

BOUNDLESS

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL - A.V. CLASSROOM - EDITING ROOM

TEENAGE JAMES sits in front of a computer. He scrolls through video footage.

MIKE, 16, athletic, classic good looks, walks through the door. He throws his letter jacket and backpack next to Teenage James. He kneels next to the chair.

Teenage James, notices Mike's arrival, and pulls off an ear phone.

MIKE

I thought I'd beat you here.

TEENAGE JAMES

Yeah, right. I'm just finishing up our piece about the cheerleaders' spaghetti dinner.

MIKE

Did you get me from my good side?

Mike flashes his best smile.

TEENAGE JAMES

Thank God you're a pretty boy, you can't report for shit.

Mike slaps Teenage James across the shoulder.

MIKE

You're just mad your camera loves me more.

The door bursts open. GIRL 1, 18, enters.

GIRL 1

Get out here! The Trade Center has been hit!

Teenage James and Mike look to each other, brows furrowed.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

Now!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - A.V. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Teenage James, Mike, and Girl 1 enter room. Mrs. Anderson, 60's, short spiked graying hair, stands with hands over mouth as she stares at the television playing.

Television shows footage of billowing smoke coming out of World Trade Center. Man jumps from Trade Center window during live footage.

MIKE

What the hell happened? Where is that?

MRS. ANDERSON

New York. The city. Oh my God!

Teenage James looks to Mike with wide eyes.

TEENAGE JAMES

What do we do?

As they watch, a plane crashes into the South Tower.

Mrs. Anderson screams.

EXT. MARINE CORPS RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Teenage James stands with his back to the locked door. He looks out around the parking lot.

SGT. LOPEZ, mid 20's, wearing Dress Blue Deltas, walks to the door, keys in hand. Notices Teenage James.

SGT. LOPEZ

Can I help you?

Teenage James looks to him, stands up straight.

TEENAGE JAMES

I want to be a Marine.

Sgt. Pfeffer looks Teenage James up and down.

SGT. LOPEZ

How old are you?

Teenage James narrows his eyes.

TEENAGE JAMES

I'm seventeen. Today.

Sgt. Lopez unlocks the door, holds it open for Teenage James.

SGT. LOPEZ

Well in that case, come on in, lets see what you can do for the Corps.

INT. MARINE CORPS RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY

Teenage James is standing in front of Sgt. Lopez's desk, face red.

TEENAGE JAMES

I wanted grunt! I told you I wanted to be a grunt with Mike.

SGT. LOPEZ

Needs of the Marine Corps, kid. Right now, they need aircraft mechanics and you got the test scores. He didn't.

TEENAGE JAMES

So let me test again! I'll get a lower score.

SGT. LOPEZ

Not how it works. Listen, Stein, you'll still get to do the buddy thing together for boot camp.

Teenage James flops into the chair, and crosses his arms.

TEENAGE JAMES

That's not what you told me when I first came in.

SGT. LOPEZ

At least I'm telling you now. Listen, Stein. This is better. The Wing is going to be bread and butter for you.

TEENAGE JAMES

I wanted to join to protect people!

SGT. LOPEZ

You are. You will help protect the guys like Mike. On the ground.

INT. SQUAD BAY - DAY

Drill Instructors run up and down center of room. Recruits with shaved heads stand at the edge of their foot lockers. Mike struggles with his combination lock. Teenage James bends down quickly to help him.

TEENAGE JAMES

Come on, man!

MIKE

I'm trying! It sticks!

Teenage James attempts to shove the lock into place. It won't budge.

SGT. COX, 20's, tall, lean, with scar from his ear to mouth, raspy voice, stops next to them. Teenage James sees his reflection in his shoes.

SGT. COX

We got a problem, ladies?

Teenage James and Mike jump to the position of attention.

BOTH

No, Sir!

SGT. COX

An unsecured lock? Very well. Fuck me, I guess!

Sgt. Cox's eyes go wide, his mouth even wider as he stomps his feet to punctuate every word.

SGT. COX (CONT'D)

I. Said. Lock. Your. Footlockers. Right. Now! You don't want to follow directions? Good to go, Recruits.

Sgt. Cox runs to front of squad bay to address the entire platoon.

SGT. COX (CONT'D)

Unlock your footlockers, right now!

Recruits rush to unlock their foot lockers.

SGT. COX (CONT'D)

Locks in a pile. Move. Let's go, let's go!

Recruits run to the center of the squad bay to throw their locks in.

Two other Drill Instructors walk in and stand on either side of Sgt. Cox.

SGT. COX (CONT'D)

We're going to learn what happens when you don't lock up your shit.

Recruits stand at attention while belongings are emptied from foot lockers and thrown around the squad bay. The room looks as if a tornado went through. Boots, shirts, and underwear decorate the stacked racks.

SGT. COX

Clean it up. You have 30 seconds.  
30, 29, 28...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Teenage James and Mike sit on the sand. Both have high and tight hair cuts. They look out towards the water.

TEENAGE JAMES

Thanks for swinging through before heading back, man.

MIKE

No big deal. After a week with the family, it's nice to just chill.

TEENAGE JAMES

When do you guys head out?

MIKE

Sometime tomorrow, I guess. We have to load up balls early.

TEENAGE JAMES

You nervous?

MIKE

A little, I guess. Most everyone else has gone out before though.

TEENAGE JAMES

Well, don't do anything dumb.

MIKE

I'll have a rifle. I'll be alright.

INT. C-130 HANGAR - POWERLINE SHOP - DAY

Teenage James, dressed in olive coveralls, walks in carrying tools. CORPORAL SCOTT, 20's, fair, permanent look of exhaustion, flips through paperwork on his desk.

TEENAGE JAMES

Corporal, we got that repair completed.

A voice calls out over the intercom system.

MARINE 2 (O.S.)

(somber)

The Commanding Officer wants an all hands school circle in front of triple 9 at 1600. Make sure your night crews are there.

Corporal Scott and James look at each other.

CORPORAL SCOTT

Wonder what Squeely wants to talk about?

TEENAGE JAMES

Flight hours? Maintenance? Maybe someone is getting promoted?

CORPORAL SCOTT

Not in a school circle. Doesn't matter, go call Bryan and Nathan and tell them they need to get in here early.

TEENAGE JAMES

Aye, Corporal.

INT. C-130 HANGAR

A large group of Marines stand in a circle in front of a C-130. A low rumble of mixed voices fill the air.

The SERGEANT MAJOR WOOD, short, bald, muscular, snaps to the position of attention.

SERGEANT MAJOR WOOD

Attention on Deck!

All Marines snap to the position of attention.

COLONOL BRUNNER, mid-fifties, cropped white hair, tall, walks into the hangar, waving his hand.

COLONOL BRUNNER

At ease, at ease.

Marines move to parade rest. The room is silent except for the sound of Colonel Brunner and the Sergeant Major's boots walking across the cement floor.

SERGEANT MAJOR WOOD  
Sit, Kneel, Bend, Ladies and  
Gentlemen.

As Colonel Brunner reaches the center of the circle, Marines sit, kneel, and stand around him.

COLONOL BRUNNER  
(somber)  
Marines. Last night while we  
slept...

Colonol Brunner's hands ball into fists. His face turns red.

COLONOL BRUNNER (CONT'D)  
...Marines. Last night while we  
slept, members our family. Our Ugly  
Angels family.

Colonol Brunner dips his head. His hand covers his eyes. He kneels.

COLONOL BRUNNER (CONT'D)  
Our Marine Family. Last night,  
MALUS SIX-TWO went down and all the  
Marines on board were lost.  
Including one of the men I taught  
to fly--

Colonol Brunner waves his hand, shaking his head. He steps back. Quickly turns and walks out of the hangar. Door SLAMS. Overhead lights HUM in the silence.

Sergeant Major Wood steps forward. He clears his throat.

SERGEANT MAJOR WOOD  
Last night we lost an entire crew  
and about a dozen ground-side guys  
we were transporting. The  
investigation is currently  
underway. This needs to stay in-  
house until the families are  
notified.

INT. C-130 HANGAR - POWERLINE SHOP - DAY

Teenage James and Corporal Scott sit in the office.

TEENAGE JAMES  
Do you think it was our fault?



CORPORAL SCOTT

I don't know. I don't think so, but  
who knows. It could be anything.

INT. JAMES' HOME - EDITING OFFICE - NIGHT

JAMES, late 30's, bearded, sleeps at his desk. Desk is cluttered with papers, C-130 models, books, and energy drink cans. Alarm clock reads 4:30 A.M. A photo of Mike in tan camouflage holding an Iraqi flag, kneeling in sand. A video rendering on the computer screen.

JAMES (V.O.)

Why do I have to keep telling this  
story?

The video begins playing. Mike is on the computer screen, shortly after boot camp graduation. Teenage James laughs off screen. Mike leans forward and taps the camera.

MIKE

Is this thing on? It better be my  
good side.

TEENAGE JAMES (O.S.)

Knock it off, man. This is serious.  
We're going to watch this one day  
when we're Gunnery Sergeants or  
some shit.

Mike smiles, rolls his eyes.

MIKE

You mean when you're a Gunnery  
Sergeant. I'm going to be your  
First Sergeant.

TEENAGE JAMES (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah. Whatever, Pretty Boy.

Mike leans back and laughs.

JAMES (V.O.)

I joined the Marine Corps to  
protect people. We didn't just lose  
some ground guys in that crash. I  
lost Mike. I couldn't protect my  
best friend. I have to tell his  
story, our story, to protect his  
memory.

End.