



CAMP MOSQUITO
(PILOT)

Written by

Phil Gutierrez

Email: philip.gutierrez9@gmail.com
Phone: (703)474-5919

FADE IN:

TELEVISION SCREEN.

The image is in standard definition with 4:3 aspect ratio. The TV is displaying a commercial about joining the Militia, Canada's Army Reserve.

The screen fills with a large zoom-in graphic that says "Militia" It cuts to male and female soldiers gathered together near an Iltis (Canadian military jeep), smoking, drinking coffee and laughing. They are wearing solid green combat uniforms. Their berets are not worn correctly and look like a pizza or flying saucer on their heads. The commercial is low quality, cutting back and forth from one soldier to another with multiple close ups and wide shots. There is no imagery of rifles or weaponry of any kind. The imagery fades to black and the commercial ends with "Canada" written across the screen in large letters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's the Militia! Canada's Army Reserve. When you join the Militia, you get a great part-time job, good pay and excitement. Plus, you'll make new friends. Make 1992 the year you serve your country by serving in the Militia, Canada's Army Reserve.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Deep male monotone voice)
A message from the government of Canada.

The image dissolves into white noise with the word "Canada" echoing multiple times as it mixes with the sound of rifle fire, explosions and soldiers shouting during a firefight.

DISSOLVE TO:
WOODED HILLSIDE

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE-CANADIAN MILITARY BASE - DAWN

Soldiers in a platoon defensive position are engaged in a fierce fire fight with the enemy closing onto their position. Explosions from artillery simulators and grenade simulators are everywhere on the position. Smoke from smoke grenades begin to cover the area. All 16 trenches have soldiers firing their weapons and yelling. There is chaos.

RSM DAVIDSON, a tall slim man in his forties, he's been in the infantry for more than 20 years. He has gray hair. He is standing next to a trench and shouting at Bombardier JONES.

Bombardier Jones is 5'5", he is thin with an athletic build, he has black hair and a large black mustache. He wears his hair short, a 1/8" on the back and sides. The top hair is a bit longer, parted on the side. He is intelligent, educated and articulate. He is 23-years-old.

The soldiers are wearing solid green combat uniforms, H-harness connected to a cartridge belt, M1 helmet (Vietnam style), black combat boots and camouflage paint on their faces.

RSM DAVIDSON

(Yelling)

Fire that weapon. Shoot the enemy.
Kill him. Fire your weapon.

BDR. JONES

(Yelling)

Die fuckers die. I'm out of ammo.

RSM DAVIDSON

(Yelling)

Use militia bullets. Scream bang
when you pull the trigger.

BDR. JONES

(Yelling)

What the fuck are militia bullets?

RSM DAVIDSON

(Yelling)

Scream bang! Scream!

BDR. JONES

(Yelling)

Bang! Bang! Bang!

RSM DAVIDSON

Scream Jones! Scream! Wake up.
Jones wake up! Jones!

CUT

INT. ARMORY MESS. - EVENING

The mess is a large room with 80s and 90s style commercial furniture such as chairs and sofas. There is a floor-model cathode ray tube TV sitting on large sturdy table.

It is turned on and playing a TV show. The volume is low. Bombardier Jones is sitting on a sofa with his head leaning back sleeping. RSM Davidson's voice merges into Master Bombardier RUTHERFORD's voice when he is woken up.

Master Bombardier Rutherford is 5'7", he is stocky with an athletic build. He has very blond hair and is clean shaven. He turns a bit red if he is in the sun too long. He wears the same haircut as Jones. He is 22-years-old. He is intelligent despite only having a grade 10 education. When he speaks, he often places an "S" at the end of words that are plural.

All soldiers in the unit are dressed in solid green combat uniforms, green beret and black combat boots. They all wear the artillery cap badge and they all have their sleeves rolled up for summer dress. All soldiers are Caucasian.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD (O.C.)
(Voice only)
Jones! Wake up Jones.

BDR. JONES
Bang! Bang! I'm awake.

He opens his eyes to see Master Bombardier Rutherford standing there, smiling.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Yous were sleeping hard.

BDR. JONES
I was dreaming of the final ex on my combat leadership course. I saw a commercial for the militia on TV.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
(Laughing)
Having flash backs eh? Those will go on for a few more weeks. And you've only been back for four days.

BDR. JONES
(Sarcastic)
Great. I have post traumatic stress from training. This shit is supposed to be fun. It's not supposed to psychologically scar me. Oh the things we have to do to get promoted.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Hows was the CLC?

BDR. JONES

To start, my tan dress uniform is ruined. Sergeant-Major Nice made us do push ups in the mud.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Surprised)

Sergeant-Major Nice is still in Aldershot? Wow. He's been there for a hundred years. Apparently, he saved the Queen's dog from being eaten up by a combine. So, how was the CLC overall?

BDR. JONES

It sucked. It was brutal. The graduation parade was a fucking clown show.

CUT

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - DAY

Our focus is on Sergeant-Major NICE who is talking to his soldiers. We do not see his soldiers, just him.

Sergeant-Major Nice is an older short man who wears a handlebar mustache that extends almost past the sides of his face. He does not curl the ends of his mustache. He wears a maroon beret with the Princes Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPCLI) cap badge and his tan dress uniform has the appropriate PPCLI buttons and accoutrements. He wears the rank of a Canadian Forces Master Warrant Officer. He wears a red sash across his body from the shoulder to the hip. He carries a drill cane with him on parade.

SGT. MAJ. NICE

(Speaking loudly, annoyed)

Just because you're graduating today, doesn't necessarily mean you are leaders. At least not in my book. Today's reviewing officer is Honorary Colonel Dudleswell. He is a Canadian hero. He is very old. He will not be inspecting the troops because he's in a wheelchair. He will speak to you about what it takes to be a leader in war.

(MORE)

SGT. MAJ. NICE (CONT'D)
Something none of you have. Any
questions I didn't think so. I'll
be right back.

He walks away from the platoon.

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - MOMENTS LATER

Bombardier Jones is talking with Bombardier POOLE while waiting for the parade to start. Bombardier Poole is 5'8", has a large brown mustache and glasses. He has an average build. They are formed up and in the position of "stand easy."

They are part of a graduating platoon of 25 soldiers lined up at the back end of the parade square. They are formed up in three ranks ready to march in their graduation parade. They are all wearing a green beret and tan dress uniform and highly polished ankle boots. They all wear a white ceremonial belt around their midsections with a gold belt buckle that has the Canadian Forces tri-service emblem on it. Each soldier wears the cap badge that represents their unit or trade on their beret. All the students wear the rank of corporal. No one has medals. There are no rifles.

BDR. JONES
We've seen this guy twice, once on
the first day of the course and
today. Why is he still wearing a
maroon beret? Isn't he a bit old
to be jumping out of planes?

BDR. POOLE
Rumor has it that he was given
special dispensation by the Queen
because he saved her dog.

BDR. JONES
What? A corgi?

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. A LARGE GRASSY AREA WITH A MUD PUDDLE. - DAY

Location is England. Sergeant-Major Nice is chasing a corgi dog across a large grassy expanse. He sees the dog is headed for a fairly large mud puddle.

He is wearing his tan dress uniform. He wears the rank of sergeant, a red sash and a maroon beret. He leaps toward the animal just in time to push the dog away from the mud puddle while sacrificing himself to the puddle, laying in it face down.

He kneels up, wipes the mud from his eyes and face just in time to see the royal golf cart pull up beside the puddle. He is facing the golf cart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II is wearing a brown wool skirt and matching shoes. We only see the Queen from the waist down. She exits the golf cart, picks up her dog then turns toward Sergeant-Major Nice.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

You there! I must thank you for saving my royal Corgi from becoming soiled. As a reward, I declare that you may wear your maroon beret for the remainder of your time in service to the armed forces of Canada and to me, your Queen. May God bless you and all who shall sail in you.

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - LATER

The parade has already started and the honorary colonel is speaking. The platoon is at the position of "stand at ease" and facing the dais. The dais is a wooden platform four feet above the parade square and it has a canopy over it.

On the dais we see RSM Davidson seated on the left, the honorary colonel seated in a wheel chair in the center. Both men are wearing the tan dress uniform and green beret. RSM Davidson carries a pace stick with him. He wears the cap badge of the Royal Canadian Regiment.

Honorary Col. DUDLESWELL is over 90-years-old. His face is very pale, his hands are wrinkled and he is clean shaven. His hair is very thin and white. He is bent forward in his wheelchair with his upper back noticeably rounded. His uniform looks big on him. His beret is formed and worn correctly. He wears the cap badge of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Attached to the side of his wheelchair, is a clear plastic bag with urine in it. There is a tube from the colonel's pant leg that connects to the urine bag.

There is a microphone stand in the shape of an upside down letter "L" that creates a boom arm in line with the colonel's mouth. He is speaking into the microphone.

COL. DUDLESWELL
(Speaking slowly in old
man voice)
At Vimy Ridge, the leaders of our
platoon were fighting...

He falls asleep.

RSM DAVIDSON
(Under his breath)
Damn old fucker.

He lifts up his pace stick and pokes the colonel once in the upper arm.

COL. DUDLESWELL
(Snorting a bit then
speaking slowly)
We were fighting the hated Boers
that came at us in every direction.

He falls asleep again.

RSM DAVIDSON
(Under his breath)
How many fucking times do I have to
do this?

He lifts up his pace stick and pokes the colonel in the upper arm three times, using more force which shakes the colonel, the urine in the bag, and the wheelchair.

COL. DUDLESWELL
(Snorting a bit then
speaking slowly)
If it wasn't for the Germans, we
would have lost the war against the
Boers. South Africa was very hot.

He falls asleep again.

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - MOMENTS LATER

The parade commander marches up to the dais and pretends to receive permission to proceed from the sleeping colonel.

He salutes and returns to his command position and begins giving drill commands to the platoon. The colonel is still sleeping.

EXT. PARADE SQUARE DAIS. - MOMENTS LATER

The colonel's DRIVER, a private, and the RSM are attaching an arm brace to the colonel's right arm. The brace is made of metal, is cylindrical in shape and has many knobs. A small telescopic pole is used to hold the arm up at the elbow. The pole is long enough to be supported by the floor. The microphone stand has been placed to the side of the dais, away from the colonel.

As this is going on, we can hear the drill commands and marching music in the background.

PARADE COMMANDER (O.C.)
(Shouting loud drill
commands)

Platoon Close Order-March. Platoon
will March Past in Quick Time.
Move to the right in Column of
Route, Right-Turn. Platoon, by the
Left, Quick-March.

As the platoon steps off marching, the band begins to play. Only the bass drum is played, setting the cadence every time the left foot of each soldier hits the ground. After six drum beats, the brass band begins to play "Col. Bogey-The River Kwai March" while the band marches in the rear of the platoon.

At the same time, attaching the arm brace does not go well. The colonel is resisting. The RSM gets angry and grabs the colonel by the throat to hold him in place while the driver slips the brace onto the colonel's arm over the sleeve of his uniform. The driver positions the colonel's arm into the saluting position, turns some knobs to secure it in place and then attaches the pole to the elbow of the brace. The colonel is now ready and saluting. The driver exits the dais via steps in the back. The RSM takes his place on the right side of the colonel for the march **past**. He is standing at attention.

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - MOMENTS LATER

The platoon is now approaching the dais. As the parade commander gets closer to the dais he gives his drill commands.

PARADE COMMANDER
(Loud drill voice)
Parade, eyes-right.

He performs his eyes right saluting with his right hand.

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE. - MOMENTS LATER

As the platoon approaches the dais, the soldiers simply turn their heads to the right except the right marker located at the front right of the platoon. He continues to look straight ahead.

As the platoon marches past the dais, the music changes and the band begins to play "The Liberty Bell March" by John Philip Sousa, commonly known as the Monty Python Flying Circus TV show theme. Most of the soldiers in the platoon begin to laugh.

CUT

EXT. PARADE SQUARE DAIS. - SAME TIME

The colonel has his eyes closed and his mouth open. He's sleeping.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN.

The music from the band playing the "Liberty Bell March" continues. Standard definition 4:3 aspect ratio. There is an intro that is similar to Monty Python's Flying Circus animation. Once the music reaches 17 seconds, it stops. The TV screen cuts to white noise with audio. It lasts for three seconds.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL. - EVENING

The drill hall of the 105th Field Artillery Battery, 12th Field Regiment, an army reserve unit, is the size and height of a gymnasium. The unit is located in Kitchener, New Brunswick, Canada. The town has 6,000 residents. The armory is old. It was built circa 1905. All the non-drill hall portions of the building have 15 foot ceilings and florescent lights. The drill hall has mercury vapor lights.

Bombardier Jones and Master Bombardier Rutherford are now at one corner of the drill hall waiting for the evening parade to be called. They are still deep in conversation.

BDR. JONES

And so he made us do push-ups in the mud for laughing. At any rate, I took my uniform to the dry cleaners and they said removing the mud from the fabric was beyond any space-age technology known to mankind in the world of dry cleaning.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

So what are you gonna do?

BDR. JONES

The lady at the dry cleaning place recommended that I set it on fire.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. QM. - EVENING

Bombardier Jones is speaking to Sergeant SPARKS who stands behind a counter in the supply room (QM). Sergeant Sparks is 6'4", has a husky build and is a man in his late forties. He is intelligent and articulate. When he speaks, he pronounces every word correctly. He is very cynical. He is not wearing a beret.

SGT. SPARKS

So you burned your tan dress uniform eh? My I enquire as to why?

BDR. JONES

The lady at the dry cleaners told me to do it.

SGT. SPARKS

(Totally sarcastic)

I didn't realize that Yoko Ono at the dry cleaning store was actually part of our regimental chain of command. So, let me see, where would she fit in...Oh, I know, right above the colonel, just below God.

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL. - EVENING

Master Bombardier Rutherford and Bombardier Jones continue their conversation.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

I don't thinks that'll work.

BDR. JONES

I don't think so either. Sergeant Sparks would probably burn me at the stake so I can be reunited with my uniform in the after life. Me wearing a muddy tan dress uniform in heaven, that'll go over well. My parents will be mortified, especially with an open casket funeral.

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - SAME TIME

Second Lieutenant TURNER is standing in front of a closed office door. There is a sign above the door that says "Battery Commander". He is 20-years-old, average height, has light brown hair and pale skin. He is clean shaved. He always has a large ready-to-pop pimple on his face where it can't be concealed. Every day it's in a different location. When he speaks, he sounds like Truman Capote.

In his left hand, he is carrying a cage with a rubber chicken in it. He knocks on the door, opens it, enters half-way into the room, stands at attention and salutes the Battery Commander (BC) who is sitting behind a large wooden desk.

Captain TROOPER is a tall man with dark brown hair and a large dark brown mustache. He has an average thin build for a man in his mid 40s.

2ND LT. TURNER
Good evening sir. Second lieutenant
Turner reporting to the BC of 105th
Field Battery as ordered, Sir.

The BC returns the salute. He motions to 2nd Lt. Turner to
sit down in a chair in front of the desk.

CAPT. TROOPER
Welcome to 105th Battery Mr.
Turner. Where are you coming from?

2ND LT. TURNER
(Nervous)
I completed my basic military
officer training last week and I
was assigned to this unit.

CAPT. TROOPER
I take it then, that you are not
artillery officer qualified yet?

2ND LT. TURNER
No sir. I am not. I'm attending
the artillery portion of my
training this summer. And in the
fall, I'll be returning for my
second year of university.

CAPT. TROOPER
I see you come bearing a gift.
What do you have there?

2ND LT. TURNER
Oh, this is uh...I was told to
bring this with me to my unit and
give it to you. I wasn't able to
kill the chicken on the last day of
the field exercise. The course RSM
gave it to me.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)
(In the background,
noticeable but a bit
faint.)
PARADE!

CAPT. TROOPER
(A bit in shock)
I guess uh...I'll just take that
off your hands.

2ND LT. TURNER
(Relieved)
Oh, thank you sir.

He gives the caged rubber chicken to the BC who places it behind his desk out of view.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. PLATOON DEFENSIVE POSITION IN TRAINING AREA. - DAY

Camp Mosquito, New Brunswick. The officer candidates are formed up in three ranks in the field. They are overlooking their trenches. Each trench has two chickens next to it, secured with a string tied around one leg. The other end of the string is attached to a small metal pole stuck in the ground.

The soldiers are dressed in fighting order combat uniform with helmets and their faces are painted with cam paint. A course instructor is speaking to them.

RSM DAVIDSON
(Speaking loudly)
You will notice there are new additions to your trenches. Every trench now has two chickens. There is one chicken for every candidate. Your job today is to kill the chicken when I give the command. When I say "GO" you will run to your trenches and watch your arcs of fire. When I say "KILL" you will kill the chicken.

He momentarily looks at his watch.

RSM DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
GO!!

CUT

EXT. PLATOON DEFENSIVE POSITION IN TRAINING AREA. -
CONTINUOUS

The soldiers run to their trenches and follow the RSM's orders.

CUT TO: RSM
DAVIDSON

RSM DAVIDSON
(Shouting)
KILL!!! KILL!!! KILL!!!

CUT TO: SOLDIERS
IN TRENCHES

The soldiers begin to kill the chickens with their knives, bayonets and axes. There is chaos. There are loud chicken dying noises. There is yelling by the soldiers. Second Lieutenant Turner cannot bring himself to kill the chicken. He crawls out of his trench, grabs the chicken in his arms, cuts the string holding it to the post and walks away from the trench.

2ND LT. TURNER
(Screaming and crying)
Save yourself. Fly! Fly!

He throws the chicken toward the sky. He stumbles backwards and falls into a different trench.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)
(Screaming as he falls)
Oh God!

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - EVENING

CAPT. TROOPER
I can only assume junior officer training has changed quite a bit since I went through. In my day, we had to kill a puppy. Ha, ha.

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL. - LATER

The soldiers are in a formation of three ranks. They perform the drill movements per the Battery Sergeant-Major's (BSM) commands.

BSM LUCRE is a man in his forties. His is of average hight, has graying medium-brown hair, has rosy cheeks and he is clean shaved. He is retired from the regular force with 20 years of service and he is now serving part-time in the Militia. He wears the rank of Master Warrant Officer of the Canadian Forces.

BSM LUCRE

(Drill voice)

Ba'ry, ba'ry Atten-tion! Open order, march! Right, dress. Eyes front. Stand at ease. Stand easy.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)

(Normal loud voice)

All right gents. I have some news here to pass on. The chief of defense staff has selected our ba'ry to be the experiment for a 60/40 unit. That means 40 percent of you will be on full-time contracts for those who are available or those who want it. That's all the information I have for now. It's starts in the fall. I don't know when. All right. Let's get the inspection done.
(Drill Voice) Ba'ry, ba'ry Atten-tion! Center and rear ranks stand at ease.

BSM Lucre inspects the front rank. He walks by the first three soldiers and glances at them. He stops at the fourth soldier, Bombardier Jones, to speak with him. Master Bombardier Rutherford is standing to the left of Bombardier Jones.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)

Bombardier Jones, congratulations on completing your CLC. Who was your course warrant down there?

BDR. JONES

Sergeant-Major Nice, Sir.

BSM LUCRE

He's still down there? Damn. The regular force really doesn't want him back. Did you know, he saved the Queen's dog from getting run over by a car. Who was your RSM down there?

BDR. JONES
RSM Davidson, Sir.

BSM LUCRE
Old Davidson is still down there too. Another guy they don't want back in the regular force. Did you know, he was shot in Cypress and the medic took the bullet out of his leg right there on the spot. All they gave him for the pain was a swig of whisky. That's why he limps. He never filled out a CF98 though. He gets no pension money for that limp.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

FULL SCREEN-POWER POINT SLIDE.

A power point slide appears on the screen from the left. It has writing on it that says "CF98".

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The purpose of a CF 98 is to provide a tool for reporting and documenting an injury, disease or illness. Examples include sustaining a back injury after falling off a tank. Shot in the line of duty. A cut to the throat by an insane recruit using a Canadian Forces issued bayonet because he thought Private Brumby was making the platoon look bad. A punch to the face while brushing your teeth that results in a broken jaw. And so on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Different voice,
monotone)
Copyright the government of Canada
1992. All rights reserved.

The power point disappears off the screen by sliding to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL. - MOMENTS LATER

The BSM continues to inspect the soldiers. He is now talking to Master Bombardier Rutherford.

BSM LUCRE
Master Bombardier Rutherford. How
are you this fine evening?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
I'm good, sir. Yourself?

BSM LUCRE
Can't complain. Another day,
another dollar. Tell me old buds,
did you find another instructor for
that recruit course you're teaching
this summer?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Yes sir. Bombardier Jones.

BSM LUCRE
Does Jones know about that yet?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
He does now.

They both laugh.

BDR. JONES
(Under his breath)
Thanks a lot buddy.

BSM LUCRE
(Jokingly)
What was that? Did you say
something Jones? Are you talking
in ranks?

BDR. JONES
(Serious)
No sir.

BSM LUCRE
I didn't think so.

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL CANTEEN. - LATER

The canteen, also called the "stand easy," is a medium sized room. It is located right off the drill hall. There are two large barn doors that open outward to reveal the interior of the room. The canteen has two wooden picnic tables, and a large counter made of plywood.

Behind the counter there is a large, top and bottom doored, refrigerator. The refrigerator is full of Coke-A-Cola cans. There is a shelf on the wall with boxes of different flavored potato chips. On the counter, there is a large glass jar of pickled eggs and a set of metal tongs next to it.

Bombardier STONE is 5'6", has medium-brown hair, has a small mustache and his buttocks sticks out a little bit when he walks. He is 22-years-old. He is behind the counter serving the soldiers who are on break. They are all talking.

Bombardier Jones and Master Bombardier Rutherford and Master Bombardier STILETTO are sitting at one of the tables. Master Bombardier Stiletto is six feet tall. His face looks a bit deformed like an egg on its side. He has light brown hair. He has a pot belly. He speaks with a tone of arrogance.

BDR. STONE

Yeah man I'm telling you, DEMO platoon is where it's at. They spend their time blowing up shit. The BSM is taking names tonight. It's six months of fun shit.

BDR. JONES

(Irritated)

DEMO platoon doesn't blow up anything.

BDR. STONE

Yeah they do man. I was talking to a guy the other day that's been there for three months. All they do is blow shit up with C4.

BDR. JONES

DEMO platoon doesn't stand for DEMO-LITION. Its stands for DEMON-STRATION platoon. You work for the infantry school. You demonstrate proper section attacks for the officer cadets.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Sarcastic)

You know, number one rifleman, team alpha, group one. Remember that shit?

BDR. STONE

No. You're full of shit Jones.
It's not that at all.

BSM LUCRE

(Enters the canteen)

Hey Stone old buds, how about a Coke for your old BSM here.

He stands at the counter.

BDR. STONE

Not a problem sir.

He opens the fridge, takes out a can of Coke and places it on the counter.

BDR. STONE (CONT'D)

That'll be a dollar, sir.

BSM LUCRE

(Fake surprise)

A whole dollar! Damn. The prices in here keep going up. Wasn't it just fifty cents a while back?

BDR. JONES

That's right, sir, it was. Back in 1965.

Everyone laughs.

BSM LUCRE

Always a smart ass in the crowd.

He takes a looney (Canadian one dollar coin) out of his pocket and places it on the counter. It makes the noise of metal on wood.

BDR. STONE

(to BSM Lucre)

Sir, is DEMO platoon demolition platoon or demonstration platoon?

BSM LUCRE

(Pause)

Uh...DEMO platoon is anything you want it to be, old buds. Alright gents, see you later.

He exits the canteen.

CUT TO: JONES
STILETTO AND
RUTHERFORD

MBDR. STILETTO

(To Jones)

Now that you're CLC qualified and promotion eligible, when do you think you'll get promoted?

BDR. JONES

Whenever the powers that be decide.

MBDR. STILETTO

Well, I have it on good authority that it will be a few more years. Your course report was bad.

BDR. JONES

Actually, my course report was good. I don't know whose course report you were reading.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

He was probably reading his own.

He laughs.

MBDR. STILETTO

(To Rutherford)

Hush you.

(To Jones)

I'm just saying you shouldn't expect to get promoted any time soon. If you want to get promoted sooner, you should work more closely with me. Once they see that I'm mentoring you, they might promote you faster. You should be on my gun as my two I. C.

BDR. JONES

Uh...No. I'll take my chances with the regimental wheel of fortune, thank you very much. I'm fine where I'm at as Rutherford's 2 I/C.

MBDR. STILETTO

Well, look at Bombardier Stone over there. He's been CLC qualified and promotion eligible for almost four years. He's still waiting.

BDR. JONES

Uh...there is a huge difference between me and Stone. He has rocks inside his head. That's why we call him Rocky.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(To Jones)

Hey, let's go to the QM and talk to Sergeant Sparks and get this uniform thing sorted out.

CUT

INT. BATTERY COMMANDER'S OFFICE. - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Troupier is on the phone. His office door is open.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Into the phone)

Yes sir. Really? Ok sir, let me get the BSM and I'll put you on speaker.

He places his hand on the mouth piece of the telephone handset.

CAPT. TROOPER (CONT'D)

(Shouting toward the door)

BSM! BSM are you out there?

BSM LUCRE (O.C.)

(shouting back)

Yes sir. I'm here.

CAPT. TROOPER

Can you come into my office for a moment?

The BSM enters the BC's office, and the BC motions to him to shut the door and sit down.

CAPT. TROOPER (CONT'D)

(Still holding the phone)

I have, the regiment's 2 I/C on the line.

Captain Trooper places the handset on the desk, presses a button on the phone to activate the speaker function.

CAPT. TROOPER (CONT'D)

(Speaking loudly)

Ok sir, I have the BSM with me in the office.

2 I/C (O.C.)

(Via the speaker phone)

Good evening gentlemen. I'm just gonna get to the point, our CO has been relieved of duty. The district commander arrived at his office this morning and found him passed-out sitting naked on the leather couch with an empty bottle of whiskey in one hand and his personal member in the other. The medic who tended to him said there were several stains on the couch that he assumed to be male reproductive secretions.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Having difficulty
restraining his laughter)

Where's the CO now?

2 I/C (O.C.)

(Via the speaker phone)

Captain, are you laughing? This is not a laughing matter. This is tragic. Our lieutenant colonel has suffered a severe mental breakdown. He's been admitted to the psychiatric ward at our regional hospital.

CAPT. TROOPER

Are we getting a new CO or are you going to step-in for now?

2 I/C (O.C.)

(Via the speaker phone)

I'm not taking over. We're getting a new CO on Saturday. He's a regular force guy who's willing to take over the job. He will address the regiment on Saturday at the live fire exercise.

(MORE)

2 I/C (O.C.) (CONT'D)
He will also promote Bombardier
Jones to master bombardier on
Saturday.

CUT

INT. BSM'S OFFICE. - MOMENTS LATER

BSM Lucre enters his office to find Master Bombardier
Stiletto sitting in a chair waiting for him.

BSM LUCRE
What are you doing here master
bombardier?

MBDR. STILETTO
Oh, uh, sir, I wanted to ask you a
few questions. Is it true
Bombardier Jones is being promoted?

BSM LUCRE
Yup. Saturday at the live fire.
It was just confirmed over the
phone by RHQ.

MBDR. STILETTO
Well...uh, I think that might be a
big mistake, sir. You see, uh,
Jones had a very bad course report.
He's not ready to move up. I think
you should stop that promotion sir.
Such an action on your part would
be for the good of the unit, of
course.

BSM LUCRE
And since when do you read other
people's course reports?

MBDR. STILETTO
Well, my wife was telling me about
it because she read it while
placing it in his personnel file.

BSM LUCRE
Your wife may be the head clerk
here but she has no business in
divulging that kind of information.
I'll be sure to have a talk with
her.

MBDR. STILETTO

(Nervous)

That's not necessary sir. Ha, ha.
Seriously, she just kind of spilled
the beans one night. Ha, ha.

BSM LUCRE

Jones is getting promoted, old
buds. And there's nothing you can
do to stop it. I remember a few
years back, when you were
accelerated promoted to master
bombardier. Do you know who came
to my office to complain about it
and try to get it turned off?

MBDR. STILETTO

It had to be Rutherford.

BSM LUCRE

Nope. No one. Do you know why?
Because it was none of their
business. And this promotion is
none of your business master
bombardier. Get the fuck out!

CUT

INT. QM. - SAME TIME

Bombardier Jones, Master Bombardier Rutherford and Sergeant
Sparks are discussing the muddy tan dress uniform.

SGT. SPARKS

So you mean to tell me that you
destroyed your tan dress uniform by
doing push-ups in the mud.

BDR. JONES

Yes sergeant.

SGT. SPARKS

Why on earth were you doing push-
ups in the mud?

BDR. JONES

Sergeant-Major Nice made us do it.

SGT. SPARKS

Oh. Yes. I know him. The not-quite-
right-in-the-head sergeant-major.

(MORE)

SGT. SPARKS (CONT'D)

You know, it's rumored that he saved the Queen's dog from being trampled on by a horse. Well, since this was the doing of someone else's insanity, and obviously not your own, bring your uniform next week and I'll trade it in for you the following week.

BDR. JONES

Thank you Sergeant Sparks.

SGT. SPARKS

I would get the uniform to you sooner but our illustrious head clerk down the hall has yet again broken the fax machine. I can just imagine what she's going to do with a computer when it arrives next month. By the time she figures out how to use the modern day tools of her trade, a piece of space junk will have fallen on the building and killed everyone.

They all laugh.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

See, it wasn't that bad after all.

He laughs.

SGT. SPARKS

(With enthusiasm)

Any word on your promotion, Jones?

BDR. JONES

None so far.

SGT. SPARKS

Rumor has it that it's going to be a lot sooner than you think. Remember, Rutherford got promoted a week after he finished his leadership course.

CUT

EXT. TRAINING AREA CAMP MOSQUITO. - DAY

Although 12th Field Artillery Regiment has a regimental designation as a name, in actuality, the unit forms one, six gun battery of 105mm howitzers.

The battery is on the move down a large dirt road in the training area known as the main supply route (MSR). They are traveling at 50 kilometers per hour. Dirt is kicked up by the vehicles. All military vehicles are those used by the Canadian Forces during the early 1990s. The guns are towed by a 2 1/2 ton six wheel drive vehicle called a gun tractor. The convoy consists of the following vehicles in order: command post, one gun tractor, one ton pickup truck, five gun tractors, ambulance, QM truck. The convoy slows down and the command post turns onto a dirt trail going away from the MSR toward a new gun position. The convoy follows.

CUT

EXT. ARTILLERY GUN POSITION. - LATER

We see the gun position set up with six guns staggered along a long flat stretch of dirt called a hardstand. There is roughly 75 feet between the guns. Each gun platform consist of the howitzer and gun tractor covered by a large camouflage net held up with cam poles. All equipment and ammunition for each gun is under the camouflage net. The command post is located in the center of the hardstand, 50 feet to the rear of the guns. It also has a camouflage net over it extending to the rear held up with cam poles. The other vehicles are parked further down the hardstand to the rear of the guns. All the guns are firing multiple rounds each in what is known as "fire for effect" using indirect fire. The guns fall silent.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)

End of mission. Target destroyed.
Guns stand down for lunch. Lunch
is at the right of the position.

We see soldiers leave their gun platforms walking in small single-file groups behind the guns on their way to lunch. They are wearing green combat uniforms with sleeves down, black boots, field caps, camouflage paint on their faces and H-harness webbing. They each carry a C7 rifle slung over their shoulders.

CUT

EXT. ARTILLERY GUN POSITION-LUNCH AREA. - MOMENTS LATER

All the soldiers have a box lunch and are sitting on the ground in an open area where lunch is handed out. The new commanding officer is there looking around and speaking with other officers. Some soldiers have congregated with their friends from other gun detachments and are talking and laughing.

Master Bombardier Rutherford and Bombardier Jones are sitting on the ground about to unwrap a sandwich from their box lunches.

Master Bombardier Stiletto walks up to them.

MBDR. STILETTO

Can I join you guys?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

Not if you're gonna be a fucking asshole like this morning.

MBDR. STILETTO

(Fake surprise)

What are you talking about?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Angry)

You knows, yelling at Jones to fix the cam net while the new CO is on my gun. Yelling for Jones to fix other shit on the gun while the CO is talking to us.

MBDR. STILETTO

(Obvious fake surprise)

My gun is 70 feet away. I couldn't tell if the new CO was there or not.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Angry)

Right. You're trying to make Jones look bad. If you sit heres, you better keep your fucking mouth shut.

He begins to unwrap his sandwich. Master Bombardier Stiletto sits down.

MBDR. STILETTO

Wo, wo, wo. Wait, wait, wait. What are you doing?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Annoyed)

I'm unwrapping my sandwich. Didn't I just tell you to shut the fuck up.

MBDR. STILETTO

That's not the safe way to remove cling wrap from a sandwich.

(MORE)

MBDR. STILETTO (CONT'D)

There's a special way to do it
where you don't contaminate your
food.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Angry)

Hows about I fucking shove the
sandwich up your ass. Then I'll
put my fist in your mouth and
contaminate your fucking throat.

MBDR. STILETTO

Hey, hey, now. No need for that.
I'm just trying to be helpful.

BDR. JONES

Since when do we have safety
precautions for unwrapping a
sandwich from a fucking box lunch?
What the fuck is in your head?

MBDR. STILETTO

Ok, but if you guys get sick, I
tried to warn you.

He opens the lid of his box lunch and takes out a sandwich.
He fiddles with the cling wrap on his sandwich. He has great
difficulty removing it. Irritated, he finally just rips the
wrapper off the sandwich.

BDR. JONES

I see that works good for you.
Hope you don't get sick. And
speaking of getting sick, I hope I
don't catch anything from all these
mosquito bites. They're really bad
this year.

He slaps his neck to kill a mosquito then slaps his arm to
kill another one.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

My guess is that they stopped
spraying. We alls have to live
with the bugs from the Otnabog.

BDR. JONES

Oh, yes, the eternal Otnabog. The
mosquito factory, slash, swamp,
slash, body of water people call a
lake. The Otnabog.

(MORE)

BDR. JONES (CONT'D)

They should make a movie about children being abducted by giant mosquitos and brought back to the nest for feeding.

They laugh.

BDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Did you guys see the new CO? He has a full beard. You'd think he was in the navy.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

He's got burns or scars on his face, one of the guys was telling me. He's got a medical exemption.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SCENE

INT. CAR. - DAY

The new CO is sitting in the driver's seat. He holds a large Tim Horton's coffee cup in his hand (paper cup. No lid). He brings it up to his lips. He takes one sip of coffee. It's too hot. He dumps the hot coffee all over his face.

LT. COL. COURIER

Aaaaaaah!

END DAYDREAM SCENE

CUT

EXT. ARTILLERY GUN POSITION-LUNCH AREA. - MOMENTS LATER

MBDR. STILETTO

Well, I don't like facial hair. It's not clean. I can't respect a CO who has a beard.

BDR. JONES

I have no issues with it. I just think he looks like a sailor.

MBDR. STILETTO

And that's why you won't get promoted for many years. You have a huge mustache.

(MORE)

MBDR. STILETTO (CONT'D)

The big wigs at RHQ don't like that. It's not professional.

BDR. JONES

A large mustache is a Canadian and British military tradition. You're just jealous that you have more of a mustache around your fucking butt hole than what you can grow on your face. Touché.

He licks the tip of his index finger and pretends to place a "one" on an imaginary score board in the air.

CUT

EXT. ARTILLERY GUN POSITION-LUNCH AREA. - LATER

All the soldiers are finished eating and the box lunch trash is gone. They are all standing in a three rank formation. The sergeants and higher senior NCOs are standing in the "sir file" behind the third rank of the formation. The officers are standing in a separate formation to the side forming one side of a hollow square. The new CO, Lt. Col. COURIER, walks up from behind the Officers, centers himself on the formation and stands at attention.

He is of average height, has medium brown hair and a beard. He has a husky athletic build.

LT. COL. COURIER

(Drill voice)

Regiment, Atten-tion! Stand-at-ease. Stand-easy.

He relaxes and begins to pace back and forth as he speaks.

LT. COL. COURIER (CONT'D)

(Loud voice)

Good morning everyone. For those of you who don't know me, I'm Lt. Col. Courier. I'm your new regimental CO. And yes the mosquitos are out to get us today.

Everyone chuckles and laughs lightly.

LT. COL. COURIER (CONT'D)

Your former CO had a mental attack and was hospitalized. He is no longer fit for duty. That is the official reason for his departure. Anything else is pure fiction.

(MORE)

LT. COL. COURIER (CONT'D)

As you have all heard, 105th battery has been selected as the test unit for the 60/40 Militia experiment. More details will follow but the transition to forty percent begins on 15 September. We are now at the end of May. This is a major change for our unit but it's a great challenge and it should be interesting. Now before we get back to work, I have a bit of light housekeeping to perform, we have one promotion today. Master Bombardier Jones, front and center.

CUT TO: JONES
IN FORMATION.

BDR. JONES

He comes to attention.

BDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Drill voice)
SIR!

CUT

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "2 Weeks Later"

CUT

INT. MILITARY SCHOOL BUS. - DAY

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones are sitting in the two front seats of the bus. Rutherford on the left and Jones on the right. There are two empty seats behind each of them. The remainder of the seats are filled with 15 fresh recruits still in their civilian clothing. A motor transport soldier is driving the bus. They are traveling to Camp Mosquito.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
You knows, Stiletto was pissed off that you got promoted. He complained to the BSM about it.

MBDR. JONES
I'm not surprised but the colonel promoted me, not the BSM.
(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Stiletto needs to shut the fuck up
and mind his own business.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

These here guys are gonna be
shocked when they see their shacks.

Laughing.

MBDR. JONES

Yeah, old empty offices converted
into makeshift lodging complete
with camp cots.

Laughing.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

At least they'll have showers and
laundry facilities. And we'll be
right upstairs so we can torture
them at night.

Laughing.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Speaking to the recruits
loudly)

Hey you alls back there. You
better enjoy all your talking and
joking because yous gonna be crying
to go home soon enough.

I/E. MILITARY SCHOOL BUS. - MOMENTS LATER

Through the front windshield of the bus, with the bus driver's back in view, we see the front gate of the base with a big sign "Combat Training Center Canadian Forces Base Mosquito" and below the sign is a guard shack with a gate guard. The bus slows down and stops. The guard is an old man with gray hair. He is a member of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires and wears the appropriate uniform. He waves the bus through the gate. The bus driver waves back at the guard. The bus is now on a military base.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD

(Shouting)

Listen up! Yous all need to quiet
down. You're on a military base
now. This ain't no joy ride to
school. From now ons, you're on
basic training. This is not summer
camp.

MBDR. JONES
Who's meeting us at the shacks?

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Only Master Bombardier Bruno once
he arrives with the recruits from
Saint-Boniface. Lt. Donaldson and
Sgt. Frobisher won't be here until
Monday morning. We got them today
and Sunday.

CUT TO: VIEW
THROUGH
WINDSHIELD OF
BUS.

I/E. MILITARY SCHOOL BUS. - MOMENTS LATER

We see the barracks building as the bus pulls up to curb and
stops. In front of the main doorway, 2nd Lt. Turner is
standing with his arms crossed.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
(To the recruits)
You all stay here until we come
back to get you. Don't get off
this bus.

Both master bombardiers exit the bus and walk up to the
officer.

EXT. FRONT OF BARRACKS. - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones walk up to the
officer, salute and the officer returns the salute.

MBDR. RUTHERFORD
Good morning sir. What are you
doing here?

2ND LT. TURNER
Oh, I'm your new course officer.
Lt. Donaldson was reassigned to
another course and I was bumped off
my summer training so, here I am.

He begins to laugh nervously like a little girl.

FADE OUT.