

HIGH VALUE TARGET

by
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Story by
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UNCLASSIFIED
(Security Classification)
FOREIGN SERVICE DESPATCH

DO NOT TYPE IN THIS SPACE

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DESP. NO.

FROM : [REDACTED]
TO : THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

REF : [REDACTED], Despatches [REDACTED] and 374, [REDACTED]

For Dept. Use Only	ACTION	DEPT.
	REC'D	IN F O THER
12/7	NEA-4	RM/R-1, IRC-8, L-2, M/O-1, M/OB-1, IES-5, ICA-11, S/SA-1 CIA-10, USIA-10, OSD-4, OCB-1, ARMY-4, NAVY-3, AIR-1

SUBJECT: REGULATIONS GOVERNING [REDACTED] EXPEDITIONS IN [REDACTED]

The following is based on the real life missions of MANTIS a multi-national [REDACTED] special operations throughout the world.

[REDACTED] security contractors [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] unsanctioned high value targets.

[REDACTED] to capture or kill those individuals [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] black ops [REDACTED]

They do not exist.

JRClingerman
REPORTER

UNCLASSIFIED
INFORMATION COPY

THE FOLLOWING IS CLASSIFIED UNDER EXECUTIVE ORDER #8312-L852
AND THEREFORE NEVER HAPPENED.

No credits. Just darkness. And silence. Until:

An image flickers to life. We are a --

LOCKED OFF CAMERA -- looking through an OBSERVATION WINDOW at a seated MAN inside a HOLDING ROOM. He's not here by choice.

<NOTE: SEVERAL CAMERAS HAVE BEEN SET UP TO DOCUMENT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS ROOM. WE WILL CUT BETWEEN THEM AS NECESSARY.>

WE HEAR a DOOR open off screen. FOOTFALLS approach.

WOMAN (O.S.)

He say anything?

MAN (O.S.)

Not yet. Took five of my best to bring him in. Put up quite a fight. No driver's licence. No address. No credit cards. Checked every database we could access. We mapped his features and facial recognition pulled a match, but most of the file was redacted. We only got this --

The RUSTLING of papers off screen.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- Medical record a few months back. Dissociative disorder, PTSD, violent behavior... was on suicide watch. Guy is a mess. So, you want to tell me who he is?

WOMAN (O.S.)

I can tell you who he was. Former DEVGRU, CIA Special Activities Division, and for the last few years a congressionally deniable button man for some people at the top.

MAN (O.S.)

And I take it they don't know he's here. You sure this is a good idea? He's someone else's property.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Not anymore.

FOOTSTEPS leaving. Door closes. Continue to hold on the seated man. After a moment the door opens and in walks the woman --

REBECCA COLE (40). Business suit. Three inch heels. Whip-smart. She sits on a metal chair across from --

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- the man (33). Thousand yard stare, eyes deserted, face rugged with a week old beard. An animal edge to him.

This is MATTHEW CROSS.

Cole studies him for a moment, until:

COLE
You're a hard man to find. You've
been off-grid, what, seven months?

Cross doesn't move, doesn't blink.

COLE (CONT'D)
Right now there's a question mark
by your name and a lot of worried
people way up the intelligence food
chain. They'd pay a lot of money
for you. That option is still on
the table but I'd like to talk
alternatives.

Cole pauses to let her words sink in.

COLE (CONT'D)
My name is Rebecca Cole. You might
not know who I am, but I know who
you are, Matthew James Cross.

Cross looks to her for the first time. Eyes scanning her.

CROSS
How do you know my name?

COLE
I know a lot about you. And I'm
here to offer you a way out.

A beat.

COLE (CONT'D)
I know what you've been through. I
know what you've lost. You look
like him... your brother.

Cross stares at her. Memories resurface.

CROSS
Who are you?

COLE
I've already told you.

CROSS
Not your name. Who do you work for?

COLE
The thing about my company is you never really know who you're working for.

CROSS
And what does your company do if you don't mind my asking?

COLE
The world has inherited a lot of nightmares. It's our job to deal with them. Many situations are too politically-sensitive to intervene through conventional means. We do what governments can't or won't. No red tape. No bureaucratic bullshit. We just get the job done.

CROSS
Independent contract operatives?

COLE
In a way. Except there are no contracts, we don't exist. I run a multi-national team called MANTIS that specializes in unconventional warfare and direct action missions. I'm a man short. Your name's number one on my list --

CROSS
-- I'm out of the game --

COLE
-- No you're not. You honestly think they're just going to let a multi-million dollar asset walk away? That's not how they work. They'll give you severance pay with a bullet in the head. We found you, so will they, just a matter of when. Consider yourself lucky we found you first.

CROSS
Why, so you can save them the bullet?

COLE
What's the point in killing someone
who doesn't care if they live or
die?

Cross keeps his armor up -- holds his hardened look.

COLE (CONT'D)
Come work for me. I'll make your
past disappear. Give you a future.

CROSS
What if I don't want one?

COLE
You do, you just don't know it yet.

A charged beat.

COLE (CONT'D)
I lost my sister. Car accident.
Drunk driver hit us going seventy-
five. I lived. She didn't. We
were sixteen. Not a day goes by
where I don't think about it --
wishing I could trade places with
her. But I can't.

CROSS
Why are you telling me this?

COLE
Because Will's death wasn't your
fault, but it happened. I've been
down that road. I know what you're
going through... aren't you tired
of running?

His silence says 'yes.' It's clear just how lost he is
without his brother -- still carrying the guilt and pain.

Cole takes out a sealed envelope -- the name "MATT" scribbled
on the front -- slides it across the table.

COLE (CONT'D)
He left this.
(beat)
Your brother worked for me, ran
over two dozen ops. Saved a lot of
lives.

Their eyes lock... Cole stands.

COLE (CONT'D)
You have until tomorrow morning to
make your decision.

She exits. Cross broods -- his soul has been stirred and he's fighting it. He picks up the envelope -- studies it. We hold on him for the longest time...

CUT TO --

BLACK.

INT. V-22 OSPREY - NIGHT

AN IMAGE IGNITES THE FRAME. Coming in and out of focus.

WE ARE A HELMET CAM -- finally the image settles and we see a familiar face staring right at us...

...Matthew Cross.

He's clean shaven. Wearing all black, and decked out in full combat gear. He looks much better since we last saw him. But there's still an emptiness in his eyes.

After a moment Cross turns and lifts us into the air. Our world is off kilter, unbalanced, until:

He straps the helmet on.

We are his eyes -- we see what he sees.

Looking around the dimly lit cargo hold -- seated are the other EIGHT MEMBERS of his team --

Elite commandos formerly belonging to armies from around the globe. No rank, no flag, no unit. They do not exist. This is MANTIS --

And right now they are watching Cole's face on TWO HOLOGRAPHIC PLASMA DISPLAYS in the center of the fuselage.

<NOTE: EACH MEMBER OF THE TEAM WILL HAVE A HELMET/SHOULDER CAM THAT WE WILL CUT BETWEEN AS NECESSARY.>

COLE

Let's go over everything again.

BRITTEN (38), former member of SOCOMD (Australian Special Forces). Ten years ago his looks had all the girls swooning... hell they still do. An all-star athlete, turned all-star killer. He speaks up --

BRITTEN

This is a strict in-out.
Insertion. Extraction. We take
HVT Khaled Hassan alive. When we
have a positive ID, we radio for
Horizon evac.

(MORE)

BRITTEN (CONT'D)

Ward plants the semtex and we sink the vessel upon extraction. Bring Hassan to the safe house in Mombasa and hand him off to the buyers.

BARRA (29), former member of BOPE (Brazilian Special Forces). Short cropped hair, five o'clock shadow, authority issues, a wild card, interjects --

BARRA

I say we put a bullet in the guy's head -- call it a day.

COLE

That's not the mission. We are paid to follow orders which means we bring him in alive. Can we continue Barra or do you have something else you wish to add?

Barra smiles -- likes being difficult.

AMIT

How many hostiles are we anticipating?

AMIT (33), former Mossad (Israeli Intelligence), deep-set brown eyes, calloused hands, the look of someone who's been through hell, watches Cole on the screen --

COLE

Again, intel is limited because of how fast we're moving on this one. We assume Hassan has several bodyguards and some militia on board. SAT images show a small crew and security detail, but weren't much help for what to anticipate inside. Our window of opportunity is tight on this, sorry you're walking in blind. As I said before, Hassan's men are very loyal and well trained, so don't expect them to just roll over. Silence will be the key to this coordinated incursion.

PILOT (O.S.)

We are eight minutes to drop zone.

COLE

Don't underestimate Hassan. He's smart. Elusive. The fact that he's been running his ops from sea for the last few years means you're stepping onto his turf. This guy's the real deal.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
 Three of Africa's largest militant groups, The Shabab, The Boko Harem, and al Qaeda, are trying to coordinate their efforts, and Hassan is poised to take the top position. You've read his file, which means you know the death toll he's left in his wake.

A beat. The words hang.

COLE (CONT'D)
This is a one-shot opportunity --
 let's bring him in. I'll see you in Mombasa. Good luck.

She seems to look right at Cross. He holds her gaze and then the screens flicker off.

BARRA interrupts the silence--

BARRA
 We're really going to drag this fucker all the way to Mombasa?

AMIT
 This isn't some green peace humanitarian mission. This is business. So yes, we're really going to drag the fucker all the way to Mombasa.

BARRA
 You don't just "good-cop, bad-cop" a guy like this. Easier to make him a corpse.

Barra looks up to see Cross staring right at him.

BARRA (CONT'D)
 (what are you looking at)
 I didn't get your name.

Cross checks his gear -- focused -- ignores Barra.

BARRA (CONT'D)
 I'm talking to you.

Cross continues prepping his gear, not interested in anything Barra has to say.

BARRA (CONT'D)
 I guess I should just mind my own business... but that's a real challenge for me. So why don't --

RUSO

-- Hey Barra, do us all a favor and shut the fuck up.

RUSO (28), former COMSUBIN (Italian Special Forces). The only female in the group. Her jet black hair, tattoos, and piercings, give her an extra edge she doesn't need.

BARRA

Princess, I was playing nice, just making friends here.

RUSO

You don't know how to play nice.
And you don't have any friends.

He smiles. She doesn't. Some truth here. And tension. A hurtful past between them. Cross registers this unspoken dislike.

An uncomfortable beat. Barra retreats to his corner. Russo exhales some steam, and then:

RUSO (CONT'D)

Sorry about him. I'm Russo.
(checking her gear)
You're Will's brother?

Cross nods.

RUSO (CONT'D)

(I'm sorry)
We ran a few ops together. He was good at what he did... and he was a good guy.

It's the most she can say, the only way she can say it. She understands death, not emotion.

Cross tries to push the memories away but they're bubbling to the surface. So much happening behind his eyes.

At the other end of the fuselage -- sitting next to each other are

MILLER (37), former SAS (British Special Forces), dark skin, even darker eyes, alcohol on his breath, the look of someone who has lived not one, but two lives --

And PARK (32), Korean, former SMB (South Korea's Counter Terrorism Force), a gentle face hiding nerves of steel, emotionally detached.

Miller and Park have a history. A love-hate relationship held together by respect. Both sit in silence.

Park is sketching in a small notebook.

Miller rubs his tired eyes.

PARK
When was the last time you slept?

MILLER
Budapest.

Park smiles. Miller glances over at Park's drawing -- a half completed Eiffel Tower. A beat, then:

MILLER (CONT'D)
You still sending her those awful drawings?

PARK
Every month.

MILLER
How long's it been?

PARK
Almost two years.

MILLER
I'm sure she misses you.

PARK
She's eight. Doubt she even remembers me.

A beat. Miller studies his friend's eyes. Real emotion there.

MILLER
Why the Eiffel Tower?

PARK
It's where I met her mom.

MILLER
I'll drink to that.

Miller pulls a flask takes a swig, offers it to Park. Park takes the flask, empties the contents onto the floor.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Come on man.

Park hands the flask back. Empty.

MILLER (CONT'D)
That really necessary?

PARK
We had a deal.

Cross watches this exchange. Glances over to --

WARD (39), former Delta Force (the USA's secretive tier-one special missions unit). Buzzed hair. Built. All-American. The empty eyes of a man who has seen too much blood spilled.

They share a glance. Both understanding each other. Not interested in friends or relationships. Just the mission.

Ward closes his eyes. Goes into a meditative state -- preparing himself for what's to come.

Cross takes out a TABLET -- opens a digital dossier on KHALED HASSAN -- scans through pages. Reading:

"...educated at the University of Oxford..."

"...speaks five languages..."

"...embassy bombings..."

"...assassinations..."

"...genocide..."

Cross turns to a grainy, black and white surveillance photo of Hassan -- stares at the picture for a moment, until:

PILOT (O.S.)
We have final green for drop. Two minutes. Going dark.

Silence as everyone does final gear checks. Game faces on. The lights cut out... DARKNESS... and then --

A RED LIGHT fills the fuselage. Cross stands.

HIRSCH (29), former KSK (German Special Forces), the shortest of the group but you wouldn't know it, he stands like he's eight feet tall -- checks Cross' free-fall flight gear.

HIRSCH
Good to go.

The team checks and loads weapons:

-- Heckler & Koch MP7s with extended mags and suppressors.

-- FAMAS' with ACOG scopes and IR lasers.

-- Custom M4s with ten-inch barrels and red dot sights.

Everyone switches over to oxygen tanks to begin the process of "prebreathing" -- purging nitrogen from the bloodstream.

COCKPIT

Both PILOTS wear night vision goggles (NVG's). Out of the windshield we see thick cloud cover in a green tint.

Pilots check instrumentation -- charting their approach.

PILOT
Loading ramp coming down.

FUSELAGE

The RAMP is lowered down, spilling in COLD, FRIGID AIR, and a DEAFENING cocktail of engine and wind noise.

The prep continues:

Cross inspects his THROAT-MIC and EARPIECE.

Britten and Amit push a high-tech three man submersible called an SDV (SEAL Delivery Vehicle) toward the ramp.

Russo tightens a strap on Barra's kit -- pulls it way too tight as a "fuck you."

Ward secures the SEMTEX (explosives) in a waterproof pouch.

Miller and Park zip some DARPA tech into their KITS.

Hirsch double-checks his SATCOM. Locks the strap on his ballistic helmet.

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thirty seconds.

The team lines up at the ramp. Dressed in full kit with weapons hanging. Grim, determined faces. Not a word spoken.

Thirty seconds seems to last thirty minutes. And then the red light blinks to GREEN.

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You are go for drop. Good luck.

Britten and Amit push the SDV down the ramp -- it drops out the back of the aircraft and disappears into the darkness. They follow -- their bodies devoured by the inky skies.

Cross watches as one-by-one the line grows shorter as his team drops out. Ward and Cross meet eyes through their masks, this is it. Ward jumps.

Cross is the last one. He looks out at the swirling clouds and thick darkness for a moment... and then leaps...

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

WE ARE CROSS

in a violent freefall --

Seeing only what he sees from his restricted POV --

Blasted by the Osprey's powerful slipstream as his body sling-shots toward the ocean 20,000 feet below.

Passing through a thick cloud layer.

Turbulence and wind pummeling his body.

All he hears is the sound of his BREATHING inside his mask.

All he sees in blackness.

He starts to lose control. Breathing harder.

Begins to spin. Vertigo takes over.

Cross keeps calm in the spiral -- tucks his arms in -- straightens his legs out behind him.

After a moment he regains stability. The vertigo dissipates and Cross gathers himself.

His body shaking violently, hurtling toward the surface at 120 mph --

A VIBRATION on his wrist -- the ALTIMETER ALARM -- a warning that the point of no return is fast approaching --

Fifteen seconds to deploy parachute. Cross keeps falling.

Ten seconds... five seconds...

Cross seems to be making a decision here, the choice between life and death hanging on a few seconds.

Three... two... one...

Time's up. Cross keeps falling... the water approaching.

It's like he wants to die...

The altimeter alarm flashes red...

We are about to witness a first person suicide... finally:

He pulls the rip-cord -- the black nylon chute explodes out of his pack -- his body is YANKED back.

He drops toward the dark hued water beneath him. Muscles tense. Heart pounding. He SPLASHES down --

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

-- cuts his chute -- unhooks his rig. Swims toward the rest of the team now gathered around the SDV.

Miller sees Cross making his way over.

MILLER
(throat-mic)
We're all here.

BRITTEN
(checking GPS)
Four Klicks south to our objective.
Ready up. Lets move.

Britten, Miller, and Park strap themselves into the three-man SDV.

Cross reaches the team. Amit floats a single-man mini SDV to him. Cross grabs on. Starts the device.

And they all DIVE beneath the syrupy black water --

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The SDV's XENON headlamps come on, white light cuts through the darkness -- like headlights through fog -- just barely illuminating the way.

The rest of the team follows using individual propulsion devices. Their black-clad bodies moving swiftly through the water.

Three Klicks out... Two Klicks... One...

Britten motions for the team to stop. Above them, a small shadow floats on the surface.

RUSSO

removes a small device from her pack, a personal UNMANNED AERIAL VEHICLE (UAV). She ACTIVATES the UAV -- it launches up like a high-tech bottle rocket --

-- breaking the surface with a whisper and hovering quietly above the shadow --

Russo takes out a waterproof TABLET. Powers it on --

TABLET SCREEN -- UAV CAMERA THERMAL IMAGE -- we see the shadow is in fact a small fishing boat. FOUR SOMALI SCOUTS sit inside, smoking and talking. AK-47s propped up.

Russo moves her finger across the tablet screen -- RED TARGET DESIGNATORS lock onto the four Somalis.

An MP7, attached to the belly of the UAV, fires precise SILENCED SHOTS -- hitting each target in the head --

-- the team watches from beneath the surface as a lifeless Somali splashes into the water, sinking, a trail of smoky blood in his wake.

Russo gives the thumbs up indicating all tangos down. And the team moves out, continuing toward their target.

The belly of the CARGO SHIP materializes out of the dark limbo as they make their approach.

The team discards their SDV's and propulsion devices and makes for the surface -- all except for

WADE

who continues toward the ship's belly.

The rest of the team breaks the

SURFACE

all eyes on the CARGO SHIP. Her hull fills our entire view.

MILLER AND PARK

move to the hull. Take out MAGNETIC PEGS. The magnetic force pulls them in and they CLINK to the ship's metal exterior.

Miller goes first. Stepping up onto the pegs, and placing more as he rises. Making a ladder. Park is next. The rest of the team follows.

Reaching the lip of the deck, Miller turns on his NVGs, peers over the top --

-- the deck is bathed in a soft green glow -- Miller scans the area, dozens of containers, but nothing else... wait... movement...

TWO GUARDS walk the perimeter.

MILLER
(throat-mic)
Two Tangos on approach. Hold
position.

Miller ducks down to avoid detection. Waits. Footsteps and talking growing closer. As the guards pass by, Miller climbs up onto the --

DECK

Park follows behind. The guards stop to light up. Puffing smoke. This next part happens really fast:

Miller and Park, wearing DARPA PULSE GLOVES, wrap their electrically charged hands around the guards' faces and necks -- sending 50,000 volts into the unsuspecting Somalis -- neuromuscular incapacitation precedes death.

MILLER (CONT'D)
(throat-mic)
Clear up.

Miller and Park drag the lifeless bodies into the darkness -- hold security as the rest of the team approaches -- shadows moving in the blackest of night.

Russo kneels. Pulls out the

TABLET -- UAV CAMERA -- the overhead image coming in live -- a military Google Maps. We see a black and white THERMAL IMAGE of the ship, the NINE MEMBERS OF MANTIS, and SEVERAL GUARDS patrolling the deck.

RUSSO
(throat-mic)
Three targets on the platform a
hundred feet from our position.

HIRSCH AND BRITTEN

power on their IR LASERS -- line their SCOPES up with the targets.

HIRSCH
(throat-mic)
Glassed up -- I'll take the two on
the left.

The three targets stand close together, chatting, no idea what's about to happen.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
Targets marked. Three... two...
one...

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! Three SILENCED head shots drop the guards.

RUSSO
(eyes the tablet)
Two targets exiting doorway, port
side.

Hirsch and Britten angle their weapons toward the doorway. TWO SOMALI GUARDS exit, carrying AK-47s.

PFFT! PFFT! Two puffs of pink mist. Both guards collapse.

RUSO (CONT'D)
 (throat-mic)
 Deck secure.
 (looking at the tablet)
 Three targets on the bridge.

AMIT
 On it.
 (to Cross)
 Gimme a hand.

Cross and Amit climb the ladder to the bridge -- move toward the door, Amit gently twists the handle -- and they enter.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Three SOMALIS sit at the control panels -- no idea that TWO SHADOWS are moving behind them.

Silenced shots. Slumped bodies. Tangos down.

AMIT
 (throat-mic)
 Bridge clear.

EXT. DECK - SAME TIME

Russo packs up the tablet. Readies her weapon as Cross and Amit return to the group.

BRITTEN
 (throat-mic)
 Let's move.

The team moves toward an open doorway. Switching NVG's off as they enter --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

-- and move down the long, metal hallway. Weapons at eye level. Checking room after room.

BRITTEN
 (throat-mic)
 Clear left.

BARRA
 (throat-mic)
 Clear right.

Silence save for the ship's grumbling indigestion, reverberating off the walls.

Cross, at the rear, scans behind as the team continues down the corridor.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

Ward tethers himself to the ship's belly. He takes out the waterproof pouch --

Removes the SEMTEX -- fixes the explosives to the hull.

INT. LEVEL TWO - CARGO SHIP - SAME TIME

RUSSO AND BARRA

on point, turn a corner, covering each other as they move. The rest of the team following in a tight cluster.

FLUSHING. Everyone stops. A metal door grinds open -- a SOMALI GUARD has only a millisecond to react --

CROSS

moves fast -- driving a knife into the man's chest -- covering his mouth to trap the screams -- setting the guard's limp body down on the toilet -- closing the door.

The team shares a few looks -- curious about the new guy. And then they move out -- rounding another corner -- hustling down a STAIRWAY --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL THREE - CONTINUOUS

-- deeper into the labyrinth of metal. Distant voices. Unintelligible. Etherial. Cigarette smoke chokes the air.

AMIT

Someone's having a party.

BRITTEN

We need to get eyes on. See what we're dealing with.

Britten turns to Russo. She takes out a small THROWBOT -- a robotic camera about the size of a baseball -- activates it.

Rolls it down the hallway.

INTERCUT: THROWBOT AND THE TEAM

THROWBOT

rolls to a stop -- legs open beneath and it starts CRAWLING -- the mechanical WHIR of its metal joints barely audible.

RUSSO

uses the TABLET DEVICE to control the bot. Her fingers move across the screen with precision, like a cardiac surgeon's.

Cross watches the real-time video feed over her shoulder.

RUSSO

I don't think they're on this floor... maybe below us.

Russo maneuvers the throwbot toward a metal pipe. The bot climbs onto the pipe and crawls down to LEVEL FOUR.

THROWBOT

is moving along the ceiling as if it was the floor, passing between pipes and overhead lights.

The bot moves toward a half open door, sneaks into the room, giving a bird's-eye view of the space.

A group of SOMALI MARINES sit around tables playing cards, smoking, drinking, and talking loudly, weapons propped against chairs. These guys are well-armed and well-trained.

Russo studies the video feed.

BRITTEN

How many?

RUSSO

Fifteen --

CROSS

-- Sixteen.

Cross points to smoke rising just out of the throwbots field of view. Russo adjusts the camera to reveal another man, sitting away from the others, SMOKING by himself.

RUSSO

Hassan?

CROSS

No, Hassan is right handed.

The man holds his cigarette with his left.

BARRA

Doesn't mean it's not him.

BRITTEN

It's not. I'm guessing he's nearby. Bring the bot down the corridor.

Throwbot backs up -- crawls along the ceiling down the long corridor. Passing door after door -- all open -- except one.

CROSS

There.

Russo stops the bot, giving us an overhead view of a closed door at the end of the corridor.

CROSS (CONT'D)

That's where I'd be.

AMIT

So what's our move? We can't take out the guards without alerting Hassan, assuming he's in the room.

BRITTEN

We have to deal with them or we'll be in a shit-storm when we exfil.

Britten is thinking. Cross isn't used to the team yet, but he throws out an option anyway.

CROSS

We hit em fast -- white phosphorus and thermal vision, blind and burn, while a splinter unit moves to extract Hassan.

AMIT

Phosphorus? That's a little crazy don't you think?

BARRA

We're good at crazy.

Silence as everyone takes this in. Finally:

AMIT

If the timing's wrong and we break silence --

RUSSO

-- We'll have to drop 'em before they can say "rummy."

BARRA

What if Hassan's not in the room?

RUSSO

Then we're fucked either way.

BARRA

I love it when you talk dirty.

Russo ignores him. The team thinks this through...

MILLER
(RE: Park)
We'll take Hassan.

BARRA
I'll join the fun.

BRITTEN
No. Take Cross with you.

BARRA
What's this, you the boss now?

BRITTEN
Let's just get paid and go the fuck
home, alright?

Barra stares Britten down -- a pitbull on a leash.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
Cross, you're with them.

Cross nods.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
As soon as we engage the guards you
move to the target door -- smash,
grab, and boogie. When we have a
positive ID on Hassan, we radio for
exfil and get the fuck out of here.
Keep your heads on a swivel. Let's
move.

The team hustles down the corridor. Moving down a stairwell
that leads to --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FOUR - CONTINUOUS

They move silently. Even their rubber soled boots make
little more than a whisper on the metal floor.

They arrive. Stack up against the wall. Weapons ready.

The card game is in full effect, dozens of guards speaking
rapid-fire Somali over one another.

Russo steers the bot into the room giving us a ceiling level,
birds-eyes view.

Britten studies the video feed on the tablet.

Hirsch hands a WHITE PHOSPHORUS GRENADE to Amit.

POUNDING and YELLING from inside the room -- the team
freezes.

TABLET -- an argument has broken out, a heated stand off between two competing card players. Every single guard is on their feet, yelling and bickering.

All except for THE SMOKER. He is staring up at us.

Britten and Russo watch as The Smoker stands up -- still staring at us -- face pinched with confusion.

The arguing continues...

The Smoker slowly reaches for his AK-74u, never breaking eye contact with the throwbot.

The arguing grows louder...

BRITTEN
(whisper)
This is it...

The arguing climaxes...

HIRSCH AND AMIT

pull the pins on the thermite grenades -- toss them into the room --

The Smoker SHOUTS something in Somali -- the card players glance over just as the room turns --

BRIGHT WHITE

The slow burning thermite grenades explode like dying stars -- blinding anyone with their eyes open.

Hirsch and Amit enter --

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

-- WE ARE THEIR EYES AIMING DOWN THE RED DOT SIGHTS OF SOUND SUPPRESSED H&K 416s as they open fire, spitting controlled bursts into the disoriented and confused guards. Lethal and silent. Never missing a shot --

RAATATATATA! -- The Smoker fires blindly, shredding the wall behind Hirsch. So much for silence.

Hirsch squeezes the trigger -- PFFT! -- a round hits The Smoker right in the forehead, dropping him like a felled oak.

The blind guards fumble for their weapons, not fast enough --

BRITTEN AND BARRA

enter and clear right -- attacking the guards from another angle -- using THERMAL VISION to see the guards' heat signatures through the smoke.

Several guards scream on the floor as the thermite burns through their skin to the bone.

RUSSO

covers the team from the doorway, popping off rounds with delicate precision. She silences the screamers.

Muzzle flashes lighting up the darkness.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FOUR - SAME TIME

MILLER + PARK + CROSS

double time it down the corridor, converge on the

CLOSED METAL DOOR

Miller fastens a small BREACHING CHARGE above the handle -- A MUFFLED EXPLOSION blows the lock off -- the door is KICKED OPEN -- and the three man splinter unit bursts into --

INT. MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weapons trained on a MAN seated at a desk. His back to us. Hands slowly rise above his head.

Park and Cross move in, grab the man, throw him to the floor, flexi-cuff his hands. They roll him over revealing:

HASSAN (44) his intelligent, piercing eyes belie the raging storm inside -- bloodshed and death etched on his face.

Hassan speaks Somali:

HASSAN
[There are three of them here.]

PARK
(aiming his assault rifle)
Shut the fuck up.

MILLER
Run the test --

Fast, Cross takes out a SPRING-LOADED SYRINGE -- JABS it into Hassan's thigh -- extracts blood-marrow. Hassan doesn't flinch.

Cross plugs the syringe into his TABLET, on-the-spot DNA analysis, waits... finally the screen blinks a confirmation.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
Positive ID on Khaled Hassan. High
value target secure.

HASSAN
[There are others. I can hear
them.]

MILLER
What's he saying?

HASSAN
I was just telling my men how many
of you there are.

A moment of confusion. And then, Cross notices a SAT PHONE
on the desk --

-- call still active.

The three men look at one another -- this is not good.

Miller grabs the phone, ENDS the call, throws it back onto
the desk.

Park leans down --

PARK
I said shut the fuck up.

-- and duct tapes Hassan's mouth shut.

MILLER
Grab him. Let's go.

Cross and Park pick Hassan up and they are out the door.

INT. LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Britten looks around at the sixteen bodies scattered across
the room, slumped against walls and tables, blood smeared and
splashed like a Jackson Pollock.

Russo deactivates the throwbot, it drops from the ceiling.
She catches it -- stores it in her pack.

It's eerily quiet now... until:

A MOAN from a wounded guard breaks the stillness. Amit fires
a single silenced round -- the moaning stops.

BRITTEN
(into radio)
Horizon One-Three. We have Hassan.
Request immediate evac.

PILOT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Confirmed. Making our approach.
 ETA five minutes.

Britten looks around at the team. A victorious beat.

BRITTEN
 They know we're here now. Engage
 all targets. On me, let's move.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - SAME TIME

Ward scales the side of the ship using a rope ladder. Climbs onto the

DECK

and moves into the shadows. Takes out an IR CHEMICAL LIGHT and tosses it nearby to mark his position for extraction.

WARD
 (throat-mic)
 Ward here. Semtex set. Holding at
 rally point.

BRITTEN (O.S.)
 We're en route to your position.

WARD
 (throat-mic)
 Copy that.

Ward keeps his eyes peeled, weapon loose and ready.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL THREE - SAME TIME

The team moves up the stairway covering forward and rear -- Hassan, in the center, protected by the eight mercs.

BARRA

leads the team -- sweeping the corridors with his weapon -- An ARMED SOMALI emerges from a doorway --

BARRA
 (throat-mic)
 Contact.

-- PFFT! -- PFFT! -- double-tap to the chest, the Somali slumps against the door, confusion in his dead eyes. Climbing the stairs --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - CONTINUOUS

-- scanning room after room as they move through the honey-comb like hallway.

BRATATATATAT! From behind, FOUR SOMALIS, rain machine gun fire -- sparks flying off the metal walls.

AMIT
(taking cover)
Hostiles on our six, take cover!

CROSS

spins -- standing in the center of the enemy gunfire, bullets pockmarking the walls around him --

AMIT (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

-- he doesn't flinch, doesn't hesitate -- just takes aim and opens up on the HOSTILES -- killing them all.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
Area secure.

Amit just stares at Cross, realizing this guy has a death wish. And then they move out -- catching up with the rest of the team as they ascend up another stairway --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

-- and continue down another corridor. Eyes searching the darkened passageway for hostiles. The team exits --

EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS

-- keeping low, moving between shipping containers, finally arriving at Ward's position. Ward eyes Hassan. The team takes up defensive positions around the HVT.

Cross and Amit continue holding security, covering the rear.

BRITTEN
(into radio)
Horizon One-Three we are in position at the exfil HLZ. ETA on extraction?

PILOT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Sixty seconds, over.

BRITTEN
 (into radio)
 Copy that.

Britten looks around at the team. A quiet moment.

Barra kneels in front of Hassan, watching him like a hungry animal. Pulls out a pair of BOLT CUTTERS.

BARRA
 Know what these are?

Hassan just stares at him. Not afraid.

BARRA (CONT'D)
 Wonder if you're still worth the
 same amount with half as many
 fingers.

BRITTEN
 Barra. Enough.

Barra and Britten lock eyes.

BARRA
 (fuck you)
 Aye, aye captain.

A DARKENED SILHOUETTE appears in the sky. It's the --

V-22 OSPREY

making a dipping approach -- rotating the twin propellers to hover over the back of the cargo ship -- ROTAR WASH whipping up water.

BRITTEN
 Go, go!

The team is moving, taking up exfil positions.

BARRA

looks up as the Osprey's loading ramp opens, dropping a SPIE ROPE into the pickup area -- he attaches the rope to his SPIE RIG harness.

Russo takes out the tablet. Pulls up the UAV control screen.

RUSSO
 Bringing the UAV in.

Russo starts to lower the UAV down from the sky. Sees something. Stops. Toggles the UAV camera over the ocean.

TABLET -- thermal feed from the UAV shows an approaching ship.

It takes her a moment to register.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
 Shit... inbound vessel two klicks
 east of our position. No lights.
 Closing in fast. Fifty... sixty
 plus on board. Looks like a mother
 ship.

Through the duct tape we can make out the faintest smile on
 Hassan's face.

BRITTEN
 (throat-mic)
 Horizon One-Three, be advised we
 have an inbound vessel less than
 two klicks east of our position.

PILOT (V.O.)
 We don't have eyes on, can you
 affirm --

BA-WHOOOM!!!

This next part happens fast, fragmented, and away from our
 center of focus:

A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE (RPG) sails out of the darkness
 and smashes into the Osprey's left rotor -- shredding the
 propellers -- she dips left -- spirals--

WE ARE BARRA

yanked forward -- dragged -- harness still attached to the
 rope -- moving toward the edge of the cargo ship -- pulling
 out his knife -- he SEVERs the rope and slides behind cover
 just as --

-- the Osprey's right rotor connects with the back of the
 ship, sending BURNING SHRAPNEL and SMOKING DEBRIS in all
 directions.

MILLER AND PARK

cover Hassan as propeller fragments puncture the deck and
 shipping containers like knives through paper.

BRITTEN + HIRSCH + WARD + AMIT

take cover behind a container as fire and death rain down
 around them.

CROSS

grabs Russo and pulls her down just as a BURNING PIECE of
 fuselage SLICES past her. In his periphery --

-- the Osprey is swallowed by the darkness -- we don't see it, but we hear it SMASH DOWN into the black water...

...And all is silent...

Cross raises his head, Russo still underneath him. She stares up, her eyes say "thank you."

And then she notices a jagged piece of SHRAPNEL wedged into the deck a few inches away -- still smoldering. Close fucking call. It could have killed them both.

CROSS

Get on the UAV. Where's that vessel?

Russo pulls out the

TABLET -- the vessel is practically touching the starboard side of the cargo ship. The white heat signatures of armed men climb the side.

RUSSO

They're here--!

Cross grabs his weapon and hurries to Britten.

CROSS

We're being boarded.

Britten gathers himself --

BRITTEN

Prepare to engage!

-- looks over at Hassan -- bound, on his knees -- watching everything with a smile in his eyes.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)

(to Miller and Park)

You guys stay with him. No matter what happens.

MILLER

Copy.

Barra checks a raw rope burn on his forearm. Looks bad. He'll deal with it later. He readies his M4.

BARRA

Alright babe. Call em out.

Russo watches the

TABLET -- white heat signatures moving across the deck.

RUSSO
 Enemy contact... fuck me...
 they're everywhere.

Barra leans out from behind a container, sees SOMALI MARINES with AK-47s moving in between containers.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS moving across the deck. Whispered Somali commands. Breathing nearby.

BARRA
 Looks like we stirred up the
 hornet's nest. Let's light em the
 fuck up!

Barra pulls the trigger dropping SOMALIS with silenced bursts. Return fire CLANKS against the metal container -- Barra moves back behind cover.

CROSS

leans out from behind a container and lets out a fusillade of controlled fire, dropping Somalis until his mag is depleted.

RUSSO

studies the UAV feed. More men are climbing the side of the ship -- they just keep coming.

RUSSO
 We have another vessel inbound
 three klicks west.

BRITTEN
 Hirsch get on the horn, we're being
 overrun.

HIRSCH
 Already on it.

Hirsch powers up the SATCOM, waits for the signal to connect. Enemy fire ricocheting all around him.

HIRSCH (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 HQ this is MANTIS actual -- the op
 has been compromised -- Horizon is
 down -- repeat Horizon is down!
 Need evac contingency -- we're
 under attack!

Silence... then static... until:

COLE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Ple...se r...et...

HIRSCH
 (into radio)
 Interrogative, do you copy!? We're
 pinned down. We need immediate
 evac -- come in--!

Finally the signal clears up.

COLE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 This is Cole, what the hell is
 going on?

HIRSCH
 (into radio)
 We've secured the objective but
 we're taking heavy fire! Horizon
 is down -- repeat Horizon is down.
 Need a new exit strategy --

COLE (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 -- Shit... alright hang tight. Let
 me see what I can do.

HIRSCH
 (into radio)
 Solid copy.

The line goes dead. Britten and Hirsch hold looks.

Cross avoids incoming fire -- repositions next to them.

A beat. Then:

CROSS
 We stay out here, we get
 surrounded, they'll slaughter us.
 We need to get back inside, dig in.
 We can defend ourselves better.
 Not so exposed.

Britten nods -- knows he's right.

RUSSO
 Incoming--!

CROSS AND BRITTEN

turn as GRAPPLING HOOKS sink into the deck's railing. Cross
 and Britten lean over the deck, open fire at the --

-- SOMALI MARINES climbing rope ladders to the deck, bodies
 drop into the inky water or get tangled up in the ropes.

MILLER + PARK + HASSAN

take cover behind a shipping container as BULLETS RAKE ACROSS THE DECK.

Hassan tries to move, Miller SLAMS him back into a container.

MILLER

Stay.

CROSS AND BRITTEN

kneel next to Russo. They study the --

TABLET -- Britten runs his finger in an "L" shaped path along the overhead view of the deck.

BRITTEN

We can move this way using the containers as cover until we hit the door -- then we dig in, use the corridor as a choke point.

CROSS

We're wide open out here, we have to move now before they box us in.

BRITTEN

(throat-mic)

Form up on me! We're moving--!

Miller and Park arrive, protecting Hassan from incoming fire. It takes only a moment for the rest of the team to regroup.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)

We're moving back into the ship until we can confirm extraction. Drop anything with a pulse. Let's clear a path!

BARRA

Run and gun time.

They move out.

CROSS AND BRITTEN

lead the way through the shipping containers, the team following behind in a tight cluster, Hassan in the middle.

Russo eyes the

TABLET -- Somalis are closing in from all directions. She targets the approaching hostiles.

RUSSO

Visual on hotspots closing fast! Eight meters -- ten o'clock!

THE UAV

rains death from above -- targeting the hostiles with infrared lasers and dropping them with computerized accuracy.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Movers on our six -- turn right!

The team banks right -- moving fast -- weaving in between containers, as buzz-saw like bursts of AK-47 fire explodes from the darkness.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
We lose cover in forty feet. Then we're in the open until we hit the door.

Hassan tries to twist free from Miller's grasp. Miller tightens his grip and drags Hassan along.

Britten pulls out a STUN GRENADE, yanks the pin, lobs it over the containers ahead. BOOOOM!

BRITTEN
GO--!

The team barrels out, running across the deck, moving with a purpose, firing at anything that moves.

THE UAV covers them from above, unloading into the Somalis.

MUZZLE FLASHES AND TRACERS EVERYWHERE...

Twenty feet to the door...

BULLETS WHIZ AND HISS BY...

Ten feet...

360 DEGREES OF MAYHEM...

Five feet...

The team bursts into --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone takes up defensive positions in doorways for cover.

BRITTEN
(firing)
Everyone in one piece?

MILLER
Roger that.

BARRA
So much for a quick snatch and grab.

RUSSO
UAV's out of ammo.

Russo toggles the controls on the tablet -- pilots the UAV higher up, away from enemy gunfire.

BRRRRAAAAPPPPPP! Somali Marines blitz into the corridor.

The team returns fire from behind cover. Taking out the attackers. But more keep coming. A lot more.

AMIT

Shit!

HIRSCH

Fall back! We'll cover.

HIRSCH AND AMIT

provide covering fire as the rest of the team retreats down the metal tube of a hallway, gunfire sparking all around them. Miller keeps Hassan close.

A SOMALI SMOKE GRENADE rolls down the corridor --

HIRSCH (CONT'D)

Smoke!

PUFFFFF! Thick smoke pours out, filling the space and cutting down visibility.

HIRSCH (CONT'D)

We have a serious problem here --

AMIT

-- No shit.

Somalis emerge from the smoke, and now we see them up close -- eyes bloodshot and dull, doped up on KHAT -- a stimulant that causes excitement and euphoria -- they rush in without the slightest concern for their own lives.

Amit SLAPS in a new mag. Hirsch CLICKS empty.

HIRSCH

Out. Reload--

SMASH! A Somali Marine SLAMS into Hirsch, knocking him against a wall.

Amit unloads into the Somalis. Too much smoke. Losing visibility.

AMIT

Hirsch!

Somali gunfire slicing through the smoke --

SNAP! Amit's leg buckles. He covers the entry wound with his hand, fresh blood smeared across his palm.

AMIT (CONT'D)
 (throat-mic)
 I'm hit... fuck...

Amit pulls out his sidearm, a SIG Sauer 9mm, retreating as he fires.

BARRA (V.O.)
 We're en route.

INTERCUT - THE ACTION

BARRA AND CROSS -- turn back to help their teammates -- making their way back down the winding corridor toward the gunfire.

AMIT -- continues retreating , firing, and calling out to:

AMIT
 Hirsch!

But hearing nothing -- seeing nothing through the smoke.

BARRA AND CROSS finally reach Amit.

Cross slings Amit's arm over his shoulder to support him as they backpedal away from the enemy.

Barra moves through the smoke searching for Hirsch -- firing at anything that breathes.

HIRSCH

is pinned to the ground by FOUR SOMALIS. A fifth Somali -- a skinny man with --

RED EYES (30s), and a reckless disregard for human life, hovers over him -- pulls out a MACHETE. Hirsch stares at the man's bloodshot eyes --

RED EYES
 (Somali)
 [Scalp or head?]

Hirsch doesn't understand... but responds anyway.

HIRSCH
 Fuck you!

RED EYES SWINGS THE BLADE DOWN RIGHT PAST US -- THUNK! -- the sound ECHOES through the corridor.

Red Eyes pulls the blade out, swings it down again, and again, hacking through the esophagus and spinal cord --

-- our vision wobbles with each blow, blood dotting the lens, and then our world turns sideways --

-- we are Hirsch... or rather, his severed head and helmet cam, as we are lifted into the air... and held high for all of Hassan's men to see.

CHEERING erupts from the Somalis.

BARRA
(throat-mic)
Hirsch! Hirsch! Answer me
goddammit!

The corridor is teeming with Somali Marines -- too many for Barra to take on.

CROSS
Fall back!

BARRA
We're not leaving him.

CROSS
Fall back!

Barra stops dead in his tracks when he sees:

Red Eyes holding Hirsch's head like a first place trophy.

Barra is frozen, can't even raise his weapon.

Red Eyes just stares at him.

Barra is snapped out of it when a bullet GRAZES his neck -- splitting flesh -- another HISSES right by his face.

CROSS (CONT'D)
He's gone. We have to go now!

Cross grabs Barra -- pulling him out of the kill zone --

CROSS (CONT'D)
Come on--!

They fall back, retreating down the corridor, away from enemy fire... finally reaching the rest of the team --

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

-- who have fortified their position at a T-junction.

Miller and Ward have the corridor covered.

The loss of Hirsch hangs over everyone like a heavy cloud. But there's still work to do, so they push through.

Cross sets Amit down. Park, a former medic, gets to work on Amit's leg -- starts with a tourniquet to stop the blood.

Hassan looks on, calm, as if the blood relaxes him.

PARK
Through and through, just missed
the femoral.

Amit exhales -- relieved.

Barra paces, fuming, wants to take on the world. Britten
steps in his way.

BRITTEN
I know that look. Stand down.

BARRA
Or what?

BRITTEN
Stand down. We're all on the same
team here.

BARRA
This isn't a fucking team. We let
him die.

BRITTEN
Our mission is Hassan. And if you--

BARRA
No, our mission was Hassan. Now
it's getting the fuck out of here.

The team looks on.

BRITTEN
(not playing anymore)
Cut the bullshit, we're in fuck
city right now incase you haven't
noticed, so whatever this is that
you're doing... it can wait. Now
stand down.

Barra stares at Britten for a moment...

BARRA
We could have helped him...

Barra backs down, moving away.

Hassan watches everything, noticing the fissure beginning to
form across the fragile surface of the team.

Russo powers on the

TABLET -- the screen swarms with WHITE HEAT SIGNATURES moving
across the deck of the ship, like an ant colony on alert.

Britten kneels down beside her, eyes the screen.

BRITTEN
There's gotta be... at least a
hundred... can't be right.

RUSSO
These eyes don't lie. We need that
evac like ten minutes ago.

BRITTEN
Hirsch had the SATCOM -- fuck --
we'll need to find another way to
reach Cole.

RUSSO
What's the plan?

BRITTEN
We need to--

Enemy machine gun fire cuts him off.

MILLER (O.S.)
Contact--!

MILLER AND WARD

OPEN FIRE -- single shots -- surgical precision -- taking
down approaching Somalis. But there are so many...

Ward locks eyes with Britten.

WARD
We're right behind you! Move--!

Ward squeezes the trigger -- SPRAYING bullets down the
corridor.

Britten turns to the team.

BRITTEN
Let's go, let's go--!

Park finishes fixing up Amit's leg, helps him to his feet.

Park turns, eyes Miller -- muzzle flashes light up his
friend's face as he covers the team.

PARK
(throat-mic)
Hey Mill save some for me.

MILLER (V.O.)
Not a chance.

As gunfire echoes...

Cross pulls Hassan to his feet -- taking over Miller's post of guarding the HVT.

The team moves out -- double timing it down a corridor.
Arriving at a FORK --

-- one path continues down another long passageway.

-- another leads DOWNSTAIRS to LEVEL TWO.

CROSS + BRITTEN + RUSSO

debate the next course of action.

RUSSO

We go down, gonna be a hell of a
fight to get back up come evac
time.

BRITTEN

We stay here and our position will
be overrun. So we're fucked both
ways.

CROSS

They have us outnumbered but not
outgunned... we have what they
want.

Cross cuts Hassan a look -- the others follow.

CROSS (CONT'D)

As long as we have him we control
the situation. It's a card we hold
onto.

Britten nods.

RUSSO

So what's the call?

A moment...

BRITTEN

We need to hole up and secure
Hassan. Find a place to dig in and
wait for evac. We're going down.

And the team moves out -- DESCENDING THE STAIRS.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

MILLER AND WARD

continue to lay down fire. As do the Somalis. The constant
CHATTER of machine guns is deafening.

BRITTEN (V.O.)
Moving down to level two.

WARD
(throat-mic)
Copy, we're pulling back.
(to Miller)
Get ready to move!

Ward lets loose a fusillade of fire. Miller repositions himself to move -- waiting for the right moment -- about to go when --

BA-WHOOOM! -- an RPG SCREAMS DOWN THE CORRIDOR --

WARD (CONT'D)
Down--!

-- Ward hits the deck as the grenade WHINES OVERHEAD --

Miller has no time to react as the grenade EXPLODES against the wall behind them with a POUNDING CONCUSSIVE BLAST -- the SHOCK WAVE knocks Miller off his feet --

FIRE. SHRAPNEL. DEBRIS. DARKNESS.

Ward's helmet cam STATICS and DISTORTS for a moment as he comes to his senses --

BRITTEN (V.O.)
Ward. Miller. Come in.

-- there's blood on his hands -- pieces of shrapnel in his right arm.

BRITTEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ward! Miller! Come in!

Ward looks to Miller who is still down.

WARD
(stumbling to his feet)
Miller...

Ward TOGGLES his NVGs on -- revealing dozens of Somalis moving down the darkened corridor -- right toward them. NVGs off --

Ward moves to Miller's position on the other side of the blast radius -- kneels.

WARD (CONT'D)
(snapping in his face)
Hey. Hey.

Miller looks up. Can't hear a thing.

MILLER
Fucking ears are ringing.

Ward notices a little blood coming out of Miller's left ear.

WARD
Mine too buddy. Let's get you up.

He helps Miller to his feet. Miller takes a moment to adjust.

Ward glances around the corner at the blurry outlines of Somalis in the darkness. Only twenty feet away.

WARD (CONT'D)
We've got to go -- we've got to go
right now!

Miller can't hear that well, but he understands.

Using this small window, Ward and Miller retreat back down the corridor --

-- moving the opposite way they need to go -- moving away from the team.

BRITTEN (V.O.)
Ward. Miller. Do you copy?

WARD
(throat-mic)
Copy.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

BRITTEN & CO

hold their position in a darkened corridor. Everyone looks relieved to hear Ward's voice.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
What's your status?

WARD (V.O.)
We're jammed up. Moving away from
your position.

Park's face turns to stone.

PARK
(throat-mic)
Mill, you alright?

WARD (V.O.)
He's fine, ears are just a little
fucked up at the moment.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
Find a place to lay low for a few,
we're figuring this out.

WARD (V.O.)
Make it fast, these guys are right
on our heels.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
Copy.

Park starts to leave. Britten stops him.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
They can still flank us, we need to
move and secure Hassan before we go
after them. You go up that way
they'll overrun you.

Park is not backing down.

PARK
Then we need another way up.

Cross moves to Hassan, RIPS THE TAPE off his mouth, Hassan
just stands there not showing any emotion.

CROSS
How do we get to them?

No answer -- Cross grabs Hassan by the hair and yanks him
back. Before anyone can blink, Cross has a knife at Hassan's
throat.

CROSS (CONT'D)
There's another way up, tell me or
I'll rip your fucking throat out.

Hassan smiles revealing a row of feral teeth.

HASSAN
Don't miss...

Hassan moves his head back -- exposing more of his neck.
Stares up at Cross, reading his every emotion, looking into
his soul.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
I know that look...
(realizing)
(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)
 ...you've lost someone close to
 you.

Cross stares -- his armor pierced.

BRITTEN
 Cross enough. This isn't how we
 get to them.
 (looking at Hassan)
 Someone put some tape over his
 fucking mouth I've heard enough.

Cross wants to kill Hassan but knows he can't. The team
 looks on.

HASSAN
 I'm not afraid to die...

CROSS
 Neither am I.

Cross just stares right into Hassan's eyes -- challenging
 him.

BRITTEN
 Cross...

Cross, snaps out of it, puts the knife away.

Park tapes Hassan's mouth shut.

A moment Britten stares at Cross. Until:

RUSSO
 Pulling in a weak signal. They're
 at the far end of this corridor,
 one level up.

Britten approaches, studies the

TABLET -- a crude schematic of the cargo ship -- two GPS
 TRACKING MARKERS blink one floor above them showing Ward and
 Miller's exact location.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
 (moving her finger across
 the screen)
 Looks like there's another way up
 through this area here.

Britten studies the screen. Russo is right.

BRITTEN
 On me, we're moving!

Cross pulls Hassan to his feet. Park steps in.

PARK

I got him.

Cross stares him down. Finally lets go.

And everyone moves, hugging the walls, weapons up and ready.

INT. MESS HALL - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

WARD AND MILLER

behind a serving counter, in the dimly lit mess hall. It's quiet. Ward peeks his head out. No one in sight.

MILLER

Why are they waiting?

We hear footsteps in the corridor -- whispered voices.

WARD

Because they have us cornered.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

BRITTEN

leads the team down the corridor -- they arrive at an

ELEVATOR

Barra and Ward continue on, sweeping the nearby rooms to make sure the area is secure.

Cross studies the elevator. Mind churning.

Britten steps next to him. A moment --

And both men enter --

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- looking up at the ceiling. Britten climbs up, pushes the ceiling panel away revealing the DARKENED ELEVATOR SHAFT above.

He shines a flashlight, illuminating the dark space and level one doorway above.

BRITTEN

I'll take two others. We'll bring Ward and Miller back.

CROSS
...I'll do it.

Cross wants this. Britten nods.

Park, who has been listening, approaches.

PARK
I want in.

Amit moves forward, face of stone hiding the pain in his leg.

AMIT
I'll go --

BARRA (O.S.)
-- He's hurt.

Barra steps up -- anger still brewing.

BARRA (CONT'D)
Guess that means you're stuck with me.

BRITTEN
Alright. Russo can provide eyes and intel from here. We'll secure Hassan. Try to find a way to link up with Cole.

CROSS
...Hassan was using a Sat Phone when we grabbed him.

Britten and Cross hold looks.

CROSS (CONT'D)
...It's worth a shot.

Russo approaches, tablet in hand.

RUSSO
That's back down two levels. We'll need to circle back and use the main stairway.

RUSSO + BRITTEN + CROSS study the

TABLET -- we get an overview of the ship and the various levels. The blinking GPS trackers show us the team's current location.

-- LEVEL ONE -- Ward and Miller in the Mess Hall.

-- LEVEL TWO -- The rest of the team by the elevator.

Russo moves her finger along the path to --

-- LEVEL FOUR -- the location of the Sat Phone.

BRITTEN

This position is our rally point.
Divide and conquer. Regroup after
we lock coms and extract Ward and
Miller.

Everyone nods. Cross checks his gear and ammo.

Russo approaches Barra, hands him the throwbot.

RUSSO

When you're ready, just roll it.
I'll do the rest.

BARRA

So we're talking now?

RUSSO

...Keep your eyes open.

She walks away. Barra watches her a beat too long.
Something still there between them.

INT. MESS HALL - SAME TIME

Ward and Miller wait behind cover. We can hear the enemy but
we can't see them.

FOOTSTEPS approaching. Miller and Ward -- game faces on.
Ward uses a --

FIBER OPTIC CAMERA

attached to his tablet to get a visual.

TABLET -- RED EYES approaches, Ak-74u hanging over his
shoulder. Hirsch's blood soaked Kevlar vest strapped on.

Behind Red Eyes the corridor is SWARMING with Somalis ready
to deal death.

After a long, tense moment, Red Eyes takes out a hand rolled
cigarette, lights up.

Ward and Miller stay frozen -- silent -- trying not to breath
-- beads of sweat dripping down their faces--

Does Red Eyes know where they are?

TABLET -- Red Eyes signals his men -- a dozen enter and SEAL
THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

Oh fuck.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - SAME TIME

Cross secures himself to the foundation.

Takes out a tool kit. Pries the LEVEL ONE DOORWAY open.

He glances out -- sees nothing -- but hears breathing and voices buzzing like angry insects.

He climbs out. Barra and Park right behind him.

INT. MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - LEVEL FOUR - SAME TIME

BRITTEN

Grabs the SAT PHONE from Hassan's desk. Powers it on. Battery is low. Signal is lower.

He exits.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FOUR - CONTINUOUS

RUSSO AND AMIT

cover the passageway. Hassan is seated next to Russo, watching her. She avoids eye contact, he makes her skin crawl.

Britten approaches. Holding the Sat Phone to his ear.

BRITTEN
This is MANTIS actual, do you copy?

Static...

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
I need line of sight for this call.

AMIT
Not gonna get it unless you're topside.

BRITTEN
I'll get as close as I can. Stay with him.

RUSSO
We're already divided. We should stick together.

A moment...

BRITTEN

...Okay.
(eyes Hassan)
Grab him. Let's move.

Russo does. Amit follows. They move down the passageway.
Britten on point.

INT. MESS HALL - SAME TIME

Ward and Miller watch the

TABLET -- Red Eyes just stands there, smoking his cigarette, wearing their dead comrade's armor. Behind him the Somalis hold machetes -- waiting.

MILLER

...Fuck are they doing?

Ward doesn't have an answer.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Are we shooting or what?

WARD

(throat-mic)
We're jammed up here. Need an ETA.

PARK (V.O.)

...Two minutes.

A tense beat as Ward considers -- he eyes the kitchen -- a plan formulating. About to say something when --

A CLANKING SOUND stops him. Ward and Miller look at the --

TABLET -- Red Eyes holds the cloth wick of a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL against the lit cigarette --

-- the wick ignites -- he hurls the COCKTAIL right at them --

WARD

Get down--!

Ward and Miller take cover as the glass bottle hits the counter, explodes, spilling liquid fire across the surface.

They barrel out from behind the burning counter as another cocktail EXPLODES behind them -- staying low -- moving into the --

KITCHEN

-- flipping over a metal prep table for cover, both breathing hard, adrenaline levels peaking.

MILLER
We need to get out of here NOW!
They're on us like flies on shit.

Ward peers out. Red Eyes hasn't moved from his position. A long tense beat. And then he speaks, his raspy, decaying voice cuts right through the chaos.

RED EYES (O.S.)
Where is Hassan?

Miller and Ward look at each other.

RED EYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where are your friends?

MILLER
Coming for you, you fuck!

Not the answer he was expecting. Red Eyes glances back at the dozen Somalis behind him -- they move in -- Machetes out.

Miller blind fires over the table depleting an entire mag. He CLICKS empty.

MILLER (CONT'D)
I'm out.

Slings his M4 -- pulls out his sidearm -- a custom USP.

The Somalis are still coming toward them. Their dull blades scraping against the walls like nails down a chalkboard.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

Cross is looking at the

TABLET -- Ward and Miller's GPS TRACKING MARKERS blink on the other side of the wall.

Cross nods to Park -- this is the spot. He places a BREACHING CHARGE on the corridor wall.

INT. KITCHEN - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

Ward fires into the Somalis --

PARK (V.O.)
Stay away from the walls.

Miller tries to hear over the deafening sounds --

MILLER
(throat-mic)
Say again... say again...

The Somalis are five feet away... three feet away... climbing over the prep table swinging their machetes --

Ward dodges an incoming blade -- grabs his attacker -- kicks his knee in -- CRUNCH --

Miller is tackled to the ground -- his arms held down. A Somali raises his machete -- a butcher about to cleave meat, when --

BOOOOOOOOM!!

A CHUNK of WALL behind Miller and Ward explodes in -- smoke and debris everywhere -- a stunned moment for everyone --

As the smoke dissipates we see Park, Cross, and Barra -- they spray the room with machine gun fire.

PARK
Come on! Move--!

Miller is moving, keeping low beneath his teammates' gunfire.

Ward looks back -- sees Red Eyes open the mess hall doors -- and in come the rest of the Somalis -- charging in, yelling, firing at everything. As our team exits through the demolished wall --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

-- and makes their way back to the elevator. Miller, breathing hard, turns to Park --

MILLER
Good fucking timing.

PARK
I like to make an entrance.

Gunfire SNAPPING and PINGING all around. Somalis chasing.

The team arrives at the ELEVATOR. The door's propped open, ropes ready for a swift repel.

CROSS
Hook in!

Ward and Barra go first, fast roping down the elevator shaft onto the roof of the elevator car.

Cross, Miller, and Park are burning through bullets covering their position.

MILLER
(to Cross and Park)
You're next. I got this.

Cross nods, fires a few rounds and then drops into the elevator shaft, fast ropes down.

But Park stays, continues to unload into the approaching mob.

MILLER (CONT'D)
(firing)
Fucking go!

Enemy fire SLICES into Park's chest, shoulder, and arm. He drops his gun, stumbles back against the wall.

No time to examine the wounds, draws his sidearm and fires into the wave of Somalis crashing towards them.

PARK
Go--!

Miller just keeps shooting. Neither leaving the others side.

As the Somalis descend upon them.

Ten feet away... five feet... two...

All out MAYHEM. Miller and Park are overrun.

At close range the fight is in-your-face brutal. Barbaric. Hand-to-hand. Blades and skin.

MILLER

spins, breaking jaws like a heavyweight boxer -- parrying and blocking incoming attacks. Not fast enough. A Somali STABS HIM --

-- the blade hits the ballistic plate in his vest, stopping millimeters from his vital organs. No time to even register his luck as Miller is tackled -- he grabs his attacker --

-- and they drop backwards --

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

-- plummeting down. BOTH BODIES SPINNING.

Miller and the Somali smash onto the roof of the elevator car with a sickening CRUNCH. Miller is okay. The Somali is not. His leg is broken --

But he's not giving up. He pulls the knife from Miller's Kevlar and STABS it down --

RIGHT INTO THE HELMET CAM

-- almost puncturing Miller's eye. A struggle. Until Miller regains the upper hand and kicks the Somali off the elevator car --

We don't see him. But we don't need to. His echoing screams tell us this fall isn't pretty.

Beneath Miller --

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

CROSS + WARD + BARRA

look up through the missing ceiling panel.

BARRA
Mill you okay?

No answer. Just GUNFIRE. Miller rolls -- drops into the elevator car. The team takes cover as bullets shred the interior.

The gunfire stops. Miller looks up into the elevator shaft. Red Eyes stares down at him from the level one doorway.

After a moment Red Eyes kicks the wedge and the elevator doors close, muffling the chanting and yelling of the militia above. Trapping Park.

MILLER
NO--!

Miller tries to climb back up, he's in pain, but has to keep going. Cross and Barra grab him, pull him back.

CUT TO --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

Park fends off the Somali Militia using a combination of Keysi and Kuk Sool Won techniques -- moving fast -- grappling -- shattering bones -- breaking joints --

-- it's brutal, like an MMA match, but this isn't one on one... this is one versus fifty.

Park fights, never slowing. But he's outmatched and finally overtaken... grappled to the ground --

His body is kicked and stomped by dozens of boots.

RED EYES (O.S.)
Enough!

And all is silent. Red Eyes moves through the crowd, hovers over Park's bloody and broken body.

CUT TO --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

BRITTEN + AMIT + RUSSO

round a corner, moving toward the LEVEL ONE STAIRWAY.

A DOZEN SOMALIS are there waiting. BRRAAAPPPPPP! No way up.

Bullets STREAKING past. Britten and Amit return fire.

Hassan seizes the opportunity. TACKLES Russo into a wall, takes off running.

Britten looks back, notices Russo is gone... so is Hassan.

BRITTEN

RUSSO--!

The Somalis advance.

Britten throws a SHOCK GRENADE, it hits the ground, explodes open, sending a tangled spiderweb of electrical wires in all directions --

-- charged probes piercing the Somalis -- turning the hallway into a frenzy of electricity and charred skin.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)

(throat-mic)

Russo! Where are you?

No response --

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

RUSSO

running hard -- loses Hassan for a moment as he ducks into a room. She speeds up, rushes in --

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- to find Hassan at a desk, SCISSORS CLIPPING the flexi-cuffs -- and he's free --

Russo is too close. Hassan moves fast. SMACKING the muzzle of her gun to the side as she FIRES, bullets hitting the wall.

He jams the scissors into her shoulder, above the Kevlar.

Russo and Hassan. Face to face. He's overpowered her, she can't move. He peels the tape off his mouth --

HASSAN

(beat)

...I'm going to kill everyone, but
you -- you I'll save... know what
my men will do to a beautiful girl
like you?

-- twists the scissors, digging deeper, his eyes never blink,
never look away from hers.

Russo's face drains of color. She's in pain.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

...Let's just say, what they put
inside you will feel worse than
this...

Hassan pulls the scissors out of her shoulder, moves them
toward her face, just as:

The butt of a rifle CRACKS against the back of his head so
hard his jaw creaks, he collapses.

Britten drops a knee on Hassan's back, flexi-cuffs his hands.

Russo slides down the wall, breathing hard, can't believe
she's still alive.

Amit stands in the doorway covering them.

Hassan is cuffed and bleeding, but smiling, as if victorious.

MILLER (V.O.)

Answer me. Park...

Britten and Russo lock eyes, hearing Miller drains the little
hope they have left.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - SAME TIME

CROSS + WARD + BARRA

watch Miller for a moment. They are all feeling the hit, but
not like Miller, he's fucking losing it.

MILLER

(throat-mic)

Answer me.

Nothing.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 (throat-mic)
 Answer me you sonovabitch!

Silence. Until:

CROSS
 Let's move. We can't get to him
 from here.

MILLER
 Fuck that -- I'll find him if --

CROSS
 -- This is a fucking dead end and
 you know it. Boxing yourself in
 doesn't help him, or us.

Miller takes a moment. Knows he's right.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - CONTINUOUS

Cross, Ward, Miller, and Barra exit the elevator.

Ward looks to Miller. A beat.

WARD
 I'm sorry man.

But Miller is moving -- on a mission -- the rest of the team
 shares a few glances, and moves out, keeping pace.

CROSS
 (throat-mic)
 Britten -- come in. What's your
 location?

BRITTEN (V.O.)
 West end -- stairs -- level two.

CROSS
 (throat-mic)
 Copy, en route.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

Amit and Russo cover the area -- Britten moves up the

STAIRWAY

clutching the SAT PHONE, waiting for a signal. The line
 finally connects.

BRITTEN
 This is MANTIS actual do you copy?

Silence on the other end. He takes a few more steps up the stairs.

COLE (V.O.)
...do you copy?...anyone --

BRITTEN
-- I copy, I hear you, I hear you!

Russo and Amit share a look -- hope.

COLE (V.O.)
Been trying to get through for the past --

BRITTEN
-- SATCOM is down. Interrogative, what's our ETA to evac? -- we're getting torn to shreds here.

COLE (V.O.)
I'm... I pulled a team out of Egypt as soon as you contacted me, they were the closest to your position -- they're five hours out.

Britten's face drops.

BRITTEN
We don't have five hours -- we don't have two hours. We... we need an evac right now--!

COLE (V.O.)
I'm doing everything I can.

BRITTEN
It's not enough -- it's --

Cross, Miller, Ward and Barra approach the team -- catching Britten in mid-conversation -- they look on.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
-- How are we supposed to -- how the fuck are we going to make it five hours?

Silence. Like the floor just fell away.

COLE (V.O.)
You know how this works -- we have no one within retrieval range.

BRITTEN
Five hours is too long...

No answer. He checks the Sat Phone -- battery dead.

Britten pitches the phone -- it shatters against a wall.

AMIT
We're fucked...

Whatever ounce of courage and fight these guys had in them just left their bodies, and Cross can see it, feel it.

Hassan looks on, he too can feel the hope dissipating -- it energizes him.

HASSAN
You fight for someone who can't --
won't even save you. And you look
at me like I'm the monster.

All eyes on Hassan.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
This is survival now. My men will
never stop. They'll keep coming
for you.

Silence. Morale crumbling... until:

WARD
Who took the fucking tape off his
mouth?

RUSSO
He did.

Ward eyes the blood on her shoulder. Pieces it together.

Cross is still. A warrior's calm. He feeds off the crisis.

CROSS
(beat)
We still have a job to do, can't
sit around and call it quits --
don't have that option -- he's
right they'll keep coming for us so
we --

BARRA
(approaching)
-- When did you become the expert?

BRITTEN
Barra --

Barra steps up to Cross.

BARRA
I look around... I see people I
know, fought next to, trust... and
then I see you...

Cross doesn't move, just stares Barra down.

BARRA (CONT'D)
...so tell me... what makes you
think we want your help.

CROSS
There is no exit. This was our
play. We're here now. We need to
dig in and pull our shit together
so we can get out --

BARRA
-- This entire vessel is a fucking
kill zone, how are we supposed to
get out? --

A HIGH PITCHED AUDIO HUM ECHOES...

Everyone is still. Over the ships PA system:

RED EYES (O.S.)
(muffled)
Say something...

Park is in pain, his words unintelligible, but we know it's
him.

Miller turns to stone.

RED EYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He has five minutes. Bring Hassan
to me -- we trade -- a life for a
life. Or I take his head.

The PA system cuts out.

A long silence. The team is lost. Falling apart.

HASSAN
The law of unintended
consequences...
(beat)
He will make your friend feel a
level of pain the human body was
never meant to know. What is my
life worth to you? More than his?

His words land on everyone. They don't need this right now.

MILLER
We're not leaving him.

BRITTEN
I know... we gotta figure this out.

HASSAN
Miller, is it?

Miller looks to Hassan. Anger coursing through him like electricity.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
You seem like a bright man... and
bright men like us understand
necessity... sacrifice.

He's inside Miller's head -- pulling the strings now.

MILLER
We make the trade.

BRITTEN
No. We do that and we're all dead.

MILLER
This piece of shit's not worth it.

Miller moves toward Hassan -- Cross steps in his way.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Move.

CROSS
We need him.

MILLER
(pulling out his knife)
Move --

Cross is rooted, holding his ground.

CROSS
-- He's the only thing stopping
them from blitzing in here and
tearing us up --

MILLER
-- I'm not asking --

Miller. Knife out. Moves toward Cross.

Ward grabs him from behind. Miller tries to fight him off --

MILLER (CONT'D)
Let the fuck go of me--!

-- Cross knocks the knife from Miller's hand --

CROSS

Hey, HEY--! If we don't start working together, none of us are leaving here -- what you're feeling -- losing someone that close -- can take your world apart -- believe me I know... but this isn't the answer. Without him, our way out of this shithole evaporates fast.

MILLER

...fuck that... you're just going to leave him to die?

HASSAN

Less than four minutes...

CROSS

Barra, you still have those bolt cutters? --

Barra just stares --

CROSS (CONT'D)

(RE: Hassan)

-- Take off his fucking thumb.

Hassan's face drops.

Cross keeps his eyes on Miller. Barra moves toward Hassan.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Listen to me -- we can't give him over and you know that... he's the mission.

Barra positions the bolt cutters. About to chop Hassan's thumb, when:

BRITTEN

Stop --

Barra looks up.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)

-- I could give a shit what they do once we hand him over, but right now we're responsible for him.

A moment. Barra slides the bolt cutters into his pack.

Hassan smiles up -- baiting him with his eyes.

SMACK! Barra's boot SLAMS into Hassan's face.

BARRA

Oops.

A strand of blood drips from Hassan's mouth. He spits red, rights himself, still smiling. Locks eyes with Miller --

HASSAN
(unfazed)
Three minutes.

Miller, temper still tweaked, looks at Cross.

MILLER
You're not going to make the trade,
fine. I'll tell you what *I'm* not
going to do, *I'm* not going to just
sit here.

Miller turns. Starts walking. Everyone watches him go.

BARRA
Fuck...

Barra follows after him. Passes Russo --

BARRA (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes open.

She stares after. The team is broken.

HASSAN
And then there were five.

AMIT
What's our move here?

BRITTEN
We don't have one.

A beat. Cross moves to Hassan. Kneels down, face-to-face. Cross just stares, his eyes searching Hassan's.

HASSAN
You're not like the others. I can
see it. You have nothing to go
home to. Or maybe you never
intended on making it back.

They hold a look that tells us this is far from over.

CROSS
I just want you to know, when the
time comes, it's going to be me who
pulls the trigger.

Cross cuts Russo a look.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Tape.

Russo tosses him the roll. He tapes Hassan's mouth shut.

Cross stands, grabs his gear.

BRITTEN
What are you doing?

CROSS
Secure Hassan.

And Cross is gone.

A moment. And then:

BRITTEN
Let's move.

Ward grabs Hassan, and the team moves out.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

Barra and Miller. Weapons up. Moving like a whisper.

The stairway up ahead.

BARRA
What's the plan?

MILLER
Don't have one.

Noises, Miller spins. Cross approaches.

MILLER (CONT'D)
The fuck are you doing here?

Cross glances at the stairway.

CROSS
If you're going up there, then I'm
going with you.

Miller doesn't blink. Just stares. Can't believe this sudden shift in Cross.

CROSS (CONT'D)
The three of us will be dead. But
that's your choice. We're a team.
You go. We go.

Cross readies his weapon. No fear. Ready to die.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Make the call.

Miller struggles with the decision. He's terrified of what's about to happen to Park.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I know he's your friend. But dying
won't bring him back.

This is a mini breakthrough for Cross. The advice almost seems to be aimed at himself.

Miller knows he's right. Crumbles. Slides down against the wall. Breathing hard. He's made his choice. He's staying.

And the whole thing sinks in, the pain welling, taking over him.

Cross and Barra sit down across from Miller. No one speaks.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

BRITTEN & CO

make their way into a large equipment room -- sealing and locking the heavy door behind them.

Ward pushes Hassan into a chair.

The team is running on fumes.

AMIT
(RE: Cross, Miller, Barra)
I wonder what's happening up there.

A beat as everyone considers. Britten KICKS a chair over --

BRITTEN
Fuck!

Silence, everyone looks on.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
We need an exit --

RUSSO
-- We scouted -- only one way out
of here. And right now it's
swarming.

BRITTEN
Then we need to find another one.

THE P.A. SYSTEM STATICS TO LIFE...

RED EYES (V.O.)
Five minutes are over. Your friend
would like to say a few words.

Anxiety stabs everyone except Hassan. They listen, dreading what's about to happen.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

Miller is numb -- motionless.

Barra closes his eyes.

Cross is frozen.

PARK (V.O.)
(pained)
....Mi...Mill....

OVER THE P.A. SYSTEM WE HEAR:

Ungodly sounds -- Park being tortured -- cut open -- slowly -- painfully -- hearing him is worse than seeing him --

And then... it's over. Park is dead.

Barra wants to say something but has no words right now. His outward air of serenity is pinched with hurt.

P.A. STATIC for a moment...

RED EYES (V.O.)
(devoid of human emotion)
You had your chance. All of you
will die here today.

Red Eye's BREATHING echoes throughout the ship... and then CLICK! -- end transmission.

Cross' emotions are fighting to get out -- he holds them at bay.

Miller hasn't moved in the longest time. His world, crushed.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

The room is still. Silent.

Russo's eyes are glassy. Face pale.

Britten stands there. Broken.

Ward's heart is racing. He rushes Hassan, knocks him off the chair. Slugs him in the face, the hit loosens the duct tape.

Britten looks on. Doesn't say anything.

Hassan is calm. Looking up at Ward. A long tense beat.

HASSAN
I felt him go.

Ward moves away from Hassan. Frenzied.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
...His blood is on your hands now.
Hard to wash off.

Hassan sits on the chair. Ward watches him for a beat.

WARD
...And the blood of thousands is on
yours. There are worse things than
death. When we hand you over,
you'll understand.

HASSAN
(locking eyes)
Everything you do here, everything
you sacrifice, I can assure you no
one will ever know. Your lives
will be wasted... for what?

He hits a nerve -- keeps hitting.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Who are you fighting for? Those
"civilized" people out there? They
don't even know who you are --

WARD
-- I know what you are. You're
just a common criminal. A
murderer. Nothing more.

HASSAN
I'm more of an architect. But the
rest is quite accurate I'm afraid --

WARD
-- Well stay afraid, because you
fucked with the wrong people. Our
lives won't be wasted. Because we
get to spend the rest of them
imagining what's happening to you
in whatever concrete box they lock
you in. And that won't be the end
of it -- you see, a piece of shit
like you doesn't understand the
meaning of the word "severe". But
once they get to work on you... the
brutality they inflict will make
the Geneva Convention feel like
Green Eggs and Ham.

HASSAN

One night, after dinner, my father became angry at my mother... over something I can't even remember...

(memories resurfacing)

I tried to calm him down. This made him more angry. He took a hammer, placed my hands on the table and hit them over and over. Breaking the bones into dozens of pieces... I was ten years old. So, in regards to "severe," let's just say, I understand.

Ward and Hassan hold looks. Neither has anything else to say. And then Ward re-tapes Hassan's mouth shut.

On the other side of the room Britten takes a seat next to Russo. Both exhausted.

Russo is looking at the

TABLET

-- LEVEL ONE -- Park's GPS Tracker is gone.

-- LEVEL TWO -- a cluster of three GPS TRACKERS blink.

RUSSO

They stayed. They're alive.

(beat)

You scared?

BRITTEN

No... more like scared shitless. We keep fighting... we'll make it back.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

CROSS + BARRA + MILLER

sitting in silence. Until:

Footsteps. Movement. They perk up. Grab their weapons.

The Somali Militia approaches. Moving down the stairway.

Cross lights up with bloodlust -- opens fire.

Miller and Barra follow -- spraying bursts into the enemy.

The Somalis fire back. It's a stand off. Both sides holding their positions.

CROSS
 (throat-mic)
 We're holding the stairs but these
 guys aren't waiting anymore...
 they're coming. Get ready.

They fall back. Barra takes out the THROWBOT --

BARRA
 (throat-mic)
 Babe, you're up.

-- tosses it up -- its mechanical body opens and sticks to the ceiling.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

EVERYONE is up and moving -- getting ready.

Russo opens the

TABLET -- takes control of the throwbot. Watches a swarm of Somalis moving down the stairway.

CROSS (V.O.)
 On our way to you.

BRITTEN
 (throat-mic)
 Copy.

Amit checks his ammo. He's running low. They all are.

Ward grabs his gear. Hassan watches. A few beats, then:

A KNOCK! KNOCK! On the metal door.

Britten opens it. Cross, Barra, and Miller enter.

The door is sealed shut. Everyone gathers together. All eyes on Cross.

There is something different in his demeanor -- a confidence.

Cross looks around at the team. His team. He was helpless to save his brother. He couldn't save Hirsch and Park. But Cross is getting his team out of here.

CROSS
 They're not going to wait until
 they have Hassan... they're coming
 to take him.

BRITTEN
 Shit... how long?

CROSS
...Minutes.

RUSSO
We can't stay here... we've got to
get moving.

AMIT
We need to stay -- hold this
position. We're barricaded in, we
can use --

BRITTEN
-- No she's right we can't stay
here.

Russo eyes the

TABLET SCREEN -- Somali Marines are making their way down the
stairs to this level.

RUSSO
Whatever we're doing we need to do
it fast.

A long beat. Tension thick. The team looks on. Cross has
something.

CROSS
We're on our own. There is no
cavalry. We can't run. We have to
hold this position -- try to push
them back --

BRITTEN
-- What are you suggesting?

CROSS
-- They're blocking our way out as
they make their way in -- we need
to punch through. With the seven
of us our odds are shit, but we
don't have a choice.

All eyes on Cross.

BRITTEN
Putting ourselves in their path
seems --

BARRA
-- Like a bad fucking idea... but
I'm listening.

CROSS

We break off into two teams. A-Team will hold position and defend this floor as long as they can -- fall back when overrun. B-Team will take the HVT to the lowest level -- that's our Alamo. We keep him there -- they want him... let's make it hard. We hold them off, drop their numbers... this might be their jungle, but we're the hunters here -- and we know where they'll hit us -- out front -- they can't position behind us... we use that to our advantage... When the time's right, we push them back. If we can make our way to the surface, we can use one of their boats to evac. They're going to come at us like a freight train... let's take out the tracks.

A long beat as everyone takes this in. Some head nods. Some doubts. The team is still broken. After a moment:

Barra steps up.

BARRA

I'm in.

Russo nods.

RUSSO

Me too.

A beat. Miller is deciding. He takes a step toward Cross. Eye to eye. A moment...

MILLER

Okay.

Head nods from the rest. Everyone is on board.

Britten looks at Cross.

BRITTEN

Alright. This is your play. You call it.

CROSS

Let's check weapons and ammo, see what we've got left.

(turning to Russo)

Keep your eyes on that monitor. I want to know the second they come down that hallway.

RUSSO

Copy.

BRITTEN

What's the split?

CROSS

Two with Hassan. Four with me.

Amit checking his gear chimes in:

AMIT

Only two? He almost got away once.

CROSS

Who brought him back?

BRITTEN

Russo chased him down --

RUSSO (O.S.)

-- And you knocked him on his ass.

Britten turns to Russo. Then back to Cross.

BRITTEN

I guess I'm on babysitting duty.

Movement. Energy. The room is alive. The team has a pulse.

Hassan is motionless, watching. The team he worked so hard to break, to separate, to destroy, is now working together. Seven trained killers, ready to fight as a unit.

And leading them is Cross.

Cross takes off his helmet, wipes blood and sweat off his forehead, the image STATICS and we --

CUT TO --

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - LEVEL TWO - MINUTES LATER

We are looking at equipment laid out on two tabletops.

Weapons. Ammo. Grenades. It's not a lot.

The team is gathered around.

AMIT

This is what we got. Consolidated all the ammo. Russo and Britten are taking two mags each. We've got the rest.

Ward glances at the rest of the ammo -- not very much.

WARD

Guess we're going to have to be sure before we squeeze the trigger.

AMIT

We also have three stuns. Two frags. Two smokes. Then we're down to sidearms and knives.

The look in everyone's eyes -- this is impossible.

TABLET -- the throwbot cam is giving us a great view of the Somali Marines searching the surrounding corridors, on approach.

RUSSO

They're making the turn down this hallway. We need to go.

The seven remaining team members stand in silence. Eyes scanning faces they may never see again. A beat, then:

CROSS

Ward -- we good?

Ward eyes the door -- attached are the rest of his plastic explosives, rigged to blow when the door opens.

WARD

Yeah, we're good.

CROSS

Alright. This is it. Let's go--!

Britten and Russo grab Hassan and move into the adjacent room. The rest of the team follows into

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amit, the last one in, seals the door behind them.

Russo eyes the TABLET -- Somali Marines moving down the corridor -- searching.

RUSSO

...Sixty seconds.

WARD

You might want to get that bot away from the door.

Russo's fingers move across the screen, working fast, steering the throwbot away from the explosives.

The team exits the supply room out into

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. The Somalis are on the other side of this level.

Cross looks to Russo and Britten.

CROSS

Go.

Britten grabs Hassan, but Hassan stays put, stares at Cross.

There is a small moment as Cross stares back, challenging Hassan. And then Britten DRAGS Hassan away.

Russo turns to Barra.

BARRA

What? You gonna tell me to keep my eyes open? Because they are.

RUSSO

No, I wasn't going to say that.
But keep your eyes open.

Russo is gone, moving down the corridor after Britten and Hassan. That spark is still there somewhere.

CROSS

We hold this section. Fall back to the stairs when things get hot.

WARD

Dress rehearsal's over.

Everyone takes up positions behind crates, in doorways, anything they can use for cover. Now they wait. Silence.

Barra looks over at Miller positioned in a doorway.

BARRA

(to Cross)

Hey.

Cross turns.

BARRA (CONT'D)

...I don't know what to say to him... I should say something but... I don't what to say.

Cross grabs his weapon, moves next to Miller, just keeps him company. There's nothing to say.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

BRITTEN AND RUSSO

are on the lowest level of the ship, moving down a corridor. Russo stops -- checks the

TABLET -- the view is from really far away -- we can barely make out the Somalis stacked up at the EQUIPMENT ROOM DOOR.

RUSSO
Here we go--!

TABLET -- BOOOOOM! -- the image statics as the EXPLOSION rips through the door, incinerating a dozen Somalis.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

The hallway is rocked by the explosion -- the lights flicker and then settle.

A tense fucking beat...

BARRA + WARD + AMIT

fingers on triggers -- weapons up and sighted.

WARD
It's about to get louder.

AMIT
Bring the noise.

BARRA
Just like being at a party, except
no one will be dancing and we'll be
shooting these fuckers.

CROSS AND MILLER

have their weapons up -- crouched behind the makeshift
barricade -- waiting -- seconds seem like hours. And then:

At the end of the passageway, at a T-junction, we get our
first glimpse of the Somalis as they round the corner.

The battle has begun.

The team opens fire. Taking precise shots -- conserving ammo
as best they can --

The Somalis flood in... there are so many...

MILLER
Get down--!

And suddenly a hail of rounds are coming our way -- shredding
past us -- everyone ducks and slides behind cover.

No one hit. Close call.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CATWALK - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

Britten in front, leads Hassan. Russo right behind them. They move across a catwalk twenty feet above the massive engine room below -- this room is loud.

Hassan stops walking. Russo grabs the back of his shirt --

RUSSO
(yelling over the noise)
Move!

-- tries to push him forward.

Fast and fluid, Hassan SLAMS his head back into her face. She's disoriented, surprised.

BRITTEN

spins, GRAPPLES Hassan to the ground. Hassan writhes and kicks, gaining a few seconds of separation --

-- rolls out from under Britten, his body passes between the metal railing and he drops twenty feet into the darkness below.

Britten looks down, can't see Hassan.

BRITTEN
Shit...

Russo spits blood, her mouth and lip are cut up from the hit. But she's back in the game.

RUSSO
I'll cover from up here.

Britten nods, climbs down over the railing, onto a support beam, and drops onto the

ENGINE ROOM FLOOR

If you thought it was loud before, this is something else. Like being inside a tornado.

BRITTEN

moves fast through the labyrinth of metal, checking corners, searching for movement.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
Got anything?

ON THE CATWALK

RUSSO

has her NVGs on -- scanning the room from above -- she sees Britten moving in between machinery -- but no Hassan.

RUSSO
Negative.

CUT TO --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

Deafening gun fire. Tracers. Yelling. Chaos.

Bullets shred the barrier our team is using for cover.
Something big and powerful is firing on them.

Amit peers out -- notices a BELT-FED RUSSIAN PKM set up at the end of the corridor -- spitting 700 rounds per minute -- destroying everything in its path.

AMIT
PKM -- heavy gunner! We need to
pull back--!

CROSS
No!

A beat. Cross is thinking, mind calculating. He glances up at the ceiling... gets an idea...

CROSS (CONT'D)
Turn off the lights--!

Ward arms a STUN GRENADE and tosses it down the corridor -- BOOOOM!! -- buying a few seconds.

And our team takes aim, hitting the ceiling lights with precise shots. And then:

Darkness. NVGs on -- the hallway is bathed in green --

Cross sights up the HEAVY GUNNER -- breathing slow -- a long shot -- he takes his time... and then BOOM! -- a puff of pink mist -- the heavy gunner drops.

The rest of the team sprays bullets, cutting down the Somalis. A dizzying light show of death. Darkness helping. The tide turning in our favor...

...until a blinding white light burns through the night vision image.

MILLER
...The hell is that?

Miller now sees several Somalis pushing a flaming cart down the corridor, using it as cover -- guerilla tactics.

CROSS
Take 'em out!

Machine gun fire SPARKS and DINGS against the metal cart, not slowing it -- SMASH! -- the cart crashes into the barricade, setting crates on fire.

Cross, blinded, snaps his NVGs off.

The murderous wave of enemies flood the corridor. But our team digs in -- still firing.

Miller looks to Cross.

MILLER
We need to move!

Cross keeps firing -- reloading.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Cross!

Nothing. He's focused.

Miller locks eyes with Barra and Ward -- death approaching -- needs to make a choice.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Pull back--!

And they do. Miller grabs Cross, snapping him out of his killing spree.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Fucking move, now!

And they're retreating. Running hard.

CROSS
Level three!

BARRA
Nice to have you back.

Tracers squiggle and flash past our team as they book it down the corridor.

CUT TO --

INT. ENGINE ROOM FLOOR - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

BRITTEN

moving through filthy darkness. Through tangled machinery.

Light spilling in from a half-open door ahead.

BRITTEN
(throat-mic)
He's out. I'm pursuing.

RUSSO (V.O.)
Wait -- I'm on the move.

And as Britten approaches the door, a SHAPE moves toward him, no time to react...

...as Hassan STABS a JAGGED piece of metal into Britten's face and neck -- over and over --

-- helmet cam statics. Blood on the lens. Our world spinning as Britten drops. Gasping for air.

Hassan hovers over him. And just watches.

Someone approaching. And Hassan disappears. A moment, then:

RUSSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No...

Russo comes into view, leans down.

RUSSO (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, stay with me. You're okay -- you're okay.

Blood on her hands as she examines the wounds.

Russo scans the room -- Hassan is still here.

She grabs Britten by his Kevlar vest, drags him out of the engine room --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - CONTINUOUS

-- more light here, better visibility.

Russo checks the area. Clear.

RUSSO
(throat-mic)
Britten's down -- Britten's down.
Hassan is loose, repeat, the HVT is in the open.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL THREE - SAME TIME

Somalis pour down the stairs, converge on the corridor.

Gunfire. Smoke. Our team is behind cover, frozen, the current battle the least of their worries.

Russo's last statement hangs a moment. Then:

CROSS
(throat-mic)
What's his status?

RUSSO (V.O.)
...He... just get down here.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
Copy.

AMIT
We have to find Hassan. If they
get to him first --

BARRA
-- if that happens we might as well
lay down our weapons and bend over.
But I'm not doing that... there's
only one way out of this shit hole,
and we're standing in it. We hold
this position, let him come to us.

WARD
With these guys on our heels?
Might be a problem.

MILLER
What about Britten and Russo? We
can't leave them.

CROSS
We won't. I'll go.

Something in Cross' manner feels different. In his eyes, in his body language. He's settling into the role of leader.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Defend this position -- hold 'em
off for as long as you can. Same
as before. We meet at the Alamo...
lowest level.

BARRA
...Copy that.

Cross gets ready to move.

MILLER
Covering fire--!

The team unloads a volley of gunfire into the Somalis.

Cross sprints down the corridor in the opposite direction. Enemy bullets pockmarking the walls around him.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

Russo patches up Britten's neck as best she can, but it's only temporary... very temporary... he's bleeding out.

She keeps her weapon ready. Eyes watching for Hassan.

RUSO
We're going to get you out of here,
okay? I promise. Just need you to
hang on a little longer.

She holds his bloody hand. He smiles up through the pain.

RUSO (CONT'D)
...You're fine. It's going to be
okay.

Someone approaching. Russo aims her weapon -- sees nothing.

Then:

CROSS (O.S.)
Hold your fire.

After a moment, Cross, blanketed in darkness, emerges from the engine room. Approaches Russo.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Where's Hassan? Where's --

He sees Britten. Stops. His heart sinks.

He kneels down next to his dying teammate.

Looking deep into his failing eyes. Watching as the life drains out of him, pooling around the contours of his body.

BRITTEN
(weak)
...How we doing up there?

CROSS
Fine...

BRITTEN
...much time do I have?

Russo is cracking, trying to hold it together.

CROSS
...Not long.

BRITTEN
 (now just a whisper)
 ...Ran an op with your brother...
 'bout a year ago... can't shake
 it... you're... so much alike...

Cross just stares at Britten, the loss of his brother still fresh, wounds unhealed. His emotions are stirred but he buries them.

BRITTEN (CONT'D)
 (synapses firing)
 ...She'll go... for... just let...

RUSSO
 What? -- Britten? -- Britten?

And stillness. Britten is gone.

A tear spills down Russo's cheek. She wipes it away and puts on her game face.

Cross is up, moving, going for Hassan.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FOUR - SAME TIME

BARRA + WARD + AMIT + MILLER

Are holding down the corridor, defending their position. Moving out from behind cover to take shots as the constant chatter of Somali machine gun fire rains down on them.

Behind them is the last stairway.

AMIT
 (throat-mic)
 Interrogative. Cross what's your sit-rep? We're holding the stairway, level four. Being overrun.

CROSS (V.O.)
 No sign of Hassan. Buy me as much time as you can.

AMIT
 Copy... what about Britten?

Silence on the other end.

CROSS (V.O.)
 Gone.

The team shares a few looks. Sadness quickly turns to anger.

BARRA
Dig in -- we're not leaving here.
Hold this position!

And they do, like Spartans defending the city gates.
The hallway is a clusterfuck of bullets, blood, and smoke.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

CROSS AND RUSSO

move down the corridor, searching rooms, looking for Hassan.
Cross scans a room. Nothing. Keeps moving.
Noises up ahead. Shuffling. Something metal bending.
Cross and Russo. Quiet now. Moving like ghosts toward the noise... which suddenly stops. But they keep moving.
Sweeping rooms. Fingers dancing on triggers. Still nothing.
A door ajar. Cross signals to Russo. A beat. They enter --

INT. CARGO HOLD - LEVEL FIVE - CONTINUOUS

-- moving through the dimly lit room, past shipping containers. A labyrinth inside a labyrinth.
Eyes unblinking. Hearts going rapid fire.
A SHADOW. Moving around a corner.
Russo sees it. Takes aim. Turns the corner. Nothing.
Cross right beside her. They move. Walking silent.
Cross stops. Eyes a METAL GRATE on the floor. Doesn't belong here.
Looking around. Eyes scanning everything. He sees it.
A ventilation shaft about twenty feet up. Missing a grate.
Cross climbs up onto a shipping container beneath the ventilation shaft.

RUSSO
(scanning the room)
He could still be here.

Cross shines a flashlight into the darkened shaft. It goes almost straight up... light falling on smudged blood. Britten's blood.

CROSS

He's not.

Russo climbs up. Examines Hassan's escape route.

A beat. Then:

Russo sets her gun down, takes off her tactical vest.

CROSS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RUSSO

Going after him.

CROSS

No you're not --

RUSSO

-- I have to do this --

Russo finishes taking off her bulky gear, leaving a sidearm, a knife, a smoke grenade, and the TABLET.

CROSS

You go up --

BARRA (V.O.)

(cutting in and out)

-- Falling back--! Repeat... fa...
bac... position overrun.... tak...
heavy fire.

A silent beat.

CROSS

They need us.

Russo considers.

RUSSO

No. They need you.

CROSS

You know what you're signing up for? You go up there, you're cut off, alone, right in the enemy's backyard.

RUSSO

I understand --

CROSS
 -- We won't be able to come get
 you. And what they did to Park...
 they'll do worse --

RUSO
 -- If we lose Hassan, then all this
 is over anyway.
 (beat)
 Give me a boost.

Cross hesitates a moment. Then gives her a boost up into the
 vent shaft. Russo squeezes into the claustrophobic tunnel,
 flashlight in mouth. Moves her way up. Fast.

BARRA (V.O.)
 (deafening gunfire)
 ...Repeat, falling back... un...
 attack... position compromised...

CROSS
 (throat-mic)
 Copy, moving to your location now.

Cross watches Russo disappear from view.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 Good luck.

He moves out as we

CUT TO --

INT. CORRIDOR / STAIRS - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

The rest of our team is now on the lowest level of the ship,
 the lowest level of hell.

Weapons aimed, cutting down Somalis as they come down the
 stairway.

BARRA

fires a few rounds -- his weapon CLICKS empty. No more ammo.

BARRA
 I'm out.

He grabs an AK-47 from a downed Somali, unloads on the stairs
 as the enemy onslaught continues.

HISSS! -- bullet grazes Barra -- SNAP! -- another hits him in
 the arm. He drops behind cover. Looking at the wound.

MILLER

still firing, turns.

MILLER
You hit?

BARRA
Nah... I'm good.

Blood seeps from a hole in his arm -- bullet went clean through. He pushes the pain aside and gets back into firing position.

WARD

CLICKS empty --

WARD
Out.

-- pulls his sidearm and keeps firing.

AMIT

SLAPS in his last mag.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

CROSS

approaches the gunfight from the opposite side, coming up on the staircase from behind.

Fires through the stairs -- shredding boots and legs.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
I'm here.

BARRA (V.O.)
I noticed.

CROSS
There's a cargo hold at the other end of the ship. We can fortify our position there. Amit you still got that smoke -- pop it and lets move.

AMIT (V.O.)
Copy.

Cross stays put. He hears the grenade hit the ground and roll -- smoke spills out into the corridor. Zero visibility.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
Suppressing fire! Move--!

Cross fires at Somalis as they advance down the staircase.

Barra, Miller, Ward, and Amit move through the smoke --
arrive at Cross' position.

Barra looks around.

BARRA
Where the hell is she?

CROSS
Went after Hassan.

Barra stares Cross down.

Miller opens fire on enemy gunslingers --

MILLER
Fucking move--!

They double time it down the corridor toward the cargo hold.

BARRA

enters first --

INT. CARGO HOLD - LEVEL FIVE - CONTINUOUS

-- behind him his teammates are running. Behind them
bloodthirsty Somali Marines pursue. Like wolves running down
a wounded predator.

The rest of the team enters. Amit and Barra push the heavy
metal door closed -- sealing them inside.

The faint sound of machine gun fire hitting the door.

MILLER
(breathing hard)
Ain't gonna hold 'em long.

Everyone catches their breath. Cross sits on a crate.

BARRA
Where the fuck is Russo?

Cross points his flashlight up at the ventilation shaft.

CROSS
Up there.

BARRA
Alone?

Barra grits his teeth.

BARRA (CONT'D)
(throat-mic)
Russo. Come in.

INTERCUT RUSSO:

Crawling through the maze of ventilation shaft passages.

RUSSO
Copy you.

BARRA
(throat-mic)
Abort. Repeat abort.

RUSSO
Negative.

BARRA
Listen to me goddammit --

RUSSO
-- No, not this time --

BARRA
-- You shouldn't have gone alone --

RUSSO
-- This was my choice.

BARRA
(beat)
I know. Just wasn't the right one.

Barra looks around at the team. Wounded. Almost out of ammo. Locked in a room, on the lowest level of the ship, nowhere else to go.

Somalis trying to breakdown the door.

BARRA (CONT'D)
Forget Hassan. Just get off this ship. You find an exit, you take it. They're down here with us. You can get out. You find your way home --

RUSSO
-- I'm not leaving.

A beat. He tried.

BARRA
...Be careful.

END INTERCUT:

Barra paces the room.

Cross still sitting. Thinking.

Miller pulls the clip out of his weapon.

MILLER
We should do an ammo check.

AMIT
Don't need to. I'm down to my last
mag.

Amit looks up at the vent shaft.

AMIT (CONT'D)
...That might be our only exit.

WARD
They'll break down the door before
we're all up there.

BARRA
Once they have Hassan, they won't
even bother trying to get in here.
They'll just sink the vessel.

Defeat setting in. Hope fading.

Cross is silent for a few beats. Then:

CROSS
What if we sink it first?

BARRA
What?

CROSS
Ward planted semtex when we
boarded.

BARRA
So. We're still on the ship. We
detonate and these corridors flood
with water faster than you can say,
"bad idea."

CROSS

If you have a better one, I'm all ears -- but whatever you're thinking, do it fast, because when that door comes down, it's not gonna be pretty for us.

Silence as the group thinks this over. Muffled noises from the Somalis on the other side of the door -- a constant reminder of the ticking clock.

CROSS (CONT'D)

We need to make a choice here.

BARRA

Okay, let's say we blow the semtex and flood the vessel, we still have to make our way back up five levels with those fuckers out there. Doesn't really help our situation.

CROSS

There's going to be a pretty big hole in the side of the ship. We wait for the area to equalize and swim out -- climb back on board. Flank the enemy. We'll have the upper hand. Grab Hassan before he can get away.

BARRA

When you say equalize --

CROSS

-- We wait for this level to flood. Then we swim out.

Barra is silent. Dreading this idea.

MILLER

(to Ward)

What's our time table?

WARD

Twenty-five, thirty minutes before she goes under.

BARRA

(to Miller)

You're not seriously considering this...

AMIT

Where did you plant the semtex exactly?

WARD
Midship, starboard side.

CROSS
That'll put us in, or near the
engine room.

MILLER
We need to figure out how to get
these guys away from the door.

BARRA
This whole thing is fucking
crazy...

CROSS
We're good at crazy... remember?

A beat. Barra and Cross hold looks. It is in this moment
that both men understand each other. Barra knows this is the
only way.

BARRA
Russo is still out there. I'm not
leaving her.

CROSS
I know... neither am I.

BARRA
...Fuck, this is a bad idea.

MILLER
That it is... let's get to work.

Ward breaks away, begins searching the cargo hold for
something to use on the door.

BARRA
(throat-mic)
Russo, hold your position. We're
detonating the semtex -- coming to
you.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - SAME TIME

Russo sees light ahead. Keeps crawling. Reaches the end of
a passageway... another missing grate. Hassan made it out.

RUSO
(throat-mic)
Negative. Hassan is in the open.
I'm pursuing.

She stares out at the corridor. VOICES. Somalis. Feet
passing in front of her. And then silence.

BARRA (V.O.)
Do not engage, repeat do not
engage. Hold position.

RUSSO
(to self)
Shit.

Russo stays put, conflicted. Everything inside is telling her to pursue. But she waits...

INT. CARGO HOLD - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

The sounds of the Somalis trying to break in continues.

Miller glances over at Cross. He's still sitting. Then he notices:

BLOOD. Pooling around Cross' boot. He's been shot. Miller sits next to him. Takes out his flask, about to hand it to Cross. Remembers it's empty.

MILLER
Shit, forgot. Picked a hell of a
day to quit drinking.
(RE: the wound)
Someone should look at that before
you bleed out.

CROSS
I'm good.

Cross looks down at the blood lapping around his boot.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Tagged me on the way back here.
Missed the vitals or I wouldn't be
talking right now.

Miller nods. Silence for a moment. Then:

MILLER
Been wondering something, since the
drop. I was in the water, looking
up. I saw you... you pulled your
chute late... guys like us don't
make that mistake. The rate you
were falling, you would have been
dead the second you hit the water.
What changed your mind?

CROSS
I don't know... doesn't matter now
does it?

MILLER
No... but I'm glad you did.

Miller gets up to leave. Then:

CROSS
I'm not afraid to die. Only thing
that scares me is running away. I
guess I just realized... they're
the same thing.

Miller turns back. Doesn't have words. They have both lost
someone close. A beat. And he's gone, leaving Cross alone.

WE ARE BARRA

Watching Cross from the other side of the room.

Cross puts his hand inside his vest -- pulls out THE ENVELOPE
his brother left him -- blood soaked -- still unopened.

He hesitates. Opens it. Reads. We watch him from a
distance. Intruding on this personal moment. We can't see
what he's reading but we don't need to. It's in his eyes.
The loss. The memories. The suppressed emotions.

And then something happens. Cross smiles. Whatever he's
reading is bringing him back. This is a Cross we've never
seen before. Maybe he's finally letting go.

A beat. Cross refolds the letter. Tucks it away.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - SAME TIME

Russo is studying the --

TABLET SCREEN -- She moves the bot. Catches a glimpse of
several Somalis heading up a stairway. With them is HASSAN.

RUSSO
(throat-mic)
Hassan is on level two. I'm not
losing him. Pursuing the HVT.

Russo exits --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL THREE - CONTINUOUS

-- stands up, turns. Nine Somalis, half way down the
corridor, stare at her.

A tense beat as the Somalis look at one another. Then back
to Russo.

BARRA (V.O.)
Russo, do not pursue. Repeat, do
not pursue.

RUSO
(throat-mic)
I'll call you back.

Russo slowly moves her hand toward her pistol.

One of the Somalis pulls out a machete. The others follow,
taking out their own blades.

BARRA (V.O.)
Russo!

Russo, makes a choice, moves her hand away from the pistol --
pulls out the smoke grenade. The Somalis move in, beads of
sweat dripping down their drugged up faces.

INT. CARGO HOLD - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

All eyes on Barra.

BARRA
(throat-mic)
Russo! Do you copy?

He looks up at the team. Worry setting in.

WARD
I think it's time.

Everyone is up, getting ready, moving fast. Cross is in
pain, fights through it.

Ward drags a COMPRESSED GAS CANISTER toward the cargo hold
door.

The team takes up positions behind a shipping crate.

WARD (CONT'D)
Alright. We hit the ship and the
door at the same time.

Ward pulls out a detonator. Arms it.

Amit aims his weapon at the pressurized gas canister leaning
against the cargo hold door.

A long beat. Everyone exchanging glances. The Somalis still
working to get the door open. They're almost in. Doesn't
matter now.

WARD (CONT'D)
See you on the other side.

Ward nods at Amit. And...

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!

Amit fires a shot into the canister, blowing the door off its hinges.

Ward CLICKS the detonator, a second

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!

This one shakes the entire vessel -- semtex detonated.

CROSS
Go, go, go!

The team is up. Running toward the cargo hold door, now a giant hole of charred metal.

The Somalis that were closest to the blast are down, and won't be getting back up. The rest open fire on our team.

An animal like ROAR starts to rise... it's the ship bending and breaking.

And another sound. Something growing closer. Behind the Somalis:

A FLASH FLOOD OF WATER rushing down the corridor.

A panicked moment. The Somalis turn, see the water.

And for the first time, their impenetrable force breaks.

Some stay and continue fighting, others retreat through the knee-high water toward the stairs.

The team continues charging in. Firing at the Somalis. No way out except through them. This is their only exit.

And as they get closer, the combat intensifies, more extreme than anything we have seen so far. Bloody and up close.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL THREE - SAME TIME

The hallway is shaking. The ship is listing. Light flickering. The nine Somalis don't seem to care. Neither does Russo.

Machetes and knives out -- they move in.

What follows is balletic.

Russo pops the smoke grenade -- tosses it -- a blooming cloud of smoke fills the corridor.

Toggles on her THERMAL OPTICS -- giving her eyes while everyone else is blind.

She sees nine WHITE HEAT SIGNATURES moving towards her.

She pulls out her KNIFE -- moves through the smoke, like a ghost, no one can see her --

A Somali trying to see through the haze -- doesn't notice the knife coming right at him -- THUNK! --

-- Russo moves toward another heat signature -- SLICES -- the body drops spilling a pool of thermal blood --

-- rushes into another Somali -- filets him --

A Somali slashes at Russo. She dodges, slices the tendons in both of his legs. He drops.

Russo moves fast, avoiding blades coming at her, slicing and cutting as she weaves through the attackers. A display of her best kept talents.

Arteries. Tendons. Necks.

Cut. Gashed. Severed.

And it's all over.

Russo moves down the corridor -- a trail of carnage and smoke in her wake.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL FIVE - CONTINUOUS

Our team fights on. Making their way toward the engine room.

Running and gunning through the flooded hallway.

The Somali Marines still putting up a fight.

MILLER

Move, move!

Our team rushes in. Picking up enemy weapons. Firing.

Moving around corners. Through doorways. Tension.

Sporadic bursts of incoming gunfire. Boots sloshing.

Water flooding. Stained red. Bodies floating.

Ward stops in front of a room spilling gallons of water.

WARD

In here--!

The team moves inside --

INT. ENGINE ROOM - LEVEL FIVE - CONTINUOUS

-- makes their way toward a gaping hole in the side of the ship, water flooding in.

WARD
Water pressure's too strong, need
to wait for the room to equalize.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL TWO - SAME TIME

Russo ducks into a doorway as a few Somalis race past. She grabs a straggler. Pulls him into the room. Her knife slicing and dicing.

She exits. Moving fast. Quiet. Glancing around a corner.

A stairway. Empty. She goes.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - LEVEL FIVE - SAME TIME

Cross, Ward, Amit, Miller and Barra tread water. The room now equalized.

Cross nods. Everyone takes a deep breath.

And they go under. We see what they see: complete darkness. All we can do is listen and wait and hope.

What's taking so long? Finally...

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

CROSS AND WARD

breach the surface first. Breathing hard. Looking up at the night sky. Taking in the fresh air.

Barra, Miller, and Amit next. Gasping. Breathing.

Cross looks up at the cargo vessel -- the wounded giant has started to tilt to one side -- glances at THREE FISHING TRAWLERS tethered to the hull --

Above the furthest trawler, two rope ladders, and Somali Marines climbing down.

WARD
Hassan will be with them.

CROSS
We need to move.

Cross looks to Barra.

CROSS (CONT'D)
You three find Russo. We're taking Hassan.

Barra nods.

BARRA
By the way, I'm kind of a fan of your bad ideas.

Cross smiles. They separate. Start swimming.

Cross and Ward move toward the trawlers.

Barra, Miller, and Amit toward the cargo ship.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - SAME TIME

Russo moving like a ghost. Avoiding detection. Searching for Hassan.

BARRA (V.O.)
Russo, come in.

RUSSO
(throat-mic)
Copy you.

BARRA (V.O.)
Cross and Ward have a possible ID on Hassan and are engaging. Make your way toward the main deck. Meet you topside in five.

RUSSO
(throat-mic)
Solid copy.

She moves out. Turns a corner. Passing room after room. Something catches her eye. She stops. Enters into

INT. COMM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rows of high tech equipment fill the space. But that's not what Russo is looking at.

On a table is Park's lifeless body.

Blood drenched. Scalp removed. An ungodly sight.

She moves toward him. Stares down. Tears fill her eyes.
METAL GRINDING. She spins just as the door shuts.
Standing there is Red Eyes. Russo reaches for her gun.
Red Eyes aims his first. Taps his throat.

RED EYES
(RE: throat-mic)
Off.

A beat. Russo takes off the throat-mic. Disconnecting herself from the team.

RED EYES (CONT'D)
Now gun.

Another beat. Russo slowly takes her gun out.
Red Eyes gestures toward the ground. Russo drops it.
Red Eyes moves his foot, a wordless gesture for -- *kick the gun away*.
Russo kicks the gun. It skids to the corner of the room.
Red Eyes just stares.
Tension.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - HULL - SAME TIME

BARRA
climbs fast. Moving up a rope ladder.
Almost at the deck. He glances down.
Miller and Amit close behind, keeping pace.

INT. OCEAN - SAME TIME

CROSS AND WARD
move like sharks. Silent. Approaching the last fishing trawler. We hear voices. Movement on deck.
The ENGINE STARTS. Kicking up water.
Ward and Cross grab onto the side of the vessel as it pulls away into the darkness.

INT. COMM ROOM - SAME TIME

Russo is motionless. Watching Red Eyes. A staring contest. He tucks his gun into the back of his pants.

Then --

-- the fight begins.

Russo rushes in, swinging, kicking.

Red Eyes blocks and counters. He's fast. Well trained.

Russo pulls her knife. Red Eyes slams her into a wall, twists her hand, she drops the knife.

She claws his face. Blood and skin under her nails.

This is a brutal street style brawl. Both matching each others moves like mirror images.

Red Eyes grabs Russo in a headlock. Choking her. She tries to break free -- can't.

She lifts both her legs, springboards off the wall, sending them both to the ground.

Red Eyes rolls on top of her. Russo jams her thumb into his eye socket, blood spilling out.

Red Eyes doesn't flinch. He just hits her again and again.

Russo breaks free, kicking him off. Makes her way toward the door -- opens it -- stumbles out --

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

-- falls -- crawling on all fours.

Red Eyes comes up behind her. Puts his foot on her back.

Leans down. Machete out. Russo reaches behind him, grabs the gun from his pants, aims up and blind-fires. A bullet takes a chunk of his ear. Blood dripping.

He knocks the gun away. Slams Russo's head into the ground.

Russo is done. Her reactions slowing. Red Eyes won.

He grabs a tuft of her hair. Lifts her head off the ground.

Brings the machete toward her scalp. And --

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

Red Eyes topples over.

Russo looks up to see

BARRA AND MILLER

standing at the end of the corridor. Weapons smoking.

Barra rushes in. Helps Russo to her feet. Holds her close.

BARRA
I got you. I got you.

Miller and Amit move in. Checking on Russo. Miller looks down at Red Eyes. Victorious. He glances inside the comm room. Russo looks to him.

RUSSO
You don't need to go in there.

MILLER
Yes I do.

Miller enters.

INT. COMM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slowly moves toward Park. Standing over him. A tender moment. A friend saying goodbye.

Miller reaches into Park's kit. Pulls out the notebook.

MILLER
I'm sorry.

A quiet moment. Then:

BRATATATATATAT!!!

Miller spins. Rushes back out.

INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE

BARRA + RUSSO + AMIT

Have taken up defensive positions. Firing at Somalis trying to exit the flooding ship.

Miller takes cover in a doorway.

AMIT
Back up! Let's get the fuck out of here.

They move and fire. Holding off the Somalis as they reach the exit.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - SAME TIME

CROSS AND WARD

climb the side of the vessel. Mere shadows making their way on board.

At the front of the boat are ten Somali Marines and Hassan.

He holds a SAT PHONE -- trying to dial out.

CROSS
(throat-mic)
I got left. On my mark:

They ready up. Targets sighted.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(throat-mic)
Three... two... one...

Cross and Ward open up. Bursts of gun fire drop Hassan's men in a split second. And it's all over. Hassan is frozen.

The boat's engine slows, and idles.

Cross and Ward move in. Hassan just stares back.

HASSAN
I'm impressed. But all this was
for nothing. You take me in --
someone else will just take over.
The world is on the verge of
disintegration --

POP! POP! -- Cross fires a shot into each of Hassan's kneecaps -- Hassan screams in pain -- drops to the ground clutching bone fragments and blood.

CROSS
In case you were thinking about
running again.

Ward glances at Cross. Respect between them.

CROSS (CONT'D)
You drive. Let's get the others.

Ward moves to the steering console. Drops the engine into gear and speeds back toward the cargo ship.

Cross flexi-cuffs Hassan.

EXT. DECK - SAME TIME

RUSSO AND BARRA

provide cover as Miller and Amit make their way down the rope ladder to the fishing trawlers. The ship is really leaning. It's hard to stand upright.

Barra moves toward the edge, looks back at Russo.

BARRA
Come on--!

She's looking up at the sky, motionless. Barra fires a few shots at the approaching Somalis.

BARRA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

And now he sees it -- the UAV lowers down in front of Russo. She grabs it, and moves.

They climb over the deck onto the rope ladder.

Moving fast. Below them -- Cross and Ward arrive in the trawler. Miller and Amit lower down onto the

FISHING TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Next. Russo and Barra. A hail of bullets rain down from above. Somalis not giving up.

Miller and Amit fire back.

AMIT
Get us out of here--!

CROSS
Wait!

Cross moves to the front of the boat, scans the bodies of the dead Somalis, grabs two grenades.

Tosses one to Barra. They both pull the pins and lob them onto the nearby fishing trawlers.

BA-BOOOOOOOOOOM!!! Enemy ships disabled.

Ward hits the throttle and the trawler pulls away from the sinking vessel, speeding into the darkness.

Mission accomplished.

Everyone. Exhausted. Sits. Haggard looks. Blood stained faces.

Barra looks at Hassan, cuffed to a pole, bleeding from both legs. Looks over at Cross.

BARRA
(RE: Hassan's legs)
What happened?

CROSS
We had a nice talk.

Barra smiles. He likes Cross.

And everyone is silent.

Thinking of all they've been through. All they've lost.

Amit sits next to Ward at the controls. Watching the moon chiseled ocean stretching out to infinity.

Miller looks through Park's notebook. Flips through dozens of drawings. Stops on the unfinished Eiffel Tower sketch.

Barra looks over. Russo is resting on his shoulder.

And Cross watches all of them for the longest time.

His team. His friends. After a long beat...

Cross takes his helmet off -- the image statics and we --

CUT TO --

BLACK.

FADE IN:

B&W SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE:

SOME TIME LATER...

-- Cross in a nice suit rides an elevator to the top floor of a downtown office building.

CUT TO --

-- Cross stands in front of a receptionist. She buzzes him in. He enters a door behind her.

CUT TO --

-- He moves down a long hallway filled with high tech equipment -- feels like the NSA or the CIA but it's not.

Standing at the end of the hallway is Cole, dressed in her work suit and heels.

END B&W SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - LATER

<NOTE: SEVERAL CAMERAS HAVE BEEN SET UP TO DOCUMENT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS ROOM. WE WILL CUT BETWEEN THEM AS NECESSARY.>

We are in the same room as the opening. Cross sits at a table across from Cole.

COLE
Your old employers have been tracking you. They got pretty close two days ago but an internal glitch wiped you from the system, leaving nothing behind. Everything you were, is gone.

Cross takes this in.

COLE (CONT'D)
You're a ghost... I said I'd make your past disappear. I also said I'd give you a future.

A beat.

COLE (CONT'D)
What do you know about Black Dolphin prison?

Cross smiles. Knew this was coming.

COLE (CONT'D)
It's the most secure prison in the world, housing Russia's most dangerous criminals. There have been several escape attempts over the years. No one has ever made it out. I need you to break in and extract someone.

Cole slides a file across the table.

COLE (CONT'D)
Prisoner #652.

Cross doesn't even open the file.

COLE (CONT'D)
This prisoner has no name and isn't listed on any of the prison manifests or documents. The Russians don't want anyone to know he's there. We need him.

A beat. Cole slides another file across the table.

COLE (CONT'D)

Oleksii Rudenko. AKA Rudenko the Cannibal. Member of The Brother's Circle. Russian Mafia's elite.

(beat)

He was the target your brother was after when he was killed. Rudenko might not have pulled the trigger, but he's responsible for what happened to Will. He's not part of this mission. But he's in the same prison as the HVT. I don't see why you couldn't pay him a visit.

Cross takes the file. Opens it, flips through. Looking at Oleksii. The man responsible for his brother's death.

His mind churning. Anger building. He clenches his jaw so tight we see the muscles flexing under his skin.

COLE (CONT'D)

You'll need a team. I pulled them last week. Barra and Russo will meet you on the ground. Miller and Amit are flying in with you. I added a few new members.

Those names stir up memories. But he pushes them aside.

CROSS

Figured they'd never work for you again. Let alone sign up for another near death experience. What bullshit intelligence tactic did you use to convince them?

COLE

None. I told them you were leading the mission, they dropped what they were doing and signed up.

Cross is taken aback. Speechless. Wants to smile but doesn't.

COLE (CONT'D)

So... are you in?

Hold on Cross as he makes his choice --

SMASH TO

BLACK

THE END