

# FALVY SC. 1

4.

"SAND CASTLE"

MATT

I can't make a fist, Doc.

The Medic ignores him, digs into his medicine cabinet.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can't carry a ruck, let alone shoot and move. This is my trigger hand.

The Medic produces a bottle of TYLENOL, tosses it.

ARMY MEDIC

Whatever the suggested dose, double it. Hold tight, you'll feel some pressure.

The Medic grabs sheers cuts away at the cast, Matt winces.

MATT

Look. There's some work that needs to be done on this side of the berm, right? Admin and whatnot. Mark me non-operational, I can help out--

ARMY MEDIC

I had this soldier, the other day, electrocuted himself something awful. Thought he was yanking a rope to turn the shower on, turned out it was a bundle of exposed wires. They found him face down in a puddle of his own piss.

Puts the sheers down and looks to Matt.

ARMY MEDIC (CONT'D)

He's heading to the border now, couldn't keep the guy away. Men are shipping out with a lot worse than you. Take this form back to your Platoon Sergeant.

MATT

I can't make a fist.

ARMY MEDIC

Ice it.

Hands Matt the medical form.

## INT. GYM TENT - DAY

Soldiers pump iron in this sad excuse for a gym: blocks of cement double as dumbbells, huge tires are rolled end over end. Welcome to macho world.



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# FALVY SC.1 (CONT.)

5.

Pounding rock music wails through the space.

SSG. BAKER (28), tall and confident, the leader of our Motley Crew, is the lone man with his eyes fixed to the BBC.

BRITISH NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
*Explosions and anti-aircraft missiles erupt over Baghdad marking the first clear sign that war has begun. This is the BBC World News--*

*Insert: Stock footage of the bombing raids over Baghdad. Superimposed at the lower corner of the screen: 'Day 1'.*

SGT. BARTLES, shaved white head, intimidating physique-- spots his buddy CPL. MEYERS (24), scrawny and slight with a southern drawl, on the bench press.

BARTLES  
That a boy, Meyers. Finish strong, buddy.

A red-faced Meyers powers through his last set.

In the corner, country bumpkin SGT. FALVY (28), shirt off and muscles blazing, lifts two TIDE BOXES filled with CEMENT. A lit cigarette dangles between his lips, a thicket of chaw in his jaw.

**START**  
FALVY  
I'm telling you guys. We get back to the States you're gonna see my body on 'Men's Health'. Two big-titted girls on each arm. The waves splashing all up on my pecks and shit.

SSG. Baker returns to his group.

BAKER  
Falvy, we're gonna see you in 'Out Magazine' with a dick in each hand and shame in your eyes.

Laughter. Dumbbells hit the floor.

FALVY  
We'll see, Sergeant Baker. We'll see.

MEYERS  
We coulda used you in World War II, Falvy. All by yourself on the beaches of Normandie. Waving the U-Boats in with a flashlight and shit.

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# FALVY SC. 1 (CONT.)

6.

The guys laugh. Matt enters.

MATT  
Sergeant Baker.

ALL  
There he is/'Morning Sunshine/Sup,  
Private Fuckface.

FALVY  
The Imp, the gimp, America's wimp. You  
look like a bag of smashed shit.

MATT  
Those damn Malaria pills. Giving me  
nightmares.

MEYERS (O.S.)  
This whole place is a nightmare.

Matt hands Baker his MEDICAL FORMS. Baker studies them.

BAKER  
Looks like you're good to go.

MATT  
You see Armored is rolling out today?

Ears perk up.

MEYERS  
That true?

BAKER  
The LT is with the brass now. He'll  
brief us when he's done.

BARTLES  
When did the briefing start?

BAKER  
(reluctantly)  
1800. Last night.

Collective huffs. Excitement.

FALVY  
Tick, tock. Tick, tock. Army's kept me  
in a cage, Sergeant Baker. About time to  
let me out.

BARTLES  
(re: Hand)  
How's it feel? You good?

# FALVY SC. 1 (CONT.) 7.

MATT

It's not a problem. I'm good to go.

BAKER

Well, take it easy. I don't want you to reinjure it.

FALVY

Fuck that. 'Easy' set sail long a time ago.

Falvy steps close to Matt, a little too close.

FALVY (CONT'D)

What Ocre needs is some 'rehabilitative training'. And because I care so deeply for his well being, I'm making his physical fitness my personal responsibility.

Off Falvy's grin--

END

CUT TO:

~~EXT. CAMP ARIFJAN, KUWAIT LATER~~

~~The guys jog the camp's perimeter, SSG. Baker leads the cadence and the formation.~~

~~BAKER~~

~~(singing)  
Remember JFK...~~

~~ALL~~

~~Remember JFK...~~

~~BAKER~~

~~He tried to lead the way.~~

~~ALL~~

~~He tried to lead the way.~~

~~BAKER~~

~~But he was shot one day.~~

~~ALL~~

~~But he was shot one day.~~

~~BAKER~~

~~In the early morning~~

CHARLIE TEAM LEADER

Well get him up here.

Matt's pushed to the front of the formation, leans against the wall.

CHARLIE TEAM LEADER

(CONT'D)

Go on. Get eyes on the building.

Matt doesn't move.

CHARLIE TEAM LEADER

(CONT'D)

Don't worry. These Hajis can't shoot shit.

Matt slowly peeks his head around the corner.

Matt's P.O.V.:

--a BOMBED OUT HOTEL, just beside the Mosque. Muzzle flashes.

The guys nod.

Then Charlie Team Leader peels half the platoon off, leads them into the city. We'll call this new team CHARLIE TWO.

Falvy leads a team of SIX GUYS, CHARLIE TEAM ONE, into a nearby DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE, across from the Bombed out Hotel.

**INT. BAGHDAD, DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Matt, Falvy, and Charlie One charge up a flight of stairs.

A bullet smashes through a window and strikes the soldier right in front of Matt. Blood splatters.

The wall gets pounded with lead, incessant and unending. Falvy returns fire out the window.

**STACT**

FALVY

(into Radio)

Contact. Contact. Southeast building.

The downed soldier screams in pain, bleeds from shoulder and mouth.

Falvy hoists the downed soldier into a fireman carry.

# FALVY SC. 2 (CONT.)

22.

FALVY (CONT'D)

(to Matt)

Shoot that mother fucker.

Matt sticks his weapon out the window, FIRES BLINDLY.

Falvy tears ass up FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, the wounded warrior over shoulder, as if the guy were a feather.

## EXT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE, ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Falvy kicks in the door to the roof. He dumps the wounded soldier to the ground, posts up against a brick overhang.

The pair lean back, chest heaves, Falvy a grin on his face.

Falvy steps out, unloads high into the city.

Matt peeks over the ledge, then sniper rounds splash the mortar around Matt, he ducks.

MATT

(into radio)

Noble Lion this is Eagle One, do you copy?

RADIO

Go ahead Eagle One.

MATT

(into radio)

Sniper fire is confirmed from the hotel. Repeat the hotel, not the Mosque. Over.

RADIO

Do you have a floor number, Eagle One. Over.

MATT

Shit.

(into radio)

Wait one.

(to Falvy)

They want a floor number.

FALVY

Floor number? What the fuck, they want a room number, too? We bringing this ma' fucker room service?

Falvy grabs the radio from Matt.

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# FALVY SC. 2 (CONT.)

23.

FALVY (CONT'D)

Noble Lion this is Eagle Two. What the fuck, over?

Static.

FALVY (CONT'D)

Noble Lion, threat is out of firing range, suggest air strike on the hotel. Hotel is central city, half a click North, Northwest of the Mosque. Over.

Pause.

MATT

What are you doing?

RADIO

Eagle Two. Strike confirmed. Sit tight. Over.

Falvy plops back town beside Matt, huddled together.

FALVY

What a cluster fuck of a day. Talkin' bout 'What floor is he on'?

Falvy opens up an ammo pouch, pulls out a pack of cigarettes, lights up.

FALVY (CONT'D)

I aught to slap that son of a bitch.

MATT

Falvy, we're too fucking close...

FALVY

Sitting here all day. Hot as shit, no time for this bullshit. Look, fucking salt stains under my arms.

An APACHE HELICOPTER roars in the distance then appears, seemingly from nowhere above our guys.

The Apache unloads their machine guns, shells rain down on Matt and Falvy.

The gunfire halts, a moment of quiet. Until--

TWO MISSILES seer off toward the building.

BOOM BOOM.

The whole fucking building comes down.

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The dust settles.

FALVY (CONT'D)  
America!!!! Wooooo!!! You see that  
shit? That's what I'm talking about.  
You lose, asshole.

Falvy helps Matt to his feet.

FALVY (CONT'D)  
You see that shit?

END

MATT  
What?

Matt motions to his ears, can't hear.

~~BAKER'S VEHICLE - SAME~~

~~The rest of the guys tear ass across the open field to the  
city.~~

~~MEYERS  
I fucking did it. Get ready to drop those  
panties ladies of Overland Park. Ol'  
Sergeant Meyers, Hero, will be home soon.~~

~~EXT. WAREHOUSE, BAGHDAD OUTSKIRTS - DAY~~

~~Matt and Falvy are met by their convoy.~~

~~A battered Falvy throws his gear in the Hummer, hops in  
the passenger seat next to Meyers.~~

~~MEYERS  
I tell you man, back home I was fucking  
broads that were maybe, 3's, 4's?  
With a story like this, I'll be banging  
6's, maybe even a 7 if I get a drunk  
patriot.~~

~~Falvy cracks a smile.~~

~~BAKER  
Ocre. You Okay?~~

~~FALVY  
He can't hear you.~~

~~Baker grabs Matt, leans in and yells--~~



# FALVY SC. 3

66.

## AQUEDUCT, BOTTOM OF THE HILL - LATER

The palm leaves soaked, the clay runs from them, turns to mud.

Iraqis, soldiers, soaked after a harsh rain, carry pipes uphill.

## AQUEDUCT, TOP OF THE HILL - LATER

Matt plops down, takes his boots off, rubs his scabbed feet.

Falvy tosses a JERRY CAN down next to him, splashes him with mud.

**START**

FALVY

Fucking bullshit, right? A whole village on the other side of that hill and we're scabbing our hands like chumps.

(yells to the village)

Don't worry, assholes. We got it.

MATT

They're just scared, Falvy.

FALVY

Is that supposed to be an excuse?

MATT

No.

FALVY

'Cause it ain't. Fuckers shake my hand in the day, shoot at me at night.

MATT

Give it time, man.

FALVY

You need to crawl out from behind your faggotty little rainbow. I know a loaded deck when I see one.

He points to the aqueduct.

FALVY (CONT'D)

This game ain't got a winner. **END**

COMMOTION at the bottom of the aqueduct.

A voice screams for help.

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