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FADE IN:

EXT - MOTOR POOL - DAY

SPECIALIST 4 LILA Cain, 20's, a surfer girl in cammies, trudges across asphalt talking to her best friend

SPECIALIST 4 KIM MONTGOMERY, also 20's, wearing glasses, thin and swallowed by her too big uniform.

LILA

I can't find anything! It's soooo frustrating. I spent all day Saturday looking.

KIM

You might have to go into Frankfurt.

LILA

Who's got time for that? This inspection is killing me.

KIM

Maybe you can sneak off and get it after you get back Stateside.

LILA

Nope. No time. We fly in on a Thursday, spend all day Friday fighting jet lag and do the ceremony on Saturday.

KIM

Wow, that's gonna be tough.

They stop in front of a garage bay full of trucks.

Some trucks have pairs of legs sticking out from under them.

LILA

Gotta go put a boot up Kerr's ass. If he don't get that generator up and running. I'm screwed.

KIM

Whaddya gonna do about his surprise?

LILA

Guess I'll email my Mom. Maybe she'll have an idea. I wish we were doing this in my hometown!

KIM
You crazy? You're complaining
about getting hitched in Hawaii?

LILA
You've never had to plan it from
thousands of miles away.

KIM
I don't care, I'd be all over it.

LILA
We still going to the Italian place
tonight?

KIM
It's Tuesday, ain't it?

LILA
Maybe I'll look in that little shop
next to the--

A large black man, SSG RONNIE TAYLOR, 30's slides out from
under a truck, wrench in one hand, and a scowl on his face.

TAYLOR
You two need to quit jibber -
jabbering and get back to work.

LILA
OK, Sarge.

TAYLOR
Don't call me Sarge!

She winks at Kim, flicks her eyes in his direction

LILA
See ya tonight.

Kim gives a wave over her shoulder as she saunters away from
her friend.

LILA
Hey, Sergeant Taylor, is Kerr
around?

TAYLOR
In the office.

Lila walks towards the back of the garage where there's a
makeshift office made out of plywood and a few two by fours.

A grungy door hangs open.

Loud banging comes from inside it.

She walks in to find PFC JOHN KERR, 20's, gangly, with oil stained hands, kicking a copy machine stand.

KERR
Damn machine!

LILA
What's wrong

KERR
Damn thing. Jammed again.

LILA
You gotta quit banging on it.

KERR
No, I don't.

LILA
Here, let me.

She opens the machine and begins to pull bits of paper from between clogged gears.

KERR
That thing hates me.

LILA
I'd hate you too if you kicked me all the time.

KERR
Yeah, well you don't make me want to kick you.

LILA
I might. How's my generator coming?

KERR
'Bout as well as my copies are.

LILA
Aw, c'mon! The inspection's in 3 weeks! And it's still not fixed? Everything's gotta be good to go.

KERR
 Hey, don't bust my chops, I'm still waiting for the guys to weld that mending plate on.

LILA
 What? They haven't done it yet?

KERR
 You might have to bribe'em...

LILA
 With what? I can't afford jack.

KERR
 Cookies.

She closes the door to the machine and it begins a quiet whir as it resets itself.

LILA
 There. Cookies? For real?

KERR
 Ryan's been whining that he wants some chocolate chip with nuts. Like the ones your Mom sent you that time.

LILA
 OK, I'll email her. I gotta ask her about something else anyway.

INT - RESTAURANT -NIGHT

Lila rushes in, cranes her head looking for Kim. She spies Kim sitting with two guys in a booth. She hurries over.

Kim sips wine with SPECIALIST 4 Tommy Ryan, 20's, his red hair and freckles announces he's as Irish as his name.

Across from them, nursing a beer, sits SERGEANT DEAN WILCOX, crewcut, butch-waxed, in his late 20's and Lila's fiancée.

LILA
 Sorry I'm late.

DEAN
 Hey babe, been wondering what happened to ya.

He gets up to let her into the booth, kissing her quickly as she slides by.

KIM
Any luck?

LILA
No.

DEAN
You're still looking for my Groom's gift, ain't cha? What is it? You can tell me...

LILA
It's just a surprise and none of your business.

DEAN
Will I like it?

LILA
No, you'll hate it. C'mon Kim, I gotta to the bathroom.

INT - BATHROOM- NIGHT

Kim examines herself in the mirror as Lila does her lips.

KIM
Find anything?

LILA
No. Same old same old. White, cotton, booring. That's 2 department stores, 5 boutiques and I got nothing. I'm so pissed.

KIM
You might have to give it up.

LILA
No! I'll figure something out. I'm gonna email Mom.

KIM
Wish I could talk to my Mom about that kinda stuff. You're so lucky.

LILA
It's only cause I'm getting it for
my wedding night. Otherwise, she
would totally wig.

MONTAGE:

Lila sits at a computer, typing.

Lila climbs down off a truck in the Motor Pool, a smudge of
grease on her cheek. She looks exhausted.

Lila sits in another makeshift office, papers stacked around
her. A clock shows the time as 8:30. Moonlight falls on her
as she continues to work.

Lila jockeys a truck into place, lining it up perfectly with
the other trucks already parked in a neat row.

Lila sits at a computer, reading, she grins and pumps her
fists at what she reads.

SUPER: 2 WEEKS LATER

INT - MAIL ROOM - DAY

Lila strolls towards her mailbox, dials in the combination
and opens it to find a lone key sitting there waiting for
her.

LILA
Yes! Cookie time!

She takes the key and walks to a larger mailbox, opens it and
pulls out a medium size box.

Just then a group of guys, Kerr and Ryan are among them,
jostle their way into the mail room.

They all check their mail boxes.

Kerr gets nothing, looks around and sees Lila with the box.

KERR
Look guys, Cain's got a care
package.

Lila grins and shakes the box at them.

LILA
Wanna cookie, little boy?

RYAN

Hell yeah, I love your Mom's cookies. Did ya tell her what I wanted?

LILA

Dude, my Mom's not a bakery. Ya can't place an order. We get what she sends. OK?

RYAN

I don't care what it is. Long as it don't come from the damn mess hall, I'm good to go.

KERR

Maybe it's those butterscotch bars.

RYAN

Or fudge!

KERR

Di vi ni ty!

RYAN

No, jackass, that's only for Christmas!

KERR

Oh, yeah.
(distracted)
I love me some Di vi ni ty.

RYAN

Hey, are those my goodies or what?

LILA

They're only yours if you patched my generator trailer.

RYAN

I done it yesterday. Now, gimme my goodies!

LILA

Down, boy. Let me open the box!

She begins to open the box, as she tugs on the box top, her fiancée comes into the room.

DEAN

Hey babe, whatcha got?

