LINE OF SIGHT

by

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Esola / WME
Fenton / H2F

-- [The following was compiled using historical footage] --

-- [It contains no reenactments or impersonations] --

-- [Events depicted are unaltered and unedited] --

No logos. No credits. OVER BLACK --

JONES (V.O.)
-- You getting this?

MYRA (V.O.)
Audio only. Hold on, think there's a problem with --

CUT TO:

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S FACE

CORPORAL ANDREW JONES. Handsome. Athletic. Late 20's. Eager to please and champing at the bit to prove himself.

He stares right at us. Reaching forward, adjusting focus.

JONES
How 'bout now?

MYRA <speaks> into his EARBONE RADIO. We hear what he hears.

MYRA
<Five by five.>

Jones straps on a HELMET CAM. Now, **we see what he sees--**

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS (**JONES**)

FOUR SOLDIERS, prepped for a training exercise. Equipped head-to-toe in next-gen gear, including HELMET CAMS and VIRTUAL RETINAL DISPLAY (VRD) GOGGLES.

The men themselves are built for speed. Precise. Imposing.

They are Delta Force Three-One.

The most dangerous men in the world.

The team's FIRST LIEUTENANT, TOM NEWELL, approaches. Tough but affable, he's buttoned up in all the right places. A soldier's soldier.

NEWELL
Hell of a week so far, rook.

JONES
Want to make a good impression on the Colonel, sir.

NEWELL
You're here, aren't you?

Modern Warfare 2 developer Infinity Ward publisher Activision
GameWallpapers.com

Newell moves on to SPECIALIST MARC GONZALEZ. Che Guevara quotes tattooed down one arm; SpongeBob portrait on the other.

GONZALEZ
John says she's hot.

NEWELL
Who's that, Gonzo?

GONZALEZ
Chica at mission control. I say no way they hire anything but double-woofs up at Langley.

A VIDEO OVERLAY appears. Wireless picture-in-picture (PIP) of MYRA GILL, CIA tech-extraordinare, working at a computer station. She's definitely hot.

MYRA
You know I can hear every word you say, right cowboy --

GONZALEZ
-- Aye, mami --

MYRA
-- And I'm not at Langley. We're analyzing off-site response time --

GONZALEZ
-- Johnny-boy! You win!

WOLFE (O.S.)
Hey, Lou? Got a minute?

Newell is waved away by SERGEANT WOLFE, a black NCO with a severe allergy to authority. Says a lot about him, he made it this far on such an abrasive personality.

They speak quietly in the hall as:

MYRA
Company commissioned a study last year, showed mission success rate was twelve percent higher when male-dominated operation teams were shepherded by an attractive woman.

GONZALEZ
Twelve? You'll get us to thirty on those eyes alone.

Myra giggles in spite of herself. The PIP closes.

From down the hall --

WOLFE
-- You haven't talked with him yet? What the hell is that? You <u>know</u> I'm ready for my own CAG --

Wolfe catches Jones watching, pulls Newell further away.

SPECIALIST JOHN CARTER inches up beside Jones. He's the team's sniper, a good-old-boy from Savannah.

CARTER
Old lady doesn't care?

JONES
'bout what?

CARTER
You up and disappearing for weeks at a time? Drop of a hat.

JONES
She understands the job.

CARTER
How long you been married?

JONES
Eight months -- nine next week.

CARTER
Give it a year. A kid. That well of understanding only runs so deep. Trust me.

BYRON (O.S.)
Delta -- line up!

COLONEL LOUIS BYRON, a rain barrel of a man, steps into the doorway. Admires his crew.

BYRON
Show time.

EXT. STAGING AREA - DAY (**<u>JONES</u>**)

The bright sting of daylight. A shimmering green forest.

Delta is lined up. Byron paces, a conductor before the opera.

BYRON
CIA and DARPA say they have new hardware gonna save American lives.
(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)
(holds up helmet rig)
Real time, augmented reality headset with 3D, thermal-optic imaging and less than a two-hundred millisecond delay.
(beat)
Now, I'm not exactly sure what any of the fuck that means...
(pause for laughter)
But I'm told it's quite impressive. Also, expensive. Special Agent Gill will guide you through the exercises. Next eight hours, she is your God.

EXT. TRAINING COURSE - DAY (**NEWELL**)

A prefab city. Automated TARGETS armed with LIVE-AMMO RIFLES move on tracks between pieces of cover.

MYRA
<Need to boot each system individually. Stay with me.>

A BLUE PULSE waves out in every direction. Highlights nearby targets. A 3D HUD illuminates every corner of the VRD.

NEWELL
Correct me if I'm wrong -- haven't the SEALs been using sonar imaging for a decade now?

Myra, insulted, appears in the PIP.

MYRA
Don't get snobby on me just yet. That's barely the hors d'vours. Secondary intel incoming.

The targets FLASH. Intricate 3D WINDOWS appear. Detailed info on the targets' height, weight, equipment loadout, etc.

MYRA
That's a seven-terabyte, high-resolution data overlay complete with target assistance, object recognition, projectile tracking, muzzle flash alerts, and ongoing threat detection analysis.

NEWELL
Bonus points. Keep it coming.

MYRA
Finally -- augmented reality, predictive analysis.

Faint GHOST IMAGES and PARABOLIC ARCS fill the VRD, shifting around the course ahead of the targets they represent.

NEWELL
Alright, that's a bowlful of awesome. You can tell me where Gomer's gonna be in thirty seconds?

MYRA
Bigger budget, enough processors -- I could tell you where he's gonna be in thirty minutes.

NEWELL
How does it work?

MYRA
It doesn't. We're at 27% accuracy. You'll be long retired before this baby gets out of the incubator.

NEWELL
And we're the first assholes get to kick the tires? How special.

EXT. SHOOTHOUSE - DAY (**JONES**)

Stacked on a door. Newell in front. Wolfe and Gonzalez behind. The VRD fully activated, we're looking at the world through LAYERS OF 3D ICONS and DIAGNOSTIC TELEMETRY.

MYRA
<When you're ready, Lieutenant.>

The VRD GOGGLES mark targets inside the building.

NEWELL
Seven Tangos inside. AK's and Makarovs. Three on the ground, two above, one below. Standard flash and clear. GO!

Newell CRACKS the door. Wolfe tosses a FLASHBANG inside. Two seconds for the POP. Then, the team is rushing

INSIDE

Through a thin haze of smoke -- Newel FIRES on the two closest targets -- BRRDDTT-BRRDDTT -- his MP5 lights up the room.

EXT. SNIPER PERCH - SAME TIME (**CARTER**)

Above and across from the shoothouse. A BARRET M98 SNIPER RIFLE pressed to Carter's shoulder.

A target's GHOST IMAGE moves in front of an open window --

-- BOOM! Easiest shot Carter's ever made.

CARTER
...Where's the fun in that?

INT. SHOOTHOUSE - SAME TIME (**NEWELL**)

Clearing the ground floor with Wolfe. Kitchen -- clear. Bedroom -- clear. Dining room -- one target -- BRRDDTT!

NEWELL
Dining room, clear. Moving --

-- The door BURSTS open -- Jones SPINS inside -- FIRES -- Wolfe HITS the deck -- Jones realizes his mistake --

JONES
-- Oh-shit, oh-shit. Sorry, sorry --

EXT. TRAINING COURSE - DAY (**JONES**)

Byron, Newell, and Wolfe argue at the other end of the course. Jones watches. Can't hear what they're saying.

CARTER
Once, Sniper School in Benning --
tagged my spotter right in the ass.

JONES
How's that even possible?

CARTER
Dago prick was screwing my girlfriend.
Shot practically lined itself up.

JONES
Is that true?

Carter winks. Smiles. Gonzalez steps in.

GONZALEZ
Old man's a stubborn son-of-a-bitch.
He wants you in Three-One, this is
where you'll be.

From over his shoulder:

NEWELL
BECAUSE IT'S MY GODDAMN TEAM --

WOLFE
-- HE ALMOST SHOT OFF MY FUCKING HEAD!

Byron pulls Newell and Wolfe around the corner.

GONZALEZ
On the other hand, you ever considered the Coast Guard?

Suddenly, a STAFF SERGEANT runs out of the barracks, scared.

STAFF SERGEANT
It's Washington -- Chicago -- something's...

He runs off. Jones, Carter, and Gonzalez share a look, hustle

INSIDE THE BARRACKS

Where SOLDIERS are gathered around a TV set.

SOLDIER
-- Sister's in Georgetown --

Jones pushes through the crowd and sees

ON THE TV

Sights from a movie: CIVILIANS fleeing-- Storefronts EXPLODING-- NATIONAL GUARD engaged in urban warfare--

Only this isn't a movie. This is CNN. The headline reads:

NATION WIDE TERROR ATTACK?
Chicago, Dallas, Denver Reporting Heavy Casualties

The broadcast tries to make sense of the violence. SCATTERED, JUMBLED IMAGES from around the country--

-- Cell phone towers collapsed in downtown CHICAGO.

-- Gridlock on the 405 all around LOS ANGELES.

-- A South Carolina POWER PLANT nearly in rubble.

-- DFW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. Planes stranded on the runway.

Byron and Newell storm into the room. Stare at the TV.

BYRON
Where's this happening?

SOLDIER
Everywhere...

For half a second, we see a look of horror in Byron's eyes. Then, just as quick, he's all business.

BYRON
EVERYONE ON STATION! Raise General Butler at Fort Jackson!

NEWELL
Myra, you seeing this?

Myra's PIP appears, nothing but commotion behind her:

MYRA
Can't talk. Shit's hitting the fan.

And she's gone.

BYRON
Someone get me Butler!

A GRUNT in the corner holds up a phone. Shrugs.

GRUNT
Line's dead. Nothing in. Nothing out.

BYRON
Radio?

GRUNT
FUBAR'd -- every frequency is jammed.

ON THE TV

The images now show WASINGTON D.C. People flooding the streets. It's difficult to make sense of the chaos.

NATION'S CAPITAL NEXT?
No Official Response from White House or Homeland Security

WOLFE AND NEWELL

Whisper in Byron's ears:

WOLFE
By air, we're only twenty minutes out.

NEWELL
We get court-martialed, engage without orders.

WOLFE
You know anybody else, do what we do?

Byron taps his fingers. Thinking.

BYRON
THREE-ONE! MOUNT UP!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (**JONES**)

Delta gears up. Loading themselves for bear with the latest in DARPA toys --

-- BIOMIMETIC BODY-ARMOR, field-rated to withstand .35mm gunfire from distances within four feet.

-- XM8 MULTI-FUNCTION ASSAULT RIFLES. Customized stocks, barrels, sights and secondary firing capabilities. Real-time, LED ammunition displays.

-- THERMITE PLASMA BREACHING CHARGES stuffed into a duffel bag -- ZIIIIP!

-- Collapsible RIOT SHIELD, folded down -- CHA-CHUNK -- and latched onto Carter's backpack.

-- A SLEEK, BLACK BRIEFCASE with no identifying marks or logos. Newell checks the contents, then locks it back up.

Jones is last to leave. Searching frantically through his locker. Finally pulls out his CELL PHONE.

NEWELL (O.S.)
Rook! Put a fire under that ass!

EXT. HELIPAD - DUSK (**NEWELL**)

Delta double-time for a CHINOOK HELICOPTER at the center of the training facility.

JONES
-- If you guys are just screwing with me...

The team BOARDS the chopper. Gonzalez takes the controls.

CARTER
Anybody got family in DC?

JONES
New York. Westchester Village.

GONZALEZ
Boston --

STAFF SERGEANT (O.S.)
-- Can't let you take that bird, Major.

Heads turn. Byron and the Staff Sergeant are nose to nose.

BYRON
You're about ninety ranks below me, son -- stand down.

STAFF SERGEANT
All due respect, sir -- this facility is under my authority, which supersedes your rank.

BYRON
What about I supersede my foot up your ass, and we call it even.

STAFF SERGEANT
Colonel, I --

He grabs Byron's shoulder. Wrong move. Byron SLUGS the guy. Knocking him out. Delta applauds and whistles.

WOLFE
Old man's still got the heat.

BYRON
(climbing aboard)
Get us in the goddamn air!

The Chinook BUMPS and SHAKES as it ascends out of the trees.

CARTER
Jesus, Gonzo. Some of us want to hold on to our lunches.

GONZALEZ
Lo siento -- last time I mounted a bird this huge, *tu mamacita* barely got off the ground.

Everybody chuckles.

CARTER
English, buddy. English. Or didn't they teach you that in <u>Bean</u>town?

More laughter. But as the helo clears the trees, the fun immediately stops--

Because ahead-- Visible on the horizon--

A MASSIVE SMOKE CLOUD hangs over DC. Thick and black.

JONES
Lieutenant? Colonel? What the hell is happening?

No response.

INT. CHINOOK - DUSK (**NEWELL**)

Ten minutes later. The helo flies over the Maryland suburbs.

JONES
News didn't say anything about Manhattan. You don't think --

CARTER
-- I'm sure your wife's fine.

JONES
Keep imagining I'll hear from her somehow.

CARTER
Sure she's fine...

INT. CHINOOK - DUSK (**JONES**)

Ten minutes later. The smoke over DC is a mile away.

MYRA
<Delta Three-One? Colonel Byron, you have me?>

BYRON
Go ahead, command.

Myra's PIP appears, disrupted by static and white noise.

MYRA
Where are you?

BYRON
Thirty seconds outside D.C. Headed to the fight.

MYRA
On whose orders?

BYRON
Mine.

A brief pause. Myra coordinates with ANALYSTS in her office.

MYRA
Chain of command is boned. Secure lines are deaf and dumb -- comms that do make it through, orders are conflicted.

BYRON
Any idea who's behind it?

MYRA
All the visual intel I'm seeing shows masked paramilitary units. No one international is claiming responsibility. Lucky if we know for sure this time next week.

BYRON
Your location secure?

MYRA
For now. Langley got hit a few minutes ago.
(beat)
Delta fit to run an op for me?

GONZALEZ
Colonel -- we're here.

MYRA
Call me back when you're secure on the ground.

The PIP closes.

GONZALEZ
Hell of a "light training day", boss.

BYRON
No such thing as vacation in the Three-One, hu-ah?

GROUP
Hu-ah!

The distant sound of GUNSHOTS and EXPLOSIONS grow outside.

The Chinook SHUDDERS. Bullets suddenly PING off the armor.

GONZALEZ
Taking us in! Grab hold!

The chopper descends. Fills with black smoke.

GONZALEZ
...Thirty...seconds...

Everyone coughs. Struggles to breathe.

Then, the chopper DROPS out of the smoke --

-- **AND DESCENDS INTO HELL.**

Washington in ruins. Directly below, brutal fighting at the NATIONAL MALL and outside the CAPITAL BUILDING.

JONES
Could be China. North Korea.

CARTER
No way. Even gooks ain't that stupid -- try and invade us?

We catch glimpses of the incomprehensible madness below--

Tracer bullets. Fireballs. Car wrecks. Burst water mains.

And the men behind it all. MASKED PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS. Full-cast body armor, it's impossible to see their faces. But it's easy to see -- they are the enemy.

Nearby, AA FLAK EXPLODES -- BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

BYRON
GET US DOWN! We're a fat fucking iron bulls-eye up here --

BOOM!

A side panel BURSTS apart behind Byron-- He SCREAMS out-- Hit by shrapnel-- Falls forward--

GONZALEZ
HANG ON!

The chopper BANKS hard. Alarms wailing. Descends. Through the fire and flak. Finally touching earth. Safe for now.

Newell scramble from his seat. Moving for Byron. Flipping the Colonel onto his back and -- he's dead.

WOLFE
SHIT!

Jones back away. Repulsed. His first team K.I.A.

NEWELL
Delta! Secure the LZ!

Carter pops the door and they rush out of the chopper onto

EXT. 13TH STREET - CONTINUOUS (**JONES**)

Above, smoke covers the setting sun, creating a weird, otherworldly light. Red and orange, as if on Mars.

Dead SOLDIERS fill the otherwise lifeless street. Blown out store fronts and abandoned cars surround Delta.

NEWELL
Firing zones. Tight formation.
Rules apply.

The Capital Building appears through the smoke. Burning. A grim beacon at the end of the block.

Wolfe bends over a dead soldier. Checks his tag and patch.

WOLFE
General Butler's men. Ironhorse Brigade.

NEWELL
Where's the rest of Charlie Company?
Where's the counter-attack?

MYRA
<Three-One, come in. What's happened?>

NEWELL
...Colonel Byron's dead.

Myra's PIP appears. She's stunned.

MYRA
Oh, Jesus. I'm sorry, it's just...
(beat)
Is Three-One mission capable?

Newell looks at Delta. At the bodies littering the street.

NEWELL
Absolutely. Get us in the fight.

INT. UNDERGROUND MALL - MOMENTS LATER (CARTER)

Newell leads Delta. Checking corners, moving quick.

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The mall echoes. EXPLOSIONS from above RUMBLE the foundation. FRIGHTENED CIVILIANS take shelter in stores.

Myra on PIP -- her office is a busy hive.

MYRA
-- Capital Building looks like the primary target. Senate was in the middle of a vote when the first bomb went off --

An AIDE hands Myra a file. She flips through it, then feeds it into a shredder.

MYRA
Quantico is rubble along with four-hundred FBI field offices. AF-One disappeared off radar twenty minutes ago with POTUS on board and VEEP's motorcade got hit outside Cleveland. I've been trying to coordinate with Secret Service for the last hour, but so far nothing. We need Three-One inside Whiskey Hotel. Where I'm praying to a God I don't believe in you'll find the Speaker of the House alive. I have footage of him giving a press conference five minutes before the attack --

NEWELL
-- The Speaker...? You think they're going after Presidential succession.

MYRA
It's what we would do.

WHA-BOOM!

The whole underground RUMBLES and SHAKES violently. Delta is thrown off their feet as tiles fall from the ceiling.

MYRA
Oh...God...oh shit...

NEWELL
What the fuck was that?

MYRA
The Capital building...

A SECOND PIP opens: NEWS HELICOPTER FOOTAGE of the Capital Building. On fire -- then EXPLODING in a BLINDING FLASH.

NEWELL
Another bomb?

MYRA
No. Three jets on a bombing run, out of the north... They -- shit -- they leveled it.

NEWELL
Delta, we're running out of time!

Delta, back on their feet, follow Newell into

A SERVICE ENTRANCE

Hustling down the back hallways.

NEWELL
What are we looking for?

MYRA
You'll know it when you see it. Emergency exit built in eighty-four.

They turn the corner to a pair of double-reinforced, three-inch-thick STEEL DOORS. A KEYPAD is the only visible lock.

JONES
This kind of thing actually exists?

MYRA
Give me two minutes. We're breaking Homeland's cloud for the passcode.

CARTER
Couldn't you just ask 'em for it?

MYRA
Their office got leveled twenty minutes ago. Total loss, what we hear.

Wolfe steps forward. Holds up a THERMITE CHARGE.

WOLFE
Got my own passcode we could try.

Newell nods. Wolfe sets the charge. The team pulls back --

JONES
They'll hear us coming.

NEWELL
Good.

-- WHOOSH! The corridor fills with blue fire, as the door melts and disintegrates within seconds.

NEWELL
Oscar Mike!

The team follows Newell -- through the smoke -- down a flight of stairs -- into a dark tunnel -- the VIDEO FEED flickering--

MYRA
-Elta- -osing your sig- -ow cop-

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT (**JONES**)

The VIDEO FEED cracks back to life-- The VRD fizzling as--

Delta stacks on a door.

MYRA
<There you are Delta.>

NEWELL
Where is here, exactly?

Myra's PIP appears. She sifts through building schematics.

MYRA
Service basement. West wing. VRD coming back online.

The VRD stabilizes -- **TARGETS** are marked through the door.

MYRA
Situation Room on the other side of that door. Could be friendlies.

Newell looks into the camera. Holds a finger to his lips.

Myra salutes as her PIP closes.

Newell counts down on his fingers.

Three... Two.. One.

WOLFE

KICKS the door in -- as Delta rushes inside

THE SITUATION ROOM

Spotting a PARAMILITARY SOLDIER on the right -- BANG!

NEWELL

CROSSES the room -- laying SUPPRESSIVE FIRE.

JONES

Rolls a corner -- BRRDDTT-BRRDDTT -- two TANGOS down.

THE LAST SOLDIER

Takes aim -- a heartbeat from killing Jones when

CARTER

Rises from behind -- SLICING the soldier's throat.

Delta exhales simultaneously. Reloads. Even in rest, they move as one. As if connected by an invisible string.

A long conference table splits the room in half. Florescent lights swing from the ceiling. Computers shot to hell.

NEWELL
ID's? Foreign nationals?

Carter and Gonzalez pull the masks off the soldiers --

CARTER
-- Not a Hadji in the bunch.

Wolfe picks through their equipment --

WOLFE
-- FN-SCARs, Dragon Skin body armor, nightvision, IR -- nothing about these guys says terrorist.

CARTER
What the hell is going on?

No one has an answer.

NEWELL
Stay frosty. No bars and stars on their shoulder -- you put them down. Hu-ah?

GROUP
Hu-ah!

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT (**NEWELL**)

Delta hustles down a stately corridor. Their steps echo off the polished marble. Fighting has torn the walls apart.

Filled the hall with rubble and dirt.

MYRA
<VIP was last seen in the Press Room.>

NEWELL
Good a place to start as any.

MYRA
<I'm tracking three low altitude bogies. From the north. ETA -- five minutes. Got a bad feeling...>

Newell clears a corner -- TAGGING a pair of SENTRIES. Delta continues up

A GRAND STAIRCASE

To the second floor landing. Pushing through a door into

THE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM

Rows of chair lined to face a podium in front of a blue velvet backdrop. This is all starting to look familiar...

WOLFE
Clear!

Delta continues outside onto

THE WEST COLONNADE

Getting our bearings. Oh. No wonder this place is familiar.

<u>We're at The White House</u>.

Delta advances in a perfect cover-and-move formation.

The building creaks. Offices smoke. Others still burn. Explosions have torn out chunks of the facade.

NEWELL
Oval Office -- eleven o'clock.

SOLDIERS and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS lay dead and dying up and down the colonnade. An unsuccessful last stand.

JONES
Christ Almighty --

-- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Automatic gunfire RIPS down the hall -- Delta COVERS as more PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS block their path --

Delta RETURNS FIRE. Immovable object, meet unstoppable force.

GONZALEZ
POPPING SMOKE!

Gonzalez ROLLS a smoker-- It BURSTS--

NEWELL
-- COVER AND CLEAR!

CARTER

Lays SUPPRESSIVE FIRE -- BAM-BAM-BAM -- as

JONES AND WOLFE

Rush forward -- SHOOTING soldiers as they break from cover.

WOLFE
TANGO DOWN!

NEWELL

CHARGES forward to assist -- bullets WHIZZING past -- A GRENADE rolls through his feet -- BOUNCES off a body and -- BOOOOOM -- the explosion CHUCKS Newell into the wall.

JONES

Rushes from the smoke -- TAGGING the last three soldiers.

GONZALEZ
Lou -- you OK?

Newell picks himself up -- dusts himself off.

NEWELL
Nothin' broken, nothin' bloody.

Delta continues into

THE OVAL OFFICE

Searching through the destruction for their target.

NEWELL
Anyone even know what he looks like?

Then sweep out into

THE ROOSEVELT ROOM

Where TWO DOZEN CIVILIANS are bound and gagged.

NEWELL
We're looking for the Speaker of the House. Richard Titmus. Have you seen the Speaker --

RICHARD TITMUS, the paunchy yet fearsome Speaker of the House SHOUTS OUT from under his gag. Carter and Wolfe untie him.

NEWELL
Mr. Speaker, we're here to extract you. To get you to safety.

TITMUS
And the others?

NEWELL
Gonzo, Carter, untie them -- fast as you can --

Carter and Gonzalez have gotten three hostages untied when Myra's PIP cuts in --

MYRA
Cowboy, I've ID'd the bogies hit the Capital Building -- decommissioned Super Hornets, loaded for hell. Got 'em on a trajectory coming right back at Whiskey Hotel. You got two minutes to be somewhere else.

The rest of the hostages plead with their eyes. The decision crushing down on Newell.

NEWELL
Secure the Speaker -- we're Oscar Mike.

Newell leads as Carter and Jones pull Titmus toward the exit.

WOLFE
We can't just leave these people here.

NEWELL
The Speaker is the mission -- his safety is essential. Delta, from up --

WOLFE
-- We can't just leave them here --

NEWELL
-- This isn't a goddamn democracy. These are your orders. Now form the fuck up and --

-- [Footage Missing] --

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Delta, Titmus and the three hostages bolt across the White House lawn. To the south, DC in ruins. East and West, sustained fighting.

NEWELL
Find some cover!

Jones looks back over his shoulder-- Trips-- Falls onto his back-- Scrambling to get to his feet when--

-- FWOOOOOOM --

We hear them before we see them--

THREE F-18 SUPER HORNETS-- Moving fast--

Flashing overhead-- Dropping **BLU-109 "PENETRATOR" BUNKER BUSTERS** onto the White House--

You have never been this close to an explosion this big.

The White House crumbles-- Dissolves-- The FIREBALL reaches into the sky-- The SHOCKWAVE ripples out--

The VRD flashes. The image frays. Splits. Static.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (**NEWS BROADCAST**)

A well-dressed stage. Flags on either side. A podium at the center. Presidential seal.

GENERAL MAXWELL BUTLER, in full military dress, walks to the podium. Gathers himself. Looks into the camera. Somber.

BUTLER
My fellow Americans. I am General Maxwell Butler. The last twenty-four hours have seen an unprecedented attack on American soil. I have the unfortunate responsibility to inform you that President Edward Wilson is among the dead. Along with Vice President Smith, the Joint Chiefs and many other high ranking officials within our government. Our way of life has been compromised. Our infrastructure debilitated.
(MORE)

BUTLER (CONT'D)
I am now personally in command of our armed forces. As well as our Nuclear arsenal. I have called for the enactment of marshal law until such a time that your safety can be guaranteed. I will act, in the interim, as your commander in chief. Until such a time, where I can pass this responsibility onto a lawful and willing successor. I know you must have a lot of questions I cannot answer at this time. But know this. Your country still stands strong. God bless you all. God bless America.

He steps off the podium. Walks off the stage. The image blurs-- Pixelates--

CUT TO:

A TRAIN PLATFORM

Abandoned. Silent. We're clearing a corner. No contact.

EXT. SUBURBAN METRO STATION - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta and Titmus creep down the platform. Spattered in blood and dust.

A stalled COMMUTER TRAIN is visible down the tracks.

NEWELL
Gonzo, cover -- everyone else, take five.

Myra's PIP opens. She and her team have moved into what appears to be a BUNKER.

MYRA
Little less than twenty miles, now. Straight shot to the RV in Manchester with Charlie Company.

NEWELL
Don't tell General Butler -- and it's not that I'm complaining -- but that's a long fucking hike for extraction.

MYRA
Harden up, cowboy. Would if I could be out there with you.

NEWELL
That right?

MYRA
Sure. Started in the field. Company desked me after losing an argument with a Somalian land mine.

Myra props her leg up on the desk. Pulls her jeans back to reveal a prosthetic leg from the knee down.

NEWELL
Used to be a roughneck? Just like us?

MYRA
But you know, with breasts.

Myra winks. The PIP closes.

Delta enjoys their moment of rest. Carter checks his rifle. Titmus prays. Gonzalez has a thought --

GONZALEZ
-- Tell you -- first time I've ever been glad to hear Rangers were on their way.

Wolfe walks to the end of the platform. Stares at the abandoned train. Shakes his head.

WOLFE
Screw this...

He walks toward Newell. Indignant.

WOLFE
What are we doing?

NEWELL
Getting the Speaker to safety --

Wolfe presses closer. Right in Newell's face.

WOLFE
-- Cause if you hadn't noticed -- the world has changed.

NEWELL
But not our place in it.

WOLFE
Which is what, exactly?

NEWELL
Doing good. Serving. Protecting.

WOLFE
After last night, who's to say how that compass points?

NEWELL
Myra --

WOLFE
-- Is civilian. And the men we're legally obligated to obey? They're all dead!

CARTER
Hey bro, maybe turn it down a notch.

Wolfe turns on Carter. Nostrils flaring.

WOLFE
Bro? Bro? Are you kidding me? Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?

CARTER
I didn't mean anything --

Wolfe pushes Carter back. Stands his ground.

WOLFE
-- Lou, I swear to Christ -- Aryan Brotherhood over here opens his mouth again, I'm gonna zero him out.

NEWELL
He didn't mean --

CARTER
-- Honestly, I didn't mean anything --

NEWELL
-- Carter, shut up. He didn't mean anything, OK? Cool it, both of you. You took a goddamn oath.

WOLFE
To my <u>country</u>. Not to Butler. And as much as I respect the man --

NEWELL
-- All he's doing is what's best --

GONZALEZ
-- Maybe we should take a minute --

NEWELL
-- One more word --

NEWELL
-- Very thin ice --

WOLFE
-- He might as well be the Five-Star General of Hogan's Heroes, all it matters --

WOFLE
-- And it's a new world order out there --

WOLFE
-- Cause the way I math it, you just let twelve innocent people <u>die</u> to save one worthless prick who's total worth to the union could be measured on an atomic scale --

Newell snaps. Punches Wolfe across the jaw. Jumps on him as he falls. Gonzalez pulls them apart.

WOLFE
Brilliant. Yeah, no, great fucking leadership.

NEWELL
Nothing has changed. You are a cog in the machine. You do not breathe but for the greater good.

WOLFE
And when's that line gets crossed? From greater good to lesser evil?

Newell doesn't have an answer. Gathers his equipment.

NEWELL
Three-One! Oscar-fucking-Mike!

Newell walks off. Carter and Titmus quickly follow.

Gonzalez and Jones are twenty feet behind. Gonzalez stops when he realizes Wolfe hasn't moved.

GONZALEZ
How much you'd hate yourself -- find out any of us died trying to keep him alive?

Wolfe waits as long as possible, then jogs to catch up.

EXT. PARK - DAY (**JONES**)

Delta on the move. Birds are the loudest sound for miles. Signs of a protest from the day before litter the ground.

Titmus wanders up to Newell and Jones.

TITMUS
Thanks for...back there...

NEWELL
It's my job.

TITMUS
Anyway, didn't have stick up for me like you did.

NEWELL
Yes. I did.

The trio walk in silence for a moment.

TITMUS
You know this General? Butler?

NEWELL
We're typically deployed from his corps at Fort Jackson.

TITMUS
Not yesterday?

NEWELL
On a training exercise.

TITMUS
Lucky me.
(a thought)
I guess what I mean is, you know him personally?

Newell stops. Delta forms up around them.

NEWELL
I was his radio bitch in Kandahar. Gonzo his driver. Wolfe spent time as his aide on Capital Hill. Carter's sister got married to his second cousin's nephew or some shit. Did I get that right?

CARTER
Aw, shucks Lou -- back home we lose track of that sort of thing pretty quickly.

TITMUS
(to Jones)
You?

JONES
Never met the man, myself.

TITMUS
Can we trust him? To do what's right?

NEWELL
'Bout as much as we can trust you.

Wolfe raises his fist. Points across the park. Delta moves into cover, hiding. Jones drags Titmus into the brush.

A HUMVEE, packed with PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS drives past.

Jones presses his hand over Titmus' mouth. Staring down into his frightened eyes.

No one even thinks about moving... Were they seen...? The humvee disappears over a hill. No contact.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY (**JONES**)

Delta move under a highway. Jones bringing up the rear. Steps echoing around him.

As they emerge out into the light, Jones takes out his cell phone. Holds it up to the sky, can't find a signal.

Scrolls through his CONTACTS to HOME. Hits SEND, hoping against hope. Nothing. Not even a busy tone. The signal is just dead. He jogs to catch up with Delta.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK (**JONES**)

Delta moves down the street. FACES peek from inside houses.

MYRA
<RV is an industrial lot at the north end of town. Exfil is about two hours out.>

Gonzalez, first at the corner, holds his fist in the air. Delta drops, everyone covers. Newell moves forward to meet Gonzalez. Jones steps up behind.

NEWELL
-- How many?

GONZALEZ
Seven at first look.

NEWELL
No one saw you?

GONZALEZ
We're still alive, aren't we?

Jones crouches low. Moves forward. Peering

AROUND THE CORNER

Where PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS have built a FORTIFIED MACHINE GUN NEST at the top of a hill. Guarding the neighborhood.

Myra's PIP appears as she rolls her chair across the room.

MYRA
What? What is it... Oh.

NEWELL
LZ is FUBAR.

GONZALEZ
What the hell are they even doing here?

MYRA
Town must be on a resupply line.

NEWELL
We'll go around the long way.

WOLFE
Let these assholes go? Business as usual?

NEWELL
We don't have time --

MYRA
-- Sergeant Wolfe's right. LZ is too close, you'll need to pop that nest before Charlie Company can land.

WOLFE
Come on, boss. We've seen worse before breakfast.

Newell motions for the team to huddle up.

NEWELL
Wolfe cuts power to the block. That's our go. Gonzo, you have the comm tent, then flank from the right with the XM-25. Jones and I will come at them from above on the left. Carter's on overwatch.

Newell moves to Titmus, covered between two garden walls.

NEWELL
No matter what happens. No matter what. You stay flat on the ground. Until one of us comes to get you.

TITMUS
Won't be difficult.

Newell turns back to Delta. Gonzalez works on assembling the sleek **XM-25** RECOILLESS ORDNANCE LAUNCHER.

NEWELL
You got that piece of DARPA shit working right?

GONZALEZ
Fifty billion dollar agency, you'd think it would be worth more than one shot.

NEWELL
Only boomer we got big enough to take out that nest. Get as close as you can. Make it count.
(to Delta)
We're radio silence. Myra calls the plays. Jones, on me.

GROUP
Hu-ah.

Newell and Jones move

DOWN THE STREET

Sticking to the shadows.

MYRA
<Scanning Tangos.>

The VRD lights up as the ENEMY MERCENARIES are targeted up and down the street.

Newell CLIMBS the side of a house. Jones follows.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DUSK (**CARTER**)

Carter climbs into the upper branches of a tree. Scopes the nest at the end of the street.

MYRA
<Overwatch in position. Looks like we have a sentry coming up on your three.>

Carter shifts positions. Sights a pair of SOLDIERS rounding the corner. On an intercept to his perch.

EXT. ADJACENT CUL-DE-SAC - SAME TIME (**WOLFE**)

Wolfe sneaks to the end of the cul-de-sac and plants a CHARGE at the base of a TELEPHONE POLE.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROOFTOPS - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Moving at speed. Jumping between houses. Jones and Newell make their way to the last house on the block. Overlooking the fortification. Below, SOLDIERS chat.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME TIME (CARTER)

MYRA
<Mark and execute.>

Carter FIRES -- two silenced rounds -- two perfect headshots from his concealed position in the tree. The foot patrol drops into the shadow of the tree.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROOFTOPS - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Jones and Newell wait. SIXTEEN TARGETS marked on the VRD.

MYRA
<Alpha in position. Gonzo clearing the comms tent. We're thirty seconds from showtime.>

EXT. RADIO TENT - SAME TIME (**GONZALEZ**)

Gonzalez circles around the outside of a COMMS TENT. Set up on the street parallel to the fortification.

A single TARGET is visible inside the tent. The VRD tracks his movements. Gonzalez draws a COMBAT KNIFE. Waiting.

As soon as the target's back is turned, Gonzalez RUSHES

INSIDE THE TENT

Moving silently on the balls of his feet. Knife raised. Coming up fast behind the soldier. STRIKING --

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME (**WOLFE**)

-- And we hear the soldier's dying gasp over the radio.

Wolfe pushes a gate aside to reveal a POWER GENERATOR. He SLAPS a charge on the side.

MYRA
<We have three minutes of scramble time on their radios. Power reroutes in four. Everyone needs deading before then.>

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME TIME (**FORTIFICATION CAMERA**)

Looking down the street. We see the HOUSE to our right where Jones and Newell are hidden on the roof.

We see the tree at the end of the block where Carter waits with his sniper rifle. Maybe a glint in the branches.

We see a glimpse of Gonzalez sneaking through the bushes to our left. Gone in the blink of an eye.

MYRA
<Counting. Five.>

WOLFE

Peers around the corner. Holds out a RADIO CONTROLLED CLACKER. His fingers dance on the trigger.

MYRA
<Four.>

GONZALEZ

Crawling through bushes. Twenty yards from the nest.

MYRA
<Three.>

CARTER

Exhales. Won't breathe again until this is all over.

MYRA
<Two.>

JONES

Snaps the safety from his rifle. Newell winks at him.

MYRA
<One.>

THE FORTIFICATION CAMERA

Unflinching-- Wait for it--

MYRA
<Mark.>

Multiple EXPLOSIONS-- The street lights up--

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME TIME (**CARTER**)

Carter FIRES. Five HEAD SHOTS in as many seconds.

The VRD flickers trying to keep up with his movements.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROOFTOPS - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Below, the soldiers waste no time:

SOLDIER
SNIPER! SIX O'CLOCK!

The MACHINE GUNNER lets loose a volley of fire --

-- DUM-DUM-DUM--DUM-DUM-DUM --

NEWELL
Go!

-- Newell LEAPS from the roof. Jones follows down into

THE YARD

Coming up on the nest's left flank.

Newell FIRES-- Tango down-- Jones slides to cover behind a Volvo-- Stray bullets THUNK-THUNK off Swedish engineering--

-- DUM-DUM-DUM --

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME TIME (**CARTER**)

-- DUM-DUM-DUM --

-- The .50 CAL BULLETS rip through the tree. A hurricane of TRACER BULLETS. Carter PUSHES back. Drops.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME TIME (**GONZALEZ**)

Gonzalez flanks right. SHOOTING two soldiers. Moving fast.

-- DUM-DUM-DUM--DUM-DUM-DUM --

NEWELL
<Gonzo where are you?!?>

Gonzalez SLIDES behind a garden wall-- SLAMMING into cover-- Exchanging FIRE with a TRIO OF SOLDIERS guarding the nest--

Wrestling with the XM-25-- Something's wrong-- It won't fire--

EXT. YARD - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Jones lays COVER for Newell. Still advancing on the nest.

Two SOLDIERS wedge between them. Cutting them off.

SHOOTING -- Jones moves behind an SUV -- a soldier moves around for the kill -- Jones is trapped -- nowhere to go.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME TIME (**WOLFE**)

Coming up fast behind Gonzalez-- .50 cal bullets WHIZZING in our periphery-- Shattering windows-- Ripping concrete--

WOLFE
Give it!

Gonzo tosses the XM-25 to Wolfe-- He wrestles with the round-- Finally SLAMS it into place-- Yanks back on the safety bolt--

WOLFE
Heads down!

Wolfe shoulders the XM-25-- Aims-- WHA-BOOM! It takes exactly .02 seconds from the time he pulls the trigger to when the machine gun nest EXPLODES in fire and ash.

Dust and smoke and screams carry on the wind.

EXT. YARD - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Pops up from behind the SUV -- BRRDDT-BRRDDT! Saving Jones at the last possible second.

NEWELL
Tangos down!

Newell helps Jones to his feet as Carter, Gonzalez, and Wolfe move up the street to join them.

NEWELL
Myra. LZ is secure. Get us the fuck out of here.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Down the block, FAMILIES frantically load cars and flee.

Jones watches a YOUNG COUPLE run from their house, a single suitcase between them. The wife is pregnant. The husband helps her in the car. They peel out down the driveway.

Delta convenes nearby.

NEWELL
Knocked on every door?

CARTER
Ones that would answer. Told 'em to clear town, move as far west as possible.

NEWELL
We're forty minutes to exfil. Double-time.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Delta moves between a pair of squat, industrial buildings. Opens up onto an abandoned parking lot.

NEWELL
Jones and Carter, overwatch. Gonzo and me on the Speaker. Wolfe, sentry, quarter mile each direction.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - ROOF - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Jones and Carter keeping an eye from above. As Carter speaks, he never takes his eye away from the sniper scope.

CARTER
What's her name? Your wife.

JONES
Anne. Annie.

CARTER
Where'd you meet?

JONES
Bookstore.

CARTER
Smart girl, huh?

JONES
She married me.

CARTER
Couldn't be more in love, right? Finish each other's sentences?

JONES
Yeah.

CARTER
Kid?

JONES
One in the oven. Seven months.

CARTER
Well shit, son -- you got right to work.

JONES
Honeymoon in Bora-Bora. What are you gonna do?

CARTER
You want to make it home alive? You put her out of your head. Right now.

Carter pulls a hidden chain out from under his shirt. A WEDDING BAND dangles from the end of it.

CARTER
Trust me.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT (**NEWELL**)

Newell, Gonzalez, and Titmus wait in a drainage ditch.

NEWELL
Twenty minutes late...

MYRA
<I've been assured they're on the way.>

Titmus blows into his hands. Not cold, nervous. Scared.

GONZALEZ
Everything be fine. You're in good hands, Mr. Speaker.

TITMUS
Never wanted the job to begin with.

GONZALEZ
That right?

TITMUS
Charlie got cancer. What was I gonna do, turn it down?
(a thought)
Now first in line for President? Talk about pressure.

GONZALEZ
Greatness finds both the king and peasant equally unprepared.

NEWELL
Smartest thing I've ever heard you say, Gonzo.

TITMUS
Who was that? Yeats?

WOLFE
My dad. Man loved to philosophize, belting us at halftime.

From somewhere distant, the familiar sound of a helicopter draws close.

WOLFE
<Lights, half-mile up the road.>

NEWELL
Myra, this our ride?

MYRA
<Double-checking...>

CARTER
<Eyes on, helo. Looks Apache.>

Newell climbs out of the drainage ditch. Can't see anything from here. Just the sound of the chopper growing louder.

WOLFE
<Humvee on the ground. Am I making contact?>

NEWELL
<Myra, what do you got?>

Her PIP opens. She's all smiles.

MYRA
Just confirmed with Butler's command -- it's your ride.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - LATER (**NEWELL**)

Five minutes later. The chopper circles overhead, spotlights searching the immediate vicinity. As Carter and Jones join Newell, a HUMVEE turns the corner, comes to a stop.

Wolfe and a CHARLIE COMPANY TEAM LEAD hop down from the car. Shout over the chopper:

TEAM LEAD
You Newell?

NEWELL
Couldn't be more grateful, Captain.

TEAM LEAD
This the VIP?

Newell pulls Titmus forward. Introduces him.

NEWELL
Not a goddamn scratch on him.

TEAM LEAD
Let's get you out of here.

Delta moves for the humvee. The team lead stops short.

TEAM LEAD
Sorry -- didn't make it clear. We got orders for VIP and Lieutenant Newell only. No room for the rest of you.

WOLFE
You're fucking kidding --

NEWELL
-- I'm not leaving my men out in the field. Take the speaker, we'll manage.

TEAM LEAD
Butler's orders. You and the Speaker. Made it abundantly clear.

NEWELL
I'm not going without my men.

TEAM LEAD
I'm sorry, Lieutenant. <u>It's an order</u>.

Newell is conflicted. Looks back and forth between the humvee and the rest of his team. Finally:

NEWELL
(to Delta)
Stay put -- I'll have evac for you if I have to steal the wheels myself.

Delta nods. The team lead helps Titmus into the humvee as Newell climbs

INSIDE

And the door is quickly shut behind him. Looking around--

The DRIVER is dressed in the Paramilitary uniform. A third SOLDIER, similarly masked, has his hand over Titmus' mouth and a knife to his throat.

The team lead sits up front, and the driver starts away.

NEWELL
What the fuck is going on?

The team lead turns around in his seat. Gun in hand.

TEAM LEAD
Butler said you'd understand.

NEWELL
Pretend I don't.

TEAM LEAD
Isn't it obvious? You're either with us, or against us.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - SAME TIME (**JONES**)

Delta stares. Watching the humvee drive off.

WOLFE
You fucking believe this? He left us here. He fucking abandoned us.

CARTER
Didn't really have a choice, did he?

Then. From inside the humvee. Two flashes. Two gunshots.

GONZALEZ
The hell?

The humvee slows. Rolls forward. Hits the side of a building.

Delta moves forward. Weapons out. Above, the helicopter circles back around.

CARTER
Lou? Lou, you OK?

Titmus falls out of the back seat. Followed close behind by Newell. Running toward them. Waving.

NEWELL
<Into cover! Into cover!>

The helicopter OPENS FIRE, raining bullets-- Splitting concrete-- Launching MISSILES-- They strike the side of a building-- EXPLODING in glass and mortar--

Carter blind fires on the chopper-- As Delta runs for the drainage ditch-- Taking cover--

NEWELL
<Knock that bird out of the sky!>

Delta-- Turning as one-- UNLOAD on the chopper-- Not really doing any damage-- But scaring it--

The Apache BANKS hard-- Gets caught in telephone wires-- Struggling to break free-- Rotor broken-- Pulls the chopper-- Into the side of the nearby office building-- WHA-BOOM!

Delta is frozen in place. Events of the last few minutes washing over them. Coming down off the adrenaline.

GONZALEZ
Hey, Lou?

NEWELL
Yeah?

GONZALEZ
We're fucked, aren't we?

NEWELL
Like a cheerleader at Prom.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Delta waits in the dark. Newell stands guard, looking out the bay of windows. Wolfe paces. Around them, the room settles. Creaks.

WOLFE
What in the hell just happened --

NEWELL
-- It's not like I'll have a better answer for you if you keep repeating the goddamn question.

WOLFE
And we just sit here with our dicks in our hands --

NEWELL
-- Got a better idea? Please, Sergeant, I'm all ears. What should we do?

Wolfe is silent. Has no response.

NEWELL
That's what I thought.

Myra's PIP opens. Her analysts at work behind her.

NEWELL
Tell me you have good news.

MYRA
More of a bad news, good news situation.

NEWELL
We're stuck out here?

Myra nods. The whole team deflates.

GONZALEZ
Suppose the good news is you just saved fifteen percent on car insurance.

MYRA
Fuck. I wish. Actually, got someone wants to speak with Delta Three-One.

A SECOND PIP opens. ADMIRAL CURTIS RAYMOND sits in front of the camera. His hawkish features look overtired. The signal cuts out every few seconds.

MYRA
Here they are, Admiral Raymond.

RAYMOND
Who am I -- speaking --

NEWELL
First Lieutenant Tom Newell -- Delta Three-One out of Fort Jackson.

RAYMOND
-- Ah -- Jesus -- sorry --

NEWELL
-- You're breaking up, sir.

RAYMOND
(over shoulder)
-- Someone get -- goddamned signal going -- before I -- right in the ass!

Behind him, TECHNICIANS rush to fix the problem. After a beat, the signal steadies.

RAYMOND
Look -- no easy way to say... General Butler -- Charlie Company -- spearheaded the attack on Washington. The country.

Delta is frozen at the news. No one can believe it.

NEWELL
A coup?

WOLFE
Bullshit.

NEWELL
No way. Bit of a stretch any one man could convince --

MYRA
-- He's not alone. Intel him backed by another dozen high-ranking military officials. Army, Air Force, Navy, FBI, Secret Service.

RAYMOND
Blackriver, too.

TITMUS
Blackriver?

CARTER
Mercenary company, out of New Mexico --

TITMUS
-- I know who they are. Bodyguard celebutauntes at award shows.

MYRA
All due respect, Mr. Speaker. That was fifteen years ago. Before the wars. Outfit's twenty-thousand strong now, worth more than thirty billion.

RAYMOND
Want to guess the name of the General, sponsored their Congressional bid?

Newell takes a seat. Straight up mind-fucked.

MYRA
We're guessing Butler's plan was to disrupt the government long enough to take control. Now that the "danger" has passed, martial law keeps him in power. Potentially for months. I doubt most his soldiers even know they're on the wrong side of things.
(beat)
The Speaker represents the greatest threat to Butler's control right now.

NEWELL
Why? Twenty-five years of service, turn traitor...

RAYMOND
Man's always been critical of the way things were run. Spin a wheel, pick a complaint.

CARTER
Sure, I mean -- hasn't been great these last few years -- but Jesus, if that ain't opening a can with a rocket launcher...

Raymond whispers to an aide over his shoulder before turning back to the camera.

RAYMOND
We're staging a counter attack.

NEWELL
Who, sir?

RAYMOND
The rest of us. Ones didn't betray our country.

NEWELL
There a lot of us?

A long silence. Says more than a thousand words.

RAYMOND
Enough. I got twelve destroyers and sixteen carriers off the Long Island sound. Seven thousand marines dying to get rowdy.

NEWELL
What's the plan?

RAYMOND
Don't have one yet. Not until we can verify Butler's location.

NEWELL
What can Delta do in the mean time?

RAYMOND
Glad you asked. Happens to be why I'm calling.

NEWELL
Sir?

RAYMOND
Only way to get the public on our side of this is to stand behind our <u>lawful</u> Commander-in-Chief. Need you hard-asses to transpo the Speaker to New York. Harbor, actually. City's under Martial Law, but I trust you can sneak him through. Get him out to the fleet.

TITMUS
Admiral, not sure I agree -- these men all serve under Butler.

RAYMOND
And they haven't killed you yet, so I'd try not to question their loyalty a second time.

NEWELL
Getting to New York shouldn't be a problem.

Newell looks around at his team. Jones nods immediately. Followed by Gonzalez. Carter, almost imperceptibly. All eyes on Wolfe. He doesn't answer, one way or the other.

NEWELL
Admiral, Myra -- give us a minute?

Myra nods. The PIPs close simultaneously.

NEWELL
Something to say, Sergeant?

WOLFE
Like you said -- it's a little hard to believe. Butler --

NEWELL
-- Just sent a team to kill the Speaker. Not to mention me --

WOLFE
-- You even know this guy? This Admiral?

NEWELL
Heard his name before. Seen him on C-SPAN.

WOLFE
All we know, <u>he's</u> the one behind the coup. Or part of it.

NEWELL
We start second-guessing everyone's motivations, run out of friends damn fast --

WOLFE
-- So you just trust him? Right out of the gate?

NEWELL
Thought you'd rather not sit here with our dicks in our hands?

TITMUS
You realize, this is treason. Don't you. Us. We're the rebels now.

He's right. Everybody knows he's right, too.

NEWELL
The team is all we got. Doesn't change -- whether we're following Myra or Butler or Raymond or Patton's fucking ghost. Team's all we've ever had. You keep him safe, I'll keep you safe.

A long beat. As Wolfe thinks it through.

WOLFE
Suppose there's something to be said for going down swinging...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT (**NEWELL**)

Delta and Titmus dress in UNIFORMS from the back of the humvee. Wolfe approaches Jones, who's smiling ear to ear.

WOLFE
What's that grin about, rook?

JONES
Going home is all, sir. New York.

Wolfe cinches Jones' straps taut. Makes him wince.

WOLFE
Team first, family second. Hu-ah?

JONES
Hu-ah.

But nothing is going to spoil his mood. Goes back right on smiling as soon as Wolfe walks away.

Gonzalez, behind the wheel, starts the engine.

NEWELL
Run OK?

GONZALEZ
Damage is mostly cosmetic, far as I can tell.

Wolfe pulls the bodies out of the humvee.

NEWELL
Make sure to wipe the dash for blood. Seats. Floor. Best you can.

Carter helps button up Titmus in his uniform. Then slaps a .45 into the Speaker's hand.

TITMUS
My constituency would disown me if they ever found out -- I've never held a gun, much less fired one.

CARTER
And you won't ever have to. OK?

Titmus nods. Tucks the gun down the back of his pants.

NEWELL
Delta! Mount up!

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Speeding down the empty New Jersey Turnpike. Gonzalez drives. Eyes focused. Newell scans a map.

NEWELL
Goddamn -- a map of New Jersey does not need to be this complicated.

JONES
Want me to look? I'm pretty good with maps.

NEWELL
No kidding -- I've been in Afghani cave networks easier to navigate.

GONZALEZ
Heads up. Incoming.

FOUR HEADLIGHTS appear on the other side of the highway.

NEWELL
Slow down. No problem. We belong here.

Gonzalez slows. The cars come into view. A STATION WAGON in front. Followed close by a BLACK SUV.

GONZALEZ
Blackriver transpo. Fully loaded.

The fleeing station wagon CLIPS the median wall-- SPINS out-- CRASHES!

WOLFE
Stop!

Gonzalez SLAMS the brakes. Everyone watches as the Blackriver SUV slows and FOUR MERCENARIES jump out. Weapons trained on the people inside the crashed station wagon.

BLACKRIVER MERC
Out of the car! Hands in the air!

GONZALEZ
What do we do?

NEWELL
Move on. Not our concern.

WOLFE
No.

NEWELL
This isn't --

WOLFE
-- They're going to kill them!

NEWELL
Put it in drive, Gonzo. Get us out --

Wolfe draws his SIDEARM.

WOLFE
You're not going to help? Fine.
But stay out of my way.

Outside, the mercs drag three CIVILIANS from the station wagon. Line them up on their knees for execution.

Wolfe climbs out of the Humvee. Jones looks

OUTSIDE

As the mercenaries become aware of Wolfe's presence.

WOLFE
Need any help there?

BLACKRIVER MERC
Just some runners -- we have it handled --

Wolfe SLINGS the assault rifle off his back -- SHOOTS all four mercs -- POP-POP-POP-POP -- turns on the SUV -- as the DRIVER tries to return fire -- Wolfe UNLOADS his clip.

CARTER
Guy's a machine...

Wolfe pulls the civilians to their feet. Helps them into the SUV. They thank him multiple time before driving away.

Wolfe climbs back into the humvee. Delta stares at him.

NEWELL
You ever pull a gun on me again, endanger the mission --

WOLFE
-- Country's gone tits-up -- they are the mission.

Newell freezes. No way to tell how this is going to go.

NEWELL
We're wasting the clock. Drive.

Gonzalez starts the humvee back down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT (**GONZALEZ**)

Ahead, a ROADBLOCK has been erected at a tollbooth spanning the highway. SOLDIERS and SPOTLIGHTS.

GONZALEZ
What do we do?

NEWELL
Calm down. We're fine. I'll do the talking.

WOLFE
Better not. Rook's wearing the bars now.

Everyone looks. Realizes Wolfe is right. Jones commandeered the Lieutenant's uniform.

NEWELL
Alright. Stay calm. Hit a deer on the highway. We're on our way to New York. Be as vague as possible.

CARTER
All it is is acting. Ain't you ever been in the school play before?

JONES
Our Town -- junior high. Broke into a flop sweat and vomited on the front row --

NEWELL
-- Shitty play anyways -- here we go --

Gonzalez pulls up to the checkpoint. More than FORTY TARGETS appear in the VRD. Armed. Ready to disco.

The POST CAPTAIN circles the humvee. Kid couldn't be more than twenty. Way out of his depth.

Jones lowers his window. Gonzalez looks straight forward. We only hear the following exchange behind us:

POST CAPTAIN
-- No word we had anybody comin' through tonight.

JONES
Change of plans.

POST CAPTAIN
What happened to your ride?

JONES
Goddamn dear, jumped out in front of us few miles back. Can't see shit in this dark.

POST CAPTAIN
You're telling me...
(beat)
Got IDs for everybody?

JONES
Running late as is. Get someone in New York on the horn. They'll let us through.

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

We see the post captain shine his light on each man's face. Holds on Titmus. Does he recognize him...?

AHEAD

More GUARDS have started to take an interest in the scene. Moving closer. Suspicious.

POST CAPTAIN
Lieutenant, is that blood on your uniform?

We can <u>feel</u> Newell wince... Delta holds its breath... Brutally long seconds tick past... Then...

JONES
Lost a man back in Washington.

POST CAPTAIN
Oh, shit. Sorry to hear.

Newell slowly draws his sidearm. Still as glass.

POST CAPTAIN
New York?

JONES
That's right.

POST CAPTAIN
I ask? Purpose of your mission?

JONES
No you may not.

Another long pause. Newell chambers a round and --

POST CAPTAIN
LET 'EM THROUGH!

The guards back off. Soldiers raise the gate. Gonzalez drives through. Back out on the open road.

GONZALEZ
Cabron, you got brass ones the size of a *Tijuana* truck stop.

A look in the mirror reveals Jones more surprised than anyone.

CARTER
Lost a man in Washington? You believe this guy?

NEWELL
Don't celebrate just yet. Long way to the city.

INT. HUMVEE - LATER (**JONES**)

Still on the Jersey turnpike. Trenton is visible to the west, but the power is off. It's unnerving to see.

Myra's PIP is open. In the middle of a conversation.

MYRA
-- Satellites show smooth sailing from there to Lower Manhattan. We're coordinating an RV with the Admiral's longboat as we speak.

NEWELL
'preciate it. How you holding up?

MYRA
Ask me again tomorrow.

Her PIP closes.

Titmus turns to Jones in the back. Whispers:

TITMUS
You're new to the team?

JONES
That's right.

TITMUS
Never worked directly for General Butler?

JONES
I'd trust every one of them with my life, if that's what you're asking.

TITMUS
Don't have that luxury. Right now -- you -- you're the only I can trust.

INT. HUMVEE - LATER (**JONES**)

Manhattan is visible on the horizon. Instead of the typical skyline, the city is filled with SPOTLIGHTS and HELICOPTERS. Otherwise, the place is completely dark.

NEWELL
-- Myra? We have eyes on New York. Crossing Staten Island now. ETA, one hour and --

Around the bend, another ROAD BLOCK comes into view.

GONZALEZ
Shit --

Myra's PIP opens. She and her team distracted six ways.

MYRA
-- We're coordinating with the fleet --

WOLFE
-- Another one?

MYRA
Another one what?

NEWELL
Road block.

MYRA
Satellites show no activity near your location.

NEWELL
Someone's feeding you bullshit intel.

MYRA
Which means someone knows where we are. Shit --

Myra closes the PIP.

Gonzalez rolls to a stop at the post. BLACKRIVER MERCS, fifty all told, circle the humvee.

The BLACKRIVER SERGEANT, a jarhead-wannabe washout, approaches the back window. Toothpick in mouth.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
Destination?

JONES
New York. Midtown.

The sergeant gives him a look: "Well of course, New York..."

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
Purpose?

JONES
Classified, sergeant.

A merc SHOUTS something from one of the guard towers. We can't hear the words, but the sergeant turns away to talk.

Up front, Newell once again preps his sidearm.

NEWELL
...On my mark, Gonzo...

GONZALEZ
...Way ahead of you...

The sergeant comes back to the window.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
Sorry about that. Just need a scan -- get you on your way.

The sergeant takes out a HANDHELD RETINAL SCANNER.

JONES
Y-yeah... Sure... No problem.

WOLFE
...Movement on the right...

Jones holds his eye to the scanner. It BEEPS after the scan.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
Takes a minute for the results.

NEWELL
...I see it...

The sergeant shines his light inside the humvee.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
How's everyone doing tonight?

Delta mutters their responses.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
(re: the smashed hood)
Saw some action?

JONES
D-dear -- crossing the highway...

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
This time of year? Really?

WOLFE
...We're fucked...

He shines his light on the blood stains on Jones' uniform.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
You get shot, Lieutenant?

JONES
Not my blood.

NEWELL
...Calm down...

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
How 'bout your bullet hole?

The sergeant leans in. Sticks his finger through a bullet hole in Jones' uniform.

JONES
R-r-ripped it on...

A BLACKRIVER MERC runs up. Whispers in his sergeant's ear. The humvee is surrounded from every angle.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
Lieutenant, you do me a favor -- step out of the vehicle please.

Jones looks at Newell. He imperceptibly shakes his head.

BLACKRIVER SERGEANT
-- I won't ask again -- step out of the vehicle please, Lieutenant --

The sergeant reaches for his sidearm-- Wolfe leans across the seat and-- BAM! Shoots the sergeant point blank!

NEWELL
Gonzo, now!

Gonzalez PEELS OUT -- SMASHING through the roadblock -- running over mercenaries as they FLIP off the hood and roof.

The rest OPEN FIRE on the humvee -- bullets PING off the armor-plated doors and windows.

Out the back window-- Mercs climb into SUVs to give chase--

NEWELL
Away from the city!

Gonzalez CUTS the wheel-- A sharp turn down an interchange--

The pursuing vehicles close the gap--

MERCS lean from windows. FIRING in patterned bursts--

Titmus COVERS his ears, screaming--

Carter leans from the window, RETURNING FIRE--

Gonzalez SWERVES--

Jones YANKS Carter back inside as an SUV speeds past -- **inches from decapitation**!

Wolfe climbs up to the MOUNTED MACHINE GUN-- FIRING!

The THUNDER of the .50 cal ECHOES through the humvee--

An SUV paces -- SIDESWIPES the humvee -- Titmus is KNOCKED back -- CRACKING his head -- **OUT COLD** --

Newell TOSSES Jones a freshly loaded XM8--

NEWELL
GO FOR THE TIRES! TAKE OUT THEIR FUCKING LEGS!

Jones leans from the window -- PEPPERING the closest SUV -- the VRD glitches -- Jones is blinded by DIGITAL NOISE.

JONES
MYRA! GET THIS SHIT TURNED OFF RIGHT NOW! I CAN'T SEE A GODDAMNED THING!

The VRD switches off--

Jones is now staring down the barrel of a MERCENARY'S gun--
He DUCKS back inside--

As Carter jams his collapsible **RIOT SHIELD** out the window--
CHA-CHUNK! Covering them-- Bullets THUNK-THUNK-THUNK into the shield--

Jones-- Low in the seat-- JAMS a new clip into his rifle--

Blind firing from behind the shield-- When the SUV swerves--

CAROMS OFF THE MEDIAN -- **CLIPPING** THE HUMVEE -- **SPINNING** OUT -- LESS THAN TEN FEET AWAY -- **ROLLING** END OVER END IN A **TWISTED WRECK OF METAL AND GLASS**!

NEWELL
Incendiary grenades!

Newell opens a cache of explosives from under his seat.

Gonzalez-- Checking the mirrors-- SWERVES side to side--
As the pursuers attempt to box in the humvee.

GONZALEZ
EIGHT AND FOUR! EIGHT AND FOUR!

Jones-- FIRES on the nearest SUV-- The shots nearly impossible to make-- Mostly luck at this point--

Above-- Wolfe runs out of .50 cal ammo-- Slides back inside--
Working quick to reload the machine gun--

NEWELL
RPG!

FWOOM!

A rocket-propelled grenade EXPLODES--

RATTLING the humvee--

KNOCKING them off course--

CARTER
He's reloading!

NEWELL
Do not slow down!

Newell TUGS the pin from a grenade and--

NEWELL
Three -- two -- one --

TOSSES it out the window-- EXPLODING in front of an SUV--
RIPPING up the concrete-- But missing its target--

WOLFE
GOING BACK UP!

FWOOM!

Another RPG hits -- this one closer -- Gonzalez SPEEDS through the smoke -- rubble CLATTERS off the roof.

NEWELL
Three -- two -- one --

Second GRENADE out the window-- This one HITS-- Catching the back end of the SUV-- EXPLODING in twenty-foot flames--

Wolfe OPENS FIRE with the .50 cal-- Takes out the next SUV-- CRASHES into three other vehicles before coming to rest--

The back window SHATTERS-- Bullets RIP through the humvee-- RICOCHET inside-- One CLIPS Gonzalez in the side--

GONZALEZ
FUCK!

As he SPASMS-- The humvee jerks wide-- And--

WE'RE **CRASHING** THROUGH A METAL BARRIER--
OFF THE HIGHWAY--
INTO **OPEN AIR--**
TWENTY FOOT DROP--

GRILL **SMASHES** INTO CONCRETE--
EVERYONE INSIDE THROWN FORWARD--
HUMVEE **SUSPENDED** VERTICALLY--
THUDDING BACK ONTO ITS WHEELS...

... ...

NEWELL
...Everyone OK?

GONZALEZ
Clipped my side -- bleeding bad.

WOLFE
They're circling back.

CARTER
Coming down the off-ramp.

NEWELL
The Speaker?

CARTER
Still breathing.

Gonzalez TWISTS the key. But the humvee won't start. We hear the METAL GRINDING of a dead engine.

WOLFE
Thirty seconds!

NEWELL
Firing zones! Cover!

Jones opens the door and jumps

OUTSIDE

Using the humvee to lay down suppressive fire as Wolfe UNLOADS from the mounted gun.

The three pursuing SUVs slam brakes fifty yards away. MERCS climb out. Take cover. Return fire.

JONES
We need to get this fucking thing moving right now!

Newell opens that sleek black briefcase he's been carrying around. Inside: a **SUITCASE DRONE.** Newell drops the drone on the ground, as wings UNFOLD and microscopic engines FIRE.

NEWELL
COVERING FIRE!

Newell controls the drone from a proprietary laptop. The drone gains speed down the highway. Finally LIFTS OFF and disappears into the night sky.

As Jones SLAMS a new clip into his rifle--

CARTER
RPG!

Jones SPINS out from behind cover -- FIRING -- CLIPPING the merc -- just as he fires -- the RPG goes wide --

-- EXPLODES beside Jones -- and we RAG DOLL through the air -- over the highway -- into a drainage ditch --

For a moment. Jones is motionless. We're motionless. Staring up into the night sky. Everything is silent as the audio sensors and microphones switch off.

Then. Muffled. The sounds of the battlefield FILTER back into existence. All around us. The VRD slowly reboots.

But we do not move. Or make a sound. Are we dead?

Wolfe appears. Standing over us. Leaning down. Smiling.

WOLFE
Still with us, rook?

Wolfe grabs Jones-- DRAGGING him back toward the humvee--

WOLFE
Rook's breathing!

NEWELL
Cover your heads!

Flashing across the night sky-- The Drone-- Firing on the Blackriver SUVs-- A package of **VF1 VALKYRIE MICRO-MISSILES--**

KA-BOOOOM-- The SUVs explode-- One-two-three-- A shower of fire and glass and metal!

Carter and Newell LAY FIRE on the surviving mercenaries. Wolfe loads Jones into the humvee. Gonzalez prays in Spanish.

GONZALEZ
Please. Turn this damn car over. Just this once. Never say another unkind thing about you --

The humvee turns over. The engine CHOKING to life.

Newell and Carter jump back inside. Gonzalez PEELS out. Tearing off down the highway. Mercenaries FIRING after them --

NEWELL
To that bridge -- across then --

-- BAM! A bullet hits the mark -- PUNCHING a hole in the back of Gonzalez's head -- FROSTING the dash with blood --

NEWELL
-- SHIT --

Gonzalez LURCHES forward-- Foot JAMMED to the gas pedal--

NEWELL
Hold on to --

The humvee HITS the guardrail-- SMASHES through-- Back out into open air-- Below us, there is nothing but dark--

--And an icy river some three hundred feet below.

Physics says this drop should take four seconds. But because we're inside. Because Jones is staring out the front window.

It feels like forever...

The river rushing up to meet us--

Slamming into the water--

CUT TO:

RAPID FIRE SHOTS

As the camera flickers in and out:

-- Water SURROUNDING Jones.

-- His leg PINNED under the seat.

-- Wolfe dragging Carter and Titmus behind him.

-- Newell swimming to Jones. YANKING his leg free.

-- Below. Gonzalez. Dead. Pulled into the dark of the river. Deeper. Further away. The whites of his eyes the last thing we see before he disappears...

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Splashing out of the water. Crawling up the rocky shore. Gasping for air.

Nearby. Wolfe gives CPR to Carter. Titmus watches, head between knees, catching his breath.

NEWELL
We're out of time.

WOLFE
He's not breathing -- give me ten seconds.

Jones looks to the bridge above. Headlights shine over the side. Mercenaries lean over the rail, searching.

JONES
They're right on us.

NEWELL
Leave him.

WOLFE
TEN FUCKING SECONDS!

NEWELL
Goddamnit! We don't --

WOLFE
(quietly)
-- Please...
(MORE)

WOLFE (CONT'D)
(begging)
Just give him ten more seconds.

Newell relents. Nods. They haven't been spotted. Yet.

Wolfe compresses Carter's chest. Switches to mouth-to-mouth. No response. Back to chest compressions.

Myra's PIP opens. The image is shaky, the VRD fizzles.

MYRA
Delta -- you're back. Signal strength is weak.

NEWELL
Took a swim.

MYRA
That'd do it. I'm shutting off the systems so the batteries don't drain.

Her PIP closes. The VRD turns off. For the first time in a while, we're seeing the world as it actually exists.

MYRA
<Audio should still work. I'm here if you need me.>

WOLFE
Come on, you stubborn racist prick!

Wolfe finishes another round of compressions. Moves in for mouth-to-mouth. When. Carter coughs, sputters, sits up.

NEWELL
Get him on his feet, we need to move.

A PAIR OF FLASHLIGHTS shine down on them. Immediately, the mercenaries above OPEN FIRE. Bullets rain down.

NEWELL
Into the trees! Now!

Jones SPRINTS for the tree line fifty yards away. Newell DUCKS behind a log -- laying COVER FIRE.

Wolfe helps Titmus run, Carter keeps close to their heels. Jones a few feet behind them.

The darkness of the forest SURROUNDS them. The POP of gunfire more diffused with every step.

Delta Three-One wheezes. Coughs. Runs. Flat out. No one even thinks about slowing.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Deep in the woods. The gunfire all but stopped. Delta takes a micro-rest as everyone catches their breath.

CARTER
Gonzo?

Newell shakes his head.

CARTER
Kid always knew how to make me laugh.

NEWELL
How many is that now?

WOLFE
Five.

TIMUS
Five what?

NEWELL
That can't be right.

WOLFE
Gonzo, the Colonel. Bowman.
Cartwright and Stedman.

NEWELL
Stedman. Shit. I forgot about him...

TITMUS
Five what?

WOLFE
K-I-A's.

Quiet. A long moment. Wolfe snaps his head, thinks he heard something. Turns out it was nothing.

NEWELL
We were doing so well.

CARTER
Had a bad day is all.

WOLFE
Whole world had a bad day.

-- CHUNK --

White-hot halogen light beams into the forest.

CHUNK-CHUNK-CHUNK!

More lights flash on. Blinding the team. From near pitch-black to Las Vegas strip in three seconds flat.

Delta ducks behind trees. Hidden in the slimmest of shadows.

MERCENARY (O.S.)
Two-by-two! Keep alert! Do not lose sight of the team next to you!

Blackriver mercs appear. Moving methodically.

The light at their back, they have the perfect tactical advantage. Casting long shadows across the ground.

MERCENARY (O.S.)
Shoot to kill!

Jones looks around. Frantic.

Newell and Carter are at the next tree over. Slotting fresh clips into their rifles.

Titmus just beyond. Covering his mouth so as not to scream.

Wolfe is flat on the ground. Caught in the open. Covered by less than ten inches of brush.

The mercenaries CRUNCH through dead leaves. Ever closer.

MYRA
<Stay still. Could be hundreds of them.>

Stepping into view. Ten mercs. Halogen flashlights sweeping through the trees. Delta stays hidden. Unmoving.

The mercs continue forward. Oblivious. Missing our team.

A sigh of relief-- Then--

<u>Thirty more mercenaries appear</u>.

It's only a matter of odds. One of them is going to see Wolfe. One of them is going to <u>step</u> on Wolfe.

But. Somehow. They don't. Somehow they all miss him. By inches. They continue on. Moving deeper into the woods.

NEWELL
Delta. On me.

They convene on Newell, crouched low.

Modern Warfare 2 developer: Infinity Ward publisher: Activision
GameWallpapers.com hosted by JTLnet.com

NEWELL
Need a bearing into the city.

MYRA
<North by Northeast.>

Carter checks a compass. Points in the direction of the Blackriver mercs.

NEWELL
Perfect. We move in their wake.

EXT. RED HOOK SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Delta covers-and-moves through the parking lot. Out across the bay, the STATUE OF LIBERTY stands in silhouette against the full moon. Manhattan draws ever closer.

MYRA
<Got a minute, Delta?>

NEWELL
Not the best time --

Myra's PIP opens. She and her team are obviously distressed.

MYRA
Change of plans. A recon team on the ground spotted Butler arriving in the city forty minutes ago. Admiral Raymond and his fleet are launching their attack.

NEWELL
When?

MYRA
Two hours, maybe less.

CARTER
Then what?

MYRA
They've decided the collateral damage is worth the cost.

WOLFE
Collateral -- what the hell are you talking about?

MYRA
Their gonna raze as many military targets as they can. Up and down -- from the Bronx to Brooklyn.

NEWELL
Ah, Christ --

JONES
-- The whole city --

WOLFE
-- Can't be serious --

JONES
-- It'll be a massacre --

MYRA
-- Three-One should double back. Hole up somewhere. Protect the Speaker until it's all over.

NEWELL
Thanks for the heads up.

MYRA
Stay safe.

Her PIP closes. Newell is floored.

NEWELL
Alright. You heard her. This is as good a place as any. Inside, Delta. Set up firing lines --

WOLFE
-- No.

NEWELL
Not this again.

WOLFE
I won't stand by --

JONES
-- My wife is still in the city --

WOLFE
-- We could be inside the city, marking targets --

NEWELL
-- That's not our mission. We protect the Speaker.

WOLFE
How many lives -- this is insane! He's one guy.

NEWELL
Without him, we've already lost.

Carter tries to move between them. Newell pushes him away. Gets right in Wolfe's face.

WOLFE
Butler took what he wanted -- fuck the cost -- and now we're willing to follow him straight into hell --

NEWELL
-- Stand down --

WOLFE
-- It's exactly what he wants. For the rest of us to look like the bad guys --

NEWELL
-- One more time --

WOLFE
-- If we let this happen -- we let our people die just to get to this prick -- we've lost.

Wolfe backs away. Looks around at the rest of Delta.

WOLFE
Carter. Rook. I'm going into the city. Save as many lives as I can. Or you can stay here with the Lieutenant. For the greater good.

Carter thinks it through. Steps up beside Wolfe.

NEWELL
You'll die. No way out of that city, you get involved.

CARTER
Suppose so. But sitting out a fight? Not in my blood.

All eyes turn on Jones. He nods, then steps beside Wolfe.

JONES
My wife, is all. Can't get back to her, least do everything I can to keep her safe.

Newell stares back at his men. Unexpected duplicity.

NEWELL
Want to know why the old man never gave you your own CAG?

WOLFE
Cannot wait to hear.

Newell steps in front of Wolfe. His hand on his shoulder.

NEWELL
It's cause I begged him to keep you in Three-One. Told him you were the only guy, could ever keep me honest.

WOLFE
You're coming?

NEWELL
You know anybody else, do what we do?

Wolfe smiles. Carter and Jones exhale.

NEWELL
Mr. Speaker -- might be best you stay here. Keep low.

TITMUS
Like hell. Time came, I couldn't defend myself. You're stuck with me until the end.

NEWELL
Delta! Oscar-Mike!

Delta embarks. Titmus hangs back for a second, realizing what he just said. Then hustles to catch up.

The image FLICKERS as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK HIGH RISE - DAWN (**WEATHER CAMERA**)

Looking south. The rising sun gleams off The Golden Sphere.

The camera PANS. A 360-DEGREE view of the Financial District. HEAVY ARTILLERY has been set up on the roof. SOLDIERS mill about, waiting to be relieved.

New York as an occupied police state.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

A lower view of the city. Cars abandoned up and down Park Drive. Squads of INFANTRY move through the park in patterned patrol details.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

Midtown. HEAVY ARTILLERY has been set up on every visible rooftop. Scanning the skies.

PERSONNEL CARRIERS and HUMVEES move up and down the streets. Passing GUARD TOWERS every few blocks.

Across the street, a HUNDRED NEW YORKERS watch from a balcony. Scared. Huddled. Trying to accept this new way of life.

EXT. MADISON AND 59TH - DAWN (**TRAFFIC CAMERA**)

MACHINEGUN NESTS at the end of every street. The APPLE STORE is nearly rubble, the site of what we can only imagine was an intense bit of fighting.

An ABRAMS TANK rolls through the intersection. Turning the corner, continuing its patrol route.

Above. TWO **AC-130s** (heavy, ground-attack aircraft) circle.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE BALTIMORE - DAWN (**AC-130 TARGETING CAMERA**)

An INFRARED VIEW of Manhattan as seen from a mile above the ground. Friendly units on the ground FLASH every few seconds. Non-friendly targets appear as DARK BLACK SPLOTCHES.

EXT. WATER STREET SOUTH - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta Three-One is motionless in the shadow of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE as the AC-130s pass overhead.

NEWELL
They come back for another pass, IR owns us.

Wolfe moves on point. Delta ducks down an alley. Methodical. Precise.

MYRA
<Must be using some sort of RF chip to ID ground forces.>

CARTER
Meaning we could steal it?

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta approaches the GUARD POST set up across the south entrance to the bridge. Moving as if on patrol. As if they belong here. BLACKRIVER MERCS on duty stare.

GUARD TOWER MERC
Here to relieve us?

MYRA
<Three.>

NEWELL
Nope. Called back into the city on who knows what. Tell command, you need to take a piss.

MYRA
<Two.>

GUARD TOWER MERC
Been pissing off the side, myself.

MYRA
<One.>

MYRA
<Mark.>

Moving as one-- Delta QUICK AIMS their rifles-- Silencers affixed-- Each taking a target-- THIP-THIP-THIP--

The entire post is dead before the first casing falls.

Delta convenes on the bodies. Newell and Wolfe search pockets. Jones and Carter cover.

NEWELL
What am I looking for?

MYRA
<Small card. Plastic. An ounce, maybe less. Could be in their wallets, like a keycard.>

WOLFE
Found one.

Wolfe holds up a SMALL RF CHIP. Size of a credit card.

MYRA
<That's it. Stick it in your pocket, gunship won't be able to tell you from Adam.>

WOLFE
Now what?

Newell looks at the BRIDGE TOWER across the water.

NEWELL
Up.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN (**JONES**)

Running across the empty Brooklyn Bridge. AIR RAID SIRENS sound throughout the city.

NEWELL
Double-time, Three-One.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE WEST TOWER - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta climbs the service stairway. Rounds the last landing.

A PAIR OF LOOKOUTS stand at the top of the stairs. Watching the UPPER BAY with nervous eyes. Backs to Delta. Last mistake they'll ever make.

Newell motions. Wolfe moves beside him. Reaching the lookouts simultaneously. COVERING their mouths. PLUNGING knives into spines.

NEWELL
<Clear.>

Jones, Carter and Titmus move to join them. Cresting the top of the tower, a PANORAMA of the Financial District.

The sight of the occupied city is staggering. Chilling.

NEWELL
Delta Three-One, in position.

Myra's PIP opens. She is alone in her bunker. Distracted.

MYRA
You mark targets, they'll be instantly relayed to the fleet.

From somewhere above Myra, there is a loud EXPLOSION.

NEWELL
You OK? What's happening?

MYRA
The Huns are at the gates. Safehouse has been compromised.

NEWELL
How long you got?

MYRA
Hour. Maybe less.

NEWELL
There was anything we could do...

Myra's on the verge of tears. But she's proud. Strong.

MYRA
Just finish the mission, cowboy.
Command out.

Her PIP closes. Delta is silent.

The VRD reboots. Carter scopes Wall Street in his rifle.

NEWELL
Artillery is priority one. Then, guard towers, bunkers. Technicals after that.

CARTER
On it.

Carter moves quickly. "TAGGING" an AA GUN on top of a building. It lights up on the VRD. He continues.

There are hundreds of targets...

Wolfe looks south. Stares at GOVERNOR'S ISLAND. The air raid sirens have become white noise in the background.

WOLFE
We sure they're out there? See nothing but waves.

NEWELL
Maybe we got lucky. They called it off.

CARTER
Hey, Lou -- got a minute?

Newell joins Carter at the edge of the tower.

CARTER
The sports bar.

NEWELL
What about it?

CARTER
Eyes on AA. STS missiles. Whole rat's nest on top of that roof.

Newell uses a pair of BINOCULARS to scope the target.

NEWELL
Mark the target then.

CARTER
It's just...

NEWELL
What?

CARTER
Look again. Blackriver's got prisoners inside.

Oh. Shit. Jones scopes the SPORTS BAR on the other side of the river. The NUMB FACES of CIVILIAN PRISONERS look out. From behind rebar and razorwire.

NEWELL
Give us ten minutes, then mark it. You got overwatch and the Speaker. You feel any heat, drop back to Redhook for RV.

A single HOWITZER at the edge of Battery Park fires out across the bay. Followed by another. Then another. The night sky quickly filled with ARTILLERY FIRE. Loud. Thundering.

NEWELL
And now we're running out of time. Oscar-fucking-Mike!

JONES / WOLFE
Hu-ah!

Jones glances over his shoulder one last time as the first of the INVASION ARMY enters the Upper Bay--

EXT. NAVY DROPSHIP - DAWN (**FORWARD CAMERA**)

A fast boat. Normally used to deliver a team of six Navy SEALs into hot zones. Under the radar.

But right now. More than FIFTY ARMED MARINES wait on the forward deck as the boat slips through the bay.

To our right and left. More DROPSHIPS. Three dozen more. Keeping pace. The first wave of the attack.

DROPSHIP PILOT (O.S.)
Landing zone ahead -- grid mark four-seven-seven.

The SERGEANT in charge paces.

DROPSHIP SERGEANT
Gonna be hell -- check your targets -- enemy looks just like us --

Half of the dropships break rank. Turn up the EAST RIVER.

EXT. BATTERY PARK GUARD POST - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

The dropships grow on the horizon. CHARLIE COMPANY and BLACKRIVER MERCENARIES rush to defensive positions.

The ALARMS are deafening down here.

EXT. BATTLESHIP RUSH - DAWN (**TARGETING CAMERA**)

Infrared. About two miles offshore. The screen DIGITALLY ZOOMS toward ON-SCREEN TARGETS.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Delta Three-One made it. Targets coming online.

GUNNER (O.S.)
Canons echo-four and echo-five. Online. Go, no-go for fire command.

A long beat. Finally:

DECK COMMAND (O.S.)
Go. Marked targets only. Watch for friendlies.

GUNNER (O.S.)
Solid copy. Echo-four -- firing.

EXT. BATTERY PARK HIGHRISE - DAWN (**WEATHER CAMERA**)

From here, our view of the battlefield is complete-- Invading forces from the south-- Defending forces entrenched--

The HEAVY ARTILLERY rain destruction into the bay. SOLDIERS run, reloading and firing as fast as their training allows.

In the distance. We can just make out the **BATTLESHIP RUSH.** The rest of the fleet behind it --

-- THOOM --

A flash of light. A streak of CANON FIRE. And.

EXT. DROPSHIP - DAWN (**MARINE HELMET CAM**)

Straight ahead. A quarter-mile away. The high-rise is TORN IN HALF as the ACCELERATED RAIL CANON hits its target.

The EXPLOSION is frightening... The skyscraper CRUMBLES...

SAILOR
Holy-fucking-shit!

Our MARINE looks at his BUDDY. Kid is scared shitless.

MARINE
Stay on me -- keep tight -- be fine.

DROPSHIP SERGEANT
EYES FORWARD! BARRELS --

-- TRACER BULLETS tear through the dropship. Killing everyone in the front line. Blood spatters. Salt water stings.

Then. An EXPLOSION-- The dropship rocks-- Tips on its side-- Water rushing on board-- We're blinded--

EXT. BATTERY PARK GUARD POST - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

.50 CAL MACHINE GUNS have opened fire--

But the invaders persevere-- Through the storm of bullets--

The dropships CRASH onto dry land-- Unloading MARINES--

-- THOOM --

A block away-- Another building is DESTROYED by canon fire-- Covering the park in SMOKE and ASH--

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta Three-One runs behind the front line. The battle taking place a few blocks away. At the park.

Above. On a roof. MOUNTED ARTILLERY fires-- SINKING dropships-- PASTING marines--

NEWELL
-- STEP LIGHT!

EXT. UPPER BAY - DAWN (**MARINE HELMET CAM**)

Churning water. Screams of death.

Our marine swims for his life. Surrounded on every side by DYING COMRADES. BULLETS crack into the water.

Dust and ash cover his landing position.

The marine reaches a dock. Pulls himself onto dry land. Reaches back. YANKS his buddy up from the crashing water.

A second to gather themselves. That's all they get. Above and behind. The blind DUM-DUM-DUM of a .50 CAL SENTRY GUN.

MARINE
WE'RE TAKING OUT THAT FUCKING GUNNER'S NEST, YEAH?

BUDDY
ON YOUR SIX!

Above. The AC-130s pass overhead. Moving across the harbor. Out toward the fleet.

EXT. EAST RIVER - DAWN (**DROPSHIP CAMERA**)

The second stage of the attack. The dropships moving up the east river. Toward a landing zone on the UPPER EAST SIDE.

HEAVY MACHINEGUNS fire in patterned bursts from the banks of the river. Some dropships sink. Burst apart. Most push through the defenses.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

All around us. Buildings are REDUCED TO RUBBLE every few seconds. The Battleship Rush attacks without mercy.

An ABRAMS TANK swings around the corner. Riding over the rubble with ease. Swiveling its main canon at a SQUAD OF ARMED SAILORS running into the park.

The tank FIRES-- Blasting a hole in the ground-- Marines SCATTER-- Most dead-- Survivors LAYING FIRE as

A SINGLE SAILOR

Flanks the armor-- Climbs up the side-- Stuffs a grenade into a SIDE CANON-- Leaps away-- The tank EXPLODING from the inside out!

EXT. EAST RIVER LANDING - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

The dropships have landed. HUNDREDS OF MARINES storm into the city.

Laying waste to the thin veneer of defenses protecting Uptown.

EXT. EAST 96TH & MADISON - DAWN (**ATM CAMERA**)

The two armies CRASH together...

Automatic WEAPON FIRE flares in the lens...

Both sides brutal in their attack...

Both sides taking heavy losses...

The fighting slowly dropping back into CENTRAL PARK...

EXT. SPORTS BAR - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta Three-One rounds the corner. Coming at the sports bar through a service entrance. Opening the door and sneaking

INSIDE

Where PRISONERS are chained to walls and tables. Screaming.

The building across the street EXPLODES-- Rubble SHATTERS the front windows-- Ricocheting through the sports bar-- A CHUNK OF ASPHALT missing Jones by inches--

Two MERCS appear from upstairs. See Delta.

SPORTS BAR MERC
Shit. Fighting as bad as it sounds out there?

WOLFE
Worse.

Wolfe FIRES on the mercs. Killing them.

The prisoners panic. Unsure what to do. Pulling at their chains. Jones sees. They're all locked individually--

JONES
Got a fucking problem here!

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE WEST TOWER - DAWN (**CARTER**)

A god's-eye view of the battle--

Artillery fire LIGHTS up the sky-- Small skirmishes--

Dropships delivering their payloads around the bay--

Carter SNIPES targets fast as he can scope and trigger.

NEWELL
<Carter -- we need a couple more minutes breathing room.>

CARTER
Hands are kinda full up here --

TITMUS (O.S.)
-- Carter! CARTER!

Titmus slides beside Carter. Breathless.

TITMUS
Com-com-company.

Thundering up the service stairs-- A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS--

CARTER
Stay tight. Close to me.

Carter shoulders his rifle. Pulls Titmus down the smaller, secondary stairwell. Moving fast. Jumping down four stairs at a time.

NEWELL
<Did you copy? What the hell is going on?>

CARTER
You're on your own. Artillery on your roof is hammering our boys in the harbor.

NEWELL
<We'll handle-->

--GUNFIRE! From above. Shooting down on them. Ricocheting around the metal stairs. They haul ass.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAWN (**MARINE HELMET CAM**)

Our marine and his buddy move between cover. Pushing back the defending forces.

BULLETS whiz past in every direction--

EXPLOSIONS rip the ground apart--

A TREE is hit. Falls. CRASHING to earth right beside us. The marine vaults the obstacle. SLAMMING home a fresh clip. Leading the attack.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAWN (**AC-130 TARGETING CAMERA**)

Moving fast. The row of invading ships approaches below. Stuck on the south side of the VERRAZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE.

AC-130 GUNNER (O.S.)
Target in sights.

The AC-130 fires-- Laying waste to smaller targets in the fleet--

Battleships return fire-- Missing short-- Missing wide--

EXT. BATTLESHIP RUSH - DAWN (**STERN CAMERA**)

Two DESTROYERS explode and sink. The **M61 VULCAN** and the **BOFORS 40MM CANON** rain death and destruction from above.

DECK COMMAND (O.S.)
-- Under heavy fire! Lost Paramount and Skyline. Retask defensive bombardments on my mark!

EXT. WALL STREET - DAWN (**TRAFFIC CAMERA**)

The DEFENDING FORCE has started to withdraw. The fighting spills from the park into the Financial District.

GUNFIRE is exchanged. The INVADERS grow in numbers.

The dropships seem to have no end. The marines are infinite.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN (**TRAFFIC CAMERA)**

ABRAMS TANKS roll through the park-- FIRING on marines as they flank around the north side of the reservoir.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAWN (**FORWARD TANK CAMERA**)

The fighting is not going as well for the invaders here.

A PHALANX OF TANKS rolls down the street. Chasing down a SQUAD OF HEAVY MARINES. Frantically trying to reload their ROCKET LAUNCHER.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL is hit by stray fire-- Slowly CRUMBLING as-- The marines drop a fresh round into the launcher--

The marines flank the Abrams-- Setting up their shot-- FIRING-- The tank is hit, but does not explode-- Turning its canon onto them-- Dead to rights--

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAWN (**JONES**)

Delta Three-One CRASHES through a service door. Up a flight of stairs and out onto

THE ROOF

Where heavy artillery FIRES endlessly on the invading force.

Newell moves with precision-- SHOOTING the operators from behind--

Wolfe covers-- Laying fire-- Protecting his ass--

Jones ducks-- Sweeps between the AA canons--

JONES
-- Clear!

Jones moves to the edge of the building. Looking out on the fighting below. It's only getting worse.

Across the bay. The AC-130s circle the fleet. Laying waste to every ship in their reticule.

NEWELL
Cover my six!

Newell climbs up into one of the AA CANONS --

-- And FIRES on the AC-130s --

-- The massive TRACER ROUNDS streaking through the sky!

NEWELL
Take it in the ass you sons of bitches!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAWN (**AC-130 FORWARD CAMERA**)

Turning back toward the city. AA CANON FIRE streaks past. Most shots miss. A few THUD into the armor-plated hull.

AC-130 PILOT (O.S.)
Those our own fucking men shooting on us?

AC-130 GUNNER (O.S.)
Circle back -- southern defenses have been compromised.

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAWN (**CARTER**)

Carter and Titmus running. Balls out. Soldiers giving chase. Closing in. No more than twenty yards back. Bullets whipping past our head.

CARTER
Alley! Left!

Titmus turns into

AN ALLEY

But it's a dead end. Ten foot brick wall blocks their escape.

CARTER
Over the wall. I'll boost.

Titmus obeys. Carter boosts him up onto the wall.

TITMUS
Let me pull you up!

CARTER
Not enough time -- run!

Titmus nods. Understands the sacrifice. Drops off the other side of the wall. Disappearing.

Carter turns to face his pursuers. They fill the alley. Long shadows stretching towards us.

CARTER
Surrender! Surrender!

He drops his rifle-- The soldiers slowly advance--

Carter pulls his wedding band out from under his shirt. Stares at it. Places it on his finger.

CARTER
(whispering)
You somehow ever see this, babe. I love you.

PURSUING SOLIDER
ON YOUR FUCKING KNEES!

Carter does as he's told. Onto his knees.

PURSUING SOLIDER
ONTO YOUR STOMACH!

Again, does as he's told. Raising his arms over his head.

CARTER
I surren--

-- BLAM!

We JERK violently-- Then immediately relax--

Blood pools out from under us...

The soldiers laugh...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAWN (**AC-130 FORWARD CAMERA**)

Over Battery Park. AA fire crashes around us. One shot hits the mark perfectly. A round SLAMS into the camera and --

EXT. SPORTS BAR - DAWN (**JONES**)

The AC-130 explodes at the nose. Down, but not out. The gunship banks. Hard. Aims itself at Midtown. Toward the fighting.

JONES
Oh, hell.

Watching in horror as the AC-130 tries to right itself.

Delta is safe. But they have no way to stop the inevitable --

EXT. WEST 34TH & 5TH AVENUE - DAWN (**MARINE HELMET CAMERA**)

MARINE
DANGER CLOSE! TAKE COVER!

Everyone scrambles-- No way to escape--

The gunship's wing CUTS through the middle of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING-- Debris and metal and glass raining down--

Both sides of the battle RIPPED to shreds-- Ash and smoke covering-- Chunks of the building CRASHING into the street--

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

The gunship tips-- Missing a wing-- Can't stay straight-- Spinning-- Dropping-- Everyone half-frozen-- Staring up at their impending doom--

The gunship CRASHES to the ground in the middle of the park-- CRATERING-- RIPPING up concrete and asphalt and grass and trees--

Seventy-five tons of flaming, twisted metal--

SMASHING THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF BOTH ARMIES!

The gunship's wing catches a GROUP OF TANKS-- Flips them up into the air-- Nose DIVING back into the earth--

The gunship SPLASHES into the reservoir-- Water WAVING out in every direction-- The tangle of metal and fire finally coming to rest...

We're forty feet from the crash site...

There is nothing left...

EXT. SPORTS BAR ROOF - DAWN (**JONES**)

Newell climbs down from the AA gun. Out of ammo.

Looks out across the bay. At the Battleship Rush.

WOLFE
Think they know they got a vulture?

Above the Battleship Rush, the second AC-130 still circles.

NEWELL
Let's hope so --

The AC-130 FIRES its main canon: **A HOWITZER ANTI-ARMOR GUN.** It CRACKS the Battleship Rush right down the middle--

Delta can do nothing but watch. As Battleship Rush is bombarded with fire. Explodes. Sinks.

WOLFE
That's it. We're done.

NEWELL
Think you're right --

WOLFE
-- LOOKOUT!

Wolfe PUSHES Newell back-- As a SNIPER two buildings over-- FIRES-- And the bullet meant for Newell-- Hits Wolfe.

Punches a hole through his chest. Blood frosts Jones' camera.

Wolfe stumbles back. Trips. Falls off the roof.

Newell reaches out to grab him-- Misses-- We hear the THUD over the radio--

NEWELL
-- NO -- GODDAMNIT --

Newell SHOOTS. Killing the sniper. Too little, too late.

Newell and Jones look over the edge. Wolfe's twisted body three stories below.

NEWELL
Asshole saved my life...

Jones is wordless. Newell wipes the blood from his camera and goggles. Stares down at his stained gloves.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAWN (**MARINE HELMET CAMERA**)

The marines chase the fleeing enemy forces. Down the street.

MARINE
Push them up against the buildings!

The marine turns the corner-- And comes face to face with TWENTY ABRAMS TANKS-- Waiting-- A trap--

MARINE
Back! Back! Double-time!

But as the Marines turn to run. They've been PINCERED by a PHALANX OF TWENTY MORE TANKS.

BUDDY
We're fucked!

MARINE
OFF THE STREETS! INTO COVER!

But it's too late. The tanks OPEN FIRE. Ripping the trapped marines to shreds in a little less than thirty seconds.

The surrounding buildings caught in the cross fire-- LED signs shatter and fall-- Billboards explode--

Our marine breaks for it. Sprinting. Ten feet from a door. Ten feet from escape --

-- WHA-BOOM! The building EXPLODES --

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAWN (**TRAFFIC CAMERA**)

-- And the last of the marines are ENGULFED in fire and debris. The tanks join forces, sweeping the streets.

EXT. SPORTS BAR ROOF - DAWN (**JONES**)

Jones and Newell stare down at the battle. It's obvious their side has lost.

From across the bay. The remaining AC-130 moves fast. Toward the sports bar.

JONES
He's coming back around. Think he's mad we shot his buddy down?

NEWELL
We should not be here anymore.

They run back down

INTO THE BAR

Where the prisoners shout out. Won't accept their fate.

PRISONERS
You have to help us! / Unlock the chains! / Save us!

Jones looks at them. Absolutely defeated.

NEWELL
Not enough time...

JONES
We can't leave them...

Newell thinks. Paces. The AC-130 visible outside.

JONES
If we smash the RF chips before we run --

NEWELL
-- They'll have no reason to level the bar.

JONES
But we'll be sitting ducks, out in the open.

The sacrifice is clear. Both men nod in unison.

Jones takes out his RF CHIP. Offers it to Newell. He crushes both chips under his boot.

NEWELL
Stay close. We get separated, get as far from the city, as fast as you can --

EXT. WALL STREET - DAWN (**JONES**)

Running. Through the carnage. As the last of the fighting dies down. No one pays them much attention.

Bullets POP-- Explosions BURST--

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAWN (**AC-130 TARGETING CAMERA**)

Flying over the Financial District--

AC-130 GUNNER (O.S.)
Out of the target building. Two runners.

AC-130 PILOT (O.S.)
Rerouting. Track and kill.

The camera repositions. Finds two dark splotches (Newell and Jones) hauling ass down Wall Street.

The gunner opens fire with the minigun. Indiscriminate.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAWN (**JONES**)

TRACER BULLETS rain down from above. RIPPING through cars and cement and billboards.

Ahead. Newell DIVES inside a jewelry store. Bullets SHATTER glass and TEAR through brick. Jones follows

INSIDE

As they SPRINT out the emergency exit into

AN ALLEY WAY

Where the buildings provide cover. For the moment, anyway.

Above. The AC-130 flies past, begins a wide turn to come back around for a second pass.

JONES
The parking structure!

A half mile away. A five-level, cement and steel parking structure is the only thing in sight that resembles safety.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAWN (**AC-130 TARGETING CAMERA**)

Following Newell and Jones as they flee between buildings.

AC-130 GUNNER (O.S.)
Targets moving inside parking structure.

AC-130 PILOT (O.S.)
Taking us low. Bring out the big guns.

AC-130 GUNNER (O.S.)
Switching to Howitzer.

The plane drops low. On a perfect trajectory for the parking structure. This is going to be bad.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAWN (**JONES**)

Running. Flat out. Newell twenty feet ahead. We hear the howitzer before we feel it.

-- BOOM-BOOM-BOOM --

Then. The earth moves. EXPLOSIONS above and around us. Ripping into the top of the structure.

A round hits at ground level outside-- FLIPPING a car through the air-- Jones JUMPS back as the car SKIDS past-- Nearly CRUSHING him.

NEWELL
THIS IS A FUCKING TOMB!

JONES
Find an older car. Late eighties, early nineties.

Around them. The first level is mostly empty. A few ELECTRIC CARS parked at charging stations. Newell stops -- points.

Three levels up. Visible through girders and beams. Newell sights a STATION WAGON. Still intact.

JONES
Meet me up there!

Jones sprints. Fast as he can. Turning into

THE STAIRWELL

Taking the steps three at a time. Up one level. KA-BOOM!

The structure shakes. He falls on his ass. WHA-BOOM!

Four floors up, the roof EXPLODES. Raining debris. He presses against the wall, waiting out the worst of it.

Continuing up the stairs out onto

THE THIRD LEVEL

Where the station wagon sits. Untouched. Intact. He climbs

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ripping the panel from the ignition. Working as fast as his shaking hands will allow. Tying off various wires.

Another EXPLOSION rocks the structure. That one was <u>fucking</u> close. He shakes it off. Back to work.

Out the window. Newell exits the stairwell. Stops short. Yells. We can't hear him.

Newell runs for the station wagon. Waving.

JONES
Almost got it!

Newell PULLS open the car door-- GRABS Jones by the arm-- And YANKS him out, falling on their backs as--

The ground under the station wagon CRUMBLES. Breaking away. Taking the car with it. Dropping three stories before SMASHING to the ground.

JONES
Thanks.

A moment to catch their breath. Jones realizes --

JONES
-- The explosions stopped.

NEWELL
They'll come back around until this building is rubble.

JONES
We could always run some more.

NEWELL
Something to be said for going down swinging...

Jones helps Newell up. As predicted, the EXPLOSIONS start all over. The structure rumbles. Loose from its foundation.

Behind them-- THE ROOF COLLAPSES--

They run. The imploding building racing to catch up. Cement and dust and ash filling the air. Limiting visibility.

Ahead, the end of the structure draws closer...

No chance to see what's below...

No chance to make another choice...

THEY JUMP.

Arcing out into open space. The structure FOLDING behind them. A torrent of sound and fury.

And then. Their saving grace: TREES rushing to meet them.

Branches breaking their fall. Wood SNAPPING. Then they drop the last ten feet to the cement below.

Jones rolls onto his back. Looking straight up. Dust clouds our vision.

NEWELL
You still with me, Jones?

JONES
...Yeah...

Above. The AC-130 recedes into the night.

Somewhere distant, the POP of gunfire.

Then, the air raid alarms shut off.

For the first time in hours, there is complete silence.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (**TELEVISION BROADCAST**)

A staged office. Official. Flags nearby. A Presidential seal. General Butler arranges a speech in front of him.

BUTLER
My fellow Americans. A man I greatly admire. This man once said that the patriot -- the true patriot -- must be prepared, at all times to defend his country against his government.

Butler flips through a few pages of notes. Limitlessly charismatic, he makes this lack of preparation endearing.

BUTLER
For far too long. The people of this country have been used. As second class citizens. Lives forever altered on the whims of but a few powerful men. A nation. Once so strong. Has been reduced to the world's largest debtor.

The camera slowly ZOOMS on Butler's face.

BUTLER
Fighting wars for others we cannot win. The courts are corrupt. Poverty on our streets. Drugs in our homes. The system is broken. Has been for quite some time now. This is not about the right or the left. Liberal or Conservative. This is about America. A country I love very much. Ask any carpenter. To build, you must first demolish.

He places the speech back down on the table. Looks dead into the camera. And smiles.

BUTLER
But know this. The patriots will win. No matter the cost. God bless you all. God bless America.

Which is when we notice the flags on his desk are wrong: vertical stripes instead of horizontal. ZOOMING IN further. On the Presidential Seal: **The Federated States of America**.

The image blurs-- Pixelates--

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY (**JONES**)

Hidden in shadow. A caravan of humvees passes. Newell steps out, looking back down the street. Motions.

Jones follows him down the block. Away from the caravan.

Newell climbs the front stairs to a row house. Peeks through the window. No one home.

Picking the lock. Moving

INSIDE

Clearing each room. All quiet. Newell finally breathes.

Sits. Wipes the sweat from his brow.

JONES
What's the plan?

NEWELL
Don't have one.

JONES
Just sit here?

NEWELL
I don't know...

JONES
My wife could still be alive.

NEWELL
I DON'T KNOW!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Jones on a bed. Stares at the ceiling.

Outside. SCREAMING. The POP of gunfire. Jones runs

DOWNSTAIRS

Where Newell is at the front door. Peeking outside.

NEWELL
They've chased someone down.

JONES
Looks like the Speaker.

Newell gives him a look. That's exactly what he thinks.

NEWELL
Stay frosty.

They slip through the door

OUTSIDE

Crouched low behind a brick wall. Watching as --

AN ARMY PRIVATE drags a PRISONER toward a waiting squad of soldiers.

ARMY PRIVATE
Sarge? This bastard look familiar to you?

We catch a glimpse of the prisoner's face: it's Titmus. Bloodied. Bruised. Shot in the gut. Moaning.

SARGE
I don't know -- can't tell through all that blood.

More laughter. Titmus is dropped unceremoniously in front of SARGE. The grizzled vet wipes the blood from his face. Wrenches his head back.

SARGE
Someone, bring me the sheet.

He snaps his fingers. A SOLDIER quickly delivers a poster.

Newell and Jones inch closer-- Can't make a sound--

SARGE
Look at that. Number one most wanted with a fucking bullet. Bagged ourselves a unicorn boys.

The squad cheers. Sarge KICKS Titmus in the face. The kidney. Steps on his ankle, breaking it.

Titmus opens his mouth to scream. Nothing comes out.

SARGE
General's gonna see to our reward personally, guarantee you that.

NEWELL

Pulls Jones in close.

NEWELL
Move quick. Follow my lead.

Jones nods. Newell counts down with his fingers.

Three... Two.. One.

NEWELL

Rises. Already shooting. BRRDDTT-BRRDDTT! Two down.

SARGE

Pulls a sidearm. Gets off a shot. Clips Newell.

JONES

Has his back. BRRDDTT! One more target down.

THREE SOLDIERS

Focus fire on Newell. He takes the hits, but keeps moving.

SARGE

Backpedals. Tripping over his own feet.

TITMUS

Covers his head. Stray bullets ripping into the street.

JONES

Rolls off a light post. Low. SHOOTS two more targets.

NEWELL

Is hit from the side. He drops to a knee.

SARGE

Shoots off a round. Hits Newell square in the forehead.

JONES

Kills the last soldier. Turns on Sarge. Pulls the trigger. CLICK! Out of ammo.

SARGE

Smiles. Takes aim. Tables turned. Jones is screwed. When

TITMUS

Pulls the .45 from his belt. Fires without aiming. Nails the Sarge right in the temple. Blood spatters a mailbox.

All told, it took less than twenty seconds...

TITMUS
(gasping)
...Easier...than I...thought...it would be...

Jones rushes to Newell. Rips open his shirt. Finds Newell's body armor pocked with more than a dozen bullets.

Newell sits up-- GASPING for air-- Alive.

JONES
Lou! Holy shit! You see that?

Newell pulls off his helmet. Stares at where the camera used to be. Shattered into a thousand pieces.

NEWELL
Actually, no. But someone got great fucking footage of it.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

Newell carries the unconscious Titmus over his shoulder as they approach an abandoned strip mall.

NEWELL
Two hour rest, then back out on the road. I'll take first watch.

JONES
We won't make it out of the city.

NEWELL
I know.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Jones startles. Wakes up. Finds Newell and Titmus around a small lamp. Staring at the POSTER taken from Sarge.

NEWELL
General Butler's most wanted list. From our friends back there.

JONES
The Speaker's on it?

TITMUS
A-numero-uno.

Newell checks one of Titmus' lesser wounds. Helps him cover it with a bandage. Slow the bleeding.

NEWELL
Thinking about what we heard them say.

JONES
Oh?

TITMUS
Someone were to bring in Number One Most Wanted -- hell, I bet General Butler would come around. Shake that man's hand.

JONES
Yeah? So?

NEWELL
What if it was my hand he came to shake?

Jones thinks it through. Realizes --

JONES
-- They'll execute him.

NEWELL
It was his idea.

TITMUS
Dying anyway... Might as well make it worth something...

JONES
(to Newell)
You wouldn't make it out alive.

NEWELL
Neither would Butler.

JONES
Hell of a thing to do...

Titmus winces in pain as he tries to sit up.

TITMUS
Actually, figured it'd be me and Jones going.
(to Newell)
Considering your history with the General.

Newell is hurt. Shakes his head.

NEWELL
You think I'm lying?

TITMUS
No. It's not --

NEWELL
-- You think I went through all of this? For what? For fun? I'll <u>finish</u> the goddamn mission. You have my word.

TITMUS
No offence... Everything that's happened... Your word doesn't mean as much as you think it does...

Newell resigned. Looks at Jones.

NEWELL
You OK with that, rook?

JONES
(not all "OK")
Yeah. Sure.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAWN (**<u>SECURITY CAMERA</u>**)

Jones paces in the parking lot, cell phone in hand. A silent argument with himself. Finally, dials a number. Waits. The call finally went through --

JONES
-- Annie, it's me, I --

Then, he deflates:

JONES
Yeah, yeah -- machine got me again. Guess I never learn.
(beat)
Wanted to let you know I'm fine and -- tell you to stay inside -- everything's going to be OK.

Newell appears in the corner of the screen. Watching Jones from just inside the electronics store.

JONES
And, uh... And I was thinking -- if it's a boy -- what do you think of the name Archer? Just a thought. I don't know. My phone's almost out of power so... OK. Say hi to him for me. Tell him anything he wants to know. I love you. Very much.

Jones ends the call. Pulls the back off the phone. Pries out the battery and the SIM card. Smashes the phone against the ground. Taking out all his frustration. All his anger.

Even after everything we've seen so far...

This is particularly unbearable.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT (**JONES**)

Walks back in. As Newell preps for travel and Titmus catches a few minutes of sleep.

JONES
We should be moving.

Jones turns away from Newell. Packs up his stuff.

NEWELL (O.S.)
For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

Jones turns. Finds Newell standing over him. A long metal pipe in hand. He WHACKS Jones across the head.

Jones falls. The camera stays on. Newell leans into frame, picking up Titmus and slinging him over his shoulder. He steps out of the store and starts down the street.

EXT. UPTOWN - NIGHT (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

In the middle of a shift change. Newell appears with Titmus at the end of the street.

SOLDIERS immediately draw weapons. Newell lowers Titmus. Tosses his weapons to the ground.

The soldiers converge on him. Zip-tie his hands behind his back. Escort him into a nearby building.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY (**JONES**)

Jones stumbles to his feet. Looks around. Realizes what time it is. Realizes --

JONES
-- Stubborn son-of-a-bitch...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (**SECURITY CAMERA**)

Newell is led inside. He looks wrung through a wringer. Bloodied. Cut. Sweating. Clothes a mess. He's pushed down behind a metal table. Handcuffed to the chair.

Two ARMED GUARDS stand just inside the door. Staring.

After a moment, the door opens and General Butler is led inside. He sits across from Newell. Smiles.

NEWELL
Hell of a reward.

BUTLER
My men are. For lack of a better word. Cautious. They wanted to make sure your story held up under. Scrutiny. I was concerned about your loyalty, after the extraction team's difficulties in Virginia.

NEWELL
I brought you the Speaker.

BUTLER
So you did.

NEWELL
I'm either with you, or against you. That's what I was told.

Butler motions. The guards move in and unlock Newell's cuffs. They back up, but stay inside the room.

BUTLER
I am nothing, if not a man of my word. Welcome home, son.

Butler stands to leave.

NEWELL
The Speaker. We'll hang him, right?

BUTLER
Unfortunately not. He bled out twenty minutes ago. Would have made a great YouTube video.

Newell stands. Offers out his hand.

NEWELL
General. It's a pleasure, being back in Charlie Company again.
(beat)
Where I belong.

Butler smiles. Shakes Newell's hand.

NEWELL
How did you know? How'd you know I'd go along with it?

BUTLER
Out of all the men in Three-One, you understand the cost of the greater good.

And as Butler starts to pull away-- Newell moves like lighting-- Yanking the General close-- Drawing him into a tight headlock--

The guards take aim. Newell uses Butler as a human shield.

BUTLER
Come on, son. Don't throw your life away. I'll die a martyr.

NEWELL
Me too. How's that for your greater good.

And. SNAP! Newell TWISTS the General's head almost 90 degrees to the side. Butler drops dead at his feet.

The guards hesitate for just a second. Unsure. Then.

BAM-BAM-BAM!

They shoot Newell dead in the blink of an eye.

EXT. WESTCHESTER SUBURBS - DAY (**JONES**)

Most houses here are still standing. A few here and there looted or burnt out. But otherwise, the neighborhood was untouched during the fighting.

Jones turns up a walkway. A few steps. The door creaks open. A WOMAN'S FACE peers out.

ANNIE
Andrew?

Jones' wife, ANNIE, seven months pregnant, opens the door wide. Stares. In absolute disbelief.

JONES
Hey, hon.

Eyes locked. Moving toward one another.

Jones sloughs off his gear with every step. Flak jacket. Ammo lanyard. VRD goggles. And finally. Helmet cam.

Throws it on the grass. From our **slanted view**, we see Jones and Annie embrace. Can't take our eyes off of them.

ANNIE
I never thought I'd --

JONES
-- Me neither.

ANNIE
You look like --

JONES
-- Feel like it, too.

ANNIE
Come inside. I'll make --

JONES
-- That'd be nice.

They head inside. The image FLICKERS. From somewhere distant, the sounds of a parade.

A MARCHING BAND playing a triumphant anthem in prelap --

EXT. ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA - DAY (**HANDHELD CAMERA**)

Pushing through a thick crowd. Hundreds of people gathered on the street. Watching a parade.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Get to the front. The front.

We see the extent of the parade. Nearly four blocks long. ARMY PERSONNEL and VEHICLES.

Flags of the Federation wave from the tops of cars. Soldiers carry large PHOTOGRAPHS of General Butler. Not unlike Chairman Mao, if we're looking for comparisons.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Across the street. On the roof.
You getting it?

We FOCUS on the five-story building across the street. We ZOOM IN on a TRIO OF SILHOUETTES that have just appeared.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Make sure you're getting them.

VIDEOGRAPHER
I'm getting them. I'm getting them.

A half block away. A TRUCK drives out of an alley. Parks across the street. Blocking the parade.

The crowd collectively steps back. Revealing ARMED MEN up and down the street. They OPEN FIRE on the soldiers.

The silhouettes on the rooftop throw MOLOTOV COCKTAILS onto the vehicles -- WHOOM!

SOLDIER
RPG!

An EXPLOSION rocks a humvee. Flipping it on its side.

The street errupts into chaos as REBELS storm the parade. The attack was perfect -- the army caught entirely off guard.

The camera turns toward the woman off-screen. It's Myra.

MYRA
Make sure you're getting all of it.
FOR THREE-ONE! FOR DELTA!

The crowd around her cheers. Swells. Pushes the attack.

She pulls an AK-47 off her shoulder and joins the fight. Running into the street.

A BURNING FLAG flutters through the air beside her...

As it touches ground, we ZOOM IN...

The image pixelates into nothing...

THE END