

"BLACK HAWK DOWN"

Screenplay by

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Shooting Script, 2001

Revolution Studios;
Scott Free Productions;
Jerry Bruckheimer Films

FADE IN:

SUPER: BASED ON AN ACTUAL EVENT

SUPER: ALL OUR IGNORANCE BRINGS US NEARER TO DEATH. T.S. ELLIOT

1 EXT. DESERT - DAY

1

A Somalian man hunches over a body wrapped in a sheet and covers the dead man's face.

SUPER: SOMALIA 1992

The images of a lonely truck driving through ravaged countryside, bodies everywhere.

SUPER: YEARS OF WARFARE AMONG RIVAL CLANS CAUSES FAMINE ON A BIBLICAL SCALE.

We now see that the truck is from the Red Cross as it moves through the ruins of a bombed and burned village. Past bodies -- some dead, some alive. No sound but the wind. Nothing else moves across scorched earth.

SUPER: 300,000 CIVILIANS DIE OF STARVATION.

SUPER: MOHAMED FARRAH AIDID, THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE WARLORDS, RULES THE CAPITAL MOGADISHU.

A body wrapped in a sheet is carried away.

SUPER: HE SEIZES INTERNATIONAL FOOD SHIPMENTS AT THE PORTS. HUNGER IS HIS WEAPON.

SUPER: THE WORLD RESPONDS. BEHIND A FORCE OF 20,000 U.S. MARINES, FOOD IS DELIVERED AND ORDER IS RESTORED.

A U.N. Peacekeeper helps a wearied man drink.

SUPER: APRIL 1993

SUPER: AIDID WAITS UNTIL THE MARINES WITHDRAW, AND THEN DECLARES WAR ON THE U.N. PEACEKEEPERS.

The Peacekeeper walks past the bodies of dead children.

SUPER

IN JUNE, AIDID'S MILITIA AMBUSH AND SLAUGHTER 24 PAKISTANI SOLDIERS, AND BEGIN TARGETING AMERICAN PERSONNEL.

Lifeless refugees are drawn to the aid station.

SUPER: IN LATE AUGUST, A COMPANY OF AMERICA'S ELITE SOLDIERS, DELTA FORCE AND ARMY RANGERS, ARE SENT TO MOGADISHU TO REMOVE AIDID AND RESTORE ORDER.

(CONTINUED)

- 1 CONTINUED: 1
- Looking out at the smoldering, wind-whipped village from inside a bomb-ravaged house.
- TITLE: BLACK HAWK DOWN
- 2 EXT. HIGH ABOVE MOGADISHU - DAY 2
- The first rays of sunshine hit us -- and a BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER thunders over the arid Somali landscape.
- SUPER: SATURDAY - OCTOBER 2, 1993
- 3 INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME 3
- A handsome Ranger, SERGEANT MATT EVERSMANN, surveys the village below.
- 4 EXT. HIGH ABOVE MOGADISHU - SAME 4
- A make-shift camp surrounding a bombed-out building on a hilltop bustles with energy.
- SUPER: RED CROSS FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTER
- EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - CONT.
- Several "Technicals", old Toyota trucks with heavy machine gun bolted in back, ROAR through the village.
- Starving residents swarm a five-ton Red Cross transport truck loaded with food as the Black Hawk floats slowly past.
- The scene turns chaotic: villagers shake the truck; Somali soldiers beat them back with sticks; ten-pound sacks of wheat spill onto the ground; hordes of stick-thin villagers struggle to grab the sacks.
- A Somali GUNMAN OPENS FIRE on the mob. Blood splatters as a few get hit. Screams. Panic. People scatter.
- 5 INT. DURANT'S SUPER SIX FOUR BLACK HAWK - SAME 5
- MATT EVERSMANN jolts from the sight of the bloodbath. Whips inside to the other RANGERS in the Black Hawk's belly.
- EVERSMANN
Oh shit, did you see that?
(into headset)
Chief, we got unarmed civilians
getting shot down here at nine
o'clock!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Durant surveys the scene below, then calmly speaks into his headset.

DURANT

I got it Matt, I don't think we can touch this.

Heavily armed Militiamen train weapons on the populace. One shouts into a megaphone:

MILITIA MAN

(in Somali, subtitled)

This food is the property of Mohammed Farrah Aidid! Go back to your homes!

Durant's Black Hawk circles the village.

DURANT

Command, Super Six Four we got militia shooting unarmed civilians down at the food distribution center. Request permission to engage.

MATTHEWS (V.O.)

Super Six Four, are you taking fire, over?

Somali Militia men flee into the crowd as Delta sniper SGT. DAN BUSCH trains his AR-15 rifle on the gunmen below.

DURANT

Negative, Command.

MATTHEWS (V.O.)

U.N.'s jurisdiction, Six Four. We can't intervene. Return to base. Over.

DURANT

(frustrated)

Roger. Six Four returning.

Durant continues the chopper away from the village.

ON EVERSMANN - staring down at the carnage-strewn streets below. He can't believe it.

BELOW - The militia man aims his megaphone at the Black Hawk as though he's firing a gun at it.

6 EXT. HIGH OVER NORTH MOGADISHU - DAY

6

SUPER: NORTH MOGADISHU BAKARA MARKET AIDID CONTROLLED TERRITORY

7 EXT. MOGADISHU MARKET - DAY 7

The market bustles with activity. Militia men stroll the streets, automatic rifles strapped across their backs.

HOOT slinks through the crowd, following a Somali DRIVER.

8 INT. MOGADISHU MARKET - CONTINUOUS 8

OSMAN ATTO, a wealthy Somali businessman, reads a USA Today as he eats. The driver approaches.

DRIVER
(subtitled)
Ready, Mr. Atto.

9 EXT. MOGADISHU MARKET - MOMENTS LATER 9

The driver leads Atto to the waiting car. Hoot watches, speaks into a microphone in his collar.

HOOT
Leaving.

Atto gets in his car and leaves.

10 EXT. HIGH OVER NORTH MOGADISHU - DAY 10

Atto's caravan speeds through the dusty streets.

11 EXT. HIGH OVER THE DESERT - LATER 11

Several Black Hawk Helicopters track the caravan out of town.

12 INT. ATTO'S CAR 12

Atto smokes a cigar in the back seat, talks on his cell phone. A Black Hawk Helicopter appears out the truck's window, flying beside them.

DRIVER
(subtitled)
Sir!

Atto looks out the window at the Black Hawk.

ATTO
(subtitled)
Keep driving.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

A Ranger fires at the hood of Atto's car, spraying oil all over the windshield.

An MH-6 Little Bird, a transport chopper with two outside benches, lands in front of the caravan, forcing them to stop. Rangers surround Atto's vehicle and tap on the glass.

ATTO
(calmly into phone,
subtitled)
I'm going to be late. Call you back.

13 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

13

Silence. The room is dark, except for the dusty yellow streaks cast from the window.

Atto sits at a table as GENERAL GARRISON enters and sets a cup opposite him. Garrison wears khaki shorts and T-shirt and dons sunglasses in the poorly lit room. He's laconic. Steady.

Atto offers Garrison a cigar.

GARRISON
No, no thanks. I've got one.

ATTO
These are Cuban. Bolivar. Bellicoso.

Garrison holds up his own cigar.

GARRISON
(unimpressed, simply)
So's this.

ATTO
(laughs)
Miami, my friend, is not Cuba...

Garrison simply stares out the window. Atto lights his cigar, regards it for a moment.

ATTO
I see not catching Aidid is becoming
a routine.

GARRISON
We weren't trying to catch Aidid, we
were trying to catch you.

ATTO
Me?
(laughs)
But am I that important? I hardly
think so.

(CONTINUED)

GARRISON

You're just a business man.

ATTO

Trying to make a living.

Garrison finally takes a seat opposite Atto.

GARRISON

Selling guns to Aidid's militia.

ATTO

(a beat, gravely)

You've been here what, six weeks?
Six weeks you are trying to catch
the General. You put up your wanted
posters. \$25,000... what is this,
gunfight at the K.O. corral?

GARRISON

(laughs)

It's ah, it's the O.K. Corral.

ATTO

Do you think bringing me in will
make him suddenly come to you? Make
him more agreeable? Hmm?

GARRISON

(simply)

You know where he sleeps. You pay
for his beds, much less his militia.

(the bottom line)

We're not leaving Somalia until we
find him. And we will find him.

ATTO

(immediately)

Don't make the mistake of thinking
because I grew up without running
water I'm simple, General. I do know
something about history. See all
this? It's simply shaping tomorrow --
a tomorrow without a lot of Arkansas
white-boy's ideas in it.

GARRISON

Well, I wouldn't know about that,
I'm from Texas.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

ATTO

Mr. Garrison, I think you shouldn't
have come here. This is civil war.
This is our war, not yours.

GARRISON

(finally rips off his
sunglasses)
300,000 dead and counting. That's
not a war, Mr. Atto, that's genocide.
Now you enjoy that tea, you hear?

Garrison exits swiftly past two U.S. Marine guards.

14 INT. HELICOPTER HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

14

Garrison strides through the hangar, past helicopters.

GARRISON

How'd he strike you?

JOE CRIBBS, a tall, lean man a few years younger than
Garrison, falls into step beside the General.

CRIBBS

Urbane, sophisticated. Cruel.

GARRISON

Yeah, he's a good catch.
(they stop)
It'll take some time, but Aidid'll
feel the loss.

CRIBBS

I'm not sure time is something we've
got in great supply.

GARRISON

This isn't Iraq, you know. It's more
complicated than that.

Garrison starts away. Cribbs trails him.

CRIBBS

Boss, most of Washington might
disagree. I'm just saying, they've
been calling for these dang situation
reports every morning this week.

GARRISON

(slips the sunglasses
back on)
Well, tell 'em the situation is ah,
fragile.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

And with that Garrison exits a door into BLINDING SUNLIGHT.

15 EXT. MOGADISHU AIRPORT - DAY 15

SUPER: MOGADISHU AIRPORT U.S. ARMY HEADQUARTERS

16 INT. BLACK HAWK SUPER SIX ONE - DAY 16

Black Hawk pilot CLIFF "ELVIS" WOLCOTT addresses his Ranger passengers as he prepares for take-off.

WOLCOTT

Well ladies and gentlemen, my name is Cliff "Elvis" Wolcott. I'll be your pilot this afternoon. Federal regulations has designated this is a non-smoking Black Hawk helicopter. For those of you enrolled in our Mogadishu frequent flyer program, you'll be earning a hundred free credits this afternoon, and as always, the air sickness bags are located in the seat back in front of you.

BRILEY

Number one indications are good, Cliff.

ELVIS

You got it.

BRILEY

Clear on two.

RANGER

And you're still clear at one.

The Black Hawk takes off into the blaring sun.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BLACK HAWK SUPER SIX ONE AND DURANT'S BLACK HAWK as they skirt the coastline.

DURANT

Six One, this is Six Four. Go to UHF secure. I've got some bad news.

WOLCOTT

Limo's a word Durant, I don't want to hear about it.

DURANT

It is not a word, it's an abbreviation of a word.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

WOLCOTT

Limo is a word in common usage. That is the key phrase in Scrabble, my good friend. Common usage.

DURANT

No! If it is not in the dictionary, it doesn't count.

WOLCOTT

It doesn't have to be in the dictionary!

DURANT

It does have to be in the dictionary!

WOLCOTT

They don't say limousine, they say limo!

DURANT

Listen, when we get back to the base, it's coming off the board.

Durant and Elvis rubber-neck as they pass each other, flying opposite directions.

WOLCOTT

You touch my limo and I'll spank you, night stalker, you hear me?

DURANT

Yeah, promises.

OTHIC

That's a nice beach down there. How's the water?

DURANT

Yeah, it's nice and warm. It's loaded with sharks.

17 INT. OFFICE - DAY

17

The clean slap of computer keys. A cigarette smolders. Ranger clerk SGT. JOHN GRIMES types data into a computer. Standing opposite his desk is PFC TODD BLACKBURN.

GRIMES

Name?

BLACKBURN

Todd.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

GRIMES
Last name?

BLACKBURN
Blackburn.

GRIMES
(Grimes enters the
info)
First name Todd.

BLACKBURN
So what's it like?

GRIMES
(without looking up)
What's what like?

BLACKBURN
Mogadishu. The fighting.

GRIMES
Serial number?

BLACKBURN
7-2-1-6-3-4-2-7.

GRIMES
(enters the info,
then)
Firstly, it's "The Mog," or simply:
"Mog." No one calls it Mogadishu
here. Secondly, I wouldn't know about
the fighting, so don't ask.

BLACKBURN
Why not?

GRIMES
Didn't I just say "don't ask"?
(takes a drag off
cigarette)
Look kid, you look like you're about
twelve, so let me explain something
to you. I have a rare and mysterious
skill that precludes me from going
on missions.

BLACKBURN
Typing?

GRIMES
(pauses typing)
Can you type?

BLACKBURN
No.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

GRIMES
(immediately resumes
typing)
Date of birth?

BLACKBURN
2-27-75.

Like chiseling into a headstone, Grimes types into the "age" field - 18. Hands young Blackburn his I.D.

BLACKBURN
(affirmatively)
Well I'm here to kick some ass.

18 EXT. DESERT COASTLINE - DAY

18

Hoot smokes a cigar on top of a sand dune as a Black Hawk passes over him. We see that he is holding his mountain bike.

Wolcott lands the Black Hawk Super Six One on the beach, kicks up a storm of sand. Hoot shoulders his bike, hustles into the chopper.

19 INT. BLACK HAWK SUPER SIX ONE - SAME

19

HOOT
(over the ROAR of the
chopper blades)
Nice man, very smooth!

GORDON
(impressed with himself)
Single shot through the engine block!

HOOT
Shit, that's a shame man. That's a
nice jeep.

The Black Hawk lifts off and kicks up a cloud of sand as it flies away.

20 EXT. BEACH FIRING RANGE - DAY

20

A line of Rangers fire M-16s at targets.

A military "Hummer" drives up to the range.

Behind the firing line, Eversmann blows a WHISTLE.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

EVERSMANN
Cease fire, cease fire!
(the shooting stops)
Check your weapons.

Grimes and Blackburn approach from the Hummer.

GRIMES
Sergeant Eversmann!
(as Eversmann turns)
Sarge.

BLACKBURN
Private First Class Blackburn.

EVERSMANN
(blankly)
Yeah?

BLACKBURN
Reporting for duty.

EVERSMANN
Not to me you're not. You're reporting
to Lieutenant Beales. He should be
around here somewhere.

GRIMES
Can I leave him with you?

Grimes just wants to leave. He's got things to do. Eversmann
smirks -- go head, go.

EVERSMANN
Yeah, go ahead.
(to Blackburn)
You brought your weapon?

BLACKBURN
Sergeant. Want me to shoot? I'm
rested.

EVERSMANN
When'd you get in?

BLACKBURN
Just now, Sergeant.

Blackburn looks so young and eager, and already sunburned
down one side of his face from the chopper ride.

21 EXT. HIGH ABOVE MARSHY WETLANDS - DAY

21

A herd of wild boars flees from the chopper.

22 INT. SUPER SIX ONE - SAME 22

Upon sight of the boars Hoot cocks his rifle.

HOOT
Hey, who's hungry?

The other Rangers smirk.

23 EXT. MESS HALL - EVENING 23

Hoot stands before a wild boar on a rotating BBQ spit. Men move along the chow line.

CAPTAIN STEELE, Ranger ground commander, steps up behind Delta Sergeant SANDERSON in line.

STEELE
What is this, Sanderson? Another taxpayer funded Delta safari?

SANDERSON
Not if General Garrison's asking.

STEELE
No, I'm asking.

SANDERSON
Have a nice meal, Captain.

IN THE LINE -- Hoot cuts in front of Blackburn, grabs food.

BLACKBURN
Hey man, there's a line.

HOOT
I know.

BLACKBURN
Well, this isn't the back of it.

HOOT
Man, I know.

STEELE
Sergeant, Sergeant?

Hoot turns to see Steel staring at him.

STEELE
What's going on here?

Sanderson watches them from down the chow line.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

HOOT

Oh, just some aerial target practice sir, didn't want to leave it behind.

STEELE

I'm talking about your weapon. Delta or no Delta, that's a hot weapon. You know better than that. You're safety should be on at all times on base.

HOOT

(shows Steele his
finger)

Well this is my safety, sir.

Hoot walks off with his plate of food. Sanderson stops Steele from going after Hoot.

SANDERSON

Let it go sir, the guy hasn't eaten in a couple of days.

STEELE

You D-boys are a bunch of undisciplined cowboys. Let me tell you something, soldier. When we get on the five yard line, you're gonna need my Rangers. Ya'll better learn to be team players. It's rough out there.

Sanderson walks away as LT. COLONEL MCKNIGHT watches from his table.

24 INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

24

The barracks is divided by the arrangement of the cots. Rangers here, Delta there, relaxing over Risk, Stratego, cribbage, cards, Gameboys. Ping-pong games in the corner. Pilots Durant and Wolcott are continuing their Scrabble game.

PILLA stands before a group of young men as though he's on stage. He imitates Captain Steele, much to the amusement of the men. Pilla tries to hide his thick "Joyzee" accent:

PILLA

Speak up!

(touches his forehead)

You say this is your safety? Well this is my boot son, and it will fit up your ass with the proper amount of force.

Off to the side Eversmann writes a letter.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

RANGER (O.S.)
Is that a Jersey accent?

RANGER 2 (O.S.)
It's Georgia.

PILLA
(to another Ranger)
You'se guys, I'm trying to do this.
Give me a break.
(back in character)
Take those sunglasses off, Soldier.
Delta wants to wear Oakleys, that's
their business, I don't want to see
them on you again, hooah?

Other Rangers laughingly mock his "hooah."

PILLA
Hey, is that a hot weapon?

DELTA SECTION - Gordon plops in a seat opposite Shughart as
Shughart studies a critical move, finger on his bishop.

GORDON
Is that your move?

SHUGHART
My hand on the piece?

GORDON
I mate you in three whatever you do.

SHUGHART
I'd keep my eye on that queen before
counseling with others.

GORDON
Well she's just lying in wait.

NEARBY - WEX, the oldest Delta at 42, sketches on a pad.
Busch leans over to see: a medieval knight dragging an
enormous sword through a dense forest. Beautiful and scary.

BUSCH
Wex. It's good. You're improving.

WEX
(Wex shrugs, it's
okay)
Ah.

BUSCH
If I may make a suggestion,
observation?

(CONTINUED)

WEX

Mmm hmm?

BUSCH

It's a children's book, right?

WEX

Right.

BUSCH

They are not supposed to scare the living shit out of children.

WEX

This is the part of the story where our knight, our warrior is about to slay the one-eyed dragon and that's scary. Besides, my daughter loves this stuff.

BUSCH

I thought you finished that last week. Hmm?

WEX

You done? I had to get a visual.

Across the hangar, Pilla is still doing his impression of Steele for the group.

PILLA

Hey, we are at the ten yard line here men, you understand? Can you count? One, two, ten. Okay? Where are my running backs? Where are my running backs?

The Rangers laugh and respond with emphatic "hooahs". Pilla doesn't notice as Steele enters.

PILLA

Hey, I didn't see you in church on Sunday soldier. Had something more important to do? Not on Sunday you don't. Not anymore. I will make you believe. You understand?

Pilla turns and finds himself face-to-face with Steele himself. Goes ashen. Other Rangers watch to see what happens next. Steele, surprisingly, smiles good-naturedly.

STEELE

That's pretty funny, hooah?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

The Rangers respond with a slight "hooah".

STEELE

See, it's a good impression. I
recognize myself. All right, carry
on.

Even though Steele seems to be taking it well, Pilla isn't
able to relax.

STEELE

A quick word, specials.

Pilla turns around and Steele grabs him in a headlock. The
Rangers laugh. Pilla flips the Rangers off behind his back.

PILLA

Yes, Sir?

STEELE

If I ever see you undermine me again,
you'll be cleaning latrines with
your tongue until you can't taste
the difference between shit and french
fries. Is that clear?

PILLA

Hooah, sir.

STEELE

All right.

The Rangers applaud Pilla as he returns and plops on a couch
between two guys.

ANOTHER CORNER - KURTH, WADDELL, NELSON, and GOODALE talk
around Eversmann, who busies himself with his letter. LT.
BEALES is reading a book on Somalia.

LT. BEALES

Listen to this, if one skinny kills
another skinny, his clan owes the
dead guy's clan a hundred camels. A
hundred camels.

Waddell looks up from his book.

WADDELL

Camels. I wouldn't pay one camel.

GOODALE

Must be a lot of fucking camel debt.
(carves on a piece of
wood)
Is that really true lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

LT. BEALES

Ask Sergeant Eversmann. He likes the
skinnies.

Eversmann finally looks up.

GOODALE

Eversmann, you really like the
skinnies?

EVERSMANN

It's not that I like them or I don't
like them. I respect them.

Kurth leans back in his chair and deals the cards.

KURTH

See, what you guys fail to realize
is, Sergeant here is a bit of an
idealist. Believes in this mission
down to his very bones. Don't you,
Sergeant?

EVERSMANN

Look these people, they have no jobs,
no food, no education, no future. I
just figure that, you know, I mean,
we either, we have two things we can
do, we can either help, or we can
sit back and watch the country destroy
itself on CNN. Right?

KURTH

I don't know about you guys, but I
was trained to fight. Were you trained
to fight, Sergeant?

They wait for an answer. Lt. Beales watches him with bemused
interest. Eversmann chooses his words carefully.

EVERSMANN

Well, I think I was trained to make
a difference, Kurth.

Kurth starts laughing.

LT. BEALES

Like the man said, he's an idealist.
(he looks at the TV)
Oh wait, this is my favorite part.

ON SCREEN - A sniper fires at Steve Martin, who ducks for
cover in the gas station.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (5)

24

Everyone cracks up, but no one as hard as Beales. Beales is literally falling off his chair. It takes a moment for the others to realize he isn't laughing; he's choking on his tongue, having a seizure.

A Ranger hurries to his side, waves the others back.

RANGER

No-no-no! Stay back, stay back!

Eversmann stands, moves closer for a better look. The Ranger cradles Beales.

RANGER

John, John, it's okay. John, John,
John, it's okay.

25 EXT. MOSQUE - MOGADISHU - DAWN

25

A speaker high atop a mosque calls out a morning prayer.

SUPER

5:45 AM - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3

26 EXT. BEACH - DAWN

26

A young Somali wearing a baseball cap backwards is on his knees, praying on the deserted beach in front of the old city. Then shoulders his rifle and gathers his things to go.

27 EXT. INFIRMARY - MORNING

27

Eversmann waits outside the tent as Steele approaches.

STEELE

Well, he'll be fine, but not in this
army. He's out of the game. He's
epileptic, going home.

(walks past Eversmann,
turns back)

I'm putting you in charge of his
chalk.

(off Eversmann's
reaction)

You got a problem with that?

EVERSMANN

No, sir.

STEELE

Now it's a big responsibility. Your
men are going to look to you to make
the right decisions. Their lives
depend on it.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

That's great. That makes Eversmann feel more anxious about it.

STEELE

All right.

EVERSMANN

Rangers are the way, Sir.

STEELE

All the way. Good luck, son.

Steele walks away. Eversmann turns back to the Infirmary tent, enters and waves to Beales, considering the enormity of the duty he's just been given.

28 EXT. BAKARA MARKET - DAY

28

SUPER: HALWADIG ROAD - BAKARA MARKET AIDID'S MILITIA STRONGHOLD

Cacophony of noise and voices. The crowded outdoor Bakara Market is in the center of the city.

The young baseball cap wearing Somali (TYE-DIE) we saw praying on the beach now stands before a merchant who wants to sell him a machine gun, demonstrating by firing into the air. No one even looks over.

"Tie-Dye" appears to be more interested in a group of militiamen talking above the stall's belts of ammunition, up on the balcony.

A door opens behind them and two of Aidid's Lieutenants emerge. The armed militiamen get up and escort the pair past Tie-Dye without a look or word of acknowledgement except the last of them, who gives the subtlest of gestures - an almost imperceptible nod.

GARRISON (V.O.)

A long-anticipated meeting of Aidid's senior cabinet may take place today at fifteen hundred hours.

29 INT. MESH TENT - DAY

29

Garrison briefs Delta, Black Hawk pilots, and four Ranger chalk leaders, including Eversmann. McKnight, Steele, Cribbs, Matthews and Harrell are in front, the rest behind.

(CONTINUED)

GARRISON

And I say may, because we all know by now, with the intel we get on the street, nothing is certain. This is actual intel, confirmed by three sources. Two tier one personalities may be present.

(points to two enlarged photos)

Omar Salad, Aidid's top political advisor; and Abdi Hassan Awale, interior minister. These are the guys we're after.

Delta let the photos burn into their retinas. Garrison looks at Captain Steele.

GARRISON

Today we go. Same mission template as before.

Garrison's hand moves past an overhead map of Mogadishu, points to another map: the outline of a general "target building." Two building entrances are marked "D" for Delta. The men take notes as they listen.

GARRISON

15:45, Assault Force Delta will infiltrate the target building and seize all suspects within. Security Force: Rangers. Four Ranger chalks under the command of Captain Steele will rope in at 15:46...

(points to four corners on map)

...and hold a four-corner perimeter around the target building. No one gets in or out.

(as McKnight looks on)

Extraction Force: Lt. Colonel McKnight's Humvee column will drive into the city at 15:47

On Halwadiig Road and hold just short of the Olympic Hotel, here --

(points to the map)

Wait for the green light. Now once Delta gives the word, McKnight's column will move to the target building and load the prisoners on flatbed trucks. Immediately after the prisoners are loaded, the four Ranger Chalks will collapse back to the target building, load up on Humvees, and the entire ground force will exfil the three miles back to base. Mission time from incursion to extraction: no longer than 30 minutes.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Garrison, still standing before them, lets this sink in.

GARRISON

Now, I had requested light armor and AC-130 Spectre Gunships, but Washington, in all it's wisdom, decided against this. Too high-profile. Black Hawks and Little Birds will provide the air cover with miniguns and 275 rockets. Colonel Harrell?

Garrison sits as he glances over at COLONEL HARRELL.

HARRELL

In the C 2 Bird: Colonel Matthews will coordinate the air mission, and I will coordinate ground forces. Colonel Matthews?

COLONEL MATTHEWS, early forties, speaks up.

MATTHEWS

Mission launch codeword is Irene. Questions?

HOOT

Which building is it, sir?

GARRISON

Exactly which building we're confirming right now. Somewhere around the Bakara Market.

Garrison regards Hoot's reaction, then the others.

GARRISON

(primarily to Hoot)

I don't choose the time or place of their meetings.

HOOT

I didn't say a word, Sir.

There is an unspoken unease in the room.

GARRISON

We're going into the hornet's nest today. You give them time to react and they'll swarm. Make no mistake. Once you're in the Bakara Market, you're in an entirely hostile district. Don't underestimate their capabilities.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

Eversmann swallows, checks the others' reactions.

GARRISON

Now we'll be going through friendly neighborhoods before we hit the market. So remember the "Rules of Engagement": no one fires unless fired upon. So let's go get this thing done. Good luck, gentlemen.

30 EXT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

30

The group files out. McKnight, the most obviously concerned of them, lights a cigarette and slaps closed his Zippo lighter. Eversmann watches from inside the tent as Colonels Matthews and Harrell walk up to McKnight.

MATTHEWS

What's the matter, Danny, something you don't like?

MCKNIGHT

(as if it's nothing)

No Spectre gunships, daylight instead of night, late afternoon when they're all fucked up on khat, only part of the city Aidid can mount a serious counter-attack on short notice, what's not to like?

HARRELL

Life's imperfect.

MCKNIGHT

Yeah, for you two, circling above it at 500 feet, it's imperfect. Down in the street, it's unforgiving.

Eversmann continues to watch from inside the tent. He heard it all.

31 EXT. MOGADISHU - DAY

31

An alley. Tie-Dye rips lengths of black duct tape and presses them to the roof of his battered car in the shape of an X.

32 EXT. BASE - DAY

32

Smith plays basketball as Eversmann works at a desk.

EVERSMANN

What the fuck, Smith?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SMITH

Well?

EVERSMANN

Well, what?

SMITH

We going?

EVERSMANN

Why should I tell you that?

SMITH

Because I'm me.

EVERSMANN

Three o'clock. Downtown. Bakara market.

SMITH

Alright.

EVERSMANN

Listen, Smith. I need you to back me up out there today, all right? Keep sharp.

SMITH

Yes sir, Sergeant Eversmann.

EVERSMANN

All right.

SMITH

Ev?

(hot-Dogs with the
basketball)

It's gonna be nothing man. Nothing.

Smith runs off in to the hangar bouncing the basketball.

33 INT. BASE OFFICE - DAY

33

At a filing cabinet, Grimes carefully pushes the plunger down on the coffee grounds in the coffee pot. He speaks over his shoulder to the only other person in the cluttered office -- Sizemore.

GRIMES

It's all in the grind, Sizemore.
Can't be too fine, can't be too
coarse. This my friend is a science.

Turns, holding the coffee pot.

(CONTINUED)

GRIMES

I mean - you're looking at the guy that believed the commercials, you know? About be all you can be. I made coffee through Desert Storm. I made coffee through Panama, while everyone else got to fight, got to be a Ranger.

As Grimes blathers, Sizemore reaches for a letter opener, shoves it down his still-drying cast and scratches away.

GRIMES

Now it's Grimesy, black, one sugar. Or Grimesy, got a powdered anywhere?

Adds just the right amount of sugars. Grimes finally turns and approaches Sizemore, sitting at a desk, trying to itch under the still-wet cast. Hands Sizemore the mug.

GRIMES

What happened to you?

SIZEMORE

Ping-pong accident.

GRIMES

What?

SIZEMORE

So guess what? Your wish has been granted. You're going out today.

GRIMES

You're fuckin' me.

SIZEMORE

You're taking my place assisting the sixty gunner. Sergeant Eversmann said to get your stuff and get ready.

Now Grimes is speechless. Sizemore relishes the moment.

SIZEMORE

It's what you wanted, isn't it?

GRIMES

(gripping his coffee)
Oh yeah. Hell, yeah.

Grimes is apoplectic. His eyes glaze over with a thousand-yard stare. It's exactly what he wanted, but now that it's come to him, he's not at all sure it's what he really wants.

34 INT. HANGAR - DAY

34

Delta and Rangers, in their respective areas, prepare in their own ways, gathering equipment they think they'll need, leaving behind what they don't.

Eversmann calls out to Grimes.

EVERSMANN

Grimsey! I want you to stick with Waddell and give him ammo when he needs it. Hooah?

GRIMES

(softly)
Hooah.

WADDELL

I wouldn't worry 'bout that. Generally speaking, Somalis can't shoot for shit.

GALENTINE

Don't worry about it. Just watch out for the Sammies throwing the fucking rocks and you'll be fine. Might even be fun.

The other guys snicker at this.

KURTH

You boys do their thing now. What we gotta do is cover them, choppers gonna cover us. And we'll be all right.

EVERSMANN

Look you guys, I know this is my first time as ah, Chalk leader... But ah, this is serious. We're Rangers, not some sorry ass J.R.O.T.C. We're elite. Let's act like it out there. Hooah?

The guys all "hooah".

EVERSMANN

Any questions? We're gonna be okay. All right, grab your gear. Let's move out.

A few guys "hooah" again, disperse. Eversmann exhales heavily.

INTERCUT, Delta, methodical and precise, no talk: Hoot taping the pins of grenades. Grimes starts to fill a canteen.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NELSON

You're not going to need that, dude,
we're not out there long enough.

Grimes sets it back. Sees YUREK reach for a NOD - Night
Observation Device - and reaches for one himself.

TWOMBLY

Hey, you're not going to need that
either, we're back before dark. You
might as well take dope and beer
instead.

Grimes just stares. Twombly, of course, is kidding.

GRIMES

What?

TWOMBLY

Ammo, dude. Take ammo.

Yurek puts the NODs back. Grimes sees Joyce removing the
rear panel of his Kevlar vest. Joyce notices Grimes watching.

JOYCE

Let me tell you something Grimes.
You've got about fifty pounds of
gear as it is, you don't need another
twelve. I don't know about you but,
I'm not planning on getting shot in
the back running away.

GRIMES

Well I better keep mine in.

EVERSMANN

Hey, Grimes? The most important thing?
Just remember when everybody else is
shooting, shoot in the same direction.
All right.

INTERCUT: Eversmann considers Blackburn, who appears more
fidgety than before.

As Joyce's putting on his armor, he watches Wex across the
hangar tearing off pieces of masking tape and writing
something on them with a Sharpie. Sticks them to his boots.

JOYCE

Look at this guy, Lo. Taping his
blood type to his boots. It's bad
luck.

RUIZ

No it's smart.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SGT. LORENZO RUIZ pulls out an already addressed and sealed envelope, regards it.

RUIZ
All Delta do that.

JOYCE
(re: the letter)
That's bad luck too, man. Come on,
let's go.

Ruiz holds the letter. Joyce gets up and walks past him.
Ruiz turns to a glum Sizemore.

RUIZ
It's a good thing you're right handed,
Adonis.
(mimes like he's
jacking off)
If not, I don't know what you'd do.

SIZEMORE
You're a funny guy, man.

Ruiz proffers the letter to Sizemore.

SIZEMORE
I'm not taking no death letter.

RUIZ
(shoves it in his
hand)
We have a deal.

SIZEMORE
I'll give it back to you in an hour.

35 INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUED - DAY

35

EVERSMANN
You okay?

BLACKBURN
Excited. In a good way. I've been
training my whole life for this.

EVERSMANN
You ever shot at anybody before?

BLACKBURN
No, Sargent.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

EVERSMANN
Me neither.

Eversmann pats Blackburn on the shoulder.

36 EXT. MOGADISHU - DAY 36

SUPER
2:29 PM A Black Hawk hovers over Tie-
Dye's battered car.

37 INT. TIE-DYE'S CAR MOVING - DAY 37

Tie-Dye drives along the streets, deeper into the city than
the U.N. ever goes.

38 EXT. HIGH ABOVE MOGADISHU - SAME 38

A Black Hawk hovers high above the car, following.

39 INT. JOC - SAME 39

SUPER: J.O.C. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER

Garrison and Cribbs watch the image from the C2 chopper, and
HEAR the annoying music over the command net.

CRIBBS
Think he's reliable?

GARRISON
Well, we'll see. It's his first time
out.

40 INT. TIE-DYE'S CAR MOVING - DAY 40

Local pop music jangles on the radio as Tie-Dye drives. He
drips with sweat.

41 INT. JOC - SAME 41

GARRISON
Tell him to turn his damn radio off.

RADIOMAN (O.S.)
Yes, sir. Tell him to turn his radio
off.

42 INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME 42

HARRELL
Abdu, you need to turn your radio
off.

43 INT. TIE-DYE'S CAR MOVING - DAY 43

Tie-Dye follows the order, switches the radio off.

44 INT. KITCHEN - U.S./TIME DIFFERENCE - DAY 44

The machine sitting on a counter next to a refrigerator covered with snapshots and reminder notes. A dog listens to the outgoing message:

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hi, mommy and daddy aren't home.
Leave me a message.

SHUGHART (V.O.)
Hey baby, it's me, you there? Pick
up if you're there.

45 INT. THE HANGAR - DAY 45

Shughart is on a satellite phone, huddled against a wall.

SHUGHART
I'm just calling to check up on you
and make sure everything's all right.
I'll call in a couple of hours. You
better not be sleeping.

Gordon moves a chess piece, then passes Shughart still on the phone.

GORDON
You're move, Randy.

46 INT. KITCHEN - U.S./TIME DIFFERENCE - NIGHT 46

SHUGHART
I'm missing you. I love you, baby.

The call disconnects.

SHUGHART'S WIFE
Hello, hello?

47 EXT. BARRACKS BUILDING - DAY 47

Eversmann leans against a wall next to Hoot. Silence between them, Eversmann looks off.

EVERSMANN
You know, it's kinda funny. Beautiful
beach, beautiful sun... it'd almost
be a good place to visit.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

HOOT

Almost.

EVERSMANN

(off Hoot's tone)

You don't think we should be here.

HOOT

Know what I think? Don't really matter
what I think. Once that first bullet
goes past your head -- politics, and
all that shit -- just goes right out
the window.

EVERSMANN

I just wanna do it right today.

HOOT

Just watch your corner...get all
your men back here alive.

Eversmann turns to Hoot, grave.

48 EXT. MOGADISHU - DAY

48

Tie-Dye's car moves deeper into the city.

49 INT. JOC - SAME

49

An overhead image of Tie-Dye's car and surrounding streets.

GARRISON

Is this supposed to be the place or
did his car just take a dump?

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (O.S.)

Avi come in.

50 INT. OBSERVATION BIRD

50

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

Avi, can you hear me? Is this the
place?

51 INT. TIE-DYE'S CAR

51

Tie-Dye sits and stares at the people in the street.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)

Avi, come in? Avi, can you hear me,
is this the place?

TIE-DYE

To my right hand side, above the
cafe.

52 INT. JOC - SAME 52

MATTHEWS
Sir, he says this is the building.

CRIBBS
He's certain?

Garrison looks at the overhead images.

53 INT. OBSERVATION BIRD - CONTINUED 53

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
Avi, you need to be sure. Are you
sure?

54 INT. TIE-DYE'S CAR - CONTINUED 54

TIE-DYE
Well, it's down the road two blocks
around my left.

55 INT./EXT. OBSERVATION BIRD - CONTINUED 55

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
Now he's saying the building's
actually a couple blocks down, but
if he's seen outside it he'll be
shot.

56 INT. JOC - CONTINUED 56

GARRISON
I'll fuckin' shoot him myself a couple
of blocks down. Tell him I want his
skinny ass parked in front of the
damn building. He's not getting paid
until he does exactly that.

57 EXT. BASE - DAY 57

McKnight addresses his men.

MCKNIGHT
It's three miles to the target area.
We're never off the main roads.

In the background, soldiers move and prepare MH-6 Little
Birds.

MCKNIGHT
At the K-4 traffic circle we turn
north, then east on National. We
wait 'til Delta's finished, here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MCKNIGHT (CONT'D)
Then we roll up in force on Halwadig.
We load the prisoners and then the
assault and blocking forces, and
bring 'em back. Home in an hour.
Okay?

McKnight looks at Pilla, Othic, other gunners.

MCKNIGHT
Now there will be some shooting.
Bakara Market is the Wild West. But
be careful what you shoot at because
people do live there. Hooah.

Several "hooah" in response as McKnight and the rest up and leave.

58 EXT. MOGADISHU - DAY

58

Tie-Dye's car moves through the streets.

59 INT. JOC - CONTINUED - DAY

59

The overhead image of Tie-Dye's car on a screen.

GARRISON
The last one of these guys shot
himself in the head playing Russian
Roulette in a bar.

60 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD - DAY

60

Tie-Dye's car rattles up to a three-story building. Stops.

61 INT. JOC - CONTINUED

61

The overhead image on a screen.

RADIOMAN (O.S.)
Sir, the vehicle stopped.

GARRISON
So this is the real deal now? He's
sure this time?

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
He sounds scared shitless.

GARRISON
Good. That's always a good sign.

62 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD - CONTINUED

62

Tie-Dye exits the car, opens the hood. Fans the steaming
radiator fumes.

63 INT. JOC - CONTINUED

63

The overhead image on a screen.

GARRISON
(turning to leave)
Alright, all QRF out of the airspace.

CRIBBS
All QRF out of the airspace.

64 INT. MATTHEW'S C2 BLACK HAWK - DAY

64

Colonel Matthews speaks into his headset:

MATTHEWS
All units, Irene. I say again, Irene.

INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONT.

Wolcott and his copilot make sure things are in order.

WOLCOTT
(into his headset)
Irene!

65 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

65

Durant smiles, speaks into his headset.

DURANT
Fuckin' Irene!

66 EXT. TARMAC - DAY

66

Rangers deploy across the tarmac to their respective choppers.

Garrison has come out to wish the men well, moving past the open doors of Eversmann's Black Hawk, shouting over the noise.

GARRISON
Good luck boys... be careful... no
one gets left behind.

He gives the thumbs up and leaves. Blackburn and Grimes notice Eversmann still looking after the general with some concern.

BLACKBURN & GRIMES
(almost together)
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

EVERSMANN

Nothing. He's just never done that before.

GRIMES

Ah, fuck!

GETTING INTO A TRUCK - MCKNIGHT

MCKNIGHT

Let's go!

McKnight's Humvee column rumbles away from the tarmac.

IN SUPER SIX ONE - Elvis Wolcott flashes a satisfied grin at the sound of the code word. He lifts tip on the controls as - - THE ARMADA ascends, deafening. Little Birds whirl skyward, Delta carried aloft outside the choppers, the ultimate thrill ride. Black Hawks rise from the earth in tight formation.

67 INT. PRISON ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

67

The dark, barely-furnished room from before. Alone in it, Atto watches a glass rattle across the table from the thunder of the helicopters taking off outside.

68 EXT. SOMALIA COAST NEAR BASE - DAY

68

Just outside the base, against barren terrain near the coast, a kid wearing a BeeGees t-shirt and flip-flops tends a small fire.

As the helicopters continue to rise, the boy finds a cell phone in his pants pocket and makes a call.

69 EXT. ROOFTOP/STREET - MOGADISHU - DAY

69

Another kid with a cell phone hurries across a rooftop. He shouts down --

SOMALI KID

Mo'Alim!

The kid drops the phone. It falls into a waiting pair of hands of an Aidid militia man. He carries the phone in to MO'ALIM, an Aidid lieutenant, sprawled out asleep on a bed.

MILITIA MAN

Mo'Alim!

The Militia Man wakes Mo'Alim up with the phone. Mo'Alim puts the phone to his ear and hears a Doppler-thunder of helicopters --

70 EXT. SOMALIA COAST BY EAST - CONTINUED - DAY 70

The first boy is holding the phone up like a badge as the helicopters thunder over him.

71 INT. MARKET - DAY 71

Mo'Alim and his militia arm themselves. Men shout and pass off guns to more men.

72 INT./EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK / MOGADISHU - DAY 72

Black Hawks move low and fast, following the Humvee caravan along a road. Then parallel to the shore over the running breakers.

INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONT.

EVERSMANN

Grimsey!

Eversmann taps his helmet and throws a pen to Grimes. Grimes writes his name on his helmet.

WOLCOTT

Two minutes!

Eversmann holds up two fingers.

EVERSMANN

Two minutes.

73 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - DAY 73

Tie-Dye stands waiting outside his car.

The militia barricade the streets and start burning tires. Mo'Alim rides forward on a convoy.

INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONT.

BELOW - black smoke from piles of burning tires rises into the sky as--

GRIMES

(shouts in Nelson's
ear)

Why are they burning tires?

WADDELL

Signals, to the militia!

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

INT. JOC -
Garrison watches the overhead image.

74 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONTINUED 74

Briley holds up one finger and mouths one minute.

WOLCOTT
One minute.

EVERSMANN
One minute!

Waddell dog-ears a page of his book. Eversmann's chalk prepares to go in.

Blackburn sees Nelson putting in a football mouth guard.

BLACKBURN
What's that for?

NELSON
Last rope, I almost bit my tongue off!

Nelson smiles back at him, black plastic over his teeth.

75 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - DAY 75

The Humvee convoy rolls in as people run through the streets.

76 EXT./INT. CAR - HALWADIG ROAD - DAY 76

Tie-Dye sits in his car and waits for the Black Hawks to land. Militia run through the streets, firing sporadically.

SUPER
3:42 PM

Little Birds land in the street. One of the Little Birds streaks in and lands on the roof of the building. Hoot's and the other two descend lower, onto the street, the rotors just missing the walls of the building. A dust cloud envelopes them all. Rangers deploy on the street and the Little Birds swiftly take off.

Rangers move low and fast, storm into buildings in tactical formations. Fire and kill militiamen.

Tie-Dye pulls away as a Black Hawk approaches the building through the smoke. Ropes drop from some helicopters.

77 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

77

Through the cockpit, Eversmann sees nothing below but a massive swirling cloud of dust. Speaks into his headset mic:

EVERSMANN

Ropes!

FAST ROPES are kicked out the chopper door, snaking down into the dust cloud as Eversmann's men prepare to go in. He SHOUTS:

EVERSMANN

GO! GO! GO!

Kurth, Goodale, Doc Schmid all start roping down. Bullets are already PINGING off the belly of the Black Hawk.

78 INT. JOC - SAME

78

Garrison watches the overhead image.

79 INT./EXT. - TARGET BUILDING - DAY

79

Delta come through the dust and smoke of flashbangs like apparitions. Hoot, Wex and other Delta burst into a room, see ten Somalia trying to find another escape route. Better dressed than most Somalis, this group carries file folders, maps, charts, scattered on a table, and AK-47s. Bingo.

HOOT

Down, get down! DOWN! DOWN! DO IT
NOW! NOW! NOW!

Somalis hit the deck, foot in the back for their troubles if they don't do it fast enough. Surrendered weapons clatter to the floor.

80 ON THE STREET

80

McKnight, now out of his Humvee, peeks calmly around the corner of a building.

81 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

81

SPEAKS INTO HIS HEADSET MIC:

EVERSMANN

Let's go, let's go!

The remaining men start roping down. Grimes swallows hard. He's next. Crew Chief DOWDY shouts to him:

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

DOWDY

No fear!

GRIMES

Oh yeah, right.

With that, Grimes disappears; down the rope sliding into the dust and into the gunfire.

82 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD - DAY

82

McKnight's convoy reaches its waiting position just off Halwadig. Pilla, in his turret, hears shots, sees bullets spark off the side of the Humvee.

PILLA

Colonel, they're shooting at us!

Colonel, they're shooting at us!

MCKNIGHT

Well shoot back!

A hail of gunfire erupts and Pilla swings the fifty turret. Sights a technical racing toward him. He FIRES on it.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)

Super Six Five leaving, going in to holding pattern.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

Super Six Two, come in. Take up perimeter pattern

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

Roger that.

IN THE CHOPPER - still in silence, Blackburn remains.

EVERSMANN

Go Blackburn, go! Go Blackburn!

Just as he says this, Eversmann sees an RPG streaking up at them.

EVERSMANN

(to Pilot)

RPG!

(to Blackburn)

Hold on!

The Black Hawk ROCKS to avoid the rocket.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

--BLACKBURN reaches for the rope, sees it swing away and out of the grasp of his gloved hands, EVERSMANN stares as the kid FREE FALLS, disappearing into the swirling dust cloud.

Horrified, Eversmann dives out after him, grabbing onto the rope.

EVERSMANN

No!

83 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - SAME

83

Eversmann fast-ropes through the cloud for what seems to him forever. Finally, his feet touch down. He scrambles to Blackburn -- having fallen 40 feet to the dirt street.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

D-2, we got a man fallen.

OPERATOR

Six Four, you're a sitting duck there.
Get out and take cover pattern.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

Roger that. Six one leaving.

The Black Hawk starts away.

84 ON THE GROUND

84

Eversmann checks Blackburn who lies still. He and Blackburn are alone in the middle of the street. Over the sharp crackle of gunfire --

EVERSMANN

Doc! Doc Schmid!

Schmid, the medic who benched Sizemore, suddenly appears with his kit from behind Eversmann, startling him.

SCHMID

Where's he hit?

EVERSMANN

He's not. He fell.

SCHMID

What?

EVERSMANN

He fell!

85 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - DAY

85

Grimes dives on his belly, bullets hissing through the air around him. Waddell is sighting with the SAW, but not firing at a group of fleeting figures down the block.

GRIMES

Why aren't you shooting?

WADDELL

We're not being shot at yet.

GRIMES

How can you tell?

WADDELL

A hiss means it's close. A snap...

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

WADDELL

Now they're shooting at us!

Waddell levels withering fire down the street. The fleeting figures scatter.

Grimes sees figures with weapons firing at him a block away. He levels his gun and SHOTS! He's shooting at the enemy!

86 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - DAY

86

Eversmann, in the middle of it with Blackburn, yells across to his radio man, Galentine. Waves him over.

EVERSMANN

Galentine! Get me Captain Steele!
Get me Captain Steele!

GALENTINE

Uniform Six Four, this is Uniform
Two Five, come in, over. Uniform Six
Five, this is Uniform Two Five Two.

Schmid moves Blackburn's head -- blood seeping from his nose and ears.

GALENTINE

I can't get him!

Galentine doesn't know why. Something wrong with the radio maybe. Eversmann unholsters his walkie-talkie, and as he shouts into it, he can SEE Delta spilling from the first building out into the street.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

EVERSMANN
Juliet Six Four, this is Chalk Four.
We got a man down! We gotta get him
out of here. Over!

EXT. INTERCUT - STEELE'S CHALK ONE - CONT.

Steele's men are fanned cut, taking random gunfire. Steele sees the Delta, running down the block toward him and into a different building. Eversmann's voice squawks on the walkie.

STEELE
Six four, say again, two five, over!

EVERSMANN (V.O.)
He's hurt. He fell. Over.

STEELE
Take a breath Two Five and calm down!
Over!

EVERSMANN
Man down!

STEELE
Missed your last response, again?

87 INT. JOC - SAME

87

Garrison sits down and watches the overhead image. He rubs his temples.

88 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - SAME

88

Schmid shouts out to anyone.

SCHMID
Get me a stretcher!

Two men unfold a collapsible litter from a medic pack. They gingerly place Blackburn on it.

EVERSMANN
Go!

SCHMID
Okay, go!

They run through a hail of gun fire.

89 INT. TARGET BUILDING - DAY 89

Delta has moved the prisoners out on to the balcony. They kneel facing the wall.

HOOT

Secure.

SANDERSON

Let's move out!

HOOT

Let's go, let's go!

90 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD 90

Schmid and his team carry Blackburn on the stretcher.

91 INT. TARGET BUILDING - DAY 91

Delta has marched the prisoners into an inner courtyard. Everyone waiting.

Hoot speaks into a walkie talkie --

HOOT

K.O. Six Four, green light.

92 INT. JOC - DAY 92

Garrison sits at the panel of screens.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)

Ready for extraction, over.

GARRISON

That's it. We're done.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)

Roger that Kilo One One, we'll relay.

Uniform Six Four, ready for extraction.

93 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD/HUMVEE SQUAD - DAY 93

McKnight shouts as he leaps into the Humvee:

MCKNIGHT

Roger that. There's the call! Let's move out! Let's move out!

STRUECKER

Hold on!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

The Humvee squad rumbles around the corner, rolls down the line.

McKnight leads them to a Humvee, starts passing Blackburn inside to a waiting Delta medic.

EXT. HALWADIG ROAD - CONT.

Gunfire from rooftops across the street force Delta to bring out prisoners in contained groups of three. Other Delta return fire, driving back snipers. As soon as one disappears, another sniper pops up.

MCKNIGHT

How much time do you need?

SANDERSON

Five minutes, Sir!

MCKNIGHT

What?

SANDERSON

Five minutes!

MCKNIGHT

You've only got five minutes!

McKnight turns around and walks over to Schmid.

MCKNIGHT

What happened to him?

SCHMID

He fell, missed the rope.

MCKNIGHT

How'd he do that?

(off Schmid's shrug)

Put him in that op!

Hoot comes back out of the target courtyard with Sanderson. They move the Somali prisoners out.

HOOT

Let's go, let's go. Come on, let's move!

Blackburn is loaded in to a Humvee.

GRIMES has been engrossed in watching them load prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

When he turns around he sees Schmid, Smith and Waddell WAY THE HELL up the street, running back toward Chalk 4. He can see them taking fire as they run, moving from cover to cover.

ON GRIMES - oh shit. He starts charging after them. Barely gets three feet when a rocket explodes near him, causing him to tumble. Turns and charges back to Chalk One and safety.

94 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - DAY

94

Schmid, Smith and Waddell come charging up, take cover, out of breath from the long, dangerous run.

The rest of the chalk are spread out, returning fire.

Eversmann hears an approaching Little Bird and glances up.

As it thunders over him, hot casings splash down like rain, burning him.

EVERSMANN

Oh, fuck!

Eversmann pulls a casing out of his flack jacket.

95 INT. TARGET BUILDING - DAY

95

Hoot marches more prisoners out.

Two Somali boys stare at them from the corner like they're a circus attraction.

HOOT

Let's go, right here! Come on!

MCKNIGHT

(calls out)

Struecker!

(grabs a radio)

Formula C-4, I need to send out a three Humvee with a critical casualty, he looks real bad. I need to evac now!

96 INT. BLACK HAWK - SAME

96

HARRELL

Roger that, Uniform Six Four. We'll shot a team of gunships to you, over.

INT. TARGET BUILDING - CONT.

MCKNIGHT

Roger that.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

McKnight grabs Sanderson.

MCKNIGHT

I need extra security on these
Humvees.

Hoot motions for his team. Says to McKnight:

HOOT

I'll go! I'll take my team, make
sure they get back okay.

SANDERSON

(nods)

Sure.

MCKNIGHT

Struecker, you're lead Humvee!

SERGEANT STRUECKER, Iowa farm boy, born-again Christian and
model Ranger jumps up.

STRUECKER

Hooah!

EXT. TARGET BUILDING - CONT.

Struecker is behind the wheel of a Humvee, Blackburn in back,
Medic tending to him. Hoot and his team jumps in the Humvees,
Hoot riding shotgun next to Struecker.

Struecker hits the gas. The three Humvees take off.

97 INT/EXT. THE STRUECKER/BLACKBURN CONVOY - DAY

97

Snipers on the rooftops fire. A hail of shots hits the trucks
like a cadence of drums.

From the Humvees the turret men return fire. Pilla blasts
away with his. 50, covering their asses.

MCKNIGHT

How're things going? Are things okay
there, Struecker?

STRUECKER

I don't want to talk about it now,
Colonel.

MCKNIGHT

Anyone hit?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Struecker and Hoot see a roadblock. Turns onto another street to avoid it - two other Humvees following - and finds himself in a killing zone. Complete chaos.

In the turret, Pilla continues to fire. On the street, a Militia Man spin out from behind a corner and shoots Pilla in the head.

Suddenly the view swings straight up as he's hit in the head, flops down into the Humvee, onto a stunned Ranger - Thomas.

Struecker turns in his seat, sees Pilla bleeding on Thomas, who is hysterical.

THOMAS

Christ, he's fucked up!

HOOT

He's dead.

CUT BETWEEN CITY CENTER AND HUMVEE

MCKNIGHT

(into radio)

Struecker, talk to me!

STRUECKER

(long pause, then)

It's Sergeant Pilla.

MCKNIGHT

What's his status? What's his status?

Hoot turns around in the Humvee, instantly assesses:

HOOT

He's dead.

STRUECKER

He's dead. He's dead.

McKnight and Steele both look stunned. Someone dead? That just doesn't happen here.

98 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

98

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT

The casualties aren't gonna make it.

99 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

99

Garrison glances down briefly, then back up, JOC silent.

100 INT. STRUECKER'S HUMVEE - CONTINUED 100

A stunned hush -- static -- from the speaker.

Then bullets hammer the outside of the truck --

STRUECKER
Someone get on that .50!

Hoot is already climbing up into the turret.

HOOT
It's mine.

OUTSIDE - Hoot sights a line of Somali gunmen up ahead and on building tops. Hoot lets loose with a cruel sweep of the .50 caliber.

Huge slugs blast into the masonry -- dust and stone mixing with crimson splatters of blood.

101 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 101

Wolcott flies above the city.

102 EXT. MOGADISHU STREET - SAME TIME 102

Mo'Alim drives a technical in reverse down a tight street, keeping pace with Wolcott's circling Black Hawk.

Mo'Alim SLAMS the brakes and three Somalia jump out with RPG tubes. Mo'Alim leaps off the vehicle. His men with the RPGs await his signal. As the chopper turns in the sky --

103 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 103

Busch, Delta sniper, speaks into his headset --

BUSCH
I got three guys with RPGs coming up
on your side now!

104 EXT. MOGADISHU STREET - SAME TIME 104

Mo'Alim shouts, his hand drops, and his men FIRE. WHOOOSH!

105 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 105

Before Wolcott can react an RPG BOOMS into the tail rotor. Busch's feet shoot out the cargo door.

WOLCOTT
All right, we got a hit! Stay with
it!

106 INT. JOC - SAME TIME 106

Garrison watches the drifting Black Hawk on a screen.

RADIOMAN (V.O.)
Going down, he's hit, he's hit!

107 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS 107

Wolcott and copilot Briley are the picture of calm as gauges go blank and the helicopter begins to spin.

WOLCOTT
Hey, Bull, you wanna pull those PCLs
offline or what?

Briley, already struggling to pull the levers, returns Wolcott's grin.

BRILEY
Roger, they're off, Elvis.

WOLCOTT
(remarkably calm)
Six one going down...

FROM EVERYONE'S POSITIONS ON THE GROUND:

Eversmann, McKnight, Steele and others watch from their vantage points as Super Six One drifts away from their fields of view --

108 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS 108

Bush grips a metal bar with one hand, chopper's spin INTENSIFYING.

WOLCOTT
Six One going down. Hold on!

109 EXT. CRASH SITE 1 - SAME TIME 109

IMPACT! The Black Hawk explodes into an enormous concrete fountain, flips sideways, slams onto the road, nose burrowing into the dirt, control panel crumpling, glass shattering inward -- Wolcott and Briley killed instantly. Everything enveloped in dust.

Somalis run away in every direction.

110 INT. JOC - DAY 110

Garrison looks at the screen. Frantic voices on the command net echo in the room:

VOICES (V.O.)

We got a Black Hawk Down! We got a
Black Hawk Down! We got a Black Hawk
Down!

111 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 111

HARRELL

Super Six one is down! We got a bird
down in the city!

112 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 112

Durant scans the horizon.

VOICES (V.O.)

We got a Black Hawk Down! We got a
Black Hawk Down!

FLASH - to Atto in his cell, sitting perfectly still, cigar smoke swirling around his head. It's as if he knows what's happened...

113 INT. JOC - DAY 113

ON SCREEN - the crash.

GARRISON

(into headset)

Get an MH-6 on-site, check for
survivors. Send in the SAR bird. I
want ground forces to move and secure
a new perimeter around that crash
site. Can you guide the convoy in
there?

HARRELL (V.O.)

Ah, Roger that.

GARRISON

Well, move quick. The whole damn
city will be coming down on top of
them.

Harrell begins relaying the instructions down the chain to the pilots.

114 EXT. CHALK ONE, HALWADIG ROAD - LATER 114

STEEL

Two Five, this is Six Four, over?

115 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - SAME TIME 115

Eversmann trying to find out what they're supposed to do now.

EVERSMANN
This is Two Five, over.

116 EXT. CHALK ONE, HALWADIG ROAD - CONT. 116

STEELE
Two Five, Chalk Four is closest to the crash site, over?

117 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER - CONT. 117

EVERSMANN
Six Four. I can't see the crash site. Over.

118 EXT. CHALK ONE, HALWADIG ROAD - CONT. 118

Steele is trying to communicate with Eversmann on the radio.

STEELE
Two Five, it's too East of you. You won't find it. At least secure the area. Repeat, move your chalk on foot to crash. Check for survivors, secure the area. All other chalks will follow, over?
(nothing but static)
Two Five, you read me, over?

119 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER 119

Eversmann can't take it any longer. Signals to his men.

EVERSMANN
Goucher, Strick. Get Twombly! Hey, there's a Black Hawk down. Twombly Nelson, you're gonna stay here, you're gonna hold this corner, then exit with the Humvees. Galentine, Schmid, you're coming with me. All right? Let's go! Move out!

NELSON
How come I gotta stay back here?

EVERSMANN
Because you're dependable. All right, let's go. Go!

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Eversmann takes off with the rest of his Chalk: Galentine, Yurek, Goodale, Kurth, Smith, Doc Schmid, and Waddell.

NELSON

I hate being dependable, man.

Steele looks down the block, sees a distant Eversmann and his Chalk leaving. He can't see Nelson and Twombly behind their cover. Steele thinks the message was received.

120 INT. JOC - LATER

120

GARRISON

We just lost the initiative.

Garrison stares at the downed Black Hawk on the screen.

121 EXT. STREETS - DAY

121

Militia and irregulars emerge from alleys and buildings around the Bakara Market. As they begin moving east toward the crash we RISE UP above the buildings, see some of them parallel to the route Eversmann's small group is taking, just one block over --

EVERSMANN

Let's go!

As they become exposed around a corner, they take on heavy fire. An RPG explodes at their feet. They return fire, throw grenades.

Little Birds provide cover from the sky, wipe out a Somali machine gunner, clearing the way for Eversmann's chalk.

EVERSMANN

Go!

They run and fire.

122 EXT. TARGET BUILDING - DAY

122

Somali snipers are still firing from rooftops across the street. Wex ducks gunfire. SANDERSON BLASTS the rooftops.

WEX

We've still got guys inside.

SANDERSON

All right, all right, I'm going to go to the crash.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

WEX

Okay. You take the rest of the team;
I'll finish loading the prisoners.

Steele shouts to be heard.

STEELE

Negative! We proceed to the crash
site together! Secure the perimeter
and wait for the Humvees! Roger,
Sir!

MCKNIGHT

Roger that.

STEELE

I'll take the lead.

Sanderson stares down the block, impatient.

STEELE

Sir, are you receiving me?

SANDERSON

I heard you. We should be leaving,
sir.

As if to punctuate his point, an RPG nicks the hood of a Humvee and explodes against the target building. Othric and Joyce duck, McKnight doesn't. Debris rains down on the Rangers of Chalk One and Delta men.

MCKNIGHT

All right, we need to move out now!
I'll finish loading the prisoners,
pick you up at the crash site.

MEN

(in unison)

Roger!

STEELE

Let's move out!

SANDERSON

Come on, let's go!

Chalk One and Delta element begin moving on foot toward the distant crash. McKnight loads up the prisoners.

123 EXT. STREET - DAY

123

Steele and his men are in the lead, Delta behind. In the rear, hugging the walls, is Grimes. Sanderson yells back --

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

SANDERSON

Hey, hey! Stay away from the walls,
whoever you are!

But the walls seem safe to Grimes. He's not getting away from them even if his life depended on it, which it does. He chugs along behind the Delta to keep up as -- He hears a loud FWOOSH!, turns to see -- AN RPG, streaking right at him. Grimes DUCKS behind a low wall as it ricochets and -- BA-WHOOM! -- hits right above his head.

Sanderson stops firing, looks back at Grimes who appears behind him.

SANDERSON

You okay?

GRIMES

Yeah!

124 EXT. TARGET BUILDING - DAY

124

McKnight and Maddox jump in the Humvee and take off with the Somali prisoners.

MCKNIGHT

Let's go, Maddox! Maddox, look at
these little skinny bastards! You
muther fuckers! Go, go, go, left,
left, left, left!

Maddox steers with his shoulders hunched in fear.

125 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER AND STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

125

Nelson and Twombly, left behind at Chalk 4, are crouched behind a burned-out technical, reloading. There are bodies of Somali gunmen around it.

A Black Hawk flies overhead.

NELSON

Twombly? Twombly!

TWOMBLY

What?

NELSON

I think they've forgotten us!

TWOMBLY

What?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

NELSON
It doesn't matter.

126 INT. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME

126

Garrison watches the grainy images from P3 Orion as Somali militia run towards the downed Black Hawk.

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
Indigenous personnel move to the crash.

CRIBBS
Say again, over?

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
A lot of people closing in.

GARRISON
How far is Chalk Four from the crash site?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
About six blocks, Sir.

GARRISON (O.S.)
Well they need to haul ass!

127 INT/EXT WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

127

Wolcott is dead. Dan Busch crawls out of the wreckage. He fires, trying to keep Somali gunmen from the downed chopper. Targets pop up. Everywhere. Busch hits every one, plugging rounds into the fleeting forms of armed Militia.

128 INT. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME

128

Garrison watches gunfire on the screen around the crash site.

EXT. CRASH SITE - CONT.

Busch takes a bullet in the knee and nearly goes down.

NEARBY - EVERSMAHNN'S GROUP

The chalk splits, moves to opposite sides of the street. Gunfire erupts from the corner, Yurek, Kurth and Galentine running for a burned-out car. Galentine drops his weapon as he dives for cover.

EVERSMAHNN
Scotty! Scotty, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Across the street, Eversmann watches, then glances ahead and sees the tip of a rifle poke out from behind the edge of a building.

Glancing back, he sees Galentine, obviously about to run back out to retrieve his weapon in the middle of the street.

EVERSMANN

No! Don't go!

Galentine can't hear or can't understand and hurries out. To cover him, Eversmann has to step into the street, firing at the edge of the building.

They continue moving. Then a Technical comes up behind them, bullets flying.

Galentine looks at his hand, covered with blood. His thumb is hanging by a thread of skin.

129 EXT. STREETS - DAY

129

Eversmann and the others are firing nearly nonstop. It's chaos.

YUREK

Go, go, go!

Eversmann crosses the street, ducks behind Yurek. Fires in that direction. Yurek signals the others to move.

YUREK

Go! Go!

The rest of the group continues along the block as Yurek cover fires at the approaching mob. He turns to follow them as

KRATAKRATAKRAK! AK-47 gunfire wails down at Yurek, he kicks in the tin door of the nearest structure he can find, diving into --

130 INT. SCHOOLROOM - SAME TIME

130

-- a cramped schoolroom, cluttered with terrified kids huddling in a corner with their 16 year-old teacher.

Bullets EXPLODE through the tin door.

Bullets ZING! through the tin, explode around the room.

Yurek puts his finger over his mouth to be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

The teacher stares at him, nods. She gets the message.

Yurek sees a back door. Moves over to it. Turns to the kids, waves. One child waves back, smiles at him.

Peeks out. Clear. Steps outside.

131 EXT. BEHIND THE CLASSROOM - DAY

131

Pokes his head out to check the Street. Looks both ways as -- A SOMALI GUNMAN fires at him from one direction as -- The Somali's TEN YEAR OLD son, AK-47 too big for his little hands, FIRES from the other direction, poorly aimed bullets ricocheting off the crumbling alley wall, just missing Yurek, a bullet taking the heel of his boot off.

Yurek pulls his head back just in time as -- The SOMALI MAN groans, hit by ricochet of his son's bullets. The man crumples to the dirt, dying.

Yurek sees the kid run past him to his father, on his knees over his father, wailing, AK-47 forgotten. Yurek holds his gun on dying father and son. About to fire. Doesn't. Then runs.

132 EXT. HALWADIG ROAD - DAY

132

The McKnight Humvee convoy starts up Halwadig. A voice crackles through the radio:

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT (V.O.)
Unit One, this is Six Four, you have
to slow down.

INSIDE MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE

MCKNIGHT
Romeo, Six Four, I need to know before
I get to the god damned street!

133 INT. MATTHEWS C2 BIRD - SAME

133

OBSERVATION BIRD PILOT
You have to slow down, there's a
delay from the time directions are
relayed from P-3, to JOC, then to
me.

134 INSIDE MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE

134

McKnight yells back through the radio.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

MCKNIGHT

We can't slow down! We're taking
heavy enemy fire! We can't slow down!

135 EXT. BASE HANGAR - DAY 135

Sizemore is among thirty technicians, mechanics and cooks,
all gathered around a big radio, listening with dawning horror
at the drama out there.

136 INT. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - LATER 136

GENERAL GARRISON

(standing, to Cribbs)

What in the hell is the status of
Struecker's Humvees?

CRIBBS

General Harrell, ETA to base,
Struecker's column?

137 EXT./INT. STRUEKER'S COLUMN - DAY 137

The convoy rumbles down the road. Thomas holds a bloody Pilla.
Hoot stands at the turret gun, no longer firing -- in a daze.

138 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY 138

Busch leans against the chopper wall surrounded by a dozen
dead Somali gunmen shot at close range. Busch's face is gray.
Blood streams down his nose.

139 INT. JOC - SAME 139

SILENCE. Garrison watches the Orion plane's grainy image of
Maier landing his Little Bird at the crash site.

140 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY 140

A dust storm kicks up as Maier and his copilot Jones set the
Little Bird down in front of Wolcott's crashed Black Hawk.

141 EXT. ADJACENT ALLEY TO BLACK HAWK CRASH - LATER 141

Eversmann and his guys come around the corner. Through a
massive city archway, they can see Wolcott's downed chopper,
lying on its side. Little Bird whirling in front of it.

Eversmann motions for his men to follow him. They charge
through the enormous city gate, bullets slapping around them.

142 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

142

Clark and Jones run toward the crash from their Little Bird. Finds Busch leaning against the Black Hawk, weapon aimed.

Jones and Clark throw Busch's arm over their shoulders, and the three move to the chopper. Somali gunfire raining around them.

143 EXT. ADJACENT ALLEY TO BLACK HAWK CRASH - SAME

143

EVERSMANN
Galentine, you alright?
(Galentine nods)
Covering fire! Go!

GALENTINE
We'll cover!

Eversmann and his team run in to the crash site. They are now in an enormous open area, four roads leading out -- four possible lanes of fire to worry about.

Jones and Clarke get the limp Dan Busch into the Little Bird as Eversmann charges over, shouts:

EVERSMANN
Hey, how many are in there?

JONES
Two pilots are dead. Two crew chiefs are wounded. This guy's hurt bad. We gotta get out of here, now!

EVERSMANN
Okay.

Jones helps Clarke inside, jumps in, Maier lifting off into the swirling dust as RPGs explode around the Little Bird.

Eversmann crouches low, bullets pinging around him as he dashes to the downed chopper. Sees Wolcott's dead body.

The Little Bird flies away.

A Technical ROARS down the street. A Ranger shoots a rocket at it. It bursts into flames as Eversmann sprints from Wolcott's Black Hawk, joins Smith and Goodale in a mortar cavity carved into a wall.

EVERSMANN
(into radio)
Two Six, Two Six, this is Two Five.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

EVERSMANN
The guys are shooting up the
technicals, over!

EXT. CORNER NEAR WOLCOTT CRASH SITE - CONT.

As Di Tomasso's Chalk 3 arrives at one of the cross streets,
he answers Eversmann.

DI TOMASSO
Two Six, Two Six, roger that!

EVERSMANN
Di Tomasso! Take the Southeast border,
we'll set up a perimeter, over?

DI TOMASSO
Delta two Six, Roger that. Moving my
men out. Move out!

Di Tomasso nods and waves his men to a structure on the
Southeast corner. They move and take immediate heavy fire.

EVERSMANN
Captain Steele, Captain Steele, come
in!

144 INTERCUT TO STEELE -

144

STEELE
Go ahead Two Five, this is Six Four!

EVERSMANN
We got two wounded and we got both
the pilots dead in the chopper. We
need a medivac over here now!

STEELE
Two Five, they're telling me it's
too hot to land the birds. You gotta
secure the perimeter first, over.

EVERSMANN
Where are the Humvees?

STEELE
Advise Two Five the convoy will be
there. They're encountering light
resistance. Six Four out.

Eversmann signals to Kurth.

EVERSMANN
Kurth!

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

KURTH

Let's go!

They move out.

145 EXT. BASE HANGAR - DAY

145

STRUECKER'S THREE HUMVEES PULL IN to the Hangar area. Hundreds swarm toward them.

RANGER

Hey, we need a medic! Hey, we need a medic immediately to get this last load in!

Bloody bodies are carried out of the Humvees on stretchers.

Sizemore, cast on his arm, watches as Pilla is taken out, dead. Blackburn, broken. Half the others, bleeding.

IN A HUMVEE -- Hoot's head peers in. There's already the buzzing of flies over the pools of blood and gristle.

146 INT/EXT. MCKNIGHT'S CONVOY - DAY

146

Light resistance? It's the fucking end of the world -- swarms of bullets raking the Humvee squad, RPGs streaking by with deadly whispers, exploding into walls. A .50 gunner slumps down in the turret, hit.

MCKNIGHT

Get the .50 up! God dammit!

A Ranger tries, can't get through the bodies blocking the way.

MCKNIGHT

All I see is a roadblock.

147 INT. MATTHEWS C2 BIRD - SAME TIME

147

HARRELL

Alright, I'm going to have to figure out another way.

ON THE HUMVEE BEHIND - an RPG hits the back of the vehicle, flinging Alberto Rodriguez, Wex and another man into the street like unwanted toys during a child's tantrum.

MCKNIGHT

(leaping out, shouts)
Give me a defensive perimeter so we can load the wounded!

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Joyce, Kowalewski and other Rangers leap out, firing at windows, doorways, rooftops. Othic nearly steps on a hand in the street, doesn't know whose it is. He'll figure it out later; puts it in his pocket.

RANGER

Fire your weapon, Othic!

McKnight comes upon the writhing Wex. The Delta Operator has no lower half of his body.

Wex is muttering something, somehow still alive, reaching up at McKnight, taking his hand and squeezing.

WEX

Tell my girls they'll be okay.

McKnight watches him die. Then yells out.

MCKNIGHT

Othic!

Othic runs low -- to McKnight's side.

MCKNIGHT

Medic!

Othic and a medic carry Wex, put him inside the Humvee..

Joyce returns fire. Then takes a shot in the back where he removed the vest panel. Crumples to the street.

Kowalewski and McKnight drag Joyce's limp body toward the trucks.

148 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

148

MCKNIGHT (V.O.)

Get us off this fucking street!

(into radio)

Where's the crash site? Say again?

HARRELL

Keep going straight 200 meters.

MCKNIGHT (V.O.)

Okay.

INT. MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONT.

McKnight hops into the cab, bullets again exploding into the convoy, SHOUTS to Maddox -

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

MCKNIGHT
Let's go, let's go!

149 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER AND STREETS - SAME

149

Silence. Nelson and Twombly, left behind at Chalk 4, are crouched in their bunker, reloading. There are bodies of Somali gunmen around it.

But now, there is nothing but sporadic gunfire on the corner. Nelson glances back down the block toward the target house.

NELSON
Hey, Twombles?

TWOMBLY
What?

Twombly stands and moves over to Nelson.

NELSON
Come here! The Humvees ain't coming back, dude.

TWOMBLY
Really? Were we supposed to go to them?

NELSON
I thought they were supposed to come to us.

TWOMBLY
Shit, I think we were supposed to go to them.

NELSON
Shit!

TWOMBLY
Okay, let's go to the crash site.

NELSON
Okay. Just don't fire that thing so close to my head. I can barely hear as it is.

TWOMBLY
Okay, move out.

Nelson goes first. He makes it half a block before bullets start ticking the walls around him. Twombly covers. Nelson dives behind another smoldering automobile carcass, turns and covers as Twombly dives in beside him.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

Suddenly an armed figure appears across the street; Twombly fires inches from Nelson's head. The gunman falls as the enormous boom of the SAW rings in Nelson's ears. He yells --

NELSON
WHAT DID I JUST TELL YOU? I SWEAR TO
GOD IF YOU EVER...

Another figure appears, and Twombly has to fire again.

NELSON
(in pain)
AH!

TWOMBLY
You okay? You alright?

NELSON
(can't hear a thing -
shouting)
What?

150 INT. BUILDING - DAY

150

Militia with RPGs strapped to their backs climb steps for a better angle on the hovering Six Eight Black Hawk.

151 INT. SIX EIGHT BLACK HAWK - DAY

151

The Black Hawk takes fire.

SIX EIGHT PILOT
Sunnababitch. C2, this is Six Eight,
we've been hit.

152 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

152

HARRELL
(into radio)
Super Six Eight, there is smoke coming
from the top of your rotor. Advise
you to come out now.

SIX EIGHT PILOT
Roger.

153 EXT. 4TH FLOOR BUILDING - SAME

153

The Somalis set up to fire their RPGs at the Black Hawk.

154 INT. SIX EIGHT BLACK HAWK - SAME 154

SIX EIGHT PILOT
Art, I've got skinnies with RPG's at
12 o'clock, can you see them?

Rangers slide down the ropes.

RANGER 2
Go, go!

SIX EIGHT GUNNER
Got 'em. Give me 90 degrees left.

155 EXT. 4TH FLOOR BUILDING - SAME 155

They're about to fire as the Black Hawk banks. Relentless
machine gun fire from the Black Hawk mows them down inside
the building.

156 INT. SIX EIGHT BLACK HAWK - SAME 156

SIX EIGHT PILOT
Six Eight, coming out.

He banks the chopper away.

HARRELL (V.O.)
Super Six Eight is out.

157 EXT. CHALK 4 CORNER AND STREETS - SAME 157

Eversmann runs for cover behind upended trucks.

EVERSMANN
Galentine! What's the situation in
there?

158 INSIDE WOLCOTT'S DOWNED BLACK HAWK - 158

GALENTINE
Both pilots are dead.

WILKINSON
(into radio)
Two Five, we can't move these guys
now. We'll kill 'em just carrying
'em.
(to other Medic)
Stabilize in here?

GALENTINE
Roger!

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

WILKINSON
Stabilize in here. Repeat, stabilize
in the bird, over.

BACK TO EVERSMAHNN

EVERSMANN
Understood Wilky, we got you covered,
over.

159 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME

159

HARRELL
(into radio)
Super Six Four, come in and take
Wolcott's position.

160 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME

160

DURANT
Roger. Six Four's inbound.

He banks back toward the city center. Passes over rooftops.

161 EXT. MOGADISHU STREET - SAME

161

Militants with RPGs fire at Durant's chopper.

An RPG missile streaks into Durant's chopper's tail. The
Black Hawk rocks violently from the hit. The gauges blink
but stay lit. Durant hears in his headset -

HARRELL (V.O.)
Super Six Four, you all right?

162 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

162

DURANT
This is Super Six Four. We're good.

163 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

163

HARRELL
You sure? You look like you got
clipped pretty good.

164 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

164

Durant and his copilot, Frank, check the gauges again.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

DURANT
Instrument panels are okay. No, we're good. Got a slight vibration in the pedals. But we're good.

165 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

165

HARRELL
All right. Put it down on the airfield, Super Six Four, have it checked out. Just to be safe.

166 INT./EXT DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

166

DURANT
Roger.

Durant banks away from the crash site, heads south toward base, grid of narrow streets and alleys rushing beneath him.

OUTSIDE, the bent tail rotor is looser and rattling louder.

DURANT
Hey Ray, I'm getting a lot of movement in these pedals. Check the systems.

167 SUDDENLY -

167

THE ROTOR PIN PULLS FREE, slices through the gear box, and the entire tail assembly evaporates in a blur.

Inside, there's a high whine as the airframe vibrates. Durant tries to correct the spin with the pedals; Frank kills the power with the ceiling levers.

DURANT
We lost the tail rudder! Six Four's going down. Six Four going down!

168 INT. JOC - SAME

168

SILENCE... Garrison watches the Orion plane's grainy image of Durant's Black Hawk crashing. Eyes locked on the monitor -

MONITOR - Durant's chopper hits the ground, crumpling, twists into the dirt like a whale on the beach, main rotor still chopping at the air like a gasp.

After stunned silence in the JOC, Garrison finally speaks.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

GARRISON
Get Struecker's column back up there.
They need to get to Durant's crash
site, fast.

OPERATOR
I'm on it.

GARRISON
All of them.

HARRELL (V.O.)
Super Six Four is down.

169 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

169

Militiamen and Rangers exchange gunfire. Eversmann glances
over at Galentine, ghostly white, listening to his radio.

EVERSMANN
What?

Then Eversmann's hip radio squawks, and he hears the voices
on the command net:

RADIO VOICES
Bird down! Super Six Four is down.

Eversmann, looks at the faces of his chalk.

EVERSMANN
They talking about another hawk?

His men nod.

170 EXT. MOGADISHU CORNER/NEAR THE 4TH FLOOR BUILDING - DAY

170

Steele and his thirty some Rangers have entered a killing
zone. Spread all over the road, his men are pinned down by
gunfire from a fourth floor window in a building around the
corner. They can't move forward down the street.

DOWN THE STREET - Sanderson and his Delta (and Grimes) are
pinned down, waiting to move. Sanderson shouts through the
walkie talkie:

SANDERSON
Captain Steele, we gotta move or
we're gonna get pinned down!

171 INTERCUT TO STEELE -

171

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

STEELE

We're moving as fast as we can! You
let me do my job and you do yours!
Over!

SANDERSON

We're gonna get chewed up if we don't
get off this street.

172 EXT. MOGADISHU CORNER/NEAR THE FLOOR BUILDING - DAY

172

Ruiz fires when he's suddenly lifted and thrown against a
wall, blood spraying out his back, bullet entering just under
his vest.

RUIZ

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck, fuck, I fucking
knew I was gonna get shot!

Steele and his Rangers are still pinned down. Steele hovers
over Ruiz.

STEELE

Medic!

A Ranger MEDIC crouches along the street, gunfire blasting
over his head. Starts working on Ruiz.

DOWN THE BLOCK - as bullets whiz past he and his Delta team,
SANDERSON mutters to himself --

SANDERSON

Fuck this.
(into radio)
Cap'n Steele, we'll take out the
window, we'll rally point at the
gray building. Coming through,
Captain!

ON STEELE - he looks back at Sanderson and Delta down the
block behind him.

STEELE

Sergeant!

SANDERSON

All right, let's move, let's move!

SANDERSON clicks off the radio. Gives Delta command by hand
signals. The Delta team moves down the block.

Grimes looks behind him. No one there. He takes a deep breath
and hustles after Delta.

ON STEELE - his position is under BLISTERING fire.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

Sanderson and Delta - pass Steele and his beleaguered Rangers without a second glance. Grimes keeps following Delta.

KRATAKRATAKRAK! Bullets immediately track the Delta team from the fourth floor window.

SANDERSON

Move! Move! Move!

As DELTA move in a crouch alongside a five foot high earthen mound.

Bullets kick up plumes of dirt along the crest of the mound above Delta's heads as --

SANDERSON pulls a grenade, yanks the pin and runs up the earthen mound, hurls the grenade four stories into the open window -- a perfect toss.

A MOMENT LATER -- the room explodes, shredded Somali bodies hurtling outward. More bullets rain at them from every direction:

SANDERSON

Let's go! Let's move!

Grimes runs along the earthen mound again. More bullets rip past him as he runs.

Steele and his Rangers follow the Deltas.

STEELE

Move it!

173 EXT. STABLE - DAY

173

Bullets rain down on Delta from every conceivable direction as they sprint to the first cover they can find. Sanderson is behind them and dives into --

174 INT. STABLE -

174

A STABLE - no living animals here. Carcasses, bones, piles of moldering hay, ratty couch in a corner. High stone courtyard walls protect them from Somali bullets.

Grimes, covered in concrete powder, runs inside.

SANDERSON

Come on, come on! Let's go, let's go! Come on, bring 'em down!

175 INT/EXT STEELE'S STABLE COURTYARD - DAY

175

As Steele and other Rangers spill into the filthy stable courtyard an RPG blasts the building. Rangers are helping wounded comrades through the doorway, while groups of others carry seriously wounded men.

SANDERSON

Grab him! Move him! Move him out of here! Go, go, go!

Steele whirls on SANDERSON, furious.

STEELE

What the fuck are you doing out there?

SANDERSON

Doing my job! Look, we gotta get to that crash site! We gotta get on that street and we gotta move! Now you have got to keep up, Sir!

Steele says under his breath so the others won't hear:

STEELE

(livid)

We are combat ineffective. We've got too many dang wounded to move.

SANDERSON

Then give me some of your shooters and that'll get us closer to the bird!

Steele nods. His eyes travel around the room. His Rangers are blood spattered, dazed, shell-shocked. Most are frankly terrified. His gaze falls on Grimes.

STEELE

Grimes! You're with Chalk Four!

Grimes flinches.

GRIMES

Yes, Sir!

Steele speaks to his Rangers, but he's looking right at Sanderson as he says:

STEELE

All right, who's going with Delta?
Grimes joins with Sergeant Eversmann.

Grimes' face falls.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

STEELE

The rest of you men secure the position. Treat the wounded, and we'll wait for the convoy. Then we'll rally at the crash site. Roger!

The other Rangers breathe a sigh of relief. Sanderson gives Grimes a once over. Shakes his head. This is who he gets? Finally he sighs, grabs his weapon.

SANDERSON

My guys, let's go!

STEELE

All right, let's cover him!

A look from SANDERSON is all Delta needs to let them know they're moving out. They start filing back out into the dangerous streets.

Grimes heads to the door, uncertain. With a last look back at Steele, Grimes readies himself. Then he runs after Delta.

176 EXT. STREET - DAY

176

Sanderson and Delta emerge from the stable, Grimes trailing. Delta are fluid, moving from cover to cover, fanning out on either side of the street. Grimes hustles after them.

177 EXT. CRASH SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

177

Silence. Strapped to the seat of his downed Black Hawk, Durant slowly comes to.

178 INT./EXT. GOFFENA'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

178

Circling, Goffena and his copilot Yacone can see Durant's downed Black Hawk below.

In back, also looking down at it, are Delta snipers Shughart and Gordon.

There's a crowd moving toward the crash from several blocks away.

GOFFENA RADIOS -

GOFFENA

Romeo; Six Two. I got two Delta snipers volunteering to go in to secure Crash Site 2, over.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

MATTHEWS (V.O.)

No, Six Two, that is negative to the request.

179 INT. MATTHEW'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

179

MATTHEWS

We don't see anything moving down there now. We don't even know if anyone's alive. A ground team is being organized to go in now.

GOFFENA

ETA of ground team, over?

MATTHEWS

Ah, unknown. Not long. Do what you can from the air.

180 EXT. CRASH SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

180

Still trapped to his seat, Durant sees through the shattered windshield the Black Hawk flying overhead.

181 ETX. BASE GARAGE - DAY

181

STRUECKER STANDS BEFORE THE BATTERED HUMVEES.

STRUECKER

All right, gather around! All right, Durant's Six Four is down.

(Rangers mutter in anger)

We're going back in to get 'em.

Now there is a prolonged silence. Rangers look at him like he's nuts. Three Humvees behind him are bloody Swiss cheese.

THOMAS

That's crazy! Is there anyone alive on that?

Thomas looks at other Rangers, some just as scared as he is.

STRUECKER

It doesn't matter. No one gets left behind. You know that.

HOOT

We're wasting time here.

STRUECKER

All right! Refit, max out ammo and grenades. You've got five.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

SIZEMORE is gearing up, wearing unlaced boots, swimming in an enormous extra flak vest.

STRUECKER
Sizemore, where the hell do you think
you're going?

SIZEMORE
With you guys.

STRUECKER
Not with that cast on you're not.

Sizemore pulls out his survival knife and goes to cut off his cast.

STRUECKER
All right, all right, all right. Go
get your K-pak.

Struecker moves off to get ammo and sees Thomas' worried face.

STRUECKER
Hey, talk to me.

THOMAS
I can't go back out there.

STRUECKER
Thomas, everyone feels the same way
you do, all right? It's what you do
right now that makes a difference.
It's your call. Hooah!

Struecker walks off.

THOMAS
Hooah.

182 INT. BASE GARAGE - LATER

182

Hoot slaps in a magazine, already re -- supplied with grenades and ammo. He grabs a bunch of night vision goggles, slips them in a pack. Rangers stare at him.

Struecker is grabbing ammo when Hoot pulls him aside.

HOOT
It'll probably help to wash the blood
out of the Humvees.

183 EXT. BASE GARAGE - DAY

183

Struecker's Humvees are slowly pulling out, everyone, from company cooks to mechanics running after it, geared up with borrowed armor, leaping on, wanting to join in the fight. Thomas watches Struecker's loaded Humvee.

BASE RANGER
(running alongside)
Sergeant Struecker, wait! Sergeant
Struecker! Can I go, Sir?

STRUECKER
You got some ammo?
(the Ranger does)
Hop in.

Struecker looks back at Thomas.

Thomas, taking a hit from his inhaler, finally summons the courage, runs to catch up.

THOMAS
Sergeant!

Pulls the door open and jumps in.

184 EXT. DARKENED STREET CORNER - SUNSET

184

Nelson and Twombly, still looking for crash site one, charge to a corner. The random burst of gunfire keeps them on edge.

TWOMBLY
Which way?

Twombly shrugs: which way? He motions down the street, left or right?

Nelson looks down the street.

NELSON
(shouting)
That way I think.

TWOMBLY
(whispering)
Sshh! Don't talk so fucking loud!

Twombly hears something, coming down the block, a strange sound. -- clop, clack, clop. Motions Nelson back. Sound growing louder, closer.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

Eyes wide, Twombly aims his SAW as --A DONKEY comes clopping past, pulling a cart without a driver. The animal briskly trots past Twombly, who nearly blew it head off. Twombly motions to Nelson. They RUN.

DOWN THE BLOCK - on a different corner, YUREK is pressed against an alley wall, terrified, alone, eyes wide. Hears a ghostly, disturbing sound, coming closer -- clop, clop, clop.

Yurek prepares himself, gun aimed. The same donkey comes clattering into the alley, walks right up to the stunned Yurek.

YUREK

Nice donkey.

Yurek pats its head as he takes a look out into the wide intersection. Then he bolts -- RUNNING around a corner, down another block, around another corner.

TWOMBLY AND NELSON level their weapons at him and start shooting.

YUREK

Rangers!

NELSON

Who?

YUREK

It's Yurek, you fucking assholes!

TWOMBLY

Fuck! No, we almost fucking killed you! Oh, come to us!

Yurek, completely out of breath; tries to speak.

YUREK

Fuck You! Come to me!

Twombly and Nelson run to Yurek.

NELSON

Sorry Sarge.

TWOMBLY

Okay, never mind. You brought the NOD, right?

Yurek gives him a weary Look. Gasps out --

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

184

YUREK

No. No, I didn't bring it. And you want to know why? `Cause you said: You're not gonna need that, dude, we'll be back in a half hour.

TWOMBLY

Man, I wasn't saying it to you.

YUREK

(looks at Nelson)

Nelson, cover this way.

Nelson doesn't hear him.

TWOMBLY

Man, we're gonna need night vision.

Yurek grabs Nelson. Nelson turns around.

YUREK

What's the matter with you?

NELSON

Huh?

TWOMBLY

Oh, he's deaf. It's my fault, I... We really need to get out of here.

YUREK

We can't be far from the crash. Which way?

TWOMBLY

I thought you might know.

They take off down the street.

185 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

185

Eversmann's men are shooting constantly, trying to keep the growing crowd of Somalis from the downed chopper.

EVERSMANN

(To Galentine)

Give me Nelson and Twombly now!

Galentine nods and clicks the handset of his radio, shouting over the sounds of gunfire.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

GALENTINE

Nelson... Twombly, come in! This is Galentine. Over. Nelson, Twombly, come in, this is Galentine! We need the position of the convoy, over?

Galentine shouts in frustration:

GALENTINE

I can't raise them, Sergeant! I can't raise them!

Eversmann swears under his breath as bullets EXPLODE over his head.

EVERSMANN

We gotta get the fuck out of here and evac!

GOODALE

No, we can't move `em. We're staying right here until the convoy gets here! Understood?

(to all his men)

We stay with the plan. Understood?

EVERSMANN

Let's get back to the stronghold! Come on!

186 INT. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - LATER

186

Cribbs points to the map of Mogadishu. A big X represents Wolcott's crash, another, further away, Durant's crash.

CRIBBS

Ground forces have occupied several buildings along Marehan Road -- they're all spread out. Eversmann's Chalk Four has set up a perimeter around Wolcott's crash site, here.

(marks a spot)

Id Tomasso is in the adjacent structure.

(marks a more distant spot)

Captain Steele and about forty men of Rangers are here, a couple blocks away. They're banged up pretty bad. He's set up a casualty collection point. I, I don't think they're gonna be able to move. Sergeant Sanderson and a small Delta team are moving from Steele's position to the crash site as we speak.

187 EXT. STREET NEAR CRASH - SUNSET

187

Sanderson is behind wreckage made by a mortar blast. He sees Grimes near him, wonders briefly where he came from.

SANDERSON

When this guy stops firing, I'll
have four seconds to get to their
corner. Cover me. Go!

Grimes nods as bullets SLAM into the wall above them. Grimes runs forward.

The gunfire pauses.

Before Sanderson can move, Grimes has leapt out of the crater.

GRIMES

I got it!

GRIMES - charging the corner, seemingly taking forever to get there. He rounds the corner and comes face to face with -- TWO SOMALI gunman, frantically trying to change magazines as they see Grimes sliding to a stop before them. They slap in the mags, raise their weapons, but -- Grimes waves a burst of gunfire over them.

188 GRIMES TURNS TO SANDERSON -

188

SANDERSON

(shouting)

RPG!

An RPG slams into the wall behind Grimes, burying him in debris. This time he must be dead.

Sanderson charges to the mound of rubble, tossing aside thirty-pound chunks of mortar and concrete. Sanderson pulls Grimes out, dazed, hair blackened, helmet gone.

SANDERSON

(CONT'D) You all right? You okay,
man?

GRIMES

Yeah! I can hear bells ringing.

Sanderson gives Grimes a nod and a thumbs up.

SANDERSON

(laughs)

Come on, come on! Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

Sanderson helps Grimes up.

189 INT./EXT. GOFFENA'S BLACK HAWK - LATE AFTERNOON 189

A crowd scatters from the low-flying Black Hawk but then reforms again, heading toward Durant's crashed chopper. Goffena sweeps around to make another pass.

GOFFENA
Romeo, Shughart and Gordon again
request permission to secure until
convoy arrives, over.

190 INT. JOC -SAME TIME 190

Garrison watches crowds of Somalis charge down the street on the screen.

191 INT. MATTHEWS C2 BIRD - SAME TIME 191

Matthews can barely hear Goffena over the frantic voices of the command net. He reaches out and SHUTS down all radio channels. Silence except for rotors. Speaks to Harrell:

HARRELL
General, crowd's in the hundreds
now. From where they are, they can
see it clearer than any of us. They
know what they're asking.

192 INT. JOC - SAME TIME 192

Silence except for the static. finally --

GARRISON
Let me talk to them.

193 INT. GOFFENA'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME 193

Shughart and Gordon hear over their headsets --

GARRISON (V.O.)
This is Garrison. I want to make
sure that ya'll understand what you're
asking for so say it out loud.

GORDON
We're asking to go in to set up a
perimeter until ground support
arrives.

INTERCUT to Garrison -

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

GARRISON
Now you understand I can not tell
you when that might be. It could
take quite a while.

SHUGHART
Roger that.

GARRISON (V.O.)
And you still want to go in?

GORDON
Yes, sir.

194 BACK IN THE JOC -

194

Garrison chews on this for a moment. Then:

GARRISON
Colonel Harrell.

HARRELL (V.O.)
Yes, General.

GARRISON
It's your call.

HARRELL (V.O.)
Roger that. Goffena? Put 'em in.

195 BACK IN GOFFENA'S BLACK HAWK -

195

Goffena turns and gives Shughart and Gordon the thumbs up.

196 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - LATER

196

Visible through the windscreen, Durant looks up at the Delta
snipers in the chopper above and sees Goffena's Black Hawk
fly off.

197 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - LATER

197

McKnight's convoy rolls through a hail of gun fire.

INT. MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONT.

McKnight shakes his head as casings rain down on him from
the gun turret above.

MCKNIGHT
Mother fucker, mother fucker!

The Humvee takes fire from all sides.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

INT. FIVE TON TRUCK - CONT.

A shaft of light tears through the door and into Othic's shoulder. A round hits Othic in the knee. He screams and then sees an RPG coming straight at the driver's door.

OTHIC

RPG!

The RPG comes crashing through the metal -- but doesn't explode.

The convoy stops.

McKnight walks to Alphabet's truck and yanks the door open.

Dazed, Othic looks to Kowalewski: there's a foot long RPG missile embedded in his chest, fins sticking out his left side, arm severed off. Kowalewski is dead.

OTHIC

There's a fucking bomb in him, Sir.

MCKNIGHT

Othic, calm down, god dammit! That's live ammo! Now get out!

Othic jumps out of the Humvee. McKnight gets Kowalewski out of the truck.

MCKNIGHT

Come on, let's move him. Son of a bitch!

The men lift the dead Kowalewski to a Humvee.

MCKNIGHT

All right, lift him up, lift him up. Easy, easy, all right, get him in there. Good, good, easy, easy!

Othic tries to climb into the Humvee as well as the men gingerly load Kowalewski in to the back.

MCKNIGHT

Get back in that truck and drive.

OTHIC

I'm shot, Colonel.

MCKNIGHT

Everybody's shot. We need the prisoners. Let's go!

198 INT. MATTHEWS C2 BIRD - LATER

198

A voice crackles through the radio.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

C3 says to take Halwadig and take it straight.

HARRELL

McKnight, we need you to turn around and head back to Halwadig.

INTERCUT to McKnight - radios back --

MCKNIGHT

You're shitting me. We just came through there. There's gotta be a better way!

HARRELL

That's the info I'm getting from JOC. You need to turn around and head back.

McKnight looks at Maddox. Shakes his head.

MCKNIGHT

Roger that, roger that. I cannot believe this shit.

(sighs)

Turn us around, Maddox.

MADDOX

They're trying to get us fucking killed, aren't they, Sir?

MCKNIGHT

Just get it over with. Drive!

MADDOX

God damn!

MCKNIGHT

Just, just get us outta here, god dammit! Drive!

Resigned, Maddox executes a K-turn. The column slowly turns around.

Maddox hits the gas. They head right back into the fray.

Hell begins anew. HUNDREDS of rounds RAKE the vehicles, punching holes through metal.

The windshield SHATTERS, spraying glass into Maddox's face.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

MADDOX
AHHH! I'm blind.
(grabs the wheel)
Keep your foot on the gas!

A bullet PINGS into the doorframe next to McKnight, slices into his neck. Blood sprays the dashboard.

MCKNIGHT
Fuck!

He presses a hand on his wound.

Maddox's face is a mass of blood, hands to his eyes. But he keeps stepping on the pedal, McKnight steering, neck bleeding.

199 EXT. CRASH SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

199

Still strapped to his seat Durant sees the Black Hawk flying overhead.

Hears Somali voices, yelling, coming closer. Tries to reach back for his rifle, grunts in agony, back damaged. Can't get to it. Sweating, reaching, swearing in pain as -- SOMALI FACES appear in his windscreen, raise their AKs at him. Durant raises one arm to protect himself as he fires -- the first Somali gunmen's chest EXPLODES.

Gordon and Shughart land. GUNFIRE raging as they charge toward the chopper.

DURANT - Somalis charge the Black Hawk. Durant fires away.

He sees Shughart and Gordon rounding the corner, boots slapping earth. Appearing like angels. They fire at the approaching Somalis. Shughart bangs on the Black Hawk.

SHUGHART
Friendlies!

Shughart checks Frank's pulse.

DURANT
God, it's good to see!

GORDON
Oh, it's good to see you. How bad?

DURANT
My leg's broken. My back feels kinda weird.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

GORDON

We gotta get you outta here, buddy.
I'm pulling him out. Cover!

Gordon gently lifts Durant from the chopper and he screams in pain. Shughart covers.

SHUGHART

I'm gonna put you down.

They prop him against a wall.

GORDON

Cross, we're at the Six Four crash sight, securing the perimeter. You all right?

DURANT

Yeah, I'm good.

Shughart puts Durant's MP-5 in his hands.

GORDON

You're locked and loaded. If you see anyone come around these corners -- you watch your back.

Shughart and Gordon run back to the crash site.

DURANT

Hey! Where's the rescue squad?

GORDON WHIRLS, SAYS:

SHUGHART

We're it!

Durant is left alone, cradling his MP-5.

200 INT. STABLE - DAY

200

Steele talks to Harrell on the radio.

STEELE

C2, you keep talking about a convoy, I would dearly like to know where in sam hill that is, over?

HARRELL (V.O.)

Perimeter has to be tighter for the convoy. You're too far from the crash. They spread out like that, and you're all liable to be overrun. Over.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

STEELE

C2, if I use two men for each wounded,
I still got nobody left to shoot.
Now, we're staying where we are,
over?

Ruiz sighs.

201 EXT. STREETS - DAY

201

In the lead Humvee of the Lost Convoy, Maddox mops at his bloodied face while McKnight, peering out the broken windshield, drives, his neck a mess of blood...

McKnight finds himself in front of a familiar building -- the target building.

MCKNIGHT

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, Maddox,
stop!

INT. MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONT.

Maddox face is a bloody mess. He slams on the brakes.

MCKNIGHT

(resigned, into radio)
Son of a bitch! Romeo Six Four,
we're right back where we started!
I'm running low on ammo. I got many
wounded, including me. Vehicles that
are barely running.

HARRELL (V.O.)

Okay, Danny, I need a no b.s.
assessment here. Can you get to the
crash site?

McKnight hears groans of the wounded in back, sounds of tire rims grinding on the road, bullets smacking into metal.

MADDOX

Colonel, I can't see shit.

MCKNIGHT

Negative. With the amount of wounded
we have, we'd do more harm than good.
We need to come back to base, rearm
and regroup and then we can go back
out.

HARRELL

Roger.

202 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

202

Monitoring this, Garrison speaks into a headset.

GARRISON

C2...bring 'em back. Get 'em out of there!

HARRELL

Roger, return to base.

INT. MCKNIGHT'S HUMVEE - CONT.

McKnight shouts to the wounded men in back.

MCKNIGHT

We're going home. Let's go! Left! Go, go, go, go, god dammit! Run that mother fucker over! Go, go, go! Left, left, left, left, left! We're gonna be home in a second, we're gonna be home in a second. Hang on! God dammit, you guys hang on!

203 INT. EVERSMAHNN'S POSITION - LATER

203

Galentine throws his radio headset down.

EVERSMANN

What's up?

GALENTINE

They're sending 'em back. The convoy's headed back to base camp.

Some of the other men hear it and look over to Eversmann. What now? What does he suggest now?

WADDELL

Oh, now that makes sense, don't it? We need to exfil the wounded now, and get the hell outta here before its too late!

SMITH

If Colonel McKnight went back to base, then he had a damn good reason. It changes nothing.

Right now, some of his men don't seem too convinced.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

EVERSMANN

All right, listen up. We're gonna hold the perimeter. We're gonna hold the strongpoint. Hooah!

Eversmann looks at each man, into the wide, scared eyes of Smith, Galentine, Kurth, Goodale, Waddell and Doc Schmid.

MEN

(in unison)

Hooah!

EVERSMANN

Conserve your ammo. Only shoot at what you can hit. Hooah?

MEN

(in unison)

Hooah!

His men stare out into the city, gripping weapons. Fear turning to anger, confusion into focus.

EVERSMANN

The convoy's gonna come. We're gonna get home.

204 EXT. DURANT'S CRASH SITE - DUSK

204

Delta snipers GORDON AND SHUGHART are sprawled out under the ruined chopper tail, ammo magazines piled beside them.

THEY FIRE at endless targets. Countless AK-47 muzzle flashes flare from every direction. A living nightmare.

GORDON

Loading.

Gordon slaps in an ammo mag, Shughart covering them.

GORDON'S POV - firing again, he hits EVERYTHING. Militia are nailed in the head, chest, some targets 100 yards away.

GORDON

Randy, I need a pistol mag!

Shughart throws Gordon the mag and he loads it.

SHUGHART

Loading.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

GORDON FIRES AT MILITIA.

OVERHEAD - THOUSANDS OF SOMALIS edge closer to them -- an armed, furious mob that will stop at nothing.

Shughart grabs a magazine.

SHUGHART

Loading.

Gordon grabs a magazine. Pile of ammo getting smaller.

ON THE PILE OF MAGAZINES - Gordon reaches for the last one.

GORDON

Randy, last mag!

Crowd of Somalis now charging at them, making suicide runs. Too many of them.

Gordon takes a bullet in the head.

SHUGHART

Gordy!

Shughart runs in to Gordon.

SHUGHART

Fuck!

205 EXT. DURANT'S CRASH SITE - DUSK

205

Durant is firing his MP-5 at dozens of Somalis. Every time he fires they disappear behind walls. Shughart scrambles back to Durant, gives him a CAR-15 rifle. The weapon is covered in blood. Gordon's.

Shughart touches Durant's shoulder.

SHUGHART

Good luck.

Shughart again crawls under the chopper as -- SOMALIS peer around the corner. Durant fires at them. Two more gunmen poke their heads around. Durant fires again.

206 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

206

Hundreds of Somalis race towards the crash site.

207 INT. JOC - LATER

207

Garrison speaks to Cribbs in the subdued JOC.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

GARRISON

We need the 10th Mountain in there.
Everything they got. Pakistanis,
Malays, I want their tanks and APCs.

On the monitors, Garrison can see roadblocks going up in the streets surrounding Wolcott's crash, boxing the Americans in.

CRIBBS

They still don't know we've gone in.

GARRISON

Look. We have stirred up the hornet's nest here. We're fighting the entire city. I want every vehicle possible. If it has four wheels and armor, get it! Get everything.

Garrison and Cribbs consult a map of Mogadishu, hostile and safe areas outlined in red and green.

GARRISON

Now once they've assembled, we need to move our men out of the hostile area and back to The Pakistani stadium, the safe zone. Now let's go!

CRIBBS

(Cribbs nods -- sounds good)

Roger that, boss.

Cribbs leaves the room.

INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - CONT.

SOUNDS OF a FRANTIC FUSILLADE echoes from the other side of the chopper. Shughart's gun roaring. AK-47s firing back.

The SOMALIS charge toward Shughart. Fires a quick burst. The Somalis fall dead as -- Shughart takes several bullets at close range.

SOUNDS of the fusillade on the other side of the chopper continue. Then...the shooting stops.

A strange lull....nothing... then hundreds of Somalis swarm from either side of the helicopter.

EXT. DURANT'S CRASH SITE - CONT.

A SOMALI pops his head around the corner. Durant fires, dropping him. Click! The weapon goes dry as Durant runs out of ammo.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: (2)

207

The crowd drags the wounded crew from the chopper, tearing off clothes, boots.

Durant has time to do one last thing: pulls a snapshot of his wife and infant child from his flight suit pocket.

Somalis finally see him in the corner. They descend upon him.

A rifle butt slams into Durant's face, breaking his nose and the orbital bone of his left eye. He's kicked, spit on, uniform ripped at, crowd trying to pull him apart.

The photo of his family falls from his grasp. In a haze of pain, he crawls after the snapshot. A boot stomps on his hand, photo kicked away.

KRATAKRATAT! Gunfire erupts over the crowd's head. Everything stops as MO'ALIM hops down from a technical skidding to a halt, .50 caliber smoking.

A big Somali with him, FIRIMBI, shouts into a megaphone;

FIRIMBI
(in Somali, subtitled)
Back up! Mohamed Farrah Aidid claims
this prisoner alive.

Durant opens his eyes, sees Mo'Alim's elaborate tattoos, his teeth stained orange and black from khat. As Firimbi again shouts into the megaphone, Mo'Alim fires his AK-47 over the crowd's head. Somalis retreat as Durant passes out again.

208 EXT. BASE - DUSK

208

McKnight's convoy arrives, battered and bloody.

McKnight watches his men, many of them injured themselves, unload the wounded and dead.

Wex is dead. Joyce. Several others.

209 EXT. STREETS - DUSK

209

Struecker's convoy keeps moving but is making little progress; roadblocks everywhere, constant volleys of gunfire.

HARRELL (V.O.)
See where those tires are burning?
All that black smoke?

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

STRUECKER

Roger, I can see it, but I can't get there. Over.

They can see the smoke in the sky, but all the streets leading there are strategically blocked.

210 INT. MATTHEWS C2 BIRD - SAME TIME

210

HARRELL

Go a hundred meters past it, that's the crash.

211 INTERCUT TO STRUECKER -

211

STRUECKER

Negative. You don't understand, it's roadblock after roadblock. You have to find us another route. Over.

HARRELL (V.O.)

There ain't one. The only other route is all the way around the city.

STRUECKER

Roger that, we'll take it.

HOOT

(grabs the radio
handset)

Kilo Six Four, this is Kilo One One,
request permission to move to crash
Site number 2 on foot. Over.

As Hoot reloads and waits for an okay, Struecker regards him like he's nuts. To Struecker --

HARRELL (V.O.)

Green light, Kilo One. Green light.

HOOT

Stop the vehicle. Let me out.

Struecker slows. Hoot jumps out. Raps on the side of the Humvee for a couple of other Delta to join him, including Sizemore. The four run down a side street.

212 EXT. MOSQUE TOWER - SUNSET

212

The voice comes from a loudspeaker mounted on the mosque. An unseen holy man intoning the evening prayer -

213 INT. EVERSMAHNN'S GROUP - SUNSET 213

Eversmann hears the lone voice, too. Then other voices join in from mosque loudspeakers elsewhere in the city.

214 EXT. STEELE'S POSITION- SUNSET 214

Steele and his men listen to it in their stable.

Wilkinson adjusts the drip on an IV bag. Fluids slowly drip into the crew chief's veins. Tries to relax the other dazed crew chief as he works:

WILKINSON

After I'm finished with this, I'll
whip you boys up some margaritas.
The usual, blended, no salt?

215 INT. EVERSMAHNN'S GROUP - SUNSET 215

Eversmann's group listens to the evening prayer.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Somebody's always gotta ruin a party,
huh?

KURTH

(in Somali)

Meat pa pa.

Smith throws Kurth his canteen.

216 EXT. OTHER STREET - SUNSET 216

As the voices echo, Sanderson and his group keep moving through narrow slum streets. He radios Eversmann --

SANDERSON

Eversmann, come in. Eversmann.

INTERCUT - with Eversmann, his chalk in strategic positions outside his Alamo building.

EVERSMANN

Roger. Who is this?

SANDERSON

Sanderson. Do not, I say again, do
not fire to the east. We are coming
to you.

EVERSMANN

(into radio)

Understood.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

EVERSMANN

Di Tomasso and his men are on the southeast corner. We need you on the northeast building.

SANDERSON

Roger, we'll take it.

EVERSMANN

Hey, watch out for skinnies. They're all over the rooftops.

Sanderson motions for his men to move forward.

Eversmann turns to his men --

EVERSMANN

(quietly)

Hold your fire to the east!

Sanderson's men move towards the northeast building. Grimes bringing up the rear.

SANDERSON

Follow him! Go, go.

217 EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK - SUNSET

217

Twombly, Nelson and Yurek are sixty yards and across the street from Eversmann's position. They dash out, the hulking shape of Wolcott's Black Hawk visible in the intersection.

YUREK

Eversmann. It's Yurek, I got, I got Nelson and Twombly with me. We got the chopper in sight. Where are you?

INTERCUT - with Eversmann.

EVERSMANN

We're on the Southwest corner. Where the hell have you been? Are you okay?

Nelson takes ammo from a dead Somali lying at their feet.

YUREK

Yeah. Hold your fire. We're coming in.

YUREK

We gotta go.

TWOMBLY

(shouting)

Shawn, Shawn, listen. Sergeant Yurek's gonna run first.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

TWOMBLY

(Yurek's look says, I
am?)

Now when he gets across the street,
he's gonna turn around and he's gonna
cover you as you run. Listen closely -
when you get there, you're gonna
turn around and you're gonna cover
me. Okay?

Nelson nods, but Twombly isn't really sure he understands.

TWOMBLY

Now you're not just gonna run to
Eversmann's position, you're going
to stop. You're gonna turn around
and you are gonna cover me. It's
important you understand that.

Nelson nods again, but it's even less convincing this time.
Twombly glances to Yurek.

TWOMBLY

Okay, you ready?

YUREK

Yeah, I guess.

Yurek RUNS right through the center of the street.

BACK ON NELSON - getting ready --

TWOMBLY

Hey, hey! Don't forget.

NELSON

(shouting)
What?

TWOMBLY

Don't forget.

Nelson can't hear him. Twombly shrugs, Oh, fuck it, go. Nelson
runs. He makes it across the street, turns, sets and covers
Twombly's run perfectly.

ON EVERSMANN - he, Smith, Kurth, Goodale, Galentine and
Waddell watch as Yurek hauls ass.

GALENTINE

I got them in my sights, Sarge.
They're coming up on the west gate.
I see 'em.

EVERSMANN

Let's move out.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (2)

217

YUREK

You gonna cover us Sergeant?

Eversmann radios back.

EVERSMANN

We got ya.

Yurek makes it across to them, turns, sets to cover Nelson.

TWOMBLY

Nelson.

PROVIDING COVER - as Nelson runs across.

Eversmann sees Somali's aiming but it's too late to warn Twombly, who charges across the courtyard.

EVERSMANN

Fuck!

WHUMP! a Somali bullet hits Twombly in the back, right on the bandolier of SAW bullets wrapped around him. Three SAW rounds explode, lighting Twombly up like a human firecracker.

SMITH charges into the swarm of Somali gunfire, out into the street to get Twombly --

SMITH

Twombly!

EVERSMANN

Smith, no!

Smith yanks Twombly to his feet and pulls him along, almost to Eversmann before -- bullets trace a path up the street, a round SMACKING into Smith's thigh, blood spraying the street. Smith goes down.

SMITH

Oh, God, I'm hit!

Eversmann runs past the stumbling Twombly, ducks gunfire as he grabs Smith, drags him the rest of the way and --

INT. - ALAMO HOUSE - CONT.

Inside, where they carry him to a table.

EVERSMANN

One, two, three. You're all right,
you're all right. You're all right.
All right?

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (3)

217

Doc Schmid immediately gets to work. Smith moans in pain.

SCHMID

I need pressure on this wound.
Pressure, okay? We're gonna need
more Curlex gauze. I need more men
in here.

EVERSMANN

Twombly! Nelson.

SMITH

Oh man, that really, that really
hurts!

SCHMID

I need that chair, that chair!
Pressure, get that pressure on it.
Okay, let me have a look, let me
have a look. All right, all right.
Let me get a look at that.

Rips Smith's pant leg, is spurted with arterial spray. Blinks
through it to get his kit open. Stuffs Curlex gauze into
Smith's gaping wound.

SMITH

Oh, oh, what the fuck is that?

Eversmann presses it into the wound but it's like trying to
cover a fire hose with a mattress. Schmid shoves more Curlex
at Eversmann as he readies an IV.

SCHMID

Hold that down. I need a medivac
now.

EVERSMANN

Galentine! Galentine, get me Captain
Steele!

218 INT. STABLE - STEELE'S POSITION - LATER

218

Steele kneels down to check on Ruiz.

STEELE

Sergeant, sergeant Ruiz, how're you
doing?

Ruiz is spitting up blood.

RUIZ

They're not gonna come and get us.
They're not gonna come for us.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

STEELE

I need you to suck it up Sergeant. I need you to focus for me. All right, can you do that? Now, can you hold your weapon?

RUIZ

Yes sir.

STEELE

If anybody comes through that door, you give `em two in the chest and one in the head.

Steele hands Ruiz his weapon.

STEELE

You understand?

RUIZ

I'm still willing to fight, Sir.

STEELE'S RADIO CRACKLES:

EVERSMANN (V.O.)

Captain Steele, Captain Steele,

INTERCUT - with Eversmann.

EVERSMANN

I need a medivac in here now. Corporal Smith's been hit.

STEELE

Hold on Two Five.

RUIZ

Still willing to fight.

EVERSMANN

Captain Steele, he's hurt pretty bad.

STEELE (V.O.)

Ah, Two Five, we got wounded too. You're just gonna have to maintain your situation, over?

Smith yells in agony.

SCHMID

If he doesn't get to a hospital in a half-hour, he's in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED: (2)

218

STEELE (V.O.)
C-2, this is Six Four. I'm requesting
an immediate medical medivac for a
critically wounded at Chalk Four's
location, over.

219 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

219

HARRELL (V.O.)
Command Chalk Four is requesting
medivac.

GARRISON
We can't risk it. It's still too
hot.

HARRELL (V.O.)
Captain, we can not send in medivac
at this time. Sit tight, over.

220 INT STABLE - STEELE'S POSITION DAY - SAME TIME

220

STEELE'S RESIGNED VOICE:

STEELE
Two Five, this is Six Four. It's a
negative on the medivac. It's not
possible. JOC can not risk another
bird. You're just gonna have to hold
on. Six One out.

Long silence. Eversmann puts the radio back as Smith writhes
in pain.

SCHMID
Put pressure on the wound.

EVERSMANN
Yeah. It's gonna be all right, it's
gonna be okay.

221 EXT. SLUM ALLEYS - NIGHT

221

Hoot, Sizemore and the Delta men move almost silently, wearing
NODS through the narrow alleyways.

Up ahead they see Durant's downed Black Hawk, figures swarming
over it, dragging off equipment. Hoot comes charging up,
firing over their heads:

HOOT
(in Somali, subtitled)
I think this is mine!

The crowd bolts out of the Black Hawk and down the street.

222 INT. DURANT'S BLACK HAWK - LATER

222

No crew inside. Everything that can be ripped from the control panel is gone.

Hoot sees Gordon's plastic pro-tech helmet, neat hole in the forehead. Hoot picks it up and holds it for a moment, then sets it on the console. Stares up at the men, eyes speaking volumes.

They run from the wreckage and trigger a thermite charge in the Black Hawk. As they run away, Super Six-Four EXPLODES, thermite charge lighting up the sky.

223 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

223

The explosion flares on a screen. Garrison and others know what it means. Their heads aren't bowed, but the atmosphere in the room is like a funereal. A soldier hands Garrison a radio.

GARRISON

Cribbs?

INTERCUT TO EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - SAME TIME SUPER: SAFE
ZONE - PAKISTANI STADIUM 10TH MOUNTAIN AND U.N. BASE

CRIBBS

Sir, they're still debating the route.

GARRISON (V.O.)

How long?

CRIBBS

At least a couple of hours.

GARRISON

We haven't got that long, Joe.

The rescue convoy is assembling within an enormous soccer stadium. Pakistani tanks pass Cribbs, who is on the phone as his Little Bird flies over behind him.

CRIBBS

Pakistani General said since we didn't deem to inform him of the raid, he's gonna take as much time as he wants.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

GARRISON

(rubs his forehead)

Well you tell the General this: I understand. But it is my duty to remind him that my men are surrounded by thousands of armed Somali militia. It is imperative that we move them out of the hostile area and into the safe zone. I need his help, now.

CRIBBS

Yes sir.

224 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

224

Durant comes to in a room, lying on a paper-thin mattress, back propped against the wall. Sees Firimbi, the man from the crash site with the megaphone, stepping forward. He holds Durant's dog tags.

FIRIMBI

Durant. Michael Durant.

DURANT

Yes.

FIRIMBI

You are the Ranger who kills my people?

Durant shakes his head no.

DURANT

I'm not a Ranger. I'm a pilot.

Firimbi offers Durant a cigarette. Durant shakes his head.

FIRIMBI

Huh. That's right. None of you Americans smoke anymore. You all live long, dull, uninteresting lives.

Durant tries to move, winces in pain.

DURANT

What do you want with me?

FIRIMBI

You have taken hostages. We have you.

DURANT

My government will never negotiate for me.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

FIRIMBI

(smiles)

Then perhaps, you and I can negotiate.
Huh? Soldier to soldier...hmm?

Firimbi offers Durant a drink. Durant shakes his head no.

DURANT

I'm not in charge.

FIRIMBI

Course not, you have the power to kill, but not negotiate. In Somalia, killing is negotiation. Do you really think if you get General Aidid, we will simply put down our weapons and adopt American Democracy? That the killing will stop? We know this: without victory there can be no peace. There will always be killing, you see? This is how things are in our world.

Firimbi tosses Durant his tags and walks out.

225 INT. MOGADISHU - NIGHT

225

A Black Hawk flies over the city.

226 INT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

226

Eversmann watches Schmid work on Smith.

SCHMID

You gotta take over for me. Both hands.

Schmid pulls Eversmann aside.

SCHMID

It's the femora artery. I can't see it. Which means that it's retracted up into the pelvis. Which means that I have to find it and clamp it. It's the only way to stop the bleeding... I got no more IV's. So, I'm gonna need you to assist. Okay?

EVERSMANN

Yeah, yeah.

227 INT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - MOMENTS LATER

227

CLOSE - on a pair of medical clamps. Eversmann holds the clamps, he and Doc Schmid kneeling beside Smith.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

SCHMID

Now listen Jamie, I've gotta do something, it's going to hurt. Okay? I gotta cause you more pain, but I have to do it to help you. All right? You understand?

SMITH

Give me some morphine.

SCHMID

I can't. It'll lower your heart rate too far. I'm sorry. Here Twombly, why don't you take his hands there.

He's already hooked up to two IV bags, needles in both arms.

SCHMID

I need you to hold the wound open, keep pressure on the top of the leg. Yurek, you're gonna take the feet and the flashlight. On my count. All right, Jamie. All right man.

Schmid looks at Eversmann to ask, ready? Eversmann nods.

SCHMID

One, two, three.

Schmid pulls out the Curlex, releasing the blood flow, then sticks both hands into the wound and probes for the artery. Smith wails. Schmid probes around until --

SCHMID

Wait, wait, wait. Okay. I feel it. I feel the pulse.

EVERSMANN

Yeah?

SCHMID

I got it, I got it, I got it, yeah, I got it. I got it, I got it.

EVERSMANN

You got it? You need these?

SCHMID

Yeah, yeah. Clamp.

EVERSMANN

Yeah, I got it clamped, I got it clamped.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (2)

227

SCHMID

You got it? You got it? Hold it.

EVERSMANN

Here, grab it. It's tearing.

Schmid pulls the slippery artery into the open. Eversmann holds the clamp out, but the artery slithers away with a snap.

SCHMID

Fuck!

EVERSMANN

It's going back in, it's going back in, it's tearing!

SCHMID

Hold it! Fuck, okay get out, get out!

EVERSMANN

Okay.

SCHMID

Hold the wound.

EVERSMANN

Okay, okay, I'm holding.

SCHMID

Fuck!

SCHMID

Move your hand.

EVERSMANN

Yeah.

Schmid's hands disappear into the wound again.

Gets the clamp ready, but Schmid can't locate the artery, he shaking his head in frustration.

EVERSMANN

What?

Smith is passing out. Schmid has to give up the search before he kills him. His bloody hands come out without the artery. Angry at himself, he stuffs new Curlex into the wound. Smith's eyes slit open as he weakly manages:

SMITH

You fix it?

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (3)

227

The unused clamp is still in Eversmann's hand.

EVERSMANN

Yeah, man. We got it.

Smith nods, eyes closing, passing out.

228 INT. ROOM - SANDERSON'S BUILDING - NIGHT

228

Grimes is grinding coffee beans.

SANDERSON

What the hell are you doing?

GRIMES

It's all in the grind, Sarge. Can't
be too fine, can't be too coarse.
Grimsey, you are squared away.

Grimes pours a cup of coffee.

229 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

229

Mo'Alim watches his men.

230 INT. ROOM - SANDERSON'S BUILDING - NIGHT

230

Grimes limps over to Sanderson who is sitting on a ratty
couch.

GRIMES

Sarge, how'd you like a nice hot cup
of Joe? Gold coast blend.

SANDERSON

Sit down. Let me take a look at that
foot.

GRIMES

Oh no, it's not a problem.

SANDERSON

Come on, come on, come on.

But Sanderson is already kneeling in front of him, cutting
off the laces Grimes's right boot.

Sanderson finishes cutting, slips the boot off to reveal --
a golfball-sized piece of shrapnel sticking out of his foot.

SANDERSON

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

GRIMES

Oh my God. I don't even feel that.

SANDERSON

It cauterized on impact.

(wraps gauze around
it)

If this thing starts to smart, you
let me know, all right? Where the
hell'd they find you?

GRIMES

Behind a desk.

Sanderson laughs.

GRIMES

No, really. You think I'm kidding?

BA-WHOOM! A blast shakes the house, walls rocking.

SANDERSON

Anybody hit?

231 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

231

Mo'Alim shouts at a militia man, who adjusts the angle and
drops another missile in -- PHWOMP it shoots skyward.

232 INT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

232

Everyone hits the deck as the round whistles in. This time
the house is rocked nearly off its foundation. Part of a
wall collapses. Doc Schmid covers Smith with his body.

EVERSMANN

You all right? Is everybody all right?

Schmid nods his head yes.

233 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

233

BEYOND THE MASSIVE CITY ARCHWAY, Mo'Alim is wearing Russian-
made Night Vision goggles. He directs two technicals with
mortars on back, instructing his men to change angles and
fire again.

234 INT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

234

The walls shake as another round comes in. Eversmann runs
forward.

EVERSMANN

Incoming!

235 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

235

Mo'Alim fires an automatic weapon.

MO'ALIM
(in Somali, subtitled)
Keep firing....faster!

236 EXT. DARKENED STREETS - NIGHT

236

Hoot, Sizemore and one other Delta man move slowly, silently through the night, NODS on their heads. The sound of staccato gunfire grows louder as they near Crash Site One.

A RUMBLE - and Hoot motions with hand signals. They creep forward down the block, guns raised, NODs over their eyes. They fire again -- and commandeer an RPG gun.

Mo'Alim looks around, as -- CRACK!CRACK! Two more militia - drop to the ground. He sees Hoot load a mortar and fire it directly at him.

Mo'Alim's head rocks backwards. He is dead.

Hoot, Sizemore and two Deltas run forward down the street.

237 EXT. OUTSIDE EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

237

HOOT
Ranger here. This is Kilo One One.

238 INTERCUT TO GALENTINE -

238

GALENTINE RADIOS BACK:

GALENTINE
This is Chalk Four, we're at the
Southeast corner of crash site. Who
is this over?

HOOT
We're coming in with three friendlies.
I need some covering fire, over.

GALENTINE - passes the word along, trying not to shout:

GALENTINE
Roger that Kilo One One. Hold your
fire! Deltas coming in.

SOLDIERS
(in unison)
Hold your fire!

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

ON HOOT - down the block, Sizemore and Delta behind, the group moving in a rapid crouch, blending with shadows.

Rapid footsteps. Then the Rangers and the Delta Operators appearing in the night.

239 INT. JOC - LATER

239

Garrison looks at the screens. Says to a man behind him:

GARRISON

Ground personnel will have to mark target positions with infrared strobes. Get Little Birds on strafing runs and keep `em going all night long.

(stares at the monitors)

If we don't hold back this city, we'll have a hundred caskets to fill by morning.

OPERATOR

Yes sir. Colonel Harrell, ground personnel at Crash Site One will have to mark the target with infrared strobes in preparation for air strike.

240 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - NIGHT

240

As the complex logistics of organizing the vehicle Rescue Convoy continues --

McKnight, Struecker, Othic, and a group of Delta Operators arrive in jeeps. All are blood spattered or wounded from the ride through hell in the Humvee convoys.

Cribbs approaches as they climb out of the jeeps. Even Thomas, who didn't want to go before, is with them.

CRIBBS

McKnight! Between the tenth Mountain and U.N., we got enough personnel, okay! Danny, you guys do not have to go back out again.

McKnight looks at Cribbs.

CRIBBS

All right, come on.

241 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - LATER

241

The Rescue Convoy, finally, is about to leave. Humvees, trucks, tanks, and APCs.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

The tank treads grind and begin moving out, followed by the rest of the trucks.

SUPER

11:23 PM

242 INT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

242

It's been some time now.

SMITH

I can't die here man.

EVERSMANN

You're not gonna die, all right?
You're not gonna die.

Eversmann is kneeling next to Doc Schmid and Smith.

Eversmann is watching Smith, pale white, eyes glazed.

HE SAYS QUIETLY TO EVERSMAANN:

SMITH

I'm sorry.

EVERSMANN

You don't have anything to be sorry
for. You saved Twombly. You did
perfect.

SMITH

(eyes move to Twombly)
You okay, Twombs?

Twombly has wandered over, stares down at Smith. Doesn't know what to say. Eversmann looks from Twombly to Smith.

TWOMBLY

Yeah, I'm okay, Jamie.

Now the whole room is watching as Smith begins hyper-ventilating, a sickening wheezing sound echoing off the stone walls. Smith's eyes start to dart around the room.

EVERSMANN

You did what you were trained to do.
You should be proud of that. Be proud
of that.

Smith nods, teeth chattering.

SMITH

Ev?

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

EVERSMANN

Yeah?

SMITH

Do me a favor.

EVERSMANN

Yeah?

SMITH

You tell my parents, that I fought
well today. That I... that I... that
I fought hard.

EVERSMANN

You're gonna tell `em yourself, okay?
You hear me?

Smith is shaking uncontrollably.

EVERSMANN

All right?

SMITH

Are the Humvees here?

EVERSMANN

They're coming, Jamie.

SMITH

They're coming.

EVERSMANN

You just gotta hang in there a little
bit. You gotta hold out for just a
little bit, you can do that.

SMITH

I can.

(gasping for breath)

I can do it. This is nothin'.

EVERSMANN

This is nothin'. It's nothin'.

SMITH

This is nothin'.

EVERSMANN

It's nothin'.

SMITH

Okay. Nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (2)

242

Smith grips Eversmann's bloodstained hand. Eversmann nods.

EVERSMANN

This is nothin'...

Smith's eyes begin to change... a certainty comes into them. Now he stares somewhere beyond the ceiling -

Schmid runs forward.

SCHMID

Oh shit! Hold the wound!

The Alamo house is silent, everyone watching as Schmid administers CPR. Compresses Smith's chest again and again.

After a long time, Eversmann reaches out, stops Schmid.

Doc sits back, covered in blood. Stares down at Smith, resigned.

EVERSMANN

Oh, God.

243 INT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION -- LATER

243

Slumped against a crumbling wall in the silent house, Eversmann stares at Smith's body, covered by a tattered blanket in the center of the room.

Hoot moves to the body, finds Smith's CAR-15 on the ground, blood-spattered. Hoot picks it up, takes out the magazine.

EVERSMANN

What are you doing?

Hoot doesn't look up as he clicks the rounds out one by one.

HOOT

We need the ammo.

Eversmann watches the Delta soldier pick up the extra rounds.

HOOT

You did all you could here.

Eversmann's gaze again falls to Smith's form under the blanket.

EVERSMANN

They should've sent a medivac.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

HOOT

Well, right now we'd be out there
defending another crashed chopper.
More men would get torn up.

EVERSMANN

Maybe...

Hoot walks over to the wall next to Eversmann.

HOOT

So you're thinking. Don't.

(beat)

Cause Sergeant, you can't control
who gets hit, or who doesn't. Who
falls out of a chopper, or why. It
ain't up to you. It's just war.

EVERSMANN

(nods, he knows, but)

Smith is still dead. If Blackburn
wouldn't fallen none of this woulda
happened --

HOOT

(stares at him)

Listen -- should have or could have --
it don't matter; You'll get plenty
of time to think about all that later.
Believe me.

Hoot looks at Eversmann.

HOOT

Sergeant. You got your men this far.
You did it right today...

(Eversmann glances up
at him)

You need to start thinking about
getting these men out of here.

Hoot looks up.

HOOT

Well, shall we?

244 INT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION - LATER

244

Gunfire erupts around them. The men rush out to defend their
position.

EVERSMANN

I need four guns on this corner,
now!

245 INT. /EXT. WOOD'S LITTLE BIRD / CHASE SITE -- NIGHT

245

As Wood brings the Little Bird in low, there are suddenly countless dots of light surrounding the entire perimeter of the area, from the streets and rooftops ringing the court yard -- all firing at him.

He sees THOUSANDS of glowing Somali bodies, ghostly, innumerable on his infra -- red monitor.

ADJOINING ROOFTOPS - more than two-hundred beat signatures of Somali bodies charge across rooftops, coming toward the chinks in a great wave, leaping from roof to roof.

OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET - three hundred Somalis move to get in position to fire down at the chinks. Somalis climb up staircases, ladders, appearing on rooftops like angry insects.

WOOD

Jesus Christ! Look at that.

Wood pilots a nimble Little Bird over the crash site. Sees nothing but dark forms around buildings and a blur of wrecked metal below as he shrieks past.

246 INTERCUT TO EVERSMAANN -

246

EVERSMANN

This is Two Five. I can see you,
you're right above me.

WOOD

Eversmann, I can't tell who's who
down there. Too much activity.

INT. JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - CONT.

ON A MONITOR - infrared figures of Rangers hiding in buildings around the crash site illuminate the video screens: white blobs, like something out of a low -- tech video game.

247 INTERCUT TO EVERSMAANN -

247

EVERSMANN

I'll mark the target with a strobe,
over?

WOOD

Roger that.

248 EXT. EVERSMAANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

248

Eversmann throws a strobe. It does not fire.

249 INT. WOOD'S LITTLE BIRD - SAME TIME

249

Wood looks for the strobe to flash.

EVERSMANN (V.O.)
See it?

WOOD
Nah, I can't see shit.

250 INTERCUT TO EVERSMANN -

250

Eversmann is at the radio, Galentine shaking his head, no.

EVERSMANN
I'm puttin' it on the roof.

Eversmann begins gathering the IR strobes. Hoot says:

HOOT
You're gonna need some help.

EVERSMANN
Cover me.

HOOT
Okay guys, we're gonna lay down some
cover fire for him on three. Ready?
One, two, three, go!

His chalk finishes reloading and sets to cover him. He looks at them. Ready? Is he? Yes. Whup-whup-whup -- Wood's Little Bird howls overhead. Somalis FIRING as --

251 EXT. CRASH SITE -- NIGHT

251

-- Eversmann sprints from the Somali building into the shooting range of the street, bullets tracking him -- a hellstorm, Eversmann right in the middle of it.

Eversmann tosses the strobe on the roof.

252 INT. WOOD'S LITTLE BIRD

252

Wood sees the strobe flash through his NOD.

WOOD
I got your position, I got the target.
We're inbound and hot.

RPG explode outside the bird, lighting up the sky and rocking the craft. Wood hits the trigger on the flight stick.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

252

His miniguns blaze strobelight-death across the rooftops. Somali heat signatures scatter under the withering fire of the swift chopper's deadly arsenal.

EVERSMANN - Finished, prepares for the final run back to the Alamo building.

The street echoes with the roar of weapons as Eversmann leaps inside to safety.

Figures fire their weapons down the block toward the crash site.

The Little Birds turn to make another pass.

WOOD

Ya'll keep your heads down. We're coming back around.

253 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

253

Garrison watches the screen. Steele's voice comes in through the radio.

254 INT. STEELE'S STABLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

254

255 STEELE RADIOS IN -

255

STEELE

Six Two, this is Six Four. Where the hell's the convoy? Over.

HARRELL (V.O.)

Half a block from your location, hang in there.

256 EXT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

256

An RPG slams into the wall, rocking the building.

EVERSMANN

Shit!

The Little Bird again shrieks past his building, miniguns rumbling.

Bullets ZING over their heads, blasting walls inside the house. Somali fire increases, web tightening. Chalk Four returns fire, guns raging through the night.

Thousands of muzzle flashes rain from rooftops, windows and doorways of the buildings across the street. Somali bullets SMACK! and CRACK! all around them.

257 INT. JOC - SAME TIME

257

Wood's voice comes over the command net.

WOOD (V.O.)

C2, miniguns dry. Returning to base.

COLONEL MATTHEWS (V.O.)

Roger that. Second team inbound.

Your station. On your location, four minutes.

ON SCREEN - as the chopper passes, smoke rises from the crash site.

258 INT. STEELE'S POSITION - LATER

258

THE RESCUE CONVOY - rumbling down the block. .50 cal's roaring from atop Humvees. Somalis are blown back into buildings by the dozen.

The massive convoy reduces Somali positions into dust, entire buildings crumbling like saltine crackers. Dark figures continue to fall. Somali muzzle flashes dissipate...

Captain Steele steps from the stable doorway and shakes hands with Colonel McKnight.

CAPTAIN STEELE

Captain Steele here, Colonel!

MCKNIGHT

Get your men loaded up Captain. We're gettin' the hell outta here.

CAPTAIN STEELE

Yes, sir! All right, let's go. Be careful with the wounded.

STEELE GRABS THE RADIO:

STEELE

Two Five, this is Six Four, the rescue column has arrived and will be at your location in about ten minutes. Prepare your men for exfil Sergeant.

259 INT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION - NIGHT

259

Eversmann closes his eyes and nods.

STEELE (V.O.)

Six Four out.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

259

EVERSMANN

Yeah, Roger that, sir. Roger that!

STEELE (V.O.)

All right, let's move it!

EVERSMANN

Ten minutes! The convoy's gonna be
here in ten minutes!

His Rangers breathe a collective sigh of relief.

260 INT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION - LATER

260

Kurth, Waddell, and Galentine are covering their position,
weapons aimed out the doorway and firing into the night.

KURTH

Eversmann, I'm out!

EVERSMANN

This is my last one!

SUPER

02:05 AM

Eversmann goes to the door and stares at the incredible sight
of the convoy, so long he can't see the end of it. He shouts
over his shoulder:

EVERSMANN

The convoy's here!

Random gunfire that comes from Somali houses are met with
the full wrath of the U.S. Mountain Division as --Eversmann sees McKnight striding alongside the lead Humvee,
ignoring random Somali gunfire as if it doesn't exist.

MCKNIGHT

Sergeant Eversmann?

EVERSMANN

Yes, sir!

McKnight sees him in the darkness. Walks toward him, hand
outstretched.

MCKNIGHT

Heard you guys needed a lift.

EVERSMANN

(can't help smiling)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED: 260

And he shakes the Colonel's outstretched hand.

MCKNIGHT

Bring you wounded right over there!

261 INT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAWN 261

A Ranger takes a saw and cuts through the metal of Wolcott's Black Hawk.

262 EXT. SANDERSON'S POSITION - NIGHT 262

Sanderson watches Grimes hobble to the doorway and goes to assist.

SANDERSON

Hey, I got ya!

Grimes smiles through the pain, hobbling on his bad foot toward the waiting APC.

GRIMES

It's okay. I wanna walk.

SANDERSON

(lets Grimes go)

You sure? Go!

Sanderson watches Grimes run into the APC under his own power.

263 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT 263

The saws are still at work.

264 EXT. EVERSMANN'S POSITION NIGHT 264

Eversmann and Doc Schmid carry Smith's body, covered with a sheet, out into the night. Load it into an APC. Hoot covers them, watching the rooftops, windows. Ever vigilant.

265 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT 265

RANGER

I got him. One, two, three.

Wilkinson and Fales are helped by dozens of Rangers as they carefully pass the wounded Warren and Dowdy out of the ruined helicopter.

266 INT. LEAD APC - NIGHT 266

Cribbs speaks to the Pakistani drivers.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

266

CRIBBS

Get the pilots' bodies out, then we
go to the stadium.

Behind Cribbs, soldiers load the many wounded and dead into
vehicles. Groaning men are piled onto one another in the
cramped APCs. Humvees are packed full.

NEAR THE FOUNTAIN: Cribbs walks up to McKnight, Steele,
Eversmann, Hoot and SANDERSON.

CRIBBS

We're running out of room already.

MCKNIGHT

We're just gonna have to cram 'em in
to every possible space.

CRIBBS

Okay. Tenth Mountain will provide
security for armor, walks us out of
the hot zone --

STEELE

(disdain on his face)
Tenth Mountain? No, Sir, with
respect, my Rangers can provide rear
security. We'll walk you out of the
hot zone, and then we'll jump on the
last few vehicles.

Cribbs looks at the battle weary faces before him.

CRIBBS

Okay, let's get out of here.

STEELE

Let's go!

267 INT. APC - DAWN

267

Inside the coffin-like APC, Grimes pounds on the driver's
partition as bullets PING off the metal hull.

GRIMES

Come on! These things are fucking
bullet magnets! Come on, let's go!

PAKISTANI DRIVER

We go when I'm ordered to, soldier.

268 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAWN

268

They start on Wolcott.

RANGER

Easy, go easy. Easy. Go easy.

A Ranger shines a light on Wolcott's buried legs. It's hopeless.

269 INT. JOC - DAY

269

He stares at the screen. Garrison can see Somalis again massing around three streets, choking off the convoy's exits.

GARRISON

Colonel, what is going on down there?

INTERCUT to McKnight on radio --

MCKNIGHT

They're dismantling the entire cockpit around the body.

GARRISON (V.O.)

Well how long's it gonna take? I need an honest, no shit assessment.

There's a pause as McKnight relays the question. Then --

MCKNIGHT

They can't say.

270 INTERCUT TO GARRISON. HE ENDURES AS LONG AS HE CAN THE FLARES ON THE SCREEN HE KNOWS ARE RPGS. EVENTUALLY, INTO HIS MIC -

270

GARRISON

Danny, no one gets left behind.

INTERCUT to McKnight --

GARRISON (V.O.)

You understand me, son?

INTERCUT to McKnight. No response.

GARRISON

Danny?

INTERCUT to Garrison. Finally --

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

270

MCKNIGHT (V.O.)
Yes, General.

GARRISON
You do what you have to do.

MCKNIGHT
Roger.

271 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - MORNING

271

Briley's body is carried away from the Black Hawk

SUPER
5:45 A.M. - Monday, October 4 Gunfire
rains down on the men.

MCKNIGHT
Let's go! Let's move out!

The convoy starts to roll out. Rangers follow on foot.

272 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - SAME TIME

272

Hoot sets explosives in the now-deserted cockpit. Runs to
the leaving convoy as the charges are detonated.

273 EXT. CHASE SITE - DAWN

273

The convoy is picking up speed, the Mountain soldiers
scrambling to get aboard Humvees and APCs as Eversmann,
Sanderson, and the other Rangers and Delta cover them.

274 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAWN

274

After the last of the APCs pass, Eversmann and the other
Rangers and Delta try to get aboard. EVERY VEHICLE is crammed
full, some men hanging out open doors, some lying on hoods.

No one stops for them. Steele runs alongside the APC, pounding
on the metal --

STEELE
Open up the hatch! We got men back
here!

PAKISTANI DRIVER
No room here, go on the roof.

SANDERSON
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED:

274

STEELE

The roof?

TWOMBLY

I'm not getting on the fucking roof!

SANDERSON

No, no, no, it's full!

The Pakistani driver shouts.

Steele shuts the door. There are no more vehicles to chase after.

SANDERSON

Let's just go, let's just go!

The convoy pulls out and the men follow on foot.

275 EXT. BACK AT THE SOMALI BUILDING - DAWN

275

The city is bathed in orange light. Eversmann, Hoot, Steele, Sanderson, Twombly, Sizemore, Nelson, Yurek, Kurth, Waddell, Galentine and Doc Schmid are running down the streets after the convoy, unable to catch up with the vehicles.

They watch helplessly as the convoy disappears down the block. Their tired, rubbery legs carry them away from the crash site, into the dense, dangerous streets of surrounding neighborhoods.

276 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - MORNING

276

The group of soldiers are now running along the same streets they battled over the day before.

The men are exhausted, gasping for air as they charge down the crooked, dirty roads. Legs like lead weights.

KRATAKRATAKRAT! Machine-gun fire rakes the road ahead. The group runs for cover, trying not to get pinned in.

277 EXT. K-4 CIRCLE - MORNING

277

The Rescue Convoy rumbles, stretching back a quarter mile. The sound of the vehicles shakes the very earth. An older Somali man carries a dead child and crosses in front of the convoy.

278 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - MORNING

278

The group runs down the street. Gasping. They can see the convoy disappearing around a corner.

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

278

Sanderson and Hoot FIRE down the intersection, killing three Somali snipers. Steele, Eversmann and others charge across.

On the other side, the Rangers cover Delta Hoot and Sanderson.

The Delta Operators charge across to safety.

They use this tactic at every intersection. Somali gunfire getting more intense. The men see the APCs, distant blocks ahead, rounding a corner.

279 EXT. THE CORNER - MORNING

279

Sanderson charges up from behind, bullets following him.

THEY RUN out into the street as -- A WOMAN with a child in her arms dashes out in front of them, hurrying across the street. Waddell almost fires on instinct.

WADDELL

Get down, get outta here!

The woman runs to the other side of the street.

Sanderson runs over to Eversmann.

EVERSMANN

I'm out of ammo! Sanderson, I'm out of ammo!

Sanderson continues to fire.

Another woman runs forward, Kurth raises his weapon to fire.

YUREK

What are you doing?

KURTH

I'm doing it.

The woman RAISES A HANDGUN -- Kurth fires and she falls dead.

280 EXT. MOGADISHU STREETS - MORNING

280

The group runs down the street, bullets whizzing past.

The men charge down the block on wobbly legs, running through the smoke. People line the streets, cheering them on.

They run into the safety of THE SOCCER STADIUM.

281 INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM

281

The entrance is in sight. Doctors are inside, white tables and sheets and water and safety and food and shelter and - Eversmann makes it. Hoot, Sanderson, Steele, and the others charge in after him.

They stare at the makeshift medical tents that have been set up. Watching a Medic directing the seriously wounded to one area, dead to another -

as UN workers bring them glasses of water.

Nelson and Twombly embrace.

Eversmann staggers forward.

282 EXT. STADIUM - MORNING

282

BEHIND THEM - Colonel McKnight gets his neck wound looked at.

MCKNIGHT

Ah, shit.

MEDIC

The bullet missed your jugular by about three millimeters. Don't move!

MCKNIGHT

All right, all right. Hurry up, hurry up!

BEHIND HIM - Grimes, covered in white dust, rests on a litter. Sanderson walks over to him and hands him a cup.

GRIMES

Little short on coffee, but I got you some tea. How you doing soldier?

RANGER

I can't feel a thing.

283 INT. THE MEDICAL WARD - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

283

Garrison, standing by the door, has come into the chaos that is the medical tent, watching. Somebody shouts, "... mop..." And we see doctors and medics working over a man, the man bleeding profusely, the doctors and the medics literally slipping in his blood on the floor... And Garrison seeing a mop nearby takes it up, and doing his duty, mops the bloody floor... And as Garrison mops the bloody floor the doctors and the medics are trying to save his men's lives...

284 INT. THE MEDICAL WARD - LATER

284

Steele moves through the tent... men in various conditions... none of it good... He comes to Ruiz. The medic shakes his head no.

STEELE

Hey son, hey.

Ruiz opens his eyes.

RUIZ

Captain.

STEELE

Lorenzo? How're you doing?

RUIZ

I went in and out. Medic says I should be okay in a couple of days.

STEELE

That's great news.

RUIZ

Are we going after them?

STEELE

You bet your ass we will. We gotta regroup.

RUIZ

Don't go out there without me. Don't go back out there without me. I can still do my job.

Steele puts his hand on Ruiz' face.

STEELE

Now you get some rest now.

285 EXT. STADIUM - MORNING

285

Eversmann comes over to Hoot, who is picking through supplies... resupplying himself. Hoot goes about his business... taping grenade pins one after another after another... Calmly, efficiently...

EVERSMANN

(incredibly)

You're going back in?

(CONTINUED)

285 CONTINUED:

285

HOOT
(nods, matter of fact)
There's still men out there... God
damn!

He stops resupplying and picks up a plate and eats.

HOOT
When I go home... and people ask me,
hey Hoot? Why do you do it man? Why?
You some kind of war junkie? I won't
say a god damned word. Why? Because
they won't understand... They won't
understand why we do it. They won't
understand, it's about the men next
to you... and that's it... that's
all it is.

Eversmann does know... and starts to resupply himself. Hoot
shakes his head no.

HOOT
Hey. Don't even think about it, all
right? I'm better on my own.

And fully resupplied Hoot simply starts off... Eversmann
watches Hoot walk away... And Hoot suddenly slows,
realizing... shouting back...

HOOT
(congratulations)
Hey! We started a whole new week...
it's Monday.

And as he moves off... just another soldier, one of the dog's
of war...

286 EXT. WOLCOTT'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

286

Kids play on the downed helicopter.

EVERSMANN (V.O.)
I was talking to Blackburn the other
day, and he asked me, "You know what
changed? Why are we going home?"
And I said, "Nothing..." But that's
not true, you know? I think
everything's changed. I know I've
changed...

287 INT. A STORAGE ROOM - LATE DAY

287

Fluorescent lights... too bright.. too constant... a cooler's humming... it kicks off and then on again...and we see EVERSMANN... And he's clean... just some nicks and cuts, band-aid pieces over some small wounds... but there are other wounds, the kind you can't see at first glance...a soldier who's been in combat... a look in a young man's eyes... a look that makes you stop and take a deeper look... into his soul... and that's just what we do... looking at his face... into his eyes...into the window of his soul... as he's talking to someone... easy, conversational... nothing out of the ordinary...

EVERSMANN

You know, a friend of mine asked me before I got here, it was when we were all shipping out. He asked me... "Why are you going to fight somebody else's war? What do ya'll think, you're heros...?"

He laughs at the idea...

EVERSMANN

I didn't know what to say at the time, but... if he asks me again...I'd say...No. I'd say there's no way in hell...nobody asks to be a hero...it just sometimes turns out that way...

And for the first time we see he's been talking to a familiar man, lying motionless on a stretcher...

And Eversmann, needing to make a final connection touches Smith's chest... a hero's heart... another somebody who didn't ask to be a hero..

EVERSMANN

(simply)

I'm gonna talk to your ma and pa when I get home, okay?

And we see there are other men on stretchers, other young men who left a piece of their hearts behind..

And he turns and leaves...the lights forever on...the cooler humming... the boys going home men...

288 INT. AIRPLANE CARGO BAY - LATE IN THE DAY

288

The cargo bay door closes on the empty cargo bay.

FADE TO BLACK...

LEGEND #1: During the raid over 1000 Somalis died and 19 American soldiers lost their lives.

CWO Donovan Briley Staff Sgt. Daniel Busch Spec. James Cavaco Staff Sgt. William Cleveland Staff Sgt. Thomas Field Sgt. First Class Earl Fillmore CWO Raymond Frank Master Sgt. Gary Gordon Sgt. Cornell Houston Sgt. Casey Joyce Pfc. Richard Kowalewski Pfc. James Martin Master Sgt. Tim 'Griz' Martin Sgt. Dominick Pilla Sgt. First Class Matt Rierson Sgt. Lorenzo Ruiz Sgt. First Class Randy Shughart Cpl. Jamie Smith CWO Cliff 'Elvis' Wolcott

RUIZ (V.O.)

My love, you're strong and you'll do well in life. I love you and my children deeply. Today and tomorrow, with each day, grow and grow. Keep smiling and never give up, even when things get you down. So in closing my love, tonight, tuck my children in bed warmly. Tell them I love them. Then, hug them for me and, give them both a kiss good night for Daddy.

Legend #2: Delta Sgts. Gary Gordon and Randy Shughart were the first soldiers to receive the medal of honor posthumously since the Vietnam War.

Michael Durant was released after 11 days of captivity.

Two weeks later, President Clinton withdrew Delta Force and The Rangers from Somalia.

Legend #3 Major General William F. Garrison accepted full responsibility for the outcome of the raid.

On August 2, 1996, Warlord Mohamed Farrah Aidid was killed in Mogadishu. The following day, General Garrison retired.