

**SIX**

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EXT. JALALABAD, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A massive US military base surrounded by snow-covered mountains.

ON SCREEN: AFGHANISTAN, 2010

We go CLOSER. Behind a maze of HESCO barriers: a few tents.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Father Bob had the kids choir  
singing carols by the door. And it  
worked. We sold fifty cupcakes in  
an hour.

We go inside.

INT. SEAL TEAM TENT - NIGHT

John "Bear" GRAVES, 31, watches the screen while he cleans his HK416 assault rifle. Despite his powerful frame, Graves exudes a restrained, monk-like stillness, every movement controlled.

GRAVES

What was the sermon about?

His wife, LENA, 30, flickers on the computer screen. In contrast to Graves, she seems to be in a state of perpetual motion.

LENA

Greater love hath no man than this,  
that he lay down his life for his  
friends.

GRAVES

John, chapter fifteen, verse  
thirteen.

LENA

Right.

(then)

Hey, you remember those names we  
were talking about?

Trying to hide her excitement, Lena gets up, revealing the sun-lit domestic life a world away from Graves's spartan surroundings.

Graves focuses on his rifle, reassembling it in seconds. Receiver. Bolt. Snap. Click. CLUNK.

When he looks up again, Lena is holding up a SONOGRAM.

LENA (CONT'D)

Well, meet Sarah.

Graves stares at the black and white image of the embryo, thunderstruck.

Lena watches as his face slowly cracks into a huge smile. Then he puts down his rifle, takes out his earphones, and turns behind him.

GRAVES

Hey everybody. It's a girl. We're having a baby girl.

Decorated for Christmas, we see the rest of the tent now, where the men of SEAL TEAM SIX occupy themselves with the chores and distractions of downtime in the war-zone.

Graves's announcement garners congratulations and ribbing, back slaps, ad-libbed greetings to Lena on screen, etc.

Ropey and lean, Alex CAULDER, 29, has his legs up on a ratty lazy-boy chair, playing XBOX on a huge flat-screen TV. He wears a Santa hat and has an ear-ring.

CAULDER

I don't know what you're so excited about. I'd give mine back if I could.

Built like a retired lineman, Ricky "Buddha" ORTIZ, 35, brews yerba mate. It's a long, involved process. There's a pestle, and some gourds, and Ortiz clearly takes it seriously. He has photos of his wife and daughter all around his area.

ORTIZ

You don't mean that. Children, that's what it's all about.

CAULDER

Oh, no. I mean it.

Graves hangs up with Lena, swivels in his chair. Beaming.

GRAVES

We're naming her Sarah.

CAULDER

From the Bible. Jacob's wife.

Graves waits for the other shoe to drop.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Jacob was a player. Dude had like five wives. Forget monogamy. My man Jake was all about hitting it.

GRAVES

You're going to hell. You know that.

CAULDER

Metaphorically, right? Because we know that down below us is just spinning rock and hot magma. And anyway, with all we've seen go down up here, hard to imagine your God coming up with anything worse.

ORTIZ

(to Graves)

Sarah's a fine name. Sounds good in Spanish too. You'll like being a father, Bear. Gives you ballast. Keep you upright through the storm.

CAULDER

Says the guy who takes two days to make tea out of dried grass.

ORTIZ

It's not tea, pendejo. It's mate, and it's got 24 vitamins and minerals, 15 amino acids, and a shit load of anti-oxidants.

CAULDER

Yeah, yeah, it's Red Bull for taco-heads.

ORTIZ

It's South American. You don't know shit.

CAULDER

I did know a Sarah back in Coronado. Best pole dancer I ever saw.

(then, off their looks)

What?

An ENLISTED INTEL GUY enters, breathless.

ENLISTED INTEL GUY

It's "The Butcher." We think we found him.

The SEALs scramble to their feet, head out to--

INT. TOC (TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER) - MOMENTS LATER

A black and white print out of a particularly nasty-looking TALIBAN LEADER.

Graves and Caulder move past it, revealing a wall covered in other print outs, many of the faces x'ed out.

They push through the intel guys crowded around a Predator drone feed showing a SNOWY VILLAGE.

GRAVES

We really got this cock-sucker?

Chief RIP TAGGART, 38, joins them, taking hits from an energy drink. Doesn't seem to help, though: he's got dark circles under his eyes, his face drawn and haggard. He's seen way too much and not forgotten half enough.

RIP

Tracked his cell phone signal to a village up in Kunar.

GRAVES

A signal. That's it?

RIP

No calls going in or out. But, four crew cabs rolled in tonight. A shit-ton of activity around this compound before they bedded down.

Rip nods at a nerdy intel guy (LESTER) working the feed, and the image zeroes in on a WALLED COMPOUND. Rip points to it, finishing his energy drink. Pops open another.

CAULDER

That's opium country. Could be farmers.

RIP

At one in the morning? In December?

They watch the image in silence for a moment.

CAULDER

Hey, Lester. What kind of odds you running on this thing?

Lester looks up from his computer.

LESTER

Best guess, optimistic, 10 to 1.

CAULDER

I'm going to hit the rack.

Rip stops him.

RIP

No. We're taking a shot.

CAULDER

You serious?

RIP

We can't lose this shit-stain again.

CAULDER

You know how many times we've rolled snake eyes with this guy. It's probably not even him.

GRAVES

Only one way to find out.

Graves is pumped. He lives for this shit. They all do.

Caulder shrugs, smiles.

CAULDER

Fuck it. I'm in.

They look at Ortiz, who's futzing with his mate.

ORTIZ

Yeah, okay. Nice night for a walk.

EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

SNOW. A boot punches through and sinks.

The SEALs are in full "battle-rattle," wearing NVGS and trudging toward a moonlit village, their breath frosting in the winter air.

They slowly take up position, crouching down for cover.

GRAVES'S POV

Through his NVGs. IR LASERS from his weapon and his teammates' dance across the village. Looking for movement. Any sign of life. There's nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

As Graves lowers his weapon, Rip motions, and the SEALs push closer to the village.

They enter a thick band of trees.

Suddenly, Caulder holds up a fist, freezes.

With his IR laser he circles two GUARDS, sleeping under thick blankets, their AK-47s within reach.

Rip motions to a SEAL (Michael HARDY) who stays to watch the guards. The rest of the team continues forward.

MOVING WITH THE SEALs

Nearing the edge of the treeline, a DOG leaps out at them, BARKING, before he's yanked back by a chain. The RACKET echoes up and down the valley.

RIP

Kill that fucking thing.

A SEAL pulls out a knife, but Ortiz steps in front of him.

ORTIZ

Don't. He's gonna be quiet, aren't you--

TWO SHOTS ring out behind them. A second later, Hardy comes running through the trees.

RIP

What the fuck?

HARDY

They went for their AK's. Had to ice them.

They're discovered now. GUNFIRE explodes in front of them. The SEALs drop to the ground. BAD GUYS spill out of the compound, SHOOTING in their direction. BULLETS whistle and snap around them.

The SEALs calmly start engaging targets.

Graves's laser finds a bad guy. He drops him. Another. Other SEAL lasers criss-cross, finding their targets. Graves searches for more, sees movement next to the main compound. Partially blocked by a shed, TWO FIGURES drag something heavy. Turn it toward Graves.

## GRAVES

They've got a fucking DShK!

The powerful anti-aircraft machine gun opens up, LIGHTING UP THE NIGHT like a flamethrower. Cutting down trees all around them, snow and bark exploding and showering down, guys diving for cover. Deafening. Terrifying.

The onslaught seems to go on forever, obliterating their senses. Finally, there's a pause in the barrage, the dog BARKING WILDLY now, snapping and straining at its chain.

Rip motions to Graves and Caulder.

## MOVING THROUGH THE COMPOUND

Rip, Graves, and Caulder sprint through the trees, flanking the machine gun's position before--

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! It opens up again, sending them sliding into the muddy snow. Earth-shaking in intensity.

Graves looks for a clear shot, the reverberation of the machine gun about to explode his ear drums.

## GRAVES (CONT'D)

Don't have the angle!

The machine gun stops. It's barrel glowing with heat through the SEALs NVGs. A moment later, the SEALs in the tree line return fire, tracers etching the night.

## CAULDER

Tell our guys to stop shooting.

Graves and Rip look at him.

## RIP

What for?

Caulder suddenly stands up and RUSHES THE MACHINE GUNNERS. The two men spot him, and struggle to turn their weapon, wheeling the massive barrel to mow him down.

Caulder CHARGES the gun.

The gun TURNS in his direction, about to tear him apart.

At the very last second, Caulder GETS A SHOT. Running at a dead sprint, he TAKES OUT the gunners.

For a moment he stands by the big machine gun, breathing hard, eyes glistening, adrenaline burning off him.



Rip and Graves run up.

GRAVES  
You fucking dumb-shit.

CAULDER  
You're welcome.

Rip motions in the rest of the team.

Ortiz links up with them, the vicious DOG now unchained and trailing happily behind him.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

The SEALs stack up outside the door, NVGS glowing green against their faces. The last man squeezes the shoulder of the man in front of him, going all the way to Rip in front, who nods at Graves across the doorway.

Graves leans in and pushes open the door, and the SEALs rush into the darkness.

WE STAY WITH GRAVES as the men race past him, his body coiled. It feels like forever, but it's only a few seconds before the last man disappears inside and Graves hurtles in after him.

INT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

OUR POV IS LIMITED as Graves follows his teammates through the dark house in a silent ballet of controlled chaos.

Up front, small groups of SEALs peel off and disappear into side rooms and hallways, the line ahead of us getting shorter and shorter until it's just Caulder, Ortiz, and Graves.

The tension builds, the momentum hurling them forward to the end of the hall, where a curtain billows across the entrance.

Rip falls in behind Graves just as--

Caulder goes through the curtain, turns left, and disappears from view. Ortiz goes next, turns right, disappears.

An instant later: SHOUTING, the FLASH OF GUNFIRE beyond the threshold, and Graves's sharp INTAKE of breath as he rushes headlong into--

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Movement and sound explodes to his left and right, but Graves ignores it, focuses on what's directly in front of him: a FIGHTER throwing down his AK and scrambling for the window.

Graves DROPS him in the back with two shots. Scans his section and we catch a glimpse of something on the bed, BODIES, as Rip pushes in next to him.

GRAVES

Clear!

CAULDER (O.S.)

Clear!

ORTIZ (O.S.)

Fucking put it down!

Graves, Rip, and Caulder whirl toward Ortiz, side-stepping out of each other's field of fire.

Backed into a corner, the BUTCHER holds a meat cleaver to a WOMAN's throat, hiding behind her. Impossible to get a shot.

Before anyone can stop him, the Butcher slips the blade across her neck, blood spurting out in a spray, and the SEALS open fire, bullets TEARING him and the hostage apart.

When it's over, the Butcher lies in a bloody heap, WHEEZING, somehow still alive.

RIP

That him?

Caulder lifts up the dying man by his hair and shines a mag-light into his face. He compares it to the image of The Butcher on his device.

CAULDER

Fuck yes it is.

Graves shoves up his NVGs.

GRAVES

That mother-fucker.

(then)

You mother-fucker!

He starts to step menacingly toward the Butcher when--

CAULDER

Hold up.

Caulder shines his mag-light onto the bed. It's the rest of the family: a father and two children, their throats slit. This must have been their house. The SEALs all stare, deeply affected.

ORTIZ

They didn't have to do that. Not to the kids.

Graves vibrates with anger, his face flushing. Caulder takes the blanket on the bed and covers the bodies.

Rip pushes past him. Grabs the cleaver out of the Butcher's hand. Straddles the still-breathing Taliban leader and starts SCALPING him while Graves, Caulder, and Ortiz watch, stunned.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

Hey, man, don't--

CAULDER

Yeah, Rip, cool it!

Caulder starts toward Rip but Graves stops him. A man possessed, Rip saws through the skin, the Butcher gurgling out a scream. SPRASSHHHH! Rip pulls the scalp free from the skull.

Suddenly, a cabinet in the corner BURSTS open and a TALIBAN FIGHTER leaps out. In a flash, he dives through a window, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Graves and Caulder weave through a maze of narrow alleys in pursuit. They catch glimpses of The Fighter up ahead.

Graves and Caulder emerge into a small square, where a skinny mule looks at them balefully. Beyond it, they see The Fighter leaping into a snow-filled irrigation ditch.

GRAVES

(into radio)

ISR, this is Slice Two. We've got a squirter north-northwest of the target compound. Requesting sparkle.

Graves plunges in after him. Caulder heads around.

EXT. MUD HUTS - MOMENTS LATER

Caulder scrambles up on top of a hut, and starts LEAPING from mud roof to mud roof.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - SAME

A PREDATOR DRONE buzzes high above. Rotates its camera, searching. Locks.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Roger that, Slice Two. I've got  
eyes on. Standby for sparkle.

A massive infrared SPOTLIGHT suddenly shoots down from the sky like the hand of God, tracking the Taliban Fighter running ahead of the two SEALs.

EXT. MUD HUTS - SAME

Caulder races after him along the rooftops, gaining. But then he takes another leap and CRASHES THROUGH a roof.

OVERHEAD ANGLE/DRONE VIEW

The drone tracks to the collapsed hut, shining in with its IR spotlight. Caulder appears out of the rubble and points.

The spotlight moves in that direction, searching for the fleeing Fighter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Unnoticed by the drone, the Fighter emerges from a tangle of snowy bushes, and scrambles up a rocky hillside. He glances over his shoulder at--

GRAVES

Who charges after him through knee-deep snow. Graves raises his HK416 to take a shot, but Caulder suddenly appears ahead of him, limping from his fall, blocking his view.

CAULDER  
You see him?

Before Graves can answer, Caulder launches himself over a mud wall, disappearing on the other side.

CAULDER

Sinks to his chest in deep snow, his injured knee twisting under him. He fights back the pain and uses his weapon to pull himself part-way up, but can't get any farther.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Bear, go around. Hey, don't--

Graves drops from the wall, disappearing into the snow next to him, and the world goes WHITE.

Graves claws back up and punches an arm through.

GRAVES

There. Up on that ridge.

Caulder looks through his SCOPE, sighting with his laser. He finds the Fighter in a sliver of space between two huts, about to climb over a hill and escape.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Watch the cross-wind.

CAULDER

Yep.

It's an impossible shot at a crazy angle, but Caulder steadies his breathing, steadies the laser, and pulls.

CRACK!

The Fighter drops.

EXT. SNOWY GOAT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Their guns drawn, Graves and Caulder move low and fast up the hill (Caulder barely limping) toward the wounded Fighter.

The Fighter clutches his thigh, black blood seeping into the glistening white snow. When the SEALs run up, ready to fire, he raises his hands.

TALIBAN FIGHTER

Wait! Wait. I'm American.

Graves and Caulder stop in their tracks.

TALIBAN FIGHTER (CONT'D)

I'm from Michigan, man. Fucking Michigan.

Graves stares at him, betraying no emotion. The Fighter looks from him to Caulder, his eyes wild and desperate.

TALIBAN FIGHTER (CONT'D)

What about you guys?

CAULDER

Cali.

TALIBAN FIGHTER

Sweet. I know I should like the Pistons, but I'm a Lakers fan. I love Kobe. A lot of people don't, but I do. Haters gonna hate, right?

Caulder slings his rifle, kneels down and checks the Fighter for weapons while Graves covers him.

CAULDER

He's clean.

GRAVES

You the one that killed those kids?

TALIBAN FIGHTER

What? No. Fuck, no.

Graves steps on his wounded leg. The Fighter writhes in pain.

TALIBAN FIGHTER (CONT'D)

Aw, shit, man! I'm telling you, it was Abdul. Fuck that hurts.

GRAVES

So why'd you run?

The Fighter shakes his head, licks his lips.

TALIBAN FIGHTER

I had to. Your boy, he went all Geronimo in there. You saw what he did--

His lower lip trembles.

TALIBAN FIGHTER (CONT'D)

(to Caulder)

I just want to go home, man.  
Please.

(then to Graves)

Please.

Their eyes meet. A moment of connection. Then the Fighter looks past him and his face fills with fear.

TALIBAN FIGHTER (CONT'D)

No. Wait--

POP! POP!

Blood splatters Graves's face as two holes open up on the Fighter's forehead and he crumples.

Rip stands between Graves and Caulder, breathing hard, his rifle barrel smoking.

A moment of stunned silence before the giant infrared SPOTLIGHT shoots down from the sky, illuminating their position on the snowy hillside.

CAULDER

What the fuck?

RIP

He was a threat.

CAULDER

Bullshit. He surrendered. And he's a fucking American.

RIP

Not any more.

Rip starts back down toward the village.

RIP (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Exfil in five mikes.

CAULDER

Bear, you saw that. You--

GRAVES

Chief's right. He was a threat.

Graves holds Caulder's gaze, making it true. Caulder, for once, is speechless. Without waiting for him to respond, Graves walks down after Rip.

The dog still trailing him, Ortiz passes Graves and joins Caulder by the Fighter's body. Ortiz calmly takes in the scene, catching his breath. Glances up. Keys his radio.

ORTIZ

(into radio)

ISR platform, this is Slice Three.  
Squirter is KIA.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)

Roger, Slice Three. Target  
destroyed.

The dog starts eating out brain matter from the dead Fighter's face before the infrared spotlight shuts off, plunging Caulder and Ortiz into DARKNESS.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. YOSEMITE, HALF DOME - DAY

Out of the clouds, Half Dome appears, impossibly steep and exposed.

We fly in closer, finding three TINY FIGURES half way up.

TIGHT ON THE ROCK

THICK FINGERS reach for rock, grab a hold, and pull.

Graves comes into frame, working hard. He places a piece of rock-pro into the cliff wall and slips a rope through it.

ON SCREEN: FIVE YEARS LATER

Now 35, Graves's hair is shot with premature gray. Deep lines furrow his brow.

He pauses, searches deliberately for his next hold, then moves upwards, slow and steady, completely focused.

We follow the ROPE down to Ortiz. He's breathing hard, sweat glistening his face. Nearly 40 and heavier, he grunts with effort as he pulls himself up. He hugs the wall, catching his breath.

A moment later, Caulder joins him, easily picking his way up, favoring that injured knee a bit. He looks like he hasn't aged a day.

CAULDER

So this thing for Anabel, we need to dress up?

Ortiz just looks at him, too tired to talk right now.

ORTIZ

Don't wear your Jesus sandals, if that's what you're asking.

CAULDER

They're Texas, brother. But, all right. It's your party.

Caulder grins and slaps Ortiz on the shoulder. Ortiz almost loses his grip.



ORTIZ

Hey, careful, man.

CAULDER

Fifteen, Buddha! Can you believe your daughter is fucking fifteen? That makes you like, what, fifty? What are you even doing out here? You should be selling yerba mate on a beach somewhere.

ORTIZ

You gonna be old too.

CAULDER

Naw. Not me.

Caulder looks closely at Ortiz, whose leg is shaking.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Hey, you okay?

ORTIZ

Fuck you. Just taking a breather.

CAULDER

Come on, let me give you a hand.

Caulder starts to help Ortiz as best he can. Slowly they make their way up the cliff-face.

EXT. TOP OF HALF DOME - LATER

Almost to the top now, Ortiz barely making it. Caulder reaches down his hand to help him up the last hold.

Ortiz claws his way over the top, shimmies his body sideways, and rolls onto his back, revealing his gut.

Graves packs gear, getting ready to head down. Caulder pulls on a high-tech, brightly-colored, winged one-piece thing. He hands Ortiz a beer. Takes a slug from his own.

CAULDER

We get paid to do this shit.

ORTIZ

Barely.

Ortiz clammers to his feet. He takes in the amazing view. He's not just out of breath, he seems particularly moved. He speaks quietly, almost to himself.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss this.

Meaning, he really, really will. Caulder doesn't quite hear-- or understand--what Ortiz is saying.

CAULDER

Right on. We don't want to miss this. Bear, stop the fucking busy shit. Look around you.

Graves stops and stands up beside them. The three of them together, on top of the world, taking in the amazing view.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

If I didn't know any better, it'd almost be enough to make me believe in God.

Graves turns and stares at him.

GRAVES

Why do you do that?

CAULDER

Do what?

A grin spreading across his face. Caulder's now fully geared up in his WING-SUIT. It's bright blue with an attached parachute.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Forget the tux, maybe I'll wear this. Just fly in the church door, Buddha. The angel of Caulder.

GRAVES

This is a tactical training op. How the fuck is that thing tactical?

Caulder looks down at the wing-suit, considers the question.

CAULDER

It's not tactical, Bear. It's blue.

Graves goes back to packing.

GRAVES

I'm not carrying your shit down.

CAULDER

You'll keep praying for me, though, right? Because I'll take whatever I can get.

ORTIZ

You two're like moscas, you know.  
Flies on shit. Never gonna change.

Caulder toasts to that. He crushes the can in his hands, puts it in his pocket.

CAULDER

(re: Ortiz's beer can)  
Make sure to recycle that.

Caulder steps to the edge, playing up the theatrics.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, since he first walked upright, man has dreamed of three things: beer, pussy, and--flying.

Graves doesn't even look up.

ORTIZ

Where you going?

CAULDER

Well, we're out of beer, aren't we?

He smiles, then JUMPS OFF.

WITH CAULDER

We FLY OUT from Half Dome as Graves and Ortiz make their way down. Caulder is soaring, the earth rushing up at him, waterfalls on his left, great granite faces on his right.

Flying, free.

PRIEST (V.O.)

Loving God, We thank you for  
Anabel, who today celebrates her  
fifteenth birthday.

Yosemite speeds by us, flows, then DISSOLVES TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A QUINCEANERA MASS is underway. Ortiz's daughter ANABEL (15) is dressed in white. Three GIRLS in white stand beside her. She seems to glow from within. Ortiz and his wife JACKIE (35, tall, regal, and way out of Ortiz's league) stand behind her, bursting with pride. Ortiz wears a rented tux.

With them is Graves and his wife Lena. Other SEALS we'll come to know are there. Caulder holds a SCEPTER, glancing at a hot YOUNG WOMAN (ZOE, 28) in the front row.

PRIEST

Bless her with your love that she  
may grow in wisdom, knowledge, and  
grace. May she love her family  
always and be faithful to her  
friends. Grant this through Christ  
our Lord.

The PRIEST nods at Anabel. She speaks in a clear, strong voice, dragging Caulder's gaze away from Zoe, who nods at him to pay attention.

ANABEL

Heavenly father, I thank you for  
the gift of life, for creating me  
in your image and for calling me to  
be your daughter through baptism.  
With your grace I commit myself to  
serve my brothers and sisters all  
my life.

The Priest sprinkles Anabel with Holy Water, then nods at the godparents.

Graves and Lena step forward. Graves places a SAINT'S MEDAL around her neck. Lena offers a ROSARY. With a wink, Caulder hands Anabel the SCEPTER. Then Ortiz and Jackie position a TIARA on her head.

Anabel offers the flowers to the altar of the Virgin Mary.

ANABEL (CONT'D)

Mary, Mother of Jesus, I dedicate  
myself to you--

As the service continues we linger on Ortiz's face as he stares at his daughter. We PRELAP the SOUND OF SINGING, young girls voices.

EXT. AFRICA, SCHOOL - SAME

Twenty YOUNG AFRICAN SCHOOLGIRLS, also in white, sing an African gospel song, led by their teacher, ERICA (late 20s, upper-class Nigerian).

The songs end and the girls giggle.

ERICA

Good morning.

GIRLS

Good morning, Teacher Erica.

ERICA

Let's begin with our daily reading.  
Jasmine, are you prepared?

JASMINE

Yes, Teacher Erica.

ERICA

Excellent. We can't wait to hear.  
Please.

As Jasmine begins to read, we PULL BACK and see a WHITE MAN, who helps THREE AFRICAN WORKERS paint over GRAFFITI on the side of the rough plaster wall surrounding the school. The graffiti says NO SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS. And DEATH TO INFIDELS. We can't see his face but he moves slowly, as if he's been crippled or injured, or maybe is just old.

He looks up from his work and watches the girls, many shoeless, who continue their lesson MOS.

INT. BANQUET HALL, VIRGINIA BEACH - DAY

The Quinceanera celebration continues in a banquet hall set up for a party. Ortiz stands in front of Anabel. The place is packed. All eyes are on Ortiz.

He holds up a pair of high heels.

ORTIZ

Today, you wear these to remind us  
all that you are now a woman. But  
Anabel--

(deep breath)

--you're really still my little  
girl. My baby.

ANABEL

Hold it together, Daddy, you can do  
it.

Everyone laughs. We see Graves and Caulder as they stare at Ortiz. There's no irony or macho jesting, just deep, genuine affection.

Anabel holds out one foot, which wears a flat slipper.

Ortiz bends down on creaky knees, to the enthusiastic encouragement of the crowd. He struggles to put the high-heeled shoe on Anabel's foot.

He stares up at her and she smiles back. If Ortiz could stop time forever, right at this moment, he would.

EXT. AFRICA, SCHOOL - SAME

We see the White Man painting over the graffiti. We see, beyond him, the girls and Erica continuing their lesson.

But our POV has changed. We're looking through openings in the surrounding jungle. We hear the rustling of many feet, the creaking and clanking of gear, something metallic.

We hear whispered voices. Then silence as the movement ceases.

The white man, sensing something, lowers his paint brush and looks up, staring at the source of the rustling in the jungle.

And now we see his face. It's RIP, the SEAL who led the mission in Afghanistan.

He looks haunted and old, as if he's doing penance.

INT. BANQUET HALL, VIRGINIA BEACH - SAME

Ortiz and Anabel dance. Jackie watches with love and pride.

Graves and Caulder monopolize the snack table. Caulder winks at Zoe, who's getting a drink.

GRAVES

You bring a date to this?

CAULDER

I'm in love.

GRAVES

You always say that. But it's not your brain talking.

CAULDER

Hey, she's a vet.

GRAVES

No shit. What branch? Marines?

CAULDER

A horse doctor, moron. She's got class.

GRAVES

So that's what you call it.

In the b.g. a young man taps Ortiz on the shoulder to dance with Anabel. Ortiz comes over to Graves and Caulder.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Congratulations. That was beautiful.

CAULDER

Yeah, Anabel turned out pretty well. Considering.

Ortiz hasn't taken his eyes off Anabel, who seems to glow.

ORTIZ

I'm hanging it up.

CAULDER

What, you getting snipped? No more hijos?

ORTIZ

No, I'm getting out.

That's what Ortiz meant when in Yosemite he said he was going to miss this. Graves looks like he's been punched in the gut.

GRAVES

What are you talking about?

ORTIZ

Anabel got accepted. At that dance school. In New York. I can't float the tuition on my E-8 paycheck. Not with Jackie down to part-time. Besides I'm sick of you guys.

CAULDER

It's mutual.

GRAVES

You can't just quit.

They watch the young women in virginal white, and the boys uncomfortable in their formal attire, dancing a slow waltz.

ORTIZ

It's time, Bear. I had a good run. Go dance with Anabel. She'll be mad if you don't.

GRAVES  
(cold as ice)  
I don't dance.

Then the music changes to fast-paced salsa, and Caulder shimmies out onto the floor.

CAULDER  
Well, hell. I do.

He grabs Zoe and they begin to dance. The rest of the attendees spill out after them.

What a great party.

EXT. AFRICA, SCHOOL - SAME

Rip stares into the jungle, then sets down his paintbrush. The girls are now reading something in unison.

RIP  
Erica!

Erica looks over at the wall.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Get the girls in the bunker.

Suddenly from the surrounding jungle burst dozens of ARMED MEN. One of them, robed and taller than the others, has a CROSSBOW.

Chaos.

The girls start to scream. Erica motions them out of the classroom.

They run toward a doorway leading down below the earth.

Rip reaches for a weapon, so do the African workers.

Gunfire tears into one of the workers.

Rip begins shouting orders. Suddenly, THWACK, he spins around, struck by a bolt from the crossbow.

INT. GREEN TEAM KILL HOUSE, VIRGINIA BEACH - DAY

GUNFIRE.

As bullets tear through life-sized paper targets.



SEAL  
(muffled)  
Clear! Moving!

A SEAL in a chemical suit and mask keeps his rifle drawn and fast-walks to the next room, his breath fogging the visor.

On a catwalk above, Graves, Caulder, and Ortiz move along the railing with him, following him down a hallway. We're in a massive warehouse. The catwalk spans in all directions.

CAULDER  
How fast was that? Hey, Buddha, how fast was that?

Graves looks over at a large digital CLOCK counting down.

GRAVES  
Not fast enough.

ORTIZ  
I don't know, Bear. It seemed fast.

CAULDER  
Because it fucking was.

GRAVES  
He's not going to make it.

CAULDER  
A dozen oyster shooters that you're wrong.

The men cross over a moveable wall and come over another room filling with smoke as the SEAL bursts through the door below them.

A siren WAILS. Lights FLASH on and off. All distractions as targets pop up. Threat. Non-threat. Threat. Threat.

The SEAL hits the ones he should, holds his fire on the ones he shouldn't.

SEAL  
Clear!

The clock hits ZERO and the lights come on, the siren falling silent.

The SEAL takes off his chem mask, revealing Robert CHASE III, 28, an African-American with model good-looks, and someone we'll get to know later.

Caulder slow-claps from above.

CAULDER

Pretty shit hot. A lot better  
looking than Buddha, too.

(then, to Ortiz)

No offense.

(beat)

Course it wouldn't take much.

ORTIZ

You done?

Ortiz turns to Graves. Down below, INSTRUCTORS rearrange  
walls and furniture, assembling an entirely new interior.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

The kid's not bad.

Graves shakes his head and shoots Ortiz a withering look,  
bitter about Ortiz retiring.

CAULDER

All right, can we just agree right  
now that none of them are going to  
be good enough to replace Buddha?

GRAVES

Yeah, we can. They're not ready.

ORTIZ

You make them ready, John.

(he nods toward Caulder)

You and Alex both.

Graves turns on him. He spits out the words with a deep  
anger.

GRAVES

Why the fuck are you even here? Go  
do some civilian shit.

Ortiz looks at Graves a long moment, checking for any sign of  
tough SEAL humor, doesn't see any.

ORTIZ

Whatever you say, Chief.

Ortiz climbs down the catwalk ladder as another Green Team  
SEAL in a chem suit enters the room below them.

CAULDER

What was that about? I wasn't  
feeling the love, Bear.

Graves turns away, says nothing.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Fucking dick.

Caulder shakes his head at Graves and starts down the ladder after Ortiz, pausing momentarily.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

And I wasn't talking about those cheap-ass rubbery oysters you like, either. I want the expensive shit.

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK. Down below, the new SEAL runs through the scenario.

But Graves, distracted, isn't even looking.

INT. SEAL CAGE ROOM - LATER

Under the harsh, artificial lights of the massive cage room, Ortiz is cleaning out his locker when Grave enters. He struggles to articulate how he's feeling.

GRAVES

You've been on the team a long time. A long time. With me. And, uh, it's because of that, of what you said, or doing--I mean, because you're leaving--

He glances up at the ceiling, then tries again.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

I only mean to say, it's okay. I understand. I do.

Ortiz, who had been stoic while taking down his gear, finally looks at Graves.

ORTIZ

Sure, John. Thanks.

At that moment a skinny SEAL with a droopy moustache (BUCKLEY) pokes his head into the cage room.

BUCKLEY

Commander wants all shooters in the briefing room. Something big coming down the pipe.

Everyone hustles out. Surrounded by lockers and equipment he'll never use again, we linger on Ortiz. Alone.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All the SEALs are there. Some in casual clothes, others kitted up and sweaty from training.

Commander ATKINS (40s) leads the brief.

ATKINS

Forty-eight hours ago, armed men assaulted a girls school eighty miles outside of Abuja, Nigeria. Hostages were taken.

He nods at CIA Agent Ben FUNG, who points a remote at a TV screen, and clicks through a series of photos showing the aftermath: overturned desks, bloody books, bodies.

FUNG

And it's not the first time.

He clicks through another set of photos showing a different school, charred and burned to the ground.

FUNG (CONT'D)

This was in Zaria two months ago.

He clicks through more photos of destruction.

FUNG (CONT'D)

And again, near the Cameroon border. In each case, we had a forensics team comb the site for intel. You know what they found?

Fung holds up his hand in the shape of a zero.

FUNG (CONT'D)

These guys are not your average junior varsity jihadists. They've been ghosts. We didn't know who they were or what they wanted. Until today.

He turns back to the screen, and starts clicking through photos showing the FACES of the frightened SCHOOL GIRLS, one after the other.

FUNG (CONT'D)

These photos were just distributed online to various criminal and radical networks.

Ortiz slips into the back of the room unnoticed.

CAULDER

They've got numbers on the bottom.  
Are those ransoms?

FUNG

Prices. They're selling them off to  
the highest bidder.

Fung lets that sink in. And it does. Hard.

GRAVES

These girls, they're not U.S.  
citizens. We'll never get the green  
light from Washington.

ATKINS

Right. And Nigeria won't clear us  
for a rescue op. They say they've  
got it covered. However--

He nods at Fung, who clicks to the next photograph.

It's RIP, bruised and beaten. "\$20,000,000" in clean type-  
face written under his face.

Graves's jaw drops. Ortiz reaches out to steady himself. The  
electricity in the room inverts, builds.

GRAVES

Who has him?

FUNG

We're sifting through IP addresses,  
cross-referencing known terrorists  
with watch lists and raw cell phone  
data--

GRAVES

Who, God damn it?

FUNG

We think this is the leader.

Fung clicks at the screen. Another familiar face appears.

It's the TALIBAN FIGHTER who Rip killed in Afghanistan.  
Graves goes ashen.

FUNG (CONT'D)

Omar Watson. American born and  
bred.

Caulder looks over at Graves, but Graves just stares at the  
screen, stunned.

ATKINS

He was a PhD student in mechanical engineering at Michigan State up until a few years ago when he dropped out to get his jihad on.

CAULDER

You sure that's the right photo?

FUNG

It's dated, but, yeah, it's him. He's a bit of an enigma. According to former colleagues, he supported the US invasion of Iraq. Real pro-American. From what we can piece together, that all changed when his little brother Jeremy--

Another photo. This one definitely of the guy Rip killed. But, he's fresh-faced and younger, throwing gang signs and posing with a playful smile. Both he and his brother look like what they are: American. They look like us.

FUNG (CONT'D)

Snuck off to Afghanistan and never came back.

ATKINS

Apparently Omar believes one of our teams killed him. As of now we have no indication they know who Rip is. But once this goes viral, it's only a matter of time.

Caulder and Graves share a look. A not friendly one. Ortiz steps forward between them.

ORTIZ

Any leads on Rip's location?

FUNG

No. Not yet.

A collective groan from the SEALs.

FUNG (CONT'D)

But, we're tracking down a possible associate who might know where he is.

ATKINS

One step at a time, gentlemen.  
Every three-letter agency is  
putting the puzzle pieces together  
on this one. As soon as we get a  
clear sight picture, I promise you  
we'll get the call. That means all  
leave is cancelled. One-hour recall  
until further notice--

Atkins continues, but Graves doesn't hear it. Sound FADES as  
we push in on Graves's face, the anger in him building.

INT. SEAL CAGE ROOM - LATER

Graves sits hunched on a stool in his locker, methodically  
sorting and resorting his gear, trying to lose himself in the  
ritual, trying to calm down.

Nearby, Caulder changes into civilian clothes while he talks  
low to Ortiz.

CAULDER

I didn't even know Rip was in  
Africa. What was he even doing  
there, that's what I want to know.

Graves's knuckles go white. His hands start shaking.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

I'll tell you one thing, Buddha.  
You won't ever see my picture up  
there, I promise you that. No way  
in hell--

Graves's vision blurs and the SCUBA mask he's holding SNAPS  
in half, the glass SHATTERING into his palms.

SLAM!

Graves throws Caulder up against a cage, his bleeding, meaty  
hands wrapping around Caulder's neck.

ORTIZ

Whoa! Bear, put him down.

GRAVES

(to Caulder)

This is on you. He's there because  
of you.

CAULDER  
(fighting for breath)  
He made his choices. I made mine.

Graves shakes Caulder like a rag doll, lifting him off the floor. Caulder's face purples, a vein pulsates in his temple.

ORTIZ  
Let him go, Bear. Let him down, all right. Hey. Hey, look at me. Look at me!

Graves blinks, seems to return into himself, registers Ortiz. Looks around him, sees all the other SEALs watching him.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)  
It's not his fault. It's not anyone's fault. It just is.

Graves lets Caulder drop. Caulder doubles over, coughing, his eyes watering. Ortiz puts a calming hand on Graves's shoulder.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)  
We're gonna fix it. That's what we do. We're gonna bring him home.

Graves shrugs off Ortiz and leaves without a word.

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner time. Graves chews silently, still stewing about the confrontation with Caulder. A flowery, decorative cross hangs on the wall above him.

Lena, meanwhile, whirls around him while cradling the phone to her ear.

LENA  
(into cell)  
But, it's a velocity problem. So, you use a vector, right?

Lena refers to her college physics homework at the table. She glances at Graves, covers the phone.

LENA (CONT'D)  
(nodding at his steak)  
Too rare? It seems a little rare?

Graves shakes his head.



She gets up again, opens the fridge and freezer, revealing super organized interiors. She returns with a chilled mug and a beer. Expertly pours it for Graves while still talking.

LENA (CONT'D)  
(into cell)  
X should equal four. Well, that's what I have. Uh huh. Okay.

She's listening but watching Graves.

LENA (CONT'D)  
(into cell)  
Sorry, but can I call you back?  
Great, thanks.

She turns off her cell phone.

LENA (CONT'D)  
I'm not ready for this test.

GRAVES  
You're gonna ace it. You're good at everything you do.

LENA  
That's not true.

GRAVES  
You calling me a liar?

He cracks a smile and motions for her to come sit on his lap. She runs her hands through his hair.

LENA  
I set up an appointment with that new doctor. Remember I told you about him? He helped Diego and Patsy. She's due in November.

GRAVES  
Worth a shot. Let's do it.

LENA  
It's just--he doesn't take insurance.

GRAVES  
We'll find a way. We have to.

She nods and stands up to clear the table. As she walks around him she touches his shoulder. She senses he's still preoccupied by something he can't tell her about.

LENA

You go on. I'll clean up.

INT. GRAVES HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATER

Graves works silently and intently, putting the finishing touches on a beautifully lacquered OAR. (This is the traditional gift for a SEAL's retirement.)

He stops, holds it up, looks down the length of it, checking.

Then he bends over it with some extra-fine sandpaper, and works a spot that wasn't quite perfect.

Caulder comes down the stairs.

CAULDER

Lena let me in.

Graves says nothing.

Caulder picks up a large, sharp chisel. Checks the edge. Not a bad weapon. The tension is thick. Caulder nods at the oar.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

That for Ricky?

Graves nods, doesn't look at Caulder.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

I'm as mad about Rip as you are. So I'm not taking your shit personal.

GRAVES

You should.

CAULDER

Rip lost it. He crossed the line. And if you lose it, I'll do the same to you.

GRAVES

That's where we're different.

CAULDER

That's just one way. We got to work together, so we will. You have my back, I got yours. But--

He holds the chisel, gripping it like a knife. Graves stares at it, ready to react.

CAULDER (CONT'D)  
--you try to kill me again, you  
better finish the job.

He slams the chisel down, hard, into the workbench.

They stare at each other. This could get really bad, really fast. But then Caulder grins.

CAULDER (CONT'D)  
Want to get a beer?

GRAVES  
Nah, I got to finish this.

He goes back to work on the oar.

I/E. AFRICA, ABANDONED VILLAGE - DAY

A bombed-out jail in an abandoned village. Vehicles nearby overhung with camouflage netting.

Rip is held in a roofless cell next to Erica, whose eyes have the faraway look of a woman who's been as mistreated as a woman can be. Rip's shoulder has a dirty bandage. There's no sign of the school girls.

A TEENAGER with an AK sits on a stool, fingering a key ring like his life depends on it.

RIP  
What's your name?

The Teenager does his best to ignore him. He's got a job to do and he's not going to screw it up.

RIP (CONT'D)  
*(in local dialect)*  
*Where are they taking us?*

Surprised, the Teenager looks over at Rip, then catches himself, stares straight ahead. Rip tries another approach.

RIP (CONT'D)  
*You're not really part of this, are you? Hurting women, children. You're just following orders.*

TEENAGER  
*(whispering)*  
*Don't speak so loud.*

RIP

*Come closer, my friend. It's easier  
to talk.*

Behind his back, Rip wraps his fingers around a long, splintered piece of wood.

RIP (CONT'D)

*Who are they? Is it Boko Haram?*

The Guard shakes his head. Rip motions him over.

RIP (CONT'D)

*Who?*

The Guard looks around nervously. Then he gets off his stool and edges toward the cell. Rip readies his weapon.

TEENAGER

*An American.*

Rip hesitates, losing his chance.

RIP

*What?*

The door BANGS open and a fat, bug-eyed GUARD barrels in. He BARKS something at the teenager, who hands him the key ring, grabs his weapon, and clears out.

The new Guard takes his seat on the stool, glaring over at Rip before his eyes slide over to Erica in the adjoining cell, who whimpers in a fitful sleep.

RIP (CONT'D)

*Don't even fucking think about it.*

INT. ORTIZ HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ricky paces and dials his cell phone. Switches the TV, watching the news. CNN. Fox. MSNBC. Mutes it.

ORTIZ

*(into cell phone)*

*It's Ricky.*

*(beat)*

*Any updates? On the situation.*

*(beat)*

*Yeah, I'm sitting tight. That's all  
I'm doing.*

Jackie enters, wearing brightly-printed scrubs and carrying a tray with two steaming bowls. Ortiz shuts off the phone.

He sits down next to Jackie in his recliner, but can't stay still, dying to know what's happening with the mission.

JACKIE

Green chile stew. Miranda brought some fresh Hatch chiles into the office.

Ricky doesn't even look at it.

RICKY

Fresh chiles. That's great.

Ricky stirs the stew around. Not really hungry.

RICKY (CONT'D)

They're picking my replacement.

JACKIE

No one can replace you.

RICKY

That's what I'm worried about.

Jackie picks up the bowls.

JACKIE

Hey, this'll keep. Why don't you go get Anabel? Surprise her.

Ortiz breaks into a smile. What a great idea.

INT. BALLET SCHOOL - DAY

Elegant, arched hands. Raised toes. Wearing tights, Anabel steps onto the middle of the floor, lengthens her lean body--so unlike her father's--and stills herself.

Ortiz enters just as she starts her routine, navigating his considerable girth through the watching moms. Everyone is looking at him. He's a bull in a china shop.

He squeezes into a seat and nods at Anabel, encouraging. But on seeing him, she loses her focus, missing a step. Tries to recover, but falters and stops. Flustered.

ANABEL

Can I start again?

I/E. ORTIZ'S COROLLA, VIRGINIA BEACH - LATER

Ortiz drives Anabel home down the tourist strip, the flat gray of the Atlantic visible between the dingy t-shirt shops and run-down cafes.

ANABEL

I didn't know you were going to be there.

ORTIZ

I can see you more now. That's the whole idea.

ANABEL

Look, Dad. You have to understand. Mom and I have been doing this on our own for a long time. You can't expect things to change over night.

ORTIZ

Where'd you learn to talk like that?

She softens, reaches out for his hand.

ANABEL

I know this is a big change for you, Dad. But you're doing the right thing. It's just going to take some getting used to. And not just for you.

Jesus. She's so strong. Like her mother.

ORTIZ

But we will, won't we?

She breaks into a smile, looking like a child again.

ANABEL

Some ice cream might help.

ORTIZ

Mom would kill us.

ANABEL

I won't tell if you won't.

I/E. SEAL GYM/FIRING RANGE - DAY - WORKOUT/SHOOTING MONTAGE

State of the art in every way. The energy is intense, focused. Like an NFL team working out.

We pick out our SEALs doing typical workouts.

Graves pumps iron.

Caulder does plyometrics, trying to push through the pain in his knee.

Other SEALs climb ropes or negotiate climbing walls, do kick-boxing, some even doing yoga.

In between, they're shooting on the huge outdoor range. With rifles. With pistols. Stationary. On the move. Graves, then Caulder, then Graves again. Bang! Bang! BANG!

I/E. AFRICA, ABANDONED VILLAGE - NIGHT

Rip wakes with a start in his open-roofed cell. Mouth dry. Shoulder throbbing.

His eyes adjust to the darkness. The guard stool is empty.

The cell door next to him is open and the Guard's boots are toes down, scrabbling for purchase in the mud, his pants to his ankles.

RIP  
Erica? Erica!

He BANGS on the bars, making as much noise as he can.

RIP (CONT'D)  
FUCKING STOP!

The jail door creaks, a shadow appears, then--THWACK!

A second later, other GUARDS come in with flashlights, revealing the tall, battle-scarred Mujahadeen with his crossbow, staring down at the now dead guard, his expression reeking of contempt.

The Guards drag the dead man from Erica's cell, a crossbow bolt protruding from the back of his skull.

The Mujahadeen plants his boot, grinding the dead man's face into the mud, and yanks out the bolt.

His flat eyes meet Rip's--two predators recognizing each other--then the Guards pull Rip and Erica out of their cells.

EXT. BOMBED OUT JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The Guards hustle Rip and a dazed Erica to waiting trucks, where they reunite with the terrified SCHOOL GIRLS.

The Girls cry out in relief and rush to Erica's side, circling her in a group embrace. Tears pour down Erica's face when she sees them.

She pulls herself together, reassures her students with whispers and kisses as the Guards start yelling, herding all the girls into the trucks.

Rip's head is on a swivel. He's taking in as much as he can before the Mujahadeen notices, and a moment later, Rip is blindfolded and thrown into the back of a truck.

INT. ORTIZ'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Jackie helps Ortiz try on his suit jacket while Anabel texts on the bed nearby. He checks himself in the mirror. The jacket looks like it's about to burst at the seams. Ortiz has to really suck it in to get it buttoned.

ANABEL

Too much Taco Bell.

ORTIZ

Ha ha ha, real funny. We'll see how much you're laughing when I pawn your I-phone to pay the bills.

A knock on the door.

ANABEL

(exiting)  
I'll get it.

Ortiz can hardly breathe, the shirt collar is so tight.

JACKIE

Maybe undo that top button.

ORTIZ

How'd all my dress clothes shrink?

She laughs again. Ortiz grab asses her, and she twists away.

Graves comes in with Anabel, interrupting their flirting.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)

John. What's up?



Graves smiles at Jackie, but her face tightens. She knows them both too well.

GRAVES  
Can we talk? Outside?

Ortiz glances at Jackie. For a moment her eyes convey a wordless message: you promised to give this up.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
This a bad time?

Jackie looks away, as if giving Ortiz the choice. He hesitates, then he makes it.

ORTIZ  
No, no. Not at all.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Graves follows a well-worn path behind the house down to the oil-slicked waterline, where Ortiz joins him. Sea and sky both gunmetal gray.

GRAVES  
You know about Rip. You know we're on the hook to go get him.

ORTIZ  
Bear--

GRAVES  
Listen to me. With you leaving, we're a man short. There's no way we can spin up a replacement in time.

ORTIZ  
You don't know what it's like, having a daughter, and not getting to see her grow up--

Graves involuntarily flinches.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that--

GRAVES  
We can't do this without you.

ORTIZ  
Don't say that.

GRAVES

We can't. Do this. Without. You.

ORTIZ

I made a promise. To Jackie. To Anabel.

GRAVES

One more time. On the promise you made to us. That's all I'm asking.

Ortiz turns away and stares out at the ocean, a man caught between his loyalty to his family and to his brotherhood.

EXT. CAULDER'S TRAILER - DAY

Run-down. Peeling. An old psychedelic-painted VW bus, surfboard strapped to the roof. Next to Caulder's sparkling Triumph bike. HEAR the Grateful Dead playing inside.

INT. CAULDER'S TRAIL - SAME

Caulder's lair, filled with climbing gear, books, posters and albums, the old kind. Tibetan prayer flags are strung across the ceiling. A Grateful Dead vinyl PLAYS on a record player.

Caulder is leaning back, his eyes closed in either ecstasy or pain, hard to tell. One thing's for sure; he's got his pants down around his ankles.

It's Zoe, from Anabel's Quinceanera. She's on her knees in front of him, working away. We can't see on what.

ZOE

It's big. Bigger than I've ever seen.

CAULDER

That's what all the girls say.

ZOE

I bet they do.

Now we come around and it's not what we think: Zoe has a huge needle, and she's draining the fluid from Caulder's swollen knee.

CAULDER

Looks worse than it is.

ZOE

It's not just your knee. Your hands shake when you sleep. That's neurological, Alex.

CAULDER

I love it when you talk dirty.

ZOE

I'm serious. I mean, I can leave you some Bute, or maybe an HA injection. They help with horses.

He kisses her, and it starts to get hot and heavy before he suddenly stops. Checks his watch. Pulls up his pants.

CAULDER

Fuck. I'm late for court.

He tries to run to the door, but trips on his pants and tumbles out of frame.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The WHINE of a mower and leaf blower. Two Hispanic WORKERS maintain the cemetery grounds.

They move onto the next section, passing a kneeling Graves as he pulls out weeds by hand, carefully edging the grass around a small grave.

He sits back and inspects his work. We see the engraving on the headstone: "Sarah Rose Graves. Our little angel. 4/7/11-8/2/11."

Four months.

Graves looks back at Lena, who replaces the dead flowers in the attached vase with a a small bouquet of roses.

His phone VIBRATES, ruining the moment. Lena reaches out for his hand.

Graves starts to say something, but the mower kicks back on, drowning him out.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Caulder is in a custody hearing with his EX-WIFE (hair a little too blonde, make-up a little too heavy) and her ATTORNEY. His son DHARMA (14) sits next to her. Dharma looks like he has some issues about his gender.

CAULDER'S ATTORNEY  
Chief Petty Officer Caulder has  
been an exemplary parent. He has--

EX-WIFE  
--never been around.

CAULDER'S ATTORNEY  
--cared deeply for his son.

EX-WIFE  
--who couldn't pick him out of a  
line-up.

CAULDER'S ATTORNEY  
Objection. Your honor--

JUDGE  
Attorney will instruct her client  
that her next outburst will have  
her held in contempt. Continue.

Caulder's device VIBRATES. He stares down at it.

CAULDER'S ATTORNEY  
Chief Petty Officer Caulder is  
committed to taking an active role  
in his son's life. At this point in  
a boy's life, the presence of a  
stable father--

Caulder stands up and tugs on his attorney's sleeve. His Ex-  
wife rolls her eyes. Dharma stares down at the floor.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Wearing his very tight suit, Ortiz is being interviewed by a  
security consulting company.

INTERVIEWER  
We're glad you've finally agreed to  
speak with us, Chief. Michael Hardy  
has told us a lot about you. He was  
your teammate for how long?

ORTIZ  
Twelve years.

INTERVIEWER

And I'm sure he's told you about how our teams are based on SEAL principles, but of course not with SEAL salaries. Your clearance is up to date?

ORTIZ

Of course. About the benefit package. I hear you have a tuition assistance plan?

INTERVIEWER

Correct. For approved educational institutions.

ORTIZ

And that applies to dependents?

INTERVIEWER

Up to the age of 25 years.

Ortiz's device VIBRATES. He takes it out.

ORTIZ

Excuse me.

INTERVIEWER

No worries. I know what that is.

INT. ORTIZ HOUSE - DAY

Ortiz enters, in a rush. Preoccupied.

JACKIE

How was it? The interview?

ORTIZ

Great. I start right after I separate. Listen, I gotta go--

JACKIE

No, you relax. I'm getting Anabel today.

ORTIZ

It's this thing with Rip. They need me.

Jackie takes a breath, tries to stay calm.

JACKIE

Ricky, listen to me. I know how you feel. You love those guys. Like brothers. But Anabel and I, we need you now. So don't you dare walk out that door.

ORTIZ

I love you. Tell Anabel I'll catch her next recital.

JACKIE

Ricky!

But he's gone.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

One by one the team enters and begins getting their gear together. It's quiet, routine, a few ad-lib lines: "Can I borrow some tape?" "You got any extra batteries?"

Ortiz enters, still in his suit. Without a word he goes to his locker and starts taking it off.

Graves breaks into a smile.

CAULDER

Hey! You! Get the fuck out of there! That's Ortiz's locker!

Without looking up, Ortiz shoots him the finger. Graves walks over and holds out his hand.

GRAVES

Glad you're here.

CAULDER

Speak for yourself.

(to Ortiz)

Go buy your Porsche or your Tesla or whatever you contractor dudes drive.

ORTIZ

I'm not out yet. So I'm in. Besides you guys would fuck it up without me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

Two TRIBESMEN herd GOATS across a red desert, their colorful, traditional garb a striking contrast to the OIL FIELD JACKS pumping Africa's new black gold.

Wind whips around the them, and the huge, burning sun hangs low against the vast horizon. A big tanker truck with an OIL COMPANY LOGO on it drives by.

Beyond is a COMPOUND ringed with barbed wire.

ON SCREEN: UNDISCLOSED FORWARD OPERATING BASE, TRANS-SAHEL AFRICA

We go into the Compound and pick up Graves, walking purposefully toward an open door.

We go inside with him.

INT. TEAM HUT, COMMON AREA - DAY

SEALS gear up. They cinch down equipment straps and tape fingers. They load rounds into magazines and listen to pump-up music. It's got the focused feel of a pre-game locker room; each man with his own ritual.

Everything checked and re-checked. Intensity and anticipation building like a drum beat.

Buckley, however, snoozes, dead to the world. There's always one guy who reacts to the tension and anticipation by shutting down.

Graves strides in, picks up a remote and turns on a flat screen hanging on one of the walls.

GRAVES

Where the fuck are Caulder and Ortiz?

BUCKLEY

Caulder's doing his pre-op ritual. Ricky went to get him.

GRAVES

We go wheels up in 25 mikes. He better get his ass here fast. Now, one more time. Grid reference.

We see a schematic on the TV.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Satellite imagery.

Click. Harbor. Ships.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Comm plan.

A huge SEAL, Charlie "Fishbait" GOODNIGHT, 30, Alaskan Aleut Indian, nudges Buckley.

GOODNIGHT  
Wakey-wakey.

Click.

GRAVES  
Target.

An image of AIDID FARID, 30s, overweight, slippery, intelligent eyes behind professorial glasses.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Aidid Farid. AKA Abu Malik. Money man and all around shit-bag for Al-Qaeda, Al-Shabaab, Hezbollah, and ISIS. Number six on the FBI's most wanted terrorist list. He's got hot intel on where Rip and the girls are.

Click. The screen goes dark.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
So we bring him in alive. Any questions?

A combat support CREWMAN looks around.

CREWMAN  
What's Caulder's pre-op ritual?

Pre-lap the sound of a woman MOANING.

INT. AFRICAN HOUSE - DAY

A NAKED AFRICAN WOMAN writhes in ecstasy, trying not to cry out. This apparently is Caulder's pre-op ritual.

Caulder looks up from between her legs. The door FLIES open. A HUGE AFRICAN MAN bursts in, brandishing a big MACHETE!



CAULDER

Now, hold on.

Caulder stands, and we see that he's butt-naked except for his PISTOL BELT. He holds up his hands, placating.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Why don't we just hug it out? What do you say?

Caulder spreads his arms for a hug. The Man BELLOWS like a bull and rushes him.

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - MOMENT LATER

Ortiz sits at the wheel of a Jeep, completing a transaction with a TEENAGED AFRICAN who hands Ortiz some DVD's. Suddenly, Caulder bursts out of the underbrush, holding his pants up.

CAULDER

Buddha! Start the jeep!

The Huge Man with the machete CRASHES through the trees after Caulder, not ten yards behind, and gaining.

Ortiz sweeps up and grabs Caulder just as the Huge Man with the machete bursts out of the underbrush right behind him.

A HUGE C-17 roars overhead as Ortiz drives like a bat out of hell. Caulder whoops with joy.

EXT. COMPOUND - MAGIC HOUR

The ENGINES of the C-17 ROAR, SPITTING translucent blue jet as the SEALS file past Graves into the belly of the plane, game faces on, equipment ready to go.

It's like walking out of the Super Bowl tunnel. This is as bad-ass as it gets.

Ortiz and Caulder are next to last, Caulder still pulling on his gear.

Graves gives Caulder a baleful look, then gets in last and the ramp shuts behind him.

As the C-17 rumbles down the runway, the huge, glowing sun of Africa liquefies against the horizon and DISAPPEARS.

INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - NIGHT

Out of the rumbling DARKNESS, the ramp of the C-17 opens, revealing a stormy night sky. Lightning FLASHES, and the plane LURCHES.

Graves pukes into a bag. He always gets sick on night jumps, that's just the way it is.

The jump light turns on, GLOWS RED. Graves motions and he and the SEALs stand.

They turn and inspect each other's chutes, tracing the ripcord housing and pins. Graves checks Caulder's chute, then, as Caulder turns to his:

PILOT (V.O.)  
(through Graves's radio)  
One minute to drop zone.

Graves waves Caulder away as the plane JOLTS. Caulder hands the barf bag to Ortiz, who WRITES "#267" on the outside.

CAULDER  
No man, it's 268. 267 was over  
Yemen.

BUCKLEY  
Naw, it's 269. 268 was Yemen.

GRAVES  
Fuck you guys. And keep your  
interval.

As they move to the ramp, Ortiz crosses out the "7" and writes a "9," then TOSSES the bag out into the roaring slipstream. WHOOSH.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Thirty seconds.

Graves holds up two pinched fingers, passing the time hack.

The wind WHIPS through the cabin, pulling at the SEALs, buffeting their bodies. The noise is DEAFENING.

The C-17 SHUDDERS in the storm and the men fight to keep their balance on the edge of the abyss.

Graves looks at the jump light: STILL RED.

We see their faces, one by one. Pupils dilating. Tension building. Fucking electric.

Finally, the light FLASHES GREEN.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Clear to drop.

Graves SLICES the straps holding back a huge box--A BOAT--and it CAREENS down the ramp, hits the edge, and vanishes.

Graves points. GO, GO, GO!

The SEALs hurl themselves into the emptiness. Then it's just Graves. He LEAPS and--we leap with him.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

The DEAFENING rumble of the C-17 fades, replaced by the RUSH of wind.

We're FLYING.

Graves orients himself to his teammates falling below him before they're devoured by a massive, flashing THUNDERCLOUD.

Graves hits it a second later, all visibility gone. Lightning CRACKLES all around him, black vapor roiling.

Doesn't matter. The SEALs find each other in the maelstrom and LINK UP, falling in unison.

Graves checks his altimeter. When it hits 4500 feet, he turns away, and everyone turns with him, spacing out to pull.

He waves off, reaches behind him, and throws out his main chute. The chute deploys but DOESN'T OPEN.

Holy shit!

He DROPS, whooshing past his teammates at one hundred miles per hour as their canopies SNAP open. He narrowly avoids smashing into them and bringing them all down.

Working to clear the malfunction, Graves breaks through the clouds and the sky opens up, star-filled, vast, reflected on the black, oily OCEAN rushing up to meet him.

Graves yanks the cut away pillow--his useless main chute releases and FLUTTERS away--then he pulls the reserve ripcord and looks behind him. If the reserve doesn't open, he's dead.

After several heart-stopping moments, the reserve chute catches and RIPS OUT the reserve canopy, arresting his fall in an instant, PUNCHING the air from his lungs.

His other senses flood back, and Graves can HEAR again. His earpiece CRACKLES to life.

CAULDER (V.O.)  
--good canopy, over?

GRAVES  
(into radio)  
Hammer One has a good canopy.

CAULDER (V.O.)  
Roger. All good canopies. Just had to get down there first, didn't you?

GRAVES  
(into radio)  
Stack on me.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS

The SEALs fly their canopies into position, stacking up in a staircase formation, low man (Graves) leading, their dark shapes silent and silvery, the only sound the FLAP of their fabric chutes. It looks like a beautiful flowing helix.

Graves makes one last turn and the sound of the CHURNING sea reaches him. WAVES. Huge white-capped waves, clawing up at the SEALs, big as mountains.

Graves unbuckles his waist strap and in what feels like an instant a hundred feet of altitude turns to zero and--

SPLASH.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Graves goes under, the chute curling around him, threatening to pull him down before he swims free, BREAKS through to the--

SURFACE. Where a waves PUMMELS him, crashing overhead. He looks around.

GRAVES  
Where's the fucking boat?

Turns 360 degrees, waves splashing in his face. Finally sees the blinking light of the boat, swims strongly toward it.

EXT. OCEAN, BOAT - MOMENT LATER

He's the first one there, and he pulls Caulder up after him, the two of them helping the rest of the SEALs over the gunwales in the steep rise and fall of the swells.

Graves takes a head count, ensures everyone's on board.

Every man has a job to do, and in minutes, they've fired up the silent-running engines, and SPEED toward their target.

We follow them, tilting up to reveal the glittering lights of a sprawling metropolis in the distance.

ON SCREEN: LAGOS, NIGERIA

EXT. LAGOS HARBOR - NIGHT

The boat slips quietly within sight of an abandoned, blacked out OIL TANKER--one of many rusting hulks dotting the bay like colossal tombstones.

We see a GREEN OUTLINE of the dark ship as Graves finds the ship name through his scope: AFRICAN QUEEN.

GRAVES

That's it.

EXT. OIL TANKER - NIGHT

The boat slips up next to the ship and the SEALs extend the telescoping boarding LADDER.

Up close like this, the tanker TOWERS over them, five stories tall, all sheer steel and metal.

Ortiz and Caulder struggle to hook the ladder on to the railing, but the waves SLAM the boat against the hull, and they miss.

At the helm, the Crewman from the brief who jumped in with them fights to keep the boat in position. They try again, miss again, so close, the waves picking up.

GRAVES

Any day.

One more chance, straining, reaching, and--they get it!

Graves nods and one by one, the SEALs climb, and just like during the jump, Graves is last to go.

The Crewman BANKS the boat away, takes up position in the darkness nearby.

EXT. OIL TANKER DECK - NIGHT

An African GUARD finishes his cigarette and smashes it with a scuffed, designer dress shoe.

Caulder grabs him from behind and KNIFES him, covers his mouth as he dies. It's up-close, very personal.

The SEALS drag his body into the darkness and keep moving.

OVERHEAD ANGLE: the SEALS move down both sides of the super structure before disappearing into the ship.

INT. CREW STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The two SEAL elements join up and flow down the frayed carpet stairs, pushing toward:

INT. OFFICERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An African BODYGUARD emerges from a door and crosses a wide, INTERSECTING HALLWAY. Doorways run down both sides.

The Bodyguard enters the first door--a toilet, closing it behind him, just as--

--the SEALS appear, silently moving down the corridor.

The SEALS PASS BY the intersection, and stack up outside the door the Bodyguard just left.

They hear VOICES inside.

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

The Bodyguard SNORTS up a line of COKE. His combat harness, loaded with GRENADES, CLINKS lightly against the sink.

INT. OFFICERS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Graves nods at Caulder, who gently eases the door open.

Graves barrels in, the rest of the team right behind him and--

INT. OFFICERS MESS - MOMENTS LATER

With Graves, in the zone. Time SLOWS--four GUARDS, four hands going to weapons--then SPEEDS UP, and in an instant, four dead bodies hit the floor from SUPPRESSED rounds. It's over that fast.

Their objective, untouched, sits in a leather chair, paperwork on his lap, an unspilled drink in his hand.

GRAVES

Aidid Farid?

Graves holds up his device, MATCHING a digital image of Aidid with the man in front of him. It takes a FLASH photo, and Aidid blinks.

AIDID

Those men you murdered, they had families.

CAULDER

Why don't you finish that? I would.

Aidid looks at him blankly. Caulder nods at Aidid's drink.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Laphroig, right? I can smell it from here.

AIDID

I can smell you from here.

Aidid downs the Scotch before the massive Goodnight rips Aidid to his feet and zip-ties him.

Papers go FLUTTERING. Aidid's glass SHATTERS.

INT. TOILET - SAME

The Bodyguard stands into frame, white powder on his nose. What was that? He strains to listen. But, fuck, he's high.

INT. OFFICERS MESS - MOMENTS LATER

Caulder, Ortiz, Buckley, and the rest of the SEALs ransack the room for files, laptops, any kind of intel.

Caulder holds up a RIFLE from one of the dead guards.

CAULDER

Type-95. Chinese PLA. State of the art. Never seen one of these babies in action before.

(to Aidid)

Where'd you get this?

AIDID

Amazon.

Caulder winks at Graves. Watch this.

CAULDER

That's almost as funny as those photos we have of you sucking Jewish cock.

AIDID

(suddenly infuriated)

You fucking fag infidels, I'll spoon your brains out of your skulls! I'll choke you with your own--

Graves nods to Goodnight, who SLAPS a strip of duct tape over Aidid's mouth.

CAULDER

"Fucking fag infidels." Has a nice ring to it. Alliteration.

GRAVES

(to the SEALs)

Tag everything you can't take. We step in thirty seconds.

The SEALs stuff everything they can into carry sacks. Take photos of what they can't.

CAULDER

Vegas, baby.

He displays an open duffle bag. It's full of MONEY--Euros.

GRAVES

Bring it.

EXT. OFFICERS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The SEALs enter the corridor. Buckley in front. Goodnight with Aidid in the middle. Ortiz, Caulder, and Graves bringing up the rear. Caulder has the duffle full of money. They head toward the intersection.



INT. TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

The Bodyguard cracks open the door, peeks out.

HIS POV: The first SEALS crossing the intersection, covering each other as they go.

The Bodyguard quickly closes the door. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. He looks at himself in the mirror, tries to pump himself up.

INT. OFFICERS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Goodnight pushes Aidid across the intersection. It's only Ortiz, Graves, and Caulder left, and as Ortiz gets up to move, the Bodyguard FLINGS open the toilet door, shooting and yelling, and TOSSES A GRENADE.

Caulder doesn't see it--he UNLOADS on the guy with his MP-7, dropping him--but Graves does. For a milli-second he registers the grenade, but before he reacts, Ortiz shoves him aside and JUMPS ON IT.

THE BLAST rips a hole in Ortiz, and knocks Graves and Caulder on their asses.

And then ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

ENEMY FIGHTERS pour into both ends of the hallway, CUTTING off Graves and Caulder from the rest of the SEALS.

Graves reacts, running into the BARRAGE. A ROUND GLANCES off his HELMET, SHATTERING HIS NVGS, before he drags Ortiz back to Caulder, who's returning fire.

CAULDER

(to Ortiz)

Stay with us, Ricky! Stay with us!

Ortiz COUGHS up blood and CLAWS at Graves. It's not pretty.

GRAVES

Get your gun up.

Ortiz's wild eyes focus on him, and he tries to do what Graves says, but he can barely raise his weapon. Now we see why: Graves is plastering a field bandage onto Ortiz's stomach, trying to hold his guts inside.

CAULDER

(into radio)

Hammer Three, Hammer Two, we've got an Eagle down. What's your status?

Buckley, Goodnight, and the rest of the SEALs on the other side of the intersection try to fight their way back to Graves and Caulder, but it's all muzzle flashes and smoke.

BUCKLEY  
(into radio)  
Everyone mobile. But can't get to you.

Gunfire and shouting all but drown out the words.

CAULDER  
Can't stay here!

Graves hefts Ortiz onto his shoulders, grunting under the weight. Caulder lays down covering fire.

GRAVES  
(into radio)  
Get the package to Exfil Site Yankee. We'll meet you there.

BUCKLEY (V.O.)  
Roger that.

Through the smoke and gunfire, Buckley and the rest of SEALs head up the stairs with Aidid in tow.

INT. OFFICERS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Graves and Caulder RUN down the corridor. Graves has Ortiz, Caulder has the bag of money.

They turn down another hallway, reach a stairwell, but it goes down. Graves stops, looks back the way they came. SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS from behind them.

CAULDER  
Go! Go!

They go down.

GRAVES  
(into radio)  
Moving into grid Bravo Two Charlie.

STATIC. No response. He tries again.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Hammer One proceeding to grid Bravo Two Charlie. Any Hammer respond.

A GARBLED RESPONSE, then more STATIC. They're on their own.

INT. ENGINE ROOM UPPER LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

Caulder and Graves run through the cavernous, half-flooded engine room, covering each other as they pass the massive, rusting boilers and endless, snaking pipes.

Suddenly, SHOUTS. They've been spotted.

BULLETS SPARK and RICOCHET around them. They're forced down another set of stairs, deeper into the belly of the ship.

INT. ENGINE ROOM LOWER LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

Graves and Caulder SLOSH through dark, knee-high water before the submerged, steel catwalks rise and converge, funneling into a SINGLE PASSAGEWAY.

Graves stumbles.

CAULDER

Give him to me.

Graves shrugs Ortiz back onto his shoulders.

CAULDER (CONT'D)

Or not.

GRAVES

(into radio)

Approaching Bravo Three Charlie.

INT. SINGLE PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Graves and Caulder push ahead, Caulder shooting the LIGHTS out as they go. More ENEMY FIGHTERS flood into the engine room behind them, their TAUNTS echoing down the corridor.

Up ahead, an old rusted door has been CHAINED shut. It's a dead-end. The SEALS are trapped, and there's no cover.

Ortiz fights for air, gasping loudly, while Graves tries to keep his breathing passage open.

GRAVES

(to Ortiz)

Don't you fucking quit!

Caulder pulls out a SLEDGEHAMMER from his kit, extends the handle. He winds up and SLAMS the lock. It barely moves.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Take out your tampon and try again.

Caulder sets down the money and pulls out a BREACHING CHARGE.

BULLETS start SKIPPING down the corridor, DEFLECTING against the door. They're in a funnel, with nowhere to hide.

Graves tries to shield Ortiz behind a bulkhead but the rounds are flying all around them. Graves shoots back and Caulder preps the CHARGE.

Down the corridor, the Fighters jeer and call out insults, picking up their rate of fire into a WITHERING BARRAGE.

A GRENADE arcs out of the darkness, hits the door, and bounces next to the SEALS. This time, Graves doesn't hesitate. He grabs it and throws it back.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Down!

Caulder slumps lower but keeps working on the charge, and the grenade EXPLODES mid-air.

CAULDER

Ready.

GRAVES

Go.

Graves lays down COVERING FIRE as Caulder sets the charge, then dives back down next to Graves. A beat, then:

CAULDER

It's going to blow us up too.

GRAVES

If you didn't fuck up the primer.

They exchange a glance; it's the closest we're going to get to the "it was an honor to serve with you" moment before--

The Fighters YELL and make a RUSH at them and--

The charge DETONATES with a deafening blast. The door EXPLODES over the SEALS' heads and misses them by fucking MILLIMETERS before it HURTLES down the corridor in a FLAMING fireball, SLICING through the charging Fighters, leaving bodies and body parts in its wake. Smoke everywhere.

More Fighters rush forward to take their place, but when the smoke clears, the SEALS are gone.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Their faces BLACKENED with soot from the near-miss, Graves and Caulder struggle up a stairwell, carrying the very heavy Ortiz and the bag of money.

GRAVES  
(into radio)  
We're in Alpha Four Charlie.

Caulder's knee is starting to give out. He's limping as he returns fire.

Graves's face pours sweat. He's losing steam. Ortiz is a massive dead weight. But Graves's eyes burn with determination. This is his literal cross to bear.

They make one more turn and claw up the last few steps, all their focus on a HATCH at the top of the stairs.

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Coming out.

Bullets PING against the grating under their boots. The Fighters are RIGHT BEHIND THEM. Graves throws open the hatch and--

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

--Graves and Caulder stumble out onto the pitch-black, eerily QUIET open deck, their breath RAGGED.

They stagger toward some old piping and shipping containers, but they're not going to make it: the first pursuing FIGHTERS appear in the doorway, take aim, and--

The night goes INCANDESCENT with light and sound as Buckley and the rest of the waiting SEALs gun down the Fighters from behind cover. Aidid Farid lies hog-tied at their feet.

Graves and Caulder stumble past their teammates and collapse, setting down Ortiz. Spent casings fall all around them.

Graves and Caulder both bend over Ortiz, checking his vitals, tightening the bandage around his belly, clearing his airway.

Graves blows into Ortiz's mouth, desperate.

His eyes infinitely sad, Caulder reaches out and touches Graves on the shoulder.

We hear the BEATING ROTORS of an approaching HELICOPTER before SOUND FADES.

A SILENT MUZZLE FLASH illuminates Graves's haunted face and we CUT TO:

DARKNESS.

EXT. AFRICA, HOSTAGE CAMP - DAY

Bits of kaleidoscopic LIGHT filter through Rip's blindfold, and he can barely make out a thick overhead jungle canopy before the truck he's riding in skids to a stop.

SHOUTING and YELLING as he's dragged out.

INT. CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Unseen men throw Rip to the ground, his hands tied tightly behind his back. We HEAR them retreat, and Rip masters his breathing. Listens.

Approaching FOOT STEPS. Three men. A shuffling then silence.

Rip's blindfold is yanked off.

The first thing he sees is the video camera.

Next to it, the Mujahadeen towers over Rip, holding his crossbow, while a CHINESE MAN in a polo shirt and slacks observes by the door, his expression impossible to read.

There's another man in the shadows. He moves into the light, and Rip scrambles back into the wall, his eyes bugging.

RIP

What are you doing here?

OMAR watches him, his face a mirror image of his dead brother's. His head tilts in interest.

OMAR

Have we met?

RIP

No.

Omar studies him intently. Oh, shit. Does he know?

OMAR

Right on. Well, I'm Omar.

He offers his hand. When Rip doesn't take it, the Mujahadeen's boot SMASHES him in the face.

OMAR (CONT'D)

That's Akmal. He fought the Soviets  
in Afghanistan. When he was ten.  
Straight-up OG. So that's us.

As Rip struggles to his feet, Omar takes a seat on a folding chair and indicates the camera.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell us a little bit  
about you?

He nods at AKMAL, who presses record. The red light BLINKS. We push in on Rip's distorted reflection in the LENS.

INT. C-17 - DAY

ORTIZ'S FLAG-DRAPED BODY BAG is on a gurney that's tied down with cargo straps.

Caulder and Graves sit on either side, facing each other but not meeting each other's eyes. The plane vibrates and hums, really too loud to talk.

We linger on their faces, one at a time. Their warrior masks are slowly dissolving. They're headed home. Back to the world. With their dead partner.

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH NAVAL BASE - DAY

The SEALs emerge from the rear of the plane, escorting Ortiz's body on the gurney.

I/E. GRAVE'S TRUCK - LATER

It's late afternoon when Graves drives his black F-150 truck into Ortiz's driveway. Next to him, Caulder parks his rumbling vintage Triumph motorcycle and gets off.

Caulder stops outside Graves's truck, waiting, but he can't see through the smoke-tinted window.

Inside, Graves doesn't move. He can't.

Graves grip and re-grips the wheel as he watches Caulder climb the steps and knock on the door.

A moment later, Jackie appears. We see him speak to her MOS. She stares at him, shaking her head. Her face dissolves into a mask of desperate disbelief and grief.

She collapses into Caulder's arms.

We don't hear anything except Graves's jagged breathing.

CUT TO BLACK.