

The Losers

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FADE IN ON:

THE DESERT. Sizzling dunes. Harsh. Unforgiving.

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-FRAME 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--

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.

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:

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 mujas
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.)
(filtered)
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 --

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:

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!

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

INT. AL GHOZAR FORT - KHYBER PASS - CONTINUOUS

Rogue 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

<They took Omar downstairs...>

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

CLAY

(to Rogue and Cougar)
Get 'em out.

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

INT. AL GHOZAR 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

<NO, PLEASE, I WASN'T GOING TO-

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Clay executes him. Then shoots off the kid's shackles. Looks at him. OMAR. He clutches a small filthy TEDDY BEAR in one hand.

CLAY

<Go upstairs.>

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.

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

SOMETHING HORRIFIC
...shoooooot meeee...

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-

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)

Thaaaank...

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...

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?

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

<All right, kids, you're going for a ride. Squeeze in and hold tight.>

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

OMAR

<Thank you.>

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.

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!

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.

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!

Rogue 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...

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 DRAPED
COFFINS off a troop transport carrier. Our guys' FAMILIES
watching. Clay's mother. Jensen's girlfriend. Pooch's
wife and daughters. Tears in their eyes.

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.

Older. Hair cropped. **Springfield, Massachusetts - NOW.**

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.

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.

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 Aquanetted 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-

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

Rogue-

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.

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

EXT. MOTEL SIX -- AFTERNOON

Rogue 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.

With that, Rogue 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.

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.

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...

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 HURLS 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.

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.

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?

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.**

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?

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?

(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

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Colonel. Roque. Pooch. Silent
Bob. Hottie.

(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?

(opening 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)

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?

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:

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.

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)

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 inbound 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.

CLAY

Here we go...

INT. CHOPPER - NEW MEXICO SKY - SAME

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

PILOT

(into 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.

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.

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.

Rogue 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
Rogue...

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

Rogue 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
Rogue 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?

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:

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...

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 CRESCENT CITY CONNECTION -- eight suspended lanes spanning the Mighty Mississippi...

EXT. CRESCENT 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.

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...

SWAT DRIVER

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-

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...

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 co-pilot. 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...

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 clammers 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:

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

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 *HISSESSSS*...

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...

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)

Nukes. That's a nuke. Who makes nukes? Department of Defense. 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.*

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
Jensen-

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?

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 pull back will be screaming to turn the place into a parking lot!

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...

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!

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?
(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Max gives us back our lives or we upload the data to the net, show the American people what's being done in their names.

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:

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:

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 towncar 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)

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:

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:

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

Verrrrry 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!

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.

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
(MORE)

JENSEN (CONT'D)
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
Ooooooh - 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?

BACK IN HENDERSON'S OFFICE:

Jensen checking his download. Smiles at the Secretary, then looks back to the 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...

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 slow 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...

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-

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)
<*I appreciate your position, Mr. Liu, but I will disembowel your family if you stand in my way. Love to Susan. Goodbye.*>

(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.

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.

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

Jensen and Pooch sitting at a table. Both with laptops.
Jensen tapping his keys. Roque enters, carrying a coffee.
Stops short, seeing the others. Surprised.

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?

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...

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:

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!

Rogue 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.

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...

ROQUE

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:

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)

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...

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!*

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?

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.*

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?

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?

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 Rogue 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 Rogue 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 Rogue begin to set CHARGES throughout the room...

CLAY (CONT'D)

Be ready to move the second Cougar hits the fire alarm...

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 MIRRORRED 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...

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...

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)
Rogue.

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...

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)

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.

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 SHOTS 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...

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...

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-

CLAY
 (eyes on Aisha)
 I know-

JENSEN
 There was no drive and Roque'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.

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.

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
Rogue 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?

Rogue nods.

WADE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something? Why'd
you stick with those losers for so
long?

Rogue 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:

CLAY

Hi, Wade!

BY THE PLANE

Rogue 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...

Rogue, rising to meet him. Waiting for him...

Clay JUMPS! Landing on the ramp!

IN THE CARGO HOLD - Rogue 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 a longshot for you...

CLAY

(smiling)

No. It's not.

Rogue LUNGES AT HIM...

But Clay *does* have a knife. He PULLS IT and SLAMS IT
into Rogue's belly! Rogue, stunned! Staggered back...

For most men, that would be the end of the fight. But
not these two. Rogue gives Clay a bloody grin.

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.

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?

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:

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