

PARARESCUE

Written by

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All military specs and tactics are factual.

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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. BANK - DAY

Historical bank with a gold-dome roof at a busy intersection.

Door's handle is pulled on by a leather driving-glove, but it won't open. Glove's fist almost breaks the glass pounding.

INT. DC BANK ENTRANCE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

BANK MANAGER, Latino, 40s, normal, wearing a pants-suit, runs to the door and yells through its glass.

BANK MANAGER
Closed.

ISAAC SHIVA, Jewish, 30s, military-fit, tanned, high-n-tight black hair, wears a black T-shirt and black jeans. He's clean shaven wearing black-framed sunglasses with mirrored lenses. He holds up his fist pointing at its wristwatch.

ISAAC
Rolex Submariner set to the Naval
Observatory's Atomic Clock in
Alexandria. You, are, open.

Bank Manger steps back alarmed sounding desperate.

BANK MANAGER
Por favor --We're Closed!

Isaac's training takes over, something's wrong.

ISAAC
Open the door --now!

Bank Manager looks sideways like she's listening, nods, then unlocks the door. Her eyes meet Isaac's, she's terrified.

INT. WASHINGTON DC BANK - CONTINUOUS

One door opens and Isaac enters smiling friendly. Bank Manger re-locks door, then steps down to lobby floor. Isaac follows.

As soon as Isaac steps down, his head is hit from behind by a grey-gloved hand coming out of a curtain. Isaac falls flat on his stomach unconscious. His sunglasses spin away.

THREE BANK ROBBERS, in grey business suits with matching gloves and three-hole balaclavas hold automatic weapons speaking in German accents.

MISTER ONE, 40s, fit, stands over Isaac slapping an old-style blackjack onto his palm, then stomps on Isaac's glasses.

MISTER ONE
Dumbkopf.

Mister One head-motions to Bank Manager to get behind the counter. She does where MISTER TWO stands pointing two *H.K. P8* pistols each at TWO TELLERS with their hands held high.

MISTER THREE, exits the bank vault with two full duffle-bags hanging from each shoulder while carrying a third, along with his two *H.K. MP-7A1s*. He grunts only in German.

MISTER THREE
Diese sind schwer!

MISTER TWO
(goes to help Three)
Ich komme, ich komme.

Mister One points his blackjack to customer, a USAF STAFF SERGEANT, African-American, 30s, in her Air Force uniform.

MISTER ONE
Gehen, uh, "go" check on him.

Staff Sergeant kneels by Isaac taking his neck-pulse.

MISTER ONE
(to Tellers)
Ladies, no Polizei, please.

Two Tellers and Bank Manager lower their hands and finish emptying all their Teller Drawers into a briefcase.

STAFF SERGEANT
He's dead!

Mister Two and Mister Three laugh sarcastic as Mister One hand-motions with gun to Staff Sergeant "cover him."

Staff Sergeant pulls entrance floor rug over to cover Isaac.

Mister One pockets his Blackjack, grabs a *MAC-10* and duffle-bag from Mister Three, then strolls with both whistling to front door. He scans outside through its blinds, then walks humming to the second door at other end and looks out.

MISTER ONE
Klar! You are, uh, "up" Herr Drei.

No response. Mister One spins to Mister Three only to see his duffle-bag on the floor with no sign of him or his gun.

MISTER ONE
Scheisse? --Zwei!

No response. Mister One now spins scanning for Mister Two. Only Two's duffle-bag lays on the floor with no gun.

MISTER ONE
Was Zum Fick?

Mister One shoulders his duffle bag, then waves his *Mac-10* at Two Tellers and Bank Manager behind the counter, *Hands Up*.

MISTER ONE
You --herkommen, schnell, schnell!

Two Tellers and Bank Manager exit from behind their counter to stand by the Staff Sergeant.

Mister One kicks the entrance-rug off of Isaac, but only Mister Three looks up with dead wide-open surprised eyes.

Mister One pistol-whips Staff Sergeant who falls face-first.

MISTER TWO
Wo ist er!

Staff Sergeant gets up on an elbow, wipes blood from corner of mouth and speaks in German, "Payback's a bitch, Bitch."

STAFF SERGEANT
Payback, ist eine hündin, Hündin.

MISTER ONE
All of you, form circle around me, lock arms with back to me. Protect me, or die with me!

Sergeant, Two Tellers and Bank Manager lock arms with their backs to Mister One who pushes his gun into Sergeant's back.

All Five shuffle as one while Mister One also shoulders Mister Three's duffle-bag as he yells to his unknown threat.

MISTER ONE
I leave, they live, Schwein!

He pushes his gun into Staff Sergeant's back harder. All Five circle-shuffle over to the second door where Mister One now also shoulders Mister Two's duffle-bag. He freezes seeing Isaac's metal boot-tips peeking out under a wall's decorative-curtain. He smiles most evil.

MISTER ONE
Auf wiedersehen, arschloch!

Mister One fires into the curtain shredding it off its rod.

Tattered cloth and its metal frame falls onto the floor to metal-banging to reveal Isaac's boots are empty.

MISTER ONE
Gott Verdammt!

Two leather-gloves reach down from above Mister One's head. One hand cups One's chin as the other stabs a *Tanto* cord-wrapped grip-knife full-hilt into One's cerebellum, then wiggles its blade. Mister One's body goes limp as his two guns clatter to the floor followed by his two duffle-bags. Both hands release One's head whose body deadfalls with third duffle bag across his back. His corpse spasms on floor.

The Bank Manager and Two Tellers lose it.

Staff Sergeant smiles, then looks straight up.

STAFF SERGEANT
Gott?

Isaac hangs upside down from the chandelier above second door. He unlocks his ankles from the light's Arms and spins dropping to land on bare feet taking off his bloody gloves.

ISAAC
Just his instrument.

STAFF SERGEANT
Where's tweedle-dummer?

Isaac head-motions to the vault-door which is now closed.

ISAAC
Made a deposit.

BANK MANAGER
They broke our cells and cut the
Landline!

Isaac back-elbows glass-cover of wall Fire Alarm breaking it, then pulls its handle. Fire-bell's ringing is deafening.

Staff Sergeant half-salutes, then goes to the now crying Three Bank Employees to console them.

Isaac kneels and pulls his knife out of Mister One's head, wipes it off on Mister One's suit, then slides it in his ankle-sheath. He stands, scans, then sees what he needs.

ISAAC
Hope the A.T.M. still least works.

INT. WASHINGTON DC BANK - LATER SAME MORNING

POLICE OFFICERS and FIRE-RESCUE PERSONNEL question and tend to the Bank Manager and Two Tellers as THREE EMTs lift all Three Bad-Guy body bags onto three gurneys to roll out.

DC HOMICIDE DETECTIVE, African-American, 40s, paunch, in a cheap suit with badge hanging out of its breast pocket, finishes interviewing Staff Sergeant, then goes to Isaac.

DETECTIVE

Witnesses said you moved so fast,
perps never knew what hit 'em.

(pockets his note-pad)

Ever consider letting them give up?

Isaac black doll's eyes give a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

DETECTIVE

So that would be a "no."

He offers a hand and both shake, then Detective goes to his fellow Police Officers by the three duffel bags of cash.

STAFF SERGEANT

(re-approaches smiling)

Green beret?

ISAAC

Maroon, "That others may live."

STAFF SERGEANT

These three didn't. Air Force only uses you for behind-the-lines rescue and even the public doesn't know you're first trained as SEALS.

ISAAC

"Don't know," don't need to.

STAFF SERGEANT

Is your training program really for two years and still males only?

ISAAC

We call it "The Pipeline" and for physical standards, affirmative.

STAFF SERGEANT

Definitely not an "affirmative" action branch. Mucho macho-macho men, huh? Where you Stationed?

ISAAC

Don't ask, won't tell.

Isaac exits the bank counting his ATM money.

STAFF SERGEANT
Land safe, P.J!

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Modest office with a window that overlooks Parade Grounds where USAF TROOPS march.

GENERAL NANCE, African-American, 50, grey around temples wearing a two-star *Air Force* uniform, stands at the window watching with hands behind his back holding a manilla folder.

NANCE
Busy morning.

Issac stands in the center of the room at ease, dressed same.

ISSAC
Yes sir, early P.T.

NANCE
(turns nodding)
Public Relations will handle the cover story.
(tosses file on desk)
Good job.

ISSAC
It's an adventure, sir.

NANCE
Wrong Branch, a-jarhead.

He offers his hand, they shake.

NANCE
Take the day off. Briefing is tomorrow at o-five-hundred.

ISSAC
Usual, sir?

Nance nods smiling. Isaac ram-rod salutes, holds, waits for Nance to return his salute, then about-faces crisp and exits.

NANCE
Need twenty more like you, son.

EXT. D.C. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOME - NOW SUNSET

Georgetown brick row-house with small stairway to front door.

Isaac parks a sports car in a yellow-striped parking space.

PEDESTRIAN walking his DOG stops to let his friend relieve itself on the only tree planted in a square patch of dirt.

PEDESTRIAN
How do I get special parking?

ISAAC
Ask my girlfriend, it's her car.

PEDESTRIAN
Who's she work for, the Mayor?

Issac gives Pedestrian same sniper's thousand-yard stare.

PEDESTRIAN
Oh, uh, enjoy the sunset.

Pedestrian exits pulling on Dog's leash who's not quite finished, so it hops away on three legs.

Isaac looks up at sunset-sky's pink and blue cloud-coloring. He nods, checks the car is secure, then enters the house.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Antiques, collectibles, paintings, expensive furnishings, hardwood floors with Persian rugs, and lit candelabras.

Isaac, now shaved in an Oxford shirt and silk tie with hair gelled-down, sits at an antique dining table set formal for two with linen tablecloth, china plates and crystal stemware.

An open wine bottle in front of Isaac is almost empty. He sips his glass, then hears a car door slam outside, and stands pulling down his jacket straight.

COLLETTE, African-American, 30s, model-attractive, in an Armani suit, enters front door, drops keys and purse on hall table, then enters dining room inhaling deep. She smiles.

COLLETTE
Mmmmmmm, what'd you make?

ISAAC
Escargot in garlic shells, soufflé with Gruyere cheese, a toasted baguette, mandarin orange salad, and orange sherbet for palate cleansing of course.

COLLETTE
Of course.

Isaac goes to other end of table and pulls out her chair, she sits. He helps her scoot the chair in closer, then pours rest of wine into her glass, jams its empty bottle upside down in melted-ice floor stand and goes back to sit at end of table.

COLLETTÉ
Looks scrumptious.

ISAAC
Was --three hours ago. Only thing palatable now is the sherbet. Would you like a glass?

COLLETTÉ
Sorry, time got away, three bank robbers were assassinated.

ISAAC
"Assassinated?!" That word means "to murder an important person for political or religious reasons."

COLLETTÉ
Read the police report, their brains were scrambled with a knife.

ISAAC
Do the police know who they were?

COLLETTÉ
Not yet, the criminals used acid on their fingertips.
(drinks more wine)
How was your day?

ISAAC
(in perfect German)
Scrambled.

Cellphone rings in her suit pocket. She answers. Voice on other end is not heard.

COLLETTÉ
Deputy Mayor ...But ...Now?

She hangs-up and swallows a piece of bread as she exits.

COLLETTÉ
Gotta' go, something about the bank robbers identities.

ISAAC
Thought your phone was broken since you didn't answer my calls.

She grabs her purse and keys out in the foyer.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
What? Official business, sorry,
don't know when I'll be back!

Front door slams behind her.

Isaac toasts the door, then finishes his wine. He turns his now empty glass upside down on his plate, then pulls out and dials his own cellphone. Other voice is not heard.

ISAAC
Need that ride now, please.

He hangs up, then picks up, a packed Air Force Pilot's Suitcase and Crew Bag on the floor next to his chair. He drops her house and car keys out on the foyer table and exits. The front door slams behind him.

INT. PENTAGON ELEVATOR - NEXT MORNING

Isaac leans against a wall with two paper bags at his feet wearing his Air Force Dress Blues with Senior Master Sergeant chevrons and a Maroon beret with Pararescue Flash. His uniform's chest holds many Battle Ribbons.

Doors open. Isaac yanks off his beret and snaps to attention executing and holding a perfect salute.

General Nance enters with another two-star GENERAL PETERSEN, Caucasian, 50s, with a pencil-thin mustache, who speaks with just a hint of cultured Danish accent.

Both are in their Air Force dress-uniforms and return Isaac's salute. Isaac Parade Rests to military text-book stance.

GENERAL
Kim, this is that P.J. I was
telling you about. General
Petersen, may I introduce Senior
Master Sergeant Issac Shiva.

Petersen extends a hand to Isaac. Both shake professional.

PETERSEN
Chief, a pleasure. How are you?

ISAAC
(in perfect Danish)
Fine thanks, pleased to meet you.

Petersen slows down his handshake to stare. Isaac explains.

ISAAC
Read your last name as "s, e, n,"
sir. Hope I spoke Danish correctly.

PETERSEN

Uh, perfect, but then you speak
several languages, *ingen*?

ISAAC

Only fluent in three, sir.

PETERSEN

German is one of them, *ja*?

NANCE

Remember yesterday's incident?

ISAAC

Soldier's a liar if he says he can
forget killing any man, let alone
three, sir.

PETERSEN

Terrorists, you terminated three
"terrorists."

NANCE

Did the world a favor, son, saved a
lotta' lives.

Door *dings* and opens. Isaac picks up the two paper bags.

PETERSEN

(Danish, *What is that?*)

Hvad er det?

Nance laughs explosive, then explains in a Danish accent.

NANCE

Bay-gills.

All Three exit elevator chuckling. Doors close *dinging*.

INT. ORNATE LOBBY WITH ELEVATOR IN NEPAL - SIMULTANEOUS

Marble floors and walls, mahogany furniture, with several
large Kazak hand-knotted wool throw rugs.

CAPTION: U.S. Consulate, Nepal, Asia

Elevator doors *ding* open. MARCUS NEWHART, a U.S. Diplomatic
Consul as his C.I.A. cover is in his 30s, clean-shaven with
gelled hair, wearing a three-piece suit and has a briefcase
handcuffed to one wrist.

He exits the lobby's entrance past TWO MARINES in uniform
with rifles standing guard who snap to attention as he exits.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE IN NEPAL - CONTINUOUS

Newhart exits walking to a waiting black limousine where its DRIVER stands erect, military-fit, in a black suit.

Driver opens rear passenger door and closes it after Newhart enters, then jogs to and enters driver's door. His coat flies open showing he is wearing a MAC-10 in a sling under an arm. He enters and the car exits Consulate gates to drive away.

CAPTION: T-minus 48 Hours

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM IN D.C. - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac is spreading cream cheese on a bagel sitting at a large oval conference table with MORE GENERALS, all in uniforms from all the Branches. They are also eating bagels smiling.

MAJOR STICKAM, US Army Command Sergeant, 30s, triathlon-fit, medium hair and beard, sits in uniform with Airborne shoulder red patch, *1st Special Forces Operational Detachment-Delta*.

NANCE
(wipes mouth, stands)
Gentlemen --

ALL Generals put down their bagels to wipe their mouths as a world map appears on a wall screen with three cities circled.

NANCE
Yesterday, three terrorist teams, each consisting of three highly trained operatives, attacked three different banks around the world; Paris, Berlin, and Washington. All the customers in Paris and Berlin were killed by explosions moments after their terrorists escaped with the bank's money.
(smiles at Isaac)
There was no explosion --here.

Generals sitting on either side of Isaac pat him on the back while Other Generals clap.

Nance sits. General Petersen stands.

PETERSEN
That was the original agenda for today's Briefing, but a more urgent matter now must be addressed first.

Petersen nods to a U.S.A.F. uniformed LIEUTENANT who turns down the overhead lights as the wall-screen map changes to pictures that advance during the briefing.

PETERSEN

Sixty days ago, a U.N. teacher was kidnapped along with her two fellow associates near Nairobi, Kenya. All three were injured during their abduction. The female subsequently developed a serious infection. Somali Pirates are holding the two survivors for ransom.

ISAAC

"Two," sir?

PETERSEN

Yesterday, one of the male hostages succumbed to his injuries. That is why this went to the top of our to-do list and is also why Chief Stickam is here.

Petersen sits as Stickam stands to begin his PowerPoint presentation with a laser-pen on the wall's screen.

STICKAM

Sirs, the President authorized DELTA Team to devise a plan for the female American citizen's rescue two weeks ago. Yesterday, the President gave us the Green Light.

Still pictures flash one-at-a-time on screen showing State Department headshots of the captured three workers.

STICKAM

JIM GAFFAN, 24, died yesterday from being beaten. He leaves behind a young wife and baby-boy in Chicago.

Stickam bows his head. ALL do same for a moment of silence. Stickam raises head. Screen picture changes. He continues.

STICKAM

MICHAEL BRENNER, 28, single, Danish citizen, believed to have suffered a compound fracture in a leg that was never set. He will not be able to walk out under his own power.

(screen picture changes)

MARGARET FINCANEN, 27, married, has lost twenty-five pounds due to an infection which we now believe has spread into her urinary tract. Both survivors will be extremely weak.

Lights come up. Stickam acknowledges Nance, then sits. Nance stands looking at Isaac.

NANCE

That is why you are sitting here
Chief Shiva. Ms. Fincanen will die
in thirty-six hours unless she
receives antibiotics intravenously.

Isaac jumps up in ramrod-attention as Nance sits.

ISAAC

Sirs, ParaRescue are a well-trained
medical "team." Battlefield
conditions require us to improvise
and communicate in jargon. There is
no time for me to teach O.T.J. May
I inquire why you are not sending
Special Forces Medical Sergeants?

STICKAM

Because Fincanen will in all
likelihood --require an I.O.

ONE-STAR GENERAL, in Marine uniform next to Stickam, asks.

ONE-STAR

What's an "I, O?"

STICKAM

(stands at attention)

If Fincanen is severely dehydrated,
which is likely considering where
she is being held, her veins may
have collapsed, sirs.

ISSAC

If that is the case, and we are
under battlefield conditions, she
must have an injection directly
into her bone marrow to provide a
non-collapsible entry point into
her systemic venous system.

Nance hand-motions for both Issac and Stickam to both sit who do. Nance stands again.

NANCE

Chief Stickam and his Delta Team
will Lead, then provide Overwatch.

(looks at Isaac)

Chief Shiva, your Team is Primary
at the location site. Your three
Pararescue members are standing by
at Edwards prepped and supplied.

(to Stickam)

Chief Stickam, please continue with
your recovery strategy.

EXT. VAST TUNDRA IN SOMALIA - SIMULTANEOUS

Sand with scrub brush and *Galool, Meygaag, Bilcil* trees.

CAPTION: *Somalia, Horn of Africa*

TWELVE SOMALI PIRATES, in torn frayed shorts and filthy short-sleeve shirts with buttons missing, are thin, bedraggled, and desperate. All are camped under a *Dragon Blood* tree.

FINCANEN, anorexic with stringy blonde hair, looks sickly. Beside her lies BRENNER, who is thin and pauper with a scraggly-beard. Both are huddled in the cold evening air with hands tied in front. Their eyes are sunken with dress clothes torn and dirty. Both cough hard, they are dying.

BRENNER

Better?

FINCANEN

Cramping is worse, don't think, I'm going to make it.

BRENNER

(takes her tied hands)

Don't think like that. Jim gave up, you can't. They will come for us.

FINCANEN

There's something else, I'm ...

SOMALI TEEN stands from his Pirates to walk to Fincanen and Brenner. He stops near them and holds out a cup of water with a piece of bread. He smiles through black rotted teeth.

BRENNER

Don't look at him.

Somali Teen stomps on Brenner's broken leg. Brenner screams in pain grabbing at his leg. Somali Teen laughs, then eats the bread and drinks the water while Fincanen glares at him.

FINCANEN

Killing you, could be so easy.

INT. IN-FLIGHT LOCKHEED C5 CARGO PLANE - SAME DAY NOW DUSK

Huge noisy cargo bay with fold-down seats along both sides.

Thirty army cots are lined-up two-by-two in its center.

LOADMASTER ONE, female, tall, mid-20s, in USAF jumpsuit with communications helmet on, begins folding up the cots.

DELTA OPERATORS, in desert-camo fatigues, sit on the pull-down side-seats checking gear. Stickam dressed same as them, stands in front of his men yelling over the engine noise.

STICKAM

Coming in on a commercial flight path at thirty thousand! High Altitude, Low Opening, so check each others regulators and masks!

THREE P.J.s in their early 20s, two African-American, and one Asian, sit dressed same except they have desert "PJ" shoulder-patch and USAF patch on chests. They listen to Isaac, dressed same, kneeling in front as he yells over the din.

ISAAC

HALO jump at night, follow DELTA's strobe lights! Half Moon, so remember Shadow Effect; it's your own canopy's shadow coming up at you! Stay relaxed, stay frosty!

Isaac hands each PJ two water bottles.

ISAAC

Hydrate, we'll be moving fast!
(opens, sips his bottle)
Everyone carries Evac-stretcher and Full Trauma ruck-sacs! Gentlemen -- Life is all about choices --be, careful!

THREE P.J.S
Or Be Dead!

ISAAC

Air Men!

THREE P.J.S
"AIR, MEN!"

Isaac nods proud, then goes to Stickam who is handing each of his Deltas red and green light-sticks.

ISAAC

We, take orders, from You!

Stickam grabs back of Isaac's neck too fast for him to react and pulls him in close, then yells in Isaac's ear.

STICKAM

Get just one of my men killed, and you and me are gonna' go round and round till sundown --Get Me!

Stickam pushes Isaac away. Isaac nods, then grabs Stickam in same manner, but much faster, and pulls him in much tighter.

ISAAC
Back Atcha', Bad-Boy!

Isaac steps away. They stare, then Stickam offers his hand.

STICKAM
You're fast!

ISAAC
Which all discover too late!

Both laugh, then "buddy-shake" also grabbing at the elbows.

DUSTY
Kiss and make it official!

Isaac wheels to DAVID "DUSTY" DUNCAN, 30's, bodybuilder strong, with USAF Master Sergeant chevrons, wearing same desert camos as all, but his shoulder patch says, *S.O.W.T.*

ISAAC
Sour Tee!

Both shake and shoulder-bump. Isaac presents him to Stickam.

ISAAC
This is Master Sergeant David
Duncan of S.O.W.T! Dusty and I went
through The Pipeline together!

Dusty and Stickam shake hands. Isaac hits Dusty in his chest.

STICKAM
Call Sign "Sour Tee" or Dusty?!

DUSTY
Dusty! This id-ee-ot tries to make
an id-i-om out of Special
Operations Weather Team, but can't
-- 'cause he can't SPELL!

ISAAC
Still better then saying "So What!"

STICKAM
How'd you earn your nickname?!

ISAAC
During PAST, he got the most mud on
him of any other pleb which dried
hard making him look tan then dus --
?! Hey, never did tell me why you
transferred out, dickhead!

DUSTY

One day while we were doing our one thousand leg lifts ...!

STICKAM

"One thousand?!"

DUSTY

I looked up and saw how beautiful the clouds were! Boom, knew what I really wanted to do right there!

STICKAM

O-kay, but why did the Joint Chiefs send a Combat Weatherman on an in-and-out?!

DUSTY

Because we'll be running through freakin' sand, brainiac! I measure heat, humidity, and Barometric Pressure, so when I say "Stop and Drop," you hydrate, Got It!

STICKAM

Gonna' be able to keep up with us to the ball, Cinderella?!

DUSTY

Try carrying my hundred and fifteen pound pack for a hundred clicks every day, Lady Tremaine! I also carry a Laser Range Finder, toe-jam! Good for more than just measuring the height of clouds!

STICKAM

Welcome aboard, sailor!

ALL sit relaxing, drinking water, laughing, and telling lies. Their calm, before the shit-storm.

CAPTION: T-minus 36 hours

INT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Driver steers their car. Newhart sits in back as passenger reading a file from inside now opened hand-cuffed briefcase.

DRIVER

Sir, we're being followed.

Newhart pulls out his cellphone. On its back is a mirror, so he holds it up to look in at behind them.

INSERT: Trailing Car sees mirror's reflection and flicks its brights on, so now impossible for Newhart to see occupants.

NEWHART
Hard turn.

DRIVER
Where?

NEWHART
Anywhere.

EXT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Consulate car turns hard. Trailing car follows same.

INT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR - IMMEDIATELY

Newhart unlocks the briefcase from his wrist, then pulls out of it a small bottle to pour its liquid over the briefcase's contents. Smoke rises from the briefcase's papers. He closes it, then tosses it out his open window.

NEWHART
Study that, commie-fucks!

EXT. BOTH NEPAL CARS - CONTINUOUS

Consulate car drives on.

Trailing Car stops and out of it exits FIRST GOON, Indian Nepali, wearing a *Tagiyah* skull cap and black suit to grab the briefcase and jump back in his car.

Trailing Car continues on, then its interior bursts into flames shooting out all four of its open side-windows.

INT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Newhart smiles looking in his mirror to see Trailing Car's interior is on fire as First Goon tries to crawl out his passenger window, but his car veers hard and overturns.

Then in his mirror, Newhart sees a Second Tailing Car drive past the burning First one.

NEWHART
Tweedle Dumbest.

DRIVER
I see 'em.

Driver steps on it. Newhart pulls out an automatic pistol, racks its slide, then dials his cellphone to leave a message.

NEWHART
Possible carjack, briefcase
Fubared, swallowing G.P.S.

Newhart breaks apart his phone to put its memory-chip inside a tiny modified endoscope capsule, then swallows capsule.

DRIVER
Those come in fruit flavors?

A bullet breaks through rear-window's bullet-proof glass and enters back of Driver's skull exploding his forehead forward with blood, brain, and bone onto the inside of windshield.

NEWHART
Teflon-coated!

Newhart reaches over the back of the front seat and shoulders Driver out of the way to grab steering wheel.

NEWHART
High tech --for such low-lifes!

Newhart climbs over the seat and opens the door to shoulder Driver out. He lets the air flow close the door for him.

NEWHART
Sorry buddy, P.O.R. time!

EXT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS

Second Tailing Car runs over Driver's corpse, then executes a perfect P.I.T. Maneuver on Newhart car's rear quarter-panel.

Consulate car rolls side-over-side, then stops upside down with its rear wheels spinning.

Second Tailing Car stops and a SECOND GOON, same ethnicity and dress, stalks to Newhart.

EXT./INT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR NOW INVERTED - MOMENTS LATER

Newhart hangs upside down held by his seat belt with eyes closed and arms dangling so his hands rest on the roof liner.

Second Goon lays down and looks in, then deploys Taser-leads that stick on Newhart's suit and presses its trigger.

Ticking-sound as 30,000 volts enter Newhart whose arms flail.

Second Goon looks back to his car to speak in Nepali, *Dead*.

SECOND GOON
(*mar-ee-co*)
Marēkō!

Sound of Second Tailing car's door opening, then footsteps.

THIRD GOON, dressed same, lays down beside Second Goon and says in Nepali, *Again*.

THIRD GOON
(*phair-ee*)
Phērī.

Second Goon presses trigger again for more *ticking*-sounds as Newhart's hands flop around animated on his roof's liner.

Third Goon says in Nepali, *Enough*.

THIRD GOON
(*par-yeh-toe*)
Paryāpta.

Ticking sound stops. Newhart's eyes pop open and he grabs his automatic gun under papers on the roof's liner. He quick-aims and fires two bullets, one each between Second Goon and Third Goon's wide-open eyes. Newhart winces in Nepali, *asshole*.

NEWHART
(*hun-tah*)
Tasers fuckin' hurt --gadhā!

Newhart releases his seatbelt and falls onto roof's liner.

NEWHART
That hurt, too.

Newhart crawls out driver's window over Second and Third Goons checking their neck pulses.

NEWHART
We send out two teams, fuck-face.
Back-up should arrive in five.

EXT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR INVERTED - CONTINUOUS

Newhart stands, cracks his neck, then straightens his tie.

NEWHART
I need a drink.

FOURTH GOON, dressed same, yells in Nepali, *Hands Up!*

FOURTH GOON
(*haht mahtee*)
Hāta Māthī!

Newhart drops his gun to raise both hands, but doesn't turn.

NEWHART
Or three. --There are one hundred
and twenty-three Nepalese
languages. Which one you gonna'
interrogate me in, butt-breath?

MISTER X (O.S.)
(heavy German accent)
Deutschland.

Newhart starts to turn, but the wood-butt of an AK-47 strikes
the back of his head and he falls unconscious.

CAPTION: *T-minus 24 hours*

EXT./INT. REAR OF LOCKHEED C5 CARGO PLANE - SIMULTANEOUS

Moonless, so pitch black outside. An electric motor whines as
its rear ramp is lowered by Loadmaster One.

Cargo Bay's interior red light silhouettes all Deltas and PJs
now waddle in black *Tri-Wingsuits* with electric-goggles and
oxygen masks to the ramp's edge. They bunch together tightly
to become *Weeble Woobles* with furious firepower.

A red light turns green and ALL fall forward in a mass to be
sucked-out, then stabilize quickly into hard arches.

Loadmaster One physically counts all Operators with pointer-
finger. Satisfied, she closes ramp with a hand-held control.

EXT. OPEN AIR BELOW LOCKHEED C5 - MOMENTS LATER

All Wingsuit Pilots fall in a prone stable glide-ratio to
regroup into a large V-formation. The green and red light-
sticks were attached on alternate Delta shoulders.

Stickam is Team Leader and changes his angle of attack down
to dive faster. ALL follow him. His light-sticks are on the
back of his gloves in order to give turn-directions.

EXT. GOGGLE DIRECT-TO-EYE HUD READOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Screen readout on Stickam's goggles show airspeed, altitude, a timer, and GPS arrow-direction. He angles with that arrow.

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER SOMALIA - CONTINUOUS

All Pilots control their black-fabric winged-flaps to fly invisible over the desert far below, then Stickam dives even steeper. The rest do same to follow.

EXT. GOGGLE'S DIRECT-TO-EYE HUD READOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Stickam's airspeed now reads 180 mph. Altimeter numbers whiz by decreasing in thousands. He flattens out, and his speed drops to 100 mph with altimeter now reading 1,800 feet.

EXT. U.S. WINGSUITS FLYING OVER DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

Stickam waves his hands back-forth and ALL Pilots spread out.

Stickam fast-reaches into a thigh-pocket to grab a tennis-ball sized *Pilot Chute*. He snap-throws his hand out to the side, then snaps quick-back to flight position. *Pilot Chute* catches the wind and inflates pulling out its Main Chute.

EXT. ALL U.S. WINGSUITS - SIMULTANEOUS

ALL Air-Pilots do the same to grab, throw, and recover. Their Main Chutes deploy. ALL drop their rucksacks on leg-tethers.

EXT. DELTA STRIKE FORCE LZ - MOMENTS LATER

All Air-Pilots land running with their ruck-sacks dragging behind. Deltas and PJs unzip to shed their wingsuits then pull weapons from ruck-sacks. They wrap their wingsuits in their chutes, shoulder ruck-sacks, and run to Stickam who's cutting brush. ALL pile their wingsuits with chutes onto the ground. Stickam pours acid over the pile, then ALL cover it with the cut-brush. Their nylon pile hisses dissolving.

ALL put on their night-vision headgear to a humming sound as their green lights flash on. Stickam takes a reading off his wrist-GPS, then looks at Isaac who gives the *Okay* hand-sign.

Stickam horizontally waves a hand over the top of his head.

DELTA SNIPER, in a desert ghillie suit, unslings his *Desert Tech SRS-A2*, the shortest sniper rifle in the world.

He takes off running followed by his DELTA SPOTTER, also in desert ghillie suit carrying spotter binoculars and an *M-4* rifle.

Stickam holds up a fist, then waves it forward silent, *Move Out*. All Deltas follow Stickam in single-file as Isaac and his Three PJs follow with Dusty checking their *Six*.

EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - LATER SAME NIGHT

Eleven Pirates are asleep. Somali Teen stands guard. He keeps changing grip on his *AK-47* staring at the smoldering fire.

Fincanen lies feverish and sleep-mumbles. Brenner lies beside wiping her brow with a frayed sleeve watching Somali Teen.

FINCANEN

I'm not, I'm not going to make it.

BRENNER

Shhhh, don't say that, help is coming, I can feel it.

FINCANEN

(seizures shake her body)
Wish-full, think-ing.

BRENNER

No, the hairs on the back of my neck are actually standing up.

FINCANEN

(tries to smile)

A-a-ants.

Somali Teen hears their noise and comes to investigate.

Fincanen and Brenner close their eyes to feign sleeping.

SOMALI TEEN

Why do you pretend? You do not sleep, no help is coming. You will die here, so we end this now.

Somali Teen yanks back the reciprocating cocking-handle on the side of his *AK-47* chambering its first round, then shoulder-aims it down at Fincanen. A rock hits him on the back of his head causing him to fire a burst of rounds into the sand next to her.

Fincanen *screams* as Brenner covers her body with his.

Somali Teen spins. Pirate Leader sits up on his blanket.

PIRATE LEADER

Why do you pretend to be a man,
when all you are is just a mean
boy. All you do is, talk, talk,
talk, and wake us up. Shut, Up!

Other Pirates also awoke, were listening, and now throw rocks
at Somali Teen who ducks them.

SOMALI TEEN

They are planning escape, I heard!

PIRATE LEADER

And where will they go, little man?
They are almost dead, but we do not
get paid, if they are, koraan!

Pirate Leader rolls on his side away from Pirate Teen.

The Other Pirates do same going back to sleep.

Somali Teen harrumphs, then spins to threaten Fincanen and
Brenner who cower. Somali Teen laughs going back to his fire.

FINCANEN

*What was that last word the Leader
said, something about The Koran?*

BRENNER

(shakes head)

No, told him to --"grow up."

EXT. DELTA SNIPER'S SCOPE VIEW - SIMULTANEOUS

His scope's view has range-markers centered on Somali Teen.

STICKAM (FILTERED)

H.V.T. one.

EXT. DELTA SNIPER ON HILL ABOVE SOMALI CAMP - IMMEDIATELY

Sniper lies prone half-buried in the sand aiming his rifle
barrel through scrub brush. A desert-camo net covers both him
and his Spotter. Sniper whispers into his headset's mike.

SNIPER

Confirmed.

Sniper adjusts scope's range, then re-aims and sings to self.

SNIPER

"Bad boy, bad boy --"

Delta Spotter beside him looks through his Spotter's Scope.

SPOTTER
Kentucky Windage left.

Sniper adjusts range-knob on side of his scope still singing.

SNIPER
"Whatcha' gonna' do?"

Spotter adjusts focus on his binocs and joins-in singing low.

SPOTTER
"Whatcha' gonna' do --?"

EXT. SNIPER SCOPE'S VIEW OF SOMALI TEEN - IMMEDIATELY

Somali Teen points his AK-47 at Fincanen and Brenner again.

Delta Sniper and his Spotter are now in perfect harmony.

SNIPER/SPOTTER (FILTERED)
When we shoot youuuuuuuu --?

EXT. OPPOSITE HILL ABOVE SOMALI CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Stickam and Isaac lie prone scanning the camp with night binoculars. Dusty lies beside them using his range-finder.

Stickam stabs two-fingers to his eyes, then at camp. DELTA ONE crawls up and takes Stickam's binoculars to over-watch.

Stickam, Isaac, and Dusty, crawl backwards down the hill to the rest of the Deltas who are in a half-circle on one knee aiming weapons out, with backs to inside of circle. Three PJs form the rest of their circle. Stickam, Isaac, and Dusty take a knee inside the protective circle to speak in low voices.

ISAAC
Distance?

DUSTY
Three hundred and sixty yards.

ISAAC
Sunrise?

DUSTY
First light in thirty.

STICKAM
Gunny?

Delta's GUNNERY SERGEANT spins on a knee to face Stickam.

STICKAM

Double envelopment, my Team One right forty-five, your Team Two left forty-five. Drop packs, sling rifles, take out Tangos with hand silencers. Thirty minutes to crawl three football fields. Oorah?

ALL DELTAS

(whispered enthusiasm)

Oorah!

Deltas take off packs and sling rifles across their backs, then draw their pistols to screw long silencers onto them.

ISAAC

We have to bring all of our gear, where do you want us?

STICKAM

Fifty meters back, then come up the middle, cover any escape.

(to Dusty)

Coordinate, then synch our evac.

Stickam puts a hand out. Isaac and Dusty put theirs on top.

STICKAM

Mission success, gentlemen.

ISAAC/DUSTY

Mission!

All Three break. Stickam and Isaac go to their respective men. Dusty opens his pack to set up his equipment.

CAPTION: *T-minus 12 hours*

EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - THIRTY MINUTES LATER -- EXACTLY

Dawn breaks behind the dunes, so camp is still in shadows.

The Ten Pirates and their Leader begin to stir awake.

Brenner and Fincanen lie awake facing each other and whisper.

BRENNER

You were talking in your sleep.

FINCANEN

What'd I say?

BRENNER

"Save my baby" --are you ...?

FINCANEN

Yes.

BRENNER

My, God.

SOMALI TEEN

Your God --can not save you!

Brenner and Fincanen look up at Somali Teen who flips his safety off, then hip-aims down at them.

BRENNER

She is with child!

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING SOMALI CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Dusty wears headphones aiming a parabolic-ear at the camp, then talks into his headset.

DUSTY

*Break, break, Fincanen is pregnant,
Repeat, Fincanen is pregnant!*

STICKAM (FILTERED)

*Deltas mark your targets. Reaper,
on you.*

EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Pirate Leader jumps up grabbing his AK-47 and pulls its bolt back hip-aiming at Somali Teen calling him an, Ass.

PIRATE LEADER

Dameer!

Ten Somali Pirates jump up with their AK-47s to also pull their bolts back then release scanning nervous.

EXT. DELTA SNIPER ON HILL ABOVE SOMALI CAMP - IMMEDIATELY

Delta Sniper flips his gun's safety off and whispers.

SNIPER

Go in three.

Delta Spotter counts down in a whisper.

SPOTTER
Three, two, one.

Sniper inhales deep, then exhales slow.

EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Somali Teen looks at Pirate Leader with disgust calling him a *Moron*.

SOMALI TEEN
Doqon! We will never see ...?

Somali Teen stops confused as multiple red dots dance on all his Eleven Pirate's foreheads, then same Pirate's heads jerk with multiple silent shots as they All dead-fall.

Somali Teen spins to Fincanen and Brenner who hug each other as he tries to pull trigger, but his head disappears from a muffled 40-caliber round. His corpse dead-falls on Fincanen.

All Delta's rise on two sides covered with sand wearing Night-Vision Goggles on their helmets. They look demonic as they fire secondary silenced-rounds into all Somali Pirates heads.

BRENNER
Jhey-zuus!

Isaac and his PJs run to Fincanen. Their headsets crackle on.

SNIPER (FILTERED)
Close enough.

PJ-Two pulls Somali Teen's headless-body off Fincanen as PJ-THREE and PJ-FOUR treat Brenner.

Issac wipes blood off Fincanen as her fear-shaking subsides.

ISAAC
What's your first name?!

FINCANEN
What, huh --oh, uh, Margaret?

ISAAC
Pleased to meet you, Margaret.
I'm Isaac, I'll be treating you.

Stickam walks over lifting-up his Night-Vision headgear.

STICKAM
Army Delta Force, ma'am, the
President sends his regards.

Stickam points at Sniper's position, then waves his hand horizontally over his head. He points at Dusty's position, then sticks a pointer-finger straight up and circles it.

STICKAM

How long?

ISAAC

Readings, diagnosis, possible I.O., treatment, stabilize --fifteen minutes.

STICKAM

Make it five.

ISAAC

(spins as a doctor)

I'm in charge now, Chief, we leave when she's stable, not before!

(goes back to healing)

Secure the area, please.

Stickam hand-motions to Team One Deltas to *Scout*. They switch to rifles, then fan out in a perfect circle. Stickam hand-motions to Gunny's Team-Two Deltas who begin pulling all dead Pirates into bushes. Gunny breaks their AK-47's gun butts off on a rock, then tosses them into same bushes.

GUNNY

God, damn, commie, faggots.

BRENNER

You are Air Force?

PJ-Three is working on Brenner and has a New Jersey accent.

PJ THREE

Yes sir, Airman all the way.

BRENNER

Did your President really send you?

PJ-Four is assisting PJ-Three and has a Texan accent.

PJ FOUR

That's a big ten-four, good-buddy.

Isaac and PJ-Two work on Fincanen who laughs, then winces.

FINCANEN

I didn't even vote for him.

ISAAC

No politics in saving lives, ma'am.

PJ TWO/THREE/FOUR
"That others may live."

PJ-Two is trying to insert an I.V. into Fincanen; no luck.

PJ TWO
Cephalic vein rolling, Dorsal vein
collapsed, trying Basilic vein. --
Shit, it's blown.

Isaac holds up the battery I.O. drill and tests it, *Wrrrrrr*.

Dusty enters running carrying all Delta packs and drops them.

GUNNY
God damn, weather-man, those must
weigh three hundred heavy!

DUSTY
Hydrate, HYDRATE NOW!

ALL Deltas retrieve their gear while sucking on their own
hydration chest-pack water-tubes.

FOUR DELTA PARTNERS sucking their vest-water go to the Four
PJs working and insert PJ's water-tubes into the PJs mouths.

Dusty makes a knife-edge hand-motion in one direction.

DUSTY
L.Z., three clicks!

Sound of Isaac's I.O. drilling and Fincanen screaming.

FINCANEN
Aieeeeeee!

STICKAM
Reaper --change!

EXT. SNIPER ON HILL ABOVE THE SOMALI CAMP - IMMEDIATELY

Sniper and Spotter jump up and start running as sand flies
off them and from behind their boots.

SNIPER
Oscar --

SPOTTER
mike. --*Mike*.

Sniper shakes his head grinning, then sprints. It's a foot
race, as usual.

EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac finishes drilling and pulls his bloody drill-bit out.

FINCANEN
Jesus that hurts!

ISSAC
Pain's good, means you're alive.

FINCANEN
Drugs, please!

Isaac looks at PJ-Two taking her pulse who shakes his head while handing a *Blood Pac* to Issac.

ISSAC
Sorry ma'am, blood pressure's too low, concentrate on your husband.

FINCANEN
Does he know?

DUSTY
Everybody will in a few, ma'am.

PJ THREE
Patient Two's I.V. is in!

PJ FOUR
Blood flowing!

ISAAC
Splint his leg.

PJ TWO
One's I.V. is flowing --stable!

ISSAC
Golden Hour!

All Four PJ's push a timer-button on their wristwatches.

STICKAM
Stretcher, Bearers!

Their Four Delta Partners unfold portable stretchers and help lift Fincanen and Brenner onto them, then lift and carry the stretchers in pairs with neck slings. PJ-Two and PJ-Four hold I.V. bags up on one side, as Isaac and PJ-Three stand on the opposite side of each stretcher monitoring their patients.

ISAAC
Good to go!

STICKAM
Clear!

DUSTY
Got a train to catch, people!

Deltas take off jogging in V-formation. PJs and Four Deltas follow with the two stretchers staying inside the protective formation. Fincanen and Brenner bounce on their stretchers.

BRENNER
We're taking a train?

Even Deltas can chuckle "on mission." PJs can not.

EXT. RAINFOREST CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Hut-village of LATIN GUERILLAS, all wearing jungle-camo and carrying AK-47s, walk throughout their camp.

A bamboo platform in a forked tree holds their SENTRY.

INT. RAINFOREST CAMP HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Four bamboo walls and floor with a bamboo chair in middle.

Newhart is tied to the bamboo chair with a burlap bag over his head. It is pulled off. His eyes adjust.

NEWHART
Use that to store your dirty undies, do you?

BIGFOOT, who is as big and hairy as one, snarls something in Spanish, then slaps Newhart with a large gnarled hand.

NEWHART
Well that was just rude.

Bigfoot slaps him the other way.

Newhart recovers as both cheeks turn red.

NEWHART
At least now they'll match.

Earlier German voice speaks from a shadowy corner.

MISTER X
You know --vhat vee vant.

NEWHART

Little heavy on the v's there,
Volkswagen. And you should know,
you "vont" get it.

(now as *Sgt. Shultz*)
"I know nuthink!"

A used plastic bag is pulled over his head suffocating him.

Instead of fighting, Newhart relaxes staring ahead blank.

MISTER X, in his 50s with greying hair and a Van Dyke grey beard, leans forward into the light watching. He is wearing a white, but dirty tropical suit with summer fedora in his lap.

MISTER X

"I" know you von't, but just like
on Weihnachten morning, opening
your present is all the fun, ya?

Newhart's face is turning bright red and his eyes are going glassy.

Mister X hand-motions, *Stop*, and plastic bag is pulled off.

Instead of gasping, Newhart breathes in deep through his mouth "popping" his chest at the last moment to suck in more oxygen, holds it, then exhales slow through his nose.

MISTER X

Very good, very good training.

NEWHART

Potatoes?

MISTER X

Vhat?

NEWHART

In the plastic bag --Kartoffel.

MISTER X

You are much more entertaining,
than I dared hope.

NEWHART

Yeah, well entertain this, your
bank attacks pissed off both --
(in a French accent)
Le Commandement des Opérations
Spéciales et --
(now in German accent)
Kommando Spezialkräfte.

Mister X head-motions, Again. Same plastic bag is pulled over Newhart's head. Mister X leans-in closer.

MISTER X
Träum süß, uh --"sweet, dreams."

CAPTION: *T-minus 10 hours.*

EXT. RETURN TO SOMALI DESERT - HIGH NOON - LATER SAME DAY

Heat-waves rise from the sands like breath fogs from hell.

Delta's V-formation jogs with P.J.s and stretchers in center.

DUSTY
Hydrate!

ALL stop, breathing hard. P.J.s give water to their patients while monitoring vitals. Four Delta Partners drink from their own water tubes as they insert the PJs tubes into PJ mouths.

Dusty stands sucking on his hose as he throw-releases a six-inch camera mini-drone looking like a toy helicopter. He is wearing a mini-headset plugged into a cellphone-size monitor.

STICKAM
How do I get one of those?

DUSTY
Become a combat-weatherman, D'boy.

Dusty doesn't like what he sees on his monitor and raises a fist up at 90°. His bicep bulges. ALL freeze silent. Dusty's fist becomes a flat hand as he drops down to a knee.

All Deltas drop to a knee.

The Four PJs drop to a knee setting their two gurneys on the sand.

Dusty points an index finger ahead with its thumb pointing down and all other fingers curled-in indicating, *Enemy ahead.*

FINCANEN
Soldier?

ISAAC
Paramedic --yes, ma'am?

FINCANEN
Please stop calling me, ma'am. If you drill into someone's bone, you kinda' become intimate.

ISAAC
What would you like me to call you?

FINCANEN
By first name --probably know it.

ISAAC
Used it earlier --Margaret.

FINCANEN
What's yours?

ISAAC
Isaac --we will be treating you.

FINCANEN
Funny.

ISAAC
What is ma --uh, Margaret?

She grabs his hand in pain and squeezes with her eyes closed.

ISAAC
Change to Rocephin.

PJ-Two syringes a vial to inject her I.V. tube. She recovers.

FINCANEN
You, me, in the desert --doing the whole Bible thing.

ISAAC
Just another day at the office, Margaret.

She gets a racking cough. Isaac wets her lips with water.

Delta's stare in professional alarm. She is, their Mission.

Fincanen recovers and stares up at Isaac, then purses lips.

ISAAC
What?

FINCANEN
You don't look Jewish.

ISAAC
(pats her hand)
Not so my Kohen would notice.

Dusty catches his mini-drone to hold up one finger, then moves it up and down.

EXT. 5,000 FEET IN THE AIR ABOVE THEM - SIMULTANEOUS

An incoming *Predator* drone fires two Hellfire missiles.

EXT. SOMALI DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Drone's missiles disappear over the dune ALL were climbing.

Two thunderous explosions on the other side as sand is thrown into the air covering them.

Stickam looks at Dusty who gives a *Thumbs-up*.

Stickam points his index finger in the air and circles it.

Stretchers are picked up, and ALL beginning running in same V-formation again.

They run over the dune to see armageddon. Several old trucks and a dozen heavily armed NEW SOMALI soldiers were destroyed.

GUNNY

Don't call them Hellfire for nothing, commie pukes.

ALL Deltas and PJs keep running with stretchers.

Isaac checks Fincanen's vitals, then eye-motions PJ-Two to take over as primary, who does. Isaac jogs to Stickam.

ISAAC

Call for pick-up, now.

STICKAM

Still too far In-Country.

ISAAC

Now, please.

STICKAM

Mission parameters state ...

ISAAC

NOW!

Isaac glares at Stickam who looks at Dusty, then nods.

Dusty jogs off to the side to take a knee and talk on his shoulder radio.

Stickam turns to jog backwards while giving the two-handed paratrooper sign, *Hook-Up*. All Deltas check their magazines.

Issac slows his pace to let his P.J.s catch up to him.

Fincanen takes his hand again.

FINCANEN
Is my baby going to make it?

ISAAC
Just called for special delivery.

EXT. AIR OVER SOMALI DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS

Three *CH-47F Chinooks*, fastest military helicopter in the world, are painted desert-camo. They streak along in a single file at 315 mph flying nape-of-the-earth at 100 feet.

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER SOMALI DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

High above the Chinooks, Two *F-22 Raptors* painted all black with no markings, fly at 60,000 feet. At that altitude, they are unseen by radar and unheard on the ground.

EXT. DELTAS IN SOMALI DESERT - IMMEDIATELY

Deltas in V-formation with PJs and stretchers still run.

Dusty stops to take a knee and gives finger-circle, *On me*.

DUSTY
Hydrate!

Repeat drinking from water hoses by ALL. Dusty points down.

DUSTY
L.Z. --here.

Deltas form a circle around the PJs with their backs to them.

Dusty launches his mini-drone again. He watches its monitor.

DUSTY
Checkmate Six to Cabo Two.

F-22 PILOT (FILTERED)
Cabo Two, over.

DUSTY
Incoming Tangos grid thirty-nine
niner, sure would appreciate an
N.O.E fly-by, over.

F-22 PILOT (FILTERED)
Roger that --nuts to butts.

Dusty gives hand-sign to, *Lay down*. PJs put ponchos over Fincanen and Brenner, then the Four PJs and their Four Delta Partners lay over both. Yes, all will take a bullet for them.

EXT. SOMALI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

An old beat-up 4-wheel-drive pick-up speeds over the sand with SOMALI TRUCK SOLDIERS in its bed.

EXT./INT. SOMALI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

SOMALI DRIVER squints out side window to point, *What's that?*

SOMALI DRIVER
Waa maxay?

SOMALI PASSENGER leans over to look. His eyes become saucers as he exclaims, *The Devil!*

SOMALI PASSENGER
Sheydaanka!

EXT. SOMALI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The Two F-22s are wing-tip to wing-tip flying in at Mach 2.

At 500 feet altitude, their 35,000 pounds of engine thrust times two, leaves behind a sandstorm wider than a football field and higher than goal posts. Even Aladdin's Genie could not stop the Tsunami of sand heading for the hapless truck.

Both F-22s go to after-burners to add their insult to the Somali's injury. They pass over the truck with a sonic boom that vibrates sand into glass. Their buzz-sawing sand-wave overturns the truck rolling it sideways over and over until it has to disintegrate. The Two F-22's pull up almost 90° and rocket back up into near-space.

If God's vengeance is made of Titanium, it is the Raptor.

EXT. DELTA EXTRACTION LZ IN SOMALI DESERT - IMMEDIATELY

Sonic boom concussion and swirling sands hit Deltas and PJs like a land typhoon. It dissipates. Deltas and PJs stand to shake the sand off themselves, then PJs uncover Fincanen and Brenner, who exclaims in mixed English and Danish curse word, pronounced *fin*.

BRENNER
What the fanden was that?

ISAAC
Yahweh said, "Hello."

DUSTY
Checkmate Six to Cabo Two.

F-22 PILOT (FILTERED)
Five by five, Checkmate Six.

DUSTY
Impressive.

F-22 PILOT (FILTERED)
Bingo fuel, R.T.B. --shalom.

ISAAC
(looks up at sky)
Shalom, aleichem.

Dusty removes a blue beacon light from his pack and walks out to set it in the sand, then talks into his shoulder mike.

DUSTY
Checkmate Six to Cole Train.

CH-47 LEADER (FILTERED)
Cole Train, clear.

DUSTY
Strobe activated.

CH-47 LEADER (FILTERED)
Roger, receiving signal, inbound,
E.T.A. two minutes.

Dusty holds up two fingers high so everyone can see.

ISSAC
Margaret? We're going by helicopter and fly to a medical ship. You and your baby will be just fine.

Fincanen grasps his hand, her voice is weak.

FINCANEN
Thank you.

ISSAC
"Thank you" --for being a good patient.

FINCANEN
I, I didn't do anything special?

ISSAC
Hey, D'Boys!

ALL Deltas turn to look.

ISAAC
Doesn't think she did anything
special!

All Deltas begin laughing. Fincanen is confused.

FINCANEN
What?

Brenner reaches to touch her hand.

BRENNER
We survived, Margaret, we survived.

The Four P.J.s prepare their two litters to be air-lifted.

Two CH-47's land side-by-side as their Third hovers above and behind rotating back and forth as *Scout*.

The Four PJs load their two patients on one helicopter which lifts-off to hover.

Half the Deltas get on the second landed helicopter and it takes off to hover.

Third CH-47 lands and rest of Deltas board with Stickam, then it takes off as the Lead helicopter with other Two following.

EXT. AIRSPACE HIGH OVER SOMALI DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS

Cruising above the three helicopters at 45,000 feet are two carrier version F-35C's with U.S. Navy markings, just in case God's stand-in, is called-in, for an encore.

EXT. U.S.N.S. MERCY HOSPITAL SHIP - LATER THAT DAY

Its painted all-white hull has huge red crosses. It is 894 feet long and 69,000 tons out of San Diego, California. It carries 1,000 patient beds with 12 operating rooms.

CAPTION: U.S. Navy's Mercy Hospital Ship

INT. U.S.N.S. MERCY - MOMENTS LATER

Patient treatment area looks like any land-based emergency room with individual gurneys that can be curtained-off.

Fincanen is now wearing a hospital gown and under her sheet in a treatment area with curtains drawn on both sides. She now has the I.V. in an arm-vein as her heart-monitor beeps. Her body was washed and skin color looks better.

Issac, now in fatigues, enters.

FINCANEN
Where is Michael?

Brenner answers way too-happy from other side of a curtain.

BRENNER (O.S.)
In here and just --finnnnne!

Fincanen looks concerned at Issac who whispers.

ISAAC
*Doctor had to re-break his leg in
order to set it properly, so your
friend is feeling, no pain.*

Fincanen motions Isaac over to hold his hand.

FINCANEN
Bless you.

ISSAC
Just doing my job, Margaret.

FINCANEN
No, you're doing much more than
that. --You care.

ISSAC
We all do.

Margaret pats Isaac's hand "motherly" understanding.

FINCANEN
It's okay --I won't tell.

General Nance in uniform enters. Issac snaps to attention.

NANCE
Stand at ease, soldier --gonna'
snap a vertebrae.

ISAAC
Sir yes, sir.
(goes to Parade Rest)
Surprised to see you here, sir?

General Petersen, now wearing a NATO uniform, enters.

Isaac snaps back to even straighter attention.

PETERSEN
(Danish, at ease soldier)
Let soldat.

Issac again returns to Parade Rest as Petersen shakes Issac's hand animated.

PETERSEN
Tremendous achievement, both tactically and politically.

ISAAC
Thank you, sir.

NANCE
(to Fincanen)
How are you feeling, can I get you anything?

FINCANEN
(head-motions to Issac)
Another twenty like him.

Delayed reaction, then Petersen and Nance guffaw as Nance slaps Isaac on the back hard knocking him forward.

NANCE
Working on it, ma'am, working on it.

FINCANEN
Everyone please call me, Margaret!

Petersen and Nance mutter embarrassed as Isaac hides a grin.

NANCE/PETERSEN
Uh, of course, yes, happy to, you bet --ma'am.

NANCE
We're having your husband flown in to Diego Garcia. He'll meet you there. We're having a ceremony on deck tomorrow, hope you both can make it.

BRENNER (O.S.)
A party --where?!

FINCANEN
As long as I get to meet and greet
my rescuers.

PETERSEN
You will.

U.S.N.S. NURSE, in her navy-blue work uniform, enters.

NURSE
Sirs, she needs to rest now.

NANCE
Of course. Gentlemen, drinks on me.

Nance, Petersen, and Isaac exit. Nurse closes the curtain.

BRENNER (O.S.)
Anything on the rocks!

INT. USNS MERCY ADMIRAL QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Cramped even by college dorm standards. Nance sits on the end of his single bed. Petersen sits on its only chair, a wooden one to match its desk. Isaac stands leaning against closet.

Nance raises his glass for a toast, the Other Two follow.

NANCE
Mission success.

PETERSEN/ISAAC
(both answer in Danish)
Mission sucess.

All Three clink their glasses, then drink. Isaac approves.

NANCE
You and your men have earned two weeks leave.

ISAAC
(puts down glass, salutes)
Thank you, sir. --Generals.

Nance returns Isaac's salute who then exits closing the door.

PETERSEN
When will you tell him?

INT. NEWHART'S JUNGLE HUT - SIMULTANEOUS

Newhart, shirt torn, socks and shoes gone, face bruised and battered, has one eye swollen shut as both wrists and ankles bleed from their wires twisted to his bamboo chair-arms. He passed out. A bucket of water is thrown reviving him.

MISTER X

Now that the body is broken, we go
to work on your mind, ya? --Doctor.

Mister X hand-motions to DOCTOR DE SADE, a *Peter Lorre* look-alike, wearing a filthy lab coat, who draws a syringe, then injects Newhart's arm. He has a slight German accent and an even slighter stutter as he quotes his namesake.

DE SADE

"One weeps not saved, when one is
afraid, and th-th-that is why kings
are t-t-tyrants."

NEWHART

(to Mister X)

No offense, but I think your Doc's
b-b-brainpan is a few quarts low.

MISTER X

Once your brain is broken, then we
do same to your spirit, Ja?

Mister X hand-motions to Bigfoot who cracks all eight of his hairy knuckles. They sound like plywood breaking.

CAPTION: T-minus 5 hours.

INT. USNS MERCY GYM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Isaac and his Three P.J.s are lifting heavy weights in its fully equipped gym with its wall-TV on, but muted.

Segment comes on with a NEWS-REPORTER, female, wearing a red safety vest, talking into her microphone on the ship's deck.

PJ TWO

Hey, isn't that --?

All Four PJs realize it's their ship, *Mercy*. Issac scrambles to find the remote then turns the volume up.

TV-Picture changes to now show same News-Reporter now interviewing Brenner in his hospital bed still *happy-feet*.

NEWS REPORTER (FILTERED)
What saved you?

Brenner's silly smile disappears as he become dead serious.

BRENNER (FILTERED
"Being taken with an American."

Stickam enters, nods, and jumps on a treadmill running.

STICKAM
Sorry to hear about your friend.

ISAAC
Excuse me?

Stickam turns around to run backwards on his treadmill.

STICKAM
Newhart, you were college buddies,
he's in the C.I.A., right?

ISAAC
And I was Best Man at his wedding?

Stickam tilts his head, then jumps off his treadmill.

STICKAM
The General --didn't tell you?

On cue, his Three P.J.s stand up with Isaac.

ISAAC
Tell us --what?

EXT. USNS MERCY HELICOPTER FLIGHT DECK - THAT MORNING

NAVY PERSONNEL in dress whites with Dusty and Deltas in blue ASU with *Soutache Braid*, and the Four PJs in a choker-style blouse with silver-braided epaulette, stand at attention being addressed by General Petersen speaking at a podium into a microphone. His voice echoes across the deck.

PETERSEN (FILTERED)
For activities and achievement
superior far and above what was
expected, the Joint Meritorious
Unit Award is hereby given to both
Army Deltas and Air Force
Pararescue. Gentlemen --

Stickam and Isaac quick-step to the podium. Petersen pins the Army ribbon on Stickam, then the Air Force ribbon on Isaac.

Fincanen and Brenner are in wheelchairs with I.V. poles. Brenner's full-cast leg sticks out supported. They sincerely and tearfully thank each Delta, then PJ, one-by-one.

AFTER SERVICE MONTAGE: Band plays. ALL mingle, drink, laugh.

Isaac corners Nance.

ISAAC

When were you going to tell me,
sir?

NANCE

After.

ISAAC

Extraction?

NANCE

Can't cross two borders in the same
week, son, you know that.

ISAAC

You also know, I'm now taking that
vacation you offered.

NANCE

Glad to hear it, sure as hell
earned it. Anything I can get you
before leaving?

ISAAC

Yes sir, a SOC-R and a BUFF.

Nance chokes on his champagne. Isaac gives him a thousand-yard stare. Petersen walks up with his champagne glass.

ISAAC

Expedite --sir.

Nance takes Petersen's full glass and downs it.

CAPTION: *Zero Hour*

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THEIR SMALL ISLAND - THAT NIGHT

BIOT is a militarized atoll in the Indian Ocean just below the equator. It is one of two critical U.S. bomber bases in the Asia Pacific region. From the air, it looks like a miniature New York city lit-up at night.

CAPTION: *Diego Garcia, British Indian Ocean Territory*

EXT. DIEGO GARCIA TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

An all-black *Hercules MC-130J* transport with no markings has its rear loading bay down and lit by portable spotlights.

An Air Force GROUND CREW readies their big bad-ass bird.

Isaac and his Three PJs, all wearing night low-level *LAPES* gear, stand yelling above all the light's generator-noise.

ISAAC

Just to be clear, I disapproved of you all volunteering for this off-the-books mission!

His Three PJs return his earlier thousand-yard stare.

ISAAC

Right, so the four of us ...!

DUSTY

Five!

Dusty waddles up wearing the same low-level-opening parachute on his back with his 115-lb pack tethered between his legs.

ISAAC

You can't jump wearing that!

Dusty grabs Isaac by his chute's harness-straps.

DUSTY

I was at his wedding, too, Admiral Nimrod! Besides, which of you puny weaklings can carry a 180-lb man on his back for five miles running?!

Isaac asks Three PJs with his eyes. They shrug back, *Not me.*

DUSTY

(looks up ramp into plane)
Can I drive?

Special Boat Team 22 Alpha's FOUR SCCW (Special Warfare Combatant-craft Crewmen) Navy SB (boat operators) all in their 20s, do look tough as SEALS because they went through the same BUDS Prep before breaking off for boat training.

ALPHA SOC-R's HELMSMAN and his THREE GUNNERS, arrive.

ALPHA HELMSMAN

"Don't like nobody touchin' my stuff! If I catch any of you guys in my stuff --I'll kill ya'!"

Dusty smiles recognizes Line, delivery, and the fact Alpha Helmsman does look like "Psycho" from the movie *Stripes*.

DUSTY
"Lighten up, Francis!"

All laugh, shake hands, and exchange professional curses.

ALPHA HELMSMAN
You the I, D, One, O, T, Form that
dreamed up this nightmare?!

DUSTY
Yeah, he's idiot-savant all right!
(looks in plane again)
What's its armament?!

The Four SCCW start belly-laughing.

ALPHA HELMSMAN
Ever seen "V for Vendetta?!"

The Three PJs talk among themselves nodding animated.

THREE PJS
Great film ...Loved it ...Cool!

ALPHA HELMSMAN
We put the "V" in "Violence of
Action!" Anyone deciding to shoot
at us, will immediately regret
their last decision on earth!

LOADMASTER TWO, 5' 4" hair-in-a-bun looking like she just graduated high school, wears a USAF green jumpsuit and noise canceling electronic ear-muffs. She approaches down the ramp giving the universal "hook-up" circle-sign over her head.

The Nine Soldiers pick up their weapon-rucksacks, then board the plane. Loadmaster Two walks up the ramp backwards behind them scanning for safety issues as it *whines* closing.

EXT. DIEGO GARCIA ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The *Hercules*, older than any human aboard her, lumbers up the runway. It takes off engines roaring to climb at 45°, then levels off at 1,000 feet. All its running lights go dark.

INT. HERCULES CARGO BAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The engine roar inside is deafening.

Its cargo compartment is 41 feet long, 9 feet high, and 10 feet wide. It can be pressurized to 5,000 feet, but they won't even get one-fifth that high on this flight.

A *SOC-R, Special Operations Craft - Riverine*, is 33 feet long and 9 feet wide. Ballistic armor protects its two 440 h.p. engines with two *GAU-17* mini-guns on either side of her bow. An *M2HB .50* caliber machine gun aft above swimmer's platform, two twin-*M240B 7.62mm* light machine guns side-mounted, and a rotating 40mm *Mk-19* remote-controlled grenade launcher behind the driver's chair in the center of the boat are locked down.

The Four SCCW flip down passenger webbed-chairs on the plane's fuselage wall forward of the cargo bay and sit.

Four PJs flip down similar chairs across from them and sit.

Dusty grumbles as he pulls down a chair and sits with pack in his lap. Chair gives way and Dusty falls sitting on the deck.

The Other Eight break out in bonding-laughter.

Dusty takes off all his heavy gear and pulls down a second chair, then sits in it pouting like a kid with arms folded.

Too much, Other Eight go crazy knee-slapping and guffawing.

ISAAC

Make yourself comfortable, get some rest, it's a three-hour flight!

Loadmaster Two, now wearing her *HGU-55* fixed wing-helmet system, checks the SOC-R lock-downs are secure.

DUSTY

Where's your Honey Bucket?!

Loadmaster Two points to what looks like a small porta-potty against the fuselage.

Dusty pulls out its privacy screen and retches, then puts his parachute on top of his rusk-sack as a footrest and is sound asleep in his new chair with ankles crossed in two seconds.

The Four SCCW Team tilt their heads as one at Dusty worried.

ISAAC

It's okay, "it" does that to relax!

The Four SCCW shrug and close their eyes. ALL try to sleep.

EXT. HERCULES FLYING UNDER A NEW MOON - STILL NIGHT

No moon-shadow as the prop-jet drops from 1,000 feet over the Indian Ocean to a mere 100 feet heading towards land.

CAPTION: Island of Sri Lanka, off the Indian coast

INT. HERCULES CARGO BAY - MOMENTS LATER

The *SOC-R* is now covered by a lashed-down tarp with All their gear stowed inside. Cradled on its launching-pallet, it looks like a new show-room craft straight from the assembly wharf.

All Nine Soldiers wear black *LAPES* (Low Altitude Parachute Extraction System) chutes, full-face black impact-helmets with shield, black tactical gloves, and black dry-suits over their dark jungle camos. Black static lines are attached to their *D-Bags* as all Nine Soldiers hold their carabiner hooks in their teeth standing single-file beside the Riverine. SCCW are first then PJs with Dusty last and Isaac in front of him.

Loadmaster Two stands by her hand-controls at the rear of the cargo bay and lowers its ramp *whining*.

The Nine Soldiers can now see how low they are.

DUSTY
Are you shittin' me?!

Helmsman turns to give them a universal, *Hook Up*, hand-sign.

ALL Soldiers clip their hooks on the static wire above them.

ISAAC
(to Dusty)
Remember to cross your arms and
grab your chest webbing tight, keep
your knees bent and feet together!

Loadmaster releases the lock-downs on the skid-pallet as its pilot-chute catches the wind and pulls out the boat's main chute. It sounds like a rocket-sled shooting down its tracks as the boat launches out of the plane to splash on the ocean.

DUSTY
We're not jumping out this low?!

Isaac shakes his head. Dusty relaxes.

ISAAC
Two hundred fifty!

DUSTY
FEET?!

Their Line moves ahead one-by-one as the four SCCW, then Four PJs, jump and their pilot-chutes pull fully-open their mains in a snap-crackle-pop finger-snap yanking them away.

Dusty crosses himself, then he is gone.

While tethered, Loadmaster Two uses her pointer-finger to physically count each chute to make sure. Satisfied, she walks backwards also crossing herself as her ramp closes.

EXT. ABOVE THE INDIAN OCEAN - SECONDS LATER

Their nine chutes open horizontal fully as they barely have time to go vertical before hitting the water at eight miles per hour. Total time in the air; five seconds.

EXT. UNDER/ABOVE INDIAN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

All Nine hit their master chest-release and their chutes with harnesses sink. Each pulls their UDT-vest toggle and CO₂ inflates their vest which carries them back to the surface.

Topside, they pull off their helmets which sink, then release the vests to swim. Total time under the water; three seconds.

EXT. ON THE INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Four SCCW swim like dolphins to their boat and release its pallet which sinks taking its huge chute with it. They and the Three PJs climb aboard.

Isaac waits for Dusty to pop-up who does like a submarine.

DUSTY
That Was Insane!
(spits out water)
Let's do it again.

Isaac and Dusty swim to and are helped into the Riverine. Total time in the water; 60 seconds.

All Nine strip their dry-suits to put in a weighted dive-bag, seal it, and throw overboard storing it in *Neptune's Locker*.

The Four SCCW have drilled this a 1,000 times and run to their four stations, put on helmets with Night-Vision, then release, ready, and prime-fire all their ship's guns.

DUSTY
Impressive.

Helmsman now fires up the twin-engines. Drill complete, all Four SCCW give a fist-pump up-and-down motion with bent arm.

ALL SWWC
SWICK!

DUSTY
How fast does ...?

Dusty is thrown back as their boat goes from 0 to 46 mph in five seconds.

EXT. SOC-R BOAT ALPHA NEARING A RIVER INLET - MOMENTS LATER

The Riverine looks like it is water skiing, jumping and bouncing over waves as it shoots into a forested river.

EXT. INSIDE SOC-R BOAT ALPHA AT RIVER INLET - MOMENTS LATER

The Four PJs and Dusty now wear hi-cut *Ops Core Maritime* helmets with chin straps and quad-lens *GPNVG Ground Panoramic* Night Vision Goggles attached and down. The Five are planning their attack using a plastic map overlay laid out on the deck holding its edges down with their boots. They have to yell over the engine noise.

ISAAC
Newhart swallowed his phone's GPS!

DUSTY
He, What?!

ISAAC
Before capsule's battery gave out,
N.C.T.C. tracked it to a terrorist
training village near the river!
T.F.T.P. says Tangos are funded by
a German splinter cell of Stasi!

DUSTY
"Stassi," East Germany's now
defunct State Security?!

ISAAC
What's left of it, so we may find
former K.G.B. who speak German!

DUSTY

Also means Newhart will have been
through their *Zersetzung* ringer!

ISAAC

Which is why I let you come along!

DUSTY

"Let me?" We're all Bozos on this
bus, Einstein! We either come back
heroes, or don't come back zeros!

The Four SCCW and Four PJs nod in agreement.

DUSTY

We goin' in with just jungle gear?!

ISAAC

Affirmative, light, fast breaching
--and it's a rainforest, Forest!

DUSTY

What's the difference?!

ISAAC

Rainforest can have a jungle, but a
jungle never has a rainforest!

DUSTY

If you're tryin' to put your circle
into my square, kiss me first!

Everyone on board laughs. Isaac gets serious and hands Dusty
a leather back-pack.

DUSTY

Awww, you remembered!

ISAAC

Yes I did, do you?!

Dusty looks inside back-pack and is surprised.

DUSTY

Know you went to Superman college,
dummy, so why we goin' old school?!

ISAAC

Silent, quicker!

Dusty looks again in sling-bag.

DUSTY

What's in 'em?!

ISAAC
Cyanide!

Dusty looks up open-mouthed. Isaac reaches over to shut it for him with two fingers under his chin.

ISAAC
Canopy's too thick for our GPS
signal, Compass Check!

The Four PJs and Dusty pull the velcro covers off their wrist compasses, nod, then re-cover their compasses.

ISAAC
You all have the coordinates, if
separated, we meet here at 05:30!

Isaac taps his finger on the map, then puts same hand out. The Other Four put theirs on top.

P.J.s/DUSTY
Mission!

Instead of breaking hands, Issac puts his second one on top of the other Four's.

ISAAC
Who has the most important job?!

All Four PJs look at Dusty who nods understanding his role.

EXT. SOC-R BOAT ALPHA ON THE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

The Riverine now coasts silent to ground itself on a densely overgrown bank.

Four PJs and Dusty jump off its bow and Dusty pushes the boat off into the river. The Other Four hunch-run into the foliage following Isaac who is clearing a path with his machete.

Alpha SOC-R drifts out into the river's current as ALL watch till their cargo is safe, then rev engines to full and rocket back up from where they came. In seconds, the boat is gone.

EXT. RAIN FOREST CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The Four PJs and Dusty lie still with jungle-camo striped face-paint wearing jungle-camo Modular-Plate Vests. In their jungle-camo BDUs, they are, to the untrained eye, invisible.

Isaac comes up to a knee. The Other Four also take a knee. ALL wear thigh-holster railed *Sig Sauer P226* pistols with suppressors and laser-aiming front sights. Each carries a 12-gauge *Benelli M4 Super 90* shotgun on their back in a sling.

The Three PJs wear a fighter pilot's *Kaybar* knife on their camo battle-belts along with extra shotgun shells.

Dusty wears a Marine *Kukri* on his belt with extra shells and earlier leather weapons-bag cross-draped across his back.

Isaac wears a *Spetsnaz Ballistic Knife* on his belt with extra shotgun shells. His black steel bolo-machete is strapped vertically in its sheath down his left breast, handle up.

From now on, only military hand-signals are used instead of voice commands. Isaac points to Dusty and gives the *Overwatch* palm wave above his own head. Dusty nods animated to signal his understanding. Isaac, then his Other Four, lower their night goggles. Isaac pulls his machete, then double-pumps his free fist up and down. All Five run into the dense forest following Isaac with Dusty running backwards checking Six.

INT. NEWHART'S JUNGLE HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Newhart is hanging-on out of pure spite. His clothes are now rags and his face swollen, bruised, and bleeding. One eye is ready to pop out and one front tooth is missing; not good.

Bigfoot stands in front of Newhart breathing hard with bloody rags wrapped around his two hand's bloody knuckles.

Newhart spits out blood and mumble-talks from the swelling.

NEWHART
Yer thister hits harder.

Bigfoot pulls back a hay-maker.

MISTER X
Nein!

Mister X steps out of a corner shadow wiping his brow.

MISTER X
Besides growing bore-some, time
does not permit petty pleasures.

NEWHART
(as *Tweety Bird*)
Awww, and was just thartin' to have
fun, puddy-tat.

MISTER X
Say auf wiedersehen to your wit,
half-wit. Now the good doctor,
breaks your spirit, ya? Bye-bye.

Mister X exits the hut as De Sade steps forward rubbing portable C.P.R. defibrillator paddles together.

NEWHART
(spits more blood)
Still expect me to talk?

DE SADE
Nein, Mister CIA-man, I expect you to die.

EXT. DRONE AERIAL VIEW OF NEWHART'S CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

POV as seen by Dusty's tiny helicopter-drone flying over it shows it really is a jungle out there. No fencing, just several thatched huts and the one tree-platform Sentry post.

Drone's computer-screen marks each target hut with a red box.

Mister X exits hut below. A target-square marks it in green.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF NEWHART'S CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter-drone flies low over the ground as Dusty's prone gloved-hand reaches up to snatch it. He slides the drone and its monitor into a thigh pouch.

All Five lie prone buried in the muck, then get up on a knee.

Isaac points a finger with its thumb down at the Sentry tree, then with same hand gives the universal *cut-throat* sign.

Dusty pulls a tactical crossbow out of earlier leather pouch to load it with a cyanide-quill, then aims it at the Sentry.

Isaac draws his pistol with suppressor to give hand-commands, then holds up a hand with all five fingers splayed, then same hand finishes with *cut-throat* sign again.

His Three PJs draw their pistols with suppressors to crawl off in different directions with shotguns across their backs.

Inside his hut, they hear Newhart's scream go inaudible.

EXT. ENEMY CAMP'S SENTRY TREE-HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SENTRY, in worn fatigues, has an AK-47 slung over a shoulder. He opens his mouth to flip a cigarette in, misses, catches it, and tries again. This time, Dusty's cross-bow bolt flies into his mouth breaking its ampule. Sentry gags, then collapses dead onto his deck to a resounding *thud*.

GUERRILLA ONE is walking nearby and hears the unmistakable sound of a dead body. He tries to unsling his AK-47, but a second quill sticks in his temple. He's dead before he falls.

EXT. ENEMY CAMP'S HUT - SIMULTANEOUS

GUERRILLA TWO is starting to enter, but hears Guerrilla One's *thud* and turns to look. PJ-Two's gloved-hand from inside the hut covers his mouth. Guerrilla Two's eyes look up to follow PJ-Two's other gloved-hand holding his knife high as it comes down stabbing Guerrilla Two's Carotid Artery several times. PJ-Two's hands drag Guerrilla Two's lifeless body with spurting neck-artery blood back into the same hut.

INT. SECOND ENEMY CAMP HUT - MOMENTS LATER

GUERRILLA THREE opens the door to enter, but freezes seeing GUERRILLAS FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX, lying dead with blood pools around their throats. He then sees PJ-Two who puts a gloved-finger to his lips, *Shhhh*.

Guerrilla Three has one second to make a decision, and makes the wrong one as he tries to raise his AK-47. PJ-Three's gloved-hand from behind slices his scalpel-sharp blade deep across Guerrilla Three's throat from ear to ear cutting both Carotid Arteries. Guerrilla Three becomes his own gurgling red-blooded *Fourth of July*, just without the fireworks.

PJ-Two catches Guerrilla Three's falling dead body nodding to PJ-Three.

INT. NEWHART'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Bigfoot stands in a corner, arms-folded, watching with an evil smile. Newhart is dying and De Sade knows it.

DE SADE
Shall I bring you back once more
into my b-b-breath, dear friend?

De Sade slams the paddles onto Newhart's bare chest.

Newhart spasms as 500 Volts shoot through his body.

DE SADE
That was only half-vay, should vee
go to eine tausend?
(looks at Bigfoot)
Ya?

Bigfoot doesn't respond staring at something.

De Sade spins, but is pistol-whipped across his face knocking him down and loosing some teeth. He grabs his jaw.

DE SADE
Was ist das?

ISAAC
Rückzahlun.

DE SADE
"Repayment" --payback for vhat? Am
just doing my job, ya?

Isaac clubs De Sade on the top of his head with gun-butt knocking him down and out.

ISAAC
Consider that a reprimand.

Bigfoot steps forward, Isaac two-handed aims at his head.

ISAAC
Stand down, tiny.

PJ-Four enters hut and cuts Newhart free from chair then lays him down on floor. Newhart's eyes flutter open.

NEWHART
Issac?

ISAAC
Still Best Man, gadget?

Isaac keeps Bigfoot covered with his pistol as he pulls De Sade up and over to throw into Newhart's chair.

ISAAC
Talk or die.

DE SADE
Sterben.

Isaac pulls a cross-bow bolt out of a thigh pocket and stabs it into De Sades Trapezius neck muscle who looks surprised.

ISAAC
You did say "Stab me," ya?

NEWHART
Close enough.

De Sade dead-falls out of the chair onto Newhart. PJ-Four rolls the body off Newhart, then reaches into his right thigh pocket to pull out his Blow-Out kit. He opens it to retrieve an unmistakable large intracardiac injection needle.

NEWHART
Adrenaline?

ISAAC
Hold on to your keyster, he has to inject one centimeter to the left of the Xiphoid Process aimed towards your left shoulder.

NEWHART
I know how it's done, bumpkis.

This is the first time we see Isaac really smile.

ISAAC
Don't move, or he'll make you sing alto.

PJ-Four raises needle high, then full-force drops to inject Newhart who is wide-eyed stunned, then inhales hard enough to implode a tornado.

NEWHART
Thank you sir, may I have another!

PJ-Four dresses Newhart's open sores, then pulls olive-drab T-shirt out of a thigh pocket and helps Newhart put it on.

NEWHART
Aww, and I didn't get you guys nothin'.

Dusty enters the hut closing the door.

DUSTY
Hurry up, Boss, rooster's crowin'.

ISSAC
You two carry him to the rendezvous point, then stabilize him for travel. Rally the other two and if I'm not there in five, exfiltrate without me --that's an order.

Dusty and PJ-Four help Newhart to the door who turns.

NEWHART
Don't make me come back for you.

ISSAC
Fat chance, meshugana --get goin'.

With his Three PJs, Dusty, and Newhart now gone, Isaac's grin changes to a maniacal glare at Bigfoot.

ISAAC
Talmud says I'm supposed to forgive those that wrong me. --But you wronged my friend bad-bad, and for that, I don't forgive.

Isaac lays his pistol on the table and steps back.

ISSAC
Okay, tall, dark, and ugly --wanna' dance?

Bigfoot starts to pull a machete up and out of a pant's leg.

ISAAC
Must be from Trinidad.

Bigfoot fully pulls out a *Liniero* machete with rusted panga blade and a blood-stained wood handle.

ISSAC
Nope, Venezuela.

Isaac draws his titanium black serrated machete out of his chest scabbard.

ISAAC
You lead, Mongo.

MACHETE MONTAGE: Both circle each other probing for weakness. The best way to fight a man with a machete is to stab forward. Bigfoot appears to have missed that hand-to-hand lesson. Isaac straight-arm stabs Bigfoot in his abdomen. Bigfoot covers his wound with a giant paw while swinging his machete with the other. Isaac sees it coming and chops down slicing off Bigfoot's attacking wrist. Bigfoot's machete with hand firmly gripping to it, falls silent to the bamboo floor.

The hut's door opens and GUERILLA SEVEN enters who stares from Bigfoot's blood-spurting wrist to Isaac's bloody machete, then at Isaac's pistol lying on the table.

Their eyes look into each other's souls. Guerrilla Seven starts to raise his AK-47 as Isaac pulls his Russian knife.

GUERRILLA SEVEN
Brought a knife to a gun fight,
Yankee.

INSERT: Issac's thumb flips his knife handle's micro-lever.

Issac's arm curls back, then snaps down like he's going to throw his entire knife.

ARROW CAM: Knife's internal high-tension spring along with Isaac's arm-momentum releases the knife's blade at 46 mph to travel the ten feet piercing Guerrilla Seven's Adams Apple.

Guerrilla Seven drops his gun to double-grab his throat and pull the blade out having missed the first-aid course on knife wounds to always leave it in until a doctor removes it. Guerrilla Seven falls on the mat-floor gurgling-up blood.

Isaac turns his attention back to Bigfoot just in time to duck a guillotine-like machete side-swipe. Isaac keeps his eye-on-the-prize and cuts off Bigfoot's other hand. Again its machete *thumps* on the floor. Bigfoot jabs his blunt appendage under his other armpit to match his first cut-off one. He stands there glaring at Isaac with both arm-ends crossed over his chest like a little boy in the midst of a temper tantrum.

Bigfoot growls, then charges Isaac with teeth *snapping*.

ISAAC
What are you, the fuckin' Black
Knight?

Zorro got nuthin' on Isaac as two downward cross-cuts in "X" fashion put Bigfoot out of Isaac's misery. Isaac drops his machete as he holsters his gun, unslings shotgun, and exits.

EXT. GUERRILLA ENEMY CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Isaac exits his hut as a dinner-triangle alarm *rings* out.

MONTAGE of *grenades*, *bullets*, and shotgun *blasts* as now MORE GUERRILLAS exit other huts, see Isaac, and fire their AK-47s at him.

Mister X exits a hut as his and Isaac's eyes meet. Same type of marker strobe light as back in the Somali desert plop-lands at X's feet. Mister X auger's in.

End of the World as Hellfire missiles take out all the huts killing MANY GUERRILLAS.

EVEN MORE GUERRILLAS near the camp's edges are blown into smithereens by multiple PJ shotgun blasts ...ugg-lee.

Isaac zig-zag runs to disappear into the forested canopy.

EXT. DEEP IN RAINFOREST CANOPY - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty now wears Newhart on his back in what can only be described as a *Baby Huey* piggy-back web-harness.

Isaac stares at the sight. Newhart turns his head to stare back making a baby sound.

NEWHART

Wah.

Isaac can't help himself, smiles, and slaps Newhart on the butt, then gives the forward-motion hand wave, *Move Out*.

The Four PJs and Dusty with his Papoose run for their lives.

Explosions, death-screams, and military whistles back at the camp are swallowed up by the dense vegetation as monsoon season now begins, just-like-that.

EXT. THEIR EARLIER RAIN FOREST CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Torrential rain hits the Four PJs and Dusty with his Faithful Companion as they run into their initial jump-off clearing.

What once was dry grass, is now a bog slowing them down as they try to keep their balance trudging through its mire.

An AK-47's charging handle being pulled back and released loading its chamber gives a unique and recognizable *thock*.

The Four PJs and Dusty drop to a knee in a circle with their backs to each other and shotguns shoulder aimed. Newhart shakily aims Dusty's pistol over Dusty's shoulder.

SURVIVING GUERRILLAS with their AK-47s shoulder-aimed step out of the tree-line.

Mister X, face bloody, then steps out in front of them, unholsters a vintage German WW-II *Luger*, pulls back and releases its toggle, then aims it at Isaac smiling.

MISTER X

Vould seem vee have a --

(in German)

Mexikanische Pattsituation, ya?

ISSAC
Mexican Standoff is when neither
party can achieve victory dummkopf.

MISTER X
That is what I said, nein?

The Three PJs and Dusty stand upright now smiling while
lowering their shotguns.

Isaac head-motions Mister X to look behind him. He does. ALL
of his Guerrillas have disappeared.

ISSAC
(now as Bruce Willis)
"Welcome to the party, pal."

Gunny Sergeant and PJs earlier desert Four Delta Companions,
all in black face, rise up in jungle green and black gear
like swamp creatures with matching *boonie hats* dripping mud.

MISTER X
Fick dich Arschloch!

Mister X starts to pull his trigger, gets a surprised look,
then collapses onto his face.

Stickam, camouflaged like his Five Deltas, stands behind
Mister X with a syringe at neck height with its plunger now
pushed-in as a single liquid-drop falls from its needle-tip.

ISSAC
Töt?

Stickam shakes his head, then hand-motions to Gunny who
slings his weapon, zip-ties Mister X's ankles together and
his wrists behind, then gags him before pulling a black hood
over his head and tying it around X's neck.

Stickam Terry-pats Mister X retrieving a cellphone, notebook,
and an antique WW-II *Waffen-SS* paratrooper butterfly knife,
tilts head at knife, then stores all in an Evidence Bag.

STICKAM
Too valuable a valuable. Shall we
exodus before we --passover?

Gunny throws Mister X over a shoulder like he is nothing,
then looks at Dusty devilish. Both stare, then take off in a
foot race to the river carrying their Two human cargos.

ISSAC
Gesundheit.

All Four PJs and Stickam with his Four Deltas run following.

Dusty and Gunny are heard calling boot-camp obscenities to each other as they crash through the foliage ahead.

DUSTY (O.S.)

"Best part of you ran down the crack of your mama's ass," etc.

GUNNY (O.S.)

"Did your parents have any children that lived," etc.

EXT. EARLIER RAINFOREST RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Four PJs attend to Newhart still on Dusty's back who now sits leaning forward.

Stickam and his Four Deltas check Mister X's restraints as Gunny also sits leaning forward resting.

Gunny and Dusty low-five each other.

SOC-R engines, times four, roar full speed down the river. Their original *SBT-22 Alpha* SCCW Crewmen are now joined by the infamous *SBT-22 BRAVO* with its own FOUR MAN SCCW CREW.

The two *Riverines*, side-by-side with wakes twice as high as their bow, turn aiming straight to the bank only 200' away.

DUSTY

Uh, they do know how to stop those paddle-boats, right?

The two Special Forces craft employ their unique *Bucket System* slamming their bows straight down into the water stopping them perfectly still in one-and-a-half boat-lengths.

Their tidal-waves douse all on shore. Gunny spits out water.

GUNNY

Abandon ship.

The two boats float silent side-by-side to the shore. Both SBT-22 Crews frantically wave their hands down to, *Get Down*.

REINFORCEMENT GUERILLAS now fire their AK-47s from the bush.

World War "G" breaks out as all SOC-R weapon systems cut loose. Their two mini-guns chainsaw-like buzzing-sound spews 6,000 rounds per minute as their two *Mark 19* remote-control grenade launchers *thoop-lob* 40mm grenades at 390 projectiles per minute.

Add the percussion sound of their two "Ma Deuce" machine guns firing 50-caliber rounds at 600 per minute along with twin M-240s firing 7.62 mm rounds at 1,500 per minute, and if there is a Hell on Earth, its devil's brigade are SWICK Operators.

Big forest trees and thick undergrowth literally disappear in cordite smoke like the *Predator*-scene; only in fast-forward.

Total firing time of the two boats for one minute releases; 780 grenades, 13,200 rounds of 7.62mm bullets, and 1,200 50-caliber rounds. No one is ever "wounded" by *SOC-R* fire.

Larger trees crack then timber-fall followed by complete silence. *Jungle-sounds* slowly rise up again, but no *AK-47s*.

The PJs and Deltas brush foliage remains off themselves.

STICKAM
Very, impressive.

MISTER X (O.S.)
Get off me, schöning!

Gunny sits up from laying backwards on top of Mister X.

SERGEANT
Who's a shithead, shithead?

From under a pile of palm leaves Newhart asks.

NEWHART (O.S.)
Do I get a ring?

Dusty sits up with Newhart still attached on his back.

DUSTY
Now I know where Boatmen get their motto, "To Win Is Everything."

SCCW Crew Alpha help the Four PJs and Dusty with Newhart into their boat.

SCCW Crew Bravo help all Five Deltas with Mister X up off their swimmer's platform.

With everyone on board, both *Riverines* low-tail it out of *Dodge* leaving behind a war-worn bullet-leveled clearing.

EXT. TWO SOC-R BOATS ON THE RIVER - LATER THAT MORNING

The sight of two *Riverine* boats side-by-side running at full speed with their guns manned filled by geared-out soldiers in camo war-paint, gives a pucker-factor of 10 to any enemy.

The two boats exit the river's entrance headed for open water. Both *SOC-R*'s angle away from each other, then stop.

EXT. AIR SPACE OVER INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Two *Blackhawks* and Two *Chinooks* fly in tandem to both boats.

EXT. INSIDE BOTH SOC-R BOATS - MOMENTS LATER

The Four PJ's wait for Blackhawk One to lower a hoist rescue gurney. Once on deck, they load Newhart onto it and strap him in, then give *Thumbs-Up* to the copter's HOIST OPERATOR who begins raising Newhart's gurney. Isaac holds onto the gurney's guide rope to prevent rotor-wash spin until Newhart is hooked and pulled into the chopper.

Blackhawk One then moves in closer to lower a Pilot's Ladder. The Four PJs high-five the Four SCCW, two-finger salute the Deltas, then climb up the ladder to go treat Newhart. Once on board, their helicopter pulls off to wait as scout.

Same process occurs with Mister X in Blackhawk Two except his straps are much tighter and the INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS waiting on-board for him are more concerned about his brain than his body. All Deltas on-board, Blackhawk Two pulls off to wait.

EXT. INSIDE SOC-R BOAT ALPHA - MOMENTS LATER

The Three Gunners secure their guns and begin their well-rehearsed *Helicopter Retrieval Procedure*. They release the bow and aft heavy-duty lift-straps that have large stainless-steel rings in the middle to raise them both with hook-rods.

Chinook One hovers above as the Three Gunners hook their rings under the Chinook which then flies up and back to base.

Chinook Two does the same with SOC-R boat Bravo.

EXT. AIR SPACE OVER INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Two *Blackhawks* lead the way with their Two *Chinooks* following carrying the two hanging Riverines.

The Eight Boatmen climb up their Pilot Ladders into their two *Chinooks* while full-tilt flying at full speed.

Yes, *Swick Operators* are f'n nuts, that's why they joined up.

INT. BLACKHAWK ONE OVER THE INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Four PJs work on Newhart who smiles weak at Issac, then says something, but Issac can't hear him, so leans-in close.

NEWHART
Thank you, brother.

Issac pats Newhart and repeats the first part of their Motto. Everyone has to yell above their rotor noise.

ISSAC
"These things we do --!"

THREE PJS
that others may live!"

General Nance, in a flight uniform with helmet, leans forward into the light and lifts his green visor.

NANCE
You may be life-savers --!

Nance hands out cigars to the Four PJs who pocket them as they continue working on Newhart.

NANCE
but you went full-circle today!

ISSAC
Not really part of the job
description we like, sir!

Nance tries to light his cigar, but Issac reaches over without looking and puts it back in the Generals front vest-pocket, then zips the pocket closed. Nance *harrumphs*.

INT. DIEGO GARCIA BASE GYM - THAT NIGHT

The Four PJs are working out again.

Fincanen, in a hospital gown is wheeled in by her same-age HUSBAND. She looks much healthier.

On automatic, the Four PJs come to rigid attention.

FINCANEN
Stand easy, gentlemen.

The Four PJs go to perfect Parade Rest.

ISAAC
How are you feeling --Margaret?

FINCANEN
(pats her belly)
"We" --are feeling just fine.

HUSBAND
Thanks to you --so you all have an
open invitation to the Christening.

ISSAC
Chosen a name yet?

HUSBAND
(beams daddy-proud)
They did a gender blood test and,
it's a boy.

FINCANEN
Were calling him --Isaac.

The Three PJs pat Isaac on the back as a papa.

THREE PJS
Congratulations, Dad ...Good thing
you're already in blue ...Mazel
Tov, Mr. Mom.

ISSAC
He won't look Jewish, *meshuganas*.

FINCANEN
Not so our minister will notice.

Nance, now in his USAF General's uniform again, enters.

The Four PJs snap back to even sharper attention.

NANCE
Monitoring a distress beacon on a
private yacht, radioed they had a
fire on board, then went dark.

The Four PJs are already heading for the door.

NANCE
They're in heavy seas and there's
something else.

The Four PJs about-face clockwise 180° in perfect sync.

NANCE
There are children on board.

The Four PJs are out the door. Nance yells after them.

NANCE
A Hercules is on the Tarmac with
everything you need!

The Four PJs boots echo running down the hall, then the outside exit door slams shut.

FINCANEN
Do they ever get a rest?

NANCE
Don't want one, that's why our
program picked them.

HUSBAND
So "P, J" means Para-Jumper?

NANCE
It's from the military identifiers
of the letter "P" for Parachutist
and the letter "J" for Diver. They
also do underwater rescues.

FINCANEN
Add Paramedic, Firefighter, Rescue
Diver, Mountain Rescue Specialist.

NANCE
B.T.D.T. --with Special Tactics.

Brenner fast-wheels himself in his wheelchair pushing open the door with his cast leg outstretched. NURSE runs in behind him winded trying to catch him. He is still feeling no pain.

BRENNER
Maroon Berets, Rescue Rangers, Air
Commandos!

Brenner wheels through the equipment being chased by Nurse.

BRENNER
Where are they?

Petersen, still in his NATO General's uniform, enters.

NANCE
Doing what they were born to do.

EXT. ON THE INDIAN OCEAN NOW IN HEAVY SEAS - A NEW DAWN

An MC-130 *Combat Shadow* flies over a distressed sailboat adrift with water crashing over it. The Hercules drops a series of smoke flares perpendicular to the boat's wind line.

The boat disappears down between huge rolling waves.

The *MC-130* banks low on the horizon, turns, and flies back towards the smoky grid on what is now an amorphous ocean.

INT. MC-130 FLYING AT 1,500 FEET - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac and his Three PJs, dressed in orange wetsuits with BCDs and *MK-25 LAR-V Draeger Rebreathers* on their chests, have full parachutes strapped on their backs and Reserve Chutes over their Rebreathers.

They stand behind two big canisters having an uninflated *Zodiac* boat with outboard motor in one and a Supply Bundle filled with medical supplies, food and water, in the other.

Issac yells to his Three PJs.

ISSAC
MAD MINUTE!

The Four PJs pull down, test, and seal their full-face masks.

LOADMASTER THREE, wearing her *HGU-55* helmet, kicks out the *Zodiac* and Supply Bundle canisters, both on Static Lines. Their pilot chutes inflate pulling out their drop chutes.

Isaac looks at his Three PJs who give enthusiastic universal *Okay* finger-signs. Isaac nods animated, then turns proud.

The Four PJs run off the ramp's edge at two-second intervals, with arms out, feet up, and eyes on the horizon.

Loadmaster Three walks to the edge of the ramp holding onto her tether-line to finger-count their chutes, crosses herself, then tilts her head listening to hear their cry.

P.J.s (O.S.)
That Others May Live!

She smiles walking backwards while her ramp *whines* closed.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: Pararescue training takes two years with a dropout rate of 80%. Training camp is nicknamed, *Superman School*.