

# Screenplay

SOMEWHERE IN THE SYRIAN OUTBACK DAY.

US Marines are dropped by helicopter, and begin walking briskly ahead in formation.

SGT. JONES

On my six gents, on my six.

The camera tracks ahead to a small unstained wooden hut, covering miles in seconds. Through the window, we see a tall man wearing a black cowboy hat with a matching leather trench coat, trousers and boots. As the camera \*\*continues inside Private Daniels is being hauled through the back door by Isis soldiers and bound to a chair in the centre of the room.

JOHAN FREEDRICK

Please excuse us rebel boys.

The two Isis men leave through the back, closing the door behind them.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

Mr. Daniels, I am aware that your superiors are becoming just a little bit frightened (gestures, making a small gap between his thumb and forefinger) about the rebel takeover taking place here. From their point of view, they are losing "the war on terror" (said in a mocking exaggerated tone).

Personally, I am of the mind that they are simply losing their oil. Anyway, I have nothing against a little political spin, it keeps people in the shadows, keeps them one move ahead. (Smiles menacingly) Now Mr. Daniels that's just where I like to be. I know that your government are pouring money into the army funds and upgrading your armory. Giving you boys all kinds of new toys to play with. As you already know Mr. Daniels I am an arms dealer and, unlike you all so righteous Americans, I have no qualms negotiating with terrorists. I have discussed all this with my Isis friends already, and they are very eager to, shall we say, level the playing field. Trouble is, in my present situation, I am unable to acquire this new equipment, so, my situation must change. I need a rat, a mole, and a gofer. Mr Daniels how are you at multitasking?

Private Daniels shakes his head violently and replies under his breath.

PVT. DANIELS

No.

Freedrick chuckles at the response and turns to face the wooden desk behind him. As he does so, the camera pivots to the POV of PVT. Daniels. Freedrick opens the desk drawer pulling out a cut throat razor and a bottle of shaving cream.

JOHAN FREEDRICK

You're looking slightly shaggy there Mr. Daniels, so, I'm going to graciously give you a nice close shave and in return you're going to do a smidgen of work for me.

Freedrick turns round to face the PVT. He is holding the razor and the shaving cream at waist height in opposite hands.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

Do you like movies Mr. Daniels?

PVT. Daniels gives Freedrick a strange look.

PVT. DANIELS (timidly)

What?

Freedrick chuckles again.

JOHAN FREEDRICK

I'm quite a big fan of Martin Scorsese myself. His work is considered a little too violent for some people. Ah well, I seem to like it. In 1967, Scorsese made a movie for a production class called sight and sound film.

It was a relatively short film, lasted about six minutes. Do you know what it was called?

PVT. Daniels shakes his head again.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

Well let me try to recreate it for you.

Freedrick slowly walks forward, his boots making the floorboards creek. The camera slowly pans round as Freedrick takes the shaving cream and carefully applies it to the private's face. The camera then tracks Freedrick's right hand as he begins shaving.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT' (whispering)

Hold still Mr Daniels, hold still. For some reason, I have never really suited a beard. Always thought it makes one look so untidy. You see whenever I let something get out of control I get very anxious, and I won't be able to keep selling to those rebels if my products are outdated. I need the new stock Mr. Daniels, I need it imminently. Do you understand.

PVT. Daniels begins to nod his head.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT' (aggravated)

Hold still.

The camera pans round to Freedrick's POV as he stands up.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

There you go Mr. Daniels smooth as silk. Now have you had time to reconsider?

PVT. DANIELS

I'm not doin' Jack for you!

JOHAN FREEDRICK

Hmmm, forgive me it's been a while since I've seen this film, I'm just trying to remember what happens next...

Freedrick turns his head to the side and puts his hand on his chin thoughtfully

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

Oh Yes that's right.

Freedrick takes another helping of shaving cream and once again applies it carefully to the private's face. Daniels begins to squirm about violently.

JOHAN FREEDRICK CONT'

Believe me Mr. Daniels, this process works much better if one uses the cream.

The private's breathing becomes heavier. and once again Freedrick chuckles with amusement. Freedrick finishes applying the cream and as before the camera tracks his right hand as he begins shaving, only this time he is going through skin.

PVT. Daniels

Oh shit no ahhh! shit.

The camera follows Daniels' eye as he sees his fellow soldiers preparing to burst through the door. The door opens with a huge crash as Sgt. Jones kicks out a leg.

PVT. DANIELS

Fuck you!

**WARREN ZEVON: DISORDER IN THE HOUSE.**

Freedrick pushes the chair over on his way out of the back door, creating a trail of blood spatters as Daniels falls to the floor. The marines lower their weapons and untie the private.

CORP. JAMES REECE

Ooo you've got a few nicks there gunny.

Daniels smiles and flashes the Corporal a wink in response.

PVT DANIELS

They're more than ready for us out there, but someone's gotta nail that psycho.

CORP JAMES REECE CONT'

I take it there's no chance you know where your weapons are?

PVT DANIELS

Nope, I was barely conscious when the rebels brought me in here.

CORP JAMES REECE

Ahh he's probably fucking sold them already. Well you better get yourself to the back then Daniels.

PVT. DANIELS

Ha you can say that again Corporal.

SRG. JONES

Ok gents on me, and protect the naked one until we find cover out there.  
Let's go!

As the Marines make their way outside they find themselves ambushed from the rooftops of several makeshift living quarters.

SRG. JONES CONT'

Tango rooftop left, rooftop left.

CORP. JAMES REECE

Tango down. SRG 2 o'clock behind the truck. Behind the truck!

Machine gun shots are fired hitting SRG. Jones in the leg.

CORP. JAMES REECE CONT'

SRG!

Reece swoops down and pulls the sergeant on to his shoulders Tossing Daniel's the spare gun.

CORP. JAMES REECE CONT'

Daniels.

The private catches the gun clumsily out in front with both hands. Reece then turns his head slightly checking for cover.

CORP. JAMES REECE

On me now folks, watch my six, straight ahead that hut's clear.

Go,go,go!

As Reece stands up a US chopper passes over head and Reece stretches an arm out to his right signaling the pilot straight through the combat area.

Once inside the hut Reece lays the sergeant on the floor, out of the firing line in the left hand corner. He then continues to command the rest of the troops.

CORP. JAMES REECE CONT'

Right let's split, three at each window me and Daniels will cover the door. I want this shack locked down!

Crossfire follows with a series of narrow misses making it through the windows.

CORP. JAMES REECE CONT'

Precision lads, precision. Let's pick these bastards off. And if anybody

clocks Sweeney Todd hold your fire, the general'll have our guts if we  
kill his lead.

Daniels flashes the sergeant a dirty look without the desired effect.

Two rebels come running towards the door of the hut. The two men take one  
each with the corporal taking the last shot. **SOUNDTRACK FADES OUT.** Reece  
and Daniels then return to the far left corner.

CORP. JAMES REECE

Daniels take the load off me. Ok folks let's move out. Eyes open out  
there. On me. Let's go!

They move out in formation at a brisk but controlled pace, with Daniels  
and the corporal mid pack.

CORP. JAMES REECE CONT'

Tango to the right, second window second window. Tango down!

The chopper lands in the dust in front of REECE and as the men get on  
board Daniels spots movement in one of the huts, and as Fredrick walks  
out, the camera pans round to Daniels POV as he lowers his weapon, and  
then zooms in for a close up of the villain.

TITLE SEQUENCE : SUPER IMPOSED.

MAVERICKS BAR AND GRILL. ARLINGTON TX. NIGHT.

Two US Army veterans drinking and chatting troubles one of which is  
James' father the other his longterm friend and brother in arms, Jonathan  
(Johnny) Bentham.

MARCUS REECE

Another Jamison's please Dianne and a Fat Tyre for Johnny here.

BARMAID

Five-fifty please MARC.

Marcus hands her six dollars with a smile.

BARMAID CONT'

Thanks Honey.

Johnny Bentham

So I get that life in a suite still bugs you Marc and believe me you are the last person I would have placed in politics, but how's things at home?

MARCUS REECE

Believe me Johnny doing this Secretary of Defence gig is small fry compared to watching Emma go out and get smashed every weekend and date these screw ups in between. I mean Jesus, Johnny the guy I saw her with last weekend, scrawny little shit with those stupid artistically ripped jeans and a fucking beanie.

Johnny Bentham

Why does the beanie bug you so much?

Marcus Reece

Johnny, it's bloody July it's thirty degrees out there. When I spotted the guy I was wearing shades for god sake.

Johnny Bentham

Spotted the guy, how do you mean spotted the guy.

Marcus Reece

What, you think she introduced me? (laughing) She knows me, she knows what I think of these guys. if she's trying to get anywhere with them the last thing she wants to do is park them in front of me.

Johnny Bentham

Ha, yeah I guess you're right, (takes a gulp of his beer). She's a smart girl why don't you talk to her about it.

MARCUS RECCE

She is smart, that's the problem mate she knows she's the smarter one whatever I say she thinks she's right. Karen was smarter than me too, pretty sure that's why we broke up in the end. It just took her a bit longer to find out. Smart girls have a tendency not to get on with me,  
(raising his voice slightly) no offence Di.

Johnny starts chuckling

BARMAID (Smiling)

I don't have to serve you two y'a know.

MARCUS smiles in return.

JOHNNY BENTHAM

Shouldn't be too hard a task for a politician though?

MARCUS REECE

Look bro ever since I've been top dog at the DOD it's been simple. All I've had to do is go to the number crunchers and tell them we are all set to get our arses kicked and, unless we wanna lose our liquid gold, we better make sure we're packin' some serious heat.

Johnny chuckles again.

Johnny Bentham

Ok yeah, maybe her mom can give it a go.

MARCUS REECE

I tell you though Johnny, some of this kit, wow. Lasers everywhere, hand held radars, armed drones. It's like everyone's in Spec Ops

Johnny Bentham

Things get more high-tech by the minute mate.

Marcus laughs to himself and, taking a glance at the barmaid who has her back turned, he leans in towards Johnny and lowers his voice.

MARCUS REECE

When we were in the gulf, they just told us to shoot the guy with a towel round his head.

Johnny gives his friend a searching look and taps him on the shoulder.

Johnny Bentham

Ha, Marc it's a good thing we're in the south mate.

They both exchange smiles. Marcus then sees the door open and watches as his son walks in, raising a hand in his direction.

MARCUS REECE

Jimmy!

JAMES REECE

Alright Dad?

Marcus puts his arm round James' shoulder and smiles proudly talking to anyone willing to listen.

MARCUS REECE

My boy's just returned from Syria set for a promotion.

JAMES REECE

C'm'on Pops

MARCUS REECE

Ha, One more round, what are you drinking Jimmy.

JAMES REECE

Just a Corona please Dad.

Marcus chuckles again.

MARCUS REECE

Johnny?

JOHNNY BENTHAM

I'm fine, thanks Marc.

MARCUS REECE

Alright, Dianne, that's one more Jamison's for me and a Corona for Senour  
Wet Wipe over here.

Marcus laughs heartily and places the money in her hand.

JAMES RECCE

Hey!

James puts on a serious face and rubs down on his shoulder with two  
fingers.

Marcus gives a smug laugh.

MARCUS REECE

What, a father can't bust his son's chops anymore. How did you know I  
would be here anyway

JAMES REECE

Well they sell y'a sauce in this place don't they. (smiles) No I caught  
Emma back at the house. She was getting ready to go out with her mates.  
Some Fella dropped her off. She said you would be here.

MARCUS REECE

Some fella, what fella?

JAMES REECE

How should I know.

James laughs slightly.

MARCUS REECE

Well what did he look like

JAMES REECE

I dunno thin blonde guy, all stars, torn effect jeans.

Marcus shakes his head and turns away downing his drink. Johnny and James exchange a smirky glance.

JOHNNY BENTHAM

MARCUS will you drop this. What were we like in our teens huh? Marcus looks back at Johnny with a serious face.

MARCUS REECE I think you mean what was I like, and there's a hell of a difference between a tough guy and a stoner.

Johnny flicks James fifty cents.

JOHNNY BENTHAM

Hey solider put some music on.

The camera tracks James as he makes his way over to the juke box, and then pans back to the bar.

JOHNNY BENTHAM CONT'

Dianne could I have some tokens for the table please. Johnny hands the barmaid two dollars, the barmaid reaches below the bar and pulls out three tokens.

JOHNNY BENTHAM CONT'

Thank you

Johnny and Marcus begin walking over to the pool tables.

JOHNNY BENTHAM CONT'

A stoner huh have you ever seen him blaze up a joint?

MARCUS REECE

Instincts, Johnny boy, instincts.

As Johnny walks past the camera smiling, James pulls down the handle on the Juke box.

**GUNS AND ROSES: PARADISE CITY**

The Camera tracks James as he joins the other two walking back to the table. As the vocals begin Marcus turns back to the barmaid mouthing along and raising his arm to the music. she shakes her head and smiles in amusement. The music forces the three men to raise their voices considerably. They are now almost shouting.

JAMES REECE

Pops why don't you ask her out already, it's not like us to hang around.

MARCUS REECE

Because my boy, if she said no I would have nowhere to drink. The two of them laugh at each other and as James walks ahead Marcus playfully pats him on the back. James then picks up a cue and the camera pans down to Marcus as he puts a token in the slot. It then moves across and we watch the balls as they rumble through to the other side of the table.

MARCUS REECE

Me and the sergeant first winner stays on.

Johnny smiles and gives a nod so Marcus gets a cue, walks to the table and bends down to break off. The Camera tracks the cue ball as it shoots down into the rack.

**SOUNDTRACK STOPS.** CUT TO. AN ARLINGTON NIGHT CLUB. LATER THAT SAME NIGHT.