

PIPEHITTERS THREE

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FADE IN:

EXT. LION HABITAT AT A ZOO -- DAY

SUPER: "2000"

A ratty and barren enclosure of desert, rocks and tall grasses surrounded by fencing. A male lion sunbathes. Three female lions stand together near a water source.

On an elevated platform overlooking the lions, UDAY HUSSEIN, 36, the ruthless son of a dictator, stands in an olive drab military-styled suit, and holds the hand of a BOY, 10. To his left are two disheveled young women. Uday leans in to whisper to the boy.

UDAY

Look, there is your father. Let's see how he likes my zoo now.

The boy's father is thrust in with the lions.

The boy tries to squirm loose of Uday's grip and the women begin screaming. Guards keep them in check at gun point.

The lions take notice of the man and stalk him around the enclosure, then attack and kill him while the family watches.

UDAY (CONT'D)

(to the guards)

Kill them and put them on ice. Then feed them to the lions.

Uday gives the boy to his sisters and takes leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN -- DAYBREAK (2003)

SUPER: "2003"

A modest barn, with two bays and a tack room, well kept and organized. MIKE CATES, 43, 6'2" and built like a mountain, hugs and brushes his horse.

Mike has shoulder-length dark hair and a scruffy-beard, a Harley rider without a motorcycle. A scar marks his face from above his left eye to just below it.

MIKE

Hey sassy-frassy, good morning
little Sassy. I know, you're
hungry.

He turns and fills the horse's bin with feed. As she eats, he goes about the business of brushing her.

BECKY CATES, 36, an attractive blonde cursed with a resting bitch face, carries two cups of steamy coffee to the barn. She addresses the horse first.

BECKY

I know Sassy, daddy doesn't know
what he's doing. He's driving you
crazy, isn't he?

Becky begins rubbing Sassy's neck. Mike continues to work without looking up. Becky stares intently at him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I thought we were done with all
this, Mike.

Mike stops brushing and looks over the horse's back at Becky.

MIKE

Beck, this is different. It's just
a security detail, like when I was
on the President's team.

He goes back to brushing. She sips her coffee.

BECKY

Bullshit. It's Iraq, not D.C. and I
know they'll want you on missions,
and you'll want to be on missions.

He shovels manure into a wheelbarrow, then pitchforks more fresh hay.

MIKE

We need the money, Beck. It's a
thousand dollars a day for ninety
days.

She looks away and out toward the mist-obscured pasture.

A long silence.

She turns to look at Mike.

BECKY

We need you more than the money.
What if I get a job?

Mike breaks eye contact with her. After a pause, he walks over to her and takes a long draw on his coffee.

MIKE

Look, the family needs both, me and the money. Ninety days from now and we'll pay off the farm. That's big.

BECKY

You want to go. You've never been home for long. I don't think you're comfortable being home.

Mike puts a blanket on Sassy. He follows with her bridle and lead. The two walk away, leading the horse to pasture.

Becky gets the gate and Mike leads Sassy in. He removes the lead and the horse saunters off.

Mike and Becky are separated by the fence. He looks at the horse walking away as he talks to her.

MIKE

You're right, I miss being part of the action. I'm a soldier.

She locks her arm in his.

BECKY

I know, honey, but you're also a dad and a husband, and retired from the Navy.

He turns and kisses her on the head.

MIKE

I don't know how to do this,
kicking around the barn all day,
nothing at stake.

He turns back and studies Sassy in the pasture.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not ready for this.

He sweeps his arms open, revealing a massive wingspan.

MIKE

I've got one last home run to hit.
It's easy money for a security
detail.

She opens the gate to let him out and they turn to the house.

BECKY

The gun shots, the parachute
accident, nearly drowning. I need
it to be over.

MIKE

This will be the last one.

BECKY

I'm serious Mike, if you go, I
can't promise I'll be here for you
if you return. It's time the family
comes first.

Mike stops walking and looks at her. He kisses her on the
forehead.

BECKY (CONT'D)

When and what do we tell the kids?

MIKE

We tell them what the President has
told the nation: carry on with your
normal routines.

She slugs him, then grabs his arm as they walk off.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The living room is cozy with a small fire burning and the TV
playing. Hot drinks steam on tables. SAM, Mike's 12 year old
son, sits in a wing chair and studies an adjacent globe. He's
an old soul, too thoughtful for his age.

Becky and KATE, the precocious 9 year old daughter, sit on
the couch, Kate under a blanket and leaning against Becky.

KATE

What are you going to eat, Dad?

Mike grins, he's heavier than fighting weight.

MIKE

It's just like your school, we eat
in a cafeteria, and if it's late,
I'll eat an MRE.

She wrinkles her nose in disgust. Sam spins the globe between
the U.S. and Iraq.

KATE

Where are you going to sleep?

She looks ahead at the fire, unblinking.

MIKE

In bunks, or on a cot, just like
camping.

Sam gets up and goes over to his dad and sits near him on the
floor.

SAM

You said your trips were over.

Mike puts his arm around Sam.

MIKE

I know, son. I'm sorry, I thought
they were over.

Sam shrugs his dad's arm.

BECKY

No one expected the attack on
America, so now the Navy needs your
dad to come help.

Tears well in Sam's eyes and his face reddens.

MIKE

It's different this time Sam. I'm
going to be keeping some important
people safe and training others to
be safe on their own.

Sam turns and looks at his dad.

SAM

You always say it's different, but
last time you were in the hospital
a very long time.

This causes Kate to break her stare and look at her dad.

MIKE

Well, I never got hurt protecting the President and this is more like that. Plus, I always get better.

Mike makes a "tah-dah" motion with his hands and displays his best grin. Sam grabs his dad's hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Champ, I'll be in a safe part of Iraq and always surrounded by good guys with big guns. No worries.

SAM

How can Iraq be safe?

Becky sips her tea.

BECKY

When we go to Philadelphia, we only see the good part of the city, right? Iraq's the same ...

MIKE

...I'll be in the green zone, where the soldiers have already cleared out the bad guys.

Kate comes over and climbs in her dad's lap.

KATE

You can go, dad, but bring me something really cool.

He tussles her hair and laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SADDAM'S PALACE -- DAY

Uday, now 39, and QUSAY HUSSEIN, 37, brothers and heirs to Saddam Hussein's Iraq, stand over a map of Iraq. Qusay is also drunk with total power and has the petulance of a spoiled child.

UDAY

We must move the chemical and biological weapons to a remote town.

QUSAY

It is safer to destroy them now.

Uday slams his fist down on the table.

UDAY

No! They are our only chance. We must move them and use them against the Americans.

Unshaken by his brother's rage, Qusay surveys the map.

QUSAY

There is no tactical or strategic advantage to having them. We have lost this battle.

UDAY

Perhaps we have lost Iraq, as you say, but let's at least annihilate as many infidels as possible.

QUSAY

What is your wish?

Uday circles "MOSUL" on the map.

UDAY

We hide out here, bury the weapons in villages around us.

He circles more names.

UDAY (CONT'D)

When the time is right, we send martyrs armed with the weapons into city centers.

Qusay sighs.

QUSAY

That will kills thousands of Iraqi's, too.

UDAY

And will unleash terror in the hearts of our people and the invaders.

Qusay looks into his brother's eyes to take measure of his determination.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

SUPER: "AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

The airport bustles with people. Mike walks at a casual pace and carries a backpack. He wears Texas and shorts. His sunglasses are pushed up and rest on his hair.

As Mike moves through the crowd, he scans the masses.

He takes notice of different people who are dressed in khakis, white polos, and military hair cuts.

He stops at Starbuck's and waits in line.

Mike smiles at the kid in front of him in line. The kid starts crying. He grimaces and gestures to ask "what?"

JOHN STALWORT, 38, smaller than Mike, but fit and also in Texas, shorts and carrying a back pack, falls in behind Mike. He knees the back of Mike's leg, causing him to buckle. Mike spins.

MIKE

John! What's up brother?

The two men hug and back slap.

JOHN

I'll tell you what's up: the blood content in my alcohol system, let's blow this place and grab a beer, ya sissy.

AIRPORT BAR

The bar just opened -- Mike and John sit at a bistro table. Two beers in tall pilsner glasses sweat on coasters.

MIKE

Here we go again, are we ready for this?

John takes a man-sized sip of beer, sits the glass down and wipes the suds out of his ratty beard.

JOHN

Hell yeah, man. Piece of cake. We just gotta stick to security.

Mike scans the crowd.

MIKE

I kinda doubt we'll be able to resist a mission or two.

JOHN

Dude, it's all screwed up -- understaffed, under-gunned -- our boys are getting killed.

Mike points to a young man in the crowd who is dressed like those he noticed earlier.

MIKE

There goes another one, damn CIA starter kits make them walking targets.

John laughs.

JOHN

Yeah, but look coming here, my future ex-girlfriend.

John nods discreetly and Mike studies the woman walking toward them.

MIKE

Nice life jacket.

They tap their beer glasses together and then drain them.

JOHN

What kind of day rate are they paying you?

Mike holds up two fingers to the bartender.

MIKE

Thousand bucks, same for you?

John nods.

JOHN

Same deal, they pay us well cause they don't expect us to collect.

John sits his beer down and looks directly at Mike.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I thought you were done. Gentleman farmer, family-man, all that?

Mike downs half his beer.

MIKE

Dude, I get antsy, I drink too much, I fight with Becky. I'm not happy dicking around all day.

John holds two fingers up to the bartender.

JOHN

I hear you. But, if I had a wife and kids, you wouldn't be talking to me right now.

They drain the round and trade the bartender for fresh beers.

MIKE

You never know, John, you might be. Becky gave me an ultimatum.

JOHN

Well, she has to know that means "permission" to men like us.

They laugh and work on their beers.

The TV above them broadcasts breaking news.

ON THE TV

REPORTER

Fourteen people were killed today at a U.S. Checkpoint in Iraq. Two American soldiers are among the dead.

A HUMVEE and personnel truck are engulfed in flames. Insurgents surround and cheer like they're at a pep rally.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURBSIDE, JORDANIAN FOUR SEASONS -- DAY BREAK

Eight people stand curb side with their bags. Some chat, others have empty stares. All except Mike and John are in their CIA starter uniforms. Mike and John are in yesterday's clothes.

A white van pulls up. Two young women step out and call names and one-by-one those called get in the van, including Mike and John. One person is a no-show.

INT. VAN

The clean cut CIA operatives avoid Mike and John. All are silent.

MIKE

Jesus, people, who died?

John laughs. Then farts. Both giggle.

The CIA types roll their eyes, but never make eye contact with either Mike or John.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY

SUPER: "JORDANIAN AIRPORT"

The van follows a pickup truck through an armed gate to enter the Jordanian Airport. The vehicles head to an old, beat-up Uzbekestanian Antonov cargo jet on the tarmac.

The van parks, all get out. Mike and John size up the plane.

MIKE

Damn. Looks like the scariest part of the trip.

JOHN

No shit.

John points to another guy dressed like them walking their way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's the Geek, oh hell, it's a party now!

The GEEK, 38, is a pirate in Texas. Tattoos, ears pierced, and tiny braids in his goatee. His eyebrows are shaved off.

GEEK

Brothers, are we really going to dance with the devil again?

Mike and John flip him the bird.

MIKE

Fuck you, Geek! How the hell are you?

The Geek hands John his backpack.

GEEK

Pushy, obnoxious and irritating.
Nice soda can they got for us, huh?
First class.

The trio fall in line and board the cargo plane. John hands Geek his backpack.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO PLANE -- A LITTLE LATER

The cargo plane is filled with supplies, vehicles and people. It's very loud and the trio shouts to hear each other. A Russian crew readies the plane for take off.

GEEK

Makes me nostalgic for the Cold
War.

He cocks his head and nods at Russian operators.

GEEK (CONT'D)

We whacked more than a bushel of
their comrades, didn't we boys?

The trio laughs. The steely-eyed Russians look back.

MIKE

Love you, man!

Mike gives them two thumbs up and a grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

SUPER: BAGHDAD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

A new sign hangs over the original: "BUSH INTERNATIONAL."

The cargo plane approaches, takes evasive measures, lands and comes to a stop.

INT. PLANE

From inside the plane, the cargo doors lower. Heat waves are visible. Two black suburbans come into view. Each accompanied by men in pressed pants, white shirts and tan safari vests.

EXT. PLANE

The passengers exit the plane and stand around. Two college-aged girls exit white vans and approach the passengers.

Off to the side are four long-haired, dirty young GUNSLINGERS in a bullet-riddled HUMVEE saddled with weapons.

These men are in tattered BDU's, jeans, and local keffiyehs. Three carry AK-47s, the other an M4.

DJ, 22, with the M4, calls out to Mike, John and the Geek.

DJ

Over here guys, you're with us.

Mike hears a SNAP, a WHIZ and PINGS. Small arms fire breaks out. Bullets fly everywhere and ricochet off the tarmac.

Mike, John and the Geek sling their bags into the HUMVEE and pull out weapons. They assess the situation.

The men in black by the suburbans whip out M4s and begin shooting. The CIA teams beeline back to their vans.

Several passengers from the plane, exposed on the tarmac, hit the deck flatter than a credit card. They are paralyzed.

As Mike and John try to locate the source of the gunfire, the Geek runs out and snags the frozen passengers and hauls them to their vehicles.

MIKE

Who the hell is State firing at?

JOHN

Hell if I know, the gunfire is coming from over there, they just seem to be shooting.

The four men from the HUMVEE, John and Mike, form a corridor of security for the Geek and the passengers on the tarmac.

With no targets to fire at, they sling a little lead downstream in the general direction of a berm beyond the runway.

After everyone is in a vehicle, all scream away.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE

The HUMVEE is armed to the teeth for war. Loaded rpgs, ammo belts, extra weapons.

MIKE

What the hell was that?

SPARKY, 21, has a square face and a sweat-stained white and black keffiyeh.

SPARKY

Welcome to Iraq, baby!

DJ checks his weapon.

DJ

Yeah, didn't you hear, we won the war.

JOHN

Did you see those jackasses from State? Who the heck were they shooting at?

DJ

They're as bad as the Iraqi's, but the chicks from CIA knew what to do, didn't they?

Mike slaps the Geek on the leg.

MIKE

Well, after the Geek got them going.

The Geek doesn't push back, causing Mike to look at him. His eyes are closed and his head tossles with the tempo of the road.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Motherfucker! Geek, what the hell?

Mike climbs the Geek like a ladder and finds an exit wound below his rib cage. John grabs a field kit, finds the morphine and quick clot.

They go to work on the Geek. Mike gives CPR and artificial resuscitation, John packs the wound and doses morphine.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Damn it! Hit him with adrenaline too, he's gone, dude, he is gone.

John pumps him full of adrenaline, but there is no response.

DJ
(into radio)
This is Patriot Pickup to Base, we
need a medic on our arrival, one
critically wounded.

They continue with CPR until they get to base, where medics meet them and whisk Geek into a tent.

Mike and John sit covered with blood.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK ROOM -- DAY

The bunk room is sparse: two bunks, two foot lockers. John lies on his back. Mike sits on the edge of his bed.

MIKE
Security detail is out the window,
John, you know that, right?

John remains motionless.

MIKE (CONT'D)
They're gonna regret the lucky shot
that got the Geek.

John sits up and looks at Mike.

JOHN
Don't forget your kids. I know
you're pissed, but we can do our
part with security.

Mike doesn't blink.

MIKE
Too late for that now. I'm going to
whack all those nasty bastards I
can. You in?

He looks at John, lays back and closes his eyes.

JOHN
Yeah, man, all in.

The lights go out and they sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

The briefing room is in a simple tent shelter, but it has power, computers, projectors, seats lined up and a podium.

The west wall is covered with posters that are super-sized playing cards with photos of "High Value Targets" on them.

CRASH, 30, the team leader and a razor-thin live wire in desert camo, looks over the wall of High Value Targets. Mike and John enter.

CRASH
Red Team, right? You guys were
Ander's beserkers?

MIKE
Aye.

Crash shakes his head, grins, and motions them to the chairs. They barley fit.

CRASH
Dammit, you look like you ate the
Mike in the file, are you sure you
ladies are up for this?

Mike looks at John and makes a Chris Farley "whatever" gesture.

JOHN
Only one way to find out.

Crash points to HVT 14. Other team members rifle in.

CRASH
Fellas, this is Mike and John, from
SEAL Team 6 and Red Cell. They're
sitting in on your Op tonight.

The team members all exchange a glance and a nod.

CRASH (CONT'D)
We need to get their toenails wet
so they can see what we're up to.

Crash points to playing cards on the wall.

CRASH (CONT'D)
Each HVT operates like a cell --
independent of the others.

He points to the Ace of Hearts and Ace of Clubs, with photos of Uday and Qusay Hussein.

CRASH (CONT'D)

The Hussein brothers are thought to be in charge of the WMDs. Get the picture?

Mike raises his hand.

MIKE

Take out HVTs as fast as possible, before any WMDs are used?

CRASH

Bingo. Tonight, it's HVT 14. Grab some gear, muster back here at twenty-one hundred.

Mike and John stand, with the others, and study the HVT board.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE -- NIGHT

SUPER: "A WEEK LATER"

It's pitch black. An operator blinks. Four armed men are stacked and ready to enter a house.

WHAM! -- The breach explosive detonates and they rush in the home. Short BURSTS of gunfire light the rooms in the home. Undecipherable RADIO CHATTER is heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF BAGHDAD -- SUN UP -- DAY

A black 1972 Cadillac is hauling ass down a dusty road. The windows are down, loud music drowns out all sound.

INT. CADILLAC

Mike drives, John rides shotgun. They wear keffiyehs and skydiving goggles, and sing at the top of their lungs.

In the backseat, a naked Iraqi sits with a burlap bag over his head. His seat belt is buckled.

Mike turns the volume down.

JOHN

Gate one, this is Patriot Three.

GATE
Go Patriot Three.

JOHN
We need to clear the gate, we're in
a seventy-two Caddy with an HVT.
Thirty seconds out.

GATE
Roger. Gate's clear, gate out.

Mike gives John a nod and a wink, "we're good to go."

EXT. GATE -- CONTINUOUS

Armed guards move foot traffic to one side, order cars turned off, and take a tactical position to protect the gate.

The Caddy approaches fast.

SLO-MO: Caddy passes through gate with loud MUSIC blaring. Heads turn to see who gets through without a hassle. Caddy resumes normal speed as it departs the gate.

EXT. FRONT OF PRISON -- DAY

The Caddy rolls to a stop and is temporarily obscured by the dust cloud that follows it. Mike and John stand curbside when the dust settles.

They are filthy.

A large SERGEANT in a neat uniform hustles toward them. He is red-faced and his fists are clenched.

SERGEANT
What the hell do you boys think
you're doing?

John pulls the naked Iraqi out of the back seat, brings him to the front of the car and un.masks him.

JOHN
You want HVT 16?

The Sergeant puffs up and barks.

SERGEANT
We got procedures 'round here! He
ain't been processed, he don't have
a base pass, you don't have a base
pass.

Mike turns toward the car.

MIKE

Fine, let him go and explain how
you turned down sixteen.

The sergeant grabs the prisoner.

SERGEANT

Fine, I'll take him, but your C.O.
is gonna hear from me!

Mike and John get in the car, slam it in reverse, and hurl
dust at the Sergeant and hostage.

The Caddy surges toward the gate, slinging grit as they
leave.

INT. CADILLAC

The dirty keffiyehs and skydiving goggles make Mike and John
look like extras from a post-apocalyptic film.

MIKE

Tired?

John looks at his watch.

JOHN

Hell yeah, quarter past beer by my
watch.

The road is long, a dust storm obscures part of the city in
the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK ROOM -- DAY

SUPER: CAMP VICTORY -- WEEKS LATER

Gilded furniture, chandeliers, plasma screen TV, empty beer
bottles. Mike and John are asleep in their racks.

Opera BLARES. Through time lapse cinematography, two days
pass. Sunrise follows nightfall in the window. The men change
sleeping positions with the passage of time.

Door knob.

Door BURSTS open with Crash coming through. He turns off the
opera.

CRASH

Men, we got a bead on HVT 1.
Briefing in five.

Mike and John pop up, dress and grab their gear. HVT 1 is Saddam Hussein. They leave the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Two teams of four prep vehicles. Doors are open. Guns and go bags are carefully placed in the backs of two Suburbans. Mike and John work on their vehicle.

JOHN

You want the sixty? The thumper?
The saw, eagle view?

Mike points as he talks.

MIKE

Put the thumper on the driver's side, eggs at my feet. Saw on your side, sixty in the back.

Mike looks around.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where the hell is the water, we need five gallons. Crash, how far we going?

Crash turns to leave.

CRASH

Gotta check Intel, five gallons should work.

He leaves. John stops. He's ready.

JOHN

You want the baby pool?

MIKE

Roger.

Crash returns, papers in hand.

CRASH

Stand down, men.

MIKE

What's up?

CRASH

Insurgents just killed a couple of our soldiers at a checkpoint, we've been re-tasked. Big Army gets HVT One.

John slams the door.

JOHN

You gotta be kidding me. They can't respond fast enough. Takes them four hours to wipe their asses.

Crash shrugs.

CRASH

Situation normal, all fucked up. We rendezvous with SEAL Team Five at twenty-three thirty.

John loads an inflatable baby pool in the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The two black Suburbans haul ass down the highway without any lights.

INT. SUBURBAN -- SAME (VIA NIGHT VISION)

Mike drives, John is in the back seat with AMANDA, 23, a new CIA Caseworker. She holds a contractor's boxed clip board. Four other TEAM MEMBERS wear night vision goggles.

AMANDA

So, you guys were SEALs?

Mike looks at her in the review mirror.

MIKE

Are you armed?

Amanda looks back at him in the mirror.

AMANDA

Yes.

Mike does not break eye contact.

MIKE

Do not draw or discharge your
weapon. Stay in the car, leave the
fighting to us.

Amanda keeps eye contact, too.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We will tell you when it's safe for
you to do your part. If you don't
listen, you can get dead, over?

AMANDA

Got it.

She looks out the window into the darkness.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What do you think of the Polish
GROM with Team Five?

Mike just shakes his head.

JOHN

Blood-thirsty bastards, glad
they're on our side.

The two operators in the back seat stay quiet.

AMANDA

Have long have you done this?

John looks at Mike through the mirror and smiles.

JOHN

Since the eighties.

Amanda taps her clipboard.

AMANDA

Anything big like this?

JOHN

This ain't big.

Amanda sits in silence as light poles whip by.

AMANDA

Why did you guys get out?

Mike takes his hands off the wheel in a "what" gesture. He
looks back into the rear view mirror.

MIKE

Medical. Shot three times, fell 70 feet to my death from high tension wires.

Amanda's eyes widen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

When they brought me back to life they told me to find a new job.

JOHN

I haven't been shot as much as the human target, but a broken back sent me packing, too.

Amanda shakes her head, no, they can't be leading the show.

AMANDA

Shit! How'd you guys get in on this?

JOHN

It's OK, you can call us "broke-down, old bastards"

She smiles and looks back out the window.

MIKE

They're a little short on Spec Ops guys, they asked if we would help.

Mike slows the Suburban.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We're about here, stop the inquisition, Poindexter, and stay put.

AMANDA

Roger that.

She gives Mike a thumbs up.

EXT. DARK STREET -- NIGHT

The vehicles stop two blocks from the target. Team members exit vehicles and muster. They each pull out a small map.

MIKE

Guys, just like we planned. In and out in less than two minutes.

Mike makes eye contact with each team member.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Any questions about your role or
the mission?

No one speaks.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Let's go kick some ass, then.

The men start out toward the target. Mike stops and opens the back door to his vehicle.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Amanda)
You stay put or I'll shoot you
myself.

He shuts the door, then hustles over to the team.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARGET HOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Two operators defend the security defined by infrared lights. Four operators set a v-shaped corridor of security that leads to the house.

Mike and John set a charge on the door, then duck around the corner.

After brief silence, WHAM! The charge explodes and Mike and John zip through the opening.

INT. TARGET HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The charge fills the first room with smoke. Red laser light slices through the air. It's empty.

A teenage boy darts from a side room. A laser light dances on his head for a split second.

He goes down, pushed by a terrorist stacked behind him who raises his AK-47. Mike fires: POP-POP, he goes down.

Two armed men rush down the hall. John takes them. POP-POP, POP-POP.

Mike takes the first room on the right, stepping over the terrified boy with the dead terrorist on him.

A mother holds a crying baby, a form sits on the bed with a sheet pulled over its head.

Behind the form springs another terrorist with a pistol. POP-POP, blood sprays the sheet and walls.

MIKE

Clear right.

John continues down the hall, taking rooms as they come.

In the back room, John finds the TARGET.

The target uses his wife as a shield. He has a gun to her head. When he peers out from behind her head, John takes his shot. POP-POP. He falls.

JOHN

Clear left.

MIKE

All clear.

The men raise their night vision and turn on gun lights to illuminate the rooms.

INT. SUBURBAN -- SIMULTANEOUS

Amanda hears the all clear over the radio. She starts the Suburban and drives to the house. The other Suburban follows.

INT. TARGET HOUSE

All gun lights bounce off the ceiling.

Amanda enters. The dead litter the house, along with bomb-making stations, blood spray and weapons. A picture of Saddam is the only art on the walls.

AMANDA

Would have been nice to have someone to question.

MIKE

They were all weaponized and in counterattack mode.

JOHN

(to Amanda)

Don't mind him, he's just fired up.

Amanda surveys the carnage, she grabs two laptops.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ON ROAD -- DAYS LATER -- DAY

A black Suburban hauls ass down a road. Iraqi insurgents occupy positions along the road and shoot at the vehicle.

SUPER: MISSING CIA OPERATIVES IN RAMADI

Ahead of the vehicle's position, other insurgents race to get into position.

INT. SUBURBAN

John drives and Mike scans the horizon. They are expressionless, except for an occasional twitch that corresponds with a bullet strike on the vehicle.

MIKE

Patriot Base, this is Patriot Three.

BASE (O.S.)

Go Three.

John makes a sudden swerve. Mike steadies himself with a hand on the dash.

MIKE

Base, Three, are the birds up yet?

BASE (O.S.)

Roger, headed to your rally point in Ramadi.

Another volley of small arms fire riddle the vehicle.

MIKE

Base, Three, can they deviate to our location? We're taking heavy small arms fire.

The odd round makes it past armor plates and PINGS around the interior like a pin ball.

JOHN

Shit!

The radio CRACKLES to life.

BASE
Patriot Three, this is Patriot Base

MIKE
Go, Base.

BASE
3, Base, air assets inbound. ETA 10
mikes.

Mike slings the mic.

JOHN
10 mikes -- we don't need this shit
slowing us down -- it could take
all day to search Ramadi

They look at each other as they talk.

MIKE
Then we gotta come back down this
shit hot road. Those tangos better
be dead.

Another BURST of gunfire strikes the vehicle.

JOHN
When we gonna hunt HVTs? We're
either chasing punks or rescuing
our own guys!

MIKE
Kill box ahead, work your magic.

John scrubs the brakes to reduce a little speed, then avoids
something in the road.

MIKE (CONT'D)
If you weren't so good at the
Gauntlet, we wouldn't hold the
record for running it.

JOHN
What's the alternative, ass wipe?
You wanna be one of the ones that
get splattered?

Mike laughs.

MIKE
Nope, Mario -- just make it...

Out of the corner of their vision they catch the smoke
signature of an RPG.

MIKE (CONT'D)

... RPG!

This time John stands on the breaks, throwing the guys forward.

The RPG sails in front of the car and explodes, throwing dirt and sand in the air.

The vehicle comes to a complete stop.

EXT. SUBURBAN

Dust boils and swirls around the stopped car and exploded RPG. Mike pops out and lays down a stream of cover fire.

John fires the thumper four times in the direction of the RPG, then switches to point firing with his AK-47.

Mike points to insurgents running for cover from his torrent of lead.

John drops one of them and then both men stop firing.

With silence, more insurgents get up and run off.

MIKE

(to the wind)

Fly away annoying mosquitos.

The men get back in their vehicle and speed off.

FROM THE AIR

The helicopter joins overhead.

The vehicle and helicopter travel down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. UDAY'S PALACE ON THE TIGRIS -- DAY

The Palace exterior is grand and stands in stark contrast to what most Iraqi dwellings look like.

TWO AGENTS stand outside smoking. When the Suburban approaches, they throw down their smokes and take a defensive posture.

The Suburban comes to screeching halt. Mike jumps out and is on the agents like a rattlesnake on a preacher's hand.

MIKE
What the fuck, over?

He physically pushes one of the guys -- he stumbles and falls.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You assholes have been MIA all morning and we find you standing around pulling your peckers?

The standing agent takes a step back, the other gets to his feet. John joins the group.

AGENT
Damn, we're sorry, we forgot...

MIKE
(interrupting)
No shit! Air assets are up, Army A-Team is standing by and we're running the gauntlet because...

He grabs the agent's radio off his belt.

MIKE (CONT'D)
...you forgot to check in! It's not even on, peckerhead.

Mike slams the radio to the ground and grabs the agent by his throat and slams his face against the side of the vehicle.

The other agent attempts to intervene but John draws his side arm and holds him off. John grabs his ear and puts him on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You see that shit? That's caused by bullets. We took that shit cause you forgot to use your radio!

Mike pushes the agent on to the ground, turns and spits. The landscape spins.

AGENT 2
He's psycho, I'm ...

JOHN
Shut up!
(to Mike)
Mike, deep breaths, go to your happy place.

Mike kicks the radio.

MIKE

If anything happens to me or him on the trip back, pray it kills me, because I will come back and you will not enjoy what I do, roger?

The agent gets up.

AGENT

Roger.

Mike get's in the driver's seat and John takes shotgun. The vehicle speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ON GAUNTLET ROAD -- DAY

The suburban streaks down the same road, heading back to base. Ahead, insurgents run for position.

The vehicle takes small arms fire again. The men ignore the gunfire and stare ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN IN TRAFFIC JAM -- DAY

A long line of vehicles extend from a checkpoint to beyond the range of security weapons.

The Suburban joins the line slowly.

MIKE

You gotta be kidding me.

Mike guns the Suburban and drives to the front alongside the road and stops at the gate.

Guns are trained on the vehicle. As Mike gets out of the vehicle, an armed bodyguard meets him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

The bodyguard slings his weapon and holds out his hands in a "slow down" gesture.

BODYGUARD

The Colonel is giving out tickets to anyone not wearing a seat belt. Return to your...

Mike cuts him off and pushes past him.

MIKE
You gotta be blowing me!

He hustles to the Colonel, the Bodyguard in tow.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey fuck nuts, what do you think
you're doing?

The Colonel turns toward the wild-eyed volcano raging at him.

COLONEL
You can't talk to me like that!

Mike invades his personal space.

MIKE
You're backing people up into the
Gauntlet, jackass. That's where
everyone gets killed.

Mike flashes his credentials. He outranks the Colonel.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Now bugger off and take your monkey
boy with you.

Mike pushes him aside and starts waving traffic through the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMORED CHECKPOINT -- A WEEK LATER, DAY

One tank is stationed at a checkpoint. This is the outermost circle of security.

OKLAHOMA, 21, a skinny kid whose Adam's apple is too big for his neck and whose helmet is too big for his head.

He's joined by MELVIN, 19, a thickly-built kid that moves as slow as he talks, and TYLER, 19, a cowboy in fatigues.

Two other young soldiers futz with their gear.

Time-lapse photography changes the afternoon to dark.

EXT. ARMORED CHECKPOINT -- A WEEK LATER, NIGHT

Oklahoma and Melvin sit on the tank.

OKLAHOMA

Shit, here we go again.

He checks the chamber on his rifle and starts fumbling with his night vision.

MELVIN

A hundred fifty eight in the day,
one thirty at night, and the
ragheads bout to be shooting.

Melvin also checks his rifle, chambers a round and stretches.

OKLAHOMA

Quit bitchin, we volunteered, let's
do our job.

Melvin takes a hard drink from a canteen.

TYLER

We didn't sign up for piss-warm
water, while the rest of the world
is eating biscuits and gravy.

Gunfire erupts and comes from both sides.

Oklahoma lays down a river of cover fire to his right.

Melvin mans the 50 cal and starts lighting up the left.

Camera pulls back, no sound, just the tracers from the gun
battle light the scene.

The exchange lasts a few minutes before fading out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME CHECKPOINT -- DAY

No audio. The sun just peeped over the horizon. Oklahoma
lifts Melvin out of the gun turret.

They fall off the tank onto the desert floor. Oklahoma
struggles to prop up Melvin into a sitting position, he has a
fatal head wound.

Oklahoma cries.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JOHN'S BUNKROOM -- DAY

The room is cluttered with weapons, empty beer bottles, laptops and ammunition. Mike and John sleep in their racks.

Crash opens the door and wakes them.

CRASH

Checkpoint Charlie lost a member of their tank crew last night to enemy fire.

Mike and Jon get dressed.

JOHN

Dammit, that's Oklahoma's team.

CRASH

Oklahoma?

Mike slings his M4.

MIKE

What we call a kid out there - 18, 19 tops, looks fresh out of Oklahoma.

Crash hands them a dossier of maps and intelligence.

CRASH

You are authorized to use extreme prejudice. The insurgent leader is in this nearby village.

He points to a cluttered group of shacks on the map.

CRASH (CONT'D)

The whole village is probably in on it. They have telephone, so you can't sneak up on them.

Mike and John grab their go-bags.

MIKE

We'll plan the mission with Five and the GROM, they'll take the village out of the fight.

John looks hard at Crash.

JOHN

What about HVTs? Can't somebody else take these punks so we can do our job?

Mike stops to hear the response.

CRASH

Everyone is holding real estate
while a few hundred of us do the
work -- you know the game.

The men grab water bottles.

JOHN

Roger. We'll git-r-done. Pre-dawn
assault.

They head for the doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLEY -- NIGHT

A convoy of vehicles led by a 1972 Black Cadillac passes the
checkpoint. John waves at Oklahoma as they pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. INSURGENT VILLAGE -- NIGHT

The security team rushes into the village and sets a safety
wedge.

The assault team moves through the wedge to the targeted home
and stack at the door. They set the breach explosion.

WHAM! The explosion obliterates the door and the men dash
into the kill house.

The village stirs, lights come on.

Insurgents run toward the house, but are quickly killed.

Sight-seeing villagers quickly return inside and turn off
their lights.

No one approaches the house, they stand and watch.

INT. TARGET HOUSE

There are eight Iraqi's on their knees, naked, hooded and
numbered. Their hands are tied behind their backs with large
zip ties.

John grabs one and lifts him to his feet.

MIKE

We're taking this one. Get the others to the prison.

The other team members nod and lead the prisoners out.

JOHN

I'll blow up the kiddie pool.

Mike motions him closer.

MIKE

Change of plans, I had an idea driving up here.

They lead their captive outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLEY -- DAY

The rising sun illuminates a cloud of dust swirling on the horizon.

Oklahoma and Tyler look through binoculars.

OKLAHOMA

You think it's them?

Tyler lowers his glasses.

TYLER

Probably. Would be weird for a quiet night and a morning attack.

He chambers a round.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But, out here, who the fuck knows?

Oklahoma continues to track the dust.

INT. CADILLAC

The inside of the Caddy is dust covered. The windows are down. Music BLARES. Mike drives and John wipes down his weapon.

MIKE

You think they got a visual yet?

John turns, smiles and does a three finger countdown.

JOHN
Right - about - now.

Mike SINGS along, with a wide grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Oklahoma still has the binoculars pressed against his eyes.

OKLAHOMA
Shit, Tyler, you ain't gonna
believe this.

Tyler takes the glasses and looks down range.

TYLER
What the hell?

From out of the dusty landscape, the Caddy barrels into the checkpoint and slides to a stop.

Mike and John get out and walk to the front of the car. The naked, hooded insurgent is tied spread-eagle to the hood and bumper of the car.

MIKE
You boys got a camera?

The soldiers are frozen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Breathe. It's all right, you gotta
camera or not?

Tyler jumps up on the tank tread.

TYLER
Hell yeah, be right back.

Mike motions to Oklahoma.

MIKE
Come on over here, he won't bite.

Tyler joins them, handing the camera off to John.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You men shot a terrorist yet?

TOGETHER:
Not for sure.

Mike positions the boys on each side of the car.

MIKE
Captured any?

OKLAHOMA
Hell no, just been shot at by them
every damn night.

Mike kicks Oklahoma's foot and points to the bumper. Tyler follows suite. Mike steps away.

JOHN
Say cheese.

The boys smile. They hold their guns like they just bagged a buck back home.

MIKE
Now, one at a time.

Tyler steps back. CLICK. Oklahoma steps back. CLICK.

MIKE (CONT'D)
When you get home, you better use
these to get laid.

John tosses Tyler the camera.

JOHN
Tell them you captured this one
yourself.

Mike walks over and removes the captive's hood.

MIKE
You know who this is? It's the guy
that's been fucking with you every
night.

Mike walks over toward John.

JOHN
We got his whole team.

Mike and John turn and walk toward the tank. John turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You mind watching him? We need to
plan our route back to base.

Oklahoma gives the insurgent a solid right hook.

OKLAHOMA

That's for MELVIN, motherfucker.

Tyler carves a T into his cheek, then cuts the ropes that hold him on the car.

TYLER

I want you to be able to fight
back, rag head.

With their backs turned, Mike and John urinate.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL PALATIAL ROOM -- DAY

The room is small, but grand with high ceilings, ornate mouldings, crystal chandeliers, and a gilded mirror behind a long oak bar.

A hand crafted sign hangs above the mirror: "HVT BAR."

Bar stools line the bar, chairs and couches are out of place and crowd the space. Guns and gear decorate the room.

The place is filled with contractors drinking and talking.

Mike sits at the bar, Amanda stands behind it as a bartender.

MIKE

How's our bar doing?

AMANDA

Making money hand over fist, of
course.

Mike looks at a nearby door as John comes through it.

MIKE

The dead rises. Saw you crawl in
their last night, glad you can
still walk.

John flips him off and sits on the bar stool beside him.

RED, 38, with wild red hair and white zinc oxide painted on his nose like a lifeguard strolls in pushing a dolly stacked with beer and liquor.

JOHN

Red! You always come through.

Red smiles and whistles a tune. He rolls the contraband into a room behind the bar.

MIKE

His suppliers love American cash!

Another bartender, MICHELLE, 24, has her t-shirt tied in a knot behind her back and a homemade V cut in the collar to be more revealing.

On seeing her, John raises a glass.

JOHN

To our beautiful bartenders and case agents.

Mike and Amanda CLING glasses with him.

A drunk patron drops a five into the tip jar.

Michele adds up his bill on a calculator.

MIKE

Look at Don Juan over though, the movie star killer.

John turns to see a young, happy kid with an innocent face.

JOHN

He still got the most individual kills here?

Mike nods. Don's served a beer by a flirty volunteer.

MIKE

Yep, if we're all rock stars, he's the lead singer.

There's a corner of treasures, including Saddam's gold AK-47.

Dusty operators come in and the girls instantly hand them bottles of beer, which they down.

Mike turns to face Amanda

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where's the guy that looks like Rambo?

She scans the bar.

Everyone is laughing and cutting up.

AMANDA
Only in Hollywood, Babe.

A tattered picture of George Bush is taped over Saddam in an ornate picture frame.

MIKE
Did you expect us to be ordinary people?

AMANDA
Shit, you ain't ordinary or normal.

MIKE
You know what I mean -- friendly, funny, charismatic, able to fit in.

AMANDA
I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't to have this much fun.

Someone helps one of the recent customers out of his bloody gear.

A patron gestures to have the beer for the new guys put on his tab.

MIKE
(toasting)
To the best trained, most lethal warriors on the globe.

Michele kisses one of the patrons on the cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Becky prepares dinner in a modest kitchen. She washes salad vegetables. The television is on in another room.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
A military helicopter was shot down in eastern Iraq, killing 21 U.S. special operation troops...

Becky nicks her finger with the knife, puts the finger in her mouth and walks into the living to catch the newscast.

ON THE TV

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 ... most of them retired SEALs
 working as contractors for the CIA.

The color drains from Becky's face. She sits down.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 The Taliban downed the helicopter
 with rocket fire while it was
 raiding a house.

Becky moves to a small desk with a laptop and checks her email.

No new messages. Her hands shake as she types a message.

Becky's words appear on the monitor: "HEY BABY, I NEED TO HEAR FROM YOU."

TV REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The Pentagon confirmed the crash,
 but has not released casualty
 information.

The kids bound through the door with their school books. Becky clicks off the news, turns and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Becky, Kate and Sam walk down their driveway toward the road.

SAM
 Mom, have you heard from dad
 lately?

Her chin quivers and her eyes well, but she smiles.

BECKY
 No, son. He's very busy, but I'm
 sure we'll hear from him soon.

Kate darts around puddles and kicks stones.

SAM
 If he calls while I'm at school,
 tell him I love him, ok?

She ruffles his hair.

BECKY

You got it champ. He loves you too,
you know.

They arrive as the bus pulls up and opens its doors.

SAM

I know.

Sam and Kate board the bus. Becky watches it leave.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Becky comes in the front door and heads straight to the computer. She checks her email.

ON BECKY'S LAPTOP SCREEN

She scrolls through endless promotional emails: Viagra, Cialis, Vicodin.

Nothing from Mike.

BACK TO BECKY

She slumps. Time lapse cinematography shows the passage of a few hours, the light changing in the window. She hardly moves.

There is a loud KNOCK on the front door.

BECKY

No. No. No.

She stands and faces the door but can't move.

The KNOCK again.

She walks over and places her hand on the knob.

The KNOCK again.

She closes her eyes and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JOHN'S BUNKROOM -- DAY

Mike snores on his bunk. John lays awake. Opera music PLAYS.

Amanda sneaks into the room wearing running shorts and a tank top. She tip toes past Mike.

John sits up. She bends to kiss him, then pushes him back into the bunk, straddling him.

She has his shoulders pinned and leans down for a long, hard kiss. She bites his lip.

She locks her ankles and grinds her pelvis hard against his.

John closes his eyes, content to let her have her way with him. She leans in for another kiss and moves her hands to his face.

Arms free, he lifts off her shirt. She leans back and he caresses her nipples. He pulls her forward.

They glisten in the heat. Mike continues to snore.

John pulls the crotch of her running shorts to one side. She raises up and lowers herself on him.

Once inside her, John pulls her shoulders down hard and she grinds herself against him.

Her eyes are dark and deep. She bites her lips and arches her neck as they make love.

Mike stops snoring. They stop moving. Mike rolls over and starts snoring again.

John sits up and lays Amanda back. He pulls out of her and goes down on her. Amanda covers her face with a pillow.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Becky stares at her front door. Another KNOCK.

Becky opens the door. It's her girl friend, LAUREN, 48, with a bottle of wine. She pushes her way in.

LAUREN

Hey hon, saw the news this morning
figured you could use some company.

All the air leaves Becky.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You haven't heard
anything have you?

She grabs Becky and pulls her inside and sits her on the couch.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I know it's early, so we'll just
have one glass to take the edge
off.

She pours and hands Becky an over-filled glass of wine.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Here's to "no news is good news."

They clink their glasses.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Say it.

Becky takes a large gulp.

BECKY
No news is good news.

They clink again.

LAUREN
That's it sugar. Now, how are you
doing?

Becky sits her glass down and hugs a pillow.

BECKY
I have a bad feeling. Worse than
ever.

Lauren gets close and takes her hand.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'm afraid of every call, every
knock at the door.

Lauren raises her glass again to suggest a sip, Becky obliges.

LAUREN
He always comes through, Becky.
Always.

The women sit in silence holding their wine.

CUT TO:

INT. HVT BAR -- DAY

Super: TWO DAYS LATER

Mike and John walk in straight off a mission. The bar is empty save for one bartender, Amanda.

She sets them up with two Japanese beers.

The men are dusty, sweaty and bloody.

MIKE

Where is everybody?

He slings his gear in a heap.

AMANDA

You guys have been out a few days.
We lost 21 two nights ago in
Ramadi.

John and Mike stop and look up.

JOHN

What happened?

AMANDA

Routine mission, lucky RPG took out
the insertion chopper.

Mike downed his beer.

MIKE

Guys from here?

Amanda sets another beer on the bar.

AMANDA

No, Blackwater guys, contractors
like you.

Amanda hands them a list of names.

JOHN

Damn! We served with most of these
guys, they were the best.

Amanda hands him a new beer.

AMANDA

Well, since then, business is down -
- guys are pitching in on missions,
paying respects.

John downs the beer.

JOHN
Getting some payback. This is a
huge loss.

Mike sits his beer down.

MIKE
Has this made the news?

She points to the TV.

AMANDA
That's why the tube is off, it was
near instantaneous.

MIKE
Fuck, I gotta call Becky -- secure
my gear, will ya?

Mike hustles from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM -- DAY

The communication room has several laptops set up for
soldiers to use for email.

The few phones available are occupied.

Mike walks in and sees all stations in use. He flashes his ID
to the Post officer.

MIKE
I need to make an emergency SAT
call to this number.

He hands the Officer a number, the Officer makes the call and
passes him the satellite phone when it begins to ring.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky and the children are eating dinner when the phone
rings. She lets it ring.

SAM
Aren't you gonna answer it?

Becky shakes her head.

BECKY
It can go to voicemail, we're
eating.

Sam gets up.

SAM
What if it's dad?

Sam grabs the phone.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hello.

He begins jumping up and down.

SAM (CONT'D)
I knew it was you dad, I knew it!

Becky breaks down crying.

SAM (CONT'D)
I don't know, something's wrong
with mom, but we're fine.

Sam listens as his dad talks.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well, the weather here has been
warmish, I dunno with rain about
30% of the time.

Sam listens again.

SAM (CONT'D)
OK, I love you, too, here's Kate.
Kate, he can't talk long, he's on a
satellite.

Kate picks up the phone.

KATE
Hi daddy, I'm eating rice. I love
you, here's mom.

She passes the phone on to Becky.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM -- SAME

Mike is smiling on the phone.

MIKE

What's up with Sam? He's like a weather reporter now..

He listens.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I know, sorry Beck. I just came in and found out myself.

He listens and paces.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It was a bad loss, friends, but John and I are safe.

He listens and runs his hand through his greasy hair.

MIKE (CONT'D)

No, just working security detail, honey, nothing to worry about. I'll send you an email, my time's up.

He hangs up, turns the phone over to the Officer and gives him a wink and a nod.

CUT TO:

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

Uday and QUSAY Hussein work in a conference room. They transfer aluminum cylinders from metal milk crates and place them on the table.

LATIF AKRAWI, 43, and KHALID NAJAF, 48, both with stone cold dark eyes, meet with their employers.

UDAY

We have enough chemical and biological weapons to target four or five cities.

Latif picks up a canister and looks at it.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE OF SADDAM'S PALACES -- DAY

The entrance parlor is massive, with impressive marble floors and palatial stairs leading to a second level.

Mike and John meet with a CIA LIAISON, 53.

From overhead, the room spins slightly.

An Iraqi laborer walks to the center of the foyer and falls to his knees.

Closing in on his face, he sobs.

Armed guards are in the foyer, and watch the laborer.

MIKE

What's up with that?

A soldier goes over and helps the man up, patting his torso in the process.

CIA LIAISON

just overwhelmed with emotion --
they've never seen any of the
palaces.

The soldier and man walk out of view.

JOHN

Big difference from his dirt hut.

John looks at the details of intricate marble mosaic tile trim that frame the room.

CIA LIAISON

And this is not the only one.

A montage of scenes from the other palaces show the other palaces with the Liaison narrating.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- PORN PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)

There's the porn palace -- nothing
but sick and forbidden pornography

Pull back from a colossal chandelier hanging in a different parlor.

Scenes from the Karma Sutra top decorative towers.

Stacks of porno magazines and a vast DVD collection span a wall.

A flash of white.

-- DRUG PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)
The coke palace -- lots of cocaine,
but heroin and everything else, too

The parlor is huge with a large marble counter running down the center with chairs on either side.

Workers bag and tag bricks of cocaine, drop hypodermic needles into plastic biohazard containers.

A flash of white.

-- SEX PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)
The sex palace, where all the sex
slaves were kept -- one was 13.

Two photos are above an ornate bed: one of Allah and one of Saddam.

Agents sit at makeshift desks and interview prostitutes.

One prostitute looks particularly young.

A flash of white

-- WORSHIP PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)
The mosque was cute -- had Saddam's
photo above a throne next to
Allah's throne.

Traditional interior mosque praying space with two thrones.

A photo of Saddam hangs over the second throne.

A flash of white.

-- TORTURE PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)

The torture palace was a real freak show.

Meat hooks hang, a surgery table surrounded by instruments, a portable generator with jumper cables in a large slab-floored room. Drains are spaced evenly.

An agent opens a cell door and bodies topple from a stack.

A flash of white.

-- MORTUARY PALACE

CIA LIAISON (V.O.)

The mortuary palace was opulent inside, but the grounds were mass graves.

An old bull dozer sits atop an earthen mound.

Human bones jut out of loose top soil.

A flash of white.

-- LAVISH PALACE ROOM

The palace interior MORPHS into the HVT Bar.

MIKE (V.O.)

We've made our digs more American.

Patrons drink at the bar.

JOHN (V.O.)

I'd call it International, really.

Military patches from allied forces are tacked to a wall representing all coalition forces.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ROOM -- NIGHT

The team room features white boards, a projector, a map table and eight folding chairs.

Mike, John, Crash and Amanda stand around the map table.

Crash hands out dossiers.

CRASH

Good news, normal tasking. You've got HVT 10.

He spins a large playing card with a photo of HVT 10 onto the map table.

MIKE

Jesus Christ, this guy looks like Fat Bastard!

John pushes his belly out and rubs it.

JOHN

(imitating Fat Bastard)

Yeah, I know I'm sexy, now get in my belly.

Amanda laughs and smacks him with her folder.

CRASH

This guy is a big nasty -- head of Saddam's secret police.

Amanda spreads a map on the table.

AMANDA

You'll want to move fast, surprise him and overwhelm them with violence.

Mike flips through photos of other men.

MIKE

His protection, any intel?

Crash spreads the photos out on the map.

CRASH

Two to four bodyguards. Ruthless men with everything to lose.

John flips through his papers fast.

JOHN

They think we're on to them?

Crash closes his file.

CRASH

Negative. Too arrogant to think anyone would inform on them.

Mike points to the map as he talks.

MIKE

Standard assault, corridor of security here, we go in shit-hot and angry.

All study the map and nod in agreement.

JOHN

Let's roll -- we'll take Don Juan, Nasty and Amanda -- look out Fat Bastard!

They turn and exit the room, Mike and John waddling in imitation of their target.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF FAT BASTARD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

It's pitch black in front of Fat Bastard's house.

WHAM! A breach explosive lights the night and Mike and John zip in.

INT. FAT BASTARD'S HOUSE

The two work quickly to clear downstairs rooms. All are cluttered and dirty, but empty.

Using hand gestures, they approach the stairs. Mike takes the lead. They move fast.

At the top of the stairs, they come under fire.

Fat Bastard is in an adjacent room, the door open. He gets out of bed.

At the landing, John engages the bodyguard that is firing at them. The bodyguard goes down, knocked into a corner.

Mike sees a bodyguard cross in front of the door of Fat Bastard's room. He fires into the wall next to the door, then enters the room.

JOHN

(over radio)

Get him! Get him! I got this guy.
Move, move.

MIKE
(over radio)
I'm a little busy, can't you hear
me shooting, over?

INTERCUT: MIKE AND JOHN'S BATTLES

LANDING

The bodyguard John shot is still fumbling for his weapon.

BEDROOM

When Mike enters Fat Bastard's room, the bodyguard falls over dead. Bastard moves for his weapon.

Mike closes quickly, stows his weapon and moves to subdue Fat Bastard with zip ties.

Fat Bastard grabs Mike and slams him against the wall. Mike rides his body mass and puts him in a choke hold. They fall over and roll.

Fat Bastard reaches his firearm. Mike grabs his wrist and whacks it against the wall.

The gun goes off, then falls from his grip.

Mike wrestles the hulk to his feet, manages to get one arm behind him and place him in a choke hold again.

Fat Bastard bites down hard on Mike's arm and pins Mike against the wall.

LANDING

John shoots the injured bodyguard in the chest.

The bodyguard drops his weapon and rushes John.

John stows his weapon and raises his hands as if to fight.

The bodyguard collapses into John's arms dead.

John rushes into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Mike is pinned and being bitten by Fat Bastard. John looks around and finds a piece of bomb-making pipe. He strike Fat Bastard on the head.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Fat Bastard falls to the ground unconscious.

JOHN
(into the radio)
All clear.

Mike falls down laughing and holds his arm. John looks at him and gestures "what?"

MIKE
I can't believe you smacked the man
in the head with a pipe!

John starts laughing, too.

JOHN
He was biting your arm off.

After a few seconds of laughing and wheezing, they collect themselves, strip and zip tie their captive.

Don Juan, Nasty and Amanda enter the room.

Fat Bastard is awake and sits propped against the wall. He is naked, fat, hairy and grotesque. He has a huge knot on his head.

AMANDA
Damn, what happened to his noggin?

Mike and John lose it again. They laugh until they cry.

MIKE
Kung fu knocked him in the head
with that pipe.

The other operators laugh a little, too, but Mike and John are almost breathless from laughter.

AMANDA
Well, at least you didn't kill him.

Don Juan and Nasty heft the captive up and exit the room with him.

JOHN
(to Mike)
Yeah, asshole, I didn't kill him or
let him kill you.

Mike hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

MIKE
Thanks honey, I owe you a beer.

John pushes him away and they pick their way back through the carnage in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HVT BAR -- DAY

Mike reenacts his struggle with Fat Bastard. The whole bar is rapt with the story. John sips a beer.

MIKE

So I got Fat Bastard pinned and he starts biting my shirt. John, Mr. Navy SEAL, with all his...

JOHN

(interupts)
...watch it now

MIKE

Fancy-smancy combat fighting skills picks up a pipe and bam, bam, bam right on his head.

John tips his beer to the crowd and smiles. They all find the story funny.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fat Bastard drops off me with a thud, then I fall out laughing.

The bar rolls with laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM -- DAY

Students and parents fill the gymnasium bleachers. A COACH, 50, stands at a podium holding a microphone. His assistant stands beside him at a table of trophies.

COACH

We want to recognize our seventh and eight grade basketball athletes for their 12 and 4 season.

Becky, Kate and Sam sit together in a front row. Sam is in his ball uniform.

COACH (CONT'D)

We also want to thank the parents --
it's not easy getting to practice,
attending games and helping with
our fund-raisers.

Sam faces away from his family and the coach.

COACH (CONT'D)

As your child comes up to get his
award, we want Mom and Dad to come
up, too.

Becky reaches past Kate to grab Sam's hand. He jerks it away.

CUT TO:

INT. HVT BAR -- DAY

All the patrons still listen to Mike's story. The laughter in
the bar ebbs.

AMANDA

It gets better.

She settles the crowd with open faced hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Langley calls for the after action
report, right?

Her audience waits for the punch-line.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And close the call by saying, "we
want the Pipehitters for our next
Op."

The drunken laughter picks back up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So, I changed their call sign from
Patriot 3 to Pipehitters 3!

John finally stands to make his contribution.

JOHN

Back at Langley, they couldn't
imagine anyone big enough to pin
Fat Bastard.

Mike springs into a faux body building poses.

MIKE

Who's got tickets to the gun show?

He points to his flexed biceps, which are impressive even in jest. It's clear at this point that Mike's body has been reshaped back into a fighting machine.

AMANDA

They think if we can get Fat Bastard, we can get anyone!

The bar toasts the team.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ROOM -- DAY

A group of four team leaders and four case officers crowd the map table.

Crash has a satellite image of a village on the table.

CRASH

There are one hundred and thirty buildings in this village. Intel thinks Saddam is here.

Crash circles four buildings.

CRASH (CONT'D)

They think he's in one of these four structures.

He looks up and all eyes are on him.

CRASH (CONT'D)

But, he moves. He knows our response time and disappears.

Crash draws arrows designating escape routes.

CRASH (CONT'D)

He can go underground, move just one building away, or take a taxi out of town, point is, we miss him.

Mike edges Amanda out and puts both hands on the table.

MIKE

Why don't we get a few thousand from Big Army and do a deer drive?

Crash rolls his eyes, turns red, and turns up his volume.

CRASH

Cause we're clandestine ops and
that wouldn't be very covert now
would it?

Mike steps back, Amanda squeezes back in.

MIKE

Aye-aye, damn war would be over in
a few weeks, how many towns...

Veins pop up on Crash's forehead.

CRASH

(interrupting)

...Mike, have a cup of shut-the-
fuck-up, we don't have much time
here.

Crash circles different buildings with different colored
markers representing each team.

CRASH (CONT'D)

I want each team to hit these
buildings at the same time. Hit
them hard and fast.

He marks other positions on the map.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Security teams, watch for movement.
If they're flushed, you nab them.

They study the map.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Go piss, grab some joe, and get
your shit together.

Mike studies the map, twirling the ends of his mustache into
handlebars.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Teams move fast and silent through the town. They stack on
the door at each target and check watches.

Breach charges EXPLODE in unison.

INT. HOUSE 1

Team one storms the house. A family had been asleep in one room. A team member holds them at gun point.

The other men work quickly through the house. AK-47s lean against the walls in each room. Shadows of blacked-out bodies move through rooms ahead of them.

INT. HOUSE 2

Team two enters and finds a single old man standing with his hands up. Multiple plates and AK-47s indicate that he is not alone.

OLD MAN
(loudly)
I am alone, don't shoot!

He points with his eyes and nods to a door. One member holds him at gunpoint, the others clear the house, then go through the door.

The door leads to the basement where they find a hidden door.

Behind the hidden door is an earthen tunnel. They illuminate it with their gun lights. One team member shoots a few rounds down the tunnel, then begins crawling through it.

A gunshot RINGS out. The team member finds an HVT with a self-inflicted gun shot to the head. He drags him out by the feet.

INT. HOUSE 3

Team three enters their house and finds it ransacked. All downstairs rooms are empty.

A small CRASH is heard upstairs. They stack and climb the stairs quickly.

When they clear the first rooms, a closet door is slightly ajar. Two members stack and open the door.

A cat springs out at them. They laugh.

INT. HOUSE 4

Mike, John and their team members burst into an empty room.

They clear the house room by room, no one is home.

A tub full of warm water with a smoldering cigar on a ledge is found in the bathroom. They follow water splashes to a hidden door in the floor.

It leads to the crawl space under the house. There is another tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

A team member jumps in and follows it to a sewer line.

He follows the sewer line toward a light. It's an open manhole.

INT. HOUSE 4

The team is in the empty room on the ground floor.

MIKE
(into the radio)
Team 4 to all teams, the snake is
in the grass, over.

The team members each load their captives, victims, weapons and intel into their vehicles and head back to base.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM ROOM -- DAY

Mike, Amanda, and Crash sit in chairs and debrief on the mission. Papers, dossiers, and HVT playing cards litter the map table.

CRASH
Great raid, great intelligence,
we're getting closer each time.

Mike stands and hulks over the table, his expression is dark.

MIKE
Blah, blah, fucking blah. Let's
talk about the elephant in the
room.

Crash returns Mike's steely glare.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Somebody tipped them off at the
last damn minute.

Mike slams a hand onto the table.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Warm food, hot baths, smoldering
cigars -- over and over again!

Crash holds up his hands, palms out.

CRASH

Easy big daddy, informants are
putting us at the right place, but
I agree, someone burns us in the
end.

AMANDA

It could all be a ruse -- they
could stage all the evidence to
make us think we're close...

MIKE

...while Saddam sips Blue Hawaiians
in Tahiti.

Crash holds up two HVT cards with red slashes through them.

CRASH

Each time, we're getting an HVT or
two, plus computers with good
intel, so let's focus on the
positive.

Mike's hands fly up.

MIKE

Whatever. OK, I'm positive Saddam
is either getting away or was never
there, and we get shot at each time
we kick over one of these shit-
stacks.

CRASH

OK, wise ass, what's the lesson
learned from this specific mission?
What do you suggest we do better?

Mike goes over and looks at the wall of HVTs of playing
cards.

MIKE

Fuck if I know, I'm just
frustrated.

Silence. He continues to stare at the wall, then points out a
pattern.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, they're giving us deuces and treys to keep us occupied and away from the court cards.

The others walk over to the board.

AMANDA

What are you suggesting?

MIKE

Let's turn down a few informants. Put a few in prison. Reward a few. And get the word out about who we want to target.

AMANDA

Stop playing until they give us a face card?

CRASH

Hey, they're our best source of Intel, not sure we can play games with them.

MIKE

They don't know that. Predator drones, computer intel, fictional torture, rumor of raids in other villages.

Amanda returns to the table and separates the files on informants and spreads them out.

AMANDA

I like it. We need to nab this guy in public, broad daylight to send a message.

Crash and Mike turn to the table and consider her idea.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Then, we can start sparrow campaigns to put the rumors in play.

CRASH

So we fake interrogation with Ahkmed here, tell him our intel confirms we know he's giving us low level targets.

MIKE

Yep, and that we don't need them anymore -- no cash unless it's an important target.

AMANDA

Threaten to out them as informants to the Taliban -- that'd make them fear for their whole damn family.

Crash turns a folder to reveal the CIA logo.

CRASH

Not sure we can get the brass to go along with this -- they think every tip is legit and worth tasking.

MIKE

Leave them the fuck out. Tell them the informants have clammed up.

Crash shakes his head. Amanda stands with her arms crossed. Mike twists his mustache, nodding his head.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK ROOM -- DAY

Amanda and John share his single bunk. They are awake. More war booty clutters the room.

AMANDA

I like Mike's idea -- we have to try something different -- do you think it can work?

JOHN

Mike is a genius at counter intelligence and combat strategy, if he thinks it'll work, it will.

She traces a tattoo on his left chest.

AMANDA

Why are you so confident in him?

John stares at the ceiling.

JOHN

At Team 6 and Red Cell, Anders trained us hard. We had to look like, act like, and think like terrorists.

He turns his head to lock eyes with Amanda.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mike excelled at strategy and chaos -- creating it and fighting through it. We called him the Dancing Bear.

She giggles and slaps his chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Really. He could walk into any situation, befriend the whole place, get close to the target and take him out.

The smile on her face lessens.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He knows it's their strategy to tie up our assets going after small targets, because that's what he would do.

She lays her lips on his for a small kiss.

AMANDA

Take advantage of our bureaucracy -- it's our biggest weakness even in small teams.

Mike walks in with a towel around his waist, his hair wet and wearing shower sandals. He twirls a q-tip in one ear as he walks.

MIKE

Hey, love birds. Pretend I'm not here, just gonna put on shorts and a t-shirt before hitting the bar.

After he stretches on a t-shirt he checks himself in the mirror and locks eyes with Amanda who is looking at him through the mirror.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't want safe, boring missions just because you're hot for stud muffin there.

She throws her balled up sock at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND JOHN'S BUNKROOM -- NIGHT

SUPER: 2 AM, A WEEK LATER

Mike and John sleep in their racks. Opera music BLARES.
VICKY, 23, a female case officer opens the door and turns on the light. She searches for the volume on the stereo, then pulls the plug.

Silence, but no movement. She shakes Mike and John.

Mike sits up and rubs his face. They both sleep naked.

MIKE

What's up?

VICKY

I need your help. I have a line on Uday and Qusay.

JOHN

Jesus, you need big Army for them.

Mike pulls on his shorts. John lays back down.

VICKY

I know. I tried Task Force 21, but they're out of pocket. I put the Fourth ID on notice.

MIKE

Sounds like it's handled, why are we still talking?

VICKY

I want you to respond and hold them in place. Just engage until the Fourth ID comes on post.

John is snoring again.

MIKE

Do you trust the informant? Could be luring us into a kill box.

VICKY

Maybe, the risk level is off the chart -- hell, he might not even know he's leading us into an ambush.

Mike stretches on a t-shirt.

MIKE

Probably doesn't.

VICKY

Look, it's Uday and Qusay, this could be a turning point and I don't want them to get away.

Mike slaps John's legs off his bed.

MIKE

Wake up Buttercup, we got to make the donuts.

(to Vicky)

Inform Crash, assemble a team, we'll at least check it out.

JOHN

If it's them, we won't be able to do shit -- they'll have a small army with them.

Mike is already gearing up.

CUT TO:

EXT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

SUPER: 4 A.M.

A drone provides overhead aerial footage of a large compound before finding vehicles coming to a stop two blocks away.

ON THE STREET

A team of seven exit the vehicles and muster. One is Iraqi. The target house is visible from this vantage point. It's a gated compound, not just a house.

MIKE

(pointing out two of the team)

You two stay with Vicky and set our perimeter security.

The informant shakes and sweats profusely. He points out the target house again. All is dark.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into his earpiece)

Langley, you got a twenty on our location?

The informant vomits.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM LANGLEY -- SAME

Men are gathered around a table in a war room listening to the operators. They see satellite video feed of the city block, with the target house in the center.

MACK MCKENZIE, 52, has a buzz cut, wears a white shirt with the sleeves rolled-up and a tie.

MACK

We copy. Looks messy, a city block about to wake up to prayers.

MIKE'S POSITION

MIKE

Chances are good the neighbors leave us alone, but it could go Mogadishu.

WAR ROOM

MACK

We're moving more patrols to your sector for regular patrol and to move in if the block comes alive.

MIKE'S POSITION

MIKE

If we raid this place, we'll need air assets to hold them in place.

MACK (O.S.)

We can spin two Blackhawks and a Warthog. They'll be in striking distance.

Mike scans the street with night goggles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HIDEOUT -- SIMULTANEOUS

The team musters behind their vehicle.

MIKE

I don't like it, we need eyes on a target before we kick this hornet's nest. That's a big ass place.

VICKY

They'll move if we don't do something.

JOHN

Fuck trying to engage this -- we don't know if it's them or not.

Mike flips through a file looking at known security guards for Uday and Qusay.

Morning prayers SING out over the city as day breaks.

MIKE

We need a day of intel. We'll keep an eye on this place all day to see if we can get an ID.

He circles a few buildings near the compound.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We need a sniper in one of these high buildings looking into windows for a match.

Vicky points to MARC, 38, the sniper in the team.

JOHN

We'll run mock patrols and mull around looking cool and intimidating.

MIKE

Might even knock on the door and see who answers.

WAR ROOM

The men gather their folders and stand.

MACK

We'll line up the air assets to help hold them if something happens.

One of the men in the room points to a clock that counts down from 48 hours.

MACK (CONT'D)

If you get a positive ID, plan on engaging in the morning.

They sign off, then Mack turns to the team.

MACK (CONT'D)

I'll read them in on the intel and let them know of the threat offline. We can't risk moving big Army.

ON THE PROJECTOR

A slide reads: "RICIN, ANTHRAX AND SARIN GAS" and includes a map of Iraq with cities circled in red.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The street bustles with activity. Allied troops mull among Iraqi citizens. Mike and John walk up the street past the compound.

They find a place to watch the compound from up the street.

Time lapse cinematography shows the street scene changing over the course of the day. No activity occurs at the Compound.

MIKE

Nothing all day. The curtains didn't even open.

John sips tea bought from a local merchant.

JOHN

We need to walk up and knock on the damn door and tell them we're looking for someone.

A small child walks over to Mike. Mike gives him a piece of candy and holds his hand up for a high five.

CUT TO:

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SAME

Latif and Khalid are with Uday and Qusay.

LATIF

We need to move you this week to more a secure compound. The number of infidels are increasing.

Uday stands and paces. Qusay sits with his fingers pressed together.

UDAY

We are too close with our mission to move now! It's a non-starter -- Qusay?

QUSAY

Absolutely not! We cannot move the chemicals again. We lose twenty percent of the yield.

Latif walks to the window and opens the blinds. He stands and points to the street.

LATIF

Out there, the streets are crawling with infidels who want to kill you both. They are paying Iraqis to point out your home.

He closes the curtain and walks back to the table.

LATIF (CONT'D)

If we don't stay ahead of them, they will find us.

QUSAY

Two days from now, we will unleash Holy Hell on the infidels! Then we can move in peace.

UDAY

In the meantime, you own the streets, make sure they work for me or meet the devil.

Uday and Qusay leave the room.

KHALID

It is difficult to work with arrogant men. They will get us killed alongside them.

LATIF

They will kill us if we walk away, better to die fighting, friend.

They both walk back to the window, open the curtains and survey the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- SAME

The business end of a gun barrel leads to the scope and MARC, behind the scope. He lays prone on a dusty-white rooftop.

POV THRU SCOPE -- He watches Latif open the curtains and gesture to the street.

The curtains close again.

He trains the scope onto the door then slowly scans the street.

The curtains open again, he moves the scope back to the window. Latif and Khalid stand and survey the street.

MARC
(into his radio)
We need AB positive at the medic.

The curtains close again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

An Iraqi man dressed in a traditional dishdasha stands at the end of an alley. His kaffiyeh is pulled over his face and conceals all but his eyes.

A tan cloak blows in the wind concealing and revealing his AK-47.

A second assailant joins him from a corner building. He walks to the intersection between the main street and the alley, then stops behind a building.

Two other armed soldiers from the alleyway across the intersection give him hand signals.

He pulls a glass vial from his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- SAME

Mike and John walk toward the intersection at a relaxed pace. They stop to look at shops and use friendly gestures to communicate with the citizens.

MIKE

They all seem pretty relaxed about our presence.

JOHN

If Uday lives down the street, they'd be more worried about him than us.

The Iraqi man with the vial walks out of the alley and approaches the men with his head turned.

Mike and John stop as the insurgent runs right into them, dropping the vial.

The man's eyes balloon in fear. The wind whips his cloak to flash his gun's barrel.

Mike and John lock eyes with him for a second. The man turns and runs.

John drops and grabs the vial, then follows Mike and the man around the corner and into the alleyway.

The man SCREAMS gibberish and races to the end of the alley and darts down another street.

Mike and John run after him.

The two soldiers from across the alley run across the street behind Mike and John.

Close to the intersection with the back street, John looks back to see the soldiers closing fast.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Killbox!

John turns, and side steps to the near side building. The trailing men lift weapons and fire. John returns fire.

Mike beelines to the far side building and continues toward the back street. Three more combatants walk into the alley and spray a stream of lead right at Mike.

Mike drops two of them, but is thrown back against the building by several bullets.

The backside insurgents run toward John. He drops the vial and point-shoots, hitting them each in the head.

As they drop, he spins and runs toward Mike, shooting at the remaining soldier.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He races to Mike.

Mike's boots push against the alley floor but gain no traction. The surviving soldier disappears in the opposite direction.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Alpha 1 is down, need medical transport at my location.

VICKY (O.S.)

Inbound, what's the situation?

JOHN

Clear at the moment, ambushed, could get hot again. Rendering aid, over.

Mike writhes in pain and cusses.

MIKE

Oh god damn that hurts!

JOHN

Easy Mike, transport is on it's way.

Mike gasps for air, shakes his head, and laughs.

MIKE

They missed.

He stops struggling and lays his head back.

John starts chest compressions.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That hurts, knock it off. Give me a minute here.

John sees a round lodged in a magazine strapped across Mike's chest. There are two holes in his shirt on either side of the magazine.

John rips the shirt open to reveal his dinged bullet-proof vest.

Mike gives him two thumbs up.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT TEAM ROOM -- NIGHT

Mike sits in a chair holding an ice pack on his chest. Vicky, Amanda, John and Crash stand over the map table.

CRASH

Intel from HVT 10 indicates that Uday and Qusay control Iraqi's biological weapons.

Vicky lays out a few papers.

CRASH (CONT'D)

They plan to deploy them at towns we control and have a large presence in.

Vicky circles towns, including where they are in the green zone.

VICKY

They can inflict mass casualties -- Iraqi citizens and Allied troops.

She reads from a sheet of paper.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Ramadi, Mosul, Karbala, Kirkuk and Baghdad.

JOHN

What are we talking about?

VICKY

Ricin, sarafin gas, and anthrax.

Crash drops two photos on the table.

CRASH

Our sniper identified these two men at the suspected safe house today before your ambush.

INSERT: FILE PHOTOS OF LATIF AND KHALID

CRASH (CONT'D)

Red Guard Commanders and Uday and Qusay's bodyguards.

Mike sets the ice down. He has two huge welts and the rectangular outline of a magazine on his chest.

CRASH (CONT'D)

After the ambush, we increased surveillance -- four new insurgents arrived an hour ago.

VICKY

Big Army is now spinning up an assault, but can't be in the area until midday to late afternoon tomorrow.

John looks at a schematic of the house.

JOHN

So let me guess, the new guys pick up their WMDs and disappear in the middle of the night for a dawn attack?

VICKY

Close, they'll set-off the weapons at lunch time so more people are exposed.

Mike stands and pulls on his shirt.

MIKE

And we have to intercept their mules with the weapons before they get in position.

Crash hands him a schematic of the compound.

CRASH

Only if they get away from us while we hold the house.

Mike sits back down and studies the drawing.

CUT TO:

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

A conference room with a small round table and four easels holding maps of towns. There are five aluminum canisters in the center of the table. Uday and Qusay stand and speak with Latif and Khalid.

UDAY

I want the head of whoever authorized the ambush today!

Spittle flies as he speaks. Yellow stains the armpits of his white shirt.

LATIF

I executed the survivor myself. The cell was, of course, not aware of our plans tonight.

UDAY

The microscope has been on us all day! We cannot fail, this is our last hope for victory.

Qusay puts his hands on his brother.

QUSAY

Brother, let them ready our men. We must leave this in Allah's hands, now.

Latif and Khalid stand erect and expressionless.

KHALID

We will succeed as planned.

Uday and Qusay leave the room as five soldiers enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

SUPER: 3 A.M.

The streets outside Uday's hideout are pitch black and silent. No street lights, no house lights, a crescent moon.

Mike and his team of John, Don Juan, Nasty, Marc, and Vicky muster in the shadows.

INT. WAR ROOM LANGLEY -- SIMULTANEOUS

Men sit around a conference table and face a large video screen that is black. Mack McKinley stands.

MACK

Mission is a go, Blackhawks are standing by.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HIDEOUT -- SIMULTANEOUS

Mike nods and gives the team a thumbs-up. Vicky, armed with an M4, and wearing a bullet proof vest and combat helmet, gets in position behind a HUMVEE.

The team moves fast in single file. John is on point and wears night vision goggles.

JOHN'S POV

Rooftops empty, both sides of the street.

An eight-foot concrete wall. The sidewalk.

The gate to the courtyard.

THE STREET

John holds his hand up, fist closed. The men stop. He motions them close but doesn't move himself.

His head dips around the corner, looking like a puzzled dog.

JOHN'S POV

A light is on inside the house. The courtyard is dark. No guards on watch.

A barren courtyard.

THE STREET

John holds up three fingers and counts down.

When he opens the gate, it SQUEAKS. The men zip through and stack to the right of the door.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Latif walks down the hall and hears the SQUEAK. He turns, walks to the front door and looks out the window.

LATIF'S POV

The gate is closed. He watches for movement or shadow for several seconds.

FRONT OF HOUSE

The team is frozen in place against the front of the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Khalid comes out of a back room and walks down the hall.

KHALID

They are waking up and getting dressed. Do you see anything?

Latif turns and walks toward his partner.

LATIF

I thought I heard the gate, but it is latched.

WHAM! The door explodes inward and knocks Latif down. Khalid instinctively jumps back into the room he had just left.

GUNFIRE rages as the team storms the house.

JOHN'S POV -- Latif scrambling on the floor in the hall.

Muzzle flash illuminates a body that slides across the hall in front of him into a room on the opposite side of the hall.

Grand marble stairs lead to a second floor.

Left front parlor is empty. So is right.

He shoots Latif and takes the doorway to the right parlor for cover.

INT. HOUSE -- SIMULTANEOUS

Mike takes the doorway to the left parlor for cover. Don Juan stacks behind and trains his gun on the top of the stairs.

Nasty stacks behind John and Marc starts up the stairs.

ON MARC -- A grenade sails through the air from the top of the stairs and Marc catches it. He throws it back, but it explodes mid throw and launches him back down the stairs.

INT. WAR ROOM LANGLEY -- SIMULTANEOUS

The men sit in rapt attention. DAKKA-DAKKA-DAKKA. SSSSHBLAM.

MIKE (O.S.)

(over radio)

Marc is down, this place is shit-hot!

Mack stands and paces.

INT. HOUSE -- SIMULTANEOUS

Armed insurgents come from every room and stop the team from advancing.

MIKE
(into radio)
Fuck! We're pinned, we need thumper
and bam-bam now!

John pulls a grenade from his vest while Nasty lays cover fire. He rolls it down the hall.

An Iraqi dives on it as it explodes.

Don Juan topples from a gun shot to his leg. He takes another round to the chest as he falls. Mike grabs him and pulls him into the parlor.

Mike point-shoots insurgents as fast as he can as they top the stairs. One falls and lands on the stairs.

Another tumbles all the way down and draws his side arm while splayed at Mike's feet. Mike shoots him in a split second and then retrains to the top of the stairs.

Down the hall, an insurgent lays cover fire and we see two men run to the back of the house.

JOHN
We got two bailing out back,
somebody watch our flank.

Nasty turns to face the front door.

NASTY'S POV -- Mike's face is splattered with blood, his face is twisted in anger as he fires up the stairs.

Marc lays dead at the bottom of the stairs. A headless terrorist is at Mike's feet.

Debris and smoke fill the air as gunfire chews the plaster and trim all around Mike.

Through the debris and smoke -- flashing muzzles --
KATAWKATAWA -- two Iraqi's run through the front door.

Nasty hits the first one fast, but his momentum and adrenaline carry him halfway to Mike's position.

Nasty is hit several times, but never stops firing. John is hit by a ricochet in the leg. Nasty connects and the second assailant drops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (over radio)
 I'm hit, Nasty's down, Mike?

MIKE
 It's a god damn Ford factory of
 terrorists, the more I shoot, the
 more they produce.

MACK (O.S.)
 Birds are inbound, you guys gotta
 pull back and get outta there.

SILENCE -- John takes a half step into the hall and muzzles
 flash -- KATAW-KATAW -- from both sides of the hall.

JOHN
 (into radio)
 I can't move fast enough to change
 position.

MIKE
 (into radio)
 On three, cover me and I'll come to
 you.

In unison, Mike fires up the stairs and John fires down the
 hall. Mike leaps into John's doorway, sliding into the room.

He moves into position, back to back with John.

UDAY (O.S.)
 (shouting from upstairs)
 Infidels, you are trapped!

MIKE
 (shouts back)
 Negative asshole, YOU are trapped!

UDAY (O.S.)
 (a sinister laugh)
 Count your bullets as the minutes
 left in your lives.

SILENCE -- footfalls coming down the stairs. An insurgent
 comes off the steps and is dropped by Mike.

EXT. STREET -- SAME

The morning call to prayer SINGS out across the town. Amanda
 and two operators arrive at Vicky's position in the HUMVEE.

SUPER: JULY 22, 2003

The operators rush toward the house. KATAW-KATAW -- gunfire from insurgents in the street engage the operators.

EXT. VICKY'S POSITION -- SAME

Vicky sits in the HUMVEE with the passenger door open, listening to the fire fight on the radio. Amanda has her M4 at the ready and scans the streets toward the house.

VICKY
 (into radio)
 Three, a team is fighting to get to you, but they're pinned in the street.

MIKE (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 We're pinned -- call air strike.

Amanda lowers her weapon and turns to Vicky.

AMANDA
 They're gonna die in there, we gotta help.

VICKY
 The best we can do is make sure the guys on the street don't get overrun and hope for the air strike.

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SAME

Iraqi's are pinned down at the base of the stairs. They fire at Mike and John.

The walls around Mike and John are disintegrating.

JOHN'S POSITION

John slams his last magazine into his weapon. Mike and he share a look.

MIKE
 (into radio)
 Patriot Base this is Three, over.

BASE (O.S.)
 Go Three.

MIKE

Base, Three, I need ETA's on air
and ground support, where the hell
is Big Army?

BASE (O.S.)

Three, Base. Thirty mikes on Big
Army. Checkpoint Alpha has been
dispatched to your location.
Blackhawks inbound.

Mike and John both fire twice at men who make moves toward
the two.

VICKY (O.S.)

Base, Patriot Twelve, permission to
break perimeter and assist?

BASE (O.S.)

Twelve, Base -- negative hold
perimeter.

MIKE

Base, Three, low ammo, pinned down,
running out of time.

Mike flips down a panel on his vest and looks at a photo of
his children. He shakes his head.

INT. WAR ROOM LANGLEY -- SIMULTANEOUS

Men pace and listen to the fire fight over the radio.

MACK

God dammit! This is going to hell
in a hand basket.

He sinks into a chair.

MACK (CONT'D)

We've lost three of our best
already -- these guys gotta get out
of there!

He slings their files onto the conference table.

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SAME

A large pool of blood expands on the floor around John's
knee. He is covered in sweat, veins bulge in his neck, arm
and forehead.

HELOCOPTER PILOT (O.S.)
Patriot Three, this is Dirty Bird
One.

MIKE
(into radio)
Dirty Bird One, Patriot Three,
danger close, danger close, light
this building up.

HELOCOPTER PILOT (O.S.)
Roger.

Mike kicks John and John looks at him. Mike holds up his hand and makes a whirlybird gesture and then holds up three fingers.

He points to an open space under the marble stairs. New gunfire SNAPS past their heads, they return fire.

Sweeping gunfire SCREAMS through the house. Windows SHATTER and splinters of the house fill the air.

Mike and John break for the space under the stairs firing full auto at the terrorists in the back room. Their ammo runs out and their guns dry fire.

EXT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SAME

Vicky and Amanda run toward the house.

A second Blackhawk gun ship and a Warthog arrives and opens fire on the insurgents outside the house.

It turns and unleashes two of its rockets on the front of the house. Vicky and Amanda stop running at the sound and sight of the rockets.

VICKY
Oh, hell, do you see them, are they
out?

AMANDA
They are still in there, oh my god.

Then, the machine guns begin shredding the house again.

Amanda stumbles and cries out. Vicky clutches hold of her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Nooo, God damn it, they're still in
the house.

Alpha Checkpoint arrives and sets a defensive perimeter around the house.

The gunships continue to annihilate the house. A cloud of debris and smoke obscure the front of the house like heavy fog. The gunships cease firing.

INT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SAME

The cloud inside the house is heavy with debris and sediment. The gunmen in the rear hallway are red blobs.

VICKY (O.S.)
(over radio)
Patriot Three, over?

The gunmen on the stairs are also puddles of red dust.

Behind the stairs Mike and John lay in a heap covered in concrete and marble dust.

VICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Patriot Three, over?

Mike springs from the debris and heads up the stairs. John hobbles behind him.

VICKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Patriot Three, come in, dammit.

At the top of the stairs, Mike enters a room and sees men laying on top of Uday and Qusay. They are riddled with gunshot wounds and covered in blood.

John catches up and the two clear what remains of the upstairs. Bloody, sweaty and dirty, they head back to the first room.

They enter the room, Uday rolls his bodyguard off of him. Qusay is missing.

Uday raises a handgun toward Mike. Mike shoots first, a textbook double tap to the head. Uday is dead.

Qusay gets up from behind what is left of a table. He throws both hands up. John shoots him in the chest.

Mike looks over at John. John gives a "whatever" gesture.

JOHN
I thought he had a weapon.

VICKY (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 Patriot Three, c'mon guys, answer.

They descend the stairs still obscured by the debris cloud.
 They sit on the bottom step. The debris settles.

The front half of the house is leveled and open to the
 street.

CUT TO:

EXT. UDAY AND QUSAY'S HIDEOUT -- SIMULTANEOUS

Big Army arrives, their soldiers swarm the grounds.

Vicky and Amanda discuss the mission with a leader of Alpha
 Checkpoint and BIG ARMY.

VICKY
 We had two operators alive in there
 when the air strike was called. We
 had three injured or dead.

BIG ARMY
 We'll retrieve their bodies and
 transport to the morgue, do you
 want to ID now, or later?

Amanda looks back at the house, her eyes well.

VICKY
 We'll ID at the morgue, but radio
 us and confirm that all have been
 recovered.

The two leaders nod and walk off, talking into their radios.

AMANDA
 Dammit! This was not worth the
 price.

VICKY
 They stopped the WMD plan, they
 saved thousands of troops and
 civilians.

AMANDA
 Yeah, but a new WMD plan is being
 hatched right now, and you know it.

Vicky stops and turns Amanda.

VICKY

We'll stop that one, too. That's how this works. I told you not to fall for these guys.

Their HUMVEE is in sight, all four doors open.

AMANDA

It's not just that -- all those guys were our friends, how can you be so damn cold?

VICKY

We're in a fucking war zone and could have our heads taken off any moment. I'll mourn later. Now pull yourself together.

Amanda kicks the back door closed and gets in the passenger seat of the HUMVEE.

Vicky walks around to the driver's side.

Mike is bent over working on John's leg. He has an IV line started, the fluid bag hung on the rear door.

VICKY (CONT'D)

(to Amanda)

Get over here!

Amanda looks and sees the IV bag, she falls out of her door, bounces up and spins around the back of the HUMVEE.

John is propped against the wheel, his legs splayed out. Both he and Mike have shed their gear.

JOHN

More water -- dump some over my head and splash my face.

Amanda grabs water bottles and gives him a shower.

MIKE

Help me get him into the HUMVEE.

Amanda drapes his arm over her neck, Vicky grabs his leg and Mike takes the other side of his body.

Settled in the HUMVEE, John closes his eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's the morphine. Let's get the fuck out of here.

Vicky grabs the radio and starts talking MOS.

The HUMVEE drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. HVT BAR -- DAY

SUPER: Three Days Later

John, Mike and Amanda sit in chairs arranged for conversation. John's injured leg is propped up.

JOHN

The doc says my usefulness here is done. He says I should give it a couple of months, then I could come back.

The three CLINK beer bottles together and take a draw.

AMANDA

If you come back, you better worry about me killing you more than the Iraqis.

Mike LAUGHS.

JOHN

I don't think I'll be coming back. At least not for six months or so.

MIKE

I hear you, but I bet you get restless and start thinking, "is this all there is?"

John grabs and squeezes Amanda's hand.

JOHN

Not this time. This was too close.

Mike drains his beer and raises his hand for another round.

MIKE

No shit, being trapped like that felt worse than getting shot.

Amanda elbows John in the ribs.

AMANDA

I can't believe you jackasses went to the HUMVEE.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

That was the rally point! Make your
dive plan, then dive the plan.

JOHN

Hey, we were ready to get outta
there.

John points his beer bottle at Mike.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I saw his life AND my life flash
before my eyes. You don't stick
around long after that.

Crash comes in carrying file folders. He grabs a beer and
sits down.

CRASH

This how you celebrate saving
countless lives, and possibly
turning the war?

MIKE

This is all we got, Crash.

Crash, opens a folder and sorts through.

CRASH

ID's confirmed. It was Uday and
Qusay. WMD's confirmed, but
classified.

Mike and John nod.

MIKE

No one will know about the WMDs?

CRASH

Negative. The President will know,
a few people at DoD and J-SOC. The
public will never know.

MIKE

Mission details?

Crash produces a brief and hands it to Mike.

CRASH

Confirmed. Tangos killed would have
left that morning, with the WMDs,
and deployed them in major cities.

MIKE

Classified, too, no doubt.

Crash nods.

CRASH

Men, the President has already called to thank you on behalf of a grateful nation. There will be a private ceremony stateside.

Amanda signals for a new round this time.

CRASH (CONT'D)

John, if you want to hang around til your tour is done, we'll use you for mission planning.

JOHN

I'll give it some thought.

CRASH

You'll both be getting nice bonuses so don't stick around just for the money.

Mike looks away and takes a heavy drink.

MIKE

It's never about the money, Crash. Not this.

CRASH

So you don't want the bonus?

John lobs a balled up napkin at him.

Crash gets up to leave.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Mike, you have three days off, rest up and get ready. John, I hope you'll stay on a little longer.

He heads toward the door, then turns.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Helluva amazing job, men. God damn impressive. Historic, even.

He leaves. John bends and sits his injured leg on the ground and stands.

JOHN

I think I'll stay until you're done, Mike -- somebody needs to watch after your ass. I gotta piss.

Mike laughs hard.

MIKE

Pfft, you're watching Amanda's ass, not mine.

John flips him the finger over his shoulder and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISBURG AIRPORT -- DAY

SUPER: HARRISBURG AIRPORT 30 DAYS LATER

Becky, Sam and Kate stand behind a security rope.

Sam holds a sign: "WELCOME HOME, DAD."

Kate holds a sign: "WHAT DID YOU BRING ME?"

Passengers begin filing out through the security exit and past the family.

SAM

Is this his plane, mom? Is this the one?

BECKY

Yep, this is the one, he should be walking through those gates any minute.

Passenger after passenger walks by with their allotment of luggage and assortment of bags.

KATE

Where is he? What's taking so long?

The kids are bouncing up and down.

Mike appears, dressed in shorts, tevas, a t-shirt and carrying his backpack.

He goes through security, and stops to laugh and point at Kate's sign. The kids run toward him and he drops to one knee to hug them.

MIKE
 Hey, who are these rough looking
 houligans?

Sam squeezes his dad's neck hard.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Whoa, kiddo, you been working out?

SAM
 Dad, I missed you so much!

KATE
 Me too, me too! Daddy, Daddy!

Becky comes over and joins the reunion.

BECKY
 Welcome home, honey.

They hug and kiss, but not with passion.

CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN -- SAME

Becky, Sam, Kate and Mike load into the minivan. Becky drives.

Mike hands Kate a tye-dyed spider monkey stuffed animal.

He hands Sam the keffiyeh he wore during the assault on Uday and Qusay.

MIKE
 Son, I wore this all over Iraq and
 it kept me safe.

Sam wraps his head in it.

Becky hands Mike a legal sized manilla envelope.

BECKY
 You'll wanna open this later.

He peeks in to see: "Petition for Divorce."

And, closes it.

MIKE
 Who wants ice cream?

The kids raise their hand and answer in unison:

KIDS

I do, I do!

MIKE

Driver, to the ice cream shop,
please.

He looks at her and smiles. She smiles back.

CUT TO:

EXT. LION HABITAT AT A ZOO -- DAY

SUPER: 2004

A male lion with a beautiful mane sits on his haunches behind thick plexiglass. Mike carries Kate on his shoulders. Sam walks beside them holding the park map.

SAM

It's not fair that we only see you
on the weekends.

Mike lifts Kate off his shoulders and places her on the ground.

MIKE

Son, I'm working on that. I don't
like it either.

Kate grabs her dad's hand.

KATE

Why don't you and mommy like each
other any more?

Mike goes down on one knee and pulls them together.

MIKE

Your mom and I love you two and we
love a part of each other, too. We
just want to live differently.

SAM

It's because you went away again,
isn't it?

MIKE

Yes. It was very hard on your mom
this time. She worried too much
about me.

The lion roars in the background.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Listen, we just have to do the best we can.

KATE

I wish mommy would take you back.

MIKE

Yeah, me too. I'm working on it kiddo. I'm working on it.

He stands and turns them to the lion display.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, the lions aren't usually this close to the wall. Whoa, he's big!

Mike's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and looks at the number.

CELL PHONE SCREEN

The caller ID reads: "CIA"

He drops it back into his pocket.

SAM

Is that mommy? It's not time yet.

MIKE

No, buddy, it's not mom.

The phone continues to ring.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Son, watch your sister a minute, I gotta answer this.

He turns to answer.

The Lion roars and pounces at the plexiglass.

FADE OUT