

Black Squadron

written by

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**EXT. FORESTED HILLS - DAY**

A SOLDIER in mud-smearred fatigues fights the broken terrain, the murderous climb, and the weight of ANOTHER SOLDIER across his shoulders in a fireman's carry.

SUPER: US ARMY RANGER SCHOOL, MOUNTAIN PHASE

The first soldier's leg muscles tremble, then buckle, and he falls to the dirt, letting the other man roll off him. His head hangs and he battles for breath, chest heaving.

SOLDIER

I can't do it. I'm smoked.

GRADER

(appearing from shadows)

Get your Ranger buddy up,  
continue the evolution, and  
you're still in.

The soldier shakes his sweat-dripping head. Nothing left.

GRADER

Okay. Report to a cadre member at  
the last RVP for outprocessing.

(off stunned look, taps his  
own shoulder)

No one wears the Ranger tab who  
leaves his brother behind. Maybe  
next time, sir.

Two other soldiers - CAPTAIN MILLER, 28, good-looking, serious, affable; SPECIALIST SMITH, earnest, appears 15 - lie in dirt behind trees, close enough to witness this.

SPECIALIST SMITH

(kneading shin, wincing)

It's a stress fracture. Go on,  
sir, finish it without me.

Miller starts to get Smith up into a fireman's carry.

SPECIALIST SMITH

It's not your turn.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Then they can fail us both.  
Either way, we finish together.

The grader eyes the two as they lumber up the mountainside, marks a tablet, doesn't intervene.

**INT. KILL HOUSE - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

In night-vision green-and-black, EIGHT KITTED-UP SPECIAL OPERATORS slither down a black hallway. Two pairs break left and right, clearing rooms to the side. Their suppressed rifles speed-chug into robed dummies with AKs - all headshots, high-speed choreographed lethality.

SUPER: NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE DEVELOPMENT GROUP, VIRGINIA

Out in the hall, the roar of AK fire erupts from the rear - last two men spin and engage. On a catwalk over the open-top rooms, the training cadre - including COMMANDER KRISTOFF and MASTER CHIEF ISAACS, both super-fit in crisp khaki uniforms - watch over all. Literally.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS

You two men are down.

Both drop, as the next man ahead spins to cover the rear - but the team pushes on. At front of column, two men place breaching charges on a door, step back, blow it - then launch into swirling smoke at 1000mph, firing nonstop. From above, cadre see the geometry: door on opposite side also blows - and two pairs flow along opposite walls, shredding armed dummies amid the smoke, sparing a dummy hostage.

As last shot is fired... one OPERATOR slumps, pulls bloody hand away from waist. HIS BUDDY runs to him.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS

That man's down.

The buddy squats by the wounded man, checking him.

WOUNDED OPERATOR

(pained, hand to side)

Pass-through round. Fuck.

BUDDY

Hey, Slab's hit. ENDEX, ENDEX.

The lights come up, everyone pushes NVGs up on heads.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS

(pointing down to buddy)

Clean out your cage.

BUDDY

What?

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS

You ring out when someone gets hit here, you'll do it down-range, and jack up a real mission. You just earned orders back to Coronado.

Emotionless, the team resets themselves and the rooms. No goodbyes - the buddy already doesn't exist.

**EXT. FOREST ENCAMPMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

MONTAGE of SPETSNAZ OPERATORS training - brutally, punishingly: bone-cracking hand-to-hand fighting; close-quarters firefights with rubber bullets pummeling bodies; concrete blocks sledgehammered across bare midsections; attack dogs loosed on flailing limbs.

SUPER: HATSAVITA MOUNTAIN TRAINING CENTER, S. RUSSIA

Two figures enter a ring of men, both in suits of some high-tech fabric - wicked fighting knives gleam. One is a woman - the STARSHINA, or unit sergeant major, 32, Angelina Jolie on a mean day. Fearless, she advances, whirls, slashes - but blade stopped by the suit.

Her OPPONENT is huge, ox-strong, but also fast - he parries, shoves, and crashes into her, getting in own bloodless slash - but recovers and slashes backhand, laying open her cheek. She touches it, cocks head, motions him in w/curled fingers.

He powers forward, arms pistoning, lands anvil right hook, causing her to drop her knife - but she spins away from the blow, goes with the momentum, grabs his knife hand, whirls behind him, leaps on his back - and buries his own knife in his throat. He crumples to his knees, then face; she rides him all the way down, climbs off.

Men step forward to drag body away, revealing gigantic Spetsnaz Commander, KAPITÁN ZHUKOV, on sidelines.

STARSHINA  
(Russian, shrugs)  
Sorry.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(Russian, also shrugs)  
Now his life has meaning. His  
body builds new Russian Empire.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE, DNSA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

MAJOR HAGER - female Army officer, Ranger and Airborne tabs on her shoulder - sits opposite DNSA KRUPPS.

SUPER: DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER'S OFFICE

DNSA KRUPSS  
(glancing at screen)  
Among the first ten women to  
graduate Ranger School. First  
ever to complete RASP and join  
the Regiment.  
(MORE)

DNSA KRUPSS (CONT'D)  
 One deployment with RRC - and  
 then a staff billet with JSOC.

MAJOR HAGER  
 (humble)  
 Someone had to be first.

DNSA KRUPPS  
 But someone didn't have to fuck  
 it up for everyone behind her.

MAJOR HAGER  
 Sir?

DNSA KRUPPS  
 You have any idea how hard it was  
 to get combat roles opened to  
 women - never mind SOF? One tour  
 and out, and now you're  
 commanding a chair.

MAJOR HAGER  
 The staff billet is my way back  
 out there. To a combat command.

DNSA KRUPPS  
 I bet you like JSOC, too -  
 unlimited budgets, no oversight.  
 (changing gears, sighs)  
 Your task force wheels up?

CUT TO:

**EXT. AIR BASE TARMAC - NIGHT**

Sixteen Team SIX SEALs - same ones from Kill House, but now  
 out of uniform, rangy, lean, stubbly - climb ladder into  
 giant C-5 Galaxy, as last pallets of cargo are power-loaded  
 up rear ramp in glare of working lights. Commander Kristoff  
 and Chief Isaacs watch, last aboard.

CUT TO:

**EXT./INT. FORT BENNING, GEORGIA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Captain Miller and Specialist Smith climb off a bus, huge  
 rucks on backs. They shake hands, part ways.

Miller opens door to his darkened billet, hits lights, throws  
 ruck on single bed. Turns back to open doorway as platoon of  
 16 squared-away Rangers in full battle rattle double-time by,  
 their commander, CAPTAIN WRAY, at the rear. Wray does double-  
 take at Miller, stops in doorway.

CAPTAIN WRAY  
Damn, brother.  
(smiles at Ranger tab)  
Welcome to Regiment.

They hug.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Going somewhere?

CAPTAIN WRAY  
(voice lowered)  
Back to Syria, man. Aleppo.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Didn't know we had a base there.

CAPTAIN WRAY  
More of a compound. Low profile.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What's the mission?

CAPTAIN WRAY  
Blocking force for DEVGRU.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Thought a company was customary  
for that. Not one platoon.  
(off smile and shrug)  
Light footprint, huh? Lemme guess  
- no armor, limited air...

CAPTAIN WRAY  
Yep. Just like Mogadishu never  
happened. Gotta bounce. Can't  
have Tier-1 guys setting their  
own cordons.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. WHITE HOUSE, DNSA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

DNSA KRUPPS  
Aleppo is the new Beirut -  
everyone's crashed the party.

[As he speaks we montage over various forces.]

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
Syrian regulars, Islamist  
militias - pro- and anti-Assad.

[Syrian soldiers march, Islamists head-hack.]

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
Our old friends the Kurds--

[Kurdish woman fighters roam stateless.]

MAJOR HAGER  
Who we've fucked over for years.

DNSA KRUPPS  
(not arguing with that)  
The goddamned Iranians, who want  
hegemony in the region, and us  
the fuck out.

[Iranian soldiers cheer Supreme Leader.]

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
And now they've deployed not just  
advisers - but a Quds Force team.

MAJOR HAGER  
Iran's happy fun foreign legion.

[A truck of Iranians rolls into dark urban compound.]

DNSA KRUPPS  
The Israelis have been smart  
enough to stay out of this shit-  
show. The IDF could take Damascus  
in four hours--

MAJOR HAGER  
But what would they do with it?

DNSA KRUPPS  
Exactly. But they're keeping  
close tabs.

[A MOSSAD AGENT skulks in shadows, watches Iranians roll into  
compound. Faint gunfire and bomb flashes in the distance.]

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
And of course the Russians want  
to rebuild their geopolitical  
influence - not to mention  
maintain control of their warm-  
water port at Tartus. And now  
Putin has doubled-down on his  
dick-measuring. We believe he's  
putting Spetsnaz pipe-hitters on  
the ground, in small numbers.

[Kapitán Zhukov peers into video link on laptop, showing  
SPETSNAZ TECH, geeky hard man, in dingy room - behind him,  
same gunfire and bomb flashes in window. Zhukov looks out his  
own window at his guys loading up a truck.]

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
You heard about Khasham.

MAJOR HAGER  
Two hundred Russian "volunteers"  
killed by American airstrikes.

DNSA KRUPPS

Yeah - killed slightly accidentally on purpose. They were only PMCs, but ex-Russian military. At this point, we're effectively fighting a proxy war with Putin. And the sphincter factor has hit one zillion. So here's the thing.

(locks eyes with Hager)

It's already a fucking powder keg. And we just dropped in sixteen thermobaric grenades.

MAJOR HAGER

You're talking about the SEALs. So why not send Delta?

DNSA KRUPPS

Delta are quiet professionals. Team Six are the rockstars. And POTUS wants the rockstars.

(off inquiring look)

Why? For reasons of his fucking own. He's being impeached while running a scorched-earth reelection campaign. That'd make anyone crazy.

MAJOR HAGER

He was crazy before.

Krupps tosses his head pointedly at the door: Not here.

MAJOR HAGAR (CONT'D)

(weary sigh)

But rockstars trash hotel rooms.

DNSA KRUPPS

(no-fucking-shit look)

Six has been walking the ragged edge for a long time - the cowboy culture, the raids where they come out covered in blood, carrying those fucking tomahawks. That massacre in Kunar Province. The fucking hazing thing in Mali. Only now... if the SEALs murder the shit out of the wrong guys in Syria, we could find ourselves in a shooting war - with a fucking nuclear power.

MAJOR HAGAR

So how do we stop that happening?

DNSA KRUPPS

Who's we?

(MORE)

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)  
 (off her look: she gets it)  
 You said you wanted to get back  
 out there. So go. Keep this  
 exploding train on the tracks.  
 Succeed, and I'll make sure you  
 get your combat command. JSOC  
 also gets to keep its shiny toys  
 and benign Congressional neglect.  
 But fuck this up... and I promise  
 you the President will throw JSOC  
 under the bus. And not only will  
 your career in spec-ops be over -  
 you'll have salted the earth for  
 every female soldier who wants to  
 follow in your path.

**EXT. THE ALEPPO COMPOUND, HLZ - NIGHT**

Two septic-tank Chinooks flare onto the grass in the middle of a small but self-sufficient military base, ringed by two-story stone walls - disgorging 16 SEALs and 16 Rangers. As men throw their shit down in their respective barracks (a SEAL hangs a "Redmen"-labelled Tomahawk on a hook) the two SEAL Commanders stalk through the dark toward the TOC.

**INT. TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER (TOC) - NIGHT**

Tactical stations, wall-mounted screens, glowing darkness, we've all seen it before. An ops officer in a headset - TOC JOCK - spins in his chair and removes a coffee cup from a two-foot pile of binders.

TOC JOCK  
 Target and mission profiles.  
 (off impressed looks)  
 We've been stacking them in the  
 latrines waiting for you guys.

Master Chief Issacs takes first binder, flips it open, scans.

TOC JOCK  
 Lowest hanging fruit on top.  
 Whenever you guys settle in.

Kristoff and Issacs exchange a look.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS  
 Go out tonight?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 Yeah, why not. Fuck it.

**INT. RANGER FIRST SERGEANT'S BILLET - NIGHT**

RANGER FIRST SERGEANT KIRK - super-fit 44, Punisher type - knocks and enters. Inside, the outgoing First Sergeant cinches his ruck, straightens up, shakes hands.

OUTGOING FIRST SERGEANT  
Your familiarization patrol was  
gonna be tonight. Sorry, brother.

FIRST SERGEANT KIRK  
We'll make it work.

OUTGOING FIRST SERGEANT  
(hoists ruck, squints)  
Hey. Word of advice. You gotta go  
where the Tier-1 guys lead. But  
you might have to decide whether  
to follow them all the way.

SERGEANT KIRK  
All the way where?

OUTGOING FIRST SERGEANT  
(smiles, turns to leave)  
Sua sponte, brother. Stay safe.

**EXT./INT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Energized Rangers file out of barracks, jump into last four of fleet of eight customized, armored, Series 70 Land Cruisers. SEALs finish climbing into front four, not hurried.

Rangers wear tan Army ACUs under plate carriers & vests, brown hockey-style helmets w/integrated comms & monocular NVG mounts - all identical except choice of high-end hiking boots. SEALs wear higher-tech black helmets and liquid-Kevlar assault suits (same as Spetsnaz knife fighters). Otherwise, and when off-duty, it's irregular garb: Crye, 5.11 Tactical, top outdoors gear like Arc'teryx. Cost no object. Uniformity also no object - Tier-1 guys play by Big Boy Rules, run own show. Helmet colors let us tell two teams apart.

Captain Wray leans in cab of lead (SEAL) vehicle.

CAPTAIN WRAY  
Hey, how about a mission brief?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
On target, have your men take up  
blocking positions where we put  
them, and do what we tell them.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS  
(off Wray's Seriously? look)  
Hey, just roll with it, sir.

Wray climbs in front of fifth truck, where Sergeant Kirk drives. Convoy rolls out through monolithic front gates, turns, accelerates, sluices through blacked-out streets, inches apart - tactical spacing. Wray looks over shoulder at vertical minigun pointing up from floor to roof.

SERGEANT KIRK

In Iraq, after Army Special Forces got sick of getting ambushed, they mounted miniguns on their trucks. But then they found the insurgents all giving them a very wide berth - they couldn't get into a fight if they tried. So they figured out how to conceal them. Covert but lethal.

CAPTAIN WRAY

(into radio)

Hotel X from Green Actual, comms check, over.

He flips channels, still nothing, but convoy is skidding to a halt. Rangers spill out and take blocking positions at four corners of the block - while SEALs slither inside darkened, four-story target building. Eerie black silence. Wray bangs his radio, then turns to his young RTO (radio op).

CAPTAIN WRAY

Hey, get up on the minigun.

(off surprised look)

With no comms, I need a runner, not an RTO - and I like running.

#### **INT. TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT**

Sixteen hyper-tactical SEALs flow through the building, killing jihadi-looking guys - most asleep, but two sentries trying to stay awake - with perfect double-tap headshots.

They reach the heart of safehouse on top level, Kristoff and Issacs in front. Issacs chucks grenade down hall, waits for BOOM! - ducks back as first panic return fire zips down hall. Kristoff touches finger to his ear.

TOC JOCK (V.O.)

Comms blackout is lifted.

#### **INT. JIHADI "TOC" - NIGHT**

JIHADI GUY

(shouts in radio, Arabic)

They're killing us! Send help!

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE - NIGHT**

Kristoff, finger still to earpiece, nods at Issacs.

CHIEF ISAACS  
(into chin mic)  
Hey, Captain, you need to  
withdraw your guys from that  
northwest position, merge to the  
sides - and do NOT engage  
anybody, how copy?

**EXT. RANGER COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN WRAY  
(pressing PTT button)  
Hey, we do that, you're totally  
exposed in that sector. Us, too.

CHIEF ISAACS (V.O.)  
Hey, sir, just fucking do it,  
okay?

Wray squints in concern into blackness down the street.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Hey, sir, we need to move.

Wray climbs up on hood of truck. Sound of approaching  
ENGINES. Murderous incoming fire sweeps the truck. Kirk and a  
fourth Ranger grab dirt - but Wray and RTO are caught  
exposed, and raked with bullets. Both are killed instantly.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(into the ground)  
Fuck.  
(to other Ranger)  
Help me with the Captain!

As rounds sweep in, they drag Wray's bullet-riddled body into  
the truck - and then Kirk drives them the hell out of there.  
They stop at next blocking position, take cover, and aim  
rifles back down the block, where four trucks skid up,  
disgorging more jihadis - but led by two officers in regular  
uniform - all of whom race inside.

A second later, wall on this side of the structure explodes,  
leaving a rectangular hole. SEALs pour out before debris even  
settles, load up vehicles. The whole convoy peels out.

**INT. RANGER COMMAND VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Accelerating, trying to master his breathing, Kirk looks over his shoulder: in back, fourth Ranger does chest compressions on the Captain, while RTO slumps bleeding in the turret - behind that, out back window... missiles streak down from heaven into the target building, collapsing it. Stone shrapnel pummels building opposite, which also collapses.

**INT. RANGER OFFICER'S BILLET, FT. BENNING - DAY**

Captain Miller in his small private room, unpacking last folded skivvies, placing photo of a pretty young woman on the desk. The door knocks and a head sticks in.

THE HEAD

Sir, the Commander needs you.

**INT. 1ST RANGER BATTALION COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The commander rises from behind desk, proffers hand.

BATTALION COMMANDER

Welcome to First Bat, Captain.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Thank you, sir. Great to be here.

BATTALION COMMANDER

Now pack all your shit up again.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Sir?

BATTALION COMMANDER

You're being deployed. Captain Wray got killed last night.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(he just hugged the man)  
What? How?

BATTALION COMMANDER

(ignoring dumb question)  
You're going to have to hit the ground running - like a man with two asses on fire.

(off Miller's nod)

You think you know how high-speed these guys are - but you don't. Their CQB drills are like that time-shifting guy in X-Men. Everyone else frozen in amber. You're also gonna need a new RTO. We'll get you someone from--

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I'll pick my own man. Sir.

**INT. RANGER ENLISTED BARRACKS - DAY**

Specialist Smith unpacks last balled-up skivvies from his ruck, sitting on last bunk in row, right by the head. He looks up to see Captain Miller approaching.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Hey, you want to go to Syria?

Two naked guys emerge from the head - one snaps a towel at Smith, the other waggles his dick in his face.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
Yes, sir. This bunk sucks anyway.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, HLZ - MORNING**

A single Black Hawk touches down and Miller and Smith hop off, then split up again. Miller heads for TOC - outside of which a Syrian woman in cargo pants and long-sleeve top argues with a guard. Miller pushes by.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, ops staff ignore him, and Miller angles for an office built into the back left corner, then knocks. He's waved in.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(saluting)  
I was told to report to the JOC.

MAJOR HAGER  
TOC, Captain, not JOC. There's  
nothing joint about our ops here.

Miller clocks the Ranger tab and Ranger scroll on Hager's shoulders, and then a red phone on her desk.

MAJOR HAGER  
Welcome to Aleppo. Your job is  
the same as your predecessor. All  
except the getting killed part.

Both hear noise of Syrian woman remonstrating loudly outside.

MAJOR HAGER  
Check that. Your first assignment  
is to deal with Doc Hajji. Go.

Baffled, Miller nonetheless salutes and leaves. Pushing open the outside door, he nods the guard back inside.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Hi. You're...

DR. AMAL  
Dr. Amal. And last night you  
leveled another building.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Last night I wasn't even here.  
(size each other up)  
Walk with me. Please.

Warily, she does. They thread through camp.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Buildings get leveled here every  
day. Why do you think it was us?

DR. AMAL  
(sighs wearily)  
You are brand new. Look, it's  
simple. I just need you to not  
blow shit up in proximity to the  
clinics I run. Most of which have  
injured children in them.

He pauses to hold open the door to his billet. They enter.  
Miller speaks while he unpacks.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I'm sorry. I don't have any  
control over the missions we run.

DR. AMAL  
I know what Captain's bars look  
like. And you can at least tell  
me if you're going to be nuking  
things in my immediate vicinity.

Miller's look says there's no way he can tell her that. First  
Sergeant Kirk sticks his head in the door.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Captain. Welcome to the sandbox.

Miller nods. They shake hands.

SERGEANT KIRK (CONT'D)  
Commander Kristoff wants us in PT  
gear on the parade field in ten.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What - the two of us?

SERGEANT KIRK  
The platoon, sir.

Kirk salutes Miller, nods at Amal, and leaves. Miller starts  
unbuttoning his shirt.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Anything else I can help with?

She reddens. When he unbuttons his pants, she leaves.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND HLZ - DAY**

On HLZ/parade ground, it's Ranger on SEAL football. Miller trots up beside Kirk, as the enlisted Rangers take the field and square off against SEALs. Miller squints in confusion at a woman on the SEAL side.

SERGEANT KIRK  
They're Black Squadron, sir.  
Chicks don't just dig it - they  
do it. Covert and undercover ops.

Kristoff and Issacs trot up, shake hands with these two.

MASTER CHIEF ISAACS  
Get your ass on the field. Sir.

Miller and Kirk shrug, walk on. The ball's snapped. Rangers play smash-mouth, team-based, ground game - a legion following their legate. SEALs play flashy, precision, dazzling passes - no one needing to lead, everyone clicking.

Female SEAL - KALI, 28, hyper-focused Gal Gadot - makes tricky flea-flicker pass, then accelerates like a Ducati to block a Ranger twice her size, knocking his legs out.

Another trick play is arguably a dirty one - causing Specialist Smith to eat a lot of dirt. A smiling blond SEAL - JOVE, 35, luminous warrior saint - helps him up.

JOVE  
Gotta see in all directions, man.  
(off Smith's nod, smiles)  
You'll get it at the next level.

Miller and Kirk step away, muddy, panting.

MILLER  
(not really impressed)  
They fight like they play?

KIRK  
They get shit done. And they come  
home with all their guys.

Before Miller can object, runner approaches.

RUNNER

Sirs, Major Hager kindly requests that if you're done dick-measuring today, and risking getting too injured to go out, you report to the TOC for a mission brief.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Full house in TOC - ops staff at their stations, TOC Jock, four commanders (SEALs & Rangers) gathered round.

MAJOR HAGER

This high-level ISIS asshole just walked in front of a camera.

On overhead screen, drone footage: a man exits a pick-up truck with armed bodyguards, enters a two-story building.

**EXT./INT. - OUTSIDE TOC - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

Hager stands watching convoy load up. Miller climbs into Ranger command vehicle, Kirk driving. The convoy rolls out, then blasts through streets as darkness falls. Miller tries his own radio comms check with the TOC.

SERGEANT KIRK

Won't work. Comms are down across the city until we're on target.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Which comms?

SERGEANT KIRK

The whole electromagnetic spectrum. ISIS spotters can't report we're coming without radios or cell phones.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Do our team radios work?

SERGEANT KIRK

Sort of. If you're already close enough to shout. We're pretty much the only Americans in Syria anyway.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Great, I love being my own QRF.

SERGEANT KIRK

Hey, it's one you can depend on.

At target site, Rangers set blocking positions at four corners of block again - but this time Kali goes up in sniper overwatch on opposite rooftop. SEALs assault in.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

As before, SEALs flow through, killing perfectly, clearing toward center - but again pause outside stronghold room.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
(whispering)  
I don't like it. Send the bugs.

CHIEF ISSACS  
Check.

CAPTAIN MILLER (V.O.)  
We've got movement to the west.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(into radio)  
Copy. Deal with it.

**EXT. RANGER COMMANDERS' BLOCKING POSITION - NIGHT**

CORPORAL BARDO is fourth Ranger here.

CORPORAL BARDO  
Permission to push out.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Go. Line of sight only.

CORPORAL BARDO  
Smith. You're my new Ranger  
Buddy.

Smith looks to Miller, who futilely twiddles his radio, then nods assent. Smith shucks his pack radio, follows.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE, OUTSIDE STRONGHOLD - NIGHT**

SEAL leaders joined by SEAL TECH GUY, who opens an arm-mounted case w/video display and micro-UAV ornithopter - which he launches, flies down hall, up through missing ceiling panel, finally down again into stronghold room.

Video shows a blockade facing the door, guys w/AKs behind it, all ready to unload on whoever walks in there.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Thought that intel was too sweet.

CHIEF ISAACS  
Pull back, do it the messy way?

**EXT. A BLOCK NW OF TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

Bardo and Smith dash to cover of doorways.

Ahead, they see balaclava faces and rifles shifting in NV-green shadows, breath catching. A green IR laser descends from above, and shadows start going down, dicks in the dirt.

**INT. KALI'S OVERWATCH POSITION - NIGHT**

She takes eye from NV scope - all enemy dead on ground.

**EXT. RANGER COMMANDERS' BLOCKING POSITION - NIGHT**

Miller and Kirk look up to see SEALs exit building.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(into radio)  
Bardo, Smith. Bring it back in.

Miller trots over to SEAL command vehicle, where Chief Issacs has opened a mini Ground Control Station (GCS) in a hardened case, and starts flying a drone toward them.

CHIEF ISAACS  
(at Miller's wonderment)  
We like to maintain tactical control of everything we need to not get killed in theater.

On the screen, Issacs arms a Hellfire missile.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Hey, don't we need command authorization for a drone strike?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
(wiggling finger)  
Got my authorization right here.

He leans in and squeezes the launch button.

SEAL TECH  
Wait, check this out...

He raises his forearm, which still shows the stronghold room, and uses the ornithopter to head-butt a confused jihadi behind the barricade. His buddies gather round, peering at this hovering cyber-insect. Miller leans in at video, squints at insignia on shoulder of last man to arrive: a tricolor flag above a logo of AK, fist, leaves, and Arabic writing.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Are we even at minimum safe distance for a Hellfire?

CHIEF ISAACS  
Depends where you put it.

As missile zips into upper-floor window above and in background, the nose-cone video from the Hellfire (on the GCS screen) zooms into middle of ring of jihadis, as the forearm-screen goes black - and the whole floor explodes outward, the building collapsing. Debris smacks into building opposite... but this one stands.

**INT. DINGY STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

BOOM of the Hellfire explosion and rumble of building collapse shakes dust on group of irregular BLACK-CLAD BADASSES powering up stairs with packs and rifles.

STARSHINA

(brushing dust, Russian)

What the fuck was that?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

(voice growling thunder)

Drone strike. Get used to it.

As they enter top-level complex of rooms, we recognize the place, and Spetsnaz Tech, from previous video link. Starshina hears moaning and steps to the window, which looks out on a big interior courtyard, filled with cots and crude medical equipment. Medical staff cover patients from falling dust with their bodies.

STARSHINA

Great. Now we listen to barrel-bomb victims moaning all night.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

Better than becoming barrel-bomb victims. This whole block is basically drone-strike-proof.

As Starshina starts to withdraw from window, one of the med staff looks up from covering a patient - it's Dr. Amal.

**INT. THE COMPOUND WEIGHT ROOM - DAWN**

Sergeant Kirk enters to find Chief Issacs doing heavy bench-presses, no spotter. They switch, talk while pushing out reps and spotting. Kirk sees a Crusader tattoo on the SEAL's arm.

SERGEANT KIRK

You were in Gold Squadron.

CHIEF ISAACS

Yeah. Used to be.

SERGEANT KIRK

...Extortion One-Seven.

CHIEF ISAACS

I wasn't on that bird. Obviously.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Sorry. Worst day in SOF history.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Hey, everyone loses friends.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 You lost a quarter of your unit  
 in one minute, when that helo  
 went down. Why you weren't there?

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Dumb luck. The god of war is a  
 capricious cocksucker.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 You moved to Black after that?

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Helped rebuild Gold Squadron  
 first. Then it was time to go.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (remembering)  
 Your guys were the QRF for... a  
 platoon of Rangers.

Issacs knows his brothers died bailing out Rangers; isn't  
 going to dwell on it. He sits up from the bench, arms swole,  
 sweat sheening over negligible body fat.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Look. Your captain's new. Don't  
 let him fuck it up for your team.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Fuck up how?

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Fuck up like getting ideas of his  
 own. You're Rangers, I get it -  
 you're smart, you show  
 initiative. And your new officer  
 will will want to be aggressive.  
 But the last guy did that and got  
 shot in the face. That he only  
 got one of his guys killed with  
 him was a fucking miracle.

Expression level, but sobered, Kirk mulls this.

CHIEF ISAACS (CONT'D)  
 If there's a problem, come to me.  
 You and I both know we run our  
 teams day to day, and half our  
 job is keeping our commanders  
 from shitting the bed. So work  
 with me - to keep our guys alive.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - MORNING**

When Miller rolls out of his rack and answers knocking door in his skivvies, it's Dr. Amal again.

CAPTAIN MILLER

What, do you have like an all-access pass to this facility?

DR. AMAL

The front-gate guards like me.

He makes way for her, pulling a shirt on.

CAPTAIN MILLER

And you're back in my room why?

DR. AMAL

Because there was another air strike last night.

CAPTAIN MILLER

So why do you look less like the angel of vengeance than before?

DR. AMAL

Because miraculously there were no casualties. No civilian ones.  
(before he can exult)  
But it was still too close to my clinic. The rafters shook. And the children were afraid.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

DR. AMAL

No. You wouldn't.

She unfolds a city map and hands it to him.

DR. AMAL (CONT'D)

This has all our clinics marked.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(scans, sighs)  
I don't know the ground. These are all just dots on a map to me.

DR. AMAL

(points)  
Learn this one. Our main clinic.

CAPTAIN MILLER

That where you usually are?

Her glinting eyes say, Don't even try it on. Vibe gone flirty. But she shakes her head and gives him a card.

DR. AMAL  
 Just call my cell, so we can  
 evacuate, if you're going to be  
 blowing people up nearby.

His sad look says he still can't. But he takes the card.  
 There's another knock on the door.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 Major Hager needs you, sir.

Amal's eyes go wide at this cute boy, musses his buzzcut.

DR. AMAL  
 And you must come by the clinic  
 for a lollipop.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (frowning at Smith)  
 Don't do that.

**INT. MAJOR HAGER'S OFFICE, OFF TOC - DAY**

MAJOR HAGER  
 Appreciate getting your after-  
 action report the same night. But  
 I just need your team's actions  
 on target. Leave what Black does  
 out of your written reports.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (keeping opinion to himself)  
 Yes, ma'am.

MAJOR HAGER  
 Anything else?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 I want to run a familiarization  
 patrol. Start learning the AO.

MAJOR HAGER  
 (clearly unthrilled)  
 I'm not going to stop you. But  
 you need to not get into any  
 gunfights out there... There's  
 too high a risk it'll be with a  
 militia that can mobilize 200  
 assholes in five minutes.

Miller squints at her. She's explaining too much.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 What's my worst-case scenario?

MAJOR HAGER  
 (realizing he's smart)  
 Just don't shoot at anyone who  
 sounds like Dolph Lundgren.

**INT. RANGER BARRACKS - DAY**

Smith returns, threading through a dozen enlisted Rangers sleeping or lounging through the day on their bunks. One reads a dog-eared paperback copy of Black Hawk Down.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Hey, the FNG's back! Wait, is it  
 new-guy day, or white-boy day?  
 (steps to Smith's bunk)  
 Hey. Tell us why you're here.

Other Rangers perk up - like this is important question, or at least interesting - and wait for his answer.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 So when things get bad, the man  
 next to me would be the best. Not  
 some draftee who'd get me killed.

Rangers literally throw shit at him, not all of it small.

RANGERS IN CHORUS  
 Boo! Damn, dude! That is straight  
 fucking Band of Brothers!

He's busted plagiarizing, deflates - then, inspiration:

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 And to kill head-hacking asshats.

Better. They murmur assent, Bardo bestows a headlock and noogie. The door flies open and crashes into the wall.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Get jocked up, you nancies! You  
 didn't put your hand up three  
 times just to lie in your racks  
 doing the five-knuckle shuffle.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY**

Miller exits his billet, jocked up w/weapon, finds his platoon lined up and ready to go. But then Commander Kristoff exits TOC with Jove - and he's not happy.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 What the fuck is all this?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Familiarization patrol, sir.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 This isn't fucking Three ID, and  
 you're not here to do security  
 and stability ops. You're here to  
 support my missions. End of.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Major Hager okayed it.

Kristoff not pleased, but slightly outmaneuvered. He fingers  
 a morale patch on Miller's vest: "DUM VIVAS, BONUS FIAS".

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 What the hell does that mean?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 "While you are living--"

JOVE  
 "--make yourself good." Marcus  
 Aurelius, Meditations, Book Four.  
 Hey, mind if I strap-hang?

He and Kristoff exchange a look - Jove is volunteering to  
 keep the Rangers alive. Kristoff nods annoyed assent.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 But you get killed and make me  
 find another replacement, I swear  
 I will skull-fuck your corpse.

He leaves. Rangers stifle schoolhouse laughter. Miller looks  
 worried - has he gone too far? Fucked up already?

**EXT. ALEPPO STREET - DAY**

Platoon in staggered patrol file down filthy Aleppo street:  
 Miller & Jove, then Smith & Bardo, then rest of platoon -  
 Kirk in rear, herding his flock.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 I thought you guys only went out  
 at night.

JOVE  
 Yeah, but if you all get killed,  
 we'll be sitting on our asses  
 inside the wire while they ship  
 us a new blocking force.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 I also thought Black Squadron  
 were sniper and recon  
 specialists. Doing AFO, not  
 kicking in doors and shooting  
 people to their faces.

JOVE

All of us in Black have ten-plus years in as shooters. The secret-squirrel stuff is on top of that. It means we can keep a low profile while kicking doors and shooting people. We also do our own intel work, and develop our own missions.

CAPTAIN MILLER

So how the hell is razing buildings low-profile?

JOVE

You'd be surprised. Everyone levels buildings around here - Syrian air force, Russians, suicide bombers. Blowing shit up is practically how you stay inconspicuous.

CORPORAL BARDO

(surveying bomb debris)  
This place is a shithole.

JOVE

(glancing over shoulder)  
Aleppo was a key battleground during the worst moments of the civil war. For a while it looked like rebel forces would take it. But there was too much infighting, so they fucked that up. Rebuilding started when the fighting stopped.

(he gestures at scaffold)  
Everyone's still here, just in the shadows. You're less likely to get a barrel-bomb dropped on you at lunch - but more at risk for a knife in the neck at 0400. You get that weird Arab Spring thing with a mortar-and-machine-gun duel on one block, a market and al fresco cafes on the next.

They turn a corner. Miller returns some friendly waves.

CAPTAIN MILLER

This isn't so bad. I saw worse in Iraq.

JOVE

Yeah, but some neighborhoods are rubble, Stone Age - no-go areas.

SPECIALIST SMITH

Even for you guys?

JOVE

It's like fighting on the moon,  
which sucks enough. But, mainly,  
with most of the city under  
Syrian control, that's where the  
hardest of the hard-core ISIS and  
AQ elements hide out.

Another corner. Suspicious looks, no waves.

SPECIALIST SMITH

(pinching suit from behind)  
That Kevlar over your whole body?

JOVE

It's liquid Kevlar - lightweight  
and supple, but it has a shear-  
thickening nano-particle fluid  
inside, which locks into a solid  
lattice when hit. Good against  
bullets, knives, and blasts. And,  
yeah, it's full-body - which you  
really appreciate when the IED  
goes off under your vehicle.

CORPORAL BARDO

Even Tier-1 guys go down from  
headshots.

JOVE

That we do. Also, the suit will  
only stop a few rounds before it  
has to be replaced.

SPECIALIST SMITH

How much does that cost?

JOVE

Less than the two million dollars  
of training that goes into the  
SEAL inside it.

SERGEANT KIRK

And that's why we don't get them.

He's snuck up on them from the back of the column.

SERGEANT KIRK (CONT'D)

Cheaper just to let us get shot,  
then build a new Ranger.

(looking warily around)

About time to loop back now, sir?

CAPTAIN MILLER

(checking map)

Another half a klick.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (not all that pleased)  
 This place looks exactly like  
 Bakara Market.

JOVE  
 You couldn't have been there?  
 (off Kirk's silence)  
 Mogadishu, October 3-4, 1993...?

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Nah. Not me. Just some clueless  
 18-year-old specialist.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 (awed, taps his NVG)  
 That's why we take NVGs on  
 daytime missions, right Sarge?  
 That was supposed to be a quick  
 daylight snatch - and you ended  
 up fighting all night.

Kirk's still not talking about it.

JOVE  
 (turning to Smith)  
 Don't worry, little brother.  
 We've spent all the years since  
 getting really good at running  
 urban battles.  
 (glancing at sky)  
 And making our helos RPG-proof...

#### INT. SYRIAN CLINIC - DAY

The patrol arrives, entering large inner courtyard  
 impersonating a hospital ward, led by Miller. Dr. Amal greets  
 them - and, sure enough, hands Smith a lollipop.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Now you have to do everyone.

She does. Sucking Rangers fan out against wall. Most of the  
 patients are children, but not all. Bardo zeroes in on a  
 BEARDED GUY being treated for apparent gunshot wound.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 That motherfucker looks just like  
 the dudes from last night. C'mon.

Smith doesn't like it, but follows his Ranger buddy.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Hey. Who do you fight for?

BEARDED GUY  
 (grin, accented English)  
 I fight against my brothers.  
 (off Bardo's WTF? look)  
 My brothers and I fight against  
 our cousins. And all of us fight  
 against you.

Bardo snorts, and they leave, approaching Miller.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Hey, sir, what's the point of  
 shooting these guys if they just  
 get patched up and sent back out?

DR. AMAL  
 As long as they are not armed, we  
 treat everyone here. Equally.

Bardo gestures at wounded kids in cots.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 So they can go out and suicide-  
 bomb more kids? This is a circle  
 jerk. And it's pointless for us  
 to be in the middle of it, just  
 so our guys can get shot, too.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Rejoin your fire-team, Corporal.

Miller rounds on Bardo, Smith, and the other Rangers.

CAPTAIN MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Listen up. The people who live  
 here are in a shitty situation.  
 But they are people just like us.  
 We do not draw a line and shove  
 them on the other side of it. We  
try to help. Understood?

The Rangers agree. But Kirk, turning away, looks worried.

CUT TO:

**VIEW OF RANGER PLATOON FROM ABOVE, OUT INTERIOR WINDOW**

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (Russian)  
 Think I'll just go down and have  
 a word.

STARSHINA  
 What? Why?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 It's fun fucking with Americans.

Leading the platoon out, nearly at exit, Miller is cut off. The giant figure before him is unarmed and in ambiguous garb - tactical, but not necessarily military.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(accented English, smile)  
Army Rangers! Welcome to the  
latest hopeless shithole you will  
be asked to die trying to save.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(both hands on rifle)  
Gee, thanks. Who are you?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
Russian cultural attache.  
(looks straight at Jove)  
Here telling you... you Tier-1  
guys should go home. This is not  
your happy place. And I do not  
think it will end well for you.

Miller stands his ground, doesn't speak - and the Russian finally makes way. As Rangers leave, Amal catches them.

DR. AMAL  
What was that about?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I don't know.

JOVE  
(Arabic, to Dr. Amal)  
Faladi 'uhib Al'Russ.

She almost smiles. The Rangers file out past her.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
Hey, what did that mean?

JOVE  
"Gotta love the Russians."

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

Another full-house briefing.

MAJOR HAGER  
No HVTs tonight.  
(off ironic boos)  
But we do have a bunch of ISIS  
assholes out head-hacking.

NVG-green drone view on screen dissolves to real thing...

**EXT. ALEPPO STREET - NIGHT**

Jubilant ARMED JIHADIS march down street with impunity. They drag out a SHOPKEEPER, scream at him for offenses.

JIHADI GUY  
(Arabic, shrill)  
You have no beard! You play  
music! You feed the crusaders!

CUT TO:

SEALs pouring into buildings, leaping up stairwells, clearing down dark hallways - moving FAST.

CUT TO:

Rangers running like hell in full kit in street, panting. They stop and take cover when jihadis come into view.

CUT TO:

Shopkeeper on knees, jihadis around. Machete comes out.

CUT TO:

Longer NVG view of the execution from POV Rangers. Green IR lasers cut the darkness from above and both sides, roaming, dividing up targets, settling. Single beat.

CUT TO:

Execution scene. Machete raised. All jihadis drop as one.

CUT TO:

SEALs rifling bodies for intel, as Rangers pull security, the four leaders of the two units standing apart.

CHIEF ISSACS  
Hey, if you're gonna roll with  
us, you've got to be faster.

Captain Miller nods, checks out the ground.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
A lot faster.

**INT. TOC - NIGHT**

Drone video on screen shows a dozen dead bodies in the street, convoy pulling out. TOC Jock controls camera, pulling back, racing ahead of convoy, checking adjacent streets.

MAJOR HAGER  
Black, we show all clear on your  
exfil route. Nothing moving.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

In his rack, Miller wakes to Kirk gently shaking him.

SERGEANT KIRK  
New mission, sir.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Jesus - is it still tonight?

**INT. TOC - NIGHT**

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Sharpen up, sleepy heads. We've  
still got four hours of darkness.  
You good to go, Captain?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Absolutely. We'll earn our place  
on this team.

MAJOR HAGER  
(waving this off)  
Your little circular firing squad  
caused a couple of actual HVTs to  
bolt from their hidey holes.  
(nods at pile of phones)  
And from the intel haul, we know  
where they're going. One checked  
into the Mandaloun downtown.

TOC JOCK  
Five-star by local standards.

CHIEF ISAACS  
Stealing oil and looting Iraqi  
banks pays. And the other one?

MAJOR HAGER  
Gettin' outta Dodge.

On wall, drone video: Mercedes racing down desert road.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Half the task force climbs in a Black Hawk and two Little  
Birds, rotors whumping on the HLZ, other half in trucks.

**EXT. STRAIGHT FLAT DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

PASSENGER in back of speeding Mercedes hears something above,  
cranes neck out window - looks forward again to see Little  
Bird hovering in their path. Driver swerves onto sand. Second  
Little Bird drops in beside them. Cheery wave, then bullets  
to both tires on that side. Two blowouts, vehicle rolls over.

**INT. DINGY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

MIDDLE-AGED MAN has boy in bed. Faint sound of scratching from main room. Through cracked bedroom door, he sees rifle barrels slither in, left and right.

CUT TO:

**SEAL NVG POV**

Four of them blast into bedroom, flexcuff the boy, see flapping drapes on window - just smile and relax.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

Two armed GUARDS drag selves from overturned car. As eight Rangers form cordon, facing out, SEALs drop guards, drag Passenger out, flexcuff him, take fingerprint scans and photo, then apply the ole black hood.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF HOTEL - NIGHT**

Middle-aged Man runs, glancing terrified over shoulder, jumps gap to next building, climbs in window - looks up to see four new SEALs in ring, rifles on him. Lazy wave.

**EXT. ALLEY BESIDE HOTEL - NIGHT**

One of the gun trucks skids up, exactly in time to have flexcuffed/hooded man lowered down. Captain Miller looks out from cab window up at SEALs on rooftop.

CHIEF ISAACS

Better.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

Message on Kristoff's digital device: NEGATIVE ID.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Not our guy. Load up.

Rangers and SEALs climb back on helos, leaving Passenger standing flexcuffed & hooded by overturned car. As Black Hawk lifts, a SEAL shoots the Passenger twice in head.

SERGEANT KIRK

I thought he wasn't our guy?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Not the guy we need to talk to.  
But he's definitely a bad guy.

**MONTAGE - THE COMPOUND - PRE-DAWN**

Sun cracks horizon of walls, rises into sky at 16x speed. Rangers & SEALs snore in racks. Two lonely staffers man the TOC. Hager's red phone sits unringing. Sun sets.

**EXT. ALEPPO STREETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Night again, SEALs and Rangers spill out of gun trucks, divide, race down orthogonal streets in 4-man teams. Miller and Smith take up one corner of an intersection, two other Rangers opposite. Sound of FESTIVE MUSIC.

Through scope, Miller sees party inside a restaurant, laughter, dancing - a tricolor flag w/starburst on the wall. He lowers rifle and sighs. Smith looks at him inquiringly.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(whispered)

They're Kurds. And they're gonna get killed doing that shit here.

CHIEF ISAACS (V.O.)

Black breaching in now.

Two BEARDED, BLACK-CLAD MEN appear from down the street, make beeline for festivities, enter restaurant. Sounds of SHOUTING, BREAKING GLASS. Smith looks up to Miller.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Not our fight.

CHIEF ISAACS (V.O.)

Target clear, HVT secure. Black coming out.

From inside restaurant, jihadis drag out FATHER in a suit - and BRIDE in a wedding dress. Pistol to head of kneeling Father, Bride knocked on her back in the dirt--

CAPTAIN MILLER

Ah, shit.

--then mounted by one of the black-clad men.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Stay put.

Smith ignores this, following Miller down the block and out into the middle of the street, both with rifles up.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(shouting, Arabic)

Drop your weapon! Do it now!

Jihadi lowers pistol, but doesn't drop it.

Miller advances, barrel-strikes him in hand, then throat, kicks other jihadi off the Bride, reaches for his flexcuffs. Full-auto firing erupts from down the street. Miller and Smith hug dirt, return fire - but they're exposed. It's two more jihadis w/AKs, advancing under cover of cars.

Incoming fire from behind - the two other Rangers, shooting and advancing, tactical. Jihadi in street goes for dropped pistol, Miller point-blank drills him; rapist jihadi tries it, same outcome. Miller & Smith get to cover. It's a fight now - but AK-jihadis outmaneuvered, outshot, gunned down.

Street goes silent. Miller helps Bride up - she gives him a close, fierce, inquisitive look. Sound of single person clapping. When Miller turns, it's half the SEALs, sitting on hoods or hanging out open doors of parked gun trucks, eating energy bars, spectating. It's Kali clapping.

KALI

Good tactics, good execution. Ten points for winning the gunfight.

CHIEF ISAACS

But minus several million for getting in it in the first place.

Commander Kristoff appears with hooded/cuffed captive, surveys scene, sticks finger in Miller's morale patch.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

I don't need you to be good. I need you to follow orders and do your goddamned job. You want to be the Lone Ranger of fucking Aleppo, do it on your own time.

Miller sags. But behind him, Kurdish wedding party - armed newcomers arriving too late to help - watches respectfully. GROOM, bleeding from head gash, rushes out to the Bride.

#### **EXT. ALEPPO MARKET - DAY**

Jove and Kali - in flowing local garb, handguns and rigs concealed beneath - move through stalls, then sit outside a cafe, across from MOSSAD guy. He passes the sugar bowl.

MOSSAD

These are some addresses you might want to serve no-knock warrants on in the coming nights.

Kali slips a thumb-drive out of the bowl.

MOSSAD (CONT'D)

You have been getting good results. But it is going to get harder. Every night you go out, your patterns clarify.

JOVE  
Clarify to whom?

MOSSAD  
(ignoring the question)  
There is one address that is not  
on that drive. Thirty klicks west  
of town, and five south on the  
M4, you will find a desert camp -  
with two senior ISIS commanders.

KALI  
How come our aerial ISR didn't  
spot it? Camo netting?

MOSSAD  
No. Goats. You can hide in plain  
sight if you've got enough goats.  
(he rises to leave)  
Again, I say - be careful. Your  
enemies are not just studying you  
- they are making plans to  
counter you. And it is not just  
ISIS... No one wants you here.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, OUTSIDE SHOWER BLOCK - DAY**

Miller stands, waiting. Hager emerges in towel, sees him.

MAJOR HAGER  
Dammit. Ambushed. Fine, come on.

They walk together to her billet.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I heard you did a year in RRC -  
as the first woman regimental  
Ranger. Why'd you move to JSOC?

MAJOR HAGER  
(Jesus, again with this?)  
It's a common officer track - one  
combat rotation, then a staff  
officer billet. After that, I'll  
be back in the fight.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Looks like you're back now.

They reach her billet and talk while Hager does her toilette.

MAJOR HAGER  
No. Not this way - doing your  
job. But as a company commander.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
How long've you been in country?

MAJOR HAGER

About five minutes longer than you. But I spent months planning this task force from Bragg.

CAPTAIN MILLER

So why aren't you still at Bragg?

MAJOR HAGER

Because God hates me. Or else not enough breasts in theater.

They share first trace of a smile - warming. But then: she drops her towel to get dressed, starkers, unashamed.

MAJOR HAGER (CONT'D)

Something in particular you need?

CAPTAIN MILLER

To ask about Quds Force. It's the Iranians mentoring the militias and jihadis. Right?

MAJOR HAGER

You hear all that on MSNBC?

CAPTAIN MILLER

I saw it my first night out. I know what the Iranian flag looks like - and the Quds Force insignia. Was it coincidence?

MAJOR HAGER

Officially, we're here to hunt ISIS.

CAPTAIN MILLER

And unofficially?

MAJOR HAGER

To follow orders. And do your job.

She finishes dressing, straps on gunbelt, walks out.

CUT TO:

**IRANIAN FLAG AND QUDS FORCE LOGO ON SHOULDER OF...**

Quds Force Commander, COLONEL SULEIMAN, on grainy video link. He turns to face camera and speaks.

COLONEL SULEIMAN

(precise Oxbridge accent)

First we lost a two-man mentoring team when they lured us into a building - and destroyed it.

(MORE)

COLONEL SULEIMAN (CONT'D)  
 Then we laid a trap for them with  
 our own shooters - and they  
 dropped the building on us again.

Sound of thunder-in-a-barrel laughter. PAN to Spetsnaz  
 Commander in safehouse, hulking over glowing laptop.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (more thunder, English)  
 Fool you twice, eh? Stupidity is  
 only universal capital crime. Be  
 smarter next time. And never  
 spend own men's lives when you  
 can spend someone else's.

COLONEL SULEIMAN (ON LAPTOP)  
 But they are also hunting our  
 militias, decimating them.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 I don't think that word means  
 what you think it means. But  
 relax. Always more jihadis. One  
 thing this shithole will never  
 lack for is Islamist fighters.  
 Your job is to impose some  
 fucking discipline on them. Not  
 keep them alive.

COLONEL SULEIMAN  
 And yours is to support our  
 common objective. So what do you  
 intend to do?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 I intend to tell you not to be so  
 fucking stupid. For now, stand  
 by, wait for instruction. Great  
 Satan will be gone soon enough.

He kills the link. Spetsnaz Tech hands him a tablet.

SPETSNAZ TECH  
 (Russian)  
 New target list. Grids we need to  
 stay clear of, next few nights.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (grunts, scans screen)  
 Da. Hate to get caught in  
 crossfire.

**EXT. OUTSIDE ANOTHER TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

As usual, Rangers block, SEALs race in. Beat of silence. Then  
 sound of EXPLOSION, MASSIVE GUNFIGHT inside.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Two SEALs at back of stack watch while those ahead fight their way up a narrow corridor. ONE taps TWO, points, and they peel off, going back and circling around.

As they push down empty hallway alone, wall to their left erupts w/AK rounds, slamming into the side of SEAL One, hammering him to the floor. Two keeps pushing to door on left, kicks it open, kills two jihadis inside, emerges, squats, checks One while aiming rifle one-handed.

SEAL ONE

You hit?

SEAL TWO

(rubs ribs - ouch)

Just the suit... There's a hundred grand down the shitter.

SEAL ONE

Duck next time, brah.

**EXT. O/S TARGET, RANGER COMMANDERS' POSITION - NIGHT**

Sounds of FURIOUS BATTLE still rage inside.

CHIEF ISAACS (V.O.)

We've got some stiff resistance in here. Can you pour some guys into the fight? Four should do.

SERGEANT KIRK

Pull one man from each position?

CAPTAIN MILLER

No time.

(into radio mic)

Holt, Khan, move to me.

(to Kirk, Smith, Bardo)

It's us four - go.

They dash into building, as two young Rangers appear at run from opposite directions. They face out, energized, peering over rifles - spooked by sounds of raucous fight behind.

Five dark seconds pass... Sounds of SNAPS over heads, then cracks of rifles - they're being engaged, from down the street. They hunker down, return fire, radio for help.

RANGER KHAN

Heavy contact, northwest corner!

They hold their ground, shoot, reload, get low as incoming fire increases. NV-view: at least 20 guys advancing down the street, firing. Rangers drop behind cover - pinned down.

RANGER HOLT  
 Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Door behind them blasts open - 16 SEALs and 4 Rangers pour out, disperse. Everyone advances, firing and maneuvering, young Rangers taking cues from tactically flawless Tier-1 guys. Big-ass street battle now - but over in 30 seconds, the Knicks walking over a JV squad. No friendly casualties.

JOVE  
 (to young Rangers)  
 Nice job, guys.

Smiles and backslaps, but SEAL Chief throws cold water.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 You need to be more aggressive.  
 Remember, we are gunfighters -  
 and there's no second place in a  
 gunfight.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Check, Master Chief.

Emulating SEAL-speak, Bardo is now an operator fanboy.

**EXT. COMPOUND - DAY**

Morning, Smith & Bardo enter a door in wall beside gate.

**INT. GUARDHOUSE - DAY**

They emerge into the "guardhouse" - a small room behind unremarkable stretch of outside wall, above front gate. In dim interior, Kali lies on a table, peering out window through scope of her designated marksman (DM) rifle.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 (when she doesn't move)  
 Hi. We're here to relieve you.

Finally she rolls off table, snaps bipod closed.

KALI  
 What, both of you? I thought it  
 was "One riot, one Ranger."

CORPORAL BARDO  
 It's "Don't even go for a shit  
 without your Ranger buddy."

KALI  
 The Compound is one place you can  
 shit in safety.  
 (MORE)

KALI (CONT'D)

(taps four video screens)  
Remotely operated chainguns on  
the walls. All with FLIR cameras  
to see through dust or smoke.

(nods at window)

Mortar emplacement on a rooftop  
about four blocks from here. And  
a Hell-fire-armed drone up at all  
times. Basically, we're not going  
out like those punks in Benghazi.

Smith sees "Kali" stenciled on her rifle receiver, above  
small color painting of angry Hindu goddess - four arms  
holding bladed weapons and a severed head.

SPECIALIST SMITH

Is that your real name?

KALI

I don't know - is it?

Bardo starts to stick his head out the window.

KALI (CONT'D)

Hey, Ranger Rick. Never that  
close.

(points at table in rear)

We see them, not the other way.

CORPORAL BARD0

(slightly pissed off)

I heard females don't even have  
to go through BUD/S to get into  
Black Squadron. Just a modified  
selection program. And then  
vanilla SEAL training.

KALI

(seriously pissed off)

Motherfucker, you can't imagine  
what I did to get here.

He snorts, then backs down. She hefts rifle and leaves.

**EXT. STREET BENEATH GUARD TOWER - DAY**

Man walks by pointing cell phone from waist level.

**INT. QUDS FORCE SAFEHOUSE - DAY**

Two men watch shaky-cam video on laptop, showing outside of  
Compound walls, gate, guardhouse window.

QUDS LIEUTENANT  
 (Farsi)  
 It is Team Six hunting us. We  
 cannot fight them.

COLONEL SULEIMAN  
 They are are not all Team Six.

He hits pause on video - right on Bardo in window.

COLONEL SULEIMAN (CONT'D)  
 And we don't have to fight them  
 all. We just need one.  
 (off LT's confused look)  
 "I will never leave a comrade to  
 fall into the hands of the  
 enemy."

QUDS LIEUTENANT  
 What in God's name is that?

COLONEL SULEIMAN  
 The Ranger Creed. Know your foe.

**EXT. COMPOUND - DAY**

Sun lower, Smith and Bardo exit guardhouse - as gun truck  
 with Seals One & Two pulls up to gate. As driver deals w/  
 guard, passenger speaks out window over draped arm.

SEAL ONE  
 What's up, Ranger dudes?

CORPORAL BARDO  
 (trying to be cool)  
 Nuttin'. What up wit you?

SEAL ONE  
 Nuttin'. We're heading to al-Tanf  
 to pick up some shit. Jump in,  
 you can pull security for us.

Barely controlling young Ranger giddiness, they jump in.

**EXT./INT. TRUCK ON DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

High shot of truck racing down empty desert highway. Close on  
 Bardo in turret on minigun, shades on, wind in his face,  
 tongue all but hanging out. Down inside:

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 So what's at al-Tanf?

SEAL ONE  
 Hey, I could tell you, man...

SPECIALIST SMITH  
But then you'd have to kill me?

SEAL ONE  
(twisting around, bright  
smile under Oakley wraps)  
No. We'd have to lick you.

SEAL TWO  
(arms draped over wheel)  
And once we've licked you, we  
have to keep you.

**EXT. AL-TANF - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Truck bumps through front gates of larger US base out in desert. Fat HESCO barriers, Humvees with mounted MGs and grenade launchers, variety of helos parked on HLZ, big US flag flapping, REMFs (rear-echelon MFs) strolling.

Our heroes drive right up in front of big antenna-covered building, like they own the joint. SEALs jump out.

SEAL ONE  
Back in ten. No joyriding.

Rangers kick back and chill. A soldier leaves the TOC, having to squeeze around truck. It really is arrogantly parked. Two REMFs walking by see this.

REMF ONE  
Fucking Rangers, man. Think they  
shit diamonds.

CORPORAL BARDO  
(out open window)  
And you fucking fobbits can just  
go back to playing Call of Duty  
and jacking off to chicks with  
guns on Pornhub.

Mean looks, but they on keep walking.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
Hour drive back. I'd better piss.

He unclips rifle, climbs out, heads for row of shitters. Bardo goes back to his phone. Over his shoulder out rear window, we see Smith intercepted by same two REMFs - with four friends. He's surrounded, shoved, shoves back, gets punched in stomach - just as SEALs emerge from TOC.

They charge over, wade in - and coolly apply a flurry of MMA strikes (including illegal ones), leaving all six REMFs lying or crawling in the dirt. Hearing the shouting, Bardo finally turns, exits, and runs over.

SEAL TWO  
What happened to Ranger buddies?

CORPORAL BARDO  
I was watching the truck. We're  
on base!

SEAL ONE  
(checking out Smith)  
You okay, dude?

SPECIALIST SMITH  
(at lolling victims)  
How the hell did you do that?

SEAL ONE  
It's just like last night. Be  
aggressive at every level of  
force. There is a second place in  
unarmed combat. But you don't  
want to be in it.

They all walk back to the truck.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
Thanks.

SEAL ONE  
(squeezing his shoulder)  
Forget it. You're with us now.

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - DAY**

Kirk enters dim space, cracks two beers, hands one off.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Aren't we going out tonight?

SERGEANT KIRK  
Probably.

Kirk sits and puts his feet up. Miller exhales.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
The men idolize the Tier-1 guys.

SERGEANT KIRK  
They're sexy, it's high-speed. Of  
course every boy wants to grow up  
to be an operator.  
(sees Miller's not sold)  
They're also learning priceless  
stuff. And learning it fast.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Yeah, but what if they learn  
techniques they're not ready for?  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN MILLER (CONT'D)  
 And it's not just the TTPs. It's  
 the mentality. The code. Black's  
 isn't the same as ours.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Maybe it should be.

Kirk gestures at morale patch on vest hanging on wall.

SERGEANT KIRK (CONT'D)  
 I heard you graduated from  
 Princeton - with a degree in  
 classics. What the hell are you  
 doing here?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 I wanted to serve. To try to  
 help. It was either the Airborne  
 Corps. Or the Peace Corps.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 So why'd you choose the Airborne?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 More structure.  
 (off arched eyebrow)  
 I'm good at going where I'm told.  
 (more eyebrow)  
 Also, the other choice would have  
 made my father's face explode.

They both grin. But Miller grows ruminative.

CAPTAIN MILLER (CONT'D)  
 It still wasn't enough for my old  
 man. Nothing ever was.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Sounds like you need the  
 benediction of the father.

Miller's look up: Wow, people will surprise you.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 It's too late for that now.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Lemme guess. He FO'd.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Yeah. Left with my older brother.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 You were cast off. Left behind.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 But that's not why it's too late.  
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Leukemia. Gulf War Syndrome.  
 (shifting gears)  
 So why did you join up?

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Where I grew up, it was either  
 the Airborne or LBH.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 LBH?

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Long Beach Hardcore. A white-  
 power drug gang. College wasn't  
 an option. Neither was staying.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 I don't think we're here for ISIS  
 - but for the Iranians pushing  
 ISIS pawns around the board.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 You just figured that out?

**EXT. BLACK AND BARE DESERT - NIGHT**

Two Black Hawks and two Little Birds skim the wasteland.

**INT. LEAD BLACK HAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (into ICS headset)  
 How far out you want the cordon?

CHIEF ISAACS  
 We don't need a blocking force  
 tonight. Not a goddamned thing  
 out here - no one will bother us.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 So why are we here, then?

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Tonight you're shooters. Let's  
 see what your guys have got.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (turning to Bardo)  
 Corporal. Take Two-Bravo.

**EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

The Black Hawks flare in fast on either side of a ring of tents, scattering goats; the two Little Birds land in center, SEALs hop off pods, engage threats instantly, as other SEALs and Rangers spill out of the bigger helos.

Everyone off, and all birds lift fast, one SEAL sniper (including Kali) on each Black Hawk as overwatch. They circle the camp in a wide racetrack pattern.

**INT. KALI'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

In NVGs, tracking w/movement of helo, Kali drops three jihadis in two seconds as they emerge from tents w/AKs.

**EXT./INT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

SEALs and Rangers divide the ground, push into tents, kill armed men, flex-cuff unarmed ones. A kid on field day, Corporal Bardo leads his four-man fire team, including Smith.

SEAL SNIPER (V.O.)

We've got squirters coming out of the Ranger side, heading into a wadi to the north. No shot.

CORPORAL BARDO

(into radio)

Two-Bravo's got it.

CAPTAIN MILLER (V.O.)

Stay within a hundred meters.

Bardo's team races into wadi - which starts exploding.

**INT. KALI'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

CORPORAL BARDO (V.O.)

Two-Bravo taking heavy mortar fire! We're pinned down!

Kali looks away from explosion blooms in NVGs, flips them to thermal mode - and spots hot mortar tube in the distance.

KALI

Gadfly Two from Overwatch One.

LITTLE BIRD PILOT (V.O.)

Go ahead, Kali.

KALI

Hot mortar tube approx one klick south-southwest, request gun-run.

LITTLE BIRD PILOT (V.O.)  
Solid copy. Tipping in.

Kali watches as Little Bird zips off and pours fusillade of rockets into that spot, disappearing the mortar team.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT, RANGER LEADERSHIP ELEMENT - NIGHT**

CORPORAL BARDO (V.O.)  
(spooked, gunfire in b/g)  
Two-Bravo has times two critical wounded. And foot mobiles coming up the wadi! We can't move!

Miller and Kirk exchange a look, race out of camp to the north, but can't find the entrance to the wadi in the dark.

**EXT. KALI'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

She can see muzzle flashes - but wadi too deep, no shot.

KALI  
(into ICS headset)  
Hey, set me down. Put me down.

**EXT. IN WADI, WITH FIRE-TEAM TWO-BRAVO - NIGHT**

Bardo's chewed-up fire-team in balls-out firefight with jihadis. The two badly wounded shoot, but can't stand.

**EXT. EDGE OF WADI, TO THE NORTH - NIGHT**

Kali jumps last five feet from helo, scrabbles down into wadi, raises rifle, NVGs down, advances - relentless.

**EXT. IN WADI, WITH FIRE-TEAM TWO-BRAVO - NIGHT**

Team pinned down under cover, incoming AK fire chewing up rocks everywhere. Smith sucks fast breaths, pops up into the storm - which suddenly ends: the jihadis facing him fall like wheat, as angel of death advances through the harvest. Kali.

She slings rifle and starts combat lifesaver medicine on the two wounded, aided by Bardo and Smith.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

Helos set down. All baddies dead or captive. Wounded coming out on litters, Ranger leaders holding IV bags. Miller gives Kirk a tight-lipped I-called-this look.

**INT. THE COMPOUND, MED SHACK - NIGHT**

Two wounded Rangers being worked on, one unconscious and intubated, leaders watching. Bardo's been crying. Kirk squeezes hand of awake one, Miller watches over other.

SERGEANT KIRK

Good job tonight. Just hang on.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, HLZ - PRE-DAWN**

Medevac helo lifts off with two wounded men aboard.

CAPTAIN MILLER

That's it. The first men under my command to get badly hurt. They say you never get used to it.

SERGEANT KIRK

They say that because no one's allowed to tell you the truth.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Which is?

SERGEANT KIRK

That you have to get used to it. Or else quit. Most people quit.

Desert breeze blows cold. Fun-and-games time is over.

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - DAWN**

Miller threads aisles in full kit. Through office window he sees Hager talking to man in local garb. Seeing him, she pulls blinds. He waits. Stranger emerges, looks up.

MOSSAD

Morning, Captain. Good mission?

Miller doesn't answer, enters office. Mossad glides out.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Local asset?

MAJOR HAGER

What do you need, Captain?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Two new Rangers.

MAJOR HAGER

(softening)

I heard. I'm sorry. I'll try to get it in motion. Meanwhile you shuffle bodies and Charlie Mike.

She glances at red phone, which causes Miller to do so. After he salutes and leaves, she picks up the handset.

MAJOR HAGER  
Yeah. We've got new intel.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE, DNSA'S OFFICE - DAY**

DNSA Krupps Hmm's and Yeah's into phone.

DNSA KRUPPS  
Yeah. That could be critical.  
Gimme an hour - but stay on  
thirty-minute standby.

CUT TO:

Krupps walking down corridor toward... the Oval Office.

CUT TO:

Hager drumming fingers, watching phone. It rings.

DNSA KRUPPS (V.O.)  
No idea know how you got this  
ahead of the entire intelligence  
community. But we've verified it.

MAJOR HAGER  
Trust the man on the ground.

DNSA KRUPPS (V.O.)  
And POTUS has conferred with our  
allies. This has to be stopped.  
You're closest. Get it done.

**INT. TOC - DUSK**

Another mission brief, usual faces.

MAJOR HAGER  
This one is dark black -  
deniable. Your men are to remove  
all national, service, and rank  
insignia. You'll only get a grid  
ref in the air.  
(points to map on screen)  
But this shows the layout of the  
target. It's an interdiction op.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNFAMILIAR DARK ROOM - NIGHT**

Kurdish peshmerga get jocked up, watched over by Father from wedding. Kurdish flag pinned to wall, beside hand-drawn map - same shape as sanitized map in the TOC.

The Bride enters, in very different attire now, leading female fighters. She touches the Groom (also in combat kit) on the neck - reaches for bundle of explosives on table.

FATHER  
 (Kurdish, kindly)  
 Not on this one, angel.  
 (off her defiant look)  
 We need your team in support.

CUT TO:

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

Miller busts in with Kirk, both jocked up - thwacks tablet on desk, leans in, pans around a map of Syria.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 It's obviously a port facility.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 And Syria's only got so much coastline... there.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 That's gotta be it. Tartus.

Both look up and exchange dark looks.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 That's balls-deep in uncontested Syrian territory. Which means we should not be operating there.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Fuck Syrian control. Half of it's a Russian Navy warm-water port - and sovereign Russian territory.

CUT TO:

**INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Jocked-up Starshina chambers her highly tricked-out AK-12, other Spetsnaz pipe-hitters doing the same.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (Russian)  
 Put your jammies back on. We're stood down.

STARSHINA  
What the fuck?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
Puppetmaster called in favor.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, HLZ - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rangers and SEALs load helo - a single, bigger Chinook.

CORPORAL BARDO  
So where the hell are we going in  
this flying septic tank?

RANDOM SEAL  
Just get on the bird, man. I  
guarantee you'll get there.

Chinook lifts off, blasts through black night, roars over  
sleeping Syria - approaches glinting Med in distance.

**EXT. BEHIND COASTAL BLUFFS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Both teams race off whumping helo, keep low, climb over  
bluffs, revealing: the port at Tartus. Rangers stop and turn  
to face back, setting security. SEALs push further, setting  
ambush positions overlooking an unguarded section of fence  
around the naval base. They wait in silence.

A group of 20 ARMED MEN appear, moving toward fence line.  
SEALs start silently cutting them down. Groom in the lead -  
he dies first. But others react to contact, seek cover,  
return fire. It's a fight, albeit an uneven one.

**EXT. RANGER SECURITY POSITIONS - NIGHT**

Rangers cover their sectors, listening to battle behind them.

MAJOR HAGER (V.O.)  
Green from Hotel X.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
This is Green Actual, send it.

MAJOR HAGER (V.O.)  
ISR shows second OPFOR, approx  
one-zero foot mobiles,  
approaching from your three  
o'clock - flanking Black.

Before Rangers can react, SEALs take fire from behind.  
Rangers wheel to engage - now it's two fights. SEALs finish  
original targets, also wheel. The new force, now badly  
overmatched, withdraws, their last two cut down.

Miller rises and advances, leading his Rangers, but stops at  
first body. Rolls it over... long hair comes loose--

CHIEF ISAACS

Move.

The SEAL Master Chief rodeos everyone back to the extraction site, as Chinook flares in. Miller hesitates over body.

SERGEANT KIRK

Sir - come on! Leave it.

Miller does.

**EXT. BEHIND BLUFFS - NIGHT**

Wet-eyed Bride watches Chinook lift, expression lethal.

**INT. MAIN CABIN OF CHINOOK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER

Who the hell did we just kill?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Bad guys.

**INT. GUARDHOUSE - DAY**

Smith and Bardo back on guard duty. Quiet. Hot. Smith laid out on table looking through rifle optic - emulating Kali. Bardo fiddles with tech gear, bored.

**EXT. STREET LEADING AWAY FROM THE COMPOUND - DAY**

Light traffic, sparse crowds going about their day. There's a cafe just in sight of guardhouse - happy civilians, families, walk in and out. LITTLE GIRL and FATHER enter.

MOTORCYCLE RIDER skids to stop out front. Beat. Rider explodes, obliterating whole front of cafe. Bodies rag-dolled, smoke whooshes out, debris patters down.

**INT. GUARDHOUSE - DAY**

Bardo runs to the window wide-eyed, panning rifle.

SPECIALIST SMITH

(grabbing handheld radio)

TOC, Gate - we've got a VBIED detonation, seven-five meters north, right on our damn block!

TOC JOCK (V.O.)

TOC copies, stand by.

Bardo cranes out window, but whole area obscured by smoke, wounded fleeing out of cloud.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Fuck, I can't see shit.

Smith rolls off table, moves to chain-gun station, wakes it up, switches one camera to FLIR mode, pans. The black-and-white ghost x-ray image onscreen shows the little girl trapped under a concrete block, reaching out.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 Shit. Shit shit shit.

When he runs to the window, smoke begins to drift - and he can see her live and in color. No help coming.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 (into radio)  
 We've got civilian casualties.

TOC JOCK (V.O.)  
 That's what the White Helmets are for. Let Syrians deal with it.

Still no rescuers. Thick black smoke pumps out from interior of cafe. Fire? Smith hefts rifle, takes quick breaths.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Dude. You're not going out there.  
 (as Smith heads for door)  
 What the fuck are you doing?

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 (over shoulder)  
 Trying to help.

Bardo moves to window, braces rifle, tries to cover Smith's headlong dive into death and destruction - but he quickly disappears into billowing black smoke. Bardo snaps head toward FLIR camera. There, he can see Smith squat down by girl... and FOUR ARMED MEN approach from opposite direction.

CORPORAL BARDO  
 Fuck!

He faces forward: smoke clears just enough to show jihadis seize Smith from either side, rifle butt to face when he struggles. Bardo takes a shot, dropping one, sights in on second - but all disappear back into the smoke.

#### **INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Whole leadership team (and more) hunching round a tactical station, hearts pumping, rewinding drone video.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 We need to launch - now.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
No. We don't don't go off half-  
cocked into a hostile city.

Miller looks over to Hager, eyes wide and pleading.

MAJOR HAGER  
The Commander's right. That's  
what they're hoping we do.

Miller and Kirk exchange tight-lipped look. TOC Jock curses.  
On screen, smoke and survivors pour out of ground zero of  
bombing - but, zooming out, white smoke also blossoms at each  
of eight surrounding intersections.

CHIEF ISAACS  
They smoke-bombed the whole grid.

KIRK  
Well fucking switch to FLIR.

TOC JOCK  
I can't go back in time and  
change which camera was on.

On screen, a half-dozen cars drive out of smoked area.

MAJOR HAGER  
He could be in any one of those.  
And, minus additional air assets,  
we can only track two.

CHIEF ISAACS  
So we roll the dice. Which two?

TOC JOCK  
Fuck that. I'm loading the dice.

He opens spreadsheet, clicks on first cell - web browser  
opens showing ISIS imagery and inflamed Arabic text.

TOC JOCK  
This is a directory of every  
major jihadi web site and forum.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Public ones?

TOC JOCK  
That's a fluid concept. But if  
they're doing the usual routine,  
they'll be building an audience.

Hager turns to the ground commanders.

MAJOR HAGER  
Go. By the time you're jocked  
up--

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
You'll have a target grid for us.

TOC JOCK  
In'shallah.

**EXT./INT. THE COMPOUND - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Four commanders, kitted up, race across camp and into TOC.

TOC JOCK  
Got it.

On screen: jihadi web site with embedded video, showing an empty chair with restraints, a large ISIS flag on wall behind. MASKED JIHADIS move in and out - one with machete.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
How do you know that's them?

On screen, door bangs open, MORE JIHADIS drag in a BOUND AND HOODED MAN in tan ACUs, no weapon or body armor, shove him in chair, apply restraints. Rangers know their guy. It's Smith.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Where.

TOC Jock produces Post-it with scribbled 10-digit number.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Okay. Now we go get our guy.

But Chief Issacs snatches the Post-it.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Not you. Us.

Miller and Kirk wheel and square up. Their body language says they'll literally fight the SEALs on this one.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
This is our man. We're coming.

CHIEF ISAACS  
(headshake, not unkindly)  
Not on this one. Your guys can't handle a high-speed hostage rescue, with an audibled assault plan.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
No time for straphangers,  
Captain. Sit back. This is what we do.

**INT./EXT. SEAL BARRACKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

A fast-moving operator grabs that tomahawk from the wall, races out to join five others loading up two Little Birds rotors-turning (fast!) on HLZ. Issacs sticks head in cockpit bubble, handing over Post-it.

LITTLE BIRD PILOT  
(points at nav console)  
Already got it, Chief! Three-minute flight time!

Both birds surge into sky - 4 SEALs on outside pods of one, 2 on other - put noses down, and take off like mean mosquitoes. Flight blasts over city, as operators pull on black-and-white Punisher masks over lower half of faces.

LITTLE BIRD PILOT  
(over ICS)  
Where's your insertion point?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Negative! Straight to the X! Put us down on the rooftop!

Within seconds, birds tilt forward, dive at buildings, flatten out, kiss rooftop. SEALs leap off. Birds rise, spin, blast off in one implausibly fluid motion.

Two SEALs place frame charge on roof, blow it. The six drop in one by one. In three seconds, they're gone.

**INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

One jihadi fiddles with camera on tripod, as others line up between flag and seated/restrained Smith.

JIHADI BOSS steps up, thumbs machete edge, squats down in front of Smith - and pulls up his hood. They stare at each other, inches apart. Smith doesn't flinch or look away. But he's so young. Boss shakes his head, tsk's.

JIHADI BOSS  
You crusaders have been killing Muslims for a thousand years. But there is something I want you to know before you die. Last night, in Tartus, you slaughtered Kurds. Your own allies - and our enemies. Doing our work for us. Because Allah willed it.

ANOTHER JIHADI  
Taqasud Al'Russ 'araduu dhalik.  
[subtitle: You mean the Russians willed it.]

All jihadis laugh. Smith squints: confusion/recognition.

JIHADI BOSS

(standing)

We are all instruments of God.  
Now you have one last job to do.

He hefts the machete. The door explodes. Flash bangs explode. SEALs pour in, doing lighting CQB, sliding down opposite walls, suppressed shots chugging so fast it's a single white noise. When it ends, every jihadi is on the ground - but alive. They've been gut-shot, kneecapped, those holding weapons with arms all but severed. Moaning, bleeding.

A Punisher/SEAL unties Smith; another hauls down the black flag of jihad; third checks camera. Fourth grabs a wounded jihadi, slams his face down on seat of chair. Down comes the tomahawk. Smith watches, numb, SEAL MEDIC checking him out, as every jihadi gets beheaded, all caught on camera. Last one up: Jihadi Boss. Smith is stood up, handed the tomahawk. He demurs. Shrug. Chop.

**EXT. TARGET BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY**

Both Little Birds lift off - Smith strapped to litter on outside bench of one - above volley of missiles streaking in. Building reduced to hot rubble, nearby ones caved in.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Sweaty SEAL, mask down, slaps down pile of cheap phones.

**INT. MED SHACK - DAY**

Smith in skivvies on exam table, surrounded by Rangers, getting checked out - he's been beaten up, but okay.

CAPTAIN MILLER

They want to send you to  
Landstuhl. Get you checked out  
properly.

SPECIALIST SMITH

I'm not leaving. I've gotten  
worse on the playground.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I want you to go to Landstuhl.

SPECIALIST SMITH

You can't spare me. You're  
already two men down.

Miller and Kirk exchange a look. Mouths of babes. Someone claps Smith on shoulder, jostling the THE DOC.

THE DOC

Niggas, please.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Everyone out. I want Rangers  
 sleeping or filling sandbags.

As soon as it's just them, Smith whispers to leaders.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 They didn't leave anyone alive.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Why would they?

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 But the way they did it... they  
 beheaded them. Everybody.

Slightly shocked silence. Another Miller/Kirk look.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 (even quieter)  
 Captain... First Sergeant... We  
 didn't... kill Kurds at the port  
 last night? Our own allies?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Who told you that?

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 The jihadis.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 What else did they say?

SPECIALIST SMITH  
 I don't know. The rest was in  
 Arabic. But I think they said  
 something about... Russians.

Most concerned Miller/Kirk look yet.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Listen. You have got to keep that  
 to yourself. All of it. Tell no  
 one. Understand?

Smith nods. He doesn't understand - but he obeys orders.

**INT. CHIEF ISAACS'S BILLET - DAY**

The Chief finishes kitting down from mission. His door  
 knocks. He opens it, sunlight hitting his face.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Hey. What's up?

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - DAY**

Miller enters to find Dr. Amal, looking at photo of pretty woman by bed. She spins, guiltily. Miller just shakes head, amused - but she is not amused.

DR. AMAL

All of my beds just filled up.  
 (off And...? look)  
 You took down half a block, in  
 the middle of the day. How can  
 you kill and injure the innocent  
 like this?

Miller's face is conflicted - but then hardens.

CAPTAIN MILLER

You don't know the circumstances.

DR. AMAL

I don't care about them.

CAPTAIN MILLER

It was to save one of my men.

DR. AMAL

And it caused the deaths of  
 thirty who didn't have the good  
 fortune to be one of your men.  
 It's the same old story. Only  
 American lives count.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(deflating a little)  
 Not just his life. His head.

DR. AMAL

(softens a little)  
 Who was it? Not the boy I met?  
 (off his nod)  
 Is he okay?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Yes.

DR. AMAL

Then I am glad. But the families  
 of the people you killed and  
 injured are not. All are  
 someone's boy. And I have to  
 clean up the mess.

She starts to leave, but turns back.

DR. AMAL (CONT'D)

I'm begging you. Stop the  
 bombing.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
It's not for me to control.

DR. AMAL  
Then warn me. So I can evacuate.  
(her eyes fill w/tears)  
I'm terrified the next one will  
do worse than scare the kids.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I'm sorry. I can't.

DR. AMAL  
(acid)  
Who says what you cannot do? The  
American president? Your god? Or  
your own conscience? Who draws  
the line - between the saved, and  
those bombed in their beds?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(shrinking)  
I wasn't even on this mission.

DR. AMAL  
Then ask yourself why not.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, OUTSIDE MILLER'S BILLET - DAY**

Miller steps out to watch her leave. So does a RANDOM SEAL -  
mainly watching her ass.

RANDOM SEAL  
You want to be careful, getting  
cozy with hot hajji chicks.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
She's a medical doctor. Not a  
goddamned insurgent. And you ever  
think engaging with the people  
here might help us achieve our  
mission? Or even keep us alive?

RANDOM SEAL  
Hey, I know you're new. So let me  
give you some advice, free of  
charge. You start thinking you  
know who you can trust in this  
shithole... you're in for some  
painful surprises, man.

Miller looks over to see people streaming into TOC.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Miller walks in to find everyone gathered round, looking up  
at wall screen: SEAL beheadings of jihadis on YouTube.

SOMEONE

Damn, dude - 15 million views.

Miller looks to Hager's office. She's on the red phone. She feels his gaze, looks up, pulls the blinds.

**INT. HAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

MAJOR HAGER

Look, they were masked and in sanitized uniforms. There's no way to trace it back to us.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE, DNSA'S OFFICE - DAY**

DNSA KRUPPS

Sure, aside from all the American weapons and gear. Jesus. The good news is POTUS is thrilled - tomorrow's approval numbers should spike. But the bad news is everything else. How the hell did you let a Ranger get snatched?

MAJOR HAGER (V.O.)

No excuses, sir.

DNSA KRUPPS

And before that, at Tartus - why in God's name did the Rangers end up shooting? What happened?

MAJOR HAGER (V.O.)

Combat happened. Look. It was nighttime, they shot some dark-skinned guys with AKs. They don't know what they saw.

DNSA KRUPPS

They better not. Because I need to know this is contained. God. I sent you there to keep the exploding train on the tracks. This is a mile deep into the fucking woods. Do your job. Or we're all McFucked with Cheese.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Hager sticks her head out of office.

MAJOR HAGER

Somebody get the goddamned SEAL commander in here.

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - DUSK**

Miller returns to find Kirk lying on his rack - with a flask this time. He offers it over.

CAPTAIN MILLER

No thanks.

(shakes head)

What the fuck was that?

Beheadings?

SERGEANT KIRK

I told you. They get shit done.

That's who they are.

CAPTAIN MILLER

That's not who we are.

SERGEANT KIRK

Our guy is alive. You'd prefer it was him who got beheaded?

CAPTAIN MILLER

...I'd prefer to not be out there gunning down our own allies.

SERGEANT KIRK

(hardening a little)

Our allies is everyone in this compound. Respectfully, sir, you need to get on the team. Don't end up on the wrong side of this.

**INT. KRISTOFF'S BILLET - DUSK**

Kristoff returns - to find Issacs on his rack.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

What?

CHIEF ISAACS

We've got a problem.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

In addition to Hager tearing me a new one? Do me a favor and skip right to the solution.

CHIEF ISAACS

This one's not so easy to solve.

**INT. TOC - DAY**

Miller walks in from outside, looks up to see: full mission brief going on. All the usual players - just no Rangers. Hager stops talking, everyone looks up.

MAJOR HAGER  
 What do you need, Captain?  
 (off his hesitation)  
 I see it can wait. Return to your  
 duties. Come back after 1500.

**EXT. - THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Rangers and SEALs loading up trucks. Miller & Kirk go forward, to buttonhole Kristoff & Issacs at lead vehicle.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 What's the mission, Commander?

Kristoff ignores him, and climbs in front of truck.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 The mission is get in your  
 fucking vehicle. Sir.

They do. Convoy rolls out gate, picks up speed.

**EXT. NEW TARGET SITE - NIGHT**

Rangers in blocking positions. Kirk nods at building front. Miller follows his gaze to big Syrian flag, engraved Arabic writing in brass.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 It's the fucking provincial  
 government building.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 This just keeps getting better.

CUT TO:

**BACK OF BUILDING, RANGER BLOCKING POSITION**

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (V.O.)  
 We've got squirters coming out  
 the rear. Possible suicide vests  
 - you need to drop these guys.

FOUR YOUNG RANGERS, including FIRE-TEAM LEADER, exchange looks - spooked, resolved. All bring weapons up.

**INT. TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT**

SEALs have four prisoners sitting, flexcuffed. Knife the size of a baby comes out, slices the cuffs.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 (Arabic)  
 Run. Go! Go!

**EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - NIGHT**

Four prisoners blast out the doors, haul ass for it. Rangers open up, tracking as they run by, dropping two - but two make it out onto open street. Rangers rise, advance, keep firing - other two sprawl out face down.

**EXT. FRONT OF TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT**

Teams load up vehicles to exfil. Miller sees Fire-Team Leader has 1,000-yard stare.

CAPTAIN MILLER

You okay, Sergeant?

He doesn't answer, but SEAL claps him on the back.

SEAL

Force protection - good job.

ANOTHER SEAL

Kill or capture - always the logical OR operator. Ranger on.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - MORNING**

Miller approaches TOC as Kristoff emerges, blocks him.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Quick word with you?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

What's up.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Sir, if you don't share operational details when we go out... you make it hard or impossible for us to support you.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Yeah? And what happens when we do share operational details?

CAPTAIN MILLER

What does that mean?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

(ignoring this)

I heard your Syrian doctor was back. What was she moaning about this time?

CAPTAIN MILLER

She was here because she had to deal with more wounded and dead civilians. From two days ago.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Oh, you mean the day we plucked your guy from the jaws of a viral beheading video? That million-to-one textbook rescue? Where your guy came back unscratched? And now you're second-guessing how we chose to go about it?

CAPTAIN MILLER

(back-footed)

I don't understand why you had to level the whole block.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

(surfer-dude cool)

We hang our asses out like that, we're not leaving survivors. You know how many civilians bite it every day in this shithole? You think anyone's going to pin a few more on us? Or that it matters?

(not waiting for an answer)

Anything else, Captain?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Last night was the first time you've let squirters get by you.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

No one's perfect.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY**

Smith and Bardo once again emerge from guardhouse - once again, same two SEALs pull up to gate in truck.

SPECIALIST SMITH

Hey! Al-Tanf again? Need a hand?

SEAL Two, in passenger seat, just rolls up window. Truck peels out gate, leaving dust cloud. Rangers cough.

**EXT. TARGET SITE - NIGHT**

Another mission, blocking positions - pull back from nervous Miller and Kirk. They've cordoned the Great F'ing Mosque of Aleppo. Head shakes. Sounds of GUNFIGHT erupt from inside.

CHIEF ISSACS (V.O.)

It's gone noisy. Clock's ticking.

**INT. TARGET SITE - NIGHT**

Inside Mosque, SEALs are under cover of an elaborately carved pillar, rounds harmlessly chipping stone. Isaacs presses ear.

CHIEF ISAACS  
Blackout's up - there's the call.

Kristoff checks drone footage on handheld video unit: it shows shadowy jihadis moving down the street outside.

**EXT. TARGET SITE, RANGER COMMANDERS' POSITION - NIGHT**

A SEAL trots out of the building, touches Smith & Bardo.

SEAL  
Hey, we're seeing movement from the west. We need you two to push out security a hundred meters.

Smith and Bardo nod, take off. Miller and Kirk watch them go - not thrilled, but they all work for Black. The SEAL trots back inside. Raucous AK fire erupts from the west.

CORPORAL BARDO (V.O.)  
Contact our twelve! Multiple foot-mobiles! Taking heavy fire!

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(into radio)  
Bardo, can you break contact?

No answer. Both Miller and Kirk rise and heft weapons - but Kirk pushes Miller back down.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Stay with the platoon. I got it.

CUT TO:

**SMITH & BARDO, 100 METERS WEST**

The two are beleaguered, firing almost back to back as enemy force envelops them - A DOZEN BLACK-CLAD HARD-CORE ISIS TYPES. They're both seriously about to die.

CORPORAL BARDO  
(yelping)  
Fuck! I'm hit!

Smith remains focused, but he's next in line. He drops a baddie, another appears - his rifle's empty. He slaps at pistol in holster - not gonna make it in time.

Second baddie jerks from incoming rounds, bites dirt as a newcomer races over his falling body - it's Kirk, running and firing flat out past the two Rangers, right through jihadi lines. Remaining baddies spin to engage him - first firing at one another (hitting two of their own), then behind them.

Smith reloads rifle and starts methodically sniping backs. Now it's a fight - our guys still outnumbered, but (weirdly) surround the enemy. Kirk's insane bravery flipped it.

CUT TO:

**VIEW OF SHOUTING JIHADI THROUGH MAGNIFIED NV SIGHT**

He's shot in chest, drops. Ditto his buddy beside him.

PULL BACK TO:

**CAPTAIN MILLER - SHOOTING, ADVANCING, AND FLANKING**

Amongst the three of them, it's quickly finished. Miller reaches others, Kirk on ground working on wounded Bardo.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(to Kirk)  
Well that was some real  
Lieutenant Speirs Band of  
Brothers shit.

Smith smiles at this - then looks to Bardo. His smile fades.

**INT. TARGET SITE - NIGHT**

SEALs walk amongst dead bodies, searching them.

SERGEANT KIRK (V.O.)  
Green has a litter-urgent  
casualty, need immediate medevac.

Kristoff and Issacs exchange a look.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
(into radio)  
Negative on medevac. Black coming  
out now. Everyone RTBs in ground  
vehicles. We'll get there faster.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Convoy blasts in front gates. Bardo carried on litter to medevac helo, rotors whumping, worried Rangers crowding round. SEALs disperse to barracks and billets. Bardo is covered in blood and not moving. Flight paramedics start chest compressions as hatch closes and bird lifts.

**EXT./INT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Armor off but still grimy, Kirk storms over to Isaacs's billet - enters without knocking.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(angry - but controlled)  
What the fuck was that?

Issacs is kitting down, facing away, answers without turning.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 Combat. You might have noticed  
 it's dangerous.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 For the team. Not for one  
 particular fucking guy.

CHIEF ISAACS  
 (turning, impassive)  
 Guys get hit. The team survives.  
 It's everybody's night sometime.

CUT TO:

**IDENTICAL SCENE IN COMMANDER KRISTOFF'S BILLET**

Except Captain Miller's anger isn't so controlled.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (tight, fuming)  
 Fuck with me all you want,  
 Commander. But you do not fuck  
 with the men under my command.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 (cool, not taking the bait)  
 You're all under my command.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Yeah, I've seen how you run your  
 command. Decapitations. Executing  
 survivors, armed or not. Dropping  
 buildings on civilian families.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 (squinting, cocked head)  
 What have you actually seen,  
 Captain? And what can you prove?  
 (gets in Miller's face)  
 And you think you're clean? You  
 know who everyone was you've shot  
 on this deployment? Or your men?  
 Drilling unarmed Syrians in the  
 back, for instance, last night.  
 Do you know who those guys were?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Do you?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 I don't know - do I?  
 (exhales, cooler)  
 But we've definitely got drone  
 footage of that Ranger firing  
 squad. And you're responsible--

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(softer)  
For the actions of my men.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
That's it. Right there.  
(exhales again, turns)  
You wanted to earn your place on  
the team. Well, you're in it now.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - PRE-DAWN**

Miller and Kirk emerge from adjacent SEAL billets at same time, exchange look - Miller nods toward his.

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - PRE-DAWN**

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What, nothing to drink this time?

SERGEANT KIRK  
Wish I did.

Neither sits.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What the hell was that?

SERGEANT KIRK  
That's what I just asked Isaacs.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I don't suppose we can say, Hey  
did you just intentionally try to  
get one of our guys killed?  
Because he knew too much?

SERGEANT KIRK  
Actually, I kind of did.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Yeah, me, too. Basically.  
(looks up in near-dark)  
What the hell do we do now?

SERGEANT KIRK  
If they want to take Smith out,  
they won't fuck around putting  
him in harm's way again. They'll  
just pull the trigger themselves.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
But how the hell do they know  
what he heard? Or told us?

Kirk's shadowed face and shoulders fall. He takes a deep breath, looks up again.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Because I told them.

Miller's look: disbelieving.

SERGEANT KIRK  
No excuses, sir.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Well then explain it to me.

SERGEANT KIRK  
When we arrived, Issacs told me  
to come to him with any problems.  
To help keep the men alive.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
That's pretty fucking rich.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Yeah, in retrospect. I didn't  
imagine they were capable of...  
this. But you were right all  
along. These guys are fuckheads.  
And their code isn't ours.  
(heavy beat)  
I did this. It's on me.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Noted. Now shake it the fuck off.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(shaking it off, exhales)  
It's your call. What do you want  
to do? Can we even risk going out  
with them again?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Think we have a choice? You try  
telling Hager and Kristoff we're  
not in the mood tonight.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Take it up the chain of command?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
You mean outside the chain of  
command. I work for Kristoff.  
Even ignoring that - if we eat  
cheese on them, they'll just hang  
us out to dry alongside them.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Those Kurds we killed in Tartus.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
And God knows who last night.  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN MILLER (CONT'D)  
Even if they don't personally  
court-martial me, best case is  
they never trust us again.

SERGEANT KIRK  
They don't fucking trust us now.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
At least they're not actively  
trying to frag us all.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Not yet. But that's the worst  
case - the whole team with our  
asses hung out in some firefight  
we're not supposed to win.

KNOCK at door. The Doc sticks his head in.

THE DOC  
I'm sorry. We just got word.  
Corporal Bardo didn't make it.

**INT. HAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Miller walks in, not knocking.

MAJOR HAGER  
(annoyed, then softening)  
I heard about your guy. I'm  
sorry. What can I do for you?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I need to rotate someone out.

MAJOR HAGER  
(hardening again)  
Maybe the concept of the  
operational tour is new to you.  
No one rotates out - until we all  
do. Is your guy wounded?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Not physically. But his Ranger  
Buddy just got killed. And I need  
to get him out of theater.

MAJOR HAGER  
That's not happening.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Then let me put him on light  
duty. Get him off the line.

MAJOR HAGER

How you deploy your team is on you. But you're already under-strength. You go out without enough shooters to do the job, it affects Black, and the mission. Which sure as shit affects me. And that will come back on you, in a form you won't like.

**EXT. ANOTHER, SCARIER TARGET SITE - NIGHT**

Another mission, another cordon - except now the target is at the edge of a neighborhood which is almost all rubble.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(to Kirk, whispered)

This looks like one of the no-go zones Jove told us about.

Rubble shifts - Smith rises out of his crouch, aiming his rifle at it. Miller and Kirk, hands on either shoulder, press him back down - keeping him in their back pocket. An IR aiming laser sweeps the devastation from above - Kali on overwatch. A dark figure emerges from target structure, trots up. Not a random SEAL. The Master Chief.

CHIEF ISAACS

Hey, we need another body inside, to help with prisoner watch.

(taps Smith on helmet)

You're up.

Smith stands. Miller and Kirk push him down again.

SERGEANT KIRK

I got it.

CHIEF ISAACS

No, Sergeant. You don't got it. This fucking guy's got it.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(stepping forward)

My RTO stays with me... Chief.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

(emerging from shadows)

He goes where I say... Captain.

Hissed whispers - but rising in tension and volume.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I'll give you the bodies you ask for. But I say who.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

No, asshole. I say everything.

Smith looks from one to the other, a scared kid whose parents might come to blows.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Specialist. Stay put.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Captain. You're relieved. Return to base, confine yourself to quarters.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(stunned)  
What?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
You don't obey my orders, you're not here. Your first sergeant can run your team every night for all I care. And we don't have time on target to burn this way.

Nobody moves. Weapons shift in white-knuckled hands. Only Smith still has his NVGs down and we...

CUT TO:

**SMITH'S POV, IN NIGHT-VISION GREEN AND BLACK**

Green dot appears on Miller's forehead... moves to Kirk's... then back to Miller. It's Kali, angel of death from above.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
Sir... Sarge...

Tension broken by new arrival busting in - it's Jove, who hauls Smith to his feet.

JOVE  
Hey, Commander, we'll take the prisoner watch.  
(looks at Miller)  
I'll look after him. Go.

Ranger leaders exchange look; as do SEAL leaders.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(giving Miller a shove)  
I've got the team. Go home, sir.

**INT. TOC - NIGHT**

Miller marches in alone, still kitted up. Room is fully staffed with mission support staff, including Hager.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Major. Your office.

She just gestures, baffled and annoyed, at the live op being run all around her.

CAPTAIN MILLER

You don't want this said here.

They retire to office, door shuts. TOC Jock and others watch silent pantomime through window: Miller leans over desk, stabs his finger and speaks tightly. She stands, stabs back, into his chest, snarling - then looks out, closes blinds.

**INT. HAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER

Wholesale killing. Head-hacking.  
Civilian casualties. Black is  
completely off the reservation.

(eye-locked beat)

Well?

MAJOR HAGER

(exhales)

I believe you.

CAPTAIN MILLER

You do?

MAJOR HAGER

Sure. You think I don't know what  
goes on in my own task force?

(beat)

I just don't give a shit. I care  
about completing our mission. And  
now is a very bad time for this.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(more desperate)

It's not just that... I swear to  
you on the oath we both took as  
officers... they're trying to get  
one of my men killed.

MAJOR HAGER

Now it's you who sounds unhinged.

(Miller speechless)

Right now I need you to Ranger  
the fuck up, do your job, and  
support Black. Make nice with  
Kristoff, and do what he fucking  
tells you. If you've lost his  
trust, figure out how to earn it  
back.

Miller shakes his head, at wit's end. Red phone rings.

MAJOR HAGER

(hand on phone)

And, Captain? It is not in your interest to try to do an end-run, and take this to higher.

(glances at phone)

They're not with you on this one.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE, DNSA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

DNSA KRUPPS

From NSA intercepts - chatter about a no-shit imminent attack... We don't know, domestic, international, aircraft, embassy. Right now the one definite we've got is a grid ref for the planning cell... Yeah, less than 5 miles from where you sit... Chase this fucking thing down. Figure it out. And then stop it. This attack cannot happen.

He glances up at door, then at Washington Post on screen, headlines about impeachment vote and spiraling polls.

DNSA KRUPPS (CONT'D)

And, Major? Hear me when I say the success of your command comes down to this. Stand or fall.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

Miller sits on his rack in the dark, armor on, rifle askew on sling - head in hands. He looks up at sound of ENGINE NOISE, goes to door - convoy rolling in through gates, blacked out.

Sees Rangers and SEALs unass the vehicles, scans face after face... last out is Kirk. His breath catches. Scans again - sees Jove patting a back. He turns. It's Smith. He's fine.

He sees Hager approach, grab Kristoff by the arm - they move fast together into the TOC.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Empty now, and silent. Jove and Kali emerge from Black barracks, in local garb again - but rifles underneath robes this time. They slip out gate into streets. Kali consults dimly glowing digital map: 4.8 miles to target.

KALI

Well, it's not gonna suck itself.

**EXT. STREETS OF ALEPPO - NIGHT**

They slip through shadows of back streets, moving fast, avoiding lights and people. Finally reach edge of one of those rubble neighborhoods. Deep breath. Start crossing the rubble. They are still shadows - but exposed ones.

**EXT. WITHIN SIGHT OF TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT**

The pair laid out flat, covered by rubble of a destroyed building - glassing a half-destroyed larger building ahead. Low red lights inside reveal a few men moving around, but little else can be seen.

JOVE

I'll go in.

KALI

I've got overwatch.

She sights in, gets comfy. He slithers off into the dark.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - PRE-DAWN**

Jove and Kali slip back in gate.

**INT. TOC - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT**

Jove & Kali, Kristoff & Issacs, Hager, couple TOC staff, all stare at drone video of rubble building on laptop screen, along with map of AO, some surveillance photos.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Bad as it looks?

KALI

It's a fucking moonscape. There's one passable road in or out - ambush alley. Total death trap.

JOVE

They're there precisely because they know we won't go in there.

MAJOR HAGER

Insert by air. Straight to the X.

CHIEF ISSACS

No. Too far, too loud, too open. Even with spotters blacked out, they'll hear us with plenty of time to barricade up, and dig in.

MAJOR HAGER

We also can't risk them escaping.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

They won't run. These are true believers. They'll just take as many of us with them as they can.

CHIEF ISSACS

I don't like it.

MAJOR HAGER

You don't have to like it. You just have to do it. We're going.

The four SEALs give her a look: she's not going.

MAJOR HAGER

Plan the mission. Run the mission.

CHIEF ISSACS

(straightening up)

We're out of darkness. It's got to be tomorrow night.

Hager's not thrilled. But she doesn't have to be.

**INT. SERGEANT KIRK'S BILLET - EARLY MORNING**

A KNOCK. Kirk gets up in skivvies, groggy, cracks door. It's Miller. He opens mouth - then stops, looks around, steps inside. Closes door.

CAPTAIN MILLER

You ever wonder why we were tasked with stopping a Kurdish attack on a Russian naval base?

SERGEANT KIRK

Yeah. Your question-asking ever get you in trouble?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Yeah.

SERGEANT KIRK

Well, next, ask yourself how many hops there are in the National Command Authority between Hager and the White House.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I already know the answer: none.  
(off arched eyebrow)  
She's got a direct line to the White House, on her desk.

SERGEANT KIRK

What - like Batman's red phone to the police commissioner?

**INT. GUARDHOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Jove sticks his head in: Kali motionless on table, eye down to rifle scope.

JOVE

Why do you volunteer for this?

KALI

(still not moving)

Smells less like man-farts here.

He perches on edge of table.

JOVE

I keep thinking about Tartus.

KALI

Well, stop.

JOVE

We've fought with the Kurds, what, a half-dozen times? A dozen? I've danced with their daughters at their weddings.

KALI

What did I just tell you?

JOVE

In a region dominated by a million dickheads, the Kurds may be the only genuine good guys. And our only true allies.

KALI

(finally rolling to side)

We don't get to pick our missions. Or decide who the enemy is.

JOVE

Who is deciding? That's what I'm worried about.

KALI

Start worrying about tonight.

JOVE

I'm worried about that, too.

**INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - DAY**

SPETSNAZ TECH

(Russian)

Boss. New places for us to stay the fuck away from.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
Put it in messaging.

SPETSNAZ TECH  
It's not a message.

CUT TO:

**MAIN ROOM, ZHUKOV SQUINTING INTO LAPTOP**

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(English, rumblingly)  
So you don't even want to write  
this one down, eh? Ha ha ha.

VOICE FROM LAPTOP  
(strangely familiar)  
What I want is to make sure you  
stay well clear of this one. As  
always, we do not need a dust-up.  
Or an international incident.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
No problem. You may depend on us.

View rotates, revealing screen: DNSA Krupps. Link dies.

STARSHINA  
(Russian)  
Another night off. I'm going  
crazy as shit-house rat in here.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(turning in chair)  
No - I do not think we will take  
tonight off. Or stay clear of  
this one.  
(off Starshina's look)  
The Tier-1 guys have been useful  
to us alive. But now I think we  
make better use of them dead.

**INT. QUODS FORCE SAFEHOUSE - DAY**

Sound of ringing: a secure video call on laptop.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(English, on video link)  
Your kidnapping did not work out  
so well for you, ha ha ha. Never  
mind. We have something better.

COLONEL SULEIMAN  
We've got our own new plan.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

Da. We know. You assault their compound head on--

COLONEL SULEIMAN

We throw all the militias at it--

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

With big enough force, you might get inside. But you all just die inside. They have Apaches on ten-minute standby. When they arrive, you melt in thirty-mil hailstorm. Trust me - our way better.

COLONEL SULEIMAN

And that is?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

Catch them outside their walls. When alone. And vulnerable.

COLONEL SULEIMAN

(sigh)

What do we do?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

Wake up the militias.

COLONEL SULEIMAN

Which ones?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

All. Wake up the whole city.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Jocked-up Rangers & SEALs loading up again - but in funereal silence this time. Stony looks. Resigned.

**EXT. STREETS OF ALEPPO - NIGHT**

Convoy rolling, high speed, tactical spacing.

**INT. LEAD RANGER VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Kirk drives, he and Miller sit in silence.

SERGEANT KIRK

Any idea what we're looking at?

CAPTAIN MILLER

All I know is it's can't-fail.

(squints out at streets)

Shit.

SERGEANT KIRK

What?

CAPTAIN MILLER

We're heading toward the clinic.

He pulls his phone, agonizes - finally texts.

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN:**

"Evacuate your patients." It sends. Then: "No signal".

CAPTAIN MILLER

The blackout's gone in.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEAD VEHICLE (MOVING), SEAL COMMANDERS UP FRONT**

They race past the clinic. It's ass o'clock, streets are empty everywhere else - but this block looks like Exodus, dozens of patients, mostly kids, walking or being wheeled out. Kristoff & Isaacs exchange a WTF? look. Chief shakes his head - his bad feeling about this getting worse.

CUT TO:

**AERIAL VIEW OF CONVOY**

They roll past, not slowing. Target is out beyond the clinic.

**EXT. EDGE OF RUBBLE CITY - NIGHT**

Vehicles roll into shadows at border of the rubble zone. Sleek operators unass the vehicles, head out in files, moving tactically through shadows and what rubble-cover there is.

**EXT. IN SIGHT OF TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

As they approach, Rangers envelop into wide cordon, following hand-signals of squad and fire-team leaders. SEALs continue on and swaddle the building up against it, disappearing into gloom and mist. We stay w/Ranger leaders.

SEAL RADIO TRAFFIC (O.S.)

Doors heavily barricaded. Stealth entry a bust. Have to breach in. Going noisy in one mike.

A tense minute, moving around Ranger positions from above in 360. They're in a wasteland - and at its center, a single big, half-ruined medieval castle...

BOOM, BOOM! Two nearly simultaneous explosions - files of stacked-up SEALs pour inside. BOOM!!! Bigger explosion, muted by (and shaking) the stone walls.

SEAL RADIO TRAFFIC (O.S.)  
IED, IED!

CHIEF ISSACS (O.S.)  
(calmer)  
Yeah, we got smacked pretty good,  
everyone still mobil--

Non-stop AK fire erupts from half-dozen point inside.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
Miller, you need to pour your  
guys into the fight, how copy?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Solid copy! How many?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Everyone. Bring me everyone.

All around the building, Rangers rise up from cover or shadow and head for the entrances. They instantly take fire from upper windows, and return it - on the run, taking a knee, or seeking cover. Everyone makes it inside okay.

#### **INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

With Miller, Kirk, and Smith. NV-view - dark, tight, terrifying. Sounds of FIRING, muted but loud, from all directions, including above.

They push down a hallway - robed bodies flash by its end, Kirk leads others to T intersection, they turn right, and gun down same group from behind. More appear from that direction, open up - massive muzzle shear, dozens of rounds scoring the air, our guys dive into rooms on either side.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(into radio)  
Frag up! We push behind it. Copy?

He cooks off two grenades, side-arm tosses them down hall - perfect, they explode at intersection. He's already out and moving, firing, finishing the wounded. Turns to check on Miller and Smith. Nods at stairwell: Up. They go up.

#### **INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

In other locations, tactically superior SEALs cut a swath through legions of bad guys. Speed, surprise, violence of action - advancing, shooting perfectly, even tighter than room-clearing drills in the Kill House. The Super Bowl.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

A RANGER FIRE-TEAM advances down a hall - movement at end!  
But it's a SEAL ASSAULT-TEAM, going too fast even for Rangers  
to accidentally shoot them.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

Another RANGER TEAM pushes fast, panting, adrenaline-fueled,  
reaches intersection, clears left, then right - but then gets  
lit up from left. They're overmatched and retreat - but  
stopped by rubble-blocked hallway, drop to the floor, sight  
in, ready for backs-to-the-wall fight...

But advancing baddies cut down w/silent whispers from cross  
hallway. SEAL assault-team emerges, one giving floor-hugging  
Rangers a thumbs up, before they move on.

**INT. TARGET STRUCTURE, TOP LEVEL - NIGHT**

Ranger leaders (plus Smith) and SEAL leaders (plus two SEALs)  
emerge on opposite sides of big room with desks, one with a  
PC on it. All freeze, pivoting - no one else home - then aim  
straight across room at each other. Beat.

SEALs advance - but then get hit from side, pummeled w/AK  
rounds through drywall, and barricade behind it. They react  
to contact, shoot, move, chuck grenades through holes and  
over barricade, as Rangers move to support - but it's already  
over. Kristoff and Isaacs have both been hit in suits - and  
former in ear, half shot off.

Miller watches while Chief wraps up his commander's ear-stub  
- then he and Kirk move to the desk, Smith turning to cover  
the way they came. Sounds of fighting winding down.

Flipping up monocular NVG, Miller pushes mouse - screen  
locked. But there are folders of papers, he flips one open:  
blueprints and photos of giant jetliner - text in Cyrillic,  
big header reads: АНТОНОВ АН-124.

Kristoff and Isaacs appear behind Rangers, who look back at  
them. Kristoff squints at blueprints.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Motherfuckers.

CHIEF ISSACS  
We're getting played every way.

Miller and Kirk clearly have questions, but now's not the  
time. Seal Tech appears, pops drive from PC, while Isaacs  
shoves folders and papers in a bag.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

As they haul ass downstairs, Kristoff hits his radio:

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Hotel X, Black Actual. We are  
extracting to exfil, then RTB.

MAJOR HAGER (O.S.)  
Hotel copies all. Drive safe.

**INSERT - NV DRONE VIDEO**

Army-man green-and-black Ranger and SEAL teams running flat-out across rubble field, as missiles streak into building behind them. Pull back to reveal video is on...

**INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

...screen of laptop. Kapitán Zhukov slams (not pats) shoulder of man driving the laptop - Spetsnaz Tech.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(Russian)  
Okay, oxygen thief - you're up.

Spetsnaz Tech switches to command-line window, starts kicking off shell scripts: scrolling too fast to follow.

**EXT. EDGE OF RUBBLE CITY - NIGHT**

SEALs and Rangers leap into trucks, breathing like porn stars from manic run over broken ground. NVGs up. Relieved looks, breathing slowing. They've made it.

Camera rises up into air, fuzzing into...

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

...another drone view of convoy pulling out, up on big screen. TOC staff starts breathing again. Hager paces.

MAJOR HAGER  
(hitting TOC Jock)  
Move. Clear their exfil path.

TOC JOCK  
Uh, yeah. I'm trying to...

The drone view on screen tilts toward ground - then races straight at it. Hager slaps back of TJ's head.

TOC JOCK  
I've lost control of the asset.

Ground races up - screen goes black.

MAJOR HAGER

Call al-Tanf. Get something flying.

(into headset)

Black, Hotel, we have no ISR of your exfil route. Repeat, we are totally blind. Black, how copy?

No answer.

MAJOR HAGER (CONT'D)

(to TOC Jock, who is futilely hailing al-Tanf)

Did you also lose control of the fucking commo blackout?

**INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Tech flips from shell back to drone: we see convoy racing down road, high speed, tight. Pull back - dark ant lines approaching down side streets. Tech leans back, pleased.

**MONTAGE - ALEPPO STREETS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tooled-up militia run dark streets in dozens; smash locks and windows, climb stairs, spill onto rooftops, rifles on parapets in thick rows. Others smash upper-floor windows, crouch there. RPK machine guns emplaced. Shitloads of RPGs, carried, stacked. It's hundreds of guys. Sleeping city is coming awake, fighters coming out of the woodwork, like the massacre of Colonial Marines at the heat processor.

**EXT. ALEPPO STREETS - NIGHT**

Blacked-out convoy blasts down main drag. Only the sounds of engines and wind - wicking sweat from grimy faces.

**INT. KURDISH SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

The Bride asleep in her bed - alone. Hand gently shakes her. Still asleep, she reaches across the bed.

THE BRIDE

(Kurdish)

What is it, my love?

FATHER

(leaning over)

No, angel. It's me.

Other half of bed empty. Photo of Groom on bed table. It all comes back to her. She looks back to her father.

THE BRIDE

What is it, Papa?

**EXT. 3RD-FLOOR ROOFTOP, OVERLOOKING MAIN DRAG - NIGHT**

Militia line rooftops, both sides, stretching out of sight in either direction. Ambush set. Colonel Suleiman leans on parapet, his LT beside him, raises NVG binocs.

THE LT

(Farsi)

Should we be this close?

COLONEL SULEIMAN

Our presence will steady them.  
The Supreme Leader depends on us.

(under breath, English)

Also, our Russian friends said to  
make sure the shitbird jihadis  
don't fuck this up...

**INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Whole team of bruisers leaning in, to get a look at laptop.

RUSSIAN COMMANDO

(Russian, oafish)

Thought SEALs did our dirty work.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

(shrug)

Now they progress the larger  
mission. We bloody their noses--

RUSSIAN COMMANDO

(not so dumb)

And they run. Ha. Hit them with  
some real Black Hawk Down shit.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

Da. Clinton withdrew forces three  
fucking days after Battle of  
Mogadishu. Bodies not even cold.

STARSHINA

(snort)

The bodies weren't even all  
recovered yet...

**EXT. ALEPPO MAIN DRAG - NIGHT**

POV looking over top of lead truck, convoy racing at us - and right into the narrow kill zone. Silent & windy beat.

RPGs streak in from both sides - all impacting last vehicle, some on armor panels, glancing off and exploding outward, but others underneath front wheels, causing it to launch into the air and flip on its side, scraping the tarmac brutally, and spinning sideways... blocking the road from behind.

**INT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Isaacs, driving, squints up at fireworks show in rearview - snaps alert as Kristoff SHOUTS, causing him to jam breaks, fishtailing into a high, thick, solid barricade ahead, which we see for first time. Beat of silence.

**EXT. KILL ZONE - NIGHT**

Rain of AK fire like the most unrelenting downpour of monsoon season, plus dozens more RPGs, all falling on the convoy like damnation. SEALs and Rangers slump down in seats under this rain of death - but armor holds, for now.

**INT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

While Kristoff frantically tries to update the TOC, and everyone screams across local net -

RADIO TRAFFIC  
Contact left! Contact right!  
Gotta move, go go go go go!!!

- Isaacs references map: no fucking side streets. Trapped. Armor glass in front of his face cracks - rocketing shards into his cheek, drawing blood. He stoically pulls out a wicked one-inch sliver.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(calm, to Kristoff)  
We can't stay here.

Kristoff flips radio channels.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Break, break, clear the fucking channel. All victors, be advised: we are going to dismount and get off the street.

SOMEBODY  
(replying on radio)  
We'll last about zero-point-five seconds out in that, thanks but no fucking thanks, over.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Stay the fuck off the channel and listen up...

**EXT. KILL ZONE - NIGHT**

Aerial view of pummeled convoy, jihadis hammering it from every rooftop in sight, plus third-floor windows, like a battering from 1,000 Thor hammers.

Can't be long until armor and glass fails. But barrage finally lessens, guys above reloading AKs, loaders passing over new RPG warheads.

As one, the roof turrets of all seven surviving trucks open, miniguns flip up and out - alternating left/right/left. BBZZZZZZZ!!!! Buildings, rooftops, windows, all hosed down with thousands of high-velocity rounds.

All four doors of each of seven trucks open, also as one - SEALs and Rangers exit, sprint to cover on both sides of street, turn, open up on opposite-side windows and rooftops.

Minigunners continue firing until they run dry, drop out of turrets, exit, haul ass for buildings - but all on one side. While everyone on that side puts out scorching cover fire, those on other side dash across to join them.

SEALs (nearer) and Rangers (farther up street) tumble as far inside structures as they can - as surviving jihadis recover... and start basically blowing up building fronts.

#### **INT. SPETSNAZ SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(Russian, to Tech)  
Lift the comms blackout.  
(to others)  
C'mon. Let's go watch the fun.

He moves toward stairwell door, but speaks over shoulder.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV (CONT'D)  
Somebody grab the Willows.

Nods at crate of 4th-gen IR-guided anti-air missiles.

RUSSIAN COMMANDO  
What for, boss?

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
...For the Black Hawk Down shit.

#### **EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Zhukov bangs out stairwell door. Rooftop covered in camo netting - but also only two blocks away from ambush: ferocious firing, explosions, burning trucks. Stray rounds thwack into stone. Zhukov doesn't flinch or duck, just raises radio to ear. Listens as he watches.

#### **INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

Hager leans over TJ's station, mouth a tight line.

TOC JOCK  
 It's the entire fucking spectrum  
 - every radio freq, cell, fucking  
 microwave, drones, air nets--

Kristoff's voice busts out of wall speakers - over nonstop explosions and gunfire, but calm as ever:

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
 --peat, we are in heavy contact  
 on MSR Minx, unable to maneuver.  
 We are strongpointing structures  
 on south side of the road.

MAJOR HAGER  
 Black, Hotel copies all. What do  
 you need?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
 Anything that flies and shoots  
 would be a start. Or everything.

**EXT. AL-TANF, HLZ - NIGHT**

Jumpsuited PILOTS race through dark toward parked Apaches and Black Hawks. APACHE GUNNER slaps at her armpit.

APACHE GUNNER  
 Shit! Forgot my PDW.

APACHE COMMANDER  
 Leave it. I'm not planning on  
 getting shot down tonight anyway.

APACHE GUNNER  
 Nobody ever does...

Rotors turn, jet engines scream.

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Rangers hunkered down, a few firing, most ducking and cowering. Miller, beside Kirk & Smith, hits radio:

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Black One from Green Actual! I  
 gotta go out and get my guys in  
 the last victor, how copy?

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Seal Tech flips open GCS - video from their drone entering the exploding airspace. Kristoff grabs camera control, pans: their building fronts are fiery founts of death - no one's going out there.

Pans to last truck on its side, just as a bloodied figure kicks out shattered windshield glass, tries to pull himself out - attracting barrage of AK and RPG fire. Fuel tank explodes.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 (into radio)  
 Green, your guys are gone. Stay put, and stand by.

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Kirk grabs Miller by his vest, shouting from inches away.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Dead, alive, or indeterminate - we do not leave Rangers behind!

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (calmer)  
 Roger that. But right now we've got to win the gunfight.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (deep breath)  
 Get in the fight, you mean.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 Yeah. That, too.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Kristoff slaps Kali on ass.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 Get it done!

She nods, leads a four-man assault/sniper-team past sentry SEAL crouched at stairwell, heads upward, weapon first.

**INT. UPPER-FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Kali's team crashes into first room - murders shit out of JIHADIS inside, then ones next door. Two SEALs take security in hallway, facing either way - while Kali & other emplace at windows in rooms. Scope POV: they start picking off RPG gunners on opposite rooftop. Explosions below die down.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Below, SEALs are now able to push up to windows and doors, start engaging targets across the street, on rooftops and in windows. They're in the fight now.

**INT. UPPER-FLOOR, SNIPER POSITIONS - NIGHT**

Kali's scope POV: kills last RPGer, then starts scything AK guys like wheat. She's running out of targets - pans to see guy w/binocs: Colonel Suleiman. She hesitates, trigger half-squeeze, glassing uniform and insignia. Pulls trigger, as someone yanks him down from behind.

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Kirk senses the battle shifting, also pushes their guys up to windows and doors. This done, he turns to Miller.

SERGEANT KIRK

Hey, fuck Commander Kristoff.

Miller nods, shouts the names of four Rangers, then:

CAPTAIN MILLER

Everyone else covering fire!

The six Rangers race out into bullet-scrubbed street to overturned and burning truck. Four shoot from behind vehicle, while Miller and Kirk pull three dazed Rangers out. The six get the three back to cover - one limping and assisted, two carried hands and feet. Virtually all six rescuers lightly wounded - bullet creases, bits of shrapnel, powder burns.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Security established, Kristoff and Isaacs spin to rear, get out digital map, correlate w/drone video, Ranger positions.

CHIEF ISSACS

We're too strung out!

Kristoff nods, hits his radio.

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Three wounded being treated - one w/superficial injuries, one all f'ed up and writhing on ground... third getting chest compressions. Miller turns, touches ear.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)

Green, we've got to consolidate into one position we can defend! You need to move to us, how copy?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Black, Green! Solid copy. But we have two critical WIAs!

He looks at medic doing compressions, who looks up. He shakes his head, but keeps pumping.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
Copy that. But you still need to  
move to us, RFN. Get it done!

Kirk, who heard this, looks balefully at Miller.

SERGEANT KIRK  
That plan sure works for them.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Yeah. But we still work for them.  
(into mic)  
Black, Green - wilco.  
(to Kirk)  
But we're not doing it out there.

SERGEANT KIRK  
How, then? Black's got all the  
breaching charges.

Miller puts his elbow through the drywall. Point made.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
Make it fast. Apaches inbound,  
and you need to be inside our  
perimeter when they hit. Out.

**EXT. BLACK DESERT - NIGHT**

Formation of two Apaches, skimming the sands at top speed, lights blacked out - determined look on face of Apache Commander - as they approach exploding Aleppo. Pull back to reveal two bigger, slower Black Hawks following behind, breaking off to stay clear of battle.

BLACK HAWK PILOT  
We'll be at our standoff marker.  
You gunship maniacs fly safe.

**EXT. STREETS OF ALEPPO - NIGHT**

A dozen armed Kurds, mostly women, dart through streets, seeing flashes of battle down cross streets. One looks up at sound of APACHES BLASTING OVER: it's the Bride.

**INT. THIRD-FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT**

Sounds of battle rage - JIHADI LEADER sticks head out window: no targets. But jihadis opposite are all shooting at ground floor on his side. He leads others into hall.

JIHADI LEADER  
Yallah!

**INT. GROUND-FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT**

Dark, tight, loud - Rangers coming through torn-down drywall and rotted 2x4s, carrying their KIA and critical WIA - even as others pull down the drywall opposite - revealing brick. Commanders duct-tape grenades to it.

CAPTAIN MILLER

They're charges - that breach.

Kirk has his doubts. Pins pulled, all duck under cover. Serviceable hole created. Miller & Kirk lead charge into swirling smoke - next room looks clear, platoon follows.

Smoke slowly clears - revealing six jihadis creeping down stairs, ten feet away. Beat of shock, both groups frozen. Then it's a balls-out gunfight in point-blank quarters - and the more numerous, skilled, and armored guys win. But they suffer more minor injuries; and another serious one.

Medic rushes to dropped Ranger, sees entry wound in cheek - gets helmet off... finds back of head pouring out of helmet. He's gone. Now they've got three to carry.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Jove, up on the line, shouts over his shoulder.

JOVE

This is not the place to  
strongpoint! We gotta push out of  
the kill zone!

He takes a round in clavicle - the suit stops it, but it stings like hell. He hunkers down again - still hundreds of enemy above and across street, firing down into them.

CHIEF ISSACS

He's right! We gotta go!

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Yeah, but now we gotta wait for  
the fucking Rangers!

Captain Miller crashes through wall, falling on face. Rangers behind him bust out laughing. Even in mortal extremity, most of them are just kids.

SERGEANT KIRK

(stepping through hole)

Hey! You giggling apes open this  
shit up.

Now they're consolidated - Rangers and SEALs in adjacent buildings, with communications between.

**INT. NEW RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

RANGER MEDIC sets up casualty collection point (CCP) in back - looks up at doorway in back of room. Draws his pistol, lays it on the chest of guy he's working on.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Joint leadership huddle in rear, SEALs & Rangers.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

It's no good here! We gotta move!

SERGEANT KIRK

(nodding toward front)

Still a death zone out there!

CHIEF ISSACS

We're not going out that way!

(nodding toward rear)

Breach, fight, or just stroll - we go out the back!

SERGEANT KIRK

Now you tell us! We could have just met you!

He & Miller look back at 2nd KIA they took getting there. ROAR of firefight breaking out in rear of Ranger area. Others duck; but Kirk instantly races toward wall hole...

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Furious, close-quarters fighting - Medic rapid-firing his pistol toward back doorway, shifts fire left to hole they came through, dropping leaping shadow figures... until his slide locks back. Goes into his reload--

Hot brass casings shower his patient as Kirk advances, firing full-auto over both, lightning reload, advancing, empties second mag - last rounds into body pile on floor.

ROAR next door tells of similar attack on SEAL position.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Half the SEALs turning to defend their rear. Kristoff looks through multiple wall holes and open doorways at attackers - looks at Miller, annoyed, implication clear: Rangers brought encircling force with them.

Both SEALs and Rangers coming off the line, forming into all-round defense. Kali's team collapses back to ground level. It's getting tight - everyone back-to-back.

But more tenuous on Ranger side - Jove senses this, grabs another SEAL, moves through hole. Keeping low, he nudges two young Rangers into better position, one freaking out.

FREAKING-OUT RANGER

We gotta go, we gotta pull back!

Jove hunches over him, squeezes his shoulder.

JOVE

Hey. You're fine right here.

Jove takes several implausibly perfect shots over his shoulder, including through drywall at invisible guys behind it. Pressure lessens. Ranger smiles, despite panic, takes few settling breaths.

SEALs are solid in their position, dug in like ticks - until invaders breach through outside wall, opposite the Ranger side, having picked up a trick. SEALs there fall from blast and bricks, others swivel to cover that side, shooting over their own knocked-down guys. They're truly beleaguered now - 360°, everyone shooting outward.

SEAL TWO

Hey, what's the plan? Because one RPG through that hole there will really fuck up everyone's day...

Isaacs locks eyes with Kristoff.

CHIEF ISSACS

(nods to front & rear)

Devil - or the deep blue sea?

Quick look at drone video shows as many enemy swarming in their rear as engaging from the front.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Neither. We sit tight for now. Apaches are one mike out.

CHIEF ISSACS

(sniffing air)

We may not have one minute.

SERGEANT KIRK (O.S.)

Black command be advised - the building's now fucking on fire.

Rangers start climbing into SEAL area, ahead of smoke.

CHIEF ISSACS

All those RPG hits. Not to mention Syrian building codes...

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Goddammit.

**EXT./INT. ABOVE CITY (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Noses of battle-insect Apaches down, buzzing into fray.

APACHE COMMANDER  
(into radio, drawl-cool)  
Crossbow One-One coming on  
station. You guys wanna talk us  
on, or what?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
Crossbow, this is Black, welcome  
to the dope show. You see those  
muzzle flashes on the north side  
of the MSR?

APACHE COMMANDER  
That's a-ffirm, Black.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
Well, we'd really appreciate it  
if they all stopped existing. Be  
advised - we are on south side of  
MSR, marking with IR beacons now.

Commander points his NVGs out side port - sees tiny blinking  
green lights tossed out of two doorways.

APACHE COMMANDER  
We are visual on your beacons.  
Tuck up and leave it with us.  
(over ICS, to Gunner)  
Danger-close. Thirty-mil only.

APACHE GUNNER  
Way ahead of you, boss.

Her finger twitches on pistol trigger. Outside cockpit, shot  
of Apaches breaking off dissolves into IR view...

**EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

...on screens of Willow missile launchers, on shoulders of  
Russians. But two hoary hands push launcher barrels down.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(Russian)  
This is Black Hawk Down,  
cockmasters, not Apache Down. We  
wait for the transport helos.

They see Apaches doing fast low recon passes of enemy  
positions, spitting decoy flares - as a dozen RPGs streak  
into the night, arcing off harmlessly.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
Ha ha!  
(MORE)

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV (CONT'D)  
 Cunt-weasels are rocking blind  
 and dumb 2nd-gen RPGs. Like  
 shooting BBs at spacecraft!

Apaches circle round, come in again - this time led by unrelenting fire from night-ripping 30mm HE autocannons, firehose streams ending in casually violent explosions rippling across rooftops. Flying bodies, piteous screams.

**EXT. AMBUSH ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Colonel Suleiman looks across at carnage approaching from his left, exhales. His LT hauls him down behind parapet.

COLONEL SULEIMAN  
 I do not think this will help.

The two of them, the parapet, whole front edge of rooftop pulverized and consumed by walking, rippling, VW-sized explosions - then all of it drops onto the floor below, crushing the shooters there.

**EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Apaches zoom away, silence returns - filled by moaning and shrieking of wounded floating up on night air.

STARSHINA  
 (Russian)  
 Damn. Those jihadis are getting  
 all fucked up.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 Now they get virgins in Paradise.

STARSHINA  
 No they don't.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (shrugging)  
 They don't know that.

**INT. LEAD APACHE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Aircraft pulls up and circles round, devastation below.

APACHE COMMANDER  
 (deadpan, normal voice)  
 Yahoo. You're all clear, kid.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 Nice shooting, Crossbow.

SEALs & Rangers practically standing up and stretching on the line - fire from front all but gone. But not sides or rear.

APACHE COMMANDER (O.S.)  
 Our pleasure, gentlemen. But be advised - Black Hawks say you're gonna have to move out and secure a suitable HLZ. That road is too tight, and way too hot. How copy?

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

Everyone listening to wall speakers.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
 No problem, Crossbow. We were just leaving. This place sucks.

Cheers, relieved laughter from TOC staff. On screen, drone video shows building opposite collapsing, burning.

MAJOR HAGER  
 (not exulting yet)  
 They're only out of the frying pan. Come on - let's start adding some goddamned value, and get our guys home alive.

**INT. LEAD APACHE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Commander's NV-view shows surrounding streets swarming w/ jihadi reinforcements, all converging on main drag.

APACHE COMMANDER  
 Go easy, Black. Aleppo still looks like it wants to eat you.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (O.S.)  
 Roger that.

APACHE COMMANDER  
 We'll be on station, covering your movement, and your extraction flight. Sending you a nine-digit grid ref for a spot the bus drivers like the look of. It's a mile and change southwest.

**INT. RANGER STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Heroes still shooting to defend rear and sides - plus firing from street is ramping back up, pinhole of escape closing. Isaacs ducks in, grabs Kirk, nods at CCP.

CHIEF ISSACS

Hey, you gotta get your guys up -  
and be ready to move and shoot.

SERGEANT KIRK

We need litters from the truck!

Isaacs looks at two covered dead bodies.

CHIEF ISSACS

That's a no-go. Takes four to  
carry a litter, all combat  
ineffective, the rest of us  
slowed to a crawl.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(grabbing Issacs's arm)

We don't leave men behind, Chief!

CHIEF ISSACS

You do tonight! It's either leave  
'em or stay and die with 'em.

No one backs down an inch - though all take a step farther in  
as incoming fire kicks up dust at their feet.

SERGEANT KIRK

I'm not leaving my guys to get  
dragged through the fucking  
streets on CNN! Not this time!

CHIEF ISSACS

We're all gonna get dragged, if  
you don't do what I tell you  
right fucking now!

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

(appearing from hole)

You wanna stay with your guys,  
stay. Alamo up. We'll refit and  
rearm, team up with the QRF from  
al-Tanf, and come back for you.

Both SEALs shake heads and go back to their team. Clock's  
ticking - next seconds will decide everything.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Response time for the QRF is at  
least an hour.

SERGEANT KIRK

Nobody's coming back for us.  
They're just leaving us to die.

Miller looks at two bodies.

CAPTAIN MILLER

We have to leave them. We need to  
get the rest of our men home.

**INT. SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Everyone's stacked up, ready to shoot their way out - like Butch & Sundance, except the Bolivian army are pussies.

CAPTAIN MILLER (O.C.)  
Hold up! We stay together.

SEALs look back - Rangers pouring in, including two guys carrying one with plasma bag on his chest.

**EXT. KILL ZONE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Gigantic explosions at either end of block as Hellfire missiles go in, then 30mm walking explosions down street. Before shrapnel even settles, SEALs push out, perfectly coordinated, moving and shooting fast - one group pushing left down street while other covers, bounding overwatch. Aside from couple of hits in suits, SEALs are okay...

But by time Rangers break out, jihadis know where from - it's more dangerous being second, plus they're mostly covered in cotton. One Ranger knocked down by hits to vest, helped up - another drops rifle as rounds pummel the receiver, and his arm. Last man hit in neck, claps hand over it, struggles to shoot one-handed.

But instead of following SEALs, Rangers race to secure a vehicle - take up firing positions, retrieve folding combat litter from inside, deploy it.

YOUNG RANGER  
(one reading paperback)  
Hey, Sarge, this is some real  
Black Hawk Down shit!

Kirk smiles, smacks the back of the kid's helmet.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(last SEAL in formation)  
You guys gotta keep up! Move!

SEALs obviously not keen to hang out in the street. With four carrying WIA on litter, and whole platoon more shot up, Rangers finally get out of middle of street, follow SEALs along building fronts out of the kill zone...

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

Overhead screen shows city street map, being drawn on - possible routes out of the city, known enemy formations. Video alongside shows big groups of bad guys moving.

MAJOR HAGER  
 (into headset)  
 Black, you need to make your  
second left, then go two blocks,  
 then left again, how copy?

APACHE COMMANDER (O.S.)  
 Break, break, break.

**INT. LEAD APACHE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Zooming over city as tracers and RPGs arc everywhere.

APACHE COMMANDER  
 Negative, negative, Hotel X.  
 Black, just keep jogging left/  
 right/left, don't overthink this.

MAJOR HAGER (O.S.)  
 Hey, Crossbow, can you get the  
 fuck out of my ear and let me  
 quarterback my team?

APACHE COMMANDER  
 Copy that, Hotel, but I'm here,  
 you're not. And there's no room  
 for error down there.

**EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Kristoff, at head of SEALs, fires left round a corner, then pushes out, others following fast. Now it's a running, gunning, frenetic street battle in 360, guys elevating weapons to target rooftops & windows.

One intersection back, a mixed group of SEALs and Rangers turns corner - 40 feet from mob of jihadis. Rangers shoot blind, diving for cover. SEALs don't flinch - advance, shooting-posture perfect, methodically dropping them.

SEAL TWO  
 (to Rangers under cover)  
 Get up! Keep moving!

However, SEAL Two softens, goes back, bodily pulls a Ranger from cover, smiling at him.

SEAL ONE  
 You're fine, dude. Remember -  
 never lose the initiative. We--

His head jerks - AK stuck out a window five feet behind has shot him in the brainstem. Everyone opens up, other SEALs run back, SEAL Two checks body. He's gone. They leave him.

**EXT. ALEPPO STREETS, LEAD SEAL ELEMENT - NIGHT**

Kristoff looks back - they're getting strung out. Hard to stay tight when the whole city's shooting at you.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

(into radio)

Do not fall off the back!

He pushes forward, leading group into an open half-block, just grass & debris - their extraction site. They split, circle, secure the area, latecomers pouring in behind. Rangers turn back to defend the rear - pursuing enemy sniping them. SOUND OF ROTORS above, descending, coming in fast.

CUT TO:

**POV APACHE COMMANDER**

Watching the security perimeter below in NVG/IR view, circling above, with other Apache 180° opposite. Into this security bubble descend the two bigger Black Hawks.

CUT TO:

**LEAD BLACK HAWK FLIGHT DECK**

HLZ swelling up fast below them, pilots cool pros.

**EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV

(Russian)

Rock'n'roll, twat badgers.

The SAM operators target-lock one helo each, on screens.

**INT. BLACK HAWK FLIGHT DECK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Threat sensors go apeshit, radio goes manic:

HELO PILOTS

Target lock, target lock! Both IR  
and UV! Abort, abort, abort!

**EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Missiles pop from launchers, tails drooping - then main motors kick in, blasting them off at stupidly high speed.

**EXT. EXTRACTION SITE - NIGHT**

SEALs' POV, we see Black Hawks, 20 feet off deck, break left & right, engines screaming, noses just tilting up--

Two death rockets zip in, turning both birds to churning fireballs and raining debris. SEALs hunker down and cover up.

**EXT. SPETSNAZ ROOFTOP**

Rocketeers drop empty launchers, get handed two more.

STARSHINA  
Damn, dude. Black Hawk GONE.

CUT TO:

**POV APACHE COMMANDER, CIRCLING ABOVE**

Both Black Hawks immolating in huge heat blooms. His own target-lock alarm now screams bloody murder. But as he yanks cyclic and pushes power, his neck twists, eyes squinting at the horror, making out other Apache opposite... also turning, accelerating away... and exploding as missile zips in.

CUT TO:

**POV RANGERS**

Apache opposite detonating, even as burning remains of Black Hawks still tumble and splash around square. As NV light-blooms fade, they hear SCREAMING ENGINES above.

Captain Miller looks up: last helo jerks and twists as missile streaks beneath it, missing. The dance continues, transfixing, lethal - missile loops back, looks like missing again (but even closer)-- but its proximity fuze goes, explosion rocks the Apache, which screams and careens...

**EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Stairwell door bangs open, armed figures emerge, led by Kurdish Bride and Father - who look up to see wounded Apache arc and drop across the sky to left... then move to edge in time to see it crash in the street - the one SEALs and Rangers just took to reach extraction site.

From left, more jihadis advance, firing AKs and RPGs - one of which explodes on trashed Apache. Kurds duck down.

FATHER  
(Kurdish, shaken)  
We want no part of that, angel.

**EXT. EDGE OF EXTRACTION SITE, SEAL POSITIONS - NIGHT**

Kristoff squints darkly at explosions and flames, then motions his guys toward nearest structure. All move inside, fast - last in, the Chief, tosses another blinking IR beacon outside as he ducks in, hits radio.

CHIEF ISSACS

Hey, Green, we're getting off the street. Follow the bouncing ball.

**EXT. EDGE OF EXTRACTION SITE, RANGER POSITION - NIGHT**

Miller & Kirk watch flames lick ravaged Apache.

CAPTAIN MILLER

They could still be alive.

Kirk raises rifle, flips down magnifying optic - sees someone in cockpit kicking at cowling.

SERGEANT KIRK

Goddammit.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Just you and me?

SERGEANT KIRK

No. We'll only die with the pilot. We need to secure the crash site.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I feel like you've said that before.

They direct their wounded to move inside w/SEALs, rally the rest - eight combat-effective Rangers - to push out.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Marching fire - on me!

They basically run up both sides of the street, shooting.

**INT. THE COMPOUND, TOC - NIGHT**

Numb silence. Not a word as all watch burning helo debris from drone view - then see the IR beacon appear.

MAJOR HAGER

Black, sitrep. You still with us?

**INT. NEW SEAL STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Kristoff & Isaacs peer around open door, watching Ranger/ jihadi collision & running firefight around crash site.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Yeah, we're still breathing. Got another extraction option for us?

MAJOR HAGER (O.S.)

We're scrambling additional air assets from Prince Sultan AB. But it's a lot of flight time... and those were IR-guided SAMs - so the new pilots aren't going to be wild about flying into that.

Wounded Rangers arrive - lightly injured carrying or helping those worse off. Isaacs points them to open courtyard in back, where they set up new Casualty Collection Point.

MAJOR HAGER (O.S. CONT'D)

Look, our recommendation at this time is... you're less than three clicks from base. Suggest you do the movement on foot. How copy?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Solid copy.

MAJOR HAGER (O.S.)

We could push out all the support staff to come get you. Plenty of guys want to go, me included. But there'd be no one left to defend the Compound. And we might all find ourselves with no place to fight our way back to.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Roger that, Hotel. We'll see you back at the ranch. Black out.

**EXT. KURDISH ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The Bride starts to stand up behind the parapet.

FATHER

What are you doing?

She peers over top, at jihadis assaulting from left.

THE BRIDE

Those are our enemies. Was their attack on my wedding so long ago?

FATHER

There are too many. And whoever they're after will die here.

Bride raises her rifle to parapet, looks through scope to right - sees SEALs shooting out of structure. Squints in pained recollection.

**THE BRIDE**

Those are the ones who murdered  
us at Tartus. Including my  
husband--

**FATHER**

I know, angel. The Americans have  
screwed us a hundred times. Let  
them have their reward now.

The Bride, expression dark, starts to withdraw...

**EXT. APACHE CRASH SITE, MIDDLE OF STREET - NIGHT**

Rangers have in fact secured it, taking up firing positions  
around the wreckage, or under cover at edges of street.  
Swarms of rounds zip in from up the road.

Miller & Kirk find female gunner is a pancake, clearly dead -  
plus trapped in crushed front seat. Commander in rear seat is  
alive - and anxious to get out before consumed by spreading  
fire. Miller & Kirk haul on canopy - but it's wedged.

**EXT. AROUND THE EXTRACTION SITE - NIGHT**

Pouring in fire, jihadis start moving in on sides of the  
square and adjacent strongpoint - a pincer move slicing apart  
the (covered) SEALs and (exposed) Rangers.

**INT. STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

In doorway, Kristoff and Isaacs shoot out to sides - then  
duck back behind incoming RPG. Too f'ing close.

**CHIEF ISSACS**

(to Kristoff)

If we've gotta fight our way back  
on foot, we're gonna need  
everyone - shooting and moving  
full-speed.

Kristoff frowns, glances toward CCP in back.

**EXT. APACHE CRASH SITE - NIGHT**

Kirk hauls on canopy, looks back to see pincer move. They're  
being cut off, window of escape closing.

**INT. STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

Kristoff withdraws to rear of structure, and courtyard.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 (to wounded Rangers)  
 Listen up! Everyone who can  
 squeeze a trigger needs to get up  
 on the line, now.

The lightly wounded Rangers comply - all except Medic, who stays with two critical WIAs, kneeling between them, leaning over to listen for breathing of one.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (CONT'D)  
 You, too, Doc. The best  
 battlefield medicine is fire  
 superiority.

Medic ignores him - starts chest compressions. Kristoff steps closer: casualty is sheet-white, w/blood-soaked bandages around neck, blood pooled on floor.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (CONT'D)  
 Your guy's gone. And more will  
 die unless we win this fight.

Medic curses, throws down bandage, hefts weapon. Kristoff watches him go, then turns to last casualty, wheezing irregularly with chest drainage tube. Kristoff cold-eyed.

**EXT. APACHE CRASH SITE - NIGHT**

Rangers, facing imminent extinction, can't get helo canopy up. But they won't leave.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 It's fucking armor glass!

Miller holds up grenade in one hand, duct tape in other.

SERGEANT KIRK (CONT'D)  
 (shakes head, to pilot)  
 Cover up!

They tape it to bottom corner, pull pin, duck. BOOM!

**EXT. KURDISH ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Bride, dropping down under parapet, hears explosion, stops and peeks over at crash site. Rangers visible in light of flames. She sees Miller emerge from fetal ball, scan street.

THE BRIDE  
 (to father, quietly)  
 And that's the one who saved me  
 from being raped on my wedding  
 day.

FATHER  
 (English)  
 Goddammit.

**EXT. APACHE CRASH SITE - NIGHT**

Cockpit glass gone. They pull out Apache Commander - dazed and bleeding, but MP7 PDW firmly in hand. With arms round his shoulders, they withdraw, rest of Rangers collapsing behind them, alternately covering and running.

**EXT. STRONGPOINT - NIGHT**

SEALs and Rangers shooting from every door and window, covering Ranger run to safety - they make it, tumbling inside in a pile. Pulling himself up, Kirk sees Kristoff emerge from rear - then grab Miller, shout in his ear.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (coming over to Kirk)  
 So - how long's it been since you  
 did the Mogadishu Mile?

SERGEANT KIRK  
 (disbelief, but resigned)  
 Not fucking long enough, man.  
 Where are Jones and Spivchek?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (shakes head at rear)  
 They're gone.

It's time. Everyone stacks up near door, Rangers behind SEALs. Miller goes to front, sticks his head out: still death on a stick out there, muzzle flashes winking from every direction, all knowing where the Americans are. He looks back at the wounds his guys took during the last breakout, expression grim. They're being whittled down.

CUT TO:

**POV THE BRIDE'S RIFLE SCOPE**

Sees Miller looking out doorway, then pulling back in.

THE BRIDE  
 (Kurdish, to Father)  
 We have to help them.  
 (shouting at others)  
 Everyone - up on the line!

Largely female Kurdish fighters line the parapet, lots of AKs, couple of RPGs, one light machine-gun.

**EXT. AROUND THE EXTRACTION SITE - NIGHT**

Legions of black-clad jihadis, swarming, massing to overrun the strongpoint, confident, moving in the open--

WHIZZ, BANG!! Two RPGs hit mass of them, bodies flying. Machine-gun & AK chatter start up, pouring in murderously effective fire from elevated position. Panic and confusion, jihadis falling or dashing for cover...

**INT./EXT. STRONGPOINT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

SEAL & RANGER LEADERS

Go, go, go!

All rush out and left, down the street - away from the threat, crash site, and rooftop ambush. They're away, running and sucking wind, taking fire, being pursued... but free and - if not clear - headed for home.

**EXT. KURDISH ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Bride sees them go, motions others back from parapet. They got the drop, but are badly outnumbered. Job jobbed.

**EXT. ALEPPO STREETS - NIGHT**

Bloodied, exhausted, grimy, 24 (originally 29 tonight, of original 32) SEALs and Rangers (plus pilot) run woodenly down black streets, some stopping at intersections to cover sides while others blast through. Everyone exhausted - but Rangers traumatized. Not much shooting. They've broken contact.

Finally, Compound gates open up ahead. Armed support staff push out security. First in are SEAL leaders, stopping to watch strung-out column filter in behind.

CHIEF ISSACS

(panting, to Kristoff)

Too soon for a hot wash?

KALI

(trotting up, not winded)

They were being led by fucking Quds Force. I saw them.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

The real question is: how did they know we'd be there? They had our route and timings exactly.

CHIEF ISSACS

So did Miller's girlfriend, Doc Hajji. Evacuating the clinic.

Kristoff looks question at Jove.

JOVE  
 (reluctantly)  
 I saw militia being treated  
 there.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 So if the fucking doctor tipped  
 them off - who tipped her off?

All look up as Captain Miller run-stumbles up, last in.

MAJOR HAGER  
 (emerging from Compound)  
 Where are the rest?

She locks eyes with Miller - both pained.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 We're it. Close the gates.

**INT. THE COMPOUND, MED SHACK - NIGHT**

Room overflows with Rangers and SEALs getting worked on,  
 wrapped up - virtually everyone hit somewhere. Miller holds  
 hand of Ranger grimacing in wrenching pain.

GRIMACING RANGER  
 We're going home, right, Captain?

STEELY-EYED SEAL  
 (getting neck stitched)  
 We're not going anywhere, man.  
 Shit, we're just getting started.

Staring contest with Miller, who finally looks down. Across  
 room with other wounded, Kirk sees this, stomps over, gives  
 death stare to the SEAL.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Sir, you wanna get in the TOC?  
 I'll stay with the men.

Miller nods, heads out - but right into Jove, coming in.

JOVE  
 (leaning, whispering)  
 Hey, Captain, you should know -  
 they're blaming you for this.  
 (off horrified look)  
 They saw the clinic evacuated.  
 And everyone's seen you with the  
 Syrian doctor.  
 (more stunned look)  
 Just watch your ass, sir.

**INT. SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Last Russians clomp down from roof, gather at laptop, which shows video news feeds. CNN text-crawl over camera-phone footage of explosions, arcing tracers, crashing helo:

"Brutal fighting in Aleppo overnight, with heavy casualties reported among American special forces operating covertly in the city..."

YouTube window shows fight from POV of jihadis - then dancing on helo wreckage, hoisting American bodies.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(Russian, contented grunt)  
Nose bloodied.

CUT TO:

**SAME FOOTAGE ON SCREENS IN TOC**

...beside live drone view of battle/crash site. But Kristoff, Isaacs, and Kali all hunch over a station w/Hager and TOC Jock - scrolling back through recorded footage of battle, pointing. All look up at TOC door BANGING open. Miller strides in, half covered in blood and ash.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Where's the QRF?

MAJOR HAGER  
What do you need, Captain?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
To go out and get my men.  
(softer)  
The ones we left behind.

He belatedly looks up at big screen - the YouTube video, rifling and celebratory carrying of American bodies.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
(rising to full height)  
And I need you to unlock your  
phone, and hand it over. Now.

Stunned, Miller hesitates - then complies. Kristoff scrolls texts, finds one telling Dr. Amal to evacuate.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF (CONT'D)  
You're confined to quarters. Go.

Visibly in agony, Miller salutes and leaves. Hager looks around at others - then grabs tablet, follows him out.

KALI  
(pointing at screen)  
There.

Video freezes - showing Colonel Suleiman on rooftop.

KALI (CONT'D)  
Fucking Iranians, running the  
whole puppet shit-show. Told you.

JOVE (O.C.)  
The Iranians were puppets, too.

Others look up. It's Jove, and SEAL Tech - patting the GCS.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Miller trudges zombie-like across darkened base, cries of wounded floating out of Med Shack.

MAJOR HAGER (O.C.)  
Hold up.

He turns, she motions him into alley between structures. His face still pained, hope trying to break through.

MAJOR HAGER (CONT'D)  
There's something else. Something  
one of the drones caught.

Hope dies - he's not going to be allowed out to get his men. Hager wakes up the tablet in her hand.

MAJOR HAGER (CONT'D)  
No one else has seen this. And I  
need your word you go straight to  
your billet after I show you.

He nods, numb. She starts video, showing extraction site, helo wreckage, fighting around it - zooms in on the strongpoint... to the open courtyard, the CCP. Two warm, supine bodies - casualties, one on left cooling - a third kneeling figure between. And a fourth standing nearby.

Kneeling figure (Medic) rises and leaves. Fourth approaches casualties, draws side arm, points it at chest of one on right. Two heat blooms from pistol. That body starts to cool.

Miller looks up, beyond pain or fear.

MAJOR HAGER  
Whatever happens... Sergeant Kirk  
can never see this.

Miller's eyes get it. Kirk would walk out and kill every SEAL he could find, until they burned him to the ground.

**INT. TOC - NIGHT**

The five SEALs have moved to a corner alone, away from TOC staff, huddling around screen of GCS. SEAL Tech fast-forwards his own drone video, slows, pans, zooms...

SEAL TECH

There.

Two missiles zip out from edge of blurry rooftop, as heat blossoms whoosh out all four sides - but only at edges.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Can we profile the missiles?

SEAL TECH

I can tell you what they are right now: Russian Willows.

KALI

Motherfuckers.

CHIEF ISSACS

So the Iranians are supplying the militias with Russian hardware. What else is new?

SEAL TECH

(shakes head, points)

No. See how the heat blooms only appear at the edges? And we can see nothing on the rooftop itself? That's not just camo netting - it's multispectral camo, blocking infrared. And the Russians don't just hand that shit out.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

So you're saying it's Russians on that rooftop? Downing an entire flight of four of our aircraft?

JOVE

Last data point: look where it is. The building with the clinic.  
(deep breath)

When I was there with the Rangers, one of them came down and just shot the shit with us.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Who did - a Russian?

JOVE

Yeah. He was posing as a cultural attache. But he was pretty obviously Spetsnaz, probably GRU.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
You didn't fucking tell anyone?

JOVE  
Of course I did - I put it in an intel spot report, and fed it up.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(shaking head)  
Those cocky motherfuckers are camped out in our back yard. Now one of our brothers is dead.

JOVE  
Makes sense. With the clinic, we can't drop the building on them.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
The fuck we can't.

CHIEF ISSACS  
We can't. It'd be the end of us.

KALI  
So what are we going to do?

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Go in. And fucking kill everyone.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(sigh)  
We can't do that, either.

KALI  
And why the fuck not?

CHIEF ISSACS  
Because if they're Spetsnaz GRU... they're as good as us, or nearly so. If we square up toe-to-toe against them in a gunfight, we'll lose half the team.

JOVE  
(looks at Kali)  
Let us do a recce. At least find out what we're walking into.

**INT. MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

Stunned Miller plods into black room, unclips rifle, props it, turns toward rack - there's someone on it. He quick-draws his pistol, levels it with both hands.

MOSSAD  
(slowly raising hands)  
Please don't shoot, Captain.

MILLER  
 (throat ravaged)  
 Why the hell shouldn't I?

MOSSAD  
 Because then there will be no one  
 left to tell you the truth.

**EXT. OUTSIDE COMPOUND MAIN GATES - NIGHT**

Jove and Kali, back in robes, slip out into darkened streets, moving fast. City still riled up from the battle, armed groups rolling - they keep skirting them.

KALI  
 (whispered, moving)  
 I've got a bad feeling about  
 shooting it out in the streets  
 with fucking Spetsnaz...

Pull up from their run, dissolving into:

**DRONE VIEW OF THEM ON GCS, SEAL BARRACKS (NOT TOC) -**

Drone being driven by Tech, sitting on a rack. Kristoff & Issacs lean away, whisper to each other.

CHIEF ISSACS  
 If this one goes south, after all  
 the other shit... we could get  
 shut down.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
 They can't shut down JSOC.

CHIEF ISSACS  
 Not JSOC. Just us. The team. And  
 then Delta will get all our jobs.  
 (they lock eyes)  
 We gotta keep this under control.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

MOSSAD  
 I know it wasn't you.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (still pointing pistol)  
 Wasn't me what?

MOSSAD  
 Who caused the leak about your  
 mission tonight. And the ambush.

CAPTAIN MILLER

How the hell do you know that? I don't even know that.

MOSSAD

Because I know who it really was.

**EXT. - ALEPPO ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Jove and Kali slip out of stairwell, go belly-down, creep to edge, look over with handheld NVG monoculars (no helmets, so no NVG mounts). They're within sight of clinic/Spetsnaz safehouse. But nothing visible inside.

JOVE

We're gonna have to go in again.

KALI

(hefting rifle)

I'm sick of overwatch.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

MOSSAD

(gesturing at chair)

If you're not going to kill me, you may as well take a load off.

(off Miller's hesitation)

Any damn fool can be uncomfortable.

(after he sits)

I also know why you were in Tartus. Killing Kurds, who are your allies.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(squinting into memory)

I saw you. In the TOC. The day before the Tartus mission.

(beat)

It was you who gave us that intel. You caused that.

MOSSAD

(Jewish shrug)

I gave you the intel about the Kurds' mission to sabotage the Russian port. I didn't know what you would do with it. And I surely didn't know what your President would order you to do.

(off Miller's wide eyes)

But it's not hard to guess why.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (getting it - disgusted)  
 Because the Russians need their  
 warm-water port...

MOSSAD  
 Yes. And the American President -  
 as long as he faces impeachment,  
 and a crushing electoral defeat -  
 needs to do whatever the Russian  
 president tells him to do.

**EXT. - ALEPPO ALLEY - NIGHT**

Kali slips round corner, rifle up. Her eyes go everywhere -  
 but miss a micro-camera on a ledge, camouflaged w/crap.

**INT. SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Everyone asleep - except Starshina, night-owling. She looks  
 out window down to clinic: last of patients moving back in.  
 Motion catches her eye - video window on laptop, showing the  
 alleyway. But whatever it was has gone.

She opens drawer, pulls out something familiar - a small case  
 w/straps, like an arm-buckler... flips it open...

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (more disgusted)  
 So our commander-in-chief dances  
 to a Russian puppetmaster.

MOSSAD  
 And you dance to him. Each of us  
 has our masters.  
 (more Jewish shrug)  
 It is the oldest story in the  
 world. One crooked old man is  
 beholden to another... And young  
 men fight and die.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Kali turns another corner, approaches steel door, squats down  
 - but her rifle on its sling under the robe pokes out all  
 over the place. She looks both ways, drops the robe, unclips  
 the rifle, and props it against wall. Slips out lock picks,  
 springs dead-bolt, starts on handle lock.

Freezes as she hears FAINT BUZZING, close. Spins, draws boot  
 knife, and rises in a single blur, squinting into the dark.  
 She's looking at an ornithopter, six inches away.

Her expression goes from confusion, to alarm, to resolve, in half a beat. Instead of spinning, she drops to the ground as a blade whistles by where the side of her neck just was. As she spins on the ground, she slashes at Starshina's femoral artery - but it doesn't cut: liquid Kevlar. Starshina smiles - and lays open Kali's cheek.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

MOSSAD

If it wasn't you who caused the ambush, but the Russians... who do you suppose tipped them off? No? You do not know. Good, I am glad. You retain some innocence. It was your own National Command Authority.

(off new shocked look)

They have systematically informed the Russians of the locations and times of all of your missions.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Why?

MOSSAD

So that Spetsnaz could stay clear of them - and avoid a regrettable misunderstanding. A night-time shoot-out. And a serious international incident.

CAPTAIN MILLER

What the fuck do you call an all-night running street battle?

MOSSAD

Tonight... the Russians wanted an incident.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

The two female operators whirl and slash in close quarters, inches away, like dance partners, too close and tightly engaged even to pull handguns, the Russian advancing as the American retreats - going for faces and hands with the knives, blocking with protected forearms, getting in pummeling rib-punches and knee strikes...

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER

Again - why?

MOSSAD

To bloody your noses - and drive  
you from the region.

CAPTAIN MILLER

But if we were running their own  
damned missions for them...

MOSSAD

You were useful to them for a  
while. But, ultimately, they want  
you gone. I told you - no one  
wants you here. Not incidentally,  
your president is also probably  
done. So Putin has no further use  
for him.

CAPTAIN MILLER

And this could be the death knell  
for his presidency. Jesus. I knew  
the guy was stupid--

MOSSAD

But not dumb enough to trust  
Putin?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Yeah. Did the SEALs know?

MOSSAD

That they did the Russians'  
bidding? Who knows. But--

CAPTAIN MILLER

But they aren't stupid.

MOSSAD

No. Nor are they as innocent as  
you. But the real question is...  
having been mauled by the bear  
they once fed... what will Black  
Squadron do now?

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Slashing, each female fighter pins the knife-hand of other,  
between arm and body, an intimate death-embrace. Starshina  
hauls head back to forehead-smash Kali's nose - who sees it  
coming and lowers her own head, the Russian's forehead  
clanging off harder top of skull, stunning her.

Kali uses this half-second to shove Russian away, creating  
space - dropping her knife and flash-drawing her suppressed  
side arm, finally with room to get it out and up. Starts  
shooting instantly, rounds hitting suit, but walking up torso  
- Starshina throws forearms up in front of face, blocking the  
killing head shots...

But the pummeling of the big .45 rounds knocks her down, as Kali's slide locks back, empty.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What will Black do? Well,  
Spetsnaz just tried to murder  
them all.

MOSSAD  
Yes.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Worse, the Russians must have  
proof Black was working for them.

MOSSAD  
Probably. Drone footage. Maybe  
messages from the White House.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
That would be the end of Team  
Six. They were already walking a  
ragged edge. Congress would  
defund them.

MOSSAD  
If your president didn't do it  
first. Trying to save his own  
worthless skin.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

As fast as Kali reloads her pistol, Starshina (on ground) whips hers out, instantly triggering off. Mirror image of before - rounds bang into suit, Kali raises her arms (pistol in one hand, mag in the other), blocking headshots. She turns and scampers back around the corner.

Starshina's pistol goes empty.

Around corner, Kali breathes and smiles - she's got Russian dead to rights now. She finishes reload, leans round corner bringing pistol to bear-- but her expression falls as she realizes she's erred: to get here, she's retreated past her own rifle propped against the wall.

Starshina scoops it at a run, brings it to shoulder, fires full-auto at Kali, who throws arms up again - but it doesn't matter. Twenty rounds tear into her suit - earlier ones degrading it, later ones penetrating, knocking her back around corner and to the ground.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER

Kristoff and Isaacs will decide they have to take out the Spetsnaz team. Either to protect themselves. Or just as revenge for tonight.

MOSSAD

Yes. Resulting in a real incident - and a possible shooting war between two nuclear powers. Also, if it matters, probably the destruction of Dr. Amal's clinic, where Spetsnaz is holed up.

Miller snorts and shakes his head.

MOSSAD (CONT'D)

So one question remains. What are you going to do about it?

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

Rifle angled down, Starshina advances on Kali's unmoving feet, sticking around building edge. As she rounds corner... a figure stands ten feet away, pointing a pistol. It's Jove. He fires twice, both headshots on Starshina, who falls and spins while depressing trigger, rifle barrel rising as last ten rounds in mag crank off.

Jove slumps into wall, left hand going to side of his face. Still holding pistol, watching all angles, he moves to Kali, squats, checks pulse, still aiming at corner.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

Mossad stands, leans down to retrieve the handgun sitting between thigh and bed. As he does so, his sleeve catches on belt holster - lifting to reveal tattoo on forearm: a crude six-digit number, w/Hebrew characters beneath.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Unless I've got my history wrong, you're at least two generations too late to get one of those.

MOSSAD

(smiles sadly)

But my grandmother was not. I copied this as she lay dying.

CAPTAIN MILLER

What does the Hebrew say?

MOSSAD  
 "Never again."

He pulls sleeve down, goes to door, pauses, looks back.

MOSSAD  
 Get the rest of your men home,  
 Captain. Or spend their lives  
 well.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SPETZNAS SAFEHOUSE - DAWN**

Four Spetsnaz shooters sweep alley w/rifles, ahead of Zhukov, who doesn't hold a weapon. They find Starshina's body. Zhukov squats down, brushes her hair away from her lovely face - w/ two perfect bullet-holes an inch apart.

He looks up as Tech arrives w/tablet. On it, video from alley cams, showing the fight. Fast-forward to Jove picking up limp form of Kali, looking up at camera.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (pinch-zooms, squints)  
 Him. The Tier-1 guy.

SPETSNAZ TECH  
 They'll be coming.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 Good.

**EXT. OUTSIDE COMPOUND GATES - DAWN**

A figure staggers down the street, smaller limp body in his arms. The gates open, they stumble in, blood sheeting off both - from Jove's head wound, a chunk of the side of his skull torn away. How he's on his feet is anyone's guess.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - DAWN**

Miller sits alone in the dark. Startles and looks up as door BANGS open. It's Kirk, grim. COMMOTION outside.

**INT. MED SHACK - MORNING**

Jove and Kali both in hospital beds, having clothes cut off, lines put in, monitors attached, respirators on - a problem with Jove and his partially blown off face.

Rangers and SEALs crowd in, Miller pushing forward. Jove turns head to see him - smiles, clutches his hand, grip implausibly strong. He's trying to speak, Miller leans in.

JOVE  
 While you are living...

He flatlines, med staff push Miller the hell back, start compressions, defibs out...

CAPTAIN MILLER  
...Make yourself good.

Jove dies w/peaceful look on face. But when Miller looks up, the SEALs are not smiling. Kirk hustles him out of there. Last look back - they're still working on Kali.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - MORNING**

Kirk shoves him in, follows, locks door. Miller looks around, surprised it's empty. Sits on bed.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Did you see him?

SERGEANT KIRK  
See who?

Kirk sits on desk chair, facing his commander.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
The SEALs really don't give a  
shit about us - do they?

SERGEANT KIRK  
At the end of the day, when the  
shit comes down... they're in.  
And we're out.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I'm afraid they're going to go to  
war against Spetsnaz. And take us  
with them.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Fuck 'em. Let Hager stop it. Her  
circus, her monkeys.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I already tried. She knows about  
Black. She just doesn't care.  
(they lock eyes)  
They've gone completely rogue.  
Someone's got to stop them.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Yeah? How? They're Tier-1  
shooters, and basically bullet-  
proof. We're neither. We're also  
down to half-strength. And the  
only one of the SEALs who even  
likes us just checked out.  
(he stands)  
I've got to see to the men.

Miller alone in the dark. Falls over on bed, passes out.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY**

Sun rises over walls, crosses sky at 16x speed, sets.

**INT. CAPTAIN MILLER'S BILLET - NIGHT**

Violent knocking on door. Miller, who has slept all day, comes awake as SEALs violate his space.

A SEAL  
Get up, kit up, load up.

They throw him his body armor, belt, and weapons.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(coming awake)  
What is it?

A SEAL  
It's a fucking mission. And your  
Rangers are the blocking force.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Miller steps outside, kitted up. Vehicles already lined up - his eight remaining combat-effective Rangers coming out of barracks, Kirk herding them. He and Miller share a grim look. Miller sees Kristoff & Issacs climbing into lead vehicle. He grabs arm of nearest SEAL, Two.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Hey. Is Hager the TOC-side  
mission commander for this one?

SEAL TWO  
Mission support is for pussies.

Everyone finishes loading up, Ranger leaders last.

**INT. RANGER COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

SERGEANT KIRK  
(shaking head)  
It's just like the Dead  
Presidents rousting Johnny Utah  
in the middle of the night.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
What does that mean?

SERGEANT KIRK  
It means they're gonna smoke us.

**EXT. ALEPPO STREETS - NIGHT**

Shorter convoy from above, blasting forward, blacked-out.

**INT. RANGER COMMAND VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

SERGEANT KIRK

(driving)

You were right. We're headed for the clinic.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Maybe Black will go in and shoot the Russians in their sleep.

SERGEANT KIRK

The Russians won't be asleep. And it'd be a tough fight. Safer just to level the block.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Which also destroys any evidence.

SERGEANT KIRK

Yep. Not to mention every kid in the clinic. Can you warn them?

CAPTAIN MILLER

I don't have a fucking phone.  
(checks radio)  
And the comms blackout is in.

SERGEANT KIRK

We're on our own out here.

**INT./EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Injured kids sleeping, or trying to. Dr. Amal on a cot, still dressed, comes awake to SOME NOISE. Gets up, walks outside, creeps down edge of street, squinting.

**EXT. ALEPPO, KILL ZONE - NIGHT**

Convoy rolls to a silent stop amid rubble of last night's battle. Rangers & SEALs jump out, patrol forward silently - all except four in lead vehicle: Kristoff, Isaacs, SEAL Tech, SEAL Two on minigun in turret. This truck creeps forward behind rest of surviving force on foot.

SERGEANT KIRK

What the hell's that?

CAPTAIN MILLER

Their command element. No doubt with their drone controller.

Finally, it too rolls to stop a block away - as those on foot circle target, taking up positions at four intersections: SEALs on inside, one pair on each inner corner; Rangers one pair on each outer corner.

CHIEF ISSACS (O.S.)  
Blocking force is advised to kill  
any squirts. They're unlikely  
to agree to be captured.

**EXT. RANGER BLOCKING POSITION - NIGHT**

Miller and Kirk have stayed together at one corner.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Well, on the upside, we have them  
surrounded.

SERGEANT KIRK  
(not amused)  
Whatever you've got in mind,  
now's probably the time.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(exhales)  
The drone control station. If we  
take that, they can't level the  
building. They'll have to go in.

Miller rises, Kirk starts to follow.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
No. It's for me to do. And if I  
fall, you've gotta take the team.

Head down, he takes off into the darkness - passing by next position, where Smith watches him slip into the shadows.

**EXT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

Kristoff and Isaacs squat by either side of truck's nose, weapons at low-ready; SEAL Two on minigun up in turret, NVGs down; SEAL Tech in back seat - sure enough, with GCS open.

CHIEF ISSACS  
(perking up at noise)  
Hey. I'll be right back.

He disappears into darkness - as a shadow approaches from the opposite direction, toward rear of truck. Back door yanked open, an arm reaches in, hauling Tech out and onto the ground, other hand catching the GCS before it falls.

Tech Guy, now on ground, goes for side arm - but Miller already has pistol leveled at his mouth. Tech freezes. At same time, Kristoff, hearing this, spins to rear, raising weapon, and advancing around vehicle to find...

Miller, backing away - pointing pistol at screen of GCS, using the hardened case to cover most of his head. Tech gets his pistol clear, levels it at Miller - and SEAL Two in turret spins, depressing all six barrels at Miller. That thing will chew him to ground beef.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Nobody shoot.

Now all three SEALs have weapons pointed at Miller's face - but he still holds the GCS hostage.

CAPTAIN MILLER

I can't let you do it, Commander.  
You need to do what I say, now.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

I already told you - I say everything. Now put your weapon down, give me my GCS... and your men can walk away from this.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(not impressed)

Walk - like my wounded Ranger?  
Who you murdered in cold blood?

Miller pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF

Only the team matters, Captain.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Only your team matters - to you.

CUT TO:

**NVG VIEW OF THE SCENE FROM A BIT FARTHER AWAY...**

... where we see Kristoff has his IR aiming laser on Miller's forehead, taking the slack out of the trigger... But then green dot appears on his forehead. Pull back to reveal it's Smith - who has followed Miller here.

SEAL Tech pivots to target Smith. Now: four-way standoff.

SPECIALIST SMITH

(scared but resolved)

Sir... what do I do?

Sound of muffled female voice - it's Dr. Amal, hauled around other side of truck by Chief Isaacs, hand over her mouth, pistol to her temple. Miller's face: pained. But he can do nothing - if he takes his own pistol away from GCS, he dies in the next second. Bigger standoff now.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(hitting radio)  
All Green elements. Target the  
Black operators.

**EXT. RANGER BLOCKING POSITIONS - NIGHT**

At three positions, WTF? looks exchanged. At fourth, which Sergeant Kirk now covers alone, he settles his own aiming laser on the neck on one of SEALs across intersection from him, then gets on radio.

SERGEANT KIRK  
Everybody do it. Now.

All Rangers comply - they play team ball. SEALs at four positions spin around, targeting Rangers in turn. They're at least as resolved - plus cooler and meaner.

**EXT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

Kristoff just shakes his head at Miller, not worried.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
What exactly do you think is  
going to happen here? If this  
kicks off. Do you want to lose  
your entire platoon? All of your  
men are going to die, Captain.  
Right here. Right now. This only  
ends one way for you.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
I wouldn't be so sure. We're the  
ones who have you in a killbox.

SEAL Two gives his minigun barrels a wicked, threatening,  
electric death rev - then stops them again.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
You die first. Then your men.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
(starting to panic)  
Sir... what do you want me do?

CAPTAIN MILLER  
Return to your fire-team. Go.

SPECIALIST SMITH  
(calming, resolved now)  
No. They can kill us both. But we  
finish it together.  
(steadies aim on Kristoff)  
Commander. You die first.

**EXT. BLOCKING POSITIONS - NIGHT**

Rangers stay low, keeping weapons trained, leaning forward - but seriously freaked the F out. SEAL faces show the icy calm of blooded professional killers.

Kirk seems to get a feeling, ducks behind cover, points weapon back up street. He can see the command vehicle, but not the standoff on opposite side. However, he can see... the back of SEAL Two manning the minigun in the turret.

**EXT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN MILLER

Anyway, if this does kick off,  
and we all die here, at least you  
won't start a war with Russia.  
And you won't murder all the kids  
in that clinic.

Miller's face is now totally calm - he's made a decision. Seeing this, Kristoff's face shows alarm: you can't bulldoze a man who has accepted death. But Miller acts first:

He puts two rounds through the GCS screen, then raises the hard case as Kristoff fires at him six times, hitting the case, then Miller's chest plate, knocking him down and over.

In the same instant, Smith fires - headshot on Kristoff, who spins and falls. Smith pivots to Tech, the two of them fire repeatedly at each other at close range, both going down.

Finally, minigun spins back up, about to unleash 4000rpm on Miller's face - but gunner slumps, shot in back of neck by--

PULL BACK TO:

**EXT. RANGER COMMANDER'S BLOCKING POSITION**

Sergeant Kirk, standing up, making a tough shot at range - but then lit up from side by SEALs opposite, knocking him back down under cover.

**EXT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE**

Everyone here is down - all but Isaacs, standing there like an idiot with his pistol and his hostage, stunned. He chokes down something, lets Amal go, steps back. Scans the carnage like Ozymandias, his dynasty laid to waste. Dr. Amal runs to Miller, kneels over him.

**EXT. ELEVATED VIEW, ROTATING AROUND THE WHOLE BLOCK**

At all four corners, SEALs and Rangers point weapons at each other, leaning forward, no one daring draw breath.

And then it kicks off - but not in the way we expect. From every surrounding building, up in second floor windows, Spetsnaz operators start firing - over the heads of Rangers below them, and into SEALs beyond.

SEALs go panic-eyed, elevate weapons and return fire, but too little too late - they're surrounded from an elevated position. As Rangers freak the FO and cover up, Spetsnaz shoots Black to blood-soaked ribbons - headshots, hands, boots, enough rounds to pulp the suits to mesh...

Like the SEAL team in The Rock, Black goes down shooting - heroic, but losing... and dying bloody, chewed up.

#### **EXT. SEAL COMMAND VEHICLE - NIGHT**

Miller startles back to life, sits up, grabs Amal, they lock eyes. Then he stands, looking around to find everyone in sight unmoving on the ground - including Isaacs, who went down shooting to protect his team.

However... Kristoff starts gurgling and crawling. He was shot in the face - through both cheeks - by Smith, then ignored by Russians because he was already down. He looks up at Miller, rolls over, gurgles through blood bubbles.

COMMANDER KRISTOFF  
Lone Ranger of fucking Aleppo.

A new, booming, BASSO VOICE sounds behind Miller.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV (O.C.)  
Ha ha ha ha ha!

The Russian emerges from front door of building opposite, out into middle of street, like he owns the joint. Still not holding a weapon. But four Russian shooters flank him, panning and covering w/their high-tech AKs.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
(hitting radio)  
Green stand down. Nobody fire.

Zhukov steps up, nods at Miller, looks down to see Kristoff is alive - albeit choking on his own blood.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
(English, shaking head)  
You Tier-1 guys. I told you -  
this is not your happy place. And  
it would not end well for you.

He puts his boot on Kristoff's throat, presses down. Miller takes a step - but the four shooters target him.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 And you assmasters really  
 shouldn't have killed my  
 Starshina.

Kristoff stops struggling. Miller wide-eyed, but frozen.

KAPITÁN ZHUKOV  
 (turning to Miller)  
 You kept your men alive. Or some  
 of them. You tried to help.  
 (exhales, looks around)  
 Now go home.

**INT. MAJOR HAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Tight on her on the red phone. Long stare.

DNSA KRUPPS (O.S.)  
 I send you there to stop SEALs  
 from killing Russians. Instead,  
 you give me a running street  
 battle with dead SEALs, dead  
 Rangers, dead pilots... and all  
 of it caught live on fucking TV.

MAJOR HAGER  
 No excuses, sir.

DNSA KRUPPS (O.S.)  
 What in hell happened?

MAJOR HAGER  
 Combat.

DNSA KRUPPS (O.S.)  
 So you're sticking to your  
 bullshit story? Than it was an  
 ISIS ambush?

MAJOR HAGER  
 That's the way it happened.

Hager looks up - at Miller, sitting opposite, in fresh  
 fatigues, with a lot of small wounds taped or bandaged up.  
 They look at the Ranger tabs on each other's shoulders.

DNSA KRUPPS (O.S.)  
 Fuck sake, Major. You had better  
 understand that this is it. You  
 are done in the special  
 operations community.

MAJOR HAGER  
 Yes, sir. I understand.

DNSA KRUPPS (O.S.)  
 Mother of God. You've got sixteen  
 dead fucking Tier-1 operators -  
 an entire SEAL troop wiped out.

MAJOR HAGER  
 No, sir. Not sixteen.

CUT TO:

**INT. MED SHACK - DAY**

Banged up, bandaged, monitored, Kali's eyes flicker open.

**EXT. THE COMPOUND HLZ - DUSK**

A Chinook hulks, rotors turning. Rangers trundle up the rear ramp with their rucksacks - the badly wounded already secured to benches inside on litters, with IVs.

Miller appears to be last, watches them finish loading - but he's not last: Sergeant Kirk appears, half his torso bandaged, arm in a sling, hobbling - but on his feet.

SERGEANT KIRK  
 Get your ass on the bird, sir.

Miller nods, respectful. The team sergeant is Tailgunner Charlie, riding herd on his flock. They both get on...

**INT. THE CHINOOK, IDLING - DUSK**

...taking last two seats by the ramp. Miller pats stocking foot: Specialist Smith, bandaged, asleep, at peace.

CREW CHIEF  
 (into ICS headset)  
 Everyone's in!

He reaches for the button to raise the rear ramp - but a figure in mufti appears, making a hold motion, trotting up ramp, and squatting down by Miller. It's Mossad. He holds up a thumb drive between thumb and forefinger.

CAPTAIN MILLER  
 (shouting over rotors)  
 What's this?

MOSSAD  
 A digital video file. It's what  
 the Russian president has on your  
 president.

CAPTAIN MILLER

(long blink, head shake)

I'm guessing it's not something  
he'll want to want to tweet out  
from the Rose Garden.

MOSSAD

Probably not. Think hidden camera  
in a Moscow hotel room. In any  
case, if you release this... then  
Putin won't have it to hold over  
his head anymore. You also won't  
have your president anymore. But  
I assume you're okay with that.

CAPTAIN MILLER

Why didn't you leak it  
yourselves?

MOSSAD

(smiling)

We're your allies. We would never  
do a thing like that.

(nods respectfully)

Go well, Captain.

He rises, turns, descends the ramp...

**EXT. THE COMPOUND, HLZ - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

...which lifts even as the helo does, turning and rising.

From the doorway of the TOC, Major Hager watches it climb and  
soar over the thick Compound walls.

From the courtyard clinic, surrounded by the kids in her  
care, Dr. Amal cranes neck - watching it roar overhead.

**INT. THE CHINOOK (MOVING) - LAST LIGHT**

Captain Miller stares out, down, and around at the fires  
still burning, columns of smoke, the rubble - one final look  
at the streets ravaged by battles so costly to them.

The last light fades.

FADE OUT.