

The Wall

Written by

Dwain Worrell

Madhouse Entertainment 310.587.2200

OVER BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: *"The following is inspired by true events."*

FADE IN:

EXT. IRAQI BADLANDS - DAY

Scrawny shrubs.

Patches of grass.

Pebbles and sand and sand and sand...

A single TREE swells on the flat landscape. An anxious RAVEN perches in its skeletal sprawl of branches.

SUPERIMPOSE: **Iraq, 2009**

EXT. **NEST** - CONTINUOUS

One withering shrub stands on a mound of sand and stones. One *BRANCH* juts out, *unnoticeably* peculiar.

HOBBS (O.S.)
(whispering)
Nobody's out here. No movement. No
visuals.

Closer in on the shrubs: the details of that *branch* come into focus; it's stiff -- unbending.

HOBBS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
War's over. They got the memo.

Even **closer in** on the shrub: an EYE, blue, bulging, blinks, emerging from between the stillness of the shrub and sand.

Hobbs, 30s, camouflaged in the badlands, peers out and speaks:

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Whoever he was, he's gone.

The 'branch' is in fact a rifle's barrel, camouflaged in earth tone paint and affixed foliage.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Just us and that wall.

Hobbs returns to his single visible eye to the scope:

THE SCOPE:

Caged in a circular view, the monotonous landscape passes by:

Greener sprouts in sparsity. Tumble weeds roll by. The rubble of a community and MOSQUE linger:

Loose bricks...

Toppled foundation...

Puddles of shattered glass...

The scope pans onward, SLEDGE HAMMERS, PICK AXES and DRILLS lie amid the rubble and just beyond this lie:

CORPSES, white, male, dressed in yellow/black construction uniforms.

The crosshairs push in, a frenzy of flies orbit above. Dried blood stains the soil below.

The crosshairs follow, the rubble of a PRAYER WALL snaking low along the ground, falling beneath the soil, rising inches above it but one section remains intact:

THE WALL,

Loose bricks. Crumbling cement. Jagged edges on either side.

Sixteen-feet-long, six-feet-high; the space behind remains hidden from the scope.

NEST,

Hobbs, just barely, lifts his eye from a scope dressed in twigs and grass.

HOBBS

So...

Beside him, camouflaged under a cloak covered in dust and shrubs is:

LOCKE, 30s, lifts his eyes from his SPOTTING SCOPE and glances at Hobbs.

Their voices remain at a whisper:

HOBBS (CONT'D)

What's your vote? Our man behind the wall?

LOCKE

Only place we don't have a
visual... Hard to say.

HOBBS

(insistent)

Best guess.

LOCKE

No. Don't think so, but...

HOBBS

Me either. The spaces in the wall.
No movement in-between. No shadows
and... What's our time?

Locke's eyes shift to a slightly tilting wrist.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

At least three hours, right?

LOCKE

Just short of five.

HOBBS

Five?? No way!! Nobody's behind
that wall for five hours without a
shadow or... Nobody's there.

LOCKE

Unless he's a pro.

Hobbs pauses and eyes Locke for a couple seconds.

HOBBS

The ghost.

LOCKE

No.

HOBBS

Juba?

LOCKE

Didn't say that. Said he might be a
pro.

Locke turns from Hobbs and his eye disappears under the
spotting scope.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

An annular view, glides over the bodies. Closer than before, more details, more blood.

LOCKE (O.S.)
Eight demolition guys on that wall.

The scope moves by each cadaver. Bullet holes in hard hats, exit wound in skulls.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Two-man security escort.

One soldier lies with an exit wound cratered in his right eye.

The second soldiers sits, slumped with a WALKIE in his flaccid hand and a hole in his chest.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look at them.

NEST,

Locke pulls his eyes off the spotting scope. Hobbs brings eyes down to the rifle's scope.

HOBBS
What?

LOCKE
Naked. Not one body near to anything resembling cover.

HOBBS
Doesn't mean shit.

LOCKE
Means he took them out fast. Ten guys. Thirty second.

HOBBS
No --

LOCKE
And I think they're all headshots.

HOBBS
No fucking way. Your boy on the radio. Got the call out.
(waiting...)
Right?

LOCKE

Yeah.

HOBBS

(sarcasm)

Fucking thirty seconds.

LOCKE

Just saying. That wall...

HOBBS

You're scared of a Prayer Wall?

LOCKE

Not scared of the wall, scared of what might be behind it.

HOBBS

Whatever's there is there, everything else... is in your head.

Beat...

HOBBS (CONT'D)

I'm checking the wall.

LOCKE

No -- see I knew that's what you wanted to -- No!!

HOBBS

Pissed myself twice, naw. Not playing dead no more.

The sand shuffles around Hobbs and he poises to stand. Locke's arms emerges from a grave of sand and grabs him.

LOCKE

Wait it out...

(tug of war for Hobbs' shirt)

Hobbs -- Hobbs!!

HOBBS

Let me the fuck go, Locke.

LOCKE

Night vision.

HOBBS

Sergeant Locke...

LOCKE

We have infrared.

HOBBS
I'm not your friend...

LOCKE
Wait --

HOBBS
I'm your superior, OFFICER!!

Hobbs pulls out of Locke's grip and emerges from the roots and sand.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Remember your GODDAMN RANK!!

LOCKE
Sorry... Sorry, sir.

He kneels, military stance, with his rifle, a REMINGTON M24, hanging from a strap around his shoulder.

The earpiece in Hobbs' ear matches the one in Locke's ear.

Hobbs surveys the vista in front of him then turns to Locke:

HOBBS
Overwatch.

Locke nods and returns to the spotting scope. Hobbs turns to the open expanse of terrain.

Hobbs jogs, his body still coiled in a sort of mobile crouch and stops at pile of rock. He surveys.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
Movement?

LOCKE
Nothing.

HOBBS
Keep an eye on my eleven. Coming up on an incline.

LOCKE
On it.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

The circular view wraps around Hobbs. He starts jogging again, still crouched, but moving faster.

The scope zooms hard and fast, pushing past Hobbs and getting lost in a lack of focus on rocks and soil.

LOCKE (O.S.)
Shit.

The scope soon finds Hobbs, he stops and crouches.

HOBBS
What is it?

LOCKE (O.S.)
No -- No, it's the zoom. It's stiff. It's not...

HOBBS
Need to get rid of that shit.

LOCKE (O.S.)
It was Dean's.

HOBBS
I know. Whole unit knows that shit.
Running around with a dead man's spotting scope, Locke.

Hobbs stands and begins moving again, then:

EVERYTHING IN THE SCOPE GOES BLACK...

LOCKE (O.S.)
(to himself)
The fuck?

NEST,

Locke lifts his head from the spotting scope to find the raven perched on the branch just below his scope.

The two share a stare of mutual curiosity.

The raven opens its beak but instead of a chirp the **BANG** of a GUNSHOT echoes across the expanse.

-- The raven flutters off --

-- Piercing sound blares into the earpiece --

-- Locke strips it out of his ear --

Locke peers out into the distance and notices Hobbs standing still and staring back at him.

Locke drops his gaze back to his scope.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

Focusing in on Hobbs... A scarlet stain begins to blossoms on his chest -- on his fatigues.

Locke quickly shoves the earpiece back into his ear.

HOBBS
(panting, gasping)
...knows your position...

LOCKE (O.S.)
What?

But he knows *what...*

NEST,

Locke lifts his eyes from the scope and scans the vista:

In the distance Hobbs tumbles onto the ground and writhes on the sand as if it were thorns.

HOBBS (O.S.)
(hyperventilating)
Shooter... Eyes on... You...

Locke squints, terror in his eyes, indecision visible in his constant glances down at his scope then back out at the **WALL**.

Beat...

Locke VOLCANOES upwards from the bed in the soil and sand.

A backpack wags on his back, its straps hug his chest as he HURTLES towards the wrecked wall:

-- a hundred feet ahead of him --

His path swerves as he runs: left -- right -- unpredictable.

BANG, a bullet SWOOSHES by his ear and the antenna on his shoulder SPATTERS into a spray of shrapnel.

Locke cringes and stumbles but keeps charges onward.

-- Fifty Feet --

Locke approaches Hobbs, squirming in the ground.

Hobbs notices Locke. He reaches for Locke's hand.

BANG, a spray of red PUFFS from Locke's knee.

Locke SCREAMS and limps away from Hobbs. His eyes back on the wall. His legs follow.

-- Twenty Feet --

Locke hobbles as fast as his 'foot and a half' will carry him.

BANG, a bullet hits his backpack, fibers and metal burst out. Locke stumbles -- trips -- hits the ground.

He scrambles back to his feet. Limping, groaning...

-- Ten Feet --

Locke tumbles to forward...

BANG, a bullet punctures Locke's water bottle. The liquid inside gushes out.

Locke dives into the shade and cover of the wall.

BANG...

EXT. IRAQI BADLANDS - **WALL** - CONTINUOUS

Locke's back hits the wall, the bricks shudder, cement fragments and snows down onto him. *The wall isn't sturdy.*

Locke is out of breath. He groans He gropes his body for his:

EARPIECE, he finds it, and noosed around his neck. He unwraps it and plugs into his ear.

Hobbs is already speaking...

HOBBS (O.S.)
...you tell him... tell him!!

LOCKE
Say again??

HOBBS (O.S.)
(sounding delirious)
My brother -- my brother, please,
please, please...

LOCKE
What?

HOBBS (O.S.)
(panting after each word)
I have \$20,000. It's his. Don't let
dad get it, that fuck... Fuck!!
Him!! You hear me??

Locke opens his mouth but doesn't respond.

HOBBS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Oh, shit I don't know what to do. I
don't know what to do.

LOCKE
Breathe -- breathe.

HOBBS (O.S.)
I can't breathe. I can't. Help
me... In Iraq... I can't die...
Help me...

LOCKE
He wants me to. I can't go out
there. Can't even --

HOBBS (O.S.)
I know... I know... Try the radio.

LOCKE
On it.

Locke peers down at his knee and tries to bend it. He
grimaces and swathes his palm around it gently.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Fuck me -- fuck me.

He slips his finger into the bullet hole in his pants and
strips his pants open revealing his wound:

An oozing viscosity of **red**.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Shhhhhhhhit...

HOBBS (O.S.)
(desperate)
You got it?

LOCKE
One second.

HOBBS (O.S.)
Come on -- come on!!

Locke takes the walkie off it his shoulder, it's intact but the antenna that it was connected to is not.

LOCKE
Goddamn it!!

HOBBS (O.S.)
Please... Hurry...

Locke presses a button on his walkie and sighs, *he knows it won't work and yet:*

LOCKE
Breaker -- breaker, Unit Red Eye,
requesting extraction.

HOBBS
You're on a radio com?

LOCKE
He hit my antenna...

HOBBS
Jesus!!

LOCKE
How bad are you bleeding? How bad
is it?
(a pause of wait...)
Hobbs?

HOBBS
Bad...

Locke pulls a rag from his shirt and wraps it around his knee. Teeth grit and eyes clenched shut, then he stops, pants and rests his back against the wall. *Can't do it.*

Locke stares out at Hobbs in the distance. He's not moving.

LOCKE
Hobbs, you hear me?
(nothing...)
Lieutenant Hobbs, sir?

HOBBS
(frail)
I'm here.

LOCKE
Hang in there.

HOBBS (O.S.)
For what? What are you doing?
(beat...)
Ideas?

Locke's gaze falls to the ground as if Hobbs could see him.

HOBBS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Distance?

LOCKE
What?

HOBBS (O.S.)
The shooter. The *crack thump*.

LOCKE
Don't know.

HOBBS (O.S.)
(disappointment)
Sergeant... I get one shot at him.

LOCKE
He'd shoot you before you...

HOBBS (O.S.)
Find him.

LOCKE
The second you touch that rifle...
He'll kill you.

HOBBS (O.S.)
All roads lead to Rome.

LOCKE
Don't say it. Save your breath.

HOBBS (O.S.)
The scope is an extension of my
eyes.

LOCKE
Hobbs --

HOBBS
The trigger is an extension of my
fists.

Locke sighs.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
I am a semi-God, a demi-automatic-
God and I strike you down.

Beat...

LOCKE
(unenthusiastically)
Hu-rah...

Locke contemplates, then picks up his spotting scope.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Hold on.

HOBBS
(faint)
Yeah...

Locke holds the spotting scope next to a brick on the wall.
Compares, contrasts. *They're about the same size.*

Locke strips a small KNIFE off of his belt and begins to chip away at the cement between the bricks at the bottom of the wall.

The wall shudders... Locke stops -- drops the knife.

He's sweating and breathing heavily. He takes a deep breath.

He continues cutting at the cement but cautiously now. The cement continues to give way and the brick loosens.

Locke pulls the brick. The wall shakes. He pushes it. The wall trembles. Yet the brick barely moves.

Locke digs his fingernails into the brick and pulls. It slides and slips but Locke's fingernail peels back.

LOCKE
(pulling his hand away)
Shit!!

Locke, either in strategy or frustration, kicks the brick.

It slips out of place... So does the wall...

Every brick and stone sways, ready to tumble down.

Locke slips his hand under the space for the missing stone and bricks drop on his pointer finger -- trigger finger.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!!

The bricks press down on his finger -- fingers.

A brick drops from the top and hits him on his shoulder.

Another drops, another two, three.

VOICE (O.S.)
Breaker...

Locke reaches for the spotting scope but its just out of his reach.

Locke pulls -- Drags -- SCRAPES his fingers out from between the bricks. The skin SHREDS OFF.

LOCKE
Fuck --
(glancing at his finger)
FuckKK!!!!

Much of the skin on his trigger finger is minced and hanging off. His fingernail dangles. His other fingers bleed as well.

VOICE (O.S.)
Come in...

-- The entire wall sways --

-- He grabs the scope. Rams it against the *unbricked* hole --

Too Small...

-- Bricks trickle off the top, pummel the ground around him --

-- He JAMS it into the tiny aperture --

The bricks stop falling...

The cement stops flaking...

The wall stands, secure and motionless.

Locke pants and leans against the wall. It doesn't budge. It seems even more secure than before.

He uses the knife, cuts a piece of his shirt and tears off a strip. He *delicately* wraps it around his finger.

LOCKE
Fuck me...

Locke tries to bend his finger and cringes. He flinches.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Oh God, Oh God. You there
Lieutenant...? Lieutenant?

Locke sits up. He peers out at Hobbs.

Hobbs is lying static on the ground.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Lieutenant...? Hobbs??
(waiting)
No -- No -- No --
(waiting)
Hobbs...

Extended Beat...

Locke stares out at the barren vista and huffs out a sigh:

Wind pushes. Grass sways. The raven stands on the skeletal branch of the tree.

Locke, his back against the wall, closes his eyes...

FADE TO BLACK.

Silence.....

Then, amid the **darkness**, there is a froth of static.....

VOICE (O.S.)
(deep, male, thick
southern drawl)
Come in...

Static.....

EXT. IRAQI BADLANDS - DAY

Locke opens his eyes. He scans his vista. His brow furrows.

LOCKE
Hobbs?

There's no response; just static.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Respond...

Locke takes out his handgun and eyes his surroundings.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Hobbs...

Locke eyes Hobbs' rifle, about thirty feet away.

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you copy?

The sound emanates from a walkie on his belt.

LOCKE
(cautious)
Received...

VOICE (O.S.)
Operation Red Eye?

LOCKE
Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you copy?

LOCKE
Reading you five. Who...
(glancing around)
Your not on a *sat feed*. This is
radio frequency... Where are you?
(beat...)
Copy?

VOICE (O.S.)
Stand by...

LOCKE
Wait -- wait.

The static disappears.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(into the walkie)
This is Operation Red Eye. Sergeant
Allen Locke. Requesting callsign
for the last transmission. Over?

Beat... No response.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fuck!!
(over the radio)
This is Operation Red --

VOICE (O.S.)
Copy that Red Eye. This Mobile HQ-
Actual. We need a confirm on your
ID, over.

LOCKE

This is Sergeant Allen Locke of the M.A. Sniper Unit. My commanding officer Lieutenant Brandon Hobbs is down, possibly deceased. I... He's not responding. I'm not sure --

VOICE (O.S.)

Red Eye I'm going to dispatch a medical team asap, but we need a confirm on your ID, first.

LOCKE

Sergeant Allen Locke. M.A. Sniper Unit. Lieutenant Hobbs is down and unable to reply. There's a sniper out here. Hold off on the medics. Requesting a UAV for oversight.

VOICE (O.S.)

Request denied, Red Eye. We need your confirm code.

(beat...)

Your confirm code?

LOCKE

Who am I speaking with?

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.)

Say again?

LOCKE

Your callsign? Requesting your callsign.

VOICE (O.S.)

This is, Captain Smith. I need your confirm code if I'm going to allow any UAV to provide oversight.

Locke turns to Hobbs lying still on the ground.

LOCKE

My...

Locke hesitates.

VOICE (O.S.)

If what you say is true then you and your commanding officer are in need of a field medic.

LOCKE

A, L, seven...

(beat...)

Didn't say I needed medical assistance.

(beat...)

Do you copy?

VOICE (O.S.)

Copy. I just assumed that if your lieutenant needed medical assistance then you probably did too. I also understand that giving your confirm code to an enemy combatant is treason and endangers fellow troops. I, am, not, an enemy combatant. This is procedure. I need your confirm code.

LOCKE

How do I know that. That you're who you say you are.

VOICE (O.S.)

Surgeon Allen Locke. From Stoughton, Massachusetts. You lost your spotter nearly a year ago. Corporeal Dean Cummings. You carry his scope. Captain Isaac Keyes trained both of you.

LOCKE

Where is Keyes.

VOICE (O.S.)

He's currently unavailable.

Locke pauses in thought...

LOCKE

All right but I don't know our confirm code, not all of it. Usually Hobbs takes half, I take the other half. In case one of us is taken hostage.

VOICE (O.S.)

Stand by.

LOCKE

No...

Static regains control of the walkie and Locke lets out a huff of frustration.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(touching his earpiece)
Hobbs... Hobbs...

VOICE (O.S.)
Lieutenant Locke.

LOCKE
Where do you keep going?

VOICE (O.S.)
Say again?

LOCKE
You keep disappearing. Who are you
talking to?

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you have your flare gun,
surgeon?

LOCKE
No but I have a sidearm.

VOICE (O.S.)
I need you to stand and fire it
into the air. We need to get a lock
on your position.

LOCKE
The enemy will get a lock on my
position.

VOICE (O.S.)
(frustration)
Your friend is dying. I need a lock
on your location.

LOCKE
This isn't protocol. This is...
It's off, way off. WHO, ARE, YOU.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm on your side, *surgeon*.

Beat, Locke considers.

LOCKE
Say that again?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm... on your side?

LOCKE

No, my rank, what's my rank?

VOICE (O.S.)

Surgeon... surgeon.

LOCKE

No, you have an accent. You're covering it up. That's not southern.

Chuckling resounds from the walkie.

GHOST SCOPE:

Lurking from the opposite side of the wall, the crosshairs prowl along the bricks. Zooming in and out from the top to the sides. Searching -- hunting.

VOICE (O.S.)

Accent is its own camouflage.
Language is an environment.

WALL,

Locke sits staring at his walkie as he listens, in shock, in awe, in terror.

VOICE

Fuck are you talking bout'?

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hiding behind words. You found me,
surgeon, no... *sergeant*.

LOCKE

You the sniper?

VOICE (O.S.)

(chuckling)

But I am on your side.

(chuckle becomes laugh)

You just don't know it yet.

LOCKE

You are the sniper...

VOICE (O.S.)

My teacher. English teacher. He is from *America's south*. Georgia. Atlanta. Have you been to Georgia?

Locke doesn't respond.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I liked him. I really did. The first Bush sent him. Many teachers and libraries and movies. I like *The Forrest Gump*. Such a good movie. Have you seen this film?

Locke doesn't respond.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I am sure you have. American culture. *The Titanic*. *The Shawshank Redemption*. *Gone With The Wind*. I think the south American accent gives the best cover. It's bushy. Dense. Earthy.

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You are quiet now. Why? I told you I am on your side. If I wanted to kill you you would have been dead before you reached the wall. So talk to me, Sergeant Locke.

Locke switches the channel on his walkie and brings it to his lips.

LOCKE
This is Sergeant Allen Locke broadcasting on all radio channels.

VOICE (O.S.)
Talking to yourself.

LOCKE
I have a soldier down.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's a selfish conversation.

LOCKE
We're taking enemy fire.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is Lieutenant Hobbs deceased?

LOCKE
(distracted)
Sniper...

VOICE (O.S.)
Or he's unconscious?

Locke begins listening intently to the voice.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pretending... maybe?

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs wrap around Hobbs' body, still lying in the same position about thirty feet from the wall.

VOICE (O.S.)
Looking at him now, he's so...

WALL,

Locke's turns his attention from walkie to Hobbs' body.

VOICE (O.S.)
He has such...
(beat)
Gravity.

Locke begins breathing heavily. Visibly distressed.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It gives weight to my finger.

Locke's lips begin shuddering, as if poised to speak.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs center in on Hobbs' face. Eyes closed. At peace.

VOICE (O.S.)
It pulls on the trigger.

WALL,

Locke cringes now as if every word from walkie comes with a pinch of pain.

VOICE (O.S.)
His family won't recognize the crater on his face.

LOCKE
(int the walkie)
All RIGHT!! Stop!!

VOICE (O.S.)
There you go. I thought maybe you
bled out.

LOCKE
Do you want something?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes.

LOCKE
I don't know anything. I'm a
sergeant. They don't tell me
anything important.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's not what I want.

Locke pauses, *doesn't want to ask*, but sighs and:

LOCKE
What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)
To get to know you.

Locke doesn't respond.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's all I want. To know you,
sergeant Locke.

LOCKE
Stop fucking with me.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not. I have, fucked with you,
today. I know. I lied... pretended.
But this is true. I want to know
you better.

LOCKE
Well I don't know shit about you so
why don't you talk first.

VOICE (O.S.)
About me... Nothing. I'm a ghost.
No past, no future.

LOCKE
Me too then. You're a ghost I'm a
ghost.

Locke takes his finger off of the walkie and glances around.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fuck!!

VOICE (O.S.)
All right. Start small. A small
truth. I am...
(chuckle)
On your side.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Fucking...

Reluctant to press down on the walkie's button. Then he does:

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Me too. I'm on your side. We're on
your side, really.

VOICE (O.S.)
What do you mean?

LOCKE
The school. The hospital. That's
why they were knocking down the
wall. They were going to build a
big hospital, modern apartments,
schools.

VOICE (O.S.)
Libraries?

LOCKE
Don't know.
(sighs)
They weren't here to fight. They're
contractors. Construction guys.
War's over, bro.

VOICE (O.S.)
Bro?

LOCKE
(giving up)
Whatever.

VOICE (O.S.)
No -- No. It's an interesting
choice of words. Most Americans
would say, *man*. But I disagree,
bro. Building schools over mosques
does not make us allies.

(MORE)

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You offer us our lives and take our
souls, our minds. Contractors?
Devil's contractors.

LOCKE
They just sent me out here. Find
the sniper and...

VOICE (O.S.)
Won't they be disappointed. Second
truth, bro. I have no family. No
brothers, no sisters. My parents
are deceased. I may have relatives
but I do not know them. And you?

LOCKE
No.

VOICE (O.S.)
Your family.

LOCKE
No family. I'm not talking bout'
fucking family.

VOICE (O.S.)
Fair. Yes, no family. Tell about
your brothers and sisters at arms.

LOCKE
I'm sorry, what?

VOICE (O.S.)
Your military family. You can tell
me about them.

LOCKE
No fucking way.

VOICE (O.S.)
I don't want military secrets. I
don't even need names. Just tell me
what you can.

LOCKE
Fuck off.

VOICE (O.S.)
I will shoot Hobbs. And maybe he is
already dead. I don't know. You can
take that gamble but from what I
heard of your conversation before.
You've already lost a brother at
arms. Corporal Dean Cummings.

LOCKE

Fuck YOU!!

VOICE (O.S.)

I just want to get to know you,
sergeant. And who knows, if you
keep me talking long enough perhaps
the cavalry will arrive in white
and shinning --

LOCKE

'Course I fucking have friends in
my unit. We play ball in the
afternoon. Get baked in the sun.

VOICE (O.S.)

Baked...

LOCKE

Yeah, fucking baked. Tanned.

VOICE (O.S.)

Go on.

LOCKE

That's it. Everybody's cool.

VOICE (O.S.)

Was Dean cool.

Beat...

LOCKE

Yeah, Dean was cool.

VOICE (O.S.)

How did he... pass.

LOCKE

(hesitating)

He got shot.

VOICE (O.S.)

By a sniper.

LOCKE

Another subject.

VOICE (O.S.)

It was a sniper.

LOCKE

Was, yes, past tense, was a sniper.

VOICE (O.S.)
You killed him.
(no response)
But he was a spotter.
(waiting for response)
That's his spotter scope in the
wall.

Locke glances at the spotting scope in the wall and grimaces, mouths "fuck", evidently agitated the man can see it.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(waiting for response)
That's what Hobbs said. A dead
man's spotting scope.
(waiting for response)
Are you there?

LOCKE
I'm here.

VOICE (O.S.)
He was a corporal, you were the
sergeant. So if he were the spotter
I can assume you were the sniper.

LOCKE
You know what they say bout'
assuming?

VOICE (O.S.)
Bout? I'm beginning to notice that
your English is quite corrupt for
someone from New England.

Locke smirks but quickly catches himself.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why don't you shoot anymore?

Locke puts down the radio and pulls his water bottle off of his belt and tries lifts it to his mouth.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you there? Bro... Brah? How did
you say it again?

There's no water in the bottle. He pulls the bottle from his mouth, observes it, then notices the hole.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The white person way or black
person way?

Locke holds the bottle over his mouth and shakes desperately. A few droplets to fall onto his tongue.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Language is funny. It has colors,
structure, like a building.

Locke slips his tongue into the hole, feeling around for water inside.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Broken English, that would be a...
ghetto building? The projects, a
cracked house but it still stands.
It can still be understood.

Locke flinches and pulls his tongue away from the jagged puncture hole in the bottle. Blood begins to ooze from this tongue.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You can conceal yourself in words.
A literal camouflage.

Locke closes his mouth and cringes. Blood slips from between his lips.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Silence leaves you right out in the open.

Locke drops the water bottle and picks up the walkie.

LOCKE
I don't shoot cuz'... Don't feel like it.

Locke wipes his head and sighs, hot and tired.

VOICE (O.S.)
What happened?

LOCKE
Nothing.

VOICE (O.S.)
(threatening)
Sergeant.

LOCKE
I missed the target. Gave away our position. He shot back, end of story.

Locke blinks in slow motion. His eyes stay shut for a while before reopening.

VOICE (O.S.)
You've had to say this a lot? I'm
guessing. Debriefings. Telling his
friends. Your friends. Family?

Locke wipes his head. His eyelids sag with fatigue.

LOCKE
How does this end?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry?

LOCKE
What's the end game?

VOICE (O.S.)
I know how you feel, sergeant --

LOCKE
You think you know something bout'
me bro but you don't know shit.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're dehydrated. I know that.
That's why there's a hole in your
water bottle.

LOCKE
No, that was... You were trying to
hit me.

VOICE (O.S.)
The water bottle.

LOCKE
Nobody's that accurate.

VOICE (O.S.)
And you're antenna.

LOCKE
No fucking way.

VOICE (O.S.)
The vein that the bullet punctured
in your leg carries a lot of blood.
You should be sitting in a pool of
it by now.

Locke glances down at the ground beneath him and finds the soil soaked in his blood.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You should be feeling the fatigue
already, dehydrated. Hopeless.

LOCKE
(not into the walkie)
Holy shit.

VOICE (O.S.)
You will bleed out...

Locke kicks the dust in desperation, takes off his shirt (he's wearing a vest underneath) and tries to wrap his leg.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How does this end?
(pause)
You will be dead within the hour.

Locke tries to wrap the wound but grimaces in pain. The shirt is an awkward bandage and blood pours out faster -- thicker.

Locke pulls harder and the shirt sleeves rips.

LOCKE
(tossing the shirt aside)
Fuck!! Jesus, fucking...

Locke gasps/grabs his hair/stares at the puddles of blood...

Locke then discovers the backpack, barely ten feet out of the wall's cover. Inside the barely unzipped backpack pocket is the bright red cross of a medical pack.

Locke moves to the edge of the wall, dragging his leg behind him. He peers out yearningly.

Just ten feet away...

Locke recoils and presses his back against the wall. He picks up the walkie.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Look, what the fuck do you want...?

Static huffs and puffs from the walkie.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
You there?

The static continues and Locke begins glancing around.

Paranoia, sinks in, he starts ducking and covering his head. His gaze darts to and fro, hitting every corner of the terrain.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(over the walkie)
Where are you?
(waiting... static...)
What are you doing?

Locke picks up handgun. He takes off the safety.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Where'd you go?

Locke's eyes widen with an epiphany:

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Circling around...

Locke drops to his stomach and glances through the spotting scope, still wedged underneath the wall.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

The scope moves across the terrain, gradually, methodically, searching...

SNAP -- BUZZ, boisterous noises.

WALL,

Locke sits up and pulls his pistol. Then he realizes that the noises are coming from the walkie.

VOICE (O.S.)
What are you looking for?

Locke picks up the walkie but doesn't put down the gun.

LOCKE
You saw me?

VOICE (O.S.)
I saw the scope moving.

LOCKE
Where'd you go?

VOICE (O.S.)
Nowhere.

LOCKE

You did. Your walkie was off of something.

VOICE (O.S.)

No.

LOCKE

You're trying to circle around my wall. Flank me?

The man begins chuckling.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I'm right?

VOICE (O.S.)

(still chuckling)

No, sergeant.

LOCKE

It's funny?

VOICE (O.S.)

No, it's irony.

LOCKE

What is?

VOICE (O.S.)

They very wall that a few days ago you came here to knock down you are trying desperately to keep from falling.

Locke sighs and returns his attention to the medical pack in the backpack.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A prayer wall...

Twenty feet further out Locke focus in on Hobbs. Something's amiss...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's been your only blessing today...

Locke aims his gaze, squints to zoom in then discerns:

The wind blows and Hobbs' hand moves gradually, nearly indiscernibly towards his rifle.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sergeant Locke...

LOCKE
Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)
You are hiding in the shadow of
Islam.

Locke glances back at Hobbs. He's seemingly dead again. Dead still, *camouflaging himself in death*.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Jesus.
(walkie)
You're educated.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why do you ask?

LOCKE
Way you talk. Trying to be
Shakespeare or something.

VOICE (O.S.)
Only poet you know?

LOCKE
(eyes on Hobbs)
Yeah...

VOICE (O.S.)
(mocking)
Yeah.

LOCKE
Got a problem with the way I talk?

VOICE (O.S.)
On the contrary. It interests me.

LOCKE
Sorry, I don't speak like
Shakespeare or fucking...

VOICE (O.S.)
Poe?

LOCKE
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
Edgar Allen Poe. He was an
American.

LOCKE
Yeah... Heard of him.

VOICE (O.S.)
The Telltale Heart?

Locke shrugs as if the man could see him. He turns to Hobbs:
Hobbs lies still yet his hand appears closer to the rifle's
grip.

LOCKE
You major in English or something?

VOICE (O.S.)
No.

LOCKE
You speak English good.

VOICE (O.S.)
(correcting)
Well.

LOCKE
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
Nothing.

LOCKE
You studied languages,
international relations?
(no response)
You there?

VOICE (O.S.)
Strange.

LOCKE
What is?

VOICE (O.S.)
You're so talkative now?

LOCKE
(hesitating)
No, I...

VOICE (O.S.)

Why?

LOCKE

(glancing at Hobbs)

Don't know. I... Guess if I gotta
be stuck here with you... might as
well.

VOICE (O.S.)

Gotta, so American.

(changing tone)

I studied linguistics.

Concentration in American English.

LOCKE

No wonder.

VOICE (O.S.)

I minored in English Literature.

LOCKE

Abroad?

VOICE (O.S.)

No, here. University of Baghdad.

LOCKE

Studied English to be a sniper?

VOICE (O.S.)

There is not much work for an
English major beside the embassy.

The wind begins blowing and Locke turns to Hobbs':

As the wind ruffles Hobb's baggy fatigues his hand inches
forward slightly, *camouflaging his movement in the wind*.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I thought I might be a translator.

As the wind stops, so does Hobbs. He lies completely still
again.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They needed soldiers.

Locke groans and moves his into a more comfortable position.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Elevate your leg.

LOCKE
(raising a curious
eyebrow)
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
Lie back and raise your leg above
the level of your heart. Prop it
against the wall. It will slow the
bleeding.

Locke lies back and groans as he lifts his leg onto a protruding brick on the wall.

Lying on his back Locke twists his neck sideway to peer through the scope.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

The scope pans across the dry desert landscape stopping at every stone and abnormality on the ground.

VOICE (O.S.)
Does it feel better?

LOCKE
Does what feel better?

VOICE (O.S.)
Keeping your leg up?

WALL,

Locke peers up at his leg propped up on the wall.

LOCKE
I don't have my leg up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you sure?

LOCKE
My leg's been up. Shit, I know
basic first aid.
(beat)
Do fucking act like... You want me
to suffer.

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me?

LOCKE

You want me to feel pain. A headshot's too... No, you want me to suffer before I die.

VOICE (O.S.)

No... You're wrong.

LOCKE

Then *why*? You could shoot through the wall. Try your luck. *Right*?

(beat)

Why?

VOICE (O.S.)

The wall is sacred, sergeant. They learned, your demolition crew.

LOCKE

Construction guys.

VOICE (O.S.)

You can't tear it down.

LOCKE

They were here to build.

VOICE (O.S.)

They played with children too. Youngsters from a village, maybe... four miles away?

LOCKE

They were building schools.

VOICE (O.S.)

The boys copied them. *Cool dude*. Hey *man*. Screw you. Reading comic books. Wearing fake Nike. While they tore down a sacred wall.

LOCKE

For religion?

VOICE (O.S.)

-- No --

LOCKE

-- Way you talk, man --

VOICE (O.S.)

-- Not religion --

LOCKE

-- Wouldn't have pegged for a
evangelical --

VOICE (O.S.)

It is evolution. Biology. The weeds
on your side of the wall. Look at
them.

He looks, peering down at the dull, green, coiling weeds.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They're yellow on the other side.
Little, yellow blossoms.

Locke arches his neck slightly and discovers the a similarly
coiling turf but with a yellow blossom.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They have been separated for
centuries. A thousand years, more?
Maybe? They've evolved differently.
If the wall comes down, one will
consume the other.

LOCKE

I've seen roses and lilies sharing
the same pot.

VOICE (O.S.)

These are not roses or lilies.
These are weeds. This is a desert.

Locke's eyes turn to Hobbs. He's dead still. Then Locke eyes
the medical pack, shimmering from inside the backpack.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You owe me question now?

LOCKE

Think so?

VOICE (O.S.)

Why do you carry around Dean's
spotting scope?

LOCKE

No.

VOICE (O.S.)

No, what?

LOCKE

Not this shit again.

VOICE (O.S.)
I don't make threats, sergeant.

LOCKE
Threats?

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs swing from the wall and zero in on Hobbs.

VOICE (O.S.)
What I said before...

WALL,

Locke's eyes inflate, his jaw drops. He realizes what the man's talking about.

LOCKE
Wait -- wait!!

VOICE (O.S.)
...I will not say again.

LOCKE
I carry it around because...

Locke peers at Hobbs. The wind pushes by him and his hand moves slightly.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs hover over Hobbs momentarily then move away. Just then Hobbs' arm appears to shift... Or was that the wind?

The crosshairs return to Hobbs' body...

LOCKE (O.S.)
It reminds me.

The scope zooms in on Hobbs. The focus shifts in and out.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You listening?

The scope gradually moves along Hobbs' body.

Hobbs' hair flails as another breeze KICKS UP...

WALL,

Locke peers towards Hobbs and discerns his hand beginning to move as the wind ruffles his fatigues.

LOCKE

The scope reminds me of why I can't touch a rifle again, alright?

Hobbs' hand is inches from the rifle. His flaccid fingers begin to splay and stretch towards the grip.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(eyes on Hobbs)

You there??

-- The wind PUSHES HARDER --

-- Hobbs' hand jerks BRASHLY --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You listening to me??

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs pass down Hobbs' neck, down his shoulders and find his arm. There seems to be movement...

LOCKE (O.S.)

Dean dropped it -- the scope -- in the line of duty. He fell over trying to pick it up and...

The crosshairs traverse up his arms like some invisible snake and reach his hand just inches from the rifles grip.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Listen. To. ME!!

The winds offers a fervent HUFF...

Then stops... and Hobbs mimics, lying still, unmoving, camouflaged in the still air.

A beat, then, the scope returns to the wall.

WALL,

Locke grits his teeth, pins and needles, holding his breath as he waits...

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm listening.

Locke sighs in relief. Then wipes the pool of sweat settling on his forehead.

LOCKE
You disappeared again.

VOICE (O.S.)
Just for a second.

LOCKE
You were gonna shoot him.

VOICE (O.S.)
It crossed my mind. I was going to... no, *gonna*, right? But he's dead. You keep looking at him but he's dead.

LOCKE
(inquisitive, to himself)
You see me?
(on the walkie)
No fucking honor in shooting a man.

VOICE (O.S.)
But that is the definition of a sniper.

LOCKE
Shooting in general. Guns. No honor. Fuck guns.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is it true that in America you can buy guns in the supermarket?

LOCKE
(nodding)
Walmart. Sporting goods.

VOICE (O.S.)
Americans shooting Americans.

Beat... Locke peers out at Hobbs, squints at him...

LOCKE'S PERSPECTIVE:

The image of Hobbs becomes blurred -- out of focus.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Friendly fire.

WALL,

Locke leans back and rests his back against the wall.

VOICE (O.S.)
(faint, halfway inaudible)
So you don't shoot. Why don't you
go back home?

Locke peers down at the blood-drenched soil beneath him.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Fuck...

VOICE (O.S.)
What's the reason?

Locke turns to:

The backpack and the medical pack.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you tensing up again?

Locke wipes his sweaty forehead. Peers up at the sun; it appears to beam directly on him.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sergeant Locke...??

Locke sighs. He begins to close his eyes...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
LOCKE!!

Locke whips forward and gasps as if waking up from a nightmare. He reaches for the walkie, fumbles it and finally gets a grip on it.

LOCKE
(groggy)
Yeah, uh...

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you with me?

LOCKE
Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Fatigue?

LOCKE

No.

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you sure?

LOCKE

I'm fine.

Locke shakes his head as if this will wake him up.

VOICE (O.S.)

You are not fine. You're bleeding to death. You have no water. The sun is...

LOCKE

Hot.

VOICE (O.S.)

No you... Last time you said...
Baked. The sun's baking you.
(beat)
You're fatigued.

LOCKE

(to himself)

How does he know this shit?

Locke glances at Hobbs, almost as if he just remembered he was still there.

The wind is blowing and this appears to make Locke anxious.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shit, uh...

(on the walkie)

How does a educated person become a terrorist?

VOICE (O.S.)

Probably the same way you did.

LOCKE

You... Oh I'm a terrorist too.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're not?

LOCKE

Okay -- Okay.

VOICE (O.S.)

Okay, what?

LOCKE

No, I've had this conversation before.

VOICE (O.S.)

Not with me. You think you're different? Than me?

LOCKE

Without a doubt.

VOICE (O.S.)

Without a doubt. You come to another man's country. Camouflage yourself in his land, in his soil. In his fields.

LOCKE

You're simplifying it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Camouflage your war in a hunt for...

LOCKE

-- Wait --

VOICE (O.S.)

Weapons of mass destruction??

LOCKE

Didn't say the war wasn't bullshit.

VOICE (O.S.)

Then go home.

LOCKE

I'm saying I'm not a terrorist.

VOICE (O.S.)

If you don't believe in it go home.

LOCKE

Sure.

VOICE (O.S.)

Really?

LOCKE

If you let me. I'll...

A slight chuckle.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(smirking)
You are on my side, yeah? Just
lemme go.

Full blown laugh.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why?

LOCKE
Why, what?

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't you go home?

Locke sighs, loud and heavy.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I asked you this question already.
You did not think it was a real
question?

LOCKE
None of these questions are real.
Countdown with letters, stead' of
numbers.

Locke peers at the backpack and medical pack again.

VOICE (O.S.)
Now you're the poet.
(serious)
Stop, avoiding, the question.

Beat...

LOCKE
(hesitating)
There's this... boundary... Between
here and the States. Can't...

VOICE (O.S.)
You sound sad.

LOCKE
No, just...

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.)
Guilt...? Shame...?
(no response)
Maybe you regret --

LOCKE
He had a kid. A wife.

VOICE (O.S.)
She blames you?

LOCKE
We're all from 'round 'bout the
same area. His cousins went to
school with me in Quincy. My dad
knows his. Seen his kid. Held him.
Clementine works by the fucking...

VOICE (O.S.)
Who's Clementine?

LOCKE
His wife.
(shaking his head)
Nope. Can't go back to that. No
way.

VOICE (O.S.)
So you carry around his scope. To
remind you of all of this. Doesn't
make sense.

LOCKE
It reminds of what's behind me. All
of that's behind me now.
(beat)
You know, you're kinda fucked up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why's that?

LOCKE
You gotta pick me apart mentally
and physically.

VOICE (O.S.)
Bullshit.

LOCKE
What?

VOICE (O.S.)

None of this is new. You've said all it to your bros, to your superiors, and that *boundary between here and the States*, probably heard that from the military psychologist.

Locke wipes his brow uncomfortably, *as if it's true.*

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My questions are not real... Hmm, neither are your answers. The only real boundary is death, the only barrier you cannot transcend. I'll send you across soon enough.

LOCKE

Fuck you, man. Fuck you. After all that shit.

VOICE (O.S.)

After what?

LOCKE

Everything we talked about.

VOICE (O.S.)

Did you think we were friends?

LOCKE

Fuck you.

VOICE (O.S.)

That I'd change my mind and let you go?

LOCKE

Just fucking shoot me and get it over with.

VOICE (O.S.)

It's not personal.

LOCKE

Fuck off, man.

VOICE (O.S.)

Not yet. Once I get to know you, well enough. Then it's personal.

Locke brings his tired eyes back to Hobbs. He's completely still.

LOCKE
Isaac'll kill you.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who is he?

LOCKE
Yeah, he will. Fuck you up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who is Isaac?

LOCKE
Corporal Isaac Keyes. Sharp
shooter. Number two in the history
of the service. I2K. Trained me,
Hobbs, everybody.

VOICE (O.S.)
Judging from your, Hobbs'
performances. I don't have much to
concern myself --

LOCKE
Gloat while you can motherfucka.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sure Corporal Keyes and my
paths will never meet.

LOCKE
No motherfucka --

VOICE (O.S.)
Though I wish we could.

LOCKE
He's on our standby. We go missing
he comes looking for us. Camouflage
like a fucking chameleon. He's
smarter than any of us, faster. I-2-
motherfucking-K. Remember it.

VOICE (O.S.)
I will. Thank you.

LOCKE
Keyes'll kill you. Only thing I
regret is that it'll be fast. Just
BOOM, no sound, no light, just you
dead.

VOICE (O.S.)
He trained you to talk shit too?

LOCKE

What?

VOICE (O.S.)

Did he train you to lie?

LOCKE

Lie? 'Bout what?

VOICE (O.S.)

Bout' Dean.

LOCKE

What about Dean?

VOICE (O.S.)

About how Dean died. You lied to
one of us.

LOCKE

(to himself)

Huh?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hobbs or me.

LOCKE

I'm lost bro. Completely just...

Locke shrugs.

VOICE (O.S.)

You told Hobbs, and everyone else
I'm assuming, that you missed the
sniper. Missed and gave away your
position.

Locke peers out at Hobbs. Hobbs' expression undulates. *He's listening.*

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Am I right?

LOCKE

That's what happened.

VOICE (O.S.)

Just now in your little panic
attack you said --

LOCKE

(eyes on Hobbs)

No, no, no.

VOICE (O.S.)
You said --

LOCKE
Shut your fucking mouth!!

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.)
He fell.

Locke turns to Hobbs again. His brow almost appears to rise in intrigue.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He fell trying to pick up the spotting scope.

Locke puts his hand to his forehead and closes his weary eyes.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That would mean he was standing when the sniper shot him.

Locke leans back against the wall then grimaces. Something pinches him in the back. He glances back to see the spotting scope.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Did you play bait?

Locke subconsciously pushes and pulls and twists nervously at the at the scope behind him.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sergeant Locke? Did you play bait with your spotter?

LOCKE
You like to hear yourself talk.

VOICE (O.S.)
Underestimated the enemy sniper.
Commanded Dean to stand, draw fire and locate the enemy.

Locke glances at Hobbs and finds his eyes are open to a squint and glaring back at him.

Locke turns away. He's sweating more, blinking harder.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Something like that?

LOCKE
(out of breath)
No.

Locke slide back and inadvertently presses his tailbone against the scope.

The scope shifts out of place slightly and the wall quakes.

Locke hop off of the scope and presses his hands flat and gently against the wall. It stabilizes.

VOICE (O.S.)
You need to be careful with that scope, sergeant.

Locke's peers down at the pool of blood below him and sighs in exhaustion.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's all that's keeping the wall from falling.

Craw, the sound comes from above Locke. He peers up to find:

LOCKE'S PERSPECTIVE:

A blur of ravens peck at a blur of bricks on the wall above.

Everything is indistinct, every sound echoing and muffled.

These images and sounds darken, fade then go completely **black...**

FADE TO BLACK:

AGAINST THE BLACK BACKDROP OF LOCKE'S EYELIDS:

Locke's voice is muffled as if under water.

LOCKE (O.S.)
Dean... Playing Possum...
Movement... Playing Possum...

A gunshot SNAPS the muffled noise out of existence.

WALL,

Arms FLAILING and eyes BULGING, Locke sits up and gasps.

Eye's red, covered in sweat, Locke props himself against the wall and takes a moment to find his bearings.

Locke then peers downward...

LOCKE
Jesus Christ.

He sits in the mire of blood soaked mud.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you there?

Locke picks up the walkie. He notices the batteries are nearly empty.

LOCKE
I lost consciousness.

VOICE (O.S.)
I know.

Locke peers at the wall and notices tiny gaps between the bricks.

LOCKE
How long was I...

Locke peers out at Hobbs. Hobbs is lying still.

VOICE (O.S.)
Barely a minute.

He brings his eyes back to the gap. Sunlight seeps through, hits his face.

LOCKE
(to himself)
That's how you're seeing me.

VOICE (O.S.)
It'll all be over in fifteen.

There's desperation on Locke's expression.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Even if the you had a medical team
here now...

Locke turns to the backpack -- the medical pack.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...you're too far gone.

Locke drags himself to the edge of the wall. He ducks under and arches over the gaps in the wall and the shafts of light cutting through.

Locke stops at the edge of the wall, *no crack, no shafts of light*, and aims his gaze at the backpack ten feet away.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you still with me?

Locke picks up the walkie. His thumb hovers over the button. He thinks... rethinks... then:

Locke stabs his thumb down into the button.

LOCKE
I wanna make a deal.

VOICE (O.S.)
What deal is that?

LOCKE
I need you to promise me first that you won't do anything to my body.

VOICE (O.S.)
Not sure I understand.

LOCKE
After I die don't cut my head off, don't do anything to me... You won. Okay? Let my family have my body.

VOICE (O.S.)
I see. And in exchange?

LOCKE
I'll tell you where it is.

VOICE (O.S.)
Where what it is.

LOCKE
(as if he should know)
Come on.
(luring)
What you came all this way for.

GHOST SCOPE:

The scopes moves along the wall zooming in on the cracks on the wall.

Then it pulls back, zooming out to a full view of the wall.

LOCKE (O.S.)
Are you interested?

WALL,

Locke strangles the walkie in his fingers. His gaze remains on the backpack.

VOICE (O.S.)
Talk.

LOCKE
There is a map. We have all of our targets marked on it. This wall is the first. There are others.

Locke gets himself into an athletic stance: knees bent, shoulders arched, ready to pounce.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Do you see the patch of shrubs about twenty feet from our nest?

VOICE (O.S.)
What about it?

LOCKE
Do you see it...?

Locke's joints tremble. He's positioned like a track athlete at the starting line.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
It's right there...

VOICE (O.S.)
Sergeant...

LOCKE
Do, you, see it??

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't do it...

LOCKE
What?

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs stay tight on the backpack, unflinching, inhumanly steady.

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't do it.

WALL,

Locke pauses. His eyes wander back and forth. He observes:

His body.

His posture.

The wall.

No spaces between the bricks.

A beat of disbelief; *He should be invisible...*

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't...

Locke LUNGES OUT from behind the wall, SNATCHES the backpack.

-BANG-

Locke DROPS to the ground, ROLLS and returns to the cover of the wall.

Gasping and trembling, Locke drags himself back into the cover of the wall. At the edge of the wall.

He taps his body, shoulders, neck, chest, legs. "No wounds."

He missed...

Locke unzips the backpack and pulls out a bottle of water. He guzzles a few mouthfuls then drops it onto the ground.

He pulls the bandages and ointments out of the medical kit and...

Something's amiss...

Locke turns towards the wall and his expression, brow, eyes, jaw, open up in awe. There is a bullet hole -- *peep hole* in the wall. Light beams through; the spotlight's on him.

He didn't miss...

-BANG-

A bullet SMASHES through the wall and the medical kit EXPLODES in Locke's hands.

Locke yells and tumbles back. Shrapnel SPITS into his face and arms.

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs lies static, unmoving, except for his expression.

His eyes, open to a squint, begin to widen, knowingly, yearningly. *Hobbs sees him...*

Hobbs' hand, now touching the grip of the rifle, inches upwards. His fingers crawl up like a spider stalking prey.

WALL,

Locke picks himself up from the ground and discerns the wall quaking, cement chipping and snowing down on him.

LOCKE

Shit...

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs' closes one eye and aims the other at some *far off point* in the distance.

His fingers morph from spidery to scorpion-like. Four fingers crawling, trigger finger extended like tail poised to sting.

WALL,

A brick falls... Another... One more...

Everything stops, for a moment, time too seems to take pause, then:

The Wall Falls.

Bricks tumble down in front of Locke, behind him, on top of him.

A thick mist of dust begins to form on the ground.

Locke snatches up the walkie and moves back, out of the path of the fall bricks and towards the other end of the wall.

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs' palm tightens into a fist around the grip of the rifle.

He pivots the rifle by the grip, slowly, carefully, inch by gradual inch...

WALL,

Locke inches back towards the more stable end of the wall, grimacing as he does, then he notices:

The spotting scope is slipping out place. The pressure on top of it squeezing it out.

The other half of the wall is lost. Tumbling into the dirt and huffing and puffing itself into a cloudy mist.

Locke shoves the scope into place, groaning, grit teeth.

A brick from above falls onto his hand and fingers...

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs continues to pivot the rifle, then pauses.

He, almost seductively, strokes the trigger with his index finger.

WALL,

The wall quakes, cement grates from between the bricks as Locke continues to shove the scope into place.

Then it all stops shaking. No more bricks fall.

Locke peers at the wall, nearly half of it is gone. Of the original sixteen feet barely nine feet remain.

Locke also notices the thick mist of debris hovering over the ground.

Locke slowly removes his hand from the scope, hoping it stays in place. It does.

He coughs and wipes his reddened, moistened eyes.

LOCKE
(into the radio)
The fuck was that?

Only static responds...

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Are you there...?

Static...

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Goddamn it...

A bandage waves in the wind. It's held to the ground by a brick.

Locke drops the walkie, snatches up the bandage and begins to wrap his leg.

Locke groans and grunts as he carefully applies the bandage and ties it.

Locke finishes bandaging his leg and falls onto his back, exhausted.

The walkie begins to buzz with static.

VOICE (O.S.)
Did you get what you wanted?

LOCKE
You keep disappearing.

VOICE (O.S.)
I was busy.

LOCKE
With what?
(beat...)
What are you doing?

VOICE (O.S.)
I think you have more immediate concerns.

LOCKE
You shot the wall.

VOICE (O.S.)
You sound hurt.

LOCKE
It's a holy wall.

VOICE (O.S.)

Correct me if I'm wrong. You're here to knock it down.

LOCKE

Holy for you, dip-shit.

VOICE (O.S.)

No. I don't have any alliances with God.

LOCKE

Then why?

VOICE (O.S.)

Why kill you? Because if I don't kill you, you'll die.

Locke expression swells with curiosity.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You didn't keep up your end of the bargain.

LOCKE

I didn't make any bargain with you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes sergeant you did. The map with locations of your next targets in exchange for --

LOCKE

Wait --

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't interrupt me!! In exchange for your intact body to send back home.

LOCKE

There is no map. I was... Lying.

VOICE (O.S.)

Exactly. When this is over the skin will be cut from your face. Your eyes will be gouged. Your lying tongue will be stapled to your chest. But I will let them find your body. I'd imagine it would tear out your father's soul.

Right on the word *father* Locke begins to tear up. Locke's head falls into his open palm.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you hear me Sergeant Locke or
are you crying?

Locke lifts his head, wipes his tears, sniffles and clears his throat before picking up the walkie.

LOCKE
(brave voice)
You think you know something bout'
me?

VOICE (O.S.)
I know enough.

LOCKE
Enough?

VOICE (O.S.)
(imitating Locke accent)
Yup -- Yup, bro. I'm gonna guess
that I do.

Locke's eyes wander across the seemingly never ending terrain.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Whatchya think?

Locke turns to Hobbs. He can't see him too clearly through the small dust cloud. He raises his head and squints and finds:

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs lies motionless on the ground but with his hand on the rifle and his trigger finger poised to pull.

Hobbs' head is still lying against the ground.

He aims his gaze towards Locke. With one glance that pulses with implication he speaks to Locke:

WALL,

Locke understands.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Holy...

Locke pulls himself into a mobile position. He grabs the walkie and a brick.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
You want me dead??

Locke tosses a brick over the wall.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs rise up as a brick flies over the wall and hits the ground.

LOCKE (O.S.)
Come on!!

WALL,

LOCKE
You wanna cut me up!!

Locke grabs another brick and poises to toss it but first he turns to Hobbs:

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs begins to raise his head towards the scope. The rest of his body remains relatively still.

His eye reaches the scope and disappears behind it -- *becomes part of it.*

Hobbs sighs, a visual epiphany, *once blind, now he sees.*

WALL,

Locke tosses another brick over the wall. The walkie is still in his hand. He screams into it:

LOCKE
Don't talk about my father!!

Locke grabs another brick.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Don't you ever fucking talk about
my family.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs follow another brick flying over the wall and crashing into the sand.

LOCKE (O.S.)
How do you like it...?

WALL,

Locke reaches for another brick on the pile of stones.

LOCKE
...bricks falling on you?

Locke poises to pick up another brick but then notices his:

BERETTA

Locke snatches it up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Relax sergeant.

Locke returns a glance to Hobbs:

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs slides the rifle back slightly until the butt of the rifle presses tight against his shoulder.

He pivots upwards -- downwards, swivels left -- right, his motions becoming bolder, more evident, as he zeroes in...

WALL,

Locke lifts his arm over the top of the wall, pistol in hand and:

-BANG-

He unloads a round over the top of the wall then ducks down as if awaiting a return of gunfire.

LOCKE
Did I get you? Huh?

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs orbit the top of the wall.

LOCKE (O.S.)
I know where you are now.

The scope zooms in slightly, then pulls back.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know exactly...

Locke's arm hook around the side of the wall and FIRES.

There is a FLASH of light and the ground SPITS UP sand as the bullet hits the soil.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
...where the you are.

The crosshairs move to Locke's hand but he disappears back behind the wall.

WALL,

Locke presses his back against the wall. He's panting and peers out at Hobbs.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Come on, Hobbs.

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs lies in standard sniper position. Unflinching poise...

VOICE (O.S.)
Sergeant Locke...

WALL,

Locke lifts the walkie to his lips, ready to reply but is *cut off*.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm going to kill you now.

Locke moves away from the edge of the wall and cowers next to the spotting scope.

-BANG-

Locke flinches and coils tighter into his fetal position.

After realizing the bullet wasn't meant for him, Locke lifts his head. He scans the vista and finds:

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs, eyes connected to his scope, finger connected to his trigger.

The barrel of the M24 Rifle exhales an upward stream of smoke.

WALL,

Locke kneels and peers at Hobbs with a cautious hope, eyes narrowed, lips shuddering but not daring to smile.

LOCKE (O.S.)
(touching his earpiece)
Hobbs...

Locke moves to the spotting scope and crouches down.

LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Did you...
(into the walkie)
You there?

Locke lies down on his stomach and peers into the spotting scope.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

The scope scans the panorama on the other side of the wall:

Shrubs, sand and rubble, there's nothing to see.

WALL,

Locke does a push up from the ground and spins towards Hobbs.

LOCKE
You got him.

Locke crawls towards the edge of the wall nearest to Hobbs.

IN THE DISTANCE,

Hobbs peers into the scope, adjusting the knobs.

He turns to Locke. They make eye contact. Hobbs expression is hard to read.

-WHAM-

Hobbs' shoulder explodes into gyser of red.

-BANG-

The speed of sound comes an indiscernible nanosecond later.

Hobbs doesn't scream immediately. He gasps as if drowning yet struggles to returns his eye to the scope.

Another bullet **-WHISKS-** by and Hobbs' leg bursts into vibrant blood reds and puffs of white.

Now he screams.

Hobbs tries to run but only one leg can lift him. He hits the dirt and begins dragging himself towards the wall.

He GRINDS one foot into the ground and PUSHES. He GOUGES the flat earth with his fingernails, DRAGGING himself forward.

His limp arm and limp leg drag behind him. The rifle, still draped over his shoulder, drags too, his *mechanical limb*.

WALL,

Locke watches with tears in his eyes and Hobbs slithers towards him.

Locke snatches up the walkie.

LOCKE

Don't shoot him. He's already...

(beginning to sob)

You got him. Okay? He's not a fucking threat.

(screaming into the walkie)

Say something!!

Locke drops the walkie and injects his finger into the earpiece in his ear.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
He's not gonna shoot you, bro. Come on.

Between screams, between gasps, Hobbs speaks:

HOBBS
I see...

LOCKE
No, you're good. Keep coming.

HOBBS
I see him --

LOCKE
No -- No. You don't.

Hobbs keeps crawling -- slithering almost. Twenty feet away.

HOBBS
His camouflage --

LOCKE
Be quiet -- Be quiet. Just concentrate.

HOBBS
His CAMOUFLAGE!!

LOCKE
Hobbs!!

Fifteen feet

HOBBS
The dessert!!

LOCKE
Almost there.

HOBBS
Tell Hope she's...

LOCKE
You'll see her. Come on.

HOBBS
(moaning physically,
emotionally)
Take care of Hope.

LOCKE
You're gonna make it.

Hobbs' foot slips in the muddy -- bloody soil trailing behind him.

His fingernails snap back -- snap off as he drags himself through the soil.

Ten feet

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Keep coming.

Hobbs is on his last legs. Barely inching along the last few feet.

HOBBS
Locke...

Hobbs reaches into his pocket and pulls out notebook. It's drench in his blood.

HOBBS (CONT'D)
(reaching into his pocket)
For hope...

There is something else in Hobbs' other fist, clenched tight between his fingers.

LOCKE
Reach for me...

HOBBS
Locke...

LOCKE
Reach for me...

Five feet

Hobbs slithers a few more feet then reaches out his arm -- his fist for Locke.

HOBBS
Take care of hope...

Static buzzes from the walkie.

Locke turns to the walkie, his eyes widen, *oh shit!!*

LOCKE
No!!

-BANG-

The bullet threads through Hobbs' chest. Blood shoots out in every direction, sprinkling Locke's mortified expression red.

Hobbs' eyes roll back -- his head flops downward -- his limbs melt to strings of flaccidity.

Locke pulls Hobbs' limp corpse, and rifle, into the cover of the wall.

Locke crouches over Hobbs' body and touches his chest.

Locke is silent, emotionally drained and barely able to muster a tear.

VOICE (O.S.)
Another soldier dying for you.
(awaiting a response)
It's almost over Sergeant Locke.
(no answer)
Your turn to die for America.

Locke's eyes fall to the M24 Rifle strapped around what remains of Hobbs' shoulder.

He slides the rifle out from under Locke's arm and lifts it into his arms.

Locke glances around then notices the spotting scope wedged in the bottom of the wall.

Locke appears to measure the rifle against the space that the scope takes up.

Locke grabs the spotting scope and pulls at it.

The wall begins to tremble harder with each tug. Locke stops and press his palms gently against the wall, steadyng it.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why would you do that?

Locke drops the rifle.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You know that scope is all that's holding up the wall?

Locke flops onto the ground.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dean's scope.

Locke rests his back against the wall.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dead men's souvenirs. What are you
 going to take from Hobbs?
 (waiting)
 You think I'm evil... What I did
 was wrong?
 (waiting)
 Not going to talk?
 (waiting)
 Then you can listen. I learned
 English since I was ten. I watched
 American movies, the music, style,
 I became you. Became American. A
 teenager wearing fake Jordans and
 drinking coke. They should have
 killed me, the American soldiers.
 That would have been fair. But they
 took my soul. You see, Hobbs is
 dead but he doesn't know it. He is
 oblivious to his death. Imagine
 waking up every day knowing that
 you're dead. Knowing you don't have
 a soul. That's me. That's what I
 am.

Locke picks up the walkie, turns it off and drops it. The expression on his face: *ALL IS LOST*.

FROM AFAR:

Locke sits against the wall with a 'bloodstain of a man'
 lying dead in his arms.

Dust blows, grass bows, the raven perches on the branch of a tree and *caws*.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. IRAQI BADLANDS - WALL - LATER

Locke's face: dark grays of cement, spatters of scarlet blood, speckles of black, green and other mystery stains.

The stares out at nothing. Eyelids sagging, eyes barely open, jaw ajar; *he's waiting for death*.

Locke hears something. He glances over to Hobbs body next to him. The raven perches on top of Hobbs, pecking away at his chest.

Locke pulls his pistol and aims it at the raven. The raven in turn peers up at Locke.

Locke drops his arm, drops the guns and the raven flaps off.

His eyes roll towards the sniper rifle. He stares at it then picks it up, *grunting*, it seems heavy.

He caresses the grip. Strokes the barrel. He admires it.

He unloads the clip, peers at it and chuckles: it's empty.

He drops both down to the soil and peers up at the sky.

Long lonely beat...

Locke picks up the walkie, turns it on and brings it his lips.

LOCKE

You there?
(waiting)
Somewhere inside of you. You know
what right. You can't cut me up.

Only a buzz of static froths over the walkie.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You there?
(no response)
Where do you...
(to himself)
Keep going?

Locke brow rises; he has an idea -- epiphany.

He switches a knob on the walkie: static, he switches again, static, again and again, static and static and then:

VOICE (O.S.)
(*a whispering spiel of Arabic*)

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
(*a withering spiel of Arabic*)

Locke listens as the voices exchange whispers, indiscernible, spurts of swift ardent discourse, seems to be... *a debate?*

Locke listens to the remainder of the conversation. The word '*AMREEKA*' is used, then there's static...

Locke sits up quickly, showing his first spurt of energy and switches back to the original feed:

VOICE (O.S.)
...address your cap?

LOCKE
(on the walkie)
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you respect authority?

LOCKE
Fuck are you talking about?

VOICE (O.S.)
I think Americans don't have a
proper respect for authority.

Locke stares at the walkie. Confused.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I address my elders with sir and
your grace. You say, cap?

LOCKE
Why are you always asking weird
shit?

VOICE (O.S.)
It intrigues me, culture, language.
That you could say good day, cap
and not be punished.

LOCKE
Chillin' like a villain.

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me?

LOCKE
Chillin' like a villain, cap.
That's how I address him. We have
sausage barbecues together. There's
no superior, inferior B.S. with us.

VOICE (O.S.)
What type of barbecue?

LOCKE
Look, were you serious? Bout' what
you said. Cutting me up. You know I
don't deserve that... I don't.

VOICE (O.S.)
Tell me why you really carry around
that scope.

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(he speaks in Arabic, then
translates)

Why does it... how do you say...
clog the passages to your heart?

Beat...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It was your fault right? You got
him shot.

LOCKE

I shot him. Killed him. He went
to... confirm a kill. Enemy sniper.
Guy was playing possum. Started
shooting at Dean. I tried to shoot
back but... Bullet went right
through Dean...

(chokes up)

I lied... So much. Keeping the
story straight. Family, briefings,
just shooting the shit with the
boys. Gotta keep it straight and
the scope is the backbone of the
whole thing. I tell them I carry it
around cuz' Dean was my third eye
and it's like having him with me.
Fucking bullshit. His wife knew.
Can't believe I fucking said that
to her. Lied to everybody. Every
single person. Except you. Last
request. Don't cut me up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is that all you want?

LOCKE

What do you mean?

VOICE (O.S.)
Is that what you really want?

Locke pauses, considers.

LOCKE

I want you to let me go...

Extended beat...

VOICE (O.S.)
Stand up.

Locke sits even more frozen in place than before, shocked.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Stand up sergeant.

Locke shakes his head.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stand up and walk away.

LOCKE
You'll shoot.

VOICE (O.S.)
No.

LOCKE
You will...

VOICE (O.S.)
Barbecue sausages. Boston and that
seafood. Your inclination to say
somebody instead of someone. That
scope. The way you lie.

LOCKE
What are you talking about?

VOICE (O.S.)
In the moment when I truly
understand my enemy, understand him
utterly and completely, understand
him well enough to defeat him, then
in that very moment I also love
him. Orson Scott Card.

Beat... Locke pauses.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stand up. Walk away.

Beat... Locke poises to stand.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshair hover just above the top of the wall.

The scope pulls back slightly and discerns a shadow at the
edge of the wall, unfolding from a ball and straightening,
growing taller.

The slight movements from the scope disappear. The image
remains absolutely still.

WALL,

Locke stands with his back arched, his head is just below the crown of the wall.

Locke straightens up. He stares over the edge of the wall but from his expression he appears unable to breathe.

He appears dizzy standing there, then...

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs are settled in on the sweat-soaked hairs on his head.

WALL,

Locke appears even dizzier as if the muzzle of the rifle was against his head.

-BOOM-

A blast buzzes from over the walkie and Locke's feet collapses underneath him.

Locke hits the ground, gasping and holding his head.

He glances at the walkie, still loud with static.

LOCKE

You're gonna shoot me.

VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled by static)

I told you you could leave.

LOCKE

You're gonna shoot me no matter what. You lied to me about being out here alone.

The static fizzles out.

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

LOCKE

There's somebody else out here.

You're commander or spotter.

Somebody.

(no response)

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)
That was him just now? Huh? Asking
you why I'm standing?

VOICE (O.S.)
Relax sergeant...

LOCKE
Asking what we're talking about?

VOICE (O.S.)
It's almost over sergeant.

LOCKE
What's almost over?

The BUZZ of static returns but his time with indistinct
voices speaking on the other side.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Who's the other guy?

VOICE (O.S.)
Shhh.

LOCKE
Who's the other guy??

VOICE (O.S.)
Sergeant!!

Locke notices the raven on Hobbs' body. He kicks at the raven
and it flies off.

The voices over the walkie fades in and out, in again then
completely OUT.

LOCKE
(shaking his head)
Something's wrong.

VOICE (O.S.)
Nothing's wrong. I said you could
leave. Now leave.

LOCKE
No, something's off.

VOICE (O.S.)
Quiet.

LOCKE
Who's the other guy?

VOICE (O.S.)
Be quiet or I swear I will shoot
you.

LOCKE
No... you won't.

VOICE (O.S.)
If you want to talk let's trying
another channel.

LOCKE
Was that him? Just now...

VOICE (O.S.)
Another frequency...

LOCKE
On the walkie? Was that your guy?

VOICE
Sergeant...

LOCKE
Why won't you shoot me??

BUZZZZ, the static comes again. The voices come again, this time their voices are audible.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
(muffled by static)
...Mobile HQ Actual...

The voice is lost under gales of static.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Holy...

Locke glances down at his watch. It's **5:45**.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(on the walkie)
This is Operation Red Eye come in.

Static replies...

LOCKE (CONT'D)
This is Sergeant Allen Locke, come
in...

Again, static...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Copy, sergeant. Confirmation code.

LOCKE
A, L, One, Nine, Eight, Two, One,
Two, Zero, Four, O, R, E.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
That's a confirm --

-BOOM- A whirlwind of static burst out from the walkie.
There's a sharp whistle then the sound fades.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Callsign?

LOCKE
Sergeant Allen B. Locke.

VOICE (O.S.)
(under a buzz of static)
Sergeant, Allen B. Locke.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Affirm.

LOCKE
That other voice isn't me cap --

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Good to hear you again sergeant.

LOCKE
Cap? Can you hear...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
How you boys doing?

VOICE (O.S.)
Chillin' like a villain, cap.

LOCKE
What are you...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
How's the situation?

VOICE (O.S.)
Locked down. Couple of fucking
camel jockeys got lucky with the
construction guys. Took care of
em'.

LOCKE
Cap? ... CAP??

CAPTAIN KEYES
Site clean?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yup -- Yup.

LOCKE
What'd you do to my walkie?

Locke switches the knobs and pushes the buttons on his walkie to no avail.

VOICE (O.S.)
Need some help with the bodies though.

LOCKE
Don't listen!!

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Coming in with an extraction team as we speak.

LOCKE
(shouting, not on the walkie)
Stop it!!

VOICE (O.S.)
Will be good to see you, cap.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Just saw me yesterday.

Locke picks up bricks and starts tossing them over the wall.

LOCKE
CAPTAIN!! ... CAPTAIN!!

VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Getting soft on me boy?

Locke falls to the ground out of breath, out of hope.

VOICE (O.S.)
(nervous chuckle)
Just a little out of it.

Locke rolls onto his chest and brings his eyes to the scope.

SPOTTING SCOPE:

The scope swings back and forth, glancing at, more than searching, the desolate backdrop.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Yeah, I hear it in your voice.
Might be the static though.

VOICE (O.S.)
Might be.

The scope pans past the dead soldier.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
A lot of static on your end. Can't
hear your voice clearly.

The scope returns to the soldier, loiters on him.

VOICE (O.S.)
Need some of that BBQ sausage.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
We'll hook you heroes up with some
homegrown when we get you back.

The scope zooms in on the walkie in the soldier's hand.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's what I like to hear, bro.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Bro?
(chuckles)
Look, are we coming in heavy armor?

VOICE (O.S.)
No we're out here chillin',
shooting the shit. No need for
armor. Just up the ridge. You'll
see a wall. Head for it.

The scope pushes in on a wound on the soldier's leg
(practically the same spot as Locke's wound) then a second
wound on the soldier's head.

WALL,

LOCKE
(into the walkie)
How many times have you done this?

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
All right. We're already en route.

LOCKE
Construct guys call for security
detail.

VOICE (O.S.)
Sounds good.

LOCKE
Security calls for us.

VOICE (O.S.)
ETA?

LOCKE
I call for them.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
ETA...

LOCKE
Get to know me... Piece of shit!!

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
An hour twenty -- thirty.

LOCKE
(to himself)
Camouflaging yourself... in me.

VOICE (O.S.)
Before nightfall I hope, over --

The raven *CAWS* over the walkie but is suddenly cut off --

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Put Hobbs on the line.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hobbs is taking a piss --

The raven *CAWS* again but the again its cut off --

Locke peers out into the distance, leans forward, squints...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
 (chuckling)
 Ask him if he has any vagisil. You
 can rub it on those problem areas.

VOICE (O.S.)
 (forced chuckle)
 I'll let em' know, over --

Again the raven *CAWS* and again its cut off --

Locke picks up the sniper rifle in front of him and lifts it
 into the distance he discerns the:

RAVEN

It's perched on the branch of a withering tree. This *BRANCH*
 juts out, *unnoticeably peculiar*.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
 So I'm assuming 19:00 hours.

Closer in on the tree, the details of that *branch* come into
 focus. It's stiff -- unbending.

VOICE (O.S.)
 We'll keep an out for you when...

Even **closer in** on the tree, an *EYE* blinks, emerging from
 between the stillness of the stems and withering leaves. Lips
 emerge just after, moving, speaking:

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Cap...

The 'branch' is in fact a rifle's barrel, camouflaged in
 earth tone paint and affixed foliage.

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
 Yes, sergeant?

The man behind the voice returns to his single, visible eye
 to the scope:

VOICE'S SCOPE:

Circular view. The scope swings past a monotonous landscape
 and focuses in on Locke staring back at him with a rifle.

VOICE (O.S.)
 I have to go.

WALL,

Locke drops the rifle. His expression is knotted up in disbelief.

LOCKE
(whispering to himself)
Two shooters...

CAPTAIN KEYES (O.S.)
Copy, sergeant. Over and out.

VOICE (O.S.)
Over and out.

Locke sits and mulls. *What the fuck??* Then he realizes that the conversation is over.

He listens to the silence. *Paranoia.* His shoulders fold in on his chest. He cringes...

-BANG-

The bullet swipes by Locke's head and blasts into the wall behind him.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You see me?

The wall begins to shake. Locke places his hands against it, attempting to hold it up.

There's a hole in the wall where the missing brick was. Locke searches for something to fill the hole. He notices:

Hobbs, there's a notebook his hand. Locke snatches it from Hobbs' hand and shoves it into the hole.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You figured it out?

The wall begins to steady...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Finally stopped using that scope.

-BANG-

Another bullet SLAMS into cement. Mortar shrapnel and dust spew out.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Finally stopped looking back.

Locke scrambles desperately to find something else; he returns to Hobbs' body and opens the other closed fist:

In Hobb's bloody palm is a BULLET. Locke pauses for an *extended beat*...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I am actually trying to hit you.
I'm not a sniper. Never was. I'm a
spotter. *Like you.*

Locke's gaze drop to the rifle below him.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Juba, the shooter behind you. Once
the wall's down he'll end this.

LOCKE
(to himself)
The scope, an extension of my eyes.

Locke turns to the spotting scope at the base of the wall and kicks it.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
The trigger, an extension of my
fist.

Locke kicks again.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
I am a semi-God.

Again...

LOCKE (CONT'D)
A demi-automatic-God.

And again and again and AGAIN...

LOCKE (CONT'D)
And I strike, you, DOWN!!

The spotting scope's lens BURSTS out of its metal frame.

The wall crumbles down on the scope and tumbles down on and around Locke.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs swing back and forth over the billowing dust cloud. There's no visibility.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
(Arabic dialogue.)

VOICE'S SCOPE:

The crosshairs pan over the debris and soot. Within the cage of dust and debris there's noise -- there's movement.

VOICE (O.S.)
(Arabic Dialogue)

WALL (RESIDUE),

Shuffling and *Clicking* are audible underneath the tent of dust and soot.

Then a beat of silence... then a **FLASH** of light spits out a **SONIC BOOM**.

We whip across the expanse just in time to see:

TREE,

Blood bursts from a bulging branch on a tree:

The bulge unfolds into a splay of lifeless limps.

Revealing the man behind the voice, he hangs from the branch, face painted brown, blood red emerging from his forehead.

GHOST SCOPE:

The crosshairs move from the tree back to the rising and gradually dissipating debris and dust.

Movement becomes visible, the crosshairs follow:

Hobbs' rifle turns 180 degrees, moving its direction from the tree to the crosshairs.

The crosshairs zero in on Locke, positioned behind the rifle's scope.

Both riflemen are aimed at each other... *Beat...* **-BANG-**

We follow the invisibly fast bullet back across the expanse to the:

WALL,

The bullet cuts through the glass scope on Hobb's rifle, breaks through the other side and bursts his head into a geyser of bloody brain matter.

What remains of the head flops downward lifelessly, spilling blood onto Hobbs' rifle and scope.

EXT. IRAQI BADLANDS - CONTINUOUS

Scrawny shrubs. Patches of grass. Pebbles and sand and sand and sand.

One particular patch of sand begins to shudder, shake, shift away and *something* beneath it emerges -- *someone* emerges:

The GHOST emerges from beneath the soil and sand, goggles over his eyes, a rag wrapped around his mouth, his hair like a dusty patch of weeds.

The scope to his rifle is attached to his goggles and he takes them off. Behind the goggles his dark, bloodshot red eyes stare out at the:

WALL,

The ghost approaches the wall, rifle still in his hand. Thirty six dog tags hang from his neck and jingle as he steps forward.

The ghost peers out to the body of his comrade hanging from the tree. He gestures to the body and:

GHOST
(says a short prayer in arabic)

The ghost peers down at the body below him and pulls the dog tag from around his neck.

He strolls off into the distance, the setting sun and places the bloody dog tag over his own neck.

GHOST (CONT'D)
(A short prayer in arabic ending
with the name he reads from the dog
tag): **Brandon Hobbs**.

The headless body lying in the rubble begins to move --

-- From underneath Locke emerges -- pistol in hand -- taking aim as the ghost saunters off, some twenty feet away.

The ghost stops, almost knowingly but doesn't turn around.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: *Juba (ghost) the pseudonym of the sniper involved in the Iraqi insurgency.*

He has claimed to have killed at least 37 American soldiers.

Juba mysteriously disappeared in 2009, never being caught.

Dead or alive...