



CAMP MOSQUITO
EPISODE 6
"LOST"

Written by

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Based on, Militia Wars blog

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FADE IN:

INT. ARMORY DRILL HALL - EVENING

BSM Lucre enters the drill hall, comes to the position of attention and shouts commands to assemble the final parade for the evening. All soldiers are wearing the solid olive green combat uniform with black combat boots, green beret and the sleeves are not rolled up. All soldiers are caucasian.

BSM LUCRE
(Drill voice throughout)
PARADE!

All the soldiers come running, form up in three ranks, come to attention and then stand at ease.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Bat'ree, bat'ree, Atten-tion!
Tallest on the right, shortest on
the left, in single rank, Size!

The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
From the right, Number!

The soldiers sound off as ordered, shouting their number.

SOLDIERS INDIVIDUALLY
(Shouting)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,
twelve, thirteen, fourteen,
fifteen, sixteen, seventeen,
eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-
one, twenty-two, twenty-three,
twenty four, twenty-five, twenty-
six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight,
twenty nine, thirty Sir!

BSM LUCRE
Number one, stand fast. Even
numbers, one pace forward, odd
numbers, one pace step back, March!

The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Even numbers right, odd numbers
left, right and left, Turn!

The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Reform in threes, quick, March!

The soldiers begin to march and reform into three ranks. The BSM positions himself facing the center of the formation.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Open order, March!

The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Dressing, right, Dress!

The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Eyes, Front! Stand at, Ease!

The soldiers do as commanded. The BSM performs an about turn, adopts the position of stand at ease and waits. The BC, Captain Trooper, appears at the edge of the drill hall and waits. The BSM sees the BC, comes to attention.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
Bat'ree, bat'ree Atten-tion!

The soldiers do as commanded. The BC marches to the BSM's position, stands in front of him. The BSM salutes the BC, and the BC returns the salute. The BSM then turns to the left, marches off behind the BC and adopts a position in the formation next to the right marker in the front rank and stands at attention.

CAPT. TROOPER
(Drill voice)
Battery, stand at, Ease! Stand,
Easy!
(Loud voice)
Tonight I have the pleasure of
promoting one of our best soldiers.
He has worked tirelessly, attended
all his required courses and more
and has become a standard to be
emulated.
(Drill voice)
Sergeant Rutherford, front and
center!

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Drill voice, comes to
attention)
Sir!

Sgt. Rutherford leaves his position in the formation, marches up to the BC, stands in front of him, salutes, the BC returns the salute. As he marches up to the BC, the formation erupts in cheers and clapping. The BC then slips off Sgt. Rutherford's slip-ons from the epaulettes of his uniform and replaces them with ones that have the sergeant rank on them. He then shakes his hand. Rutherford salutes, the BC returns the salute. Sgt. Rutherford makes a left turn, marches off to the rear of the formation where he assumes his position in the "sir file" with other sergeants.

CAPT. TROOPER
(Drill voice)
BSM.

BSM LUCRE
(Drill voice)
Sir!

He marches up to the BC, the men salute and the BC marches off the parade square. The BSM performs an About-Turn, faces the formation and gives drill commands. The soldiers do as commanded.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)
(Drill voice)
Bat'ree, bat'ree Atten-tion. Close
order, March. Stand at, Ease.
Stand, easy.
(Regular speaking voice)
I want to congratulate Sergeant
Rutherford on his promotion. By
the way old buds, there's a senior
NCO mess dinner Saturday night.
Better get your uniform ready.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears from the left of the screen. On it is written "MESS DINNER" in black letters with a white background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Male monotone voice)
A senior NCO mess dinner is an
obligatory function where members
meet in a friendly yet formal
occasion.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's also a time where the unit's leadership can share knowledge with more junior personnel in a social environment yet still retain the formal rank structure. During a mess dinner, attendees will drink heavily, speak their minds at the wrong time and end up getting assigned extra duties. The Regimental Sergeant Major, RSM, who is the most senior of the senior NCOs in attendance at the function, will assign extra duties as he sees fit. Some senior NCOs will become drunk, thus becoming very loose lipped and then talk shit about their peers to their face. Others will simply watch while in a drunken stupor. There is always an invited guest, usually the unit's Commanding Officer or the Honorary Colonel.

The slide moves off the screen toward the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. SNCO MESS DINNER - EVENING

The mess dinner is held at one of the senior NCO dining facilities on base. Inside the building, one side is the bar with tables and chairs. The other side is a large dining hall with a high ceiling and large windows covered in red velvet drapes. The dinner tables are arranged in a hollow square. The tables are set and ready for the meal to be served. All floors are made of hardwood. The dining hall lighting comes from recessed lamps in the ceiling which provides a subdued lighting effect without it being too dark. Sergeant Rutherford is speaking with Sergeants PORTER and CARPS. Sergeant Porter is a short man, has a large beer belly, a small mustache and medium brown hair that is cut just within grooming standards for the Canadian Forces. Sergeant Carps is six feet tall, has a slim build with a noticeable start of a beer belly, is clean shaven and has black hair that is cut just within grooming standards for the Canadian Forces. Both men have been in the militia for decades and are in their late 30 and early 40s. All three men are wearing the Canadian Forces Distinctive Environmental Uniform (DEU) for the army.

This is the dark forest green uniform with high gloss dress shoes, a white collard shirt and a black bowtie. They are standing near a wall talking. All soldiers at the dinner are caucasian.

SGT. PORTER

(Drunk)

You were an asshole as a master bombardier and you're gonna be an asshole as a sergeant.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

I don't think you know what your talking about. You're drunk and I'm not.

SGT. CARPS

(Less drunk than Porter)

No, you're an asshole and I agree with Porter. You better not try any of your asshole tricks with us. We've been in for a lot longer than you have and we've been sergeants longer than you've been a soldier.

SGT. PORTER

(Drunk)

I joined the regiment when I was sixteen and I was promoted to sergeant in 1979. I had to purge eight long years of hell as a master bombardier. It took me ten years to get to sergeant after I joined. Compared to me, you were a master bombardier for all of half a day.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

I don't care what you think. I'm still gonna do my job and do it right.

He turns his head and makes eye contact with RSM DRUMMOND on the other side of the room. RSM Drummond is 6'2" tall, clean shaven, short hair and balding a bit with a combover hairstyle that looks distinguished. He has a medium athletic build and has large hands. He speaks with a stutter.

RSM DRUMMOND

(Speaking loudly)

Sa, sa, sergeant Rutherford come here.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Loud)

Yes sir.

He walks across the room to greet the RSM who shakes his hand.

RSM DRUMMOND

Con, con, congratulations. It's well deserved.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Thank you sir. What are you drinking RSM? I'll buy you a drink.

RSM DRUMMOND

No need for now. Tho, those guys giving you a hard time?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Not really sir. They're just drunk and mouthin' off.

RSM DRUMMOND

Yup. That's all they've ever done. They want me to promote Carps to warrant officer. I tol, tol, told the CO the guy's an idiot. He hasn't done anything in ta, ta, twenty years. But you're gonna do something for me sergeant.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

What's that sir?

RSM DRUMMOND

You gotta run that recruit course that's coming up. I need someone I can trust to do the job. Turner's gonna be your officer and you know how to control him. Anyone else but you and ta, ta, Turner will be turning the course into a day care with ra, ra, rainbows and unicorns. Ga, ga, Good to go?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Good to go, sir.

RSM DRUMMOND

Now, wha, wha, what's this I hear
about you trying to recruit a one-
armed man?

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL - DAY

Forty recruits are all formed up in three ranks in the drill hall. The drill hall is building H-12 located on base at Camp Mosquito. It is the size of a large hanger with a visible metal skeleton, cement cinder block walls and windows located at the top of the walls to allow natural light into the building. The interior is painted light blue and the floor is gray cement. Looking at all the walls from inside the building, at one end is a large metal roll-top door. On the perpendicular right wall near the roll-top door is an exit door with a window in it. At the far end of the drill hall, opposite the roll-top door, is the main entrance from the street, a set of four doors with windows in them. The main entrance is not centered on the wall but located to the right of the wall. At the other end of the same wall as the main entrance, is a set of doors that leads to a restroom with multiple toilets, urinals and sinks. Sergeant Rutherford is speaking to the platoon of recruits. He is standing in front of his platoon, walking back-and-forth as he speaks to them. His instructors, Master Bombardiers Stiletto, Jones and acting Master Bombardier Gregory are standing in the sir file behind the platoon. All soldiers and recruits are wearing the solid green combat uniform, sleeves rolled down, black combat boots and green berets. The instructors are wearing an artillery cap badge on the front of their beret. Their rank is sewn on the sleeves of their uniform. They wear slip-ons with "RCA" written on them. The recruits do not wear slip-ons. Their epaulettes are bare. The recruits wear the tri-service cap badge (corn flake) on the front of their berets. The recruits' berets are still not formed correctly as this is their first day. They all look like they have pizza beret or flying saucer beret on their heads. All the recruits have buzz cuts except for the nine female recruits who have their hair in a bun.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

This heres is your introduction to
the army. Yous got here yesterday,
we gots you settled into your
shacks, gots you haircuts, showers
and showed you how to get dressed.
Now yous gonna meets your section
commanders.

(Drill voice)

(MORE)

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

One section. Master Bombardier
Stiletto and Bombardier Baker.

They march up to the front of the platoon and come to attention.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Ok, first rank here in the front.
Yous go with them.

The first rank of the formation walks off with the instructors to one corner of the drill hall.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

(Drill voice)

Two section. Master Bombardier
Jones and Gunner Henzey.

They march up to the front of the platoon and come to attention.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Second rank, yous go with them.

The second rank of the formation walks off with the instructors to a different corner of the drill hall.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

(Drill voice)

Three section. Master Bombardier
Gregory and Bombardier Henzey.

They march up to the front of the platoon and come to attention.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

The rest of yous go with them.

The third rank of the formation walks off with the instructors to a different corner of the drill hall. Sergeant Rutherford is left alone in the center of the drill hall with his arms across his chest, his left foot forward, tapping nervously.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

(Speaking loudly)

You better watch out. It's gonna
get crazy in heres in a few
minutes.

And he laughs slightly.

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL, 2 SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Jones and Gunner Henzey have their 14 recruits lined up in single file facing inward. They have 11 male recruits and three female recruits. Master Bombardier Jones is speaking to them and standing away so he can see the entire group. Gunner Henzey is standing a six feet away from him holding a field message pad and a pen in hand ready to take notes. She is observing the recruits as he speaks.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud speaking voice)

For those of you who do not know me, my name is Master Bombardier Jones. Next to me is Gunner Henzey. I am your section commander and she is my two-eye-see. We are your instructors. You will address us by our rank and name when you speak to us. We will address you by your rank and last name or your last name. You are all privates. When you ask a question, you will ask your question and finish it with our rank. When you speak to an instructor, you will be at the position of attention.

(Pause)

Now then, I need to know your names. You will tell us your last name, then your first name after. We'll start from the right. First private, what's your name?

1ST PRIVATE

(Speaking low)

Sylvester, Johnny.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud speaking voice)

Speak up! I can't hear you. Say again!

1ST PRIVATE

(Louder)

Sylvester, Johnny. Mister, master, bo, bo.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

WHAT!

1ST PRIVATE
 (Loud, unsure)
 Deer?

MBDR. JONES
 (Loud speaking voice)
 Ok, I've had my rank butchered
 before but we need to write this
 one down. Get on your face and
 start pushing.

1ST PRIVATE
 (Loud voice, nervous)
 Pushing what master mister...

MBDR. JONES
 (Screaming aggressively,
 huge burst of energy)
 Pushing up daisies, what the fuck
 do you think! Get on your face and
 start doing fucking push ups. Do
 it now. Move! Move! Move!

As he speaks, he walks toward the recruit aggressively, stopping three feet away from him, screaming the last three words as the recruit drops to the ground and begins doing push ups. Some of the other recruits laugh slightly.

GNR. HENZEY
 (Screaming)
 Ok! You want to laugh! The rest
 of you get on your faces and push.
 NOW! Move!, Move! Move!

She walks back and forth in front the recruits as they assume the push up position and start pushing. They are confused and terrified.

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL, 1 SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Stiletto is speaking to his section. They are formed up in single rank facing inward. Bombardier Baker is standing three feet away from him. They have been speaking to the recruits for a few minutes.

MBDR. STILETTO
 (Normal speaking voice)
 Now look over there at one section.
 Yup. That's Master Bombardier
 Jones over there.
 (MORE)

MBDR. STILETTO (CONT'D)

Notice he's making his students do push ups and he's yelling. It's very unprofessional. You won't get any of that from me. I'll ask you to do things and you'll do it because you respect me and I'm a real master bombardier. Master Bombardier Jones over there is not legally a master bombardier. He may look and sound like one but he's not. In my view, you don't have to do anything he says because he's not legally wearing that rank. I won't go into details but, uh, you'll see that he's a weak leader. Ha, ha. Enjoy the show, ha, ha, ha.

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL, 3 SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Gregory is talking to his recruits. They are formed up like the other sections. Bdr. Henzey is standing six feet away from him holding a field message pad and a pen in hand, ready to take notes.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

(Loud yelling voice,
aggressive)

You don't know your fucking name?
Don't make me go donkey-kong on
your ass on the first fucking day.
Say your name so I can hear you.
Actually, let's all say your name
together while doing push ups. Get
on your fucking faces and push.
NOW! NOW! NOW! PUSH! PUSH!
PUSH!

The recruits do as they are told. They are terrified.

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL, CENTER OF DRILL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is still in the same position and stance as he was when we last saw him. He is nodding his head in the affirmative.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Out loud to himself)
Yup. Now it begins. Just as it
should be.

And he smiles and laugh slightly.

CUT

BEGIN VIDEO MONTAGE

We see frames sliding in different directions across the screen. Cheesy special effects from the early 1990s. Inside the frames, we see b-roll of the recruits doing various training activities, marching, saluting, carrying a ruck sack on a forced march etc. In every frame, we see improvements in their uniforms, especially the berets. As time progresses, the berets become formed better, fit better and eventually they look normal. The last frame fills the screen.

END VIDEO MONTAGE

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL - DAY

The platoon is formed up in a hollow square. This is a square with only three sides made up of three single-file ranks of recruits. Master Bombardier Jones is standing six feet behind the imaginary location of the fourth side of the square. The recruits on the far side of the square are facing him. The recruits standing on the right and left sides of the square are inclined facing the instructor. They are all carrying a Canadian Forces service rifle known as a C-7 (Canadian variant of the US M-16A2). The instructor is also carrying a rifle. None of the rifles have any slings attached to them. All the rifles have an empty plastic magazine inserted and locked in place in the magazine housing. All the students are at the position of "Stand Easy" and they are listening to the instructor present his lecture. Master Bombardier Jones is standing at the position of "Attention" and he is at "Order Arms" with his rifle to his right side, the butt stock on the ground, the "V" of his right hand is holding the weapon by the barrel just above the front sight. His arms are straight up and down the sides of his body.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

Now then, when you salute with a rifle, your rifle needs to be at shoulder arms. I shall now adopt the position of shoulder arms.

He gives the command "Should Arms" and calls out the timing of the movement out loud while performing the movement.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Drill voice, drill command)

Shoulder, Arms. One. Two, three. One.

(Loud voice)

In order to render a salute to an officer while at shoulder arms, you will perform saluting with arms. I shall now demonstrate the movement to you. Pay strict attention to my demonstration.

He calls out the drill command and the timing out loud.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Drill voice, drill command)

To the front, Salute! One. Two, three. One.

(Loud voice)

For simplicity of instruction, this movement has been broken down into two squads. I shall now demonstrate the first squad to you. Pay strict attention to my demonstration.

He says the drill command and performs the action calling the time out loud.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Drill voice)

Salute to the front with arms by numbers, squad, One! One.

(Loud voice)

All that happens on squad one is, you will bring the rifle in vertical alignment with your body by pushing the right hand forward while still gripping the pistol grip.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

At the same time, the left arm will cut up across the body with your fingers extended together and place your left hand on the hand guards of the weapon. Your head and eyes remain looking straight to the front. The remainder of your body does not move. Your feet remain in the position of attention.

(Slight pause)

Are there any questions? No questions. We shall now practice this collectively.

He gives the following series of drill commands and the recruits comply and call the time out loud.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Drill voice)

Platoon, Attention.

PLATOON IN UNISON

(Shouting very loud)

One.

MBDR. JONES

(Drill voice)

Shouldeeeeer, Arms!

PLATOON IN UNISON

(Shouting very loud)

One. Two, three. One.

MBDR. JONES

(Loud voice)

Remember, move on the "one" pause on the "two, three". Alright, here we go.

(Drill voice)

Salute with arms by numbers, squaaaaad, One!

PLATOON IN UNISON

(Shouting very loud)

One.

On the command "one" given by the instructor, all the recruits perform the movement except for one recruit. He is the last recruit standing on the left in the single file forming the far wall that faces the instructor directly. Private PEDDLE is of average height, slim build, 19-years-old, is clean shaven and has a "I don't give a fuck" look on his face.

MBDR. JONES
 (Shouting very loudly)
 You? What's your name?

He points in Private Peddles direction.

PRIVATE PEDDLE
 (Somewhat loudly)
 Private Peddle.

MBDR. JONES
 (Shouting very loudly,
 aggressive)
 Private Peddle what? You want to
 peddle your way outta of here?

He walks up to the recruit aggressively and stands two feet
 in front of him. As he does so, Private Peddle responds.

PRIVATE PEDDLE
 (Somewhat loudly)
 Private Peddle, master bombardier.

MBDR. JONES
 (Shouting loudly)
 Why didn't you perform that drill
 movement private?

PRIVATE PEDDLE
 (Loudly)
 I don't have to do anything you
 say. You're not a legal master
 bombardier.

MBDR. JONES
 (Very loud, angry,
 aggressive)
 Who the fuck told you that shit?

PRIVATE PEDDLE
 (Loud)
 Master Bombardier Stiletto.

MBDR. JONES
 (Very loud)
 Good to go. Put that weapon on the
 ground and get on your fucking face
 and start pushing.
 (Shouting, drill voice)
 DO IT NOW! PUSH, PUSH. You don't
 want to fucking do drill, then you
 can do fucking PUSH UPS!

CUT

INT. PLATOON OFFICE - LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is speaking to the master bombardiers who are all present in the office sitting in various chairs. He is standing in front of a desk.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Annoyed, to Stiletto)

So, you told your section that Jones is not a fucking legal master bombardier, eh?

MBDR. STILETTO

I think this conversation should be private. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Besides, this is hearsay. Jones is accusing Private Peddle of saying that. No one else heard it.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Annoyed, angry)

I heard it because I was there evaluating Jones' lecture. You made it public by telling your section to ignore any orders Jones gives. How the fuck is he supposed to teach a class?

MBDR. STILETTO

Jones is not a legal master bombardier, in my view. I think my views need to be expressed to people so they know who they're dealing with when they deal with Jones.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Angry)

That's all fucking bullshit. You gonna start tellings people that I'm not a legal sergeant because I'm too young? This is your issue and not the army's issue or the unit's issue. You needs to shut the fuck up and do your job.

(To Jones and Gregory)

Do you guys have anything to say?

MBDR. JONES

No sergeant.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

No sergeant.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Good. Consider this your verbal warning, Master Bombardier Stiletto. You fuck up again, I'll fire your ass out of heres. And then the RSM will have words for you. All of yous, get the fuck out of my face.

CUT

H-12 DRILL HALL, CENTER OF DRILL HALL - DAY

All the recruits are sitting on the floor in a large semi-circle around Sergeant Rutherford. He is giving a lecture. He is standing behind an old six-foot folding table that has a wooden surface and metal legs. On the table is a Canadian Forces Individual Meal Pack (IMP). The bag is open and all the items in the IMP are laid out on the table. He is explaining the different items to the recruits. The master bombardier instructors are standing in different locations behind the recruits on the outside perimeter of the semi-circle. They are observing the recruits and waking them up as needed.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Ok. When we goes to field tomorrow, we're gonna need to eat. So heres on the table I have a Canadian Forces issued IMP.

CUT

BEGIN 16MM FILM PRESENTATION

Old black and white film leader appears on the screen with count down and audio clicks and pops. There is a cheesy Canadian Forces intro of days past with music and tri-service logo rotating on the screen and then the letters "The Canadian Forces Presents" and the letters change to "IMP, Individual Meal Pack" in black ink on a gray background. As the narrator speaks and he begins to name the different meals and food components, those words scroll up from the bottom of the screen, similar to end credits. The faster the narrator speaks, the faster the scrolling until the scrolling is too fast to be read and the narrator now has a high pitched voice and cannot be understood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Slow male monotone voice)

An IMP is the abbreviation for the official Canadian Forces issued Individual Meal Pack that soldiers eat in the field. When fresh rations are not available to be transported to the field or when simulated combat training scenarios cannot accommodate the delivery of fresh rations, an IMP meal is substituted in lieu of fresh rations. The IMP contains everything a soldier needs to stay nourished while in training. IMP meals include the following food items:

(Begin reading slow and speeds up.)

Ham Steak in Pineapple Sauce, Beans and Wieners, Sausage and Hash Browns, Macaroni & Cheese, Beef and Vegetable Stew, Cabbage Rolls, Shepherd's Pie, Beef Chop Suey, Beef Macaroni & Tomato Sauce, Salisbury Steak, Lasagna, Turkey and Vegetable Stew, Chicken Breast and Gravy, Veal Cutlet and Lemon Sauce, Hungarian Goulash, Meatballs in Gravy, Peaches, Fruit Cocktail, Pears, Pineapple Tidbits, Cherries, Apples, Apple Sauce, Baked Cherry Dessert, Blueberry Apple Cereal, Crunchy Cereal, Maple Oatmeal Cereal, Mashed Potatoes, Dressing Mix, Lemon Pudding, Assorted Jams, Bread, Mini Biscuits, Caramel Pudding, Steak Sauce, Pepper Sauce, Cranberry Jelly, Plain Rice, Cream of Chicken soup, Onion soup, Vegetable soup, Beef soup, Cream of Mushroom soup, Chicken Noodle soup, Mediterranean Chicken soup, Coffee, Tea, Hot Chocolate, Orange juice, Passion Fruit juice, Grape juice, Mixed Fruit juice, Lemon Peach juice, and Cappuccino Coffee.

The film gets stuck in the projector, melts and then breaks and we see a white screen with the fast movement of the projector's shutter.

END 16MM FILM PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. H-12 DRILL HALL, CENTER OF DRILL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is still presenting his lecture.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
So, here is the best part of an
IMP, the chocolate bar.

He holds up a Coffee Crisp chocolate bar, removes the wrapper from one end and takes a bite from it.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
(Mumbling, mouth full)
This here chocolate bar is real
good.

PLATOON IN UNISON
(Random laughter)

SGT. RUTHERFORD
All right. Now here is a package
of chiclets gum. There's a game we
can play with this here gum
package. The package has numbers
on it.

He holds up the package and then reads the numbers off it.

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
The numbers here are three, niner,
eight, five. When we play the
game, if you can guess my numbers,
you win my package of gum. If you
can't guess it, then you lose your
gum to me.

He laughs.

PLATOON IN UNISON
(Random laughter)

CUT

INT. PLATOON OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant Rutherford and the three master bombardiers are having a discussion.

MBDR. STILETTO

I demand to know why Bombardier Baker was not promoted to acting master bombardier before this course began. Gregory was promoted, why not Baker?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Well, did Baker save a bunch of nuns from a burning bus while she was on leave?

MBDR. STILETTO

Nuns in a burning bus? I heard nothing about that.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

That's right. You didn't. But we sure did when the police department, the fire department, the convent and the diocese all wrote letters to the CO about Gregory's heroism. That's when the CO promoted him to acting master bombardier until he gets his CLC course.

MBDR. STILETTO

Bombardier Baker has done outstanding things in the community.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Name one.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

She swallowed a whole bunch of semen and she's not even in the navy.

They all laugh except Stiletto.

MBDR. STILETTO

(To Gregory)

Hush you.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Listen, if Baker can do something similar too or greater than what Gregory did, then I'll recommend her for an acting/lacking promotion myself.

MBDR. STILETTO

Like what? Saving a lost recruit
or something.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Yup. Something like that.

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

But the recruit needs to be riding
a unicorn that's on fire.

They all laugh except Stiletto.

CUT

EXT. ROAD IN TRAINING AREA - AFTERNOON

The platoon is on a rucksack march in formation. They are walking down a narrow road that leads to a range shack in the area where they will conduct training. Following the platoon are three two-and-half ton troop transport trucks carrying the tents and other equipment. The panel van is the last vehicle. The bombardiers are the drivers of the vehicles. The three master bombardiers are marching along side the platoon shouting corrections and encouragement as needed. Sergeant Rutherford and Mr. Turner are at the front of the platoon leading the way. There is light rain falling and the temperature is hovering around the freezing mark.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Singing Farmer in the
Dell)

A marching we will go, a marching
we will go, hi ho the derry-oh, a
marching we will go.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Annoyed)

Sir, we don't sing on rucksack
marches.

2ND LT. TURNER

Why not sergeant?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Because we're not American sir.
Only Americans sing on marches.
It's not part of our Canadian
military culture.

2ND LT. TURNER

They didn't let us sing on marches during my basic officer course but I thought the instructors were just being mean.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Pointing)

There's the range shack sir.

CUT

INT. RANGE SHACK - LATER

Inside the range shack, a propane gas stove is lit and heating the interior. There are two kerosene lanterns hanging from the ceiling lighting the interior of the shack. There are no windows. Sergeant Rutherford and the Mr. Turner are talking.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Ok sir, I just sent all the sections out to do the day portion of their map and compass exercise. They should be back well before dark in time to show the recruits how to set up the tent, run the stove and lantern. After that, we can all have dinner.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Enthusiastic)

An IPM dinner. It'll be fun. What's your favorite IMP meal?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Hungarian goulash or the lasagna.

2ND LT. TURNER

I hate the Hungarian goulash. I always manage to spill it on my uniform. You know it takes forever to get that stain out.

(Pause)

You know, Master Bombardier Stiletto spoke to me in private about getting Bombardier Baker promoted to acting master bombardier. I told him I thought it was a great idea.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

It's not a great idea, sir.
Bombardier Baker has done nothing
to be worthy of an acting/lacking
promotion. He spoke to me about it
too. She's not ready.

CUT

EXT. RANGE SHACK - AFTERNOON

Two of the three sections have returned to the area around the range shack, which is the platoon HQ, except for Master Bombardier Stiletto's section. Sergeant Rutherford is outside observing the two other sections mount the tent and light the stove and lantern. This is done in the woods surrounding the platoon HQ. We see different scenes of recruits erecting the tents at different stages of the task. On the right side of the road, the three two-and-a-half ton trucks are parked in single file. The panel van is ahead of the trucks and farthest away from the range shack. It's late afternoon and the sun is setting, there is not much more than 30 minutes of good daylight left. Sergeant Rutherford enters the range shack. As the door closes, Master Bombardier Stiletto, Bombardier Baker and his section arrive at the range shack from the woods behind the building. The weather has not changed.

MBDR. STILETTO

(To the recruits)

Ok, put your kit down over there by
that tent, stove and lantern and
wait for me.

They do as ordered. The tent is packed up and not erected. He opens the door to the range shack and tells Rutherford he is back. He shuts the door. He walks over to where the recruits are standing.

MBDR. STILETTO (CONT'D)

(To the recruits)

All right. Get this tent set up,
light the stove and lantern and get
some water boiling for our IMP
dinner. I'll be back to check on
you later.

He walks down the road, away from the group with Bombardier Baker.

CUT

EXT. RANGE SHACK - SAME TIME

Master Bombardier Stiletto's recruits are standing around the unpacked tent in the rain.

FIFTH MALE RECRUIT

Does anyone know how to put this thing up?

They all look at each other with an "I don't know" look on their faces.

CUT

INT. PANEL VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Stiletto and Baker have removed their wet parkas and beanies. They are sitting in the back seat of the van. The van is running and the heater is blowing hot air.

MBDR. STILETTO

Hey, soon to be acting master bombardier Baker, would you like to taste the flavor of rank before you become a hero by saving that lost recruit in the woods?

BDR. BAKER

I love the taste of rank and I'm ready to be a hero.

MBDR. STILETTO

You know where the rank lives, you've visited before.

He is sitting on the seat, arms stretched out, legs stretched out. Bombardier Baker is sitting on the floor in front of him, unzipping his trousers.

CUT

EXT. RANGE SHACK - LATER

Sergeant Rutherford opens the door to the range shack, steps outside and sees Master Bombardier Stiletto's section of recruits just standing around, wet and hungry. He walks up to them and speaks.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Why isn't this tent put up yet?

FIRST MALE RECRUIT

We don't know how to put it up
sergeant.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Where is Master Bombardier Stiletto
or Bombardier Baker?

SECOND MALE RECRUIT

They're in the panel van.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Is that right. You all go into
the range shack, sit down and get
warmed up. Make sure you take off
those wet parkas.

FIRST FEMALE RECRUIT

Sergeant, we have a private
missing.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Shocked)

What? You're missing a private
from your section?

FIRST FEMALE RECRUIT

Yes sergeant. We looked for him
but master bombardier said it was
best that we come back to the camp
and he would find his way back on
his own.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Angry)

You all go into the range shack.
I'll be right back.

CUT

EXT. PANEL VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is standing outside the panel van and
opens the sliding door, finds Bombardier Baker giving Master
Bombardier Stiletto a blow job.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Angry, drill voice)

Put your fucking dick back in your
pants master bombardier and get the
fuck out of that vehicle. You too
Baker, wipe your face and get
outside.

They do as he orders.

MBDR. STILETTO

(Angry)

What the fuck are you doing? You can't just order us around like this?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Very angry)

Oh yes I can. This here is my course and I'm in charge. Did you lose a private in the woods?

MBDR. STILETTO

(Sheepish)

Well, we're gonna go back...

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Very angry, cuts him off)

YES OR NO! Did you lose a private in the woods?

MBDR. STILETTO

(Nervous, sheepish)

Yes. But he's still ok.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Very angry)

I'm gonna go find him. When I get back, I want to see both of you in the range shack. And you better pack up your kit and be ready to move. And show your orphans how to set up the tent, light the stove and lantern.

CUT

INT. RANGE SHACK - LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is talking to Master Bombardier Stiletto and Bombardier Baker. Mr. Turner is there watching and listening. They are the only people inside the range shack.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Angry, to Stiletto)

You's a married man with a new baby at home and you're screwing Baker on the side. You's can do what you want on your own time but not on MY time. I'm sending both of you back to base. You're fired.

(MORE)

SGT. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

I'll get Bombardier Stone to drive you. We'll talk about this more when I gets back tomorrow.

2ND LT. TURNER

Can I say something?

ALL THREE

(In unison)

NO!

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(To Baker)

As for you, Bombardier. Baker, you need to learn what side your bread is buttered on, because the butter ain't on the end of his cock. I suggest you clean your act up. I catch you screwing anyone in the unit again on MY time, I'll get rid of you and send you back to your home unit out west. Now you two get out.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears from the left. On it, there is a picture of a Canadian Army two-and-half ton troop transport truck.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male voice, child's story
time voice)

And so Master Bombardier Stiletto and his whore, Bombardier Baker, were sent away from the training area. They were dropped off at K-13, their regular place of work. There, they indulged in more sexual activities, believing it would be the last chance they had to be naughty. Master Bombardier Stiletto had a lot to be concerned about. He didn't want his wife to learn about his high level of infidelity. Bombardier Baker was worried she would not be promoted to master bombardier because her sexual appetite got in the way of going back out into the woods to save the lost recruit who they deliberately left behind.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Their plan failed and it was all because of sex. The moral to this story is, sex is bad. Abstinence is good. Meanwhile, back at the range shack.

INT. RANGE SHACK - LATER

Master Bombardier Jones and Gregory walk into the range shack and sit down. There are only the two master bombardiers, sergeant Rutherford and the officer in the range shack.

MBDR. JONES

You guys want to hear something funny?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Sure. I could use a laugh right now.

MBDR. JONES

What Gregory and I have here are the comment cards for the IMPs the recruits filled out.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears from the left. On it is a photo of an IMP comment card.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

An IMP comment card is included with each IMP meal. Soldiers are encouraged to make comments about the IMP meals they just ate in the field. The cards can then be mailed, at no cost, by dropping them into any Canada Post mailbox. The IMP comment card will be delivered to a logistics cell at the Department of National Defense Headquarters in Ottawa. There, a clerk will collect the comment cards and throw them away.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For the foreign viewers of this program, National Defense Headquarters is the Canadian equivalent to the Pentagon in Washington, DC. Ottawa is the national capital of Canada and not that city of the same name in the state of Illinois.

The slide disappears to the right of the screen.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. RANGE SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

As each comment card is read out loud, everyone laughs heartily.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

This one says, meal ham omelette.
Comment, what the fuck is this
shit?

MBDR. JONES

Meal, macaroni and cheese and peas.
Comment, puke in a bag.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, meatballs in gravy. Comment,
dog balls in gravy.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, turkey vegetable stew.
Comment, I ate this and I'm gonna
die.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, ham omelette again. Comment,
it's a fucking chunk of lung in a
bag.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, Salisbury steak. Comment,
are you kidding?

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, turkey a la king. Comment,
send mine to Ethiopia.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, macaroni and cheese and peas.
Comment, smells like puke, tastes
like puke, it must be puke.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, ham omelette. Comment, sole
of combat boot with juice.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, meatballs in gravy. Comment,
how can this even be legal?

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, turkey a la king. Comment,
Jesus save me.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, Salisbury steak. Comment, I
think I've been poisoned.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, ham omelette. Comment, I can
feel the molecular structure of my
cells changing. It hurts.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, macaroni and cheese and peas.
Comment, there's no place like
home, there's no place like home,
there's no place like home.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, meatballs in gravy. Comment,
forgive them, for they know not
what they cooked.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, ham omelette. Comment, I
think I chipped every tooth in my
mouth.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, ham omelette. Comment, there
is no God.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, Salisbury steak. Comment,
how in the fuck did anyone think
this was a good idea?

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Meal, turkey a la king. Comment,
it smells like old breast milk.

(MORE)

A/MBDR. GREGORY (CONT'D)

Turkeys don't make breast milk.
I'm gonna be sick.

MBDR. JONES

Meal, ham omelette. Comment,
yummy!

(To Turner)

Sir, is this yours? You're the
only one who could write something
like this.

2ND LT. TURNER

I gave it to a recruit earlier to
hand it in for me.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

That one's getting thrown out sir.
Sorry.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Discouraged)

I tried.

FADE OUT.