

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - DAY TIME

WHITLOCK emerges from the Colonels office and starts across the street. He's met by TROOPER MUMFORD. No one is sure how old MUMFORD is, but he's probably the oldest soldier on the post.

He follows WHITLOCK as he walks toward the barracks.

MUMFORD

Hey Sergeant Major! What did he say?

WHITLOCK

He said i should make you shave!

MUMFORD

Aw, C'mon! What about last night? Are you gonna be thrown back in the stockade?

WHITLOCK

Maybe. But not just now. We have a mission.

MUMFORD

We, meaning you and me? Thank God! I ain't killed a savage in near on to two weeks!

WHITLOCK

Yeah, well this isn't that sort of mission.

They stop and MUMFORD tries to role a cigarette. His hands are shaky and he can't get it done.

Whitlock takes the makings from him and starts to role a smoke.

MUMFORD

I don't much care what we're doing. Just get me outside this damn fence! And I could use a few days away form Lowe too!

WHITLOCK

He's commanding the patrol.

WHITLOCK finishes the smoke and sticks in MUMFODS mouth. He strikes a match and gives his friend a light.

MUMFORD

A patrol with Lowe? After last
night?

MUMFORD scratches his cheek and begins to smile.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

I reckon that ota be entertaining!
When do we leave?

As WHITLOCK Answers, MUMFORD see's LOWE walking up behind
him.

WHITLOCK

First light tomorrow.

MUMFORD

Umm...Okay...I better get going!

He trots off leaving WHITLOCK standing alone.

WHITLOCK

What the hell got into him?

LOWE

Sergeant Whitlock!

WHITLOCK is surprised at LOWE's presence. He realizes why
MUMFORD ran off. He looks after him and smiles. Under his
breath he says

WHITLOCK

Mumford! You bastard!