

The Medic

Initial Script

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Characters

1. PFC Johnny Catilano: 19-year-old kid from Brooklyn, NY. He is tall (6' 5"), lanky, short light brown hair and pale toned skin. Fresh out of training school in the Marine Corps. This is his first duty station. He comes from a lower middle class, blue collar Italian American family in NYC. He has a very thick NYC accent. He never worked or did manual labor before. He is very nervous and skittish type but also not "the brightest star in the sky." He is also the millennial type. Thinks he is owed everything and that he doesn't have to listen to anyone, including his superiors.
2. Sgt. Tony Silva: 28-year-old male from San Antonio Texas. Average height guy but very fit and muscular. Has short black hair and medium tan type skin tone. Comes from a poor Mexican-American family with a very good work ethic. Has a noticeable accent when he speaks. Has been working since he was a kid on a ranch to help his family. He is a six-year veteran of the Marine Corps with two combat tours under his belt. He has become good friends with HM1 Miller and they love to joke around and prank everyone. They have been through a few deployments together. Gets in trouble from time to time but takes the Marine Corps seriously.
3. SgtMaj. Francisco Medrano: 25-year veteran of the Marine Corps is in the final year of his career before retirement. 43-year-old from a middle-class family from Nicaragua is very smart and very strict by the book. Never seems to be in a good mood and stubborn. Veteran of the first Desert Storm and many deployments from Kosovo to Iraq and Afghanistan. Smaller guy (5'5") with salt and pepper hair, darker complexion and not in as good of shape as he use to but not fat. Has a very thick South American accent and can be hard to understand at times. He hates laziness and entitled people.

4. HM1 Aaron Miller: 29-year-old male from middle class family in Wisconsin. Tall (6'3"), short black hair, average skin tone, in shape but not overly muscular. He is very intelligent yet has many demons as he is a veteran of 12 years who has been dealing with a lot of mental and physical issues. Has been through over 9 combat deployments and have taken its toll. Plays by the book but in constant conflict with his superiors. He obeys orders but isn't afraid to speak his mind when he knows superiors are wrong or doing something dangerous. Became good friends with Sgt Silva and like to joke around and prank everyone. They have been through a few deployments together.

SCENE 1: MILITARY BASE OUTDOORS, EVENING

CLEARED AREA IN THE WOODS. A DOZEN OF TENTS SET UP IN THREE PERFECTLY SPACED ROWS OF FOUR. IN BACKGROUND YOU SEE GROUP OF MILITARY VEHICLES PARKED TOGETHER. WITH EXTRAS WALKING AROUND IN MILITARY UNIFORMS IN THE BACKGROUND, HM1 MILLER AND SGT. SILVA ARE SITTING AROUND A TABLE WITH BROKEN DOWN M-4 RIFLES AND BERETTA HAND GUNS, CLEANING THEM.

PFC CATILANO WALKS UP TO THE TABLE, WITH A VERY IRRITATED LOOK ON HIS FACE. BEGINS TO FIDDLE WITH THE PARTS OF ONE OF THE RIFLES ON THE TABLE.

HM1 MILLER:

Catilano, what's wrong with you? You look like you have a bug up your ass.

PFC CATILANO:

(SAYING IN A NASTY, ANGRY VOICE) Hey Doc, why don't you just go back to your tent and wait for some one to need a band aide. You're not a marine. You're not going to need these guns when we deploy next month.

HM1 MILLER AND SGT. SILVA STOP WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND LOOK UP AT PFC CATILANO. BOTH OF THEIR FACES TURN FROM SMILING TO VERY ANGRY. HM1 MILLER AND SGT. SILVA BOTH MOVE RIGHT UP TO PFC. CATILANO. WHILE FACE TO FACE, THEY BOTH BEGIN TO YELL AT PFC. CATILANO.

HM1 MILLER

(SCREAMING) What is your god damn problem Catilano? First, you better remember that I outrank you by about 5 rungs. Second, these are my fire arms. Not guns. Maybe you should have payed attention in boot camp a little more and you may know the difference.

SGT. SILVA

(SCREAMING) Listen you little snot! I don't know who the hell you think you are, but Miller has done more in the last year than you have done in your entire life. You talk to him or any one who out ranks you like that again you will be out there picking up pine needles for the next three days. Got it? Now get the hell out of here! Now!

PFC CATILANO BEGINS TO SHAKE FROM BEING SCARED. THE LOOK ON HIS FACE IS PURE FEAR. HE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS AWAY FROM THE TABLE. MILLER AND SILVA TURN BACK TO THEIR WEAPONS. WHILE CLEANING THEM SILVA JOKINGLY ELBOWS MILLER.

SGT SILVA

(LAUGHING WHILE TALKING) I think it's time to show the kid the artillery range. Snatch and grab tonight?

HM1 MILLER

(LAUGHING) Works for me. Do you have enough Duct Tape with you?

SGT SILVA

Do I have enough Duct Tape? Three roles should be enough.

SCENE CUTS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT INSIDE PFC CATILANO'S TENT. HE IS SOUND ASLEEP. THE DOOR TO THE TENT BEGINS TO UNZIP. HM1 MILLER AND SGT SILVA POKE THEIR HEADS INTO THE TENT. SGT SILVA STEPS INTO THE TENT, UNROOLS A SMALL STRIP OF DUCT TAPE AND TEARS IT OFF THE ROLL. HM1 MILLER STEPS INTO THE TENT. SILVA QUICKLY PLACES THE TAPE OVER CATILANO'S MOUTH AS MILLER IS QUICKLY WRAPPING DUCT TAPE AROUND CATILANO'S ANKLES. SILVA THEN WRAPS CATILANO'S HANDS IN THE DUCT TAPE. ONCE THEY ARE DONE, SILVA GRABS CATILANO'S T-SHIRT AND PULLS HIM CLOSE TO HIS FACE.

SGT SILVA

(IN A WISPER) Time for a little fun you little shit.

HM1 MILLER

(WISPERING) Alright Silva, lets lift him up and get going.

SCEEN MOVES TO AN OPEN FIELD IN THE DARK. MILLER AND SILVA AREA CARRYING PCF CATILANO OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. THEY ARE WALKING FOR A FEW SECONDS. THE STOP TURN TO EACH OTHER AND LOWER CATILANO TO WAIST HEIGHT AND START SWINGING CATILANO.

HM1 MILLER

(GIGGLING) Have a good night princess.

SGT SILVA

(LAUGHING) Next time you'll keep your thoughts to yourself. Lesson number, we treat Doc better than the Sargent Major. He is the one who saves our ass when were in the shit.

THEY SWING PFC CATILANO ONE MORE TIME AND LET GO. CATILANO FLIES A FEW AND LANDS IN THE DIRT. HM1 MILLER AND SGT SILVA RUN AWAY.

SCEEN CUTS TO THE NEXT MORNING. EVERYONE IS LINED UP FOR MORENING MUSTER IN TWO ROWS. SIX IN THE FRONT ROW AND FIVE IN THE BACK ROW. HM1 MILLER AND SGT SILVA ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW. ALL OF A SUDDEN SGTMAJ MEDRANO COMES WALKING UP TO THE FORMATION.

SGTMAJ MEDRANO

(TALKING LOUDLY IN STERN VOICE) Good morning everyone. Sgt, Silva, is everyone present and accounted for?

SGT SILVA

No Sargent Major. PCF Catilano is not here.

SGTMAJ MEDRANO

(ANGRY VOICE LOUDLY) Well where the hell is he? Has anyone seen PFC Catilano this morning?

EVERYONE IN THE FORMATION BEINGS TO TURN TO ONE ANOTHER ASKING EACH OTHER IF THE PERSON NEXT TO THEM HAVE SEE PFC CATILANO. THEN YOU HEAD LOUG EXPLOSIONS OUT IN THE DISTANCE. HM1 MILLER AND SGT SILVA LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER WITH TERRIFIED LOOKS ON THEIR FACES. HM1 MILLER TURNS TO SPEAK TO SGTMAJ MEDRANO.

HM1 MILLER

(SOUNDING WORRIED) Sargent Major, I thought they weren't supposed to be on the artillery range at all this week.

SGTMAJ MEDRANO

They weren't supposed to Miller, but the new M-1 tanks needed to get out there this morning to test their main guns before shipping out next week. Why do you ask?

HM1 MILLER

(NOW MORE WORRIED) Oh no reason Sargent Major. Just asking.

THERE IS A LOUD SCREAM OFF IN THE DISTANCE. PFC CATILANO IS THEN SEEN RUNNING SCARED TOWARD THE FORMATION. HE RUNS THROUGH THE FORMATION AND PAST THE CAMP. STILL HAS PIECES OF DUCT TAPE ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES. EVERYONE IS IN A STATE OF CONFUSION BUT WATCH CATILANO IN CURIOSITY.

SGTMAJ MEDRANO

(SOUNDING CONFUSED) What the hell was that? Was that Catilano?

SGT SILVA

(LAUGHUNG AND NUDGING HM1 MILLER) I guess we don't have to worry about Catilano being a dick any more.

SCEEN ENDS WITH MILLER AND SILVA LAUGHING SO HARD THEY ARE IN TEARS. SGTMAJ LOOKS AT MILLER AND SILVA AND BEGING TO GET BEAT RED AND HIS FACE TURNS TO EXTREAM ANGER.

SCEEN 2: MILITARY MEDICAL OFFICE, MORNING

MEDIUM SIZED OFFICE, WELL LIT. DARK BLUE CHEAP OFFICE STYLE CARPETTING WITH BRIGHT WHITE WALLS. WALLS ARE DECORATED WITH MEDICAL TYPE POSTERS AND EQUIPMENT. THERE ARE TWO EXAM TABLES SURROUNDED BY HOSPITAL TYPE CUTAINS ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE OFFICE. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OFFICE HAS A DESK, A FRONT COUNTER AND A COUPLE OF CHAIRS FOR A WAITING AREA. THERE IS ALSO A FEW FOUR DRAWER, WIDE FILE CABINETS BY THE DESK. THE OFFICE HAS TWO WINDOWS WITH SHADES DRAWN CLOSED OVER THEM. THERE IS AN ENTRANCE DOOR BY THE WAITING ROOM AND A DOOR TO A SUPPLY/EQUIPMENT ROOM BETWEEN THE FILE CABINETS AND THE EXAM AREA. HM1 MILLER IS SITTING AT THE DESK DOING PAPER WORK. THERE IS ONE EXTRA SITTING IN ONE OF THE WAITING AREA CHAIRS.

THE ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE OFFICE WHIPS OPEN. SGT SILVA IS HOLDING UP PFC CATILANO, TRYING TO HELP HIM WALK INTO THE OFFICE. CATILANO LOOKS VERY PALE AND OUT OF IT. SILVA IS SWEATING AND PANICKING.

SGT SILVA

(OUT OF BREATH) Doc! Please help me with Catilano. He needs to me looked as ASAP.

HM1 MILLER JUMPS OUT OF HIS CHAIR AND RUNS TOWARD THE DOOR TO HELP SGT SILVA. HE GETS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF CATILANO AND HELPS SILVA BRING CATILANO TO THE EXAM AREA. THEY LAY CATILANO DOWN ON THE CLOSEST EXAM TABLE AND CLOSE THE CURTAIN.

HM1 MILLER

(TRYING TO CATCH HIS BREATH) What is wrong with Catilano? He isn't looking to good.

SGT SILVA

(SOUNDS CONCERNED) I have no idea Doc. We were out doing field drills this morning and he seemed fine. After one of our breaks we all got back into a group and he looked very pale and was acting like he was drunk.

HM1 MILLER

Well grab me a pair of trauma sheers and help me get him down to his boxers so we can figure out what in gods name happened to him.

SGT SILVA GOES OVER TO A SET OF CABINETS, OPENS A DRAWER AND GETS TWO PAIRS OF TRAMUA SHEERS. HANDS ONE TO HM1 MILLER AND THEY BOTH BEGIN THE CUT OFF PFC CATILANO'S BOOTS AND UNIFORM. ONCE THEY GET CATILANO'S T-SHIRT OFF THEY NOTICS A GROUP OF THREE SETS OF BITE MARKS ON HIS LEFT SIDE JUST ABOVE HIS WAIST. THE AREA IS VARY RED AND HAS SOME BLOOD. MILLER GIVES SILVA A "YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME LOOK."

SGT SILVA

What the hell is that Doc?

HM1 MILLER

(ACTING ANNOYED) Seriously, Silva? You honestly have never seen a snake bite?

SGT SILVA

Sorry Doc. I have but never that many in one spot. Do you think it was a rattler or a coral? What can do you to take care of this? Do we need to call an ambulance and send him to the ER?

HM1 MILLER

Not sure to be honest but there is only one way to find out. Go into the supply room and get me an IV set. I'll grab the anti-venom. We'll try the rattle snake one first and see what happens.

SGT SILVA GOES INTO THE SUPPLY ROOM TO GET THE IV SUPPLIES FOR HM1 MILLER. MILLER GOES TO A MINI REFRIDGERATOR IN THE OFFICE AND PULLS OUT TWO LITTLE BOXES. BRINGS THEM OVER BY PFC

CATILANO. HE TURNS TO THE CABINET AND PULLS A SYRINGE, NEEDLE AND A COUPLE ALCOHOL SWABS FROM THE DRAWER. HE GETS EVERYTHING READY BY DRAWING UP THE ANTI-VENOM FROM THE VIALS. SGT SILVA COMES BACK WITH ALL THE IV SUPPLIES. HE HELPS BY SETTING UP THE IV BAG FOR MILLER. MILLER THEN GETS AN IV STARTED AND INJECTS THE ANIT-VENOM INTO THE IV. AFTER A FEW SECONDS CATILANO STARTS TO COME TO.

PFC CATILANO

(SOUNDING VERY WEAK AND GROGGY) Where am I? What is going on?

SGT SILVA

Catilano, you...

HM1 MILLER

(INTERUPTING) How the hell did you get bit by a rattler that many damn times? Once, maybe, but three god damn times. That's got to be a new record for this unit.

PCF CATILANO

Um, do you really want to know Doc?

HM1 MILLER

(ANNOYED) Let me rephrase that PFC. Tell me what the hell happened, now, or should I get Sargent Major in here to beat it out of you?

PFC CATILANO

Ok, ok, Doc. Here we go. We took our lunch break down by the creek after our drills. There was a two or three-foot tan looking snake. I though it was just a normal snake.

SGT SILVA

(ANGRY BUT SLIGHTLY HUMORED) Catilano, you're in North Carolina. We have rattlers and coral snakes. Are you really that dumb?

HM1 MILLER

(SARCASTIC TONE) Do you really need an answer? Isn't it pretty damn obvious?

PFC CATILANO

(IRRITATED) Can I finish my story? Anyway, I picked up the snake, it seemed fine and just put it in the pocket in my pants.

HM1 MILLER

(TRYING NOT TO LAUGH) At what point did you think that was a good idea?

SGT SILVA

(HITTING MILLER WITH BACK OF HAND) Shut up Doc, I want to hear the rest of this. Keep going Catilano.

PFC CATILANO

(SHAKING HEAD IN AGREEMENT) Thank you Sargent. Where was I? (PAUSES, SCRATCHES HEAD) Oh yeah, so I went up to show the guys. I pulled it out of my pocket and all of a sudden it kept lunging at me. I'm guessing it got me.

SGT SILVA

(HITTING HIS FORHEAD IN DISBELEIF) Wow Catilano, you sure know how to hit every stereotype about a Marine.

PFC CATILANO

(LOOKING CONFUSED) What do you mean? How?

SGT SILVA

Jesus kid, did you never hear the saying about a group of Marines?

PFC CATILANO SITS UP TO HIS ELBOW WITH A BEWILDERED LOOK ON HIS FACE. HM1 MILLER ROLLS HIS EYES AND TIPS HIS HEAD BACK WHILE THROWING HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

HM1 MILLER

Dear god you moron. The saying that says, you see a group of Marines making noise in a circle means someone found a snake. Once that circle goes quiet, means genius just got bit?

PFC CATILANO

(SHAKING HEAD) Nope, never heard of it.

HM1 MILLER

(VERY ANNOYED NOW) Well Catilano, you have now. My suggestion, leave the damn snakes alone. Also, remember, the small baby ones, aren't like the big ones. They can't control their venom, so they keep biting.

ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE IS A RATTLING NOISE COMING FROM THE CHAIR BEHIND MILLER AND SILVA. THEY BOTH HAVE LOOKS OF TERROR ON THEIR FACES AND THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEN THEY LOOK BACK AT CATILANO.

SGT SILVA

(VERY ANGRY BUT TRYING TO TALK SOFTLY AND NOT MOVE) Jackass! Did you put that damn snake back in your freakin' pocket?

PFC CATILANO

Well yeah, what the hell else did you want me to do with it? It's a baby snake. I didn't want to just leave it there.

HM1 MILLER

(TALKING TO HIMSELF WHILE STARING AT THE CEILING) My god, he is dumber than I ever thought possible.