



CAMP MOSQUITO  
EPISODE 2  
"2 MONKEY TURNER"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF BARRACKS. - DAY

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones are speaking with 2nd Lt. Turner. All characters are wearing solid green combat uniforms, sleeves rolled up, green beret and black combat boots. The instructors' uniforms are always starch pressed with creases down the front of the trousers, down the sleeves and the combat shirt collar is pressed open in a "V" shape. The recruits from 105th Battery are waiting in the bus that is parked at the curb in the background.

2ND LT. TURNER

Now when the recruits get off the bus and walk past me, I want them to stop and salute me as they go by.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Sir, they don't know how to salute yet. They'll be taught that this week.

2ND LT. TURNER

You must be kidding me. You can't teach them to salute in two minutes? It's so easy. I can teach a monkey to salute in two minutes. Get on the bus and teach them to salute.

MBDR. JONES

Sir, are you sure you want to return fifteen salutes? You could injure yourself and develop a bursitis in your right shoulder. You could end up with a no saluting medical chit for the summer. Explain that one to the colonel.

2ND LT. TURNER

I will not be persuaded otherwise. Get on that bus and teach them to salute. You have two minutes. I'll be waiting here.

CUT

INT. INSTRUCTORS BARRACKS ROOM. - THE NEXT DAY

Master Bombardiers Rutherford, Jones and BRUNO are getting ready to go to work for the day. It's early, 0600. Master Bombardier Bruno is six feet tall, medium athletic build, has brown hair and he is clean shaved. The three instructors are talking.

MBDR. BRUNO

So, the course officer made you guys teach them how to salute on the spot and he stood there and rendered fifteen salutes in a row?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Yes.

MBDR. JONES

I've never seen so many abortion salutes in my life.

MBDR. BRUNO

What a fucking idiot and we're stuck with him for the next five weeks.

He stands up from the bed, pulls up his trousers, buttons them and adjusts his belt. He is not wearing a t-shirt. He takes a can of deodorant spray out of his locker and sprays his armpits. The spray spreads well beyond his armpits.

MBDR. JONES

Do you really need to do that in here? Now the whole place smells like a fucking locker room.

MBDR. BRUNO

It's deodorant. You want me to smell like ass all day long?

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

No, but deodorant spray went out in 1978, along with disco, bellbottom pants and John Travolta. Get some pit stick like everybody else. Be a modern man, not a hick from the sticks.

Jones is fully dressed and places his beret on his head before leaving the room with Rutherford. Bruno stays behind and continues to get dressed.

CUT

EXT. ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE BARRACKS. - MOMENTS LATER

The 30 new recruits are formed up in three ranks. They are facing toward the longest frontage of the platoon. They are dressed in solid green combat uniforms, black boots, green berets with the tri-service cap badge. The instructors are dressed the same but with the artillery cap badge and appropriate name tapes and rank insignia on their uniforms. Master Bombardier Rutherford is speaking to them. Master Bombardier Jones is standing not far from him.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Loud speaking voice)

I knows that yous don't know how to march yet. So all yous need to do, is walk normal. We're going to the mess tent so yous can haves breakfast. Now, all yous gonna do, is turn to your right, and when I say "go" start walking normal. We is gonna go down to the end of the street. If there are any officers, don't salute them. I'll take care of that.

The students comply with the instructions and the instructors walk down the street with the platoon, making corrections as they go along.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

Ok, Master Bombardier Rutherford said to walk normal, not drag your knuckles on the ground.

Pointing at a recruit while they are all waking.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

You, straighten your back. Stand up straight. Damn, where did you learn to walk? In a cave?

Pointing to a different recruit.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Don't drag your feet. Your boots are not that heavy.

Pointing to a different recruit.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Ok, you! Lift your fucking feet up when you walk.

Walking forward.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Master Bombardier, I don't know if it's Pepsi and the taste of a new generation, but they can't even walk like normal people. Thank God we drink Coke.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Shouting a response)

They're not normal people. That's why they're here.

CUT

INT. MESS TENT. - LATER

The mess tent is made of heavy green canvas with aluminum poles that serve as the structure holding everything up. There are tables and benches set up throughout the tent for soldiers to dine. The lights are bare bulbs attached to large gage black wire that are strung criss-cross on the aluminum poles.

The military cooks don't look happy. There are several cooks in the background preparing food. The two cooks serving in the steam line look strange. One is a bit hunched forward with a husky build, his forehead is sloped back and he has a thick brow bone. He has a buzz cut. The other cook is very thin, pale, has a buzz cut and one of his eyes is pointed in a completely different direction.

The recruits have all gone through the steam line and the two instructors are now getting their food. The hunch back cook hands Master Bombardier Jones a paper plate.

MBDR. JONES

Thank you.

He looks at the plate. There are two strips of fatty bacon, a piece of toast and scrambled eggs that has a dead fly cooked into it.

CUT

INT. MESS TENT. - MOMENTS LATER

The recruits are sitting at multiple tables and eating breakfast. The instructors are sitting at a table away from the recruits where they can observe them.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
So, what do you think of the cooks?

MBDR. JONES  
I'm not sure. They look  
normal...for FUCKING RETARDS! What  
the fuck is up with Quasimodo and  
the crooked eyed boy? How in the  
fuck can they even be in the army?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Laughing)  
That's what I thought.

Looking down at his plate.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Hey! There's a fucking fly cooked  
into my scrambled eggs.

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Week #1"

CUT

INT. BUILDING H-17 PLATOON OFFICE. - DAY

Building H-17 is a two story building with classrooms and  
offices. All three instructors are in an office with the  
course officer.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Ok, men. Where are the recruits  
right now?

MBDR. BRUNO  
In the classroom with the  
administration folks doing  
paperwork for the next hour.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Ok. Starting tomorrow, I want the  
recruits to meet me outside my  
quarters, first thing in the  
morning, where they will salute me  
individually before I go to  
breakfast.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Sir, that's not gonna to be possible. We're on a tight schedule and there's no time for that. It'll eat up at least an hour.

2ND LT. TURNER

I'm the course officer and I wish it to be so.

MBDR. JONES

Sir, officers quarters are rather far to march the recruits and still make it on time for the first lecture.

MBDR. BRUNO

Not to mention getting them to the mess tent for breakfast.

2ND LT. TURNER

Why don't we use our bus.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

What bus?

2ND LT. TURNER

The one they arrived on at the barracks on Saturday.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

That's not our bus, sir. It was requisitioned from base motor-T for the purpose of transporting them from the battery to base.

2ND LT. TURNER

Then let's requisition another bus.

MBDR. JONES

That's a training support request, sir. That takes 45 days.

2ND LT. TURNER

I am an officer and the recruits will salute me every morning. I don't care how this works. Do you gentlemen understand? I am in charge here.

MBDR. BRUNO

Where is Sgt. Frobisher?

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh, oh, oh. He had a family emergency and he won't be here until next week.

MBDR. JONES

Sir, how about we come to a compromise? What if you meet the students at their shacks and they will salute while they exit the building to go to breakfast.

2ND LT. TURNER

Will I get all my 30 salutes?

ALL INSTRUCTORS

(In unison)

YES!

CUT

EXT. ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE BARRACKS. - THE NEXT DAY

Second Lieutenant Turner is standing on the street waiting for the recruits to come out, one at a time. As they exit individually, the recruit salutes and the officer returns the salute. He has a look of exhilaration on his face and a hint of a smile. The recruits have the look of confusion on their faces.

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Week #2"

CUT

INT. INSTRUCTORS BARRACKS ROOM. - EVENING

All three instructors are laying on their beds with their combat uniform shirts removed. They are wearing a green t-shirt, combat uniform trousers, black combat boots. Their berets are placed on their individual bedside tables. They are on their backs, heads on the pillow, hands clasped behind their heads which forms a butterfly pattern with their bent arms.

MBDR. JONES

You still didn't get any pit stick, did you?

(MORE)



MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

I can smell it all over the room.  
And it's a fresh crop dusting.

MBDR. BRUNO

When my can is empty, I will buy  
some pit stick just for you. Any  
particular flavor?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

We gots fifteen more minutes before  
we have to goes downstairs and  
inspect the recruits.

There is a knock at the door. It's Private CROMWELL, an 18-  
year-old with brown hair, average height.

ALL INSTRUCTORS

(Loud voice in unison)

WHO IS IT?

PTE. CROMWELL (O.C.)

(Behind the door)

It's Private Cromwell.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Loud voice)

What do you want?

PTE. CROMWELL (O.C.)

(Behind the door)

It's Private Butler. There's  
something wrong with him.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

Is he bleeding?

PTE. CROMWELL (O.C.)

(Behind the door)

No. But there's something wrong  
with him.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

Ok. We'll be right down. GO AWAY!

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #1. - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones enter the room. The  
room is large with 12 camp cots lined up against the wall.

Some recruits are cleaning their C-7 rifles (Canadian M-16 rifle) while others are polishing their boots. At the end of every camp cot, there is a barracks box on which each recruit is sitting. Private BUTLER is sitting on his barracks box. He is 19-years-old, tall, thin with brown hair. He is the third bed space from the end of the room. He is sitting with his ankles crossed, his arms are at his side, his head is canted to the right and he is looking at the floor. His face has a blank expression.

The two instructors walk up to Pte. Butler.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Butler, wake up. Wake up private.

(In a drill voice)

WAKE UP PRIVATE BUTLER. ATTENTION!

MBDR. JONES

He's out of it. Or is he?

(Addressing all the recruits)

How long has he been this way?

PTE. CROMWELL

(Nervous)

About an hour.

MBDR. JONES

An hour! Why didn't you come to us sooner?

PTE. CROMWELL

We were scared he wouldn't be ready for the inspection.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Snapping his fingers in front of his face)

Come on Butler, wake up. Yous gots to wake up now. Fun and games are over.

MBDR. JONES

I don't know what will snap him out of it. He's long gone from us. This is probably permanent. He'll be living as a vegetable in a nursing home for the rest of his life. At least that's one less student to supervise. Maybe we can get them all to go into a trans and then we can go home.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
I don't know. I'd like to go home  
too but...what I do know, is that a  
recruit that goes into a trans  
can't become an officer later on in  
his career.

CUT TO: PTE  
BUTLER

His eyes begin to blink and there is a slight motion to his  
jaw. He shakes his head as if he's been sleeping.

PTE. BUTLER  
(Fake confusion)  
Uh. Uh. What...what date is it?

MBDR. JONES  
(Sarcastic)  
Stardate 330475.95.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Butler, are you ok?

PTE. BUTLER  
I'm fine master bombardier. Where  
are we?

MBDR. JONES  
Master Bombardier Rutherford, I  
think we need to send Pte. Butler  
to medical tonight.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Good idea.

PTE. BUTLER  
No. I'm fine now. I know where I  
am now. I'm feeling better  
already. I don't need to go to  
medical.

MBDR. JONES  
(Sympathetic tone)  
I know you don't want to go to  
medical, but you were in a  
frightful state. We can't, with a  
clear conscience, leave you this  
way. Get your shaving kit ready and  
pack a clean pair of socks,  
underwear and t-shirt.

CUT

INT. BUILDING H-17 PLATOON OFFICE. - THE NEXT DAY

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones speaking with 2nd Lt. Turner.

2ND LT. TURNER

How is our sick little warrior this morning.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

He's back with the platoon, Sir.  
Where is Sgt. Frobisher?

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh, oh, oh, he won't be here for the rest of the course. It's just us. What was wrong with him?

MBDR. JONES

He had an attack of the crazies.

2ND LT. TURNER

What's that?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

He was trying to fake his way off the course, sir. He didn't want to train no more. Whens I told him he can't be an officer if he goes into a trans, he snapped out it.

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh, oh, oh. He wants to be an officer? That's great. I can start to mentor him now.

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

That's not a good idea, sir. You may catch whatever he has and end up going into a trans.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Very serious)

Do you think it's contagious?

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Week #3"

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS CORRIDOR. - MORNING

All three instructors are walking down the corridor to the recruits' rooms. Master Bombardier Bruno walks up to the doorway of his section's room and stands there.

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #2. - MOMENTS LATER

There are five camp cots lined up against two facing walls creating a walkway in the center of the room. All the students are standing at the position of "stand at ease" next to their camp cots, waiting for the instructor to begin the morning inspection. Before he enters the room, Master Bombardier Bruno calls the room to attention.

MBDR. BRUNO  
(Drill voice)  
Section, Atten-tion!

He walks to the end of the room and begins to inspect the last recruit in the row on his left side. Private BILLINGS is 18-years-old, thin, with dark brown hair. He is of average height. Master Bombardier Bruno is standing two feet away, face to face with the recruit. He begins to look at him from head to toe. Making comments as he goes along.

MBDR. BRUNO (CONT'D)  
(In normal speaking voice)  
Good morning private Billings. How are you today?

PTE. BILLINGS  
Good, master bombardier.

MBDR. BRUNO  
You have a small piece of lint on the flap of your beret.

He looks at Pte. Billings' face, he cants his head to the left to have a better look at Pte. Billings' right cheek. He does the same to look at the other cheek.

MBDR. BRUNO (CONT'D)  
You still have peach fuzz along your left cheek. Did you even shave this morning?

PTE. BILLINGS  
(Yelling)  
That's it!

He throws his beret on the floor and begins to unbutton his shirt.

PTE. BILLINGS (CONT'D)  
(Yelling)  
GAME OVER MAN! GAME OVER! I can't  
take this shit anymore.

Continues to undress.

MBDR. BRUNO  
(Yelling)  
Shut the fuck up and pick up that  
beret. You're not going anywhere  
Billings.

PTE. BILLINGS  
(Yelling)  
I'm out of here man! Game over. I  
ain't playing this shit game  
anymore.

His shirt is now on the floor and he is unlacing his boots.

MBDR. BRUNO  
(Yelling)  
You put that shirt back on and lace  
that boot. You're in the army and  
you're not fucking going anywhere.

PTE. BILLINGS  
(Yelling)  
I'm out of here man. I'm gone.  
Fuck this shit. Fuck everything.

MBDR. BRUNO  
(Yelling)  
Ok, Billings. You know what, the  
only place you're going now is crow  
bar motel. That's right. You're  
going to jail you little fucker.

He walks to the doorway and addresses the rest of the  
recruits in the room.

MBDR. BRUNO (CONT'D)  
(Loud voice)  
Don't let him leave the fucking  
room and make sure he's not wearing  
anything that belongs to the  
government of Canada.

He leaves the room.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN.

Standard definition with 4:3 aspect ratio. On a black screen the word "Canada" written in white.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(Soft female voice)  
A message from the government of  
Canada.

The screen cuts to white noise with audio for three seconds.

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #2. - MOMENTS LATER

All three instructors are standing in the room looking at Pte. Billings. He is sitting on his camp cot, naked, his arms across his waist and rocking back and forth.

PTE. BILLINGS  
(Low voice)  
Game over. Game over. Game over.  
Game over.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(In a matter of fact tone)  
Padre.

MBDR. JONES  
(In a matter of fact tone)  
Yup.

MBDR. BRUNO  
(In a matter of fact tone)  
I'll get the company sergeant  
major.

CUT

INT. BUILDING H-17 PLATOON OFFICE. - DAY

The instructors and 2nd Lt. Turner are having a conversation.

2ND LT. TURNER  
So where is private Billings now?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
He's gone, sir. We sent him to see  
the padre and he didn't come back.

2ND LT. TURNER  
What did the padre do with him?

MBDR. JONES  
(Sarcastic)  
He ate him sir. The padre is a large man, he requires a huge daily caloric intake.

MBDR. BRUNO  
He was sent home, sir. He was kicked out of the army. Remember those forms you signed?

2ND LT. TURNER  
I sign a lot of forms and you guys never tell me what they are.

He pauses for a moment and lets his breath out.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)  
Now, in light of this incident, I am now commanding you to be nicer to the recruits.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
How nice do want us to be? We're not their friend.

2ND LT. TURNER  
I want "please and thank you" nice.

MBDR. JONES  
There's nothing in the course training plan that says we need to say "please and thank you" to the recruits. We're here to train them sir, not potty train them.

2ND LT. TURNER  
How come everything you say has to do with poop?

MBDR. JONES  
(Sarcastic)  
Because everything I've been recently commanded to do is bullshit.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Well, from now on, whenever you have an inspection, I want to be there to make sure you guys are nice to the recruits.



MBDR. RUTHERFORD

If you want to have a course  
officer's inspection, we can do  
that, sir. But you should not be  
present at every single inspection.

2ND LT. TURNER

It's my course, they're my  
recruits. My wish is to be present  
for every inspection.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #1. - NIGHT

Second Lieutenant Turner is standing alone in the room.  
There is a puff of smoke and COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER appears.  
It's Col. Dudleswell wearing his tan dress uniform but  
instead of trousers, he's wearing old-man style pajama  
bottoms and slippers. He is not in a wheelchair. He is  
standing up. He has a magic wand in his right hand. The  
room is dark except for light on 2nd Lt. Turner and the  
Colonel Fairy Godmother.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Surprised)

Oh, oh, oh. Col. Fairy Godmother,  
I'm so glad you're here. My  
instructors are trying to stop me  
from attending all the inspections.

COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER

(A high pitch voice)

Then what is your wish, my son.

2ND LT. TURNER

I wish to attend all the recruit  
inspections.

COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER

(A high pitch voice)

And so you shall.

He waves his magic wand, there is a puff of smoke and they  
disappear.

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Jerusalem 20 B.C."

EXT. ROMAN CENTURION INSPECTION - DAY

The colonel and 2nd Lt. Turner are suddenly in the middle of a Roman Centurion inspection. One centurion is not up to standard and the inspecting guard commander screams obscenities in Latin and with his sword, chops the centurion's head off. The body falls to the ground with blood spewing out of the throat. The guard commander continues the inspection as if nothing happened.

2ND LT. TURNER  
(Scared and confused)  
Oh my God! Where are we?

COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER  
(A high pitch voice)  
You wanted to attend all the  
recruit inspections. Here you are.  
There's many more to come.

2ND LT. TURNER  
But this isn't my platoon.

COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER  
(A high pitch voice)  
You never said which recruit  
inspections you wanted to attend.  
Sorry. No refunds.

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS CORRIDOR. - THE NEXT DAY

All three instructors are waiting for 2nd Lt. Turner to arrive for the morning inspection. He's late.

MBDR. BRUNO  
Where are we starting this morning?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
We'll start in room one. I'll tell  
him to walk to the end of the room  
and start with the last recruit,  
private Mills.

He notices 2nd Lt. Turner walking down the hall. He salutes.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Good morning, sir. Are you ready  
for your first inspection?

2ND LT. TURNER  
Yes. I'm very excited.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Smiling)  
Ok, I'll call the room to  
attention. After that, you can  
start with the last recruit on the  
end. That way you can work your  
way back to the exit door.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Oh, good idea. Very efficient.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Drill voice)  
Section, Atten-tion!

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #1. - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Rutherford enters the room followed by the officer. He motions to him to walk down to the end of the room. The officer stands in front of private MILLS, no more than two feet away.

Private Mills is of average height, pale and skinny. He seems to be moving side to side a bit. He does not look healthy.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Good morning private Mills. How  
are you today?

PTE. MILLS  
I'm ok, sir. My stomach is a bit  
upset.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Do you need to go to medical?

PTE. MILLS  
No, sir. I'm tough. I can take  
it.

He dry heaves and immediately vomits all over 2nd Lt. Turner's trousers and boots.

2ND LT. TURNER  
Oh my God!! Help! Help!  
Instructors!

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS CORRIDOR. - MOMENTS LATER

The instructors walk out the room while 2nd Lt. Turner is yelling for help.

MBDR. JONES  
(To Rutherford)  
Did you know Mills was sick.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Laughing)  
Yup. He said he was puking all night. He wanted to go to medical but I told him to tough it out until after the inspection.

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Week #4"

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #3. - AFTERNOON

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones enter the recruits' room and close the door. There are six camp cots along two facing walls creating a walkway in the middle in line with the door. There are a total of 12 camp cots in the room. On the wall behind the door, there is a chalkboard. It's high up and requires a fully extended arm to reach the top. Master Bombardier Rutherford takes a piece of chalk from the bottom railing of the chalkboard and writes "Rutherford is an asshole" on the board.

MBDR. JONES  
What are you doing?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
We're gonna have some fun. Let's  
get out of here until they get  
back.

They leave the room.

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS CORRIDOR. - LATER

The recruits enter the building and walk down the corridor and enter their respective rooms. Once the corridor is empty, Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones walk down the corridor to the recruits' room.

CUT

INT. RECRUIT BARRACKS ROOM #3. - MOMENTS LATER

The two instructors seem to appear from nowhere and stand in the doorway. The door is open. The recruits notice the instructors and immediately take up the position of "stand at ease" next to their camp cots.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Drill voice)  
Section, Atten-tion!

He enters the room followed by Master Bombardier Jones who closes the door. Rutherford walks to the far end of the room and turns around. He pretends to notice the writing on the chalkboard.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Hoooooooooleeeeeeeee geeeez. What the  
fuck is that? Who wrote that on  
the board?

He turns to a recruit standing near him. Private BANKSHAFT is 18-years-old, thin with light brown hair.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Was it you? Did you write that on  
the board?

PTE. BANKSHAFT  
(Terrified)  
No master bombardier. I didn't  
write anything on the board.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Ok, who did it? I wants to know  
who wrote that on the board.

PTE. FITZGERALD  
(With confidence)  
I wrote it, master bombardier.

Private FITZGERALD is average height, has black hair and medium athletic build. He is standing next to his camp cot that is next to the chalkboard.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
He walks up to Private Fitzgerald and stands in front of him.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
So, you thinks that I'm an asshole,  
eh?

PTE. FITZGERALD  
Yes, master bombardier, I mean, no  
master bombardier.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
You can't even makes up your mind.  
He walks to the other end of the room.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Erase that shit off the board.

PTE. FITZGERALD  
Yes, master bombardier.

He looks around the room for an eraser but there isn't one. He keeps looking for anything he can use to erase the board. He doesn't see anything.

PTE. FITZGERALD (CONT'D)  
Master bombardier, what do you want  
me to use to erase the board. I  
don't see an eraser.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Hows about you use your head.

PTE. FITZGERALD  
(Unsure)  
Use my head? master bombardier?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Yes, use your head. Think about  
it.

PTE. FITZGERALD

(Unsure)

Yes, master bombardier.

He pauses for what seems to be a long time, looking at Master Bombardier Rutherford. In a burst of movement, he pulls the barracks box from under his camp cot, moves it close to the wall, stands on it and proceeds to erase the board with his face. Rubbing his cheek across the chalkboard back and forth.

CUT

INT. INSTRUCTORS BARRACKS ROOM. - LATER

All three instructors are taking off their uniforms for the night and getting ready for bed.

MBDR. BRUNO

So you mean to tell me that  
Fitzgerald erased the board with  
his face? That's hilarious.

He begins to laugh out loud.

MBDR. JONES

My first thought was "Oh my God,  
we're going to jail" and my second  
thought was "Holy fuck this kid is  
stupid and we're still going to  
jail for hazing."

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Laughing)

That's not what I wanted him to do.  
I wanted him to think about it like  
use your brain and come up with an  
idea. He took it literally.

MBDR. BRUNO

Shit that's funny. Did you let him  
finish erasing it?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

No, I stopped him. I told him to  
think about it, use your brain and  
he looked at me and started  
laughing. After that, we left the  
room to go laugh.

MBDR. JONES

Recruits are like lego, everyday  
it's a new toy or in this case,  
everyday there's a new incident.  
Thank God we don't have any legos  
here or they would've already  
swallowed all the pieces.

CUT

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "Week #5"

CUT

EXT. TRAINING AREA PLATOON BASE CAMP. - EVENING

The recruit course is on the final field exercise. The platoon has established a base camp comprised of three sections of large modular tents. Inside the tent, there are four six foot tables with folding metal chairs where the course staff prepare lectures and complete paperwork. At the back end of the tent, there is an area where the officer and the three instructors have set up their camp cots. Their rucksacks are leaned up against the foot of their cots. A line of Paracord Type III (550 Paracord) is strung from the side frames of the tent where ranger blankets are hung to provide a divider between the work area and the sleep area. The inside of the tent is lit with Coleman lanterns that burn kerosene.

Outside, in front of the platoon HQ tent, there is a small clearing large enough to contain the entire platoon. It is used for outdoor lectures and formations as needed.

The recruits are scattered throughout a small wooded area where they have constructed improvised outdoor shelters (a hooch) using two military issued ground sheets zipped together. There are two recruits per hooch. This is where they sleep in a sleeping bag.

This is the last evening of the field exercise. The instructors are fed up with the officer who continually interferes with training for stupid reasons. The course officer is speaking to the instructors. They are outdoors.

2ND LT. TURNER

Since this is our last night in the  
field, I want the recruits to  
salute me tomorrow morning.



MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Sir, we don't salute in the field.

MBDR. JONES  
That's right sir. We don't salute  
in the field because of snipers.

2ND LT. TURNER  
I know that but I haven't received  
a salute for three days and I need  
to refill my quota.

MBDR. JONES  
(Sarcastic)  
Sir, are you stealing a little bit  
of life force from each recruit who  
salutes you?

2ND LT. TURNER  
No, I'm not a vampire.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
(Serious)  
But were you adopted, Sir?

2ND LT. TURNER  
Yes. How did you know that?

MBDR. JONES  
(Serious)  
Is your birthday in June, sir?

2ND LT. TURNER  
Yes, it is. How do you guys know  
this?

MBDR. JONES  
(Concerned  
inquisitiveness)  
When you were five-years-old, did  
you try to kill your adoptive  
mother with your tricycle? Did  
your nanny hang herself? Was there  
a strange priest who hung out in  
front of the house?

2ND LT. TURNER  
(Nearly neurotic)  
I'm not...what...I've never heard  
of this. You guys need to stop  
this! I'm not a vampire or that  
girl in the Exorcist. Stop  
freaking me out.

MBDR. BRUNO

(Sarcastic)

We're just trying to help you, sir.  
We want to help you see the reality  
of who you really are.

MBDR. JONES

I was referring to the 1976 movie  
"The Omen."

2ND LT. TURNER

(Nearly neurotic)

Ok, enough of this. Tomorrow  
morning, when I exit the tent, I  
want all the recruits lined up and  
ready to salute me.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Sir, we're in the field.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Nearly neurotic)

I don't care if we're in the field!  
I want my 30 salutes so I can add  
them to my running total.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

You keep a running total of all the  
salutes you receive, sir?

2ND LT. TURNER

(Disbelief)

Of course. Don't all officers do  
that? It's one of the things we  
have to do as officers. Don't you  
guys keep track of how many salutes  
you give?

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

No, sir, we don't. We keep track  
of more important things like the  
number of socks in our sock drawer  
and the number of sheets of toilet  
paper we use per bowel movement.  
It's quite challenging.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Annoyed)

There you go again with the pooppy  
stuff. I'm going to note it in  
your evaluation for this course,  
master bombardier.

(MORE)

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)  
I don't appreciate the poop  
comments at all.

MBDR. JONES  
(Sarcastic)  
Feel free to do so, sir. I'll just  
use my copy of your evaluation to  
wipe my ass when I go for a shit  
immediately after I sign it.

2ND LT. TURNER  
(Very irritated)  
Ok, that's it. I'm going to read  
for a while, have a cup of tea and  
go to bed.

He walks away from the group and enters the HQ tent.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
I think I know how we can fix the  
officer for good.

CUT

EXT. TRAINING AREA PLATOON BASE CAMP. - LATER

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones are crushing four  
Benadryl tablets into a powder using a knife. They place the  
powder into a folded sheet of paper from a field message pad.  
They give it to Master Bombardier Bruno who then enters the  
HQ tent.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD  
Lt. Turner, Sir? Do you have a  
moment to come out here?

The officer comes out of the tent.

2ND LT. TURNER  
What do you guys want?

MBDR. JONES  
Sir, I was wondering how you would  
like the recruits to be standing  
for your morning salute tomorrow?

2ND LT. TURNER  
(Irritated)  
What are you talking about?

CUT

INT. PLATOON HQ TENT. - SAME TIME

Master Bombardier Bruno locates the officer's cup of tea and dumps the Benadryl powder into it. He then stirs it with a pen he takes from his breast pocket. In the background we can hear the other two instructors talking with the officer outdoors. The sound of their conversation is muffled and unintelligible.

CUT

EXT. TRAINING AREA PLATOON BASE CAMP. - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Bruno exits the tent to joins the group.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Sympathetic)

We just want to make sure the recruits are in a position that will please you when they render their salutes.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Very irritated)

I don't care. I just want the salutes. You called me out here for that? I'm going back to my tea and book.

He leaves the group and enters the tent.

MBDR. JONES

(To Bruno)

So, what do you think?

MBDR. BRUNO

He'll be out like a light in about a half hour.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Did you find that thing you were looking for in your rucksack?

MBDR. BRUNO

Yup.

MBDR. JONES

Good. Now we wait.

CUT

INT. PLATOON HQ TENT. - LATER

All three instructors enter the tent. Second Lieutenant Turner is passed out on his cot, his book and cup of tea is on the ground. He is snoring loudly. The instructors walk up to his cot and start their work. Master Bombardier Bruno hands a large permanent black marker to Master Bombardier Jones. He immediately begins to color the officer's eyes and write across his forehead.

CUT

EXT. TRAINING AREA PLATOON BASE CAMP. - THE NEXT DAY

It's early morning daylight. The officer is still sleeping. The instructors have rounded up all the recruits in front of the HQ tent. They are in a semi-circle formation, standing at attention. They are very quiet. Master Bombardier Bruno ignites a flash bang (grenade simulator) and tosses it into the HQ tent. It makes a loud noise as it explodes. Second Lieutenant Turner comes running out of the HQ tent in his stocking feet, underwear and t-shirt. He is stunned from the explosion and is stunned to see all the recruits standing in front of the tent. He is a bit disoriented. The officer's eyes are blackened as though he has two black eyes. On his forehead "2 MONKEY TURNER" is written in thick block letters in permanent black marker.

RECRUITS IN UNISON  
(Saluting)  
GOOD MORNING SIR!

FADE OUT.