



CAMP MOSQUITO
EPISODE 7
"STOP KILLING MY BABY"

Written by

Phil Gutierrez

Based on, Militia Wars blog

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

FADE IN:

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - EVENING

The junior ranks mess is a very large room capable of accommodating 70 people. The room is in the style of the rest of the armory with 15 foot ceilings, hanging florescent lights six tall windows. At one of the room, there is a large opening in the wall that is six feet wide by five feet high. This is the opening to the bar which is in a separate room. There is a counter at the base of the opening. Along the walls of the mess, there are couches and chairs with end tables. There is a TV showing the hockey game facing the bar and furniture. The TV is an old-style cathode ray tube floor model, with wooden cabinet, color TV sitting on a large sturdy table. This is located one third into the length of the room. Beyond the TV, there is a pool table. On the other side of the pool table there is a six foot wooden folding table covered in a paper tablecloth. On the table, there is a large rectangular birthday cake that has the inscription "happy birthday 12th Field" on it. Next to the cake, there are plates of cold cut meats, buns, paper plates, napkins and plastic utensils. There is a bartender working the bar. Sitting in the mess is Honorary Colonel O'REGAN. He is in his mid 70s, has a thin build and he is of average height. He has a large white mustache that matches his white hair that is combed back in a professional style. He is wearing black dress shoes, gray dress pants, a white shirt, a necktie with the artillery colors on it and a light navy blue sport coat with an embroidered artillery cap badge sewn below the breast pocket. Also sitting in the mess is NATE, the battery commander's 11-year-old nephew. He is of average height and size for his age. He has dark brown hair. He's wearing sneakers, blue jeans and a Guns N' Roses sweatshirt. Honorary Colonel O'Regan is drinking a beer from a bottle and smoking a cigarette. They are both watching the hockey game.

NATE

(Saucy)

Give me your beer you old fucker.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN

(Surprised, insulted)

I beg your pardon, young man?

NATE

(Irritated)

I said give me your beer you old fart.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN

Now listen here, you can't speak to me in that tone.

(MORE)

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN (CONT'D)

You should be more respectful toward your elders. I will not be insulted by you or anyone. And you are definitely not going to drink beer at your age.

NATE

(Irritated)

My uncle's the battery commander. If you don't give me your beer or buy me one, I'm gonna tell him that you touched in a bad place down there.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN

(Angry)

Now listen here, young man. I won't be intimidated by your idle threats. No one would believe you. After all, I fought the war so you could have a future in a free country.

NATE

(Irritated)

Can the shit grandpa.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN

I'm not your grand father, so don't call me that.

NATE

(Fake upset, fake scared)

Oh, no! I can feel your hand all over my penis and your fingers fondling my balls. I'm gonna have to yell for help. Stop touching me down there grandpa. Stop it.

CUT

INT. SENIOR NCO AND OFFICERS MESS - SAME TIME

This mess is on the other side of the bar. It is the same size as the junior ranks mess but more ornately decorated to include a large dark brown wooden mantle to a non-functioning fireplace. There is a round stand-up table in the center of the room. Chairs and couches line the walls with end tables. Long royal blue drapes hang at the windows. Sergeant Rutherford is teaching 2nd Lt. Turner how to perform sword drill. The sword in use is the standard Canadian Forces sword used by officers. Both soldiers are wearing a black belt over their uniform shirts that hold the scabbards.

They are wearing the solid green combat uniform, black boots, a green beret and their sleeves are rolled up for summer dress. All soldiers are dressed the same unless otherwise noted. It's the month of May. Unknown to both soldiers, the tip of 2nd Lt. Turner's sword has been sharpened to a fine and dangerous point despite the fact it is against regulations.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Ok, sir. To salute with the sword, you bring the handle of the sword up to your face with the blade of the sword straight up and down. Try that.

2ND LT. TURNER

So, I bring the handle up to my face keeping the blade straight up and down like this?

He performs the movement but in doing so, the tip of the sword punctures the florescent light that is directly above him. There is a flash of light, an electrical short circuit sound and the glass from the florescent tube falls onto the floor and all over Mr. Turner.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

Oh shit!

He moves away from where he was standing, brings down the sword away from the light.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)

What just happened?

SGT. RUTHERFORD

You just broke the light sir. Stay here and I'll get a broom to clean this up. Try not to break anything else.

CUT

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

As Sergeant Rutherford walks down the stairs, Captain Trooper is walking up the stairs. They salute. We follow Captain Trooper to the top of the stairs where he enters the junior ranks mess.

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - MOMENTS LATER

As he enters the mess, he takes off his beret. He sees his nephew, Nate, sitting near the honorary colonel smoking and drinking.

CAPT. TROOPER

Oh Nate. Smoking and drinking again, I see.

NATE

(Surprised, innocent)

Uncle Trevor, he made me do it. He said he'd touch me in a bad place if I didn't smoke and drink with him.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Not surprised)

Uh hum. I see you're up to your old tricks again. You know where I'm gonna touch you? In the ass. With my boot. Get downstairs in my office. now!

NATE

(Fake innocence)

But uncle Trevor, he made me do it. I had, I had no choice.

CAPT. TROOPER

Stop bitching and get down there. It's obvious I can't leave you unsupervised for a minute. You know what your cousins call you?

NATE

No.

CAPT. TROOPER

Hate. Because they love to hate Nate. Go now!

NATE

Yes, sir.

He complies and leaves the mess.

CAPT. TROOPER

(To Honorary Colonel O'Regan)

My apologies sir. He's a handful.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN
 It's all good captain. I have all
 the sympathy in the world for
 retarded children.

He points to his head making the crazy sign, rotating his
 index finger counter clockwise along the side of his head.

CUT

INT. BSM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BSM Lucre is on the phone. He is speaking to the RSM. We
 only hear the BSM's side of the conversation. His beret is
 on his desk. He is sitting at his desk which faces the door
 to his office. The door is open. As he is speaking, Master
 Corporal STILETTO stands to one side of the doorway with a
 manila folder in her hands. Master Corporal Stiletto is
 average height but shorter than her husband Master Bombardier
 Stiletto. She has short blond hair, has fair skin and she is
 nine months pregnant. She is wearing the Canadian Forces
 combat maternity uniform with black combat boots. She is not
 wearing her beret.

BSM LUCRE
 (Into the phone
 throughout)
 Yes RSM. That's right. We
 reviewed the memo from NDHQ and we
 had a mess meeting two months ago.
 (Pause)
 Yes, we did. The vote at the
 meeting was to allow smoking in the
 mess only. Yes, until NDHQ comes
 out with a final ruling. No one is
 smoking in the building sir per the
 new order.
 (Pause)
 That's right sir. I pass it on at
 every parade every week to make
 sure everyone knows.
 (Pause, he laughs)
 That's right, until NDHQ comes out
 with some other no smoking rule.
 You know what those bean counters
 in Ottawa are like. Yes, RSM, take
 care now.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male monotone voice)

NDHQ is the abbreviation for the National Defense Headquarters. It is located in Ottawa, Ontario, the national capital of Canada. NDHQ is the Canadian equivalent to the Pentagon in Washington DC. For those who have never been to NDHQ, it is full of service members and civil servants who have little to no real function, come up with some of the most useless military rules that only makes the day-to-day life of a soldier harder. As a result, commissioned officers and senior non-commissioned officers in combat arms units, slowly go insane from implementing and then cancelling NDHQ orders only to do it all over again. This insanity permeates the lower ranks through forcing soldiers to do stupid things like tearing down and setting up a ten man tent over and over and over again. Or sweeping the drill hall floor even though it's been swept seven times in the last two hours. Last but not least, doing push ups in the snow without gloves.

The slide disappears to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. DRILL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Rutherford is walking in the drill hall. He observes Master Bombardier Stiletto and Bombardier Baker supervising 15 recent graduates from the last recruit course as they sweep the drill hall floor with wooden push brooms. They intermittently yell at them to speed up, slow down or to stay in line. Sergeant Rutherford walks up to Master Bombardier Stiletto to speak to him.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Annoyed)
What the fuck are you doing?

MBDR. STILETTO
I'm supervising these turds
sweeping the floor.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Annoyed)
They're not turds, they're trained
privates awaiting their gunners
course. Why are they sweeping the
floor?

MBDR. STILETTO
Because I decided to have them do
something useful for the unit.
There's nothing on the training
schedule for tonight so I'm making
them work.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Annoyed)
We have a janitor who does this.
It's his job. Why don't you show
them something about the guns
instead of this shit. They have to
learn about the guns on their
course, why not give them a head
start.

MBDR. STILETTO
Too much work. It's not my job.
It's the training NCOs job.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
And who's the training NCO for
Thursday night training?

MBDR. STILETTO
The RSS.

CUT

BEGIN POWER POINT PRESENTATION

A slide appears on the screen from the left. The letters
"RSS" are written in black on a white background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male, monotone voice)

The RSS is an abbreviation that stands for Regular Support Staff. In the world of the Militia, regular force soldiers are stationed at reserve units in order to provide full-time support for training and day-to-day unit operations. At sub units, which is the case in this story, a sergeant will be stationed at the unit. In most cases, these RSS soldiers are good at their jobs and love the Militia. In the case of this story, the RSS is a useless alcoholic tit who is bitter that the regular force no longer wants him. And because he was useless at regular force units, he's been put out to pasture for his final four years of service before retirement. Therefore, the RSS never created a Thursday night training schedule and the soldiers are left to invent something to do. In the absence of leadership, Master Bombardier Stiletto decided to take the bull by the horns and conduct ad-hock training for the soldiers by making them sweep the drill hall floor.

The slide disappears off the screen to the right.

END POWER POINT PRESENTATION

CUT

INT. DRILL HALL - SAME TIME

Sergeant Rutherford is still talking with Master Bombardier Stiletto.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

(Annoyed, irritated)

Send one of your turds with a broom and a dust pan to the officers mess. There's some broken glass that needs to be cleaned up.

CUT

INT. BSM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Master Corporal Stiletto is standing next to the BSM who is seated behind his desk. In front of him, is an open manila folder that the master corporal was holding in her hands. The folder is open and she is pointing to different areas on the pages where the BSM must sign his name.

MCPL. STILETTO

Sir, on this document you sign here and here.

She points to two different areas on the page.

MCPL. STILETTO (CONT'D)

Now, if you turn the page, sir. You sign in the same location as the previous page.

BSM LUCRE

Ok.

He keeps signing his name on the various pages. When he finished signing, he places his pen on his desk, closes the folder and hands it back to the master corporal.

MCPL. STILETTO

Sir, I overheard your conversation with the RSM and I don't agree.

BSM LUCRE

Agree about what?

MCPL. STILETTO

About the smoking policy in the mess. There should be no smoking anywhere in the building.

BSM LUCRE

Can't help you on that one, master corporal. The mess committee voted on it and it's the law of our mess. You should know, you were there.

MCPL. STILETTO

Yes sir, but I protested the vote. There should be no smoking anywhere in the building. I voted no.

BSM LUCRE

Master Corporal, NDHQ's policy is clear.

(MORE)

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)

There is no smoking in government buildings except the mess only if the individual mess committee approves it. Our mess committee approved it and so it stands for now. We are all members of the mess committee and we all voted. Except for you and your husband, everyone else voted yes.

MCPL. STILETTO

I'm pregnant sir, and I don't want to be exposed to toxic cigarette smoke that can poison my baby.

BSM LUCRE

Well, in that case, stay out of the mess.

MCPL. STILETTO

But I have a right to go to the mess and I shouldn't have to put up with the smoke.

BSM LUCRE

It was a democratic vote. If you want to enjoy the mess, make sure you sit next to an open window so you can get some fresh air.

His phone rings. He answers it.

BSM LUCRE (CONT'D)

(Into the handset)

BSM Lucre speaking.

CUT

INT. ORDERLY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Master Corporal Stiletto is sitting at her desk which faces the door. It is 10 feet away. There are two other desks in the background, with clerks typing on electric typewriters. The door to the orderly room is a dutch door. The top portion is open so that soldiers can speak to the clerks about administrative issues. The bottom of the door is closed and only used by the clerks to enter and exit the orderly room. Master Bombardier Stiletto stands in the doorway and speaks to his wife.

MBDR. STILETTO
 Hey, I'm gonna be going to the ATM
 after parade so I can have some
 cash for the mess tonight.

MCPL. STILETTO
 Ok, hun.

MBDR. STILETTO
 Love you babe and the little Abner
 inside you.

MCPL. STILETTO
 Love you too, daddy.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER (O.C.)
 (In the far background, a
 belching noise)
 Blah.

CUT

INT. DRILL HALL - LATER

The soldiers are in formation at the position of "stand easy"
 as BSM Lucre speaks to them.

BSM LUCRE
 All right gents. We're cutting
 training short tonight so we can
 celebrate the unit's birthday and
 to watch the hockey game. There's
 a cake and cold cuts and other food
 in the mess for everyone. Honorary
 Colonel O'Regan will be with us
 upstairs. Be sure to say hello to
 him since he's probably going to
 buy a round of beer for everyone.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN

Standard definition 4:3 aspect ratio. The hockey game is in
 full swing. We hear the play-by-play call from the TV
 speakers as the players skate on the ice. Different shots of
 the game appear back and forth.

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - SAME TIME

The soldiers are all gathered in the mess. Some are playing pool, others are sitting down talking while others are sitting and watching the hockey game. BSM Lucre is watching the game with other soldiers.

BSM LUCRE
(Cheering, excitement)
Yeah! He scored.

Other soldiers join in with the cheering.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN
(Shouting, standing next
to the bar)
May I have everyone's attention
please.
(Room quiets down)
In honor of our unit's birthday
here is a one hundred dollar bill.

He slaps it down on the bar.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN (CONT'D)
Drink up, drink up boys. The
drinks are on me.

Everyone cheers and they line up at the bar for more beer.

CUT

INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Master Bombardier Stiletto and Bombardier Baker are in the back of a military pickup truck. The back tarp is pulled down for privacy. Half their clothes are off. They are making out.

MCPL. STILETTO
Who's your number one daddy
tonight?

BDR. BAKER
The best master bombardier in the
regiment, of course.

Kissing frantically like desperate animals.

BDR. BAKER (CONT'D)
I love it when you boss me around.
Give me one of your commands,
number one daddy.

MBDR. STILETTO
How about "take post"

CUT

BEGIN 16MM TRAINING FILM

The film is in black and white, it's old and has scratches and dust throughout. The film opens with the SMPTE film leader from the mid 1960s. We hear music and see an image of the artillery cap badge appear on the screen with the words "Royal Canadian Artillery" written below the image. The scene changes to the words "Presents" across the center of the screen over a light gray background. The scene changes again and we see shots of a 105mm howitzer firing in the training area. The film is from the mid 1960s. Across the screen the words "Gun Drill-To Take Post" appear over the shots of the gun. This lasts for seven seconds and fades to black. The film then fades in and shows shots of the soldiers working on the gun and firing the gun three times. We hear a voice say "End of Mission" and the soldiers gather to the rear of the gun in formation of two lines with the detachment commander standing facing them. All soldiers are dressed in uniform from the Canadian Army in the mid 1960s before the solid green combat uniform was issued. There is narration throughout. The detachment commander is Master Bombardier Stiletto. Whenever he says "take post" we see an extreme close-up of his face and large mouth. This is repeated over and over. After he issues his command, we see a wide shot of the gun with soldiers hurrying to their proper positions. The film ends when the film breaks in the projector.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Male voice, audio pops
and clicks throughout)
The command to "take post" is given
by the number one, when he wants
his gunners to adopt their
positions in action. For example.

NAT SOUND STILETTO
(Shouting, dragging it
out)
Take post!

The gunners all take their positions next to the gun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The soldiers move with a sense of
urgency and assume their positions
in action. Let's watch that again.

NAT SOUND STILETTO
(Shouting, dragging it
out)
Take post!

The gunners all take their positions next to the gun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As you can see, the soldiers react
to the command given by their
number one. But what if there's a
fire mission? What happens then?
When a fire mission is issued, the
number one will order "take post"
and his gunners will assume their
positions in action. Let's watch
them.

NAT SOUND UNKNOWN VOICE
(Male voice)
Fire mission battery!

NAT SOUND STILETTO
(Shouting, dragging it
out)
Take post!

The gunners all take their positions next to the gun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But what if a fire mission is
called and the number one does not
order "take post"?

NAT SOUND UNKNOWN VOICE
(Male voice)
Fire mission battery!

The film breaks in the projector.

END 16MM TRAINING FILM

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - MOMENTS LATER

Master Bombardier Jones is sitting on one of the sofa near
the door, talking with Master Bombardier Gregory. Jones
observes Master Corporal Stiletto walking from one group of
soldiers to another shaking her finger and arguing with them.
As she gets closer to Jones and Gregory, we can hear what she
is saying.

MCPL. STILETTO
(To a group of three
soldiers smoking)
You can't smoke in here. It's
against government regulations.

GENERIC SOLDIER #1
It's the mess. We're allowed to
smoke in the mess.

MCPL. STILETTO
No. I'm a master corporal and you
have to obey me. Put out your
cigarettes. The smoke is killing
my baby.

MBDR. JONES
(To MCpl. Stiletto)
Hey, master corporal, what are you
doing?

MCPL. STILETTO
(To Jones)
Enforcing the government no smoking
policy.

She walks over to where Jones is sitting. She remains
standing.

MBDR. JONES
You can't go around telling people
to stop smoking. The mess voted
and we can smoke in the mess.

MCPL. STILETTO
Why are you defending smokers? You
don't even smoke.

MBDR. JONES
I'm defending their right to smoke
in the mess per the mess meeting
vote and NDHQ regulations. Now,
stop telling everyone to stop
smoking.

MCPL. STILETTO
I can do what I want. The smoke is
killing my baby.

MBDR. JONES
No, you're killing your baby by
being here. Go stand next to an
open window if you don't like the
smoke.

MCPL. STILETTO
I can stand where I want.

MBDR. JONES
Ok, then shut the fuck up about
telling everybody to stop smoking.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Angry, red in the face)
Don't tell me to shut the fuck up,
Jones.

MBDR. JONES
I just did and I'll say it again,
shut the fuck up master corporal.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Angry, red in the face)
How dare you try to harm my baby.
(Yelling)
Stop killing my baby! You're
killing my baby!

MBDR. JONES
You know what Master Corporal
Stiletto, you're not even supposed
to be in here. You haven't paid
your mess dues. You're over due by
two months. So, uh, get the fuck
out.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Angry, red in face)
You can't throw me out of the mess.
I have rights.

MBDR. JONES
Not if you haven't paid your mess
dues. Any member in good standing
can tell another member, who has
not paid their mess dues, to leave
the mess. So get the fuck out.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Angry, red in face,
breathing heavy)
I'm not going anywhere. Ouch!

She clutches her belly.

MCPL. STILETTO (CONT'D)
(In pain)
You're an asshole Jones.
(MORE)

MCPL. STILETTO (CONT'D)
I fucking hate you. You killed my
baby! My baby! I'm having my
baby!

She begins to slowly fall to the floor. Another soldier
standing next to her catches her before she hits the floor.
Master Bombardier Gregory rushes over to her.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
She's having her baby right now.
Someone call 9-1-1.

MBDR. JONES
The local hospital's ER closes at
nine and it's past nine now.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
Right, but we still need an
ambulance.

MBDR. JONES
But it's almost an hour's drive to
the regional hospital. She won't
make it. She's gonna have the baby
before the ambulance gets here.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
Right. We have to move her to a
flat surface.

MCPL. STILETTO
(In pain, stressed,
scared)
Where's Abner. I want Abner here.

MBDR. JONES
(Shouting for the
bartender)
Hey bartender!

The bartender pokes his head out from behind the bar, past
the wall to look at Jones.

BARTENDER
(Happy, loud voice)
Hey! What's up Jones.

MBDR. JONES
Better call 9-1-1. Stiletto's
having her baby now.

BARTENDER
Oh Fuck! You got it.

His head disappears behind the bar.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
You guys, help pick her up, keep
her head and pelvis level.

A group of six generic soldiers rush over and follow Master Bombardier Gregory's directions. They move her toward the pool table. When they walk, they are shuffling their feet.

A/MBDR. GREGORY (CONT'D)
(Loud voice)
Clear the pool table. She's having
her baby.

BDR. STONE
(Shouting)
Stop!
(Excited, normal voice)
You can't put her on the pool
table, it'll leave stains. Do you
know how expensive it is to have a
pool table re-covered.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
He's right. On the table where the
food is.

The group move Master Corporal Stiletto over to the table with the cake and food, next to the pool table. Bdr. Stone pushes everything off the table. The food spreads everywhere on the floor and the cake falls half face down on the floor with the word "happy" showing.

CUT TO: JONES
AND RUTHERFORD

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(To Jones)
You know where Stiletto, male, is?

MBDR. JONES
Nope. But Baker isn't here, so you
have one guess as to who is with
him.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
What a fucking dirt bag. And
that's after I told him to clean up
his act. I want to punch the
living fucking shit out of that
guy.

MBDR. JONES

He's not worth losing your rank for. He's also not worth losing your freedom because you'll go to jail. You know his little bitch ass is gonna go crying to the BSM about getting his ass kicked, even if he deserves it.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Baker's gotta go.

MBDR. JONES

Won't be as easy as you think to get rid of her. Turner's gonna fight tooth and nail to hang on to her for Stiletto's enjoyment.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

I'm going downstairs to look for them.

He leaves the room.

MBDR. JONES

(Shouting toward the door)

Good luck.

He takes another sip from his coke.

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - SAME TIME

Just as Sergeant Rutherford leaves, Captain Trooper and 2nd Lt. Turner enter the room. Mr. Turner has many bandages on his left lower arm and on his left hand. Master Bombardier Jones is sitting on a couch next to the door.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Curious, good mood)

What's all the commotion in here?

MBDR. JONES

(Calm, cool)

The head clerk is having a baby right over there, sir.

He points.

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh my God!

MBDR. JONES

(To Turner)

Sir, what are all those bandages on your arm and hand?

2ND LT. TURNER

(Embarrassed)

Oh, I had a little trouble with practicing sword drill. It's only a few cuts. I'll be fine.

MBDR. JONES

Gee, I hope you don't get gangrene.

2ND LT. TURNER

(Alarmed)

Oh my God, do you think it's possible?

MBDR. JONES

If it starts to smell like old cheese, you're fucked. But I'm not a doctor and I don't play one on TV.

CAPT. TROOPER

(Sarcastic)

In addition to slicing himself open, Mr. Turner also managed to leave the mark of Zorro on the drapes in the officer's mess. One of them was sliced in half.

2ND LT. TURNER

Where's the master corporal?

MBDR. JONES

(Sarcastic)

Over there on the table. Giving birth.

2ND LT. TURNER

Oh.

He walks over to Master Corporal Stiletto on the table. Captain Trooper follows him. There is a large group of soldiers standing around the table in a semi-circle, watching. Mr. Turner sees Master Bombardier Gregory delivering the baby. There is some blood. Mr. Turner turns white as a sheet.

2ND LT. TURNER (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I don't feel so well.

He walks away from the birth scene to a nearby couch where he faints and falls on the couch. No one notices.

CUT TO: MCPL.
STILETTO

MCPL. STILETTO
(Delirious)
I want Abner here. Where's Abner.

Her pants, underwear and boots are now removed. Her legs are spread with her knees bent and pointing to the ceiling.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
Ok, master corporal, you're gonna
have to push now. On the count of
three, one, two, three. PUSH.

She pushes and yells. After her yell, BSM Lucre cheers because his team scored in the hockey game. Everyone cheers in unison and lifts their drinks up toward the ceiling. Most of the soldiers have now gathered around birthing table.

A/MBDR. GREGORY (CONT'D)
Ok, you're doing good. Now you
need to push some more. On three.
One, two, three.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Yelling)
Aaaaaahhhhhh.

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Hooray!

A/MBDR. GREGORY
Again master corporal. Let's do
it. One, two, three.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Yelling)
Aaaaaahhhhhh.

EVERYONE IN UNISON
Hooray!

MCPL. STILETTO
(Catching her breath)
Oh God. Where's Abner?

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Where's Abner. Hooray!

MCPL. STILETTO
(Panting)
I want Abner here.

She is delirious and begins to hallucinate. She looks around and sees that all the soldiers watching her are naked and they are all smoking cigarettes. She looks up at Master Bombardier Gregory and sees him holding a baby with a cigarette in his mouth.

MCPL. STILETTO (CONT'D)
(Tired, upset)
You're all killing my baby. Put
out those cigarettes. Don't smoke
around my baby. Open the window
for air for my baby. Don't smoke
in the mess.

CUT

INT. DRILL HALL - SAME TIME

Sergeant Rutherford is walking in the drill hall toward the door that leads into the garage. It is a normal sized door with a round metal doorknob. He opens it gently and closes it gently without making a sound.

CUT

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Rutherford can hear the sex noises from the truck where Master Bombardier Stiletto and Bombardier Baker are hiding. He slowly walks over to the side of the vehicle.

SGT. RUTHERFORD
(Speaking loudly)
I don't know about you but I
wouldn't be fucking Bombardier
Baker when my wife is having a baby
up in the mess. But that's just
me.

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN

Standard definition 4:3 aspect ratio. There is a commercial for a pharmacy called "Unidrugs" We see shots of shoppers in the store, the storefront sign and a pharmacist talking to a client.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Female voice)

This week at Unidrugs, get a free family planning consultation with a certified family planning professional. This free service is brought to you by Freehand Condoms. On sale now in the family planning section, only at Unidrugs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male, fast read)

Available only at select locations. Check your local store for details.

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - SAME TIME

Everyone is still watching Master Corporal Stiletto give birth. The BSM is still watching the hockey game. The sound of the hockey game is in the background.

CAPT. TROOPER

The miracle of birth is wonderful, isn't it.

MCPL. STILETTO

(Yelling)

Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.

EVERYONE IN UNISON

(Shouting)

Hooray!

CAPT. TROOPER

Where's Nate.

(Shouting)

Get over here Nate.

NATE

Coming.

He walks over and stands next to the BC and watches the birth.

CAPT. TROOPER

Isn't this great, Nate.

NATE

This is gross. I need a drink.

CAPT. TROOPER
This is what your mother had to
endure to bring you into the world.
And now you're just a hateful
little fuck.

NATE
Can I go sit down now?

CAPT. TROOPER
Nope. You gotta watch this. It's
the miracle of birth.

MCPL. STILETTO
(Yelling)
Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Hooray!

A/MBDR. GREGORY
Push, push, push.

As he says this, some of the newly graduated recruits get
down on the floor near the table and begin to do push ups.

BDR. STONE
What the fuck are you guys doing?

GENERIC SOLDIER #3
(A little bit scared)
Master Bombardier Gregory said push
and on our basic course, we did
push ups whenever he said push.

GENERIC SOLDIER #2
(Motivated)
We're doing push ups for the master
corporal to help her push her baby
out. It's the least we can do.

MBDR. JONES
Yeah, I don't quite think that's
how it works. Good initiative,
wrong direction.
(Sarcastic)
But go ahead and knock yourselves
out.

CUT TO: BSM
LUCRE

BSM LUCRE
Look at that.
(Shouting)
Score!

CUT TO: EVERYONE
IN UNISON

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Score!

MCPL. STILETTO
(In pain, pushing)
Aaaaahhhhhhhh.

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Hooray!

CUT TO: BSM
LUCRE

BSM LUCRE
(Shouting)
Score again!

CUT TO: EVERYONE
IN UNISON

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Score again!

MCPL. STILETTO
(Pushing)
Aaaaahhhhhh fuck!

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Hooray! Fuck! Score again!

MCPL. STILETTO
(In pain)
Abner. Ah...fuck, Abner.

EVERYONE IN UNISON
(Shouting)
Hooray! Fuck Abner!

CUT

TELEVISION SCREEN

Standard definition 4:3 aspect ratio. Car seat safety commercial from the Labrador Chapter of the Federation of Transportation Safety of Canada and Greenland appears on the screen. Shots are typical safety car seat public service announcements. We see a mother securing a car seat in the back seat of a car. We see her placing her baby in the car seat. We see her driving away etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male, monotone voice)

When traveling with an infant,
always be sure to use a CSA
approved car seat. Never place you
child in a rear facing car seat in
the front seat. Car seats must
always be placed in the rear
passenger seat of the vehicle.
Buckle the car seat securely with
the seat belt per the car seat's
instructions. Always firmly buckle
up your child in the car seat.
Remember, you child is the most
precious cargo you'll ever carry in
your family car. This message was
provided by the Labrador Chapter of
the Federation of Transportation
Safety of Canada and Greenland.

CUT

BEGIN INFO GRAPHIC ANIMATION

We see a map of Labrador on the screen. As the narrator speaks, the images change to match the narration. There is cartoon beaver that helps us along. He is similar in style to the paper clip from the help menu in MS Office from the early 2000s. It is very cheesy/funny with smiling faces and arrows etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Male voice, similar to
Disney's Freewayphobia
cartoon)

Meet our new friend, Todd the
beaver. Todd lives in Canada and
he's here today to show us where
Labrador is on the map. Ok Todd,
show us where it is. As you can
see on the map, Todd is pointing to
Labrador which is part of the
province of Newfoundland.

(MORE)

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

Ok Todd, show the viewers where Newfoundland is. Yup, it's an island but Labrador isn't an island. It's connected to the province of Quebec. Yes, Todd, we see you, that's the province of Quebec. Now Newfoundland and Labrador are part of Canada but to the north of Labrador, a bit to the right, up more Todd, higher, there, stop. Now turn right. There. That's Greenland. Contrary to popular belief, Greenland is not part of Canada. It's part of Denmark. Ok Todd, you have to jump over the water and show us Denmark. There, that's Denmark. As I was saying, Greenland is one of Denmark's overseas territories. From now on, when you hear someone talk about Greenland, they're not talking about Canada. They're talking about Denmark or the Greenland portion of Denmark. Ok Todd, you can come back now.

(Annoyed)

What do you mean you want to have a Danish vacation? You get back on the Canada side of the map.

(Angry)

Don't defy me, flat tail or I'll make a hat out of you and wear it to church. Don't you cast aspersions on my mother's honor! You're done beaver! YOU ARE DONE! YOU ARE A DEAD BEAVER!

END INFO GRAPHIC ANIMATION

CUT

EXT. FRONT OF ARMORY - LATER

Master Corporal Stiletto is strapped into a stretcher holding her newborn baby. The attendants are careful while placing her into the ambulance. Master Bombardier Gregory is there supervising. Master Bombardier Stiletto comes rushing out of the front door of the armory.

MBDR. STILETTO
(Yelling, serious)
What's going on here. Where's my wife.

A/MBDR. GREGORY
She's in the ambulance. She just had your baby. You missed it.
(Pause)
Turd.

MBDR. STILETTO
(Very serious)
I'm going with her.

He enters the back of the ambulance and the attendants shut the doors.

CUT

INT. JUNIOR RANKS MESS - LATER

Everyone is still gathered in the mess. Soldiers are watching the hockey game, playing pool and drinking. The food table has been removed and the food mess has been cleaned up off the floor. Everyone is getting drunk. Honorary Colonel O'Regan approaches the bar again.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN
(Loud voice, a bit drunk)
Listen up gents. Here's another one hundred dollar bill.

He slaps it on the bar.

HONORARY COL. O'REGAN (CONT'D)
(Loud voice)
Let's have a toast to the new baby.
Come up and get yourselves a drink.

CAPT. TROOPER
(Loud voice)
All right, listen up. Let's raise our drinks in a toast. To the new baby, Abner junior. Unlike his father, may he be present when his kid is born.

CUT

INT. K-13 BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Master Bombardiers Jones and Gregory are sitting on the sofa talking and drinking a coke. Sergeant Rutherford walks in to join them. They are dressed the same as the night before.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Yous guys want to hear the latest?

A/MBDR. GREGORY

Sure.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Stiletto female's baby was 18 pounds, four ounces.

A/MBDR. GREGORY

I knew it was a big baby when he came out.

MBDR. JONES

What the fuck! That's not a baby, it's a frozen turkey.

SGT. RUTHERFORD

Yeah, with a lot of stuffing on the side courtesy of Bombardier Baker.

They all laugh.

FADE OUT.