

VET

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

WORDS ON A BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER 1: According to the Veterans Administration (VA) up to 20 percent of troops who served in Iraq or Afghanistan since 2001 come home reporting Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). That number will grow as it can take years for a veteran to report PTSD to a counselor.

SUPER 2: The VA estimates 20 veterans commit suicide each day, so approximately 7,500 veterans kill themselves every year in the US. The Pentagon still can't find a solution.

SUPER 3: This is for those who didn't come back at all...

CHIEF (V.O.)

We're in the longest war in
American history yet 45% of
Americans still don't know anyone
in the military,... until now.
You're welcome.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, IRAQ (2011) - NIGHT

Building lights flicker on and off...

Five U.S. Army Soldiers move quickly but tactically down a 3rd floor hallway with guns ready.

ONE MAN hobbles behind, his arm draped over his buddy, his UNIFORM SOAKED WITH BLOOD. He struggles to hold his weapon up.

They hear voices and quickly duck into an empty classroom...

INSIDE CLASSROOM

They hastily barricade the door with tables and chairs then take cover behind desks... They lay the bleeding man on the floor to assess his injuries...

THE INJURED MAN is ANTHONY aka "AJ", 21, the team jokester and little brother, as it's youngest member, but he's also the MEDIC.

He's on the floor moaning in pain. He grabs TEDDY's arm, struggling to speak...

AJ

Don't let me die here Teddy... I haven't had a threesome yet.

THE SHARPSHOOTER: TEDDY LEE, 28, a former 155 pound State Champion wrestler with 'freak-like' quickness, works to patch up his friend, but the bleeding won't stop...

TEDDY

You're the medic, you can't die.
Plus we all know you're still a
virgin... "Blue Balls".

AJ tries to laugh and coughs up bright red blood... He tries to tell Teddy what to do while coughing...

AJ

... You gotta plug the holes. I'm
losing alot of blood...

TEDDY

You're not dying today virgin... It
ain't that bad.

Teddy forces a smile, which fades as he opens AJ's body armor to see a bloody mess. He rolls him on his side to check the back... More blood.

AJ HOWLS in pain...

AJ

AHHHH SHIT!... I get more ass than
all of you fuckers.

THE SAW GUNNER: LEVI FUHRO, 36, a sharp-witted ex-teacher, trivia buff, and Harvard grad, speaks up...

LEVI

Keep him quiet. He's gonna lead em
right to us.

TEDDY

You try being quiet with a bullet
in you.

AJ

Fuck you Levi, the real smart
people dropped out of Harvard...

LEVI

...And the dumb one's never got in.

AJ

I lost my earbuds DAMMIT. I NEED my
music... Teddy find my earbuds.

Teddy puts his own earbuds in AJ's ears...

COMMUNICATIONS or 'RADIO MAN': CHAP CONNOR, 40, a 5'9 Senior N.C.O. with 6% body fat, and the personality of a rusty nail, tries his radio mic again...

CHAP

(Into mic)....

Any element, this is POWERHOUSE SIX-TWO, I have an Urgent 9 Line, need immediate extraction, how copy...

... Nothing but STATIC.

LEVI

Can they hear us?

CHAP

Visibility is zero... Fuckin' sand storm is causing interference.

He points to the window, **its a dark red sandy blur outside.**

TEDDY

Now what...

THE TEAM LEADER: BRIAN "CHIEF" CHASE, 42, a 6'1, 225 pound 'human tank' chimes in...

CHIEF

...We wait it out, and defend this room til our ride gets here.

He checks on AJ.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

How is he?

Teddy gives a worried look.

TEDDY

Sir, you use to be a medic, I need some help. Should I give him more morphine?

CHIEF

You can't, his heart rate will go too low.

Chief quickly examines AJ with a "BLOOD SWEEP". He finds another wound in his upper thigh. He smashes his knee on AJ's groin artery and fastens a tourniquet around AJ's upper thigh, he clamps it down HARD!.... AJ HOWLS IN PAIN AGAIN.

LEVI

SHUUSH DAMMIT, before they hear us.

Chief leans close to AJ and takes one earbud out...

CHIEF

You got two entrance wounds, and
one exit. We're gonna get you to a
doctor brother, hold on.

Chief looks at Teddy (quietly)...

CHIEF (CONT'D)

He needs a surgeon.
Keep packing it, we may have to do
a chest decompression.

Then....Chief notices AJ's 'BLOOD TRAIL' leading from the
doorway into the room...

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Awww, Shit.

THE POWER GOES OUT.

The team switches to "NVG's". The room now has an eerie green
tint.

THEY HEAR FOOTSTEPS and DOORS SLAMMING as nearby rooms are
searched. Everyone freezes, guns pointed at the door.

AJ CHOKES AND COUGHS struggling to breathe. Teddy tries to
quiet him.

Chief puts his hand over AJ's mouth, and whispers in his
ear...

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I know it hurts, but we
gotta be quiet. Be hard baby.

AJ moans, his skin is pale and sweaty. Chief looks him in the
eye with empathy.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Block it out...
Breathe through it. You got this...

FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALLWAY STOP AT THEIR DOOR.

Everyone stays still as an eyeball peers in the small window.

AJ GROANS....

Chief presses his hand over AJ's nose and mouth firmly...
AJ's eyes widen, then slowly glaze over.

A few seconds later the eyeball disappears, and Chief checks AJ's pulse. HE'S GONE. Chief mouths a quick prayer, makes the cross sign, and kisses AJ's forehead. He then refocuses his weapon on the door.

A single tear rolls down Chief's cheek. He quickly wipes it.

THE DOOR HANDLE JIGGLES, AND STARTS OPENING, the barricade stops it. The man in the hallway KICKS the door, then his footsteps disappear down the hallway...

CHAP

...I doubt he's going to lunch.

Teddy kneeling over AJ...

TEDDY

Sir, AJ is gone.

LEVI

Let's kill all these fuckers.

CHIEF

Get his ammo. We'll need it.

Chap whispers into the radio again....

CHAP

... ANY POWERHOUSE ELEMENT - WE
HAVE ONE K.I.A. - REQUEST IMMEDIATE
EXTRACTION.

Still STATIC. THEN...

More quick footsteps, Arabic whispers fill the hallway.

The Soldiers brace for a 'Close Quarters' fight. Chief kneels in the middle of the room behind a desk, his laser sights aimed at the door. He glances at the wall clock: it's 4 A.M.

THE CLOCK SOUND GETS LOUDER to him: TIC, TOC, TIC...

SHADOWS IN THE HALLWAY begin pushing the door.

THE BARRICADE BULGES...

Chief pops in a fresh piece of gum and pulls his *skeleton bandana* over his mouth and nose. His eyes scan the darkness as he looks down his barrel and whispers...

CHIEF

I'M NOT DYING TODAY... BREATHE,
FOCUS, RELAX...