FADE IN ON:


Afghanistan - Three Years Ago

We hear faint SCREAMS. A man BEGGING...

MAN (O.S.)
No... please... There's no way...

Sand dunes stretch to the horizon. Nowhere to run...

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nothing... can defeat...
A SHADOW FALLS across the sand. Then a second. One looks like a Dog's Head. The other like...

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Gojira.

HAND PUPPET SHADOWS. LAUGHTER from OTHER MEN. "Godzilla" pursues "Dog Head", catches him, and begins HUMPING HIM.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ooooh, Gojira! You the best! Me love you long time!

SECOND MAN (O.S.)
C'mon Jensen, you in or not?

WHIP PAN to the Puppeteer and FREEZE-FRAMING ON:

Jensen. 20's, Lennon glasses, wild blonde hair, shirt open. Bald eagle tattoo on his chest. RESUME SPEED:

JENSEN
And get cheated again?

WHIP PAN to and FREEZE-FRAME ON:

Pooch. Mid 30's, black and solid. Eagle tattoo on right bicep, his NINE MONTH OLD DAUGHTER'S FACE tattooed on his left. Currently mock offended. RESUME SPEED:

POOCH
The Pooch don't cheat. The Pooch may lie, the Pooch may steal-- 2.

JENSEN
--the Pooch may refer to himself in the third person--

POOCH
--but the Pooch will not cheat.

JENSEN
The Pooch can rest easy, I was referring to Cougar.

WHIP PAN and FREEZE FRAME ON:

Cougar. Age unknown. Tan camo cowboy hat pulled low over his eyes, long hair. Sniper Rock-God. He doesn't say or move much. Ain't no rattling him. RESUME SPEED:

ROQUE (O.S.)
It's Liar's Poker, Jensen, how in the hell is the man gonna cheat you at Liar's Poker?

WHIP PAN as he asks the question and FREEZE FRAME ON:

Roque. 30's. Close cropped black hair. If Lance Armstrong bred with Darth Vader. Doesn't smile much, but he's smiling now. The four are in

EXT. HUMVEE -- DAY

Open air, the guys sit in the back. In the middle of the desert with nothing to do but wait. Roque holds the deck.

ROQUE
Cards.
The four take them. Lick the back, slap them to their foreheads -- two deuces (Jensen and Roque), a three (Pooch), and an eight (Cougar). Pitiful cards.

JENSEN
Got a feeling about this one, Roque.

ROQUE
Your mama had that feeling too.

At which point, JENSEN PULLS A KNIFE...

...and tosses it into the center of the circle. HIS BET. Roque responds by tossing a .357 MAGNUM from his belt in.

3.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
Raise you.

POOCH (INTRIGUED)
That the one with the hollow points?

ROQUE
Yup.

POOCH
Oh, shit, I'm definitely in then.

He puts in a Desert Eagle. Jensen pulls a second, meaner looking knife. Twirling it.

JENSEN
This even me up?

ROQUE
Exactly how many knives do you have, anyway?

Jensen grins and STABS IT down into the pot.

POOCH
Cougar - your bet.

The Silent Man stares at the others. Two deuces and a three. He shakes his head at them. Before he can bet...

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, losers!

WHIP PAN to Clay. Mid-30's. Their leader, and you gotta be a bad-ass to lead this crew. Tired eyes. A weariness to him already. And hands faster than you can imagine.

CLAY
It's time...
SMASH TO:

EXT. HUMVEE (MOVING) -- DAY

RIPPING ACROSS THE DESERT. Pooch drives, Clay shotgun, others in the back. Passing a COMPUTER TABLET to Jensen:

4.

CLAY
Authenticate and backtrace.

POOCH
(GRUMBLING)
Send us out to the middle of nowhere to "wait for instructions"

JENSEN
(FINISHES CHECKING)
We're good, this baby came out of the Kandahar Spook Station, controller's codename is Max.

He hands the tablet back.

ROQUE
(DISTASTE)
This is an Agency gig?

CLAY
We don't get to pick what needs to be done.
(reading from tablet)
Quaeda-wannabe name of Fadhil is running a terrorist assembly line out around the Khyber Pass--

JENSEN
I'm shocked. Shocked, I say.

CLAY
We find it, we paint it for a laser targeted bomb. No muss, no fuss.

ROQUE
For that we had to put on a blindfold and turn around three times?

POOCH
You'd rather take on fifty mujah with AK's?

He upshifts a gear as the Humvee drives on...
CUT TO:

P.O.V. -- THROUGH BINOCULARS

A terrorist looking fellow talks with another. We are...

EXT. DESERT BLUFF -- AFTERNOON

Our guys, now in full on Black Ops Special Forces combat desert fatigues, perched high above what looks like a RUN DOWN AFGHAN PRISON. Roque with the field glasses:

ROQUE

I got eyes on Fadhil.

CLAY

Paint it.

Pooch fires up the LASER DESIGNATOR and aims it at the compound. A high pitched whine as he does...

POOCH

Call me Michelangelo.

Cougar sights down the LASER SCOPE of his LONG RIFLE. Just taking in the scenery. Jensen, into a field radio:

JENSEN

Dropkick, this is Pinball, confirmed eyes on, target is designated.

EXT. AFGHAN SKY -- DAY

A DESERT HAWK ROARS THROUGH THE SKY, enroute to target.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

(Filtering) Roger, target acquired, exfil chopper is enroute. ETA to fireworks is eight minutes.

EXT. DESERT BLUFF -- DAY

JENSEN

Roger, we'll break out the earplugs. (to the others) So who wants to get a game? We got eight minutes-

And then, for the first time COUGAR SPEAKS. With concern:

COUGAR
Boss?

Clay immediately looks THROUGH HIS SCOPE -- 6.

A GROUP OF CHILD-SLAVES on the ground BY THE PRISON, being led off a truck. The others look too. Reacting:

CLAY
Call it in.

JENSEN
(INTO RADIO)
Dropkick, children are at target site, repeat, we have eyes on children at target site – advise.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Hold the line...

STATIC. Seconds tick by...

RADIO VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Acknowledged, maintain position.

ROQUE
Maintain position? Colonel–

JENSEN
(INTO RADIO)
Dropkick, we strongly recommend cancellation of payload delivery–

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Abort order can only come from MISSION CONTROLLER–

Clay GRABS THE RADIO from Jensen:

CLAY
Mission Controller is Agency, Codename Max, repeat, Codename Max, so get him on the horn and–

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Already have, Pinball, your orders stand. Prep for exfil.

STATIC. A beat. The others stare at Clay.

CLAY
Cougar?
Cougar takes the butt of his rifle and SMASHES THE LASER DESIGNATOR TO BITS! Clay, into the radio:

7.

CLAY (CONT’D)
Dropkick, this is Pinball, targeting equipment has suffered system failure, am calling an abort.

STATIC. Then, a DIFFERENT VOICE:

MAX (O.S.)
Well, that was stupid.

The voice is even. Distinctly unmilitary. Almost stoned.

CLAY
Who is this? This is a secure MILITARY NETWORK--

MAX (O.S.)
Very stupid, Colonel... Franklin... Clay.

Clay blinks — no one uses names on comms.

CLAY
Max? There are children on site—

MAX (O.S.)
And you think I didn't know that?
Not the sharpest of knives in the drawer, are you? We locked coordinates the moment you painted; delivery will occur on schedule. Max out.

STATIC. Clay hits the send button to respond — gets a SQUELCH. Cursing, tossing the radio to Jensen:

CLAY
Shit! Jensen, call the General at the Firebase, get him to abort—

JENSEN
Can't, they're jamming us—

ROQUE
Then contact the plane directly—

JENSEN
(trying all channels)
Negative, we're screwed!

(LOOKING UP)
There's nothing we can do...

His face, stricken. They all are. And then:

**CLAY**

There's something we can do.

Clay hefts his rifle.

The others stare at him. Automatically begin checking their own weapons. Roque runs it down for them:

**ROQUE**

Five against a fortress, and we've got maybe six minutes before an airstrike sets the world on fire.

**CLAY**

So?

**ROQUE**

So, I'll drive.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AL GHOZAR FORT -- DAY**

WHAM! BAD GUYS firing wildly as our guys' HUMVEE PLOWS through the GATE!

**POOCH**

I guess we're going with the fifty mujas with AK's option after all!

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- We see just how good these guys are. Cougar on his knee in the back -- snipes SINGLE SHOT KILLS -- takes out SEVEN MEN. Roque pulls to a halt in the center of the compound -- Bad Guys, coming out of the woodwork with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. As the guys hop out:

**CLAY**

Pooch and Jensen, get a truck for the kids, the rest of us will be out in five-

**ROQUE**

(CHECKING WATCH)

-airstrike's in four and change-

**CLAY**
out in four. On me!

9.

Clay leads ZONE COVERAGE toward the building -- Roque and Cougar run middle -- QUICK DEATH STRIKES. Images BLAST fast and savage as these men KILL THEIR WAY INTO THE FORT.

INT. AL GOZAR FORT - KHYBER PASS - CONTINUOUS

Roque calmly kicks in the door -- kills FIVE MEN sitting around a table with TWO YOUNG GIRLS in the middle -- the terrified girls run to him. The BAD GUYS have no chance -- Fast. Precise. SPECTACULAR. Our crew takes the fort.

MOVING THROUGH a tight hallway, they find the children locked in a large empty room. They start leading them out. One LITTLE BOY stops Clay. In PASHTUN:

LITTLE BOY

Clay checks the time. 3 MINUTES TO AIRSTRIKE...

CLAY

(to Roque and Cougar)

Get 'em out.

Roque and Cougar hustle the kids toward the exit while Clay moves DOWNSTAIRS into the darker sublevels...

INT. AL GOZAR FORT -- DARKER SUBLEVEL -- CONTINUOUS

Clay kicks in a door to find A MAN - Looming over a SHACKLED BOY. Unbuckling his pants.

The Man pales. Realizing the American understands what he was about to do, backing away, BEGGING IN PASHTUN:

PERVERT

Omar DOESN'T MOVE. Instead, he eerily raises his hand and wordlessly POINTS TO A CELL. In the corner. And Clay hears a MOAN emit from it. VAGUELY HUMAN.

Omar lowers his arm. Goes upstairs, dragging his bear.

10.

Clay turns. Approaches the cell. Looks down into it... it's clear from Clay's face that it's SOMETHING HORRIFIC.

SOMETHING HORRIFIC

...shoooot mee...
CLAY
You're American?

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
...Max sent you...

CLAY
(SURPRISED)
How do you know that name?

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
...was IA Field Ops hunting rogue agents... Max caught me...

He torture rasps and spits small chunks of death...

CLAY
Max is rogue?

Something Horrific leans forward out of the shadows...

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
You're off-mission aren't you?

Clay just stares.

SOMETHING HORRIFIC (CONT'D)
What's the mission?

CLAY
Fadhil.

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
Max doesn't care about Fadhil...
He's cleaning up the mess. You're his mop. I'm the mission....

Clay's just staring into the burning, crazed eyes of Something Horrific.

SOMETHING HORRIFIC (CONT'D)
Kill me...

CLAY
I can get you out-
11.

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
Already dead... Kill ME-

BLAM! A BULLET pierces what used to be left of Something Horrific's CHEST. Not fired by Clay...
SOMETHING HORRIFIC (CONT'D)
Thaaank...

And he dies. Clay turns - COUGAR. Lowers his rifle. Speaks one word.

      COUGAR

Mercy.

Holds up his watch. 40 SECONDS LEFT. Speaks another:

      COUGAR (CONT'D)

Run.

EXT. AL GHOZAR FORT -- DAY

Clay and Cougar BURST from the fort, FIRING and RUNNING FULL TILT towards the commandeered TRUCK LOADED WITH KIDS. As they leap into the back, Pooch hits the gas:

      POOCH

Jesus, you stop for coffee in there?

As he RUNS OVER two Bad Guys trying to stop them at the gate. The sound of a JET APPROACHING. Roque to Jensen:

      ROQUE

What kind of blast radius we looking at?
Jensen, calculating on the computer tablet. Shows an animation mock-up to Roque - huge blast radius. To Pooch:

      ROQUE (CONT'D)

DRIVE. MUCH. FASTER.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE AL GHOZAR FORT -- DAY

The Fort and the retreating Truck below us mere specks as the DESERT HAWK SWOOPS IN and RELEASES ITS PAYLOAD...

A moment of silence as it falls... and then STRIKES below, an orange FIREBALL BALLOONING OUTWARDS...

  12.

EXT. TRUCK (MOVING) -- DAY

Ripping across the dunes, FIREBALL EXPANDING behind them...

      JENSEN

I think we're in the clear-

As the fireball ENGULFS THEM.
INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -- DAY

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRESTORM: All Pooch can see is FLAMES through the WINDSHIELD as they plow through the destruction. Glances in the REAR-VIEW:

POOCH

Uh, Coug?

Cougar's sleeve, FULLY ABLAZE. He casually rips it off and tosses it out the back.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - The fire clears... to reveal a 30 FOOT DROP. The guys scream as they PLUNGE OVER IT...

WHOOMP! The Truck buries itself nose first in the sand.

EXT. AFGHAN DESERT -- DAY

Silence. Smoke rises from a crater that was once the Fort. The doors of the truck creak open. Most of the YOUNGSTERS GIGGLE. Fun ride. As the guys help them out:

JENSEN

Yeah, that was great, wasn't it?
My favorite part was when we were completely on fire. What was yours?

Sounds of a BLACKHAWK CHOPPER APPROACHING...

POOCH

Exfil incoming. How are we gonna explain the kids, Colonel?

Clay doesn't seem to hear him.

POOCH (CONT'D)

Colonel?
(Clay looks up)
The kids. What do we tell 'em?

13.

A beat. Clay seems to shake off his daze as the BLACKHAWK sets down. Walking up to the chopper:

CLAY

Lieutenant, you're to evac these civvies to the Firebase immediately-

BLACKHAWK PILOT

Negative, our orders are to transport a five-man team only.
Clay's eyes dart down to the Pilot's neck. A SILVER CRUCIFIX hangs around it. Clay, softer:

**CLAY**

You really want to leave twenty three kids in the desert to die?

A beat.

**BLACKHAWK PILOT**

Not enough room for them and you...

**CLAY**

Then it's them.

The Pilot nods. Our guys begin loading the kids on...

**JENSEN**

Clay helps Omar on last. The kid looks at him. He knows perfectly well what Clay saved him from in that basement.

**OMAR**

Clay nods. A beat. The Pilot pulls the stick back and the CHOPPER ASCENDS. The kids wave goodbye to our guys.

Omar, holding Clay's gaze as they rise. Only broken as the chopper begins to recede into the distance. The last Clay sees of him is that ratty little TEDDY BEAR...

**POOCH**

Cute little buggers. Hope they can make it to our court-martial. **14.**

**ROQUE**

Relax, Pooch, we're not going to be court-martialed - if anything, we're going to die of thirst wandering the desert, right Colonel?

**CLAY**

(IGNORES THIS)

Jensen, see if you can cut into that Blackhawk's chatter--I want to know if he rats us out.

As Jensen tunes his radio...
POOCH
So, how we getting back? Hitchhike?
Magic carpet? I say magic carpet...

ROQUE
(NOTICING)
Guess they hustled up some air
support after all - that's a
Pakistani MiG up there...

Jensen's tuning into the MIG's frequency. Looking nervous.

JENSEN
Guys... This is bad...

TURNS UP THE VOLUME:

MIG PILOT (O.S.)
Max, Cobra One. Bandit locked,
twelve o'clock low...
Their eyes go wide with understanding....

MAX (O.S.)
Understood, Cobra One. Kill Bandit.

Clay and Cougar have ALREADY BEGUN RUNNING towards the
receding chopper on the horizon. As the MIG SWINGS IN
BEHIND THE BLACKHAWK....

MIG PILOT (O.S.)
(CALMLY)
Fox One.

WOOSH... The MIG FIRES - AIR TO AIR MISSILE... WHOOMP!
The Blackhawk's tail rotor SHEARED OFF, the chopper
spinning and falling but still intact...

Pooch, the pilot, from somewhere SCREAMING:

POOCH
Auto-rotate, go with it, you can
still put her down if you-

FROM THE RADIO:

MAX (O.S.)
And again.

CLAY

NO!
MIG PILOT (O.S.)
...Fox Two.
The SECOND MISSILE from the MiG SLAMS INTO THE BLACKHAWK proper. Burning, spinning... FALLING. Clay and Cougar, screaming by the time they reach the wreck...

OMAR'S TEDDY BEAR, BLACKENING to a crisp. Clay tries to dive into the flames, but COUGAR DRAGS HIM BACK. No use, anyway...

Nothing's alive inside.

SLAM TO:

INT. PAKISTAN - KARACHI SAFE HOUSE -- DAY

A safe house. A LARGE MAN stands in the shadows, watching as Roque, Jensen, Pooch, Cougar, and Clay yell back and forth at FENNEL - a CIA Handler:

FENNEL
What are you talking about "MAX?"

CLAY
He set up the Operation-

FENNEL
There was no operation! You were never radioed orders!

CLAY
I talked to him! 16.

FENNEL
You kill a friendly Afghan warlord, probably lose us the support of half the tribes in the region, and your alibi is "MAX?"

(PAUSE)
Wait - are you saying you're Max?

CLAY
What?

FENNEL
Colonel, Max is an Agency code for a rogue agent or operation-

CLAY
What are you talking-

LARGE MAN (O.S.)
There is no specific Max.

The LARGE MAN finally steps out of the shadows. Special Forces, like our guys. WADE. They know him.

WADE
"Max" is catch-all for exactly what you've been accused of. Terminology's been around since the 50's.

Silence as the guys take this in.

CLAY
We didn't kill those kids, Wade. Wade studies him. Finally:

WADE
I believe you.

Fennel sighs.

FENNEL
Stay here. We'll be back.

They watch Wade and Fennel leave. Now alone. SILENCE. After a bit, Pooch looks down. Under a little table...

POOCH
Wade left his suitcase.
17.

It hits them all at the same time.

ROQUE
Ah, shit...

They BOLT for the door. LOCKED. Run to the window. THREE FLOORS UP and it has BARS ON IT.

CLAY
(nodding to the case)
Jensen?

JENSEN
I'm not good with bombs, man-

CLAY
I don't care--Roque, Pooch, get those bars off!

Roque and Pooch - SWISS ARMY KNIVES OUT. PHILLIPS HEAD
attachments, slotting them into the SCREWS that hold the barred WINDOW FRAME in place...

Jensen POPS OPEN the briefcase. Wires and dials aplenty...

    JENSEN
    Oh, shit. Oh, shit...

    CLAY
    Time?

First set of screws out, moving onto the second...

    JENSEN
    It's a remote detonator--enough for them to get clear, maybe ten
    MORE SECONDS--

    CLAY
    CAN YOU--

    JENSEN
    I told you, I'm not good with bombs!
    How are those bars coming?

Second set out, moving onto the third and final....

    POOCH
    Hurry...
    18.

    ROQUE
    Shut up.

    POOCH
    Hurry...

    ROQUE
    Shut up...

Third set out, ripping the frame from the window...

EXT. KARACHI SAFE HOUSE -- SAME

WIDE ON THE CITY BLOCK: As the SAFE HOUSE EXPLODES!
Debris flying far enough to shower the open air bazaar
being held two blocks East. HOLD on the smoldering ruins.
AS WE SLOWLY FADE TO...

EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE AIRBASE -- NIGHT

A rain slicked tarmac. MARINES carrying FIVE FLAG DRAPE

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. CIA BACKROOM -- NIGHT

Somewhere secret. Our guys' PERSONNEL FOLDERS. Each being opened. Each being stamped "DECEASED". BACK TO...

EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE AIRBASE -- NIGHT

As the Marines SALUTE the passing coffins. POOCH'S WIFE lowers her head, weeping. CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. OVER IT IN SMALL LETTERS:

THE LOSERS

FADE UP:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

A nice quiet neighborhood. White picket fences, the whole nine. WE'RE WATCHING from outside the kitchen window of a Cape Cod two story. POOCH'S WIFE JOLENE doing dishes.


She dries her hands and heads upstairs. We catch a glimpse of her in the upstairs hall. Then in her DAUGHTER's bedroom. 4 YEARS OLD NOW. Mom, putting her down.

In the backyard, by the swingset, a figure watches. POOCH. Indulging in a nightly ritual...

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Mexico City. CARNIVALE. Day of the Dead. Jesters and masks. Music. A man with a cowboy hat walks among them. COUGAR. Sees Mexican Police eyeing him. Walks a little faster. Hat pulled low as fireworks explode above...

EXT. DESERT STRIP MALL -- NIGHT

Phoenix, Arizona. A late night internet cafe, wedged between a donut shop and spinning studio. JENSEN sits. Alone. Playing INTERACTIVE ON-LINE COMBAT...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, FL - HOLLYWOOD DOG TRACK -- MORNING

Hollywood, Florida. DOGS IN FULL SPRINT. A few thousand
SPECTATORS. Not the Derby, but reasonably enthused.

IN THE CHEAP SEATS -- CLAY and ROQUE. Three years older. But in no way bolder. They look almost... Broken.

Roque's got his feet up. Sucks lazily on a straw embedded in what looks like a SODA POP. Clay's got BINOCULARS, following the action on the track -- Muscle shredded greyhounds tearing over the dirt. One crosses the FINISH LINE. Roque checks their ticket. Yawns.

ROQUE
(FLAT)
You lost again.

CLAY
We lost again.

Clay's got the binoculars up, slow-checking the track.

ROQUE
You placed the bet.

CLAY
You gave me the money.
20.

ROQUE
Well, that was stupid of me, wasn't it?

Clay drums his fingers along the binocs as he scans. We see on his right hand, between his thumb and index finger -- A TATTOO. A TEDDY BEAR. Looks just like Omar's...

ROQUE (CONT'D)
That makes, what, three in a row?

CLAY
Four.

Something glint-flashes...catches Clay's eye. He looks across the track, towards the PARKING LOT.

ROQUE
You know where you're messing up?
You're putting all our money on the dogs with the best odds.

CLAY
Yeah, I've just gone crazy with that approach.
CLAY SCANS THE LOT -- A YOUNG WOMAN in tight jeans walks towards a black pick up, carrying a PAIR OF BINOCULARS.

ROQUE
Never play a longshot, you're never gonna win.

Clay doesn't respond. Watching her. Roque exhales.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
We're at a dogtrack at 10 a.m. - could this get any more sleazy?

CLAY
Maybe if we were drinking.

Roque takes a pull on his straw.

ROQUE
You're not drinking?

EXT. FLORIDA -- MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

Clay and Roque wolf Big Macs in a 1988 Chevy Crew Cab. FAMILIES eat outside. KIDS play like hamsters in tubes. 21.

CLAY
We'll stay two more days, try to get some of the cash back.

ROQUE
Then what?

CLAY
Miami. Jai-Alai.

Various PEOPLE walk to and from their cars. Clay and Roque shield their faces from them instinctually.

ROQUE
I can't take much more of this.

CLAY
We're on the run. It occasionally INVOLVES RUNNING-

ROQUE
I'm serious. Grinding out lunch money on five dollar sports bets, wincing everytime some overly Aqua-netted cow stares at my face for more than two seconds-

(DELICATELY)
I'm at the point where I'm thinking we ought to try to reach out to the Company...

CLAY
All we did was say the word "Max" and they blew up a building. CIA even gets a whiff of where we're at, they'll call in an airstrike. (shakes his head) Until we figure out how we can take Max down and get clear, we lay low.

A Metro Dade POLICE CRUISER rolls into the McDonald's. Clay watches close as it pulls into a parking spot...

ROQUE
Due respect, you're nobody's Colonel anymore.

CLAY
Anytime you want to move along you go right ahead- 22.

ROQUE
Like the others? Least I still talk to them. You pushed them away. "Max this, Max that" - we never even saw the guy, Clay-

CLAY
We heard his voice. Guy with a voice is a guy with a throat. And if he's got a throat...

ROQUE
(IN DISBELIEF)
We're hiding out in the parking lot of a goddamn McDonald's--You actually think we're in any position to take on some shadowy CIA super-spook?

CLAY
ROQUE-

ROQUE
No, it's a stellar plan - we can use this as our base of ops! (gestures to the
PLAYGROUND)

Pooch can run the motor pool out of the ball pit and Jensen can set up communications by the slide!

Clay, seeing one of the COPS say something to the other...

CLAY

Go.
Roque FIRES UP THE ENGINE as the COPS get out of the cruiser. Pulling smoothly into the street...

EXT. MOTEL SIX -- AFTERNOON

Roque pulls up to their shitbeater Motel. Tension still between them. He gets out, turning back to his friend:

ROQUE

I was there too. I remember. But he won. We lost.

(PAUSE)

Maybe it's time for a new game.
23.

With that, Roque heads to the Motel. Clay looks down at his quarter eaten burger. He needs some real food...

INT. BUSTER'S BOOZE & BURGERS

Clay at the bar, eating a steak and drinking alone. Honky-tonk on the juke, mix of sawdust and blood on the floor.

A YOUNG WOMAN enters - she's hot, feels familiar. Clay eyes her as she orders a drink, dodges several GUYS.

PARTICULARLY OFFENSIVE GUY

Yabba Dabba Doo...

She catches Clay's eye. Rolls her eyes. Clay's paying more attention to his T-Bone than the girl. She slides up next to him. Her name's AISHA.

AISHA

Men.

Clay turns back to his food. Not used to attractive women instigating conversation. Aisha watches as Clay eats.

AISHA (CONT'D)

How's the steak?

CLAY
Meaty.

She's still watching him. It's getting annoying.

**CLAY (CONT'D)**

Want a bite?

**AISHA**

I don't eat red meat.

**CLAY**

Why not?

**AISHA**

Slows me down.

**CLAY**

Okay.

Aisha studies Clay. If we've been paying close attention, we might ID her as the race track binocular chick. We're not sure if Clay does.

24.

**AISHA**

You got nice arms.

**CLAY**

(turning to her)

I know you?

**AISHA**

Relax, slugger... I like arms. That's all.

**CLAY**

Do I not look relaxed?

**AISHA**

No.

**(PAUSE)**

Think we can change that?

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. HOLLYWOOD, FL. - GOLD COAST MOTEL - LATER**

Clay and Aisha enter his motel room. Aisha checks out the sparse accommodations.

**AISHA**

**(DEADPAN)**

Wow, it's everything a girl could
dream of. Got a bathroom?

CLAY
No, I specifically requested the only hotel room in the world that doesn't have a bathroom.

AISHA
You lookin' to turn a "yes" into a "no" here?

Clay points to the bathroom.

INT. HOLLYWOOD, FL - GOLD COAST - BEDROOM / BATHROOM
Aisha checks herself in the mirror. A touch of lip gloss.

AISHA
So what brings you to Florida?

Clay IN THE BEDROOM. Leans over - stretching his hamstrings. Does a few subtle twists - Loosening up. 
25.

CLAY
Convention.

AISHA (O.S.)
Convention for what?

Shit. Clay looks around. Weakly:

CLAY
...Air conditioners.

IN THE BATHROOM - Aisha studies herself in the mirror. Stretching her arms, prepping for some physical activity...

AISHA
They have whole conventions devoted to air conditioners?

IN THE BEDROOM

CLAY
You'd be surprised.

Aisha comes back out. Both now stretched and loose.

AISHA
Bet I would. Where were we?

They study each other. Aisha slowly moves towards Clay.
CLAY
You were about to tell me how much you enjoy spending time at the dog track...
Aisha smiles, tracing her fingers down his stomach...

AISHA
Saw me there did you?
Clay strokes her cheek...

CLAY
Uh-huh...

AISHA
Didn't see me at the McDonald's though...
Their lips, inches from touching...
26.

AISHA (CONT'D)
I have a proposition for you...

WHAM! Clay DECKS HER. She REELS BACK -- LOADED GLOCK up and out and -- Clay ducks left -- BACKHANDS HER with his forearm -- sends her FLYING across the room -- PAUSE.
Both breathing hard. Staring at one another:

AISHA (CONT'D)
Just hear me out. I don't want to hurt you.

CLAY
You're not going to.

AISHA
Yes, I am.

He foot-plants, spins, re-attacks and IT IS ON! INSANELY VISCIOUS: tearing the room to utter shreds. Fists SMASHING. A FACE KICK, plaster SMASHES.

She HURLELS a twenty six inch color TELEVISION at him. This EXPLODES against a wall. Sparks give to flame as the room starts to burn hot around these two warriors...

They continue to fight like RABID WOLVES. And they're GRINNING. Enjoying this. THEN FREEZE --

AISHA ON TOP OF CLAY -- Each has a BUCK KNIFE up and tight
against the other's throat. Blades on skin. TIE GAME. Neither giving. FLAMES AROUND THEM:

**AISHA (CONT'D)**

Room's on fire.

**CLAY**

Noticed. What do you want?

**AISHA**

Your life. Back.

Clay spits blood and sucks air.

**CLAY**

You want to clarify that?

**AISHA**

Max. I can help you.

27.

This clearly has effect on Clay - Substantial Effect.

Clay stares up at Aisha. FLAMES ALL AROUND THEM...

**CLAY**

I'm listening.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD, FL STREETS -- NIGHT**

Clay and Aisha walk away from the BURNING MOTEL.

**CLAY**

How'd you find me?

**AISHA**

It's not too tough if you know where to look. You guys aren't exactly subtle.

A FIRE ENGINE screams past them towards the burning hotel, as if to illustrate her point.

**CLAY**

How'd you know I was alive?

**AISHA**

Counted the number of teeth found in the safehouse debris in Karachi. Not nearly enough for five men.

**CLAY**

Who else knows?
AISHA
That you're alive? Just me.

CLAY
So what's to stop me from putting a bullet in your head?

AISHA
You want Max and I can tell you how to get him.

CLAY
Max is up to something big, isn't he? Agency wouldn't have sent you otherwise.

She gives a little smile.

AISHA
Nice try, but I'm working alone here. If I wasn't, I wouldn't need your help. Ready for the important part?

Clay nods.

AISHA (CONT'D)
There is a plane.

CLAY
Okay.

AISHA
This plane contains a truck.

CLAY
Okay.

AISHA
This truck contains a cargo.

CLAY
Right.

AISHA
This cargo is very important.

CLAY
Is this a riddle?

AISHA (FORCED SMILE)
This cargo belongs to Max. You
steal the cargo, Max comes looking for it, you grab Max.

CLAY
What a brilliant plan, and oh, so simple too. What's the cargo?

Aisha just smiles.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Right. So you want me to steal some super secret cargo known only to you and the bad guy, and I'm supposed to do this because you know the name Max and look good in a pair of jeans? Sorry, sister.

29.

He turns. Begins walking away. She calls out after him.

AISHA
Hey!
(he turns back)
You really think I look good in these jeans?

CLAY
Bye...

AISHA
Cargo's heroin. Max uses it to fund his off the books ops. And it comes straight from the poppy fields of the late Jamal al-Fadhil.
(knowing full well)
Oh... does that name mean something to you?

A beat as Clay stares at her, realizing...

AISHA (CONT'D)
He used you to kill Fadhil and take over his operation, that's right. What did you think you were doing there in the first place? Fighting for truth and justice?

Clay stares at her.

CLAY
How do I know I can trust you?
AISHA
Check my background. I'm an ex-
Company hitter. First job was a
junior field officer in Shanghai.
You can Google it under Shanghai
Hilton Decapitation.

CLAY
I mostly Google porn. Then?

AISHA
Two Chinese and an Italian arms
dealer in Bangkok. With my hands.

CLAY
Show-off. Then?
30.

AISHA
Then I stopped auditioning for
you. This is a check for ten grand-

He holds up his hand.

CLAY
We're not mercenaries.

AISHA
Operational capital, that's all.
(holding out the check)
You've been waiting three years
for a shot at this guy. You're
not gonna get another. You want
Max, this is it.

He takes it. She hands him some papers along with it.

AISHA (CONT'D)
Intel on the shipment. You check
it out, you check me out, you decide -
are you in or not?

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICO - BEACH CAMPSITE - NIGHT

COUGAR chilling by a small fire. Working his way through
a bottle of tequila. His blackberry rings...

INT. VIRGINIA MOTEL - NIGHT

POOCH in a Motel 6 Laying in bed alone, watching an old
Jimmy Stewart movie. Blackberry rings...
INT. ARIZONA MOTEL - MOTEL

JENSEN's in bed with TWO GIRLS from his spin class. Blackberry rings...

TIGHT ON THE THREE BLACKBERRY MESSAGES:

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN DO

EXT. DELHI, INDIA - MIDDAY

The city midday is UTTERLY PACKED. Overflowing. The capital of the next great Superpower. Delhi, India. 31.

INT. DELHI, INDIA - OFFICE TOWER

A TOP FLOOR OFFICE SUITE of a high end technology company. Degrees on the walls. A Bollywood musical BLARES from a TV loud enough to cover up the SOUNDS OF BEGGING...

THREE INDIAN SCIENTISTS -- A short guy, a tall guy, and a really fat guy -- On the floor, BOUND, terrified, looking up at a tough looking bastard standing over them --

WADE. Our burly man from the safe-house. Now he works for the suit in the brown French club chair. The Big Man, Master of Disaster, Trouble on a Firestick... MAX.

SHORT SCIENTIST
You know we cannot do this... We cannot do what you ask...

MAX
Tell me - is this a moral issue or a financial issue?

FAT SCIENTIST
A moral issue.

MAX
(ACTUALLY CURIOUS)
Really? You object morally to this deal?

FAT SCIENTIST
Yes. I'm sorry. Please leave...

Max takes a moment. Thinks.

MAX
Okay, here's what I'm hearing. I'm hearing "No." I'm hearing
"Leave," and I'm hearing "I'm sorry." Is that what I'm hearing?

**FAT SCIENTIST**
Please... you must leave...

Max nods to himself. He thought so.

**MAX**
Right. Okay, so that is what I'm hearing. Now, I want you to listen. Listen carefully because I want you to hear this. Wade? **32.**

Wade hauls him up the FAT SCIENTIST. Without hesitation, he walks him over to the large glass window looking down FIFTY THREE STORIES above Delhi and HURLS HIM OUT...

EXPLODING through the glass. As the poor bastard FALLS AND SCREAMS... The other scientists scream at the sight. Max turns to Wade, bewildered:

**MAX (CONT'D)**
What the hell was that?

**WADE**
You gave me the nod.

**MAX**
A "hit him in the face" nod, not a "throw him out the window" nod.

**WADE**
I thought that's what you wanted.

**MAX**
At most--at most that was a "break his fingers" nod. (slams his fist)
I mean Jesus, Wade, the man was scientific genius. Granted his weight signaled that he had certain impulse control issues, but that's no reason to throw his fat ass out a fifty story window.

**WADE**
Sorry...

**MAX**
(as if to a child)
I think I speak for everyone here
when I say that your actions were excessive and, yes, more than just a little wasteful...

Max looks over at the cowering scientists.

MAX (CONT'D)
...then again, it seemed to have had the desired effect - toss Short Round out next.

Wade starts for the Short Scientist.

SHORT SCIENTIST
Wait!

Wade stops.

SHORT SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
We have a different moral perspective than our late colleague.

MAX
The hell you say.
(PAUSE)
I need one to test and one to use.

SHORT SCIENTIST
One to test?

MAX
Of course one to test - you think I trust you?

SHORT SCIENTIST
We will need much money.

MAX
You will have much money.

Max and Wade are up and out...

INT. DELHI, INDIA - OFFICE TOWER CORRIDORS -- DAY

Max and Wade, striding towards the elevators. Passing cubicles that Indian workers cower under - we realize Max's heavily armed Henchmen had SEIZED THE ENTIRE FLOOR.

MAX
Call our people at Goliath, tell them we'll have a special package arriving on the 17th.
He snaps his fingers and the Henchman follow...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- NIGHT

New Orleans. A non-descript warehouse among many.

ROQUE (O.S.)
So this is what your girl came up with, huh?

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Large and empty. Clay and Roque take a look around it.

CLAY
Better than a ball pit...

ROQUE
You sure you're thinking clear on this?
(of off Clay's look)
I know you. When you slip, it's always cause of a woman.

CLAY
Name one time that-

ROQUE
(INSTANTLY)
Carla.

CLAY
Carla wasn't the problem, Carla's husband was the problem-

ROQUE
Carla's husband wasn't the one who SHOT YOU-

CLAY
Okay. Yes. She shot me.
(PAUSE)
But only in the leg.

ROQUE
What about Emma?

CLAY
Emma doesn't count, we never slept together.

ROQUE
Because she put a bomb in your car.

CLAY
I admit, that took some of the romance out of the relationship.

ROQUE
And now this chick, first time you meet her, burns down our hotel. Also, she kills people for a living. These are not good signs...

CLAY
I'm clear, Roque.

Roque studies Clay long and hard.

ROQUE
You better be. Or we're done.

INTERRUPTED as a DOOR CREAKS OPEN - Clay and Roque immediately have their PISTOLS OUT facing down an entering

POOCH
Damn. We missed you too.

COUGAR is with him. Clay and Roque lowers their weapons and go to embrace them... Pooch BEAR-HUGS Roque. Cougar nods to Clay.

POOCH (CONT'D)
So what's this I hear about Clay gettin' us killed over a girl?

From the SHADOWS:

AISHA (O.S.)
Been a long time since anyone called me a girl.

The guys START as she emerges. All woman.

POOCH
Jesus, Lady! Ten outta ten for stealth and shit, but next time could you just knock?

ROQUE
How long you been back there?

AISHA
Long enough.
(TO CLAY)
She put a bomb in your car?

CLAY
She was volatile. Aisha, meet Pooch, Roque, and Cougar.

A beat as she takes this motley bunch in.

AISHA
Really? You can't hang out with anyone just named "Phil"?

Another CREAK - Jensen enters.

JENSEN

(TO AISHA)
I'm gonna need a moment alone with the boys if you don't mind, but I'd like to reserve the right to awkwardly hit on you later?

AISHA
I'd expect no less.

(TO CLAY)
Have fun...

The guys admire her form as she leaves. When she's gone:

CLAY
What do you have on her?

JENSEN
Besides a pants-busting crush?

(OPENS LAPTOP)
Her intel checks out. The cargo will be arriving here in two days.

ROQUE
(DEADPAN)
Wow, I completely trust her now.

CLAY
What else?

JENSEN
Grew up in Afghanistan, Mom was a local, Dad was white devil... oh,
and CIA's got a kill order out on her.

(MORE)

37.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

As does Hamas, Sien Fein, MOSAAD-- pretty much everyone with the exception of PETA wants this chick amscrayed.

POOCH

Why?

JENSEN

Last CIA email flagged with her name says she was digging for information about a special project...

(looks up at them)

"Codename: MAX".

A moment as this sinks in.

POOCH

They want to wet her cause she's lookin' into Max. That sounds familiar...

ROQUE

(DUBIOUS)

Could those files--

JENSEN

(finishing his question)

- have been planted for us to find?

(shaking his head)

CIA timestamp, digital watermark... Someone would've had to go to a lot of trouble, and I mean a lot, to fool me.

Clay nods. Looks to the others.

CLAY

I say we go with her. Pooch?

A beat. Pooch nodding:

POOCH

I'm in.

CLAY
Jensen?
38.

**JENSEN**

Hell yeah. Cougs?

Cougar nods his assent. Only one left. ROQUE. They all turn to him. A beat.

**ROQUE**

For now.

Jensen smacks his fist on the table, excited:

**JENSEN**

Hot damn! Back with the Colonel, doing another bid for God and

**COUNTRY**

**ROQUE**

Country turned her back on us, and God can screw. This one's for us.

**CLAY**

And anyone who calls me "Colonel" better be ready to take a beating or an order. We ain't soldiers anymore.

**POOCH**

*(HAPPY NONETHELESS)*

So what's the plan, my civilian brothers?

**CLAY**

Sleep. We start tomorrow.

**JENSEN**

Start where?

**CLAY**

We're going bird hunting.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIJI - BLUE ISLAND SKY - DAY**

A White Bell AB-139 CHOPPER glides into frame -- FLYING over a small series of white sanded jungle islands...

**MAX (V.O.)**

It used to be so simple. A post 9/11 world...
LOOKING UP FROM ONE ISLAND:

HOWLER MONKEYS taunt-scream up as the chopper slow-circles over the beautiful deserted island. Outer Fijian Islands.

MAX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As a country we spoke with one voice, moved with one purpose. We had a wicked boner for doing the right thing, and now look at us!

INT. BELL AB-139 - SAME

Max wearing a Hawaiian shirt and Raybans. ZINC on his nose, rubbing suntan lotion on his forearms. To Wade:

MAX
90 percent of the globe is tooling up to whack us and we're too busy losing our nerve to notice. It's Us versus Them and right now my money would be on them...

CAMERA DROPPING FAST out of the chopper -- SOARING DOWN low -- TRACKING WITH a howler monkey up a PALM TREE -- Then airborne as the monkey leaps twenty feet to another.

MAX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wasn't it Thomas Jefferson who once said the tree of freedom must be watered with etcetera, etcetera? We need to wake people up, Wade. We need to hit them in the face, angry up the blood, give them their balls back. We TRACK WITH our lead monkey up to something very un-monkey like... Something SINISTER. A metallic, trunk-like object. Flashing lights and transponder devices...

MAX (CONT'D)
We need to give them a ten megaton reality check.
(ala John Lee Hooker)
Boom Boom Boom Boom...

A half-millisecond breath. Then, UTTER DESTRUCTION!

A MULTI STAGED NUCLEAR SHRED BLAST -- Trees, earth, water are sucked in then -- HURLED OUTWARDS in a series of SHOCK WAVES and fire balls.
TSUNAMIS ERUPT, as the chopper shudders from the blast. When the MUSHROOM CLOUD clears...

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS GONE.

Stunned silence in the chopper. Then Max whoops like a 10 year old who's just seen the world's best fireworks show.

MAX (CONT'D)
I think it's safe to say it works!

Wade, not quite as enthused. Max notices. His face falls.

MAX (CONT'D)
Jeez, talk about hard to impress...

INT. HANGAR -- DAY

Max and Wade, stepping off the chopper as it powers down. Max walks towards his office. Wade, calling after him:

WADE
The Company's with you on this?

MAX
Kinda... Sorta...

Wade raises an eyebrow.

MAX (CONT'D)
You know the drill, they don't like to know how the sausages get made. What do you care?

WADE
I don't. Just want to make sure everyone gets paid.

MAX
The money's coming from our Afghanistan operation. And what the Company doesn't know won't hurt them.

WADE
Unless they're within the blast radius.

Max puts his hand on Wade's shoulder. Earnestly:

41.

MAX
We're gonna saving our country, Wade. The United States of America will benefit greatly from what we're doing.

WADE
I was born in Quebec.

MAX
Jesus, fine - we're saving North America, does that make you happy? Just get it done.

Max stalks away...

EXT. WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE, NEW MEXICO - DAY

A US ARMY HUMVEE tears PAST CAMERA, just missing a couple of freaked out jack rabbits blast-hopping for their lives. On perimeter patrol at 80MPH down an endless desert road...

RADIO TRANSMISSION (V.O.)
Base One, this is Cavalier 415. Sector eight perimeter clear, proceeding to sector nine...

INT. BLACKED OUT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Jensen. Radio mic. His fingers rapid tap worn keys.

JENSEN
(into radio; drawls)
Roger that Cav 415, we have a report of a civilian vehicle breakdown on U.S. 70, sector nine, grid four. Please assist as required.

INT. ARMY HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Four patrol SOLDIERS. The driver throws a hard right...

DRIVER
Army of one, my ass. Goddamn Triple A service...

EXT. ROUTE 70 - NEW MEXICO - LATER

A Kenworth Heavy pulled off to the side. Pooch works on the front right tire. Sweating buckets in the desert bake. The Humvee approaches. TWO SOLDIERS get out.

SOLDIER 1
Need a hand, buddy?

Pooch looks up from his tire.

    POOCH
    Appreciate it.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - SAME

Fifty feet off the road. A brown blanket slowly rising... REVEAL the long black barrel of a SNIPER RIFLE.

SCOPE POV -- Colors and graphics we've never seen before. Cougar's got his own thing going on. More Jerry Garcia than Tom Clancy. Soldier One's THROAT is smack dab in the middle of it. CLOSE ON COUGAR'S TRIGGER FINGER: Slight squeeze. Silenced weapon...

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - BY THE TRUCK - SAME

Soldier One slaps at the burning sting in his neck.

    SOLDIER 1
    AAOW! Something just bit me!

He pulls a two inch TRANQ-DART off his neck.

    SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
    (staring at the dart)
    Is this...?

The three other soldiers see the dart and LEAP out when...

FROM BEHIND THE TRUCK -- ROQUE rises ARMS OUT. Wedged in each hand -- TWIN JET BLACK .45 CALIBER COLT STUN PISTOLS. BLASTING AWAY... The soldiers stagger, twist and stumble before succumbing to the Demerol. LIGHTS OUT.

INT. BLACKED OUT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

    CLAY
    Go.

The sound of HEAVY IRON RELEASING as the WALLS START TO SEPARATE, revealing we are INSIDE THE BROKEN-DOWN TRUCK.

    CLAY (CONT'D)
    Make the call.
    43.

Jensen taps into the military emergency band. Takes a breath, centers himself, then...
JENSEN
Base One, this is Cavalier 415!
We have been in a collision with a
civilian vehicle! Carvey's dead
an' Freeman's hurt bad! He's messed
up his neck! He can't move! Oh
god, it's horrible! We need medevac
immediate! HE'S GOT KIDS, BASE
ONE, HE'S GOT KIDS!

BASE ONE (O.S.)
Roger, Cavalier 415! We're
scrambling a chopper, hang in there!
Jensen, all smiles, looks up at Clay.

JENSEN
Robert De Niro who?

Pooch and Roque have the four drugged soldiers laid out
on the sand. All four are clearly breathing.

POOCH
Sleeping like babies.

ROQUE
What about their ride?

Clay steps off the trailer with a heavy duty air hoist.

CLAY
Flip it.
TIGHT SHOTS of the air ram attached to the undercarriage
of the Humvee. The tires start to lift off the ground...
higher... Four pairs of hands start rocking the truck...

Pooch and Jensen, on one side. Quietly:

POOCH
What do you think's up with that
"don't call me Colonel" stuff?

JENSEN
Classic loss of identity. Clay
defined himself by his place in
the military structure.

(MORE)

44.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
It was his way of measuring the
good he did in the world. Without
it, he's just another loser like the rest of us.

Pooch blinks, impressed. Then:

**JENSEN (CONT'D)**

You know there's a website where you can download MP3's of donkeys farting? How cool is that?

A FINAL PUSH... and the Humvee FLIPS. FROM JENSEN'S RADIO:

**BASE ONE (O.S.)**

Cavalier 415 this is Medevac Delta. Be advised, we are airborne and in-bound to your position!

**CLAY**

All right, everyone get into character...

**CUT TO:**

Jensen and Roque LIE ON THE GROUND by the flipped Humvee.

**JENSEN**

Lot of work to bum a ride.

**ROQUE**

Shut up, Jensen.

**JENSEN**

You shut up, Roque. You're dead, I'm the spinal injury - Spinal injury can talk, dead can't.

**ROQUE**

Stop talking or I'll break your neck for real.

**JENSEN**

Seriously, you have to get more into your role! Dead guy! No talking! Dead guy!

Clay leans against the truck. In the distance, the faint outline of a massive DOUBLE ROTOR TROOP TRANSPORT CHopper. 45.

**CLAY**

Here we go...
INT. CHOPPER - NEW MEXICO SKY - SAME

Behind the pilot as he moves in on the accident scene...

PILOT
(INTERFACE RADIO)
Base One, this is Medevac Delta.
We have visual on Cavalier 415.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NEW MEXICO DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Clay waves the chopper in. It lands on the road. TWO EMTs leap out and race towards the fallen soldiers. The first EMT kneels by Jensen.

EMT
Alright buddy, we're gonna get you patched up in no time...

JENSEN
Y-you ever treat anyone who'd been gut shot...

EMT
Sure, in Iraq. What a mess...

Jensen pulls his COLT, presses it up into the EMT's GUT.

JENSEN
Means you know what's coming to you if try to play hero. Now, lose the radio mic, Bones.
INT. CHOPPER COCKPIT - SAME

The two pilots wait behind full reflective face shields

PILOT ONE
What are they jawing about out there? We're burning fuel--

CLACK-CLACK. The pilots turn as TWO MACHINE GUNS jam up on them from out of the darkness. Pooch and Cougar.

POOCH
You heard of car-jacked? You've just been chopper-jacked, my man.
46.

PILOT ONE
You're robbing the US Army?

TRANQ-TRANQ! The Pilots slump. Pooch, to Cougar:
POOCH
When he says it out loud, it does
sound kinda ridiculous...

Clay pops his head in:

CLAY
Where's my wild goose?

Pooch reaches in and rips the chopper's TRANSPONDER OFF...

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - LATER

THE CHOPPER, now UNDER A TARP on the back of the truck
trailer. The TRANSPONDER, strapped to a SMALL ROCKET...

JENSEN
We're all set here. Ready to take
a giant step for... well, for
guys who steal stuff, I guess.

CLAY
Hit it.

Jensen FIRES THE ROCKET. The transponder takes off...

JENSEN
Beautiful. Let 'em chase that.

FROM THE CHOPPER'S RADIO:
BASE ONE (O.S.)
Medevac Delta, this is Base One.
What's your situation, over?

Pooch gets up behind the wheel.

POOCH
Time to move.

The team gets into the big double cab. Pooch fires up
the engine and the heave rig tears out onto the highway...

AFTER THEY'RE GONE -- On one of the drugged soldiers.
Trying to sit up. He looks around. WIDE: Seven soldiers
out cold on the side of the road... Alone.

47.

DRUGGED SOLDIER
...Well, shit.

INT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT
Our guys are prepping. Pooch and Clay check out maps. Cougar, in full face mask, spray paints something big.

POOCH
...no, what you want is a gas turbine generator running a force-fed rectifier unit, hook it up to the fuel tank...

Aisha sits, watching in silence. Jensen approaches her.

JENSEN
So, you grew up in the Hindu Kush, huh? That must've been rough.

AISHA
(watching the chopper)
Uh-huh...

JENSEN
Got any hobbies?

Aisha, never taking her eyes off the chopper:

AISHA
When I was a girl, I collected human ears. I had over three dozen pairs when a feral dog came into our camp one night and took them. The dog was good eating, though. A beat.

JENSEN
I'm gonna go somewhere else now.

He departs. Aisha stands, walking over to the chopper.

AISHA
Are small arms gonna be a problem?

Clay and Pooch look at the new girl.

POOCH
It's taken care of - we lined the hull with half inch steel plate.

Roque steps forward.

ROQUE
Which brings us to our next question...
He PULLS a DESERT EAGLE and LEVELS IT at Aisha's skull.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
What's your angle in this?

Aisha just smiles. Clay, more annoyed than worried:

CLAY
Roque...

AISHA
I'm giving you a chance to get even. That's all you need to know.

Roque stares at Aisha. Neither backing down.

ROQUE
I'm gonna shoot her, Clay.

CLAY
No, you're not.

ROQUE
Yes, I am.

CLAY
No.

ROQUE
Right now.

He thumbs back the hammer... A TENSE MOMENT... And then Roque lowers the gun.

CLAY
See?

ROQUE
She's coming with us. And if anything feels like a set-up, I put a bullet in her skull.

(TO AISHA)

Sound fair?

49.

AISHA
Oh, completely. Now, if you'll excuse me, it's time for prayers.

ROQUE
You're Muslim?

AISHA
You know, you are a sharp one--and don't let any of these other boys tell you different.

With that, she turns and walks away into the shadows. Roque lowers the weapon. A beat. To Clay:

**ROQUE**
I don't like this.

**CLAY**
I picked up on that.

**POOCH**
I'm with Roque, man. Agency thinks we're dead. We show up alive and kickin', start waving our dicks around in public, they're gonna make it their business to bury us. They'll call us terrorists, all KINDSA SHIT-

**CLAY**
What do you think we are now? (to all of them)
Best case scenario, this gets us face to face with Max-

**ROQUE**
What if it doesn't? What if we never get face to face with him. Are you gonna be able to live with that? Ever?

Clay doesn't reply. A pall, cast over the guys. Finally:

**POOCH**
Hell, let's just say it out loud...
(PAUSE)
We do this, we're declaring war on the Central Intelligence Agency.

Silence, as the guys take this in. Then, from the corner: 50.

**COUGAR**
They started it.

**SMASH TO:**

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY**

SWOOPING DOWN over the waterways, threading our way between
buildings, past the islands slamming into

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT, NEW ORLEANS**

A G-550, tire chalked. A fork lift removes a large VAULT-LIKE PACKAGE from the back of the plane -- THE CARGO.

A fifteen ton ATTACK-STABILIZED CASH TRANSPORT RIG idles, surrounded by TWENTY ASSAULT TROOPERS, loading up. Machine guns, frag grenades, body armor.

BY THE JET -- WADE and FENNEL, our briefcase bomb friends, talks with a G. Gordon Liddy wrinkle muscleman.

**FENNEL**

As of this moment, the truck is designated an extraterritorial zone of immunity. Under no circumstances whatsoever are you or your men to allow the package to leave the truck before it's secure in the compound - to do so would be considered an act of treason and punishable as such.

**LIDDY**

Understood and acknowledged, sir. As the package is loaded into the MONSTER ARMORED RIG...

**WADE**

Ten men ride with the package and another ten ride chase.

Ten rock hard WARRIORS in a beefed up chase van.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Let's go.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT -- DAY**

The two truck armored convoy pulls out of the private airport and passes a parked TOWN CAR...

51.

**INT. TOWN CAR - SAME**

Clay, Roque, and Jensen watch the armored trucks pass by. Roque has a silenced long gun out as the second truck passes. As Roque PULLS THE TRIGGER...

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS**
A silenced AIR BLAST -- we TRAVEL FAST with Roque's ordinance -- SMACKING SILENT onto the rear bumper of the lead truck. A ballistic, putty-coated recon tracker.

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jensen's laptop GPS goes hot. Green dot indicates CONVOY.

CLAY

Are we wired?

JENSEN

Like Belushi.

(INTO RADIO)

Target is westbound. Heading for the bridge...

Clay fires up the Town Car and follows.

AERIAL -- LOOKING DOWN as the armored cars head towards the city. TILT UP to reveal the CRESSENT CITY CONNECTION -- eight suspended lanes spanning the Mighty Mississippi...

EXT. CRESSENT CITY CONNECTION

HIGH ANGLE -- Looking down at the bridge traffic. Sliding into frame, buckle-harnessed and very armed -- COUGAR

TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE GROUND. Lashed into a BRIDGE SUPPORT. He racks the bolt of his NTW-20 ANTI MATERIAL RIFLE - a monster of a weapon with a bulky starlight scope.

As the FIRST SWAT TRUCK reaches the center of the BRIDGE --

CLAY (O.S.)

Take em'.

Cougar FIRES --

And everything begins happening very fast. 52.

The SWAT TRUCK'S nearside front wheel EXPLODES, blown clear off the axle mount --

The wheel spins away, bounces wild, smashes a windshield --

INT. SWAT TRUCK -- FRONT CAB -- DAY

The Driver, wrestling with the wheel...
Shit, I'm losing it!

The Truck SLEWS sideways -- PLOWS into a car! The Driver SLAMS the truck in reverse, FLOORS IT --

EXT. CRESCENT CITY CONNECTION -- DAY
Cougar FIRES AGAIN -- the other front wheel DETONATES, and the truck's nose SLAMS down on the asphalt GRINDING SPARKS! Going nowhere fast...

THE CHASE VAN

Screeches to a hard stop behind. SECURITY CREW OUT -- WEAPONS RAISED -- taking up DEFENSIVE POSITIONS. Ice cold professionals.

WADE
Form a defensive perimeter around the truck!

FENNEL
They're out of their minds, there's no way off this bridge...

EXT. TOWN CAR

Now at the entrance to the bridge. Roque smiles as he hefts an MGL-40 GRENADE LAUNCHER. FIRING...

BY THE CONVOY

THICK TEAR GAS EXPLODES in dark blues, billowing across traffic. SECURITY MEN CHOKE, lost in the SMOKE...

WADE
Masks on! Secure the package!

SWAT GUY
Where are they? I can't see them--53.

COUGAR pumps a round into the EMPTY CHASE VAN -- Armor-glass BLASTING APART, showering the roadway -- Fennel DIVES for cover, PANICKING -- Lifts the radio to his lips:

FENNEL
Code RED! We are under attack!
Need Chopper Support right now!

ROQUE fires another TEAR GAS GRENADE into the melee -- CIVILIANS running and screaming -- TOTAL PANDEMONIUM --

CONTROL (V.O.)
Acknowledged, EVAC is enroute!

As the CHASE VAN is BLOWN APART behind them! Fennel trying to orient through smoke and gas. Then, a NEW SOUND... DEEP RUMBLING. Thick bass vibrations...

The thick tear gas being blown aside by the thunderous twin-rotor downwash of a CHINOOK HEAVY LIFT CHOPPER!

It bellies in low, the boarding ramp already lowering...

Wade crouch-runs to the SWAT TRUCK, HAMMERING the rear DOORS --

WADE
Cavalry's here!

The doors BURST OPEN and the SWAT Team CRASH-ROLLS the precious CARGO CRATE towards the Chinook's boarding ramp --

WADE (CONT'D)
Move! Point cover! Go, go!

INT./EXT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER -- DAY

SWAT Guys laying down point cover as their comrades hustle the crate into the Chinook's WINDOWLESS HOLD. The ramp RISING as Fennel dives onboard as well...

BY THE CONVOY

Wade makes a "take off" sign to the Chinook pilot who flips him a salute as THE CHINOOK LIFTS INTO THE AIR...

The ramp closing. The team and cargo safely aboard...

54.

EXT. CRESCENT CITY CONNECTION -- UPPER SUPERSTRUCTURE

Passing Cougar's sniper-harness, which now HANGS EMPTY. Twisting in the wind.

As we hear the rotors fade into the distance...

EXT. CRESCENT CITY CONNECTION -- DAY

Wade slumps against the burnt out wreckage of the chase van. Sighing in relief. SILENCE. His radio crackles:

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.)
This is Chopper Support--we are inbound your position, ETA five minutes! Hang in there!
As a HORRIFIED LOOK OF REALIZATION crosses Wade's face and he stares up into the sky...

INT. CHINOOK -- WINDOWLESS HOLD -- DAY

The SWAT Guys pull off their masks and high-five. They think they kicked ass. Fennel, reaching for the cockpit door handle... He can't turn it.

FENNEL
What the hell? It's welded shut!

SWAT GUY
(REALIZING)
The windows too! We're sealed in!

INT. CHINOOK COCKPIT -- DAY

We hear the FAINT YELLING of Fennel and the Swat Guys in the hold. The Chinook Pilot flips up his goggles to reveal -

It's POOCH! AISHA sitting copilot. Both grinning as they hear the protestations from behind them...

FADE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU -- EVENING

The middle of nowhere. A small clearing. Skeeters and crickets harmonize. Clay waits with Jensen and Roque. THE CHINOOK crests the tree line. Hovers above...

55.

INT. CHINOOK -- WINDOWLESS HOLD -- EVENING

Fennel and the SWAT Guys try to maintain balance and personal dignity as they stumble and fall all over each other... The chopper SETS DOWN. The men gather themselves. Weapons up. Checking clips, safeties off.

FENNEL
We're down, okay! You go the second the ramp lowers! Hit them hard, three round bursts, center mass!

EXT. CHINOOK -- EVENING

Aisha clambers onto the Chinook's hull, clutching a RUBBER HOSE. Screws the end to an inlet valve marked "FIRE RETARDANT SYSTEM". Looks down at Clay. With a grin:

AISHA
Open the valve.

TIGHT ON a 3-inch turn valve. Hard hands grab and open...

INT. CHINOOK -- WINDOWLESS HOLD -- EVENING

FENNEL
These guys are about to get the surprise of their lives...

Cut off as a CLEAR LIQUID begins to rain down on them from the SPRINKLER SYSTEM...

FENNEL (CONT'D)
What the hell they trying to do, drown us?

SOLDIER 1
Sir, that smell! It's- gasoline!

Their EYES GO WIDE...

HYDRAULICS WHINE. The RAMP LOWERS. The gas drenched soldiers BURST OUT, weapons up. Squinting through the fumes...

CLAY STANDS ALONE. The men fan out around him. Multiple rifles TRAINED AT HIS HEAD from every direction. Fennel blinks, surprised to see him alive. Nevertheless: 56.

FENNEL
Eat the ground, or they blow your head off!

CLAY
I don't think so.

FENNEL
First and only warning, Clay!

Clay calmly LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. TIGHT ON THE BURNING CHERRY: The soldiers, wide eyed...

CLAY
Gasoline. Muzzle flash. Think about it.
AS THAT SINKS IN -- Fennel looks like his puppy just died.

GASOLINE DRIPS from the muzzle of his own tooled up H&K G36 assault rifle... Clay takes a long smooth drag.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Things'll kill you.

A beat... and then the fight just goes out of the SWAT Team. They DROP THEIR GUNS and RAISE THEIR HANDS...

**CLAY (CONT'D)**

Good boys. Now, let's see what kind of cargo you got in there.

**FENNEL**

Clay, no bullshit - you open that box and we all die.

Clay steps up to him. Near nose to nose.

**CLAY**

I'm already dead, remember?

WHAP! Clay's fist to Fennel's jaw. Knocking him cold.

**CUT TO:**

TIGHT ON FENNEL as he and the Team sit bound and gagged in the back of the Chinook. As the ramp rises, he shoots panicked glances to Clay. The ramp closes between them.

Clay turns back to 57.

THE CRATE on the ground in front of our guys. Pooch and Cougar hydro-pop the locks. OPEN TO REVEAL an interior crate. Smaller, polished steel. A TEN DIGIT numeric KEYPAD on top, and a LOGO STAMPED on the side - GOLIATH.

**JENSEN**

Goliath the oil company?

Clay looks to Aisha.

**AISHA**

It must be how he moves the drugs...

**ROQUE**

Great. The super evil bad guy is in bed with the world's largest oil company. That's just fabulous.

Pooch hefts a tire iron. Smacking it into his palm.

**POOCH**

You want me to go ask Fennel the combination?
JENSEN
Nah, I can bypass no problem.

He jacks his laptop into the keypad. A few keystrokes and HISSSSSSS...

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Voila! Ten million dollars of horse, comin' up!

The second crate opens...
Revealing a THERMO-NUCLEAR WARHEAD.

Our guys stand there. COMPLETELY STUNNED. Silence.

POOCH
Is that...?

CLAY
Yeah.

The TIMER display BLINKS ON and begins COUNTING BACK --

59, 58, 57...
58.

POOCH
Is that...?

CLAY
Yeah. Jensen, you're up.

Jensen blinks. Still in shock...

JENSEN
Huh?

CLAY
The bomb.

JENSEN (HOLLOW)
But I'm not good with bombs...

CLAY
Get better.

46, 45, 44...

JENSEN
Okay. Okay.

(OPENING LAPTOP)
DOD Mainframe. I gotta hack the DOD Mainframe -

ROQUE
SHOULD WE-

JENSEN
(TYPING FAST)
It would really be good if you didn't talk right now- get that casing off for me.

Pooch, staring at the warhead warily.

POOCH
What if that sets it off?

CLAY
Then we die thirty seconds early - do it.

59.

Aisha and Pooch with drills POP THE SCREWS. Lifting the casing off the bomb housing - looking down at the MULTITUDE OF COLORED WIRES...

POOCH
I got wires - red, blue, green, white, yellow-

JENSEN
(STILL TYPING)
Okay, just hold position!

25, 24, 23...

POOCH
There's also pink-

JENSEN
Hold position!

He's typing like the damn wind now -- IMAGES on his laptop, FLYING PAST as he HACKS THE D.O.D...

15, 14, 13...

AISHA
Are you trying to make this more dramatic?
JENSEN
Almost... Almost... Shit!

AISHA
What?

JENSEN
Computer crashed!

His screen, FROZEN.

POOCH
Are you kidding me?

JENSEN
Yes, cause this is the time for
HUMOR-

CLAY
60.

JENSEN
I told you, I'm not good at bombs!

CLAY
Do you have time to reboot?

9, 8, 7...

No way. They're fucked.

POOCH
Okay, someone pick a color!

AISHA
(STRANGELY CALM)
Pull out all the wires.

ROQUE
What?

AISHA
You ever hear of a clock radio
that exploded cause you unplugged
it--pull out all the wires.

With no other options POOCH DOES. The clock, STILL GOING:

3, 2, 1...

The end of the wires FIZZLE. Then NOTHING.

SILENCE.
JENSEN
Opening it without the code must have triggered the timer...

POOCH
You think?

And then Roque PULLS HIS GUN. Levelling it at Aisha:

ROQUE
Did you know?

AISHA
I just saved our lives-

ROQUE
(FEVER PITCH)
Did you know? 61.

AISHA
Of course not!

Clay TURNS SUDDENLY, stalking towards the Chinook...

ROQUE
(CONFUSED)
Where the hell are you-

CLAY
Fennel.

INT. CHINOOK -- WINDOWLESS HOLD -- NIGHT

The Losers stand around Fennel, who's been CRYING. Urine stain on his pants. Sniveling, spilling his guts rapidly:

FENNEL
Max thinks the country's lost it's way, gone soft in the War on Terror! This is his solution!

Clay JAMS A GUN to his temple...

CLAY
Elaborate.

FENNEL
He wanted us to nuke a U.S. target, pin it on the ragheads and boom - freedom is on the march again! The same people who want us to
POOCH
What was the target?

FENNEL
I CAN'T-

BLAM! Clay FIRES - INCHES FROM Fennel's HEAD! Fennel SCREAMS

FENNEL (CONT'D)
The Mall of America! Christ!

They stare down at him in disbelief...

62.

FENNEL (CONT'D)
I'm serious! It's his sense of humor! He told us we could choose between there and Epcot Center...

A beat as our guys take this in.

JENSEN
(AMAZED)
Holy shit, it's like we were framed by Dr. No...

AISHA
What about Goliath?

JENSEN
Yeah, what would an oil company want with the Middle East?

FENNEL
(STILL FREAKED)
The ships that service their offshore oil rigs are exempt from US Customs! It's how Max gets the drugs in and out of the country-

ROQUE
This is conspiracy theory bullshit-

FENNEL
It's not! There's proof!

CLAY
Where?

FENNEL
Max's heroin operation - Goliath keeps accounts of the shipments!

**JENSEN**
Come on, dude, they'd be morons to keep records of shit like this-

**FENNEL**
It's on a stand-alone hard drive! It's their insurance policy against Max - they know he's crazy, this way they have something on him!

63.

**CLAY**
So this hard drive - it contains evidence of what Max has been doing?

**FENNEL**
Yes!

Our guys exchange looks...

**CLAY**
Can you get us this drive?

Fennel goes even paler.

**FENNEL**
I don't know where it is! They don't let me have access! But-

Fennel goes pale when he sees Clay MOVE TOWARD HIM:

**FENNEL (CONT'D)**
No, wait! Please don't kill-

Clay plasters DUCT TAPE over Fennel's mouth. Stepping outside the Chinook. The others, going with him...

**EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU -- NIGHT**

The Warhead, still sitting there. Nobody speaks for a bit. Then:

**CLAY**
I say we hit Goliath headquarters.

**ROQUE**
And do what - go after this non-existent hard drive?
CLAY
We find out if it exists. If it does, we steal it and trade it for immunity.

Roque stares at him.

ROQUE
That's your plan?

CLAY
You got a better one?

ROQUE
Why risk our lives again when we already have something to trade?

He gestures to the WARHEAD. Clay, shocked.

CLAY
You want to give it back to him?

ROQUE
I want to at least discuss it before signing up for another suicide mission on the say-so of some flunky-

CLAY
It's not happening.

Roque blinks at Clay's abruptness. Pissed.

ROQUE
So you want to take down Goliath now? Then who? McDonald's? American Airlines? Microsoft?

CLAY
You don't want Max to pay?

ROQUE
I want my life back! This is supposed to be us getting clear - not saving the world!
POOCH
ROQUE-

ROQUE
We're not the goddamn good guys anymore! I love you guys, but I had a life before this shit, and I sure as hell am not going to risk getting it back because you came down with a case of the Dudley Damn Do-Rights!

CLAY
Don't raise your voice at me-

ROQUE
I will raise whatever the hell I want - you got a death wish because you got beat by a voice on a radio-

WHAP! Clay throws a STRAIGHT RIGHT to Roque's jaw! Roque, surprised and staggered by the blow... Then he SMILES through the blood, DRAWING A KNIFE:

ROQUE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna cut your head off...

This got serious quick. Pooch steps between them. A really dangerous beat...

Clay and Roque, full on eyefucking one another...

On Aisha - she seems to be DIGGING IT... Broken by:

POOCH
I say we hit Goliath. Jensen?

JENSEN
Goliath. Cougs?

Cougar nods.

CLAY
Aisha?

ROQUE
She doesn't get a vote-

AISHA
(staring at Roque)
Goliath.

Silence. Roque, ODD MAN OUT. His fingers tighten around the handle of the knife...

    POOCH
    (SOFTLY)

Put it away...

A long beat... and Roque slides the knife back into it's SCABBARD. Clay, staring at him:
   66.

    CLAY
You want your life back, you're gonna have to steal it. We hit them in two days.

He stalks away. Roque glowers. Heads the other direction.

    JENSEN
Don'tcha hate it when Mom and Dad fight?

Cougar grunts in response.

    POOCH
So what do we do about the nuke?
    (PAUSE)
Did I just actually say that?

On Aisha. A smile forming...

    AISHA
I have an idea...

INT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

The DESK SERGEANT sips a cup of coffee. Doing the Sunday crossword. Poorly. A quiet afternoon...

A HUB-BUB outside. Rising voices.

    PATROLMAN (O.S.)
Holy- Sarge, come quick!

The Sergeant rises, and we follow him through the station towards the front doors. Moving faster and more nervously as the NOISE OUTSIDE GROWS. Finally stepping out into

EXT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY
The street where a CROWD has gathered. Lookie-loos with camcorders. The Sergeant pushes through them to find FENNEL. Eyes wide with fear. DUCT TAPED TO THE WARHEAD.

A SIGN hangs around his neck that reads Death to America! in big cheery letters and has a SMILEY FACE on it...

MATCH WITH:

67.

INT. SMOKED UP ASIAN BAR -- BACK ROOM -- DAY

The image of FENNEL tied to the bomb, broadcast on the THAI NEWS on a black and white TV. Wade squints at it.

WADE
That's gonna be a quick trial...

MAX
Wonderful guy, salt of the earth, he'll be missed--who took my bomb, Wade?

WADE
You're not gonna like it...

MAX
Because I've been such a fan of how things have gone up till now?

Wade shrugs and slides some PHOTOS across the table to him. SCREEN-GRABS from TRAFFIC CAMERAS -- CLAY, ROQUE, and JENSEN in the town car during the heist. A long beat...

MAX (CONT'D)
Who the hell are these people?

WADE
Colonel Clay and his unit. You had them killed three years ago?

MAX
I also had several African nations overthrown three years ago, I'm a BUSY GUY--

WADE
The Jamal al-Fadhil situation?

A beat.

MAX
Shit.
WADE

Yeah.

MAX

Okay, they need to get dead. Get me a six man fire team ready in twelve hours.

WADE

So what's the plan?

MAX

What's the plan? The plan is - get me a six man fire team ready in twelve hours.

WADE

Okay.

MAX

Are we now clear on the plan or do you want to try a third go-around?

WADE

WE'RE CLEAR-

MAX

Because what I'm going to need you to do is get me a six man fire team ready in twelve hours. You get that, right?

WADE

I get it.

Wade heads for the door...

MAX

And Wade?

Wade turns back. Max, SMILING:

MAX (CONT'D)

We're gonna need a new bomb.

INT. NORTH DELHI - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

Wade waits as FOUR INDIAN MEN climb out of LIMO. The first we recognize as one of the scientists that Wade did not throw out the window. The other three: INDIAN TOUGH
GUYS. The scientist got smart, brought some MUSCLE.

SHORT SCIENTIST
We appreciate you meeting us in a single story facility.

WADE
No problem.

(MORE)

69.

WADE (CONT'D)
I look at that entire incident as your standard "getting to know" each other business orientation.

SHORT SCIENTIST
I agree. Now that we know each other, know, please, that if you come near me with any more of that Yankee Doodle tough guy bullshit, you will be fed to my dogs.

Small smile from Wade.

WADE
Fair enough, Doc. Can we now move past the verbal aggression and get into some business?

SHORT SCIENTIST
You want another device. One billion dollars is now the price. One billion dollars cash.

Wade stares at the scientist.

WADE
That's going to be difficult.

SHORT SCIENTIST
Life the way you people want to live it is very difficult, Mr. Wade. You want less difficult move to my country, study Hinduism. Meditate. Cultivate serenity. Much less difficult. You want to buy atomic bombs... I'm afraid that is a more difficult way of life.

And he smiles...
EXT. HIGHWAY – NORTH OF DELHI – LATER

Wade drives in a Jeep, heading back to the city.

WADE
He wants one billion in cash.

INTERCUT WITH MAX in the SMOKED UP ASIAN BAR: 70.

MAX
That's a lot of a paper routes...

WADE
Can we swing it?

MAX
Not even close.

WADE
The Company?

MAX
Won't give it to us willingly...

 THINKING
You get that six man team together like I asked?

WADE
Yeah.

MAX
Change of plans. Kill them.

WADE
Kill them?

MAX
Or fire them, whichever's easier.

WADE
Honestly? Firing them.

MAX
Fine, fine, I'm not a detail guy. What I need- wait. Did you give them intel on Clay's people?

WADE
Well, yeah.
MAX
Aaaand we're back to killing them.

WADE
(ANNOYED)
Fine, I'll kill them - what are we doing instead?

MAX
Touchy, touchy. Jeez, what are you related to them?

WADE
Actually, one of them, yes.

MAX
By blood?

WADE
(he's had it)
A brother-in-law, I said I'd kill him, what are we doing?

MAX
It's not what we're doing, it's what Clay is going to do for us...

WADE
And that is?

MAX
(GRINNING)
Get us our billion dollars...

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE HOUSTON - BEAT TO SHIT MOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Clay. Sitting on his bed. Shirt off. Going over schematics - GOLIATH WORLD HEADQUARTERS. A KNOCK on Clay's door. He gets up, checks the eye hole. Opens it. AISHA.

CLAY
I was just going over the plan.

She looks at him. Sexual. Predatory.

CLAY (CONT'D)
You want to go over the plan?

She steps into the room towards him. Reaching for her:
CLAY (CONT'D)
Let's go over the plan...

CUT TO:

72.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY -- NIGHT

Clay and Aisha. After. Looking out at the city.

AISHA
So, what really happened to you in Afghanistan?

Clay looks over at her. Down at the TEDDY BEAR tattoo... And shakes his head.

CLAY (SOFTLY)
That's not for you.

She traces her fingers over it...

CLAY (CONT'D)
Why do you want Max dead?

Aisha, taken aback by the suddenness of the question.

AISHA
He's a bad man. Isn't that enough?

CLAY
No.

A beat. She looks at him.

AISHA
When you tell me about Afghanistan? I'll tell you about Max.

CLAY
Fine. It's hot. There's lots of sand. Your turn.

Aisha smiles at this. Shaking her head.

AISHA
Why were you alone when I found you?

That takes Clay off guard. Looking out at the city.
CLAY
The guys got sick of it.

AISHA
Sick of what?

CLAY
Of hearing about Max. Of hearing me say we had to do something when there wasn't anything to do. They wanted to be around their families. Jensen has a sister. Pooch has a wife and daughters.

AISHA
And he hasn't told them he is alive?

CLAY
Would you? The people you loved the most, would you put them in that kind of danger?

Aisha, side-stepping the question:

AISHA
So Roque has no one.

CLAY
He's got me.

AISHA
And you have...

CLAY
Enough hate to get us both through the day. He stuck with me when no one else would. And I ain't the easiest guy to stick with.

Aisha studies him.

AISHA
If you two really fought, he would kill you, I think.

CLAY
You think.

AISHA
I'm almost sure of it.

CLAY
Why?
AISHA
Because you care what happens to
the others. You wouldn't put them
at risk to save yourself.

CLAY
And you think that's a weakness.

AISHA
I know it is. Law of the jungle.

CLAY
We're not in the jungle.

She looks at him.

AISHA
Oh, yes we are...

INT. VAN -- MORNING

Idling. Blacked out windows. Pooch behind the wheel,
Cougar shotgun, Roque in back. Back door slides open and
Clay and Aisha enter. Together. It doesn't go unnoticed.

ROQUE
Well, that's just great.

That's it. Fed up, Pooch SHUTS THE ENGINE like dad in
the family truckster.

POOCH
We're not going anywhere until you
two squash this shit.

CLAY
Pooch, we're on a schedule here-

Pooch takes the keys out of the ignition and folds his
arms. Clay sighs. Looks over to Roque. A beat. Then:

CLAY (CONT'D)
Sorry I hit you.

POOCH
Good. Roque?

A longer beat...

POOCH (CONT'D)
Roque?
FINALLY:

ROQUE
Sorry I threatened to cut your head off.

POOCH
Verrrry good. Now don't you two feel better?

CLAY AND ROQUE
(IN UNISON)
No.

POOCH
I don't give a shit, I do.
(starts the van)
Now, let's go watch Jensen single-handedly knock over the largest oil company on the planet...

EXT DOWNTOWN HOUSTON -- DAY

Houston, Texas. ESTABLISHING: Skyscrapers. One large one stands out -- The GOLIATH HEADQUARTERS TOWER.

JENSEN heads towards the building. Street bicycle, bike shorts, messenger bag. He's disguised as a Bike Messenger.

JENSEN
(SINGING)
I got jungle fever, you've got jungle fever, we've got jungle fever, we're in love...

INT. GOLIATH TOWER -- RECEPTION -- DAY

Jensen enters the reception area singing. Moves to the receptionist desk. A PRETTY RECEPTIONIST answering phones.

JENSEN
(STILL SINGING)
...she's gone black-boy crazy, I've gone white-girl hazy, ain't no thinking maybe, we're in love...

He looks down at the Receptionist...

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Yo! Package for Henderson! 76.
The Receptionist looks up. She's on the phone, distracted:

RECEPTIONIST
Excuse me one moment-
(TO JENSEN)
I'll take that, thank you.

JENSEN
No can do, chica, gotta put it in his hands. He's gotta sign.

RECEPTIONIST
(back on phone)
I'm sorry--could you say that again?

JENSEN
Babydoll, I'm on the clock here!

The Receptionist looks up at Jensen, not particularly amused. She points towards the elevators.

RECEPTIONIST
Forty fifth floor.

INT. ELEVATOR -- GOLIATH TOWER -- CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON JENSEN as the elevator doors close on him.

JENSEN
(SINGING)
I got jungle fever, you've got jungle fever, we've got jungle fever, we're in love...

DOORS CLOSE.
INT. ELEVATOR / HENDERSON'S OFFICE - GOLIATH TOWER

Alone, Jensen opens the messenger bag. REVEAL A SUIT. Pre-set, ready to slide on over his bike clothes. Dials a cell phone while he dresses super fast.

JENSEN
(ON PHONE)
Mr. Henderson, please.

INTERCUT WITH HENDERSON'S OFFICE:

A SECRETARY sitting in the outer office. 77.

SECRETARY
Who's calling, please?
JENSEN - DRESSING IN THE ELEVATOR:

JENSEN
Richard Hertz from Internal Security.

SECRETARY
One moment, please...

JENSEN, PANTSLESS, as the elevator STOPS. The 25th FLOOR. The DOORS OPEN. Two SECRETARIES about to enter the elevator freeze at the sight of PANTSLESS JENSEN.

JENSEN
Ladies... hi.

The ladies stare at Jensen. He calculates their gazes.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Liking the angle of the dangle?

DOORS SHUT before they can protest...

INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE

HENDERSON, a middle aged mid-level manager reaches for his phone as the secretary looks on from her desk.

HENDERSON
This is Henderson.

INTERCUT WITH JENSEN IN ELEVATOR

JENSEN
Good afternoon, Mr. Henderson, Richard Hertz from Internal Security. If you'd be kind enough to make your way down to the lobby?

HENDERSON
Uh... Can I ask what this is about?

Jensen is just about dressed.

JENSEN
It's a matter of a somewhat sensitive nature involving an individual exposing himself to women in the elevators--best
discussed in person. If you'd just head on down...

EXT. HALLWAY BY ELEVATORS -- CONTINUOUS

Henderson plods into his elevator. As the DOORS CLOSE on his elevator, the DOORS OPEN on the SECOND ELEVATOR. JENSEN, suited and pressed, steps out. Briefcase in hand.

INT. HENDERSON'S OUTER OFFICE

Jensen enters, looking down at Henderson's secretary.

JENSEN
Hi, I'm Skippy from tech support. Is Henderson around? I'm supposed to install a firewall on his system-

SECRETARY
Oh, you just missed him by like two seconds. Can you come back in like an hour or so?

Jensen checks his watch. Big sigh.

JENSEN
Oooooh - no can do. Upstairs breathing down my neck. They want security upgraded for the senior managers all of a sudden.

Jensen, already moving into HENDERSON'S OFFICE:

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Five minutes and I'll be out of your hair!

INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE

QUICK TIGHT SHOTS OF JENSEN doing what Jensen does best: Tearing into Henderson's computer. FROWNING...

Henderson's secretary reaching for her phone...

SECRETARY
Security?
79.

BACK IN HENDERSON'S OFFICE:

Jensen checking his download. Smiles at the Secretary, then looks back to his screen. Pressing his RADIO EARPIECE...
JENSEN
According to this, the drive exists, Clay.

INTERCUT WITH THE VAN: Clay shoots a look at Roque.

CLAY
You're sure?

JENSEN
Abso-tootly.

CLAY
Is it in the building?

JENSEN
No, somewhere off-site. It's gotta be a remote location, stand-alone. I'm checking their security logs-- wherever they've detailed the most guys is probably where it'll be...

FROM BEHIND JENSEN:

SECURITY GUARD 1 (O.S.)
"Skippy"?

Jensen turns. He's face to face with a solid looking SECURITY OFFICER. He tries a smile:

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
Show me some ID. Real easy.

Jensen stands up, holding his briefcase.

JENSEN
Whoa! Take it easy. You're the-

WHAM! Jensen SMASHES his metal briefcase across the security guard's face! The guard is unconscious before he hits the ground. Keying his RADIO EARPIECE:

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Get me out of here, Clay...

80.

CLAY (O.S.)
(THROUGH RADIO)
There's a fire exit thirty yards north of your position.

Jensen, heading for it...
BIG SECURITY 1 (O.S.)
Freeze like a statue, pretty boy!

Jensen slowly turns to find THREE GUNS trained straight at him. Major security. These guys look extremely competent.

JENSEN
I'm warning you, man, I'm a lethal weapon...
Jensen turns on the big fellah.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
It was this secret government project. They did stuff to me. Spooky stuff. Anal stuff. Turned me into a dangerous Telekinetic.
(wiggles index fingers)
As the old saying goes - you don't start none... there won't be none.

Big Security moves in on Jensen with a pair of handcuffs.

BIG SECURITY 1
Telekinetic your way out of this...

Jensen RAISES HIS RIGHT HAND at the guard. Fingers cocked like a gun aimed at the guard's Kevlar covered vest.

JENSEN
Bang.

The guard is HIT HARD, BLASTED BACKWARDS off his feet! Screaming in pain, he goes down. Jensen spins, aims his left fingers at the SECOND GUARD...

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Boom.

...and the second guard is blown backwards too, KEVLAR VEST SMOKING. Moaning:

BIG SECURITY 2
You broke my ribs...
81.

Jensen - Fingers levelled at the THIRD GUARD...

THIRD GUARD
Please- d-don't shoot...

TIGHT ON JENSEN: Full Dirty Harry.

JENSEN
Face down, or I'll make your hearts stop beating with my mind.

They comply. Jensen looks down at them. Smiles. Then slowly turns looking out the FLOOR TO CEILING GLASS WINDOWS. Makes the "OK" sign out the window.

**JENSEN (CONT'D)**

Thanks, Coug...

**TIGHT ON THE CIRCLE OF JENSEN'S OK FINGER SIGN:**

Three tight bullet holes in the glass. SMASH ZOOM out the window, 500 yards to a neighboring office tower...

**INT. NEIGHBORING OFFICE BUILDING - HOUSTON - SAME**

Rifle, still smoking. Hat low, the ever vigilant COUGAR.

**COUGAR**

De Nada.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HANGAR OFFICE -- DAY**

Max, on the phone. SPEAKING JAPANESE. Wade pokes his head in. Hands him a note -- GOLIATH JUST GOT HIT.

Max cups his hand over the receiver, as the voice on the other end prattles on. To Wade:

**MAX**

By your boys?

**WADE**

They're not "my boys". I don't like this. I say we grab Clay and kill the rest.

**MAX**

(STILL LISTENING)

If you can find them--

82.

**WADE**

I can.

There's something in his voice. Max looks at him. Intrigued. Holds up a finger - let me finish up here.

**MAX**
(into phone; JAPANESE)

(hangs up; to Wade)
Why, Mr. Wade... methinks you
have a secret.

(CONSIDERING)
Okay. Put a fire team together.

WADE
You're sure? You're not going to
call me in two hours and have me
kill them?
(off Max's look)
I'm on it...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

The team gathers around as Jensen downloads the Goliath
security specs off his computer.

JENSEN
Everything on Goliath - security,
personnel history, the works.
Aisha's brow furrows at this. Only we notice.

CLAY
Where's the drive being kept?

Jensen spins the laptop around to show them GRAPHICS OF

JENSEN
Port of New York, baby. Total
stand alone facility, and they're
spending 30K a day on onsite
security - you don't drop that
kinda green to just guard oil.
83.

ROQUE
What are we up against?

Jensen, typing:

JENSEN
Let me check, I--oh, shit...

CLAY
What's "oh, shit"?

Jensen looks up at them. Softly:
JENSEN
They've hired Par-Sec.
A beat. This clearly means something bad to all of them.

CLAY
(HONESTLY)
Oh, shit...

AISHA
Who's Par-Sec?

JENSEN
Paradigm Security Services. Ex-Special Forces.

POOCH
Basically guys like Cougar but without the warm and cuddly side.

Cougar just glowers.

CLAY
Goliath must have brought them in after we hit their truck...

Silence as they ponder the significance of a Par Sec security force.

JENSEN
Our drive is being guarded by military trained, trigger repressed, blood thirsty, stone cold killers...
Am I the only one who's thinking maybe we just chill out and go to Six Flags?

Silence.

84.

CLAY
Comb that drive for every last scrap of info. We're on a plane for New York tomorrow...

INT. BEAT TO SHIT MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Clay's room again. Knock at the door again. Aisha again.

CLAY
Oh, hi.

She covers his mouth with hers...
INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ROQUE
Thought you guys'd be back at the hotel.

POOCH
Couldn't sleep.

ROQUE
Me neither. Grabbed a coffee from the machine - you want one?

He slides into a chair.

POOCH
No thanks.

JENSEN
You won't believe how detailed these files are. Every Goliath executive they've ever insured, their policies, their payouts-

ROQUE
Life insurance?

JENSEN
Yeah.

ROQUE
What's the biggest payout? 85.

JENSEN
(STILL TYPING)
Gotta be wrongful death...

ROQUE
Pretty much what we're gonna be risking.

(TO POOCH)
What are you doing up?

POOCH
Jensen hacked a satellite for me earlier.

ROQUE
The hell you need a satellite for?
Pooch shows him the screen of his computer - RECORDED VIDEO from earlier in the day. An OVERHEAD VIEW of a Playground - Pooch's daughters playing. They both watch for a bit. The only sound, Jensen's typing. Then:

POOCH
When we first went over in 2001, Jolene and my oldest Tina wanted to do the yellow ribbon thing, right? Only problem was there was no yellow ribbon to be found - all the stores had been cleaned out.

ROQUE
Military neighborhood...

POOCH
No doubt. And Tina's four at the time, and what she can't understand is why the ribbon's gotta be yellow. So Jolene sings her the song, right? To show her where the idea comes from. And when she's all done, Tina, four years old, looks my wife dead in her eye and says "that's the dumbest song I ever heard."

(LAUGHING)
So my wife and my four year old ended up tying a frilly purple ribbon round the old oak tree in our yard to bring Daddy home... 86.

ROQUE
(SMILING)
Thought that counts, right?

POOCH
Yeah...

THEN:

POOCH (CONT'D)
Jolene dated a guy last summer. Didn't turn into anything and I sure as hell can't blame her, but that man was in my house, Roque. I know you're not a hundred percent on this op, but if it can get me back to them...
ROQUE
I hear you, man.

A moment between them. Broken by:

JENSEN
(READING)
Okay, biggest payout on a Goliath exec ever - 14 million and it was wrongful death - Vice President of Operations in Afghanistan, three years ago, paid to his daughter...

HE TRAILS OFF IN SHOCK. Looking to Pooch and Roque:

JENSEN (CONT'D)
We're going to need to drive fast...

INT. BEAT TO SHIT MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Clay and Aisha, in bed. After. She traces her fingers along his Teddy Bear tattoo. Clay looks down at her. She gives him a smile. Mixing just the right amount of sensitivity and curiosity...

CLAY
You really want to know about Afghanistan?

INT. VAN (MOVING) -- NIGHT

As Pooch TEARS through the Texas streets: 87.

JENSEN
You think she's gonna kill him?

POOCH AND ROQUE
(various versions of)
Uh-uh. No way.

JENSEN
Yeah, I think so too...

INT. BEAT TO SHIT MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

AISHA
And this man you found in the basement - he was your true target?

CLAY
Max's true target. Yeah.
AISHA
And you spoke with him?

CLAY
He knew we were off mission. He knew Max wanted him dead...

AISHA
Did he beg?

Clay blinks.

CLAY
Excuse me?

AISHA
The man in the basement. Did he beg for his life?

CLAY
He begged to die--why are you asking me this?

Aisha smiles, trying to recover but --

WHAM! The door SPLINTERS INWARDS and --

JENSEN
Freeze!
88.

Roque and Pooch behind him, GUNS DRAWN. Aisha's hand dips into her purse and comes up with a GUN faster than you can spit -- MEXICAN STAND-OFF TIME:

JENSEN (CONT'D)
She's his daughter, Clay! The guy in the basement's daughter and she's got a gun and it's pointed... (realizing; not happy) ...at my dick! Her gun is pointed at my dick!

AISHA (CALM)
Would you rather I pointed it at your head?

JENSEN
I know it makes no sense, but actually yes.

Aisha ADJUSTS, pointing it at his head. As she does, the
bedsheet falls away from her UPPER BODY.

We don't see the goods, but our guys in the doorway do.

Aisha watches them. CLOSE ON THEIR EYES. Nobody moves. Nobody breathes. And then...

Jensen's eyes FLICK DOWNWARD. Just for a millisecond but Aisha pulls the trigger.

BOOM! Jensen, falls back screaming, HIT IN THE SHOULDER -- Aisha, moving and firing, running for the bathroom nude -- The guys UNLOADING AT HER -- she dives through the doorway --

HOLES PUNCHED IN THE WALL behind Clay's head as she RETURNS FIRE through the drywall -- Clay, diving to the floor below the crossfire -- Aisha kicks the BATHROOM DOOR SHUT --

And suddenly EVERYONE'S RELOADING.

Silence as clips are slapped into weapons until...

**CLAY**

Wait.

TAPS HIS EAR. They stop. Listening... CHOPPERS. 89.

**ROQUE**

Shit, she's got back-up!

Clay pulls on his pants and they run for the door...

**EXT. MOTEL -- SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT**

...smack into COUGAR who points into the sky -- TWO HEAVILY ARMED COBRAS, searchlights on, headed for the motel. And again with that one important word:

**COUGAR**

Run.

The FIRST COBRA OPENS UP with it's AUTOMATIC CANNON. The BULLETS CHEWING UP the far side of the CHEAP TWO STORY MOTEL! Our guys VAULT the railing, sprinting to the van...

**INT. VAN -- NIGHT**

POOCH, sliding behind the wheel as the others pile in...
Go, go, go!

Pooch hits the gas before his door is even shut. As they PEEL OUT of the PARKING LOT -- The STRAFING hits the GAS MAIN -- WHOOMP! Half the motel SWALLOWED in a FIREBALL...

POOCH
Think that got her?

CLAY
She ain't that lucky. Jensen, status!

JENSEN
My dick remains unshot!

Roque, looking out the back window:

ROQUE
Here they come...

Sure enough, the COBRAS are now tracking the VAN. Spotlights, swinging towards them...

The asphalt behind them ERUPTS. CANNON-FIRE blowing HUGE CHUNKS OF ROAD into the sky! SCREAMING over the SOUND: 90.

CLAY
Somebody shoot something!

Cougar HEFTS HIS RIFLE. Setting up shop in the back. Sighting the choppers through his scope. Jensen, excited, and a little delirious from blood loss:

JENSEN
I think Cougar's got a plan! Coug, do you have a plan? (to the others) He's got a plan!

POOCH
(trying to steer) Stop yelling at the sniper! THROUGH THE SCOPE -- Cougar sights the TAIL ROTOR of the chopper on the left... Smiles, PRESSES THE TRIGGER...

And we see how one bullet can bring down two helicopters.

The bullet strikes the tail rotor DEAD CENTER -- it SHORTS and spins off -- sending the chopper itself into a spin -- COLLIDING with it's TWIN CHOPPER on the right -- they both twist and hink up -- their ROTORS SLICING INTO EACH
OTHER -- both FINALLY CAREENING ONTO THE FREEWAY BEHIND

Our guys. Driving away from the carnage of two exploding Cobra Helicopters splattered across the road...

Safe.

**EXT. LEAR JET 550 (FLYING) -- DAY**

Coming in for LANDING...

**INT. LEAR JET 550 -- DAY**

As it taxis towards a HANGAR. Max straightens his suit. Wade on the phone, frowning. Bad news. He flips the phone shut. To Max:

**WADE**

They got away.

**MAX**

So?

**(MORE)**

**91.**

**MAX (CONT'D)**

(off Wade's look)

We know exactly where they're going, Wade. Port of New York, for their big final awesome stand against the forces of evil where they die.

He claps Wade and the shoulder and heads down the steps...

**INT. HANGAR -- DAY**

...where the TWO INDIAN SCIENTISTS wait. The Indian THUG CREW has been beefed-up to about TEN BIZARRE LOOKING, BLACK SUITED TOUGH GUYS.

**SHORT SCIENTIST**

Do you have the money?

**MAX**

Jesus, always with the money! So impersonal! How are you? How have you been?

**SHORT SCIENTIST**

I recently attended the funeral of my best friend who you had thrown out a window. How have you been?
MAX
Can't complain. I'm thinking of getting satellite radio in my car...

SHORT SCIENTIST
I think you're a freak. Too much Ronald McDonald. Too much fantasy football.

Max smiles and spreads his arms...

MAX
Hey, I'm all about the bombs, baby.

SHORT SCIENTIST
We have your ordinance. You have twenty four hours to get the money.

Max looks over to Wade.

MAX
Time to go make a withdrawal... 92.

As he turns back to the plane...

SHORT SCIENTIST
New change of plan. You stay.

MAX
I've got to go get your money.

SHORT SCIENTIST
He'll get your money. You stay right here.

A PAUSE as Max contemplates this little twist.

MAX
God, are you short.

SHORT SCIENTIST
Twenty three hours, fifty nine minutes...

Max looks at Wade.

MAX
Get it done.

Wade heads for the jet. Max watches him go. As Wade boards the jet Max takes a big sigh. For the first time, looks like a guy who might not be quite as sure of things
as he would like. Max Looks back to the Short Scientist.

    MAX (CONT'D)
    How much do you weigh? Seriously.

    SHORT SCIENTIST
    I do not think you are funny.

    MAX
    Where the hell is my bomb?

The Short Scientist points to a large flatbed pick-up. A HEAVY TARPED BOMB LIKE PACKAGE strapped to the back.

    SHORT SCIENTIST
    You do not get it till I get the money.

    MAX
    For a guy who's all about transcending materialism, you talk about money so much!
    93.

    SHORT SCIENTIST
    If you keep talking, Pop-Amm will cut your mouth out of your face.

    MAX
    Fine...

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY STORE -- NIGHT

After business hours. A WINDOW SMASHES. Roque climbs inside. Goes to the front and unlocks it for the others, who carry a BLEEDING JENSEN in. They lay him on a table.

    POOCH
    She burned us, Clay.
    CLAY
    (PACING)
    I know...

    POOCH
    The whole op is compromised-

    CLAY
    I know.

    JENSEN
    Hey, fallen comrade here! Blood flowing out of his body...
(SMALLER VOICE)
Precious, precious blood...

CLAY
(RE: JENSEN)
Cougar?
Cougar nods. Gathers gauze, needle, thread, and a WOODEN DOWEL. Comes over as Jensen looks at the last one.

JENSEN
What's that for?
Cougar SHOVES IT BETWEEN JENSEN'S TEETH as an answer...

POOCH
So we split up again. Right?
Clay doesn't respond...

POOCH (CONT'D)
Right?
94.

ROQUE
Pooch...

POOCH (IGNORING HIM)
Goddammit, Clay, whatever she knows, Max knows! It's over!

His words echo through the room.

JENSEN SCREAMS through the dowel as Cougar sews him up...

This is how low they've sunk. Clay finally looks up.

CLAY
(SLOWLY)
Okay. We split up. Some of us should go international. I'll do that if nobody else wants to-

ROQUE
So we just run again?

Clay turns to him.

CLAY
There's nothing else we can do...

Silence. Then:
ROQUE
There's something we can do.

A beat.

CLAY
Excuse me?

ROQUE
Three years is enough. If there's a drive at that port that we can use to get clear-

CLAY
What part of "he knows we're coming for it" do you not get? They're gonna be waiting for us. Par-Sec is gonna waiting for us...

ROQUE
So figure out a way around them; you're good at that shit, Clay!

He turns, addressing all of them:

ROQUE (CONT'D)
We run now, we're gonna be running forever. This is our one chance to get our lives back...

(TO CLAY)
To steal them back. And I'm prepared to do anything to any one to make that happen.

He looks Clay dead in the eye.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
Never play a longshot, you're never gonna win.

A long beat. Clay, not breaking his look with Roque:

CLAY
Pooch, what's the minimum time to scout the patrols, get an accurate head count on-site at the Port?

POOCH
48 hours, but Aisha knows that-

CLAY
So we hit them in twelve.
Roque smiles. Pooch blinks.

POOCH
Twelve hours from now? You mean--
you want us to go in blind?

ROQUE
Last thing they'll expect...

POOCH
Yeah, cause it's dumb.

CLAY
Jensen's already got the layout,
and Cougar can spot on site. Right?

Cougar nods. He's in.

96.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Jensen?

JENSEN
Yeah, cause gettin' shot is
awesome, I'm totally up for doing
it again...

He gives a weak thumbs-up. In. All that's left is

CLAY
Pooch?

Pooch, struggling with the decision...

POOCH
Last time we went in blind on an
op, we lost everything...

CLAY
So?

A beat. Pooch looks up.

POOCH
So let's go get it back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR -- DAWN

ESTABLISHING. The harbor is enormous. A small TWIN
HURRICANE BOAT cuts through the morning waves. Half mile
from the Goliath docks. At the controls, Clay and Roque.

**THROUGH CLAY’S BINOCULARS:**

GOLIATH EMPLOYEES going about their business, preparing for a tanker docking. All seems normal until we look a bit closer: FOUR-MAN Par Sec security patrols. Bomb sniffing DOGS. Two Cobra ATTACK CHOPPERS.

**CLAY**

You ready?

A GOLIATH TANKER approaches from behind. Roque looks back at the tanker. Not answering – he seems to have something on his mind.

**CLAY (CONT’D)**

Roque?

97.

**ROQUE**

I'm ready.

Clay drops the twin throttles and spins the speed boat towards the APPROACHING TANKER. Several TUGS and SECURITY LAUNCHES are maneuvering around it...

**INT. SECURITY LAUNCH – NEW YORK HARBOR**

Clay and Roque approach one of the launches from behind. Climbing aboard. They take the two SECURITY MEN from behind with TASERS, then strip off their outer gear, revealing PAR-SEC UNIFORMS.

**CLAY (INTO RADIO)**

We're in. Status.

**EXT. GOLIATH TERMINAL – PERIMETER STREET**

A block off the front gate. A blacked out Chevy van. Pooch sits behind the wheel. Ready for exfiltration.

**POOCH**

The Pooch is good.

**CLAY (O.S.)**

Cougar, squelch if you're in position.

**EXT. GOLIATH TERMINAL – SHORELINE**

A drainage pipe with a thick security cage covering it.
We PUSH IN HARD, reveal a small opening cut in the cage it -- THROUGH the opening -- FIRE 70 FEET into the pipe -- through a second opening -- down another long pipe and

SLAM UP HARD ON COUGAR. Crouched BELOW the terminal. Looking up through a grilled man hole at Par-sec Guards.

COUGAR

Squelch.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR

Clay and Roque dock their Launch and hop out. Blending in perfectly with the Par-Sec Guards.

CLAY

Jensen, we're coming. You ready? 98.

INT. GOLIATH SHIPPING ROOM - SAME

A huge shipping room with hundreds of crates. We push in on a LARGE WOODEN CRATE. The side of the crate STARTS TO FLEX... and SPLINTERS as Jensen breaks out of his box!

JENSEN

And the crowd goes wild...

INT. / EXT. GOLIATH - SHIPPING ROOM DOOR

Clay and Roque approach. Knock. From the inside, Jensen leaning up against the door.

JENSEN

What's the password?

ROQUE (O.S.)

Open the door before we kill you.

Jensen opens the door. Clay and Roque quickly move in.

JENSEN

Drive should be in the Computer Room, two skylights over.

CLAY

Rogue and I will set the charges here but we won't detonate until you have the drive.

ROQUE

You can't settle for stealing the drive, you gotta blow up Goliath's
shit too.

CLAY
What can I say, I hold a grudge.

(TO JENSEN)

Get gone.

Jensen nods. Knows how important his job is. Heading for a ladder. Clay and Roque begin to set CHARGES throughout the room...

CLAY (CONT'D)
Be ready to move the second Cougar hits the fire alarm...

99.

EXT. GOLIATH TERMINAL - DAY

Cougar avoiding security. SCALING A LARGE OIL TANK, taking up a sniper position on top of it...

ACROSS THE TERMINAL

Jensen hopping rooftop to rooftop...

BACK TO

Cougar in full sniper fire position. His sights dead on: A MASTER FIRE ALARM -- 300 yards down. His RADIO CRACKLES:

POOCH (O.S.)
Guys, we got a problem...

EXT. GOLIATH TERMINAL - PERIMETER STREET

Pooch in the van, seeing through BINOCULARS...

POOCH
Wade's here.

And he is. Being given a TOUR by PAR-SEC GUARDS...

INT. GOLIATH SHIPPING ROOM

CLAY
Are you kidding me?

POOCH (O.S.)
No. I say we roll.

EXT. GOLIATH ROOFTOPS
Jensen, by a MIRRORED SKYLIGHT (so you can't see down into the room). Attaching a HARNESS to his waist...
JENSEN
I'm above the computer room, maybe thirty seconds from the drive...

INT. GOLIATH SHIPPING ROOM

Clay, listening through the radio:

POOCH (O.S.)
Wade's headed your way - last chance to get the duck out of Fodge...
100.

CLAY
Something's not right. Something...

FROM OFF CAMERA:

ROQUE (O.S.)
Clay.

CLAY
What?

Roque, standing in front of a HUGE CARGO CONTAINER.

ROQUE
I think you should see this.
Roque's got the doors of the container opened that he's looking in. Clay approaches...

EXT. ROOFTOP

Jensen, finally ready to hit the computer room, GENUFLECTS once for luck...

INT. GOLIATH SHIPPING ROOM

Clay and Roque staring...

CLAY
You think... Aisha?

THE CONTAINER -- Top to bottom, completely loaded with fresh minted stack BUNDLES OF CASH. More physical money than we have ever seen. By a lot. Ever. Then:

ROQUE
No. Not Aisha.

Clay turns to him as -- WHAM! -- a CROWBAR SMASHES DOWN on his head! Roque, gripping it, looking down at Clay...
ROQUE (CONT'D)
You know, for a revenge driven conspiracy nut, you're pretty fucking gullible...

EXT. ROOFTOP

Jensen, leaping through the SKYLIGHT... SMASHING DOWN through the GLASS...

101.

INT. "COMPUTER ROOM"

...And landing in an EMPTY ROOM.

No computers. No stand-alone drives. No nothing. Except for PAR-SEC GUARDS with weapons trained at his head...

INT. CHEVY VAN - GOLIATH TERMINAL

Pooch sitting in the van, into the radio:

POOCH
Jensen, you get it? Jensen?

Does not see the FIVE PAR-SEC SOLDIERS moving in on his car, long guns up and out...

EXT. GOLIATH OIL TANK - SAME

Cougar flexed and aimed. Scope locked in on the fire alarm... CLICK! Safety off on a gun pressed to his temple. Fuck. He LAYS DOWN THE GUN and puts his hands behind his head. Furious at himself for GETTING CAUGHT...

INT. GOLIATH SHIPPING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From the shadows, WADE ENTERS. Clay looks up at him.

WADE
Hello, Clay. Been awhile.

(NODDING)

Roque.

Head wounds bleed bad. The crowbar caused a mother of a gusher on Clay. He wipes blood from his eyes. Manages:

CLAY
When...?

ROQUE
After the truck. I got tired of waiting for you to save us, so I up and saved myself. Reached out
like I said and cut a deal - I set this up, I go free.

He begins walking around Clay as he talks.

CLAY

Traitor...

102.

ROQUE

You gave me no choice. It was always gonna end like this, Clay. Us captured or dead. It was always a dead end. You made sure of it.

CLAY

(SPITTING BLOOD)

Bullshit...

ROQUE

Not bullshit. You were gonna keep planning missions and ways to hit Max until it got us all killed.

CLAY

No...

ROQUE

Yes, Clay. Yes. Only difference with this situation is at least I get to walk away.

CLAY

We all could have walked... used the drive...

ROQUE

Don't you get it yet? There is no drive. There never was...

Wade BEGINS LAUGHING. Clay looks like he's been slapped.

ROQUE (CONT'D)

Fennel made it up to save himself. When I told Wade, he planted the info at Goliath to lead you here.

Clay stares at him.

ROQUE (CONT'D)

You really thought there was a happy ending coming? Pooch was
gonna get his family back, we were gonna get to be soldiers again?
(leans down; softly)
We lost the moment we went off mission. This is just the logical conclusion of that playing out. You didn't want to hear it.

(MORE)

103.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
You just wanted your revenge.
Your face-to-face with the big bad wolf. I'm sorry, buddy, but it's the way of the world...

Roque straightens back up, shaking his head:

ROQUE (CONT'D)
Guys like us don't beat guys like him.

In the corner, Wade nods at this. Behind him, A LARGE SEMI pulls up to the CASH CONTAINER. Over the following, a hydraulic lift hoists the cash container onto the truck:

CLAY
Kill me now... Maybe you live through this.

WADE
Oh, we're not gonna kill you. Someone's gotta get away with the cash. Your crew? I'm definitely wasting them. But you?

He nods to the HYDRO-WINCH slowly lowering the CASH CONTAINER onto the flat bed, with a smile...

WADE (CONT'D)
You're about to steal a billion dollars from the Central Intelligence Agency.

Clay stares at daggers at both of them.

WADE (CONT'D)
It's for our replacement nuke. When a billion goes missing, people tend to ask who took it.

(CHUCKLING)
Max really does love to frame you...

Several Par-Sec Guards arrive. Wade points to Clay:
WADE (CONT'D)
Take him away. Drop him in Newark.

(TO ROQUE)
I'll see you at Turner Airfield.

104.

The Guards handcuff Clay and drag him to his feet. Pushing him towards the door. As he hustled past Roque:

ROQUE
Wait.

They stop. Roque looks at his old friend.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry it had to end this way.

Clay stares back at him.

CLAY
You're going to die very badly.
The guards hustle Clay out the door...

EXT. GOLIATH TERMINAL - DAY

PAR-SEC GUARDS lead the Pooch, Jensen, and Cougar towards the far end of the terminal. Each, bound. Cougar looks up to see a separate set of Guards leading CLAY the opposite way. Their eyes connect - both knowing:

They've lost.

CLAY
(answering the question)
Roque.

Cougar lowers his head, sadly. Clay's pushed into A TRUCK.

Gone.
The Guards take Pooch, Jensen, and Cougar BEHIND A WAREHOUSE. Looking at each other. Knowing, this is the end of the line. The Lead Guard RACKS HIS MACHINE GUN.

LEAD GUARD
On your knees.

Pooch SPITS AT HIM. The Lead Guard calmly SHOOTS HIM in BOTH LEGS!

Pooch SCREAMS. Falls. The Par-Sec boys force Cougar and Jensen down too, CLUBBING THEM with their rifles. Pooch
looks up at his assailant. Gasps through the pain:

**POOCH**

Get on with it...

105.

The Lead Guard smiles. Looks to Cougar, who's shredding his skin to the bone trying to claw out of the cuffs...

**LEAD GUARD**

That's a nice hat.

He steps forward to take it, but Cougar is too quick for the man, MOVING HIS HEAD AWAY. He reaches for Cougar again. Again, Cougar evades. The guards laugh at their colleague, who continues trying to grab Cougar's hat.

The Lead Guard has had enough of Cougar's antics. Levelling the rifle at his head...

**LEAD GUARD (CONT'D)**

Don't really care of there's a hole in it. One wash, good as...

**(NOTICING)**

What are you smiling at?

Cougar's nods past him...

As the Guards turn to see ON TOP OF AN OIL TANK...

**AISHA**

As she rises up to standing, A SLANT-K 600 ROCKET HIP BLASTER locked and loaded. Looking like an Old Testament style Goddess of Vengeance and Destruction. A moment of FROZEN SHOCK on the rest of Wade's Hit Crew...

And she pulls the trigger. A HIGH PITCHED WHISTLE as

THE ROCKET STREAKS across the Terminal! Headed straight for an ENORMOUS FUEL TANK...

KA-BOOM! The explosion ROCKS THE ENTIRE TERMINAL...

**INT. TRUCK (MOVING)**

The Truck Clay is prisoner in is BLOWN INTO THE AIR by the SHOCKWAVE... SMASHING down onto it's side, skidding...

**EXT. BY THE WAREHOUSE**

Cougar and Jensen DESTROY the remaining Par-Secs with legs. Grabbing cuff keys and freeing themselves.
JENSEN
Shouldn't have gone after the hat...

106.

WHAM! Cougar kicks the Guard in the face, knocking him cold. Aisha rappels off the Oil Tower in the distance. VARIOUS PAR-SEC TEAMS fire at her! Cougar scoops up two rifles and tosses one to Jensen - they give her covering fire as she comes! As he shoots, to the wounded Pooch:

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Can you stand?

POOCH
I've been shot in both legs, what kind of dumbass question is that?

JENSEN
Oh, so we're Mr. Grumpy now? You're not the only one who's been shot recently, you know!

He empties a full clip into a Par-Sec team and reloads...

AISHA -- Pinned down forty yards away. Almost out of AMMO. Par-Sec Team, almost on top of her when

A FIGURE emerges from an OVERTURNED TRUCK. GUN in each hand, BLAZING. The Par-Secs cut down one by one. The figure lowers his guns. Desert Eagles. Walks up to her. Underneath the blood, oil, and grime, it's

CLAY. They stare at each other...

Then, incredibly, Aisha RAISES HER WEAPON AT HIM.

AISHA
Did you kill my father?
Jensen comes running up, interrupting:

JENSEN
Clay?

CLAY
Kind of in the middle of something here, Jensen-

AISHA
Did you kill him?

JENSEN
There was no drive, Clay-107.

**CLAY**
(eyes on Aisha)

**I KNOW**-

**JENSEN**
There was no drive and Rogue's gone and Par-Sec's regrouping and Pooch could bleed out-

Aisha's had enough, thumbing the hammer back:

**AISHA**
Did you kill him?

Clay, about to respond when:

**COUGAR (O.S.)**
I did.

They turn to see our LONG TALL SNIPER standing above them.

**COUGAR (CONT'D)**
He asked us. It was mercy. But you're his family, so I understand.

And then, incredibly, Cougar lays his rifle at her feet.

**SURRENDERING...**

**COUGAR (CONT'D)**
But only me.

Clay and Jensen blink, shocked. Aisha stares at Cougar, equally surprised. She levels her pistol AT HIS HEAD...

Silence. We CUT WIDE to see...

A GUNSHOT. Muzzle flash from Aisha's gun. COUGAR FALLS...

In close again. Aisha stands over Cougar's body.

The others, stunned... And then Cougar rises. Face BLOODY. Cheek ripped open, from where the bullet creased his flesh. She FIRES AGAIN - BLAM!

Identical scar on his other cheek. Blood runs down his face. He doesn't move to wipe it away.

**AISHA**
Wear it. Remember him.

108.
Cougar nods. Leans down, picks up his rifle. Debt paid.

**JENSEN**
Okay, excellent, very tribal--We need to go.

As if on cue, BULLETS kick up DUST around them! A new Par-Sec team, incoming. Clay, Jensen, Aisha, and Cougar hightail it back to where Pooch lies.

**CLAY**
Can you stand?

**POOCH**
This is stupid question day, isn't it? It's stupid question day and someone forgot to tell me...

Clay slings Pooch over his shoulders fireman carry style. Looks across the Terminal to where Pooch's van is parked. PUSH IN on Clay's face for:

**CLAY**
Let's go.

And they do. Sprinting across the open space IN SLO-MO, Cougar and Aisha WASTING EVERYTHING THAT MOVES. A full on ballet of fully automatic mayhem...

They make it to the van! Piling in! Cougar behind the wheel GUNS THE ENGINE and they PEEL OUT...

**INT. VAN (MOVING) -- NIGHT**

Pulling on to the HIGHWAY. Silence sets in. The high of the firefight, over. Just pain and loss now.

Five people, some terribly wounded, with nowhere to go. Just the rocking of the van as it heads down the road.

**FINALLY:**

**CLAY**
They won. We lost. Way it goes.

Silence.

**POOCH**
Way it always goes.

Clay looks at him.
109.

POOCH (CONT'D)
Guess we should just head home.
Oh, wait, that's right. We don't have homes.

Clay doesn't respond. Aisha studies him. Nods. Knows what has to be done. They all do. From behind the wheel:

COUGAR
Where to, Colonel?

Clay looks up at the use of rank...

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP -- NIGHT

Wade pulls up in a Corvette. Gets out and walks over as Roque finishes supervising Par-Sec guards finish loading the CASH onto a HUGE TRANSPORT PLANE.

WADE
Your friends jack-rabbitted. Should we be worried?

ROQUE
Clay doesn't take risks. It's why I'm here and he's not.

WADE
You're sure?

Roque nods.

WADE (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something? Why'd you stick with those losers for so long?

Roque considers. Then:

ROQUE
They were good guys.

Wade half smiles at this. Shaking his head.

WADE
No such thing. I'll go call Max.

He begins walking towards HANGAR...

CRACK! As the FENCE by the AIRSTRIP is SMASHED INWARDS
by the Van! Headed straight for him! Clay, WAVING: 110.

CLAY

Hi, Wade!

BY THE PLANE

Roque turns to the Pilot:

ROQUE
Declan, start the plane...

BY THE HANGAR

WADE raises his UZI and FIRES - Taking out the Van's front tires! THE VAN Flips! Smashing end over end, finally coming to a rest on it's side! Climbing out, groaning:

POOCH
Next time, remind me - car crash first, then get shot...

JENSEN
Sounds less painful that way...

Clay looks across the tarmac to see the plane begin to Taxi. ROQUE stands in they back - loading ramp still down. FLIPS CLAY A SALUTE...

CLAY
Cougar and I are going after that plane. The rest of you, get Wade.

JENSEN
Me and legless Pooch are on it!
(RE: AISHA)
Where the hell is she going? Aisha is heading off to the fenceline... Clay and Cougar run for Wade's CORVETTE. Cougar slides behind the wheel and starts her up, PEELING OUT after the plane...

POOCH
You call me legless Pooch again, you're gonna be Headless Jensen.

JENSEN
What, it's a cool name! It makes you sound like a pirate! (off his look) Fine, let's go kill Wade...

ON THE RUNWAY
Cougar guns the engine, catching up to the TAXIING TRANSPORT PLANE. Clay leans out the window, shooting at ROQUE

Huddled in the plane's CARGO HOLD, RETURNING FIRE. The PILOT, yelling to him.

PILOT
We don't have enough runway to take off - we're going to have to turn around and come back to get up to speed!

ROQUE
Fine, just get us in the air!
He fires ANOTHER BURST from his weapon at the Vette! CLICK - his WEAPON DRY.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
I'm out!

IN THE CORVETTE -- SIMULTANEOUSLY, Clay, WEAPON DRY.

CLAY
I'm out.

He stares through the windshield to look at Roque.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Get me closer...

INT. HANGAR -- NIGHT
Jensen enters, carrying a MACHINE GUN.

JENSEN
Yoo-hoo! Wade!
(a'la the Warriors)
Come out and plaaaayyy-

The ROAR of an engine -- Jensen DIVES out of the way as Wade WHIPS PAST on a MOTORCYCLE! Heading for the runway!

JENSEN (CONT'D)
(INTO RADIO)
Hey, Wade's coming at you! I...

He trails off. Looking at THE LEAR JET that Wade arrived in. Sitting in the Hangar's Corner. Keys the radio...
JENSEN (CONT'D)
I think I just found our way out of here...

EXT. AIRSTRIP -- DAY

The Corvette, pulling behind the still lowered REAR RAMP of the TRANSPORT PLANE! Clay, onto the CORVETTE'S HOOD...

Roque, rising to meet him. Waiting for him...

Clay JUMPS! Landing on the ramp!

IN THE CARGO HOLD - Roque smiles. Pulls a WICKED LOOKING KNIFE. The two men stand there. Sizing one another up...

ROQUE
Gotta admit, I always wondered how this would play out.

CLAY
Aisha thinks you kill me.

ROQUE
It's a distinct possibility...

They begin circling one another. Clay, still weaponless.

ROQUE (CONT'D)
You don't have a knife?

CLAY
Don't need one.

ROQUE
Bit of as longshot for you...

CLAY
(SMILING)
No. It's not.

Roque LUNGES AT HIM...

But Clay does have a knife. He PULLS IT and SLAMS IT into Roque's belly! Roque, stunned! Staggers back...

For most men, that would be the end of the fight. But not these two. Roque gives Clay a bloody grin.

113.

ROQUE
Now I really am gonna cut your
head off...

He LUNGES AGAIN! And now it is FULLY ON...

The blades whip up and down - almost too fast to see
Roque gets Clay with a left cross, then buries his knife
in Clay's shoulder. Clay twists free, slashes at Roque.

Ten seconds in, the men separate again. Breathing hard...

Clay sees Roque doesn't have his knife. Looks - realizing
it's still embedded in his own shoulder. Pulls it out,
TOSSES IT BACK TO ROQUE. They stand there, both panting...
Then RUN AT EACH OTHER full tilt!

Here's how it ends. And pay attention, IT HAPPENS FAST:

Clay goes low -- coming up to grab Roque's knife hand,
which is arcing DOWNWARDS TOWARDS CLAY'S THROAT -- Clay
manages to HALT THE HAND, blade inches from his Adam's
apple -- and there's a moment where Roque could overpower
him and actually cut his head off... But Clay THROWS HIS
WEIGHT FORWARD and BREAKS ROQUE'S RIGHT ARM!

And for the first time, Roque SCREAMS.

Which seems to make Clay happy.

So he BREAKS ROQUE'S LEFT ARM too.

Roque falls to his knees, BROKEN, BLOODY, AND BEATEN...
TO REVEAL -- The PILOT. Leaning out of the cockpit, DESERT
EAGLE levelled at Clay.

CLAY
SHIT-

The Pilot PULLS THE TRIGGER. The bullet slams into Clay's
abdomen and BLOWS HIM off his feet backwards -- FLYING
OUT OF THE PLANE -- And landing on hood of

THE CORVETTE

Clay SMASHES DOWN ON the windshield -- Cougar pumps the
brakes and spins the wheel -- desperately trying to keep
Clay from rolling off the hood...

THE PLANE

TURNING AROUND at the end of the runway. Beginning it's
final run to get up to speed...
THE CORVETTE

Now driving TOWARDS IT on a chicken-like collision course when WHOOSH! WADE FLIES PAST ON HIS MOTORCYCLE! Clay turns to Cougar through the spiderwebbed windshield:

CLAY (CONT'D)

Rifle...

Cougar passes Clay his SNIPER RIFLE and FLOORS IT...

VISUALIZE THIS --

AT ONE END OF THE RUNWAY, the plane starting to take off.

AT THE OPPOSITE END, Wade's motorcycle heading full speed at the approaching plane. Cougar and Clay, chasing Wade.

And then AISHA steps out INTO THE MIDDLE of the runway. The ROCKET LAUNCHER clutched in her hands.

She takes a knee. Aims at the plane, which is almost at lift speed. ROQUE sees her from the cockpit.

She locks eyes with him and GRINS -- FIRING into the LANDING GEAR of the plane AS...

THE CORVETTE

PULLS EVEN WITH WADE. Instead of shooting, Clay THROWS Cougar's RIFLE BETWEEN THE SPOKES of Wade's FRONT TIRE, causing the bike to CATAPULT WADE OFF and FORWARD...

...THROUGH THE AIR and into the RIGHT NUMBER TWO JET ENGINE of the now flying cargo plane. The ENGINE EXPLODES.

Aisha, somehow safe on the ground, looking up at the escaping plane. Clay looking up. All of them watching...

...as Roque dies very badly.

WHOOMP! The big plane EXPLODES in a MONSTER FIREBALL--VA DOOOM! Burning gas and iron and cash. FIRE RULES.

115.

ON THE GROUND

Our guys. Bloody, eyes bitterly triumphant. Clay stares at the sight before him. Only one word for it.
CLAY (CONT'D)

Outstanding.

Jensen approaches, supporting Pooch.

JENSEN
Not to rain on everyone's we killed all the bad guys parade, but we should probably get gone - legless Pooch has a Learjet all gassed up for us in the Hangar.
(off Pooch's look)
It's a cool name-

From the smashed up bike Wade was driving, WADE'S CELL PHONE RINGS. Clay gets off the hood of the Vette and Cougar and Aisha help him hobble over. Answering it:

CLAY
Hello?

INT. NORTH INDIA -- HANGAR -- DAY

MAX and the INDIANS. INTERCUT with Clay:

MAX
We good?

TIGHT ON CLAY realizing who he's talking to.

CLAY
Not by a longshot. You're not having a real great day, Max.

MAX
Who is this?

CLAY
Just a voice on the phone.

MAX
Where's Wade?

CLAY
Working on the engines.

A beat as it hits Max.

MAX
Clay.

CLAY
It's Colonel.

In the distance, SIRENS.

    MAX
Colonel, yes. Well done.

    CLAY
Thank you.

    MAX
I understand you've always wanted to meet face to face. I'm sure that could be arranged...

A beat. Then:

    CLAY
I don't think the guys you're about to stiff for a billion dollars are going to allow that to happen. (looks to the others) We win. You lose. Goodbye.

He snaps the phone shut and tosses it into the fire. Turns to the others.

    CLAY (CONT'D)
Lear jet?

    POOCH (GRINNING)
Ready when you are.

Pooch, Jensen, and Cougar start for the Hangar. Clay looks to Aisha. A moment between them.

    AISHA
I wanted to find and punish those responsible for my father's death. Max, his men, everyone.

    CLAY
That why you slept with me? 117.

    AISHA
That and the cardio.

Clay smiles.

    CLAY
You coming?
A beat. She nods.

**AISHA**

I'm coming.

**CLAY**

Good cause there's no way I could walk it...

She helps him up and we begin to PULL UP AND BACK as they head for the Hangar. Together.

**INT. NORTH INDIA -- HANGAR -- DAY**

Max lowers the phone. Looking stunned. The Short Scientist has run out of patience.

**SHORT SCIENTEST**

Time is up, Stretch.

Max looks at the Short Scientist.

**MAX**

Stretch. That's a good one.

But he doesn't look like he's very amused.

**SHORT SCIENTEST**

Because you are so much taller than I.

**MAX**

Yeah, no, I get it...

Momentary pause. The Short Scientist looks at Max. Slowly gets up, LEAVES MAX alone in the room with the ten Indians. Max takes a deep breath, looks up at the DEATH SQUAD.

**MAX (CONT'D)**

You gentlemen consider yourselves to be soldiers or businessmen?

**CUT TO:**

118.

**BLACK SCREEN**

We think it's the end. But then we hear

WIND. Blowing through trees. Crickets. The soft sound of evening television. Somewhere suburban...

**FADE IN ON:**
EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

A nice quiet neighborhood. Outside the kitchen window
Pooch's wife JOLENE, doing dishes in the sink again.

A RUSTLING. Jolene looks up this time. She obviously
heard it. She puts down the dishes and goes to the door.
Opens it and looks out to see...

Nothing. Not even by the swingset.

She sighs. About to head back inside when she spies

A GLINT OF LIGHT. By the oak tree in the front. She
steps outside. Walks down until she sees what it is.
Her breath hitches in her chest.

A frilly purple ribbon is tied around the old oak tree.

And now there are tears in Jolene's eyes. Because she
knows what it means.

Her husband is alive. And he will make it home.

Someday.    FADE OUT