

<Title>

an original screenplay by

<your name here>

<your Name here>
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FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS - CLIFF'S POV

We fall to the ground. Blue sky. CRACK! The report of a sniper rifle. Then MOS.

Black. A long blink.

Buddies converge, return fire. Angry faces. Tracers.

A long blink.

Concerned faces, clustered above us. Medical activities.

A long blink.

Chopper blades. Slower than reality. WHUP. WHUP.

A long blink.

Buddies turn. An adolescent black-haired GIRL in a dirty red dress appears in frame, screaming soundlessly down at us.

WHUP. WHUP.

The buddies attempt to restrain her. She fights them off.

A strong arm lifts her away from us.

She fights back. Her face comes close. Frantic, terrified. Tears drip down her dirty face, drop on us.

Arms gently but firmly lift her away.

WHUP. WHUP.

A long blink.

WHUP.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLIFF'S POV -- indoors. Quiet. CAMERON, 6, leans over us. Face clean.

CAMERON

Daddy?

CLIFF SMITH, 20s, blinks back. In bed. Cameron touches his face the way children do.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Can I have Tony the Tiger?

Cliff levers himself up on his elbow. Checks to his left -- DEIRDRE SMITH, 20s, sleeps...or feigns sleep. Cliff checks to his right. Clock shows 6:02 a.m.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Can I have Tony the Tiger?

CLIFF

You can have Tony the Tiger.

Cameron pumps a fist.

CAMERON

(whispers)

Yeaaaa... Alabama!

CLIFF

Drown 'em Tide!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff pours Frosted Flakes into a bowl.