

The sky is overcast, but with a rainbow, and the men are digging foxholes. Suddenly lightning strikes the ground and scorches it, with a sound like an explosion. Six soldiers are knocked to the ground. Five of them slowly get up, but one, JACKSON, a skinny African American, instantly pops to his feet, as it starts to rain.

JACKSON

God struck me! God struck me, man!

Jackson is running around in circles, looking over his shoulder like he's afraid God is going to strike him again.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I done wrong, and God struck me! We gotta repent! God's watchin'!

SGT TRAVERS

Somebody tackle that asshole!

The stunned soldiers don't move.

SGT TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Go on, knock him down, for chrissakes!

One of the soldiers runs at Jackson, and takes him down with a perfect football tackle.

SGT TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Well, what are you standing around for? God's not going to strike anyone else, but if He does I'll consider myself lucky. Get back to digging.

The soldiers get back to digging, now in the pouring rain.

SGT TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Meat! Take Jackson back to barracks and get him checked out.

Meath goes, takes Jackson and leads him away.

JACKSON

(mumbling)

He struck me, Meat. He struck me.

After a few steps, Jackson stops in his tracks and looks up at the sky.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(with a big smile)

He struck me. But He didn't take me.

MEATH

Yeah, come on, Jackson.

Meath takes Jackson by the arm and they start to move forward again, with Jackson still looking up at the sky, now with eyes of wonder.