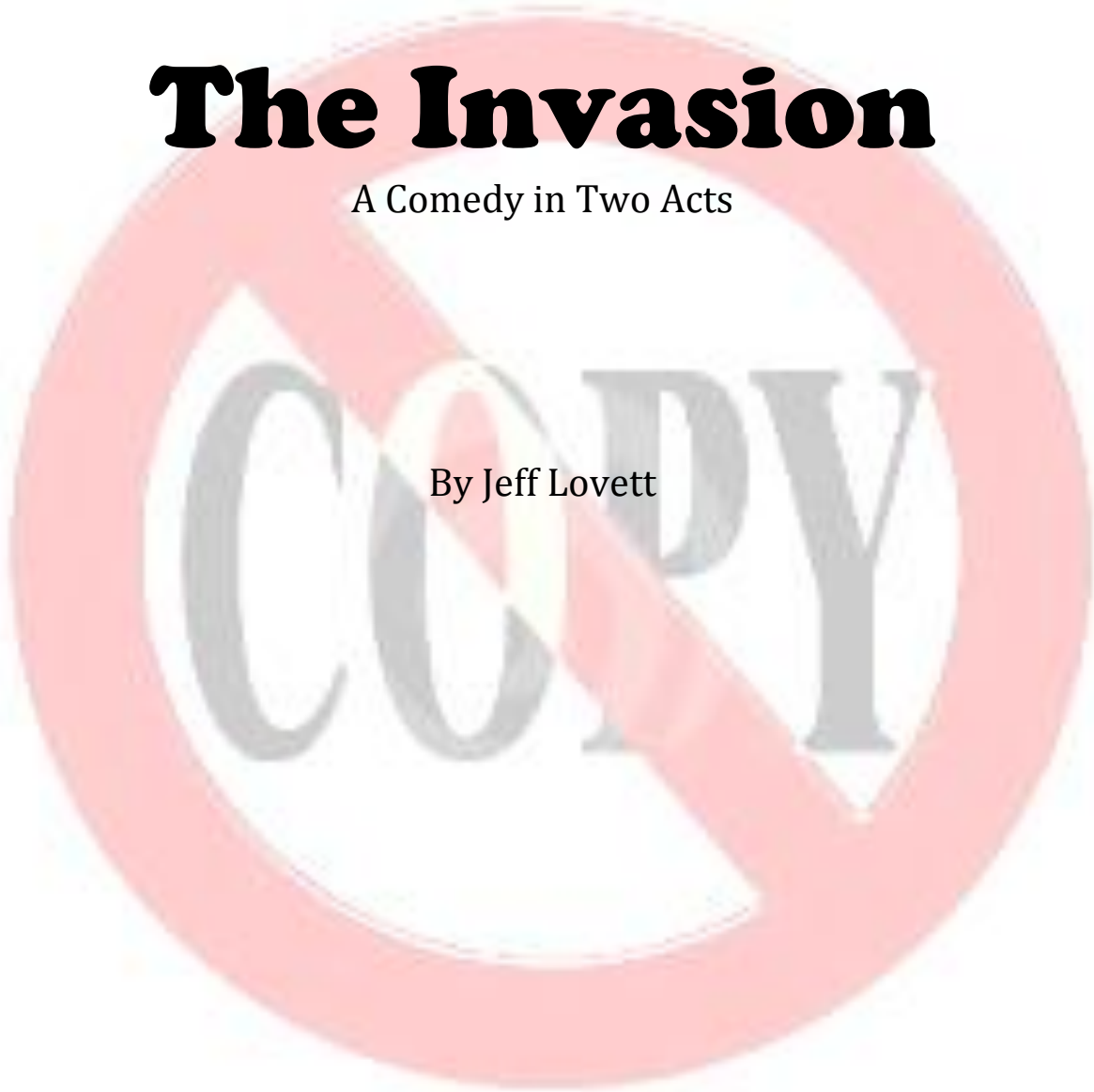


The Invasion

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Jeff Lovett



The Invasion

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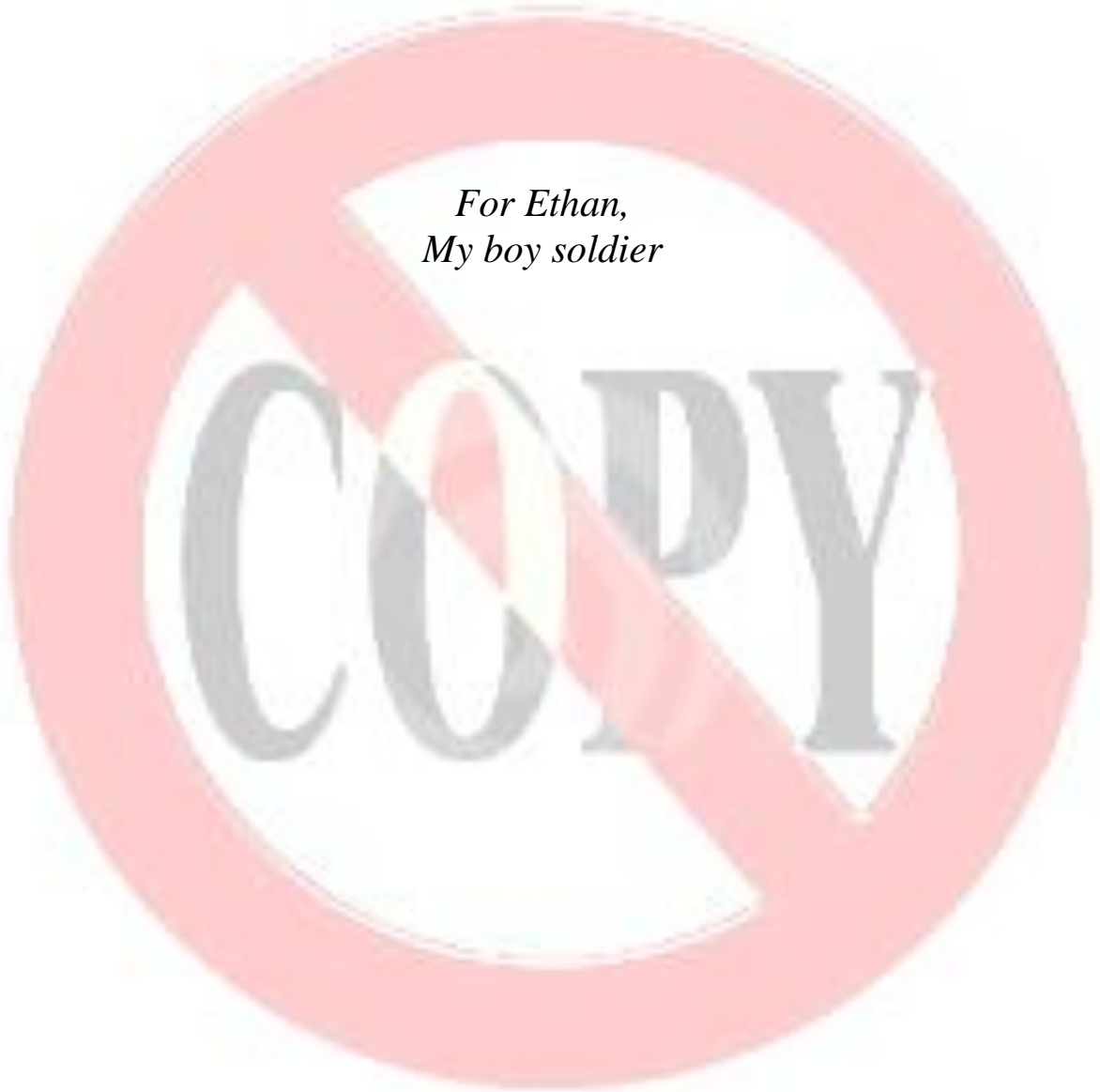
Cast of Characters
(in order of appearance)

Trevor White Soldier and Computer Salesperson
Jerry 'Granny' Granatowski Soldier and Laborer
Lester Andrews Soldier and Porta-Potty Deliveryman
Frank Evans Soldier and Pharmacist
Adam Connors Pizza Delivery Guy
Barry McFadden Dishwasher at Mexican Restaurant
Mexican Soldier (doubled with Barry) Soldier

Voice Only

Midday Max Radio Announcer
Happy Harold Reemer Car Dealer

*For Ethan,
My boy soldier*



ACT I
Scene 1

Curtain opens to the interior of the National Guard Armory located in a small town on the Texas and Mexican border. The walls are painted in a drab gray. Against the back wall, Up Stage Left of center, is a large work bench. On it is a collection of poorly organized tools, weapons in various stages of repair and a large coffee pot. On a cluttered shelf above the bench is a grimy radio tuned to a country music station which is playing softly in the background. Beside the shelf hangs an old rotary wall phone with a sign above it that reads, 'No Personal Calls.' On stage right side of the back wall is a filthy vinyl couch, a chair with a sagging seat and torn cushions and a scarred coffee table stacked high with hunting and fishing magazines, plus several military field manuals, many of which have fallen on the floor. There is a small trashcan sitting to the left of the couch. Down Stage Right is a storage cabinet containing rusted helmets, dirty fatigues and a few ancient rifles that look like the last time they were fired was in WWII. There a three doors visible. One metal gray door Stage Right down stage of the storage cabinet which leads to rear parking lot. Another gray metal door Center Stage that leads to the bathroom, offices and storage rooms. Next to the work bench in the corner of the Stage Left wall is a gray metal door which leads to the street and next to it are a series of small, dirty windows set high in the wall which faces the front parking lot of the building. All three doors are closed.

It is the weekend and a few of the 'weekend warriors' are on duty at the Armory. Reclining on the couch is LESTER ANDREWS, an overweight slob of a man in dirty fatigues who is eating a bag of potato chips, drinking a can of beer and reading a worn copy of Soldier of Fortune magazine. In his 'civilian' life, LESTER works for a company called Potty King delivering, picking up and cleaning portable toilets. Another soldier, JERRY "GRANNY" GRANATOWSKI, is at the work bench

cleaning a rifle which he has broken down into several pieces. JERRY works at a lumber yard and is an avid hunter who joined the National Guard with hopes of one day being able to legally shoot someone. Over by the equipment rack is the youngest member of the group, a man of twenty-two named TREVOR WHITE. TREVOR is dressed in a clean and pressed camouflage uniform, spit-shined army boots and has a military style crew cut. He is also wearing thick, black framed glasses. TREVOR always dreamed of being in the Army like his father and grandfather, but his poor eyesight preventing him from enlisting. Instead, he joined the National Guard and is very gung-ho about his monthly weekend service. He is holding a clipboard and taking inventory of the equipment.

TREVOR: Okay, which one of you clowns took the last 50 cal ammo?

JERRY: That would be me, kid.

TREVOR: Granatowski, I've asked you guys a million times to stop calling me that.

JERRY: What?

TREVOR: Kid. I ain't no kid.

LESTER: Sorry, kid. Granny don't mean anything by it.

TREVOR: So, where's the ammo? That was the last 50 cal we had in stock.

JERRY: I promised a couple of the guys from my hunting club that the next time we went deer hunting, I would let them try out the 50...

TREVOR: You took a machine gun on a deer hunt?

JERRY: Well, not yet. We're getting up early next Saturday morning and seeing if we can bag a couple.

TREVOR: Jesus, Jerry. That was the only real firepower we have around here and you took it home with you?

JERRY: Cool it, kid. Who cares anyway? It ain't like we're ever going to see any action around this dumpy little town. What's the big deal?

TREVOR: What's the big deal? I'll tell you what the big deal is. It's against Army Regulations... *(he pulls a small green pamphlet out of the rear pocket of his fatigues and reads it out loud)* Code 633, Section C. 'No weapons and/or munitions shall be removed from the buildings or grounds of any United States military facility except for use in times of

war, official military exercises, repairs or for demolition. Any personnel violating this provision are subject to fine, imprisonment and/or immediate release from military service with loss of all pay, benefits and retirement."

JERRY: Damn! All that for a sixty year old machine gun that jams every ten seconds?

TREVOR: This is serious, Jerry.

LESTER: Yeah, Granny, this is serious.

LESTER playfully throws the magazine he's reading at JERRY, then picks up another one and starts flipping through it.

TREVOR: I ought to call the state commander and report you.

JERRY: Just chill out, kid. I'll have it back by this time next week and nobody will ever know. Might as well give that old 50 some action in the field, even if it is plugging a big twelve pointer.

LESTER gets up from the couch and walks over to TREVOR.

LESTER: Yeah... what does it matter anyway, Trev? What's the chances that we'll ever put bullets in that old 50.. or any of the other old relics we got around here. I've been in the Guard for twenty three years and have never fired my weapon at anything other than a couple of beer cans on the target range.

JERRY: Yeah. All we do is come over here once a month, eat junk food and read gun magazines.

LESTER: If you're wanting to be a real soldier, this ain't the place to sign up, right Granny?

TREVOR: Rules are rules, guys. What if Houston was bombed by some crazy radical group and they called us up to protect the citizens?

JERRY gets up from the bench and crosses to LESTER and TREVOR, holding a big wrench in his hand.

JERRY: Then I'd run over to the house, get the thing out my bathtub and take it with us.

TREVOR: You put a 50-caliber machine gun in your bathtub?

JERRY: I didn't want to get grease on the bed. You should have seen the look on Carla's face when she threw back the shower curtain and reach downed to turn on the shower. I could hear screaming all the way out in the backyard.

LESTER: (laughing) I wish I'd have seen that. (*JERRY stops laughing and looks at LESTER*)

LESTER (CONT): Not Carla naked. I meant the look on her face when she saw that big 'ole gun leaned up against the soap dish.

JERRY: She ran out the back door in her bathrobe and told me to get my butt inside and get that machine gun out of the tub right now. Elmer Jenkins, the guy that lives next door, was out in his backyard working on his lawn mower and heard the whole thing. After she ran back inside, Elmer looks over the fence at me and says, 'Dude, you got a machine gun in your bathtub?' And I said, 'That's right, Elmer. You might want to think about that the next time you blow leaves over in my yard.'

LESTER and JERRY laugh heartily, then turn and go back to the couch and the workbench. TREVOR follows JERRY, still pleading his case.

TREVOR: You don't get it, do you? We're the National Guard. It's our job to protect the homeland, and we can't very well do that if our biggest weapon is sitting in your bathtub, can we?

JERRY: Listen, kid. When those godless ragheads come to Dermont, Texas, you can bet that your 'ole buddy, Jerry, will be waiting for them at the city limits sign and I won't need no machine gun to kick some ass. All I'll need is these... (*he whips around and does some wild karate moves which starts another round of laughter from LESTER*)

LESTER: Better step back, Kid. Jerry is a lethal weapon.

TREVOR: Well, when Frank finds out, I am not covering for you.

The upstage door opens and FRANK walks in just in time to hear his name. FRANK EVANS is the commander of the local squadron and is

dressed in a camo uniform complete with Captain's bars. When not on duty with the Guard, FRANK is a pharmacist at the local chain drug store. He is the only member of the local squadron who has any prior military service and joined the Guard to get a monthly break from his wife and kids. He's not completely a 'by the book' commander, but tries to keep his men trained and ready for an emergency. As he comes through the door, he's zipping up his pants, having obviously just come from the bathroom.

FRANK: When I find out what, Corporal?

LESTER: Oh, nothing Frank. We were just playing around, weren't we, kid?

TREVOR: Ah, yes sir. Just playing around.

JERRY: Me and Lester here were just telling the kid how we won't need no fancy weaponry to take out those godless heathens when they drive their car bombs into Dermont.

LESTER: Yeah, me and Jerry are lethal weapons just waiting to be unleashed.

FRANK: I can see that. All it looks like to me that you're about to unleash is a couple of smelly farts, Lester. Are you drinking a beer, on duty?

LESTER quickly sits up and throws his empty can of beer in the trashcan.

LESTER: No, sir, Cap. I just found that outside when I was doing a security sweep of the perimeter.

FRANK: Well, how about doing a perimeter sweep of the stock room and see if you can find some toilet paper. I had to tear a page out of *Guns and Ammo* back there to finish up.

LESTER gets up slowly and goes through the upstage door, leaving it open behind him.

JERRY: Please tell me it wasn't the article on how to file down the firing pin on a Glock 9, sir. I haven't finished reading that one yet.

FRANK: No, I used the classifieds.

JERRY: Whew... you had me scared for a moment there.

LESTER: *(from offstage)* Good God, Frank. How about lighting a match next time.

FRANK: Sorry. Becky cooked beans and rice last night. Those black beans always tear me up.

LESTER comes back in the room, holding his nose.

FRANK (CONT): Okay, gentlemen. It looks like a pretty quiet weekend around here. *(he pulls a clipboard off the wall near the work bench)* No outside maneuvers or target practice on the agenda. We've been instructed to do a review on how to field dress our rifles, do an inventory of our munitions and review the procedures for dealing with a biological warfare crisis. I'm thinking we can get all that done by two and have plenty of time to catch the Astros double header on the radio. And boy, I could use a little R&R.

LESTER: What's the matter Frank? They been running you hard down at the Walgreens?

FRANK: Yeah, that and the fact that my wife has been after me to paint the living room, my eldest Darlene has a new boyfriend who insists on calling her at midnight every night and my little one, Frank, Jr. is teething and crying round the clock. The only way for me to get some peace and quiet is to come down to Armory for the weekend.

LESTER sits back down on the couch.

LESTER: Yeah, it's been a tough week in the turd business, too. I've been running porta-potties out to that big construction site over on Highway 93 where they're building those new condos.... Boy, those Mexican fellows can fill up a turd-tank like nobody's business... something about those goat tacos must give them boys the runs.. after

sitting in the heat for a couple days, them potties start to smell real 'ripe' if you know what I mean..

JERRY: Why don't those guys just go home and let us have our country back?

TREVOR: Jerry, most of the Mexicans around here are legal citizens of the United States. And have been for generations. The State of Texas used to belong to Mexico, remember? Just because they're Hispanic doesn't mean they're illegal.

JERRY: Yeah, and if they're so legal, why don't they speak English.

TREVOR: Spanish was spoken here long before English. Why don't you learn to speak Spanish?

JERRY: Because I'm an American!

TREVOR: So are they!

FRANK: Okay, guys, break it up. We ain't here to fight each other.

LESTER: All I know is them Mexican boys can stink up a porta-potty something fierce... good old red, white and blue American crap don't smell like that...

TREVOR: That is about the most racist... and stupid...thing I have ever heard...

JERRY: It's true... believe me, you don't never want to follow one of them boys into the john down at the lumber yard... not unless you got an Army issue gas mask.

FRANK: Jerry... Lester, I would appreciate it if you two would stop bad-mouthing Mexicans-Americans. My sister-in-law is married to a Mexican-American and he is one of the hardest working, well-educated people I know.

JERRY: Does he speak English?

FRANK: Yes, he speaks English. He was born in Austin and teaches at the community college. He's as much an American as you are. And he doesn't even speak Spanish very well.

LESTER: Then he ain't really a Mexican.

FRANK: He's not a Mexican. He's an American.

TREVOR: You know, we're all came from immigrants.

LESTER: I didn't come from no immigrant. My Daddy's family has been in Texas since 1890.

TREVOR: Yeah, but his Dad or grandfather... or someone on up your family tree, came from another country. My grandfather emigrated from Poland.

JERRY: That figures. Not mine. I'm half Apache Indian and they were here long before the Mexicans or the Polacks.

TREVOR: And what about the other half?

JERRY: My Dad's family came from Romania, but that was years ago.

TREVOR: So, you can trace at least half your lineage to another country. We all came from someplace else, so before you start making judgments about an entire ethnic group, maybe you should remember that.

FRANK: Okay, enough with the history lesson. Let's get focused here. Our orders are to do a review on field dressing our rifles and that's what we're going to do. No more talk about Mexicans, the border, red, white and blue crap or anything. Okay?

TREVOR: (*very snappy and loud*) Sir, yes sir!

FRANK: Lester?

LESTER: Yes, Captain.

FRANK: Private Granatowski?

JERRY mumbles a slur against TREVOR and illegal aliens.

FRANK: What was that, Private?

JERRY: Nothing sir.

FRANK: Are you going to follow orders and not make any more trouble or do I need to send you home?

JERRY: Everything's okay, sir. Five by Five.

FRANK: Okay, I'm going to make another quick visit back to the little Captain's room and we'll get started. You guys go ahead and get out the rifles. But absolutely no loading of the guns, okay? Trevor has just gotten to where he can sit down after that last incident. Right, Trevor?

TREVOR: (*timidly*) Yes sir.

LESTER and JERRY look at each other and snicker.

LESTER: Yeah, Trevor. You haven't shot yourself in the ass again, have you?

TREVOR: Shut up, Lester. It was an accident.

JERRY: Good thing you're not a very good shot or we might be calling your Corporal Trisha right now.

LESTER and JERRY laugh uproariously at the joke until FRANK calls them down.

FRANK: Okay, okay. Let that just be a lesson to you that safety comes first.

LESTER: Don't you mean, check the safety first?

They laugh again and FRANK finally gives up and exits through the upstage door, closing it behind him.

JERRY: So, how is the gunshot wound to your butt, kid?

TREVOR: Stop calling me that! And if it is any of your business, the doctor said that it was just a nick and didn't require any medical attention. Just to keep it bandaged for a few days.

LESTER: So, does your Mommy spray Bactine on it every night before she tucks you into bed?

LESTER and JERRY laugh at his joke.

TREVOR: Very funny. You guys are more of a pain in the ass than shooting myself. Come on, let's get the rifles out of their case.

They walk over to the equipment rack and began taking out their rifles. They are doing this in silence when the song on the radio comes to an end and the announcer can be heard.

MIDDAY MAX: Hi, folks. This is Midday Max. Stay tuned for the news coming next, brought to you by Reemer Motors.....

LESTER: Go turn that up, Jerry. They're about to read the ball scores.

JERRY hands his rifle to TREVOR and crosses to the work bench to turn up the radio. He walks back to the equipment rack as a loud, obnoxious car dealer comes on the radio.

"Hi, folks, this is Happy Harold Reemer from Reemer Chevrolet Chrysler Dodge Jeep Ford Hummer Hyundai located on Route 62 next to Purty Paul's Pet Parlor and this weekend is our annual Super Duper Colossal Tent Sale. We've set up the big tent on the empty lot next door and are slashing prices on every new and used car on our lot. We've got Chevys, Fords, Dodges, Jeeps, Chryslers, Hummers, Hyundais, Hondas, Nissans, Toyoters, Kias.. heck, we've even got an old Hudson Hornet out back with three flat tires... and every single one of them is slashed to the bone to sell this weekend. There'll be entertainment all day long under the big tent featuring the Lucky Lindberger Family from Austria and their amazing Wheel of Death.. make sure you sign the liability waiver before entering the tent and due to the graphic nature of this show, no one with a pacemaker will be allowed in.... my lawyer made me put that part in... but he didn't say I couldn't set stuff on fire...(sfx: blazing fire) so we have.... we'll be roasting a whole pig over the bon fire out back and giving away free gerbils to all the kids... the bank says sell 'em or we're coming to get 'em, so this weekend is the time to shop until you puke at Reemer Chevrolet Chrysler Dodge Jeep Ford Hummer... and yeah, and Hyundai... look for the big tent and flaming pig fat next to Purty Paul's Pet Parlor on Route 62 right here in Dermont... and you know what Happy Harold always says...

LESTER and JERRY join in on this last line...

LESTER & JERRY: Check your pulse, because if we can't get you financed, then you must be dead!

The two soldiers all laugh at this last line until LESTER quiets them down.

LESTER: Shush.. this is part I want to hear.

MIDDAY MAX: This news bulletin just in. According to a new government report, thousands of people have been spotted heading from Mexico towards the Texas border. One official said it looked like an army was massing just south of Dermont and heading this way. Immigration officials have been caught by surprise by this sudden wave of immigration and are doing everything they can to make sure only people who have proper documentation are allowed to pass through border checkpoints.... but even with...

When MAX mentions the word "Army", all three of the soldier suddenly snap to attention. The ANNOUNCER's voice is slowly faded so that the remainder of the report is unintelligible.

JERRY: Wait a minute. Did he just say that the Mexican Army was heading this way?

TREVOR: No, he said that one official said it 'looked like an army.'

LESTER: I heard it, too, and I could have sworn he said the Mexican Army was heading this way, Granny.

TREVOR: It was just a metaphor.

LESTER: I'm sorry, a what?

TREVOR: A metaphor. The announcer was using the word 'army' to give you the mind picture of a large number of people. He didn't mean there was an actual army heading this way. Just a lot of people.

LESTER: Well, I don't know about all that, but I heard army, didn't you, Granny?

JERRY: Yes, I did. He said an army was heading this way...

TREVOR: He didn't mean army. He meant a lot of people.

LESTER: Then why didn't he say there's a lot of people heading this way?

TREVOR: I don't know. I guess he was trying to sound sophisticated or something.

JERRY: Well, you know, me and Lester didn't go to college like you and the Captain. We've had to work for a living. But if the man said an army is heading towards Dermont, then I think he meant an army is heading this way. Lester, run go get the Captain.

LESTER runs to the upstage door, opens it and yells for the CAPTAIN.

LESTER: Captain.... Frank... you better get out here. There's an emergency.

The sound of a toilet being flushed can be heard and FRANK runs through the door with his pants down around his ankles.

FRANK: (*frantically*) What is it? Did Trevor shoot himself again?

LESTER: No. We just heard a report on the radio that the Mexican Army is heading this way.

FRANK: What?

LESTER: Jerry turned up the radio so we could hear the ball scores and the news guys said that an army was massing on the other side of the border and were headed this way.

FRANK: An army? Are you sure he said it was an army?

LESTER: Yeah..

TREVOR: No, he said that there a lot of people crossing the border and that it 'looked' like an army... it was a metaphor, Captain.

FRANK: What?

TREVOR: Metaphor... it's when a person uses one word to mean...

FRANK: I know what it means, kid. What I meant was, are you absolutely sure he said the word army?

LESTER: Yes.

FRANK: Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, Cap, the guy said 'army.'

FRANK: You're sure?

JERRY: Yes, I am sure. We were over there getting the guns out and the radio said there was an army heading this way.

TREVOR: He did not!

JERRY: Yes, his did!

FRANK: Okay, okay. Just shut up for a moment and let me think.

FRANK paces around the room for a moment, finally stopping and looking through the window out into the street.

JERRY: What are we going to do, Captain?

LESTER: Yeah, Frank. You're the Captain.

FRANK: Just give me a minute to think.

TREVOR: We don't do anything. The radio announcer was only saying that there are a large amount of people that are crossing the border into the U.S. Must be a sale at the Bi-Lo or something and they're just come over here to shop. That ain't nothing new. They do it every day.

LESTER: He said army, Trevor. An army is crossing the border.

JERRY: And heading right towards Dermont. Probably with tanks and mortars.

LESTER: Well, we ARE easy pickings. How many National Guard members are there in the county, counting us? What, maybe seven?

JERRY: I don't think you can count on old man Baxter down at the feed store. He's got glaucoma and what is he, sixty-five maybe?

LESTER: Okay. So there's six of us with military training. A total of six people to defend all of Durham County.

JERRY: We're screwed.

FRANK: Would ya'll just shut up and let me think a minute. Trevor, run go get me the Emergency Procedures Manual so I find out what to do in the event of an invasion. (*TREVOR doesn't move.*)

TREVOR: There is no invasion, Captain. The guy did not say there was an army heading this way. He said there was a lot of people, that's all.

LESTER: He said an army.

JERRY: Yeah, right now there might be a whole brigade of Mexican troops just over the border, loading their guns and fixing their bayonets.

LESTER: That makes sense. If you're going to sneak up on people, you want to be able to kill silently.

TREVOR: They're not trying to kill silently. The Mexican Army is at home, having a siesta. They're not right across the border from sleepy little Dermont, Texas waiting to pillage our town.

JERRY: I haven't thought of that. Maybe they are coming here to get our natural resources.

LESTER: And our women. I've got to call Linda and tell her to lock herself in the bathroom.

LESTER runs over to the workbench, lifts the phone receiver and begins to turn the rotary dial. As he is dialing, FRANK runs over and stops him.

FRANK: We're not calling anyone. Not until we are absolutely sure we are not under attack.

LESTER: But Captain, Linda's at the house all by herself. What will she do if they take her hostage? She has no self control. She'd spill all of our national security plans.

FRANK: What kind of national security plans does she know about?

LESTER: Well, I told her the code to my locker in the back room.

FRANK: Put down the phone, Lester. And you guys give me your cell phones. One of the first things it says in the manual is that I have to control all communications with the outside world, in case there's a traitor among us who would share our troop movements and battle plans with the enemy.

LESTER: A traitor?

FRANK: Yes. Someone who is trying to help the enemy.

LESTER: There's a traitor?

FRANK: No. I said 'in case' there's a traitor among us.

JERRY: The kid's the traitor.

TREVOR: What?

JERRY: He doesn't want us to fight for our country.

LESTER: To spill our blood to protect our freedom.

JERRY: To stand proud with our forefathers and face certain death, only to become victorious.

TREVOR: What the hell are you talking about? Nobody is going to die?

LESTER: How do you know that? Have you already been consorting with the enemy?

JERRY: Yeah, it sounds like you already know what's going to happen, Trevor.

LESTER: What is going to happen, Trevor? Are they going to ransack the K-Mart. Maybe blow up the Post Office?

FRANK: Guys... guys.. Trevor is not a traitor. I just said we have to control our outside communications IN CASE there's a traitor in our midst. Not that there already is one. So hand over your phones. You'll get them back when we work this all out, okay?

TREVOR and JERRY reluctantly reach into their pockets and hand FRANK their cell phones.

FRANK: Lester?

LESTER: Linda won't let me have a cell phone. I keep dropping them in the porta-potties and she says she ain't cleaning crap out of any more phones.

FRANK: Alright. Just everybody stay away from the wall phone. Nobody calls anybody until we find out what's going on, okay?

ALL: Okay...

LESTER: So, what are we going to do now?

JERRY: Yeah, what's the battle plan, Captain?

FRANK: Well, the first thing I'm going to do is see what it says in the Emergency Procedures Manual. Run go get it, Trevor. It's in the rack by the toilet behind the *Knife Collectors Magazine*... the one with the missing cover. Hurry!

TREVOR: But Captain?

FRANK: Just get it, Trevor!

TREVOR exits through the upstage door. After he's gone, FRANKS huddles with LESTER and JERRY for a quick discussion.

FRANK: Jerry, Lester.

LESTER: Yeah, Frank.

FRANK: Would you two guys give Trevor a break? He's just a scared kid who joined the Guard because they wouldn't take him in the real Army. He's always dreamed about being in battle, but now that it's a real possibility, he may be getting cold feet. Stop riding him so hard. He's young and stupid, but he's a good kid. Just get off his back, you guys. Okay?

JERRY: But Captain...

FRANK: Jerry, didn't I help you out last November when your youngest got strep throat and you couldn't afford to go to the doctor. I gave you that antibiotic without a doctor's prescription, didn't I? You know that I could have lost my license over that.

JERRY: Yeah, Cap. You did.

FRANK: And Lester. When Linda just couldn't rid of that nasty cough she had last winter, and your insurance company wouldn't pay for that expensive cough syrup with codeine, who gave it to you anyway?

LESTER: You did, Frank.

FRANK: That's right. And all I'm asking of you two right now is to remember that we all have to do things sometimes that we don't want to do in order to make things right. And right now, I need for you two to be team players and try to get along with Trevor, okay?

LESTER: Okay.

FRANK: Jerry?

JERRY: But, the kid is a loose cannon, Cap. What if he decides to turn on us and run? If the enemy gets a hold of him, they'd break him in a minute and they could learn all kinds of things about this place.

FRANK: Like what? That we have a couple of rusty rifles, a sixty year old machine gun that nobody really knows how to operate and not a single mortar, rocket or land mine in the whole building.

JERRY: Exactly. With that knowledge, the enemy could take us by force with no fear of resistance. The only thing we have going for us is the appearance of strength and we can't afford to lose that.

LESTER: Maybe we should put him under house arrest until this is all over. Just to be safe.

FRANK: Lester, we ain't putting anybody under house arrest. Especially if what you heard on the radio is for real. We'll need every man that can fire a gun...

JERRY: We'll have Trevor aim for their asses...

*That breaks the tension and brings a laugh from all three of them as
TREVOR runs back in with the manual.*

TREVOR: Ah, it sounds like you guys have finally figured out that this invasion thing is just a joke..

JERRY: No, kid. We were laughing at the fact that in two years of Guard duty, the only thing you've actually shot with your rifle is your own ass.

LESTER and JERRY laugh again which upsets TREVOR even more.

TREVOR: Captain? Are you going to let Granatowski keep talking to me like that? After all, I am his superior.

FRANK: You're a Corporal and he's a Private, not really his superior.

JERRY: Yeah, and that was only because I forgot to lock up the back door in December. I was late for my grandson's Christmas play and forgot. When am I getting my stripes back, Cap?

FRANK: I sent in the paperwork, Granny. You'll get them back, don't worry. It could've happened to anyone.

TREVOR: Not me, I would never leave the back door open and compromise our national security with my carelessness.

JERRY approaches TREVOR menacingly, ready to fight.

JERRY: I'm going to give you a new back door, Trevor, if you don't shut up.

FRANK: Okay, okay... break it up guys. The enemy is out there, guys. Not in here. Give me the manual.

TREVOR walks over to hand FRANK the manual and JERRY gives him a little shove when he passes.

FRANK (CONT): *(opening up the worn manual)* Okay, let's see. Procedures for Invasion... Procedures for... here it is. Page C-32.

*He flips over to it and several loose pages fall out on the floor.
He bends to pick them up.*

FRANK (CONT): Okay, who drew a mustache on General Patton? And is this Winnie the Pooh riding on top of a tank? Lester?

LESTER: Sorry, Frank. The weekends are long. I get bored.

FRANK: What have I told you guys? No writing or drawing in the field manuals. The procedures in this book were designed to help us perform out duty. We can't very well do that if I can't tell whether I should be loading a shell into a howitzer or a.. what is this... a football?

LESTER: Bowling ball, sir.

FRANK: Geez... okay, page C-32. Procedures to follow when faced with an invasion on American soil. Okay, here it is. Step one. Determine the nature of the attack. Is it by land, air or sea?

JERRY: Does the Mexican Army have an Air Force?

LESTER: I don't think so.

JERRY: What about a Navy?

LESTER: Can't tell you. I did have a drink at a Mexican restaurant once they called the Battleship.

JERRY: I've had that. Tequila, lime juice and root beer.

LESTER: With a carrot.

JERRY: Yeah.. that thing really knocked me on my a...

FRANK: *(interrupting)* Would you guys shut up. It's like going to battle with the Three Stooges.

TREVOR: *(clears his throat)* Ahem...

FRANK: Sorry. The Two Stooges. Think about it, guys. If they're attacking Dermont, it would more than likely be by land. There's no strategic buildings to bomb and Lake Dermont is land-locked. So, let's assume they're going to attack by land.

TREVOR: Captain, why are treating this like it's really an invasion?

You're going to trust the word of these two clowns.

JERRY: Hey... that's Stooges to you, kid.

LESTER and JERRY get a large laugh out of this, bonking each other on the head, poking each other in the eyes and imitating the Three Stooges.

FRANK: Okay, okay. Let's get serious, guys. Whether or not there really is an invasion doesn't matter. The manual says we are to treat any threats as if they were real and proceed accordingly. So, let's assume... just to be on the safe side, Trevor... that the Mexican Army is heading this way by land. Check. *(he puts a check mark in the manual)* Now, Step Two is to make sure that all weapons are fully operational, ample ammunitions are at ready and all personnel should put on their combat gear. Okay, gentlemen, that means get your guns.

LESTER and JERRY quickly head for the gun locker. TREVOR lags behind with FRANK.

JERRY: Alright. After seven years in the Guard, I'm finally gonna' get to shoot something.

LESTER: Beats beer cans any day.

TREVOR: Captain, do you really think it's safe to let those two arm themselves, especially since we don't even know if the threat is real?

FRANK: The manual says to get ready, so we're getting ready. Come on Trevor, let's gear up.

FRANK and TREVOR join the other men at the equipment rack, who are already pulling on the helmets and bullet proof utility vests. LESTER's vest is too small and he is having difficulty putting it on.

LESTER: Help me get my vest on, Granny.

JERRY: Are you sure that's yours?

LESTER: It's got my name on it.

JERRY: *(struggling to help LESTER)* Dude, it ain't gonna' fit.

LESTER: It's has to fit. The only way Linda let me join the Guard was if I promise to wear my helmet and bullet proof vest. If I get shot without it on, she will kill me. *(realizing how stupid that sounded)* You know what I mean. If I ain't already dead, then she'll kill me for not wearing it.

FRANK: When was the last time you tried it on?

LESTER: I don't know. You remember when they had that big Klan rally up in Springfield and they called us out to do crowd control? When was that?

FRANK: '94, I think.

LESTER: That was it. Man, I must have put on a little weight since then.

JERRY: Measuring how far those buttons are apart, I'd say you put on a lot of weight.

LESTER: Shut up, Granny. I can still kick your ass.

JERRY: *(laughs)* Come on, Les. There are some extra vests in the back storage room. Let's go see if they got something in a big and tall men's size?

LESTER: Very funny.

They exit through center door leaving FRANK and TREVOR at the locker putting on their gear.

FRANK: You know, Trevor. It's okay to be a little scared.

TREVOR: I'm not scared. But if this for real, Captain...

FRANK: It'll be okay, kid. Did I ever tell you that I served under your Dad for a couple of months at Ft. Bragg?

TREVOR: Really? He never told me that.

FRANK: Yep. The summer of '89. I had just finished basic and they sent our unit out to Bragg to do a two-month guerrilla warfare exercise. I remember Colonel White quite well. It was a hundred and ten degrees and the Colonel never sweated. Not one drop.

TREVOR: Yeah, he was a cool cucumber alright. He was always on deployment somewhere when I was a kid, so he wasn't home a lot. But the times he was, he hardly ever said a word.

FRANK: Well, he said plenty of words to my unit those two months. He called us curse words that I didn't even know existed. But the Colonel sure knew his stuff. Taught me more about being a soldier in those two months than the rest of my four years in the Army. I was real sorry when I heard what happened to him in the Gulf.

TREVOR: Yeah. I talked to him the day before the bombing at the base. I told him that the Army had turned me down because of these...(indicates his glasses) I remember when I told him that, there was a long silence on the other end of the phone. I thought for a second that maybe we had been cut off. Then I heard him say, 'That's alright, son. We're not all cut out to be soldiers.' They bombed the barracks the next day and he was gone, just like that.

FRANK: Yeah, that was real tragic. So, you got other family in the military?

TREVOR: Are you kidding? Both my brothers are in the Marines, my sister is a Navy pilot and two of my uncles are in the Army. One's a Brigadier General. You might say that being a soldier is our family's business. It's all I've ever wanted, since I was a little kid. I can remember my Dad used to say that the only way to know if you're a real man is to test yourself in battle.

FRANK: Well, you just may get the chance to make your Dad proud before the day's over.

TREVOR: Not if this is all just a big misunderstanding.

FRANK: We'll find out soon enough.

LESTER and JERRY come back in the room. LESTER has found a vest that is more his size, but still gaps in the front. They're carrying a small box with the word's 'High Explosives' written on the side.

LESTER: Hey, Frank. Look what we found hidden under some old boxes back in the storage room?

FRANK: What is it?

JERRY takes one of the objects out of the box and shows it to FRANK.

JERRY: Hand grenades!

LESTER: Boom!! (they both laugh)

FRANK: Sweet Jesus, guys! Those things are not toys! What in the hell are they doing just laying around the storage room?

JERRY: There's all kinds of crap back there. Old gas masks, a flame thrower and six cases of MRE's...

LESTER: Macaroni and Cheese... my favorite!

FRANK: What about the 50-caliber machine gun? It's not in the gun locker out here. Go check and see if it's packed up in the back.

JERRY: Uh, Captain.

FRANK: What is it, Granny?

JERRY: Uh... I meant to tell you.

FRANK: Tell me what?

TREVOR: Go ahead. Tell him, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, I sort of 'borrowed' the 50.

FRANK: You what?

TREVOR: He took the 50-caliber machine gun home with him to go deer hunting with!

LESTER: Shut up, Trevor!

FRANK: You what?

JERRY: Well, some of my buddies wanted to see what it was like to shoot a fully automatic weapon. And so, I.. uh, borrowed it.

FRANK: You borrowed a U.S. Army issued 50-caliber machine gun?

JERRY: Well, yeah....

LESTER: He was going to bring it back next weekend, Frank. How was he supposed to know the Mexicans were planning on attacking Texas?

FRANK: Jerry, that's the only big gun we have. They took away our mortars last year after someone decided it would be fun to cook chili in one of them.

Everyone looks at LESTER

LESTER: Hey, it was during the Super Bowl and we didn't have a pot!

FRANK: If we get caught up in an all-out firefight, that big gun is the only thing that could hold off an advancing regiment. And you took it home with you? Without anyone's permission?

TREVOR: Told you you'd get caught.

JERRY: Shut up, kid. I can run home and get it out of the bath tub. Won't take me but just a minute.

FRANK: No, Jerry. We ain't got time for you to run all the way across the county to retrieve a stolen machine gun from your bathtub. Not with the possibility of an impending attack. What if you're not here when they come through town? You could get cut off from your unit and be out there on your own. No, we'll just have to try to get along without it.

LESTER: At least we got a whole bunch of grenades.

FRANK: (*putting the grenade back in the box*) Any of ya'll ever had any training on how to throw one of those things?

LESTER grabs a grenade from the box and pulls the pin.

LESTER: How hard can it be? You just pull the pin, then you...

When they see LESTER pull the pin on the grenade, all three men dive for cover. TREVOR dives into the equipment locker, FRANK jumps behind the couch and JERRY runs through the open door up center.

LESTER: Oh, crap! What do I do? WHAT DO I DO?

FRANK: (*peeking his head out from behind the couch*) Alright, Lester. Just take it easy. No sudden moves.

LESTER: I think I just wet myself.

FRANK: Alright.. very slowly, replace the pin in the hole at the top of the grenade.

LESTER tries to hastily replace the pin, but can't find the hole.

FRANK (CONT): SLOWLY!

LESTER: Stop yelling at me, Frank. You're making me nervous. Linda's gonna' kill me... oh, Linda's gonna' kill me....

FRANK: Just find the hole and slowly slide the pin right back through. Make sure you don't release the trigger.

LESTER slowly maneuvers the pin back into the grenade.

LESTER: Okay. It's back in. Now what?

FRANK: When you get it all the way back in, slowly walk over to the work bench and set it down very carefully on the counter top, okay?

LESTER: Okay... *(he turns and begins walking slowly towards the work bench)* I'm walking slowly... slowly... *(as he approaches the work bench, he suddenly slips on the magazine that he threw at JERRY earlier that is still lying on the floor and drops the grenade which goes rolling under the workbench)* I dropped it, I dropped it!

All four men scream as LESTER quickly runs over and dives behind the couch with FRANK. TREVOR closes the door to the equipment locker on himself and JERRY, who has been watching the whole scene from behind the partially open door, slams it shut loudly. A few seconds pass without an explosion. FRANK lifts his head from above the couch, followed by TREVOR opening the locker door and JERRY peeking through the door to the hallway. The last to rise up and look is LESTER.

LESTER: Okay... now I know I peed myself.

TREVOR: Is it a dud?

FRANK: No. They're built to not go off unless the pin's out. It's a safety feature. Trevor, go over there and get it and put it back in the box.

TREVOR: What? I ain't going over there.

FRANK: Jerry?

JERRY: Not me, Cap.

FRANK: Lester?

LESTER: Not me, Frank. I ain't stupid.

FRANK: You're the one that threw the thing.

LESTER: I didn't throw it. I tripped and dropped it.

FRANK: *(gets up and slowly crosses to the work bench as the other men go back into hiding)* And you call yourselves soldiers.

LESTER: I didn't sign up to get myself blown to bits. Just to come in here one weekend a month, read some old magazines, take a nap. That kind of stuff.

FRANK: Well, if this thing on the radio is really true, all three of you are going to have to put yourselves in the line of fire and be soldiers.

He bends over, picks up the grenade, shakes it and then tosses it back in the box with the other grenades.

FRANK (CONT): There. Crisis averted. Come on out, you big babies. We've still got to get through this checklist.

JERRY: *(from behind door)* You sure it's safe, Captain?

FRANK: It's safe. At least until the next time one of you lunkheads get your hands on another weapon. Come on out.

JERRY, LESTER and TREVOR slowly emerge from their hiding places and slowly approach FRANK.

TREVOR: I wasn't scared. I knew it was a dud.

JERRY: Yeah, kid. I forgot that your Daddy gave you a grenade for a teething toy. The Great Colonel White... how many babies did he kill in Vietnam?

At this, TREVOR runs over and starts to fight with JERRY.

TREVOR: My dad was a better soldier than you'll ever be. He was a great man...

FRANK and LESTER break them up, but not until TREVOR lands a swift punch to JERRY who doubles over in pain.

FRANK: Okay, break it up. How many times have I got to tell you guys? The fight's out there. Who knows how many armed men are heading this way across the border even as we speak. Do we really have time to pick fights with each other if there's an armored division heading right for us? Do we?

The three soldiers all mumble 'No'

FRANK (CONT): Alright. Now Jerry, I want you to apologize to Trevor. I knew his dad personally and he was a great soldier. Not a baby killer. Go ahead.

JERRY reluctantly reaches over and shakes TREVOR's hand.

JERRY: I'm sorry, kid.

TREVOR: My name's not kid. It's Trevor. T-R-E-V-O-R.. Trevor, okay?

JERRY: Okay. Geez! Don't get your panties in a twist.

FRANK: Alright. Now let's get back down to business. Everybody grab a gun and some ammo. According to the manual, we have to stay armed around the clock from this point on.

The four men walk over to the equipment rack and FRANK passes out a rifle and a box of ammo to each of them. In examining his rifle, LESTER points it right at JERRY's face.

JERRY: Hey, hey... Lester. Watch where you're pointing that thing.

LESTER: It's not loaded. See?

He points the gun upward and pulls the trigger. A loud explosion emits from the barrel and debris falls from the ceiling onto their heads.

LESTER: Sorry. I didn't think it was loaded.

JERRY: Lester, you could have shot me.

FRANK walks over and quickly takes LESTER's gun away from him and checks to see if it has more bullets in it.

FRANK: What did we talk about last month?

LESTER: Don't pee on the toilet seat?

FRANK: Always be in control of your weapon. It is a soldier's first responsibility to check his weapon so as not to endanger himself or his

fellow soldiers. Did you check this rifle before you started waving it around?

LESTER: Well...

FRANK: Apparently not. There are still rounds in here from last month's target practice, Lester. You put your rifle in storage still loaded?

LESTER: Well...

JERRY: Cut him some slack, Cap. You know that Linda called right in the middle of target practice last month and Lester had to run home to fix that busted pipe under the sink.

LESTER: Yeah.. I left so quickly, I must have put it in the rack without unloading it.

JERRY: It won't happen again.

LESTER: Yeah, Frank. It won't happen again. Scout's honor.

FRANK looks at both men and then slowly hands the rifle back to LESTER.

FRANK: I want you to check and double check this weapon, you hear me, Lester?

LESTER: Yes, Captain.

FRANK: And you do not load that rifle until I say so, you understand?

LESTER: Yes, Frank.

FRANK walks over to retrieve and check his rifle.

FRANK: First you try to blow us up with a hand grenade and then you almost shoot Granatowski. Geez, Lester, I don't know who to be scared more of... the advancing Army of Mexicans or you....

LESTER: I said it won't happen again, Frank. I've been in the Guard for more than 20 years and ain't shot anyone....

FRANK: Yet.... just watch it, will you? I do not intend to get shot this weekend.. especially by one of my own men. Okay, everybody suited up and ready to go?

All three finish putting on their helmets and gear and nod yes.

FRANK: Alright, then. Let's fall in.

The soldiers form a ragged line. LESTER comes close to dropping his rifle on the ground but catches it at the last moment, as FRANK walks behind and inspects them.

FRANK: Okay. Let's go through the check list. This isn't a drill, so no mistakes. Rifles?

The three soldiers check their equipment as FRANK goes through the checklist and answer 'check' for each item.

FRANK (CONT): Ammo? Everyone except Lester. Bullet proof vests? Helmet? Eye protection? Canteens? Flares? Okay. Everything looks in order. Let me check the manual for the next step.

FRANK picks up the Emergency Procedures Manual from the couch and reads the next step aloud.

FRANK (CONT): The next step is to secure and check all entrances to the building. Trevor, run back and make sure that the back window in the bathroom is secured and locked.

TREVOR: Yes sir.

TREVOR runs through the door quickly as FRANK continues to give orders.

FRANK: Okay, Lester, you check the back door and Jerry, check the front entrance.

Both men run to make sure the doors are secure as TREVOR calls from the back room.

TREVOR: Locked up tight as a clam, Captain.

LESTER and JERRY come back to the group after checking the doors.

LESTER: Everything is okay back here, Frank.

JERRY: The front door looks good. Nobody's coming in through that way.

TREVOR: *(entering the room)* Yeah, because nobody's coming. We just heard it wrong. Ain't no army heading this way.

JERRY: But what if there is, Trevor. Don't you want to be ready?

TREVOR: Ready for what? Since when does Mexico want to invade Dermont, Texas? What do we have that they want? The IGA store on Main Street? Maybe the Radio Shack?

JERRY: Maybe they want to use Dermont for a staging area to make way for a full-scale land assault.

TREVOR: Or maybe they're just looking for a Taco Bell?

FRANK: Okay. We'll find out soon enough. But right now, we're doing things by the book. And that means being at the ready until we hear otherwise.

They all stand around fidgeting. There is a long pause as they just stand and look at each other.

LESTER: Well, what do we do now, Frank?

FRANK: We wait.

They stand around some more, not sure what to do.

LESTER: Okay. That was fun. I'm getting another beer..

LESTER turns and walks towards the center door. FRANK begins to protest but is cut off by a loud knock on the front door. They all freeze for a moment, not sure what to do.

JERRY: *(cocking his rifle and running to the door)* It's them.

FRANK: Careful, Private. Remember your training. You don't shoot at anything or anyone before you identify who it is. And what their intentions are.

JERRY: Well, my intentions are to shoot anybody who comes through that door.

FRANK: Granatowski, stand down! I'll check it out.

The three soldiers inch towards the door as Frank crosses towards the front door and cautiously looks through the one of the small windows.

JERRY: What do you see, Captain?

FRANK: Nothing. I don't see anyone.

LESTER: Look low. Some of them Mexicans are short.

TREVOR: Oh, Lester, that is such a stupid stereotype.

LESTER: Oh yeah, when was the last time you a Mexican in the NBA?

FRANK: Sshh... I hear something. Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, Cap?

FRANK: I want you to unlock that door and slowly... slowly, ease it open. Okay?

JERRY: Roger, Cap.

FRANK: And Granatowski, NO shooting. You hear me? For all we know that could be a Girl Scout troupe out there coming by here to sell us some cookies, so you do not fire without a direct order. You got me, Jerry?

JERRY: Roger that, Cap. No shooting the Girl Scouts.

FRANK: Okay, Trevor and Lester. Be ready to give Jerry cover, just in case.

LESTER: Does that mean I can put bullets in my gun?

FRANK: One, Lester. One bullet. *(he pulls a cartridge from his pocket and tosses it to Lester)*

LESTER: Alright... lock and load!

LESTER quickly puts the cartridge into his rifle and he and TREVOR move to JERRY's left with guns at ready.

FRANK: Alright, Granatowski, ease it open.

JERRY reaches up and unlocks the door, then grabs the handle and slowly opens the door. When it's about halfway open, he reaches through the door, grabs the person who is standing outside, quickly drags him through the door and throws him on the ground. ADAM, the startled young man is wearing a pizza delivery outfit and crashes to the ground, dropping the pizza box he is carrying.

ADAM: Hey, dude. Take it easy.

JERRY: On the ground, face down. Now!

ADAM: *(holding his hands over his head)* Chill, dude. I don't carry any cash on me.

FRANK: *(approaching and holding his rifle on ADAM)* Who are you? Why are you here?

ADAM: I'm from Pizza King. My name's Adam. Somebody from this number ordered a pizza from us and I'm just delivering it.

LESTER: Oh, yeah. I forgot that. Sorry, guys.

*They are all visibly relieved and lower their weapons.
All except JERRY.*

JERRY: Keep your hands up! How do you know he wasn't sent in here to spy on us?

FRANK: He's a pizza delivery guy, Jerry.

TREVOR: Yeah, look at his shirt. He's from the Pizza King down the street.

FRANK: Lower your weapon, Jerry.

JERRY: *(to Adam)* You got I.D.? Show us some I.D.

ADAM: Okay, man. It's in my back pocket. *(he reaches for his wallet and hands it to FRANK)*

LESTER: I told you, it was me. I ordered a pizza, Jer. Let the kid up.

JERRY: Not until we prove he's not a spy. Captain?

FRANK: Adam Connors. 3657 Nolan Street. Is that you?

ADAM: Yeah, man. It's me. I told you, I'm just delivering a pizza, dude.

LESTER: He's the pizza guy, Jerry. Let him up so I can get my pizza. I'm hungry.

FRANK: Looks legit, Granatowski. Let him up.

JERRY: *(looks around slowly at the other soldiers)* Alright, pizza boy. Stand up slowly and keep your hands where I can see them.

ADAM slowly gets up, brushes himself off and picks up the scattered pizza box.

ADAM: Who are you guys? Some kind of crazy hunting club?

JERRY: We're your worst nightmare, Pizza Boy. We're the U.S. Freakin' Army.

FRANK: Actually, we're National Guard. Sorry about the misunderstanding, son. You okay?

ADAM: Yeah, man. What the hell was that?

FRANK: Just a little... ah...

TREVOR: Training exercise in identifying infiltrators. Great job, Private Granatowski. The subject has been subdued and you can stand down now.

ADAM: Dude, that was like an episode of COPS. Intense! So, ah, which one of you dudes is Lester.

LESTER: That's me..

ADAM: *(holds out the dented box)* That'll be twelve fifty, dude. And I think that considering I just about got shot, I deserve a pretty big tip.

LESTER: Sure, man. *(reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of bills)* Here you go.

ADAM: And what about you dudes? Y'all had guns pointed at me, too.

TREVOR and FRANK look at each other and then reach into their pockets, pull money from their wallets and hand it over to ADAM. They then look over at JERRY who reluctantly pulls a dollar from his pocket and hands it to ADAM.

ADAM: Alright, I guess I'll be running along now. Enjoy your pizza. Peace...

He flashed them a peace sign and starts to leave. FRANKS stops him before he can get through the door.

FRANK: Listen, Adam. Nobody has to know about this little.. ah, incident, okay?

ADAM: Don't worry. It's all cool. Trust me, dude, this ain't the first time somebody's pulled a gun on me...

ADAM exits and LESTER opens the pizza box and starts to noisily eat the first slice. JERRY continues to watch the delivery boy through the open door. LESTER holds out a slice of pizza towards FRANK.

LESTER: You want a slice? It's sausage and onions...

FRANK: No, we don't want a slice, Lester. You couldn't have gotten that poor kid shot, you know that?

LESTER: How was I supposed to know the Mexicans were going to invade us? I ordered it nearly an hour ago. No wonder it's cold.

JERRY: *(pointing his gun at the distant pizza boy)* Did you see how that kid hit the floor when I drew down on him? Man, that was intense.

FRANK: Jerry, put that weapon down.

JERRY: You know, I could still pop him from here if you're afraid he's gonna' talk. He's on a 10 speed but I could lead him just a little... and...

FRANK: For Christ's sake, Jerry. Put down your weapon. We ain't shooting the pizza guy.

JERRY reluctantly closes the door and locks it.

TREVOR: That just goes to show you that we are not prepared for this. We're not real soldiers. We just need to give up and go home...

FRANK: Go home?

JERRY: *(walking over towards TREVOR)* Give up? What do you mean give up? As in surrender?

TREVOR: No, not surrender. It's just that... well, we don't know what the hell we're doing, Jerry. You just about shot that guy. Just for

delivering a pizza. What's next? Blowing away a couple of old ladies walking by on their way to play bingo?

JERRY: Hey, you can never be too cautious about who the enemy might be. For all we know, they've been crossing the border for years, recruiting people to be their spies. Lester, wasn't I just telling you just the other day how some people had started acting a little strange in this town.

LESTER: *(talking with his mouth full)* Yeah...

JERRY: Well, now it's all starting to make sense. Maybe the Mexicans have planted spies among. People that would help them keep the invasion quiet so they could just waltz across the border and take us without a fight.

FRANK: Granatowski, what the hell are you talking about?

JERRY: Think about it, Cap. If you were trying to take over a large region of land, and not cause an uprising, wouldn't it make sense to recruit people to be your eyes and ears. Let you know the exact moment when conditions were right to strike? I betcha' that pizza guy was really a highly trained counter intelligence operative.

TREVOR: Adam? Adam Connors? He and I went to high school together, if you can call what he did 'going' to high school. Adam and the other stoners spent most of their time in the parking lot smoking dope. He ain't got enough brain cells left to be an 'intelligence operative.'

JERRY: It could be all an act. Maybe they've been working on him for years, trying to get people to trust him. And what better way to spy on people's movements and activities than with a guy who rides all over town on a Schwann delivering pizza and 'acting' dumb? The dude knows everything that's going on around here. He might have even planted like a listening device in Lester's pizza.

JERRY rushes over and snatches a half-eaten slice of pizza out of LESTER's hand.

JERRY: Don't eat that, Lester. It could be bugged!

LESTER: Hey! That was the only piece that didn't have any dirt on it.

JERRY: *(he examines the pizza, hands it back to LESTER and then walks around the room, looking under objects)* Captain, this place could be crawling with bugs. Small hidden cameras and wireless microphones. Heck, one of us could have brought it all in here and set up it up so the Mexicans could observe our readiness. Someone with knowledge of electronics and computers.

They all slowly turn and look at TREVOR.

TREVOR: Hey, don't look at me. I ain't no spy.

JERRY walks over to TREVOR and walks slowly around him. LESTER looks at his pizza slice and stops eating it, suspicious.

JERRY: But you do work down at the Radio Shack. And I've seen you reading those spy magazines. You know it makes sense. Trevor is like the dude in that 300 movie. You know, the ugly dude with the hump back that they won't let fight. He'd tried to get in the Army and they said no, so he becomes a turncoat. Sneaks over the border and promises to give away our troop strength, defense capabilities, etc. in exchange for a Mexican officer uniform. And it all starts with him trying to convince us the radio transmission was all just a hoax. How do we know you haven't hidden listening devices in the pay phone, under the workbench or in the bathroom? How do you say traitor in Mexican, Trevor?

TREVOR: Good God, Granatowski. I'm a fifth generation soldier for Christ's sake. My great-great-great grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War!

LESTER: Like Benedict Arnold!

TREVOR: I ain't no traitor. Tell them, Captain.

FRANK: Okay, let's not jump to conclusions. We don't know for sure that Trevor has been spying on us.

JERRY: But we don't know that he hasn't either, do we Captain?

LESTER: Yeah.. do we?

JERRY: The first thing Trevor did this weekend was to make a complete inventory of our weapons and ammunition. And he was back in the

office all by himself. He could have faxed all that information to the Mexican commanders when you sent him back to get the manual, Captain.

FRANK: *(starting to get a little suspicious)* You were in there quite a long time, Trevor. What took you so long to grab the manual off the shelf and run it back out here?

LESTER: I bet he was copying the Emergency Procedures Manual and faxing that to them, too.

FRANK: Is that right, Trevor. Were you sending them information about our counter attack?

TREVOR: No! I had to go to the bathroom. That's what I was doing, if you must know. I was taking a crap, okay. I wasn't faxing our weapons status or response procedures.

LESTER: So, all this time, Trevor's been trying to get us to slack off? Knowing that the enemy could swoop in here why we were sleeping and slash our throats in the darkness of night. Damn you, Trevor!

TREVOR: What are you guys talking about? Slashing throats? Darkness of night? You sound like a bad war movie!

JERRY: You know, Captain. While I was holding that pizza guy to the floor, I could have sworn I saw some type of communication between those two. Like a hand signal or something.

TREVOR: I told you, I went to school with Adam. He recognized me, that's all.

LESTER: What kind of signal did you send him, Trevor? Did you tell him there were only four us and to send in the invasion force.

JERRY: That's probably why the kid rode away so quickly. He knew that all hell was about to break loose.

FRANK: *(suddenly alarmed)* Okay, men. Let's set up a perimeter. Move it!

JERRY snaps into action and quickly runs to the cover the rear door while FRANK runs over and double checks the lock on the front door.

LESTER just continues to eat his pizza.

FRANK (CONT): Keep an eye on Trevor, Lester. Make sure he doesn't give off any more signals.

LESTER clumsily grabs his rifle and covers TREVOR.

TREVOR: Give signals to who? There's no one here but us.

JERRY: Check his clothes, Les. Make sure he's not bugged.

LESTER holds the gun on TREVOR who raises his hands above his head. He frisks him with the other, checking TREVOR's pockets.

LESTER: He's got a tube of lipstick....

TREVOR: That's lip balm... I have chapped lips.

LESTER: Okay... lip balm. A pencil. A pack of gum.. Juicy Fruit and.....*(pulling out a small plastic bottle)* what is this?

TREVOR: Lotion...

LESTER: Lotion... like soap?

TREVOR: No. Hand lotion. I have dry skin.

LESTER: Dry skin? Okay, Jerry, he is way too gay to be a spy. Hand lotion?

JERRY: It could be an explosive gel. Open it up and smell it.

LESTER: Smell it?

JERRY: Make sure it smells like lotion. Open it!

LESTER: *(putting the rifle under his armpit and opening the bottle slowly)* Okay.. here goes. Smells like... don't tell me. Gardenias.

TREVOR: Magnolias.. reminds me of my mother.

LESTER: *(looks at TREVOR for a second and then lowers his gun)*

Okay, you've convinced me. Anybody that carries lipstick and magnolia-scented hand lotion in his pocket ain't got the balls to be a spy.

TREVOR: I told you guys. I am not a spy.

JERRY: Yeah. Then how come you've been trying to convince us that what we heard on the radio is not true.

TREVOR: I didn't say it wasn't true. Just that we misunderstood what the guy meant.

LESTER: So why don't we call him?

FRANK: Who?

LESTER: The guy on the radio.

FRANK: Midday Max? That guy on Country 105?

JERRY: You know him?

FRANK: No.... not personally. We listen to that station down at the pharmacy.

JERRY: You know the number of the request line?

FRANK: Sure. They give it out three or four times an hour. I've got it memorized.

JERRY: Then call down there and talk to this Midday Max guy and let's see exactly what he meant when he said they looked like an army streaming across the border.

FRANK walks over to the phone, lifts the receiver and begins to dial.

FRANK: I'll be lucky to get through. The girls in the pharmacy are always trying to get Max to play that Kenny Chesney guy, but can never get through. *(the phone rings a couple of times, then someone picks up)* Hey, this is Captain Frank Evans. I'm the commander down at the National Guard Armory. Can I speak to Midday Max? He's what. Really? When? You're kidding? And they just drove away just like that? Okay. Yeah, just have him call us. The number's in the book *(he hangs up and scratches his head)*

LESTER: What did they say?

FRANK: That was the station manager? About how long ago did you guys say this Max guy said that stuff about an invasion?

TREVOR: I don't know. Maybe an hour ago. Why?

FRANK: Well, the station manager said that Max was talking on the air, reading the weather, some news. He wasn't really listening that closely. Anyway, all of a sudden, this big black car drove up in front of the station and a couple of government looking guys got out. They came into the station and asked to speak to Max. The station manager said he was on the air and couldn't be disturbed. The guys in the black car said to get him.. now! So, Max comes out and before he can say a word,

these two guys grab him, drag him out of the station and throw him into the back seat of the that car and then just drive away.

JERRY: Who were they?

TREVOR: Did they have guns?

FRANK: The station manager said he didn't know. They just drove off and he hasn't seen or heard a word from Max since. He's having to fill in on the air until they can get a replacement to come to the station.

JERRY: Well, well... what do you say about that, Trevor?

TREVOR: Very odd.

JERRY: You're damn right it's odd. And kinda' coincidental, don't you think. Midday Max somehow got word of the invasion plan, announces it on the radio and the next thing you know, he's kidnapped from the station and whisked away in an unmarked black car.

LESTER: My God. Who do you think it was?

JERRY: Mexican Secret Police. I've heard of them before. My daddy said that this guy over at the Firestone plant kept talking about how he was going to report all the illegal guys working over there and one day he just disappeared. Nobody ever saw or heard from him again.

LESTER: Okay, I got to get home and check on Linda.

LESTER throws his gun down and heads for the door and the other guys race after him and tackle him to the floor. He struggles to get free.

LESTER: Let me go. Let me go! Linda's all alone at the house. She doesn't know how to protect herself. If she gets raped or mutilated or something, I will never hear the end of it. From now until the day I die, all she will ever talk about was how I was down at the Armory, drinking beer and reading gun magazines when the Mexican Secret Police busted down the door and did unspeakable things to her. I can't spend the rest of my life listening to that. I just can't. I'd rather die. So, I've got to go home!

FRANK: No, Lester. Nobody leaves. Nobody.

LESTER: But, Frank. Have you ever heard my wife when she starts yelling? It's enough to make you put a gun in your mouth and pull the

trigger. If I don't get home and protect her, I'll have to listen to her yell for the next twenty years. My bowels can't take it!

FRANK: We can't leave our post. Especially now that we know about the thing with Midday Max. What if all this really is leading up to an invasion? The announcement on the radio, the pizza guy spying on us, Trevor hiding listening devices in the bathroom.

TREVOR: Hey! That's not true!

FRANK: All I'm saying is we don't know what's true and what's not. We can't take the chance that their army attacks us and we don't have every single man at his post ready for battle. You can't go, Lester and that's an order.

LESTER: But... Linda...

FRANK: That's an order Sergeant Andrews. If you leave this building, I will have no choice but to consider you a deserter in time of war and..

LESTER: And what?

FRANK: I'll have to shoot you, Lester. (he goes over and picks up the manual) The manual here says I would have to shoot you. To protect vital information. I don't want to, but if it comes down to that... then, well...

JERRY: I'll do it!

LESTER: What?

JERRY: I'm just saying that if you desert over to the enemy, then it would be my duty as the company's sharpshooter and all to shoot you as you ran away.

LESTER: Jerry!

JERRY: I didn't say I would enjoy it, Lester. You're pretty fat and it would probably take a couple of rounds to bring you down. But I'd do it if I had to to.

LESTER: Jerry, you're my best friend. You'd shoot your best friend?

JERRY: No. But if you leave us in a time of war, you're no longer my friend. You're a traitor and I would have no choice but to shoot you right in your big, fat ass.

FRANK: Okay, okay. There's not going to be the need to shoot anybody, Jerry. Lester's not going anywhere. Are you, Lester?

LESTER: Well, I'm not now. Now that I know that my best friend in the whole world, the guy that I help sod his yard last summer, helped him paint his garage.. changed the transmission in his truck for God's sake... that same 'friend' is ready... no, almost giddy, at the prospect of shooting me. Considering all that, I think I'll just hang out here for a little while longer.

There's a moment of awkward silence as the two men look at each other. Finally, JERRY speaks.

JERRY: I didn't say I wanted to shoot you, Les. Just said that if it had to be done, I'd do it. I could bring you down in one clean shot, so you wouldn't suffer. Not like Trevor here that ain't never shot nothing but his own ass.

TREVOR: Would you give it a rest? Okay, so I shot myself in the ass. At least I just didn't volunteer to shoot my best friend as he ran across the parking lot.

JERRY: You don't have any friends, Trevor. Except maybe the kind of dudes that sit around at home knitting and making their own gardenia hand lotion.

TREVOR: Magnolia. It's magnolia.

FRANK: Okay, cut it out, guys. We're not shooting nobody. Except for the enemy soldiers that are about to overtake our town. Let's refocus on the situation here, okay? *(he looks around at each of the three soldiers who are angry and not looking at each other)* Come on, guys. We're a unit aren't we? And a damn good one. Didn't we win a ribbon at the Guard Games last year?

LESTER: Yeah, for the cleanest boots.

FRANK: It was still a ribbon. A ribbon we won for working together as a team. How can we be a team if we're constantly bickering with each other? Huh? *(he looks around, but the men are still sulking)* Come on, Lester. Jerry wasn't really going to shoot you, were you Jerry?

JERRY: Well...

FRANK: Jerry. It's Lester. You guys went to high school together. Played on the same football team. How could you shoot Lester?

JERRY: Well, I'd probably have to lead him pretty good.. and he's pretty big, so I'd have to use a hollow point round...

FRANK: Jerry!

JERRY: No, I wasn't really going to shoot Lester. I was just joking.

LESTER: Joking? You said that you it would take two rounds to bring me down.

JERRY: Well, look at yourself, Lester. You've gained, what, a hundred pounds since high school?

LESTER: Frank!

FRANK: That's enough, Jerry. You know the Guard's policy on harassment. I want you to tell Lester that he's not fat... and that you really weren't going to shoot him. Tell him.....

JERRY: You're not.... that fat. And I was kidding about shooting you.

LESTER: You really think I'm fat?

JERRY: No, Les. You're not fat. Just.. I don't know, plus sized.

LESTER: Plus-sized? Okay, I can live with that.

The two men embrace for a moment and then act as if nothing happened.

TREVOR watches all of this and turns to FRANK.

TREVOR: What about me? Isn't Jerry going to have to apologize to me?

JERRY: For what?

TREVOR: For implying that I am.... gay.

JERRY: I didn't say you were gay. I just said you were a bad shot.

TREVOR: Yes, you did. You heard him, didn't you, Captain?

FRANK: Jerry. Apologize to Trevor.

JERRY: But Captain.

FRANK: Apologize Granny. That's an order.

JERRY: Sorry, kid. You're not...gay... probably just bi.

TREVOR: Captain!

FRANK: Jerry?

JERRY: Okay, Trevor. You're not gay. And you're a great shot. And you're right. The Mexican Army isn't heading this way. Those guys in the big black car weren't the Mexican Secret Police. They were members of the Rotary Club and Midday Max was late for their meeting

down at the Chamber of Commerce. *(he turns and looks at Frank)* Now that we've all kissed and made up, you think we can get back to the mission Captain? Or is it more important for me to kiss ass than it is to protect my country?

FRANK: Just go stand watch by the front door, Jerry. Help him, Lester. And you, Trevor, go keep an eye on the back door. I've had enough of this guessing what's going on out there. I'm calling headquarters right now!

TREVOR: *(as he crosses to the back door)* Well, it's about time you cleared up this whole misunderstanding.

FRANK goes to the phone, lifts the receiver and puts it to his ear.

FRANK: There is way too much weird stuff happening around here to keep this to ourselves... we need to...*(he stops in mid sentence, perplexed, and then rapidly flips the phone cradle button up and down several times)* Hey, Lester.

LESTER: Yeah, Frank?

FRANK: When you tried to call Linda a little while ago, did you have trouble getting a dial tone?

LESTER: Nope. It's was working fine.

FRANK: Well, that's odd. Now the thing's dead.

JERRY: No dial tone at all?

FRANK: Nothing. It's dead as a door nail.

JERRY: I knew it. Those crafty bastards probably cut the telephone lines out back to keep us from calling headquarters. You know how to splice them back together, Captain? We need to get word out to headquarters that they've begun their invasion.

FRANK: Not me. I wouldn't know a phone line from a fishing line. What about you, Trevor? You work down at Radio Shack?

They all look over at TREVOR

TREVOR: What? Don't look at me. I just sell computers.

LESTER: Yeah, but you did have to take some basic training when you went there on how to fix stuff, didn't you?

TREVOR: Well, yeah. I guess.

FRANK: Did they show you how to strip and splice wires back together?

TREVOR: Yeah. But I don't know anything about phone lines.

FRANK: All you have to do is find the incoming phone line, see where they cut it and connect the same color wires back together.

TREVOR: Well, I guess I could do that.

JERRY: Don't trust him, Captain. How do you know that when he was back there in the back spending all that time looking for the Emergency Procedures Manual that he wasn't the one that cut the phone lines himself?

FRANK: Because the phone lines are on the outside of the building, smart ass. And unless Trevor was able to squeeze out that tiny window over the toilet, he didn't go outside.

TREVOR: Ha! See? Another one of your conspiracy theories shot out of the water. What do you want me to do, Captain?

FRANK: Well, you'll need a pair of pliers, some wire strippers and electrical tape. We got all that stuff on the workbench, Granatowski?

JERRY: Yeah, Cap. We do, but are you sure you want him going out there where he could clearly give up our position?

FRANK: Give up our position? There's three foot letters on the side of the building that say National Guard Armory. Unless they're blind, I think they're going to be able to find us. And anyway, do you have a better idea? We've got to call headquarters and that's our only phone.

LESTER: What about the cell phones?

FRANK: Oh, yeah. *(he pulls out the two cell phones from his pocket and turns them on)* Here Lester, see if you can get a signal on this one. *(he hands one of the phones to LESTER and takes the other for himself. They walk around the room trying to get a signal)* Any luck?

LESTER: Nope. No signal on this one.

FRANK: Mine's got no bars either. Must be the metal building. Cell phones have never worked real good in here. Give them back. *(They pass their phones back to FRANK)* Well, Trevor, it looks like you're up.

TREVOR: But Captain. What if there's, you know, snipers out there?

JERRY: I thought you said it was all a hoax?

TREVOR: I'm not saying I believe all of this... but I'm just saying.... maybe.. just maybe there's some truth to the invasion theory.. and just maybe there's a couple of Mexican snipers hiding on the roof of the Post Office waiting for one of us to pop out and fix the phone.

FRANK: Just stay near the building and move slow. You'll have your rifle with you just in case you start taking hostile fire. Grab those tools, Jerry.

JERRY crosses to the table, grabs a few tools and brings them to FRANK, who hands them to TREVOR.

FRANK (CONT): Okay, Trevor. Just remember to stay near the building and keep you head down.

LESTER: What does that mean?

FRANK: What?

LESTER: Keep your head down? Down where?

FRANK: I don't know. Just down out of the way so it won't get shot.

JERRY: You want me to go with him, Cap?

FRANK: No, Jerry. We can't risk losing but just one man.

TREVOR: What?

FRANK: You'll be okay. The phone line comes off the pole in the southwest corner of the parking lot. It runs into the ground at the pole, so if they cut it, it's either going to be at the pole or on the side of the building.

TREVOR: Are you sure about this, Captain?

FRANK: Yes, Trevor. This is your chance to prove to everyone that you're a real soldier. Now get going.

TREVOR walks slowly towards the back door, tools in one hand and rifle in the other. As he opens the door, LESTER calls to him.

LESTER: Hey, kid?

TREVOR: What?

LESTER: Keep your head down.

TREVOR takes one more look at the group and then exits through the rear door.

LESTER: You think he'll be okay?

FRANK: I don't know, Les. Let's just hope he gets that phone line put back together so we can find out what the hell is going on. Okay, guys, let's keep a watch just in case something is out there. Jerry, go watch the front. Lester, you run back there and see if you can see anything out that little bathroom window.

LESTER: Okay, Cap. With all the beer I drank this afternoon, I needed to drain the old lizard again anyway.

LESTER exits through the upstage door, JERRY moves over and looks out front windows and FRANK takes a position by the back door. After a moment of tense silence, JERRY speaks.

JERRY: You think there's really anything to this, do you, Frank?

FRANK: I don't know, Jerry. But we're going to do everything by the book just in case.

JERRY: And if it all turns out to be a hoax?

FRANK: Then you guys got some valuable, real-world combat experience. Don't nothing prepare you for battle like being faced with a life or death situation.

JERRY: You really think this is life and death?

FRANK: I don't know, Jerry. When the kid gets that cable spliced back together, we'll find out.

Suddenly, there's a sharp gunshot from out back, followed by a scream. JERRY rushes over to the rear door and after a few seconds, LESTER comes stumbling through the hall door holding his rifle in one hand and pulling up his pants with the other.

LESTER: Did you guys hear that? It came from right outside the bathroom window. Scared the sh..

FRANK: I thought you were supposed to be keeping a watch through that window, Les.

LESTER: I was... I was.. but after I started to pee, I realized that I needed to do number two, so I sat down. And, well, you can't see out the window when you're sitting on the throne.

FRANK: Well, get in there and tell us what you see!

LESTER runs back into the back room while FRANK and JERRY take their positions at the front and back doors. After a moment, LESTER calls from the back room.

LESTER: Captain, I think you need to come back here. I need you.

FRANK: I told you, there ain't no toilet paper, Lester. Use a magazine.

LESTER: It ain't about that. It's about Trevor.

FRANK: You see him?

LESTER: Yeah.

FRANK: And?

LESTER: He's dead!

FRANK and JERRY turn slowly and look at each and then rush through the door leading to the back room as the lights fade to black.

BLACKOUT

Act 2
Scene 1

Curtain opens on empty interior of the Armory. It is just a few moments past the time that the soldiers heard the gunshot outside and LESTER announced that TREVOR was dead. Voices can be heard from the back room.

FRANK: Are you sure he's dead?

LESTER: Well, look at him, Cap. He ain't moving.

FRANK: Slide over so I can take a look.

LESTER: Hey, get off my foot.

FRANK: Well, move, Lester.

JERRY: Is there any blood, Frank?

FRANK: I can't tell. Lester, give me a boost.

LESTER: A what?

FRANK: Just put your hands on my rear end and push me up closer to the window.

LESTER: I ain't touching your butt, Frank. I don't care if you are the Captain.

FRANK: Jerry?

JERRY: Not me.

FRANK: For God's sake, I'm not asking you to sodomize me or nothing. Just give me a boost up to the window.

LESTER: Do it, Jerry.

JERRY: You do it, Lester. You the one that says he's dead.

FRANK: Come on, Lester. Give me a boost.

LESTER: You better not tell anybody about this or I will never shop at Walgreens again.

FRANK: Higher..

JERRY: Yeah, Lester. Grab his butt real good and shove him up there.

LESTER: Shut up, Jerry. What do you see, Captain?

FRANK: Where is he?

LESTER: Over there in the bushes. Oh, my God, Frank. *(he coughs)*
That was right in my face.

FRANK: Sorry, I told you black beans give me gas.

LESTER: I can taste it.

JERRY: I wish I had a camera.

FRANK: Okay, okay.. let me down.

A few seconds later, the three men emerge through the door. LESTER is using his fingernails to scrape the 'taste' off his tongue.

FRANK (CONT): Good Lord, Lester. It wasn't that bad.

JERRY: Yeah, Les.. suck it up.

LESTER: What you think I just did?

JERRY: What did you see out there, Cap?

FRANK: Not much of nothing. Trevor was lying half in those bushes over there by the light pole. He wasn't moving.

LESTER: I told you he's dead. Just like I wish I was.

LESTER continues to scrape and wipe his tongue. JERRY reaches over and grabs a can of WD-40 off the work bench (really just a can of compressed air).

JERRY: Here, Lester. See if this helps.

JERRY sprays a stream of 'WD-40' onto LESTER's tongue. LESTER makes a face but then is better.

LESTER: Um.. minty.

JERRY: Was there any blood?

FRANK: I don't know. All I could see was his legs sticking out of the bushes.

LESTER: I'm telling you, he's dead. The Mexican snipers got him.

FRANK: Poor kid. I shouldn't have sent him out there. Trevor's dead and it's all my fault.

JERRY: He volunteered, Frank.

FRANK: No, he didn't. I made him go out there. I told him it would be okay. Now he's dead. I'm not a soldier. I'm just a pharmacist. How was I supposed to know he'd get shot?

LESTER: You think Trevor's got any cool stuff in his locker?

FRANK: What?

LESTER: Well, now that the kid is dead, we can divide up his stuff.

LESTER goes to the gun locker and starts to search through TREVOR's belonging. FRANK is horrified and yells for him to stop.

FRANK: What are you doing, Lester? Stop that!

LESTER: He don't need it anymore, Cap. Oh, cool. A Kit-Kat bar.

At the news that LESTER has found candy, JERRY walks over and joins him.

JERRY: Give me half of it

LESTER: Forget it. You tried to shoot me.

JERRY: I didn't try. I just said I would.

LESTER: I don't share candy with murderers. Here, you can have his lipstick.

JERRY takes the lip balm and applies some to his lips.

JERRY: Cool.. cherry.

FRANK: What is wrong with you, Lester? Jerry? Have you no respect for the dead?

Suddenly, there is a soft moan from outside.

FRANK: Did you hear that?

LESTER: I didn't hear nothing. Hey, look. He's got a picture of a girl in his wallet.

JERRY takes the photo.

JERRY: Well, I'll be. Maybe the kid is straight?

There's another moan from outside, this one louder.

FRANK: Shut up! It's Trevor.

LESTER: Trevor's dead. *(he pulls a pack of gum from TREVOR's locker)* You want some gum, Captain? It's Juicy Fruit!

FRANK: Y'all hush. It's Trevor. He's alive.

LESTER: No, he's not. I saw him out there. Dead as a doorknob.

There is a third moan, this time louder, and they hear TREVOR through the door.

TREVOR: Help me...

LESTER: Well, maybe he was just sleeping.

There's another loud moan.

FRANK: My God, the kid's still alive. Put that stuff back. Quick!

LESTER and JERRY start shoving stuff back in TREVOR's locker. JERRY refuses to give back the lip balm.

JERRY: I'm keeping the lipstick.

TREVOR: Help me. Captain, help me.. I'm shot.

FRANK goes over and calls to TREVOR through the door.

FRANK: Okay, Trevor. We hear you.

LESTER: What are we going to do, Frank?

FRANK: *(pacing away nervously)* Well, one of us is going to have to go out there and get him.

LESTER: What?

FRANK: He's been shot, Lester. We can't leave one of our men on the battlefield. Somebody's got to go get him.

LESTER: Not me. Linda said I could shoot all the stuff I wanted to, but I was not allowed to get shot at. Nope, not me.

JERRY: I'll do it. I'll go get him.

FRANK: Thanks, Jerry. I am the post commander and I'll do it if you don't want to. But, I got a couple of kids that I need to put through college and I would really rather not...

JERRY: I got it, Cap. No problem. Run out there and drag him back in. What could happen?

LESTER: You could get shot, too.

FRANK: Shut up, Lester and go get the first aid kit off the shelf in the bathroom. Hurry! *(turning to JERRY)* Don't try to be a hero, Granny. Just keep your head down, assess the situation, then run over, grab him by the vest and drag Trevor back in here.

LESTER returns with the first aid kit and hands it to FRANK.

FRANK checks JERRY's equipment and helmet as he continues to give him instructions.

FRANK (CONT): Just straight to him and straight back. No matter how bad it is, don't try to fix him up out there. Drag him back in and we'll assess his wounds in here. Okay?

JERRY: Okay, Cap.

FRANK: Are you ready?

JERRY: Yeah.... Lester?

LESTER: What Granny?

JERRY: If I don't come back, tell Carla I love her and I'm sorry I spent three hundred dollars last month on Lotto tickets.

LESTER: Win anything?

JERRY: Naw... all duds. Tell her I died courageously in battle. Like a real man.

LESTER: Okay, I'll tell her. And listen, if you don't make it, can I have your truck?

JERRY: No, you can't have my truck. You've got your own truck.

LESTER: But yours is a four wheel drive. You know how I've always wanted me a four wheel drive...

FRANK: Okay, okay... can we talk about his last will and testament later? You need to get out there, Jerry.

As if he heard it from outside, TREVOR screams again.

JERRY: Alright.. here goes nothing.

FRANK: Make us proud..

JERRY runs out the door with a scream.

JERRY: Wolverines!!

FRANK looks over at LESTER confused.

LESTER: *Red Dawn*. That's Granny's favorite movie. He's always wanted to do that.

The door flies open and JERRY comes back in dragging TREVOR behind him. TREVOR is moaning and in a state of shock from the pain.

FRANK: Bring him over here into the light, Jerry.

JERRY drags TREVOR over the center of the room and drops him.

FRANK opens the first aid kit and bends over TREVOR to examine the wound.

FRANK (CONT): Where does it hurt, Trevor?

TREVOR: (*incomprehensible*) M.. m... ais...

FRANK: What'd he say?

LESTER: Sounded like his eyes.

TREVOR: Mmm.... ais.... my ass.

JERRY: His ass.

FRANK: Oh, God. This is bad. Real bad.

LESTER: What are we going to do, Frank?

FRANK: We've got to assess the wound.

JERRY: Assess his ass?

He and LESTER giggle at this.

FRANK: Yes, Jerry. One of us is going to have to pull down his pants, get down there and check out the wound.

JERRY: Sorry.. ain't no amount of money would make me stick my face down in Trevor's butt.

FRANK: Lester?

LESTER: Sorry, Frank. I see enough crap during the week. Don't need to see that. You're the pharmacist. You're the closest we got to a doctor. You do it.

FRANK: (*TREVOR moans again*) Okay. Lester, go get a flashlight. There's one on the shelf in the bathroom.

LESTER: Yes sir, Cap.

FRANK: And, Jerry, go get me some of those clean towels from the storage room.

JERRY: Okay, Frank.

LESTER and JERRY run through the back door as FRANK reaches into the first aid kits and pulls out latex gloves which he slips on. As he is doing this, TREVOR speaks weakly.

TREVOR: Captain?

FRANK: Yes, Trevor.

TREVOR: Captain.

FRANK: I'm here, Trevor.

TREVOR: Captain?

FRANK: What is it, Trevor?

TREVOR: I'm about to die, ain't I?

FRANK: No, Trevor. You're not going to die.

TREVOR starts to cry.

TREVOR: Yes, I am. I'm going to die and I ain't ever even done it with a girl.

FRANK: *(turning to make sure JERRY and LESTER did not hear this admission)* Hush that. You're going to have plenty of time to 'do it' with girls, Trevor. *(calling towards the door)*

TREVOR: I like girls, Captain. I really do.

FRANK: I know you do, Trevor. *(uncomfortable with the direction of this conversation, calls towards the back room)* Jerry, where's those towels?

JERRY rushes through with two white towels and hands them to FRANK.

JERRY: Here you go, Frank.

FRANK: *(calling towards backroom)* Hurry up with that flashlight, Lester.

LESTER: *(from bathroom)* I'm using the bathroom.

FRANK: What?

TREVOR: Captain?

FRANK: What Trevor?

TREVOR: Captain?

FRANK: What is it, Trevor?

TREVOR: Make sure my mother gets my medal, will you, Captain?

FRANK: Yes, I'll make sure she gets it. *(calling)* Get off the toilet, Lester, and bring me that light.

LESTER: Stop yelling. I'm trying to concentrate.

TREVOR: Captain?

FRANK: Yes, Trevor.

TREVOR: I can hear the angels singing. Will you repeat the 23rd Psalm with me?

FRANK: Yes, Trevor. The Lord is my Shepherd..*(calling)* Get off the crapper and get in here, Sergeant! *(back to TREVOR)* I shall not want...

LESTER runs back into the room with the flashlight.

LESTER: Sorry, Cap. I was right in the middle of offloading that onion pizza when the kid got shot and I needed to finish up. *(to JERRY)* Sorry, Jerry, I think I might have used your article about the Glock by mistake.

JERRY: Dammit, Lester!

FRANK: Just hold the light right here where I can see what I'm doing.

TREVOR is now crying as he blubbers the 23rd Psalm. LESTER stands behind FRANK and points the flashlight down at TREVOR.

FRANK: Okay. Jerry, I need you to help me pull down his underwear.

JERRY: What?

LESTER: Hold it. Let me go get my camera.

FRANK: Shut up, Lester. Just pull down his underwear, Jerry, so I can get a clear view of the affected area.

JERRY: Listen, I don't swing that way. If you want someone to tug on the kid's drawers, why don't you call some of his buddies from down at the Radio Shack.

LESTER: Can't.... the phone's dead.

FRANK: Just hold his pants and underwear down so I can get a look. It won't make you gay, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah.. but it will make me gag.

FRANK: Just pull them down... a little lower.

TREVOR has now moved on to the Lord's Prayer. As FRANK examines the wound, he cries out in pain.

TREVOR: Ow... it hurts. Probably used one of them exploding rounds. *(calling to the unseen angels)* I'm coming home, Daddy, wounded in action just like you.

FRANK: Hold the light still, Lester. Ah... there it is...

TREVOR: Is it bad? Am I going to die? Please don't let me die, Frank.

FRANK: You're not going to die, kid. What happened out there, Trevor?

TREVOR: Well, I was walking towards the pole, like you told me when I heard something in the bushes. I whirled around to see what it was... and I sorta' tripped over the curb and dropped by rifle.

FRANK: The gunshot came from your rifle?

TREVOR: My hands were full of tools. It slipped and I dropped it. I tried to jump out of the way, but when it hit the ground, the gun went off..

FRANK: And then what?

TREVOR: Well...

JERRY: He shot himself in the ass... again.

LESTER: That's twice in two months... that must be some kind of record.

TREVOR: I didn't do it on purpose. Ow.. I think the bullet is still in there.

JERRY: I risked my life to rescue you from enemy fire.. and you shot your own self in the ass? Again?

FRANK: Hold that light down here, Lester. Ah, ha... I think I've found the bullet.

TREVOR: Thank God. Be careful.

FRANK gets a pair of tweezers from the first aid kit, bends over and plucks something from TREVOR's skin. He holds it up for the two other soldiers to see.

FRANK: Here's your bullet...

LESTER: That ain't a bullet... that's a thorn.

JERRY: I thought you said you shot yourself in the ass?

TREVOR: I said my gun went off..

JERRY: Then what happened?

TREVOR: Well... I think I fell into that patch of rose bushes beside the driveway.

JERRY: I risked my life... almost gave my truck away...

LESTER: You said I couldn't have it...

JERRY: You can have it, Lester. Because when I beat Trevor here to death, I imagine they're going to send me away to prison for a mighty long time and I won't be driving it...

LESTER: Sweet.. is it full of gas?

FRANK: Okay.. just cool it, Jerry.

TREVOR: I'm not going to die, Captain?

FRANK: Only from embarrassment, kid.

JERRY: Did you at least get the phone lines fixed?

TREVOR: I tripped before I got to it... sorry, guys.

FRANK: Pull your pants up, Trevor, and get up. (*takes the gloves off, walks over and puts them in trashcan by the workbench*) This is turning out to be one hell of a day. First, we almost murder the pizza delivery guy.. then Lester here tries to blow us to bits with a hand grenade... and now, Trevor is trying to earn the Purple Heart by falling ass-first into some bushes.. this is not what I thought being the Post Commander was going to be like. I thought I could come up here one weekend a month, enjoy some peace and quiet away from the wife and kids, maybe watch a ballgame or two.... but, no... I get assigned to command the cast from *Hogan's Heroes*.

LESTER: So.. the Mexican Army isn't swarming around the building?

TREVOR: I didn't see any...

LESTER: (*going back over to the couch and opening the pizza box*)

Well, then I guess I can take myself a little lunch break. (*offering the box to the other men*) You guys want some? There's a couple of slices left.. I picked most of the dirt off it.

FRANK: No, Lester. We don't want any pizza. For all we know, we could still be at war. They could be out there, unseen, at this very moment planning their assault. We don't have time to break for lunch. Get back up here.. and you guys fall in.

LESTER takes a huge bite of pizza before slowly moving up to form a ragged line with the other men. TREVOR moves to the middle, next to JERRY who gives him a dirty look. TREVOR moves quickly out of the line, and to the other side of LESTER.

FRANK (CONT): I'll tell you, guys. I'm a little lost for what to do next. We hear this cryptic message on the radio saying an army is approaching, the deejay that made the statement on the air is kidnapped, then the phone's go dead. I don't know if we're under attack or just paranoid. I'm a little at my wits end, guys. Anybody have any suggestions?

LESTER: I think we should go home.

FRANK: Home... we can't go home, Lester. Even if this thing turns out to be a hoax, we're still on duty until tomorrow afternoon.

TREVOR: I think we should surrender.

JERRY: What?

TREVOR: Well, Jerry, let's just say that all this stuff about an invasion is true and there's ten thousand men out there getting ready to storm the Armory. If we walk out of here right now, waving a white flag with our hands up, maybe they won't kill us. But if we don't, we are dead for sure.

LESTER: You know, maybe the kid's on to something.

FRANK: I am not surrendering my post.. I don't care how many of them there are out there.

JERRY: We need to send somebody out there.

FRANK: Huh?

JERRY: Somebody needs to recon the situation. Sneak into town and see what's happening. Like Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell did in *Red Dawn*.

LESTER: (*looks at FRANK*) Told ya'... favorite movie.

FRANK: And exactly what would this person be looking for?

JERRY: Anything out of the ordinary. People going about their daily business but acting all frightened like. Troops patrolling the streets, setting up internment camps.

FRANK: If they are heading this way, we can't afford to be a man short.

JERRY: And we can't afford not to know what's going on out there, Cap.

FRANK: Okay.... so who wants to go? Lester?

LESTER: Nope... I saw that movie, too. And just when you think they're going to get away free and live in the mountains, drinking deer blood,

shooting up tanks and living happily ever after, Swayze gets shot and dies sitting on a swing set. Nope, not me...

FRANK: Trevor?

TREVOR: Don't look at me. I'm injured.

JERRY: You got a sticker in your ass, Trevor. That's not injured, you idiot.

TREVOR: Well, I've had my share of going into enemy territory for one day. Do you really want to send me out with a gun and an ass that's begging to get another hole put in it?

JERRY: Thanks for the visual, Trevor.

FRANK: What about you, Jerry? It was your idea.

JERRY: Okay. I'll do it. I'll go. I'll volunteer. *(they are all visibly relieved to hear this)* Under one condition.

FRANK: What?

JERRY: Under the condition that you promote me immediately to a First Lieutenant.

TREVOR: What? You can't get promoted to an officer just because you ask for it.

FRANK: Well, actually he can.

TREVOR: Huh?

FRANK: Regulations allow me to make field promotions during battle. I can do it.

JERRY: Alright. That's what I want. Or you can go on the recon yourself and take the risk that somebody else will have to worry about paying for your kids' college...

FRANK thinks this over for a moment.

FRANK: Okay. You got the promotion.

JERRY: Alright!

TREVOR: Captain... he's only asking for that because he wants to be my boss.

JERRY: That's right, Trevor. I'm tired of kissing your shot-up ass. I becoming an officer and you're going to call me sir.

FRANK: Okay.. okay. Let's get this over with. I need a witness to the promotion. Lester?

LESTER: It's kinda' like being the best man at a wedding. Is there a ring or something?

FRANK: No. You just have to attest that I am of sound mind and are not being coerced into granting the field promotion. Do you attest to this?

LESTER: Yep.. sure do, Captain. What does coerced mean?

FRANK: Any objections?

TREVOR: I object to this... this... blackmail.

FRANK: Duly noted. Then, by the power granted to me as a Captain in the Texas National Guard, I hereby promote you, Jerry, to the rank of First Lieutenant with all the privileges, and responsibilities, contained therein.

LESTER: You may now kiss the bride.

JERRY: *(reaching towards TREVOR and puckering up his lips)* I'm wearing cherry Chapstik, Trevor. Your favorite.

TREVOR: Oh.. shut up.

JERRY: Ah, ah, ah... That's shut up.... sir.

FRANK: Okay. Let's get back on task here, guys. Lieutenant?

JERRY: Yes sir, Captain?

FRANK: Tell us what you need.

JERRY: Okay.. this is my first time doing recon, but I'm sure it's a lot like scouting for deer, so I probably need about the same things.

Camouflage.... got that. A pair of binoculars.

LESTER runs over to the equipment rack and gets a pair of binoculars which he hands to JERRY. Meanwhile, JERRY pulls out a small container of camo face paint and begins to smear it onto his face.

LESTER: Here you go...

JERRY: Let's see what else I usually take when scouting for a buck... my knife. Got it.. some deer urine.

LESTER: Want me to pee on you?

JERRY: I think I can get along without that one. That's about it, Cap. I'm ready.

FRANK: Okay. No need to be a hero, Jerry. Just sneak along the edge of town, look for any suspicious activity. Maybe move over past the railroad tracks and see if you can spot any troop movements. Then, head back through downtown. See if anybody is talking, okay?

JERRY: Gotcha' Cap.

LESTER: While you're downtown, do you think you could run into The Donut Hole and get me a dozen cream-filled. (*reaches into his pocket and pulls out money*) Here's a five. They usually put them on sale for three bucks on Saturday afternoons.

FRANK: Lester, Jerry is on an important mission. He ain't got time to stop and buy donuts.

JERRY: Yeah.. you didn't see Patrick Swayze stopping to buy donuts in *Red Dawn*, did you?

LESTER: They didn't have any money. And we do. It's right on the way back. It'll be a good place to get some 'intel' anyway. Everybody goes in there on Saturday. That's the day they change the grease. If there's any talk of an invasion, you can bet they'll know about it at The Donut Hole.

JERRY: Okay... if I have time.

LESTER: Remember. Cream filled.

JERRY: Okay, Les.

FRANK: Just double time it back here, Granatowski. We don't need to be short a man if this thing goes down.

JERRY: Alright, Cap. Listen. Before I go, do you think you could get Trevor and Lester to salute me. I've always wanted to see how that feels.

FRANK: What... are you kidding me?

JERRY: Just one time. Then I'll be outa' here.

FRANK: Okay.. guys, fall in.

LESTER and TREVOR reluctantly make a sloppy line. TREVOR is mumbling curses to himself.

JERRY: What was that, soldier? I didn't quite hear you.

LESTER: He said you could kiss his ass, Lieutenant.

JERRY: Is that right, Corporal?

TREVOR: Well.... yeah, that's right. You jumping from private to Lieutenant in what... three minutes.. what a joke.

JERRY: You want to hear a joke? Huh? Okay, you're going to love this one. Drop and give me twenty!

TREVOR: What?

JERRY: Do it!

TREVOR looks at FRANK pleadingly.

JERRY: Don't look at the Captain. Look right here in my eyes. I'm your superior officer, you little maggot. Now drop and give me twenty... now!

TREVOR slowly lowers himself and starts to do push-ups as LESTER laughs.

JERRY: What you laughing at, Sergeant? You want to join him?

LESTER: No, Jer... I mean.. no sir!

LESTER quickly snaps to attention and salutes JERRY

JERRY: That's more like it...

JERRY turns to walk towards the door to leave.

JERRY: You really ought to work on the discipline around here, Captain.

FRANK: I'll get right on it, Jerry.

JERRY: Alright.. well, I better get going.... *(looks over at TREVOR who is still doing push-ups)* I can't hear you counting, Corporal?

TREVOR: 11... 12..... 13...

JERRY: Keep an eye on that one, Captain. Just between us two officers.. he's a trouble maker.

With a final salute to FRANK, JERRY opens the door, peers out cautiously and then exits.

TREVOR: 17... 18..

FRANK: Get up from there, Trevor. Geez...

LESTER: Shouldn't we have given him a walkie-talkie or something, Frank.. just in case.

FRANK: We don't have any walkie-talkies, Lester. You broke them back in November, remember? When you were trying to teach Trevor how to drive the Jeep and he forgot which pedal was the clutch and which was the brake?

LESTER: Oh... yeah. Squashed them flat as a pancake.

TREVOR: Captain... do you think sending Granatowski out on his own was such a good idea? The man is hot-headed and trigger happy. What if he shoots a civilian or something?

FRANK: Jerry's a good man, Trevor. Just because you don't see eye to eye with him doesn't mean he doesn't know how to do a recon. Jerry's been scouting deer ever since he was a little kid. He'll be okay.

LESTER: I should have peed on him. We always pee on each other before big hunt for good luck.

TREVOR: Gross!

FRANK: Okay... okay. Let's get this place back in order. If Jerry finds anything, we need to be ready to move on a moment's notice. Go turn that radio back up, Les.

LESTER goes over the workbench and turns the radio volume back up. There's a country song playing and he starts to hum along with it while he cleans up the empty pizza box and napkins. FRANK grabs his clipboard and he and TREVOR go over to the equipment rack and start to count rifles again. The song comes to an end and the announcer's voice can be heard again.

MIDDAY MAX: Well, folks, this is Midday Max back on your radio.

LESTER: Wait a minute... did he say Midday Max? But I thought..

FRANK: *(running over to workbench)* Shhh.. let me listen...

MIDDAY MAX: Yep... sorry about the little ah.. unexpected break I had to take there. Had some very important business I had to take care of. I know a lot of you folks were listening earlier this morning when I made a comment about an army of people swarming across the border. I'm afraid I might have misspoke about that...

TREVOR: I knew it..

MIDDAY MAX: I was actually using the word 'army' as a metaphor.

TREVOR: What did I tell you?

MIDDAY MAX: Well... anyway. I had a little visit with some, ah, people from the government and they have asked.... *(in the background can be heard several voices talking, one in broken English and several speaking in Spanish)* Ah... let me correct that... they have demanded that I read this retraction on the air so there will not be any further misunderstanding.

LESTER: Are some of those guys in the background speaking Spanish?

FRANK: Sshh... I want to hear this....

MIDDAY MAX: So, ah... here goes. *(obviously reading a statement that was written for him)* I am sorry that I alarmed my listeners by saying that it looked like there was an 'army' of people swarming across the American border earlier this morning. In my enthusiasm, I used words that were not... *(whispering)* What is that? *(A person in the background speaks rapidly in Spanish, then pronounces the word in broken English)* Ah, yeah... representative of my true intention. I love the Mexican people and wish that we had a free and open border so that our two countries could share our resources, wealth and cultures. Please do not be alarmed. If you'll just do what we say, no one will get hurt... *(there is a loud commotion as two of the Spanish speaking people argue over this point)* What? Well, how do you want me to say it? Okay, okay... let me rephrase that... don't listen to what I said... I hope that no one was hurt in any panic or fear that my earlier statement might have caused. All is well.... all is well. *(there is more mumbling and arguing from the crowd in the radio station control room)* Okay... well, if there's nothing else... let's, ah... get back to the music... *(as the music starts to play, MIDDAY MAX speaks rapidly and the microphone is obviously cut off by someone)*

in mid sentence) I love you, Darlene.. if you're listening, pack the kids and head up to your mother's....

MIDDAY MAX is quickly cut off in mid sentence. There is a slight pause, then a song begins. The three men look at the radio and then at each other.

TREVOR: I told you it was just all a big misunderstanding...

LESTER: Who were those people in the background... they sounded Mexican....

TREVOR: Just the management of the station. This close to the border, I'm sure that most of the people down there only speak a little English... that's the way it is at Radio Shack....

LESTER: No.. those people sounded like....

FRANK: Like they were forcing Max say those things....

TREVOR: He was reading from a statement that I am sure was prepared by the station's lawyers. That's why it sounded so stiff...

LESTER: And what was the deal with that part at the end... him telling his wife to pack up the kids...

TREVOR: Probably just one of those sign-off things they always say.. you know, "this is Casey Kasem reminding you to keep reaching for the stars...." that kind of thing.

FRANK: I listen to Midday Max every single day down at the pharmacy and I ain't never heard him sound like that. Or do any kind of sign off.

TREVOR: It's over... it was all just a misunderstanding. As soon as Jerry gets back, you can take away his field command, we'll pack up the guns and still be able to catch the end of the game....

LESTER: Frank?

FRANK: Yeah, Les.

LESTER: I'm scared-er now than I was even when I dropped the grenade... I think maybe the Mexican army guys were the ones that came and picked up Midday Max in that big limo. They probably showed him pictures of his wife and kids they took at the grocery store or something and told him that if he didn't go back on the air and tell people it was all

a big misunderstanding, they were going to go to his house and shoot them or something..

TREVOR: Listen to yourself, Lester. What a load of crap. The guy was in trouble with his bosses and just had to admit that maybe he got a little carried away.

FRANK: I don't know, Trevor. He sounded scared to me.

TREVOR: It's over guys. We can stop playing army men and go back to being who really are around here. A whipped husband, a gung-ho redneck, a computer geek and a bumbling idiot for a commander.

FRANK: Hey.. that's not right.

LESTER: You really think I'm whipped? Frank, do you think Linda has me whipped?

FRANK: No, Lester. You're a good soldier. And there may be a little rust on the back side of these Captain's bars, but I am in full command of this post and am not a bumbling idiot... kid.

TREVOR: Oh... I didn't mean it like that, Captain..

FRANK: I know exactly how you meant it. Just because I don't run the same kind of ship that your Daddy did, doesn't mean I'm not in control of this post....

TREVOR: No, Captain... I mean, yes, Captain...

FRANK: I'll show you who's in charge.. drop and give me twenty!

TREVOR rolls his eyes, then drops to the floor and starts to do more push-ups. After he does a couple, there's a loud knock on the door. LESTER and FRANK grab their rifles and approach the door cautiously.

FRANK (CONT): Who goes there?

JERRY: *(from the other side of the door)* It's me, Frank.

FRANK: Who's me?

JERRY: Jerry... First Lieutenant Gerald Granatowski.

LESTER: Don't trust him, Captain. It could be someone imitating Jerry's voice.

FRANK: How do we know it's really you?

JERRY: What... of course it's me, Cap.

LESTER: What did I wear to the Senior Prom?

JERRY: What?

LESTER: What did I wear to the Senior Prom? If you're really Jerry, then you should know that.

JERRY: A chicken suit.

LESTER: Why?

JERRY: Because I dared you.

FRANK: Is that right?

LESTER: *(laughing)* Yeah... but that was on the front page of the paper. Anybody could have known that answer. Okay... when we went camping in the seventh grade, you and Billy Boyd paid me twenty dollars to eat what? *(there's a moment of silence)* Well...

JERRY: I'm thinking... oh, oh.. I know.. a booger out of the dog's nose!

TREVOR and FRANK: Gross.. nasty..

FRANK: Was that right?

LESTER: Yeah.. it tasted like sawdust... I swore Jerry to secrecy on that one. Nobody else knew about that... well until now... it's Jerry alright. Open the door.

FRANK quickly opens the door and JERRY comes in dragging a man with him. The man is handcuffed and obviously terrified.

JERRY: Next time.. how about a password?

FRANK: Who the hell is that?

JERRY: My prisoner. On the floor. Ah.. en el suelo!

BARRY: What?

JERRY: I said on the floor... el suelo....

FRANK: What did you bring this guy back with you for?

JERRY: He looked like one of them..

LESTER: One of who?

JERRY: You know, one of them... the enemy.

LESTER: Smart move, Lieutenant.

JERRY: Hell, yeah. Simper Fi...

JERRY and LESTER give each other a 'high five'

TREVOR: That's the Marines, butt face. We're in the Army.

JERRY: Whatever. That's why I'm an officer and you're not. I can think on my feet, make decisions. I was coming out of The Donut Hole...*(reaches into his vest and pulls out a sack which he hands to LESTER)* here's your dozen cream filled...

LESTER: Sweet...

JERRY: Anyway... after I picked up your donuts, I was doing some recon behind that Mexican Restaurant downtown when this guy steps out the back door to take a smoke. He looked around real suspicious like, so I decided to grab him and bring him back here for questioning.

LESTER: Smart move. Thanks for the donuts. Where's my change?

JERRY: Geez, Les. I'm trying to take a hostile into custody. Can't I give it to you later?

LESTER: Alright.. don't forget.

FRANK: So, what you going to do with the guy?

JERRY: I'm going to interrogate him. See if I can break him, get him to spill the invasion plans. Come on, dude. Get up! *(BARRY looks up at him terrified)* Despertar! Despertar!

BARRY: Huh?

JERRY: Get up! Lester, grab that chair and bring it over here. Alright.. no sudden moves now. In the chair! *(to LESTER)* How do you say chair in Spanish?

LESTER: I don't know?

JERRY: *(yells at BARRY)* El chair.. El chairo!

BARRY: Okay, cool it, dude.

TREVOR: Captain, you are not seriously gonna' stand there at let Jerry interrogate this guy, are you?

FRANK: Well, considering what we just heard on the radio, maybe we ought to try to get some information from someone who's been on the outside.

JERRY: What did you hear on the radio?

LESTER: Midday Max came back on the air.

JERRY: I thought he was kidnapped?

FRANK: Well, apparently they brought him back. He came back on the radio and read some kind of statement saying the thing about the 'army crossing the border' was just a misunderstanding.

TREVOR: It's over, Jerry. There is no invasion. So, we don't have to interrogate your prisoner.

FRANK: Well, I'm not so sure about that, Trevor.

JERRY: What do you men, not so sure? Did the guy say it was a misunderstanding or didn't he.

FRANK: It's not that simple...

LESTER: There were some dudes in the background speaking Spanish... we think they were making him say those things...

JERRY: So, they could still be heading this way?

FRANK: Well, I guess.

JERRY, now really mad, slaps BARRY on the back of the head.

BARRY: Hey... take it easy, man.

JERRY: Shut up...

LESTER: *(steps up and slaps him, too)* Yeah, shut up!

JERRY: Alright, let's do this. *(He hands LESTER his gun, takes off his jacket and paces behind BARRY)* What's your name? *(Barry is recovering from the two slaps and doesn't answer)* Your name? El nombre?

LESTER: Maybe he doesn't speak English?

JERRY: I thought of that. Thank goodness we took that semester of Spanish when we were seniors, huh?

LESTER: I don't really remember much... except the dirty words.

JERRY: Well, I remember a little. Let's try again. *(yelling)* What's your name... nombre?

BARRY: Barry...

LESTER: *(confused)* What kind of name is that? I ain't never met no Mexican dude named Barry before?

JERRY: Must be short for something... like Barabas!

LESTER: Or a code name. Maybe they're trying to make their spies sound normal by giving them regular American names.

JERRY: Barry ain't no regular name. Barry sounds like the kind of guy little Trevor over there would date.

TREVOR: Captain. Are you going to let them keep up with this? Not only are they tormenting this poor guy, but they are continuing to slander me.

FRANK: Keep your panties on, Trev. Okay, Jerry, ask him how many are heading this way.

JERRY: *(trying to think of the right words)* How many... muchos... ah... army men...hombres de army... are coming..llegado...

LESTER: Hey, that's good, Jerry. You're like bilingual, dude.

JERRY: Got a lot of Mexican dudes down at the lumber yard so I get to practice some.

LESTER: So why isn't he answering?

JERRY: I don't know. Hey, hablar, Barry.

BARRY: What? *(turning to FRANK)* What did he say?

JERRY: Hey, I'm talking to you, punk. Not him! *(slaps the back of his head again)*

BARRY: Hey, man, stop it. What do you want to know?

LESTER: Hey, Jerry. I think he speaks English.

JERRY: You speak English?

BARRY: Of course, I speak English. This is America, ain't it?

JERRY: That's right, it is America. And it's our country, not yours!

BARRY: What?

JERRY: America is nuestro pais...

BARRY: Man, what are you talking about?

JERRY: I'm speaking Mexican. You don't understand Mexican?

BARRY: No. I'm Brazilian, man. Not Mexican. And anyway, Mexicans speak Spanish, dude.

LESTER: He's lying. Sure he speaks Spanish. He's a Mexican for Christ's sake.

BARRY: I'm not a Mexican, dude. I was born in Nevada. My parents are from Brazil. Not Mexico.

LESTER: He's lying. *(pulling JERRY aside)* Tell him you're going to shoot him in the knee if he doesn't talk.

JERRY: I'm going to shoot you in... ah...*(he points to BARRY's knee)*
el... knee-o..

BARRY: What are you talking about, man?

JERRY: El knee-0! I'm going to shoot you in the knee.

BARRY: *(now terrified)* Why? What did I do to you, man?

FRANK: Barry. I'm Captain Frank Evans. I'm the commander of this National Guard Armory squad. We don't want to hurt you, so just cooperate.

BARRY: I am cooperating, man. I'm telling you the truth. I moved here from Nevada last summer to live with my cousin while I go to school. I'm not Mexican. I don't speak Spanish. I've never even been across the border.

TREVOR: You picked up the wrong guy, Jerry.

JERRY: It's all an act. So, Barry, if that is your real name, what were you doing coming out of the back of the Mexican restaurant.

BARRY: I told you, man. I work there. Just because I work at Los Reyes doesn't mean I'm Mexican.

LESTER: Don't listen to him, Jerry. He's one of them advanced scouts. The Mexican Secret Police have spent years teaching him English, giving him a cover story, showing him how to withstand torture. *(he runs over to the workbench and grabs a battery charger and brings it over)* Here, hook him up to this. He'll talk then.

BARRY: Dude, stop...

TREVOR: Captain! The guy is not a spy. He's not even a Mexican.

LESTER: Looks Mexican to me..

TREVOR: That just proves that you guys are racist.

JERRY: What? I ain't no racist, you stinking Polack!

TREVOR: Yes, you are, Jerry. Not everybody that has dark skin and black hair is a Mexican. And not everyone of Mexican descent is from Mexico. The folks in this town that look like Barry here are just as much American citizens as we are. You're just scared of them because they look different..

BARRY: Hey, listen to that little gay dude. I'm not a spy.

TREVOR: Gay.. did you call me gay? *(grabs the battery charger away from LESTER)* Give me that... I'll show you who's gay...

TREVOR tries to hook the leads of the battery charger to BARRY's nipples. FRANK rushes over and stops him.

FRANK: Stop it, Trevor. All you guys, just stop this. Barry, have you got some ID?

BARRY: Yeah, man. In my back pocket. I tried to show it to G.I. Joe here but he just whacked me in the head with his rifle and yelled at me in Spanish.

FRANK: Alright. I'm going to take your wallet out and we'll get to the bottom of this. *(he reaches into BARRY's back pocket, pulls out the wallet and opens it.)*

JERRY: Watch out, Captain. He may be booby-trapped!

LESTER: What does it say?

FRANK: Barry McFadden. Oak Street, Reno, Nevada.

BARRY: I haven't had time to change my license yet. *(to JERRY)* See, I told you, man.

JERRY reaches over and slaps the back of BARRY's head again.

JERRY: Shut up, spy!

FRANK: Take a look at this, Jerry. The guy's not a spy. And he's not Mexican. Not with a name like McFadden. Sir, on behalf of the President, the Army and all of my fellow soldiers, I want to say that we are sorry for your ordeal. Private Granatowski made a mistake.

JERRY: Private... I'm a Lieutenant.

FRANK: Not any more.

TREVOR: Ha!

FRANK: Let him up.

JERRY: But Cap?

FRANK: Let him up, Granatowski.

JERRY bends down, takes the cuffs off BARRY who stands up, rubbing his wrists.

BARRY: Thanks, man.

FRANK: Mr. McFadden, I am very sorry about all this. If there is anything we can do to make up for your ordeal, please let me know.

BARRY: Well, I could sure use a couple of them donuts. I was heading over to The Donut Hole myself when Rambo here took me hostage, so if you don't mind...

They all look over at LESTER who is eating a donut.

LESTER: No way. Not my donuts.

FRANK: Give them up, Lester.

LESTER: But, Frank.

FRANK: It's either that, or I'm sending you out into what might be a hostile environment to get Mr. McFadden some fresh ones. What would Linda have to say about that?

LESTER: Man....

He hands the bag to BARR. He takes out a doughnut out of the bag and then takes a big bite.

BARRY: Oh, cream-filled. My favorite. Thanks, man.

FRANK: Again, my apologies for your ordeal, Mr. McFadden. I would appreciate it if we could just keep this among ourselves, okay?

BARRY: Sure, man. No harm, no foul. You actually saved me three bucks.

FRANK opens the front door and BARRY exits.

TREVOR: So, Jerry is no longer a Lieutenant, huh?

FRANK: Not after that little fiasco.

TREVOR: So, I am again his superior?

FRANK: Yes, Trevor. He's a private and you're a corporal. Happy now?

TREVOR: Not quite yet. *(turns to JERRY)* Private Granatowski. Hit the floor and give me twenty.

JERRY looks over the FRANK who just shakes his head.

FRANK: Hey.. with great power comes great responsibility. Give him twenty.

JERRY reluctantly drops to the floor and starts to do push-ups and count. While TREVOR stands over JERRY and helps him count, FRANK motions to LESTER to follow him towards the front door.

LESTER: Yes, Captain?

FRANK: What do you think, Lester? You've been in the Guard for twenty years.

LESTER: Twenty three...

FRANK: So, you've had the most experience of any of us. After all we've seen today, what do you think? Do you really think there's an army moving this way from Mexico.

LESTER: I don't know, Frank. If they were really coming, they should have been here by now, don't you think?

FRANK: It's been over an hour since the first announcement came on Midday Max's show. Dermont is only three miles from the border. Surely they could cover three miles in an hour. And if I was their commander, the National Guard Armory would be the first place I'd attack.

LESTER: But what about that statement that Max read on the radio? It did sound like he was being made to read it...

FRANK: Yeah... it could have been done under duress... but most likely the station management made him read it. Their income comes from advertisers and if that thing he said about an army pissed off the local store owners, half who are Hispanic, maybe the station manager made him read a retraction....

LESTER: So who were the guys in the background speaking Spanish?

FRANK: I don't know... maybe some of the station's advertisers. All I'm saying is if there really was this big invasion coming, don't you think we'd know about it by now?

LESTER: Yeah. I guess.

FRANK: And don't you think that other people in town would see, I don't know, at least one hint that something was going on. The pizza guy... nothing. That Barry guy... not a clue.

LESTER: But, you know, Jerry could be right. They could have infiltrated the town months ago, planting people and having them act like nothing is going on.

FRANK: And out of a town of less than ten thousand people we just happened to grab two of their plants. Unlikely.

LESTER: But the phone being dead... that's got to prove something.

FRANK: How often has that old phone been out of service in the twenty three years that you've been coming here on the weekends?

LESTER: Okay... it does break down a lot. But still...

FRANK: I just don't know how much more of this we can take. I mean, look at those two.

They look over and TREVOR has his boot planted in the small of JERRY's back, counting loudly while he does push-ups.

FRANK (CONT): If we don't do something soon, they're going to kill each other.

LESTER: So, what do you suggest?

FRANK: Let's just go home. Check on our wives and kids. Drive around town and check things out. If we see anything suspicious, we can always come back to the Armory and call the others.

LESTER: Kinda' go on a scouting mission. All of us..

FRANK: Yeah.

LESTER: Sounds good to me. I need to make sure Linda's alright. And if I see anything... weird... I'll come right back here. Promise.

FRANK: Okay. Let's tell the two musketeers over there before somebody gets hurt.

They walk over to JERRY and TREVOR who are now embroiled in a heating argument over whether JERRY did nineteen or twenty push-ups.

JERRY: I did twenty...

TREVOR: I was counting, Granatowski, and it was only nineteen.

JERRY: Well, you must have counted wrong...

TREVOR: You saying I can't count?

JERRY: No, I'm sure you can count. Let's see. How many fingers am I holding up?

JERRY flips TREVOR his middle finger which causes TREVOR to go ballistic all over again.

TREVOR: Did you see that, Captain. He flipped me the bird. Can't he get court-marshaled for that?

JERRY holds up the middle finger of his other hand and waves them both in TREVOR's face.

JERRY: Oh, look who just showed up. His twin brother.

TREVOR: Captain!

FRANK: Okay, guys. Knock it off. Everybody fall in. I've got an important announcement to make.

The three soldiers form a ragged line again, JERRY and TREVOR pushing and shoving each other.

FRANK: After some careful consideration, I've decided to call off the mission.

JERRY: What?

LESTER: We're going home, Jerry.

TREVOR: Well, it's about time you came to your senses and called a halt to this charade.

JERRY: Going home? We can't just 'go home'... not with the whole Mexican Army creeping this way even as we speak.

FRANK: Jerry, I don't think the Mexican Army is coming. I mean, don't you think that if they were, they would have been here by now?

JERRY: Maybe they're.... I don't know, taking their time.

FRANK: Taking their time? The border's only three miles from here. My granny could have crossed that by now.

TREVOR: I told you this was all a big misunderstanding.

JERRY: But what about the deejay on the radio. You said yourself that he sounded like he was being forced to read that statement.

FRANK: No, Jerry. The guy was just trying to cover his butt with the advertisers.

JERRY: The pizza guy.... coming in here to do surveillance on us. That Barry dude acting like he didn't know what was going on. Brazilian, my ass. That guy was Mexican Secret Police for sure.

LESTER: Nobody's coming, Jer.

TREVOR: That's right, Gomer. I guess you'll have to wait until another time to shoot somebody.

At this comment, JERRY reaches over and slaps TREVOR hard.

TREVOR: Ow... son of a...

FRANK: And that's another reason why we're calling it off. You guys aren't working together as a unit. Ever since you got here, y'all have been fighting like a couple of brothers.

JERRY: I ain't his brother.

TREVOR: I don't have a brother, but if I did have one like you, I'd have drowned him in the bathtub when we were taking a bath.

JERRY: Nobody said anything about bathing together, but if that's what you do when you're off duty, it's a free country.

TREVOR: You see, Captain. That's exactly what I'm talking about. Every word out of his mouth to me is an insult. And I am his superior officer. Can't we file charges against Granatowski or something?

FRANK: I just think we need to all pack up our stuff and call it a weekend. I'll call the state commander when I get home and tell him we had a gas leak and had to call it quits early this weekend.

Suddenly, the phone on the wall starts to ring. They all turn and look at it in surprise.

LESTER: Maybe that's headquarters now.

FRANK: What the hell.. I'll get it. You guys behave yourselves.

FRANK walks over to the phone and picks up the receiver.

FRANK (CONT): Hello? Oh, hey Linda. No, everything's okay. The phone has been dead, that's all. Really? At your house, too? Whatever it was must have affected the whole town. Yeah, he's right here. Hang on. *(holding the phone out to LESTER)* It's Linda. She wants to talk to you.

LESTER walks over and takes the receiver from FRANK.

LESTER: *(holding the phone against his chest)* She knows not to call here while I'm on duty. Damn woman never listens to a word I say. *(lifts phone to his ear)* Hey, baby. What's up? Yes, I'll remember to pick up your prescription on the way home. *(holds the phone back against his chest)* She's got a wicked case of hemorrhoids. *(back in receiver)* No, I did not just tell them about your bleeding hemorrhoids. Geez, Linda, I can keep a secret. Okay. Okay. Oh really? All day? That's weird. Oh, I'm sure everything is okay. Alright, I'll be home in a little bit. Keep soaking them in salt water and I'll be there just as quick as I can. Bye, sweetie.

LESTER hangs up the phone, and pauses to scratch his head.

LESTER: That was weird.

JERRY: Yeah, you shouldn't have told us about her bleeding hemorrhoids.

LESTER: No, no. Linda said that the Johnson's who live next door.

JERRY: Yeah?

LESTER: They just disappeared.

TREVOR: Great. Not only is an army heading this way, but people are starting to be abducted by aliens.

LESTER: They didn't just disappear. Not like that. Mr. Johnson works down at the bank, you know. He called Linda a little while ago and asked her if she would mind watching their cat for a couple of days, they

had to go out of town unexpectedly. She said he sounded real strange over the phone like he was reading lines in a play or something.

JERRY: Like Midday Max.

LESTER: Anyway, she said that something about what he said, and the way he said it just bothered her. So a few minutes after the call, she walked next door and the front door to the Johnson's house was standing wide open.

FRANK: Wide open?

LESTER: Yeah, like they had left in a hurry. She went inside and called for them, but nobody was there. In the bedroom, Linda said it looked like they had just dumped some of their clothes in a suitcase and ran out the door. The drawers were strewn across the bed, half empty.

JERRY: Wait a minute. Johnson. Isn't his wife named Pearline?

LESTER: Yeah?

JERRY: Yeah, Carla knows her from down at the Ladies Auxiliary. Says that she's a real pretty Hispanic lady who met her husband while he was vacationing in Cozumel. She still has a lot of relatives in Mexico.

LESTER: You think one of the called and warned her? About the invasion?

TREVOR: I thought we decided that there wasn't any invasion. Captain?

FRANK: Yeah, guys. Don't go jumping to conclusions just because your neighbors decided to take a quick second honeymoon.

LESTER: Yeah.. maybe. Well, now that the phone's working, Frank, why don't you call headquarters and see if they have heard anything. Just in case before go home.

FRANK: Okay. Can't hurt, I guess.

FRANK walks over to the phone and calls the state headquarters.

FRANK (CONT): Hi, this is Captain Frank Evans from the Dermont Guard. Can I speak to Colonel Daniels, please? Yes, I can hold.

LESTER: *(to JERRY)* You know, that alien abduction thing could be right. I saw this special on the Discovery Channel about these two people in Mississippi who..

FRANK: (*interrupting LESTER*) Yes, Colonel Daniels, this is Captain Evans from down in Dermont. No sir, everything is okay. I hate to bother you, but I was just wondering if you might have heard anything about any possible troops movements down here near the border. No sir, we haven't seen anything unusual. Uh, huh. I see.

LESTER: Tell him about the alien abduction!

FRANK: (*waving LESTER off*) It's just that, we've heard some unsubstantiated rumors about a possible incursion of Mexican Federal troops possibly crossing the border for military purposes. Yes sir, I guess you could call it an invasion of sorts. (*he pauses for a long second and then turns to the guys*) He's laughing. (*back in phone*) I know how farfetched that sounds, sir. Yes sir, I know that the Mexicans are our allies. It's just that, well.. there's been some... some... oh, just forget it sir. It's all just a misunderstanding. Yes sir, I'll tell the men. Thank you, sir. Yes sir, I appreciate your time. Yes sir, the next time I'm in Houston, I'll make sure I stop by headquarters and we can have lunch. Thank you. Thank you, sir. Nice talking to you, too. Sorry again to bother you. Bye, bye, Colonel. (*FRANK hangs up the phone and crosses back to his men*)

LESTER: Well, what did he say?

JERRY: Have they been tracking them by satellite?

FRANK: No, he said that was the craziest thing he has ever heard.

TREVOR: Told you!

FRANK: Said that us border boys are always making up crazy stuff like that. Must be heat.

TREVOR: Ha!

FRANK: He said maybe it's just cactus.

JERRY: Cactus?

FRANK: Yeah. Sometimes, if the sun is just right, large cactus can look just like a man walking across the desert.

LESTER: It ain't cactus that kidnapped the Johnson's.

FRANK: The Colonel said for us to take the rest of the weekend off.

We're way ahead on our training schedule and we could use the break.

TREVOR: Well, that settles it for me. Those guys in Houston have satellite images, thermal scanners, ground radar. If they say an army isn't moving towards us from across the border, that settles it for me.

JERRY: Maybe he's in on it. Just like Midday Max. Maybe he's being held at gunpoint. Did he sound like he was reading a script, Captain?

FRANK: No, Jerry, the Colonel didn't sound like he was reading a script. He sounded like he was laughing at us. And you know what? Now that I stop to think about it, maybe he's right. This whole idea of the Mexican Army invading Dermont is a joke. The U.S. Armed Forces out number them, what ten thousand to on. We've got fighter jets, smart bombs, nuclear weapons and what have they got? A few machine guns we sold them back in the seventies and maybe five tanks. Think about Jerry. If you were a Mexican soldier, would you want to come over here and pick a fight with the U.S. Army?

JERRY: Well..

FRANK: Exactly. All this stuff. The radio broadcast, the telephone lines not working... all of it was just an honest mistake.

The phone rings again, making them all jump. FRANK crosses to answer it.

JERRY: If that's the Colonel again, ask him to name all the members of the President's Cabinet, just to make sure he is who he says he is.

LESTER: You know all the members of the Cabinet?

JERRY: No.. I just want to see if maybe he's an impostor.

FRANK: *(answering the phone)* Hello? Yes, it is. Yes, it's working now. No, everything is fine. Thanks, Carl. *(he hangs up)*

TREVOR: Was that the Bolivian President? Are they invading us next?

FRANK: No, it was the phone company. They wanted to apologize for our phone's being out. A work crew over on 14th Street hit an underground cable and that's why the phones were out.

JERRY: Did they sound like they we're being held at gunpoint and forced to talk?

FRANK: No, Jerry. It sounded like Carl from over at the phone company. We play poker together twice a month, so I recognize his voice and he was not being coerced.

TREVOR: Face it, Granatowski. Your little border war is all a hoax. Check. Checkmate. Let's pack up and go home.

LESTER: Yeah. Linda's cooking chili tonight and I don't want to be late. You want to come over, Jerry?

JERRY: No, I don't want to come over. I'm gonna' ride down to the border and check things out for myself.

FRANK: Well, suit yourself. You just make sure you leave that 50-cal in your bathtub. I don't want to be responsible for your shooting up a bunch of innocent Mexican citizens with the Armory's weapons and starting another Mexican-American War!

TREVOR: Yep. I'm heading home, taking a shower and hitting the clubs.

JERRY: Some of your little boyfriends waiting on you, Trevor?

TREVOR: Captain!

FRANK: Alright, cut it out, Granatowski. Next month, you're doing a whole weekend on the computer, taking the Guard's on-line courses on bigotry and anger management. Now, let's pack it up and go home.

LESTER and TREVOR go over to the equipment rack and begin to take off their gear. FRANK begins to head to the back room, and JERRY follows him.

JERRY: Captain, don't you think we ought to stick around for just a little while longer, you know, just in case the Colonel is wrong?

FRANK: Wrong? Wrong? Didn't you hear what I said? Headquarters has been monitoring the border with satellites? There's nothing out there but sand and cactus.

LESTER: I heard that the Feds have been flying those new unmanned airplanes up and down the border.

TREVOR: Drones?

LESTER: Huh? What'd you call me?

TREVOR: They're called drones. And they not only have cameras, but radar and infrared, too. If there's anything out there, those drones would have seen it.

JERRY: But, what if the Mexicans have developed some new type of stealth technology?

LESTER: Me and Linda went to Cancun on our anniversary last summer, Jer, and they told us not to drink the water. How can a country that doesn't even have clean tap water develop stealth technology that would hide their troops, tanks and stuff from satellites and... what do you call them flying things?

TREVOR: Drones.

LESTER: Yeah, drones. *(walks over to JERRY and puts his arm around him)* Come on, Granny. You've been watching too many war movies. If HQ says there's no invasion, then I believe them. Go pick up Carla and come over to the house. I've got a twelve pack of Heineken that I've been saving for a special occasion and I reckon us surviving the Mexican Invasion is reason to celebrate.

LESTER slaps JERRY on the back and laughs. FRANK and TREVOR walk over and join them, all laughing.

JERRY: But....

FRANK: But nothing, Granny. Duty is over for this weekend. Pack up your stuff and head on home.

TREVOR: That's where I'm going. And then I'm heading for the dance floor. *(He steps forward and does a little dance move and starts walking towards the door)* See you losers next month. That is, if I'm not in a POW camp by then! *(he laughs and exits)*

LESTER: I'll tell Linda to throw those Heinies in the fridge and get them cold. You and I can sit on the back porch and share war stories, old buddy. *(he starts to head for the door)* We're serving the chili at eight... tell Linda to bring some of her cole slaw. I love that stuff. Adios, Frank!

LESTER exits, leaving just JERRY and FRANK standing center stage

JERRY: Cap, don't you think we ought to jump in one of the Humvee's and just take a quick ride up the border. Just in case HQ missed something?

FRANK: No, Jerry. I don't. What I think we ought to do is go home. Me to my wife and kids, who I am sure are all fighting like cats and dogs, just like they were when I left them. And you to your chili and beer, okay?

JERRY: But, Cap...

FRANK: No butts, Jerry. It's over. Go home to your wife and forget about all this, okay. I'll see you next month.

JERRY: Alright.. but if we're all speaking Mexican this time next month, then you can't blame me, okay?

FRANK: Okay, Jerry.

JERRY: Just let me put up my gear and I guess I'll go home.

JERRY crosses over to the equipment rack and begins to put away his gear. FRANK is very impatient, looking at his watch.

FRANK: Ah, Jerry. Listen, if you're going to be here for a little while, why don't you just lock up, okay? I need to go by the store on my home and pick up some Pepto. Those beans and rice have got me tore up something bad. Here's the keys. *(he crosses and hands a ring of keys to JERRY)* You can just drop them off at the store on Monday, okay?

JERRY: Okay...

FRANK: And Jerry... listen, I know this whole invasion thing has really got you rattled. I know how it feels when you're right on the verge of going into battle. Not too many people know this, but when I was serving, my unit got called up for the first Gulf War. And.. well, I basically freaked out. Went AWOL for three days. By the time I came to my senses and went back to the base, the whole thing was over and we were told to stand down. I spent a month in the brig for that little unauthorized vacation. You know, there's a lot of difference between being in the Army.. and being in a war, you know what I mean?

JERRY: You went AWOL, Cap. Really?

FRANK: Yeah, I ashamed to say, I did, Jerry. But, listen, let's just keep that little secret between you and me, okay? I don't want the rest of the unit to think I'm not ready to lead, if it ever comes down to it.

JERRY: Okay, Cap. Listen, can I ask you a question?

FRANK: Sure. I'm here for you, soldier. *(he puts his hand on JERRY's shoulder)* Spill it...

JERRY: Can I have my cell phone back?

FRANK digs through his pockets and hands JERRY's cell phone back to him.

FRANK: Oh, sure. I'm sorry. I forgot all about having your phones. Guess Trevor will have to do his partying incommunicado tonight, huh?

JERRY: Yeah...

FRANK: See you next month, Jerry.

JERRY: Alright, Frank. See you next month.

FRANK exits, leaving JERRY all alone in the Armor. JERRY looks around to make sure everything has been put away. He grabs a rag from the workbench and starts to wipe off the face paint and then dials his cell phone.

JERRY: Hey, Carla. They're letting us off early, so I'm heading home. I know, I'm sorry I didn't answer, but we had a little scare around here today and the Captain had to confiscate our phones. What'd you want? Oh really? When? Oh, I'm sure it was just some kids shooting off fireworks. Nothing to worry about. Yeah, I'm sure. Trust me, Carla, the satellites and drones can't be wrong. The drones... oh, nothing. Lester invited us over to have chili with him and Linda tonight and he asked you to bring over some slaw. So, I'll stop and get you some cabbage and pickles and be there in a minute. Okay, I love you too, baby. See ya'...

JERRY flips his phone closed, takes one more look around the Armory and exits through the front door once again forgetting to lock the back door. After a few moments, there's the sound of people talking outside of

the back door, then the door opens slowly. ADAM, the pizza boy, comes into the room and looks around cautiously and then calls back to the people outside.

ADAM: Okay.... They must have bugged out. It's all clear. Come on in.

A rifle with a bayonet attached is extended through the door. Then, a soldier dressed in a Mexican Army uniform slowly enters. He looks around confused and then speaks to ADAM with a slight Hispanic accent. NOTE: This can be played by the same actor who played BARRY by just painting some camouflage makeup on his face.

MEXICAN OFFICER: You sure they are not expecting us?

ADAM: Are you kidding me? You guys could have driven a tank through here and they would have just thought it was the Veteran's Day Parade. I told you, Colonel. You'll get no resistance from the folks in Dermont.

MEXICAN OFFICER: Good. *(speaking into a walkie-talkie)* Begin The Invasion.. NOW!

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

The Invasion

Working Prop List

ACT ONE:

Tools
Weapon Parts
Coffee Pot
Old Radio
Hunting & Fishing Magazines
Gun Magazines
Military Field Manuals
Clipboard
Helmets (4)
Flak Jackets or Vests (4)
Rifles (4)
Bag of Chips
Beer Cans
Cleaning Rags
Small Green Army Pamphlet
Wall Mounted Phone
Army Procedures Manual
Pens and Pencils
Glasses
Small Box Labeled 'Explosives'
Grenade
Boxes of Ammo (4)
Pizza Box w/Pizza
Battery Charger
Wallets (4)
Money
Lip Balm
Pack of Gum
Small Bottle of Hand Lotion
Cell Phones (2)
Trash Can

ACT TWO:

Can of 'Fake' WD-40
Kit Kat Candy Bar
Trevor's Wallet w/Photos
First Aid Kit
Latex Gloves
White Towels (2)
Flashlight
Tweezers
Binoculars
Handcuffs
Bag of Donuts
Barry's Wallet
Rifle w/Bayonet
Camo Face Paint

Synopsis of
The Invasion
A Comedy in Two Acts
By: Jeff Lovett

The National Guard Armory in Denton, Texas, is usually an oasis one weekend a month for four citizen soldiers who look forward to time away from their stressful jobs and families. That is, until a cryptic message comes over the radio saying that the Mexican Army is marching towards Denton with plans for a full-scale invasion. Now the only thing standing between the invading horde and the safety of the little border town are four inexperienced part-time soldiers who have never shot anything other than some beer cans during target practice. Frank Evans, a pharmacist at the local Walgreens, is the commander of the ragtag group and savors every chance he gets to escape his nagging wife and constantly crying infant son. Trevor White is a computer salesman at Radio Shack who was turned down from joining his brothers and sister in the armed forces because of his poor eyesight. He is the only soldier who is serious about his duty- and the only one who doubts the validity of the radio broadcast. Lester Andrews is a deliveryman for a local Porta-Potty company who has spent twenty-three years in the Guard but is so clumsy, Frank does not allow him to have ammunition for his rifle. And Jerry "Granny" Granatowski, an avid hunter who has smuggled home the Armory's only machine gun to go deer hunting, has only joined the Guard so that one day he can legally shoot someone. Soon after hearing the message on the radio, the phones go dead at the Armory and the soldiers are isolated, not sure whether to plan for an invasion or order pizza.

Filled with plenty of physical action and over the top characters, *The Invasion* is an entertaining comedy that explores the depths men will go to when faced with extermination.

Cast: 6 men
2 male voice actors

Length: 120 minutes

Set: Single Set

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