



CAMP MOSQUITO
EPISODE 5
"THERE'S NO LIFE LIKE IT"

Written by

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Based on, Militia Wars blog

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FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNION BUILDING. - DAY

A young man of college age is trying to complete a Rubik's cube puzzle. The Rubik's cube is a 5X5 and not the standard 3X3. He is sitting on a folding chair next to a table. The table has various Militia recruiting pamphlets on it as well as an "Operation" game, a "Perfection" game and a model 171 white GraLab electric timer with a handle on the top. The timer is has 30 seconds left to count down. Master Bombardier Stiletto is standing behind the table observing the young man attempt to solve the Rubik's Cube. He is wearing the Canadian Forces garrison dress uniform that consists of a green beret with artillery cap badge, a short sleeve tan shirt, a green camouflage jacket, forest green garrison dress pants and tall shinny black garrison dress boots. The trousers are bloused above the top of the boots. The jacket has a zipper up the middle with a flap that snaps over the zipper to conceal it. The collar of the tan shirt is open and covers the jacket collar that forms a "V" opening for both the shirt and jacket. A faded gold rank insignia is sewn on each sleeve. The epaulettes of the jacket have slip-ons that have "RCA" written on the ends of them in faded gold. There is a sewn name tape above the right breast pocket in faded gold letters. At the top of each sleeve, where it meets the shoulder, the word "Canada" is written in white on a black fabric cut in an arch shape and sewn in place.

COLLEGE GUY

(Struggling)

I can get this. Come on.

The buzzer rings and he is done. He has only completed one side of the cube.

MBDR. STILETTO

Looks like you were struggling there. Ha, ha. Maybe you'll have better luck with the stress test.

He moves the "Perfection" game board with the game pieces closer to the college guy's side of the table, presses down the game tray and turns the timer to 30 seconds then presses the switch to start the game. The timer makes a clicking sound as it counts down. The college guy begins to try and fit the pieces in the correct holes.

COLLEGE GUY

Oh, damn! That doesn't fit. Shit!
I'm running out of time.

He struggles to get as many pieces of the puzzle in place. The time runs out and the pieces are thrown out of their holes as the base plate of the game board pops up.

MBDR. STILETTO
No luck there. Let's check your dexterity.

He places the "Operation" game on the college guy's side of the table. The college guy begins removing pieces from the game board on Master Bombardier Stiletto's command.

MBDR. STILETTO (CONT'D)
Now, try to retrieve as many pieces from the board without making the buzzer go off. Start now.

COLLEGE GUY
(Visibly stressed out)
Oh, damn.

The game buzzer goes off. He cannot remove any pieces from the game without triggering the buzzer. He is sweating and shaking.

COLLEGE GUY (CONT'D)
Shit. I hate this. Damn. My fingers are hurting. These tweezers are too small. Fuck it!

He pushes the game board away from him further down the table.

CUT

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - EVENING

Master Bombardiers Stiletto, Jones and Rutherford are sitting in the BC's office with 2nd Lt. Turner. Capt. Trooper is not happy. They are all wearing the garrison dress uniform.

CAPT. TROOPER
(To Stiletto)
What the hell were you trying to do?

MBDR. STILETTO
I was evaluating the prospective applicants on the various skills they'll need to be successful as artillerymen, sir.

CAPT. TROOPER

The complaint I have here says you had a Rubik's cube, an Operation game, a Perfection game and you made them do pushups. Can you explain to me the validity of any of this?

MBDR. STILETTO

Absolutely sir, the pushups measured their physical strength. They had one minute to complete 50 pushups. The Rubik's Cube measured their intellect. They had five minutes to complete all sides of the cube. Operation was used to measure their fine motor skills. And finally, perfection was used to see how they performed under stress. These were all legitimate ways to measure these attributes.

CAPT. TROOPER

What about the math test using an abacus?

MBDR. STILETTO

Oh yes, well, that was to see if they could perform complex calculations using outdated technology, which is much of what we have to work with here at the unit.

CAPT. TROOPER

Master bombardier, are you aware the Canadian Forces has a set of tests designed to evaluate all these things without any help from Milton Bradley, Hasbro and ancient calculating devices?

MBDR. STILETTO

Yes sir. But the recruiting center's testing is very generic. Take the Rubik's Cube test I designed, it actually tests intelligence and we want smart soldiers in our unit. Don't you want to be in charge of a smart bunch of men instead of dumb ones.

CAPT. TROOPER
 (Dead pan, to Stiletto)
 I'm looking at a dumb one right
 now.
 (Pause, sigh, sarcastic to
 Turner)
 No ouija board, Mr. Turner? That's
 the only thing missing from this
 recruiting romper room of yours.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. A DARK ROOM. - NIGHT

Second Lieutenant Turner is sitting at a small classroom desk with a ouija board on it. He has his hands on the pointer waiting for it to begin moving. He is wearing his garrison dress uniform. There is a puff of smoke and a bright flash of light. Colonel fairy godmother appears. He is in his tan dress uniform but is wearing pajama bottoms and slippers instead of trousers and shoes. He sits down and begins to speak.

COL. FAIRY GODMOTHER
 You have to be two to play this
 game.

2ND LT. TURNER
 Oh, Col. Fairy Godmother. I'm so
 glad you're here. I need all the
 help I can get.

They both place their hands on the pointing device and it starts to move toward various letters. He calls out the letters as the pointer moves.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)
 F, U, C.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears on the screen from the left. On it is displayed the logo for Romper Room toys.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Male monotone voice)
Romper Room was an American children's television program that ran from 1953 to 1981 at which time it was re-titled Romper Room and Friends. The program featured pre-school children playing games, holding hands and singing. During the 1970s and 1980s, Hasbro produced a series of toys using the Romper Room brand.

The slide disappears off the screen to the right.

CUT

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - MOMENTS LATER

CAPT. TROOPER
Take your games home, master bombardier. We don't need them as recruiting tools. We need you to get the applicants through the door so we can get them processed and enrolled in the Militia. From now on, no one goes recruiting alone. You have to be two or more for every recruiting visit to schools and colleges or any display we put on.

(To Turner)
Is that clear, Mr. Turner?

2ND LT. TURNER
(Confused)
Uh, yes sir. Two or more romper room ouija boards sir.

CUT

INT. ARMORY CLASSROOM. - LATER

The recruiting team is sitting in the classroom for a meeting. Bombardiers Gregory and Baker have joined them.

2ND LT. TURNER

Ok, Master Bombardier Stiletto is now in charge of the open house and will work with Bombardier Baker on it. Bombardier Gregory will assist.

MBDR. STILETTO

Well sir, this is what Bombardier Gregory drew up for the displays in the drill hall. I personally think just drawing a bunch of boxes with names on a piece of paper is rather cheap and uninspiring for such an important event.

(Over confident)

So, I'm proposing that Bombardier Gregory go back and create a mechanical diorama of the displays so we can move them around on a large sand model table that will represent the drill hall. This will give us a bird's eye view of the entire event.

MBDR. JONES

(To Stiletto)

Are you fucking nuts?

MBDR. STILETTO

This is how Montgomery planned D-Day.

MBDR. JONES

(Very annoyed)

Eisenhower planned D-Day. This isn't D-Day. What the fuck. You're wasting everyone's time on this shit. It's a fucking open house. Squares on paper work just fine.

2ND LT. TURNER

Ok, I don't want any arguing. It makes my acne break out. Squares on paper is acceptable. Now, what are we going to do to attract people to the open house? Any ideas?

BDR. BAKER

Why don't we get the cooks to make some army food and feed the people who show up. They can cook right in the garage.

MBDR. STILETTO

Excellent idea. We can feed the masses and then sign them all up.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Is it a good idea to hand out food? We may be attracting the wrong kind of crowd. Like peoples who just want a free meal.

MBDR. JONES

That's right. Giving out free food is a bad idea. All we're gonna get are welfare families wanting to feed their kids for free and the bums on the street. I don't see this having the effect we think it will.

2ND LT. TURNER

I think it's a great idea.

Sunbeams shower him as he looks up and there are white clouds and blue skies in the background. We hear music that sounds like "whaaaaaaaaa" played on a synthesizer keyboard.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)

(Idealistic, head in the clouds)

Feeding people who are going to be so grateful they'll want to join the unit.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN 4:3 STANDARD DEFINITION

Canadian Forces television recruiting commercial number 1 from the 1980s featuring the slogan "There's no life like it."

CUT

INT. ARMORY CLASSROOM. - DAY

Master Bombardier Rutherford is sitting at a small desk with an applicant facing him from the opposite side. He is wearing his garrison dress uniform. The applicant is a man of average height, brown hair and unshaven. He is wearing blue jeans, sneakers, and a sweatshirt. He has one arm missing, amputated at the shoulder. The sleeve for the missing arm is tucked into the sweatshirt.

ONE-ARMED MAN

So can I join the militia anyway?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

I don't know if you can join but you can apply to join.

ONE-ARMED MAN

What does that mean?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

It means that you can apply to join the militia.

ONE-ARMED MAN

What?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

It doesn't mean you can join the militia.

ONE-ARMED MAN

What's the difference?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Struggling)

You only have one good arm. I can't stop you from applying to joins the militia but it doesn't mean you can join the militia.

ONE-ARMED MAN

So I can apply but it doesn't mean I'll be accepted, right?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Yes, that's it. Right.

ONE-ARMED MAN

What's gonna stop me from being accepted?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

You only have one arm.

ONE-ARMED MAN
But my arm is in good shape.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
But you only have one them.

ONE-ARMED MAN
I lost my other arm in a combine
accident when I was a kid.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Right.

ONE-ARMED MAN
So?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
You only have one arm.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Yes.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
So you will probably need two arms
to work in the militia.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Why?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Because you needs two arms.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Don't you have jobs for one-armed
people?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
No.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Why not?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
I'm not sure.

ONE-ARMED MAN
So you don't know.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Oh, I knows.

ONE-ARMED MAN
So what job can I do with one arm?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

None.

ONE-ARMED MAN

So you don't have any jobs for one-armed men?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

No.

ONE-ARMED MAN

But you said you didn't know.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

I was thinking.

ONE-ARMED MAN

About what?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

How to tell you that we don't have jobs for one-armed men.

ONE-ARMED MAN

So I can't join?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

You can apply to join.

ONE-ARMED MAN

But it doesn't mean I can actually join?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Correct.

ONE-ARMED MAN

So if you don't have jobs for a one-armed man, why would I join?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

That's what I'm wondering.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Wondering what?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Why a one-armed man wants to join the army.

ONE-ARMED MAN

This isn't the army, it's the militia.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
It's a branch of the army.

ONE-ARMED MAN
But they don't accept men with one arm.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
No. But you can apply to join.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Why would I apply to join when you just said no?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Because you can still apply.

ONE-ARMED MAN
But they won't let me in.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Right.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Why didn't you say that?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Because you have the right to apply to join.

ONE-ARMED MAN
If I apply to join, who's gonna tell me I can't get in?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
The doctor.

ONE-ARMED MAN
What doctor?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
The one at the recruiting center.

ONE-ARMED MAN
There's a doctor at the recruiting center?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Yes.

ONE-ARMED MAN
Why?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
To tell one-armed men they can't
join the army.

CUT

INT. ARMORY CLASSROOM NEXT DOOR. - SAME TIME

Master Bombardier Jones is sitting at a small desk. He is wearing the garrison dress uniform. He is speaking to BORIS who is seated across from him. Boris is very tall, muscular, has dark brown hair and looks very slavic. When he speaks, he has a heavy slavic accent because he is from Croatia and sometimes speaks in broken English. He has a bit of a crazy look in his eyes. He is wearing sneakers, blue jeans and a sweatshirt.

MBDR. JONES
So, you're from Croatia?

BORIS
Yes. I come to Canada as a
refugee.

MBDR. JONES
Very interesting. What did you do
in Croatia?

BORIS
I was in army. I fight in war
against Bosniaks.

MBDR. JONES
What did you do in the war?

BORIS
I was fighting and killing moose-
lams. I kill lots of moose-lams.
(Excited)
I was only one from my school class
to survive the war. Out of 33 in
my class, I survive dee war.

He laughs in a crazy disturbing way.

MBDR. JONES
Why do you want to join the
militia?

BORIS
I want to go back to fighting and
shooting. I like shooting.

MBDR. JONES
You do realize we are not at war
here in Canada.

BORIS
Yes. No war in Canada, jast peace.

MBDR. JONES
Where are you living?

BORIS
At the church down the street. I
have apartment in basement of
church.

MBDR. JONES
Is that the united church?

BORIS
Yes. The pastor is good to me.

MBDR. JONES
You'll need to fill out these forms
and bring them back to me with all
the items on this list.

He points to a list on a sheet of paper glued to a large
yellow envelope.

BORIS
You know...

He takes the envelope in his hands and feels one end of it
with his finger tips.

BORIS (CONT'D)
I can kill you 700 different ways
with this paper.

MBDR. JONES
(Slight laugh)
That's nice to know. I'm glad
we're friends.
(Serious)
Do you have any questions?

BORIS
Are there any moose-lams in Kit-
chee-nor?

MBDR. JONES
(Uneasy)
No, not to my knowledge.

BORIS
I killed moose-lams in Bosnia.
Moose-lams are bad. Are you
christian?

MBDR. JONES
Yes.

BORIS
Good. Christians are good.

MBDR. JONES
Any other questions?

BORIS
When do I get gun?

MBDR. JONES
(Unseasy)
It will be some time after you
join. You have to go through
training first.

BORIS
So, I don't get gun on first day,
no?

MBDR. JONES
(Still uneasy)
No. Not on the first day.

BORIS
How can I protect myself from moose-
lams?

MBDR. JONES
There are no muslims in Kitchener.

BORIS
What if moose-lams come to Kit-chee-
nor?

MBDR. JONES
They won't come here.

BORIS
Why not?

MBDR. JONES
There are too many christian
churches here.

BORIS
I can see guns you have?

MBDR. JONES

I'm sorry, they're all locked up at this time. We can't access them. Anything else you would like to know?

BORIS

Yes. You have woo-men working here?

MBDR. JONES

Yes, we have some women here.

BORIS

Are they beautiful looking woo-man?

MBDR. JONES

(Starting to adopt Boris' speech style)

Some of them are beautiful looking, yes.

BORIS

I don't mean the boot-faced woo-man in office upstairs when I come in. She is ugly and going to have baby. I mean other woo-mans.

MBDR. JONES

We have other women but they're not here today.

(Pause)

And they won't be here anytime soon.

BORIS

You know whut?

He leans over the desk and looks at Jones. They are face-to-face.

BORIS (CONT'D)

You goot man. Jones.

MBDR. JONES

(Uneasy)

Master bombardier.

BORIS

Yes, muster bumba-deer.

He smiles with a crazy look in his eyes.

CUT

INT. LOCAL SHOPPING MALL. - SAME TIME

Bombardier Gregory and 2nd Lieutenant Turner are standing next to a display of military equipment at the local indoor mall. They are wearing the garrison dress uniform. They are standing next to a six foot folding table that is covered with a red and blue table cloth. The equipment on display is a military portable artillery computer and an AN-PRC-125 radio. A three foot whip antenna and a handset is connected to the radio. There are also recruiting pamphlets on the table.

BDR. GREGORY

(Bored)

So, what do you think of the mall sir?

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh, bombardier it's great. We've met so many nice people here.

BDR. GREGORY

Sir, the only people we talked too were little old ladies with blue hair. They're not recruiting material.

2ND LT. TURNER

But they were so nice. They reminded me of my grandmother, God rest her soul. I miss her sugar cookies.

CUT

INT. LOCAL SHOPPING MALL. - SAME TIME

A 17-year-old girl is walking toward the soldiers. She is dressed in black from head to toe in form fitting clothes. She is wearing a short top hat and a rock in a cage on a string around her neck. She is very pale, has shoulder length dark brown hair, black nail polish. She is goth before goth was a thing. She is visibly pregnant. She walks up to Bombardier Gregory stops three feet in front of him and speaks.

PREGNANT GIRL

(ordinary voice,
exaggerated lip
movements)

Bay-bee killerrrrrrrs. Bay-bee
killerrrrrrrs. You're all bay-bee
killerrrrrrrs.

BDR. GREGORY
 (Sarcastic)
 And you're a baby machine.

PREGNANT GIRL
 (Miffed)
 How dare you. Bay-bee killerrrrrrs.

2ND LT. TURNER
 Why would you say something like
 that to us? What did we do to you?

PREGNANT GIRL
 You kill bay-bees for a living.
 You're just a bunch of murderers.

2ND LT. TURNER
 I couldn't even kill the chicken on
 my officer training course let
 alone a baby.

BDR. GREGORY
 (Leaning into Turner's
 ear)
 Sir, I've got this.
 (To the pregnant girl)
 You're right. We are baby killers.
 And anything else you want to call
 us. What we do for a living gives
 you the freedom to call us baby
 killers.

PREGNANT GIRL
 (Confused)
 What? You're supposed to say no.

BDR. GREGORY
 Sorry. My job is to defend your
 freedom so you can wrongfully call
 me a baby killer. It's your right
 as a Canadian citizen and, you're
 welcome. Just like you're free to
 have unprotected teenage sex, get
 pregnant while in high school and
 end up on welfare because the
 plough boy who fertilized you is a
 deadbeat dad. You have all sorts
 of freedoms because of me.

PREGNANT GIRL
 (Angry)
 Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Well, well
 (MORE)

PREGNANT GIRL (CONT'D)

(slight pause)
bay-bee killerrrrrrrs.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN 4:3 STANDARD DEFINITION

Canadian Forces television recruiting commercial number 2 from the 1980s featuring the slogan "There's no life like it."

CUT

EXT. ARMORY REAR PARKING LOT - DAY

The armory roll-top garage door is located at the rear of the building and access to it is via a large parking lot located to the rear of the building. There is a 4' X 8' portable illuminated flashing arrow sign with removable lettering near the roll-top garage door that says, "Open House Today. Free Army Food 11:30-13:00." People are walking into the armory via the garage door. Some soldiers are standing around greeting the visitors and are wearing garrison dress uniforms. Most of the people entering the armory are women with two to three children each, mostly five to eight year olds. The men entering the armory are old, dressed in filthy clothing and look rough.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL. - SAME TIME

Visitors can enter the drill hall through the garage via an opening large enough to drive military trucks into the drill hall. The drill hall is the size of a high school gymnasium two stories tall. There are two balconies, one at either end of the drill hall looking out onto the drill hall. They have connected staircases that lead to different areas of the armory. Above the garage are three classrooms. One of the balconies is used to gain access to the classrooms. There is a metal staircase to the right of the garage door opening that leads into the drill hall. That staircase has two sets of steps that lead to the balcony adjoining the classrooms. On the landing of the staircase is an exit door to the outdoors.

The balcony railings are made of three inch metal pipes and painted light blue, the same as the walls of the drill hall. The drill hall is lit with large mercury vapor lights that are attached to the supporting metal beams for the ceiling.

There is a fire sprinkler system suspended from the ceiling above the balconies and across the drill hall ceiling as well as throughout the entire building. The metal pipes are painted red. This is a Dry Pipe sprinkler system. The sprinkler heads that release water during a fire are ONLY those activated by the fire. The remainder of the system does NOT automatically start sprinkling water throughout the building.

The drill hall has a variety of military equipment on display to include two 105mm Howitzers C2, Iltis (Canadian military jeep), some camouflage netting suspended randomly, tables with maps, compasses, M16 rifles, machine guns etc. The balcony railings are decorated with red over blue striped bunting (artillery colors) and old Christmas lights with alternate red and blue bulbs that flash in a chasing pattern similar to some of the lights on the game show The Price is Right. These are very old Christmas lights from the days when the wires were covered with fabric insulation and not plastic insulation.

Captain Trooper and 2nd Lieutenant Turner are standing in the middle of the drill hall talking.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Annoyed)

Where the hell did you get those
fucking atrocious Christmas lights?

2ND LT. TURNER

(With glee)

I found them in the basement sir.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Annoyed)

We don't have a basement. We have
some rooms under the main part of
the armory. It's called the snake
pit.

2ND LT. TURNER

I don't like snakes or even saying
that word.

(With glee)

I thought it would add a
celebratory touch to our open
house.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Annoyed)

I'm going to my office now to
forget that I even saw those
lights. Just let me know when this
event is over so I can go home.

He turns and walks away as 2nd Lt. Turner responds to him.

2ND LT. TURNER

Yes sir.

He walks into the garage where he takes a loud hailer off a table and begins to speak into it.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)

(Via the loud hailer)

Attention everyone. It's time to start a line for lunch. Everyone come into the garage and line up in front of this table and the cooks will serve you some wholesome army food.

CUT

INT. ARMORY GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the garage, there are no vehicles. There is a makeshift steam line for serving food made with wooden six foot collapsable tables. Further behind the tables is a large metal cooking grill with military M2A gasoline burner units under the grill which provides the heat for cooking. The entire assembly is waist high, made of metal and the burners slide into slots under the grill. The cooks are serving food. They are dressed in solid green combat uniform, black combat boots but minus the beret and the combat shirt. They are only wearing an olive green v-neck t-shirt. There are three male cooks working in the live kitchen display. They are all privates. Private BLOGGINS is serving in the steam line. He is six feet tall, pale white, has a buzz cut and is clean shaven. He speaks with a back woods southern accent. Everyone is in line waiting to be served. He takes a paper plate from a stack of paper plates next to him and dispenses a hamburger, a boiled potato and green beans onto the plate and gives it to the first man in line. He continues to do this for about six men until the first woman with three male children arrive at the table.

PTE. BLOGGINS

(Handing the plate of food
to the woman)

Here ya go.

WOMAN

Thank you sir.

(She gives the plate to
one child)

Say thank you to the nice man for
the food.

CHILD #1
Thank you sir.

PTE. BLOGGINS
Here's the nix one. How many kids
ya got?

Handing the plate to the woman.

WOMAN
Just three boys.

Taking the plate and giving it to child #2.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Say thank you sir.

CHILD #2
Thank you sir.

PTE. BLOGGINS
Here's annoder one lady.

WOMAN
Thank you very much.

She hands the plate to child #3.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You know what to say, you're old
enough.

CHILD #3
Yes I do know what to say mommy.
(Yelling disrespectfully
at Bloggins)
I want another patty on my burger.
I want it to be a double hamburger.

WOMAN
(Apologizing to Bloggins)
I'm so sorry, he's not been out
much this week.

PTE. BLOGGINS
(Yelling)
Ya only get one patty kid. This
here is da army. Ya eat what ya
git.

WOMAN
(Angry)
Don't be yelling at my child!

PTE. BLOGGINS

Your kid's a pain in dee ass. Give
me yur plate kid. You ain't
gettin' no food.

He reaches over the table and grabs child #3's plate and
spills the food on the ground.

PTE. BLOGGINS (CONT'D)

Look what ya done. Ya gonna have
to clean dat up.

WOMAN

(Angry)

This is unacceptable. How dare you
speak to my child in such a tone!

PTE. BLOGGINS

Shut up bitch and git down and
clean dat shit off my gay-rage
floor.

WOMAN

(Angry)

I am NOT a bitch and I'm not
cleaning anything up.

(Yelling)

You're the bitch!

She pushes the table and it tips over and spills all the food
from the makeshift steam line onto the floor.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - SAME TIME

Second Lieutenant Turner is standing in the drill hall and
witnesses what is happening in the garage and runs over to
diffuse the situation. The line of people behind the woman
are angry and yelling expletives at her because they will not
be able to get a free meal. The children are now crying and
sitting on the floor. At the same time, the old Christmas
lights malfunction and the bunting on both balconies catch
fire. Second Lieutenant Turner is unaware of this of the
fire.

2ND LT. TURNER

(In shock, yelling)

Oh my God! What is going on here?
Private, you need to clean this up
immediately.

WOMAN
(To Turner)
That private called me a bitch.

2ND LT. TURNER
(To Bloggins)
You called her a bitch?

PTE. BLOGGINS
I sure did and I'd do it again too.
(To the woman, yelling)
Yur a bitch!

WOMAN
(Offended)
How dare you call me a bitch for a
SECOND time.

She leans over the turned over table and grabs him by the t-shirt with both hands and begins to shake him back and forth.

2ND LT. TURNER
(Yelling, panic)
Madame, control yourself!

He grabs her arm and tries to pull her away from Private Bloggins. In doing so, he steps on a burger patty, loses his footing and he falls to the ground into the food taking the woman and Private Bloggins with him. It is now a full three person brawl rolling around on the garage floor. The crowd is cheering.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - SAME TIME

The bunting is now seriously on fire with flames shooting up to the ceiling. The heat from the flames activates the fire sprinklers, gallons and gallons of water are released, the fire goes out, the drill hall floor is flooded and the fire alarm echoes throughout the building.

CUT

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - LATER

Second Lieutenant Turner is standing at attention in front of the BC's desk. His uniform is covered in food stains from the garage brawl. He is wearing his beret. Captain Trooper is sitting behind his desk.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Angry, speaking in a low growling tone)

Mister Turner, I'm not sure if I should relieve you of your duties or conduct a summary execution. I don't have a cigarette, a blind fold or any bullets. So the latter seems to be out of the question. For now.

2ND LT. TURNER

Sir, may I

CAPT. TROOPER

(Cutting him off, angry yelling)

Don't!

(Angry, speaking in a low growling tone)

speak. Do not say a word. I don't want to hear anything come out of your mouth. Not even air. So breathe through your nose.

(Pause, sigh)

Next week, the recruiting center will be here to process 40 applications. I want those 40 new recruits. I don't want 30. I don't want 38. I want 40. Every single one of them better pass the processing so I can have 40 new recruits take their oath to serve in my unit, or I'll cut you up into small pieces and send you home in 300 mason jars. I know I would take immense joy in that right now.

(Pause)

Mister Turner?

(Angry, yelling)

Get the fuck out of my office!

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - MORNING

There are chairs on the drill hall floor where 40 applicants are sitting waiting to be called up to one of the classrooms for recruit processing. Master Bombardiers Jones and Rutherford are standing away from the group in one corner of the drill hall talking. They are wearing the garrison dress uniform with their berets.

MBDR. JONES
We have a problem.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
What kind of problem?

MBDR. JONES
I just got a phone call from the pastor at the united church. It seems our friend Boris the killer is not as great of a person that the pastor's letter of recommendation made him out to be.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Uh, oh.

MBDR. JONES
He's gonna fax me a revised letter for Boris' file not recommending him. The pastor said if this guy goes on a violent rampage, the town cops won't be able to handle him. We need to talk to Mr. Turner.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
I'll get him.

He walks over to the chairs where Turner is sitting, whispers in his ear and both men return to speak with Jones. The officer is wearing the garrison dress uniform and beret.

MBDR. JONES
Sir, I have some bad news about one of our applicants.

2ND LT. TURNER
Oh my God. Master bombardier, I can't have anything go wrong with this recruit processing stuff.

MBDR. JONES
It's about Boris, the applicant from Croatia.

2ND LT. TURNER
Oh, yeah, him. I like him. He's awesome.

MBDR. JONES
Sir, I'm afraid he's not as awesome as you think.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

I just received a phone call from the pastor at the united church. The letter he wrote for Boris is bogus.

2ND LT. TURNER

Bogus?

MBDR. JONES

Sir, he wrote the letter under duress. It seems Boris came on a little bit too strong when he asked for a letter of recommendation and the pastor wrote a glowing letter out of fear.

2ND LT. TURNER

Fear of what? Boris is a nice guy.

MBDR. JONES

Apparently, Boris has violent tendencies and has managed to scare off most of the congregation from attending Sunday services. Also, the women's auxiliary refuse to go into the basement of the church to make coffee and serve donuts after Sunday services because Boris lives in an apartment down there.

2ND LT. TURNER

How is this even possible. The letter said he was a great guy.

MBDR. JONES

Sir, the pastor said he wouldn't leave his adult daughter in the same room with him for five seconds. He just doesn't trust him and he's imploring us to not allow him to join the militia.

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh no! No, no, no! Everyone here today will be processed, pass all the tests and be enrolled. I can't lose one person.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

What about the one armed man sir?

2ND LT. TURNER

(Surprised)

What one armed man?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

The one whose sitting right over there. He only has one arm and he won't pass the medical.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Slightly neurotic)

You recruited a one-armed man? Oh my God! What were you thinking?

(Slight pause)

Ok. Except for the one armed guy, everyone else is going to pass. Unless they have some sort of horrible disease, they're all getting in. Now I'm down to 39 and the BC is gonna kill me.

He walks away and returns to the area with chairs.

MBDR. JONES

I'm going upstairs to get that fax from the pastor.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

We need to come up with a plan to get rid of him.

MBDR. JONES

Yeah, well, unless they discover he has a horrible communicable disease, he'll be running around with a stolen rifle from the weapons lock up and chasing women all over town.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

I thinks we can make sure he gets a bad disease.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

We see the two master bombardiers walk past the area with chairs disappear in the staircase and reappear on the balcony. They walk the length of the balcony to the last classroom and go in.

CUT

INT. ARMORY LAST CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

This classroom is being used as a makeshift medical examination room where a military medical professional conducts military physical exams on the applicants. Lieutenant BENSONETTE is a military nurse conducting the physicals. She is six feet tall, blond, rosy cheeks and very pretty. She is wearing the modified dark green dress uniform with ankle boots, dark green trousers, a linden green long sleeve shirt and the female equivalent of a neck tie. On her shoulders are slip-ons with her rank and "Canada" written in gold across the lower part of the slip-on. On the left side of her shirt, she has a black plastic name tag with white letters that spell her name. She knows Jones and Rutherford well because she was once part of the unit as a medic before enrolling in the regular force as a nurse.

LT. BENSONETTE

(Very happy)

Hey you guys. I knew you'd be here.

(She hugs them)

It's so great to see you.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

It's great to see you too, ma'm.

Hey we're supposed to salute.

Rutherford and Jones salute the officer, she returns the salute.

LT. BENSONETTE

(Giggling)

Wow, what a far cry from being just one of the guys, your friendly gun line medic and corporal for life.

MBDR. JONES

It's great to see you again.

(Sarcastic)

We miss you on the gun line handing out sore throat lozenges for broken bones and concussions.

LT. BENSONETTE

(Laughing)

Well, that's Canadian army medicine for you.

MBDR. JONES

We've got a problem.

LT. BENSONETTE

You guys don't have VD do you?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Uh, no.

MBDR. JONES

There's an applicant here today. A guy named Boris from Croatia. He can't pass the medical. We can't have him in the unit.

LT. BENSONETTE

Why?

MBDR. JONES

Here's his new letter of recommendation.

He hands her the letter and she reads it.

LT. BENSONETTE

Oh my God. This guy's crazy.

MBDR. JONES

The pastor is trying to get him transferred to a church in Toronto. We just need to buy some time.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

All he asked about at the interview was for guns and women.

MBDR. JONES

Can you come up with some sort of strange disease that has symptoms similar to the common cold with a touch of generalized cancer and make it slightly contagious?

LT. BENSONETTE

(Giggling)

Leave it to me guys. I'll have him infected with something in no time.

CUT

INT. ARMORY BALCONY - LATER

We see the door of the last classroom, the makeshift medical examination room open. Boris walks out wearing a disposable surgical mask, a disposable surgical gown, a disposable surgical cap and latex examination gloves. Lt. Bensonette walks out behind him. She is wearing a surgical mask, surgical gloves and she is carrying Boris' file in her hand.

They both stop in the doorway of the first classroom where Captain Abernathy is working. She places the file on a small table inside the doorway. We do not see the captain but we can hear Lt. Bensonette's side of the conversation.

LT. BENSONETTE

Sir, this man cannot be medically cleared for service. He has a communicable disease from the Balkans. He needs to go home and stay there for ten days. I gave him medication. I'll give everyone here a medicated lozenge as a prophylactic against potential infection. They should all be in the clear. Boris will not be medically clear to join the militia for another six months.

CAPT. ABERNATHY

(Incomprehensible though audible)

LT. BENSONETTE

(Nodding her head)

Yes sir. That is correct. Thank you sir.

She continues to walk with Boris to the stairs. On the landing of the stairs, there is an exit door. She walks onto the landing, pushes the door open and directs Boris to go outside and go home using hand movements.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Lt. Bensonette is speaking with Master Bombardiers Jones and Rutherford and 2nd Lt. Turner in the corner of the drill hall away from all the applicants who are sitting in chairs on the drill hall floor.

LT. BENSONETTE

All right gents, our friend Boris is not fit for duty. He has Dormant Varicella-Zoster Simplex. It can come and go at any time. The symptoms include fever, skin lesions and leaking pustules. Not to mention, a really bad sore throat. It's an illness common in the Balkans where he's from.

2ND LT. TURNER

(In shock)

Skin lesions! Oh my God! Is it contagious?

(Clutching his throat)

We've all been around him.

LT. BENSONETTE

It can be but I'm going to give everyone a medicated lozenge as a preventive measure. I know you'll all be fine.

She hands each man an individually packaged blister pack of round yellow sore throat lozenges. They are the size of a communion wafer and thick.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Placing the lozenge in his mouth)

Oh my God, this tastes horrible. No wonder it can kill a disease. This could kill a small animal.

LT. BENSONETTE

The lozenge will take an hour to dissolve in your mouth sir but you're safe now. I'll hand out the rest of these to the applicants.

She walks away from the group.

MBDR. JONES

(Turning to speak to the camera)

And that's how we got rid of Boris.

He smirks at the camera.

FADE OUT.