

The Dirty Dozen

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. KALASH VALLEY - PAKISTAN - DAY

We are HIGH ABOVE a HUMBLE VILLAGE, clenched between rugged mountains, green with pine and juniper...

But this place suffers. The many battles that have been fought - around and through it - have left the village with the fragile instability of a magpie in a hurricane.

As the words: *NORTHWEST PAKISTAN - PRESENT DAY*, appear on-screen, we PUSH IN --

MOVING THROUGH the dozens of mud-straw HUTS; the weary VILLAGERS, being tended-to by A SMALL DETACHMENT OF RELIEF WORKERS; the goats and yaks, rooting and snorkeling in the hard-scrabble dirt...

At last, we SETTLE ON a local woman - MIRVAT - as she watches, tearfully, her sweet-faced 8-year-old daughter, NASHA, receiving treatment from --

MANOJ KHER, 28.

An Oxford-educated Indian physician. His Red Cross shield indicates he's a relief worker, but it are his kind eyes and dimpled chin that once made all the girls in Leister Square swoon...

As Manoj delicately manipulates Nasha's clenched jawbone, he tries to calm the young girl's quivering...

MANOJ

Okay... Very good... That's a brave girl, Nasha...

Nasha opens her mouth. Manoj tilts her chin. He doesn't like what he sees. But, to be sure, he calls out:

MANOJ (CONT'D)

I need hands!

And, from a hut, across the village, emerges --

CALLIE PECK, 22.

A black-haired beauty with big, brown eyes. Her great, gamboling passion for life can barely be constrained beneath her slim, cranky-swan frame...

Callie's post-punk hair is spiky, most of it hacked-off herself with kiddie scissors, after a night of too many home-brewed cups of setopoti in a Botswana social club...

Callie is a journalist for *The Free Press*... Credentials laminated and lashed to a rope around her neck...

She finishes scribbling notes, and walks toward Manoj, passing other RELIEF WORKERS, attending other VILLAGERS.

CALLIE

I'm here. What can I do?

Manoj is amused, if not touched, by her desire to help...

MANOJ

Hear that, Nasha? Brains, beauty,
and a gentle soul. She claims to
be a journalist. But I think
she's a splendid carafe of sweet
cherry wine...

He chuckles. Callie shakes her head to ward off the
impending blush. To Nasha:

CALLIE

Yes, angel. He *is* a bit strange.
"Daft", I believe, is what they
call it where he comes from...

And they exchange a smile. A smile imbued with either
the hope of pleasures to come, or the memories of past
shivers-shared, we are not yet sure...

But, at once, Manoj breaks the look for:

MANOJ

There's a pocket-light in my bag.
I need a look down this little
one's gullet...

Callie searches Manoj's kit-bag, coming up with the
LIGHT. Shines it down Nasha's throat. Manoj grimaces...

CALLIE

What is it?

MANOJ

Oral Fibrosis. The soft tissue is
eroding into the sub-mucal glands.
We must get her to an infirmary...

Manoj scoops Nasha up in his arms. Callie and Mirvat
follow him to a waiting HIACE (a Toyota-made van, lucky
to push 60 mph), as he calls out:

MANOJ (CONT'D)

Room for two more?

This question lands on GLOY TURNER, 56, the curly-haired,
thick-bellied Irishman who heads the relief effort.

Four sick VILLAGERS are already in the back of the Hiace.

GLOY

Sure. But that's it for this run.

Callie and Manoj help Nasha and Mirvat into the Hiace. Gloy slides into the driver's seat. A local Pakistani - ROJIT - armed with an M-16, sits beside him...

CALLIE

Look at you, Rojit. Now *that's* what we call *riding shotgun*... !

Rojit smiles at her shyly... No one, it seems, is immune to Callie Peck's considerable charms...

Manoj and Callie climb into the Hiace. The villagers look terrified. Manoj gives them a reassuring grin...

Gloy fires-up the engine, giving a loving touch to a sun-bleached PHOTO of the porn star, TERA PATRICK, hanging from the rearview. He shouts to his ragtag passengers:

GLOY

Welcome aboard, Tera Two! She's six tons of armor-plated sovereign U.N. territory on wheels... !

Gloy howls. And turns on the stereo. Cornershop's "Brimful Of Asha" blasts through the speakers...

As the Hiace tears out of the village, for the long, dusty ride to medical relief...

EXT. NORTHERN PAKISTAN - DAY

The MUSIC propels us, as the Hiace rolls through the rocky, uncooperative terrain of the Panjab heartland...

Manoj boogies to the music. The villagers look at him strange... Nasha giggles... Callie laughs...

It's oddly joyous. Full of hope. As on they go...

INT. HIACE - MOVING - LATER - DAY

The bumpy sojourn has rocked most of the passengers to sleep. Callie gently strokes Nasha's hair. Manoj watches her... Callie feels his eyes...

CALLIE

Permission to offer a non-clinical diagnosis, Doctor -- ?

MANOJ

Permission granted.

CALLIE

You're glaring...

MANOJ

Correction. I don't glare. But I have been known to gaze...

CALLIE
Odd admission. Since gazing is,
of course, creepier. By a hair.

MANOJ
Depends what is behind said-gaze.

CALLIE
Which, in this case, would be...?

MANOJ
A question. When does a bright,
young journalist come to terms
with the futility in educating a
disinterested public, and return
herself to the warm, bosomy land
of bottled *macchiatos* and clever
salads...?

CALLIE
Why do you think I left L.A. in
the first place? I was tired of
being outwitted by *nicolise*...

MANOJ
But the question remains...

And Callie thinks about it. Home. And what it will take
to get her back there...

CALLIE
Just let me write one sentence -
okay, I'll be greedy and wish for
a whole paragraph - that even
borders on illuminating this mess.
Sorting it out. When that day
comes, I will get on a plane.
Until then, the salads will have
to wait...

GLOY

behind the wheel, when his attention is drawn to the side-
view mirror. A look of concern, as he sees:
A sizable DUST CLOUD, well back in their wake, shifting,
shambling, chaotic...

GLOY
What in the muck -- ?

And then, emerging from the dust, is

A CALVARY ON HORSEBACK

is strong - charging toward them, ASSAULT RIFLES in hand.

GLOY (CONT'D)
EVERYONE DOWN!!!

Gloy pins it... Sleeping passengers awake in startled panic... Rojit, up front, rolls down his window and takes aim at the Calvary...

EXT. DESERT - PAKISTAN - DAY

From a ravine, another SET OF ARMED ASSAILANTS on horseback... The Hiace is now squeezed on two sides...

Gloy desperately steers to avoid the attack... Rojit fires his gun at the marauders...

Gloy, with the Hiace wheels lodging over the unforgiving road, tries to outmaneuver the ravaging horse hooves...

But Rojit takes a bullet to the brain. And his head erupts into a shattered bowl of homemade salsa...

He flops over, the top half of his body dangling obscenely out from the passenger window...

GLOY (CONT'D)
Motherfucker -- !

Gloy floors it, pushing the Hiace to its feeble limit -

Until one of the Armed Assailants slides an F23 ROCKET LAUNCHER over his shoulder and draws to aim...

He discharges a ROCKET which jets toward its target: the rear tires of the Hiace...

And the rear of the Hiace CATAPULTS IN FLAMES, buckling forward, as the vehicle SOMERSAULTS through the air, landing with a horrific CRUMP! on the desert floor...

Inside the Hiace: SILENCE. The passengers lay in a twisted heap... Light pours in... Assailants enter, ignoring the others. Moving, instead, for Callie Peck.

CALLIE
What? No--

She tries to retreat but she is pulled out of the wreckage. Manoj bursts from the Hiace:

MANOJ
LEAVE HER BE... !

The Assailants restrain him... As Callie is led away:

CALLIE
I'm a reporter... Not against you--

But her words are drowned-out by the cacophony of Armed Assailants, crying out in celebration, waving their guns in the air, rearing their horses, mocking her pleas...

ASSAILANTS (SHOUTED)
Jihad! Jihad! Jihad! Jihad!

Callie sees an Armed Assailant has grabbed a CLUMP of Manoj's hair and is dragging him by it...

CALLIE
 What are you doing --?

Another Armed Assailant draws a long curved-blade *SHAFRA* and, in one swift motion, *SCALPS* Manoj, whose agonized shrieks never cease, as he crumples to the ground...

ASSAILANT
Allah Akbar -- !

Callie recoils in horror... The Armed Assailant holds up Manoj's thick, bloody scalp, as the rest *CHEER*...

Callie screams... As Manoj's attacker plunges *his blade* into Manoj's back... Killing him instantly...

A roaring thunder approaches... As an *APACHE HELICOPTER* lands, rotors *whup-whup-whupping* in mechanized metronome.

Callie is dragged, defiantly, along with Gloy, to the aircraft's open doors...

CALLIE
 Where are you taking us -- ?

As they are restrained, on the bed of the helicopter, Gloy tries to remain strong...

GLOY
 It'll be okay. They'll come.

The chopper rises. Until Nasha and her mother; Manoj's body; the charred remnants of the Hiace; are mere pixels. Grains of sand. Casualties of war.

GLOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Somebody. Will. Come. For. Us.

And then slowly, wickedly, we *TILT UP*. To the far reaches of the empyrean sky...

To *THE SUN*, which truly has the final say here. The ultimate power. And, as things brighten, going a hot, phosphorescent white, the images leech out, allowing our -

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SUN

But a different sun. Or rather, the same sun, but its light is different. Diffused. By fog. Smog. The ocean's reflective shimmer. For we are in --

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

To establish. Back in the USA. CUT TO:

A TV-SCREEN: Callie and Gloy. Captured in that murky, homemade, ready-for-Al-Jazeera-type video...

They are seated, arms and legs bound, in a small room. Arabic-lettering painted onto the walls. Two MEN stand behind them, wearing sinister, face-obscuring *Balaclava*, and pressing *shafras* to the throats of Callie and Gloy.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

In a tape handed over exclusively to CNN from the State Department, an Irish relief worker, and an American woman, believed to be on press assignment, are seen in the custody of a radical offshoot, identifying themselves as *The Sword Of Crescent*. Calling for the release of 47 detainees from Guantanamo Bay, they have set a one-week deadline for U.S. officials. On the campaign trail in Los Angeles, the President re-stated the U.S. stance on such negotiations...

The broadcast cuts to THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. A CROWD behind him hold signs, reading "Re-elect in '08".

This President is a big man, black, mid-60s, no-nonsense. Just what the country needed when he rammed into office; he'd rather be the big stick than carry one (you want to call for Jim Brown's dates or should we?)...

THE PRESIDENT

The policy stands. We will not open a dialogue with any organization that conducts itself in a deliberately criminal manner.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

Further complicating matters, is the fact that the American journalist is thought to be Callie Peck, the 22-year old daughter of supermarket magnate, Douglas Peck, a key supporter of the current administration...

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE - LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

An array of POLICE MOTORCYCLES and SECRET SERVICE SUVs escort the President's LIMOUSINE...

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Where The President is watching the broadcast in the limousine... A CELL-PHONE rings... An AIDE answers it...

AIDE

It's Douglas Peck, sir...

The President grimaces... Takes the phone... CROSS-CUT AS NECESSARY with --

INT. PECK ESTATE - BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The mood is mournful, as helplessness rules this sprawling manor. FRIENDS AND FAMILY have come to play the waiting game... Pacing on his phone, is --

DOUGLAS PECK,

mid-40s, with a robust, astronaut-handsomeness, but right now he looks virtually depleted...

THE PRESIDENT

Hello, Doug. How's Katie holding up? Mary's been trying to get through on the phone, but--

Peck glances over at his WIFE, who is being tended to by some well-meaning family members...

DOUGLAS PECK

She's a mess. As she should be. Talk to me, Richard...

THE PRESIDENT

The initial SIT-REPORT tags her location in the Northwest Region of Pakistan, an area bordering Afghanistan, Tajikistan and China.

DOUGLAS PECK

What can you do?

THE PRESIDENT

Central Command has a Covert Special Response Seal Team, in Afghanistan, on stand-by. I just wanted to talk to you before I executed the order. Make you aware of the risks involved...

DOUGLAS PECK

How good is this squad-- ?

QUICK CUT TO:

TWELVE MEN. Lined-up. In olive-drab. Faces fierce. Armed to the tits. We GLIDE ACROSS their granitic jaws. Their dead-shark-eyes.

Their heavy boots, gleaming like showroom Ferraris.
American combat machines. Born to pull triggers...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO/ PECK ESTATE - DAY

We resume the cross-cut... As Peck considers... Then:

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)
Do it. And thank-you, Richard.

They hang up. Peck looks out the window of his office
aerie. Deeply troubled... As we PRE-LAP the greasy groan
of AIRPLANE ENGINES and CUT TO:

INT. NAVY TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT

The dim RED HUE of the CARGO HOLD lights powder the
hardened faces of the TWELVE MAN SEAL TEAM, clipped onto
a STATIC LINE. Ready for combat. Ready to give their
lives for God, Country and Callie...

The JUMP DOORS open. The Seals begin to charge out.
Into the emptiness of 20,000 feet...

EXT. SPARSELY WOODED AREA - PAKISTAN - NIGHT

Quick impressionistic POPS:

The alert faces of the SEAL TEAM, as they land, shucking
their chutes, are lit by the glow of their NIGHT VISION
GOGGLES...

They duck and weave and cover one another on approach.
They move with a precision and synchronicity reserved for
only the best of their craft.

CLOSE ON - The TEAM LEADER, as he pulls his eye from the
scope of his M-4. Satisfied, he whispers into his COMMS:

SEAL TEAM LEADER
Weapons hot. Move in.

And, as the CHATTER OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS rip through the
quiet stillness of night, we FADE TO...

INT. CENTURY CITY HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Where The President sits, grim-faced. With him is his
Defense Secretary - ARVIN LEACHMAN - late 50s, all West
Texas derrick drawl...

When a SECRET SERVICE AGENT enters...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Douglas Peck is here, sir...

The President and Defense Secretary share a look...

THE PRESIDENT

Send him in...

Peck enters. The President greets him with a warm hug...

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Have you met my Defense Secretary?

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

We smoked Cohibas at the
inauguration...

Peck doesn't seem to hear him...

DOUGLAS PECK

What happened -- ?

The President looks to Leachman. Nods. Leachman picks
up a remote control. Aims it at a DVD player...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

They have her in a fortified
bunker under the abandoned Simi-
Rahul Fortress. Which is where
the rescue team was deployed...

He hits the remote. ON THE TELEVISION: dimly-lit video.
A MAN in Balaclava SPEAKS in a foreign tongue, as an
INTERPRETER is heard off-camera:

INTERPRETER (O.S.)

In a gross miscalculation of
American military might, when the
hour of truth arrived...

The Man begins to walk, the video-camera tracking him...

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

... and all the bravado ended in
farcical denouement, none of your
warriors fought heroically. But
rather, like frightened goats,
they trembled, they soiled
themselves, and they died...

The Man stops... And gestures... And the camera pans past
him... To a neat arrangement on the ground...

As the camera zooms closer... We see it for what it is:
TWELVE BODIES. Covered in sheets...

The camera lingers on A HEAVY BOOT, sticking out from
under one sheet. Gleaming like a showroom Ferrari.

This is all that is left of the Seal Team.

INTERPRETER (CONT'D)

Your hubris has cost you 48 hours.
We will now carry out our promise
in 5 days, unless our demands are
achieved...

And the SCREEN goes black. All the color has drained
from Peck's face...

DOUGLAS PECK

My God...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

It's an untenable situation. We
lost twelve good men. We cannot
put anymore in harm's way...

DOUGLAS PECK

Then what options remain?

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

None. Negotiation is not a
possibility. The Government of
Pakistan cannot help. This leaves
us little else...

THE PRESIDENT

But we have directed thirty
Intelligence officers off of their
desks and onto TS playbooks...

DOUGLAS PECK

With all due respect, Richard,
Time Sensitive intel is only good
for holding your hat when the
Congressional Hearing bears down.
What I need now is movement...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

Please, sir, let's not belittle
the conundrum...

DOUGLAS PECK

Of course not. So long as the
conundrum is given equal weight to
the millions of dollars in
campaign contributions, provided
by the revenues from my
corporations, which seated you in
office...

THE PRESIDENT

Doug --

DOUGLAS PECK

This is my little girl, Richard.
So before you go worrying about
protecting your legacy, perhaps
you need to take a firm-fucking-
minute to remember who afforded
you one in the first place... Not
to mention, when it comes to what
this country owes, I'm the only
one in the room who actually
served the military --

VOICE (O.S.)

Not the only one, slick --

And they turn... To see the man who has just entered --

ROBINSON CROCKER, mid-50's,

Former Delta Force Lieutenant and all around bad-ass.
Crocker still throws around "Commie" like it was a real
word... The TATT on his forearm: "I BRAKE FOR CHAOS".

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

What are you doing here, Crocker?

Crocker looks around the room...

ROBINSON CROCKER

So, this is The Presidential
Suite, huh? I've always wondered:
is it called that because you stay
here? Or do you stay here because
it's called that?

He cackles... Leachman looks furious... Until:

THE PRESIDENT

I asked Lieutenant Crocker here,
Arvin...

(to Peck)

Lieutenant Crocker is former Delta
Force. He has had great success
running non-official ops for this
administration...

The President and Leachman share a meaningful look...
Leachman shakes his head. He doesn't like this. Then:

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I'll leave you men to it. I have
to go practice my conversational
Mandarin... The Mayor of Shanghai
is in town...

The President gives Peck another embrace.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Callie will be in my prayers...

And, with a look to Leachman and Crocker, he is gone...

ROBINSON CROCKER
Chock up another one to the
virtues of plausible deniability!

Peck looks at Crocker, hopeful...

DOUGLAS PECK
Can you get my daughter back?

Robinson Crocker is one of those guys that likes to make
his moments of power linger... He takes a beat... Then:

ROBINSON CROCKER
Not a chance. Don't get me wrong,
slick. Nothing would make my cow-
go-wow more than to be the primary
on a rescue op of such high-pro...

Crocker goes over to the humidor on the coffee table.
Opens it without asking...

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)
But we're talking about the Wild
West. Where they got your kid,
that area is swarming with every
bandit, crook and scumbum on the
continent, trying to find ways to
profit on anarchy and insurgency.
And while they're at it, soak the
earth with the blood of anyone who
don't salaam their aleichem...

He bites off the tip off an impressive torpedo cigar...

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)
But The Sword Of Crescent? Who
got your girl? They are not just
your garden-variety jihadists, but
rather a multi-national coalition
of shitbirds, just starting to
gain purchase in the terrorist
community, in the wake of us
forcing Al Qaeda back on its
heels...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN
They are a largely secular
alliance. Sharing only a singular
ideology...

ROBINSON CROCKER
Yeah: fuck the U.S.A.

Crocker laughs... Shakes his head...

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)
You saw what they did to that Seal
Team. And those guys were good.
Maybe the best...

Crocker licks the cigar, moistening its skin...

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)
Sorry, slick. But it's what we
call a "suey-mish"...

DOUGLAS PECK
I'm sorry -- ?

ROBINSON CROCKER
A *suicide mission*? As in: you go
in wearing dog-tags, you come out
wearing toe-tags...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN
Dammit, Crocker, this is the man's
daughter we are--

But Peck, full of need, interrupts... To Crocker

DOUGLAS PECK
Tell me: standing in my shoes,
what would be your next move -- ?

They wait. Crocker lights the stogie... Takes a few
dramatic puffs...

ROBINSON CROCKER
Reactivate Operation Charon.

DOUGLAS PECK
"Operation Charon" -- ?

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN
Are you insane? That scenario
hasn't gone to theatre since World
War Two...

Crocker ignores him... Turns to Peck...

ROBINSON CROCKER
You assemble a squad of military
prisoners, each well-trained in a
specialty, comprising all parts
needed to pull off a successful
search and rescue mission. If
they, by some miracle, survive the
operation and bring the asset
home, their sentences will be
commuted. Time served.

DOUGLAS PECK
Prisoners.

ROBINSON CROCKER

You'd be amazed if you saw the talent going to waste behind the bars in Collinsworth...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

Crocker, do you have any idea how reckless and politically incendiary this could be? I do not believe The President would sanction such a thing...

ROBINSON CROCKER

The President? You mean that wonderful man, who left me here, to come up with a plan to help his pal, while he ran off to learn how to correctly say: "I hope you enjoy our version of Peking duck," in Chinese?

Leachman shakes his head... But Peck is only concerned with the plan... To Crocker:

DOUGLAS PECK

What contingencies do I have, to ensure that these prisoners, once in-country, will risk their lives to save my daughter?

ROBINSON CROCKER

None. But right now you ain't got squat. Or zip. And you know what squat plus zip equals, slick?

Peck's mind is racing with an idea of his own...

DOUGLAS PECK

Then I'd like to suggest an additional enlistment. Someone to lead the team...

ROBINSON CROCKER

Are we talking active military?

DOUGLAS PECK

No. Retired. At Captain Rank.

ROBINSON CROCKER

You suggesting yourself?

DOUGLAS PECK

I wish. But I powdered this knee in the Congo. Save for that... I think I know just the man...

ROBINSON CROCKER

This is an operation with little hope of success, slick.

(MORE)

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)

The prisoners have the promise of amnesty to incentivize them. This man you speak of... He would also need to have a similar stake in the rescue of your daughter --

Peck considers. His smile is tight, circumspect.

DOUGLAS PECK

He might. I think he just might.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - BAKERSFIELD, CA - DAY

Peck drives his Mercedes down a Central California freeway... He turns onto a fire road, and pulls into the dusty parking lot of --

THE BAD MOON SALOON, a low-rent roadhouse, the only structure in sight...

INT. THE BAD MOON SALOON - DAY

Peck enters the joint, all sawdust floor and exposed rafters and a rough crowd of day-drinkers, seeking solace from the sunlight in their scotch and sodas...

WE SHOULD NOTE: a LONE DRUNK, sitting on a stool, face-down on the bar, in a heap of rye and cigarette ash.

Peck approaches the BARTENDER, a leathery coot who looks like he hasn't had a happy day since Robert Mitchum died.

As the deep-throated, 3-stroke roar of many MOTORCYCLES growls from outside...

DOUGLAS PECK

I'm looking for Tom Callahan... ?

The Bartender's eyes tick to the other side of the bar...

BARTENDER

Don't know him...

But the front door opens... And a half-dozen BIKERS pour in, grizzled and road-weary... *THE VICIOUS CYCLES M/C* is patched on the back of their sleeveless leather vests...

BIKER

Ya miss us, Raven? We're back!
Who's the butterboy staining the lot with that CLS... ? I'd say it was this pink in the suit...

And he's quickly up in Peck's grille...

DOUGLAS PECK

I'm just looking for an old friend...

The Bikers move in and around... Thick with threat...

BIKER

Ain't we all?

Peck is surrounded... Things have gone from grim to grave. Peck is shoved. Once, twice, again... But, before the Biker can lay his fists on Peck --

THE DRUNK ON THE BAR STOOL

raises his woolly head... And Peck's eyes light up with recognition...

DOUGLAS PECK

T.C. -- !

And there he is,

TOM CALLAHAN, mid-40s,

who appears to have been birthed, fully-formed, from a Sam Peckinpah fever dream. Despite being down-all-the-days, the spirited twinkle still glints, albeit faintly, beneath a crust of the inequity of all things "life"...

BIKER

That ain't no "T.C.". That's just Coma Tom... Unrecognizable, though he is, without being chin-deep in his signature pool-a-puke.

Callahan gets off his stool and approaches the Bikers...

CALLAHAN

Maybe to you. Cos we're not like that - name-sharing and all. But to a friend...

WHAP! Callahan socks the Biker in the face, sending him to the floor... He then looks up at the other Bikers...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

... like the man you're disrespecting right now...

WHAP!! CRUCKKK!!! PRAACKK!!! In a brutal blur, Callahan dispatches the rest of the Bikers, with estimable aplomb.

And The Vicious Cycles are soon sprawled across the floor of the saloon. Callahan looms over them...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

... I can go by T.C.

A beat, as the room sits still...

DOUGLAS PECK

You look like shit, T.C...

CALLAHAN

We are what we eat.

(beat)

I saw about Callie on the news...

One of the bikers tries to get to his feet. Callahan's boot prevents that from happening...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

I was going to call. But I figured the last thing you needed was to hear from some ghost from a whole other war...

Peck's smile is a sad one...

DOUGLAS PECK

Actually, T.C., you're exactly who I need...

EXT. THE BAD MOON SALOON - PARKING LOT - DAY

Peck and Callahan talk by Peck's Mercedes... Callahan is in the midst of processing what Peck has laid out...

CALLAHAN

A prisoner squad?

DOUGLAS PECK

I know. But it's the best I could do. Which is why I need you. To lead them...

CALLAHAN

And who better to lead a pack of sociopathic criminals than a degenerate alcoholic, is that your thinking? As plans go, that one's gotta be right up there with the time that Hindenburg fella said "*someone should build a blimp and name it after my punk ass...*"

DOUGLAS PECK

You were once a great soldier.

CALLAHAN

The past tense being the operative conjugate there, Dougie...

DOUGLAS PECK

You belong in the *hoo-ha*, T.C. A squad of men in your command, kicking up scorpions. This time for all the *right* reasons...

Callahan shakes his head...

CALLAHAN

I'm a drunk, Doug. I haven't trained. Haven't exercised. Haven't handled a firearm. Hell, in ten years, I haven't really talked to another human being who wasn't sitting on a stool and sobbing into his scotch...

DOUGLAS PECK

T.C...

CALLAHAN

I'd only let you both down... Again.

DOUGLAS PECK

All I'm asking for... Is that this time... You try...

Beat... Callahan considers... Then:

CALLAHAN

You know I've only seen her seven times since she was born...

DOUGLAS PECK

I know. And right now we need you to make it eight...

Callahan looks at him... Nods...

CALLAHAN

So let's go spring some bad guys.

EXT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

A TRANSPORT HELICOPTER arrives at this high-security MILITARY PRISON. Coiled barbed wire swirls atop the pale brick and concrete walls surrounding a massive YARD...

Watching, as the helicopter negotiates a landing, is LIEUTENANT LESLIE PUMPLE, 28, Military Police.

Skids down, the chopper doors open, and Callahan climbs out. He has cleaned-up a bit since we last saw him...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

Captain Callahan. Welcome to Collinsworth... I'm Lieutenant Leslie Pumple...

He salutes... It's a long time since Callahan has saluted... As they walk into the prison:

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

You do understand, Captain, that you are not to salute any of the prisoners.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

Aside from a loss of freedom,
designation to a military prison
strips the convicted of both their
stripes and their right to salute
and be saluted...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - M.P. QUARTERS - DAY

Lieutenant Pumple wheels a hand-cart piled high with
PRISON FILE FOLDERS over to Callahan...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

I've uploaded files on some of our
more notable residents. Good
news: we've got a grab-bag of
skill-sets at your disposal. Bad
news: the only thing more varied
than their specialties is their
penchant for depravity...

Callahan selects a FOLDER from the HUNDREDS on the cart.

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - LATER - DAY

Callahan walks down the long, grim cell block...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Captain Callahan has chosen the
men he wishes to utilize...

Lieutenant Pumple's NARRATION takes us to...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - D.C. - DAY

Where Lieutenant Pumple briefs Robinson Crocker and The
Defense Secretary on Callahan's choices...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

The twelve he's earmarked include -

*(And we will go into an INTRODUCTION SEQUENCE, as Pumple
informs Leachman and Crocker of Callahan's selects. This
should play as something of a filmic triptych, with great
velocity, energy and elliptical brevity...)*

Lieutenant Pumple hands Leachman a PHOTO of Staff
Sergeant LOGAN "DOC AWFUL" UFFLAND, late 30s, African-
American, his gaze carrying an ominous calm...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

... Staff Sergeant Logan Uffland.
A three-tour field medic on Death
Row, also know as...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - DOC AWFUL'S CELL - DAY

METAL CLANGS as Callahan enters the cell...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Doc Awful --

And there is DOC AWFUL, in prison-issues, which contrast with his wire-rimmed glasses and dignified manner...

Sounds of THUNDERCLAPS and POURING RAIN take us to...

INT. DOC AWFUL'S HOME - MISSISSIPPI - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A fierce STORM rages. The front door opens. Doc Awful, in Sergeant stripes and carrying a duffel bag, enters...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Seven years ago, while stationed
in Biloxi, Sergeant Uffland
returned home from a T.O.D. to
every man's worst nightmare...

Doc Awful heads upstairs, where the faint sounds of HEAVY BREATHING can be heard... He follows the noise...

Doc Awful enters the MASTER BEDROOM, to find his WIFE in the deepest thrusts of passion with A BIG, HAIRY MAN...

QUICK CUTS AS: Wife and Lover see Doc Awful, who calmly takes in the scene. He then removes a SCALPEL from his medic bag and raises it...

The scalpel is thrust... Blood spatters Doc Awful's rimless eyeglasses... The Wife screams... Lightning flashes... Doc Awful's face never registers anything aside from a numbing becalm...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - DOC AWFUL'S CELL - DAY

Doc Awful looks up at Callahan...

DOC AWFUL
I haven't seen the sun set over
the ocean in 7 years. You have a
way to fix that, I'll follow you
to the ends of anywhere...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

On Lieutenant Pumple, continuing his briefing...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE
Next up - Privates First Class
Hector and Gasper Calvo. A sniper
team proud to call themselves "The
Bullseye Brothers"...

INT. BOSNIAN SAFE HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Here are HECTOR and GASPER CALVO, Latin American, 18 and 21. Cocksure and ill-mannered. Hector is more the physical specimen, Gasper the lumpier older brother. Their attention is on a PHOTO in Gasper's hand.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hector is the shooter. Gasper,
 the spotter. They were tasked to
 eliminate a Bosnian politician
 named Milos Lisenker...

THE PHOTO in Gasper's hand is a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO - of
 MILOS LISENER, 44, Eastern European, with a shock of
 silver hair, dressed in authoritarian business wear...

Hector pulls a BULLET from his pocket, ritualistically
 LICKS the tip, and loads it into his SNIPER RIFLE...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But on the eve of their mission,
 the brothers stumbled onto some
 local entertainment...

INT. SARAJEVO WHOREHOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

It's a grand-ol'-time, as two buxom PROSTITUTES, mounted
 on Hector and Gasper, pour bottles of brandy down their
 naked bodies, much to the thrill of The Bullseye Brothers

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The kindness of their companions,
 and the salubrious effects of 15
 bottles of slivovitz plum brandy,
 was undercut by the fact that they
 missed the sunrise. And their
 target...

EXT. BOSNIAN AIRFIELD - FLASHBACK - MORNING

Milos Lisenker boards a waiting PRIVATE JET ...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In the subsequent decade, Lisenker
 was responsible for countless
 atrocities and genocides
 throughout the Eastern Bloc...

The jet takes off, sending the dictator to freedom...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - BULLSEYE BROTHERS' CELL - DAY

Callahan enters to find Hector and Gasper, mid-30s now,
 their once-whimsical souls enervated from years in stir.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For their dereliction of duty, the
 brothers were docked thirty years
 of daylight...

CALLAHAN
 18 years off-the-snipe. You boys
 think you still got the craft?

GASPER CALVO

Like not a day has passed. You
give us back our toys, homes, we
can shoot the stink off a gazpacho
fart from 200 yards!

Callahan looks to Hector Calvo, stretched out on his
bunk, all laconic smirk and sleepy eyes... Hector draws
on Callahan with a phantom rifle. Gets a bead. And
fires off a shot. Bang! As another VOICE takes over:

DENNY THE DETONATOR (O.S.)

It's the waiting that gooses you.
That Christmas morning-like
anticipation. The calm before
the...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - DENNY THE DETONATOR'S CELL

Callahan absorbs the chatty assault of Sergeant DENNIS J.
"DENNY THE DETONATOR" SOBEL, 30s, a frenetic bit of geek.

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)

... BOOM!!!

Callahan blinks. Huh?

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)

Sergeant Dennis J. Sobel. A
munitions expert serving 20 years.

INT. CREDIT DAUPHINE BANK - PARIS - FLASHBACK - DAY

QUICK CUTS: Denny the Detonator crawls through a long
AIR VENT SHAFT which opens up onto the VAULT ROOM of this
Parisian bank, closed for the night...

Denny opens his kit-case, revealing PRIMER CORD and
PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He used his knowledge of
incendiaries to rob a series of
banks during leave...

Denny the Detonator runs the primer cord, sets the
explosive and BLOWS THE VAULT. As he peers into the
exposed vault, eyeing endless stacks of cash...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He may have gotten away with it,
but the I.R.S. notified us of a
small red flag...

EXT. DENNY THE DETONATOR'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Two MILITARY POLICE knock on the FRONT DOOR. Denny the
Detonator opens, wearing a SILK ROBE...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Considering an Army explosives
 expert makes around 35-thousand
 dollars a year...

As we PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Denny the Detonator is living
 in an absurdly-luxe 4 million dollar TUDOR-STYLE MANSE,
 with two Bentleys parked in the circular drive...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Clearly, impulse-control is not
 one of his strong suits...

As Denny the Detonator is cuffed and led away by the MPs,
 we PRE-LAP the SINGING of a GOSPEL CHOIR...

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SOUTH CAROLINA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A BLACK CHURCH. The animated PASTOR leads the house,
 full of CONGREGATES, in a rapturous SPIRITUAL. They sing
 and dance, empowered by the glory of their Savior...

Suddenly, the ROOF CAVES... Flaming PLANKS crash onto
 the pews, crushing several worshippers...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Two years ago, 17 parishioners
 were incinerated at a church fire
 near Fort Jackson. Proud to take
 the credit was Sergeant Carl P.
 Gustofson, White Supremacist...

EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SOUTH CAROLINA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Holding cover behind a nearby elm tree, we see Sergeant
 KARL P. "CREEPY KARL" GUSTOFSON, early 60s, balding and
 raw. With two empty GAS CANS by his side...

Creepy Karl watches, as frantic parishioners flee the
 burning church...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Also known as "Creepy Karl".
 Currently serving his 18th month
 on death row...

As a slight, cruel grin crosses Creepy Karl's face...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - CREEPY KARL'S CELL - NIGHT

Callahan reviews Creepy Karl's file, then stares him
 down, with disdain...

CALLAHAN
 Four children also died that
 night. How do you get good with
 that?

CREEPY KARL
They were blocking my view...

CALLAHAN
Your view? Your view of what?

CREEPY KARL
My view of white folk...

Callahan looks horrified. But we quickly CUT TO:

A CHEWED PIECE OF PORK, BEING SPIT OUT ONTO A PLATE.

INT. MESS HALL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

PULL BACK to find SERGEANT ELLIS "ALL ABOUT ARSENIC" HUMPHREY, late 40s and reptilian, dressed in a CHEF'S UNIFORM, being yelled at by a burly COMMANDING OFFICER.

COMMANDING OFFICER
If I were interested in eating my
own ass, Sergeant Humphrey, I
wouldn't need you, now, would I?

And this is for the amusement of the other SOLDIERS at the table, who bust up laughing...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Hopefully, Sir, I can win you back
with my dessert...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
Sergeant Ellis Humphrey.
Flamethrower specialist. Got his
culinary degree as a supplement to
a Masters in chemistry...

As All About Arsenic enters the KITCHEN, his mien shifts... From contrition to menace...

INT. MESS HALL - FLASHBACK - LATER

All About Arsenic puts a piece of KEY LIME PIE in front of the Commanding Officer...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
For your liking. It's infused
with my signature spice...

The Commanding Officer takes a bite of pie. Swallows.

COMMANDING OFFICER
This is more like it, Humphreys...

All About Arsenic nods... Smiles... A beat... Then, the Commanding Officer GASPS, CONVULSES and SLUMPS OVER DEAD.

As the mess hall stirs into a frenzy, trying to revive the C.O., All About Arsenic saunters away...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
 The Judge Advocate would later
 determine that he was responsible
 for as many as fourteen poisonings
 in the past decade...

INT. COLLINSWORTH - ALL ABOUT ARSENIC'S CELL - DAY

Callahan stands before All About Arsenic... All About
 Arsenic holds up a tin of butter cookies...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
 Sweet biscuit -- ?

CALLAHAN
 Trying to cut down...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
 Ah, next up...

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the back of seven BALD WHITE HEADS, covered
 with SWASTIKA and SS lightning bolt tats.

We PULL BACK to reveal a group of SKINHEADS, sucking back
 JAEGERMEISTER in a ratty hooch house. They are eye-
 fucking an AFRICAN- AMERICAN MAN talking to a WHITE
 WOMAN. The object of their scorn is...

Sergeant BARNABAS "MURDER MAN" GRADY, early 30s. He is
 huge. All cell-block sinew and bulldozer brawn...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sergeant Barnabas "Murder Man"
 Grady. Seal Team Forced-Entry
 Breacher. While stationed at Fort
 Rucker, he was given a quick
 lesson in southern hospitality...

One of the Skinheads SMASHES a SHOT GLASS over Murder
 Man's head. Blood pours down Murder Man's face as the
 Skinheads pile on.

But Murder Man, in a brutal flurry of FISTS, ELBOWS and
 HEAD-BUTTS, puts down all seven of the Skinheads...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But a bar-brawl victory wasn't
 enough. Not for Murder Man...

QUICK CUTS: as Murder Man lunges at the unconscious
 Skinheads and SNAPS THEIR NECKS... With his bare hands...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Defense Secretary Leachman looks horrified...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)
He took the time to kill seven men
who were already lights out...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN
A little excessive, isn't it?

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE
Sure. But you know why they call
him "Murder Man"... ?

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - MURDER MAN'S CELL - DAY

Murder Man stares at Callahan, puff adder eyes glowing
with menace...

MURDER MAN
Cause I like to murder, man.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
Next is Corporal Lucas McMullen...

INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A Base Hospital, clenched in shadows. A LONE FIGURE
appears beneath the gauzy penumbra of a street lamp...

This is Corporal LUCAS "TRUFFLES" MCMULLEN, mid-20s, his
boyish good looks off-set by something odious, rotten, as
if he is way past his "sell-by" date.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nick-named "Truffles" on account
of his uncanny ability to sniff-
out and disable land mines...

As Truffles moves toward the hospital's side entrance...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But his predatory nature extends
to darker pursuits...

We see disjointed FLASHES of: WOMEN SCREAMING; WHITE
FABRIC TEARING; slim wrists lashed to hospital bed
frames; a bloodied NURSE'S CAP fluttering to the floor.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Over one long, cold, dark night at
a base hospital, Corporal McMullen
raped all the nurses on-call.
There were nine of them...

Off a NURSES' agonized scream, we GO TO...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Even Crocker looks horrified at this one...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)
 And you'll never guess what
 Corporal McMullen discovered in
 prison -- ?

ROBINSON CROCKER
 One can only hope, sodomy?

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE
 Religion.

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Callahan stands before Truffles' cell. Truffles sits,
 with schoolboy posture, on his cot, bible in hand...

TRUFFLES
 This from Deuteronomy 22:25...
*"When he found her in the field,
 the girl cried out, but there was
 no one to save her but the lambs.
 And the lambs chose not to. For
 only God can intervene. And God
 chose not to..."*

His smile is angelic... Sufficiently-skeeved, Callahan
 moves on, down the corridor, landing at the cell of...

CALLAHAN
 Lieutenant Jones?

Inside, we find Lieutenant JEROME "JUKEBOX" JONES, early
 30s, African-American, an electric string bean loaded
 with rat-tat-tat energy... Callahan enters his cell...

JUKEBOX JONES
 Playa-poncho! Come on in!

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
 Lieutenant Jerome "Jukebox" Jones.
 Riding his fourth year of a 20
 bit. Jones was a Communications
 Specialist serving in Baghdad...

INT. OP-TECH CENTER - BAGHDAD - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

SATELLITE MONITORS and COMPUTER BANKS line the walls.
 Jukebox Jones, is futzing with the WIRES behind one of
 the monitors... Several otther SOLDIERS wait in
 anticipation...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 When he re-directed a dedicated
 sat-warning-signal to pick-up a
 live broadcast being transmitted
 from stateside cable outlets...

The monitor lights up with - JAY-Z, the hip-hop impresario, live on stage at Madison Square Garden, belting out his classic, "99 Problems"...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His hot-wiring of the feed left
the base unaware and unprepared
for an incoming mortar barrage...

BOOM! BOOM-BOOM! The jovial atmosphere is rocked as MORTAR SHELLS crash through the roof, sending soldiers ducking for cover, scrambling for their lives...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Four soldiers died in the sneak
attack. Nine more suffering
amputation injuries...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - JUKEBOX JONES' CELL - DAY

Jukebox Jones defends his actions to Callahan...

JUKEBOX JONES
It was Jigga Man! On his last
show ever! I had to be a part of
it. Then, of course, homeboy
comes out of retirement. And I
look like the bad guy -- !

Off of Callahan's look of astonishment, we HEAR THE
CLICK, CLICK-CLICK of a CAMERA snapping...

INT. U.S. MILITARY PRISON - WEST OF BAGHDAD - FLASHBACK

The photo is being taken of Staff Sergeant RUDOLPH
"WALKING FISH" STARKOVICH - the monicker derived from his
bulging eyes and thick lips...

As we PULL OUT - we see that Walking Fish is standing
over a HUMAN PYRAMID OF HOODED PRISONERS, smoking a
cigarette, mugging for the camera, pointing an M-16...

As the CAMERA FLASHES, we FREEZE-FRAME the awful image,
and MATCH CUT TO --

THE PHOTOGRAPH. As it appeared later in a MAGAZINE...

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - WALKING FISH'S CELL - DAY

Walking Fish proudly shows Callahan his SCRAPBOOK...

WALKING FISH
I made it into "TIME", "NEWSWEEK".
Even "PEOPLE"...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
Staff Sergeant Rudolph Starkovich,
a.k.a. "Walking Fish".
(MORE)

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Military Game Strategist and
 poster child for detainee abuse...

WALKING FISH
 They even had a feature in
 "MAXIM"! Me, next to a picture of
 Jessica Alba in a thong... How do
 you not love that... ?

TOURAK HALAAK (O.S.)
 ANIMAL! A cage is where he
 belongs! Not me--

Callahan's attention is drawn to the facing cell, where
 TOURAK HALAAK, 33, a handsome Pakistani sophisticate,
 grips the bars and stares at Walking Fish in indignation.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)
 Tourak Halaak. A Pakistani
 expatriate we pulled out of
 Guantanamo to help assist the team
 in regional integration...

INT. EUROPEAN NIGHTCLUB - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

*Tourak Halaak, dressed in a cream linen suit, glides past
 the UPSCALE CLIENTELE of this Continent hot spot...*

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The owner of several successful
 nightclubs in Europe allegedly
 frequented by Al Qaeda operatives.
 He was scooped up in Paris after
 the Towers were hit, as part of
 the rendering program...*

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - TOURAK HALAAK'S CELL - DAY

Tourak Halaak stares at Callahan with a trembling rancor.

TOURAK HALAAK
 Because this is what they do.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (O.S.)
 And, lastly... A doozy...

EXT. SYRIAN PALACE - FLASHBACK - DAY

*A white, marble palace. Where a SHEIK, flanked by a
 CLERIC and a TRANSLATOR, listens to a sales pitch from
 Lieutenant ROBERT ARCHER, early 30s, insanely voluble in
 the most Burt Lancaster-"ELMER GANTRY"-way possible...*

ARCHER
 Religion is sacred to me. I was
 raised Episcopalian. Wearing tall
 socks with rowboats on them. We
 had joy, we had fun, we had
 seasons in the sun.

(MORE)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

So when I come across a piece of land, 17 acres, noted in the missing texts of the Koran, I can only offer to hand it over. Without profit...

He smiles his rainmaker smile...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I paid fourteen million American. If you even-out my costs, this holy symbol of your past goes back into the right hands... Otherwise, I may be forced to sell it to the Jews...

(conspiratorially)
You know how they love wholesale.

As the Sheik thinks about it, then draws a pen from his pocket, ready to make the deal, we FREEZE ON ARCHER...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)

Lieutenant Robert Archer. Weapons expert, well-versed in retrofitting found arsenals. He's serving twelve years for selling a bogus piece of land to a Syrian Sheik. When his scam was exposed, it bordered on an international incident...

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Archer, his Cleric and his Translator, haul-ass through the desert, on foot, chased by A FURIOUS HORDE OF THE SHEIK'S PRIVATE ARMY...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

You mean...

LIEUTENANT. MAJOR PUMPLE (V.O.)

Yes, sir. He, quite literally, sold sand to the Arabs -- !

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - ARCHER'S CELL - DAY

Callahan steps into the cell. Archer's grin is wide:

ARCHER

Well, well, well. The Man With The Plan And The Pocket Comb...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lieutenant Pumple has finished his briefing...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

And this Thomas Callahan? Why has he been off-the-grid for 20 years?

Lieutenant Pumple considers... Then:

EXT. QUIRIMBAS ARCHIPELAGO - MOZAMBIQUE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Coral splendor nonpareil. This paradisiacal channel island is like something out of a Gauguin painting:

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.)

After two distinguished tours in the Congo, during Operation: El Dorado, Tom Callahan and his Staff Sergeant, Douglas Peck, went to an island in Mozambique, on their way back to the States...

We see YOUNG TOM CALLAHAN. The 22-year-old version. As he arrives by boat... With him is the YOUNG DOUGLAS PECK.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Callahan met an Australian girl, working there...

INT. HARBOR BAR - FLASHBACK - DAY

Callahan and Peck sit at a bar, surrounded by beautiful MAKUA WOMEN. Callahan sees the WAITRESS, a pretty Aussie.

EXT. QUIRIMBAS ARCHIPELAGO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Young Callahan and the Aussie swim in a cool stream, a waterfall cascading upon them, the foothills tufted with swaying coconut palms... They kiss...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They fell in love...

INT. HEALER'S HUT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Where we see the Aussie, soaked in sweat. As the village healer - tends to her, Young Tom Callahan standing nearby... Young Douglas Peck with him... They watch... As the girl dies...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE (CONT'D)

Only the girl died. Cause unknown. And Callahan crawled into a hole. Or a bottle, to be more exact...

INT. DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Defense Secretary Leachman shakes his head, disgusted...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

Three murderers, a rapist, a white supremacist, two grifters, a thief, an enemy sympathizer, a pair of whoremongers and a bona fide sadist. All being led by The lovesick Mayor Of Drunkland...

He turns to Crocker...

DEFENSE SECRETARY LEACHMAN

(CONT'D)

If, by some aberrance of absurdity, they manage to succeed, contingencies are in place for the exfil -- ?

ROBINSON CROCKER

Of course.

Lieutenant Pumple looks from Crocker to Leachman...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

What are you talking about?

But they do not answer him...

EXT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - THE YARD - DAY

Callahan has lined-up the men in the yard. PRISON GUARDS hover nearby. Never taking their eyes off of the group.

And, for the first time, we get a good look at them: Archer, Doc Awful, The Bullseye Brothers, Denny the Detonator, Creepy Karl, Murder Man, Truffles, Jukebox Jones, All About Arsenic, Walking Fish and Tourak Halaak.

ARCHER

Like what you see, Cap? Look at us: a skid-mark in society's collective underwear -- !

CALLAHAN

In 48 hours, in return for your amnesty, you will HA-HO into Northwest Pakistan, and proceed two miles north to the Simi-Rahul Fortress, where infiltration and hostage extraction will commence.

The extreme danger of the mission is evinced. Then:

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Callie Peck. She named after you, Callahan -- ?

CALLAHAN

She's my goddaughter. Her father and I were friends...

DOC AWFUL

They really gonna give us the gate, we do this thing -- ?

CALLAHAN

Yes. Cards on the table - *this mission sucks*. Consider the ways it shits the bed: you bail once we touch down; or cause of all the sitting you've done, you get scragged the minute we deploy; or maybe you kill each other, cos that's the kinda dishonorable fuck-ups you are...

GASPER CALVO

You know what they say about you, homes? That you haven't eaten a meal in 20 years didn't come out of a bottle and go with ice...

CALLAHAN

So "they" were right about me. Are "they" right about you -- ?

Angry eyes and stony silence answer his query... Then:

MURDER MAN

Don't worry, Callahan. We're soldiers first. Scumbags second.

When, from the far end of the line:

CREEPY KARL

Except there's only five soldiers on this line...

And, of course, he's talking about the white guys...

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)

In fact, we should make two lines. One for soldiers. The other for swamp-coons, enchilada-cocks and camel-jammers...

Murder Man, Jukebox Jones, Doc Awful, The Bullseye Brothers and Tourak Halaak are ready to kill him...

GASPER CALVO

You better watch your lip, grandpa, or I'm gonna pop that bag you piss in...

But just then, the prison gates open, and an MP TRANSPORT VEHICLE drives in... Creepy Karl clocks it...

CREEPY KARL

Finally...

Three MPs, with chainmail gloves and Kevlar vests, emerge from the transport vehicle...

JUKEBOX JONES

What's this -- ?

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Doncha know? Creepy Karl was only recruited for his partner. The partner is the real asset.

JUKEBOX JONES

He got a partner?

The back of the truck opens.. Out of it comes A SNARLING GERMAN SHEPHERD. Dewlaps flecked with black oil. The dog comes bounding toward Creepy Karl, tail wagging...

CREEPY KARL

Nigger Knocker!

MURDER MAN

That's what he calls it -- ?

Creepy Karl and the dog - call him N.K. - are reunited.

CALLAHAN

The regrettably-named pooch is a Scout Courier and Casualty dog. Trained in alerting enemy presence; message transport; and sniffing out wounded and/or captured hidden from view... But, thanks to time spent with his partner, he's also trained in something else...

N.K. immediately begins barking and growling at Murder Man, Doc Awful and Jukebox Jones...

JUKEBOX JONES

Don't even tell me you trained that dog to hate brothers... ?

CREEPY KARL

He come to it on his own. Product of good breeding and what-not...

JUKEBOX JONES

Callahan, in what universe is it a good idea to bring a racist dog on a mission with black and Hispanic soldiers?

N.K. peels back his lips to show nasty yellow teeth...

CALLAHAN

That isn't just any old racist dog. He's got more medals than the rest of you savages combined.

EXT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - CLASSROOM - LATER - DAY

The men sit in schoolroom-styled desks. Callahan stands in front of them, before a MAP of NORTHERN PAKISTAN, and SAT-IMAGE BLOW-UPS the general region...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

The underbelly of the Simi-Rahul temple has been reconstituted into a series of fortified bunkers. Above ground, there may be as many as three dozen militia guards on watch, potentially with tanks and Howitzers at their disposal. Not to mention a QRF, which can be readily mobilized and deployed if notified of an attack.

JUKEBOX JONES

What's a QRF?

CALLAHAN

Quick Response Force. Cave-dwellers and secret citizens. Bugs on the wind...

Beat... As this lands on them... Then:

ARCHER

And what about the ogres, trolls, and dragons?

And he gets up from his desk...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

This mission is a fucking Cockroach Crawl. I won't be a part of it...

As Archer moves for the door...

CALLAHAN

Nobody's forcing you to do anything. You got skills, Archer, but I can find another weapons expert, who doesn't want to rot away for 12 more years, on the off-chance he might make it through this thing...

ARCHER

That's one "big off-chance". An "off-chance" so big it should have three friggin' area codes!

Callahan nods... Beat... Then, as if something has suddenly occurred to him, he looks at Jukebox Jones...

CALLAHAN

Jones. What do you miss most?

JUKEBOX JONES

What?

CALLAHAN

Out there. In the fresh and sweet. What do you miss most... ?

ARCHER

Don't even try it, Callahan. Weak play...

CALLAHAN

Jones?

JUKEBOX JONES

I'd like to tell you what I miss is all that sweet pootenanny. Or going to see my man, Tim Duncan, dominating the low post. But the truth... What I miss most... Is my Mom's lasagna...

CALLAHAN

Your Mom's lasagna... ?

JUKEBOX JONES

She does it all three-cheese-style. Ricotta, mozzarella, parmesan. But with chopped steak, as well...

CALLAHAN

What about you, Denny?

ARCHER

What do you think, Callahan, we're idiots -- ?

CALLAHAN

Denny? What do you miss?

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Lucy Franz.

CALLAHAN

Your girlfriend?

DENNY THE DETONATOR

My buddy, Chopper's wife. But I always liked her. And I think she always liked me. But she was married to Chopper.

(MORE)

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)

Only they broke-up, four months
after I got my jolt. So I think I
may have a shot. I'd like to try.
She looks like old-school Goldie
Hawn. Only with even bigger
eyes...

CREEPY KARL

As if that were possible.

CALLAHAN

Murder Man? What about you? What
do you miss most... ?

MURDER MAN

Driving.

WALKING FISH

Driving?

MURDER MAN

Driving. I love to drive, man...

ARCHER

You know what else you will miss
if you go on this op? Breathing.
Eating. Sleeping. Walking
upright...

CALLAHAN

Tourak -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK

The way my children smell. After
a day at the sea. That
combination. Of salt and sweat,
cocoa butter and youth.
Sometimes. I smell it in my
dreams. And I wake up. Serene.

Callahan nods... Those that haven't answered the question
are perhaps pondering what they miss the most...

ARCHER

You turds aren't gonna let that
transparent piece of manipulative
claptrap give you the swivel?

As he heads out the door, Callahan calls after him:

CALLAHAN

Lot a good stuff going on out
there, these days, in the fresh
and sweet. They got TiVo now.
Viagra. The latest Madden NFL has
improved graphics and 35 new
offensive formations. There's fat-
free potato chips.

(MORE)

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

And I'm sure a girl or two you
hoped to love-up one more time
before she turned all Angela
Lansbury on your ass. Stuff worth
getting out of your cage over.
Stuff worth fighting for...

Beat... Archer considers... And, shaking his head, he
walks back to his desk... Sits down... The others are
staring at him... He shrugs...

ARCHER

Fucker had me at "Viagra".

And we go to a brief TRAINING SEQUENCE --

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

All under the nervous gaze of the PRISON GUARDS --

AN OBSTACLE COURSE

has been set-up... A complex series of trenches to clear,
hurdles to hurdle, cargo nets to scale, logs to balance,
low wires to crawl beneath, climbing ropes, etc...

Callahan and Pumple watch the cons attempt to negotiate
the obstacle course... It isn't pretty...

INT. THE CLASSROOM - DAY

A SCALE-MODEL of The Simi-Rahul Temple has been crafted.
Walking Fish, using a laser-pointer, indicates each area.
He begins THE POEM OF THE PLAN, which we will HEAR as we
move through the sequence...

WALKING FISH

Number One --

ALL

The Brothers On The Gun...

WALKING FISH

Number Two --

ALL

N.K. Chews Gate House Crew...

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

A dozen PAPER TARGETS have been set-up at one end of The
Yard... Hector Calvo, clear across the way, sights his
M25 SNIPER RIFLE... He squeezes off a shot...

Missing all 12 targets... Pumple, at the targets, keys
his walkie...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

Nothing...

Callahan, by The Brothers, hears Pumple on his walkie...

CALLAHAN

Got some rust on the rails, huh?

GASPER CALVO

Un poco --

Gaspar looks at his brother. Nods...

And then, almost in a blur, *Hector fires 12 times, bolt-action reloading between shots...*

Pumple, at the targets, looks amazed. All 12 targets have been perfectly center-punched... He keys his walkie.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

Better...

The Bullseye Brothers grin at Callahan... And WE HEAR:

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Three --

ALL (O.S.)

Shots Behind The Tree...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Four --

ALL (O.S.)

Arsenic quiets the roar...

EXT. THE OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Doc Awful and Creepy Karl traverse the RUBBER TIRE COURSE together... Creepy Karl gives Doc Awful a shove. Doc Awful trips-up, falls in the mud, and then comes after Creepy Karl with everything he's got...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Five --

ALL (O.S.)

Find The Girl Alive...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Six --

ALL (O.S.)

A-Team Hits The Bricks...

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

- Denny The Detonator runs munitions drills... Running det cord between platter charges and making them explode.

- Truffles practices in a jerry-rigged mine field. Armed with a pair of pliers and fat, pillow-like pads strapped to the bottoms of his boots, to distribute his weight and dull the impact of his footsteps...

He discovers and defuses the mines with an eerie acumen.

- Jukebox Jones checks the COMM KITS, downloading files to his RUGGEDIZED LAPTOP...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Seven --

ALL (O.S.)

Send More Bads To Heaven...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Eight --

ALL (O.S.)

Archer Don't Be Late...

Archer walks into The Yard. He carries a heavy BACKPACK. He opens it and takes out a strange-looking contraption, not unlike a "jet-pack" out of a sci-fi tale...

JUKEBOX JONES

Whatcha got there -- ?

ARCHER

Say hello to "Lulu", boys... My one true love...

Lulu is an RP-CAV (Remotely-Piloted Combat Air Vehicle). A DRONE. Her center section is the sensor/engine, while the two slightly smaller outer pods are air-launched WEAPONS, similar to Hellfires...

Archer uses a REMOTE CONTROL, and small tubular modules, mounted outboard, release INFLATABLE WINGS, each about two feet long...

Lulu is painted with tiger stripes; fangs; big, red lips, and a single, Cyclopean EYE.

Archer has also outfitted the drone with an iPod and small speakers... And we HEAR the CHURCH BELL GONGS and OPENING RIFF of AC/DC's "Hell's Bells"...

DOC AWFUL

What does she do -- ?

ARCHER

Watch and learn...

And Archer hits the remote... And Lulu actually deploys... Taking off, vertically...

It is quite impressive... As Lulu is now some 20 feet in the air... Archer guiding her with the remote...

But then, suddenly, she sputters, farts, the music cuts-out, and Lulu comes crashing to the ground... Laughter all around... Archer isn't happy...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Nine --

ALL (O.S.)

Red Light Means It's Time...

INT. MOCK STRUCTURE- DAY

A small structure has been built. Lined with equipment and presided over by life-sized MANNEQUINS...

When the door is KICKED-IN. By All About Arsenic. Whose flamethrower spits a fiery jet and incinerates both the equipment and the mannequins...

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Murder Man obliterates the obstacles in his way (a wall, a balance beam, a cargo net - rather than scale them)...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tourak Halaak educates them on what to expect...

TOURAK HALAAK

Everyone we encounter, once we get into the Northern Territory, is an enemy. They see you, they will kill you...

JUKEBOX JONES

Yeah, yeah, we know: shoot first, ask questions later...

TOURAK HALAAK

They will have no interest in questions. It is shoot first, piss on your corpse later.

WALKING FISH (O.S.)

Number Ten --

ALL (O.S.)

Denny Shuts Them In...

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

N.K. races through the obstacle course, passing everyone else... The dog is skilled, nimble, expert...

WALKING FISH (O.S.)
Number Eleven --

ALL (O.S.)
Remember Number Seven...

Creepy Karl laughs, swollen with pride...

INT. ARMORY - DAY

The cons are outfitted... We go from MAN TO MAN - as they are given the gear specific to their needs... (All About Arsenic with a LPO-50 flamethrower; Gasper Calvo with a SR25 Sniper Support Rifle, etc.)...

Denny The Detonator loads up his trick bag with C4, fuses, remote detonators, an M72 LAW rocket, pin-flare gun, and... Most important of all: 100-Mile-An-Hour Tape. Rolls and rolls of DUCT TAPE...

They gather the items common to all: HK SOCOM pistols with suppressors... Night vision, IR lasers, personal radios, fragmentary grenades, food, water, blankets, ammo, IV bags, strobe lights with IR filters...

As our TRAINING SEQUENCE COMES TO A CLOSE, off to the side, Callahan and Murder Man watch the gear-up... Callahan looks worried...

MURDER MAN
Have no fear, Cap. We'll bring the shake...

CALLAHAN
I need these boys to be at their best. Right now... They're not...

MURDER MAN
We cannot change what we are...

CALLAHAN
No -- ?

MURDER MAN
You can ask a crocodile to go to the prom. You can dress her in a gown and buy her a corsage. But chances are, when you go to take a piss, you will return to find that the crocodile has eaten the band. Because, try as she might, she is a crocodile. It is in her very DNA to devour things. Just as it is in our very DNA to fuck shit up. You cannot change this, Callahan. All you can really do, is choose not to take a crocodile to the prom...

Off of Callahan's look of profound dread --

INT. COLLINSWORTH PRISON - STAFF BARRACKS - NIGHT

Douglas Peck follows Lieutenant Pumple down a dim corridor... They come to a door... Pumple knocks... We HEAR A MUFFLED:

CALLAHAN (O.S.)
No one in here but us ancient
lizards!

INT. CALLAHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peck enters the small room, illuminated by the weak light of a single bulb... To find Callahan... And a bottle of bourbon... He's drunk...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Dougie. Have you come to gaze
upon The Wreck Of The Edmund
Fitzgerald?
(sings)
*"The legend lives on from the
Chippewa on down/Of the big lake
they call Gitche Gume... "*

He laughs... Pumple turns on the desk top COMPUTER...

DOUGLAS PECK
What are you doing?

CALLAHAN
Having a drink. And a song.
Where is old Gordon Lightfoot when
you need him most?

DOUGLAS PECK
T.C. --

CALLAHAN (SINGS)
*"Does anyone know where the love
of God goes/When the words turn
the minutes to hours... ?"*

Callahan reaches for his bottle... Peck grabs him... Slams him against the wall...

DOUGLAS PECK
I swear to God, T.C. --

And Peck looks like he may even punch him. Until:

CALLAHAN
They can't be led...

Callahan shakes his head...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
And I can't lead them.

DOUGLAS PECK
Tom--

CALLAHAN
They're unfit. I'm unfit. This
whole fucking thing is unfit.
There's gotta be another way...

Peck looks at him, disgusted... Then:

DOUGLAS PECK
There *is* another way...

Peck nods to Pumple... Pumple holds up a sealed ENVELOPE.

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE
This just came rush delivery from
the D.O.D. Marked "EYES ONLY"

Pumple opens the envelope. Inside is a small, metallic
FLASH DRIVE... Pumple loads it into the COMPUTER USB
PORT. An IMAGE comes to life: that same DEGRADED VIDEO.

ON THE MONITOR: Callie. Only she wears the traditional
hijab... She is weeping... The strength she had shown
earlier is gone. Now she is just a scared girl...

Behind her, MEN IN HEADDRESS stand... One Man speaks...
An English TRANSLATOR communicates his message:

TRANSLATOR (O.S.)
The U.S. Government has responded,
first with defiance, which we
quelled. Now with silence. They
must believe our words are true...

As the Irishman, Gloy, is wrestled into view... A DAGGER
is pressed to Gloy's throat... Callie's screams electrify
the transmission, the image crackles to STATIC.

Peck turns to Callahan...

DOUGLAS PECK
Callie dies. *That's* the other
way...

Callahan is as grim as we've seen him... He looks at
Peck... At Pumple... He nods... Then:

CUT TO:

A C-17 GLOBEMASTER III RESUPPLY PLANE

Wide-bodied, and some 170-feet from winglet tip to
winglet tip, sits on the gnarly tarmac of --

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

Callahan watches, still a little mossy with hangover, as through a large aft door, MILITARY VEHICLES and PALLETIZED CARGO are loaded onto the plane...

PILOTS and LOADMASTERS perform pre-flight maintenance and ensure the plane is properly loaded...

As a HUMMER pulls up. And Lieutenant Pumple and the others emerge from it, all in olive-drab fatigues, with their chutes, guns, gear, rucksacks... As they pass Callahan, Gasper clocks his withered condition:

GASPER CALVO

Got some rust on the rails, huh, Callahan?

CALLAHAN

Get on-board, Gasper...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

Everything in order -- ?

CALLAHAN

As "in order" as it can be. When one is parachuting, into enemy territory, with a bunch of maniacs who have little left to lose...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

If you succeed, we'll see you when you cross the Chinese border for exfiltration...

Before Callahan can respond, The LOADMASTER is before him, offering a salute and a clipboard...

LOADMASTER

Welcome, sir. To the weekly cargo flight to Afghanistan. We will be taking a slight detour on your behalf...

Callahan checks the lading. As an SUV, with tinted windows, pulls onto the tarmac... Douglas Peck emerges... He goes to Callahan...

DOUGLAS PECK

Thank you, T.C...

Peck hands Callahan a PLASTIC BAG...

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

You asked for this...

Callahan pulls a burgundy-knit GIRL'S SWEATER out of the bag. Clearly Callie's. Just looking at it puts a hitch in Peck's voice...

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

And here's...

Peck hands him a PHOTOGRAPH. Of Callie. A proud graduation photo, the young Callie's smile shines bright.

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

She could have had any material thing in the world. And all she wanted to do... Was to be a voice for people without any material thing in the world...

Tears in his eyes, Peck looks up at Callahan...

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

I thought you could use this, too... Remember it?

He hands Callahan a battered WRISTWATCH with a huge face.

CALLAHAN

The Hourglass...

DOUGLAS PECK

Still ticking after all that time in Africa. I've set it for you...

And Callahan hits the display. And we see that it is a DIGITAL READ-OUT. Counting backwards. It reads 53:47...

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

You have just under 54 hours...

Callahan puts the watch on his wrist. Then:

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

Bring her back, T.C. Bring our little girl home...

INT. C-17 - NIGHT

Where Archer watches Callahan and Peck say goodbye...

ARCHER

That poor sonuvabitch. Putting all of his hopes and dreams in us rat-bag-of-fucks...

EXT. C-17 - DAY

The C-17s's JETS come to life...

INT. C-17 - DAY

Forward of the cargo hold, Callahan straps in...

CREEPY KARL
Well, it ain't no First Class,
Callahan...

JUKEBOX ES
Creepy Karl, you steroid
swallowin, swastika-wearin', "HEE-
HAW"-watchin', dog-fucker. Like
you ever been in First Class...

N.K. growls menacingly in Jukebox Jones' direction...

CREEPY KARL
Jones, don't make us kill a man,
not but 14 minutes after bein'
sprung from the soak...

Laughter. As the PLANE ROARS to life and...

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - AIRSTRIP - DAY

... takes off.

INT. C-17 - IN-FLIGHT - DAY

Everyone is strapped in. Even the dog. The atmosphere
is, oddly, festive. Gasper Calvo turns to Truffles, who
is reading his bible...

GASPER CALVO
Seven nurses. That's advanced,
homes...

Truffles shrugs, a slight smile spreading across his
feminine features...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
You're a pretty good-looking guy,
Truffles. Why rape? Dinner and a
movie and I'm sure you're closing.

WALKING FISH
Rape is not about sex, Denny.
Rape is about power...

GASPER CALVO
Aw, that's bullshit, man. People
always be saying that. Rape is
about sex. If it involves the
dick, it's about sex...

Hector Calvo chuckles. Gasper turns to Truffles...

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)
Your dick involved, nug?

TRUFFLES
Jesus showed me the way...

GASPER CALVO

Jesus? Jesus said: "Love Thy Neighbor." He didn't say "Force Thy Neighbor To Buy A Rape Whistle!"

The Calvo Brothers laugh. Truffles shrugs. From across the hold, Doc Awful stares at Truffles darkly...

Archer pulls an iPod from his bag... He attaches it to mini-speakers...

TRUFFLES

Proverbs 6:16-19: "There are six things the Lord hates, seven that are detestable to him: haughty eyes; a lying tongue; hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that devises wicked schemes; feet that are quick to rush into evil; a false witness who pours out lies; and a man who stirs up dissension among brothers..."

ARCHER

Well, good for us! I think we got 'em all covered!!

Laughter. And Archer presses play on the iPod. The song is Grand Funk's classic rock gem "We're An American Band"

Whoops and hollers from the others. Gasper Calvo boogies. Denny The Detonator can air-guitar like a motherfucker. Even Doc Awful smiles...

Tourak Halaak sits alone. Callahan sits next to him...

CALLAHAN

How you doing, Tourak -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK

I am all right. And I want to thank you for including me. It shows you do not share your government's belief about my politics...

CALLAHAN

Hey, I just needed a guide...

TOURAK HALAAK

And I just needed an opportunity to get back to my family...

EXT. C-17 - DAY

As it flies into the clouds... Still, we HEAR the VOICES of the guys singing along with:

GRAND FUNK (O.S.)
*"We're an American band/We're an
 American band/We're coming to your
 town/We'll help you party it
 down/We're an American band... "*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. C-17 - IN-FLIGHT - LATER - NIGHT

Most of the men are asleep. But then the JUMP LIGHTS
 come on at the rear ramp...

CALLAHAN
 Thirty minutes out.

Everyone slips on their MC-5 PARACHUTES... And begin pre-
 breathing from their OXYGEN MASKS, to eliminate the
 nitrogen from their blood...

JUKEBOX JONES
 HAHO jump. We're I'm from - the
 only time we say HAHO, is when
 we're trying to get some bitch's
 attention... Ya know: Hey, Ho - !

CALLAHAN
 Stand up --

The men shuffle to the back of the plane in a long
 line... Helmets and goggles are slapped over jittery
 faces... Helmets, goggles. Chem lights are lashed to
 legs.

At the window, The Loadmaster keeps watch, making radio
 calls to the pilots in the cockpit, through headsets...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 Hook up.

And the men hook their STATIC LINES up to a WIRE running
 the length of the plane... Creepy Karl has N.K. strapped
 into a special harness fixed to his own gear...

ARCHER
 Isn't that adorable? Man's best
 friend. Unless, of course, you're
 black, brown, Jap, or Jew...

Callahan moves down the column of men, checking the
 static lines, working his way from the front of the plane
 to the tailgate...

CALLAHAN
 Sound-off for equipment check!

And each man echoes the command over his shoulder, checks himself, then the man in front of him, for any problems, with either their rucksacks - dangling behind their legs - or their parachutes...

And each man slaps the pack of the man in front of him, yelling a muffled "all okay!"

The plane drops altitude, coming to 18,000 feet or so... The tailgate is lowered... Showing the black void below, wind rushing in...

INT. C-17 COCKPIT - NIGHT

As the PILOTS make adjustments for the drop, a WARNING ALARM SOUND...

INT. C-17 - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The Loadmaster, at the window, sees it through his night vision...

It is a MISSILE.

Surface-To-Air. Target-locked. The Loadmaster screams into his headset:

LOADMASTER
SAFIRE! SAFIRE! SAFIRE!

JUKEBOX JONES
What the hell is--

The pilots jerk the plane, in evasive action...

The plane dives and banks rapidly, knocking the jumpers to the deck...

But the missile flies with incredible speed. EXPLODING near the wing of the C-17. SHRAPNEL pierces the hull, all the way to the cockpit...

The Loadmaster is ripped in half... The nets and straps holding the cargo are torn, and crates and gear fall...

It is a tangle of confusion... Men splayed across the belly of the plane...

Callahan helps Doc Awful to his feet...

CALLAHAN
GRAB WHAT YOU CAN AND FOLLOW ME!

And Callahan jumps from the plane... After a beat, Doc Awful follows. Jumping after Callahan.

And all of the men begin TO LEAP from the shimmying plane, controlling their pace, ensuring a three-second gap between each man...

The cargo hold is filling with smoke. The plane begins to plummet, rapidly losing altitude...

The last to leap are Hector Calvo and Walking Fish...

They claw for the tailgate, the plane now steeped into a dive, it is near impossible to get aft...

It shakes violently, as the port engine disintegrates..

Walking Fish and Hector Calvo are nearly run over by a pallet, which slides out the ramp like a runaway truck...

Somehow, improbably, the pilot straightens her out, albeit momentarily...

Hector Calvo and Walking Fish essentially fall-out of the plane... But too close together...

And, on his way out, Hector Calvo's head *hits the rim of the tailgate*... And he is knocked unconscious...

Walking Fish's chute opens... And Hector eats it...
Falling between the open canopy and Walking Fish...

Walking Fish screams at the unconscious Hector Calvo...
Trying to disentangle them...

But then Hector's chute opens... Dragging him into the bottom of Walking Fish's chute, as both parachutes collapse and Hector is hopelessly snared...

CALLAHAN AND THE OTHERS

Have settled into their free-fall... Canopies open...
Chem lights strapped to their legs... They can see
Walking Fish and Hector Calvo's trouble...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC HE'S GIFT-WRAPPED - !

Hector Calvo and Walking Fish tumble through the air...
Walking Fish screaming at Hector... But the sound of
rushing wind, and their oxygen masks, muffle everything.

At last, Walking Fish takes a KNIFE from his side sheath.

And *CUTS AWAY* Hector's chute...

Pushing himself off and away from the knocked-out sniper.

And Hector Calvo, his chute shorn, begins to plummet...
His back-up chute not opening...

Gasper Calvo watches all...

GASPER CALVO MOTHERFUCKING PIG-FUCKER -- !

And Gasper Calvo takes out his own knife. And, to the horror of the others, cuts away his "main" chute...

CALLAHAN

GASPER -- !

But Gasper goes into an insane power-dive...

Aiming straight for his imperiled younger brother...

Gasper dives through the dark clouds... Nearing Hector...
Tumbling into the abyss...

But the jumpers' attention is momentarily spun around...

As the crippled C-17 has descended, through the clouds,
SLAMMING INTO A NEARBY MOUNTAIN, EXPLODING ON CONTACT...

When Callahan and the team turn back to where The
Bullseye Brothers had been, they see that --

The Bullseye Brothers are gone.

EXT. RIVERAIN FOREST - NORTHERN PAKISTAN - DAWN

As they descend, working their toggles, Callahan leading
them down... Chem lights are switched off...

They are over a VERY LARGE CONIFEROUS FOREST, amidst
mountains, valleys, terrible terrain...

No open place to land.

Callahan clocks an area that has the sparsest vegetation.
A hole hacked into the dense forest of junipers...

He heads for it... The others follow... Making their
landings. Some catch low trees... Others hit hard earth.

Truffles and Tourak Halaak land off-course, on the other
side of a mixed stand of arjun and fir...

Callahan's chute gets caught on the high branches of a
chiligoza tree... He is snared, some 30 feet above the
ground...

His RUCKSACK is snagged on a branch, a few feet away...

As the men get to their feet, shucking their chutes and
gathering them up...

The sun is just starting to rise in the distance...
Casting the forest in a slightly-haunted, syrupy glow...

JUKEBOX JONES

That was all kindsa no-fun!

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Who the hell shot us down -- ?

CREEPY KARL
And where the fuck are we -- ?

Archer spots Callahan, in the trees, struggling to get out of his chute...

ARCHER
Well, lookit that.

And the others follow his gaze...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Like a decoration. An adornment.
A garnish...

CREEPY KARL
Christmas tree tinsel...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Fuzzy dice.

CALLAHAN
That's funny. Look, Ma, I jumped out of a plane with Groucho, Harpo and Fucko. Two of you schloos wanna set a perimeter? Murder Man? Denny? And Jones, you wanna figure out exactly where we are? Can you handle that?

JUKEBOX JONES
I suppose. Of course, I ain't never taken no orders from no motherfuckin' pinata before...

MURDER MAN
And me without my big stick...

CALLAHAN
Just do it.

Murder Man and Denny The Detonator grab their M4s...
Jukebox Jones goes to his GPS and punches in some coordinates...

Callahan struggles to unhook his reserve static line, so he can release his reserve chute, rather than cut away his main, which would cause him to fall to the ground...

Jukebox Jones squints at his GPS...

JUKEBOX JONES
I got two ghosts. Nothing solid.
The trees are blocking the signal.
We might have to hike out before we get any coverage...

Tourak Halaak and Truffles have arrived...

CREEPY KARL

Look who it is: The Sheik and The Freak...

DOC AWFUL

We're all accounted for. Save for The Bullseye Brothers...

Murder Man turns to Walking Fish:

MURDER MAN

Don't mind my saying: but that was boo-koo cold what you did up there...

WALKING FISH

We were both gonna die...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

How we supposed to pull this off without them... ?

WALKING FISH

Try and raise them on the radio. If they survived, they should--

JUKEBOX JONES

Between the mountains and the miles, their radios ain't worth dick-ass-shit...

Callahan unhooks his RSL and releases his reserve. But it gets caught on a lower branch. He tries to untangle it.

JUKEBOX JONES (CONT'D)

Write this down: WG12345678.

WALKING FISH

Roger that...

The two bend over A MAP and plot their location...

WALKING FISH (CONT'D)

Fug...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

What is it -- ?

WALKING FISH

We're about 180 miles from the Oh-Bee-Jay...

JUKEBOX JONES

180 bad-ass miles...

A few of the others gather around, clocking the map...

WALKING FISH

There's a lot of dry, hot desert
and big, dangerous mountain passes
between us and The Objective...

CREEPY KARL

Not to mention thousands and
thousands of scazed muldoons
waiting to shoot us up...

Denny The Detonator points to the screen...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

What's that right there -- ?

JUKEBOX JONES

That's China. That's Afghanistan.
That's Tajikistan. And that's us.
So ya see: it's like we done won
a contest...

TRUFFLES

What contest -- ?

JUKEBOX JONES

The "*Most-Fucked-Up-Place-In-The-
World-For-A-Bunch-Of-Americans-To-
Be-Lost-In*" Contest... !

Callahan shouts down from above, where he is still trying
to free himself from the treetops...

CALLAHAN

Murder Man. Denny. I told you to
secure the perimeter...

ARCHER

I got a better idea: I have a
cousin in China. Let's leave
Callahan's trick-ass on the
dangle, and go get us some moo-shu
pork... Whaddya say, fellas?

The others consider... Eyes tick up to Callahan, who
continues to try and free himself from the canopy's
tangle... Doc Awful shakes his head...

DOC AWFUL

We're here to do a job...

JUKEBOX JONES

"Do a job"? Black, which one of
the things the U.S. Military done
to you wasn't clear they hating-on
your fucking guts? The part where
they put you in a cage for the
rest of your days? The part where
they took away all your rights?

(MORE)

JUKEBOX JONES (CONT'D)

Or the part where they sent you
here to die like a kitty-cat in a
Korean kitchen -- ?

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

He's right. I say we go.

DENNY THE DETONATOR

What about Callahan -- ?

MURDER MAN

Leave him here...

CREEPY KARL

I agree...

ARCHER

Woo-hoo! Congratulations,
Callahan! You're so despised,
you've managed to create an
alliance between the Negro-hating
Nazi and the Nazi-hating Negro...

But then there is a RUMBLING from further down...

To where a rickety, tarpaulin-covered Soviet-made
PERSONNEL CARRIER TRANSPORT VEHICLE, pulls up alongside
the dirt path wending through the forest...

It is followed by a TOYOTA PICK-UP, also with a tarp
stretched-out over its bed...

M4 carbines are grabbed and raised... Some of the men hit
the crouch, others take cover behind the junipers...

As a LONE MAN emerges from the transport vehicle... He
appears startled at the sight of all these Westerners
drawing-down on him...

He says something in staccato Farsi... N.K. growls at
him, but Creepy Karl holds the dog back...

The Lone Man begins to slowly approach, his hands
skyward... In the face of all those carbine bores...

JUKEBOX JONES

Homeboy's got some fatty testicles
on him...

Tourak Halaak looks above... To Callahan... Callahan
nods... Tourak Halaak steps toward the Lone Man...

CREEPY KARL

The hell you doing -- ?

But Tourak Halaak begins to converse with the man... As
the others wait, coiled... Up above, Callahan gropes for
his rucksack... Tourak Halaak turns back to the others...

TOURAK HALAAK

He is offering us a ride. To his village. He says they are friendly...

JUKEBOX JONES

"Friendly"? Yeah, until they're serving us for dinner on their pita bread... Murder Man, you look like you'd be delicious with a side of *baba ganoush*...

And the Lone Man walks back toward his truck... Imploring them to follow... Waving them onward...

ARCHER

He seems nice enough. C'mon, worldwide gangstas. Next stop: *Hong Kong!*

And Archer makes to follow... But Doc Awful stops him:

DOC AWFUL

What about Callahan? We can't just leave him?

ARCHER

You're right. That wouldn't be honorable of us. Oh, but wait: we're *criminals!* Phew! Another thorny moral dilemma solved... !

Archer heads toward the trucks... Doc Awful and Denny exchange a glance... They don't like this one bit...

A glance up to Callahan, watching all, in silent dread...

WALKING FISH

This isn't the way things are supposed to be done...

TOURAK HALAAK

Says the man who attaches jumper cables to the nipples of other men...

Walking Fish shoots him a fiery glare... Murder Man laughs... All About Arsenic and Truffles go to fetch their drag bags and rucksacks...

Denny The Detonator looks up at Callahan:

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Sorry, dude. I, for one, thought you were okay...

And he follows the others toward the vehicles. Only Doc Awful and Walking Fish hang back...

And Callahan clocks it before any of the others... But before he can shout his warning --

-- the tarp on the back of the Toyota is unfurled --

Revealing the PKT BELT-FED COAXIAL MACHINE-GUN, on a tripod, bolted to the bed... TWO MEN WORK IT... One feeds the belt, the other rides the gun...

And, before anyone can process this, heavy rimmed rounds are blasted at them...

Everyone runs for cover, away from the ambush line... As -

SIX OR SEVEN OTHER MEN

emerge from the transport-vehicle, Kalashnikovs blazing --

As an extremely chaotic firefight erupts. Dirt and stone and trees and smoke fill the air between the enemies...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

is trying to make it to his gear. But he is pinned down, his bag of tricks on the other side of the clearing. All he can do is return fire with his pistol...

MURDER MAN

has set up his M240G MACHINE GUN... From this supported position, Murder Man slams 7.62 ammo drums into the heavy weapon, and unleashes a volley of destruction:

It's high rate of fire... Insane 507-round bursts, which disintegrate trees, render a stone wall to rubble. And cut two of the attackers into six or seven little pieces.

ARCHER AND DOC AWFUL

blast back with their M4s, in single-fire mode, 30-round magazines emptying in four seconds...

DOC AWFUL

Guess there's a reason they keep you in the rear with the gear...

ARCHER

Yeah, yeah. Shut the fuck up and kill these assholes dead...

JUKEBOX JONES

takes one to the chest. He goes down hard. All About Arsenic pulls him into the cover of a stand of mangroves.

The others are taking a lot of heat... Most have been separated from their drag bags; their ammo reserves, and clips soon empty, rendering them unable to return fire...

Truffles, Walking Fish, Creepy Karl, N.K., and Denny The Detonator are pinned behind one stand of trees...

All About Arsenic, Tourak Halaak, Murder Man, and the fallen Jukebox Jones are behind another...

While Archer and Doc Awful are behind a third...

TRUFFLES AND DENNY THE DETONATOR

fire on empty clips...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
MOTHERFUCKER. I'M OUT... !

TRUFFLES
ME, TOO... !

CREEPY KARL
HELLUVA BUNCH OF BAD-ASSES! FIRST
SHIT WE SEE WE GET SCRAGGED!

Indeed. The ground is chewed-up before them. Smoke and dirt and cordite create a greasy, impenetrable fog...

Things are grim... Jukebox Jones' breathing is jagged, fricative, as if he's got broken seashells in his lungs.

Tourak Halaak holds Jukebox Jones' hand...

TOURAK HALAAK
Hold on, my friend. Just hold on.

The stand of juniper in front of Archer and Doc Awful crumbles into splinters beneath a barrage of gunfire from the technical...

Archer and Doc Awful crawl for cover... But there's none to be found...

ARCHER
We are boned, bro -- !

All of the men are out of ammo and under fire. Their attackers can smell victory and begin to whoop --

When, at once, the technical EXPLODES in a fireball, its gunner fricasseed... Hot shrapnel cleaves several of the other attackers into neat piles of gore...

The others look up... To the treetops... Where

CALLAHAN

has his M4 equipped with grenade-launcher... He breech-loads another 40mm grenade...

Callahan elevates, aligns the range, and there is a slight "thump" sound as the second grenade is launched...

This one lands near two other attackers (including the Lone Man - the first one to reveal himself)... KA-BOOM!

Callahan slides the grenade barrel forward, the round falls out the back, and another round is slid into place.

He fires another well-aimed shot, launched in another arc with amazing accuracy...

The rest of the marauders run. One tries to get into the transport vehicle, but Callahan peppers the ground around him, and he beats a hasty retreat into the woods...

And soon, they are all gone. Leaving just their fallen comrades - like broken toy soldiers - and the burning technical... The transport vehicle remains, unharmed...

As the members of the crew emerge from their hiding spots... Looking up at Callahan...

Who slides down his reserve chute, landing softly on the ravaged ground before them...

Archer and the others regard him...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

And that's why they pay him the big bucks... !

But Callahan ignores them... Going to where Doc Awful and Tourak Halaak are by the fallen Jukebox Jones...

CALLAHAN

How is he -- ?

Doc Awful doesn't respond... Jukebox struggles to speak:

JUKEBOX JONES

See now, I know the Doc is the quiet type and all. But when he don't answer that question? That's what we call a "Bad Sign".

CALLAHAN

You'll be fine, Jones...

JUKEBOX JONES

Yeah, well. I just come to a decision, Callahan: I don't want to go on your little rescue mission to Pakistan. I'd rather stay in the soak and watch my Rae Dawn Chong DVDs...

A goozlum of blood wells-up from Jukebox Jones' mouth...

JUKEBOX JONES (CONT'D)

Aw, shit... Now that's what we call "Bad Sign #2..."

From the transport vehicle, All About Arsenic calls out:

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
CALLAHAN! OVER HERE!

They walk over, to where All About Arsenic and Walking Fish, M4s raised, look into back of the transport...

At THREE MEN, none older than 18 - in waist-chains and leg irons - whimpering in the filthy hold of the truck...

CREEPY KARL
This day just keeps on getting
better, don't it?

Tourak Halaak speaks to the men in *Farsi*. Their leader - a boy of 18, wears a t-shirt with Paris Hilton on it, the words "*That's Hot!*" beneath her - does the talking.

The other two cower, wide-eyed with fear... The inside of the vehicle has been shot to shit in the skirmish...

TOURAK HALAAK
They have been kidnapped. They
are from another tribe than those
we just engaged. They were to be
ransomed. Their worth just now
being decided...

Creepy Karl slams a taped four-clip into his carbine...

CREEPY KARL
I come to a decision: they
oughtta be dead. Like every other
rat-raper in this Godforsaken pile
of pus...

And he raises his gun... And the three men recoil...

CALLAHAN
Hold on now, Karl --

CREEPY KARL
What -- ?

ARCHER
He's right, freak-show. Let's
just take a pause for the cause...

CREEPY KARL
Everyone here is an enemy.

Callahan ignores him... But then:

DOC AWFUL (O.S.)
Callahan -- !

All heads swivel... To where Doc Awful is still crouched
by Jukebox Jones...

A very dead Jukebox Jones.

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)

He's gone.

As this lands... Callahan turns to Murder Man:

CALLAHAN

Let them go...

And now everyone looks at Callahan, surprised...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

The last thing we need is to stir up more shit. We just wiped-out this bunch... You want another tribe after us? Let them go...

And Murder Man has found a hatchet in the back of the vehicle... He sets to hacking at the chains...

Free of their restraints, the first two race off and away, vanishing into the dense undergrowth of the forest.

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Bad move, Callahan. You know how these kind of things end: with one of those kids cutting our throats when we least expect it...

Paris Hilton Kid is the last to go... He says something to Tourak Halaak, and then races off after his friends.

ARCHER

What did he say?

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

He said: "welcome to Hell, very stupid men..."

EXT. RIVERAIN FOREST - LATER - DAY

Murder Man and Doc Awful have finished digging a shallow grave... They slide the body over to it... Drop him in...

WALKING FISH

Someone should say something --

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

What? I don't know dick about this guy. Does anybody else?

The thought sits. They don't. Then:

DOC AWFUL

He came here. Hoping to get out of his situation. He took a chance. We all took the same chance.

(MORE)

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
Maybe it will end up better for us
than it did for him. Or maybe...
When all is said and done. Maybe
we'll think of *him* as the lucky
one...

(beat)
Rest in peace, Jukebox Jones...

And Doc Awful tosses some dirt into the hole... And walks
off, the others watching after him...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Fucking life of the party, that
dude...

Callahan looks at his watch. Countdown reads: 38:17.

CALLAHAN
Fill it. And let's move out. We
got almost 200 miles to cover,
we'll have to move in daylight to
make up the time...

And he walks off... After he's gone...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Does it bother anyone that
Callahan's not more pissed-off?
We *did* just almost leave him
hanging here...

ARCHER
He can't be pissed-off. Because
The Great And Powerful Oz didn't
give him a heart. He told
Callahan, "*hearts can never be
practical until they can be made
unbreakable.*" And gave him a big
red watch instead!

Archer chuckles and follows the others to the transport
vehicle. Denny The Detonator shakes his head. Looks up
to the sky, to God:

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Well, I for one, am just thankful
I'm not deep in enemy territory,
on a suicide mission with a pack
of freaks and ghouls, to save some
rich stranger's daughter from a
worse pack of freaks and ghouls.
Oh, wait...

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - NORTH-WEST FRONTIER - DAY

Murder Man is at the wheel, wrestling with the transport
vehicle's muscular transmission. Tourak Halaak is beside
him. The rest are hidden in the back of the truck...

TOURAK HALAAK
Look at you: driving.

The truck trundles down the MOTORWAY - a rutted, pot-holed *kutchapukka* road of mud and brick...

But despite the rickety ride - the transport vehicle's shock absorbers were built for endurance not to soothe - these are beautiful environs they're passing through:

Alpine meadows and permanent snow lines, beneath towering, desolate, cloud-capped plateaus, far-off in the distance, across hot, dusty desert...

They pass HERDERS and TRADERS, with their mule-packs of wool and tea and machine parts...

Doc Awful turns to Callahan...

DOC AWFUL
Thanks for back there --

Callahan nods...

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
You okay?

CALLAHAN
I'm fine. Although I'd be more "okay" if you could suddenly turn into a bottle of Jim Beam...

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

Murder Man sees something up ahead --

MURDER MAN
Oh, no.

Tourak Halaak follows his gaze... To the

MILITARY CHECKPOINT

Up ahead. Blocking the road. Murder Man stops the truck

MURDER MAN (CONT'D)
Callahan...

Callahan leans up from the rear... He grimaces...

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Fairly ragtag. A GUARD TOWER, 30 feet high, stands on one side of the dirt road, two bored GUARDS upon it.

East of the tower, there is a drop-off into a deep ravine, surrounded by concrete barricades and camouflage pickets, topped with swirls of concertina wire...

On the other side of the road, an old SANDBAG BUNKER has been erected, a large MACHINE-GUN is mounted here, and seven or eight GUARDS smoke and chat around it...

A large WOODEN BARRIER is lowered across the road, preventing passage...

This checkpoint is jointly-manned by PAKISTANI ARMY SOLDIERS and FRONTIER CORPS TROOPS...

All staring at the truck, idling some 40 feet from them.

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - DAY

As they assess:

MURDER MAN (CONT'D)

What should we do -- ?

The Pakistani Army Soldiers have raised their weapons...

TOURAK HALAAK

Perhaps I can talk us through...

The Frontier Corps Troops are setting up a perimeter...

CALLAHAN

Maybe. But we need a back-up.

ARCHER

Denny, you got the fixings for a "Boopsy-Drop"?

DENNY THE DETONATOR

I think so...

DOC AWFUL

What's a "Boopsy-Drop"... ?

CREEPY KARL

Whatever it is: it better be quick on the uptake...

Because several of The Frontier Corp Troops are walking toward the transport vehicle...

Denny The Detonator takes out his trick-bag. He grabs a burlap claymore bag (20 yards of coiled claymore wire attached to a mine)...

Denny takes the CLAYMORE from it, and removes the mine from the wire, snapping it free, tossing the mine aside.

Then he plugs the fuse into a chunk of C4 the size of a bar of soap...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Something heavy --

All About Arsenic holds up one of the waist-chains that had restrained the three kids...

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)

Perfect...

Denny takes his roll of 100-Mile-An-Hour-Tape and wraps the C4 to the waist-chain...

Fuse and C4 are now taped to the waist-chain... Denny leans out by the rear wheel well, and drops the assembly out like an anchor...

It lands on the ground... And Denny holds up the claymore CLACKER. He nods to Callahan. Who calls to Murder Man:

CALLAHAN

Let's go --

Murder Man puts her in gear... And, as they move forward, *the claymore wire begins to unfurl neatly from the burlap bag on Denny's lap, daisy-chained through the rubber-band rigging, and trailing the truck...*

As they near the checkpoint, the soldiers shout at them to stop... Guns are pointed... Hectic faces...

Murder Man stops the transport vehicle. And they are immediately assaulted by raised guns, suspicious eyes, and furious gouts of *Farsi*...

Tourak Halaak, hands raised, begins to speak to the TROOP LEADER, a large man with a beard that seems to cover his entire face, giving him the unsettling look of a werewolf

Tourak Halaak listens as two of the GUARDS converse in *SUB-TITLED FARSI*...

GUARD #1 (SUBTITLE)

Does it matter if we let them pass? They will, no doubt, meet the same fate as the last rescue team of Americans...

GUARD #2 (SUBTITLE)

Properly massacred?

And there is great laughter at this... Tourak looks deeply troubled...

The soldiers open the rear of the vehicle... There is much shouting... Guns are pointed... It's quickly gone from bad to worse... N.K. barks his head off...

CREEPY KARL

We can take down these muldoons --

He is reaching for his pistol, out of sight beside him...

CALLAHAN
Stand-down, Karl...

One of the soldiers spits at them... A few others
snigger... Callahan calls up front:

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Tourak -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK
They want us to get out of the
vehicle...

Continued screaming... A soldier FIRES his machine-gun
into the air... Imploring the Americans to get out...

ARCHER
"Boopsy-Drop."

Callahan sees Creepy Karl is inches away from his gun...
From the whole thing erupting...

CALLAHAN
Go for it...

And Denny clacks his claymore clacker. Once. Hard.

And, KA-BOOM! 30 feet back, where he dropped the C4,
there is an ENORMOUS EXPLOSION... Soldiers dive for
cover, firing their guns back at the concussion...

Creating just the diversion they need... As Murder Man
floors it... And the transport vehicle crashes through
the checkpoint, unimpeded, all of the soldiers in the
dirt, emptying their clips at the big hole in the ground.

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

As they race through the checkpoint and on into the
Northern Territory... There are big whoops and howls...
Denny The Detonator is back-slapped and noogied...

TRUFFLES
They gonna come after us -- ?

WALKING FISH
Nah. It's the Northern Territory.
They pretty much figure if you end
up in the Northern Territory, you
don't need their help to die...

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE MOVING - LATER - DAY

As they pass orange groves, rivers and canals... Green
lands all around them... It's spectacular...

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

Callahan turns to Denny The Detonator...

CALLAHAN

That was all right back there...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Whatever. Don't get used to it...

Callahan looks at him...

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)

I'm not like these guys. They joined up out of a sense of duty and responsibility. Then they went wrong. Me, I joined up, cos I knew I'd get unlimited access to explosives; safe passage to and from foreign countries and foreign banks; military protection. I joined up to advance my life of crime. I have zero interest in The Hero Moment, Callahan. I'm a crimer. Word.

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - MOVING - LATER - DAY

They pass a TERRACED FIELD, growing wheat, bamboo, vegetables, sugar cane and other cereals...

The field is crowded with PAKISTANI WOMEN, attending to such post-harvest operations as threshing, winnowing, drying, grinding, husking...

They SING as they work. None wear the traditional hijab or burka... They seem surprisingly free and happy...

Murder Man stops the truck... Tourak speaks to one WOMAN, carrying a wicker basket of jowar (a grain sorghum)...

They have a pleasant exchange... Tourak Halaak makes the woman laugh... A few others join her... Smiling shyly...

Callahan has climbed out from the back... And walks up to where Tourak Halaak chats with the women...

TOURAK HALAAK

They are from the village a few miles up the road. Beneath the foothills of the Himalayas. They wish us safe travel...

IN THE BACK OF THE VEHICLE - From slits in the canopy, the others peer out. Causing the women to giggle, feigning startled amusement...

It's fairly joyful... The big blue vault of sky, the dense fields, the lovely women singing as they go about their chores...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

It's beautiful...

All About Arsenic leaps from the back of the truck, and they watch, as he walks up to an ELDERLY WOMAN.

In the back of the transport, N.K. growls at the women...

ARCHER

What, you teach him not to like girls either -- ?

CREEPY KARL

These fuckers... They're from another time... There's no civility... If we didn't give 'em the light bulb, they'd be reading their Koran in the dark for another thousand years... These fucking muldoons, with their beards and their camels and their way of speaking that sounds like a bucket of bashed crabs thrown against the wall...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Whatever, dude...

CREEPY KARL

Stinking of hummus and piss in the 114 degree heat, and never getting any ass cos they're all living for the promise of 72 virgins in the next life. What the fuck are you supposed to do with 72 virgins? How much teaching can one guy do? By the fifth virgin, I'm looking for a broad knows her way around my ballsack...

Denny The Detonator and Archer share a look...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

How's a guy get to become you?

CREEPY KARL

And anyone who ain't with them is an infidel? Who's the racist here? Ya gotta change their primitive minds, is all... The whole religion was invented by savages for savages. Kill 'em all. That's the way to change their primitive minds. Kill 'em all...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Now there's a clever little Mobius-strip of logic...

CREEPY KARL

You shitballs are too tolerant.
 You'll see the light far too late.
 When the niggers and the spics and
 the A-rabs are kneeling on your
 chests, eating the eyeballs
 straight outta your heads...

ARCHER

Wow. The way you turn a phrase.
 No, really. Love you to prepare a
 little speech for my Ma's 75th
 birthday. My Uncle Pete usually
 handles those chores. He took a
 toastmaster class. But you,
 Creepy Karl: you got a gift...

WALKING FISH

Check that out. Slice!

He gestures through one of the slits in the canopy... To
 where A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN is leading a donkey with
 peaches on its back... She is striking... They all admire
 her for a moment... Then:

DENNY THE DETONATOR

What's better than women?
 Nothing, I say. Nothing.

ARCHER

Don't you want to check her out,
 Truffles? She's a hottie --

TRUFFLES

*Temptation is like a gold ring in
 a pig's snout. Not even its
 glimmer can mask all that is
 ugly...*

He smiles. They others share a look. Doc Awful scowls.

All About Arsenic has been given a basket of fresh
 vegetables and a satchel of meat from the elderly woman.

ARCHER

What do you got there, Ellis?

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

Dinner. Ibex meat and fresh
 veggies...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

What's ibex?

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

Goat.

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Great. Goat a la Poisoner. I,
for one, am glad I snack between
meals...

Callahan climbs back into the rear of the truck... He
checks his watch... 26:27...

CALLAHAN
We can't pass through the mountain
roads at night... There's a place
a few miles up we can make camp...

As Murder Man drives away... The Pretty Young Woman with
the donkey watches them go...

EXT. FOOTHILLS - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - DUSK

As the sun sets, Murder Man pulls the transport vehicle
into a thick tangle of Spinoso scrub, well-hidden within
the hillocks...

They can see thin tendrils of smoke, in the distance,
from the fires and cook-pots of the nearby village...

EXT. CAMPSITE - FOOTHILLS - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - DUSK

Camp is made on a rocky plateau, surrounded on all sides
by heavy vegetation. Sleeping bags are rolled-out and
MRE tins taken from rucksacks...

Doc Awful is at the edge of the plateau, gathering sticks
for a fire... Callahan walks up to him...

DOC AWFUL
Arsenic's threatening to cook up
some supper. Asked me to gather.

CALLAHAN
Building a fire's a bad idea.
Having Arsenic cook us some supper
may be even a worse one...

The sun dips below the horizon-line, the sky starting to
purple; streaming clouds tintured with as deep a red as
all the blood that's been spilled across this land...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
It's beautiful, huh?

Doc Awful nods... Looks out at the surrounding lowlands,
radiating in the slant-light...

DOC AWFUL
Initially, that's what I liked
about the job. The travel. But
the places we see. The injuries
we tend to. Catastrophic.
(MORE)

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
 Young kids I'd ship back home
 without the ability to hug their
 loved ones anymore. Cos they left
 their arms in some hot-spot don't
 mean shit for shit...

He looks at Callahan, as if deciding to continue...

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
 One rainy night, I returned. From
 Panama. A surprise visit. To
 find my very lovely wife in bed
 with a very hairy fellow, worked
 at the PX...

He shrugs...

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
 I killed him. The Hairy Fellow
 from the PX. Cut him like I'd
 learned to do. So he bled-out.
 So we could watch him drain, my
 screaming wife and me... Average
 human being's got about 6 quarts
 of blood in him. The Hairy Fellow
 from the PX... Seemed like he had
 way more... At least that's how it
 looked on my bedroom floor...

Doc Awful looks up at the last of the lipstick sunset...

DOC AWFUL (CONT'D)
 But all these years later, I can
 see how very wrong I was to kill
 the Hairy Fellow from the PX...

CALLAHAN
 Yeah. Well, that's good...

Beat... Doc Awful looks at him:

DOC AWFUL
 I should have killed my wife.

But before Callahan can respond, Denny The Detonator is
 there, looking panicked...

CALLAHAN
 What is it, Denny -- ?

DENNY THE DETONATOR
 It's Truffles...

CALLAHAN
 What about him?

DENNY THE DETONATOR
 He's gone.

And the three men look out, at the smoke from the nearby village...

EXT. FOOTHILLS - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen. As Callahan organizes a small detachment to go after Truffles: himself, Doc Awful, Tourak Halaak, Creepy Karl and the hound...

They take only their SOCOM pistols, screwing on the suppressors... Doc Awful grabs takes medic bag...

Walking Fish brings over Truffles' rucksack... Creepy Karl digs through it... Comes up with a BANDANNA...

Callahan calls to Walking Fish:

CALLAHAN

I have a word... ?

And he leads Walking Fish to one side of the clearing...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

We're down three men. Anyone else feels the need to flee, this mission will be greatly impacted. You have to make sure that doesn't happen...

WALKING FISH

I'll do what I can, but--

CALLAHAN

More than that, Rudy. I need you to be the primary component on this. My eyes and ears...

WALKING FISH

Me?

CALLAHAN

Things go well... Maybe you get reinstated. Your stripes back.

WALKING FISH

After what I done? Cap, that photo of me and them detainees was more widely-circulated than Michael Jackson dangling his kid out the window...

CALLAHAN

Maybe it wasn't right, what you did. But you were just doing your patriotic chore. Following orders. Which is what I need you to do, now, Rudy: follow orders.

WALKING FISH

My stripes back? How could that
be even possible?

CALLAHAN

Peck has mad suck with the
President... And, if we rescue his
daughter, we'll have mad suck with
Peck...

Walking Fish considers... Then... Nods...

WALKING FISH

Nobody's leaving. Count on it...

Callahan nods... And rejoins Doc Awful, Creepy Karl, and
Tourak Halaak... He turns to Archer and the others:

CALLAHAN

Set-up a perimeter and keep the
peek... With any luck, we'll be
back soon...

They set off... The others watching them go... Walking
Fish smiles slightly at his newfound responsibility...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A sliver of moonlight guides their way, as they look down
upon the VILLAGE - which is a scattering of earthen huts,
surrounded by purdah walls and poplar trees...

There are not more than 50 huts in all, single-story
brick and mortar houses, overlooking the fields beyond...

Many of the VILLAGERS are out of their homes, enjoying
the warm night breeze... Softly illuminated by the light
from dozens of kerosene lamps...

Creepy Karl rubs Truffles' bandanna into N.K.'s nose,
allowing the hound to take the scent...

And then the dog is off, bounding into the village in
search of its quarry...

TOURAK HALAAK

And this will work?

CREEPY KARL

That dog could sniff out a baby-
burp buried in bedrock...

EXT. CAMPSITE - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Murder Man cleans his M240G. Denny The Detonator is
winding det cord...

Walking Fish is re-reading the tactical plan. Archer continues to fool with his drone, Lulu... Again, he tries to get her aloft... Again she sputters and falls...

All About Arsenic approaches them...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
This is our opp, fellas. Let's split. Put as many miles between us and Callahan's stupid fucking mission as possible...

None of the others look up from their activities...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC (CONT'D)
What do you say? Let's pull chocks...

WALKING FISH
You ain't going nowhere...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Says you. Archer? You're the one's been talking about hitting the rabbit-fence since this began.

In response, Archer hits the toggle on Lulu's remote... The AC/DC sputters to life, the drone gets a bit of air... Then the whole thing shuts-down...

ARCHER
Dammit.

All About Arsenic has had it. He grabs his M4, his flamethrower, his rucksack...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Fine. Stay here. See it through. Die like dogs. I'm out.

Walking Fish stands in his path...

WALKING FISH
Denny... This ding leaves, we got troubles... You want troubles...?

Except that Denny The Detonator has gotten to his feet...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
You're not going anywhere, Ellis.

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Just cos you fuckers don't care if-

Now Walking Fish gets up into All About Arsenic's grille. Denny behind him, backing his play...

WALKING FISH

It goes like this: we're already down three guns... Any more, we don't stand a chance... And I, for one, will not give up a shot at the fresh and sweet, cos you're thinking about lighting-out for the territories...

All About Arsenic drops his gear, glaring at them. A tic in his eye does the foxtrot. There's a rage in the cage.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Where they wait - Callahan, Doc Awful, Tourak Halaak, Creepy Karl. Tourak turns to Callahan...

TOURAK HALAAK

The guards. At the checkpoint. I overheard two of them talking about another group of Americans who recently attempted a rescue only to be killed...

CREEPY KARL

What? Who were they?

TOURAK HALAAK

(to Callahan)

Do you know of this?

Callahan takes a beat... Then... Nods...

CALLAHAN

It was a Seal team. A good one.

DOC AWFUL

And you neglected to mention it on account of how come?

CALLAHAN

I dunno, Doc. But it didn't strike me as a tremendously motivating piece of information. You know: about how the men that went in before you, the best in the world, didn't last 5 minutes after engagement...

They stare at him...

CREEPY KARL

Yeah, I don't think knowing that woulda helped me any...

TOURAK HALAAK

Perhaps we should not tell the others. In the spirit of the straw and the camel's back...

CREEPY KARL

A camel's back being something I
bet you know all about, Tourak --

TOURAK HALAAK

How does it feel to be singularly
repugnant, Karl -- ?

CREEPY KARL

Fun times.

But then N.K. returns, excited, clearly in a high
dudgeon...

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)

He's found the rapo...

EXT. PAKISTANI VILLAGE - NIGHT

The village has been built between two magnificent Peepul
trees - the sacred tree - at each end of the MAIN STREET.
Both have wide platforms built around them, with three
images of entwined snake gods embedded in the mud.

As they follow the dog, hiding in the shadows, they catch
glimpses of the simple pleasures of village living:

FAMILIES eat dinners of mutton and dried cheese; a GROUP
OF TEENS sit by a boom-box listening to Michael Jackson's
"OFF THE WALL"; An ELDERLY WOMAN applies a temporary
henna tattoo to the wrist of a YOUNG GIRL; A MULLAH
councils a YOUNG MEN before a stone-carved temple...

N.K. leads them to a small THATCHED HUT, just across the
way... The dog paws at the doorjamb. They wait for the
coast to be clear... Then, hands on their pistols, one by
one, they cross to the thatched hut. Entering.

INT. THATCHED HUT - NIGHT

And there is Truffles. He has the Young Woman from the
field (the one who was leading the donkey), bound to a
chair. A gag in her mouth...

Truffles, his face flushed, is just beginning to remove
the terrified Young Woman's *shalwar kameez*...

When he sees them, Truffles offers a shy smile...

TRUFFLES

Caught.

CALLAHAN

Are you kidding me -- ?

Truffles looks at them blankly:

TRUFFLES

"Sin indeed was in the world
before the law was given..."

CREEPY KARL

This guy. And they call me
"Creepy"!

TRUFFLES

"But sin is not counted where
there is no law..."

The hut is dark, but cool. Dirt floor. A cot. a wood-burning choolah stove... The only decorations are pictures of the Kaaba and the Grand Mosque, and framed pages of verse from the Koran, in shiny letters...

TRUFFLES (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how long it's
been? Seven years. Seven years,
Captain. Seven years, Karl...

He looks to Doc Awful. But sees the deeply disturbed expression on the medic's face and knows better...

CREEPY KARL

What do we do? We let her go, she
screams bloody murder --

But Truffles has an answer, at once servile and urgent.

TRUFFLES

There's no need for that. Just
let me have my taste. I'll take
care of her. Be back to the camp
in a jiffy. In Romans 5:15, Paul
puts it like this: "The free gift
is not like the trespass. The
free gift is the grace of God,
abounded for many..."

CREEPY KARL

This fucking guy --

TRUFFLES

Or how about we all take turns?
Look at her. We can tap that like
Morse Code! Tap, tap, ta--

But he won't finish the sentence. Because, with a
startling alacrity, Doc Awful's SCALPEL flashes...

And Truffles' hand goes to his throat. Where a thin
stream of blood begins to flow...

TRUFFLES (CONT'D)

What the heck did you do that for?
You nicked me bad, you creep...

But Callahan knows. It was a surgical strike. Indeed, the blood continues to pour with a gently glottal hiss.

Callahan looks at Doc Awful, who shrugs, abashed...

DOC AWFUL

Whatever.

The Young Woman couldn't be more horrified. As they all stand there. Watching Truffles' blood empty out from the tiny puncture at his throat...

TRUFFLES

It's not stopping...

At once, he understands. He looks at all of them.

TRUFFLES (CONT'D)

What the--

And Truffles drops to the dirt floor. Dead. The others look at Doc Awful... He merely shrugs again...

DOC AWFUL

You respect a man by how he respects a woman...

CALLAHAN

What is with all of you assholes and your oratorical proclamations?

CREEPY KARL

Philosophical thinking breeds in the jailhouse like hothouse flowers...

They all look to the Young Woman, wide-eyed over her gag.

TOURAK HALAAK

What do we do now -- ?

CREEPY KARL

We just leave her here. Gagged. They'll find her eventually...

CALLAHAN

(to Tourak Halaak)
Talk to her. Apologize.

And Tourak Halaak speaks to the woman in *Farsi*... She looks at him, beginning to calm down, until she sees N.K. sticking its snout into the greasy runnel of gore pooling around their feet... She begins to sob again...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Karl, make him stop that!

Creepy Karl drags N.K. away from the mess... Tourak Halaak continues to talk to the girl... At last, she nods, a slight look of understanding in her eyes...

TOURAK HALAAK

I think she will be okay...

CREEPY KARL

Let's just go...

But Callahan nods to Tourak, who removes the gag from the woman's mouth... She says something in *Farsi*... He nods.

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)

What did she say?

TOURAK HALAAK

She said: *thank-you*.

EXT. CAMPSITE - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - LATER - NIGHT

Where the last shovelful of dirt has been tossed on Truffles' grave... Murder Man has jerry-rigged a cross out of poplar branches... He plants it...

MURDER MAN

Anyone want to say a few words?

CREEPY KARL

Does "*fuck you, rapo asshole*" count as a few words -- ?

MURDER MAN

Even the most loathsome have dignity bestowed upon them when they die...

Callahan shakes his head at yet another bromide...

WALKING FISH

And no man deserves to die at the hand of a comrade...

Doc Awful whirls on him...

DOC AWFUL

What'd you say?

WALKING FISH

We're supposed to have each other's backs. Brothers-in-arms. Just saying. The creed...

DOC AWFUL

Just saying? You're just saying? You, who slashed Hector Calvo's chute like it was the string on a box of cupcakes... ?

Walking Fish goes charging for Doc Awful... Only to be stopped by Creepy Karl...

CREEPY KARL

You weren't there. That sorry sack of sperm was about to do something awful...

WALKING FISH

Don't make it right...

TOURAK HALAAK

He was raping the girl. I know to you, that may fall short of a human rights violation... But to some... To *most*... It does not.

His words are leaden with portent. Walking Fish stands down... Callahan clocks how the men who went into the village have been somehow bonded by the experience...

But then All About Arsenic bangs the dinner gong...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC

Dinner is served -- !

Everyone looks deeply troubled at this. None more so than Denny The Detonator and Walking Fish... Especially as All About Arsenic hands them two plates of food...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC (CONT'D)

Oh, please. If I wanted you fucknuts dead, I woulda put a bullet in your brains. Not ruined a perfectly good batch of *mutton karahi*!

Everyone sits around the very small campfire and begins to eat... Creepy Karl takes a small FLASK from his pack. Takes a sip. He holds it out...

CREEPY KARL

Anyone wanna whack of pruno? Spiderbite Rollins gave me some as a parting gift. And he ferments it in his toilet tank. With lotsa sugar!

All About Arsenic takes the flask. Takes a slug. Holds it out to Callahan... Who stares at the flask... As if there is nothing he'd prefer in this world than to drink from it... But he shakes his head...

And the flask is passed around, the men sipping from it... As they do, Tourak Halaak looks at Callahan, as if debating... Finally:

TOURAK HALAAK

You fought in Africa... ?

CALLAHAN
That's right. Early 80s...

MURDER MAN
That's what drove you halfway to
crazy? Your days there?

Callahan looks at Murder Man. At all of them.

CALLAHAN
It was right after that... And it
wasn't about the fighting...

Beat... As they regard him... Then:

MURDER MAN
Did it have to do with a girl?

Nothing from Callahan...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Doesn't it always... ?

Beat... And Callahan gets to his feet...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
I'll take first watch. Get some
rest... Big day tomorrow...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Yeah. Maybe our last day.

And Callahan walks off... The others watch after him...

ARCHER
He's a complicated kid, that Tommy
Callahan...

But then, at once, Denny The Detonator grimaces. And
doubles-over with a groan. He leaps to his feet. And
runs for the bushes, where he begins to PUKE violently...

Moments later, Walking Fish does the same. Leaps to his
feet. Heads for the bushes. Starts to hurl...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
First it comes out from the north.
Then it comes out from the south.

Indeed, Denny The Detonator and Walking Fish now struggle
with their belts and pants, slamming them down around
their ankles as their bowels evacuate...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Motherfucker -- !

WALKING FISH
Goddamn it -- !

All About Arsenic grins wide, his slightly-demonic face glowing in the flickering light of the campfire, the horrific sounds of gastronomic upheaval music to his ears. He turns to Murder Man and Archer:

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
First rule of life. Never, never-
ever bite the hand that feeds you.

As we TILT UP, away from the camp, to the effervescent stars, hanging above their heads, we'll --

FADE TO BLACK

Peace and quiet. Then: AN ERUPTION OF NOISE. Frantic WARNING BARKS from N.K. The JABBER of MANY VOICES.

OUT OF BLACK, WE SLAM CUT TO:

Walking Fish. Coming awake with a start. Because, towering above him, is an IMPOSSIBLY TALL FIGURE, outfitted in a tattered DIGIL and a faded BEHAN SASH...

WALKING FISH
What the fu--

But this is cut short when the Impossibly Tall Figure SMASHES the BUTT of his Soviet-made Kalashnikov into Walking Fish's face... Back IN BLACK...

The CACOPHONY OF VOICES CONTINUES. We FADE IN for real:

EXT. CAMPSITE - PAMIR MOUNTAINS - MORNING

Dawn light fills a sky the color of stomach cancer. Shouting, screaming, confusion... The men are snatched from sleep, to face --

FIFTEEN HEAVILY-ARMED BANDITS

Ragged and sun-bleached and filthy, they look like a Mongolian pirate crew lost at sea for 200 years...

Having had the drop on the Americans, the bandits quickly surround and disarm them...

Denny The Detonator, who had last watch, is led, bloodied and battered, toward the group at gunpoint. All About Arsenic eyeballs him...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
Good lookin' out, dickhead.

All About Arsenic's jeer earns him a rifle stock to the solar plexus from one TOOTHLESS BANDIT... He goes down...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Never thought I'd say this but:
thank-you ugly, filthy stranger!

But The Toothless Bandit SLAMS his rifle stock into Denny The Detonator's gut, sending him to the ground...

The others are kicked, shouted-at, spit upon... It is a whirl of chaos... As they are forced to their knees, with fingers knitted behind their heads...

The Bandits begin rummaging through the contents of their packs... N.K. growls at them... Creepy Karl holds him back... Callahan turns to Tourak Halaak...

CALLAHAN

Who are they -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK

It sounds like they are speaking *Khalkha*. A Mongol dialect. Which would mean--

DOC AWFUL

Bad news?

ARCHER

What do you think? You feeling excessive *Kumbaya* from these boys?

The Bandits continue to ransack the packs, delighted at the array of weapons they have plundered upon...

TOURAK HALAAK

They are border runners. Opium smugglers out of Afghanistan...

MURDER MAN

What are they doing here -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK

They take it out through these mountains, into China and Russia, where it's processed and distributed to much of the West. A trillion dollar industry.

ARCHER

Trillion with a "T"? You'd think they'd sport snappier duds...

CALLAHAN

Tell them we don't want trouble. They can take anything they want and be on their way...

Tourak speaks to The Bandits, who stop to listen, surprised at hearing their native-tongue...

The BANDIT LEADER, a monkey-faced man, steps forward... He says something... The other Bandits let out a collective laugh... Tourak Halaak's face falls...

ARCHER

What's so funny to Ali Baba And
The Forty Fleas -- ?

TOURAK HALAAK

He said they *will* take what they
want... And then they *will* take
our heads...

The Bandit Leader addresses his men... Which elicits a
VOLLEY OF CHEERS...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D)

He says that your American heads
will fetch them much goodwill with
the rebels who control the border.
Not to mention a cash reward...

Creepy Karl spits at the Bandit standing over him:

CREEPY KARL

Just try it, you camel-raping shit-
eater...

The Bandit laughs, finding Creepy Karl's vitriol
amusing.... He raises his gun... Bore pressed against
Creepy Karl's forehead...

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)

Go ahead, *Habib*. Send me to your
Heaven. I'll fuck all 72 of your
virgins, right in the ass. By the
time you get there they won't even
be able to ride their bikes...

The Bandit sends a foot into Creepy Karl's belly...

WALKING FISH

Think you're barking up the wrong
turban, Gustofson. These guys
ain't those guys...

Another Bandit grabs All About Arsenic's PACK... He
begins to go through it... Denny The Detonator is
suddenly very alarmed... To The Bandit:

DENNY THE DETONATOR

HEY! Maybe you don't want to be--

KA-BLOOYAM! All About Arsenic's PACK EXPLODES. And The
Bandit is, literally, *blasted into pieces*...

His bits, wits and tits spatter everyone within 15
feet... The other Bandits begin to scream and kick at the
Americans, their rage further buoyed, covered as they
are, by their comrade's glistening guts...

All About Arsenic glares at Denny The Detonator. They
somehow manage to have a shouting match across the melee:

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
YOU DID THAT, YOU FUCKER -- !

DENNY THE DETONATOR
DAMN RIGHT I DID!

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
I WILL KILL YOU... !

DENNY THE DETONATOR
YEAH? GET IN LINE, SHITBALL...

All About Arsenic charges Denny... Only to be thrown to the ground by a Bandit... Callahan looks at Denny --

CALLAHAN
You booby-trapped his pack?

DENNY THE DETONATOR
You don't mess with a man's food!

Callahan shakes his head. They have all become so unhinged. But before this can be further masticated,

The Bandit Leader gives the signal to his men... Who press their guns and knives to the heads and throats of the Americans...

The Bandit Leader has his pistol in Callahan's face...

Outmanned, down on their knees, hands over their heads. True fear sweeps through the eyes of these hard men...

All About Arsenic continues to glare only at Denny The Detonator. As if everything else is secondary...

ALL ABOUT ARSENIC
I will find you. Wherever you go
in the next life. I will find you
there. And I will kill you.

ARCHER
And the winner of The Stupid And
Meaningless Threat Of The Year
Award goes to Ellis "All About
Arsenic" Humphrey for "I Am Going
To Kill You After You Are Already
Dead!"

Archer actually claps and makes crowd-applause noises... But this only nets him a Bandit's fist to the teeth...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Fuck. Don't these guys know
there's no "I" in "horde"?

The Bandit Leader shouts his command... His finger tightens on the trigger... Some of the men squeeze their eyes tight... Some sob... Some shout insults...

The Bandits mock all of this. Callahan looks at the sky:

CALLAHAN

I'm sorry, Callie --

And the Bandit above him mimics this:

BANDIT

I'm socchy, Cacchie --

And sniggers... And this is too much for Callahan... Who, with a growl, leaps from his feet upon the Bandit...

They go down in a heap... The Bandit Leader turns his pistol to Callahan... The Bandit Leader is ready to squeeze off a shot --

But suddenly, there is a CRACKLE! And The Bandit Leader is SCREAMING! Screaming at the top of his lungs...

Because his HAND is suddenly a pulverized NUB. A bolus of bone and gore, gun falling harmlessly to the ground...

(CRACKLE!)

... a crimson pin-prick appears on his forehead...

And his brains exit-stage-right out the back of his head.

The Bandit Leader flops to the ground...

Then, almost immediately, the Toothless Bandit's head explodes like a pressurized pomegranate...

And then another Bandit. And another. And yet another.

In rapid succession... Like candlepins, the Bandits drop... And, in mere seconds, all of them are splayed-out around the campground. Dead.

Our guys reel, in bewildered amazement, looking for the source of their salvation.

Doc Awful is the first to find it. He smiles. Gestures to the others... And, as the dust settles, all of them can see --

Strolling out from behind a jagged rock crop, at the top of the ridge, all smiles, are:

THE BULLSEYE BROTHERS

Hector Calvo, smoking sniper rifle slung over his shoulder, and Gasper Calvo, walking with a slight limp.

The Bullseye Brothers amble up to the campsite, all smirk and swagger...

GASPER CALVO
Think these pussies missed us?

HECTOR CALVO
Dunno. But they need us...

As the others get to their feet... Amazed at the carnage around them... Every bandit cleanly killed...

TOURAK HALAAK
How did you know where we were?

GASPER CALVO
We can smell dipshit from 20 miles

Grins and back-slaps all around... Gasper Calvo does a quick head-count...

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)
Looks like you're down two quarts.

CALLAHAN
We lost Jones. And McMullen...

Hector Calvo turns to Walking Fish...

HECTOR CALVO
We live with our choices...

WALKING FISH
I sleep fine, thank-you...

HECTOR CALVO
In time, capullo. In time.

They hold the stare. Denny The Detonator and All About Arsenic are having their own little eye-fuck session...

Callahan looks at the watch... 14:46...

CALLAHAN
Let's move out... We've got 14 hours...

WALKING FISH
It's gonna have to be a daylight assault...

CALLAHAN
Yes. It is.

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - TRANSPORT VEHICLE - DAY

The infernal sun beats down on the desert floor with unrelenting cruelty, as they rumble across the cracked plains, beneath jagged schists of striated rock.

Nothing but shimmering heat waves and the occasional TRUCK, rusted-out and picked-clean like carrion...

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE - DAY

Murder Man at the wheel. Archer beside him, tinkering with Lulu...

MURDER MAN

We are close... Very close...

IN THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE

The others sit... Denny turns to The Bullseye Brothers...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

How did you know where to find us?

GASPER CALVO

We didn't. We were trying to find our way across the border... When we heard some bitches bellowing about how much their chochos hurt.

HECTOR CALVO

Turns out it was you *chilitos*.

Creepy Karl is staring daggers at Tourak Halaak...

CREEPY KARL

Those animals back there. Your people...

CALLAHAN

Not now, Karl... Please...

TOURAK HALAAK

They are not my people...

CREEPY KARL

You're all the same. They should round up every last one of you. Put you on an island...

WALKING FISH

They did. It's called Guantanamo.

A few chuckles... Tourak Halaak glares at Creepy Karl...

TOURAK HALAAK

I ran a nightclub. In Paris. When they took me. Your people. Because this is what they do. And they asked, over and over: "are you Taliban?" "Are you trained in mortars" "Are you A.Q.?"

WALKING FISH

Hooray to that --

TOURAK HALAAK

Trained in mortars? Al Qaeda?
I operate clubs. I know exactly
how many cases of gin are required
for a Tuesday night. I know when
to stop the hip-hop long enough
for a brief mix of trance and
classic rock. "Trained in
mortars?" "Taliban?" But they
persist, these men. Because this
is what they do...

And now he has everyone's attention...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D)

They kept me in a hood for seven
days. Alone without the sun.
They shot rubber bullets at my
chest. They had me kneel,
cruciform, in the blazing heat
until I wept. They blasted, at an
insane volume, songs by the
American pop singer, Barry
Manilow. For 14 hours straight.
Because this is what they do. At
the end of all this, the hooding
and the shooting and the kneeling
and the Manilow... I told them
what they wanted to hear. That I
was Taliban. That I was trained
in mortars. I did what they
wanted me to. To make it stop.
Because this is what they do...

Beat... They all stare at him... Wow... But then:

WALKING FISH

I got a question for you, Halaak --

TOURAK HALAAK

Yes?

And Walking Fish starts to SING - little Barry Manilow,
"Weekend In New England" - into Tourak Halaak's face...

WALKING FISH

"When will our eyes meet?/When can
I touch you?/When will this strong
yearning end?/And when will I see
hold you agaaaiinn...?"

He laughs... Tourak doesn't find this funny at all... He
jumps on Walking Fish... The others try to break it up...

But Hector Calvo actually joins Tourak Halaak... And
begins to pound on Walking Fish... Gasper follows suit...

And All About Arsenic uses this opportunity to go after
Denny The Detonator...

And pretty soon we have a major battle-royal going on in the back of the transport vehicle... Until --

BOOM! An EXPLOSION rocks the underbelly of the vehicle, violently kicking up the right side...

They are TIPPED-UP ON TWO WHEELS, when A SECOND EXPLOSION launches the vehicle into a full-fledged HIGH-SPEED CANNON ROLL...

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

The men are thrown from the truck and scattered across the desert floor in battered heaps...

The truck slides to a stop... There is a moment of calm before the first of the men pick themselves up...

CALLAHAN

Everybody okay -- ?

They seem to be... N.K. dusts off with a full body shake... Shattered equipment and belongings form a debris field across the sand berms...

Murder Man and Archer crawl from the cab...

ARCHER

What did you hit? There's nothing out here! You have an acid flashback? You see a candy-colored unicorn doing the Cha-cha-cha?

He spreads his arms to take in the wide, empty desert.

CALLAHAN

ARCHER... STOP!

But Archer ignores Callahan, he's too hot to stop...

ARCHER

I ain't gonna jump-crazy on him, Callahan, I'm just curious as to how he could collide with abso--

CALLAHAN

No, I mean: STOP! Like in your tracks...

And this time the urgency in Callahan's voice causes Archer to hit the brakes...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Nobody take another step...

WALKING FISH

What is it -- ?

CALLAHAN
We're in a minefield...

And now everyone freezes...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Of course we are... *Of course...*
Cos we wouldn't want the ball to
bounce our way *EVER* on this!

Denny The Detonator wheels around on Doc Awful, all while
keeping his feet planted firmly in one place...

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)
And you... You had to kill the one
guy that could actually have
helped us out of this situation...

DOC AWFUL
He was *raping* a girl...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Yeah? Well, who's fucked now?

But then... Everyone hears the prayer-like WHISPER:

TOURAK HALAAK
Khuda madad mujhay...

Tourak stands central to everyone, looking terrified...

CALLAHAN
Tourak, what is it -- ?

But Tourak Halaak just continues with his prayers...

And now the others can see it, buried in the ground
around Tourak Halaak's feet: the edge of a CIRCULAR
BROWN METAL CASING.

Tourak Halaak is standing on an ANTI-PERSONNEL MINE.

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
You'll be all right... We'll get
you off that thing... Anyone else
standing on a mine... ?

The others shake their heads, murmur "no" and "clear"...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Good. Denny, have a look --

DENNY THE DETONATOR
You nuts? What did I tell you
about The Hero Moment... ?

CALLAHAN
Have a look, Denny --

DENNY THE DETONATOR
 I'm the ordnance tech, but I'm no
 mine expert... Mines are like the
 whoopie-cushions of munitions.
 You just hide them and wait for
 the blow. I won't have anything
 to do with--

But Callahan takes a PISTOL from his shoulder-holster...
 Aims it at Denny The Detonator...

CALLAHAN
 I'm not asking...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
 You're pulling a gun on me?

CALLAHAN
 That's right. And look at me:
the only one still packing...

Indeed. The others have been separated from their
 weapons. Callahan waves the gun... Pointing it at each
 of the men, frozen where they stand...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 I swear to God, Jesus, Allah,
 Buddha, Vishnu, Winnie The Pooh
 and Tigger, too... That, from this
 moment on, we are going to stop
 the shit. We have less than 8
 hours. We are going to get Tourak
 off of that mine. And then we are
 going to go find Callie Peck. And
 then we are going to go home.
 Anyone. And I mean, *anyone*, who
 in any way, becomes an obstacle to
 any of this being realized... *I*
will shoot them in the fucking
head. Is that clear? Is it?

He points his pistol around. Everyone raises their arms.

DENNY THE DETONATOR
 It's clear, it's clear...

ARCHER
 Relax, Callahan...

GASPER CALVO
 Calm the fuck down, homes...

CREEPY KARL
 Psycho.

CALLAHAN
 Denny...

And Denny takes a couple of cautious steps towards Tourak Halaak, trying to remain at a safe distance...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Okay. Let see what you got under there. Slide your foot an inch or so over... But keep your weight down on it...

Tourak Halaak, dripping with sweat, drags his foot across the PRESSURE-PAD - millimeter by millimeter... Everyone holds their collective breath, until...

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)
Enough. Enough. There she is...

Denny The Detonator sees what he's looking for - dead center on the pressure pad is a standard-sized KEYHOLE.

DENNY THE DETONATOR (CONT'D)
Good deal. An old TM-62.

TOURAK HALAAK
Good deal...?

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Firing pin's active, and you're still alive. That's a good deal.
(to the others)
All right, that antique he's standing on has a built-in fail-safe: that keyhole. Anybody know how to pick a lock...?

A long, silent beat... No one wants to risk it...

TOURAK HALAAK
A pack of *criminals* surround me and I am to believe not one of you knows how to pick a lock? To save a man's life? Why is this? Because, to you, any Arab soul is worth nothing -- ?

CALLAHAN
You're gonna need to do a little on-the-job training, Tourak...
(then, to the others)
The rest of you better hope he gets it right... Cos my guess... This field is sympathetic from age and exposure...

GASPER CALVO
What does that mean -- ?

DENNY THE DETONATOR

It means if that mine he's
standing on goes... They're all
gonna go...

ARCHER

And it was at that very moment
that the tall, handsome one cursed
the day his Daddy's sperm ever
asked his Mama's egg if it could
have this dance...

Callahan pulls off his WIRE-RIMMED SHADES, pops out the
lenses and tosses them to Tourak Halaak...

CALLAHAN

You need to trip the cylinder
and...

He looks to Denny The Detonator...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

... clock it a quarter turn left.

CALLAHAN

Follow his directions and we all
get out of here in one block.

Tourak takes a deep breath, trying to exhale the fear...
He crouches down and begins to JIMMY THE LOCK, twisting
the end of the sunglasses frame into the keyhole.

Trembling, Tourak tries to get the cylinder to turn. But
the mechanism is old and stubborn...

TOURAK HALAAK

It won't budge...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Small moves - it'll come.

Tourak Halaak shakes the sweat from his eyes. He is
trembling. And the cylinder rotates, just a little...
Tourak's face lights up - the first glimmer of hope...

TOURAK HALAAK

It's moving!

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Keep going until you feel the
click. The spring inside's gotta
catch before you can pull your
foot off...

While trying to maintain his balance and keep his weight
on the pressure-pad, Tourak gives the lock all he's got.

And, *CLICK* - it catches. They can all hear it...

TOURAK HALAAK
I think I've got it.

CALLAHAN
Almost home. Now take it slow.

But before Tourak rises, he sees something... Next to him in the sand...THE PHOTOGRAPH. Of Callie Peck. He studies it...

TOURAK HALAAK
This is Callie Peck... ?

CALLAHAN
You need to get your weight off that mine, Tourak --

Tourak looks at the photo again. Then he looks closely at Callahan... Revelatory... He looks like he wants to say something... But before he can:

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Get off the mine, Tourak --

Tourak Halaak nods... And gently starts removing his weight from the mine's pressure-pad... Less and less weight... Until his foot is completely off the mine...

TOURAK HALAAK
Praise be Allah...

CLOSE ON - Tourak's FOOT. As he pulls away, the toe of his boot brushes past the twisted sunglasses frame, sticking from the keyhole, and taps it just enough to disengage the catch...

KA-BOOM! The mine blows, engulfing Tourak Halaak in a cloud of smoke and launching him through the air...

The shrapnel and debris scatters wide - landing on nearby mines. Callahan was right, they are sympathetic...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BLASTS from all directions... Everyone ducks for cover as the entire field begins detonating around them...

As the scene becomes more horrific, it also becomes more impressionistic, with *ALL SOUND LEACHED OUT*, and the screen washing into a *DUSTY WHITE*...

The last thing we see is:

THE TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CATAPULTED INTO THE SKY...

It twists, floating in ghostly, gauzy SLOW-MOTION. And lands with a horrific CRUNCH on its roof... But by now, we have washed completely to a --

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

On the perpetually-lurid smirk of PARIS HILTON. WE HEAR:

TOURAK HALAAK (O.S.) (CONT'D) Have I died?

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - LATER - DAY

REVERSE POV: to find Tourak Halaak, flat on his back, staring up at Paris Hilton...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D) And gone to Hell?

WIDER - it is the tee-shirt. Of The Paris Hilton Kid, from the back of the transport vehicle... He grins over Tourak Halaak...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D) What has happened?

Archer, dirty and scuffed-up, pops into frame...

ARCHER You blew-up.

TOURAK HALAAK But... What about... My leg... ?

And now Callahan's face appears...

CALLAHAN Still there.

TOURAK I can't feel it.

Doc Awful pops into frame...

DOC AWFUL That's cos I hit you with a little something-something...

Tourak Halaak notices that all of them are covered in drying blood and gore...

TOURAK HALAAK You are hurt -- ?

ARCHER Naw. All About Arsenic is all over all of us...

And he gestures... To what's left of All About Arsenic, who was killed in the mine detonations...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
In the pantheon of Great
Tragedies, it ain't up there...

The transport vehicle is now a smoking husk, on its back,
like a giant dead bug in a 50s Japanese horror flick...

The TWO KIDS that were with Paris Hilton are here, too.

Tourak looks down at his leg... Or what's left of it:

Field-triaged, his shattered leg hangs from where his
knee used to be, tethered by a small mass of gnarled,
meaty flesh. The sight of it causes Tourak to wretch...

TOURAK HALAAK
I will not make it, will I?

ARCHER
Today's your lucky day, Halaak.
Or as lucky as a day can be, when
you're two tendons away from being
a one-legged sonuvabitch...

CALLAHAN
Azhar here, remember him? He and
his chums are heading to Lasht, a
refugee city near the Afghan
border. They've offered to give
you a lift...

DOC AWFUL
There's a field hospital with
everything you'll need. They'll
be able to fix you up proper...

Tourak looks at Callahan for a beat... Then:

TOURAK HALAAK
She has your eyes...

CALLAHAN
Tourak --

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Who has his eyes -- ?

But Tourak is focused only on Callahan...

TOURAK HALAAK
It is why you are here. It is why
we are here...

CALLAHAN
Not now, Tourak...

TOURAK HALAAK
She is your daughter...

Huh? And this lands on everyone...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

For real?

GASPER CALVO

No foolin'?

DOC AWFUL

Is he right, Callahan -- ?

Beat... Callahan looks at his watch... 5:33... And counting... Callahan's next words are a tacit acknowledgement of this truth:

CALLAHAN

Get him to the truck. We need to move out...

But they are all staring at Callahan, slightly agog...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Now -- !

Tourak Halaak is carried over to The Paris Hilton Kid's - truck, which is the HULL of a Mercedes flatbed - diesel engine long gone - it is now motored by two large, brown pindi pack MULES...

As the others go to salvage what they can, Callahan and Tourak Halaak are left alone...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Thank-you. You saved our asses a few times. You'll be on your way home soon. I'm sorry about the leg...

TOURAK HALAAK

I would rather have no legs and be with my family. Then able to run a marathon all alone...

Callahan nods...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D)

You gave her up?

CALLAHAN

I did. Her mother. She died.

QUICK FLASHES TO --

INT. HEALER'S HUT - MOZAMBIQUE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The same tableau we saw earlier, in Pumple's narration... The Aussie, soaked in sweat. The Healer tends to her, Young Callahan standing nearby... Young Peck with him...

CALLAHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In childbirth...

She dies. But this time, we HEAR THE CRYING OF A NEWBORN... The Healer brings the baby over to Young Tom Callahan... Who cradles her in his arms...

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

Callahan and Tourak Halaak...

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
I couldn't be near her. Not then.
Not after what she'd... Done. It
was stupid thinking... But I was
grieving... And I was... Stupid...

INT. HEALER'S HUT - MOZAMBIQUE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

And Young Tom Callahan hands the baby to Young Douglas Peck... And walks out of the hut...

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

Callahan looks haunted. By the memory of all he's lost.

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
My friend raised her as his own.
She never knew otherwise. And, if
we can get to her, she never will.
She doesn't need to know her real
old man is a worthless juicehead.

TOURAK HALAAK
Ah, but one who, quite suddenly,
does not seem so useless...

He smiles...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D)
There is an old Persian proverb, I
am reminded of...

CALLAHAN
It wouldn't be a proper goodbye,
Tourak, if you didn't leave me
with an old Persian proverb...

TOURAK HALAAK
*"An army of baboons, led by a
lion, will always defeat an army
of lions, led by a baboon..."*

Callahan smiles... As The Paris Hilton Kid, in the driver's seat of his Mercedes, gives the REINS (which extend from the mule, across the truck's hood and through the hole where the windshield once was) a SOFT-SLAP...

The Mercedes begins to roll forward...

TOURAK HALAAK (CONT'D)

Allah watch over you...

And soon, they are alone. Just ten men, one dog,
horrible odds. And the agonized howl of the desert wind.

The others are staring at Callahan...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Your daughter, dude?

WALKING FISH

When were you gonna tell us?

CALLAHAN

I wasn't. We have a mission
objective. Its particulars are
unimportant...

GASPER CALVO

They are a bit. When they're
personal particulars...

Callahan stares at all of them... Then:

CALLAHAN

Grab your gear. Let's move out...

And Callahan walks off...

ARCHER

Like I said: that little Tommy
Callahan is one complicated kid!

They watch him walk off...

CREEPY KARL

Now what -- ?

MURDER MAN

Now. We bring the shake.

CUT TO:

THE SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS

nestled snugly into one corner of the steep and scabrous
cliffs that surround this narrow, U-shaped valley...

EXT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

At 2500-years-old, this multi-story citadel, etched into
the mountain's face, like a Grecian relief, stands tall
in all of its abraded glory...

The main portion of the building is surrounded by an
expansive open area, we'll call the KILL ZONE (KZ), which
is encircled by a THICK STONE WALL...

Inside is an open-air MOTOR POOL, housing two MBT RUSSIAN T-90 TANKS and a BTR-90 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER...

Across this box canyon, a decaying set of RUINS sits atop a LOW RIDGE. Once a magnificent temple, it is now a crumbling pile of rocks, save for the random PILLAR or HAND-PAINTED WALL that remains...

A reminder of the beautiful art and architecture of the civilization that settled this region...

At the temple's edge, TWO GUARDS, have a smoke, looking down upon the fortress and valley below...

They are GAROTTED from behind and yanked over the cover of the TEMPLE'S WALLS, by Murder Man and Walking Fish...

The Guards struggle, but their necks are quickly snapped. Murder Man flashes a thumbs-up to Gasper Calvo, who watches from deeper inside the ruins...

GASPER CALVO

We're clear...

Callahan and the others pour into the site...

CALLAHAN

Archer, Murder, weapons inventory.
Hector, Gasper, Fish let's see
what we got. The rest of you, fan-
out and secure this site...

The team snaps into action as Callahan and The Bullseye Brothers and Walking Fish creep towards the walls of the ruins... Gasper peers through his scope...

SPOTTER SCOPE POV: a ROVING PATROL guard the KZ - a soupcon of AFRICAN, ARAB, ASIAN, and EASTERN EUROPEAN THUGS, perhaps a dozen strong...

GASPER CALVO

Check it out, Creepy Karl. Not
every bad guy looks different from
you, homes --

He passes Creepy Karl the scope. Creepy Karl peers through it... He can see the Eastern Europeans...

WALKING FISH

These fuckers only got one thing
in common: they hate our United
States Of America --

CALLAHAN

How many on the ground?

WALKING FISH

More than we anticipated. Pre-op intel was way low on resistance strength. They got 12 to 15 roving guards...

CALLAHAN

Which means they'll have at least that number inside for shift rotation. Hardware?

WALKING FISH

Three armored vehicles and one gunship...

GASPER CALVO

And... Six 50-cal chain-gun turrets fitted on the second and third stories...

CALLAHAN

And let's not forget about the Quick Response Force --

DENNY THE DETONATOR

The bugs on the wind... ?

CALLAHAN

Right. If the alarm sounds...

Walking Fish clocks a SEPARATE STRUCTURE, about 100 feet from the main building...

WALKING FISH

The alarm ain't gonna sound...

HECTOR CALVO

I got a handsome dead space along the eastern wall of the valley, just south of the fortress. Make a nice and stealthy slug trail...

Using The Walking Fish's binos, Callahan takes a gander.

BINO POV: two GUARD STATIONS, about a 100 meters apart, in the valley wall. Each manned by two SHACK GUARDS...

GASPER CALVO

Good point of ingress...

As Callahan skims the land between them, he notices two PATROLLING GUARDS...

CALLAHAN

Expect for that roving patrol.

GASPER CALVO
Copy that. But their route takes
them out of the sight-line of
those shacks when they're behind
the trees...

CALLAHAN
That's only six or eight steps.

GASPER CALVO
Baby brother only needs two or
three...

HECTOR CALVO
Word.

Archer and Murder Man have returned...

MURDER MAN
Site's secure.

CALLAHAN
Weapons?

ARCHER
Grim... Ammo's down to about 25%
percent of our deployment supply;
LAW rockets are non-functional.
We have four grenades between the
nine of us; COMMS went up with
the mines, along with all the C-4,
and Denny's only got about a third
of the platter charges he thinks
necessary to effectively get
through the fortress wall...
(then, faux-cheery)
But aside from that Mrs. Lincoln,
how did you like the rescue op?

Archer pulls the drone out of his backpack...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Of course, we still got Lulu!

CALLAHAN
Do you think you'll ever get it to
work?

ARCHER
Try her out --

And he tosses Callahan the remote...

MURDER MAN
That toy is useless.

Creepy Karl surveys the fortress...

CREEPY KARL

Not sure how we're supposed to
succeed we're a 12-Man-Seal-Team a
the top of their craft failed
miserably...

DOC AWFUL

True dat.

GASPER CALVO

What are you talking about? What
12-Man-Seal-Team... ?

As Creepy Karl and Doc Awful realize the others were not
downloaded on the failure of the Seal Team...

CALLAHAN

There was a team sent in. Before
us. Seal Team. They didn't make
it out...

The uninformed exchange glances...

ARCHER

And you were gonna tell us about
this when -- ?

CREEPY KARL

What difference does it make? You
really wanna know the name of the
guy who banged your girl before
you did?

ARCHER

I do if he got his ass killed
doing it --

DENNY THE DETONATOR

He's right. Creepy Karl, you
gotta work on your power of
metaphor...

MURDER MAN

You should have told us --

CREEPY KARL

Tourak didn't think it was a good
idea... Thought it would freak you
out...

GASPER CALVO

Since when you do you listen to
Tourak -- ?

Creepy Karl shrugs...

CREEPY KARL

Things change...

MURDER MAN

Well, Tourak was wrong... Knowing our brothers went down would not have freaked us out, as much as inspired us. For the payback...

Nods from the others... Callahan considers his next words carefully. Then:

CALLAHAN

This is a real goat-rope. Given the men we've lost. The fact we gotta do this in daylight... Without COMMS, and most of the gear... The shitty odds have gotten shittier... I get it, you boys want to jet... I won't stop you...

A beat, as everyone processes the odds that are stacked against them... Shared looks... Then, as if by consensus:

HECTOR CALVO

That's big of you, homes. Even noble and shit. But seeing as how each and every one us, has people we lost way too much time with... Time we'll never get back... I say we stroll on in there... For all of them... For every motherfucking memory that was never to be...

Easily the most words Hector Calvo has ever uttered in his life... And there are nods all around...

GASPER CALVO

That's my brother, yo. And I love him...

Murder Man turns to Callahan...

MURDER MAN

You think your girl is in there?

Callahan looks at his watch. :57. 57 minutes.

CALLAHAN

For another 57 minutes...

MURDER MAN

Then, goat-rope or no... We boggy.

Callahan nods... His face cannot conceal the gratitude... These men, now his people, are behind him...

CALLAHAN

All right. Let's boggy...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Callahan, Archer, Murder Man, Denny The Detonator, Creepy Karl and N.K. are crouched low and tearing ass across the valley floor, heading for the Gate House...

None of them carry their machine guns... Only sidearms... Walking Fish has All About Arsenic's FLAMETHROWER...

ARCHER

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all, leaving all the heavy weps behind...

MURDER MAN

Then maybe you shouldn't have suggested it...

WALKING FISH

We grab as we go...

Callahan raises a CLOSED FIST and the team hits the dirt, disappearing into the tall grass...

ARCHER

I suggested it because I thought I'd be the one snugged behind the big guns...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

All of the team's remaining AUTOMATIC WEAPONS are lined-up on top of the temple wall facing the Fortress...

Gasper Calvo fits Archer's RF TRIGGER ACTIVATORS onto them, and aims them towards the fortress' main entrance

GASPER CALVO

Weapons hot in twenty seconds.

He's talking to Hector Calvo and Doc Awful, who are positioned in one of the temple's upper levels (affording them an unobstructed view of the entire theatre). As Hector adjusts the SCOPE on his RIFLE...

HECTOR CALVO

We're ready when you are.
Standard contract. Glassing the area...

He leans into the stock of his rifle. Dials the focus ring. Zeros his scope...

GASPER CALVO

Left to right. Front to back.

Gasper hands his brother a small, foam-cased box with fifty hand-packed COPPER TIPPED BULLETS in it...

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)
Thousand meter blend.

As Hector Calvo licks the tip of his bullet... And smiles
at his brother... WE HEAR:

CREEPY KARL (O.S.)
You're a stone cold killer...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Creepy Karl whispers into N.K.'s ear..

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)
Now, go get 'em, boy...

N.K. gives his meaty chops a couple of anticipatory
SMACKS before taking off towards the Gate House...

WALKING FISH
He can handle both guards himself?

CREEPY KARL
And bring you back a loot bag.

We FOLLOW N.K. as he moves through the tall grass,
quickly closing in on the enemy. And, without so much as
breaking stride, he hurls all 220 pounds of himself into

INT. GATE HOUSE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Snarling, teeth bared, N.K. FLIES straight at the FIRST
GATE GUARD, clamping down on the Guard's crotch... The
SECOND GATE GUARD goes for his pistol...

N.K., doesn't go for the throat of the Second Gate Guard,
but rather for the weapon. Teeth digging into the Second
Gate Guard's wrist... Firmly secured, N.K. YANKS and
TWISTS - as dogs do - PULLING THE GUARD'S HAND CLEAN OFF.

We don't need to see the rest...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Where Denny The Detonator is keeping the peek on the
guard gate through binos, with a sickened look on his
face. He turns to Creepy Karl, grinning like a Little
League Dad who's 8-year-old just hit a grand slam...

DENNY THE DETONATOR
Dude, that is so wrong. On, like,
a thousand levels...

CREEPY KARL
Number Two - N.K. Chews Gate House
Crew...

A beat later, N.K. trots back, face, neck and paws covered in blood, dragging the Guards' AUTOMATIC WEAPONS - TWO MP-5s - by the shoulder straps, gripped in his jaw.

CREEPY KARL (CONT'D)

Atta, boy --

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Gaspar continues to monitor through his scope...

GASPER CALVO

I see friendlies. 900 meters...
Give or take...

SNIPER SCOPE POV: with Murder Man on point, the team races for the east wall of the ridge.

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)

Cold barrel's gonna carry that
first shot a little high...

HECTOR CALVO

What's the wind?

GASPER CALVO

Three minutes left. And you gotta wait till the patrol guards are in the tree line before hitting the first two to the south...

HECTOR CALVO

That I got covered... It's the 900 meters that worries me. Is it give... ? Or take?

Gasper Calvo adjusts his scope a couple of clicks...

GASPER CALVO

Take.

One final adjustment to Hector calvo's scope... Then:

HECTOR CALVO

Say when.

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - FORTRESS' OUTER WALL - DAY

The team is huddled against the OUTER WALL of the fortress. From here they have a limited view of the GUARDS that block their path to the BASE OF THE FORTRESS. There are six guards in total...

CALLAHAN

Kill and carry. Calvos kill, we carry. Weapons holstered. No popping off shots in the KZ. That kind of noise is the fastest way to let them know we're here...

CREEPY KARL

We got less than a minute to close
three hundred yards...

MURDER MAN

And we go --

SPOTTER SCOPE POV: the two Patrolling Guards are just
about to arrive at the beginning of a tree-lined area.

CALLAHAN (O.S.)

-- when they say --

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Gasper Calvo whispers:

GASPER CALVO

-- When.

Hector squeezes the trigger. And, at 2500-feet-per-second it feels like only an instant before...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - KILL ZONE - DAY

The CHEST of the Shack Guard closest to our guys EXPLODES
OUTWARDS as Hector Calvo's THIRTY CALIBER ROUND TEARS
THROUGH HIM. He drops to the ground...

CALLAHAN

Go. Go. Go.

The team scale the wall and take off, sprinting across the
Kill Zone, straight for the remaining Shack Guard, as he,
too, is dropped by a Calvo hit.

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Murder Man, Fish, you're on those
guys...

As the rest of them keep moving...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Hector Calvo smoothly SLIDES THE BOLT, ejecting the spent
cartridge and chambering a fresh one, without ever
removing his eye from the scope...

GASPER CALVO

Hit, center chest, target smoke-
checked. Two for two. Slide
left. Five ticks. One tick down.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: A BLUR of greens and browns... Then,
the two new PATROLLING GUARDS come into sight, nearing
the end of the tree-lined area.

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)

Gotta hustle.

SPOTTER SCOPE POV: Gasper can see that with another few steps the Patrolling Guards will emerge from the tree cover and collide into his guys... POP! One is down, but the other is right at the corner. And...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - KILL ZONE - DAY

The other Patrolling Guard steps into the open. He spots the intruders instantly and brings up his AUTOMATIC, sighting the closest guy to him - Denny The Detonator...

Denny knows he's a dead man...

POP! The Guard goes down... At Denny's feet, literally.

CALLAHAN

Pick him up. Keep moving. Murder Man, grab the other...

As Denny The Detonator grabs the corpse...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Damn, I love me some Bullseye Brothers - - !

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Gasper Calvo nods...

GASPER CALVO

Nice shootin', bro. Two to go. Eight ticks left. Three ticks up.

HECTOR CALVO

Range?

GASPER CALVO

Thousand meters, now... With a little take...

Hector Calvo squeezes the trigger... His shoulder takes the recoil...

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Thirty yards to go... Callahan in the lead... The last TWO GUARDS are in his sight. POP! Another goes down.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: The last Guard is in the CROSS-HAIRS. Tiny mil dots form along the axes as adjustments are made

PFFT! The bullet flies...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Gasper Calvo pulls back from his eyepiece, relieved...

GASPER CALVO (CONT'D)

All bad guys smoke-checked...

EXT. BASE OF THE FORTRESS - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

The others arrive, hauling the bodies of all the fallen guards. They begin stripping them for weapons. Callahan turns to Archer...

CALLAHAN

Find the ride...

ARCHER

I'm off like a prom dress...

He heads in the other direction...

CALLAHAN

Denny, start working on those

charges...

(to Walking Fish)

Number Four --

WALKING FISH

Arsenic Quilts The Roar --

CALLAHAN

It's you now...

MURDER MAN

Don't fuck it up. Bugs on the
wind would be a bad thing...

Walking Fish grabs the flamethrower... And starts back
out to the tree line... As Denny the Detonator sets up a
small ring of charges (about two feet across), affixing
them to the eastern wall of the fortress...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

It's gonna be tight...

Callahan watches as Creepy Karl pulls Callie's sweater
out of a ziploc bag and presents it to N.K., who breathes
in all of its sweet scents...

The sight of the sweater plucks a string that had, up
till this moment been submerged in the sine of the
mission... This is not lost on Creepy Karl:

CREEPY KARL

How's it happen, you stay away,
all this time, from what mostly
belongs to you?

He looks at Creepy Karl... At the sweater...

CALLAHAN

After a point, to just show-up...
Walking crooked... Wouldn't have
accomplished a thing except to
tear her playhouse down...

The others exchange a look...

MURDER MAN
Everybody walks crooked, Callahan.
Cause all the roads are winding...

Callahan blinks it away... To Creepy Karl:

CALLAHAN
He ready?

CREEPY KARL
He hasn't been this ready since
The Million Man March...

Denny The Detonator keys the remote... THE CHARGES FIRE.
It's not a BOOM, but more of a SLOW SIZZLE, boring
softball-sized holes through the wall...

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Archer makes his way to the front of the fortress,
keeping distance between himself and the ROVING GUARDS...

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS SHACK - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

A separate structure, 100 feet from the main building...
The bundles of heavy gauge steel conduits, antennae, and
RADHAZ WARNINGS give it away as the RADIO ROOM..

Walking Fish approaches... His eyes tick down to the
DOOR, which is secured by a DIGITAL CIPHER LOCK...

EXT. FORTRESS' INNER WALL - DAY

The charge expires, the outline of the hole has been
"drilled", but the chunk of wall, in the middle, remains.

CREEPY KARL
What now?

Murder Man lays his big shoulders into it, and it's not
long before the round slab is moving. And...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

A huge chunk of the cut-out wall drops to the floor.

INT. HALLWAY - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Wearing only boxers and a shoulder-holster, a GROGGY
GUARD, returns to his bunk room after a piss...

EXT. FORTRESS' INNER WALL - DAY

Murder Man bursts through the small hole in the wall. It
will have to be one man at a time - gear to follow...

The DOOR to the room opens. It is the Groggy Guard...
 The two men stare at each other for a stunned second...
 And then Murder Man levels his silenced MP-5. He fires.

The Groggy Guard goes down. As the rest squeeze through.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS SHACK - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Walking Fish uses his BOOT KNIFE to pry the lock's FACE PLATE off. He digs through the circuitry, finding the LEADS, and clipping them into a PALM-SIZED DE-SCRAMBLER.

ON THE DE-SCRAMBLER'S LCD SCREEN - A stream of CODED CHARACTERS flash by in rapid succession... "SEARCHING"...

WALKING FISH

Come on... Come on...

The RED LOCK LIGHT of the dangling faceplate FLASHES GREEN and the door CLICKS OPEN...

INT. HALLWAY - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

N.K. leads the team down the hallway... They pass a few doors before he signals, with a LOW GROWL, that there are enemies behind one door in particular...

CALLAHAN

Fast is slow. Slow is smooth.
 Smooth is fast...

Then, BOOM! Callahan KICKS OPEN the door...

INT. GUARDS QUARTERS - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

There are TEN OR SO GUARDS here. Getting dressed for duty, they are caught completely by surprise...

Callahan and the others make "A Dynamic Entry", with each man targeting only a certain portion of the room...

The dormitory explodes in a hiss of chatter, as they systematically kill everyone in their path... Some even before they're able to make it out of their bunks...

MURDER MAN

We're clear.

CREEPY KARL

Moving on... ?

Callahan nods and they're off...

INT. COMMUNICATIONS SHACK - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

A small room, with banks of RADIO SETS, TELETYPES, SOVIET-ERA TUNERS, TRANSMIT MICROPHONES...

TWO RADIO TECHS turn as THE DOOR FLIES OPEN... And Walking Fish stands there, flamethrower at the ready...

He fires upon the Radio Techs... But the flame-jet is too short, it reaches only halfway across the room...

Walking Fish tries again. This time, only a sputter of a flame appears... He chucks the flamethrower...

And the Radio Techs charge him... But Walking Fish is quick, and his blade is out and dealing each of them a whisper-quiet death...

Walking Fish fires up the mother board... Everything switches on... He then takes a HAND-HELD MAGNETIC PULSE from his pack... Activates it... With a crackle and a whirrr, everything shuts down...

Walking Fish kicks the flamethrower and leaves the shack.

After a beat, one of the Techs stirs... Still alive... And we see him begin to crawl across the room...

To a WALKIE-TALKIE hidden in a secret spot...

He keys the walkie. And, with the last of his breaths, speaks into it, alerting... And then expiring...

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Archer rounds the corner... He spots his targets: the two MBT Russian T-90 TANKS and the BTR-90 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER... He approaches the first tank...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

The Bullseye Brothers peer through the scope, when there is an urgent HISS...

The Bullseye Brothers look to Doc Awful, who has ducked down... He uses hand signals to direct their sight to:

A LITTLE GIRL -

no more than 8-years-old. She walks her TWO GOATS down the hillside. She's only 20 feet away, so it's uncertain as to whether she saw or heard them. But she is staring in their direction. And she looks scared...

Hector Calvo SIGHTS UP his rifle...

HECTOR CALVO

I got her clean.

SNIPER POV - *The Little Girl is in the crosshairs.* We TRACK with her as she heads down the hill...

DOC AWFUL

I don't think she saw us.

GASPER CALVO
We let her go?

DOC AWFUL
I don't know...

GASPER CALVO
If she saw us and she says
something...

Hector has the crosshairs between her shoulder-blades...

DOC AWFUL
She hasn't got anything to do with
this...

GASPER CALVO
Homes... That little bitch could
compromise the whole magumbo...

HECTOR CALVO
Someone decide something -- !

DOC AWFUL
Fuck -- !

GASPER CALVO
You gotta pull the trigger, bro!

DOC AWFUL
It's not right...

HECTOR CALVO
Someone make a fucking decision...

A beat. Silent. Tense. Hector's finger presses lightly
on the trigger. Then:

DOC AWFUL
Do not fire...

Hector reduces his finger-pressure... And the Little Girl
disappears behind a thicket... Lost to them...

GASPER CALVO
That was weak tool, homes... You
might have just signed our death
certificates...

EXT. MOTOR POOL - DAY

Where Archer continues to try and get the first tank
started... When --

WALKING FISH (O.S.)
C'mon, man. Number 8 - Archer
Don't Be Late...

Startling Archer... he sees that it's Walking Fish...

ARCHER
It's this goddamned Russian
engineering...

And that's three MECHANICS, covered in grease, appear
from behind the other T-90 tank. They grab some tools
and disappear back behind the vehicles...

WALKING FISH
How we supposed to get rid of
these guys quietly... ?

ARCHER
You didn't happen to not listen to
me and pack your suppressor... ?

WALKING FISH
I follow orders...

Archer nods... Rubs his chin in contemplation... He
clocks the BOTTLE OF WATER in Walking Fish's pack...

Archer snatches the bottle from Walking Fish's pack --

WALKING FISH (CONT'D)
What are you--

-- finishing it in a single swig.

ARCHER
Watch and learn, Fish...

Archer begins to screw the empty bottle onto the nozzle
of his HANDGUN... (Yes, they actually do fit.)...

He moves for the Mechanics... And -- PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!
With the bottle serving as a make-shift sound-suppressor,
Archer silently takes out all three Mechanics before they
have a chance to turn...

Archer looks up at the stunned Walking Fish...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Another shining example of the
importance of staying hydrated...

INT. STRATEGY ROOM - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Several MEN are huddled around a GIANT WORK TABLE...

When the DOOR IS KICKED IN. By Murder Man...

Callahan clears the room himself - left to right - and is
about to exit when something catches his eye...

On the worktable are dozens of different configurations
of IEDs, BACKPACK BOMBS, and SUICIDE VESTS...

CREEPY KARL
Goddamn murder factory --

DENNY THE DETONATOR
You know, Cap... With all these
raw goods, I could make the whole
Magilla go away...

Callahan considers... He pulls the mini-blueprint from his pocket and hands it to Denny The Detonator...

CALLAHAN
You'll be on your own...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

The Bullseye Brothers watch through their scopes as The Little Girl speaks with the Perimeter Guard...

The Little Girl points up towards their position. The Perimeter Guard shoos her away as he keys his WALKIE...

HECTOR CALVO
This guy is a memory. ..

But before he can pull the trigger...

GASPER CALVO
You gotta be fucking kidding me --

Because A DOZEN MEN SPILL OUT OF THE FORTRESS AND BEGIN
RACING UP THE HILL...

Toward them.

INT. CORRIDOR - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

N.K. leads Callahan, Creepy Karl and Murder Man down another hall... Until N.K. does something he's never done before - he lets out a SOFT WHIMPER...

MURDER MAN
What's the matter with him now?
He think The Temptations are
behind that door... ?

But Creepy Karl and Callahan exchange a glance... And Creepy Karl nods... At last, Murder Man gets it:

MURDER MAN (CONT'D)
No shit? Wow...

Callahan checks his watch... :07... He takes a deep
breath. Steeling himself...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

The guards teem out of the fortress and up to the ridge..

HECTOR CALVO

Number Seven.

GASPER CALVO

Send More Bads To Heaven...

Doc Awful sights up the chain-gun and lets loose a deafening volley of devastating rounds...

Guards go flying every which way - those diving for cover are easily picked off by The Bullseye Brothers, while the others are sawed in half by Doc Awful...

INT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - SUB-LEVEL 2 - DAY

Denny The Detonator has located several STRUCTURAL SUPPORT PILLARS AND BEAMS. He sets and rigs the hodgepodge of explosives...

Even down in the belly of the fortress, the bark of the small arms exchange outside can be heard... As we CUT TO:

A VIDEO CAMERA P.O.V.

That very same murky, homemade, ready-for-Al-Jazeera-type video...

And there she is. Callie Peck. Seated. Blindfolded. She looks vaguely ravaged. Terrified. But still full of fire...

Two MEN stand behind her, wearing Balaclava. One presses an enormous shafra to her throat...

The Man speaks to the camera... In words that will later be interpreted to accompany the recording... His tones are angry... His wishes have not been met... So it is time for Callie to die...

CALLIE

No... Please... Don't...

We remain in this single frame... As the Man continues to shout... He grabs Callie by the hair... Callie stops him, for:

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Wait! Just... Wait.

And she looks directly into the camera:

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Mom. Dad. I love you...

And she nods... To her captors...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Do what you need to..

And The Man prepares to carve...

When, suddenly, O.S., there is BANG! The sound of a door kicked inward...

And, before anyone can react, *N.K. FLIES INTO FRAME, LEAPING UP TO THE MAN WITH THE SHAFRA, THE DOG'S MIGHTY MANDIBLES CLENCHING DOWN HARD ON THE MAN'S THROAT...*

There is shouting... Gunfire... The camera goes shaky and falls over... And we GO WIDER TO:

INT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Chaos. As Murder Man and Creepy Karl, guns blazing, take out the CAMERAMAN, and the FOUR OTHER MEN here...

It is quick. And it is savage. Callie Peck looks up...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello! What's happening?

Callahan smiles at the sound of her voice...

He pulls off the blindfold. Callie's eyes adjust, squinting at the directional lights... At last, she focuses on Callahan...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Uncle T.C...?

CALLAHAN

Hi, ya, kid...

She frowns. Looks at the devastation around her. Then:

CALLIE

What the hell are you doing here?

Murder Man can't help but chuckle. He cuts her restraints away and Callie throws her arms around Callahan. The overwhelmed tears of relief come quick...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe... But, how...
Why... ?

CALLAHAN

Your dad made that pleading, puppy-dog pout... It's irresistible...
Do you have any broken bones?
Dizziness? Can you walk?

CALLIE

I'm fine. You came... All the way here... For me... ?

They remain in the embrace. She is overcome... Callahan hasn't been hugged in years... And for it to be *her* doing the hugging...

Murder Man and Creepy Karl can't help but be touched by this reunion. Murder Man holds up a hand. And Creepy Karl, to our great surprise, quietly high-fives him...

But the moment is shattered. By a BURST OF GUNFIRE from right outside the door...

CREEPY KARL

We gotta move...

Callahan releases her... Gestures...

CALLAHAN

Callie, say hello to Creepy Karl
and Murder Man...

CALLIE

Excuse me -- ?

CALLAHAN

You have no idea.

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers are firmly holding their position and mopping up the bad guys...

HECTOR CALVO

Think we clear...

INT. HALLWAY - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Murder Man, followed by Callahan and Callie, slip into the hallway, joining Creepy Karl and N.K.

Callie clocks the DEAD BODIES scattered along the hallway. She looks at her rescuers...

CALLIE

You guys don't mess around...

CALLAHAN

Stay close.

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Archer finally SPARKS the right two wires... The tank RUMBLES TO LIFE...

INT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - CORRIDORS - DAY

Smoke and tumult and shouts of the enemy. N.K. leads Callahan, Callie, Creepy Karl and Doc Awful through the Byzantine passageways...

INT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - SUB-LEVEL 2 - DAY

Denny The Detonator finishes wiring together the last two backpack bombs and tests an RF DETONATOR SWITCH...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Number Ten - Denny Shuts Them In.

The RED LIGHT flashes "On" - test successful. Denny The Detonator powers the switch down and turns to rendezvous with the others when he hears SOMEONE APPROACHING...

He looks for his weapon... The MP-5 lays on the floor, across the room - where he left it while setting charges.

Knowing he won't get it in time, he goes for his GLOCK.

But no sooner does he get his hand on it than a LONE GUARD, with his machine gun down, steps into view...

The two men, standing ten feet apart, lock eyes...

It's a long beat, as they each contemplate who will be faster on the draw - neither look like they want to kill the other... But such are the rules of engagement.

The Lone Guard swings his machine-gun up, tating Denny The Detonator with a THREE BULLET BURST TO THE BELLY...

Denny The Detonator is knocked off his feet, but not before firing on the Lone Guard, who topples over...

Denny The Detonator slides to a sitting position...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Dammit...

He looks at the RF SWITCH clutched in his bloodied hand.

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Hector and Doc Awful have finished off the remaining guards in quick succession before Gasper pulls their attention back to...

GASPER CALVO

Our ride's in trouble.

From their vantage point, the three of them can see that one of the T-90 Tanks is rotating its CANNON to fire on Archer's armored car... Hector turns to Gasper...

HECTOR CALVO

You pack some explosive tips?

Knowing exactly why his brother wants it:

GASPER CALVO
No way you ping that. You good
but you ain't that good...

HECTOR CALVO
(to Doc Awful)
See the kind of disrespect I deal
with? From fam'ly!

Gaspar Calvo opens a small box with FIVE COPPER-JACKETED
BULLETS. The EXPLOSIVE TIPS on these are longer than the
standard bullet...

DOC AWFUL
Ping what?

HECTOR CALVO
You'll know when it happens.

Hector Calvo chambers one of these bullets and sights up
the rifle. Gasper jumps back on his spotter's scope.

GASPER CALVO
Four hundred meters, steady rate
of motion, wind's down. In five..
(counting down)
Slow. Smooth. Straight. Steady.
Squeeze...

The report CRACKLES --

HECTOR CALVO
... Surprise!

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

The projectile ZIPS across the KZ... Just as the turret
rotates, and the OPENING OF THE TANK'S HEFTY BARREL IS
PERFECTLY EXPOSED, HECTOR CALVO'S SHOT SLIPS IN...

BOOM! The entire lid of the T-90, turret and all, POPS
OFF, exposing the flaming wreckage inside...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Gaspar Calvo grins at his brother...

GASPER CALVO
You'll never stop tellin' this
story, will you?

HECTOR CALVO
Look on the bright side, bro:
it'll take the place of the one
when you got blown by that
Guatemalan tranny -- !

Doc Awful turns to Gasper for an explanation. But we'll -

INT. SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Flanking Callie, the team moves toward the main entrance... They bang through an ORNATE WOODEN DOOR...

INT. COURTYARD - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

A large courtyard leading to the Fortress' entrance... Callahan holds up... It's quiet... No gunfire...

CREEPY KARL

Sounds like we won...

MURDER MAN

Or lost.

But then: Denny The Detonator stumbles into the courtyard. Oozing from his wounds. Coughing blood...

CALLAHAN

Denny -- !

Denny staggers over and collapses... He hands Callahan A SMALL BLACK OBJECT... Denny looks at Callie Peck...

DENNY THE DETONATOR

Look, Ma, it's an angel -- !

And Denny The Detonator dies...

MURDER MAN

Sonuvabitch...

Callahan clocks the small black object Denny gave him: it is the RF Detonator Switch... Then:

CALLAHAN

Listen --

They can HEAR it. Softly at first. But GROWING LOUDER.

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers can hear it, too...

It's coming from above...

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Archer and Walking Fish look skyward...

ARCHER

Now what -- ?

INT. COURTYARD - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Callahan takes position at the outermost wall. Looks up.

CALLIE

What is it?

Callahan shares a look with Murder Man and Creepy Karl.

MURDER MAN

The bugs on the wind -- ?

Callahan nods... And now they can all see them:

TWO ANTONOV AN-12 "CUB" TACTICAL TRANSPORT PLANES,
Stabilizing at an altitude of 500 feet above ground level

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers watch... As the rear
ramps of both planes OPEN...

And, to their horror, *TROOPS BEGIN JUMPING OUT OF EACH
AIRCRAFT IN A WIDE PATTERN...*

GASPER CALVO

This is not fucking happening...

Sixty troops from each plane... Getting an open chute...

EXT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Where Archer and Walking Fish can see the paratroops...
The sky is filled with them... Like a swarm of locusts...

WALKING FISH

They'll be on the ground in less
than two minutes from commit. You
better get that bitch started...

INT. COURTYARD - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Callahan and the others watch the troops, as they
continue to spill out of the planes...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

As the enemy float down, Doc Awful goes to his mounted
machine-guns...

DOC AWFUL

Bring. The. Shake.

He keys the RF activator and the mounted machine guns
scream to life... Firing in synchronized bursts - the
machine-guns pepper the sky...

Paratroopers are blasted in half, like some kind of
ghoulish video game...

GASPER CALVO
That's what I'm talkin' about!!

But the smile is wiped from his face when the ground around them is chewed-up, decimating the machine gun set-up... Forcing them to go careening for cover...

EXT. MOTOR POOL - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Walking Fish watches the QRF jumpers... When he hears the rumble of the BTR engine turning over...

ARCHER
Got her! HOP IN -- !

Except that - *RAT-TAT-TAT!* A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE saws through Walking Fish's lower back...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Fish -- !

And then we see it... For the first time:

That each one of these QRF paratroopers carries a WEAPON... And, as they free-fall, they are firing...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

The sky black with smoke. Rocket-propelled grenades thump into the ridge, concussing the hillside...

Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers have nestled into a more secure position, continue to fire at the QRF.

INT. / EXT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Spurred by Walking Fish's death, Archer wheels up the DSHK 12.7mm MACHINE GUN, with a fervor, firing a barrage of BULLETS up at the QRF... The DSHK's FLAMING ROUNDS tear holes in chutes and troopers.

Archer steadies the massive recoil, as rounds climb up... And, inexplicably, he is SINGING:

ARCHER (CONT'D)
*"We're coming to your town/We
 gonna party it down/We're an
 American band!!!"*

INT. COURTYARD - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

The QRF jumpers are some 150 yards from their landing... Callahan turns to the others:

CALLAHAN
You ready?

CREEPY KARL
Why not?

Callahan looks at Callie... And then he slips a SPECIAL CLIP into his gun and fires out through the open doors...

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

Callahan's RED PHOSPHORESCENCE TRACER ROUNDS stream across the valley sky, swirling around the QRF jumpers...

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Archer uses the ZPU-GUN to cherry-pick QRF jumpers from the sky. When he spots Callahan's streaking red rounds.

ARCHER
Number Nine, Red Light...

EXT. TEMPLE RUINS - DAY

Doc Awful also clocks the tracers...

DOC AWFUL
... Means It's Time.

EXT. ENTRANCE - SIMI-RAHUL FORTRESS - DAY

Callahan and the others emerge... Just as the QRF jumpers have landed, hitting the ground on a roll, shucking their canopies and coming up, guns blazing...

As Archer, in the BTR-90, skids to a halt before them, allowing Callahan and the rest a secure entrance...

INT./EXT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

Callie jumps in first, followed by the rest... Archer likes what he sees:

ARCHER
Well, well, well. Show me the man who coined the phrase "it'll all be worth it!" Cos I think I owe him a royalty payment...

CALLAHAN
Where's Fish?

ARCHER
Gone. Denny?

Callahan shakes his head... The valley is suddenly thick with the enemy... Racing for the BTR, guns a-blaste...

EXT. KILL ZONE - SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

They cross the valley floor quickly, heading for Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers, who have taken up a position on the rocky edge of the hillside... Gun fire pings all around them...

Archer tries to get as close to them as possible, but because of the sloped terrain, there's about 50 feet of open ground the threesome is going to have to cross...

ARCHER

Close as it gets.

CREEPY KARL

Leave it to them mud-flaps to get themselves boxed-in...

Murder Man nods to Creepy Karl and the two of them spin around the side of the armored car, letting loose a wide spread of covering fire...

Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers make a mad dash across open ground... And the bullets come - most of the QRF having taken cover behind the walls of the fortress, and found clean firing lines.

The Bullseye Brothers, out in front, make it unscathed, climbing into the BTR... Doc Awful soon follows...

But Murder Man takes one in the back... He hits the ground in a crumpled heap, some 20 feet from the BTR...

And, as bullets ricochet off the dirt all around him, he locks eyes with Callahan...

MURDER MAN

Just... Go...

And the BTR is taking heavy fire...

ARCHER

Callahan, we gotta bounce --

And then, to the surprise of all, Creepy Karl races from the cover of the BTR and, stuttering machine-gun fire, he races out to the fallen Murder Man... N.K. following...

Doc Awful and Archer exchange a shocked look... But then Callahan directs them back into the game, laying down cover fire, unleashing the last of their ammo...

Creepy Karl has reached Murder Man, helping him to his feet. Practically carrying the him back to the BTR...

Murder Man climbs aboard... As the ground explodes around them... Creepy Karl takes a blast to the back that practically cuts him in half...

MURDER MAN

NO -- !

Murder Man tries to go after Creepy Karl... The others hold him back...

GASPER CALVO
He's gone, bro. He's gone...

CALLAHAN
Get us out of here, Archer. Now.

And Archer puts the pedal to the metal... Except that:

DOC AWFUL
Stop -- !

CALLAHAN
What is it -- ?

And Doc Awful points... At N.K., laying dutifully beside the body of Creepy Karl, as the ground erupts around them... Loyalty to the utmost extreme...

MURDER MAN
Ranger creed. We leave no man behind...

ARCHER
It's a dog, dude...

MURDER MAN
COME ON, BOY... LET'S GO... !

N.K.'s sad, moist eyes look to Murder Man, to Doc Awful.

DOC AWFUL
He said, let's go soldier. Get your cracker canine ass in this tank on the double!

And N.K. knows what he must do. He gives Creepy Karl a final nuzzle, saying goodbye to his friend forever...

And N.K. runs for the BTR-90... He serpentines through the gunfire, like Creepy Karl taught him to, all those years ago...

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

N.K. climbs aboard the tank, and Murder Man SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT... Archer floors it... Doc Awful and The Bullseye Brothers take in Callie Peck...

GASPER CALVO
The jewel is in the box...

She looks at them... This bloody, sweaty, chewed-up mob. N.K. whimpers and Callie rubs him between the ears...

CALLIE
What happens now?

ARCHER
We're literally gonna blow this
pop-stand, baby doll...

As Archer drives them out of there... Callahan holds up
the RF Det-Switch Denny gave him...

CALLAHAN
Number Ten - Denny Shuts Them in.

Callahan TRIGGERS the RF Detonator Switch, and...

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

A MASSIVE IMPLOSION RUMBLES THROUGH THE VALLEY!

In EARTHQUAKE-LIKE DEVASTATION... Triggered by Denny The
Detonator's well-placed charges, *THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN, FORTRESS AND ALL, COLLAPSES UPON ITSELF...*

Crushing the QRF and burying this particular Axis Of Evil
under thousands of tons of rock... The CONCUSSIVE BLASTS
and SEISMIC REPERCUSSIONS of the devastation are
enormous. Even in the shock-absorbed BTR, they are
tossed around like a bucket of nickels...

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

After things finally settle:

GASPER CALVO
Homes went a little overboard...

CALLAHAN
I think Denny just had his Hero
Moment...

They watch the devastation for a moment... Then:

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Archer, get us to the border --

EXT. SHERSAR VALLEY - DAY

The BTR trundles out of the battle zone, leaving in its
wake a 100-foot high pile of dust, debris and depredation

And returning, for the first time in years, a peaceful
silence settles over the valley, so we'll DISSOLVE TO --

AN INCOMING C-2 TRANSPORT PLANE

The wheels touch down on this knobby, lichen-encrusted --

EXT. AIR STRIP - ACROSS THE CHINA BORDER - DAY

A short, narrow RUNWAY bisects a raised meadow. The BTR-
90 waits just inside the tree cover at the air strip's
perimeter, 100 feet from where the plane comes to a stop.

And a SIX-MAN TEAM, fully-armed, emerges from the plane.
Archer makes to get out... When Callahan stops him...

ARCHER
What is it -- ?

Doc Awful is the first to get it...

DOC AWFUL
They can't go through with it, can they... ?

CALLAHAN
It wouldn't seem that way --

ARCHER
Go through with what?

DOC AWFUL
Releasing us...

ARCHER
Why the hell not?

CALLAHAN
Because they know --

CALLIE
They know what?

Callahan looks at Murder Man...

CALLAHAN
That you can't take a crocodile to the prom...

Murder Man nods... Archer looks from man to man...

ARCHER
Fuck you panic mechanics. You smell that? It's the fresh and sweet... And I'm getting my ass into it...

And Archer slips out of the BTR, drops his pack on the ground, and walking toward the air strip...

Just as ANOTHER MAN steps from the C-2. A face we recognize. ROBINSON CROCKER.

Archer slows... Some 40 feet from the C-2... Because something isn't right - maybe it's the way Crocker's men still have their guns up... Crocker shouts to him:

ROBINSON CROCKER
Impressed. I thought we'd be meeting ghosts here...

ARCHER
Lost a lot of good men along the
way...

ROBINSON CROCKER
And the asset?

ARCHER
We've got her --

ROBINSON CROCKER
Can we see -- ?

Archer frowns...

ARCHER
Sure... But what the--

There is a GUNSHOT. And Archer goes down. A bullet to
the chest. Callahan and the others grab their weapons.

Crocker's men get into assault positions, facing the BTR.
Crocker speaks through a MEGAPHONE:

ROBINSON CROCKER (AMPLIFIED)
*LET'S GO, CALLAHAN. YOU AND THE
ASSET. THE REST WILL BE PROPERLY
SECURED... WE CAN'T HAVE THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE THINKING A BUNCH
OF THUGS SUCCEEDED WHERE OUR
FINEST COULD NOT, NOW, CAN WE??*

INT. BTR-90 ARMORED CAR - DAY

As the realities land on them...

DOC AWFUL
There was never going to be any
Presidential Amnesty, was there?

There are a few revelatory ticks. Then:

CALLAHAN
As long as Callie gets home safe.

GASPER CALVO
The minute she goes... They kill
us all...

CALLIE
Is that true?

CALLAHAN
We'll figure something out...

MURDER MAN
You ain't gotta figure nothing
out. Go with her, Callahan.
They'll take you both to safety...

Callahan looks like he may be considering... Then:

CALLAHAN

Let's go, Callie...

Callie, tears streaming down her face, refuses...

CALLIE

But what about them?

CALLAHAN

We can't help them. We have to go home. To your father...

The irony of which, is not lost on Doc Awful, Murder Man, The Bullseye Brothers...

DOC AWFUL

Go. I hear America calling --

Callahan gets out of the BTR. Callie is sobbing. She doesn't want to go. But he practically drags her off...

Callahan gives one look back to the men. And then he and Callie begin walking toward the C-2...

ROBINSON CROCKER (AMPLIFIED)

ATTA BOY, CALLAHAN. ATTA BOY...

He puts down the megaphone... Turns to his men...

ROBINSON CROCKER (CONT'D)

The minute I have her... I want those fuckers in particles...

His men nod... Switch their bitches to fully-auto... As Callahan and Callie near... When they get to Archer's crumpled form, Callahan bends down...

CALLAHAN

You okay -- ?

ARCHER

Oh, yeah. Just, all in all, a terrific trip, Callahan. Big fun. Thanks for including me...

ROBINSON CROCKER

NOW, CALLAHAN! NOW!

CALLAHAN

Goodbye, Archer --

And Callahan drags Callie closer to the C-2. Robinson Crocker meets them halfway, the C-2 some 30 feet behind them. Crocker's smile is pure piranha...

Callie looks at Callahan...

CALLIE

You're just going to let them die?

CALLAHAN

I came for you.

The C-2 roars back to life... Robinson Crocker cackles...

ROBINSON CROCKER

We got gin on board, Callahan --

CALLAHAN

Oh, goodie.

Crocker signals his men, who raise their weapons, pointing them toward the BTR, to Doc Awful, Murder Man, The Bullseye Brothers...

Off Callie's supreme disappointment, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - U.S.A. - DAY

A GROUP OF PEOPLE wait here. Among them, Douglas Peck and his family... Lieutenant Pumple... Defense Secretary Leachman sits in his Town Car... They all watch as --

A CHINOOK HELICOPTER LANDS

And out steps Robinson Crocker. Followed by Callie Peck... There are cheers... As she runs for her family... Into their warm embrace...

Crocker is swarmed. Microphones thrust into his face...

ROBINSON CROCKER

The mission was successful. I lost some good men. But we achieved our goal. And Callie Peck is safe in sound and back with her family... Another victory for the U.S. Military...

CALLAHAN

emerge from the Chinook... Watching the happy reunion... Peck sees Callahan. The two men share a look... Callie turns to Callahan... She waves... Hugging Peck tight... Tears flowing... Lieutenant Pumple approaches Callahan...

LIEUTENANT PUMPLE

Well done, Captain. When I heard how it went down, I have to admit, I never thought you'd go for it. Give up those men like that..

CALLAHAN

It wasn't too difficult. After all, Pumple: they're scumbags first. Soldiers second...

As he turns away from Pumple, Douglas Peck is there...

DOUGLAS PECK

Thank-you, T.C...

Callahan nods... As they watch Callie...

DOUGLAS PECK (CONT'D)

I'd like to tell her. I think we should. It's not too late, T.C. It's not too late at all... For you to get to know her...

CALLAHAN

Appreciate that, Doug. And while it might not be too late... It's also not fair. I feel like I got to know her in the few hours we spent together. You did a great job raising her. Somehow, I think we made the right decision...

DOUGLAS PECK

Where will you go now... ?

And, off of Callahan's sly smirk, we CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA - KARACHI, PAKISTAN - DAY

A CHILD runs down the long driveway, lined with tamarisk trees covered in yellow blossoms...

The Child goes to the MAILBOX at the end of the drive. He opens it, gathers the letters there, and races back to the villa's expansive COURTYARD...

Where Tourak Halaak sips tea, beneath the shade of a pipal tree. Tourak looks healthier, he's gained weight.

He takes the mail from his son... Scans it... One post-mark catches his attention...

He opens the letter... And begins to read... And we HEAR:

CALLAHAN (O.S.)

Dear Tourak: hope this finds you well, and back with your family. Not sure what you may have heard, other than that the rescue was a success. It was a wild finish...

As Tourak reads on, we WILL RETURN, BRIEFLY, BACK TO:

EXT. AIR STRIP - ACROSS THE CHINA BORDER - DAY

Where we will see, once again, the final confrontation play... Although this time, we will get all the details:

Crocker puts down the megaphone... Turns to his men...

ROBINSON CROCKER
The minute I have her... I want
those fuckers in particles...

His men nod... Switch their bitches to fully-auto... As
Callahan and Callie near... When they get to Archer's
crumpled form, Callahan bends down...

CALLAHAN
You okay -- ?

ARCHER
Oh, yeah. Just, all in all, a
terrific trip, Callahan. Big fun.
Thanks for including me...

ROBINSON CROCKER
NOW, CALLAHAN! NOW!

CALLAHAN
Goodbye, Archer --

But this time, we notice... That Callahan has handed
something to Archer. Something small.

And Callahan drags Callie closer to the C-2. Robinson
Crocker's smile is pure piranha...

Callie looks at Callahan...

CALLIE
You're just going to let them die?

CALLAHAN
I came for you.

BACK AT THE BTR - Doc Awful hears a NOISE.

DOC AWFUL
You gotta be kidding me --

The C-2 roars back to life... And Crocker cackles...

ROBINSON CROCKER
We got gin on board, Callahan --

CALLAHAN
Oh, goodie.

Crocker signals his men, who raise their weapons...

And, off Callie's looks of supreme disappointment --

We HEAR IT... The OPENING CHURCH BELL GONGS. The CRUNCHY
MUSCULAR GUITAR RIFF. Of AC/DC's "Hell's Bells"...

Coming from the sky... Everyone looks up... ("I'm rolling
thunder, pourin' rain/I'm comin' on like a hurricane")...

ROBINSON CROCKER

What the fuck is that -- ?

CALLAHAN

That's Lulu... Ain't she a beauty?

Indeed. Now we can see Archer has the small, cell-phone-sized REMOTE, Callahan had given him, in his hand. He's directing the drone... And we see it:

LULU

In all her raging glory... Mini-SPEAKERS cranking out the AC/DC ("White lightning's flashing across the sky/You're only young but you're gonna die... ")...

As Lulu's bug wings vibrate, her ROCKETS APPEAR...

And Callahan takes Callie to the ground, covering her with his body...

As Lulu gets in position. She SWOOPS DOWN through the sky and unloads a bevy of ANTI-PERSONNEL ROCKETS...

ROBINSON CROCKER

Aw, fuck.

Crocker hits the dirt himself. And watches in horror as his men, and the C-2, are all BLOWN TO SHIT... Dirt and debris raining down on Callahan, Callie, Archer, Crocker... The others back at the BRT hoot and howl...

HECTOR CALVO

Whoo-hoo! That bitch is fine -- !

As the others run over to where Crocker is sprawled...

MURDER MAN

How do we wanna do this piece of shit?

CALLAHAN

We don't... You know where I'm going with this, Crocker?

ROBINSON CROCKER

I know.

Archer is there...

ARCHER

All right? I am ready to receive all obeisances. Gimme my props, mammy-rammers. We saved your asses, me and Lulu... !

Callahan turns to the others...

CALLAHAN
He thinks he done good.

GASPER CALVO
Asshole.

ARCHER
"Asshole"?

MURDER MAN
Dickhead.

He looks to Doc Awful for explanation...

DOC AWFUL
You blew-up our ride outta here...

He gestures to the smoking hulk that was the C-2...

ARCHER
Oh. Right.

As Lulu comes crashing down nearby... And we CUT TO:

EXT. TOURAK HALAAK'S VILLA - KARACHI, PAKISTAN - DAY

As Tourak Halaak finishes reading the letter...

CALLAHAN (O.S.)
Hope you are well, out there in
the fresh and sweet. If you're
ever in the area... Come by for an
umbrella drink. Peace, Tourak.
Peace to you and yours...

Tourak Halaak smiles and looks out across the mountains.
As if he can see all the way to our DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

A SEA-PLANE soars over the clear blue water, making its
final descent, near the beach of a tropical paradise...

EXT. QUIRIMBAS ARCHIPELAGO - MOZAMBIQUE - DAY

Callahan deplanes and starts up the sand. When N.K.
lumbers up to him, all tail-wagging affection...

N.K. drops a chewed-up tennis ball at Callahan's feet.
Callahan picks up the ball and tosses it down the beach.
N.K. gives chase... As Callahan walks up to --

A BEACH FRONT BAR

Where Doc Awful, Murder Man and The Bullseye Brothers -
all of whom seem to have blended into the local clothing
and customs - sip fruity boat drinks...

DOC AWFUL

How'd it go?

CALLAHAN

Callie is home. With her family.

Hector Calvo hands Callahan a cocktail...

HECTOR CALVO

It's a virgin --

DOC AWFUL

To the rest of them. Bad men done good...

ALL (IN UNISON)

Bad men done good.

And they clink. And sip. But then:

ARCHER (O.S.)

What? No toast for me?

And there he is. Archer. Only he is walking, arm-in-arm, with a bevy of beautiful Makua WOMEN...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Callahan's back! Ain't that just
The Spoon With A Little Bit Of
Flavor On It! Callahan, meet the
girls! This is Michelle Pfeiffer,
Sophia Loren, Jaqueline Bisset,
Halle Berry, and Rita Hayworth.
Say hello to Callahan, girls...

(off their looks)

Yo, this is my world. My wave.
My world! And from here on out, I
am *The King Of All That Feels*
Good!

He grabs a drink, leans in... Everyone raises a glass...

MURDER MAN

To God, Jesus, Allah, Buddha,
Vishnu, Winnie The Pooh and
Tigger, too... !

And they toast... And, as Grand Funk's "We're An American Band" starts up, N.K. returns with the tennis ball, laying it down at Doc Awful's feet, and plastering the medic with a series of sloppy kisses...

But before we have time to ponder the nature of hatred and how, even at its most ingrained, it can be overcome, through sacrifice and sharing, we have come to --

THE END