

Round 2 Cyberspace Open 2010

Ian Murillo  
6063 2 Mile Road  
East Leroy, MI 49051  
Ipmurillo@aol.com  
Order Number: 28081

EXT. PHU BAI AIRBASE - DAY

Convection waves rise from the tarmac blurring the airfield as CAPTAIN GRANT JACKSON and STEVE stride towards a Kingbee helicopter.

Grant grinds his teeth as he sets the pace. Large pit stains mar his otherwise pristine uniform.

GRANT JACKSON  
And Jaffey confirmed he sent the  
transmission two days ago?

Carrying his suit coat Steve nods. His collared shirt clings to his round sweaty body like a sausage casing. His tie droops like a wilting flower.

GRANT JACKSON  
Doesn't make sense.

EXT. KINGBEE - DAY

Hunkered down in the shade of the Kingbee is a small dark skinned figure, HIEP. Watching the men approach he removes his salt stained cap and wipes the sweat from his brow.

EXT. PHU BAI AIRBASE - DAY

Steve nods towards Hiep.

STEVE  
There's our guy.

Grant suddenly drops to one knee to re-tie his boot, briefly patting his head.

GRANT JACKSON  
Steve I don't know if I can do  
this.

STEVE  
We've been over this. Charlie  
knows you're sending a hatchet team  
to A Shau Valley. They know the  
insertion point. They know the  
objective. Hell they probably know  
what you ate for breakfast this  
morning thanks to that son of a  
bitch.

Grant looks up at Steve.

STEVE

You insert your team and the VC will wait until the choppers leave and attack the squad. Operation Roulette will fail. Your men will die. It's time to handle this.

(Grant rises)

If you don't, I will.

Grant inspects his sidearm, a semiautomatic .45. Chambering a round he holsters the weapon.

EXT. KINGBEE - DAY

Hiep's eyes are the size of saucers as the pair approach.

STEVE

Shall we go then.

Smiling widely Steve motions to Hiep to go first.

HIEP

(tapping his head)

Grant, I saw the signal. Where's the danger?

Surprise registers on Steve's face as he spins in time to see Grant swing at him with his .45. The impact of the muzzle crushes Steve's left cheek bone spinning his body and causing him to pass out.

GRANT JACKSON

Get him in! Start her up!

The young door gunners, OLSEN and BLACK, hoist Steve's body up as the men scurry aboard.

The chopper engine farts smoke as it clicks and whirs.

INT. KINGBEE - DAY

The metal cabin is filled with a whoomping sound from the propellers.

Mouth agape Hiep stares in amazement as Grant retrieves a hidden gun from Steve's suit coat before stripping the unconscious man of his clothing with a survival knife.

GRANT JACKSON

(mumbling)

More than one way to skin a cat.

HIEP  
What's happening?

GRANT JACKSON  
He's been selling us out.

Steve opens his eyes.

HIEP  
No, he's number one intel.

Regaining consciousness Steve starts to struggle.

GRANT JACKSON  
He was going to kill you.

Hiep does a double take before grabbing a handful of Steve's hair and striking him repeatedly in his face. The beating continues until Steve once again passes out.

HIEP  
(in Vietnamese)  
Mother Fucker.  
(in English)  
What now?

EXT. KINGBEE - DAY

High above the beautiful Vietnamese countryside the helicopter buzzes.

Harnessed into his door gunner port Black leans out of the craft. Looking down he observes the body of Steve dangling from an insertion harness.

Steve's limp body, now clad in fatigues, hangs upside down like bait. His arms are tied behind his back. Air blasts his bloody face reviving him. Instantly he begins screaming and flailing around.

INT. KINGBEE - DAY

The thumping of the blades muffle the voices in the cabin causing the men to speak louder.

BLACK  
Sir! Your boy's awake.

GRANT JACKSON  
Olsen. Help us pull him up.

In unison, Grant, Hiep and Olsen move to the thick rope securing Steve's harness. Slowly they pull the rope hand over hand. When Steve is close enough Black pulls him in.

Rolling Steve onto his back Grant straddles his captive, immobilizing him with his knees.

GRANT JACKSON

Were you working with Jaffey?

(no response)

Tell me what I want to know and I won't kill you.

STEVE

Fuck you! You couldn't even kill this little slope, how are you going to kill me.

GRANT JACKSON

I don't have time for this shit. Give him some air.

EXT. KINGBEE - DAY

Once again Steve hangs upside down from the chopper.

Grant leans out over the edge, survival knife in hand, and begins sawing through the insertion line.

STEVE

It was Jaffey! It was Jaffey!

Grant continues to saw.

STEVE

It was Jaffey! Pull me up!

INT. KINGBEE - DAY

Restrained by Black and Olsen Steve sits on the floor of the vibrating Kingbee.

STEVE

We've been running drugs. Your insertions into Laos have been disrupting the delivery of heroine. Jaffey coordinates the trafficking with CIA Special Activities Division.

OLSEN  
CIA bastards!

Grant makes a downward spiraling signal to Hiep who moves to the cockpit.

The cabin pitches forward as the helicopter begins it's descent.

STEVE  
Sacrificing a few soldiers helps us maintain more control in the surrounding countries.

Touching down Grant forces Steve out at gunpoint.

STEVE  
You said you weren't going to kill me.

GRANT JACKSON  
I'm not. I'm leaving you here.

STEVE  
Here? Where are we?

GRANT JACKSON  
You don't recognize this place? You should. This is the A Shau Valley. This is the target you gave up you son of a bitch. This is Roulette.

The color drains from Steve's face.

GRANT JACKSON  
It's like you said Steve, they know the insertion point and the objective. They'll wait for the chopper to leave and then they'll attack. And hell, by the time they're done disemboweling you, they'll even know what you ate for breakfast.

Steve collapses into a ball as Grant sprints to the chopper.

Tracer rounds aimed at Steve's position erupt from a nearby tree line.

As the chopper rises Steve is slowly surrounded by NVA soldiers.