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Battalion

By Michael Miller

(weighty instrumental music)

(blasting)

(weighty instrumental music)

(mid-tempo pop music)

[Woman] Chicken's almost done.

Mom?

I'll start preparing
the salad if you like?

Sure, that'd be
great Margaret.

I'll get you a few
things for it.

Mom, I'm hungry.

We'll eat soon,
Jennifer, okay,
as soon as your
father gets here.

Thank you.

Do you think we've
got enough beer?

He won't want beer
when he gets home.

He's gonna need whiskey.

Now, David, don't go
getting Christopher drunk now.

Why not? He's on shore leave,
he can do whatever he wants.

I hope he'll wanna spend
time with his family.

What about John?

Is he planning on
showing up tonight?

John? Planning something?

There's a new one.

Well, maybe you
should give him a call.

He'll wanna be here.

I've tried three
times already.

He never answers.

I'll try again.

(vibrating)

(mid-tempo pop music)

(vibrating)

Really?
Hey bro, good game.
Thanks dude.
Although, I think
you take this shit
a little too seriously, man.
It's just street football.
That's because we're
the best, brah.
You guys are delusional.
Yeah, street football
is like our thing.
Unlike people running
you down like that.
He's just jealous,
dude, forget about it.
So, I take it you
guys play a lot?
Oh yeah, all the time.
We're like backyard
champions of LA.
(giggling)
Yeah, from Glendale all
the way down to Long Beach.
Past Long Beach,
bro, way past.
Yeah, but we're unstoppable.
John here, he's our
secret weapon.
Who's on the barbecue?
It smells awesome.
(laughs)
He's drunk.
Well, it's good
to have skills.
What, drinking?
He's really good at that.
No, I mean...
I think it's his last drawing.
(laughing)
I have skills too, by the way.
Really? You mean besides
running with a ball?
Oh.

(laughs)

I'm sorry.

That's fair, kind of.

What other skills do you have?

I fix things.

Really? Like what?

Anything, stuff
around the house,
plumbing, motorbikes.

I just spent a month
up at Big Sur
helping a guy build
a pizza oven.

It took a month to
build a pizza oven?

Man, this thing was huge.

You could fit like
five pizzas at once.

Plus, I had a lot
of cervezas, okay.

I'm a busy man.

Actually, you know what?

I think I might need
something fixed.

Really?

Yeah, my truck,
there is this noise.

Your truck has a noise?

Yeah.

I think I should
come around some time
and take a look at your truck.

What are you doin' tomorrow?

Well...

(vibrating)

Is this your phone, dude?

Yeah.

It's been ringing
all afternoon.

Hello.

Hey! Where are you going?

I have to go.

I'll call you tomorrow.

He's always doing that.

But I didn't give
him my number.
Oh, I'll give you his number.
Good.
'Cause I really need
my truck fixed.
Sure.
(splashing)
(weighty instrumental music)
(blasting)
(weighty instrumental music)
(beeping)
(weighty instrumental music)
(upbeat instrumental music)
Despite what you've
seen in the movies,
traveling through
space is not the same
as driving down the I-95,
where the speed limit's
more of a suggestion
than an actual limit.
The speed of light is it.
Nothing moves faster.
Even at that speed it
would take decades
to reach our closest neighbors.
For now, we're stuck
here on this rock, Earth.
Boring.
(laughing)
Well, let's not
forget that this boring
little planet is home.
It looks pretty small from here,
but it holds everything
in your life.
Your family, your friends,
everything you've ever known,
everything you wanna be.
It's all we've got, so take
care of it, protect it.
(mid-tempo instrumental music)
Hey Tracy!

Hi!
Ugh! I am so glad
this week's over.
Wait, you actually
have weekends?
I know I should
be researching,
but it's so hard.
You know, Melissa,
you don't actually
have to go to every
party you're invited to.
I know.
Actually speaking of parties,
what are your plans
this weekend?
Well, if you must know,
I'm going on a date tonight.
A date!
I thought I was the one
having too much fun.
Who's the lucky guy?
I, I kind of met him online.
It's probably gonna
be a total disaster.
No, don't say that.
Online dating is totally fine.
Ever normal people are
doing it these days.
Wow, you're really filling me
with confidence right
now, thanks Mel.
Look, if he turns
out to be a jerk,
I'm having some
people over tomorrow,
you should totally come.
We'll drink champagne,
we can laugh about it,
and then by mid afternoon
you'll be too drunk to care.
(weighty instrumental music)
Hello! Earth to Ms. Gleeson.
Sorry.

So, you're thinking of
joining the army now?
Seriously?
Lunch tomorrow sounds good.
Good, because I
bought this new dress,
and I'm not sure but
I think I'll wear it.
It's just the
perfect little cut.
It's got this heart shape here.
We should stop for
a seismic, Stan.
Yeah, we just did.
We're runnin' out of time.
We need to reach the objective.
Remember what Jackson said,
measure stealth not speed.
And keep your mouth shut.
(pensive instrumental music)
(beeping)
(weighty instrumental music)
You want more gravy?
Chris?
- What?
- Gravy?
No, thank you.
[Jennifer] Uncle John!
Hey!
Argh! Sorry I'm late.
I had a bunch of errands to run.
Thanks for coming, John.
It's good to see ya' buddy!
Give your damn
brother a hug, Chris.
[John] It's good
to have you back.
Thanks.
I hear you made Lieutenant.
I thought you might
want these to celebrate.
Thanks, man.
Come and eat, John.
There's plenty left.

Smells awesome, thanks.

Hey!

Chicken, potatoes.

[John] Great!

So, have you been keeping
yourself busy, John?

Yeah, ever since

I came back to LA,

it's just been nonstop.

Been fixin' up this guy's
kitchen for the past week.

Plumbing, is it?

Carpentry mostly.

Bench tops, cabinet

doors, that kind of thing.

He wants to turn the house
into a bed and breakfast,

you know, one of those
internet things.

Internet things?

Yeah, don't ask

me how it works,

but a bunch of my

friends are doing it.

Well, it's a great achievement
owning your own home,

something you could aspire to.

Sure, I'll just wait

for the 1940s to come back

so I could afford it.

(laughing)

Well, things ain't

what they used to be,

but when Margaret and

I bought our first home

up in Granada Hills there

was almost nothing there.

And it was cheap land too.

Excuse me.

(slow instrumental music)

(slow piano music)

Good evening.

Do you have a booking tonight?

Yeah...

I'm with that guy,
I think, sort of?
That's fine, go on through.
[Tracy] Byron?
- Yes, Tracy.
- That's me.
- Hi.
- Sorry I'm late.
No, it's fine,
take a seat, please.
So, have you looked
at the menu, or...
Yeah, yeah, it looks good.
That's the wine list though.
Oh, of course, right.
(chuckles)
Good evening, how are you?
Can I get you two anything
to drink to start off?
Yeah, wine please.
Merlot.
[Waiter] Sure, a glass?
Bottle.
Did you want somethin'
to drink, or?
Maybe we could
share the Merlot?
Great idea, two
glasses please.
[Waiter] Sure.
Thank you.
Sorry, I'm nervous.
That's fine, just relax.
I know, I know, I'll be fine.
Merlot's coming.
Hmm.
You're not gonna bail
on me now, are ya'?
(pensive instrumental music)
I don't know what
you've been through,
but it's good to have
you back, Brother.
I'm not back.

Not really.

Okay, I understand that,
but it's just straight logic.
If there are infinite universes
with infinite variations
then somewhere
there must be a universe
that's just like ours
with a galaxy just like ours,
even the same planet Earth,
even the same us at a
restaurant drinking
too much red wine.

Just 'cause it seems
logical doesn't make it true.

We can't even do
tests to find out
if there are actually
parallel universes.

But what about CERN?
CERN hasn't proven anything.

It's pointless just
even talkin' about this.

We might as well be
discussing astrology.

Okay, fine.

What would you like
to talk about then?
I don't know, astrology.
You're not enjoying
this are you?

I'm sorry.

I'm probably just tired.
I spend all day talkin'
about this stuff,
and to be honest I'm
kind of over it.

Can we just get the
check, please?

Sure.

Excuse me, can we have
the check please?

[Radio] The president has
promised to continue

the mission in Northern
Africa for as long
as it takes to secure peace.
Despite American casualties
now numbering over 5,000,
and many soldiers
returning from the region
will face years of
rehabilitation,
both physically and
psychologically.
Can you believe people
are actually signing up
to fight in this stupid war?
Anyone dumb enough to
enlist in the military
deserves what's coming to them.
Maybe some things
aren't that simple.
War is stupid.
It seems pretty simple to me.
Can we not talk
about this, please?
Sure.

(slow piano music)

(weighty instrumental music)

(beeping)

(weighty instrumental music)

(beeping)

(weighty instrumental music)

(beeping)

(weighty instrumental music)

(gunfire)

(suspenseful instrumental music)

(beeping)

(gunfire)

(suspenseful instrumental music)

(blasting)

(gunfire)

(gunfire)

Good work.

Thanks.

(pensive instrumental music)

(gunfire)

(pensive electronic music)

That's our objective.

How are we supposed

to get up there?

We'll crawl from

the northwest.

But for now, we need to place

to hold off for the night.

Any idea what those are?

Old forts from the war?

The last one.

Let's check it out.

(pensive instrumental music)

Mai Tai?

What?

I can't drink both

of these myself.

Sure.

Thanks.

Damn, it's hot.

[Woman] Yeah.

I think there's a

thunderstorm coming, though.

Yeah, I heard thunder.

So, how's it lookin'?

(giggles)

It's looking really good.

I meant the car.

Oh, the car, right.

Yeah, it's gonna

need a lot of work.

I might have to

clear my schedule.

(laughing)

[Man Over Radio]

Dude, I'm sorry,

I'm gonna have to

stop you there.

There was a report

coming in of some kind

of attack in the South Pacific.

People are saying a

bunch of giant aircraft

just appeared out of nowhere.

They're like, not from Earth.
[Man Over Radio] What? Wow!
[Man Over Radio] Yeah!
The president's about
to make an announcement.
(weighty instrumental music)
[Reporter] What we're
seeing now is video footage
recorded just a few
hours ago in Manila,
where the US Navy is engaged
in a full scale battle.
This is truly astonishing
what we're seeing here.
More reports are coming in from
all over the South Pacific.
This is crazy.
Parallel universes.
What?
Does anyone have
family on the West Coast?
I have an aunt
in Santa Barbara,
but this is happening
in the Philippines.
It's just starting.
Tell your aunt to head east,
as far from the
Pacific as possible.
But where are you going?
I think I'm gonna
follow my brother.
But didn't her brother die?
(weighty instrumental music)
I don't care, just any
flight heading northeast.
- Mom, Mom...
- Toronto if possible.
What's going on?
David, no, carry on
will have you drawing.
Sir, as soon as
my family is safe,
I'll drive straight

to Pendleton.
Chris, I can help.
Just a second, sir.
They want me back right away.
I'll get 'em to the airport.
You could trust me.
(pensive instrumental music)
I'll be there right away, sir.
God damn, worse timing.
Anne's car is in the shop,
and I need mine to
get to the base.
Can you take yours?
Yeah, yeah, of course.
(pensive instrumental music)
I have to go.
We've got a flight in
two and a half hours.
You go, we'll be fine.
(sentimental instrumental music)
Be good for your mom, okay.
(sentimental instrumental music)
Watch your back, son.
Always.
Come on, my car's ready.
Why don't you
come with us, John?
I'm sure they'll be
room on the plane.
I'm gonna stay.
- Help out however I can.
- You're a good man, John.
Come on, let's get some bags.
(pensive instrumental music)
- Everyone buckled up?
- Yes!
(car stuttering)
You should take better
care of your car, John.
The key's gettin' messy.
John, we're gonna
miss the flight.
Perhaps we should call a cab?
No, I know someone

who could help.
Yeah, I know we've
missed this flight,
what I'm asking is if we
could get a connecting flight
from somewhere else,
take this exit.
I know, I've driven
to LAX before!
I don't care, anywhere
around there will do.
Greenland would be fine.
- Montreal?
- Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, Montreal.
Great! Book that in!
We're on our way, thank you.
Hope you all can speak French,
you're goin' to Montreal.
That's wonderful,
thank you John.
Is it a direct flight?
Stop over in San Fran,
but it's only an hour.
We're saying ciao by nightfall.
Well, that's Italian, John,
- but thank you nonetheless.
- You're welcome.
You're sure you
won't come with us.
No, there's something
else I gotta do.
Almost, they'll be fine.
Chris, I gotta ask
you something...
I want to enlist, bro.
Tell me what I gotta do.
(slow instrumental music)
(blasting)
(slow instrumental music)
(blasting)
(weighty instrumental music)
Today...
The sun rises on a new chapter

in our nation's history,
and the history of every
nation in the world.

Today...

For the first time in
over half a century...

Our world is at war.

We are both extremely saddened
by the death of your
family, Lieutenant.

We want you to know
that Anne, Jennifer,
and your mother and
father are in the thoughts
and prayers of all of
us in the 15th MEU.

We will fight in their honor,
and the honor of
everyone who was killed
in the attack on Los Angeles.

I promise we will not
stop until every one
of those metal bastards
is driven back
to wherever the hell
they came from.

I'll go wherever I'm needed.

I'll fight if I have to.

- Lieutenant...

- Outstanding, Lieutenant!

Your resilience in North
Africa was inspirational.

What I wanted to say was...

And we both believe
that you would make
and excellent platoon
leader of the 15th.

I'd be honored, sir.

Fortunately, we have
some time though.

For now, the 15th is
taking some time to rest,
to take stock and recharge.

We're all needed after the hell

we went through over there.
We lost a lot of good Marines.
Yeah, it was a
shit storm, all right,
but we still kicked their asses,
and we will do the same
again when we take
the fight up to these metal
bastards across the Pacific.
But right now, we got
a bunch of new recruits
heading off to Paris
Island for training,
and I need someone who
can kick 'em into shape
before they ship
out in 10 weeks.
You think you can do that?
Certainly, sir.
There are counselors on that
base there too, Lieutenant.
I know nothing will
ever make it right,
but they can help you cope.
Yeah...
There ain't no therapy
like screaming your ass off
at a bunch of wet
knuckleheads (laughs).
Am I right, Lieutenant?
(laughing)
Look, I need my best men
in this fight, Jackson.
So, you do whatever
you gotta do.
Go check on your
brother, John, right?
He's on his way to Paris
Island right now.
I have my doubts
about him, sir.
Well, if anyone can make
soldiers of these boys,
it's you, Lieutenant.

I'll certainly try, sir.
I know you will.
The more we push him, Colonel,
the worse it'll be for
him when he breaks.
I'm all right with that, Major.
Just as long as we win.
(clears throat)
Is this seat taken?
I'm Tracy.
Oh, John.
You can probably call me Blake.
Oh, right, sir names, yeah.
Uh, Gleeson.
So, has anyone shouted
in your face yet?
No.
- Does that really happen?
- Yeah, I think so.
Oh.
To be honest this was kind of
a spur of the moment thing.
I don't know how I
feel about it yet.
Not much we can
do about it now.
Yeah, I think that's only
just starting to hit me.
What the hell are
you knuckleheads doing?
Get your asses out
here and fall in line?
Move, move, move!
Stand up straight!
Eyes front!
What is your name?
Eyes front, god dammit!
When I give you an
order, you will obey.
Now what the fuck is your name?
Dreyfus, sir.
No, it is not!
What is your name?
Eyes front, god dammit!

Lewis, sir!
No, it is not!
What is your name?
Wilcox, sir!
Wrong!
What is your name!
Gleeson, sir, it
really is Gleeson!
No, it is not!
What is your name?
It's John Blake, really.
It's on my driver's license
if you wanna take a look.
Really?
You wanna show me
your drivers license?
Then show it to me!
No?
That's right, you can't
show me your drivers license
because all your stuff
was confiscated
before you arrived
on this island!
So, were you just being
a smart ass, recruit?
Were you being a god
damn smart ass?
Yes, sir, I was being
a smart ass, sir.
Get your face on the floor,
and give me 20 pushups for
being a god damn smart ass!
Now, shit brain!
Does anyone else feel
like being a smart ass?
No?
Good!
Because that attitude
will get you,
the man fighting beside you,
and everyone you fight
to protect all dead.
We are at war with an

enemy that does not care
who you are or who
you think you are.
It does not care about
honor and glory.
It is here to wipe everything
you have ever known
off the face of the earth.
Your pride as a Marine, your
service to your country,
your sacrifice for
the greater good.
All count for nothing!
The only thing standing
between the machines
and total annihilation
of the human race
is your ability to aim
your gun and shoot.
You are either a
machine killer...
Or you are dead.
Now...
For the last god damn time...
What is your name?
How about machine killer, sir?
Say it like you mean it?
Machine killer, sir!
What is your name?
Machine killer, sir!
What is your name?
Machine killer, sir!
What is your name?
Machine killer, sir!
[All In Unison]
Machine killer, sir!
Good, mess hall, five minutes.
If you're late, you're out!
Chris?
That's Lieutenant, recruit.
Sorry, sir.
You did the right
thing by joining up,
but my job is to watch over
the first wave of new recruits,

not pat you on the back.
You work hard, you
follow orders.
And don't fuck this up.
(gunfire)
Stay calm!
(gunfire)
Breathe!
(gunfire)
Your weapon is your ally!
(gunfire)
Read it well!
And it will protect you!
(gunfire)
(gunfire)
Relax those
shoulders, Gleeson.
(gunfire)
Nice work.
(gunfire)
Let me ask you a question.
Who here has seen
an enemy drone?
You from Los Angeles?
So, you know what
we're up against?
Yeah, I've seen
what they can do.
After seeing the horrors
that these drones can cause,
this man...
Chooses to fight.
What would you do?
Why don't we find out?
Your instinct is right.
The first thing you do when
you see an enemy drone is hide.
You...
You would've been shot.
We've been collecting
these things
ever since they showed
up in the South Pacific,
and believe me, we are

doing everything we can
to figure them out.

Luis?

If you can control the things,
why aren't we using them
against the machines?

We've tried.

The machines just
override our signal.

Anything we send into battle,
ends up being used against
out our own soldiers.

Hell, even our own
drones are susceptible
to hijacking from the
enemy carriers, no!

Right now we are
depending on the best
most reliable weapon we have.

That's us.

Soldiers, like you and me.

This machine can see you.

It can hear you.

Hell, it can smell
you from miles away,
and it is very, very fast.

But it has a few weaknesses.

Weakness number one...

Enemy drones rely on
their carrier to recharge.

If they get cut off
from their carrier,
they will go to grounds
to conserve energy.

Finding this out is
what saved Los Angeles.

Weakness number two!

These things are damned heavy!

So, when they hover...

Or they jump...

They create a distinct
seismic pattern,
which we can detect from
up to five miles away

using these things!
And we call them scan sticks.
These will save your life.
So use them, often!
All right, let's go!
Move it out!
(upbeat electronic music)
(gunfire)
(suspenseful electronic music)
(whistling)
Well, I'll be damned.
What the hell?
Blake...
He saved your asses.
(mid-tempo instrumental music)
You're the only fighter
team to figure that out
on their first
attempt, well done.
You'll probably still die.
But you'll die a Marine.
- If I die in a gunman zone
- If I die in a gunman zone
- Box me up and ship me home
- Box me up and ship me home
- Pin my medals upon my chest
- Pin my medals upon my chest
Tell my momma I did my best
So, what's the story, Blake?
You and Lieutenant
Jackson knew each other
before we came here, right?
He's my brother?
He's your brother.
And you're only
telling me this now?
He's kind of a brother.
What does that mean?
Me real mom and dad
died when I was 15.
Truck hit 'em on the
I-5, broke the car.
My family was always
close with the Jacksons

so they took me in.
Ever since his family's
kind of been my family.
That was until LA got hit.
Now, it's just me and Chris.
We're all that's left.
You know, back in LA, I could
barely keep my mouth shut.
I could get juiced
up about anything.
Tossing a football, replacing
a spar, fixing a cabinet.
Now, I just keep seeing
their faces right after
they got out of the car.
(sighs)
I fucked up, and
now they're gone.
It wasn't your fault, Blake.
A lot of people died that day.
There was nothing you could do.
I guess that's why we're
here though, right.
So we can do something.
Yeah, I hope so.
My brother was a soldier too.
You never mentioned
your brother before.
He was killed in
Afghanistan a few years ago.
Damn.
I'm sorry.
I was so angry
when he joined up.
My parents too.
Couldn't understand
why he did it.
Then he died, and...
It kind of changed
things for me.
I had to try and make
sense of it all.
Did you?
Not really.

But I'm starting to.
It's not about
fighting or winning,
it's about protecting.
What am I protecting?
I've got nothing left.
You got somethin'
left, you got us.
(chuckles)
(laughing)
One two three four
United States Marine Corp
One two three four
United States Marine Corp
One two three four
United States Marine Corp
One two three four
United States Marine Corp
(pensive electronic music)
(blasting)
Down! Down!
(blasting)
(gunfire)
Wilcox!
Move! Move!
(pensive instrumental music)
Blake!
Blake!
Get those scan
sticks in the ground!
(beeping)
This place is
crawling with drones!
Tell me somethin'
I don't know!
There's a ridge
to the northeast
where their numbers
have thinned.
We might be able
to punch through.
All right, you heard
the man! Move out!
[Soldier] Come on!

(distant blasting)
Y'all try to get some sleep.
We won't be down
there for tonight.
(pensive instrumental music)
Go! Go!
Load those motherfuckers!
Move! Move!
(gunfire)
Move! Move!
(gunfire)
A grandeur!
(gunfire)
(yelling)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
Come on, Lewis, come on!
Go, go, go!
I got this!
(gunfire)
(weighty instrumental music)
(pensive instrumental music)
(beeping)
(beeping)
(waves crashing)
This the fishing part
of the mission brief?
I must have missed that part.
What's going on, Chris?
Are we waiting for orders?
It's good to see
you too, Brother.
I'm glad you survived.
Can you hear it?
Hear what?
Waves on the beach.
Wind in the trees.
Call of the birds.
The guns have stopped.
Battle's over.
What are you saying?
We still have our objective.
The mission hasn't changed.
There are meant to be two
platoons on this island.

Now, there's just you, me,
and these knuckleheads.
It's not enough.
There might be others.
Scattered.
Lost.
Probably dead.
So, do we give up?
Just wait on the beach
until the machines find us?
They've left us alone so far.
We're not a threat to them here.
And how long do you
think that's gonna last?
And even if they do
ignore us, what then?
Sit on the beach and
look at the water
while the rest of
the world fights!
It's not on you to
win the war, John.
You don't have to keep
fighting because of them.
That's what you
think this is about.
I know I screwed up in LA.
But the machines killed
your family, not me!
I'm here on this island
because that's what
needs to be done!
I'm not gonna stop
until it's finished.
You can do whatever
you want, brother,
but don't fuck this up.
We may not have much
here, but it's ours.
And we intend to keep it!
To Wilcox and Miller.
Wilcox and Miller.
To Gleeson.
I hope she gets better soon.

Shark One won't be
the same without her.
Gleeson.
I'm gonna need another round.
I got this.
- Evening, Corporal.
- Major Atkins, sir.
No need for that here,
we're both off duty.
I'm just here to make sure
you boys behave yourselves.
(drunken shouting)
It's just a few drinks, sir.
I think we're gonna
turn in early.
It's not you three
I'm worried about.
(drunken shouting)
I guess we all gotta let
off steam after Taiwan.
You were LA born and
raised, right Blake?
Yeah.
Have you ever traveled abroad?
Does New Orleans count?
I've been there a
bunch of times.
- (chuckles)
- Yeah, New Orleans counts.
How does it feel being
so far from home?
It feels like there's
a lot of ocean
between us and the
Santa Monica pier.
I'm afraid I'll never
see my home again, sir.
You're a smart
man, Corporal Blake,
you know what we're
up against here.
The enemy has built
a wall between us
and the West Coast in America.

Until we can find a
way to break it,
we're stuck here,
there's no goin' home.
The 15th will need
people like you
and Lance Corporal Gleeson
to keep it together.
I want you to keep that in mind.
Try to keep a clear head.
Thank you, sir.
I'll do my best.
I know you will, Corporal.
[Man] Sir, you can't come in.
You're gonna have to leave.
Fuck, I'm a god damn
United States Marine!
Shit, god damn Jackson.
Please, sir, could
you let me handle this?
I understand that,
but you're drunk, mate.
Go ahead, just get
him out of here.
You bail at me through this,
this won't go well for you.
Trust me, I'll fuck you up!
Hey, see! This guy's with me!
Shark One Platoon, and
we're the ones protecting
- your country, asshole!
- Come on, Chris.
Let's skidaddy,
come on, come on!
Fuck 'em!
Kids!
I hope you're enjoying
the end of the world!
I bet you all raised
your glasses, right?
To the brave
brothers of the 15th
who gave their lives.
I figured awhile back,

it's quicker to drink
straight from the bottle.
We'd be here all
night otherwise.
To the 15th, MEU,
and all the dead
whose names I can't remember.
You don't seem to
be torn up about it.
That's the advantage
of having no hope.
It's liberating,
you should try it.
So, you're just giving up?
One minor setback, you're
ready to surrender?
Setback?
We tried to take back Taiwan,
and we lost the whole
Southeast Asia.
That's not a setback,
it's a fucking catastrophe.
And now the northeast
is almost lost as well.
The entire 13th MEU
gone at Okinawa.
2,000 Marines dead.
I mean, how do you replace an
entire unit of 2,000 Marines?
I knew some people
from the 13th.
My friends from bootcamp.
There's no replacing them.
Man, I didn't
mean it like that.
Look, the 15th will fight on.
We're still strong.
Not that strong.
Pretty soon this place
is gonna get hit too.
We can't hold 'em off.
We either bail out or we die.
Don't know where we'll go
if we do have to bail out.

Maybe Antarctica?
I don't wanna think like that.
I can't.
I get it, yeah, I get it.
Better to die on your feet
than live on your knees, right?
Hmm, yeah, well tell
that to the guy
I saw getting his legs
blown off in Fiji.
We're fucked.
Oh, where are you going?
To visit a friend.
(sentimental instrumental music)
Hey.
Hey.
You're awake.
What the fuck?
- Where am I?
- In the hospital.
We're in Sydney.
Sydney?
Shit!
Hey, it's okay,
hey, you're okay!
It's okay, it's okay!
She's okay, she just woke up.
I'll organize you
some breakfast.
Try to relax, Miss.
Hey, hey, look at me.
Look at me!
You're here now,
we're safe, okay.
See?
Arms.
Legs.
All intact.
You did real good.
And we got promoted, both of us.
- Really!
- Yeah.
They made you Lance
Corporal for you know...

Getting shot, I guess.

That takes balls.

What'd you get?

I got Corporal.

I don't know why, I only
got a few cuts and bruises.

No, you deserved it.

You got us out of there.

Not everyone.

(sentimental instrumental music)

So, when do we ship out?

I sail north with the Shark

One Platoon in two weeks.

We're deploying just
outside of Darwin.

But your mission is
to get strong, Glees.

And after that, if you want,
you can stay right
here in Australia.

No...

There's a marine base here,
and they need all the
smart people they can get.

I talked to Jackson, he can
get you a position there.

They have computers and science,
all that nerd stuff you like.

- (shuddering)

- No, I wanna go back!

(sentimental instrumental music)

Just rest up.

Think about it.

We need these people ready
for air transport
in half an hour.

- Can you make that happen?

- Yes, of course.

- What's going on?

- They're here.

Report to your superior
immediately, Corporal.

Blake, what's happening?

They're gonna get you out.

Don't worry, everything's
gonna be fine.
(sentimental instrumental music)
See you soon.
(pensive instrumental music)
(weighty instrumental music)
(blasting)
(weighty instrumental music)
(gunfire)
[Chris] Thinking of
rejoining the fight?
I intend to, sir.
(gunfire)
(slow instrumental music)
Can you believe I found this
chicken just walkin' around?
There's food everywhere here.
Want some?
Hutchins, you
okay with all this?
I don't know, man,
Jackson's our CO.
Yeah, but he's fuckin' nuts.
Same as the rest of us.
You should wear
your uniform, Lewis,
you're exposing
yourself to the enemy.
How's this for
exposing myself?
You see? Total disarray.
No one listens to me anymore.
Damn it's hot.
So, was this the
plan all along?
Find yourself a nice
tropical island?
Go AWOL?
It crossed my
mind once or twice.
I thought you of all
people would understand.
Once, maybe.
Not now.

You'll come around.
Don't shoot!
Dreyfus!
God dammit!
Is that chicken?
(laughing)
It's good to see you, buddy.
You too, Corporal Blake.
(slow instrumental music)
So, what happened?
Where'd you end up?
We landed, I don't know,
somewhere west of here.
We lost Lieutenant Macey.
He kept saying we had
to reach the objective.
I think he completely lost it.
Gleeson kept it together though.
She was always the smart one.
Gleeson?
Gleeson is alive?
Last time I saw her.
We got separated
up at the ridge.
Well...
By that I mean I ran away.
After she went ahead
to scout the ridge,
I scanned five drones
heading my way.
I had to get out of there.
(weighty instrumental music)
(gunfire)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
(gunfire)
I should have
stayed, shouldn't I?
I just got scared, you know.
I know we're not
supposed to be scared,
but I'm always scared.
How'd you find your way back?
Hey, you think we
can go find her?

I don't know.
We got so close
to the objective.
There are drones everywhere.
That's okay.
You know why?
Why?
We got this.
This is the machine killer.
This is amazing.
Where did you get it?
From a dead alien.
- What does it do?
- I don't know.
- Let's find out.
- What, right now?
Sure!
Why not?
You should be the
one to test it.
Keep it.
Leave your backpack.
We take rifles only.
We travel light.
Hey! Where are you going?
We're going to find Gleeson.
She might still be alive.
I told you not to
fuck this up, John.
You go out there,
you're not coming back.
God dammit Chris.
What ever happened to never
leaving a marine behind?
They left us all behind.
Why can't you see that?
You do whatever you want.
I'm still a marine!
Then you're a fool!
(pensive instrumental music)
Hey, Gleeson.
Go.
Get some rest.
(sentimental instrumental music)

(panicked shouting)
They're everywhere.
They don't seem
to care about us.
It's nice here.
Yeah.
It's quiet.
I heard about what
happened up north.
Yeah.
It got pretty hairy for awhile.
There's a mission coming
up, an important one.
I know you guys have
been through a lot...
I know.
I heard about it.
Jackson told you.
You wanna go?
Honestly, I'm scared.
But yeah, yeah, I want to.
Me too.
I'm ready.
I think we all are.
I got your back, Glees.
I know.
(weighty instrumental music)
(blasting)
(weighty instrumental music)
(beeping)
Clear.
- You said clear!
- They were sleeping!
Shoot the damn ray gun!
(blasting)
- (gunfire)
- Jesus Christ, it's me!
Blake?
(sentimental instrumental music)
Where have you been?
You! Bastard! Where
the hell did you go?
There was five
drones, I panicked.

Shh, keep your voices down.
All army of drones
up that mountain.
Let's go.
(slow instrumental music)
(gunfire)
Take cover!
[Gleeson] What the hell?
I told you not to
come back, Blake!
Chris, what the fuck?
Leave, or we'll be
forced to take you down!
Dude, your brother's
gone completely sideways!
Ugh! What should we do?
Okay, so Jackson's
at the rear,
but they've put themselves
in a narrow spot.
We split 'em up, we
can narrow the odds.
Dreyfus, keep 'em occupied
while Gleeson and I flank 'em.
I'll draw Jackson away.
You get the drop on
the other three.
Sound good?
Yeah, I guess.
What are you gonna
do with Jackson?
Let me worry about that.
Ready?
Ready.
Okay.
Cover me?
Let's move!
(gunfire)
(weighty instrumental music)
Lewis, what the
fuck are we doing?
I don't know, man,
let's take a look.
- (gunfire)

- Ahh!
Hey!
Guns on the ground both of you!
Dreyfus!
Hey! You wanna
taste of this, huh?
Yeah, that's what I thought!
(weighty instrumental music)
(yelling)
(weighty instrumental music)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
(splashing)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
Hey, Chris!
Stop!
It's over, Chris!
We're continuing the mission!
[Chris] You can't
fix this, Blake.
We can if we win.
We can make it right.
What's the point?
I got nothin' left.
We got each other.
We're brothers.
I'm not your brother, John.
I never was.
No!
(gunfire)
No!
(pensive instrumental music)
(gunfire)
(pensive instrumental music)
Get back! Get back!
Go, go, go, go!
(yelling)
(blasting)
Hey, snap out of it!
You're in command!
(weighty instrumental music)
Okay!
Run back to the river!
Hutchins, Dreyfus, we're
holdin' the rear. Go!

(suspenseful instrumental music)

(gunfire)

(blasting)

No!

Go, go!

Go!

(weighty instrumental music)

Where's Hutchins?

He didn't make it.

Aw, shit.

So, what now?

There are gonna be drones

swarming all around

us any minute.

I don't care how

many drones there are.

We finish the damn mission!

Gleeson, you've

seen this thing

we're supposed to

take out, right?

Well, I haven't seen

it, but I know it's there.

It's heavily guarded,

and we'll have to take

down the barrier,

so I can find a way inside.

No, I'm taking the bomb.

Blake...

That's a thermonuclear

device on your back.

Do you know how to use it?

If it fucks up, do

you know how to fix it?

Right, so...

I'll take it inside.

You guys cover me, so that

nothing shoots me in the back.

(weighty instrumental music)

We all knew this was coming.

Fine.

Think you could carry this?

Guess I'll have to.

Jesus Christ!

We'll cover you
from both sides.
You take that thing
straight up the center.
Drop it on their lap.
Seems simple enough.
You two, you onboard?
You're gonna help
us finish this.
Do we have a choice?
No, you don't.
Let's move.
(weighty instrumental music)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
Are you ready?
Ready.
We'll dock 'em nonetheless.
Light 'em up.
(gunfire)
Now.
(gunfire)
(blasting)
(crashing)
(weighty instrumental music)
Gleeson, take cover!
So, we're breaking
radio silence now?
They know we're here.
Keep 'em off Gleeson!
Short bursts!
Focus on the rear!
Try to thin their numbers.
You go that way,
I'll go this way!
We hit 'em on five!
(weighty instrumental music)
(gunfire)
You're hit!
(gunfire)
Moving position to three!
(gunfire)
(weighty instrumental music)
Lewis, Docker,
what's your status?

Fuck!
Here take this!
You know what to do!
Dreyfus!
(gunfire)
(weighty instrumental music)
(blasting)
(gunfire)
(blasting)
(gunfire)
(slow instrumental music)
I'm good.
(slow instrumental music)
You gotta get clear.
There's no point both
of us going down.
I'm not leaving.
I'll make sure nothin'
comes in after you.
(slow instrumental music)
Okay, John.
Thanks.
(weighty instrumental music)
Over.
(weighty instrumental music)
(pacing instrumental music)
(blasting)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
Gleason, there's
more drones coming up!
We're seriously fucked!
(blasting)
(gunfire)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
Blake! You should go.
I'm fine, we did it.
Set the bomb now!
(weighty instrumental music)
Blake? You're breaking up.
(gunfire)
(suspenseful instrumental music)
(beeping)
(coughing)
(blasting)

(pensive instrumental music)

(blasting)

There are no words to
express the gratitude
felt by our nation for
your contribution
to the war, Sergeant Blake.

We have it to you,
and your fellow Marines
of the 15th MEU have
exposed key weaknesses
in the enemy's
military apparatus.

The United States Armed
Forces are now focusing
on efforts on taking
out these installations
wherever we find them.

Most importantly, you
have given us hope again,
Sergeant Blake.

Your victory on New
Britain has shown the world
the enemy can be stopped,
and the tide is finally turning
this long and terrible war.

I understand.

We all do...

What a great toll a fight
like this has on a marine.

I think I speak on
behalf of everyone here
when I say that you've earned
a long break from active duty.

On your return, we'd
like to offer you a post
in Pacific Fleet
headquarters in Hawaii.

I'm sure your first time
experience of enemy technology
will be highly valued there.

Mai Tais and surfing.

Not a bad ending for a
tour of the South Pacific,

right Sergeant?

(distorted instrumental music)

(sentimental instrumental music)

I wanna go back.

I'm sorry?

To the frontline.

(sentimental instrumental music)

That's where I'm needed.

(pensive instrumental music)

(blasting)

(weighty instrumental music)