize to one
another if we ever hope to move
past our differences. Who wants to
go next?

No one moves.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll go again. I'm also sorry
that I've used the T-word on a few
occasions.

WILL
Towel-head?

RUSSELL
What? No! Terrorist. Geez Will, you
see that's the kind of bigotry that
has no place at the Table of
Humanity. Apologize!

WILL
God, sorry.

GHANDOUR
I'll go!
(to Whiskers)
I'm sorry that you look like a
goblin.

WHISKERS
It's okay, I'm sorry I got blood on
your carpet.

Ghandour and Whiskers stand up and hug.

RUSSELL
Okay, that was great. Will, what
are you sorry for?

WILL
Nothing. This is a waste of time.

ACHMED
I agree.

Will and Achmed both stand up but are stopped when Muhammad begins delivering a passion-filled monologue to Russell in *Pashto*. Everyone listens keenly.

Muhammad finishes. Silence. Achmed is taken aback.

WILL

Lemme guess, he hopes a snake bites
Russ's scrotum on Christmas eve.

ACHMED

He said he's sorry that there has
been so much violence between our
people. He understands that
violence begets violence, and he
apologizes that he has played a
part in perpetuating this vicious
cycle.

Beat.

WILL

Wait, what?

Muhammad gives Russell a nod of solidarity. Russell returns the nod and bows.

RUSSELL

Wow. Okay guys. The bar's been set.

ACHMED

(to Whiskers)

I'm sorry that we might have shot
you in the head.

WHISKERS

Honestly don't worry about it. I
can't feel a thing. Mainly from my
waist up.

ACHMED

And I'm sorry for always assuming
that every American is a fat,
racist cowboy.

RUSSELL

Thank you Achmed. Will, that only
leaves you. You're the final brick
in our cultural bridge.

WILL

Fine.

Will thinks.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to Achmed)

Okay, I'm sorry for...uh, not trusting you. And um, thanks for helping us out. Not that we really needed it.

ACHMED

Eh, not really much of an apol--

RUSSELL

Nope, that counts! Ghandour!

Ghandour hands Russell the Opium Pipe.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

With this pipe, we cement the foundation of peace!

Russell lights up, takes a deep rip, and exhales.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

And a little bonus for daddy.

Russell takes another rip, then hands the Pipe to: Muhammad, who shrugs, takes a few puffs, and passes the Pipe to: Ghandour, who expertly takes a drag, blows professional smoke rings, and passes the Pipe to: Whiskers, who takes his rip, coughs violently, finally passing the Pipe to:

WILL

No, there's no way I'm smoking heroin. I've never even had an E-Cigarette.

Will tries to hand the Pipe to Achmed.

ACHMED

(to Russell)

I am not smoking unless he does.

RUSSELL

Remember Will, this is bigger than you. This is bigger than all of us. Please, join us. Join us all together.

Will is still hesitant. Everyone stares at him as they wait for an answer. Beat.

WILL

Okay, but only if we do it at the same time.

RUSSELL
Ghandour! Una más Opium!

Ghandour brings out a HOOKAH with two HOSES. Achmed and Will lock eyes, put the Hoses to their mouths, and inhale as Ghandour sparks the bowl. Will exhales, coughing profusely.

Russell immediately hands out tattered BRACELETS that he clearly made from one of Ghandour's ragged towels.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Finally, we wear these Unity
Bracelets to remind us of what took
place today.

After Russell passes out all the Bracelets, he slides the final one onto his own wrist and looks up to the Group, who have all just begun their Opium-induced journey to the 'Land of a Thousand Orgasms.'

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(teary-eyed and high)
We did it guys. The world is now a
better place.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

On World Television: An ARMY OF BUGS tear through the streets of Beijing. People running, screaming, being devoured.

On World Television: Footage of Time Square burning as a HORDE OF BUGS completely overrun the streets, effortlessly splitting open cars and buildings.

In the Hatch: The Marines and the Afghans shot-gun smoke into each other's mouths as Achmed jams on an OUD (*the Middle-Eastern version of a guitar*). They dance around and sporadically hug one another, bonding in the way only people who are smashed out of their minds do.

On World Television: Soldiers in Moscow futilely attempt to fight off BUGS in the middle of a highway, but the Bugs toss Tanks aside like beach balls, and the Soldiers are quickly masticated.

In the Hatch: Everyone is VERY high and laughing uproariously at Whiskers, who is hopping around pant-less with his penis tucked between his legs.

On World Television: Cell Phone Footage of a STRIPPER (30s) dancing in a Vegas Strip Club when suddenly a BUG blasts through the wall and rips the Stripper in half.

We faintly hear a Bouncer yell, "*Hey you can't have cameras in here man!*"

In the Hatch: Whiskers sets a timer on his Camera and runs back to the others for a group photo. FLASH! It's the worst photo any of them will ever take in their lives.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. FOX NEWS STUDIO - ANYTIME

ON TELEVISION: It's an episode of the FOX News show "*The Five.*" The HOSTS are in the middle of a heated discussion. A TICKER at the bottom of the screen reads, "*Are Liberals Using Alien Bugs to Spy on Your Kids?*"

ERIC BOLLING

I'm just trying to figure out why the Liberals are pushing back on finding out what's *actually* going on here, claiming that these creatures are the result of "Climate Change" is outrageous!

DANA PERINO

I think it's clear Eric that the liberal media is *choosing* to ignore the real issue here, which is that these creatures are the result of this Administration's failures in leadership.

A New Headline pops up on the Ticker that reads, "BREAKING NEWS: "*Photo Released of Justin Bieber Kissing a Guy.*"

ERIC BOLLING

These Aliens are *clearly* working with some anti-American Organization. Is it ISIS? Is it Putin? I don't know. What I *do* know is that the liberals are refusing to adhere to the undisputable fact that: We. Are. At. War!

JUAN WILLIAMS

Let's take a step back for a moment. Say these creatures aren't Alien-Terrorists, then what are they?

KIMBERLY GUILFOYLE

Well, hear me out here, could these things ostensibly be some sort of radical statement implemented by an anti-Christian, Gay Pride, immigration rights organization?

ERIC BOLLING

I wouldn't put it past 'em.

GREG GUTFELD

Have we ruled out Jew-Bots?

BOOOOM!!! DUST and DEBRIS spray everywhere as a GROUP of BUGS pillage the studio, pulverizing the FOX News Hosts.

A New Headline pops up on the Ticker that reads, *"Scientists Claim Rampant Homosexuality In Dinosaurs Is What Lead To Their Extinction."*

The SCREEN flickers with static and then goes black.

GHANDOUR'S UNDERGROUND APARTMENT - WHO FUCKIN' KNOWS

Everyone is lying around on the floor. They are VERY high. Whiskers is braiding Muhammad's hair.

WILL

(to Achmed)

I just remembered something, you're a fucking Taliban.

ACHMED

(laughing)

I know, it's crazy right?

RUSSELL

I've always wondered how one winds up joining the Taliban. Is there like an application?

ACHMED

It was never something I planned on. Before I joined, I was studying to get a Political Science degree in Kabul. I wanted to be an ambassador for my country. But then, simply put, the Taliban made me an offer I could not refuse.

WHISKERS

Dental?

ACHMED

A man approached me and said, "*Hey Achmed, we want you to join the Taliban, we think you'd really fit in here, and just so you're aware, if you say "no" we'll decapitate you and your entire family.*"

RUSSELL

You makin' a sandwich? Cuz that shit is cray-o-naise.

WILL

You think you'll ever pull a *Legally Blonde* and go back to school?

ACHMED

Maybe one day, God willing.

Achmed takes a rip from the Pipe and passes it to Russell.

ACHMED (CONT'D)

So did you two meet in the Marines, or...

WILL

We've known each other since we were kids. In fact, the first time I met Russ here he saved my life. I was riding a toy car around my pool when I was about six, somehow plunged in, and sank to the bottom.

RUSSELL

And I saw all this happen cuz I was rippin' through a pack of my Dad's *Marlboro Ultras* in my tree-house next door. At first I laughed, but then I realized he wasn't coming up, so I dove in there and pulled that baby boy out.

WILL

Five years later, I was in the same pool when my swim trunks got sucked into the drain. There I was, drowning once again. Luckily, Russell was smoking weed in his tree-house and witnessed the whole thing. So, he pulled me out, gave me mouth to mouth, and saved my life for the second time.

GHANDOUR
Saved your life twice. Amazing.

WILL
The third time Russell saved me--

ACHMED
Let me guess, you hit your head and
fell into the pool.

WILL
No. I was driving back from school
late at night when I fell asleep at
the wheel and veered off the road.
I plowed through a fence and went
rocketing through a cattle yard
until I finally slammed into a tree
going about sixty. After that,
everything went black.

Will takes a rip from the Pipe and exhales.

WILL (CONT'D)
When I came to, I was disoriented
and had no idea where I was. That
is until water started pouring in
through my windows and I realized
my car was slowly sinking to the
bottom of the pool.

RUSSELL
Thankfully I was partying in my
tree-house with my dear friend
Señor *Blowcaine*, and well, you know
how the rest goes.

WILL
I owe my life to this degenerate.

Will gives Russell an Opium-inspired kiss on the forehead.
Russell pets Will like a cat.

RUSSELL
(re: Muhammad)
And what about you two?

ACHMED
Muhammad? He's the man who
threatened to decapitate my family.
Though he really is a sweet guy
once you get to know him.

Muhammad and Whiskers are fast asleep, spooning each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS FOREST REGION - NIGHT

Buck groggily comes to, shivering from the cold. He slowly pieces together where he is: *the clearing next to the Dead Bug*. He pulls out his Samsung Galaxy. No service.

BUCK
Come on WiFi, where are you? Don't
be shy.

A SINGLE BAR of WiFi appears on his Phone's DISPLAY. The Network is entitled, "*Mahmoud's WiFi*."

BUCK (CONT'D)
HELL YEAH! Thank you Mahmoud!

Buck clicks on the Network. An '*Enter Password*' icon pops up.

BUCK (CONT'D)
What? No...

He tries again. Password still required.

BUCK (CONT'D)
You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me!

Buck enters "*password*." Incorrect.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Fuck fuck fuck...

Buck enters "*camel*." Incorrect.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Shit!

Buck becomes more and more desperate. He enters "*Allah Rules*." Incorrect.

Defeat. Buck tosses his Phone aside, now shivering even more than before.

He looks up and stares at the Dead Bug. After a moment, he walks over to it, grabs a KNIFE off the Dead Taliban Soldier, and proceeds to carve into the Bug's abdomen.

Once he's made a sizeable incision, he takes a deep breath and begins shoving his body inside the gooey Bug Corpse for warmth (*a la the 'Tauntaun Scene' from "Star Wars"*).

CUT BACK TO:

GHANDOUR'S UNDERGROUND APARTMENT - UNKNOWN

Muhammad removes his CAMO JACKET, revealing a PLASTIC SUICIDE VEST underneath.

RUSSELL

No way, is that what I think it is?
You had that on the whole time?
That is awesome.

Muhammad hangs the Vest on a COAT RACK.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, you mind if I take that baby
for a spin?

Russell mimes *trying on the Vest*. Muhammad understands. His body language suggests "*absolutely not*."

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Oh come on man, please. I'll give
you a foot massage or something.

Muhammad ignores him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Come onnnnnnn. Come onnnnnnnnn.
Commeeee onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!

Muhammad rolls his eyes and carries the Vest over to Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Boom baby!

Russell whips his SHIRT off and Muhammad carefully helps him put the Vest on. He squirms around, testing how it feels on his body.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Oh wow. It's light.

Russell sees his reflection in a RUSTY MIRROR.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I gotta be honest man, I feel
pretty bad ass right now. This is a
lotta power.

Russell throws some air-punches and Karate kicks at his reflection.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 (to himself/female-voice)
"Hey Russell, whatcha wearing?" "Oh this? It's no big deal, it's just a FUCKING BOMB." "Oh my God, do you wanna smash my puss?" "Sounds great. Let's plow baby."

Russell mimes *railing a girl doggy-style* in detail. He keeps going until he finally "climaxes," salaciously grinning at himself in the Mirror.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 I'm horny.

Achmed, Will, Ghandour, and Whiskers pass the Pipe around.

ACHMED
 Think of it like this, the Cicada is an insect that only appears for a few weeks every seventeen years. The rest of their life is spent underground as nymphs feeding off sap and other nutrients.

WILL
 So we're going with the *Tremors* theory?

ACHMED
 I'm merely suggesting that if Cicadas can live underground for seventeen years, why can't an insect much larger live underground for say, seventeen *thousand* years?

Whiskers screams, startling everybody.

WHISKERS
 Oh boy, I just had the worst case of *déjà vu*. This place looks so gosh darn familiar. Yeah, I've been here before.

WILL
 You're just suffering from severe brain trauma Whiskers.

WHISKERS
 No, this is definitely my friend Jerry's place.

(MORE)

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
(looking around)
Jerry! Hey Jerry!

WILL
Shhh, Whiskers this isn't--

RUSSELL (O.S.)
He's right.

Russell walks over to the Group, buttoning up his Shirt.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
This place looks exactly like
Jerry's apartment on *Seinfeld*, only
more...Afghani.

We see the room in a wide. It looks almost *exactly* like
Jerry's apartment.

GHANDOUR
Thank you. I modeled it to look
that way. I'm the biggest *Seinfeld*
fan east of the Dead Sea. I have to
say, I love that Jew.

ACHMED
Hey. Easy with that.

GHANDOUR
Oh, sorry if I offended anyone by
saying that. You never know who
you're gonna upset.

WILL
There's nothing wrong with saying
"*I love that Jew.*"

GHANDOUR
Ooph. You know what? When you hear
it, it does sound pretty offensive.

ACHMED
Ghandour, why don't you show them
your episode?
(off confused looks)
He wrote an episode of *Seinfeld*
that speaks mostly to a Middle
Eastern audience.

Ghandour rifles through a DRAWER and pulls out a dusty STACK
of PAPERS.

GHANDOUR

It's called *SeinFalif*. It's still a first draft with some problems in the third act, but I feel it has real potential. Would anyone be interested in putting this thing on its feet?

WILL

We're trapped in a hole with apocalyptic Bug monsters directly above us and you think people wanna spend time reading your little script?

GHANDOUR

(disheartened)

You're right. We should probably focus our energy on something else.

Will takes a big rip.

WILL

(exhaling)

Fuck it. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS FOREST REGION - MORNING

Only Buck's head protrudes from the Dead Bug's Corpse, the rest of his body is lodged inside of it. He is sound asleep.

SFX: Goat 'Bahhhhh'

Buck's eyes creak open to see a GOAT standing in the middle of the clearing, staring right at him.

BUCK

(raspy)

Cherry GoGurt...

MOMENTS LATER

Buck, covered in BLACK BUG GOO, is milking the Goat for its "Coveted Afghani Delicacy" a.k.a. Goat Semen.

The Goat stares into Buck's eyes.

BUCK

(to Goat)

Stop lookin' at me.

The Goat lets out a shriek and ejaculates into Buck's palm. Buck cringes at a healthy GLOB of the gelatinous cream on his hand, gagging a little. He leans in, licks a large amount of the sticky substance into his mouth, and gulps.

Then, with a cum-smeared face, Buck looks up to see THREE TALIBAN SOLDIERS pointing AK-47s at him.

BUCK (CONT'D)
(to the Goat)
Run.

CUT BACK TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT: EXT. HATCH - DAY

We hear an Afghani version of the "*Seinfeld Theme*."

INT. HATCH - "JERRY SEINFALIF'S APARTMENT" - SAME

Will (*playing Jerry*) sits on his couch reading the PAPER. He wears casual AFGHANI ATTIRE. Russell (*playing Kramer*) abruptly enters wearing a haggard BATH ROBE and a TURBAN.

SFX: *Applause*

Russell opens the FRIDGE, grabs a BOTTLE of MILK, and starts chugging it.

JERRY/WILL
Help yourself.

SFX: *Laugh Track*

Russell spits Milk out all over the floor.

KRAMER/RUSSELL
This is terrible Jerry! Did you ever think about checking the expiration date?

JERRY/WILL
Did you ever think of getting your own goat?

SFX: *Laugh Track*

KRAMER/RUSSELL
No, no. I don't want one of those things in my house. They're terrifying!
(MORE)

KRAMER/RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen one up close?
Staring back at you with those
beady little eyes...

Ghandour (*playing George*) mopes in wearing EYEGLASSES.

JERRY/WILL
Speaking of "beady little eyes."

SFX: *Laugh Track*

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
That's it Jerry. It's over.

JERRY/WILL
Here we go.

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
I'm at the end of the line. I'm
givin' up. There's nothing else for
me. I'm ending it!

JERRY/WILL
That seems about right.

SFX: *Laugh Track*

KRAMER/RUSSELL
You know, my cousin wanted to kill
himself once.

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
Really?

KRAMER/RUSSELL
Oh yeah. But he finally got his act
together, and pow, ended up running
for office.

JERRY/WILL
Now that's suicide!

SFX: *Laugh Track & Applause*

SFX: *Buzzer*

Will goes to his INTERCOM.

JERRY/WILL (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
Yeah?

ELAINE/WHISKERS (O.C.)
Hey it's me.

JERRY/WILL
 (into intercom)
 Come on up.

He buzzes her in.

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
 Running for office isn't a half bad
 idea. I've always been good with
 people.

JERRY/WILL
 You know who else was good with
 people? *Mawlana Jalauddin Mohammad*
Balkhi.

SFX: *Laugh Track*

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
 You know what? I think I might
 actually do it.

Whiskers (*playing Elaine*) enters. He wears a BURKA that
 completely covers his face.

GEORGE/GHANDOUR (CONT'D)
 Hey Elaine, you're lookin' at the
 next Prime Minister of Afghanistan.
 Ol' George is runnin' for office.

ELAINE/WHISKERS
 GET. OUT.

Whiskers shoves Ghandour in '*Classic Elaine Fashion.*' Beat.

GEORGE/GHANDOUR
 Did you push me woman? You come
 here without your husband, speak
 out of term, and then, YOU PUSH
 ME?! YOU GET OUT OF HERE WOMAN
 BEFORE I HAVE YOU STONED TO DEATH!

Ghandour goes to strike Whiskers but slips on the spilt
 Goat's Milk. He now lies on his back in a milky mess.

JERRY/WILL
 Our next Prime Minister ladies and
 gentlemen.

SFX: *Laugh Track & Applause*

We reveal Achmed sitting off to the side with an 8-TRACK
 RECORDER. He presses a BUTTON and the Laughter stops.

He then plays the *Seinfeld* "Outro Music" on his OUD and makes 'Popping Sounds' with his mouth.

Just then, the LIGHTS GO OUT. It's pitch black.

WILL
What happened?

GHANDOUR
Don't worry, don't worry. I just
need to turn on the generator.

Ghandour fumbles around in the dark until we hear the grumble of a Gas-Powered GENERATOR fire-up.

EXT. HATCH - DAY

EXHAUST from the Hatch's CHIMNEY billows into the air.

EXT. POPPY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A Group of BUGS that just finished slaughtering some CATTLE perk their heads up to the sky, screeching as they trot off towards the Hatch.

BACK IN THE HATCH - CONTINUOUS

Lights flicker back on. Everyone lets out a sigh of relief. Ghandour takes out a NOTE-PAD and PENCIL.

GHANDOUR
I would love to get some feedback
if that's alright. Find out what
worked, what didn't work.

WHISKERS
I'll start. Firstly, I thought it
was just great. I laughed, I cried,
I went blind for a minute. But, if
I had to give one note, I guess I
would say it was a tad predictable.
I wanted more surprises, you know,
stuff that just comes right out of--

CRASH!!! CONCRETE sprays everywhere as THREE BUGS smash through the Hatch wall. It's utter chaos.

One Bug charges Russell, but Muhammad pushes him out of the way, and unfortunately, he's instantly chopped in half.

The rest of the Group scrambles in their disheveled state for the Hatch Door, however, Whiskers is cornered by the Bugs.

Almost out of the Hatch, Will looks back to see the Bugs closing in on Whiskers. He starts climbing back down to save him from certain doom, but Russell yanks him back up, pulling them both through the Hatch Door and closing it behind them.

EXT. POPPY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The Group sprints through the field, running for their lives. Ghandour screams as he collects OPIUM FLOWERS and stuffs them into his Pants.

In the background we hear the sounds of destruction as CLOUDS of DEBRIS burst up from the destroyed Hatch.

The Group keeps running, eventually reaching the Tree-Line and filtering into the Forest.

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS FOREST REGION - MOMENTS LATER

The Group dashes through the trees, eventually slowing to an exhausted halt. They listen to see if they are being followed. It sounds safe.

ACHMED

(panting)

Where are Muhammad and Whiskers?

WILL

(solemn)

They didn't make it.

RUSSELL

God damnit! Ghandour, Opium me.

Ghandour holds a shaking Pipe out to Russell.

WILL

No more opium!

Russell takes a hit. So does Ghandour. Achmed also takes a hit, and after a moment:

WILL (CONT'D)

Gimme the pipe.

Will grabs the Pipe and takes a hit as well. As he exhales, something catches his eye. It's the Bug that was crushed underneath the Giant Tree. The Group gathers around it.

ACHMED

Is it dead?

Russell picks up a ROCK and tosses it at the Bug. He misses. Ghandour picks up a ROCK, tosses it, and misses as well. They all throw ROCKS but can't seem to hit the Bug.

RUSSELL

Fuck this.

Russell walks up to the Bug.

WILL

Russell wait.

RUSSELL

Dude, it's dead.

Russell kicks the Bug in the eye.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

See? Totally dead.

Russell bends down, sits in between the Bug's PINCERS, and pretends like it's slicing him.

WILL

You done?

RUSSELL

Relax, it's not like it's gonna come back to life all of a sudden and rip me in half, you watch way too many movies bro.

Tense beat with a '*Swelling Violins*' cue.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Okay I'm done.

Russell throws the Pincers off of him and stands up. Will stares at the dead monstrosity before him.

WILL

(sotto)

How'd those things find us down there?

ACHMED

They attacked moments after Ghandour turned on his generator. They might have been attracted to the exhaust.

Russell is now peeing on the Dead Bug.

WILL

Guys.

The Group turns to Will, who is holding Buck's COWBOY HAT.

WILL (CONT'D)

Buck was here.

Will sees FOOTSTEPS leading up the hill. The tracks are outlined with the Bug's blackish BLOOD.

WILL (CONT'D)

He went this way.

RUSSELL

(pointing to the ground)

No, guys, I think he went this way
and walked backwards.

WILL

Those are our footprints Russ.

RUSSELL

Copy.

Ghandour sees Buck's SAMSUNG GALAXY. He picks it up and turns it on. Intrigued, he opens up the Phone's Photo Library. In the Library there's nothing but DICK PICS. Literally hundreds of pictures of Buck's dick, including one he snapped while in the back of Russell's Humvee. Weirded out, Ghandour turns the Phone off and tosses it to Will.

WILL

Come on.

Will and Russell follow the footsteps up the hill. Achmed and Ghandour look at each other, shrug, and follow after them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - LATER

Everyone looks exhausted. Will leads the way, followed by Achmed, and finally Russell, who carries an Opium-dazed Ghandour on his back.

EXT. RIDGE - LATER

As the Group approaches the ridge-side, Achmed suddenly holds up his hand, halting everybody.

RUSSELL
What is it?

ACHMED
Shhhhh.

Achmed points. In the gully below is a Taliban Encampment with armed TALIBAN SOLDIERS milling about a collection of BRICK STRUCTURES, a handful of VEHICLES, and a CAVERNOUS OPENING that leads into the Mountain.

The Group crouches down and peers at the Encampment through some FOLIAGE.

WILL
Looks like the beetles haven't found this place yet.

Down below we see two TALIBAN SOLDIERS abusing a shackled Buck in the center of the Encampment.

WILL (CONT'D)
Shit. We've gotta get down there.

ACHMED
You would be captured instantly.

WILL
We can't just sit here and do nothing. They're gonna fuckin' murder him!

Russell closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. After a moment, his eyes burst open.

RUSSELL
Dudes...

Russell holds up his wrist, displaying his PEACE-BRACELET.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
The answer is peace.

WILL
What?

RUSSELL
Think about it, if we've learned anything in these past few days, it's that peace is our most powerful weapon. All we have to do is walk down there arm-in-arm with open hearts and show them that things are different now.
(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I have full faith they'll be
nothing but understanding.

EXT. TALIBAN ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS

A TALIBAN SOLDIER jabs Buck in the gut with the butt of his RIFLE. Buck yelps in pain.

BUCK
(whimpering)
Listen, I'll do anything you want.
I've got Joe Biden's AOL screen-
name, you want that? I'll give it
to you, it's *BigBadBidester69*,
okay??

One of the TALIBAN SOLDIERS unzips his PANTS.

BUCK (CONT'D)
A little D-suck action? That's
fine. I can do that. Gimme the
bratwurst baby...

Buck, spineless, opens his mouth without hesitation. The Taliban Soldier starts urinating on his face. Buck coughs as urine spatters into his mouth.

Then, the TALIBAN SOLDIERS drag Buck to the CAVERNOUS OPENING and throw him inside.

BACK TO THE RIDGE

RUSSELL
On second thought, fuck Buck.

ACHMED
(to Will)
There are only two ways inside that
camp, as a prisoner, or a corpse.

Will looks to Achmed, then to the Cave where Buck dwells, then to a few TRUCKS in the camp, then back to Achmed. His eyes light up.

MOMENTS LATER

Ghandour writes on a NOTE-PAD.

WILL
Okay Ghandour, read that back to
me.

GHANDOUR

Alright, we open on the secret base. Will, an attractive American soldier, and Russell, a fat man, have their hands tied loosely behind their backs. Tears run down Russell's chubby face.

RUSSELL

Really dude?

WILL

Get to the plan Ghandour.

CUE: *Intense Action Music*

THE PLAN:

TALIBAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Russell and Will, with their hands bound behind their backs, are dragged by Achmed towards the Encampment.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)

At the base, Achmed informs the guards that he has captured two "infidels" hiding not too far from the Porchugo Pass.

WILL (V.O.)

Feel free to improv a little here Achmed.

ACHMED (V.O.)

Improv?

Achmed says something in *Pashto* that makes the Taliban Soldiers laugh. Will winks at Russell. Russell winks at a Taliban Soldier. The Soldier gives Russell a thumbs-up.

THE CAVE

Russell and Will are thrown down next to Buck, who has a SOCK stuffed in his mouth.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)

Once the Americans are put in the cave with the other prisoner, Achmed will distract the guards with the iPad, allowing Russell and Will to slip from their ties.

Achmed takes out the iPad, opens a PORNO VIDEO, and shows it to the Taliban Soldiers.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)
 Achmed then gives me the sneeze
 signal to ignite the trucks.

TALIBAN ENCAMPMENT

Achmed walks out of the Cave and pretends to sneeze.

Ghandour sees the 'sneezing signal' and runs up to a couple of TRUCKS parked nearby. He proceeds to shove fuel-soaked RAGS into their GAS TANKS, light them up, and sprint away from the Trucks right before:

BOOM!!! The Trucks explode.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)
 Once the trucks explode, Achmed
 hides in a nearby bunker while
 every Jew-Bot in the area swarms
 the base.

RUSSELL (V.O.)
 And you're sure the Bugs will come
 for the trucks?

WILL (V.O.)
 It's our best bet.

SFX: BUG SCREECHES in the Distance

THE CAVE

The Americans escape from the Cave.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)
 Now that the base is overrun, the
 Americans sneak out the back where,
 to their surprise, they discover
 three solar-powered jet-packs...

Will, Russell, and Buck slip the JET-PACKS on and blast off into the sky.

GHANDOUR (V.O.)
 ...and soar into the wild blue
 yonder to fight another day. To
 once more breathe the sweet smell
 of--

WILL (V.O.)
Alright Ghandour, that's enough.

END OF PLAN.

BACK TO THE RIDGE

WILL
Okay, minus the jet-packs, does everyone understand?

RUSSELL
Do we have to? I mean this is Buck we're talking about. Even if we can rescue him, he'll just end up getting us killed some other way.

WILL
Just think about it as an awesome chapter for your autobiography.

Russell likes the sound of that.

ACHMED
You realize you are asking me to potentially send some of my own people to their doom.

WILL
If we don't do this, Buck is *certainly* doomed.

Achmed ponders. Beat.

ACHMED
Okay, but promise me one thing.

WILL
What?

ACHMED
I get to keep the iPad.

WILL
Deal.

Achmed and Will shake hands. Russell gives Achmed a hug.

RUSSELL
I'll never forget what we accomplished in your hole. We changed the world brother.

WILL
Ghandour, get in position. Hurry.

Ghandour gets up and stealthily runs along the ridge to his hiding position.

WILL (CONT'D)
Okay, now once--

SFX: Goat Scream

Merely a few yards away is the same GOAT Buck "milked." The Goat stares the Group down, continuing to shriek loudly.

WILL (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Shut that goat up!

Out of nowhere, THREE TALIBAN SOLDIERS pop up and aim their AK-47s at Will, Russell, and Achmed, who raise their hands in surrender.

One of the Taliban Soldiers pats the Goat's head.

TALIBAN SOLDIER
(in *Pashto*, to Goat)
Good work Thomas.

INT. TALIBAN CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Russell, Will, and Achmed are tied up and thrown down next to a bound Buck Avery. The dark Cave is filled with AMMUNITION, SUPPLIES, and a MINI-DV CAMCORDER on a TRIPOD. TALIBAN FLAGS and PARAPHERNALIA are draped on the walls.

ACHMED
(in *Pashto*)
What are you doing? These are my prisoners! I was bringing them to you!

A Taliban Soldier smacks Achmed, shutting him up.

TALIBAN SOLDIER
(in *Pashto*)
Traitor. I saw your embrace with the fat infidel.

Some other Taliban Soldiers set up the Camcorder, clearly preparing for a traditional execution.

BUCK

Nice goin' boys. Really great job
gettin' captured.

RUSSELL

You got captured too fuck face.

BUCK

On purpose! And now ya'll are
messin' up my escape plan.

WILL

You don't have anything close to a
plan!

BUCK

Oh yes I do. In case y'all forgot,
before I was The Prince of Freedom,
I was a Black Falcon, so listen
closely and follow my lead. First,
I'm gonna break free of these
bonds, back flip onto that table,
kick the rifle out of that dude's
hands, catch it, and use him as a
human shield while I take out the
other six guards. Bam bam bam! Head-
shot! Head-shot! Head-shot! Kill
streak.

ACHMED

(in *Pashto*, to Taliban
Soldiers)

Have you not seen what is happening
beyond this camp!? We are in the
middle of Armagedo--

A Taliban Soldier nearly knocks Achmed unconscious.

BUCK

...then, I pull two grenades out
from behind my back in slow-motion,
throw them over my shoulders, and
right before they explode, I turn
back to you guys and say, "*Welcome
to Afghanistan.*" Then BOOOOM!!!
Giant super bad-ass explosion.
Alright, y'all ready? One, two,
three, go!

Buck tenses every muscle in his body until his face turns
red. Then, he shits himself. His eyes widen.

BUCK (CONT'D)
 Alright. New plan. Russell, gimme
 your pants.

Will looks to the Cave's entryway.

WILL
 GHANDOUR! HELP!!!

RUSSELL
 ACHOO GHANDOUR! ACHOOO!

One of the Taliban Soldiers takes out a MACHETE and places it
 against Russell's neck when:

VOICE (O.S.)
 (in *Pashto*)
 STOP!

The Taliban Soldiers turn to see a FIGURE walk out from the
 darkness and into the light. The Figure is illuminated to be:

WILL
 (sotto)
 Fhatal Muharef...

RUSSELL
 Oh fuck monkey.

FHATAL MUHAREF (30s) is the feared Taliban Warlord we heard
 about in Major Meyer's office. Over his traditional Afghani
 ROBES is a BULLET-PROOF VEST, and sitting on his face above
 his coiffed beard are a pair of EYE-GLASSES. His terrifying
 presence is met with an air of even more terrifying
 intelligence. The Taliban Soldiers stand at attention as
 Fhatal approaches the Prisoners.

FHATAL
 (to Taliban Soldiers)
Afal toshi abe.
 (beat)
KASILA!

The Taliban Soldiers untie the Prisoners. Fhatal bends down
 and holds Achmed's chin up.

Achmed, regaining consciousness, slowly opens his eyes.

FHATAL (CONT'D)
 (to Achmed)
 Hello old friend.

MOMENTS LATER

Fhatal, Achmed, Will, Russell, Buck and various other Taliban Soldiers sit in a circle. Everyone is sipping on TEA, except for Will, who just glares at Fhatal.

FHATAL

I apologize for the way you have been treated, had I known it was you--

ACHMED

Water under the *ghalal* my friend.

RUSSELL

So you two are homies?

ACHMED

Yes, Fhatal and I are from the same village.

(to Fhatal)

Are you aware of what's been--

FHATAL

I saw them two nights ago near the highway. Luckily, I was able to hide in a drainage pipe until they passed. I have not seen one since. It has been difficult to explain to my peers that we are fighting a different battle now, and that our best chance at survival will come from us throwing away our differences and working together.

Russell brandishes his Peace Bracelet.

RUSSELL

Way ahead of you brother.

FHATAL

What is that? A hair scrunchie?

RUSSELL

It's a peace bracelet.

Buck slurps his Tea.

BUCK

Y'all have any brandy? Or Vicodin?

Will stands up.

WILL

You know what, I think I'm over this little tea party. Russ, Buck, let's roll.

RUSSELL

But I'm not done with my tea.

WILL

Do you have any idea how many American deaths this Hajii is responsible for? Actually, why don't I just ask him.

RUSSELL

Dude..

WILL

What? It's a simple question. Like, what's your favorite color? Or where'd you grow up? Or, how many innocent lives have you taken?

Fhatal stuffs some TOBACCO into a PIPE and lights it.

FHATAL

Four years ago my home was struck by a Hellfire Missile. The Americans believed that weapons were being concealed there. My brother and my oldest daughter were inside preparing a meal, and I assure you, not a single weapon was in that home. If someone hurt your family, would you not fight back? Many have called me a terrorist, a label I do not agree with, but if a farmer defending his land and people is considered terrorism, then yes, I am a terrorist.

Beat.

RUSSELL

(to Will)

Well I bet you feel pretty silly right about now.

Will scoffs, though he seems a little embarrassed.

FHATAL

It is difficult to understand any situation until you have seen both sides of the coin.

(MORE)

FHATAL (CONT'D)

At this moment we should be grateful that we are all here and that we are safe.

THE RIDGE - SAME

Ghandour peers down at the Encampment through some BRUSH, looking on anxiously at the Two Trucks. He should have gotten the signal by now. Something *must* be wrong.

After a moment, he gets up and sneaks his way down the hillside towards the Encampment.

THE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

WILL

Okay, we can stay the night, but tomorrow we need to rendezvous with our battalion and get Buck to McCarren Airfield.

In the background, Buck sack-taps a Taliban Soldier.

FHATAL

Why do you choose to risk your life for this man? Because, with all due respect, he is an absolutely horrible human being.

RUSSELL

Good question Fhatal.

WILL

We were given orders to ensure his safety, and I intend to do so.

FHATAL

Then tomorrow I shall help you find this airfield of yours. But for now, we can all relax. If the monsters haven't found this place yet, there is a chance they never will.

Through the Cave's entryway, Will sees Ghandour outside, who lights a RAG that protrudes from a Truck's GAS TANK.

WILL

Oh shit...

Ghandour dashes away from the Truck right before:

BOOOOOM!!! The Truck explodes, creating a pillar of fire.
Ghandour is thrust to the ground.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SECONDS LATER

Everyone cautiously filters out of the Cave to see what happened. Fhatal looks on in disbelief at the burning BLACK SHELL that was once a Truck. Silence. Then:

SFX: *BUG SCREECHES in the Distance*

Fhatal slowly turns to Achmed.

FHATAL

I see you've brought your poppy-
head cousin...

With that, a handful of BUGS trample into the Camp, destroying everything in their path. Taliban Soldiers scatter in every direction, running for their lives.

Thomas (the Goat) screams as a Bug tears him to shreds.

Fhatal picks up a SHOTGUN and begins firing at the Creatures, calmly stepping before a HERD of BUGS to face them head-on.

Will clutches Buck's wrist and drags him towards the Ridge.

Achmed grabs a RIFLE and moves to help Fhatal, but in a split-second, a Bug Pincer clamps around Fhatal's neck, slowly piercing his throat. Fhatal's gurgled screams finally come to an end when his head is severed and his body drops lifelessly to the ground.

Achmed grimaces in horror. Then, Russell collides with him, urging them forward.

Ghandour dusts himself off and leaps up to join Will, Buck, Achmed, and Russell.

The five of them flee from the chaotic scene.

EXT. RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Group reaches the top of the Ridge and looks down to the gully below. The encampment is in utter ruin. Deathly screams echo into the sky.

GHANDOUR
I can't believe it, the plan
worked!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Will, Achmed, Russell, Ghandour, and Buck solemnly sit Indian-style around a FLASHLIGHT in a forest-y alcove. It's cold and miserable. The Opium Pipe is being passed around.

Using a 'Guitar-App' on his Samsung Galaxy, Buck strums a few chords. After a moment, Russell realizes that the melodic progression is similar to that of: "*MmmBop*" by Hanson.

Russell softly begins singing the lyrics.

One by one, the rest of the Group joins in until everyone is passionately singing the popular tune in unison.

The joyful song is eventually met with the angelic voice of:

WHISKERS
(harmonizing the lyrics)
...and they're gone so fast!

Everyone screams. Beat.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
Gosh I love *Hanson*.

BUCK
That was *Hanson*?!

WILL
(stunned, to Whiskers)
But I saw...how did...

WHISKERS
I find you? Well Sir, I'd have to give credit to my incredible sniffer. Russell has a very distinct scent, like an old man's cologne mixed with tacos. I just sniff, sniff, sniffed and here I am!

Everyone is speechless.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I will say, the mosquitos out here
have really taken a fancy to me. My
back is a little itch factory.

Whiskers turns around, revealing his SHREDDED UNIFORM and a
horribly infected open-laceration across his entire back. The
Group is utterly shocked by the awful, awful wound.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, good to see you guys.

Will shakes off the shock and tends to Whisker's wound.

WILL

We all need to get some rest.
Fhatal's encampment was 'Operation:
Hammer's' target, which means
there's a chance Meyers and the
rest of the company are near by.

WHISKERS

Oh yeah they're close. I saw them
on the way here.

WILL

What?! Do you remember where?

WHISKERS

Yep!

Whiskers notices Buck, who is glued to his Phone.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

Well no wonder you're all okay, the
mighty Prince of Freedom is here to
protect you!

EXT. DESERT REGION - THE NEXT MORNING

Whiskers hums as he leads the Group down a dusty, desert
road. Will walks up alongside him.

WILL

How much farther?

WHISKERS

To what?

Will has an 'oh fuck' look.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I'm joshin' mister! 'Operation: Hammer' shouldn't be more than a click or so due north of here.

WILL

Oh good. You got me there for a second.

Whiskers chuckles.

WILL (CONT'D)

So I finally realized why people call you Whiskers. You're like a cat, right? Nine lives or whatever.

WHISKERS

Umm, not exactly. I got the nickname bungee jumping in Germany. I jumped off this bridge but the bungee line snapped and I fell two hundred feet into a frozen river. Left a nasty scar.

Whiskers shows Will a negligible SCAR on his forearm.

WILL

So why do they call you "Whiskers?"

WHISKERS

It's a cat, look.

The Scar is just a blob of pink tissue. Nothing like a cat.

WILL

Huh.

WHISKERS

Hey, no offense, but I might hop back and get a little time in with the Prince, I have a feeling it will be a lot more interesting than anything you have to say.

WILL

Offense definitely taken.

Whiskers trots off to find Buck. Russell, who carries Ghandour on his back, jogs up to Will.

RUSSELL

Dude, you were right, this entire shit storm really is the ripe womb we've been needing to birth our beautiful legacies.

WILL

Yeah well it's not a legacy if no one survives to tell the tale.

Russell ponders Will's point, then snaps his fingers for Ghandour to reach around and light the Opium Pipe for him. Russell takes a rip.

Whiskers excitedly jogs alongside Buck.

WHISKERS

Phew, it is hotter than two church mice matin' in a wool mitten out here. Want me to blow on your face to cool ya down?

BUCK

Absolutely not. And don't worry, we won't have to be in this demon anus much longer. America's comin' for their hero. They're just a little late is all.

WHISKERS

Amen. Oh! I meant to tell you, you might not believe this, but I happen to play a little guit-a-lo myself.

BUCK

You don't say...

WHISKERS

I do say. You know the band in those *FreeCreditReport.com* commercials? Well you're lookin' at their lead guitarist. Originally I was their *backup* guitarist, but the main guy jumped in front of a train, so I finally got my big break!

Buck sighs.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe after we get outta here we could put our music-aprons on and cook up a tasty little jam.

(MORE)

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I've been known to play a pretty mean G-Chord.

BUCK

I got a super busy schedule man, you know, being famous, tours, instilling courage into the soul of every single American.

WHISKERS

Wow, I'll bet you have butlers feeding you snails next to your pool filled with tigers, and women just wanting to get down on your penis and touch it a bunch, and you're like, *"Come on! Enough with all the penis play! I don't have time for this! I'm a famous man and I need to get a haircut in my helicopter on the way to my big meeting!"*

BUCK

No joke, that is exactly what it's like. 'Cept I don't have a pool with tigers in it...I have three.

A bit of blood drips out of Whisker's nose.

WHISKERS

Holy. Guaca. Mole.

Will and Russell notice Achmed skulking along. He seems down.

RUSSELL

What's the rub compadre?
(re: the Opium Pipe)
Need a refill?

ACHMED

It's Fhatal. Losing him feels like I have lost a part of my past, part of who I am. So yes, I would very much like a refill.

Achmed takes the Pipe and indulges in a gratuitous rip. Will puts a hand on Achmed's shoulder.

WILL

I'm sorry. If it makes you feel any better, we saved Buck's life in the process.

ACHMED

That makes me feel so much worse.
In the twelve hours I have known
that man he has, not once, but
twice put his fingers in his rectum
and asked me to smell them.

RUSSELL

You fell for it twice?

WILL

Look, Achmed, we wouldn't be here
without your help, and even though
things have been bad, there's an
end in sight. Not to mention, when
we find our battalion, you will
have aided in the completion of an
official Military mission.

RUSSELL

Fuckin' A. They'll probably give
you a medal, or at least a *Target*
gift card.

Achmed doesn't seem too excited.

WHISKERS (O.S.)

There they are!

DESERT REGION - CARNAGE

Before Whiskers is a scene of total carnage. HUMVEES lay
ripped apart amongst dozens of dismembered MARINES. A few
DEAD BUGS lay slain on the battlefield as well, their legs
morbidly curled in the air. A slightly damaged LIGHT UTILITY
HELICOPTER sits in the center of the destruction.

Will and Russell stand with their mouths agape.

RUSSELL

What is this?

WHISKERS

'Operation: Hammer!'

WILL

(dumbfounded)

But...but...

Will falls to his knees.

RUSSELL

Why didn't you tell us they were
dead Whiskers?!

WHISKERS
You never asked!

Russell helps Will to his feet.

RUSSELL
Come on, we should keep moving.

Will shrugs Russell off and walks into the carnage.

ACHMED
(to Russell)
He knew these men well?

RUSSELL
Yeah, we both did.

Will bends down next to a DEAD MARINE and swipes his lifeless eyes closed.

Russell inspects the Utility Helicopter. A SEVERED ARM grips the COCKPIT'S DOOR. Russell delicately takes hold of the arm and gently pulls the Cockpit Door open to peer inside.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Hey Achmed, do our Bug friends have wings?

Achmed is examining a DEAD BUG.

ACHMED
I don't think so.

Will recognizes a face amongst the ROTTING CORPSES. It's Major Meyer's assistant, Private Schneider.

Meanwhile, Buck searches through a DEAD MARINE'S BACKPACK. Ghandour stops him.

GHANDOUR
Hey man, have some respect.

BUCK
Oh gimme a Goddamn break, I'm just lookin' for smokes.

Beat.

GHANDOUR
Well let me know if you find some.

Will stares down at Private Schneider's Corpse.

WILL
(sotto)
I should've been here...

Russell approaches Will.

RUSSELL
Good thing you weren't. I mean,
shit, it doesn't look like anyone
made it out.
(beat)
Feel free to thank me anytime you
want.

WILL
Thank you?

RUSSELL
For saving your life, yet again.

WILL
What are you talking about?

RUSSELL
Oh come on man, you know.
The execution video? The one the
Major "*found*."

Will looks Russell over for a moment before realizing:

WILL
You planted that video for Meyers?

RUSSELL
I didn't "plant" it, I just kinda
gave it to Schneider.

Will takes a step closer to Russell.

WILL
And why the fuck did you do that
Sergeant?

RUSSELL
Because Meyers was never gonna put
me on 'Operation: Hammer,' and I
knew you'd take the fall, get a
slap on the wrist, and be
reassigned to some nonessential
punishment mission like '*Operation:
Buck Avery Has a Baby Weiner.*'

BUCK (O.S.)
I heard that!

RUSSELL
I wanted you to hear it!

Will is fuming.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to Will)
I just wanted to finally do something together bro, you know, before we ship back home. And look at it this way, we wouldn't even be having this conversation if it wasn't for me because you'd be K.I--

Will leaps at Russell and tackles him to the ground. They wrestle for a moment until Ghandour and Achmed pull Will off.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
What the hell man?!

WILL
I should have been here! I could have helped!

RUSSELL
Are you insane?! It's not like your presence would have magically saved them!

WILL
Look around you! Our brothers are dead. Fucking *dead*! Even if I couldn't have saved them, at least I would've been with them. I *should* have been with them.

RUSSELL
So you'd rather be poppy-fertilizer with your "brothers" than alive with me? Is that what you're saying? Cuz that's some pretty cold shit to say to someone who's saved your life now, not three, but *four* times!

WILL
Cut this shit Russell, it's never been about saving me, it's always been about the story you get to tell after. That's the only reason you do anything, and you know why? Because deep down you're *terrified* that one day you'll be forgotten...
(sotto)
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
Goddamnit, I should've listened to Meyers.

RUSSELL
Well I'd rather be forgotten than remembered as the Major's dick jockey!

WILL
Ah hah! I *knew* you were jealous I got promoted!

Russell scoffs.

RUSSELL
You know for a Lieutenant you have the situational awareness of a hemorrhoid.

Will shakes his head.

WILL
We're done here.

RUSSELL
What does that mean?

WILL
It means this is where we go our separate ways.

RUSSELL
Oh gimme a break, *that's* what we're doing? I get you're upset, but splitting up makes zero sense.
(beat)
Ah screw it. Go your own way. God forbid you run into any SWIMMING POOLS!

BUCK
Jeeeeesuuuuuuuus. You fairies done yet?

WILL
Excuse me Buck?

BUCK
That's Prince Buck to you.

Will marches up to Buck.

WILL

There's no such thing as a "Prince of Freedom!" Command was probably just blowing smoke up your giant ass so they didn't have to pay you!

BUCK

Bull shit.

WILL

You're not a Prince. You're fucking noise with nothing positive to add to the world besides your Hepatitis results.

BUCK

Wrong again. I'm a musician who happens to inspire millions of--

WILL

A musician? Why? Cuz you know five chords and can rhyme USA with USA?

Will gets inches from Buck's face.

WILL (CONT'D)

(searing)

If I didn't have orders, I would have happily left you to guzzle piss at that terrorist summer camp, because to me, you're nothing more than a leaky STD on Uncle Sam's dick.

For the first time (probably in his life) Buck is speechless.

ACHMED

My friend, please, I think you need to rest.

WILL

Oh good, now I'm getting health advice from a terrorist!

ACHMED

We've all lost people we care about, but we are in this together now, yes?

Achmed displays the Peace Bracelet on his wrist. Will rips his Bracelet off and throws it at Achmed. Russell gasps.

WILL
This isn't the '*Fellowship of
Afghanistan*,' and I'm not your
fucking friend.

Beat.

WHISKERS
(glum)
So what do we do now?

WILL
It doesn't matter, Meyers is dead
and we might as well be too.

WHISKERS
He is? I don't see his body. But
then again I can't see farther than
that basket of fruit over there.

Whiskers points to a HELMET with a protruding SEVERED HEAD.

Will surveys the area. Whiskers is right, the Major's body is
nowhere to be found.

A solemn, sniffing Buck lights a *PALL MALL* CIGARETTE (the
Major's brand).

WILL
(re: the Cigarettes)
Buck, where did you find those?

BUCK
Over there by those dribbles of
blood that would indicate someone
escaped. Why? I'll put em back...

Will slaps Buck across the face.

WILL
YES! Thank you Buck!

Will grabs Buck by the arm and drags him away.

RUSSELL
Where do you think you're going?

WILL
McCarren Airfield to find Meyers!

RUSSELL
Good! Don't forget to cradle the
balls!

ACHMED

(tired)

Russell, enough with the penis stuff. You're better than that.

(yelling after Will)

If he's still alive, I am not so sure your Major would have gone to an airfield!

Will stops and sighs in exasperation.

WILL

Why? It's where I would go.

ACHMED

Well, from what we have seen, major industrial areas would likely have been the first to be attacked by the creatures, therefore, an airfield is one of the worst places you could go. So assuming your Major is a relatively intelligent man with a simple understanding of his geographical surroundings, I am guessing he is making his way to the Arabian Sea.

WILL

And why's that Mr. College Boy?

Achmed looks to a BUG CORPSE.

ACHMED

Maybe they can't swim?

WILL

Huh, interesting theory Achmed, but I think I know my Major a little better than you. Let's go Buck.

Will lifts an M4 ASSAULT RIFLE off a DEAD MARINE, tugs Buck's arm, and leads them away from the Group.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON

Will marches through a field. Buck mopes along behind him.

WILL

What'd I tell you? Stay within ten yards of me.

BUCK

I thought I was. You shoulda said somethin' easier to visualize like two car lengths, or nine boogie boards.

WILL

Keep up or the leash goes back on.

Will holds up his BELT (the "Leash").

EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Buck (who now has the "Leash" back on) tentatively walk down a desolate Village street lined with deserted, run-down BUILDINGS that loom ominously above them. It's a ghost town, save the occasional PUDDLE of BLOOD or MAIMED LIMB.

BUCK

(pouting)

...and I forgive you for all the hurtful things you said to me.

WILL

I meant every word.

BUCK

Thing is, you were right. I'm a fraud. A fat, lazy, useless fraud, with an average-size ten-inch dong--

WILL

Look out!

Will yanks Buck's "Leash," preventing him from falling into an ENORMOUS HOLE in the street. The Hole is about twenty boogie boards wide and seems to be completely vertical with no bottom in sight.

As Will's voice echoes down the earthy shaft, he notices a familiar BLACK GOO coating the Hole's walls.

BUCK

(awestruck)

Is this what I think it is...

WILL

(nervous)

Yeah...

BUCK

Wow. I didn't know the Earth had a butthole...

Will slowly backs them away from the Hole in the direction from which they came. However, blocking their path in the middle of the street are TWO BUGS, glaring at them with black, vapid eyes.

Behind them, THREE MORE BUGS scamper out of the Hole. They're trapped. The Bugs snarl at them, snapping their Pincers in murderous anticipation.

Tense beat. The Bugs charge.

Will and Buck act instantly, racing into the closest BUILDING.

INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They dash into an open area filled with old TEXTILES and RUGS. The Bugs smash through the wall in ravenous pursuit.

Will leads Buck into a STAIRWELL.

INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Will and Buck run up the stairs, the Bugs crawling over one another and nipping at their heels.

By the third flight, Buck is really lagging. Two Bugs leap in for the kill, however, the stairwell isn't big enough for the both of them and their grotesque bodies get tightly wedged in between the concrete walls mere inches from Buck's Boots.

Buck is frozen, but after a moment, Will lifts him up and they continue their ascent, leaving the lodged, squealing Bugs viciously snapping behind them.

EXT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

They emerge onto the roof and slam the door closed. Buck grabs an OLD CHAIR and leans it delicately against the door.

Will peers over the ledge. Down below, about a DOZEN BUGS are circling the base of the Building like hungry hyenas. One Bug starts climbing up the side of the Building. Will aims his M4 Rifle and unloads into the Bug's face. It takes nearly an entire clip to stop the creature, which falls to the ground and splatters like a BLACK-OOZE-filled water balloon.

More Bugs get the same idea. Will does his best to hold them, but his ammunition won't last long. Buck throws anything he can find at the Bugs, everything from CINDER BLOCKS to HANGING LAUNDRY.

BUCK
 (throwing a Brick)
 Will, there's something I need to
 tell you.

WILL
 (still firing)
 Not now Buck!

BUCK
 (blubbering)
 In case we die, I think you should
 know that I *might* have banged your
 sister last year in Jimmy Fallon's
 green room.

WILL
 What?!

BUCK
 I noticed last week you guys were
 related on *Facebook*. I'm sorry, it
 was a total coincidence. Also,
 pretty sure I gave her herpes.

Will clicks empty as Buck throws a final remaining BRA. A
 CLUSTER of BUGS have nearly reached the roof. They're
 helpless. However, their brief moment of despair is
 interrupted by:

SFX: *A Helicopter Chopping Nearby*

Will and Buck look up to see the same LIGHT UTILITY
 HELICOPTER from the 'Operation: Hammer' wreckage. It swoops
 in and hovers off to the side of the Building. The Bug's
 attention shifts from Will and Buck to the Chopper.

Whiskers, who pilots the Chopper, is joined by Achmed,
 Ghandour, and Russell. Ghandour leans out the side door.

GHANDOUR
 Come on! Jump!

WILL
 Are you insane?! No one can jump
 that far!

We see that the Chopper is in fact a good thirty-feet from
 the Building.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Land on the roof Goddamnit!

RUSSELL

Too risky! Just get a running start!

Buck, two steps ahead of Russell, is running as fast as he can across the roof, bee-lining for the Helicopter.

BUCK

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

However, he trips before he can attempt the ridiculous leap, smacks his head on the ledge, and knocks himself unconscious.

RUSSELL

(to Whiskers)

Roof! Roof! Land on the roof!

Whiskers swings the Chopper around, touching ground on the roof. Will drags Buck's motionless body over to them, where Achmed helps them inside.

That exact moment, several Bugs blast through the rooftop door and even more crawl their way over the ledge.

WILL

Go! Go! Go!

Bugs hurdle towards them as Whiskers takes off.

They get lift and begin to pull away from the Building, but one Bug leaps from the ledge, soars through the air, and manages to clip the Chopper's TAIL ROTOR with its Pincers before plummeting to its death. The Tail Rotor starts to SMOKE as the Helicopter flies off.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

WILL

(windied)

I didn't know you could fly Whiskers.

WHISKERS

Neither did I!

Buck regains consciousness. Beat.

BUCK

(groggy)

I made it.

Will takes note of the direction they're flying.

WILL
Hey, where the hell are we going?

ACHMED
The Arabian Sea.

WILL
What? No no no, take us to the
airfield, that's an order.

RUSSELL
You mean *that* airfield?

Russell points out the window. Down below we see McCarren Airfield, which is absolutely demolished and swarming with more BUGS than we've ever seen before.

Will is painfully astounded by the apocalyptic sight.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter glides over the countryside towards the coast, Smoke still spewing from the Tail Rotor.

INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

The Group sits in silence, crammed in the small cabin. Russell notices a CUT on Will's arm.

RUSSELL
(re: the Cut)
You alright?

WILL
(curt)
I'm fine.

ACHMED (O.S.)
There it is.

In the distance we see a glimmering, blue horizon. The Arabian Sea.

Everyone gathers around to look, except for Ghandour, who rifles through his belongings in a distraught frenzy.

GHANDOUR
No. Shit. NO!

Ghandour looks up to the Group with peril in his eyes.

GHANDOUR (CONT'D)
We have to turn back. I don't want
to freak anyone out right now,
but...I'm out of Opium.

RUSSELL
(disappointed)
Damnit.

ACHMED
You will be okay, Cousin.

Ghandour starts to hyperventilate.

ACHMED (CONT'D)
Maybe this is a blessing.

GHANDOUR
(crazed)
YOU'RE A BLESSING!

Beat.

GHANDOUR (CONT'D)
I think I might have a drug
problem.

POP!!! The Tail Rotor flies off, sending the Chopper into a
tailspin.

Everyone is instantly thrust to one side of the cabin.

WILL
Oh what now?!

WHISKERS
Hey guys, slight change of plans,
it looks like we're going down, so
I would suggest de-boarding at your
earliest convenience!

Will struggles to pull open the side door and peer out. Below
them are vast, rolling SAND DUNES.

Whiskers manages to somewhat stabilize the Chopper while
lowering their altitude.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)
Hey guys, me again. Little update
for you, I'm probably gonna lose
control in the next eight seconds!

WILL
Everyone off!

Will shoves Buck out, who screams as he drops towards the sand. Ghandour closes his eyes and jumps out as well, followed by Russell, and then Achmed. Will is about to jump, but hesitates.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to Whiskers)
What about you?!

WHISKERS
Don't worry! I think I see a flat
patch up there, I might be able to
set her down!

Will takes a deep breath, then jumps.

EXT. SAND DUNES - CONTINUOUS

Will falls approximately thirty-feet before landing on a sandy slope, rolling down to the basin where the rest of the Group also resides.

Overhead, the Chopper loses control. Everyone watches helplessly as it rapidly spirals downward. Eventually it CRASHES against a HILLSIDE and tumbles down the rocky face, breaking into a million pieces.

Beat.

WILL
(re: Whiskers)
Eh, he'll be fine.

EXT. SAND DUNES - LATER

The Group trudges along a DUNE RIDGE, including Whiskers, whose right arm is at a ninety-degree angle with the BONE popping out. Ghandour is beginning to look ill.

Will sees a Small Fishing Village in the distance. His eyes light up when he spots an AMERICAN FLAG wavering atop a RUSTIC FISHING VESSEL.

Will pulls on Buck's "Leash," and the two of them run across the sand towards the Small Village, leaving the Group behind.

EXT. SMALL FISHING VILLAGE - ARABIAN SEA - MOMENTS LATER

About a dozen MARINES and local FISHERMAN load SUPPLIES onto the Fishing Vessel with the American Flag waving from its MAST. The Vessel is anchored to the end of an old WOODEN DOCK.

Will spots Major Meyers overseeing a few MARINES attempting to fix a broken COM-UNIT near the Dock.

WILL

Major!

Major Meyers looks up as Will and Buck approach.

MAJOR MEYERS

Lieutenant? Holy Hell, I'd written you off as Bug chow.

Will salutes.

WILL

Likewise, we uhh...saw what was left of 'Operation: Hammer.'

MAJOR MEYERS

Damn shame. One of those bastards got my wipin' hand.

Meyers raises a bloodied, BANDAGED NUB into the air. He is missing his right hand.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)

Schneider and I were the only ones that survived the attack. We played dead for three straight days until every last hell-beetle left. Well, Schneider played dead for two of the days, then he was just...dead. Coulda sworn when he died the day was gonna reset. Anyway, I'm glad ya made it.

(noticing Buck)

Well I'll be damned, you brought me a gift. The one and only Buck Avery. Excuse me, Prince of Freedom.

BUCK

(defeated)

Just Buck is fine.

The Major yells over his shoulder at the two MARINES tinkering with the Broken Com-Unit.

MAJOR MEYERS

Wilson! Lester! Get the Prince some water and that magazine with all the coupons!

(to Buck)

It's got some interesting colors.

BUCK

I'm not a Prince. I'm nothing but a leaky STD on Uncle Sam's penis.

MAJOR MEYERS

That's great. Guys!

WILSON and LESTER guide Buck away. Lester snatches the MAGAZINE with all the colorful coupons out of a LOCAL BOY's grasp and hands it to Buck.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)

(to Will)

Lieutenant, I am beyond impressed. Amidst God only knows what's goin' out here you managed to uphold your duty, and thank Christ ya did, I was not looking forward to informing General Lancaster that Mr. Avery was pulverized by an oversized cockroach.

WILL

Just doing my job, Sir.

MAJOR MEYERS

Call me Dad. You earned it.

Meyers awkwardly caresses Will's cheek with his Bloody Nub.

WILL

So, uh, is this what's left of First Battalion?

MAJOR MEYERS

First Battalion? You're looking at the entire Southern Afghanistan Marine Division. Whatever those things are, they hit us faster than heart burn after a bottle of cheap pinot. All other Military resources in the region went back stateside to quell the invasion at home.

(off Will's expression)

That's right. This thing is global. They're everywhere. Right now, I'm just prayin' that the U.S.S.

(MORE)

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
 George W. Bush is still anchored
 out in the Arabian. Land's not safe
 anymore, and apparently these
 things aren't swimmers.
 (re: the Fishing Vessel)
 We push off within the hour.

Russell, Achmed, Ghandour, and Whiskers make their way into
 the Village.

Having seen Whisker's gruesome appearance, two MARINE MEDICS
 rush to his aid.

MEDIC
 Oh my God. He doesn't have a
 pulse...

WHISKERS
 Is that bad?

The Medics quickly usher Whiskers away.

Achmed, Russell, and a pale Ghandour approach Will and the
 Major.

Alarmed by Achmed's RIFLE, the Major instantly draws his
 PISTOL and aims it at Achmed.

Achmed raises his hands above his head.

MAJOR MEYERS
 Drop the weapon!

Achmed looks to Will for help.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
 DROP THE FUCKIN' WEAPON AND GET ON
 THE GROUND! NOW!

Russell jumps in between Achmed and Meyers.

RUSSELL
 Whoa! Everything's cool, let's put
 the gun down!

MAJOR MEYERS
 Sergeant Russell? What the--get the
 hell out of the way!

RUSSELL
 It's alright, they're with us.

MAJOR MEYERS

(realizing)

No, I recognize this Hajji. He's that translator gone Taliban.

RUSSELL

Yeah but that's all in the past. Things are different now. About a week ago, we smoked a large sum of Opium in a hole, sat around The Table of Humanity, made some bracelets, and forged the 'Fellowship of Peace.'

(off Meyer's confusion)

Lieutenant Cooper can corroborate every word. Right Will?

Will remains silent.

MAJOR MEYERS

I don't care what kinda pansy shit y'all did in some hole, Taliban is Taliban, and no Taliban's gettin' anywhere near my boat!

Having heard the commotion, Wilson and Lester move in with WEAPONS drawn.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)

(to Russell)

Sergeant, tell these two that if they don't drop their weapons and get on their knees in the next four seconds I'm gonna book em a dinner date with Allah.

WILL

Russell doesn't speak *Pashto*, he never has. He just wanted the pay raise. Besides, they speak English.

RUSSELL

(glaring at Will)

Really dude?

The Major is at a loss for words.

MAJOR MEYERS

Wait...what?

(to Russell)

Is that true Sergeant?

Russell sighs.

RUSSELL

Yeah, it's true. I don't speak
Pashto.

The Major is dumbfounded.

WILL

But Dad, he is right about these
two men, without their help none of
us would have made it here alive.

The Major isn't listening.

MAJOR MEYERS

(to Russell)

So when that tribesman told me I
had the chin of a Clooney, the wit
of a Downey Jr., and the calf
definition of a Navi from *Avatar*,
you were just makin' that up? He
didn't actually say that?

RUSSELL

I mean, maybe...but probably not.

Infuriated, the Major points his Pistol at Russell.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL FISHING VILLAGE - FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Wilson and Lester zip-tie Russell, Achmed, and Ghandour to a
CHAIN-LINK FENCE near the Dock.

ACHMED

(to Russell)

So when do I get my *Target* gift
card?

Lester zip-ties Russell's hands extra tight.

RUSSELL

Ow! Really Lester?! After all the
hours I spent consoling you when
Trisha cheated on you!

LESTER

Fuck you Russell. I know it was you
who banged her.

RUSSELL

Well shit, I didn't know you knew
that!

Wilson and Lester finish zip-tying Ghandour and walk away.

GHANDOUR

(sweaty)

Hey you know what? By this point I should be going through withdrawals. Maybe I don't have a problem after all.

Beat. Ghandour pukes and violently attempts to break free, writhing and screaming like a crazy person.

INT. SMALL FISHING VILLAGE - MEDICAL TENT - SAME

Whiskers and Buck lay on two COTS separated by a CURTAIN. Whiskers is now bandaged up. Buck flips through the Coupon Magazine. After a moment, he tosses the Magazine aside and begins to pout.

WHISKERS

You okay my Prince?

BUCK

No...I can't stop thinkin' bout what that Lieutenant said to me...

WHISKERS

Oh *that*?! Will was just venting his frustration because everything that mattered to him, morally and personally, was crumbling all around him.

BUCK

I know, I know. But it was the truth. I don't add anything to this world. I'm just a shit tornado blowin' two-hundred mile an hour poop-wind everywhere I go.

WHISKERS

Would a poop tornado be awarded the Prince of Freedom Medal?

BUCK

Didn't you hear?! I'm not the Prince of Freedom cuz there's no such thing! It was all a lie!

Buck starts to cry.

WHISKERS

It's gonna be alright. I know this
is painful but--

BUCK

(scoffs)

What do you know about pain?

We slowly push in on Whiskers, *really* absorbing how terribly wounded and disfigured he is.

WHISKERS

You know, my whole life I've been
unlucky. My birthday is September
eleventh, I lived in an iron lung
until I was thirteen, and I have
five children with down syndrome.
And sure, some times are harder
than others, but I wake up every
day with a smile on my face...

On the other side of the Curtain, Buck gets up and leaves.

WHISKERS (CONT'D)

...because it's not *what* happens to
you, it's *how* you look at it. And
one thing I know for certain is--

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL FISHING VILLAGE - DOCK - SAME

Major Meyers and Will supervise the Fishing Boat preparation.
Wilson and Lester help a couple LOCALS onto the Vessel.

WILL

Dad, I think it was a bit excessive
to restrain Sergeant Russell and
our two--

MAJOR MEYERS

I don't want to hear another word
about it. That's an order.

WILL

But they--

MAJOR MEYERS

(to Lester)

No! No! Marines only on this leg.
Now haul ass while there's still
daylight!

LESTER
(to Locals)
Okay, everyone off!

LOCAL FISHERMAN
(in *Pashto*)
But it's my boat.

Lester shoves the LOCAL FISHERMAN off the Boat and into the water.

WILL
Why only Marines? What about the
rest of these people?

MAJOR MEYERS
Our first and only responsibility
now is to ensure the safety of our
fellow Americans, not some Paki
fisherman and his twenty children.
It might be days before we locate
U.S.S. Bush, and supplies are low.

WILL
Copy. Then allow me to stay here to
supervise. I'll head out on the
next leg.

The Major leans in close to Will.

MAJOR MEYERS
(hushed)
There isn't going to be a next leg
Lieutenant. It's only a matter of
time before this place is crawling
with those things and I ain't gonna
be here for it. We're gettin' outta
here and never comin' back.
(off Will's expression)
Is there a problem Son?

WILL
(shaken)
No Dad...

EXT. SMALL FISHING VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS - SAME

Alone on the outskirts of the Village, Buck has thrown his
PANTS, his SHIRT, and his PRINCE OF FREEDOM MEDAL atop a pile
of KINDLING. He has stripped down to nothing but his
UNDERWEAR and COWBOY HAT.

He notices a SCOOTER parked nearby, grabs it, opens the GAS TANK, and tips it over until GASOLINE pours out all over the pile of clothing. He then rolls the Scooter away and rests it against a small WOODEN SHACK.

When he turns back to his clothing pile, his eye catches the 'Prince of Freedom' Medal. He gazes into his own shining countenance as a single tear trickles down his cheek.

Finally, he snaps out of it, lights a match, and tosses it onto the pile, which instantly ignites. However, the FLAMES trail back to the Scooter, setting it ablaze.

BUCK

Oh shit.

The fire from the Scooter ignites the Wooden Shack.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Buck rushes over and peers into the Shack. Inside is a LARGE PROPANE TANK. The Shack is actually a fuel storage unit.

BUCK (CONT'D)

OH SHIT!

Buck sprints towards the Dock as fast as he can.

THE DOCK

Meyers is doing a head count as Marines file onto the Fishing Boat. Will helps Whiskers aboard the Vessel.

BUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from a distance)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Everyone turns to see Buck sprinting down the beach, flailing his arms like a madman. A few MARINES point and laugh.

MAJOR MEYERS

(re: Buck)

Goddamn, even with everything that's been goin' on, he *still* takes the time to entertain our boys. That man is a national treasure.

The Marines' laughter stops when: BOOOOOM!!! The Propane Tank inside the Wooden Shack explodes, sending a gaseous plume of BLACK SMOKE into the air.

Everyone is stunned.

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS:

1. Russell, Achmed, and Ghandour watch the Black Cloud of Smoke fill the sky.
2. On the Beach, Buck slowly turns around to witness the disaster he created.
3. Other Marines and Villagers stare at the smoky pillar in total silence.
4. Whiskers watches on in awe.

WHISKERS
(sincere)
Beautiful.

END OF SEQUENCE.

The Major and Will are too stunned to give orders. Then:

SFX: The familiar SCREECH OF BUGS echoes through the air, louder and more terrifying than ever before.

Beat.

WILL
EVERYONE ON THE BOAT!

Everyone drops what they're doing and dashes towards the Fishing Boat.

BACK TO THE FENCE

Russell, Achmed, and Ghandour try to bite their zip-ties off.

RUSSELL
It's not working!

ACHMED
Don't stop! Keep biting!

BACK TO THE DOCK

Will stands on the BRIDGE that connects the Boat to the Dock. He helps Buck and a few remaining Marines make their way aboard.

The Dock is now over-crowded with VILLAGERS attempting to board as well.

WILL
(to Villagers)
Everyone on! Let's go!

The Major sides up next to Will on the Bridge, blocking the Villagers' entry.

MAJOR MEYERS
Marines only!

WILL
But there's room.

MAJOR MEYERS
We won't be able to move with that much weight!

WILL
We have to try.

Villagers push towards the Bridge, but the Major fires his PISTOL into the air, then aims it at the Villagers.

MAJOR MEYERS
Push off Lester!

Will remains on the Bridge.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
Hop aboard Lieutenant!

Will turns to the frightened Villagers, then back to the Major.

Beat.

MAJOR MEYERS (CONT'D)
What are you stupid? GET YOUR ASS
ON THE--

Will punches the Major directly in the face, causing him to fall off the Bridge and splash into the water below.

WILSON
Daaaaaaammnn.

WILL
(to Villagers)
Come on!!!

BACK TO THE FENCE

Russell, Achmed, and Ghandour still bite at their zip-ties, but stop when they see:

A TITANIC ARMY of BUGS pouring over the Dunes, rolling towards the Village like an Ocean of Oil.

Their eyes widen as they look on at what will most certainly be their doom.

Suddenly, Will slams into the Fence. He quickly kneels down, takes out a KNIFE, and cuts them all loose. Everyone scrambles to their feet and runs to the Dock.

THE DOCK

Will, Russ, Achmed, and Ghandour quickly board the Boat.

WILL (CONT'D)
Lester get us outta here!

LESTER
I'm trying!

Unfortunately the Boat is ridiculously over-packed, and its SAILS aren't catching enough wind to take them anywhere.

The Bugs are closing in, and at this rate, they're not going to make it...

Marines and Villagers throw CARGO overboard, but it's not doing much. They need more time.

Russell stares at the Ocean of Bug Monsters with a perilous twinkle in his eye. He looks down to the SUICIDE VEST that's been under his Uniform since he first put it on.

THE SOUND CUTS OUT. All we hear is a LOW HUM. Russell sees Will giving people orders, an altruistic leader. His best friend. Then, Russell leaps off the Boat. SOUND CUTS BACK IN.

WILL
What are you doing?! Get back here
and help us you idiot!

Russell doesn't listen. He keeps running towards the Onslaught of Bugs.

Will looks on in disbelief as Russell comes to face the Colossal Congregation of Galloping Bugs, now no more than a few football fields away.

WILL (CONT'D)
Russell! Get back here!

RUSSELL
Can't do that bro!

Russell rips his Shirt off and readies the Suicide Vest.

WILL
What the hell are you doing?!

RUSSELL
Making a burrito! What do you think I'm doing?!

WILL
Well don't do it!

RUSSELL
Promise me two things Will! One, that you'll tell this story so our legacy will live on! And two, that you'll clear my browser history! If anyone sees that shit it would totally destroy said legacy!

WILL
Russell, wait--

RUSSELL
Promise?!

WILL
Yes I promise!

Russell calmly raises the Suicide Vest's DETONATOR out before him, his finger confidently on the SWITCH.

WILL (CONT'D)
RUSS! DON'T DO THIS!

RUSSELL
I don't have a choice! It's like that first time you fell in the pool, I'm not just gonna watch you drown!

The Bugs are seconds away from Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I love you bro!

Russell turns to the Bugs and takes a deep breath.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Damn. Shoulda thought of something cool to say here.

A snarling BUG lunges at Russell with Pincers readied, but:

Click. BOOOOOOOM!!!!

WILL
NOOOOOOOOO!!!

CUE: A sad, acapella version of Hanson's "MmmBop." No other sound is heard.

Russell's explosion creates a chain-reaction of bursting Bugs, which annihilates most of the Swarm.

The Boat's Sails finally catch enough wind to push them out to sea. A few surviving Bugs attempt to reach them, but can't pass the watery threshold.

The Boat drifts off into the sunset as we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. FISHING BOAT - MIDDLE OF THE ARABIAN SEA - HOURS LATER

The Boat lightly bobs up and down. Nothing but water can be seen in any direction. The repetitive creaking sounds of the Boat's feeble wooden structure is all that can be heard.

On the deck, sun-beaten Marines and Villagers lay lethargically amongst CARGO and various pieces of RUBBLE.

Will sits alone at the front of the Boat. Achmed sits down next to him.

ACHMED
He's in a far better place my friend.

WILL
(solemn)
Yeah, selfish asshole. We're lost at sea and he's partying with seventy-two virgins.

Ghandour shakes uncontrollably.

GHANDOUR
Is anyone else freezing?

ACHMED
It is at least one hundred and ten degrees.

WILL
Check that Med-Pack. There might be a thermo-blanket in there.

Ghandour unzips a MED-PACK and sifts around. He stops abruptly, pulling out a handful of MORPHINE TABLETS, staring at them like *Gollum* at the Ring.

ACHMED
Ghandour. Be strong.

The MORPHINE begins whispering to Ghandour.

ACHMED (CONT'D)
Ghandour!

Ghandour snaps out of it. He stands up and throws the Morphine Tablets overboard along with the entire Med-Pack.

WILL
You didn't have to throw the whole pack.

ACHMED
I'm proud of you Cousin.

GHANDOUR
Thank you. It is for the best.

Ghandour turns away from them and slyly puts the Morphine Tablets he "threw overboard" into his mouth and swallows.

Buck saunters to the front of the Boat, still in his Underwear.

BUCK
Hey man, um--

WILL
What do you want Buck?

BUCK
I wanted to say sorry, you know, for causing the explosion that eventually resulted in your best friend's death.

WILL
It's not your fault, it's just...who you are.

BUCK
But that's the thing. I realized I don't like who I am. I've spent the last decade convincing myself that I'm someone I'm not. I'm not a flag-wavin' redneck country bumpkin. Hell, I was born in Ottawa.

WILL
You're Canadian?

BUCK
I don't wanna live this lie any
longer.

Buck gazes out to sea. He takes off his Cowboy Hat and pulls his Samsung Galaxy out from his Underwear.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I hereby renounce my celebrity!
From now on, I will be a man of
decency! No longer will I sleep
with underage girls, I don't care
how drunk they are!

On the other side of the Boat, Achmed spots something on the horizon.

ACHMED
Will. Look.

In the distance, TWO FLYING BLACK OBJECTS are heading right for them.

ACHMED (CONT'D)
Are those--but they can't fly,
right?

Buck is completely oblivious to the approaching Objects.

BUCK
From now on, I'm going to be the
real me. The one that loves antique
puzzles and obscure Jewish films.

Will squints his eyes.

WILL
No, those aren't Bugs. Those are...

BUCK
(to himself, sincere)
Here's to bein' a better man.

Buck goes to throw his Phone into the water, but stops when:

TWO BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS soar overhead.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
(on megaphone)
Attention.
(MORE)

BLACK HAWK PILOT (CONT'D)
 We have reason to believe that The
 Prince of Freedom is aboard your
 vessel.

WILL
 (utterly stunned)
 Fuck off...

Buck whips around to see the Choppers, then glances to his
 Phone (which has a single bar of service). After a
 contemplative beat, Buck makes the decision to never change.

BUCK
 (waving his arms)
 I'm here! Oh thank Jesus, I'm here!

Buck jumps up and down like a child.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME

The PILOT punches a number into a SATELLITE PHONE.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
 (into Satellite Phone)
 Mr. President, we got him, the
 Prince is secure.

The Pilot high-fives his CO-PILOT.

BACK TO THE BOAT

BUCK
 (to Passengers)
 I told you mother fuckers! America
 would *never* leave me behind! I'm
 the Prince of fuckin' Freedom! I AM
 A LIVING GOD!!!

A ROPE lands on the Boat's Deck with a thud and down slides
 PHIL ROBERTSON (68), the patriarch from the reality TV series
"Duck Dynasty."

BUCK (CONT'D)
 Well if it isn't my old Falcon
 brother Phil Robertson.

PHIL
 Good to see ya Buck. Been a while.

WILL
 (dumbfounded)
 Fuck. Off.

PHIL

When they told me you were MIA,
I'll be honest, I was a bit
worried. But then I remembered we
were talkin' bout the guy that took
out six Brazilian black-belts all
while diffusing a nuclear warhead.

(to Passengers)

Y'all can thank this man you're not
speakin' Portugese right now.

ACHMED

(to Will)

Is all this true?

WILL

I don't...I...

PHIL

So tell me Buck, how come I had to
drag my ass outta bed this mornin'
to come rescue ya?

BUCK

I was, uh...

(re: Will/Others)

...carryin' a little "extra
weight."

Will throws his hands up in defeat.

PHIL

Well hang tight. Rescue boats are
comin' to take you on over to the
U.S.S. George W. Bush. I'll start
preppin' the nachos.

Whiskers runs up to Buck.

WHISKERS

You mind if I snap a photo with you
guys? My wife is just gonna cream
herself when she sees it.

BUCK

Not at all, in fact, everyone get
in here, even the Taliban ones!

Achmed and a shell-shocked Will hesitantly join.

Whiskers hands GHANDOUR his Camera and saddles up next to The
Prince.

GHANDOUR
 Okay everybody. "Prince of Freedom"
 on three. One. Two. Three.

BLACKOUT.

EPILOGUE

CHYRON: *One Year Later*

ON TELEVISION: A female NEWS ANCHOR (40s) addresses the camera in a Network News Studio.

NEWS ANCHOR
 Today people from all over the
 globe gathered to celebrate the
 first annual Remembrance Day,
 honoring the four-hundred million
 people who lost their lives in last
 year's tragic events.

ON TELEVISION: Images of people parading through various cities all around the world, lighting CANDLES, and holding up SIGNS with pictures of lost loved ones.

A BANNER pops up in the bottom of the screen that reads:
"Remembrance Day is brought to you by Taco Bell. Live Más."

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
 Environmental Organizations joined
 the festivities today in an effort
 to spread awareness about clean
 energy. As we recall, the leading
 theory on the creatures, now
 informally known as "Baloths," is
 that they dwell in the Earth's
 fossil fuel beds and are speculated
 to emerge approximately every fifty
 thousand years--

The Channel flips to:

ON TELEVISION: An EVANGELIST (60s) parades around the stage in an auditorium filled with people.

EVANGELIST
 Noah was divinely warned of things
 not seen. But, he did not need to
 see them, for he had faith. Yes
 people, it was his faith that urged
 him to build the arc. It was faith
 that saved his household, and when
 the world was flooded with Baloths,
 it was faith that kept Noah afloat.

Applause from the audience.

EVANGELIST (CONT'D)

So fear not, for yee too hath
faith. And for the low cost of
\$39.99, you can purchase Reverend
Jericho's Miracle Baloth Repellent,
and I assure you--

The Channel flips to:

ON TELEVISION: A talk show a la "*The View*" in which the HOSTS are having a discussion with PROFESSOR RANDOLPH SINCLAIR (50s), the leading entomology researcher at Michigan State. The Professor is presenting a book he wrote entitled, "*The Prehistoric Present.*"

PROFESSOR SINCLAIR

My theory, and what much of my book discusses, is that our planet's mass extinctions aren't the result of meteorites or famines, but the result of the Baloth's existence.

HOST

How so?

PROFESSOR SINCLAIR

As we know, the Earth's natural oil reserves are believed to be the Baloth's sole source of nourishment, and therefore, more extinction means more to eat. Thus, it is my belief that humanity's over-consumption of fossil fuels was likely the catalyst for their early appearance. We've been taking their food, and well, they got hungry.

A DIGITAL ADVERTISEMENT for Ghandour's show "*SeinFalif*" pops up in the bottom of the screen depicting a grinning Ghandour spinning around with his arms crossed in true sitcom fashion.

HOST

People have expressed concern that the Baloths could return, is this something we should prepare for?

PROFESSOR SINCLAIR

Well, not unlike our common terrestrial Cicada, the Baloths emerged with a job to do, expiring a mere month later when the job was done. So, as long as we continue to harness solar energy, stop burning fossil fuels, support gay rights, and implement a universal healthcare system, I don't think they'll be visiting for some time.

The Channel flips to:

ON TELEVISION: Buck stands at a PODIUM debating with a LIBERAL SENATOR (60s). Buck is running for President.

SENATOR

I will not stand here being spoon-fed antiquated, racist nonsense by some backwater hayseed.

BUCK

(flashing his tattoo)
Not racist.

SENATOR

I mean, am I nuts here? He hasn't directly addressed a single issue today.

BUCK

Not true, I addressed the whole gay thing, didn't I?

SENATOR

You did. And it was again some of the more ignorant sentiments I've heard in--

BUCK

Then you must've misheard me, because what I said was "I don't think fairies should be able to get married no matter *what* color their skin is."

As the debate continues, we TILT DOWN from the TV to see that we are in a:

INT. BUFFALO WILD WINGS - ANYWHERE USA - DAY

Will, wearing a T-SHIRT and JEANS, sits at the bar eating a bowl of CHILI CON QUESO and nursing a BEER. The Restaurant is almost completely empty, minus the BARTENDER (40s).

WILL

...then Russell turned to the Army of Baloths and said, "Adios mother fuckers," and boom, blew em all back to hell.

BARTENDER

Holy shit...

Will takes a sip, and a dip.

WILL

Yep, if it wasn't for Russell, no one woulda made it home safely. Private Whiskers even made it back in time to see the birth of his triplets. Unfortunately all three of them were born without arms or legs, but hey, he loves those little nuggets none the less.

Will finishes his Beer and gets up to leave.

WILL (CONT'D)

Anyway, I should get going, my shift starts in ten.

BARTENDER

That's a badass story man, beats mine, I just hid in a freezer for a month. Hey, one question my dude. This might sound weird, but did Russell's 'Peace Bracelet' shit have anything to do with the *Table of Humanity Treaty*? The one that finally brought peace to the Middle East?

WILL

Has everything to do with it, and Achmed was one of the key diplomats that negotiated the treaty. He basically took what Russell set up and made it official. Although I'm guessing there was a lot less Opium involved.

Will smiles and leaves.

EXT. BUFFALO WILD WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks out onto the sidewalk. He is amidst a city littered with PILES OF DEAD BALOTHS.

Next to him is a Construction Site where BULLDOZERS are consolidating BALOTH CORPSES into one GIANT PILE.

The world is rebuilding.

Will puts on a HARD HAT, lights up a CIGARETTE, and looks to the Heavens.

We TILT UP to the cloud-blue sky and CROSS FADE TO:

INT. MUSLIM HEAVEN - AFTERNOON

Russell lies on a BED of CLOUDS being hand-fed FONDUE by dozens upon dozens of BEAUTIFUL ANGEL-VIRGINS.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Russell!

RUSSELL

Wait your turn Linda.

Linda bursts in.

LINDA

You gave me herpes?!

RUSSELL

What? No! Are you sure it was me?

LINDA

I WAS A VIRGIN! SO YEAH, IT WAS YOU!!!

THE END.