

S.O.M.L

*So Others May Live*

Written by

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*Heroes are by chance. Some...make it a profession.*

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FADE IN:

**CAPTION:** *USAF Pararescue medical training takes two years after BUDS with a dropout rate of 95%. Their camp is called*

**FADE CAPTION:** *"Superman School"*

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. BANK - DAY**

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

An antique sports car with its top off parks at the curb. Its DC license plate reads, "Bd2Bone." Driver's door opens and a pair of Vietnam-era green-black jungle boots exit and walk to the bank's gold-painted front door. Door's handle is pulled on by a black leather tactical glove but door won't open. The boot's steel-toe begins *knocking* on the door's kick-plate.

**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, is wearing a black t-shirt and black jeans with a black web-belt having a *Chai* symbol belt-buckle. He stands with his back to the door as the back of his head shakes, *No*.

BANK MANAGER

Closed!

Isaac turns around. He's clean shaven and wearing black-frame sunglasses with mirror-lenses. He again shakes his head, *No*.

BANK MANAGER

For God's sake, We're Closed!

Isaac takes off sunglasses to fold and hang from his t-shirt neckline. He has a black doll's eyes. He holds up a fist and points with his other hand at his wristwatch on that fist.

ISAAC

Rolex Submariner. Finest watch known. Set to Naval Observatory's Atomic Clock in Alexandria. You are still open.

Bank Manger steps back alarmed sweating and pleads.

BANK MANAGER

PLEASE, LEAVE!

Isaac's training takes over. Something is wrong.

ISAAC

Open the door or I'll cause such a  
stink you'll have to call the cops.

Bank Manager tilts head like listening to someone, nods, then  
unlocks the door. Her eyes meet Isaac's. She is terrified.

**INT. WASHINGTON DC BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

Door's entrance opens down to a marble-floor lobby of huge  
desks with leather chairs and brass lamps. A long oak Teller  
Line has thick security plexiglass with pass-through ports.

Isaac enters and smiles friendly. Bank Manger re-locks door  
and steps down to the marble floor. Isaac follows her.  
Curtains are on either side of this two step landing.

ISAAC

Need week-end cash.

As soon as Isaac steps down his head is *hit* from behind a  
curtain. He falls flat on his stomach unconscious.

THREE CAUCASIAN BANK ROBBERS in grey business suits with  
matching gloves and two-hole grey balaclavas speak throughout  
the bank with German accents.

MISTER ONE, age unknown, but fit, stands over Isaac slapping  
an old-style blackjack onto his palm.

MISTER ONE

Don't vee all.

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 ONE

Mister Two, help Mister Three.

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

MISTER THREE

Diese sind schwer!

("These are heavy!") Mister Two waves to Three leaving Teller  
Counter door open answering annoyed "I'm coming, I'm coming."

MISTER TWO

Ich komme, ich komme.

BANK MANAGER

Is he --?

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

MISTER ONE

You gehen, uh, "go" check him.

Staff Sergeant goes to and kneels beside Isaac.

Mister One goes to stand outside the Teller Counter door.

MISTER ONE

Ladies, no, uh, no "bait money," no alarms, and please, no Polizei.

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

STAFF SERGEANT

He's dead!

Mister Two and Mister Three stare at Mister One who shrugs *laughing* in German.

MISTER ONE

Dummkopf! Serves him wright.

Mister Two and Mister Three *laugh* sarcastic trading bags.

Mister One yells to Staff Sergeant in German, "Cover him."

MISTER ONE

Bedecken ihn.

Staff Sergeant pulls the heavy red entrance floor rug over and covers Isaac's body.

MISTER ONE

Gentlemen, I go check to see if --?  
Wie geht es dir?

STAFF SERGEANT

"Coast is clear."

MISTER ONE

Ahhh, you speak Deutsche. Wo?

STAFF SERGEANT

U.S.A.G., Ansbach.

MISTER ONE

Bavaria is pretty dis time of year,  
like you. Excuse, please.

Mister One pockets his German Luger, grabs a MAC-10 and one duffle-bag from Mister Three, then goose-steps with both to the front door *whistling* "Der Deutschlandlied."

Mister One scans outside the window through its blinds then walks humming to the second exit door at other end of the lobby and parts two blinds looking out through them.

MISTER ONE

Klar!

Mister One takes a last look then releases his window blinds.

MISTER ONE

You are, uh, "up" --Herr Drei.

No response. Mister One turns to Mister Three only to see Three's duffle-bag laying on the floor. Nothing else.

MISTER ONE

Scheisse? --Zwei!

Mister One spins scanning for Mister Two.

Only Two's duffle-bag lays on the floor. Nothing else.

MISTER ONE

Was zum fick?

Mister One shoulders his duffle bag and 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 the counter to stand by the Staff Sergeant beside Isaac's covered corpse.

Mister One covers them as he goes kicks the rug off Isaac.

Only Mister Three looks up with dead open surprised eyes.

Mister One pistol-whips Staff Sergeant who falls face-first demanding in German, "Where is he?"

MISTER TWO

Wo ist er!

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

STAFF SERGEANT

Payback ist eine hündin. Hündin.

Mister One kicks Staff Sergeant's propped arm so she falls.

MISTER ONE

Fahr zur Hölle!

(motions with gun)

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

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

MISTER ONE

Ausziehen! Move.

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

MISTER ONE

I leave, they live!

He pushes his gun into Staff Sergeant's back harder. All Five circle-shuffle over to the second door where Mister One now shoulders Mister Two's duffle-bag.

MISTER ONE

Auf wiedersehen, arschloch!

Mister One freezes seeing Isaac's metal boot-tips peeking out from under a wall's decorative-curtain. He smiles most evil.

MISTER ONE

Olly olly oxen free.

No response. Mister One raises both guns up on either side under Staff Sergeant's arms aiming at Isaac's boot-tips.

MISTER ONE

I know where you be!

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

Tattered cloth and its metal frame fall on the floor to metallic *banging* but only reveal Isaac's boots are empty.

MISTER ONE

Gott Verdammt!

Two leather-gloves reach down from above his head. One hand cups One's chin as the other stabs a *Tanto* cord-wrapped grip-knife full-hilt into Mister 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. These two hands release One's head whose body deadfalls with third duffle-bag across his back. His corpse *spasms* on the cold marble floor.

The Two Tellers and Bank Manager *scream*.

BANK MANAGER/TWO TELLERS

Eeeeeee!

The Staff Sergeant smiles then looks straight up.

STAFF SERGEANT

Gott?

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

ISAAC

Just the instrument.

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 a wall Fire Alarm breaking it then pulls its handle. Fire-bell's *ringing* is deafening.

Bank Manager and Two Tellers lose it as Isaac and Staff Sergeant have to yell over the loud ringing and screams.

ISAAC

Calm the civilians, Sergeant!

STAFF SERGEANT

Another Order, Colonel?!

ISAAC

Chief!

STAFF SERGEANT

Said Full Bird when you Ordered me  
to scream?!

ISAAC

Needed Rank reaction!

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. works.

**INT. SAME WASHINGTON DC BANK - LATER THAT 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 them out.

Isaac, now with boots on, examines his broken sunglasses.

ISAAC

Ohhh man, these were my favorite.

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 note-pad)

Ever consider letting them give up?

ISAAC

Last Dog Standing.

DETECTIVE

"Last" what?

ISAAC

The annual P.O.R. motorcycle race  
in San Bernardino, California,

DETECTIVE

"P, O," what?

ISAAC

"Press On Regardless." Move as fast  
as you can over all obstacles with  
your goal only being to win.

DETECTIVE

So that would be a "no."

ISAAC

They had automatic weapons and  
their leader laughed when he  
thought I was dead. 'Nuff said?

DETECTIVE

Snuff said. Plus all four witnesses  
confirmed yours was "self defense."

Detective offers a hand and both shake.

DETECTIVE

Nice work.

Detective goes to fellow Police Officers guarding the three duffel bags of cash.

ISAAC

*If you can keep it.*

Staff Sergeant approaches smiling.

STAFF SERGEANT

You must be a bad-ass green beret.

ISAAC

Maroon.

STAFF SERGEANT

Para-Rescue? The Air Force only uses you guys for behind-the-lines rescue. Even the public doesn't know you're trained tough 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.

ISAAC

"Definitely" --action.

STAFF SERGEANT

Mucho macho-macho men, huh? Where you Stationed?

ISAAC

Don't ask, won't tell.

Staff Sergeant hands a pair of *Persol* sunglasses to Isaac.

ISAAC

Tory Burch Sunnies!

Staff Sergeant head-motions to the last body-bag being wheeled-out by the EMT's on a gurney.

STAFF SERGEANT

Smilin' Jack won't miss 'em.

Isaac drops his broken sunglasses in a trashcan then puts on the new ones and smiles. His white teeth actually star-gleam.

STAFF SERGEANT  
On you, those look baaaaaad.

Isaac taps a finger on Sergeant's chevrons.

ISSAC  
Back atcha'.  
(walks to exit door)  
Oh, and if we ever meet again --.

STAFF SERGEANT  
I know, I know. I don't "know" you.

Isaac nods once and exits counting his ATM money.

STAFF SERGEANT  
Land safe, PJ!

**EXT. BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE IN D.C. - THAT AFTERNOON**

USAF TROOPS march on its Parade Grounds.

**CAPTION:** *Based on true military missions*

**INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Modest office with a window that overlooks Parade Grounds.

GENERAL NANCE, African-American, 50, grey around temples is wearing a two-star Air Force uniform. He stands at its only window watching the Troops outside march with both hands clasped behind his back. One hand holds a manilla folder.

NANCE  
Busy morning.

Issac stands in the center of the room at ease, dressed as before, with his "new" Sunnies hanging from his neck-line.

ISSAC  
Yes sir. Early P.T.

NANCE  
Public Relations will handle your cover story. Good job.

ISSAC  
It's an adventure, sir.

Nance turns offering his hand. They shake and release.

NANCE

Wrong Branch, a-jarhead. Take the rest of the day off. Briefing is tomorrow at o-five-hundred.

ISSAC

Bagels, sir?

Nance nods smiling. Isaac ram-rod salutes, holds, waits for Nance to return his salute, then about-faces crisp, puts on his new sunglasses, and exits closing the door behind him.

NANCE

Wish I had twenty more like you.

**EXT. D.C. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOME - NOW SUNSET**

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

Two *D.C. Department of Public Works* orange safety cones sit by its curb blocking off a parking space.

Isaac double-parks his sports car then picks up cones to put in its trunk. He parks and exits the car, unlocks, and enters the house leaving the door open. He comes back out carrying the car's hardtop and secures it on top then locks the car.

PEDESTRIAN walking his DOG on Isaac's same sidewalk stops to let his little friend relieve itself on the only tree planted in a two-foot 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 the Pedestrian a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

PEDESTRIAN

Oh, uh, enjoy the sunset.

Pedestrian exits pulling on Dog's leash who's not quite finished so has to hop away on three legs. Isaac gives both a two-finger salute then looks up at the sky's pink and blue cloud-coloring. He nods, checks the car is secure, then re-enters the house to close its front door.

**INT. SAME GEORGETOWN TOWNHOME - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Antiques, collectibles, paintings, expensive furnishings.

Isaac, now shaved in an Oxford shirt and silk tie with hair gelled-down, sits at the 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.

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

COLLETTE

*Mmmmmmmmm*. What'd you make?

Isaac is standing behind her pulled-out chair.

ISAAC

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

COLLETTE

Of course.

She sits. Isaac helps her scoot chair in closer then pours rest of the wine into her glass and jams its empty bottle upside down in melted-ice floor stand. He goes back to sit at his end of the table and holds up his glass for a toast.

COLLETTE

What are we celebrating?

ISAAC

"Here's to whiskey, scotch and rye, amber smooth and clear. Not as sweet as a woman's lips, but a damn sight more sincere." Anonymous.

COLLETTE

And he'd better stay that way.

Collette toasts and both drink. She looks at the meal.

COLLETTE

Looks scrumptious.

ISAAC

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

COLLETTE

Sorry. Three bank robbers were unnecessary fatalities.

ISAAC

"Unnecessary?"

COLLETTE

They were murdered most gruesome so  
you can imagine ...

ISAAC

Don't have to.

COLLETTE

Excuse me?

ISAAC

You're welcome.

COLLETTE

Uh? Those men were assassinated.

ISAAC

That word actually means "to murder  
an important person for political  
or religious reasons." Is that what  
you believe really happened?

COLLETTE

I read the police report. Their  
brains were scrambled with a knife.

ISAAC

Do the police know who they were?

COLLETTE

Not yet. The criminals used acid on  
their fingertips.

ISAAC

Finally.

COLLETTE

What?

ISAAC

You finally used the right word,  
"criminals."

Collette sips her wine changing the subject.

COLLETTE

How was your day?

ISAAC

Durcheinander.

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION UNDER:** *Scrambled*

Collette tongs salad on her plate then breaks off bread.

COLLETTE  
Wish you wouldn't speak in tongues.

ISAAC  
Glossolalia.

COLLETTE  
Gesundheit.

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

COLLETTE  
Deputy Mayor ...But? ...Now?

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

COLLETTE  
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*. *Sound* of her sports leaving.

ISAAC  
Back atcha'.

He finishes his wine then turns his now empty glass upside down on his plate. He pulls out and dials his own cellphone. Voice on other end doesn't have time to speak.

ISAAC  
Send the 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. Front door *slams* behind him.

**INT. PENTAGON ELEVATOR - NEXT MORNING**

Isaac leans against its wall with two paper bags at his feet.

He wears Air Force Dress Blues with Senior Master Sergeant chevrons and a Maroon beret with a Pararescue Flash folded under belt. His uniform's chest holds many Battle Ribbons.

Doors open. Isaac snaps to attention holding perfect salute.

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

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

GENERAL

Kim, this is that PJ 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)

Fint, tak. Glad for at møde dig.

Petersen slows 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

One of them is German, ja?

Isaac tilts one hand side-to-side, *So-so*.

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. You saved a lotta' lives.

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

PETERSEN

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 in Nepal, Asia*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Home of Himalayas surrounded by China and India*

Elevator doors *ding* open. MARCUS NEWHART, U.S. Diplomatic Consul as cover, late-30s, triathlon fit, clean-shaven with gelled hair, is impeccably dressed in a three-piece suit. He steps out with a briefcase handcuffed to a 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 car exits the Consulate gates to drive away.

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 148 Hours*

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

Long oval conference table with high-back leather chairs.

**INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM IN D.C. - MOMENTS LATE**

Isaac is spreading cream cheese on a bagel with MORE GENERALS in uniforms from all the Branches who also eat bagels smiling as they nod "thanks" to Isaac.

MAJOR STICKAM, US Army Command Sergeant, 30s, military-fit, medium hair and beard, sits in uniform with Airborne shoulder red patch of *1st Special Forces Operational Detachment-Delta*. Stickam watches all while he drinks coffee but not eating.

NANCE

Thanks, Isaac.  
(wipes mouth, stands)  
Gentlemen --.

All Generals put down their bagels to wipe their mouths.

World map appears on 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. One in Paris, one in Berlin, and the other here, in Washington.

Everyone looks at Isaac.

NANCE

All customers in Paris and Berlin were killed by explosions moments after their terrorists escaped.  
(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 must now be addressed first.

Petersen nods to U.S.A.F. uniformed LIEUTENANT who turns down overhead lights as same wall-screen's map now zooms to Kenya.

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.

Petersen and Nance glance at Isaac.

PETERSEN

The female has subsequently developed a serious infection. Somali Pirates are holding their two survivors for ransom.

ISAAC

"Two," sir?

PETERSEN

Yesterday, one of the male hostages succumbed to his injuries. That is why we and Chief Stickam are here.

Petersen sits. Stickam stands to begin his PowerPoint presentation with a laser-pen on the wall's screen. The flat map of Kenya changes to Satellite topographical.

STICKAM

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

Still pictures advance one-at-a-time on the 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 to the female hostage.

STICKAM

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

Overhead lights on. Stickam sits. Nance stands.

NANCE

"She" 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. Nance sits.

ISAAC

Sirs, please be advised ParaRescue  
are a well-trained medical "team."  
Battlefield conditions require us  
to improvise and communicate in  
jargon. There is not enough time  
for me to teach Delta O.T.J. May I  
inquire why you are not sending in  
Special Forces Medical Sergeants?

STICKAM

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

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

ONE-STAR

What's an "I, O?"

ISSAC

Intraosseous infusion, sir.

All Generals murmur perplexed, *What?* Stickam stands also.

STICKAM

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

Stickam nods to Issac.

ISSAC

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

ONE-STAR

Inject into bone? How?

Stickam makes a gun out of thumb and pointer-finger, asks One-  
Star with his eyes for permission, gets it, and jabs his  
pointer finger into the One-Star's shoulder bone.

ONE-STAR

Ow?

STICKAM

Drilling for oil, sir.

ALL Generals make an Owie-face grabbing their own shoulders.

Nance stands motioning for Issac and Stickam to sit who do.

NANCE

Chief Stickam and his Delta Team  
will Lead then provide Overwatch.  
Chief Shiva, your Team is Primary  
once on location site. Copy?

STICKAM

Copy, Sir!

NANCE

Your three PJs are standing by at  
Edwards prepped and supplied.

(to Stickam)

Chief Stickam, please continue with  
your recovery strategy.

Nance sits. Stickam stands. Overhead lights dim again.

**EXT. SOMALIA'S VAST TUNDRA - SIMULTANEOUS**

**CAPTION:** *Somalia, Horn of Africa*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Has the world's lowest life expectancy*

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

TWELVE SOMALI PIRATES in long-pants, now worn-torn into frayed shorts with filthy short-sleeve shirts having buttons missing, are thin, bedraggled, and desperate.

All Fourteen are camped under a *Dragon Blood* tree.

FINCANEN, anorexic with stringy blonde hair, looks sickly.

Beside her lies BRENNER, thin, pallor with a scraggly-beard.

Both are huddled in the cold evening air with hands tied in front. Their eyes are fatigue-sunken with dress clothes torn and dirty. Both cough hard. They are dying and know it.

BRENNER

*Better?*

Brenner takes her tied-hands in his.

FINCANEN

*Cramping is much worse. Don't think I'll make it.*

BRENNER

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

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 easy.*

Somali Teen goes back to his Pirate comrades laughing.

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

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

Thirty army cots are lined two-by-two down 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 now dressed same as them stands in front of his Men yelling over engine *noise*.

STICKAM

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

THREE P.J.s in their early 20s, one Caucasian, one African-American, and one Asian, sit dressed same as Operators except their battle fatigues have a desert "PJ" shoulder-patch with a USAF patch on chests. They listen to Isaac, dressed same as them, 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!

Isaac stares at them. His Three PJs sit up ramrod straight.

ISAAC  
Life is 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  
How Long?!

Stickam pulls back the Velcro-hood on his Rolex wristwatch.

STICKAM  
Thirty!

ISAAC  
We take orders from You!

Stickam grabs back of Isaac's neck too fast for Isaac to react and pulls in close to yell 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 throws Isaac away. Isaac nods then grabs Stickam in same manner but faster and pulls him in much tighter to yell.

ISAAC  
Back Atcha', Bad-Boy!

Isaac steps back. They stare then Stickam offers his hand.

STICKAM  
You're fast!

Both *laugh* then "buddy-shake" 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 --.

Dusty hits Isaac in his chest, harder, knocking Isaac back.

DUSTY

He 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 then any other pleb which dried hard making him look tan then --.

Isaac stops to look at Dusty, *Hey?*

ISAAC

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 scowls at Stickam then continues.

DUSTY

I looked up and saw how beautiful the clouds really were! Knew what I wanted to be right then and 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 freaking 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, Cinderfella?!

Dusty grabs Stickam by his vest and belt then holds him over his head. Stickam's feet flail. ALL Deltas jump up coiled.

DUSTY

Try carrying my hundred and fifteen pound pack for a hundred clicks every day, Lady Tremaine!

Dusty sets Stickam down who motions to his men to stand down.

DUSTY

Also carry a Laser Range Finder, toe-jam! Good for more than just measuring the height of clouds!

Stickam swats Dusty's massive tricep *laughing*.

STICKAM

Welcome aboard --sailor!

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

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 99 hours*

**INT. NEPAL CONSULATE CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

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

DRIVER

Sir, we're being followed.

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

The Trailing Car sees the mirror's reflection and flicks its brights on. Newhart *squints* then puts cell away angry.

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 and pours its liquid over all briefcase contents. Smoke rises from the briefcase's papers. He closes it then tosses it out his open window.

NEWHART

Christmas came early, commie-fucks!

**EXT. BOTH CARS - CONTINUOUS**

Consulate car drives on.

Trailing Car stops. FIRST GOON, Indian Nepali, huge, exits passenger seat wearing a *Taqiyah* skull cap and black suit to grab the briefcase and jump back in the 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 cell's mirror to see Trailing Car's interior is on fire as First Goon tries to crawl out his passenger window until the car veers hard and overturns.

NEWHART

Half the fun is opening your present.

In his mirror, Newhart now sees a Second Tailing Car drive past the burning First One.

NEWHART  
Tweedle Dumber.

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  
Come in fruit flavors?

A bullet *fires* through rear-window's bullet-proof glass and enters back of Driver's skull exploding his forehead forward with blood, brain, and bone, all over 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-lives.

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 mate, 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's rear quarter-panel. Newhart's consulate car rolls side-over-side to stop upside down with its rear wheels spinning.

Second Tailing Car stops. SECOND GOON, smaller, same ethnicity and dress, exits to walk to Newhart.

**INT./EXT. NEWHART'S CONSULATE CAR INVERTED - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

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

Second Goon *chuckles* then looks back at his own car to speak in Nepali "Dead" (pronounced *Mar-ee-co*).

SECOND GOON

Marēkō!

Another Second Tailing car door opens then *footsteps*. THIRD GOON, dressed same, lays down beside Second Goon and says in Nepali "Again" (pronounced *Phair-ee*).

THIRD GOON

Phērī.

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

Second and Third Goon *laugh* creepy then Third Goon says in Nepali "Enough" (pronounced *Par-yeh-toe*).

THIRD GOON

Paryāpta.

Taser *ticking-sound* stops. Newhart's eyes pop open as one hand grabs his automatic gun under some papers on the roof's liner. He *quick-fires* two rounds, one each between Second Goon and Third Goon's wide-open startled eyes. Newhart winces calling tormentor in Napali "Asshole" (pronounced *Hun-tah*).

NEWHART

Tasers fuckin' hurt, gadhā!

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

NEWHART

*So does that.*

Newhart crawls out driver's window past Second and Third Goons corpses while checking their Carotid artery pulses.

NEWHART

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

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

NEWHART

I need a drink.

FOURTH GOON, dressed same, yells in Nepali "*Hands Up*" (pronounced *Haht Mahtee*).

FOURTH GOON (O.S.)

Hāta Māthī!

NEWHART

*Or two.*

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

NEWHART

There are one hundred and twenty-three Nepalese languages. Which one you gonna' interrogate me in?

MISTER X

Deutschland.

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

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 72 hours*

**EXT. REAR OF SAME LOCKHEED C5 CARGO PLANE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Moonless, so pitch black outside. Its electric motor *whines* as the rear ramp is lowered by Loadmaster One.

Cargo's interior red light silhouettes all Deltas and PJs who 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.

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 prone stable glide-ratio to regroup into a large V-formation. Stickam's green and red light-sticks were attached onto alternate Delta shoulders.

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

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

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

**EXT. AIRSPACE OVER SOMALIA - CONTINUOUS**

All Pilots control their black-fabric winged-flaps to fly invisible over the desert far below. Stickam dives even steeper. Rest 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. His speed drops to 100 mph with altimeter now reading 1,800 feet.

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

ALL now glide flat. Stickam waves his hands back-forth. ALL Pilots spread out their formation.

**EXT. STICKAM'S WINGSUIT FLYING OVER DESERT - IMMEDIATELY**

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 quick-back to stable flight position. Pilot Chute catches the wind and inflates pulling out his Main Chute.

**EXT. U.S. WINGSUITS FLYING OVER DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS**

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

**EXT. U.S. DELTA STRIKE FORCE LZ - MOMENTS LATER**

ALL Air-Pilots land running with their ruck-sacks dragging on ground behind. Deltas and PJs *unzip* to shed wingsuits and 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 as ALL cover pile with cut-brush. The nylon pile underneath *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 circles a hand over the top of his head for "*Overwatch.*"

DELTA SNIPER, in a desert ghillie suit, unslings his *Desert Tech SRS-A2*, the shortest sniper rifle in the world, and takes off running followed by his DELTA SPOTTER, also in desert ghillie suit carrying spotter binoculars and an *M-4* rifle. They contest-sprint side-by-side up to a ridge top.

Stickam holds up a fist then waves it forward silent to "*Move Out.*" All Deltas follow Stickam in single-file jogging.

Isaac and Three PJs follow. Dusty trails 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 while watching Somali Teen. She wakes wide-eyed in fear.

FINCANEN

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

BRENNER

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

FINCANEN

*Wish-full, think-ing.*

BRENNER

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

FINCANEN

*A-a-ants.*

Both try to *chuckle* which makes Fincanen *dry-cough*.

Somali Teen hears her noise and comes to investigate.

SOMALI TEEN

*Why do you pretend? No help is coming. You will die here, same as I, 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 Somali Teen on the back of his head causing him to *fire* a burst of rounds into the sand next to her.

FINCANEN

Aieeeeeee!

Somali Teen spins. Pirate Leader is sitting up on a 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 all up. Shut, Up.

Other Pirates also awake were listening and now throw rocks at Somali Teen who ducks.

SOMALI TEEN

They plan escape, I hear them!

Pirate Leader draws air through his teeth to create a sharp sucking sound and ends by saying *Kou-rään* angry.

PIRATE LEADER

And where will they go, little one?  
They are almost dead. But we do not  
get paid if they are. Koraan!

Pirate Leader rolls onto his side away from Pirate Teen.

Other Pirates do same going back to sleep.

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

FINCANEN

*What was that last word their  
Leader said to him? Something about  
The Koran?*

BRENNER

(shakes head)  
*No, he told him to --"grow up."*

**EXT. DELTA SNIPER'S POV SCOPE VIEW - SIMULTANEOUS**

POV scope-view has range-markers centered on Somali Teen as Sniper hears on his headset.

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

*Confirm.*

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'S POV SCOPE VIEW OF SOMALI TEEN - IMMEDIATELY**

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

Delta Sniper and Spotter are in perfect harmony as always.

SNIPER/SPOTTER (FILTERED)

*When we shoot youuuuuuuuu --?*

**EXT. OPPOSITE HILL ABOVE SOMALI CAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

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 to take Stickam's binoculars as overwatch.

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, backs to inside of circle. Three PJs form the rest of their circle. Stickam, Isaac, and Dusty take a knee inside their protective circle to speak in low voices.

DUSTY

*Three thousand, two-hundred, and eighty point eight feet, exactly.*

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 eleven football fields. Oorah?*

ALL DELTAS

*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 our gear. Where do you want us?*

STICKAM

*Back fifty meters then 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.*

ISAAC/DUSTY

*Mission!*

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 32 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 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 gun's safety off then 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.

DUSTY

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

STICKAM (FILTERED)

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

**EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS**

Pirate Leader jumps up grabbing his AK-47 and pulls its bolt back hip-aiming it at Somali Teen calling him a "Donkey" (pronounced *Dah-meer*).

PIRATE LEADER

*Dameer!*

Ten Somali Pirates jump up with their AK-47s to pull their bolts back then release and scan 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, exhales fully, then pulls his trigger.

**EXT. SOMALI PIRATE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

Somali Teen yells at Pirate Leader in disgust calling him a "Moron" (pronounced *Doh-qõn*).

SOMALI TEEN

Doqon! We will never see ...?

Somali Teen stops confused as multiple red dots dance on his Eleven Pirates foreheads then same Eleven Pirate's heads jerk back from simultaneous silent shots. They dead-fall.

Somali Teen spins to Fincanen and Brenner who hug as he pulls his trigger but his head disappears from a muffled 40-caliber round. His corpse dead-falls onto Fincanen.

FINCANEN

Aieeeee!

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-suus!

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 the blood off Fincanen. Her screaming 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.

FINCANEN

Who, who --?

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 circles his hand horizontally over his head. He points at Dusty's position then sticks same pointer-finger straight up and circles it.

STICKAM

How long?

ISAAC

Readings, diagnosis, I.O.,  
treatment, stabilize --?  
(calculates)  
Fifteen minutes.

STICKAM

Make it five.

Isaac spins to Stickam angry as a concerned physician.

ISAAC

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 dead Pirates into bushes. Gunny breaks their AK-47s 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 now. 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, soldier. Those must weigh over 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 PJs 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* then Fincanen screaming.

FINCANEN

Aieeeeeee!

STICKAM

Reaper, Change!

**EXT. SNIPER ON HILL ABOVE 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. Spotter follows. It's their typical foot-race contest 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?

ISSAC

Dusty!

DUSTY

Everybody will in a few, ma'am.

PJ THREE

Two's I.V. is in!

PJ FOUR  
Blood flowing!

ISAAC  
Splint 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 the two patients.

ISAAC  
Good to go!

STICKAM  
Clear!

DUSTY  
Got a train to catch, people!

Deltas take off jogging in a 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 leaving --by train?

Even Deltas can *chuckle* while on Mission. PJs cannot.

**EXT. RAINFOREST CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS**

The hut-village of LATIN GUERRILLAS all wearing jungle-camo and carrying AK-47s who 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

(in British accent)

Well that was just rude, old chap.

Bigfoot *slaps* him the other way.

Newhart recovers as both his cheeks turn red.

NEWHART

At least now they'll match.

Earlier German voice speaks from a shadowy corner.

MISTER X

You know what 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 turns bright red and his eyes go glassy.

Mister X hand-motions "*Stop*" and Newhart's plastic bag is pulled off by Bigfoot.

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

Stored in the plastic bag, Mister  
Kartoffel-head?

Mister X *claps* his hands fast like a little child.

MISTER X

Oh, you are much more entertaining  
than I dared hope.

NEWHART

Then dare to hope my peers don't  
find you, arslloch. Your bank  
attacks pissed off both --.

(in French accent)

Le Commandement des Opérations  
Spéciales and --.

(now in German accent)

Kommando Spezialkräfte.

(back to regular voice)

And any of my guys who tag along. I  
just want to watch them all work.

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

MISTER X

Träum süß. Uh --"sweet dreams."

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 20 hours*

**EXT. SOMALI DESERT AT HIGH NOON - LATER SAME DAY**

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

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

DUSTY

Hydrate!

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

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

*What's wrong?*

Isaac wipes her forehead with an alcohol wipe with one hand while shading her eyes from the sun with his other.

ISAAC

*Nothing we didn't plan a contingency for, ma'am.*

FINCANEN

*Soldier?*

ISAAC

*Paramedic. Yes, ma'am?*

FINCANEN

*Please stop calling me --.*

She coughs hard then recovers wheezing.

FINCANEN

*Ma'am. If you drill into someone's bones you kinda' become intimate.*

ISAAC

*What would you like me to call you?*

FINCANEN

*First name. You probably know it.*

ISAAC

*Used it earlier, Margaret.*

FINCANEN

*What's yours?*

Isaac looks to PJ-Two who is monitoring her. He shrugs his shoulders shaking his head *"Too soon to tell."*

ISAAC

*Isaac. We'll 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, being in the desert, doing the whole Bible thing.*

ISAAC

*Just another day at the beach, Margaret.*

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

ALL Delta's stare at her in professional alarm. She is, *Their Mission.*

Isaac gives a *Hurry-up* hand gesture to Stickam who looks at Dusty who catches his mini-drone to hold up a pointer-finger moving it up and down.

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

FINCANEN

*Funnier.*

ISAAC

*What now?*

FINCANEN

*You don't look Jewish.*

ISAAC

*(pats her hand)  
Only a doctor would notice.*

A machine's *humming* noise is heard approaching.

BRENNER

*Is that a --lawnmower?*

PJ FOUR

*Ever see the movie, "Predator?"*

**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 their dune ahead.

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

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

Stickam points an 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 ahead to see air-war armageddon.

Several old trucks and a dozen heavily armed NEW SOMALI soldiers were destroyed.

GUNNY

Don't call them Hellfire for  
nothin', commie pukes.

ALL Deltas and PJs keep running.

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

ISAAC

Call for pick-up now.

STICKAM

Too far In-Country.

ISAAC

Now, please.

STICKAM

Mission parameters state ...

ISAAC  
She IS the Mission!

Isaac glares at Stickam who looks at Dusty then nods.

Dusty takes a knee to talk on his shoulder radio.

Stickam turns around to jog backwards 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 grabs Isaac's hand again.

FINCANEN  
Is my baby going to make it?

ISAAC  
Just called for special delivery,  
Margaret.

She smiles. All Four PJs look at each other then unsling their rifles and check their magazines. They do the same for their Partner-Deltas run-carrying the two litters.

Dusty runs to Stickam and they talk then Stickam turns to run backwards again while holding up all ten fingers splayed.

**EXT. N.O.E. OVER SOMALI DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS**

Three *CH-47F Chinooks*, the 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. Even though they look like one, they sure ain't no *Oscar Mayer Weiner-Mobile*, especially streaking mere feet off the ground.

**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**

Delta in V-formation with PJs and Patients continue to run.

Dusty is in front keeping an incredible pace then stops to take a knee and gives the overhead 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 and shoulder their weapons aiming out.

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

DUSTY

Checkmate Six Romeo to Cabo Two.

F-22 PILOT (FILTERED)

Cabo Two, over.

DUSTY

Incoming Tangos grid thirty-nine niner. Sure would appreciate a God fearin' low-level 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 through the sand with SOMALI TRUCK SOLDIERS in its bed.

**INT. SOMALI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

SOMALI DRIVER squints out side window to point "What's that?" (pronounced *Wāh mǎh-hee*).

SOMALI DRIVER

Waa maxay?

SOMALI PASSENGER leans over him to look. His eyes become saucers exclaiming "Satan!" (pronounced *Shay-DAAN-kah*).

SOMALI PASSENGER

Sheydaanka!

**EXT. SOMALI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

The Two F-22s are wing-tip to wing-tip flying 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.

The Two 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 literally disintegrates. The Two F-22's pull up almost 90° and rocket back up into near-space. If God's vengeance were made of Titanium, it would be a *Raptor*.

**EXT. DELTA EXTRACTION LZ IN SOMALI DESERT - IMMEDIATELY**

The sonic boom concussion and swirling sands hit the Deltas and PJs like a land typhoon. Almost as quickly as it hits, it dissipates. Deltas and PJs stand to shake the sand off themselves. PJs uncover Fincanen and Brenner who exclaims in mixed English and a Danish curse word (pronounced *fin*).

BRENNER

What the fandan was that?

ISAAC

Yahweh said, "Hello."

DUSTY

Checkmate Six Romeo 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 100 feet from the Delta-circle to set it in the sand then talks into his shoulder mike.

DUSTY

Checkmate Six Romeo to Three Train.

CH-47 LEADER (FILTERED)

Three Train, clear.

DUSTY  
Strobe activated.

CH-47 LEADER (FILTERED)  
Roger. Receiving signal. E.T.A.  
two minutes.

Dusty holds up two fingers high so everyone can see.

Fincanen has passed out. Isaac gently shakes her shoulder.

ISSAC  
Margaret?

Fincanen's eyes flutter open.

ISSAC  
We're going by helicopter now and  
fly you 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  
*But 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 lumberjack-men *guffaw*. Fincanen is confused.

FINCANEN  
*What?*

Brenner reaches over to touch Margaret's hand.

BRENNER  
We survived, Margaret. We survived.

The Four P.J.s *applaud* then 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 Lead helicopter with the 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**

The painted all-white hull has huge red crosses. It is 894 feet long weighing 69,000 tons out of San Diego, California.

**CAPTION:** *U.S. Navy "Mercy" Hospital Ship*

**FADE CAPTION:** *1,000 patient beds with 12 operating rooms*

**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 a sheet in a treatment area with curtains drawn on both sides. She has a new I.V. in an arm-vein with a huge band-aid where her I.O. was. Her heart-monitor *beeps* steady. She was fed and washed so skin color looks better. Saline is pumping her plumper.

Issac, now in fatigues, enters.

FINCANEN  
Where is Michael?

Brenner answers too too-happy from other side of her curtain.

BRENNER (O.S.)  
In here and just finnnne!

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, ma'am.

FINCANEN

Margaret. And no, you're doing much more than that --because you care.

ISSAC

We all do, ma' --uh, Margaret.

FINCANEN

Yes, but your love is for all mankind. It is, agape.

ISSAC

"The Four Loves" by C. S. Lewis.

Margaret pats Isaac's hand "motherly" then whispers.

FINCANEN

*It's okay, I won't tell anyone.*

General Nance in uniform enters. Issac snaps to attention.

NANCE

At ease, soldier, gonna' snap a vertebrae.

ISAAC

(goes to Parade Rest)  
Surprised to see you here, sir?

General Petersen now wearing his NATO uniform enters.

Isaac snaps back to even straighter attention.

Petersen says "*At ease soldier*" (pronounced *Let sol-da-TEEN*).

PETERSEN

Let soldat.

Issac again returns to perfect Parade Rest.

FINCANEN

Didn't know you were this  
important.

ISAAC

I'm not?

NANCE

Don't underestimate what you just  
did, son.

Petersen shakes Issac's hand animated.

PETERSEN

Tremendous achievement, both  
tactically and politically.

ISAAC

Thank you, sir?

Nance turns smiling as best he can to Fincanen.

NANCE

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 Isaac 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.*

PETERSEN

Seriously, do you need anything,  
Margaret?

FINCANEN

Need to call my husband.

NANCE

We're having him flown in to Diego Garcia. He'll meet you there.

BRENNER (O.S.)

Who's meeting me?!

PETERSEN

Our Danish Ambassador is being flown in from Nairobi!

(to Fincanen)

We're having a ceremony on deck tomorrow, hope you can make it.

BRENNER (O.S.)

Party?! I'm in!

FINCANEN

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

PETERSEN

You will.

USNS 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.)

Make mine neat!

**INT. USNS MERCY ADMIRAL QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

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

Nance raises his glass for a toast. The Other Two follow.

NANCE

Mission success.

Both Petersen and Isaac pronounce in Danish *Sugh-SEHSS*.

PETERSEN/ISAAC

Sucess.

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

ISAAC  
10th Mountain Whiskey.

Petersen tilts his head not understanding. Nance explains.

NANCE  
Brewed in Vail, Colorado. Named  
after the 10th Mountain Brigade.

PETERSEN  
Ahh, World War Two Alpine training  
against Nazi mountain forces. Uh,  
they were at Camp Hale, I believe.  
(quotes their creed)  
"Whiskey worth fighting for."

Nance holds up his glass for a toast quoting their motto.

NANCE  
"Work hard, ski harder."

Petersen and Isaac hold up their glasses.

PETERSEN/ISSAC  
Ski Harder!

All Three down their contents then react *coughing*.

NANCE  
You and your men have earned two  
weeks leave.

PETERSEN  
Where will you spend it?

Isaac examines his empty glass then sets it down.

ISAAC  
We just said.  
(salutes, holds it)  
Thank you, sir. --Generals.

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

PETERSEN  
When will you tell him?

NANCE  
(holds up his empty glass)  
Refill?

**CAPTION:** *T-minus 12 hours*

**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 da body be broken, we go  
to vork on your mind, ya? --Doctor.

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

NEWHART

Enjoy doing sloppy work, Doc?

Doctor quotes his name sake.

DE SADE

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

NEWHART

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

DE SADE

"Destruction, like creation is  
wa-wa-one of Nature's man-dates."  
(wicked half-smile)  
Now, we all enjoy da show, ya?

MISTER X

Once your brain is broken then we  
do the same to your spirit and --?

Mister X asks De Sade in German, *How do you say in American?*

MISTER X

Wie sagt man das auf American?

DE SADE

Ta-Da.

MISTER X

Ya, ya, "ta-da."

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

MISTER X

After you are his, then all parts  
of you --are all mine.

**INT. USNS MERCY GYM - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Isaac and his Three P.J.s are lifting free weights in its fully equipped gym with a 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 and turn the volume up.

TV-Picture changes to now show the News-Reporter interviewing Brenner in his hospital bed still feeling no pain.

NEWS REPORTER (FILTERED)

What do you think saved you?

Brenner's silly smile disappears as he gives his real quote.

BRENNER (FILTERED)

"Being taken with an American."

Isaac again *mutes* the sound as all Four PJs fist-bump.

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

STICKAM

Sorry to hear about your friend.

On cue, the Four PJs freeze.

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. now, Right?

ISAAC

I was Best Man at his wedding?

STICKAM

The Danish Ambassador from Nairobi  
just mentioned it to me.

Isaac is clueless. Stickam jumps off his treadmill.

STICKAM

The General didn't tell you?

On cue, his Three PJs stand up with Isaac making fists.

ISAAC

Tell me --What?

**EXT. USNS MERCY HELICOPTER FLIGHT DECK - NEXT MORNING**

NAVY PERSONNEL in dress whites, Dusty and Deltas in blue ASU with *Soutache Braid*, and the Four PJs in choker-style blouse with silver-braided epaulettes, all 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 and Air Force version 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 each 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

We can't cross two borders in the same week, son. You know that.

ISAAC

Then you should know, we're now taking that vacation you offered.

NANCE

Glad to hear it, you've sure as hell earned it. Anything I can get you all 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

By tonight, sir. Not a request.

Nance takes Petersen's full glass from him and downs it.

**CAPTION:** *Zero Hour*

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF A SMALL ISLAND - THAT NIGHT**

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

**CAPTION:** *Diego Garcia*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Disputed overseas territory of England*

**EXT. DIEGO GARCIA TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

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

ISAAC

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

The Three PJs return their own 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 *SOWT* 115-lb pack tethered between his legs.

ISAAC

You can't jump wearing that?!

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

His Three PJs bristle.

DUSTY

Try and stop me, Ricky Rescue!

Dusty "throws" Isaac away then smiles. The Three PJs relax.

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 the plane's ramp to inside it then nods.

DUSTY

I'll stow my pack in the "Soccer!"  
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 step up wearing Isaac's same gear imitating "Psycho" from the movie *Stripes*.

ALPHA HELMSMAN

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

Dusty smiles recognizing the line and the fact Alpha Helmsman does actually look crazed-eye like the character "Psycho."

DUSTY

"Lighten up, Francis!"

The Nine Soldiers *laugh*, shake, and exchange professional pleasantries. The Helmsman and Isaac are the last to shake.

ALPHA HELMSMAN

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

DUSTY

Yeah, he's idiot-savant all right!  
 (looks into plane again)  
 I never rode with you guys! What's  
 the armament?!

The Four SCCW start *belly-laughing*. Isaac explains.

ISAAC

A Riverine's five weapon systems  
 provide a 360-degree field of fire!

ALPHA HELMSMAN

Ever seen "V for Vendetta?!"

THREE PJS

Great film ...Loved it ...Way 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 her plane. Loadmaster Two walks up the ramp backwards checking behind them as ramp *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**

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 altitude on this flight.

A SOC-R (Special Operations Craft-Riverine) is 33 feet long and 9 feet wide. Ballistic armor protects both 440 hp engines with two GAU-17 mini-guns on either side of the bow.

An M2HB .50 caliber machine gun is aft above the swimmer's platform. Two twin-M240B 7.62mm light machine guns are mounted on each side.

A rotating 40mm *Mk-19* remote-controlled grenade launcher behind the driver's chair is in the center of the boat. All weapons are locked-down.

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

The Four PJs flip down similar chairs across from them and sit. Isaac has to yell over the engine *noise*.

ISAAC

Make yourself comfortable, get some sleep, it's a six-hour flight!

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 soldiers 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*.

Loadmaster Two now wearing her 44 oz *HGU-55* fixed wing-helmet system lifts her visor shaking her head at Helmsman.

LOADMASTER TWO

Your branch still men only?!

HELMSMAN

Till a transgender bodybuilder enlists!

Four SCCW high-five each other. Loadmaster turns to Isaac.

LOADMASTER TWO

They're as bad as you guys!

The Four PJs look at each other, *What?*

Loadmaster Two checks the *SOC-R* boat lock-downs are secure as she shakes her head singing *The Village People*.

LOADMASTER TWO

*"Macho, macho man. I gotta be a macho man --oowh."*

Alpha Helmsman finger-motions Isaac over who does. Alpha Helmsman leans-in thumb-pointing to Dusty asking.

ALPHA HELMSMAN

Polywog?!

Isaac nods. Alpha Helmsman throws a big *thumbs-up* to his Three Gunners who smile big. Playtime, Special Forces style.

**INT. HERCULES CARGO BAY - NOW AFTER MIDNIGHT**

Dusty put a parachute on top of his rusk-sack to use as a footrest and is sound asleep with ankles crossed. He becomes aware of being stared at and opens one eye.

The Other Eight stand semi-circle around him. They have rolled their black kerchiefs to tie at an angle covering one eye. Isaac and Helmsman now speak with pirate accents.

ISSAC

Argh, matey, trade winds carried  
the message this be yer first time  
crossin' --The Great Divide!

DUSTY

You mean the Equator? Yeah, so?

ALPHA HELMSMAN

So the Court a' Neptune be callin'  
your name from the deep, tadpole!

The Three Gunners all drop to a knee to group-present a half-full used bottle of tabasco sauce with their heads bowed.

Dusty remembers their ceremony and reluctantly takes it.

DUSTY

Neptune's truth serum?!

The Three Gunners spring to standing covering their mouths.

Dusty takes the drop-tip off the bottle and downs it.

The Other Eight are astonished.

ISAAC

Avast me hearty, don't be drinkin'  
the whole keg at one sittin'!

The Three Gunners again drop to a knee this time to hand up to Dusty a partial roll of toilet paper.

DUSTY

Certificate of Completion?!

ALPHA HELMSMAN

Best we could do on such short  
notice, swabbie!

Dusty gets a standing *ovation* as he takes the roll and waves it above his head while going to Loadmaster Two.

DUSTY

Where's the Honey Bucket?!

Loadmaster Two points to what looks like a tiny porta-potty attached to the fuselage.

Dusty pulls out its privacy screen and *retches*. He wipes his mouth then leaves the toilet paper to go back to his chair.

The Other Eight have taken off their kerchiefs to tie back around their necks and sit *pirate-chuckling*.

Isaac hands Dusty a plastic-wrapped sandwich.

DUSTY

What's this?!

ISAAC

Peanut butter! --Trust me!

(yells to all)

Okay, enough R-and-R, time to rehearse!

Isaac unrolls a blow-up photograph on the floor. Other Eight lean forward stepping on its four corners. Dusty munches.

**EXT. HERCULES FLYING UNDER A NEW MOON - EARLY MORNING**

No moon-shadow as the prop-jet drops from 1,000 feet over the ocean to a mere 100 feet heading towards the costal mainland.

**CAPTION:** *Indian Ocean*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Third largest of the world's five oceans*

**INT. HERCULES CARGO BAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The *SOC-R* is now covered by a lashed-down tarp with their gear stowed inside. Cradled on its launching-pallet it looks like a shrink-wrapped 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. The wind noise is deafening.

The Nine Soldiers can now see how low they are.

DUSTY

Are you thittin' me?!

Helmsman turns to give them universal "Hook Up" hand-sign.

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

Issac turns to Dusty.

ISAAC

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 to yank 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

Tell me 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 far away.

Dusty crosses himself then he is gone with the rest.

While tethered, Loadmaster Two uses her pointer-finger to physically count each chute to make sure. Satisfied, she walks backwards also crossing herself as the 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. Their total time above the water is 5 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.

They pull off their helmets which sink then release the vests to swim. Total time under the water is 3 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 parachute 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.

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

The Four SCCW have drilled a 1,000 times and go to their four stations to put on helmets with Night-Vision.

Four SCCW release, ready, and *prime-fire* all the ship's guns. Machine guns and mortars all at once is deafening.

DUSTY  
Impressive.

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

FOUR SCCW  
SWICK!

DUSTY  
How fast does this ...?

Dusty tumbles backwards as the 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 jungle river.

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

Dark moonless night. Thunder *rumbles* far off in the distance.

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. They are planning their attack using a plastic map overlay laid out on the deck. They have to yell over the boat's engine noise.

ISAAC

Newhart swallowed his phone's GPS!

DUSTY

He what?!

ISAAC

Before his capsule's battery gave out NCTC tracked it to a terrorist training village near the river! TFTP says the Tangos are funded by a German splinter cell of Stasi!

DUSTY

East Germany's now defunct State Security Service?! That means your buddy will have been through their Zersetzung ringer!

ISAAC

"Decomposition of Personality" to damage mental health! 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 Other Eight nod in agreement.

DUSTY

We're goin' in with just jungle gear?!

ISAAC

Affirmative! Light, fast breaching, and it's a rain forest, Forest!

DUSTY

What's the difference?!

ISAAC

Rain forests can have a jungle but  
a jungle never has a rain forest!

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 opens it to look inside.

DUSTY

Awww, you remembered!

ISAAC

Yes I did! Do you?!

DUSTY

Why we goin' back to old, old  
school?!

ISAAC

Silent, quicker!

Dusty looks again into his sling-bag.

DUSTY

What's in 'em?!

ISAAC

Cyanide!

The Four busy Boat Operators glance at each other, *Ouch*.

Dusty looks up open-mouthed. Isaac reaches over to shut it  
with two fingers under Dusty's chin.

ISAAC

Jungle canopy's too thick for GPS  
signal so Compass Check!

The Four PJs and Dusty pull the velcro covers off their wrist  
compasses, nod as one, 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. His  
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 as an Arnold Schwarzenegger stretcher bearer.

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

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

Four PJs and Dusty jump off its bow. Dusty pushes the boat into the river. He then hunch-runs into the foliage following the Others with Isaac clearing a path with his machete.

The *Alpha SOC-R* drifts out into the river's current watching till their cargo is safe then rev engines to full and rocket back up from where they came. In seconds their 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 come up to 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 *Ka-Bar* knife centered on their vests handle-up so in close quarter fighting they can just yank it straight up and stab straight down. On their camo battle-belts are extra clips and shotgun shells.

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.

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

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 PJs, lower their night goggles.

Isaac pulls his machete out then double-pumps his free fist up and down. All Five run into the jungle following Isaac. Dusty runs backwards checking their *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 own 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 chuckles imitating Warner Bros cartoon characters.

NEWHART

Sufferin' succotash, I 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 CPR defibrillator paddles together.

NEWHART

Expect me to talk?

DE SADE

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

**EXT. DRONE AERIAL VIEW OF JUNGLE CAMP - SIMULTANEOUS**

POV as seen by Dusty's tiny helicopter-drone flying over shows it really is a jungle out there so no fencing, just many 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 hut in green.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF JUNGLE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

The helicopter-drone flies low over the ground as Dusty's tactical gloved-hand reaches up to snatch it.

Isaac hands Dusty the drone's monitor who slides both into a thigh pouch.

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 at the Sentry.

Isaac draws his pistol with suppressor to give hand-commands and holds up a hand with all five fingers splayed then same hand finishes with *cut-throat* sign again. No prisoners today.

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

From inside his hut, ALL hear Newhart's *scream* go inaudible.

**EXT. SENTRY'S 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 only this time, Dusty's cross-bow bolt flies into his mouth breaking its ampule. Sentry gags then collapses dead onto his bamboo 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 enters his temple. He is dead in his tracks.

**EXT. SECOND JUNGLE HUT - SIMULTANEOUS**

GUERRILLA TWO starts to enter the hut but hears Guerrilla One's dead-body *thud* and turns to look. PJ-Two's gloved-hand covers Two's mouth. Guerrilla Two's eyes look up to see PJ-Two's knife with "blood grooves" and knows it's all over.

Stabbing through a skull is easy but blood suction will hold the blade forever unless air is let in. Knife comes straight down then Guerrilla Two's lifeless body disappears inside.

**INT. THIRD JUNGLE 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-Three who puts his bloody tactical 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-One's gloved-hand from behind slices a scalpel-sharp blade deep across Guerrilla Three's throat from ear to ear cutting both Carotid Arteries. Guerrilla Three becomes his own red-blooded Fourth of July with real blood. The only fireworks, are in his eyes.

PJ-One catches Guerrilla Three's fountain-sputting dead body.

**INT. NEWHART'S JUNGLE HUT - MOMENTS LATER**

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

DE SADE

Shall I bring you back once more  
into my b-b-breach dear friend?

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

500 Volts shoot through Newhart's body then he passes out.

DE SADE

That was only half-vay. Ve should  
go to one thousand now, ya?

Bigfoot doesn't respond staring blank at something.

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

DE SADE

Was ist das for?

ISAAC

(German, *RUK-tsah-loong*)  
Rückzahlun.

DE SADE

Repayment? Payback for vhat? I am  
just doing my job, ya?

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

ISAAC

With a little too much enthusiasm.

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

ISAAC

Stand down, tiny.

PJ-Four steps out of the shadows to cut Newhart free then lays him down. Newhart's eyes flutter open scanning.

NEWHART

*Issac?*

ISAAC

You still my 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

You got it.

Isaac locks on a rear-naked choke and pushes his elbows down cutting off Carotid Arteries blood flow to De Sade's brain.

ISAAC

Make sure he an see this.

PJ-Four holds Newhart's head up so he can watch De Sade's eyes glaze over while clawing at Isaac's choking forearm then his body goes limp. Isaac tightens to hold his choke longer.

ISAAC

Adrenaline.

PJ-Four reaches into a thigh pocket to pull out his Blow-Out kit and opens to retrieve the unmistakable large intracardiac injection needle.

ISAAC

Hold on to your keyster pal, 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, bupkis.*

This is the first time we see Isaac actually smile.

ISAAC

Don't move or you'll sing alto.

PJ-Four stab-injects Newhart who is wide-eyed stunned then *inhales* hard enough to implode a tornado.

NEWHART

*Thank you sir, may I have another!*

PJ-Four battlefield-bandages Newhart's open sores then pulls out an olive-drab t-shirt from a thigh pocket and helps Newhart put it on.

NEWHART

*I didn't get you guys nuttin'?*

Dusty enters the hut silent closing its door then stares at Isaac still choking De Sade's hanging limp body.

DUSTY

How long?

ISAAC

Three minutes.

DUSTY

Anoxic brain injury but we don't have another seven for brain dead.

ISAAC

Headspace?

PJ-Four takes Newhart's syringe to pull its plunger out filling its barrel with air then hands it up to Isaac.

DUSTY

Remind me never to piss you off.

Isaac injects the air into De Sade's brain through a temple causing both eyes to protrude out of their sockets.

NEWHART

*Proptosis. Goes with his name.*

ISSAC

You two carry to the rendezvous point then stabilize for travel. If I'm not there in five, leave 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

No chance, Meshugganah. Get goin'.

With his Three now gone, Isaac's smile changes to a maniacal glare at Bigfoot.

ISAAC

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

Isaac lays his pistol on the table and steps back.

ISSAC

Okay tall, dark, and u-g-l-yyyy,  
let's dance.

Bigfoot pulls a machete out of a pant's leg.

ISAAC

You from Trinidad?

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

ISSAC

Nope, Venezuela.

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

ISAAC

You lead, Mongo.

**MACHETE MONTAGE:** Both circle each other probing for weakness. The best way to fight with a machete is to stab forward. Bigfoot appears to have missed that hand-to-hand lesson. Issac 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 on the bamboo floor.

Hut's door opens and GUERRILLA SEVEN enters then freezes. He stares from Bigfoot's blood-spurting wrist to Issac's bloody machete.

Both Isaac and Guerrilla Seven stare at Isaac's pistol lying on the table then their eyes raise looking into each other's souls. Guerrilla Seven starts to raise his AK-47 as Isaac pulls out his smaller Russian knife.

GUERRILLA SEVEN

Brought a toy to a knife fight,  
Yankee Noodle.

Issac's thumb flips his knife handle's micro-lever then arm curls back and snaps down like he's going to throw his knife.

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

Guerrilla Seven drops his gun to double-grab his throat and pull Isaac's blade out having missed the First-Aid 101 course on knife wounds to always leave it in until a doctor removes it. Guerrilla Seven falls on the mat-floor gurgling blood.

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

ISAAC

What the fuck are you, the Black  
Knight?

Zorro got nuthin' on Issac as his two downward cross-cuts in an "X" fashion put Bigfoot out of Isaac's misery. Isaac drops his machete and blade-less knife, holsters pistol off table, unslings shotgun, then *racks* it quoting Harvey Fierstein.

ISAAC

"Your audience dictates what you do  
or don't change."

**EXT. GUERRILLA JUNGLE CAMP - CONTINUOUS**

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

MONTAGE of GRENADES, BULLETS, and BLASTS as MORE GUERRILLAS exit other huts, see Isaac, and fire their AK-47s at him.

Mister X exits a hut. His and Isaac's eyes meet. Same type of marker strobe light like earlier in the Somali desert *plop-*lands at X's feet. Mister X dives back into his hut.

"End of the World" Hellfire missiles take out all the huts.

More Guerrillas near the camp's edges are surgically blown in two by multiple PJ shotgun *blasts*.

Isaac zig-zag runs to disappear into the thick jungle canopy.

**EXT. JUNGLE 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 their sight. Newhart turns his head to stare back making a satirical baby sound.

NEWHART

*Wah.*

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

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

*Explosions*, death-screams, and rocket whistles back in the jungle camp are swallowed up by the dense vegetation as the monsoon season chooses this very moment to begin.

**EXT. EARLIER RAIN FOREST CLEARING - LATER THAT MORNING**

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 makes 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 AK-47s shoulder-aimed step out of the trees encircling them.

Mister X steps out from them, unholsters a German WW-II *Luger*, pulls its toggle, then aims at Isaac smiling.

MISTER X

Would seem vee now have a --?

(in German)

Mexikanische Pattsituation, ya?

ISSAC

A Mexican Standoff is when neither party can achieve victory, dumbass.

MISTER X

That is what I said, nein?

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

Isaac head-motions Mister X to look behind him. He does. All of his Guerrillas have disappeared. Isaac shoulder aims his shotgun at Mister X's head imitating Bruce Willis.

ISSAC

"Welcome to the party, pal."

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

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 fully pushed-in as a single drop falls from its needle-tip.

ISSAC

Töt?

Stickam tosses his empty syringe.

STICKAM

Toast.

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

Stickam *Terry-pats* Mister X retrieving a cellphone, small notebook, and a knife, to store all in an Evidence Bag.

STICKAM

Too valuable a valuable asset.  
Shall we expedite expeditiously?

Gunny throws Mister X over a shoulder like he is nothing then looks at Dusty challenging. Both glare, then take off in a piggyback foot race to the river with their human cargos.

ISSAC

Last one to the river buys.

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 jungle foliage.

DUSTY

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

GUNNY

"Your parents have any children  
that lived?" etc.

**EXT. EARLIER RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

Gunny and Dusty low-five each other twice then fist-bumb.

*SOC-R* engines, times four, roar full speed down the river.

Their original *SBT-22 Alpha* SCCW Crewmen were joined by the infamous *SBT-22 BRAVO* legend with its own FOUR MAN SCCW CREW.

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

DUSTY

Uh, they do know how to engage  
their treadmill kill switch, right?

Both 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

Apparently.

The two Boats float end-to-end with their starboards to the shore. Both *SBT-22* Crews wave their hands down to "Get Down."

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

World War "G" breaks out as all *SOC-R* weapon systems now 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 lob 40mm grenades at 390 rounds 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.

All small jungle trees and undergrowth literally disappear in cordite smoke like the *Predator*-scene only in fast-forward.

Both Boat's total firing time of 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. Complete silence then normal jungle sounds slowly rise up again but no AK-47s.

The PJs and Deltas brush jungle remains off themselves.

STICKAM

God Damn impressive.

MISTER X (MUFFLED)

Get off me, dummkopf!

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

GUNNY

Who's a shitbird now, shithead?

NEWHART (MUFFLED)

When do I get a ring?

Dusty sits up with Newhart still attached to 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 on.

SCCW Crew Bravo help all Five Deltas with Mister X onboard.

With everyone now loaded, both Riverines low-tail it out of Dodge leaving behind a newly bullet-leveled helicopter LZ.

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

The two Riverine boats run full speed side-by-side.

With their guns manned and hulls filled by geared-out Ops in full camo war-paint, any enemy's pucker-factor will go to 10.

Both Boats exit the river's entrance headed for open water then both SOC-R's angle away from each other and full-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 its on deck, they load Newhart onto it and strap him in then give *Thumbs-Up* to the helicopter's HOIST OPERATOR who begins raising the gurney. Isaac holds onto the gurney's guide rope to prevent rotor-wash spin until Newhart is hooked and pulled inside 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 treat Newhart. Once on board, their helicopter pulls off to wait as Scout.

Same process has been occurring in the Bravo Boat with Mister X going into Blackhawk Two except his straps are much tighter and the TWO INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS waiting onboard for him are more concerned about his brain than his body. With the Five Deltas now on-board, Blackhawk Two pulls off to wait.

**EXT. INSIDE SOC-R BOAT ALPHA - IMMEDIATELY**

The Three Gunners securely lock down their guns.

All Three then begin the over-rehearsed Helicopter Retrieval Procedure. They release the bow and aft heavy-duty lift-straps having huge stainless-steel rings in their middle then raise both high with "hook-rods."

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

Chinook Two does same with SOC-R boat Bravo and its Gunners.

**EXT. AIR SPACE OVER INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER**

The Two Blackhawks lead the way with Two Chinooks following.

All Eight Boatmen climb up the two Pilot Ladders into their tow Chinooks while tilt-flying at full speed.

Yes, Swick Operators are f'n nuts. That's why they joined.

**INT. BLACKHAWK ONE OVER THE INDIAN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER**

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

NEWHART

*Thank you, brother.*

Issac pats Newhart and repeats the first part of the PJ Motto. Everyone has to yell above the 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 first --!

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

NANCE

But you all went full-tilt circle today!

ISSAC

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

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

**INT. DIEGO GARCIA BASE GYM - THAT NIGHT**

The Four PJs are working out ...as always.

Fincanen in a hospital gown is wheeled in by her HUSBAND who is smiling. Her color is back. She looks much healthier.

On automatic, the Four PJs come to ram-rod 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

Boy or girl?

HUSBAND

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 he turns away touched.

THREE PJS

Congratulations, Dad ...Good thing you're already in blue ...Mazel Tov, mister-mister.

Issac turns back clearing his throat and admonishing.

ISAAC

*Schmucks.*

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

The Four PJs snap back to even sharper attention.

NANCE

We're monitoring a distress beacon on a private yacht. They radioed a fire on board then went dark.

The Four PJs are already heading for the door.

NANCE

Heavy seas and 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 break?

NANCE

Don't want one. That's why our  
program picked them.

HUSBAND

So "PJ" means Para-Jumper?

NANCE

It's from the military identifiers  
of the letter "P" for Parachutist  
and letter "J" for Diver.

FINCANEN

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

NANCE

With Special Tactics.

Brenner fast-wheels himself in wheelchair pushing open the  
door with his cast leg outstretched. NURSE runs in behind him  
winded. 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.

PETERSEN

Doing what they were born to do.

**EXT. ON THE INDIAN OCEAN IN HEAVY SEAS - DAWN BREAKING**

An MC-130 *Combat Shadow* flies over a distressed sailboat.

Boat is adrift with water crashing over, ready to capsize.

The Hercules drops a series of smoke flares perpendicular to the boat's wind line. The boat disappears down between huge rolling waves. Only the smoke flares show where it once was.

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 with Reserve Chutes over their Rebreathers.

They stand behind two huge 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 helmet, kicks out the Zodiac then Supply Bundle canisters, both on Static Lines. Their pilot chutes inflate pulling out their full drop chutes.

Isaac looks at his Three PJs who give enthusiastic universal Okay finger-signs. Isaac nods animated and turns away 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 her ramp holding onto a tether-line to finger count their chutes and crosses herself.

LOADMASTER THREE  
So others may live.

She smiles walking backwards as her ramp whines closing.

FADE OUT.