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Camp X-Ray

By Peter Sattler

Get in there!
Spyglass, this is cobra one.
Open bravo South. Over.
You bitches!
You bad man!
You got to shoot them in the head!
You torture me... I torture you!
12-hour rotations.
Suicide watch every 3 minutes.
Do not let that repetition
lower your guard.
That's exactly what these
guys are looking for.
You got to remember...
some of these dudes have been
locked up in here for eight years.
They've been in here before some
of you were even in high school.
They know the procedure better than you do.
They will test you, and they will best you.
And make no mistake about it...
this is a war zone.
Now, they ain't using roadside bombs,
and we're not using F-16s.
This is still a war zone.
Now... Some of you might think you're
here to prevent them from leaving.
You're not.
The walls do that for us.
You are here to prevent them from dying.
Yes?
Uh, how often do we move the prisoners?
- Detainees.
- What?
You will refer to them as "detainees."
You will not call them "prisoners."
You all got that?
No exceptions.
De-tai-nees.
Why can't we call them prisoners?
Prisoners are subject to the Geneva
convention... detainees are not.
Rec yard is right down there.
Showers are right beside 'em.

Unless they're going to medical,
being transferred... that's it.
That's their world.
Is that door shut?
Good.
This... this is your world.
No detainees back here.
On your right, gun Sally.
Remember, on the walk,
the only weapon you have is your radio.
Don't be afraid to use it.
Over here, this is our security
command or observation...
our eyes and ears on the whole block.
So if you find yourself going up
against an uncooperative detainee,
remember you're being watched.
Last but not least, the mess hall.
Like most places on earth, the chicken
fingers are the only thing worth eating.
Hard to fuck those up.
And don't bother telling me the coke's flat
'cause I already fucking know.
Echo one, cobra one, Charlie Bronson.
I'll say again.
- Hold on... the natives is getting restless.
- Over.
Roger, echo one.
Charlie Bronson, echo one.
Oscar Mike, over.
"Charlie Bronson's" our brevity code
for an Irf... that's initial reaction force.
It's a four-man team called in when
shit hits the fan on the walk.
Anybody feel like getting their feet wet?
Listen. All you need to worry
about is his right hand, okay?
Each of us takes one.
Leg, leg, arm, head.
Don't worry about nothing else.
You just keep your eye on his right hand,
and you gain control of it... got it?
Roger.
And stay behind me.

Let us get the rest of him under control.

Hold up. Hold up.

- No names on the block.

- Yeah.

- Okay?

- Yeah.

You can talk to 'em, but do not let these guys know anything about you.

Do not let them get inside your head.

You got it?

Yeah.

All right, grab our shields.

Let's go.

Spyglass, pop 1-9.

Stay tight.

- Stay tight, all right?

- We got this.

Detainee, get back!

Get back, detainee!

Get back!

Get him pinned up.

Let's go.

Go!

Come on.

Private, give me those cuffs!

Shit!

Get your ass down!

Ohh!

You piece of shit!

Get his arm back!

Get him on...

Get down, you piece of shit!

Get his other hand.

Get the fuck up.

Out of here... get him out of here.

That's it... get down.

All right, pull that strap down.

You want his hand all the way secure.

Make it as tight as you can.

Check his waist.

Check the belt around his waist.

Check that side.

We don't want this guy going anywhere on us.

Let's roll him out.
Welcome to gitmo.
Oh, Jackson, did you
copy those DVDs for me?
And when exactly was I supposed to do that?
I mean, I had C.O. standing over
my shoulder all day.
Dude, what the fuck?
Johnson is, like, up my ass
about getting it back.
Copy that shit for me.
Wait. Don't you got kids, anyway?
Why don't you...
- Yeah.
- You ass.
So, what... I can't watch porn?
Are you telling me your dad didn't
have a stack of nudie mags?
He'd to have something to
put over your mom's face.
Oh!
Oh, you're so...
That's cold.
That's cold as ice.
You all right?
Yeah. I'm good. Thanks.
Yo, what was that Irf like?
Loud.
Shit.
You didn't think I could handle it?
No, that's not what I'm trying to say.
You know, I just didn't
think you'd want to.
I got to say, of all the companies
I've rotated through here,
I never had someone get their
ticket punched on the first day.
Just be glad it wasn't a shit cocktail.
What's a shit cocktail?
What the fuck do you think that is, Rico?
Hey, Cole, what happened?
Uh.
We... we followed two other guys in,
and, um, I was on the left arm.

It was my only thing, and I went...
Pop! She got an elbow right to the lip...
knocked her mask clean off.
Ohh, does it hurt?
Yeah, it fucking hurts.
It looks pretty bad.
Did medical check it out?
It's fine.
You know what it looks like?
It looks like you got herpes.
Hey, no.
Oh, shit! It kind of does.
- You guys.
- No.
You're not gonna get any on
the island now, Cole.
Fuck that... I'd hit it, anyway.
What do you say, Cole?
- Well, then, I really would get herpes.
- Ohh!
Thank you!
She got you...
Oh, damn. Whoo!
- Mom?
- Oh!
Honey, how are you?
Well, things are fine.
Um, the base is real nice.
There's a subway.
A subway?
A subway restaurant, mom.
Oh!
Yeah. And is that your room?
- Yeah.
- Can I see it?
How is everything back home, mom?
Oh. Nothing much ever happens back here...
nothing as exciting as what
you're doing, I'm sure.
It is what it is.
I don't know. I, um...
Honey, you can't just leave
him hanging and expect him to
be there when you get back.

I'm not leaving him hanging,
and I told you I'm not coming back.
I'm going on another deployment, remember?
All right.
So, how about on the base?
Have you met anyone down there?
Mom, seriously, stop.
I'm not dating an army guy, and I did not
join the military to find a husband.
Oh, yeah.
Oh!
Look who wants to say hello.
Say hi, scribbles.
Look who it is!
Look who it is!
Say hi, scribbles.
The weather today... bright and sunny.
High of 85...
Tomorrow, there is a chance of rain...
Thank you, private.
Last week...
Come down here.
Make sure you...
Uh...
You want a book?
Do you want a book?
Hey, calm down.
Calm down. Take a step back.
Take one step back from the glass.
- I can't understand what...
- Yo, Haji!
Chill the fuck out.
- I'll take that book, but you give it to me.
- All right, all right. Chill out.
I got this.
Did I do something wrong?
No. These guys just don't like girls.
It's an arab thing.
You want me to take over?
No. It's okay.
I can handle it.
All right. Suit yourself.
Do you know those books?
What about them?

Do you like them?
You were watching the books.
I'm asking you a question.
What do you want from the cart?
Do you have the new Harry Potter book?
No. This is not the new Harry Potter book.
This is the old one.
I already read this one.
I want the last book.
Which one's that?
The last book?
It's, you know...
You... you see that book there?
It has no cover on it, huh?
Uh-huh, yes.
That book... it used to have a cover.
I remember I read this cover,
you know, when it has a cover on it.
It was saying that Harry Potter,
it has seven book, you know?
You guys only have six book.
Huh?
I don't know what to tell you... I...
- You know how long I'm asking for this book?
No, you don't. You're new.
Two years.
Imagine, two years I'm asking you
guys to give me this last book.
You know what happens
at the end of book six?
- No.
- No.
- I...
- You know, me,
always, always thinking that
Snape is a bad guy, okay?
Then I was thinking, no,
actually, he is not a bad guy...
he is the good guy.
Then after I read the book six,
- I don't know what to think now.
- Do you want this book or not?
You're not listening, huh?
- I read this book...

- No, no.
You are not listening to me.
...10 times.
I read this book.
- I want the new book.
- I'm telling you we don't have it.
It ain't here.
What we have is on the cart.
What do you want?
Give me the "Azkaban" instead.
Is that one of these arab books?
"Prisoner of Azkaban," book number three.
Yeah.
Here you go.
Hey. What... what...
what else do you got?
I got books, and I got newspapers.
Use your eyes.
I'm using my eyes.
That newspaper is two months old.
Now, why do I have to know
the news for two months old?
So, you're good then?
Hold on your horses, huh?
No one is going nowhere here...
at least, I'm not.
What is that picture?
That book.
No, no, go.
Go, go. Go.
Too much.
Go back.
Uh-huh.
What is it?
"My Antonia."
Is it a good book or...
I don't know. I haven't read it.
Okay. Just tell me what the cover says,
on the back.
"In 19th century Nebraska,
the spirited daughter of an immigrant..."
Nebraska?
You said... what was it?
It... it's a place in America.

Okay. Uh-huh.
That... what kind of place is this?
Nebraska?
Flat.
Flat.
Time's up.
- Hey.
- Keep it moving.
Hey, I... moptop?
Bad timing, okay?
Me and blondie... we were having
a very beautiful conversation.
Uh-huh.
And you come here always trying
to be a big fucking asshole.
You know what?
I think you guys don't have
the last Harry Potter on purpose.
You like to drive us crazy.
But I'm not going crazy.
Huh? Happy me.
I'm not going crazy... not me!
At 2100, detainees on Charlie block
complained of a foul-smelling
odor coming from ventilation.
Maintenance was called.
At 2200, detainee 9-1-2 was found with
seven strings of different colors.
He appeared to be weaving them
together, possibly to form a weapon.
At 0500, detainee 4-9 was transferred
to medical for pain in the abdomen.
Diagnosis was constipation.
We have 3-6 moves scheduled,
3-8 moves completed.
All detainees accounted for.
Atten-hut!
Honor bound.
To defend freedom.
Hey, blondie,
tell me...
how do you like it here so far?
Huh?
Blondie.

Where are you from?
Okay, tell me your name.
No?
My name is Ali...
Ali Amir.
Here, they call me 4-7-1.
You don't like to talk?
Always, it's like that. Why?
I don't know why you guys...
you don't like to talk with us.
You and us... we are both stuck here.
It is boring for both of us.
And you and me got nothing
to say to each other.
Okay. You don't like to read
Harry Potter book?
You don't like to read that book about...
what was that place, the flat place?
Uh, Nebraska?
Tell me what you like to read, huh?
Oh! You are a soldier.
And soldiers... they don't like books.
I thought you only read the Qur'an.
The Qur'an, yes.
We... I-I've read it one million times.
You know what?
Ehan, there in 108... he has
memorized it, the whole book.
Hey, Ehan!
Tell something to blondie from the Qur'an.
I think he's trying to tell
you to leave me alone.
Ehan!
Hey, blondie.
You know, I read your Bible, too.
My opinion about Bible is the first
half of the book... it is very good.
It has armies, plenty of magic,
which I like very much... things like that.
But, you know, the second half...
it has some magic, but not too much.
It is boring.
Well, you don't diss my holy book...
I won't diss yours.

So you're Christian?
Tell me something...
how did you pick your Christianity?
It was your parents, hmm?
And cut the Hannibal Lecter shit.
Just keep it down.
What?
What is Hannibal Lecter?
I said, keep it down.
Yeah. I'm... I'm trying to
understand what you are telling me.
You were saying that stop Hannibal Lecter,
so I have to know what Hannibal
Lecter is, then I stop doing that.
He's a guy in a movie that talks too much.
I haven't heard about this movie.
Well, it's probably banned
where you're from, anyway.
You mean in Germany?
Huh?
I'm... hey.
I'm... hey!
I'm talking with you, blondie!
Okay. I-I-it's... it's
no more talking, huh?
Huh?
You are always trying to
be all of you assholes.
I don't know how I cannot get one soldier
here who likes to talk about books.
Okay. You don't like to talk.
Bring me some water, please.
Blondie. I'm thirsty.
Where's your Qur'an?
Are you giving me
some water, please, or not?
Okay, you bring me the water...
I stop talking, I promise.
You wouldn't need this if you
didn't talk so damn much.
Ah!
Shit.
Shit. Are you all right?
- Oh, man, let me help you.

- Motherfucker.
Clean yourself up.
We'll take care of this.
Hey, back the fuck up
and shut the bean hole.
He's probably got another cocktail.
Oh, fuck.
Quiet down.
4-7-1, take the towel down now.
- Fuck you!
- Take it down now!
No, no.
We need to call an Irf.
Hold on.
Open that thing.
No, no. No.
- We need to call an Irf.
- Calm down.
I'm already covered in his shit!
Open it up!
We are not opening the fucking bean hole.
- Now, you need to calm down.
- No, we are not opening that up.
You stupid fuckers...Huh?!
I went to university!
I know my rights!
Hey, back up, fucker!
Shit. One more time.
Open the fucking thing up.
"F" you.
Do it!
Back away from the door.
Nice. Nice, nice. Nice, nice.
Good, good, good, good, good. Good.
Yeah, bitch.
- Nice.
- Shit, he's got a second towel.
Seriously?
Fuck.
Shit, man.
Irf him.
You Americans treat us like animals?!
Okay, I am an animal!
Bravo two, code one, Charlie Bronson.

Oh, watch yourselves.
If they start covering their Qur'ans,
it means they're gonna start
throwing shit around!
You don't read anything!
I read book!
I read history!
I can't win!
Irf! Irf! Irf!
Cocktail?
Sir, yes, sir.
At ease.
Did medical check you out yet?
Yes, sir. I'm fine.
Why don't you, uh, take it easy
for the rest of the shift?
See if observation needs any help.
Thank you, sir.
I'm fine.
Use the vinegar.
It helps with the smell.
Hey.
Mmm. Cole, you smell amazing.
What's that you're wearing... chanel no. 2?
Mm-hmm.
You better watch yourself with those.
They drug them to keep them docile.
Shit. No, they don't.
Hey. What are you doing here?
Did medical check you out?
I'm fine.
We're short a meal, though.
Do you mind grabbing one?
No, we're not.
Your pal 471... he's not coming back today.
Why?
I sent him on a flyer.
What's that?
Our frequent flyer program.
We move him from cell to
cell every two hours.
Night shift won't like it, but fuck 'em.
Dude's got to learn somehow.
You move him all night long?

All night, all day, all week.
How does he sleep?
He doesn't, dummy... that's the point.
Come on, get this shit moving.
We're on a schedule.
It's brutal.
What are you... the red cross?
No, I'm just saying.
It's...Brutal.
I mean, Jesus, Rico, Cole just got shit
flung at her face. Are you cool with that?
Of course not.
I mean, you don't have to do some
big thing over me. I'm... I'm fine.
Yeah, we kind of do.
And just so we're clear, I'm down with it.
I just think, you know,
it's kind of hard-core, right?
You want me to call it off?
No. Fuck him.
Look at you pussies swim!
Rico, get the ladder.
Pull the ladder up.
We bail haters gonna hate, but...
What do you get to be swimming there for?
Swim, flounder.
To good times, baby.
To good times.
Yeah, yeah, good times, baby.
I love when the...
Got a million,
now I'm about to add six more...
Well, I'll be damned...
Cole the fisherman.
Be careful there.
You want me to bait it for you?
No, I think I'm pretty good. Thanks.
It's a treble hook.
I don't want you to cut
your, uh, finger there.
You got to make sure you
get it on all three.
Like that?
Not bad.

Hey, give me this shit.
Hold this.
How do you do this thing, anyways?
How do you do the pole?
Yeah.
Yo, I've never done this before, man.
Look, the hook's right there.
You got to put bait on it.
Oh. You cast the fucker out, get a fish,
and you reel it back in.
Real simple.
Shit, be my guest.
...pulling your ass out of there.
There you go.
I like to see the hook.
Well, see that?
He knows what kind of fish...
Here you go.
Thanks.
Whoo!
Come on, girl, let's get some fish.
You're dropping on me.
Let's go. Let's go.
Whoo!
All right, listen up, you fucking faggots!
We got fresh beer on tap,
so I want you to fall in.
Let's go.
Cole, come on.
Come on.
Here. Here, precious motherfucker.
She can handle it.
You can't.
Yeah, one time in, uh, high school,
freshman year, me and my boys...
we needed to go to the
liquor store, pick up a...
I'd take the whole fucking
thing down by myself.
Why don't you bring me over a hot dog?
Whoo, boy
Come on, man.
Look at them girls go
- Whoo!

- Oh, oh!
Yeah, get her! Get her!
I know what I'm talking about
Ohh!
- Let's go.
- Can I get your autograph?
Oh.
Mnh.
Shit. That's... sorry.
Hey.
- It's real nice.
- That ain't... that ain't mine.
- That's the communal stash.
- Mm-hmm.
Is this what you like?
Slow down a little bit, all right?
Oh.
Yeah. Don't move.
Mnh, stop, okay?
Hey, stop!
Fuck!
I'm sorry.
Fuck you, bitch!
Hey, where have you been?
You all right?
Hey, come here.
What's wrong? What's wrong?
I'm fine.
Hey, Cole.
Shit.
Shit.
4-7-1, wake up.
No, no. Not again.
Leave me alone.
Come on, on your feet.
Back to the door.
You know the drill.
Fuck you.
Sleep tight.
Hey.
Hey, what's up?
Is 471 still on his frequent flyer program?
Yup.
Mecca?

Well, it damn sure ain't pointing to Disneyland.
He's quite the artist.
Mm-hmm.
The guy's a regular "pocasso."
What... you haven't heard that one yet?
What will you do with that?
Write it up and hand it off to G.I.S.
Intelligence gathering for that?
That's the S.O.P.
Seems like a waste of time.
Yeah, well, that also seems to be the S.O.P. Around here.
You know... hey, will you go get the chaplain for me?
I need him to search that Qur'an.
Yeah.
It's small in here.
Yeah, you ain't kidding.
- Hey, Bergen.
- Yeah, what's up?
You know what that brevity code means?
- "Alfred Hitchcock on the block"?
- Yeah.
That is a shrink visited the detainee.
- Really?
- Yeah.
There's a whole bunch of 'em in here.
Dude's a head case.
- Thanks.
- Yeah, man.
Hey.
Hey.
Tough week, huh?
Yeah.
I mean, like, I handle it, you know.
I'm not tripping or anything. It's just...
No, yeah. Um, yeah, me too.
Yeah.
It's kind of a weird situation, though.
I know, right?
Fucking detainees, man.
What's their fucking problem?
- Well, where were you?

- Yeah.
Hey, do you guys get any
of that detainee chow?
That shit looks good.
Nope. We're not supposed to touch it
if there's any left over, either.
Fuck!
Fucking detainees...
they get all the breaks, right?
Have you ever read Harry Potter?
The kids' book?
No, why?
No reason.
You know Sudoku?
Yeah, sure.
You know, I have done all these books here,
so I have to make my own, you know?
Well...
It's pretty.
You know, it's not just the drawing.
You know what I mean?
The numbers are very hard to figure out.
You... you cannot just put any number in.
Yeah, I know.
Those men who do these books,
you know, they do it all by computers.
But to do it in your head, it's... it's...
it's hard.
You must be very smart, but...
I have gone to university, you know?
Are you sure it works?
Of course it works, yes.
What? You don't believe me?
Okay. Come here.
I will give it to you.
You can... I want you to keep it.
Now, you can see it for yourself,
but you don't tell me that it's
fake 'cause you cannot solve it.
Yeah?
No, thanks.
You... you don't like puzzles?
No, it's just... it's just the rules.
Rule? Okay, okay.

Bring this box.

- I will put it in the box and...

- Hey, I can't.

I'm sorry.

Why?

You... you... you think this paper will hurt you somehow, huh?

Huh? You think that I will kill you with this piece of paper?

Huh? You say the rules.

What does fucking rule says?

Maybe you think that you're getting disease from me.

Yeah? That is it, maybe?

That's why you guys are always wearing your rubber gloves.

You guys don't even like to touch us.

- You don't...

- Hey, calm down. I didn't say that.

No. You know, you... let me tell you.

You figured it out all, you know?

This was a secret message.

Look at this.

I was going to send this to all my Al-qaedas friends in New York,

- and this was my big escape plan.

- Don't... don't do that.

Gone. See? Whhht!

It's now in their hands, okay?

I was trying to be nice with you.

I-I-I wasn't being asshole to you.

I don't know why you are

being asshole to me.

I am not being an asshole to you.

I...

I think you... yes, yes, yes, you are.

Yes.

Fuck you!

You locked up us here for years!

For what?!

To show the world that you are good guy and we are bad guy?!

Fuck you!

You and America are the bad guy!

- You American are the real terrorists!

- Hey, keep it down!

I looked for your book, you know?

Your Harry Potter book...

it's not in the library.

You're fooling with me, huh?

No.

No, it's really not there.

You're sure it's not there?

Huh?

Are you sure the book is not there 'cause,
you know, once, one of these guards...

he told me that he has seen it in the library.

You know... you know,

he... he... he... he was...

keep telling me each week that,

"I will bring it next week.

I will bring it next week,"

but he never bring it for me.

He's probably fucking with you.

It's not there.

I'm sorry for... asking you
too much about these books.

You know, it... it's been a very
long time that I have been waiting.

And sometimes, I think that
it's making me crazy...

A little, you know?

Not knowing how all these
things are going to end.

It's been a long time that I'm waiting.

For the book?

Yeah.

Yeah, for the book.

You understand what I am saying?

I can... I can imagine
what it would be like.

Can you?

Mm. I... Try to.

Then... I will also try.

Hey, 3-6-1...

Chicken piccata is really good today...
better than normal.

You want some?

Come on. No takers?
Come on, please?
Well, that makes this day five.
You all know what's coming next.
You want to call it off?
I'll take that as a "no."
Mmm. Butter pecan.
Bon appatit.
How long are we gonna keep doing this?
As long as they can.
Attention on deck.
That's the ringleader?
Yes, sir.
What's he want this time?
Uh, I'm not sure, sir.
Sir.
Yes?
I think I heard him say something
about an elliptical machine, sir.
You think they're gonna give him one?
Why not?
It would be easier than this.
Yeah, but it'd take
forever to get down here.
Are you kidding me?
They'll just take ours.
Who's winning?
You guys... that's who.
I don't know about that.
You got your elliptical machine.
Yeah.
You gonna use it?
No.
No one will use it.
Why'd you demand it?
I didn't demand this... mahmoud did.
Why'd he demand it?
I don't know.
Go ask Mahmoud.
Maybe because he's an asshole?
So what's the count today?
Oh. I've only gotten to 12 kicks today.
Do you know what I hear today?
Well, someone says sabir in "A" block...

they said he hit

40 last week.

- 40?

- Yeah. That's what they say.

I don't know. I'm not so sure 'cause,
well, no one has seen this, you know...

only the guards, and those guards...

they wouldn't say.

You think you can beat 40?

I don't know.

I still think that

he's made this up, you know.

I tell you what...

you beat 40, I'll vouch for you.

Yeah?

Yeah.

Okay.

2...3...4...5...

6...7...8...

You're a long way away from 40.

- What was that?

- 8.

Are you sure?

- Wasn't that 48?

- I'm sure.

- You saw 48.

- I didn't.

I mean, come on.

Those guys... they don't

believe you, anyway.

Not gonna lie for you.

You know, compliant detainees get

to play on a real field together?

Uh-huh. They are lucky.

If you stop acting up,

they'll transfer you.

- You know that, right?

- Mm-hmm.

And you don't care?

It's those guys who don't care, blondie.

You know, they don't care about anything,

just the things that make their life easier.

You guys always say, "follow these rules...

we will let you watch TV," huh?

But if I follow your
rules, what does it means?
It means that I'm agreeing that you
have the right to give me rules, huh?
Well, you don't.
You don't have the right to give me rules.
So, me...
I never agree to follow your rules...
Never.
You know, maybe you think
I'm stupid for this.
- No, you're not stupid.
- No. I mean, maybe you're right, but...
You're definitely not stupid.
You went to university.
You're making fun of me, huh?
Yeah, you're making fun...
you're laughing at me, huh?
Come on. Look at you.
You're laughing at me, huh?
- What's that about?
- Nothing.
They don't like you talking to me, huh?
Private...
Get over here.
Neither do they, huh?
Yes, Corporal?
What were you just talking
about over there?
With Ali?
No, with detainee 471.
- Nothing.
- Uh-huh. All right.
Well, if you ain't talking about nothing,
then you don't need to be talking, right?
Hey!
Hey, I did 20 kicks!
Hey! I did 20 kicks!
Did you see that, blondie?
I swear I did 20!
I swear I did!
I'm gonna need your help
on the showers today.
The showers?

I know you don't want to, but
all my extra men are dealing
with some dickhead in delta pod that
decided to cover his entire cell in poop.
I can't work showers.
They won't even look me in the eye.
- They think they're gonna shower?
- Well, that's their problem.
I mean, at least it'll speed things up.
- S.O.P. Clearly states we are not...
- I know what S.O.P. Says.
What's the matter?
Can't handle it?
You want me to get one of my other guys,
pull him away from doing whatever
the hell he's doing, so he can do it for you?
No.
Forget her.
Get your ass in there.
Let's go, skippy.
Get undressed.
Clock's ticking.
Get your pants off.
And shorts off.
Come on.
Get your fucking shorts off.
Get your fucking shorts off,
or I'll call in an Irf and we'll get them
to take them off for you.
Get them off.
You guarding the fence,
or you guarding him?
This is completely out of line.
Let me ask you something...
are you a soldier,
or are you a female soldier?
'Cause I don't have these kind
of problems with soldiers.
You got to watch him.
That's your job.
Look at him.
Hey, Cole, I thought that was you.
What are you doing back here?
- Drinking.

- No shit.
What's wrong?
You had a bad day or something?
Not particularly.
Not as bad as yours, I hear.
What do you mean?
I heard some detainee
just covered his cell on feces.
Probably wasn't fun.
When... today?
On delta pod?
No, it was just pretty quiet all day.
Yeah.
Must have been another pod.
No, nothing like that
happened on any of the pods.
If it did, I would've saw it.
Come in, boys! It's shot time!
That's what I'm talking about!
Oh, hey.
What do you want?
Jackie Chan got one.
Shh! Shh!
I'm not following you here.
Private first class Cole
reporting as ordered, sir.
At ease.
Have a seat, private.
Candy?
No, thank you, sir.
I've read your report.
I've also spoken to corporal ransdell.
In your report, you say that you were...
...escorting a detainee to the showers
after rec... is that correct?
Affirmative.
And you filed the report because
this was uncomfortable.
Well... No, I-it made him uncomfortable.
- Who?
- The detainee.
So you filed against a fellow soldier
because the detainee was uncomfortable?
It was not the proper

way to treat him, sir.

Did the detainee take a shower?

Yes, sir.

Sounds like he wasn't that uncomfortable with it, then.

It was a blatant violation of standard operating procedure, which is why I filed the report.

Since you knew what was happening was against S.O.P., what exactly were you doing there?

I was ordered to be there, sir.

Corporal ransdell gave you a direct order?

He had lied about being shorthanded.

Did he order you, or did he lie to you?

Sir...

'Cause it seems to me there'd be no point to lie to you if he simply ordered you.

- He... he...

- And there's nothing going on?

You don't have a personal relationship with him, nothing going on outside the wire?

No, sir.

Is that what he told you?

4-7-1, the detainee...

you two are friends.

No, sir.

You're not friendly with him?

- No, sir.

- You don't talk to him?

We have spoken.

I am...Not...

I...

- Like I said in my report...

- I've read your report.

I know what it says.

I also know what corporal ransdell says about it.

But what I don't know and will probably never know is what is really going on here.

Do you like it here, son?

Sir?

Do you like it here...

In Guantanamo bay?
Yes, sir.
It's fine.
I hate it.
This ain't the kind of post
a guy makes his stars on.
Nobody gives you a medal
when you do it right...
they just give you a demotion
when you do it wrong.
My granddad... he flew 25 missions over
Germany, blew up a dozen Nazi installments.
What do we get?
We get to babysit a bunch of sheep farmers.
Like I said, I hate it
here, and, yet, here I am.
And do you know why?
I'm here because my commanding
officer told me to come here.
Yes, sir.
The review board will have, uh,
a hearing for both of you next month.
- I didn't do...
- You're dismissed.
Yes, sir.
Good morning, sir.
- Hey.
- Hey.
How's your Enchilada?
It's about as good as it looks.
I should have went with
the chicken fingers.
Hard to mess those up, right?
Hear about what happened on delta pod?
What?
Another cocktail?
No. A dude tried to hang
himself last night.
How?
It's not even possible.
We watch these guys 24-7.
No, not a detainee.
It was a... it was a guard.
The dude tied himself off to a

ceiling fan and... get this...
the piece of shit pulled out of the wall.
Can you believe that shit?
The dude's life got saved
by shitty army contractors.
It's funny, right?
He's lucky.
It's crazy though, right...
that he tried to kill himself?
I mean, I get it.
It's a tough mission, you know.
But what the fuck, man?
It's our fucking job.
You got to get over it, you know?
Yeah.
I know. It's got to be hard
for some people, though.
It's...
It's not as black and white
as they said it was gonna be.
What's that mean?
I don't know what he was expecting,
but I'm sure it wasn't this.
Come on, though.
It's not as bad as that.
A lot of these guys aren't even that tough.
Exactly.
Makes you feel fucking guilty.
It's like...
Guilty? Come... what the fuck
you got to feel guilty for?
No, man.
Hell, you shouldn't feel guilty about shit.
These motherfuckers did 9/11,
and now they're in jail... end of story.
The motherfuckers that did 9/11 died there.
You know what your problem is?
You've been talking too much
to the fucking translators.
They've gotten all in your head, and
you've forgotten how lucky you really are.
We could be in Iraq right now.
You realize that?
I mean, you'd rather be dodging

cocktails than bullets, right?

No.

Whatever.

10 minutes, faggots.

Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

Hey...You smoke now?

Yeah.

What are you gonna do, Cole?

Tell on it?

Based on the detainees' preferences...

Yo.

- What's up?

- Here you go.

You've been transferred.

What? Where?

Night shift.

Yeah.

Just, uh, skip tomorrow.

Rotate in on the next.

Your new O.I.C. Will come get you.

It's all there.

Why?

Why?

Shit, Cole. You know ain't
no why in the army.

Hey. Hey.

Is that clock right?

Yeah.

So...W-where is blondie?

Huh?

Detainee 1-0-8 was heard
singing a song in Arabic
that had the English words
"bin laden" in it.

At 1700 hours, detainee 9-1 complained
that his chow smelled rotten.

He was given another meal,
which he said tasted bad.

At 1900, detainee 2-3-5
was given a water bottle.

He drank it, asked for another,
and proceeded to drink six more
bottles in the span of five minutes.
He then complained of feeling bad.

We had 2-5 moves scheduled,
2-8 moves completed.
Atten-hut!
Honor bound.
To defend freedom.
Blondie?
Blondie?
It is you.
Hey, don't... don't get up.
Go back to sleep.
No. No. No. I..I...I...
I can never sleep well...
you know, here, anyway.
I didn't... I didn't know they
kept the lights on all night.
All day and all night.
How is it that you're here?
I mean, uh, you're a night guard.
Oh. Um, I'm sorry.
You cannot say. I-It's okay.
No. Actually, uh...
...I snitched on someone.
What... what... what is it... snitch?
It's like golden snitch and...
No.
Um, to snitch on someone is,
uh...It's to tell... like, if someone
does something wrong, you turn them in.
Who... who did you snitch on?
I can't say.
It's moptop, huh?
What... what did he do to you?
You should get some sleep.
See you later.
I'm not gonna tell you what he did.
Okay.
So, tell me this one...
how did you end up here?
I told you... they reassigned me.
No, no.
How did you end up here in this place?
How did you end up here?
Me?
How did I end up here?

I could tell you that I was not
with Al-Qaeda or a terrorist or...
you wouldn't believe me, anyway.
Nobody believes me here.
So you're from Germany?
Yeah.
You remember.
Yeah.
Yeah. Yeah.
From Germany, yeah.
Actually, I was, you know, from Bremen.
Do you know the city... Bremen?
Bremen?
- You don't know?
- No. I can't even say it.
Huh? Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
- No speakDeutsch?
- Mm, Dutch?
- What?
- Nein.
Um, no.
Have you been in Germany before?
No?
- No.
- No.
No. I'd like to... plan to.
So, tell me... where have you been?
I mean, you're...
you're probably gonna laugh.
Me? Laugh? No.
At you?
Uh, I-I never laugh at you.
This is my first time out of the country...
I mean, it's pretty lame, right?
No.
No, it's not.
It's... you're... you're young.
You're very young, and you're...
you're a beginner, huh?
Yeah.
There are more people on this
base than in my hometown.
Small, huh?
Yeah, tiny... gets smaller every day.

And is this the reason that you came here?
Part of it, yeah.
What is the other part?
A lot of reasons.
Um...
I wanted to do something.
You know, I...
I wanted to do something important.
Yeah.
I understand.
Hey.
Thank you.
It's hard making the switch, huh?
Yeah, it's all right.
It takes a few days.
Of course, uh, you won't be a night owl for...
for too long, right?
I guess not.
Or...
I hated the day shift...
bunch of detainees chatting your ear off.
I'd hate that.
Thanks for the coffee.
Hey. Are you still awake?
What day is today?
Wednesday.
No, what date is today?
Um, July 14th.
So you're leaving next month?
Yeah.
How'd you know that?
They always change the guards in August.
So, when... when you leave,
will you sign up again here?
Like, you know, there are guards
here that have been for many years.
No, I don't think so.
So you want to go to your home, your...
your small town?
No.
What do you want to do, then?
I don't know yet.
Travel, maybe.
Go to Bremen.

I don't like this month.
Always these new guards...
Treating us like very bad guys.
They'll learn...Like I did.
What did you learn?
Huh?
Tell me.
You must learn something, huh,
when I throw that shit on you...
you learned something, huh?
Or when we're trying to
kill ourselves here,
with hunger strike, you learned something..
Huh? You said.
So tell me... what is that?
I want to know.
What did you learn?
Only you think you know,
but you know nothing.
You know nothing about me.
You and me...
We are at war.
I don't see it like that.
Then you see nothing.
What is that?
Hey, hey, hey, hey!
If... if you call on your radio,
you're not going to make it.
You're not going to make it.
Bring it down.
Bring it down.
Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.
Okay.
Just don't do anything crazy, okay?
You think I'm crazy?
No. No, I said just don't...
don't do anything crazy.
Is this crazy to you?
If you was me, you wouldn't do this?
Give me one reason why... one.
Maybe to try to not... not die in this...
this fucking shithole.
I don't like to die in this shithole!
But one way or another,

this is the place I will die.
Look, you don't know that.
You can't know that.
Ali, things can change.
Things... things can always change.
You... you can't just, uh...
you can't just fucking give up.
- You got to...
- Give up, blondie... what is "give up"?
Three years ago, they took
me to these interrogations.
And one of your guys here,
one of those guys who don't wear uniform...
he told me that I'm innocent.
He told me that he knows I'm innocent,
but I still cannot go home...
Because there's no country, no city,
no fucking person in this planet
will take me because I've been here.
I have no place to go, blondie.
This is the only thing
that can change something.
Everything okay?
Yeah.
Yeah, everything's fine. Um.
My... my radio's...
it's...it's on the Fritz.
Can you get me another one?
Uh, yeah.
Blondie, you... you are a good guy.
Yeah, thanks.
Am I a bad guy or a good guy to you?
Ali...It doesn't matter right now.
It's the only time it matters.
So you're gonna just...
you're gonna be a martyr?
Is that what you think you're...
you think you're gonna go to heaven?
That's what you want to do?
I don't believe in this anymore.
Well, then, why are you doing this?
Look at me.
You're asking me why do I want to die,
but you don't see that I'm not even living.

You guys control everything.
You tell us what to eat,
when to sleep.
Even when we don't want to eat,
you tell me we must.
It is your life... it is not ours.
I don't expect you to understand that.
I-I like you.
I do.
But... but you'll never understand this.
It's Amy.
You keep calling me "blondie," but...
My name's Amy Cole
from Moore haven, Florida.
And I like you, Ali.
I really do.
Ah, fuck!
Hey, hey!
Is there a... is there a zoo in Bremen?
What?
When I was a kid, I went
to the zoo with my dad.
It was just outside where
we lived and, uh...
It's really small, one of those zoos where
they keep the animals locked up in these...
these tiny, little cages,
these tiny, little,
like, concrete boxes with
tires in them or something.
I was really excited about going.
I really wanted to see
something outside my town.
I wanted to be...
I wanted to be so close to
something so wild and...
It just wasn't okay.
I didn't.. I didn't like it.
And my dad kept trying to fucking
tell me that it was okay, that...
that this lion could never
go back home because...
because he wouldn't be able
to survive in the wild,

having been locked up for so long.
Okay. You're trying to tell me that the
zoo people... they are not guilty.
They have no choice.

No.

I thought they had a choice.
If they had the choice,
they should've given it to him.
They should have let the lion choose.

You're the new guy, huh?

Tell me... how do you like it here?

Do you want a book or not?

Hold on your horses, big ear.

No one here goes anywhere.

At least, I'm...

what... what is that book there,
the big one?

No. No, the b... the big one.

The... the big yellow book!

The big... the yellow big book!

Yes, that... give it to me.

Yeah, give that book.

I wish that I had known in
that first minute we met
the unpayable debt that I owe to you
because you'd been abused by
the bone that refused you
and you hired me to make up for that
while I was checking vitals,
I suggested a smile
you didn't talk for a while
you were freezing
you said you hated my tone
it made you feel so alone
and so you told me I
ought to be leaving
but something kept me
standing by that hospital bed
I should have quit, but,
instead, I took care of you
you made me sleep all uneven
and I didn't believe them when they
told me that there was no saving you