



CAMP MOSQUITO
EPISODE 8
"COCK OF SATAN"

Written by

Phil Gutierrez

Based on, Militia Wars blog

philip.gutierrez9@gmail.com
703-474-5919

FADE IN:

INT. HQ BUILDING HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Master Bombardier Jones walks up to the locked door of the duty room. He is wearing the solid green combat uniform, rolled sleeves (it's the month of May), green beret, artillery cap badge, black combat boots. Over his right sleeve, he is wearing solid green armband that has the letters "COS" in yellow on it. He takes out a set of keys on a large key ring attached to a half-inch wood dowel. There are ten keys on the ring, each with a number on them. He inserts key number 1 into the door lock. The door lock is incorporated into the door knob and he inserts the key into the center of the door knob. He unlocks the door, turns the knob and opens the door halfway. He enters the room.

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Jones walks up to a wooden desk, places his backpack on the office chair, that has rollers, and turns around to look at the room.

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling)

No fucking way! What the fuck is
this shit!

He walks over to a large 1990s-style Coke vending machine that is located in the duty room in between the two beds. The coke machine is plugged in, the light of the machine is working and we can hear the compressor pumping away.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Who the fuck put this thing in
here?

He walks around the coke machine to unplug it. The plug has a 90 degree three-prong connection. Across the back of the plug is a metal bar that is bolted into the wall on either side of the electric outlet. The head of the bolts have a unconventional shape and require a special tool to remove them. Jones sees this and screams.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!

He walks back to the desk, then turns to face the camera.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(To camera)

It's Friday. It's sixteen-thirty hours. I have duty. Now for those of you who don't know what duty is, let me explain it to you.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears on the screen from the left. The word "DUTY" is written on it in large black letters with a white background. As he speaks, pictures of different items appear on the screen to comically illustrate what he is saying.

MBDR. JONES (V.O.)

Every month soldiers have duty. This is when we have to spend one, twenty-four-hour period representing the authority of Her Majesty The Queen as delegated to her commanders and officers and then re-delegated to the selected few of the unwashed masses at the rank of master bombardier or sergeant. The duty team is always comprised of a commissioned officer or a warrant officer. A sergeant or master bombardier-master corporal and a duty driver at the rank of gunner-private or bombardier-corporal. Back in the old days, during prehistoric times, our early human ancestors had to guard against being eaten by wild beasts at night. So, someone had to stay awake all night and guard the cave or the camp or whatever the hell they lived in back then. This practice was passed down throughout the ages. During the middle ages, military camps had to be guarded especially at night. Here we have the introduction of a gate guard or a roving sentry. These soldiers were designated to provide security for the camp. Thus the concept of a security guard was born.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Centuries later, the military adapted this security guard position and decided to create something called "duty" and it became a dirty little four letter word. Now, every level of the chain of command, beginning with the lowest level headquarters has someone on duty outside of normal working hours and on weekends. While on duty, we walk around, check to make sure everything is locked, make sure there is no unruly behavior in the shacks, write entries in the duty log book and tend to emergencies as they arise. Oh, and answer the phone, should it ring. Fortunately, there are very few emergencies, if any, and duty is usually quite dull. We can go to bed at twenty-three hundred hours and get up at zero five hundred and unlock doors etc.

The slide moves off the screen to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Jones continues to speak.

MBDR. JONES

(To camera)

With duty comes the arm band of shame.

He points to the "COS" armband, showing it to the camera.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

Everyone knows you're on duty when you're wearing this fella. The letters "COS" stands for "Company Orderly Sergeant" but we know from experience that it really stands for "Cock of Satan" because duty really sucks the big one.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

If you've got cock of Satan, you
may as well have the plague because
no one wants to come near you.

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - SAME TIME

Warrant Officer STOOLE is standing near the doorway of the duty room watching Master Bombardier Jones speak to the camera. Warrant Officer Stoole is a tall man, fat, clean shaven and in his 40s. His face is a bit rough. He is dressed the same as Master Bombardier Jones except the Warrant Officer's cap badge is from the Royal New Brunswick Regiment. He is not wearing a "COS" armband. The duty room door is still only half-way open and therefore Warrant Stoole cannot see the remainder of the room or where the camera would be.

WO. STOOLE

(Annoyed)

Who are you talking to master
corporal?

MBDR. JONES

(Turns his head toward the
warrant officer)

No one warrant.

WO. STOOLE

(Still annoyed)

Do you have a girl in there with
you master corporal?

MBDR. JONES

No warrant. And it's master
bombardier.

WO. STOOLE

(Annoyed)

Yeah, whatever. Two chevrons and a
maple leaf equals master corporal
in my world, unless you want to try
on something lower.

MBDR. JONES

Well, warrant, the duty driver
hasn't arrived yet. He's at motor-
T compound getting the duty van.

WO. STOOLE

(Annoyed)

Tonight's Friday.

(MORE)

WO. STOOLE (CONT'D)

You have my duty pager number in the duty book. Don't call me unless somebody dies.

MBDR. JONES

Warrant, will you be on base or in town?

WO. STOOLE

(Annoyed)

I live in town. That's where I'm going home to fuck my wife.

He turns around and walks away.

MBDR. JONES

Have a good evening warrant.

WO. STOOLE (O.C.)

(Annoyed)

Fuck you!

MBDR. JONES

(To camera)

I guess he takes no joy in fucking his wife.

CUT

BEGIN DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. WARRANT OFFICER STOOLE'S HOUSE - EVENING

We see the front of Warrant Stooles house. He opens the front door and enters. The door is left open. We hear the voice of Warrant Stooles and his wife HENRIETTA STOOLE but we don't see them on camera. We only see the front of the house with the front door open.

HENRIETTA STOOLE (O.C.)

(Yelling throughout)

Where the fuck have you been?
You're ten minutes late!

WO. STOOLE (O.C.)

(Submissive)

Sorry honey bunch.

HENRIETTA STOOLE (O.C.)

Don't honey bunch me. My name is mister!

WO. STOOLE
(Submissive)
Yes, yes, mister.

HENRIETTA STOOLE (O.C.)
Now get that damn uniform off and
get over here so I can chain you
up. I've got a brand new dildo for
you tonight. It even squirts out
liquid.

WO. STOOLE
(Submissive)
Yes, mister.

HENRIETTA STOOLE (O.C.)
And shut that damn door before I
lock you outside naked so the
neighbors can see how small your
dick is.

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. BARRACKS - LATER

Master Bombardier Jones and Corporal KENT, the duty driver, are walking slowly down the hall of the barracks, looking into every room as they walk by. Corporal Kent is of average height, black hair and clean shaven. He wears the same uniform as Master Bombardier Jones except his cap badge is from the logistics corps. The barracks rooms have bunkbeds with eight soldiers per room. The doors of all the rooms are open. This wing of the barracks houses a recruit course that is being conducted by the Royal New Brunswick Regiment. There are no instructors present. The recruits are doing various things in their rooms such as cleaning rifles, sorting out their kit etc. At the end of the hallway, there is another wing to the right which leads to the toilets, sink room and the shower room.

MBDR. JONES
Why are there no instructors on
duty here?

CPL. KENT
Friday night. They don't care.

MBDR. JONES
I'll have to note that in the duty
book.

CUT

INT. BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

From around the corner of the other wing, three recruits appear in the hallway. All three of them are dressed the same as Corporal Kent except their cap badge is the tri-service cap badge, they have no slip-ons over their epaulettes and they have no rank insignia or name tapes on their uniforms. The CENTER RECRUIT has his arms around the necks of the LEFT RECRUIT and RIGHT RECRUIT. He is pale, frothing a bit at the mouth and he has difficulty keeping his head up. He is dragging his feet on the ground. The other two recruits are assisting him but with difficulty. They are all average height, clean shaven and have a buzz cut. They are roughly 18 or 19-years-old.

MBDR. JONES
(Drill voice)
STOP! What the fuck's going on
here?

LEFT RECRUIT
He's not feeling good master
corporal.

RIGHT RECRUIT
I think he has heat stroke or
something, master corporal.

MBDR. JONES
(To Corporal Kent)
Take all three of them to the
hospital in the van and leave them
there. Make sure the ER has the
phone number to the duty room so
you can pick them up later.

(To camera)
So here's where everything is kind
of screwed up. Last year, a brand
new hospital opened here on base.
It cost millions of dollars to
build. It's a state of the art
facility. But there's one problem,
it closes everyday at seventeen-
hundred hours. That's right, 5pm
and the doors lock.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

The government had a whole bunch of money to build a new hospital but there's no money in the budget to staff it for twenty-four hours. After hours, we have to send our sick and dying to the local hospital in town. A quick ten minute drive from the front gate of the base. But that hospital's emergency room closes at midnight. So our wonderful base hospital is really just a giant white elephant.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears from the left of the screen. It is black with a cartoon animation of a white elephant performing various circus tricks with monkeys, clowns etc. Then the white elephant goes nuts and stampedes into the crowd and deliberately crushes children under his heavy feet with blood splattering everywhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male monotone voice)

A white elephant is an expression used to describe an item that is expensive to create, has a high cost of maintenance but does not serve any useful purpose. In some cases, the white elephant was originally intended to be useful but, due to misuse, incompetence, political posturing and other corrupt human factors, it has become a financial burden which outweighs any usefulness it may once had.

The slide disappears to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - LATER

Master Bombardier Jones is sitting at the desk, making entries in the duty book. As he writes, we hear his thoughts.

MBDR. JONES (V.O.)
Twenty-thirty hours. Returned from rounds of company area. Sent a recruit from H-23 barracks to hospital with duty driver for potential heat stroke. There were no instructors on duty with the recruit course lodged in building H-23. Take that RNBR fucktards.

He puts his pen down just as Corporal Kent enters the room. He turns around in his swivel desk chair to talk to him.

MBDR. JONES
So, how's the dying recruit?

CPL. KENT
He's fine. Just a bit of dehydration. They have him laying in a stretcher with an I.V. stuck in his arm.

MBDR. JONES
(Sarcastic)
So he wasn't dying after all. Did he cry when they stuck the needle in?

CPL. KENT
Almost.

MBDR. JONES
(Sarcastic)
Did his friends hold his hand?

CPL. KENT
Just about. I brought them back to the shacks. The ER nurse said she'll call when he's ready to go.

MBDR. JONES
Well, let's see if this big bad coke machine will give us a coke. You want one, I'm buying.

CPL. KENT
Sure.

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - SAME TIME

Master Bombardier Jones is standing in front of the coke machine, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out two loonies (Canadian dollar coin). He drops one in the coin slot and presses on a big button for a coke. Nothing happens.

MBDR. JONES
(Annoyed)
Ok, what the fuck?

He presses the button again. Nothing happens.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
What the fuck is wrong with this.

He presses a different button. Nothing happens. He continues to press all the buttons and nothing happens.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Pissed off)
Ok, what the fuck is wrong with
this shit? The machine doesn't
even work.

He drops another dollar into the machine and this time he presses the button for coke and keeps it depressed for five seconds. Nothing happens. He does the same with all the others.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Angry, yelling)
What the fuck. Fucking shit. God
damn piece of shit fucking coke
machine from hell. It doesn't even
work.

He start punching all the large buttons one after another. Nothing happens. He then tries pressing different buttons together in different combinations. Nothing happens.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Angry, yelling)
You've got to be shitting me! This
fucking piece of fucking shit
doesn't even work.

He then presses the coin return lever to retrieve his two, one dollar coins. Nothing happens. He continues to jiggle the lever over and over. Nothing happens.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Out of his mind angry,
yelling)
You've got to be fucking kidding
me! It doesn't spit out coke and
it keeps your money. What the fuck
is this shit! I can't even unplug
it from the wall and we have to
sleep here with this fucking piece
of fucking shit machine running all
fucking night with the fucking
light on.

He returns to the desk, sits down and makes an entry into the
duty.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Pissed off)
Twenty-fifty hours. Coke machine
in the duty room is broken. Does
not dispense any drinks. Machine
does not return coins. Coke
machine needs repair.

He places his pen on the desk and slams the duty book shut.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(Angry)
There you go sergeant-major. Fix
the fucking coke machine in the
fucking duty room. You old fucking
fart.

CPL. KENT
You know he never reads the entries
in the duty book, right?

MBDR. JONES
(Angry)
The old fucker needs to retire out
of the militia. He's so old, he
doesn't remember what it's like to
be on duty. He so old, he used
muskets on his basic training.
He's so fucking old, they pay him
to play father time at new year's
eve parties. He's so fucking old,
his kids already qualified for
their old age pension. He's so
fucking old, his dentures are made
of wood.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

He's so fucking old, when he was on duty as a young soldier, he had to write duty log book entries on parchment using a feather from a sick goose. He's so fucking old, when he was on duty, the duty officer was the Pharaoh who enslaved the Hebrews. He's so fucking old, he used a Roman centurion helmet in basic training.

CPL. KENT

Alright, master bombardier, I get the point.

MBDR. JONES

Sorry. I got carried away there. Yup. Yup, yup, yup.

CPL. KENT

Yup. Yup, yup, yup.

He pauses for a few seconds.

MBDR. JONES

Alright, let's go walk through the shacks.

CUT

INT. BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Jones and Kent are walking down the barracks hallway just as they did earlier. A recruit comes out from one of the rooms yelling and holding his arm up with his other hand. He has electrocuted himself. The ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT is 18-years-old, thin, pale, wearing his combat uniform just the like the dehydrated recruit.

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Yelling)

I can't feel my arm! I can't feel my arm!

MBDR. JONES

(Drill voice)

Quiet down!

(Loud voice)

What's the problem here?

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Panic)

I was plugging my alarm clock in
and I electrocuted myself. I can't
feel my arm.

MBDR. JONES

How the fuck did you electrocute
yourself doing that?

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Panic)

I guess I was touching the metal of
the plug when I tried to plug it
in.

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling, sarcastic)

Were you trying to kill yourself?

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Panic)

No. I just wanted to plug in my
clock.

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

Are you sure? Why didn't you just
use a metal butter knife instead
and really give yourself a jolt?

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Panic)

I want to live. I want to see my
girlfriend.

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

Your girlfriend is out right now
getting fucked by your best friend
who didn't join the army. You
know, that long haired, peace
loving, dope smoking, friend of
Jesus who makes love to everyone's
girlfriend. He looks a lot like
Charles Manson.

ELECTROCUTED RECRUIT

(Crying slightly)

I'm gonna kill Roger when I get
home. Then I'll kill her. I can't
feel my arm.

MBDR. JONES
(To Corporal Kent)
You know what to do.

CPL. KENT
Got it.
(To electrocuted recruit,
sarcastic)
Come on sparky, we're going to the
hospital. Or do you prefer
"killer" because that's what you're
gonna do when you go back home.
You crazy little fuck.

MBDR. JONES
Don't come back until they're all
released. If there's an emergency
I'll call 9-1-1.

CUT

INT. HQ BUILDING HALLWAY - LATER

Standing outside the door of the duty room is Private TAYLOR.
He is average height, brown hair, clean shaved, buzz cut,
dressed the same as the other recruits. As Master Bombardier
Jones walks down the hallway, he speaks to him.

MBDR. JONES
(Loud voice)
What are you doing here Private
Taylor?

PRIVATE TAYLOR
I need to see the padre, master
bombardier.

MBDR. JONES
(Serious)
The padre is dead. A replacement
hasn't been named. You're shit out
of luck.

PRIVATE TAYLOR
(Laughing)
Then I guess I'll have to talk to
you, master bombardier.

MBDR. JONES
(Sarcastic)
Do I look like the fucking padre to
you? I don't give good advice.
(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

I just told one kid his girlfriend was getting screwed by his best friend back home. Now he wants to kill them both. Then again, he just tried to electrocute himself to death with the plug of his alarm clock.

(To camera)

Ok, here's the scoop on this guy. Taylor was one of my recruits during the spring militia recruit course here on base. He was in my section. He's a good kid. Now he's in holding platoon waiting for his basic infantry course. He trusts me so I guess I'll have to talk to him and find out what kind of girlfriend troubles he has. You see, 98 percent of all the problems young army recruits have are directly connected to the girlfriend. It seems that despite not being at war, joining the militia, aka the army, is akin to going to war, according to the loved ones at home. During the last basic training course I worked on, one recruit in my section received a pair of socks from his girlfriend. They were wool socks. Knee-high wool socks, that she knitted herself, using yarn made of UNWASHED wool so that it would retain its water proof characteristics. It seems great-grand ma did the same for her boyfriend in world war one. Unwashed wool smells amazing.

PRIVATE TAYLOR

Master bombardier, who are you talking too?

MBDR. JONES

(To Private Taylor)

Shut up.

CUT

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. BEHIND THE BARRACKS - NIGHT

Master Bombardiers Rutherford and Jones and Bombardier Gregory are standing around a 55 gallon drum that has a small fire in it. Several feet away, standing in a circle, are the 26 recruits from Master Bombardiers Jones and Rutherford's sections. Everyone is wearing a pair of underwear, combat boots and a green beret. They are not wearing any other clothing. It's a warm spring evening and we are approaching the witching hour (midnight).

MBDR. JONES

Brothers, we are gathered here to exterminate the hated foot-leg ornaments that have caused such a stench in the barracks, specifically, room one-three-three.

EVERYONE

(In unison)

Room one-three-three.

MBDR. JONES

As the witching hour is upon us, to the God of fire, we sacrifice these nasty ass wool socks.

EVERYONE

(In unison)

Nasty ass wool socks.

MBDR. JONES

May the fires of the God of fire transform these instruments of stench into a gas that will float into the stratosphere. May we have the socks.

BDR. GREGORY

On this stick I have the instruments of stench that are to be sacrificed.

He approaches the fire carrying a commercial wooden mop handle with the socks hanging off the end. He places the mop handle over the fire, dips the mop handle forward and the socks slip into the fire.

MBDR. JONES

Be gone, instruments of stench! Be gone!

EVERYONE
(In unison)
Be gone, instruments of stench! Be
gone!

At this point, all the recruits begin to walk around the fire, counter-clockwise, performing their own individual versions of a primitive dance with hands and arms in the air and heads shaking. As this is going on, a military police car, with lights flashing, stops on the road not far from the back of the barracks.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

CUT

EXT. VEHICLE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Master Bombardier Jones and Private Taylor are walking inside the vehicle compound. As Jones checks around the vehicles, he is having a conversation with Taylor.

MBDR. JONES
Listen, I know you're worried about
your girlfriend leaving you but
you've committed yourself to
getting through your militia
training.

PRIVATE TAYLOR
I know but I want to stay with her.

MBDR. JONES
I understand that. She has to
understand that you are doing this
for both of you because you know
it will lead to a full-time
military career. If she loves you,
as you said she does, then she will
wait for you. If not, then she's
not the one for you.

PRIVATE TAYLOR
We've been together for two years.
Ever since I graduated high school.

MBDR. JONES
Understood. What's her name again?

PRIVATE TAYLOR
Charlene.

MBDR. JONES

Explain to Charlene that your upcoming training is going to be tough, time consuming and you're going to need all of your mental focus on doing your best on the infantry course.

PRIVATE TAYLOR

Yeah, I never really tell her about that stuff. She heard from some of her friends how their boyfriends in the militia are always going out at night and partying.

MBDR. JONES

Tell Charlene you're not those other guys and that she needs to stop listening to gossip from people who aren't here. I'll give you a heads up, your course warrant for your infantry course is going to be Warrant Riffraff and he will get rid of you at the first sign of girlfriend troubles. He's famous for doing that.

PRIVATE TAYLOR

Why would he do that?

MBDR. JONES

He's an idiot. He'll use the excuse of "administrational burden" to throw you out of the army. He doesn't care. So if you want to stay in the army, you need to calm Charlene down and you need to get your head clear and focused on training.

(To camera)

This is an example of the type of counseling I have to do as a leader of soldiers. Most other guys I know, don't care or are too stupid to handle other people's problems. Point in case, Warrant Riffraff.

CUT

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. PLATOON OFFICE - DAY

Master Bombardier Jones and Warrant Officer RIFFRAFF are having an argument. Warrant Riffraff is of average height, has very pale skin, almost ashen, he is clean shaved, has light brown almost blond hair and he has bow legs and he walks like he has a broom handle broken off in his ass. He is dressed in his combat uniform just like Jones with the sleeves rolled up. The writing on his slip-ons says "Highlander" and he does not wear a beret but a Balmoral bonnet that highlanders wear in Nova Scotia with the appropriate cap badge. He is a raging alcoholic and sometimes has a tremor in his right hand. He speaks with a Cape Breton, Nova Scotia accent.

MBDR. JONES

Warrant, this is not an acceptable reason to throw my recruit out of the army.

WO. RIFFRAFF

A girlfriend is always a good reason to throw anyone out of the army. He's gonna have problems and problems and I'm gonna have problems and problems because of him.

MBDR. JONES

Warrant, one of our jobs is to ensure the welfare of our troops. He wants to see the padre. It's his right. Where's your humanity?

WO. RIFFRAFF

Master Bombardier, I got no humanity. I don't give a fuck about him or anyone in this platoon. If they give me trouble, they're out.

MBDR. JONES

(Annoyed)

It's his right to see the padre and you're breaking the law by denying him that right. This is not trouble for you, it's your job.

WO. RIFFRAFF

I'm doing my job perfectly well.

MBDR. JONES

(Angry)

I beg to differ, warrant.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

You spend more time at the mess drinking every afternoon than you do on the parade square teaching drill.

WO. RIFFRAFF

(Angry)

I taught all the drill I was suppose too. A man needs a break from the job pressures and one drink is not a problem.

MBDR. JONES

(Angry)

Warrant, because you were so busy relieving the pressures of your job, I had to teach every single one of your platoon level drill lectures. You haven't stepped foot on the parade square since you got here.

WO. RIFFRAFF

(Angry, yelling)

I hate artillerymen master bombardier and I hate you. You guys are assholes. The only good soldiers are infanteers. Your boy's gone. Get the fuck out of my face.

MBDR. JONES

(Angry, yelling)

We'll see about that, warrant. I'll be talking to the course officer. Or better yet, I'll talk to the padre myself.

He yells his lines as he walks away.

WO. RIFFRAFF

(Angry, yelling)

Fuck you asshole!

He throws the items on his desk, such staplers, folders and a dictionary at Jones.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - LATER

Master Bombardier Jones is making entries into the log book.

MBDR. JONES (V.O.)
Twenty-three-thirty, returned to
duty room after checking the
vehicle compound. All is secure at
the compound.

The phone rings and he answers it.

MBDR. JONES
Militia Training Center duty room,
duty NCO Master Bombardier Jones
speaking.

CALLER (O.C.)
(Via the handset
throughout, female voice)
Yeah, I'm looking for Private
Smith. He's supposed to be there
doing his basic training.

MBDR. JONES
Who's speaking?

CALLER (O.C.)
I'm his girlfriend and I have to
talk to him because I'm pregnant.

MBDR. JONES
I'm sorry, but we can't relay
messages to soldiers undergoing
training.

CALLER (O.C.)
Well, how am I supposed to tell him
I'm gonna have a baby. He needs to
come home right now.

MBDR. JONES
Have you tried calling his unit's
chaplain?

CALLER (O.C.)
What's a unit? He didn't tell me
anything when he left. He just
left and now I'm pregnant.

MBDR. JONES
How long ago did you see him before
he left for his basic training?

CALLER (O.C.)

Well, we were split up for a while
but I know he's the daddy of my
baby. He has to be.

MBDR. JONES

How long were you split up?

CALLER (O.C.)

Oh about five months.

MBDR. JONES

And how many months are you along
in your pregnancy?

CALLER (O.C.)

I just found out today. I'm six
weeks in.

MBDR. JONES

Ok, well, he's obviously not the
father. Good luck at finding
another sucker.

He hangs up the phone and Corporal Kent walks into the duty
room.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

What's the verdict with the sick
and dying recruits?

CPL. KENT

The dehydrated guy is no longer
dehydrated and was not really that
close to death.

MBDR. JONES

Ok.

CPL. KENT

The electrocuted guy, his arm was
all back to normal by the time he
saw the doctor. They're both
outside the door. Here's their
medical chits.

He hands Jones two pieces of paper.

MBDR. JONES

Ok, let me write this in the log
book.

(Loud voice to the
recruits)

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

You two out there, stay where you are. I'll be there in a minute.

He turns around in his chair to begin making entries in the log book.

DEHYDRATED RECRUIT (O.C.)

(From the hall)

Master Corporal, can we sit down?

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling)

NO! You've been sitting and laying down all night. You want to be soldiers, you can stand.

As he continues to write in the duty book, we hear some weeping noises from the hallway. One of the recruits is sobbing.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

If you're crying, you better be bleeding!

The phone rings and he motions to Corporal Kent to move closer to him and the phone. The phone continues to ring as he speaks to Corporal Kent.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

It's probably the pregnant girl who wants to trap her old boyfriend who's not the dad.

He answers the phone and holds the handset away from his ear so they can both hear.

Militia Training Center duty room,
duty NCO Master Bombardier Jones
speaking.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Via the handset
throughout, male voice)

This is Master Corporal Shortt, the base duty NCO. We received a phone call from a woman wanting to speak to a Private Smith who is a student on one of your courses.

MBDR. JONES

Yes, master corporal, I did receive a phone call for him.

(MORE)

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)

The woman said she's pregnant and wants him to go home.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

So what are you doing about it? My duty officer, Lt. Little, insists that he be sent home to his girlfriend.

MBDR. JONES

I questioned her thoroughly and she's been pregnant for six weeks but she hasn't seen Private Smith in five months because they broke up.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

Oh. We didn't know that. We were out doing rounds and our duty driver, Private Small, took the call.

MBDR. JONES

Ok, I have a question. Did you say Lt. Little is the duty officer and Private Small is the duty driver and your name is Master Corporal Shortt?

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

Yes. Why?

MBDR. JONES

That's hilarious.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

Why is that funny to you?

MBDR. JONES

Don't you see? Three names that mean the same thing, little, short and small. That's really funny.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

I don't see any humor in ridiculing a man's name. Why would you think that's funny?

MBDR. JONES

Because it IS funny. Whoever made up the duty roster had a great sense of humor.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Annoyed)

I'm starting to get annoyed with you. Don't be laughing at a man's name, especially not mine.

MBDR. JONES

How tall are you?

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Bored)

I'm five feet tall.

MBDR. JONES

So you're short just like your name says.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Annoyed)

No. I'm Master Corporal Shortt as my name says. Height has nothing to do with it.

MBDR. JONES

What about Private Small? How big is he?

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Bored)

He's five foot one.

(Annoyed)

You gonna laugh at him too?

MBDR. JONES

And what about Lt. Little?

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Bored)

He's four feet eleven.

(Annoyed)

So now you want to laugh at an officer of the Queen's Commission too?

MBDR. JONES

I'm not laughing, I just find it amusing.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Progressively annoyed)

A few minutes ago, it was hilarious and now we're just amusing. I guess we're circus freaks to you.

(MORE)

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Maybe you should sell tickets and have everyone come in and get a good laugh at us and be amused.

MBDR. JONES

Why are you getting so upset?
There's nothing to be upset about.

MCPL. SHORTT (O.C.)

(Neurotic)

I've been treated like shit all my life by people like you. Looking down on short people. Making fun of short people.

(Upset, weeping slightly)

Ridiculing a short guy for having a Shortt name. Well, I've had it with you and everyone. It's not my fault. It's how God made me.

(Crying)

It's how God made me. It's how God made me. It's how God made me.
It's how God made me.

His voice trails off and the line goes dead.

CPL. KENT

(Laughing)

What the fuck was that?

MBDR. JONES

(Laughing)

I don't know. I think he just had a nervous breakdown on the phone. They need to send him to see the wizard immediately.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears on the screen from the left. On it is written the word "Wizard" in black on a white background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male monotone voice)

"Wizard" is a term in military jargon that means psychiatrist. When someone has been sent to see "the wizard" he has been sent to the base psychiatrist.

(MORE)

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

Another term in military jargon used to describe a psychiatrist is "head shrinker." Derived from the pop culture word, "shrink" which means psychiatrist, "head shrinker" suggests that your brain, or head, will shrink as a result of visiting with the psychiatrist resulting in the need for a smaller sized beret and helmet liner.

The slide disappears to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - LATER

The duty room door is closed. Master Bombardier Jones and Corporal Kent are getting ready to go to bed for the night. In one corner of the duty room is a large wooden closet. In it, is a tall stack of folded clean sheets and clean pillow cases. Each bed has two folded wool blankets and a pillow. The wool blankets are typical military issue, gray in color with a black stripe down the middle. The coke machine is making a lot of noise. The refrigeration compressor stops and starts every 15 minutes. When it stops, it makes a knocking sound that fills the room. Master Bombardier Jones takes two pillow cases and four sheets out of the closet. He hands two sheets and a pillow case to Corporal Kent.

MBDR. JONES

I have no idea how we're gonna get any sleep with this noise all night.

CPL. KENT

It's strange that it only started making the loud knocking sound just as we were getting ready for bed.

MBDR. JONES

Oh Great! So the coke machine is possessed and has a mind of its own. It knows what we're doing. What the fuck.

CUT

INT. DUTY ROOM - LATER

It's 3am. Corporal Kent is fast asleep despite the ruckus of the coke machine. At the same time, Master Bombardier Jones is sitting up in the middle of his bed. He looks worn out as if he's been awake for a week. He doses off and then wakes up again at the sound of the compressor. The knocking noise of the compressor is now every 60 seconds. Suddenly, the coke machine stops making noise and the room is quiet. Master Bombardier Jones falls back on his pillow. He is asleep. We see the front of the coke machine. The drink dispense tray is missing therefore when a can is dispensed by the machine, it falls directly onto the floor. The room remains quiet and then there is a loud continuous knocking sound from the compressor. The coke machine is shaking. Then the coke machine begins dispensing coke cans continuously. They fall to the floor and roll around. Some cans explode and there is coke spraying all over the place. Other cans are not damaged. Both Jones and Kent leap from their beds trying to stop the machine and trying to catch the cans to avoid a bigger mess. At this point the sheets and blankets are on the floor in an attempt to mitigate the spread of coke on the floor.

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling)

What the fuck is this shit!

CPL. KENT

(Yelling)

I can't unplug it. The plug is bolted to the wall.

He says as he looks behind the coke machine.

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling)

Holy fuck! I'll get more sheets. Put the blankets on the floor to stop the cans from blowing up.

CPL. KENT

(Yelling)

What the fuck is this. Fuuuuuck!

MBDR. JONES

(Yelling at the coke machine)

Ok, you've had your little fun. Now stop it!

The coke machine falls silent. There is a huge mess on the floor. Both Jones and Kent sit on their beds facing each other.

Jones picks up an undamaged can of coke and hands it to Kent. He picks up another, opens it, holds it up to offer a toast and speaks before taking a drink.

MBDR. JONES (CONT'D)
(At camera)
Cheers!

FADE OUT.