

"UNTITLED SEAL TEAM 6 PROJECT"

Written by

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CBS TV Studios

Executive Producers: Sarah Timberman & Carl Beverly

Director/Executive Producer: Chris Chulack

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON JASON'S FACE

Scars. Thousand-yard stare. A warrior's face.

He lifts his hand in front of him, stares down at his palm. We can't see what he's seeing, but from his expression, it's something awful.

JULIE (O.S.)
Do you know why you're here?

PULL BACK INTO:

1 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY 1

JASON HARRAH sits across from JULIE KLEIN (30s). Yellow legal pad in her lap.

JASON
I was ordered to be here.

JULIE
That's not what I meant.

JASON
(after a moment)
I'm here because our new C.O. thinks he can make Admiral someday with his "pioneering approach to the management of combat stress."

JULIE
You're not a fan of psychotherapy?

JASON
Respectfully, Ma'am -- when warriors need to talk about war, they talk to each other.

Okay, then. Julie glances down at her NOTES --

JULIE
I understand that since the operation of December, last year, you and your wife have separated.

JASON
(steely)
I'm not gonna talk about my family.

JULIE
No family. And no war, because I'm
not a warrior. So... what should
we talk about?

JASON
It's your nickel.

JULIE
All right. Tell me about Nate.

FLASH ON:

2 INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 2

A DEVGRU SEAL (NATE, 30) in a dripping wetsuit finishes
picking the lock on a shipping container, opens it: neatly-
racked ARTILLERY SHELLS, ASSAULT RIFLES, AMMO BOXES.

NATE
(imitating Homer Simpson)
"Jackpot."

He looks up, grinning --

BACK TO:

3 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - SAME 3

Jason's lips are suddenly dry --

JASON
Sorry, which part of, "We're not
gonna talk about war?" did you not--

JULIE
Tell me about him outside of war.

JASON
(a beat, then:)
Even if I wanted to talk about that
night. The op, what happened. I'm
not even sure you'd be cleared --

JULIE
Mr. Harrah, I've read the After
Action Reports, I know everything
that happened that night. The name
of the ship you boarded. What it
was carrying. Where it was going.
I assure you -- as far as D.O.D. is
concerned, I'm cleared to know
anything you know.

JASON
Then what do you need me for?

JULIE
Said I know what happened. Now I
wanna know how you feel about it.

JASON
"How I feel."

Brings us back to --

4 INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - SAME [FLASHBACK] 4

Find Nate where we left him, in front of the open storage
container. Jason, also in a dripping wetsuit, now beside him.
Jason pans his BODYCAM across the open doorway of the
container. Hits a switch on his mic --

JASON
This is Alpha 1. TOC -- are you
seeing my cam feed?

After a moment, a VOICE comes back over the radio.

VOICE (O.S.)
(over radio, choppy)
We see it, Alpha 1. Wait one.

JASON
Copy. Alpha 1, standing by.

JULIE (V.O.)
It bothered you having to get the
okay from the D.O.D. lawyer.

Not meant as a question. Brings us back to --

5 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - SAME 5

Jason knows she's trying to goad him into engaging. But he
can't resist --

JASON
Take a decision away from the man
on the ground, put it in the hands
of some JAG-Corps Pogue watching
'Kill TV' in an air-conditioned ops
tent a thousand miles away?

JULIE
I guess when you put it that way...

A friendly moment between them. Again, she tries to prompt --

JULIE (CONT'D)
(studying NOTES)
At any rate, the lawyer did give
you authorization to move to the
demo phase. You set your charges.
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
But then instead of proceeding
immediately to exfil --

BACK TO:

6 INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - SAME [FLASHBACK] 6

Jason and Nate finish setting their EXPLOSIVE CHARGES. Nate hits his mic --

NATE
Alpha 3 -- come in.

7 INT. CARGO SHIP - DECK - SAME - INTERCUT 7

Another team member, ADAM (mid-30s), also in a wetsuit, lies on the deck in a concealed overwatch position, watches the darkened, empty bridge through his NIGHT VISION SCOPE --

ADAM
(into his mic)
Go for 3.

NATE
Still clear up by you?

ADAM
Crickets. Over.

NATE
(into mic, but playing to Jason)
So, there's nothing between us and that safe on the bridge?

Before Adam can respond --

JASON
Bridge safe's not our mission.
(considers, then --)
Alpha 2 -- what's the story on those patrol boats?

8 EXT. IRANIAN COAST - ZODIAC - SAME [FLASHBACK] - INTERCUT 8

RAY (30, African-American) and SONNY (30s, built like an MMA fighter) maneuver a tiny ZODIAC BOAT among jagged rocks in near pitch black, trying to stay as close as possible to the cover offered by the shore cliffs. The dark outlines of the cargo ship loom in the near distance. Beyond the ship, the LIGHTS of Chabachar Harbor.

Between the harbor and the ship, SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS from several IRANIAN PATROL BOATS flit over the black surface. Ray watches through his BINOCULARS.

RAY
(into his lip mic)
They're out of our hair for the
moment. Just wish their circles
were a little easier to predict.

Jason hesitates. He is clearly torn about whether to give the
go-ahead. Nate covers his mic --

NATE
We get into that safe, maybe we
find something lets us go after the
guys on both ends of this shipment.

Jason thinks another moment, makes a decision. Then --

JASON
(into his mic)
All Alpha callsigns -- we are go
for demo. Alpha 4 -- you feel like
you can get to that safe without
tripping anything, go for it. We'll
finish down here, meet you at the
bridge, make exfil together. Puts
us at the rendezvous in eight
mikes. Ray, how copy?

RAY
Rendezvous in eight. Good copy.

JASON
(to Nate)
Let's do this.

9 EXT. IRANIAN COAST - ZODIAC - SAME [FLASHBACK] 9

Ray turns to Sonny --

RAY
You owe me that Macallan's. Nate
talked him into the safe.
(glance at patrol boats)
Just hope our pals out there
cooperate.

Sonny gives him a violent grin, pats his SAW machine gun.

SONNY
Me, too.

It's clear that Sonny's version of "cooperation" from the
patrol boats involves their coming close enough to get shot.

BACK TO:

10 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE 10

JULIE
(casually)
Nate really wanted to get a look in
that safe.

JASON
Doesn't matter what he wanted. It
was my call.

Julie nods. She's getting closer. Moving on...

BACK TO:

11 INT. CARGO SHIP - BRIDGE - AFTER A TIME CUT [FLASHBACK] 11

Up from the hold, Jason and Nate enter to find Adam jamming
DOCUMENTS from the ship's open SAFE into his WATERPROOF BAG.

NATE
Looks like more'n we even thought.

JASON
Whatcha' got?

ADAM
Cargo manifests. Delivery
schedules. And those are just the
ones I can halfway read. There's
also a bunch of stuff in Farsi
might turn out to be something.

Jason and Nate join him, furiously stuffing documents inside
their own waterproof bags --

12 EXT. CARGO SHIP - SAME [FLASHBACK] 12

Jason, Nate, Adam make their way to the edge of the main
deck, where their ROPELADDER still hangs, awaiting their
return. The three of them sling their rifles, document bags,
anything else that might catch.

Jason watches Adam haul himself over the railing and onto the
ladder. After a moment, Nate follows. Jason's about to head
down behind them, stops as he sees one patrol-boat
searchlight change direction, start heading toward the ship.

JASON
(into the radio)
Alpha 2 --

RAY (O.S.)
(over the radio)
I see it. Damn.

Jason watches the approaching patrol boat. Shit.

JASON

All Alpha callsigns -- listen up.
We're ditching the rendezvous
point. Ray, I need you to come
pick us up right here.

RAY (O.S.)
(over the radio)
Solid copy.

Jason starts to say something else, gets cut off as --

Tracer rounds start zipping past him from one of the shore
cliffs, followed a half-second later by the low growling
sound of a Russian-made DShK ("Dashka") machine gun.

Jason goes down hard on the deck, lies still as BULLETS PING
off the metal hull above him -- not clear whether he's hit.

13 EXT. IRANIAN COAST - ZODIAC - SAME [FLASHBACK] 13

Ray opens up the Zodiac's throttle, any attempt at stealth
now a memory. Sonny is screaming into his radio --

SONNY
CONTACT! CONTACT! 1100 meters.

14 EXT. IRANIAN COAST - SURFACE OF THE WATER - SAME [FLASHBACK]

Adam's treading water, having already finished descending the
ladder. In the distance, ALARMS, SIRENS, ENGINES WAILING as
all hell breaks loose in the harbor. Nate is stopped midway
down the rope ladder, maybe fifteen feet above the water --

NATE
(into his mic)
Jace! Jace, you all right?

CLOSE ON JASON'S FACE

Pressed against the filthy deck. A long moment as his eyes
flutter, his perceptions crisping back into focus --

NATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from the radio)
Jace! Jace!
(then --)
*Guys, I think he's down. I'm going
to get him.*

This, finally, gets Jason to move. Across the water, the
patrol boat is closing on their position. He presses his mic.

JASON (GROANING)
Do not take a single step up that
ladder.

(MORE)

JASON (GROANING) (CONT'D)
You get your ass in the Zodiac and help me figure how to get off this deck. Alpha 2 -- if he's not in your boat by the time you can say, "Jack Robinson," you have my permission to shoot him.

RAY
(from the radio)
Solid copy.

Which brings us to --

15

EXT. CARGO SHIP - SAME [FLASHBACK] - INTERCUT

15

The Zodiac's now idling beside the anchored cargo ship as Ray and Sonny finish pulling Adam out of the water. Ray grins up at Nate. Nate resumes his descent.

RAY
(into his mic)
You really okay?

Jason hopes he sounds more certain than he feels --

JASON
Just a concussion.

RAY
All right, good. Now let's figure how to get you offa there.

JASON
I got an idea.

He starts crawling along the deck, staying low, careful to keep every part of himself concealed. When he decides he's moved far enough, he detaches the dive weights from his wetsuit, sets them on the deck. Picks up his document bag.

JASON (CONT'D)
Get ready to fish me out.

It takes a moment for his meaning to land.

RAY
(into the mic)
Hold on --

That's all he manages before a human-shaped figure, Jason, comes hurtling out of the darkness, SLAPS into the black ocean.

Nate's in the water a moment later, followed immediately by Adam. Both beeline for the spot where Jason went under.

Ray gooses the Zodiac forward.

Adam and Nate have surfaced, holding Jason between them. They heave him into the boat -- he's conscious, seems mostly to have had the wind knocked out of him. He's with it enough to immediately help Adam scramble in after him. Jason turns back around, holds out his hand to help Nate...

BACK TO:

16 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - SAME 16

JASON
Ma'am -- I appreciate what you're trying to do --

Julie knows she's getting close.

JULIE
(as if an afterthought)
Just one more question, you don't mind -- according to the AAR, you took three bags of documents from the safe.

JASON
That's not a question.

JULIE
Only two bags were retrieved.

JASON
If you say so.

Julie nods. She's not getting any more.

BACK TO:

17 EXT. IRANIAN COAST - SURFACE OF THE WATER 17

As before, Jason is holding out his hand to help Nate. But Nate hesitates... Following his look, Jason catches sight of his own waterproof bag full of documents floating just a few feet out of reach.

JASON
Don't you do it.

They lock eyes. Then... in the same instant, Nate makes a grab for the bag, Jason makes a grab for one of the straps on Nate's wetsuit, and now the approaching Patrol Boat opens up with its machine gun. The rounds hiss through the water. Jason uses his grip on Nate's wetsuit to heave him into the boat.

JASON (CONT'D)
Punch it, Ray!

Ray jams the throttle wide open. The Zodiac rockets forward.

And now Sonny opens up on the Patrol Boat with his SAW, first targeting the spotlight, which shatters in a cascade of sparks and broken glass, then walking his tracers into the outboard motors. The motors pour black smoke. The Patrol Boat's propellers shudder and die.

Ray makes a tight turn, points the Zodiac out to sea.

Jason stares back at the cargo ship, getting smaller in the distance. He holds up a small remote detonator, pushes the button. We're ON JASON'S FACE for the explosion, so all we see is the FLASH, followed a moment later by the BOOM. It takes a couple more seconds for the heat to start setting off the boxes of munitions. Again we're ON OUR GUYS as an EVEN BIGGER FLASH plays across their faces. Moments later, an EVEN BIGGER BOOM: the whole ship just went up.

JASON (CONT'D)
(to Nate, grinning)
"Swim back to the Zodiac and watch the show." Can't get much better.
(off Nate's silence)
Ain't that right, kid?

Still no answer. Jason starts to look over, stops as --

SONNY
Where's that blood coming from?

ADAM
What blood?

Jason touches the bottom of the Zodiac, brings his fingers back up...

JASON'S FACE - THE FIRST IMAGE WE SAW OF HIM

Realizing his fingers are covered in blood.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Somebody hit?

They look around. It doesn't take long to realize that Nate's the only one not moving. Jason squeezes his shoulder.

The jostle makes Nate's head loll backward, revealing a gaping wound in the center of his chest, where one of the Dashka's enormous rounds must have entered. There's no need to feel for a pulse.

Jason, Ray, Sonny, Adam sit in stunned silence as they head out into open ocean, their Zodiac skipping across the surface of the waves like a stone across a pond. And on that image --

18 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - SAME

18

JULIE
I understand you're still in touch
with his wife and son?

JASON
The kid's my godson.

JULIE
They're living in California now?

JASON
She grew up there. Molly. Nate's
wi -- I mean, his... ah...

JULIE
And yet she's decided to bring the
boy back here this weekend for his
First Communion.
(off Jason)
Will your family be there?

But Jason knows what she's up to. He's had enough.

JASON
Time's up.

This catches her off-guard --

JULIE
Should we set a time for you to
come back? I'll get my book --

JASON
(cutting her off --)
It was a pleasure to meet you, Ms.
Klein. I trust you agree I've
fulfilled my obligation here this
morning and that you will relate
such through my chain of command.

His sudden formality throws her for a loop. After a moment,
she nods; "Yes, he's fulfilled his obligation." And BACK ON
JASON'S FACE as he heads out the door --

PRE-LAP the SOUND OF A PRIEST INTONING, which brings us to --

19 INT. CHURCH - DAY

19

Nate's son, LANDON (7), takes his First Communion. Watching
from the pews, FIND:

JASON, sitting with his family: wife, ANNABELLE (34),
daughter LILA (15), son CONOR (12). Next to Lila, her
boyfriend, RANDY (16), who keeps holding Lila's hand and then
dropping it whenever Jason glances over. Lila is not amused.

Nearby, RAY and his very pregnant wife, NAIMA (30, Arab-American), along with their daughter, JAMEELAH (6), NAIMA'S MOM (50s, Middle-Eastern). Contrast in body language: Ray and Naima's clasped hands vs. the palpable sense of distance between Jason and Annabelle, even as they sit side-by-side.

Also nearby, Adam and Sonny sit with DIAZ (30s, Latina).

Landon's mother, Nate's widow MOLLY (30, attractive), seated between her own parents and the parents of her dead husband, does her best to hold it together.

20

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

20

Annabelle watches from a distance as Jason, Ray, Sonny, Diaz talk to Molly and her parents.

Adam comes over to Annabelle, hugs her hello -- they're clearly old friends.

ANNABELLE

(re: the Guys)

How come you're not over there?

ADAM

I just saw Molly and Landon a couple weeks ago when I was out visiting Kelly and the boys.

ANNABELLE

That's right, I forgot she was living in California now. I hope you'll give her my best.

Waits to see if he'll take the bait, engage her in a conversation about his ex-wife. Sees it's not in the cards --

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

How's teaching?

ADAM

(happy to be moving on)

I like it. More than I thought I would, even.

ANNABELLE

(nodding toward Jason)

Shame you couldn't get him to make the move with you.

ADAM

(not a chance)

Please. Big Chief's complaining enough about having to replace me in the field.

Silence. Then --

ADAM (CONT'D)
You know he's sleeping on my fold-out?

ANNABELLE
I heard.

ADAM
(as gently as he can)
You're so worried about him, you could let him back in the house.

ANNABELLE
I'm not giving you unsolicited advice about your marriage.

ADAM
You're right. My bad.

ANNABELLE
I do miss seeing all you guys. Sucks that's the way it works. Been friends with me almost as long as you have with him.

ADAM
And if any of us thought there was a chance you two weren't gonna get past this, I'm sure we'd all be taking it pretty hard.

Annabelle smiles sadly. Her look brings us --

OVER TO JASON as Landon makes his way from one set of Grandparents to the other.

JASON
Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you
First Communicant Landon Murphy.

Ray, Sonny, Diaz WHOOP-WHOOP. Landon grins shyly. Diaz leans over to Landon --

DIAZ
(mock conspiratorial)
Enjoy it while you can. Few years from now, want that sip of wine, you're gonna have to start copping to Father about all your sins.

Now NATE'S PARENTS come to join the group. AD-LIBBED GREETINGS all around.

NATE'S DAD
Nice to see you again, Ms. Diaz.

DIAZ
Actually, sir, it's just Diaz.

NATE'S DAD
Uh oh -- don't tell me you're one
of these gender-neutral characters
we're seeing nowadays.

DIAZ
(brushing it off)
Don't ask, don't tell, sir.

Nate's Dad grins. Diaz grins back. A veritable love-match.

BACK WITH ANNABELLE AND ADAM

as they're joined by Lila and Randy.

LILA
We're gonna go.

ANNABELLE
You can't spare a single Saturday
afternoon to celebrate your God-
Brother's First Communion?

LILA
(sarcastic)
We just watched him eat the wafer.
We really have to stay till he
drinks the Kool-Aid?

ANNABELLE
Lila. What you say in private's
one thing. In public, you have a
responsibility to represent this
family.

Lila makes a big deal of looking around, demonstrating that
there's no one nearby but the four of them.

LILA
(re: Randy and Adam)
Uncle Adam -- do you love my family
less now you know I'm an atheist?

ADAM
Not even a little.

LILA
Thank you.
(eyeroll)
Crisis averted.

Annabelle gives Adam a look -- "Thanks a lot."

All look up now as Jason joins them. He kisses Annabelle on the cheek -- both of them aware of how unnatural that feels. Kisses his daughter. Holds out his hand for Randy to shake --

JASON

Randy. How's things?

Randy's eyes are saucers -- he's so in awe of Jason he can barely speak. Lila's clearly annoyed by this.

RANDY

Wrestling starts next week.

JASON

You staying at seventy-one?

RANDY

Well... our eighty-nine just got himself put on academic probation, so I may have to step up there.
(works up his courage --)
My coach told us a wrestling background's one of the only things that's ever been shown to raise a guy's chances of passing BUD/S...

Randy's clearly hoping his mention of "BUD/S" will spark a conversation. Instead, Jason simply smiles, nods, not engaging. Lila winces slightly, grabs Randy's arm.

LILA

Randy hasn't known us long enough yet to figure out dad's entire life's a state secret.

ANNABELLE

That's enough.

LILA

We're leaving.
(to her parents)
Have fun brainwashing your Godson.

She pulls Randy away in the direction of his car. As soon as they're out of earshot --

ANNABELLE

You know, I wasn't crazy about him at first? These days, though... I'd take him over her, so damn quick --

Grins in horror at herself for even being able to say that. Jason grins back. Plenty of warmth still between them.

Adam suddenly feels every bit the third wheel.

ADAM

I oughta check in with Big Chief --
we're running the hooded box this
afternoon...

JASON

How do the new Greenies look?

ADAM

You mean, anyone worth your number-
one pick? (then) Thought I forgot?

JASON

Who you got for me?

ADAM

Clay Wallace.

JASON

Chief Wallace's kid? Team Five
Chiefs say he's a cocky bastard.

ADAM

Maybe. But he's born to it.

JASON

He gonna write a book, too?

ADAM

Sins of the fathers. He'll be in
the Box later, you wanna watch.
(to Annabelle)
It was great to see you.

Kisses her, bumps fists with Jason. As soon as he's gone --

ANNABELLE

Molly and Landon are staying at the
house for a couple nights after her
parents go back.

JASON

You didn't tell me that.

ANNABELLE

I'm telling you now. I realize
it's a longshot, but it'd be great
if you could come by one evening.

JASON

I'll try. You know what it's like,
first week of a new rotation --

ANNABELLE

(cutting him off)
"Longshot" -- like I said. Also,
Lila's got her recital this week.

(MORE)

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)
I know she won't say anything, but
it'd mean a lot if you were there.

Before he can respond, JASON'S PHONE STARTS MAKING A
DISTINCTIVE ALERT SOUND. A moment later, SEVERAL OTHER
PHONES START MAKING THE IDENTICAL SOUND. Jason pulls out his
phone, reads a short message, looks back at Annabelle --

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)
Go.

JASON
What do you want me to say?

ANNABELLE
Just be safe. Call when you can.

JASON
Annabelle --

ANNABELLE
(gently)
Go.

Around them, OTHER OPERATORS are checking their phones,
hustling out. Off Jason, spinning with his brothers:

21 INT. DEVGRU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

21

Jason waits with the other TWO ALPHA TROOP TEAM LEADERS (both
mid-30s, both, like Jason, operator's operators) and his
superior officer: LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ERIC ROJACK (late-30s,
the Alpha Troop Commander). All look up as MANDY (30s, whip
smart CIA Analyst) begins the briefing --

MANDY
We believe we have an opportunity
to snatch Abu Khaled --
(before they can react --)
Yeah, I know, some of us have been
down this road before. For anyone
needing a refresher --

On an HD MONITOR, she pulls up a PHOTO of a man we'll come to
know as ABU KHALED AL-MASRI (40s, Egyptian) --

MANDY (CONT'D)
(like she just wants to get
through it --)
Abu Khaled al-Masri. High-level
ISIL commander. Believed
responsible for dozens of attacks
on coalition forces in Iraq.
Appears lately to have shifted his
focus to organizing anti-Shia death
squad.
(changes slides --)
(MORE)

MANDY (CONT'D)

Khaled's talent for self-reinvention is part of what's allowed him to survive in the Game almost twenty years.

(she starts to light up--)

But that means he's got twenty years of gold floating around his head. Names. Addresses. Not only that, he knows where ISIL's looking to go to ground. And if you can bring him to me still breathing, I'm gonna get it all.

Silence as all absorb. Then --

JASON

You believe, moment of truth comes, Khaled's gonna pass on martyrdom?

MANDY

Martyrdom's a young man's game. Stay alive long enough, it starts to become a habit.

She switches slides, continues --

MANDY (CONT'D)

In the last several months, we've had sightings of Khaled throughout Central Africa, meeting with various local Jihadi leaders...

Lieutenant-Commander Rojack breaks in --

ROJACK

Ma'am, if I may -- aren't the African groups still allied with AQ?

MANDY

For the most part. Khaled's trying to convince them to switch sides.

JASON

(after a moment)

Pretty risky work for a "survivor."

MANDY

We believe the ISIL leadership's finally realized it's a matter of time before they're driven out of Syria. It's possible Khaled's looking to find them a soft place to land after the Caliphate falls. He's due to sit down with some Boko Haram guys in two days. That's our window.

ROJACK
We're going into Nigeria?

JASON
Anyone run that by the State
Department?

MANDY
Not Nigeria. Khaled doesn't trust
Boko enough to meet on their turf.

Changes the slide to one of GENERAL LIONHEART (40, African).

MANDY (CONT'D)
Richard Yormie Percival, better
known as General Lionheart.
Commanded a faction in the First
Liberian Civil War. He's
guaranteeing security for both
sides at his compound outside
Monrovia.
(then --)
We're looking for a straight-up
snatch-and-grab -- live capture of
a high-value target. Questions?

ROJACK
Just Khaled? Not the Boko guys?

MANDY
The priority's taking Khaled alive,
preserve his intelligence value.
That's worth a thousand Boko guys.

JASON
(re: General Lionheart)
Is Captain Beefheart the one that
used to bathe in the blood of
children because he believed it
made him bulletproof?

MANDY
Pretty sure he just ate them.
(wryly)
Don't say I never take you anywhere
nice.

And off Jason, gazing at SATELLITE PHOTOS of the post-
Apocalyptic hellscape of Monrovia --

END TEASER

ACT ONE

22 INT. SHOOT HOUSE - DAY

22

A HOODED MAN stands in the center of the room. A hostage? No, he's holding a suppressed submachine gun in his hands. With no warning, the hood (which turns out to be attached to a pulley) gets yanked off...

Meet CLAY WALLACE, 25-year-old Navy SEAL, all capability and easy confidence.

Before his eyes have even adjusted to the sudden brightness, Clay's ducking into a tactical crouch with his gun against his shoulder. In front of him are two armed "Terrorists" and two "Hostages" (all FOUR ROLEPLAYERS).

Clay pops each "Terrorist" with a double-tap of Simunition (paintball) rounds. He quickly scans the rest of the room, makes sure he hasn't missed anything. Then --

CLAY

Clear!

A VOICE we'll come to recognize responds from the darkness --

BIG CHIEF (O.S.)

Good! Reset!

Clay returns to his original position. We're CLOSE ON HIS FACE as the hood lowers back down. Once again, he's blind, listening to the sounds of movement around him...

This time, when the hood gets yanked off, Clay finds the shape of the room completely changed. Even the Roleplayers are different: now there are only TWO ROLEPLAYERS in front of him: a "TERRORIST" and a FEMALE "HOSTAGE."

Clay double-taps the "Terrorist" almost before his hood has cleared the top of his head. Then, feeling movement behind him, he immediately spins, finds himself facing TWO MORE "TERRORISTS" dressed identically to the one he just "killed," but not holding weapons. And, somehow, Clay manages not to shoot them.

CLAY

(in Arabic) *SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!!!*

The two "Terrorists" immediately raise their hands.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(in Arabic) *Now step back. Slowly. (as they comply) Now put your faces on the floor with your hands and feet spread.*

The "Terrorists" hurry to follow his orders.

Fighting a smirk, Clay throws a look back toward the female Hostage, opens his mouth (presumably to yell, "Clear!")... but then closes it again without making a sound.

And now we see why: the female "Hostage" has drawn a gun and is pointing it at his head.

Again, Big Chief's voice bellows from the darkness --

BIG CHIEF
Hold there!

Both Clay and the Hostage stay in their positions. She mouths, "Sorry," to him as the OVERHEAD LIGHTS blink on.

REVEALING a system of metal catwalks several feet above Clay's head (not unlike the catwalks above a theater stage), on which are a half-dozen or so INSTRUCTORS (30s and 40s, all senior guys who've either aged out of operating or are taking a break). They glare down at Clay like disapproving Gods. Among them, we'll recognize Adam and Jason.

BIG CHIEF (early-50s, steel-hard, Southern drawl) is the oldest of the Instructors, clearly in charge.

BIG CHIEF (CONT'D)
(to Clay)
Appears we have a problem, Mr. Wallace.

CLAY
Big problem, Big Chief.

BIG CHIEF
For you and me, both.
(considers, then --)
Matter of fact, mine might be the bigger problem. See, you get taken in your prime, while you still have your hair. I, on the other hand, have to live the rest of my life with these fellas [the Instructors] whispering behind my back how I got you killed. On accounna' I went easy. On accounna' my "sea daddy" also happens to be your... regular daddy. What do you think of that?

Clay knows he's expected to endure this ballbreaking while betraying as little emotion as possible. But it's not easy.

CLAY
I think the name, "Big Chief," is meant to be ironic...

That gets the Instructors' attention. Jason's, too; from his spot on the catwalk, he looks from Clay to Big Chief.

BIG CHIEF
(to Clay) How's that now?

CLAY
(deadpan) "Big Chief" in the movie... guy barely talks. I mean, at first it even seems like he can't talk. (then) Whereas, you...

Clay lets that trail off. Big Chief scowls down at him. They lock eyes for a moment. The tiniest hint of a smile plays at the corner of Big Chief's mouth. Then it's gone.

Jason silently takes this in. Next to him on the catwalk, Adam glances over, trying to gauge his reaction to Clay.

BIG CHIEF
(to the "Hostage")
Please step out, Miss. Thank you for your service.

Clay relaxes almost imperceptibly. The "Hostage" heads out.

BIG CHIEF (CONT'D)
First things first --
(to Adam)
Senior-Chief Turner -- who makes the jokes around here?

Adam's caught by surprise -- his focus was still on trying to read Jason. After a moment, he remembers where he is. He and Jason share a knowing grin: they know this routine well.

ADAM
(deadpan) You do, Big Chief.

BIG CHIEF
Do Green-Team tadpoles who still have five full months before they even get to dream of calling themselves a probationary tier-one operator - and that's assuming they don't get their sassy asses sent back to Coronado between now and then - do they get to make jokes?

ADAM
They do not.

BIG CHIEF
No, they do not. Especially not after they just got themselves shot in the face.
(to Clay)
(MORE)

BIG CHIEF (CONT'D)

Mr. Wallace, do you really have to be reminded that a female can pose a threat? You remember the stuff we used to take off women in Iraq.

CLAY

I've never been to Iraq.
(off Big Chief's look)
Last time Team Five deployed there I was still in BUD/S. Both my platoons were Trashcanistan.

BIG CHIEF

(after a moment)

Mr. Wallace. Before the Chiefs and I embark on what I'm sure will be a lengthy accounting of all the things we saw you do wrong during that last evolution. Would you care to save us a little time, tell us the mistakes you're already planning to correct so as not to get yourself killed in some dumbass way that'll force me to make you run Monster Mashes in the Afterlife?

Clay stares up at him, considering his response. Finally --

CLAY

I can't think of one.

Again, this gets Jason's attention.

BIG CHIEF

I'm sorry. Are you claiming you did nothing wrong?

CLAY

I mean, my low-ready at the end could have been a little lower -- although it's not like I muzzle-swept anybody --

BIG CHIEF

You believe you were correct not to assess as a threat the woman we all just saw holding a gun to your head?

Jason's locked onto Clay, studying his body language --

CLAY

I believe I was correct to prioritize the two guys behind me as the greater threat.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Once I saw they were unarmed, I guess I should have wondered where their weapons were -- well, I did wonder -- but I guess I should've considered the possibility she was muling them.

(then --)

Thing is, even then I don't know if I'd've turned back to search her before I got them on the floor. And if I had. I bet you would've dinged me for it.

A moment of silence as Big Chief chews this over. Then he turns his head, barks an order into the darkness --

BIG CHIEF

RESET!

The lights switch off. The hood lowers back down over Clay's head. But up in the catwalk, Jason has seen enough. He catches Adam's eye, turns to go.

23 EXT. SHOOT HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

23

Walking with Jason and Adam.

ADAM

So he's a wiseass. You remember what we were like in Green Team?
(revises that)
I mean, you know. The rest of us...

Jason's still walking, headed back to his prep --

JASON

We just watched him get killed.

ADAM

You know as well as I do that scenario was no-win.
(Jason doesn't deny)
Telling you, Jace -- kid sees the Matrix.

Off Jason, still not convinced --

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

How close do they get?

Brings us --

24 INT. BAR - NIGHT

24

The joint's jumping for a Monday night. FIND the WOMAN (20s, pretty), sitting across from a roided-out BOHUNK.

WOMAN

To what it's really like.

BOHUNK

Depends on the movie. "American Sniper" wasn't bad.

WOMAN

(wide-eyed) Really?

BOHUNK

(sees he's making progress) Keep in mind, that's still about regular SEALs. I mean, no disrespect to Chris and those guys -- we all start somewhere -- but "Zero Dark Thirty"'s the one about... us.

WOMAN

(whispering with reverence) SEAL Team Six?

BOHUNK

We're not really called that anymore.

A NEW ANGLE ON THEIR TABLE FROM:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR ROOM

Where Sonny, sitting with Ray, Adam, and Diaz, is clearly distracted by the bragging Bohunk. He returns his attention to Diaz.

DIAZ

So, I put in a request for recon photos of this general's spread so I could load up your laptops for the flight? Next I hear, we're due to get a \$50,000 model of the General's compound tomorrow morning. Didn't request it, they didn't even ask could we use it. Just called me once it was all built and on its way here. Back when I was at Team Four, we weren't allowed to issue guys a spare Gerber tool.

(then --)

Still waiting on the laptop photos.

All four smile. Their old joke:

ALL FOUR TOGETHER

(mock-cheer)

War on Terror!

They toast. Sonny stands.

SONNY
Gotta hit the head.

He goes.

DIAZ
(re: photos)
Probably get 'em next month.

But Ray's focus has shifted to Sonny, who is now standing over the Bohunk's table.

RAY
We have a problem.

Off Jason, already scrambling to his feet --

ACROSS THE BAR

Sonny is standing over a table, hands on the now-terrified Bohunk. It's about to get super ugly as Sonny pulls the guy to his feet - by his shirt.

JASON
(to Sonny)
You want to tell me what exactly's going on?

SONNY
Just heard him say he was on Chalk Two for the Abbotabad raid. Second time I've caught him this month. Couple weeks back, he was claiming he shot one of the pirates holding Captain Phillips.

Sonny's working hard to appear casual, but rage is radiating from his every pore.

JASON
(to the Bohunk)
What's your name?

BOHUNK
Wha -- what?

JASON
Your name.

BOHUNK
M-Martin.

JASON

Martin, you understand why you shouldn't do what you've been doing, right? Leaving aside it's a terrific way to get yourself curb-stomped, it dishonors the memory of all the guys who died doing things you're claiming you did instead.

TERRIFIED MAN

No. I'd never talk about an op where you guys lost somebody.

Jason squeezes the bridge of his nose, trades looks with Adam and Ray: this guy really doesn't get it.

JASON

(to Terrified Man)

Thing is, just because we didn't lose anybody on those particular ops, doesn't mean we haven't lost lots of guys on ops just like them.

(then --)

Bottom line, we'd like you to stop telling people you're one of us.

BOHUNK

(glimpsing a possible
reprieve)

No, yeah -- absolutely! Never again. You have my word.

SONNY

Gave me his word last time.

JASON

This time he means it.

Sonny hesitates. Then he lets Martin go, moves off.

JASON (CONT'D)

(to Martin, deadpan)

Martin, I think we've all learned some valuable lessons today.

Martin nods his vigorous agreement. Now Jason jerks his head: "Get the fuck out of here." Martin scurries away.

NEARBY, Clay, at a table with VAL and a few other GREEN-TEAM TRAINEES, has just witnessed the whole thing. Doesn't think much of it, until --

VAL

That's Jason Harrah.

Clay manages to maintain his tough-guy poker face. But this is big news.

CLAY

You sure?

VAL

Pulled perimeter security for him a few times my first deployment. (casually --) He watched us in the box this morning.

CLAY

Hope he liked what he saw.

He raises his glass in Jason's direction. Gets nothing in return. Off Val's grin --

CUT TO:

25 CLOSE ON A GORGEOUS TO-SCALE MODEL OF GENERAL LIONHEART'S COMPOUND 25

Pull back to reveal we're in:

26 INT. DEVGRU - OPS ROOM - DAY 26

Jason, Ray, Sonny, Rojack, a few other DEVGRU SEALs examine the model, peering at structural details, trying to find the best way to assault the place. Mandy, Douglas, Diaz stand back, watching.

ROJACK

Anybody see a way to hit this place from the ground?

JASON

Not with Humvees or APCs -- that's just what it's built to resist.

SEAL #1

Maybe we patrol in?
(pointing to a map)
Insert somewhere on this beach...
(notices Ray's frown)
What?

RAY

All that garbage floating on the surface could be a problem for the outboards.

JASON

Not to mention how tough it'll make it to see the reef.

RAY

Real good way to run yourself up on something.

JASON

(shaking his head --)
No need to overthink it. We're not swimming out with a prisoner. Need choppers to take us home, might as well get there the same way.

RAY

Rotors're gonna make an awful racket coming up the valley. Give everybody in the house time to get set to repel boarders.

JASON

But it's not Khaled's house.

SEAL #1

So?

JASON

So, why's he gonna dig in when he hears the rotors? The spooks just told us he's not interested in martyrdom. So... we come straight up the valley, buzz the compound like we're gonna drop right in on their heads. Gotta believe Khaled goes for a vehicle, tries to make a run for it... Instead of landing on the X, the Blackhawks come about for the V.I..

Silence as everyone mulls.

ROJACK

Objections?
(none, then to Diaz --)
You know what we'll need?

DIAZ

("Are you serious?")
For a helo-based Vehicle
Interdiction? Don't insult me.

Jason takes one more look around. Everyone seems onboard.

JASON

Let's get to work.

27

INT. DEVGRU - HALLWAY - DAY

27

Diaz and Jason walk-and-talk --

DIAZ

You heard about your Strap?

JASON

I don't have a Strap. Carlo's Team has a Strap. Are you telling me we're getting the DNA Tech?

DIAZ

No, she's still with Carlo. You're getting the Translator.

JASON

Hold on -- my Arabic's not bad. Ray's almost fluent.

DIAZ

Translator's not for Khaled.

JASON

What, then? Hausa for the Boko guys? Come on -- what're the chances we need to talk to them?

DIAZ

Not for the Boko guys, either.

JASON

Okay... but Liberians speak English as their official language. So a translator...

DIAZ

Ah... but the General's guards don't speak English. Because that weird bastard is apparently so paranoid about being betrayed, he only hires Bodyguards who can't communicate with his neighbors.

JASON

What do they speak?

DIAZ

Intelligence just said, "Local Tribal dialects." Turns out there are about two hundred of those -- I looked it up. Good news, Commander Rojack found a guy grew up over there, turns out he speaks a whole bunch of the big ones.

Jason's incredulous --

JASON

Going into the Tribals one time, we had to wait two days for a translator who spoke Urdu. Telling me you found someone in 19 hours for "local tribal dialects"?

They've reached the Ops Room. As they head inside --

DIAZ
Sometimes it's better to be lucky
than good.

Jason laughs.

28

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Ray steps in to find Naima lying on the couch, hands folded over her pregnant belly.

RAY
Your mom asleep?

NAIMA
She passed out reading to Jameelah.
I thought about waking her...
(then --)
I know we'll be happy to have her
here once the baby comes. At the
moment, though...

He leans over, kisses her deeply, passionately.

NAIMA (CONT'D)
Any word on wheels up?

RAY
Strictly hush-hush. You know how
it is, first spin of a new
deployment, everybody at JSOC who
wasn't there the last time we were
on Ready-Alert wants to rub their
stink on it.

NAIMA
War on Terror!
(off his grin)
What time'd you pick in the pool?

RAY
1:55.

NAIMA
Gives us about two hours.
(flirty)
I have an idea what we could do...
(off his look)
Doctor said it's fine. Good even.

RAY
Didn't he also say it might trigger
labor?
(she can't deny --)
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

We need this kid to wait in there
until Daddy's here to catch him.
(to her belly)
You hear that, son? You wait till
daddy's home.

NAIMA

Any idea when that'll be?

RAY

Shouldn't be too long -- timeframe
for the Op sounds awful tight.

He lies with his head on her belly. She strokes his hair.

NAIMA

(to Ray)

Well... you take all the time you
need, Daddy. Just so long's you
make it home to us.

Off which --

29 INT. JASON'S TRUCK/EXT. ANNABELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 29

Jason sits in his truck, watches through the window:

INSIDE THE HOUSE, Annabelle and his kids entertain Landon and
Nate's Widow, help them forget their sadness on what should
be a happy day.

Jason knows he should be in there with them instead of alone
in his car. And yet, he doesn't move.

His DISTINCTIVE ALERT SOUNDS. He puts the car in gear --

30 EXT. C-130 - NIGHT 30

DROP DOWN to find Jason and Diaz, loaded with gear,
approaching their waiting Hercules transport.

31 INT. C-130 - CONTINUOUS 31

As he enters, Jason sees Ray and Sonny, talking quietly.

JASON

Fellas ready to earn that money?

Jason breaks off as Clay Wallace rises from a seat to salute
the older man. Jason is stunned. Diaz comes up.

DIAZ

Clay Wallace. Jason Harrah.
(grin at Jason)
Meet your Strap.

Off Jason's face:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

32 INT. C-130 - NIGHT

32

The guy's are strapping in, getting ready for take-off. Jason and Ray huddle with Sonny. On the other side of the plane, Diaz stands with Clay and the FBI TECH, helping get them squared away.

RAY
We've had worse straps.

SONNY
(to Jason)
Remember Captain What'shisname, froze on the HAHO ramp? At least the kid's a Team guy.

JASON
You know he's Ash Wallace's kid?

SONNY
So? We're supposed to hold it against him his dad's PNG'd?

JASON
His dad's Persona Non Grata because he had the bad manners to write a book without being an officer.

SONNY
My point -- what's it matter?

RAY
(to Jason)
It is just one mission. Adam's signed off. Big Chief, too...

JASON
(no choice) One mission. Just better not get it in his head this is some kind of audition.

He heads to his hammock. Ray looks after him. Something's up with his friend.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANE.

The FBI TECH is strapped into a jump seat. Clay is frowning at a nearby jump seat.

DIAZ
Is there a problem with your accommodations?

CLAY
You know how many times I've made a hammock on a C-130?

DIAZ
I told you -- new C.O. says, "Straps get straps." Could be a liability thing.

CLAY
But I'm not a Strap.

Diaz sighs.

DIAZ
Well, according to the Navy? Until you graduate Green Team. You are a member of Chalk One, Bravo Platoon, SEAL Team Five.

CLAY
Damn, right.

DIAZ
Yes. And as impressive as that is.
(meaning it --)
And really -- I deployed with Team 4, I know how high-speed white spec-ops can be. But still. As impressive as SEAL Team Five is. It is not a Tier-One, Apex-Predator, direct-action unit as defined by the United States Military. And around here, anyone on an operation who's not a Tier-One Operator is a Strap.
(in summation --)
Now why don't you sit down and buckle up back here with the rest of us support personnel and don't make me have to kick your ass up and down this aircraft?

Clay understands she's not gonna budge. Also, he's just noticed RAY watching them from a respectful distance, holding a TACTICAL LAPTOP.

CLAY
(to Diaz)
Can I at least get an Ambien, I'm gonna sleep sitting up for the next 12 hours?

DIAZ

14 hours. And Ambien, I can do.
Might even be able to rustle up a
Seconal if you treat me real nice.

She heads off without waiting for a response.

Now, Ray approaches Clay, sees he's still reeling from Diaz's
onslaught --

RAY

(re: Diaz)

We call that the "Quiet Riot Act."
Everyone gets it, sooner or later.
You just got it a few months
earlier than your boys. Get here
from Green Team, thinking you
invented war. Definitely in no
mood get your balls broke by some
snarky ex-gang chick. I get it.
But I wanna give you a piece of
advice. Based on hard experience.

(Clay leans forward --)

Try -- whenever possible -- to
maintain good relations with the
woman who takes care of your body
armor.

Clay smiles. Ray smiles back, hands Clay the Laptop.

RAY (CONT'D)

Probably wanna hold off on the
Seconal.

(re: laptop)

Jason had Diaz load you up --

(enumerating)

Photos of the compound, floor
plans, structural blueprints,
topographical maps... By the way,
he really will quiz you later --

(stifles a laugh --)

-- especially on all those mission-
specific code words.

CLAY

Does that guy ever get tired?

Ray's smile disappears.

RAY

Hey. This is the big-leagues,
Baby. All in, all the time.
You're about to go into battle with
some of the greatest warriors
who've ever lived. Better make
sure you're ready.

Clay's not sure what to say to that. He flops down miserably next to Mandy...holds out his hand --

CLAY
Clay. Straphanger. For now.

After a moment, she smiles, shakes his hand --

MANDY
Mandy. Straphanger. Always.

CLAY
Pleased to meet you.
(then --)
You're from "Christians in Action"?

MANDY
(deadpan)
I can neither confirm nor deny.

She looks back down at her work. Off which --

33

EXT. AIR STRIP - DAY

33

A mixed-use, military/humanitarian air strip outside the sprawling, smoking chaos of Grbanga. The C-130 taxis into a hangar. The hangar's enormous doors swing shut behind it.

Jason and Clay shuffle down the ramp together, bringing up the rear.

JASON
(testing Clay --)
Why'd we pull into a hangar before unloading?

CLAY
Because if we want the people watching the airport to buy that we actually are whatever humanitarian flight our beacon said we were, we can't park in the middle of the runway and unload three Blackhawks and a couple dozen tatted-up pipe hitters.

If Clay was thinking he might get some acknowledgment for getting it right, he can think again --

34

INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "OP CENTER" - DAY

34

One section of the hangar has been turned into a sort of makeshift operations center. All of the Operators (including our guys) are gathered in front of a bank of HD MONITORS. With them, Rojack, Mandy. Several CIA TECHs (who arrived the day before and have been on the ground prepping for the assaulters' arrival) control the Monitors.

The Operators peer at live VIDEO from the drone above Lionheart's lair. At first it appears something's wrong with the camera, maybe even a piece of fabric covering the lens.

RAY
Those aren't clouds.

ROJACK
Smoke.

TECH
City's in the middle of "burning time."

JASON
("Really?")
That's all trash fires?

MANDY
No. Trash, they burn year-round.
They're getting rid of old crops.

Jason is speechless for a moment.

JASON
How long's it last?

TECH
Two-three months.

Okay...

JASON
So... either you're about to tell us you've got drones with optics that can see through that. Or someone failed to let us know that not only would we be going in without the benefit of the "Unblinking Eye," but essentially that we'd be going in without overwatch altogether.

TECH
(lamely)
Up till a few hours ago, we were having no problem finding holes in the smog.

SONNY
I don't see too many holes right at the moment.

TECH
That's because the General's guys've actually been joining in the burning last couple days.

JASON
You didn't feel like mentioning
that before?

TECH
Mentioning what? I told you --
till a few hours ago, our optics
weren't compromised.

RAY
(to the Tech)
He means about the General starting
to burn.

TECH
(lame)
It's... Burning Season.

MANDY
(getting it)
You think they're using the fires
to cover his arrival?

JASON
Either that or they already used
the fires to cover his arrival and
now they're using them to cover his
stay.

RAY
Or they've already used them to
cover his stay and now they're
covering his escape.

Jason's already studying a map of the town.

JASON
(makes a decision --)
We need to sneak and peak.

MANDY
(can't believe she heard
right)
A ground recon?

The guys don't deny.

MANDY (CONT'D)
You want to go out into the city?
On foot?

TECH
Seriously, guys -- I know
Monrovia's supposed to've gotten
better last couple years, but it's
still kinda Mad Max out there.

Jason turns to Ray --

JASON
(deadpan)
Was that racist? It felt kinda
racist?

RAY
"Mad Max" is wall-to-wall White
folks.
(then --)
Definitely racist to ask the black
guy to rule on whether something's
racist. Just F.Y.I..

Mandy tries to get them back on track --

MANDY
Guys. You're punking us, right? I
mean, you're not actually
considering going out there?

Jason circles something on his map. He's found the perfect
observation position.

JASON
(back to business)
Tell Diaz we're kitting up double-
quick. Need to make the
Observation Post before sunrise.

RAY
(grins, realizing --)
You've already got one picked.
(deadpan)
I want you to know -- I'm very
attracted to you right now.

MANDY
My, God! Will the two of you just
kiss already!
(kidding aside)
Last chance, Guys. Ollie in free.

RAY
(to Jason, ignoring her)
We bringing the translator?
(off Jason's hesitation)
Better to have him and not need
him...

Jason knows he's right. Doesn't mean he has to like it.

35

INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "BARRACKS" - DAY

35

Another section of the hangar has been turned into a sleeping
area, with a couple dozen FOLDING COTS.

Ray, Clay, Sonny all sit on their cots, getting their stuff together. Jason sits down next to Sonny, makes sure no else is in earshot --

JASON
Listen, Bubba.
(no easy way to say it)
I need you to sit this one out.

SONNY
What? You're really gonna take the kid over me?

JASON
Strictly as a translator.
(off Sonny's concern --)
Look -- if we were going out to fight, you know there's no one I'd rather have behind me. But all we're doing is sneaking and peaking -- that's never been your... metier.

Sonny can't argue. Jason claps him on the shoulder.

JASON (CONT'D)
'Sides, if we get into something, I'll feel better knowing you and the SAW're riding in on the QRF.

SONNY
(after a long moment)
So, this isn't about me almost going off in the bar?

JASON
I just told you what it's about.

Sonny reads Jason's eyes -- that's all he's getting for now.

EXT. MONROVIA STREET - NIGHT - SERIES OF CUTS

Jason, Ray, Clay creep along pitted, unpaved, trash-strewn streets, stopping to wait for one of Monrovia's notorious "Neighborhood Watch" groups (a dozen young men, armed with machetes) to pass by. Finally, they arrive at the building they identified from the satellite photos --

36 INT. OBSERVATION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 36

The guys clear their way up the stairs, emerge onto --

37 EXT. OBSERVATION BUILDING - ROOF - CONTINUOUS 37

As Jason predicted, they have an unimpeded view of the front gate of General Lionheart's compound.

JASON

Get the camera set up, get some sleep. I'll take first watch.

Ray starts setting up the camera/transmitter.

38 EXT. OBSERVATION BUILDING - VERY EARLY MORNING 38

Clay startles out of a dream. Looks over to see Jason, watching the compound through his rifle scope while simultaneously making minute changes to the camera. God, this guy never sleeps. Clay heads over, staying low. He peers through his own scope --

39 EXT. GENERAL LIONHEART'S CAMP - FRONT GATE - SAME 39

Under the watchful eyes of several of the compound's GUARDS, a couple local BANDITS stand beside their COVERED TRUCK, talking and laughing with GENERAL LIONHEART.

[NOTE: we only see Lionheart and his guys from CLAY AND JASON'S P.O.V. (or on their CAMERA FEED). We don't hear them at all.]

CLAY

(re: truck)

Morning khat delivery?

JASON

Possible. Seems like most of Lionheart's guys're speed freaks.

CLAY

Shocking. That the only action?

JASON

Shopkeeper down the block caught a guy stealing few hours ago. For a while it looked like the crowd was gonna light him on fire.

(wryly)

Evidently. Cooler heads prevailed.

Silence. Clay makes an overture.

CLAY

You ever wonder if someday you'll regret seeing all the horror you've seen?

JASON

(shrugs)

I know I'd never wanna be one of those people takes his whole life for granted.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Fact is, we're living during the only time in human history that people have had time to be happy, haven't had to spend every moment working to stay alive.

(re: their surroundings)

And even now, there's places like this. Thing is -- who're the freaks in this equation?

(then --)

When I was still at Team 1 -- can't've been too long after 9-11 -- we were part of this FEMA drill in Los Angeles. Can't remember exactly what part we were supposed to play -- something about a post-Tsunami scenario, looters stealing yachts? Anyway, I remember while we're there this FEMA guy tells me they estimate that Western civilization can go eleven days without basic services -- police, fire, food delivery -- water and electric, obviously -- eleven days, before it tips.

CLAY

What's that mean, "tips"?

JASON

(smiles)

That's exactly what I asked that FEMA guy. Tell you exactly what he said: "a civilization 'tips' when it leans far enough into chaos that order can never be restored."

(contemplates, then --)

Eleven days between us and the Fall of Rome. That's out there, whatever part of it you choose to let yourself see.

(finally)

The world don't go dark just cause you got your eyes closed.

After a beat, Clay decides to go for it --

CLAY

Listen. My dad's book. I know a lotta guys have a problem with it --

JASON

Man survives the things he did, why the Hell shouldn't he write about'em?

Clay wasn't expecting that. But if just in case he thought it was leading to some friendly familiarity...

JASON (CONT'D)
Your watch.

He gets up from the camera. Clay moves into position --

CLAY
Shit, we got movement.

Jason follows his look to --

40 EXT. GENERAL LIONHEART'S CAMP - VERY EARLY MORNING 40

The General, his Guards, the two Bandits have been joined by another man. At first, the angle makes it impossible to get a real look at him. Then he turns. KHALED.

BACK ON THE ROOFTOP

As Clay shakes Ray awake, Jason keys his lip mic --

JASON
TOC -- this is Alpha 1. Confirming
you see this. Over.

41 INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "OP CENTER" - DAY - INTERCUT 41

Mandy, Douglas, several other Operators watch the LIVE FEED from Jason's camera.

MANDY
(grinning)
Roger, Alpha 1. We're seeing it.
Positive I.D..

JASON
Congratulations, TOC! You told us
Khaled'd be here and here he is.
Give us five minutes get ourselves
packed up and then we're Oscar-Mike
for the exfil. How copy?

MANDY
(barely containing herself)
Strong copy, Alpha 1. Great work.

END INTERCUT.

Jason, Ray, Clay start hurriedly packing up their stuff, preparing to vacate the O.P.. Something on Clay's mind --

CLAY
(still furiously packing)
I don't get it. Khaled's legendary
for his tradecraft. Kept him alive
all these years, while his friends
were getting turned into pink mist.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Why's he coming out in the open
like that?

JASON

He's been so much smarter than his
enemies for so long, he figures he
can afford it. Thinks his nifty
little Burning Season play's gonna
keep him safe.

(deadpan)

Might be a lesson in there, Strap.

RAY

(sees Clay's still
puzzling)

What are you thinking?

CLAY

The guys in the truck -- we don't
know it's khat they're selling.

Ray looks to Jason, who nods: it makes sense.

JASON

So what is it?

CLAY

Something big enough to get Khaled
to stick his head out.

(shot in the dark --)

Weapons?

JASON

Pretty sure the General's got more
of those than he needs.

(re: Bandits)

Plus -- if those two had that much
hardware, they'd be better-dressed.

Clay can't argue with the logic. Something still eating at
him... Ray's staring out toward the compound --

RAY

The General's wife's coming out.

Jason and Clay turn to look in time to see...

The bandits unload a HOODED PRISONER from the back of the
truck. Again MANDY'S VOICE on the radio --

MANDY (O.S.)

(over radio)

Alpha 1, this is Toc. Current
video feed appears to show subjects
unloading a hooded prisoner. Can
you confirm?

JASON
(into lip mic)
Correct, TOC. That's what we see.

Now General Lionheart starts peeling off CASH. Hands over a fat stack to one of the Bandits.

Now, LIONHEART'S BURKHA-CLAD WIFE takes the Prisoner's arm. Oh, shit --

JASON (CONT'D)
TOC, be advised -- that prisoner's gotta be a woman. The General called his wife out 'cause he wants to show Khaled how devout he is, only allowing his wives to handle the female prisoner.

As our people look on, the Burkha-clad woman leads the Prisoner toward the house.

At some point, the Prisoner trips, falls to her knees.

The Burkha-clad woman helps her up. Another couple steps.

Another trip. Again, the Burka-clad woman yanks her up.

Now, though -- presumably wanting to avoid another trip, she pulls off the Prisoner's hood...

MATCH TO:

42 INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR - "OPS CENTER" - THAT MOMENT 42

An HD MONITOR is playing the LIVE STREAM from the OBSERVATION-POST CAMERA. Mandy watches over the Tech's shoulder --

MANDY
(to the Tech)
Freeze it there. Enhance.

The Tech does. More AD-LIBBED PHOTO-ANALYSIS INSTRUCTIONS until we're looking at a photo of a TERRIFIED BLONDE WOMAN.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Oh, God -- I know who that is!

Off which:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 INT. MILITARY HANGAR - NIGHT

43

Jason, Mandy, Douglas, Rojack, Team Leader #1, Team Leader #2, gathered around an HD MONITOR, waiting for a video conference to begin.

Mandy's hand shakes as she sips her water: she's psyching herself up for something.

ON THE MONITOR: a conference room full of Generals and Admirals, jockeying for position. The Reception is choppy. Jason leans over to Rojack --

JASON
(whispering, re: other side
of the call)
What are they doing over there?

Rojack lights up. The ludicrous pissing contests between the men at the very top of his chain of command are a source of endless amusement to him --

ROJACK
(whispering back)
They all think the hostage turns
this mission into a career-maker.
Wanna make sure they show up in the
backslapping photos on CNN.

Almost reflexively --

JASON
War on Terror.

ROJACK (CONT'D)
War on Terror.

The Flag Officers on the monitor appear to have arrived at some sort of equilibrium. CAPTAIN BRYCE (50s, BRAND-NEW DEVGRU COMMANDING OFFICER, "Blowhard" doesn't even begin to cover it) occupies the center of the screen --

BRYCE
(to Mandy)
I believe we're all properly
situated here now, Ms. Ellis. Now,
if you please, would you tell us
what you know about this poor
woman, Ms. --

He looks around for an aide to supply the name --

MANDY
Mitchell, Sir. Stacey. Mitchell.
Abducted April last year from her
Doctor's Without Borders free
clinic in the D.R.C..
(MORE)

MANDY (CONT'D)

We're not certain how she came into the possession of this particular group, but, as you know, it's not uncommon for hostages to be sold and resold through various pipelines, particularly attractive Western females.

The end of the quickbrief. Mandy closes her notebook.

BRYCE

Thank you, Ms. Ellis.
(turning to Rojack)
Now, Eric -- how exactly are we going to bring this young lady home to her loving parents?

Before Rojack can answer --

MANDY

Sir!

All heads swing in her direction. Gulp.

BRYCE

Yes, Ms. Ellis?

MANDY

Sir, I believe it's my -- and my Agency's -- duty to give you our honest, objective analysis. And, from an objective point-of-view --

Jason is looking at her. He knows where she's going, gives her a slight head-shake: "Don't do it."

MANDY (CONT'D)

(to Bryce)
-- Abu Khaled's continued survival will almost certainly lead to hundreds of deaths, both of civilians and of Coalition personnel -- in fact, we believe he may have knowledge of planned attacks already in motion --

BRYCE

Gonna cut you off there, Ms. Ellis.

Oh, thank God. Mandy gulps water.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Sounded like you're about to suggest we do nothing for Ms. Mitchell and instead adhere to our current operational plan to snatch the H.V.T..

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)
(Mandy doesn't deny)
And what do you "analyze" as Ms.
Mitchell's captors' likely response
to the launch of such an Op?

The implication is clear. Mandy knows she should drop it --

MANDY
Sir, if I may --

BRYCE
No, I'm afraid you may not.
(again turning to Rojack)
Eric, what to you have for us?

Mandy steps back, red-faced, as Rojack takes over their side
of the conference --

ROJACK
Well, Sir, we've just gotten our
recon team in from the field a few
minutes ago. We'll need some time
to come up with a viable Ops plan
based on the current avail --

BRYCE
Eric, I'm going to ask you a very
simple question -- do we have the
resources to rescue the hostage and
perform a successful, non-lethal
snatch of the H.V.T.?

Rojack hesitates, not wanting to let down the big boss.
Jason's looking at Mandy, who's horrified both by what she
just advocated and also by the prospect of having Khaled once
again slip through her fingers. Before Rojack can answer --

JASON
We can do both.

Jason seems almost surprised to hear himself speak. Rojack's
pretty surprised, too. Bryce peers at the screen, trying to
figure out who the new voice belongs to --

BRYCE
Who is that?

JASON
It's Jason Harrah, Sir.

BRYCE
Jason! Of course, that's you. You
were saying?

JASON
We can complete both objectives.

Bryce gives a nervous laugh --

BRYCE

Now, son, needless to say, your reputation precedes you. And I'll bet you dollars to donuts there's fellas in this room with me right now who'd salute you first, they had the chance. But that is mighty hard to imagine.

JASON

Only if you assume Khaled's gonna dig in. But CIA predicts he'll choose flight over fight.

(to Mandy)

Right, Ms. Ellis?

Mandy looks up in surprise at hearing her name. Then --

MANDY

That's our projection.

[Note: Jason will demonstrate the following plan using MODELS as shown in "Lone Survivor" and "Zero Dark Thirty."]

JASON

(to Bryce)

So -- we were planning to drive him out by having the Blackhawks feint like they're landing on the X. Instead, one of them really does land on the X, assaults the target building from above, clears downward to secure the hostage. The remaining two Blackhawks support the first team's initial assault by providing covering fire and close air support. When Khaled bugs out, they both come off-station, perform the Vehicle Interdiction anywhere along that road out of the camp.

The room's silent. Even Bryce is silent for a moment. Mandy stares at Jason with boundless gratitude. Then --

BRYCE

(to Rojack)

Appears you were selling yourselves short, Eric. Clearly your op-planning was much farther along than you led us to believe. Nice work, Son.

Rojack shoots Jason an appreciative nod --

ROJACK
Thank you, Sir.

BRYCE
You'll launch this evening?

ROJACK
("Bet your ass we will.")
Soon's the sun's down, Sir.

Off which --

CUT TO:

44 INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "BARRACKS" - DAY 44

FIND:

-- CLAY rehearsing his room-clearing moves. Staring at his Laptop. Memorizing code words, floor maps, grid coordinates.

-- SONNY, sleeping like a baby.

-- Ray Skype-ing with Naima. Naima is mid-rant --

NAIMA (ON SKYPE)
I caught her saving tea bags again.
I said, "Ma, we can afford to use a
whole teabag every time we want a
cup of tea." She says, "Aren't you
lucky we made you American?"

-- JASON on his cot, stares at the ceiling, well aware of the marital intimacy taking place nearby and of all the people in his own life with whom he is not, at this moment, Skype-ing.

Ultimately, deciding sleep's not gonna happen, he pulls himself to his feet --

45 INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "OP CENTER" - DAY 45

Steps into the Ops Center to find Mandy watching the camera feeds over the shoulders of the TECHS on duty. She looks up as he enters, steps away from the Techs to join him --

MANDY
Glad to know I'm not the only one.

He nods. Doesn't say anything. Knows he wants something. Not exactly sure what that something is.

Something else on her mind at the moment --

MANDY (CONT'D)
(raging at herself)
Ever hear yourself saying something
makes you wonder when you became
the kind of savage animal who could
say the thing you just said?

JASON
For what it's worth, I agree with
you about the moral calculation.

MANDY
What if all it's "worth" is it
shows you're just as damaged as I
am?

Their eyes meet. Electric. But they get back to business --

JASON
One woman who'll probably die if we
all go for Khaled, against all the
people we know die if our split
focus causes us to miss our shot
and he's allowed to stay in place.

MANDY
(nodding)
Save even more, you keep him alive
for me.

You can see how badly she wants it --

JASON
May not be up to us. He may not
let it be up to us.

Mandy takes a breath. She rarely talks about this.

MANDY
You know I almost had him in
Baghdad eight years ago? I was
meeting a Deputy Economic Minister
at this coffee house in the Mansour
district.

JASON
Alone?

MANDY
My security detail always spooked
him. Anyway, we're almost ready to
go, door opens - and it's Khaled.
Apparently he'd snuck into the city
for his mom's birthday. He walks
past our table, not much farther
away than you are right now.

(MORE)

MANDY (CONT'D)

I'd already been after him for years by then, quarterbacked three failed drone strikes on the guy, and now I'm close enough to see the crystal's cracked on his Rolex.

JASON

That's pretty close.

MANDY

Practically feel the Glock burning through my holster. All I have to do is pull, I can end it. Right there.

JASON

Maybe get yourself ended as well.

MANDY

There was a back door to the place, good chance I coulda made it. But I'll tell you -- in that moment? I didn't care.

(shakes her head --)

Then I look at my source. Take out Khaled, even if I get away, my asset's a dead man. Probably tortured for a month first.

(a beat then...)

So I throw down my Dinars and we walk out. Soon's we're on the street, I call it in. Turns out our "intrepid local partners" in the state security services had been infiltrated by extremists.

JASON

Say it ain't so.

(then, serious --)

Nothing you could do.

MANDY

Week later, one of Khaled's cells blew up a school bus in Mosul, killed twenty six teenagers. Week after that, my source, the guy I was protecting? Khaled's guys grabbed him and his family. They sent the death videos to Langley.

It sits there. And all Jason can say to his friend is...

JASON

We got this.

When Jason says this, it counts. Mandy nods her gratitude.

MANDY
And the hostage - ?

JASON
I'm telling you -- we got it.

Mandy nods again.

MANDY
Bring her home.

CUT TO:

46 INT. JASON'S TEAM'S BLACKHAWK - FLYING - DAY 46

Most of the guys are quiet, getting their game faces on.
Jason is grilling Clay --

JASON
... and after that?

CLAY
Secure exit path. Extract hostage.
(referencing "Predator")
"Get to da choppah!"

Jason's not amused. Suddenly, a call comes over the radio --

PILOT 1 (O.S.)
(over the radio)
This is Blazer 1 -- I'm having some
kind of issue with my pedals here.
Getting way too much shake in them.

Concern on Clay's face. Jason notices --

JASON
(to Clay)
You know how to fly a helicopter?

CLAY
(after a moment)
No.

Jason nods.

JASON
Only things on your mind should be
things you control. Otherwise,
you're just wasting energy.

Again, the radio --

PILOT 1 (O.S.)
(over radio)
This is Blazer 1 -- these pedals
are getting worse.
(MORE)

PILOT 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm having trouble holding level.
We're gonna need to turn back.

ROJACK (O.S.)
(over radio)
Roger. Blazer 1 returning to --

He's interrupted as another call comes over the radio --

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
(over radio)
This is Blazer 3 -- I'm losing
lift. Pretty sure it's these
fires're making the air too thin.

A long silence over the comms. Then --

ROJACK (O.S.)
(over radio)
All right, Blazer 3 -- I need your
honest assessment. Can you
continue this mission?

The tension in his voice brings us to --

47 INT. MILITARY HANGAR - "OP CENTER" - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT 47

Mandy, Rojack, Douglas, their Techs monitor, direct traffic --

PILOT 2 (O.S.)
(over radio)
Negative. Gonna need to put her
down.

Even longer silence. Then --

ROJACK
Copy, Blazer 3. Blazer 2, I guess
you'd better turn it around, too.
All call signs -- stand by for
mission abort.

He looks over at a stricken Mandy.

BACK INSIDE THE BLACKHAWK, Jason glances at Ray. Then --

JASON
(into mic)
TOC -- this is Alpha 1, over.

ROJACK
Roger, Alpha 1 -- go for TOC.

JASON
If we land on the X, we can still
accomplish one objective.

IN THE "OPS CENTER," Mandy looks up expectantly.

ROJACK
Is that the hostage or the H.V.T.?

JASON
Negative on Khaled. Requesting a
"Go" for the hostage-recovery.

Mandy's face betrays little.

ROJACK
Alpha 1 -- you understand that I
have zero functional air assets on
sight? We are trying to get QRF
and Air Support from Djibouti. But
at this moment, if you guys get
into something, I cannot predict
how long it will be before we can
get you reinforced.

JASON
Roger. Understood.

Another silence. Then --

ROJACK
Your call, Alpha 1.

INSIDE THE BLACKHAWK, Jason stumbles over to glance into the cockpit. The PILOT (who has, of course, heard everything over his comms) half-turns in his seat, gives him a thumbs up. Jason hits his mic --

JASON
(into mic)
Roger, TOC. Let's go get her.

48 INT. BLACKHAWK/EXT. GENERAL LIONHEART'S COMPOUND - DAY 48

Jason stands in the doorway of the Blackhawk, hand on the fastrope as the PILOT maneuvers over the target building --

Suddenly, the helicopter's CREW CHIEF starts pointing furiously at the roof of the neighboring building --

CREW CHIEF
(over radio)
RPG tube on roof B! Need immediate
suppressive fire!

Jason follows his pointing, sees KHALED'S BODYGUARD kneeling on the roof, opening the sight on his RPG. Jason lets go of the fastrope, aims his M-4. Just as the guy starts to raise the RPG to fire on the hovering Blackhawk, Jason opens up with his M-4, cuts him down.

CREW CHIEF (CONT'D)
(over radio)
RPG down! That's an EKIA. Nice
shooting.

Jason gives a nod, slings his rifle, mounts the fastrope --

49 EXT. TARGET BUILDING - ROOF - DAY 49

Jason hits the roof, quickly gets out of the way, starts setting a perimeter as one-by-one his guys fast-rope onto the roof behind him. Sonny is last to land. As soon as his feet touch the roof, he and Ray and Jason are moving into the structure.

CREW CHIEF (O.S.)
(over radio)
We've got squirters. Multiple
directions -- East, North, two more
East --

JASON
(into his mic)
Could any of them be transporting
the hostage?

CREW CHIEF (O.S.)
(over radio)
Negative.

JASON
(into his mic)
Roger. Alpha element -- preparing
to make entry.

Without speaking, Ray and Sonny get into a stack behind Jason. Jason kicks open the door --

50 INT. TARGET BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 50

Ray enters first, then Jason, then Clay. Sonny enters last. The room they're in is empty. In front of them, two doors.

Jason glances at him, testing again -- *Which one do we hit?* Clay stares at him blankly for a moment. Ray, seeing him hesitate, cuts his eyes downward, mouths, "Shoes."

Clay looks -- sure enough, each room has a basket of shoes by the door. In one basket -- a pair of women's sandals mixed in with several mens' sneakers. In the other, only sneakers.

Jason points for Sonny to watch the "male" door. Motions for Clay to get in the stack behind him as he and Ray set up on the "female" door. Again, Jason and Ray appear to have an almost psychic connection, an ability to anticipate one another's moves like a great fast-break duo trading no-look passes.

Jason kicks the "female" door, again steps back for Ray to enter first, then follows him into --

51 INT. HOSTAGE CELL - CONTINUOUS 51

POP POP -- Jason double-taps one ARMED GUARD before his whole body's even inside the room --

POP POP -- Ray shwacks a second GUARD before the first one even has time to drop --

Clay comes in behind them.

And now they find themselves face-to-face with a terrified, disoriented STACY MITCHELL and, taking cover behind her, what may be an even more terrified 12-YEAR-OLD CHILD SOLDIER holding an AK-47 almost as big as he is... But -- his barrel is pointed at the floor. Jason and Ray both resist the impulse to shoot immediately.

RAY
(to the Child Soldier)
Put it down! Now!

The Child Soldier is still frozen, not dropping his rifle but not raising it, either.

JASON
Translator...

Clay shakes himself back into the moment --

CLAY
(in Hausa) *Put down your weapon.*
(in Yoruba) *Put it down. We mean
no harm.* (in Gola) *Put it down.*

No reaction from the Kid.

RAY
(to Jason)
I'm about to ghost him.

JASON
(to Clay)
Try another.

Clay tries a couple more languages -- starting to run out. The Child Soldier's grimacing, staring at Jason, psyching himself up for a last stand. Clay takes a last stab --

CLAY
(Mende dialect)
*Put down your weapon and get down
on the floor.*

The Child Soldier is so surprised to hear this widespread West African street slang coming from the mouth of a white man that he seems momentarily to forget where he is.

It's all the window Jason and Ray need. Again using their invisible connection, somehow they know that Ray will charge the Kid while Jason shields the Hostage. They end up all four on the floor, the SEALs on top. Ray tosses away the Kid's rifle, quickly zipties him.

52 EXT. TARGET BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

52

The team comes out with the Hostage and the zip-tied CHILD SOLDIER, hustles them both onto the chopper.

JASON
(to the Crew Chief)
Any sign of Khaled?

CREW CHIEF
Negative! Lotta squirts, but all look like The General's guys.

JASON
The good General himself?

CREW CHIEF
Long gone.

The Child Soldier's overheard their exchange, starts talking to Clay in rapid-fire Mende -- one familiar word: "Khaled."

JASON
(to Clay)
What's he saying?

CLAY
Asking if we're here for Khaled.

JASON
(after a moment)
Tell him, yes.

Clay does. The Kid says something else.

CLAY
He thought we came for The General.

Clay says something else in Mende. The Kid answers.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Says it was wrong for Khaled to talk Lionheart into buying the woman. Says he told the General Khaled's not a real Muslim.

JASON
(after a moment)
Ask if he knows where he went.

Clay does, waits for the answer, turns back to Jason --

CLAY
There's a tunnel underneath the
whole compound -- Lionheart built
it as a safe room. Last he saw
Khaled, that's where he was headed.
Soon's they heard the rotors.

JASON
(re: Khaled, gotta admire) Cagey
bastard knew we wanted him to run.

His wheels are turning...

JASON (CONT'D)
(to Clay --) How many guys's he got
with him down there?

Clay has another exchange with the kid. Then --

CLAY
Each side was only allowed a single
bodyguard inside the compound.
Part of the General's security
guarantee.

SONNY
If Khaled's bodyguard was the guy
with the RPG, means Khaled's down
there alone.

RAY
Or not.
(off Jason's look)
Protocol says we extract the
hostage.

CLAY
When's the next time we get this
close to Khaled?

Jason's torn, looks to the Crew Chief --

JASON
How much fuel've we got?

CREW CHIEF
Ten minutes, maybe.

SONNY

(to Jason)

You know Lionheart's gotta have reinforcements on the way. They get here while you're still inside, this gets real interesting.

Finally, Jason makes a call --

JASON

(to Clay re: Child Soldier)

Have him tell you exactly how to find the tunnel. Then Ray and I'll go down and get Khaled.

(to Sonny)

You stay up here, hold security. Soon's you start taking fire or running low on fuel, head back to the airfield. We'll exfil by land.

SONNY

You're gonna walk out?

JASON

Only if we can't steal one of the General's cars.

As Clay confers with the Child Soldier, gets directions about how to find Khaled, Ray quietly leans over to Jason --

RAY

You really wanna go into that tunnel without Wallace? He's the only reason we even know it's there. What if we run into another of the General's guys?

Jason considers a moment. Then --

JASON

(into his mic)

Toc -- this is Alpha 1. We have the hostage and one detainee loaded. Detainee has given us intelligence on possible whereabouts of the H.V.T.. Alpha 2 and I are taking the Translator and going back in after him. How copy?

As he awaits an answer --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

53 INT. LIONHEART'S COMPOUND - NIGHT 53

Jason, Ray, Clay clear their way down the stairs. Ray walks point. Clay handles rear security. Jason is between them (in the team leader spot).

Finally, they reach the mouth of the tunnel.

JASON

(to Clay)

If we're walking into an ambush, there'll be a blocking force that tries to crash in behind us, trap us in. You'll stop them here. If Khaled tries to get out past us, you'll stop him here as well. Remember -- guy's priceless to the spooks. Only way you should engage him is if he's about to engage you. And I mean putting seven pounds of pressure on a ten-pound trigger-pull aimed at your head. We clear?

CLAY

(deadpan)

Can we go over it once more?

Off Clay, staring in frustration after Jason and Ray as they continue down the tunnel without him --

54 INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 54

Creepy, creepy darkness. Jason and Ray move carefully through the tunnel, meticulously clearing as they go.

Finally, they reach the "safe room." It's really just a spider hole as opposed to a fortress, doesn't even have a door. Jason calls into the open room --

JASON

Khaled! KHALED!

Nothing. Gives Ray a look. Without a word, Ray steps past him into the room, breaks left. Jason is just behind him, almost shoulder-to-shoulder, breaking right as he enters --

55 INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 55

Both men freeze as they take in the bad news: the minutes they spent getting the hostage has given Khaled time to put on a suicide vest.

Good news is, he's not detonating yet. Either he wants to negotiate some kind of surrender or he hasn't made up his mind to die or he's trying to draw them closer to him to ensure they're killed in the blast.

JASON
(Arabic) *DROP THE DETONATOR AND GET
DOWN ON THE FLOOR!!! DO IT NOW!!!*

And now the guys find themselves in another stand-off. Shit.

56 INT. TUNNEL MOUTH - THAT MOMENT 56

Out of the corner of his eye, Clay catches what might be movement in the tunnel behind him. He spins quickly, stares at the tunnel through the green glow of his NVDs. Nothing.

Now he starts to inch through the darkness, back against the wall, working hard not to make a sound...

WHAM! -- he nearly walks into one of Khaled's Bodyguards.

The Bodyguard starts to bring his weapon around in Clay's direction, but Clay's faster, double-taps him in the chest. The guy crumples, dead before he hits the ground.

Getting his bearings, Clay now realizes where the guy was headed: an even smaller passage that branches off the main tunnel; in the darkness, it's almost impossible to notice the new opening unless you're standing on top of it.

CLAY
(into his mic)
This is Alpha 11 -- tunnel is not
secure. Repeat, tunnel not secure.

Clay tries to raise Jason and Ray on comms -- nothing; the tunnel's making their signal unreliable. But now, in the distance, he hears raised voices...

57 INT. SAFE ROOM - NIGHT 57

Jason and Ray are still faced off with Khaled, shouting in Arabic for him to drop the detonator. He's not complying, but he's also not detonating -- still may be a possibility, however tiny, that they can take him alive. But then...

Clay appears on one side of the safe room, having followed the small passage he found when he took out the Bodyguard.

It takes Khaled a moment to realize he's there; then he starts to turn toward him --

BANG! - Clay shoots him through "the Apricot," the tiny (apricot-sized) spot where your brain meets your nerve stem.

The guys take a moment to absorb, trade looks -- but they'll have to discuss it later. Right now, they're immediately back to business:

JASON
(into his lip mic)
Alpha 1 here -- we have located
objective B, Abu Khaled al-Masri,
EKIA. Currently beginning SSE and
recovery of subject's body.

57 IN THE "OPS CENTER," Mandy absorbs the news, face unreadable.

IN THE TUNNEL, even as the "Rogers" are still coming back
over the comms, Jason and Ray are kneeling beside Khaled,
examining his suicide vest.

JASON (CONT'D)
(to Ray)
Looks like the clasp is booby
trapped. We're gonna have to cut
it off him.

RAY
Gonna take some time.

JASON
Then I guess we'd better get
started.

58 INT. BLACKHAWK - FLYING - DAY 58

And it's only now, as the Blackhawk lifts off, rises out of
range of the guns on the ground that Jason turns to Clay.
And for the first time -- just for a moment -- we see our
hero lose his professional cool. It's fucking terrifying.

He grabs Clay by the web gear, pulls him close --

JASON
(almost snarling)
I told you stay out of the tunnel!

Ray puts a steadying hand on Jason's arm --

RAY
Jace!

Jason breathes deep, gets himself calm --

JASON
Walk us through it. How did you
make the decision to shoot? We
left you at the tunnel mouth with
instructions to watch our "6".
Then... Go --

Clay knows how important it is he get this right. Deep
breath. Here goes nothing --

CLAY

I caught a dude trying to creep on you, figured I needed to clear the rest of that tunnel section case he had a partner. Came out in that big room, saw the "S"-vest, assessed all three of us to be under imminent threat. S.O.P. for neutralizing a subject with an "S"-vest calls for a shot through "the apricot" to sever the nerve stem, preventing any death reflex that might trigger his device. I further assessed that, of the three of us, I was in by far the best position for such a shot. The guy was wearing an S-Vest for God's sake. That's gotta be a good shoot, right?

Off Jason's face --

59

INT. MILITARY AIRCRAFT HANGAR - DAY

59

Celebration all around: they've rescued a hostage and taken a very dangerous player off the board, all without losing a single man. Quite a day's work.

Mandy is hugging the rescued Stacy Mitchell, weeping with relief. Ray and Jason watch her from a distance.

JASON

(to Ray, quietly)

I told him to stay outside.

RAY

I know, but he made a call. And he's got a point -- guy he caught trying to creep on us could've just as easily had a friend as not. Plus. He got Khaled straight through the apricot -- even if he'd had a dead-man's switch it wouldn't have gone off. That's pretty high-speed.

JASON

If Khaled was only after martyrdom, he could've detonated as soon as we were in the room.

RAY

Maybe he was trying to draw us closer. Bottom line -- kid saw a guy in an S-vest, saw he had the best angle on the apricot -- took the shot. No hesitation.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Telling me, his position, you
wouldn't've done the same?

(off Jason's silence)

You gonna call him out in the
A.A.R.? Say he got it wrong?

(then)

You know that'll follow him. Your
name in an A.A.R. saying it was a
bad shoot?

(then --)

Look. You might actually be the
best Goddamn gunfighter who ever
lived -- and if you're not, you're
awful close. And if you tell me
you could see Khaled's thumb wasn't
on the detonator and that's why you
didn't smoke him... well, I guess
I've got no choice but to believe
you. But it's not easy.

Jason's genuinely confused --

JASON

That is why I didn't smoke him.

RAY

You're kidding.

JASON

Hold on -- I figured that was the
same reason you didn't smoke him.

RAY

No. I didn't smoke him 'cause I
didn't think I had a good enough
angle on the apricot.

The easy laughter of old friends lightens the moment.
Briefly. Ray takes one more shot --

RAY (CONT'D)

You feel honor-bound to call the
kid out 'cause he missed something
maybe you and a half-dozen guys on
earth are good enough not to miss.
Well, then I guess that's your
lookout. Just make sure you're not
doing it 'cause of who his daddy
is.

(then --)

Or who he reminds you of.

Before Jason looks up at him quickly. But before he can
respond, Rojack comes swaggering over --

ROJACK

Hell of an Op, Gents. Outstanding.

Jason and Ray accept his handshake.

JASON
Thank you, Sir.

ROJACK
Listen, obviously most of the
A.A.R. is gonna be about the
chopper problems. Big Chief's
asked permission to hold off on
that stuff until tomorrow so he can
get some Air Force brass in, have a
real come-to-Jesus. So he's asking
us to get anything else out of the
way beforehand. Comms we obviously
know about. Intelligence turned
out solid. 8 EKIA, including one
H.V.T. wearing an S-vest -- all
good shoots. Anything I'm missing?

A long moment as Jason considers his answer. Ray watches
him. Finally --

JASON
Nope, that's it -- eight good
shoots.

Ray works to hide his relief.

60

INT. C-130 TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT - DAY

60

Loading up for the flight home. Mandy stands over a pallet
on which we see KHALED'S CORPSE. Jason appears beside her.

JASON
I'm sorry.

She looks over at him, seriously confused --

MANDY
What?

JASON
Khaled was right where you said
he'd be. We should have brought
him in for you.

Now she gets it -- not that it makes any sense --

MANDY
You just saved a woman from being
tortured to death on the Internet
in front of chat-room trolls and
budding sexual sadists. Not to
mention her friends and loved ones.
(re: Khaled)
(MORE)

MANDY (CONT'D)

You also, incidentally, found time to rid the world of one of its few dozen or so most-evil people. I call that a good day's work.

JASON

The objective was a live snatch. We failed to complete it.

Off which --

61 INT. DEVGRU - EQUIPMENT AREA - DAY 61

Jason, Ray, Sonny, Clay, Diaz unload their gear. Each of the guys -- including, for the moment, Clay -- has a devoted SUPPORT STAFF MEMBER (squire to the Operator's knight) to help him wriggle out of his body armor, web gear, etc..

JULIE (PRE-LAP)

You know I used to work with cops?

Brings us to --

62 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY 62

Julie and Jason sit across from each other, both in NEW WARDROBE: not the same session that began the episode.

JASON

Congratulations.

JULIE

Most police departments I've been around, any time an officer's involved in a shooting? Even if no one's hurt, department makes them go to counseling, maybe takes them off the street for a week or two.

JASON

You want us to take a week off every time we get shot at?

JULIE

I just wanna get you to talk to me.

Silence. Then Jason has a thought, smiles --

JULIE (CONT'D)

What's funny?

JASON

My grandfather was with 1st Marines at the Chosin Reservoir. Spent 17 days surrounded by more'n 100,000 Chinese, temperature so cold the guns wouldn't fire.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Wonder what he and his boys'd say
they knew I had to sit down with a
psychologist after every single
gunfight...

JULIE

(after a moment --)
How was your Godson's Communion?

Simple question, but for Jason...

63 INT. JASON'S TRUCK/EXT. ANNABELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The moment we saw just before our guys got "The Call":

Jason sits in his truck, watches through the window:

INSIDE THE HOUSE, Annabelle and his kids entertain Landon and
Nate's Widow, help them forget their sadness on what should
be this happy communion day.

64 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - RESUME 64

JASON

It was fine.

Julie nods, knows how much work this will be. Off which --

65 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY 65

Annabelle looks around a room full of happy, carefree-seeming
parents, casts a baleful glance at the empty seat next to her
as Lila's choral group steps out on stage and begins to sing.

The gorgeous notes of SARAH'S SONG begin over --

66 INT./EXT. THE BEACH 66

In a SERIES OF CUTS [all M.O.S., scored with Lila's choral
group's performance of Sarah's Song] we see the homecomings:

-- Diaz comes up her front steps, gets greeted by a big PIT
BULL and a SWEET-SEEMING, SLIGHTLY CHUBBY 12-YEAR-OLD BOY.

-- Ray enters his house to find Jameelah and his MOTHER-IN-
LAW just starting to cook dinner -- he's back a couple hours
earlier than they expected, Naima is still taking her nap.
He joins them in the kitchen, ties on an apron.

-- Clay sits with his Green-Team Classmates as they begin the
evening's hand-to-hand training. Somehow he feels less like
one of them than he did a couple days ago. He's been to the
top of the mountain. Will he have what it takes to get back?

67 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME 67

Back to the performance as Sarah's Song continues --

Jason slides into a seat a couple of seats away from Annabelle's. Either because she's so focussed on Lila's performance or because her husband moves with professional stealth, she apparently doesn't even realize he's there.

As Jason follows along in the program, he notices blood (presumably Khaled's) still under his fingernails.

And on this image --

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE