

FADE IN:

A WALL PANEL

The MONITOR receives a SATELLITE FEED. The transmission comes from half a world away. The grainy, green picture FOCUSES to show the topography of a desert region. A WHITE DOT appears center screen. SIX MORE DOTS are added in succession. They are positioned in a cluster.

A DISEMBODIED VOICE asks tentatively.

VOICE (V.O.)

Ready to begin exercise General, on your command.

The view on the screen LOWERS to a TELESCOPIC ZOOM of the terrain. The seven dots CLARIFY in detail. They are actually BODIES lying on the ground. The heat they are generating APPEARS as PULSATING LIGHT.

Another VOICE, older than the one which preceded it and heavy with gravitas, responds.

GENERAL BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Commence exercise.

We DESCEND until one body is in view, sprawled before us. The speed of the drop accelerates.

CUT TO:

THE BODY

No longer an infra-red representation. It is a young, black man. His name CURTIS TOWNSEND, but his crew know him as MACHET-T. We CLOSE IN on his face lying half up from the sand.

CLOSE - MACHET-T

His eyes snap open as consciousness returns. He exhales and a cloud of sand scatters with his breath.

His eyes change into a startled look.

EXT. STARTING POINT

Machet-t sits up and spins around in the sand. He gazes at his surroundings with disbelief.

MACHET-T

Fuck me!

He rises to his feet and stands surveying the area.

MACHET-T'S POV

His gaze falls over the other men deposited with him. CHARLAY, is a sinewy Irish teen with a shock of red hair that plays in the air like a bright mist. YING-K is Asian. His hair is combed back in a fifties ducktail. LASLO is a swarthy Italian with corded muscles visible from the open arms of his wife beater t. COLD-C is a more diminutive black teen with a baby face. SPARK-P is an Anglo, player wannabe with scruffy chin hair. RICO is Hispanic, his shaved, brown head glistens under the sun.

MACHET-T

He ponders the reason he is there.

MACHET-T

What is this? The mother fucking, Peace Corps?

His gaze wanders to another interest.

MACHET-T'S POV

A COLLECTION OF WEAPONS lie a short distance away from him. M16 AUTOMATIC RIFLES WITH CLIPS and a STRANGE LOOKING RIFLE WITH A SNAKE LIKE APPARATUS ATTACHED TO THE BARREL. A RADIO is included with the arsenal.

BACK TO SCENE

Machet-t pounces on the rifles. He takes one in each hand, pointing the barrels in a vengeful angle.

MACHET-T

Got my gat!

THE RADIO

HISSES from the static behind an INCOMING TRANSMISSION.

The strict voice of General Brannigan barks from the speaker.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Number seven, come in! Do you read me?

MACHET-T

Stares down at the radio with a confused look.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Number seven, it is urgent that you respond!

Machet-t grabs up the receiver.

MACHET-T

Who is number seven, mother fucker?

INT. HEADQUARTERS - ON BRANNIGAN

The satellite monitors green glow make his features appear like a ghostly specter.

BRANNIGAN

Number seven, what I am about to tell you is of the highest confidentiality.

MACHET-T

listens more out of curiosity than actual interest.

BRANNIGAN

You are located approximately three thousand kilometers from a Taliban training camp.

Machet-t stares off towards the desert and sights a gated compound. His eyes grow with the discovery.

BRANNIGAN

Your company is to secure the training camp by whatever means necessary.

MACHET-T

I'm not a goddamned soldier, dog!

BRANNIGAN

No, you're a low life killer assigned under my command for the sole purpose of infiltrating the enemy.

MACHET-T

Yo man, what if I choose not to join in your war game?

BRANNIGAN

Like it or not, you and your buddies are already part of it. According to our intelligence sources the Taliban rebels are already aware of your presence. They should be arriving to apprehend you.

Machet-t's head turns to movement on the horizon.

A JEEP

with a MACHINE GUN TURRET in the rear, shuttles across the sands. The REBELS up front are armed with AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan intones solemnly into his headset.

BRANNIGAN

Good luck.

MACHET-T

scoops up all of the rifles in his arms. He stares with dread at the approaching rebels.

EXT. STARTING POINT

The other men in Machet-t's crew are reviving. They hold their heads and blink in disorientation at their surroundings.

CHARLAY

Where'd you punks come from?

RICO

Was about to ask that myself, rojo.

Before they have the chance to become further acquainted, Machet-t runs between them. He hands out the rifles with a sense of urgency.

MACHET-T

Don't ask nothin'! Just start shooting at  
Anything that isn't here!

He turns his head in the direction of the speeding jeep.

THE JEEP

The MACHINE GUN OPERATOR is first to sight the gang bangers. He points fervently and swivels the machine gun towards them. All of the rebels start yelling in their native language.

EXT. STARTING POINT

The ground the gang bangers stand on, erupts beneath their feet from MACHINE GUN ROUNDS.

Everyone returns FIRE despite the bullets zipping through the air.

THE JEEP

All occupants in the vehicle are hit by the gang bangers barrage. The driver and passenger flop over in their seats. The machine gun operator drapes over the chassis of his weapon.

EXT. DESERT

With nobody driving, the jeep veers out of control. It swerves into an elevated sand bank, nearly overturning. The weight of the vehicle steadies and it rocks back down on all four tires.

THE GANG BANGERS

unite in a moment of relief and victory. It is short lived.

Spark-P takes a step back and aims his rifle at the others.

SPARK-P

What'd you do with my crew?

Cold-C looks at the vastness of the desert and asks more to the point.

COLD-C

For that matter, the street.

YING-K

Looks like Bumfuck, Egypt!

THE FIELD RADIO

which sustained no damage in the firefight, switches to an ADDRESS MODE.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You are in Afghanistan, men!

THE GANG BANGERS

gather around the radio in the sand. Rico makes threatening gang gestures.

RICO

You best be taking me back to the hood, dog!

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Listen up! All of you are participants in a military experiment!

The gang bangers look to one another for support.

The field radio continues with their briefing.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

A sensor chip has been surgically implanted into the back of your necks.

MACHET-T

reaches up in response and clutches the back of his neck.

## THE FIELD RADIO

Brannigan's stern voice relays their fate.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

From this command post we will track your every movement. All of you are convicted murderers. Your sentence back home would be death. However, the United States government has granted you a reprieve. You will be assigned to suicide missions to take out the enemy and assist U.S. forces. These missions will continue until you are killed or the war ends. Whichever comes first.

## EXT. STARTING POINT

The look on Laslo's face pinches.

LASLO

That's some cold blooded shit!

Rico displays more defiance.

RICO

What's to stop me from bouncing on out?

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

The moment any of you leave the set perimeter you will be considered a.w.o.l. and shot upon sight.

Spark-P looks edgily at the radio.

SPARK-P

You can't enlist us against our will! We're Americans!

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You gave up that birthright when you killed other Americans.

Machet-t stares hard at the radio.

MACHET-T

Okay Chief, we get it. We're you're bitches. But what if something happens to the radio and you can't reach us?

Brannigan's grave response sends a chill through their collective unit.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You better pray that it doesn't.

Machet-t stoops to pick up the radio. He ends the discussion.

MACHET-T

Roger, out.

He looks over at the group. He declares abruptly.

MACHET-T

You heard the man, we got to do this whether we want to or not.

CHARLAY

Shit man, I'd rather be in the joint!

Rico concurs.

RICO

But now we're G.I. fucking Joe!

Spark-P hangs his head and returns to line.

SPARK-P

Without pay.

Machet-t registers all of their discontent. He directs a confident gaze.

MACHET-T

I'll be squad leader!

YING-K

Bullshit!

His contention is augmented by the other gang bangers.

Rico steps across and points his finger at Machet't's chest.

RICO

Goddamned holmes, if you think I'm going to put my life in the hands of a fucking nigger you must be crazy!

His statement is met by an echo of approval.

Machet-t shows no emotion in dealing with this mutiny. He raises his rifle and aims it at the startled gang bangers. He shrugs philosophically.

MACHET-T

Suit yourself.

All of them realize his intent. The front row of Rico, Ying-K and Spark-P hold up their hands in submission.

YING-K

What the fuck you doing, man?

Machet-t gives a wistful smile.

MACHET-T

That all depends on you.

His reserve gives way to anger. He bellows at his fellow prisoners.

MACHET-T

I'm not playing, mother fuckers! Either you're with me or you're not! I don't give a shit either way!

Cold-C takes his place alongside Machet-t.

COLD-C

I'm with you, my brother!

Machet-t awards his loyalty with a sneer. He turns his attention back to the others.

MACHET-T

The way I see it is we do what we're told until this shit is done!

He points out Spark-P.

MACHET-T

And that don't mean segregating ranks because of color or belief!

He adds arrogantly.

MACHET-T

I intend on going back home!

The gang bangers muse over his threat and logic before submitting with hung heads. Machet-t scrutinizes each member until he is certain of their allegiance.

MACHET-T

That said, I don't give a fuck what you do outside of following my orders!

This freedom is met with a roar of approval.

CHARLAY

Check this out! We could come out with something to show for our trouble!

Laslo screws his face in confusion.

LASLO

I don't get you, man!

Charlay dances in excitement. He waves his hands to illustrate.

CHARLAY

You heard the man! Nobody said anything about making a profit! Goddamn man, we're off the mother fucking radar, long as we do what we're told! Don't tell me you never heard of the stockpile bunkers!

RICO

What's inside, esse?

CHARLAY

Gold, limousines, you name it. The Arabian princes hoard all this shit in secret locations!

Cold-C's looks turns calculating.

COLD-C

They ain't going to be secret for long. You know what I'm saying?

CHARLAY

We steal for the government now.

Machet-t oversees their acceptance of the problem.

MACHET-T

I'm glad you fools found something positive in this.

He looks out across the hot sands to the chain link fence framing the Taliban training facility.

MACHET-T

We're going to take that mother fucking camp out.

Cold-C adds with an uneasy grin.

COLD-C

Or die trying.

Spark-P eyes Machet-t sullenly.

SPARK-P

This ain't done, nigga!

Machet-t turns away in acceptance.

MACHET-T

Never is.

THE FIELD RADIO

CRACKLES and is followed by Brannigan's anxious voice.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven? Do you read me?

EXT. STARTING POINT

Machet-t bends to retrieve it.

MACHET-T

Yeah, man.

INTERCUT W/ BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS

The shadowy features of OTHER COVERT-OPS SPECIALISTS flank Brannigan.

BRANNIGAN

Our temperature indicators detected gunfire.  
Was anybody hurt?

Machet-t answers with a gleam of pride.

MACHET-T

Not on our side, dog.

The covert-ops specialist's severe expressions lighten.

BRANNIGAN

That's good to hear Seven. What are the  
enemy casualties?

MACHET-T

Three towel heads plus we scored their ride.

Brannigan turns anxious.

BRANNIGAN

Outstanding! Continue as directed to the  
Taliban camp.

CLOSE - MACHET-T

He registers Brannigan's last order with a hardened stare.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Hit them hard.

EXT. DESERT - ON JEEP - MOVING

Machet-t and Rico ride up front. Machet-t drives. Cold-C mans the machine gun. Their faces are partially concealed by a swath of their turbans. They are dressed in the clothes taken from the rebels.

## THE OTHER GANG BANGERS

are herded into the back of the vehicle. They are slotted into any free space next to the big gun. It appears like they have been captured.

## EXT. TALIBAN CAMP

The jeep with Machet-t and crew ride up to the front gate. SENTRIES stationed there move forward for the vehicle to stop. Instead, it accelerates.

## THE GUARDS

yell at the speeding jeep and shoulder their rifles to fire.

## COLD-C

swings the machine gun around on the guards.

## THE GUARDS

are struck down by the stream of bullets that rains across their bodies.

## THE JEEP

continues at full speed into the gate. Its grill plows the chain link barrier. The halves that compose the entrance are uprooted by the momentum of the vehicle. They bend over the hood. The chain securing their lock is snapped apart.

## INT. TALIBAN CAMP

The jeep screeches to a stop, whipping up a skid mark of swirling dust.

Machet-t and the other gang bangers pile out with their weapons. They spread out over the inside grounds.

Taliban defenses are held at bay by the cover of machine gun fire from Cold-C.

LASLO

(to Machet-t)

Now what do we do?

MACHET-T

Divide and conquer!

## EXT. BUILDING

Machet-t runs up to the closed door and blasts it full of holes. SCREAMS are heard from within.

He kicks down the part of the door left intact. He rushes inside.

INT. BUILDING

Behind the walls is a classroom for terrorists. REBEL TRAINEES sit at squat desks. They clasp their hands behind their heads in surrender. Their instructor was hit by the initial shooting. His crumpled body lies at the head of the class.

MACHET-T

walks between the rows of desks. His gaze falls upon a WORKSHEET on one of the student's desks.

THE DESK

The worksheet details an illustration on how to rig oneself as a human bomb.

THE STUDENT

belonging to the paper looks up with wide and fearful eyes for Machet-t's reaction.

MACHET-T

is shaken by his discovery. His features twist in turmoil. His nostrils flare with burgeoning rage.

THE STUDENT

seems to read his thoughts. He begins trembling. He holds his frightened gaze.

INT. CLASSROOM

Machet-t raises his rifle and fans the area with gunfire. He bellows in cathartic release.

MACHET-T

He empties his clip but keeps his finger on the trigger. Gradually the smoke from his barrel dissipates.

His face transmits the aftermath.

MACHET-T'S POV

He has massacred all of the Taliban students at their desks. Their bodies have settled in angles from the paths of the bullets.

MACHET-T

studies the room in a state of shock. He is coaxed back to reality by a familiar voice.

COLD-C

Yo, brother, let's roll.

Machet-t drops his guard and leaves with him.

INT. ROOM

The floor slants to an underground storage area. Charlay and Spark-P dig their rifle barrels into the back of a TALIBAN GUARD walking ahead of them.

SPARK-P

That's right Arab, take us to the gold!

The guard keeps his hands up in submission. He directs them forward through a narrow corridor.

CHARLAY

What you gonna do with your share, man?

Spark-P rudely thrusts the sight of his barrel into the small of the guard's back.

SPARK-P

Buy myself some diplomatic immunity!

Charlay laughs across in turn.

CHARLAY

I got mine already spent!

SPARK-P

On what?

Charlay notes with eagerness.

CHARLAY

Booze and broads!

SPARK-P

Sounds like a plan, my bro!

They arrive at a closed door with a key lock on the outside. Charlay and Spark-P step to either side of the guard to demonstrate their dominance over him. Spark-P motions with his rifle.

SPARK-P

Open it, Saddam!

The guard takes a small ring of keys from his pants pocket. He inserts one of the keys into the slot and turns the knob.

The door gives way with a click. Spark-P uses his rifle to shove the guard into the adjoining room.

INT. ROOM

Behind the door is a hidden stash. But the bounty is STEREO EQUIPMENT not gold. Stacked against the walls are boxes of unopened CD players and accessories.

Spark-P and Charlay look at one another in disbelief.

SPARK-P

What the fuck is this?

He moves in a threatening manner towards the guard.

SPARK-P

I said treasure, Mohammed, not trash!

The guard tries to explain but there is a communication gap between their languages. Spark-P hauls back and strikes him in the face with his rifle butt. The guard collapses on the ground. Spark-P looks off to Charlay.

SPARK-P

Now what do we do?

Charlay pauses, after staring off at their find. He shrugs.

CHARLAY

Have a yard sale?

EXT. LOT

A expanse of ground that runs from behind one of the sites to the outer fence.

Parked there for safe keeping is a PAKISTANIAN TANK.

Rico, Laslo and Ying-K mill around the behemoth craft.

YING-K

Think you can handle this much machine, homie?

Rico shakes his head, staring at the tanks massive tracks.

RICO

Get real, holmes! I've only got a class three license!

LASLO

I don't think it really matters out here.

Rico looks a distance down from their position at a fleet of jeeps and transport vehicles.

RICO

Now, that I can work with!

He starts across the ground in a jaunt.

Ying-K looks ahead at the formation of the motor pool. He realizes at that moment.

YING-K

Dude, look out!

RICO

turns in a moment of indecision. He sees a TRIO of TALIBAN SOLDIERS emerge from where they were hiding behind the vehicles.

They have caught him by surprise. The soldiers turn their machine guns on him. Before they can fire, SHOTS EXPLODE from all sides.

THE TALIBAN SOLDIERS

succumb to the shells digging into their chests. Tufts of fabric burst from their uniforms. They are slammed to the ground by the impact.

RICO

stands in reflection. He stares at the vehicles, now pocked with bullet holes.

EXT. MOTOR POOL

Ying-K and Laslo trudge across to join him. Their rifles are at the ready.

LASLO

You nearly walked into that, beaner!

Rico regards them both with a look of distain not gratitude.

RICO

Now see what you pendahols did?

He gestures to the pock marked windshield and finish of a jeep.

RICO

You lowered the blue book value!

Ying-K walks over to the slain Taliban soldiers. He drops his rifle and grabs the machine gun in one of the soldier's hand. He raises the sub machine gun in admiration.

YING-K

I'm trading up!

The rest of their unit is called over by the noise from their fight with the soldiers.

MACHET-T

What the fuck happened here?

Rico angles his head at the bodies on the ground.

RICO

The job, dog.

Machet-t considers the vehicles parked off to the side. He goes over to a jeep and throws his gear in the front seat.

MACHET-T

We got wheels!

Spark-P and Charlay appear from around the building with an armload of CD players.

SPARK-P

And tunes!

Cold-C slides into the passenger seat alongside Machet-t's rifle. He reclines with a grin.

COLD-C

We be living large!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The gang bangers drive the confiscated Taliban vehicles across the punishing, hot terrain. Their journey is underscored by RAP MUSIC BOOMING from the portable stereos.

Over the scene we HEAR a RADIO TRANSMISSION from HEADQUARTERS.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, our intel division has reported the Taliban camp was secured.

MACHET-T (V.O.)

Ain't no big thing.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

How are your men?

MACHET-T (V.O.)

Living to tell the tale.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

And the other side?

MACHET-T (V.O.)

Flip it, dog.

## INT. HEADQUARTERS

The satellite monitor behind Brannigan tells of their victory. Seven pulses of light remain on the tractor screen, traveling due north.

Through the shadowy confines, Brannigan's under lit features display his approval.

## BRANNIGAN

Seven, you and your men break camp. Take some r and r for the rest of the day. Get to know the people you are fighting with. They're your family now.

## INT. JEEP

Machet-t grips the receiver while he drives with his free hand. His eyes never falter from the road.

## MACHET-T

Copy that.

## A GLASS DOOR

Built into a connecting glass module. On the outside is an official looking insignia.

## BAIN (O.S.)

It is good that your program thus far, has been a success, Brannigan.

## INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

Inside the sound proof cube, Brannigan confers with STAFF GENERAL BAIN over a TELEVISION INTERCOM system. Brannigan stands as the head of Bain on the wall monitor addresses him.

## BAIN

Some of my counterparts had doubt from it's initiation.

## BRANNIGAN

They are not visionaries like yourself, sir.

## BAIN

Well we proved the naysayers wrong, damnit!

## BRANNIGAN

Thank you, sir.

## BAIN

The president has been informed of your experiment, and sends his respect.

BRANNIGAN

We have turned a negative into a positive, sir.

BAIN

The idea of utilizing gang members as military support is brilliant, Brannigan.

BRANNIGAN

Their killing instincts have already been honed in the streets. There is no hesitation or remorse in their actions. But on the battlefield it serves a purpose.

BAIN

And best of all, if anything happens they're expendable.

Brannigan feels a pang of conscience with his last statement. He takes his time in responding.

BRANNIGAN

Yes, sir.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The gang bangers' vehicles are parked next to each other in a protective circle. The area created between them serves as a campsite.

Spark-P sits watch in the open cab of a jeep.

EXT. CAMPSITE

The gang bangers sit before a dwindling bonfire of stereo equipment cartons. Charlay pokes at the embers with a stick.

CHARLAY

Goddamned shit don't burn well!

YING-K

Put on to do list, get wood.

Laslo gropes his crotch.

LASLO

Already got wood, bro!

The other gang bangers laugh in recognition.

RICO

Yo dog, what we need is some pussy!

Laslo puts his hands together in prayer.

LASLO

You writing this down, holmes?

More laughter. Machet-t throws a look Spark-P's way.

MACHET-T

How we looking, dog?

Spark-P smirks.

SPARK-P

Black as you, holmes!

Machet-t squirms to the comparison. He flips him the bird.

COLD-C

Think they're looking for us, man?

MACHET-T

Who you talking about?

Cold-C scans the area then shrugs.

COLD-C

You know. Charlie, the enemy.

RICO

I think his name is Abdu, man.

Machet-t discounts their levity.

MACHET-T

No man, nobody is looking for us. At least not yet.

Cold-C brings up a related concern.

COLD-C

How long they gonna keep us out here?

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Their impromptu campsite is the only sign of life upon the vast emptiness.

INT. DESERT - DAY

The light of a rising sun creeps across the sands. The gang bangers' cluster of interlocked vehicles is disclosed from the shadowed landscape.

A RADIO TRANSMISSION serves as an alarm.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, come in. Seven, do you read me?

EXT. CAMPSITE

Machet-t rolls over with a grunt to the radios interruption of his sleep. He picks up the receiver and answers groggily.

MACHET-T

What's up, man?

INTERCUT/W- BRANNIGAN AT HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan's ghostly visage has not changed. It remains a valley of florescent, highlights and hollow chasms.

BRANNIGAN

You and your men are to proceed to the next checkpoint in the city of Gareza, approximately ten thousand kilometers from your present location. There you will search and locate the 85<sup>th</sup> infantry battalion who are pinned down under heavy enemy fire.

Machet-t clears his head with the realization of their assignment.

MACHET-T

We're walking into a trap?

Brannigan's face shifts with its resolution.

BRANNIGAN

Think of it as a challenge.

EXT. DESERT

The gangbangers vehicles traverse the flat landscape on route to Gareza. The ruined city sits off in the distance, a set of broken walls and stripped foundations. Intermittent MORTAR FIRE echoes in the air.

YING-K

What's that noise, dog?

RICO

It ain't no twenty-one gun salute!

INT. MACHET-T'S JEEP

Machet-t drives with intensity of purpose. Cold-C looks across in concern.

COLD-C

Yo, brother! Why we doing this?

Machet-t recognizes the question with a solemn look, then his face breaks into amusement.

MACHET-T

You kidding, dog? I live for this shit!  
Back in the hood I loved capping mother  
fuckers! Here, I can live out my dream!

Cold-C eyes him a moment longer before shaking his head in agreement.

COLD-C

I'm down with that, man.

INT. SPARK-P'S JEEP

Charlay rides with Spark-P up front. Their reasons for participating are more basic.

CHARLAY

Fuck dude, I am fucking starving!

Spark-P shares his discontent.

SPARK-P

Tell me about it, holmes! Thought there was  
some fucking rule about feeding prisoners!

He pauses to collect his thoughts before slamming the wheel with the flat of his hand.

SPARK-P

It's in the goddamned Geneva convention!

Charlay considers this before noting.

CHARLAY

We're not really prisoners. Not in the  
practical sense, man. We're outside.

Spark-P swivels his head in assessment. He looks back harshly.

SPARK-P

Bullshit! It's just the worlds' biggest,  
Goddamned prison yard!

INT. LASLO'S JEEP

Riding with him are Rico and Ying-K.

LASLO

Next stop we come to, I'm getting a shower!

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GAREZA

The gangbangers' vehicles drive off the desert road into the city. It has been ravaged by the war. The buildings off to either side have imploded. Only their blown out walls remain standing. Stone and mortar from them cover the street.

RICO

I don't think they have running water, holmes.

EXT. CITY OF GAREZA

The gangbangers slow down as they enter the downtown sector. The main road narrows, giving space to the buildings it squeezes between.

The SOUNDS of GUNFIRE become more prominent.

INT. MACHET-T'S JEEP

Machet-t leans forward over the wheel. He searches the roofs of the buildings they pass. Cold-C watches in a state of anxiety.

COLD-C

This don't feel fucking right, man!

Machet-t holds a hand up to quiet him.

EXT. STREET

Machet-t slows his jeep to a crawl. The other vehicles follow his lead.

INT. SPARK-P'S JEEP

Spark-P scans the same rooftops. Charlay detects his caution.

CHARLAY

Something up there, dude?

Spark-P keeps his eyes fixed above.

SPARK-P

Good a place as any for an ambush.

Charlay picks up his rifle and holds it close.

INT. LASLO'S JEEP

Laslo stares up at the top of the buildings sandwiching them in.

YING-K

Bet you wish you'd heisted that tank now, bro.

Rico disregards his comment. He angles his rifle barrel at the buildings looking down on them.

LASLO

Does anybody know where the fuck we're going?

Rico holds his gaze for any snipers that might appear.

Instead the threat comes from an unexpected direction. A TALIBAN REBEL, swathed with a muffler over the lower part of his face, dashes out from the building across the way. He aims a HAND HELD MISSILE at their jeep and FIRES IT OFF.

EXT. LASLO'S JEEP

The passengers dive from the vehicle before it hits.

YING-K

Incoming!

Ying-K, Rico and Laslo flatten to the ground and cover their heads with their hands.

The missile rips into the side of the Jeep and EXPLODES in a gust of fire and flaming parts.

INT. MACHET-T'S JEEP

Machet-t guns the accelerator.

MACHET-T

Son of a bitch!

TALIBAN SOLDIERS pour out of the buildings doorways armed with MACHINE GUNS. They open fire at the speeding jeep.

Cold-C aims his rifle from the open cab and returns fire. He lays a line of fire across the walkway to keep the soldiers back.

COLD-C

Goddamned son, get us the fuck out of here!

Machet-t glares forward and stomps the gas.

EXT. STREET

Their jeep races down the gauntlet, taking fire from opposite sides. At the first detour it banks right on two wheels and disappears down another block.

Spark-P's jeep brakes just as the ground ERUPTS from a grenade thrown in front of them.

EXT. SPARK-P'S JEEP

Spark-P and Charlay climb from the driver's side of the cab. Hunching low, they sprint for an opening separating the buildings.

EXT. STREET

Spark-P straddles the ground in a wide stance and opens fire on the Talibans before they can group into any kind of force.

Ying-K, Rico and Laslo use the opportunity to bolt to their feet and run after Charlay into the alley.

Spark-P bounces on his heels with his rifle drawn. He hops across to the alley keeping his rifle trained on the building fronts. Once he is shielded by the two sides of the buildings forming the alleyway, he turns and runs.

EXT. ALLEY

Charlay and the others look back to see if Spark-P made it.

Spark-P closes the distance, arms and legs pumping hard. He wears a look of crazed determination.

SPARK-P

Move!

The other gangbangers spin forward and run down the length of the alley. Spark-P is running too, only a step ahead of the BULLETS ricocheting off the walls behind him.

EXT. CONNECTING STREET

Machet-t's jeep brakes in an open space. He grabs his rifle then thinking at the last moment also retrieves the field radio.

Cold-C gets his rifle in response and follows Machet-t into the road.

COLD-C

Why ain't we driving?

Machet-t gives a look down at the jeeps blown back tires.

Machet-t stares off cautiously then moves out in the open. He heads for some damaged buildings which appear vacant.

Cold-C studies a group of what were apartment towers rising above the roofs of the lower level structures.

EXT. APARTMENT TOWER

TALIBAN REBELS flood through the exits, carrying guns and hand held missiles. They look like an army of ants running down the exposed scaffolding.

EXT. STREET

Cold-C turns away from the impending threat and swallows his dread. He dashes after Machet-t into the slot like opening of an adobe structure.

INT. RUINED BUILDING

Cold-C joins with Machet-t inside the dusty room. A gaping square hole where a window once was gives them a view of the activity on the street.

COLD-C

Fuck man! They're everywhere!

Machet-t acknowledges his observation with a grimace. He turns on the field radio in an attempt to contact home base.

MACHET-T

Yo, chief! We need to talk to your ass!

Brannigan's concerned voice filters through.

BRANNIGAN

What is it, seven?

MACHET-T

We got jacked in the street.

BRANNIGAN

Have you achieved your objective?

Machet-t's face twists with his question.

MACHET-T

Have we achieved what mother-fucker?  
Perhaps you're not hearing me. I said  
we're getting our asses kicked!

BRANNIGAN

You were to locate and free the trapped  
infantry unit.

MACHET-T

Do you hear what I'm saying, man?

BRANNIGAN

I read you loud and clear, seven. You  
have not completed the mission. Do not  
make radio contact again until you have.

To Machet-t's amazement the communication ends. He stares a moment in disbelief before accepting their status. He stows the radio in a side pouch on his belt.

MACHET-T

Goddamned, cock sucking military fuck!

Cold-C looks at him in anticipation.

COLD-C

What's up, bro?

Machet-t sighs when he exhales.

MACHET-T

We are fucked!

Cold-C's gaze becomes imploring.

COLD-C

What do you mean fucked, man?

Machet-t snaps his head around.

MACHET-T

What part of fuck don't you understand,  
mother-fucker?

Through the portal to the street, a missile streaks into their jeep.  
It is BLASTED into SMITHEREENS.

Pieces of debris zip through the space, permeating the walls and floor.

Cold-C flinches and clutches his arm. A shard of metal has lacerated the  
skin. He looks at Machet-t for support.

COLD-C

I'm hit, dog!

Machet-t grips onto the scruff of his shirt and pulls him away from the  
wall. He forcefully drags Cold-C with him out the back of the building.

MACHET-T

You're breathing, you ain't hit. Com'on.

Cold-C protests but stumbles after Machet-t through the cloudy interior.

The VOICES of agitated TALIBAN REBELS grow CLOSER.

EXT. PLAZA

Spark-P, Rico, Charlay, Laslo and Ying-K seek protection behind a slab of  
shattered concrete. They fire their weapons at the stream of Taliban SHOOTERS  
as they emerge from the alleyway.

YING-K

What, we got the whole Goddamned Taliban  
army coming at us?

Spark-P shows a grin.

SPARK-P

They're coming at us, slick!

A GUNMAN

dashes into the square with his automatic rifle braced against his midsection. Before he can get off a shot, he staggers from a succession of shells that stop his forward momentum.

BACK TO SCENE

Spark-P holds a look of resolve.

SPARK-P

Not the other way around!

All of them fire at the Taliban soldiers before they can assume an offensive. Ying-K laughs nervously.

YING-K

You be speaking the truth, homie!

RICO

It pains me to hear you white bread mother-fuckers talking like one of the homeboys!

SPARK-P

Like it or not, esse, we're the only homies you got!

They alternate shots from their rifles at the running gunmen.

RICO

A goddamned chink and a redneck covering my back!

YING-K

Say the word, ace!

Rico relents to their scrutiny.

RICO

I'm just saying, this whole thing is whack!

At that moment Rico runs out of ammo. He wields the rifle and pulls the trigger continuously with a puzzled expression.

YING-K

What's wrong, man?

RICO

I think I'm out!

YING-K

Sucks to be you!

While he's laughing, the machine gun he is shooting fires on an empty chamber. Ying-K looks at his weapon with a similar look of distress.

Spark-P continues the fight, targeting soldiers as they run out into his line of fire. He downs them with a single shot.

He regards his teammate's plight with indifference.

SPARK-P

You two yahoos better get on out there!

Rico looks at him in alarm.

RICO

For what, holmes?

Spark-P pinches a cutting smile and raises his eyebrows.

SPARK-P

For weapons, esse. Unless you plan on fighting unarmed!

Rico's gaze changes to acknowledgement.

Spark-P nods in confirmation.

SPARK-P

I didn't think so.

Rico trades looks with Ying-K. They throw down their spent weapons and sight their respective next ones on the battlefield. They glance back over their shoulder at Spark-P.

YING-K

You got our back, man?

SPARK-P

Don't sweat it, cuz! Everything is cool.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD

Rico and Ying-K sprint from a standing start out into the square. They drop beside the corpses whose weapons they plan to take.

The bullets from Spark-P hit all around them, chipping pieces out of the paved road.

SPARK-P

Shoots like a man possessed. His eyes are trained down the rifles sights. He is the picture of precision.

Laslo and Charlay keep up the fusillade in support.

LASLO

Those guns aren't American! How they gonna know how to use them?

Spark-P answers with cockiness.

SPARK-P

Lock, load, aim and shoot. It's the universal language, boys!

EXT. BOMBED BUSINESS DISTRICT

Machet-t and Cold-C move carefully through the rubble and building shells.

COLD-C

Where's the rest of our posse, man?

MACHET-T

Dead for all we know.

COLD-C

So what do we do now?

MACHET-T

Keep on, keeping on, brother.

COLD-C

I'm hungry, dog.

Machet-t stops in exasperation.

MACHET-T

Do you see a Micky-D's around here, mother fucker?

COLD-C

Actually, I like KFC.

MACHET-T

You want some watermelon too, fool?

COLD-C

The soldiers dropped back, man.

Machet-t quietly studies the area.

MACHET-T

Maybe they know something we don't.

Their attention shifts to a SMALL FIGURE running behind the cover of the ruins.

COLD-C

You see that, cuz?

Machet-t brings up a hand to calm him.

MACHET-T

Hang back. There's only one. You know what I'm saying?

COLD-C

Think they're armed?

MACHET-T

We woulda known by now.

The figure steps out from behind a broken section of wall. It is a SMALL, ARABIAN GIRL in a dirty, white dress. She stands before Machet-t and Cold-C in the open road. She shows no fear of them.

GIRL

You American soldiers?

Machet-t smirks with the irony.

MACHET-T

Close enough.

GIRL

Come with me.

She turns and heads back over the rubble towards some buildings in the distance.

COLD-C

We going, G?

Machet-t starts walking after her.

MACHET-T

Maybe there's food where she's going. What do we got to lose?

COLD-C

Only our lifes.

MACHET-T

Like I said, what do we got to lose?

ON TRACKING MONITOR

The blips that represent the gangbangers are separated into two groups. A cluster of five and a break away division of two.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan stares pensively at the screen. He picks up a receiver patched into the control board. He brings it to his mouth to speak. Then he decides against this action by lying the receiver back down on the work station before him.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Ying-K and Rico slide in from the battlefield with their new weapons.

Laslo looks tense. He rears up from behind the concrete bunker to answer a few stray shots with a burst from his machine gun. He looks over at Spark-P.

LASLO

When the fuck does it end, man?

Spark-P shoots at a couple of Talibans running from the alley out into the open. Their bodies jerk from the bullets before amassing with their fallen comrades on the ground.

SPARK-P

Who says it does, ace? We seem to have found a real hot spot in this war.

He regards their group with graveness.

SPARK-P

When we run out of ammo, we're shit out of luck!

Charlay fires a couple of rounds at the courtyard.

CHARLAY

Not the answer we want, man!

Laslo braces against the stone precipice and fires his machine gun, single handed, over his head. Following a steady series of rounds, the hammer clacks with an empty chamber.

LASLO

Fuck!

He drops down behind the concrete section and rests his back against it. He yanks out the ammo clip in frustration.

Charlay shoulders his rifle taking pot shots at random targets. He too runs out of ammunition. He stares at the weapon with dismay.

CHARLAY

I'm done goddamned it!

Spark-P directs his attention to Rico and Ying-K, who are trying to figure out their foreign weapons.

SPARK-P

How you guys comin'?

Ying-K fiddles with the bolt of his gun. He wears a desperate look. The magazine slips loose from its compartment.

Spark-P pulls an empty round. He looks away with an uncertain grin.

SPARK-P

You guys ready to POW it?

EXT. BATTLEFIELD

With the break in the shooting, Taliban soldiers are able to breach the exit from the alley. They venture forward across the pavement at a cautious pace.

EXT. PLAZA

Spark-P watches their position from a lookout site created from a chunk of missing granite.

The other gangbangers stay low by the back of the wall.

CHARLAY

What the fuck now, man?

Spark-P symbolically allows his rifle to drop from its strap.

SPARK-P

Guess we surrender.

Rico frowns.

RICO

That is, if they take prisoners, holmes!

The POP of a weapon is HEARD to the rear.

LASLO

His startled face notes a shell that zips by.

A TALIBAN SOLDIER

is the target of the hidden marksmen. He stops advancing and folds upon impact.

EXT. PLAZA

Additional SHOTS down other Talibans on the field. Soldiers that were ready to come out of the alley stay put.

EXT. CONCRETE BARRIER

The gangbangers become aware of their ally.

CHARLAY  
Someone else is firing.

Spark-P turns his head to locate the source.

SPARK-P  
Yeah, but they're firing for us.

EXT. BUILDING

A short distance from their present location is a bombed out, rectangular structure. Formerly a site for local merchants, it now serves as refuge for the gangbangers benefactors. A YOUTHFUL VOICE calls through one of the slots out front.

VOICE  
You guys gather up as many guns as you can!  
We'll keep you covered!

EXT. CONCRETE BARRIER

The gangbangers exchange looks of perplexed anxiety, then Spark-P shouts back.

SPARK-P  
We're on it!

He faces his group's questioning faces.

SPARK-P  
Unless any of you have a better plan.

Rico twists around and bounds into the plaza.

The other gangbangers follow suite and run out on the battle ground.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND

Spark-P and his crew fan out to complete the task. The shooting about them intensifies. They gather up discarded machine guns in their arms until they can't carry any more. The gangbangers retreat with their arsenal. The Taliban soldiers fire at their retreating forms. CROSSFIRE from the buildings decreases their ability to hit any of the gangbangers.

EXT. BUILDING

The gangbangers are signaled to the entrance to one of the units. They hustle in with the confiscated weapons.

INT. BUILDING

A DIVISION of Army INFANTRYMEN have holed up inside. They stare curiously at the unusual clothing of the gangbangers.

SGT. SULLIVAN

What kind of a rescue team are you?

Spark-P drops the guns in his possession. They pile on the floor like cordwood.

SPARK-P

Who said anything about rescue, man?

EXT. DOWNTOWN SECTOR

Machet-t and Cold-C track the mystery girl into what looks like a courthouse which has collapsed on one side. They pass through the marble columns supporting the standing half of the building.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Machet-t and Cold-C walk down the slanted interior. Their footsteps ECHO off the solitary walls.

MACHET-T

I always hated fucking court.

Cold-C twists his neck, searching the cavernous interior.

COLD-C

Word.

INT. LOBBY

A broken section of the roof casts a shaft of light down upon the hall ahead. Gathered in the center of the space is a group of AFGHANISTAN PEOPLE. The men look more like merchants than soldiers. Among their numbers are women and children, including the little girl who led Machet-t and Cold-C there.

A TALL MAN with soulful eyes and oversized hands, speaks in behalf of his people.

RASHID

I am Rashid Aga Roaad.

He glances down fondly at the little girl.

RASHID

You have already met my daughter, Andrea.

Machet-t studies the cloaked and armed people.

MACHET-T

You're not Taliban?

Rashid shakes his head resolutely.

RASHID

We are freedom fighters.

He pumps out his chest with that declaration.

Cold-C eyes the group suspiciously.

COLD-C

But you are Muslim, like them?

Rashid's smile fades.

RASHID

We are nothing like the Talibans. Just because they share our religion does not mean we share their beliefs. They are extremists sworn to the destruction of the Islamic nation.

He smiles abruptly.

RASHID

We're the good guys.

Cold-C looks at Machet-t with cynicism.

COLD-C

The lesser of two evils.

RASHID

You got us all wrong, brother! We believe in democracy like you!

Machet-t counters with a sullen grimace.

MACHET-T

I don't believe in nothing, mother fucker!

Rashid retracts warily.

RASHID

That's cool! We respect the right of the individual!

SAYID, a muscular man with hooded eyes, echoes this feeling.

SAYID

Keep it real!

Rashid is compelled to pump a fist high.

RASHID  
Power to the people!

The rest of the freedom fighters repeat in unison.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS  
Power to the people!

COLD-C  
Shizzle me nizzle.

Rashid moves closer to Machet-t with an ingratiating smile.

RASHID  
Now that we're homies, you want to hear our  
plan?

Machet-t's eyes widen with interest.

INT. BUILDING

The trapped infantry division are just becoming aware of their guests.

OWEN, a raw boned, sharpshooter, gives Sullivan a incredulous look.

OWEN  
What the fuck, Sarge, we're already low  
on munitions!

Sullivan kicks a confiscated rifle across to Owen in response.

SULLIVAN  
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, soldier!

DAVIS, a soldier with a bandana tied around his forehead, stares at the gang bangers with distrust.

DAVIS  
They look like a party from the United Nations.

Charlay notes in rebuttal.

CHARLAY  
Not!

Spark-P pulls up a wood crate and sits next to Sullivan.

SPARK-P  
How long you been here, chief?

Sullivan raises his arm and turns the watch on his wrist up.

SULLIVAN

Going on three hours. We were ambushed on our way through town.

Laslo grimaces at the similarity of their situation.

LASLO

It's a regular, tourist trap, man!

Sullivan turns a tired smile.

SULLIVAN

I'll give this to the bastards. They're well organized.

Rico remarks with grudging sarcasm.

RICO

They captured all of us, dog!

Spark-P leans forward to Sullivan.

SPARK-P

So, what's the plan?

Sullivan gives him a look of remission.

SULLIVAN

Stay alive.

Ying-K notes in return.

YING-K

Good plan.

EXT. JEEP - MOVING

Machet-t and Cold-C ride up front. Machet-t is driving. Both of them are in disguise with wraps over their heads and faces like the freedom fighter counterparts in the back of the jeep. The big gun is covered with a tarp.

COLD-C

Yo man, I'm getting sick of this ride.

Machet-t keeps his grip on the wheel tight. His eyes stay locked on the road.

MACHET-T

Word.

EXT. TALIBAN COMPOUND - DAY

The rebels have reconstructed a barrier of sorts from the rubble left by their last encounter with the gang bangers.

Sentries in front of the demolished entrance shout and aim their rifles at the approaching vehicles. They begin shooting.

EXT. JEEP

Machet-t flinches from the residue that deflects off the windshield as a shell webs the glass.

MACHET-T

They're expecting us this time.

Cold-C takes the safety off his rifle and aims back at their assailants. He fires in return.

COLD-C

Liked it better when they didn't!

BACK OF JEEP

Sayid throws the tarp off the machine gun. He mans the weapon laying down a line of fire across the compound outer perimeter.

EXT. TALIBAN COMPOUND

The guards succumb to the rounds fired. They fall in the sand, sprawled in their dirty robes.

MACHET-T

He shakes his head at their ignorance.

MACHET-T

Stupid.

INT. TALIBAN COMPOUND

Machet-t's jeep is proceeded by a TRANSPORT VEHICLE driven by Rashid. Both vehicles skid to a stop in the dirt courtyard.

Machet-t and Cold-C jump out of the jeep carrying their rifles. Sayid and his team are running around the side of the main classroom building.

Sporadic SHOOTING ensues as they are confronted by stray Taliban fighters.

Machet-t stops short upon something he sees.

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE

Among the people moving out over the ground is Andrea, Rashid's little girl. She is dressed in a concealing robe that is tied off around her waist for mobility.

MACHET-T

Reaches out and snatches her off her feet. She kicks and wiggles in protest.

He directs a gaze at her father, who has halted with the abduction of his daughter.

RASHID

runs over to Machet-t. He gestures wildly with his hands.

RASHID

What is this?

MACHET-T

keeps his arm tight to secure Andrea. He shakes his head with conviction.

MACHET-T

Uh-uh, dog. This is some fucked up shit, putting your girl out here.

Rashid registers his meaning then looks at him sternly.

RASHID

You are doing nothing for her! You don't understand she wants to do this!

MACHET-T

Is that right?

RASHID

We live with the war every day, all of us. It is part of our lives!

Machet-t begins to question his position.

RASHID

For her it is an honor to fight. To stop her is an insult!

Machet-t looks down direct into Andrea's pleading eyes.

RASHID

Let her go.

EXT. TALIBAN COMPOUND

Machet-t loosens his hold on Andrea. She slips through his arm to the ground. She looks up once at his defeated stance then to her father.

Rashid gives her a signal with his eyes and she bounds off to join the others from her group in back.

Rashid stays a moment longer to console Machet-t.

RASHID

I know you are doing what you feel is right.  
But, it is different here.

He runs away to catch up with Andrea.

MACHET-T

looks at the ground a moment trying to adjust. He lifts his head with acceptance.

MACHET-T

No fucking shit.

EXT. CLASSROOM

Cold-C leads the team moving for the end of the wall. He has the rifle with the flexible barrel. Attached to its housing is a small, mirror that reflects the view around the corner.

ON MIRROR

Two Taliban soldiers are seen taking up position for a surprise attack. They wait against the back wall with their weapons.

EXT. CLASSROOM

Cold-C gestures to his rear. The freedom fighters hold upon his signal.

UPHAMAD

The man closest to Cold-C, pulls a grenade from his fatigue jacket. He removes its pin with his teeth and heaves it overhead onto the roof.

THE ROOF

The slant of its construction, causes the live grenade to roll down.

EXT. YARD

The grenade drops off the roof and lands between the Talibans. It EXPLODES in their faces with a loud BOOM.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING

The freedom fighters and Cold-C run into the open lot. A few of the men are brought down by ISOLATED ENEMY GUNFIRE.

Cold-C and the others scramble for the vehicles parked down the way.

EXT. JEEP

Cold-C braces his back to the door and reloads a new magazine into his rifle. Sayid lays up beside him.

COLD-C

Which of you, besides you, knows how to drive the tank?

Sayid returns a somber look.

SAYID

Only me.

Cold-C swears under his breath and his eyebrows pinch in concern.

COLD-C

Fuck, I knew you was going to say that!

Sayid looks across the hood of the jeep to a large empty area. He turns his shoulder in preparation to run.

SAYID

I'm going.

Cold-C is jarred from his previous worry.

COLD-C

You're what?

Sayid makes a break for the rows of parked vehicles.

Bullets zing into the dirt from various locations in and around him. This points out the position of the remaining Talibans.

Cold-C leaps up with his multi-directional barrel. He chases after Sayid into the breach.

COLD-C

He aims at individual targets as they become known. The flexible rifle barrel twists to each figure under his bead. His shots are precision quick and effective.

EXT. LOT

Cold-C hurries in Sayid's wake. He shouts at him while returning fire at the Taliban.

COLD-C

Come back here, you crazy Arab!

EXT. TANK

Sayid runs head on into the massive, tracks. He uses the space between the wheels as cover. He tries to emerge from under the overhang of the traction belts but is driven back by concentrated gunfire.

Cold-C swivels while running, spraying the surrounding vehicles with rapid fire.

He slams into the space next to Sayid and stares at him wide eyed.

COLD-C

Don't try that again, mother fucker!

EXT. LOT

Rashid and his team charge across the dirt field. Taliban soldiers fire from behind the parked vehicles. One of the freedom fighters takes a bullet and falls away from their number.

Machet-t bolts into the open. He directs his rifle and blasts rounds at the already ridden vehicles.

MACHET-T

He is caught in a exchange of firepower between the freedom fighters and an exposed pair of Taliban.

Machet-t side steps out of the line of fire. He is sandwiched in a constricted space in between two jeeps.

He looks up to the sound of a rifle bolt being secured.

A Taliban soldier has him down the sights of his rifle.

Machet-t turns in acceptance of his fate.

FULL VIEW - MACHET-T

A weapon POPS between his legs. Machet-t is frozen with surprise and trepidation.

THE TALIBAN SOLDIER

Takes all of the shots in the chest, staggers back and loses all balance.

EXT. SPACE BY THE JEEPS

Machet-t moves aside to see who fired the weapon. The look on his face is of amazement.

ANDREA

Stands there with two pistols in her hands. She looks up at Machet-t with child like innocence and smiles.

MACHET-T

slouches against the cab of a jeep and rubs the back of his head.

MACHET-T

Damn, this is hardcore!

EXT. TALIBAN COMPOUND

Machet-t and Cold-C walk back around from the back of the building. They watch as the freedom fighters raid the satellite classrooms and leave with supplies and other stockpiled items.

Their attention is given to a crunching of the ground. They turn to view the Pakistan tank roll out onto the main yard.

Rashid spots Machet-t and runs over to him with a jubilant expression. He passes him a bottle of confiscated whiskey.

RASHID

Allah be with you, friend! Let's take  
thanks in our victory!

Machet-t grabs the whiskey bottle by the neck and has a long swig. He passes it off to Cold-C. Machet-t looks straight at Rashid.

MACHET-T

Listen man, we done you a good turn.  
Now it's payback time.

Rashid's gaze becomes open.

RASHID

We are at your service.

EXT. DESERT

The Pakistan tank rides out in front of the freedom fighters' convoy.

EXT. TANK

Machet-t and Cold-C are passengers on the exterior along with some other soldiers.

MACHET-T

unhooks the field radio from its loop on his belt. Cold-C gives him a harsh look.

COLD-C

What the fuck are you hauling that thing for?

Machet-t barely regards his cynicism.

MACHET-T

Shows what you know. This radio is our lifeline.

Machet-t switches the handset on and brings the receiver to his face.

MACHET-T

This is Seven. Pick up, mother fucker!

INT. HEADQUARTERS

The RADIOMAN on duty holds out the headset patched into Seven's line, to Brannigan.

RADIOMAN

I think it's for you, sir.

Brannigan grimaces then takes hold of the unit.

BRANNIGAN

This is central command, over.

EXT. TANK

Machet-t cradles the radio to his ear as he sits on the chassis of the armored vehicle.

MACHET-T

Here's what's up, chief. I need the location for my other men.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan affords a glance at the heat sensor, radar screen behind him.

BRANNIGAN

Why are you separated from them?

MACHET-T

His eyes blaze with resolve.

MACHET-T

Either tell me where they are or this war game is over, mother fucker!

INT. BUILDING

Everyone including the gang bangers are firing their weapons through the broken out window frames and open door. Taliban fighters run over the road shooting at the enclosed enemy. They are brought down before they can get half way across.

Ying-K drops back behind the wall to reload. He glances across to Davis.

YING-K

When I was a kid I use to watch old war movies.

DAVIS

That right?

Ying-K manages a chuckle of reflection.

YING-K

Yeah, the only difference was you guys were shooting at people who looked like me!

Laslo ducks down and braces his back to the wall.

LASLO

What's up, my nigga?

Ying-K exchanges glances with Davis.

Davis turns his gaze back to the window ledge.

DAVIS

I'm outta here!

Charlay sinks below the range of fire. He releases his spent clip. His rifle smoulders from its constant use. He notes the others in his group gathered.

CHARLAY

This reminds me of the troubles back in the mother land.

To their lost stares.

CHARLAY

Ireland, you assholes!

Laslo nods in understanding.

They are joined by Spark-P who is out of ammo. He looks at them suspiciously.

SPARK-P

Those turban heads aren't taking a break!

CHARLAY

Don't freak, dog! We got your back!

He slaps a new clip into his rifle. He aims it with a single arm through the window. He triggers a burst of gunfire at an unseen target.

EXT. PLAZA

Four Talibans are struck down by his haphazard shooting.

INT. BUILDING

Charlay pulls his rifle in and looks to Spark-P for his approval.

CHARLAY

We cool?

Spark-P nods without expression.

Sgt. Sullivan pulls away from the window and shouts to the others.

SGT. SULLIVAN

Ammo check!

Sullivan's team are first to respond.

OWEN

Down to my last clip!

DAVIS

One extra!

Charlay hoists his rifle in show.

CHARLAY

What you see is what there is!

Ying-K squats with his weapon bridged over his legs.

YING-K

Nada!

Rico answers in turn.

RICO

Dois, nada!

Laslo rolls his head to the sergeant's inquiry.

LASLO

What do you think, man?

Sullivan muses over their situation. He wears a grim look.

SGT. SULLIVAN

From the look of things...

He pauses dramatically before finishing his statement.

SGT. SULLIVAN

This may be our last stand, men.

Spark-P comments to break the gloom.

SPARK-P

Where's the calvary when you need them?

In response, a MORTAR SHELL EXPLODES outside in the street. The advancing Talibans' screams are heard over the debris settling.

A CLOUD OF DUST expands through the openings in the building. The men cough and shield their eyes from the flying particles.

Spark-P stays posted at the window. He squints to get a view through the blowing sand. He assumes a stunned look.

SPARK-P

Fuck...me!

EXT. PLAZA

Rumbling through the wrecked facade of the building facing is a Pakistan tank. Picking off any Taliban survivors left in the wake, are soldiers riding on the outer shell of the tank.

The tank rolls to a stop a short distance from the infantry men's refuge.

The familiar persons of Machet-t and Cold-C hop off the chassis.

MACHET-T

My posse in there?

INT. BUILDING

Spark-P can barely contain himself. He begins to bounce on his toes.

SPARK-P

Son of a bitch!

He greets Machet-t at the door. He embraces him soundly.

SPARK-P

How'd you pull it off?

MACHET-T

allows himself a moment of bravado.

MACHET-T

We be representing, dog!

He and Spark-P share a smile.

EXT. PLAZA

The infantry men and the gang bangers convene outdoors with the security of the tank in the background. They are rushed by the friendly greetings of the freedom fighters.

Rashid strolls up to Spark-P and raises a bottle of whiskey. He is drunk with celebration.

RASHID

Happy new year, holmes!

Spark-P casts a look at Mchet-t. Mchet-t shakes his head with a look of knowing.

MACHET-T

Rashid's one dope ass, mother fucker!

Rashid seems to delight in the ghetto speak. He leans into Mchet-t and supports himself with an arm around his neck.

RASHID

I'm down with it, dog!

Spark-P manages a smile of formality.

LASLO AND RICO

chat up some of the female freedom fighters. They giggle at their clumsy advances.

LASLO

Now this is what I'm talking about, bro!  
Trim in fatigues!

Rico is already making the moves on his woman. He hooks an arm about her waist drawing her next to him.

RICO

Fuck man, I don't care how I get it at  
this point, just as long as I get it!

Laslo steps in front of the other female freedom fighter.

He looks at her in an insinuating manner.

LASLO

You ever ride the Long Island corkscrew?

The female freedom fighter tilts her head and scrunches her nose, trying to comprehend.

FEMALE

Screw?

Laslo turns to Rico in excitement.

LASLO

See, I told you they spoke our language!

Laslo wheels the freedom fighter towards a vacant building. He spins to a hand that falls upon his shoulder.

It is Rashid. He is battling to keep his balance.

RASHID

Hold on, homeboy!

Rico sees him and walks over out of curiosity.

RICO

What's the dillio?

Rashid gestures to the women in their company.

RASHID

You do either of these women and you have to wed them!

Laslo reacts to the ultimatum. He releases the woman with a look of contempt.

LASLO

What's up with that, holmes!

Rashid can't help but grinning at their ignorance.

RASHID

Muslim law, my friend. You violate them, you have them!

He adds on a more serious note.

RASHID

If you don't they will become outcasts.

Laslo and Rico both look for confirmation in their dates' eyes. The women's gaze is reason enough.

Laslo stomps his foot in disgust.

LASLO

Fuck man! Why didn't some one warn us  
about this?

Rashid looks directly at them.

RASHID

That is Allah's will!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TANK

Machet-t pauses to pick up on a transmission coming in on the field radio.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, come in!

Machet-t exhales in release then clicks on the transmitter.

MACHET-T

Yo chief, what's up?

INTERCUT W/BRANNIGAN AT HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan shoots a glance at the heat sensor, radar screen to his rear.  
All seven dots have reconvened.

BRANNIGAN

We see from your tracking devices that your  
unit is back together.

Machet-t sighs at their surveillance.

MACHET-T

Yeah man, we's tight.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

So we can term your first mission a success?

MACHET-T

On every level, dog.

Brannigan nearly gloats with pride.

MACHET-T (V.O.)

We got your boys out of a real jam.

Brannigan discounts the feat itself for the logistics.

BRANNIGAN

Any casualties?

MACHET-T

Nah, man, we're intact.

He straightens with encouragement.

MACHET-T

Say, listen man, since we did such a good job in rescuing the troops, are we gonna get something back?

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You will be granted a brief reprieve from duty.

Machet-t's eyes grow in disbelief.

MACHET-T

A reprieve? How about a fucking medal?

Brannigan's voice is hard and business like.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, need I remind you, you are serving a sentence. None of this is suppose to be easy.

Machet-t drops his head in acceptance.

MACHET-T

Right. Just thought there might be some recognition for what we went through back there.

A long pause is followed by Brannigan's answer.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

I'll see what I can do.

Machet-t clicks off the receiver to the radio and hangs his head with realization.

MACHET-T

Which means nothing.

INT. HALL

The area is conspicuous for being composed of mostly glass cubicles. Brannigan opens the door to one with a department of defense emblem embossed on it.

Inside waits Staff General Bain, encroached in his medal loaded uniform. He sits at a small, conference table with another man who seems to be in a state of constant, perplexed anxiety. This is the President of the United States, HOWARD WENDT. There are TWO, LARGE SECRET SERVICE MEN watching over him.

Brannigan makes the rounds of handshakes with his guests. They carry on like well known friends as opposed to government officials.

WENDT

Good to see you again, Lynn.

Brannigan pumps the president's hand with his own. After their release, he sits in the chair across from him and next to Bain.

BRANNIGAN

Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule, sir.

Wendt holds up his hand to dismiss his gratitude.

WENDT

What I understand from Bill here, it is I who should be thanking you.

Wendt's expression indicates his true feelings.

WENDT

When Bill first told me of your idea to put gang members in a war zone, I thought you were crazy.

He notes in turn.

WENDT

I received a message from Sgt. Sullivan of the 73<sup>rd</sup> infantry division. He not only commended the assistance that your unit provided him under heavy fire, but went as far as recommending the entire group for medals.

Brannigan reacts with surprise to this turn of event.

BRANNIGAN

This experiment has gone much better than what we had anticipated.

Wendt fixes a needling gaze upon him and Bain.

WENDT

Could be the future of conventional war, right gentlemen?

Neither Bain or Brannigan dare to comment.

Wendt looks expectantly at Brannigan.

WENDT

Soldiers who are expendable.

He laughs hoarsely.

WENDT

We use them up and discard them! Much better than forcing their upkeep in a federal prison by the taxpayers, don't you think?

To his insistence, Brannigan offers in return.

BRANNIGAN

There are advantages, President.

Wendt's disposition changes. His tone turns ugly.

WENDT

The only problem is they're showing up the abilities of our own enlisted men.

Brannigan is taken back by the President's observation.

WENDT

There comes a point in time where they've outlived their usefulness.

Brannigan knows where this is going.

WENDT

And become an aberration instead of an asset.

Brannigan has difficulty in asking what is on his mind.

BRANNIGAN

You want them to be killed?

Wendt shakes his head with a countering smile.

WENDT

Well, that's their purpose anyway?

He directs a challenging stare at Brannigan.

WENDT

Isn't it?

EXT. ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

A cluster of tents forms a sanctuary from the inhumane conditions of the desert. A roving security squad in jeeps and on foot, patrols the boundary.

INT. TENT

Having a meal under the canvas tarps are Sgt.Sullivan'e men, Rashid's freedom fighters and Machet-t and his crew. They dine together on a park bench.

Sullivan addresses his people and their visitors at the same time.

SULLIVAN

Intelligence has identified the position of Mustiban's two highest ranking chiefs at the Pashtun mountains. Abdul Zubar and Shah Mohammed Nadir in the same area means that Mustiban is hiding somewhere in the caves of the region.

Sayid comments audibly.

SAYID

Mustiban looks like a cave dweller!

His joke is lost on those who are not Afghanistan. He looks around to explain.

SAYID

He is one, ugly man.

Sullivan allows their visitor his say before proceeding.

SULLIVAN

Be that as it may, headquarters wants us to launch a ground assault through the tribal area of Helmand and into the Uruzgan pass. This will lead us to the mouth of Mustiban's mountain hideout.

Spark-P looks across sullen.

SPARK-P

Or a trap.

Sullivan dismisses the sole opposition.

SULLIVAN

We will move out at 04:00 hours.

The dinner resumes when he finishes the directive.

Machet-t glances across at a female, freedom fighter sitting to his right. He smiles at her. To his surprise she talks back to him.

FEMALE

I have seen that you are a great warrior.

Machet-t admits with uncharacteristic humility.

MACHET-T

I can handle myself in a fight, just fine.

The female freedom fighter's eyes display her admiration.

FEMALE

My name is Kendra.

Machet-t turns on the bench to face her.

MACHET-T

They call me Machet-t.

Kendra's face turns with her approval. She seems respectful of his stature but keeps her eyes locked on him.

KENDRA

Where did you train how to fight?

Machet-t chuckles at the response he supplies her with.

MACHET-T

The hood.

Kendra shows momentary confusion.

KENDRA

Is that a sovereign state?

EXT. OUTSIDE TENTS

Spark-P ducks through the opening and walks out into the thoroughfare between the tents. Among the people he sees milling around are Charlay and Ying-K. He goes over to see what they're up to. They look up to his joining them.

CHARLAY

Yo man, what say?

Spark-P looks away.

SPARK-P

I'm not cut out for this soldier crap!

Ying-K grins but his expression holds a state of disparity.

YING-K

I hear you, bro, but do we gotta choice?

His question evokes Spark-P's contention.

SPARK-P

Don't know bout' the rest of you, but as far as I'm concerned, I gotta choice!

He notes to their probing looks.

SPARK-P

I just haven't exercised it yet.

Ying-K returns to the subject he and Charlay were discussing before Spark-P arrived.

YING-K

I'm not going nowhere until I get my hands on that treasure!

Spark-P's expression turns to frustration.

SPARK-P

You're fucked in the head, gook! There is no treasure!

Before Ying-K can reply somebody else does for him.

HAMID (O.S.)

Hold on a moment.

The gang bangers turn to find three, FREEDOM FIGHTERS looking back anxiously. HAMID, a darker skinned man than his comrades, wears a smile of congeniality.

HAMID

Your friend is correct. Mustiban has stored his riches in underground bunkers.

DURRANI, a stalwart, freedom fighter, frowns with distain.

DURRANI

Which he stole from his own people!

Hamid settles his friend's concern with soft spoken logic.

HAMID

All the better reason for us to steal it back.

Spark-P takes a step forward.

SPARK-P

How is it you sand rats know this?

Hamid gives him a convincing gaze.

HAMID

It is common knowledge among the Afghanistan people of Mustiban's secret chambers.

SPARK-P

Yeah but how do you know where they are?

Hamid's smile increases.

HAMID

It is simple really. Mustiban does not trust anyone to guard his wealth. So, if you locate Mustiban his riches will be close at hand.

Spark-P thinks about the soundness of his explanation and smiles in turn.

EXT. MOTOR POOL

Laslo stands with Rico and Cold-C, concealed by the inert bodies of the vehicles around them. Here their objective subject won't be under the scrutiny of the other soldiers.

Laslo clutches the crotch of his pants and hops on his toes.

LASLO

These goddamned foreign customs are going to give me blue balls!

RICO

Yeah dog, I don't know why we just don't take the snatch!

Cold-C intervenes with a glower.

COLD-C

Because Muslims cut the dicks off rapists!

Laslo grabs his crotch harder with a look of empathized suffering.

LASLO

Oh, man!

Cold-C looks to address both of them.

COLD-C

I got it from a good authority we'll pass through a village where the bitches are in heat, brother!

Laslo stares back cynically.

LASLO

But, aren't they Muslim?

Cold-C can hardly contain himself.

COLD-C

Who knows, but it don't matter. From what  
I hear they're hard up for G.I. dick!

Laslo considers the possibility.

LASLO

Yeah, yeah, I guess if they're out of the  
city the rules don't count!

Rico smiles in agreement.

RICO

Love that country pussy!

Cold-C brings them back to reality.

COLD-C

Just remember, this village is in the middle  
of enemy territory.

Laslo straightens with cockiness.

LASLO

So, I'll wear a rubber.

EXT. MESS TENT

Machet-t walks with Kendra back to where her group are bunking.

KENDRA

Tomorrow's fight will be hard.

MACHET-T

I'm getting use to it.

Kendra looks to him with bleakness.

KENDRA

Each day we don't know who will die next.

Machet-t is tired of talking about the war. He tries to change subjects.

MACHET-T

Where's your family?

Kendra reflects with a sad gaze.

KENDRA

They're dead.

Machet-t realizes his slip and shakes his head in compassion.

MACHET-T

I didn't mean to bring up...

Kendra cuts him off with a smile of acceptance.

KENDRA

That's alright. Death is something all of us live with every day.

Machet-t makes a face.

MACHET-T

Back in the L.B.C., I use to look for trouble because I was bored.

He laughs in acknowledgement.

MACHET-T

I guess it was due to not having any to start with.

KENDRA

Everyone prays for peace.

Machet-t notes with thought.

MACHET-T

Like Mama use to pray for me.

He looks at Kendra with wistfulness.

MACHET-T

She use to say, son, be careful what you wish for, cause it might come true.

He stares off into the blackness of the desert surrounding the camp.

MACHET-T

She was right.

EXT. PAKISTAN TANK - DAY

It has been given a makeover by the gang bangers. The front panels are spray painted with graffiti. It rolls across the dirt road, tracks plowing up the ground for the vehicles that follow.

EXT. DESERT

Behind the tank is a convoy of jeeps and transport trucks. They travel in a set path over the flat, arid landscape.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK

Rashid, Andrea and Machet-t are crowded up front. Rashid drives. Andrea stares at Machet-t in a unnerving manner.

MACHET-T

Damn girl, what you gawking at?

Andrea answers guileless.

ANDREA

Nothing.

Despite her answer she holds her gaze. Finally she asks what is on her mind.

ANDREA

You like Kendra?

Machet-t is caught off guard by the personal nature of her question.

MACHET-T

Who told you that?

ANDREA

She did.

Machet-t muses on this. He smiles in contemplation.

ANDREA

Well, do you?

Machet-t relents to her insistence.

MACHET-T

Yeah, she's hot.

Andrea looks puzzled by his appraisal. She turns to her father for clarification.

ANDREA

I didn't know Kendra was sick.

Rashid smiles at his daughter's innocence.

INT. ANOTHER TRUCK

Cold-C sits lodged between TWO, FIERCE LOOKING FREEDOM FIGHTERS. Their oppressive appearance is somewhat undermined by the music they're playing.

It is the homogenized soul stylings of Lionel Ritchie.

Cold-C is especially bothered when both of his co-passengers begin to sing "All Night Long" along with Ritchie.

Cold-C holds his tongue due to the well used rifles jostling against him.

EXT. TANK

Spark-P, Rico and Laslo repose on the outer shell. Spark-P is bare chested. He uses his shirt as a headband to keep the sweat out of his eyes. He wrinkles his nose and makes a disgusted look.

SPARK-P

Any of you notice how bad the air stinks?

Laslo changes position on the armor plate he is riding on.

LASLO

This whole country smells like ass!

Rico stretches out his legs.

RICO

Yeah, but that pussy's going to taste good.

Laslo adds in foresight.

LASLO

Even if it does smell like ass!

EXT. JEEP

Charlay endures the dips in the sand along with Sayid and company in the back of the vehicle. He is concentrating on one thing alone.

CHARLAY

What do we do when we get there?

SAYID

We all have our own missions.

Hamid has a clearer idea of his meaning.

HAMID

During the siege we break into Mustiban's private chambers and look for the gold.

Sayid grimaces at his greed.

SAYID

There are larger things at stake here than to line our pockets.

Hamid and his group laugh at his patriotism.

HAMID

Sayid, you serve Allah, we'll serve ourselves!

## EXT. DESERT PLAINS

The gang bangers and Rashid's vehicles cut across the vast landscape traveling in one, unbroken chain. The sand recedes a couple of miles ahead, giving way to a strip of flat land at the base of a grandiose mountain range. A scattering of buildings become visible as they get closer.

RASHID (O.S.)

The village of Helmand.

## INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK

Machet-t sits upright, leaning forward into the dash. The light of the rising sun touches upon his face. He gazes attentively at the adobe dwellings they are approaching.

MACHET-T

Are the people friendly?

Rashid keeps his eyes on the road.

RASHID

If they're not, you'll know soon enough.

Machet-t turns his head to see if Rashid is joking. Rashid's expression is set without relief.

Machet-t faces forward and brings his machine gun to the ready.

## EXT. VILLAGE

The men riding on the outer portion of the tank wave and yell at some sultry WOMEN walking out of a house on the street.

The women reciprocate their affections, blowing kisses and flirting openly.

RASHID (O.S.)

The Taliban finds much support among the Afghanistan people who only know abject poverty. Their influence has spread to all regions of the country and as such has consolidated their position. There are many sympathizers to al-Queda's cause.

MACHET-T (O.S.)

How do we tell who they are?

RASHID (O.S.)

You don't.

## EXT. STREET

Laslo swings his legs around and jumps off the moving tank. He runs a short distance to the house across the way where the women are waiting.

EXT. HOUSE

He passes through a gate and into the arms of one of the WOMEN. She shows no inhibition and kisses him lustfully. She hooks her leg around Laslo's thigh and grinds into him.

EXT. TANK

Observing Laslo's reception, Rico and Cold-C abandon the tank as well.

EXT. HOUSE

They are met in the yard by TWO MORE WOMEN who were with Laslo's date. In similar fashion, the women smother them in kisses then lead them weak kneed, inside their home.

EXT. STREET

The gang bangers, soldiers and freedom fighters disembark from their vehicles. Machet-t looks at the vacant spaces on the body of the tank. He turns his gaze to Rashid walking over with his rifle.

MACHET-T

Yo, Raj! You seen the other members of my crew?

Rashid continues past to a rendezvous with his people. Andrea flanks him carrying a set of handguns that drag down her arms.

RASHID

Not me, man!

Machet-t cranes his neck trying to get the full spectrum of their environment.

He is deterred by the crackle of the field radio at his waist. He detaches the radio and brings it up to listen.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, what is your position?

Machet-t stares off in a void.

MACHET-T

We made a rest stop in this dirt hole city, man.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You must be in the village of Helmand.

Machet-t is unconcerned with the details.

MACHET-T

Yeah, whatever.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

You, with Sergeant Sullivan's group?

Machet-t's attention is further thwarted by the sight of Kendra striding by just a couple of yards away. Her muscled physique is noticeable even covered by her fatigues. Machet-t smiles in approval.

MACHET-T

Right.

Kendra walks out of Machet-t's view. His interest returns to the radio call.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

It is mandatory that you accompany him into the Uruzgan pass.

Machet-t acknowledges the command dutifully.

MACHET-T

Don't trip, chief. Things are in order.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

I don't have to remind you how important this mission is to ending this war.

MACHET-T

Word.

He shuts off the radio switch ending their conversation.

Machet-t searches the nearly empty street with a sense of impending dread.

INT. HOUSE

Laslo, Rico and Cold-C have made themselves at home in the women's house. Their furnishings are meager. A mattress lays out on the floor with a few blankets laid over it.

DARI, a striking Pakistan woman with intense, dark eyes, stares down Laslo aggressively.

DARI

Are you ready to fuck me, American?  
Have you ever had an Arabian woman before?

Laslo drops his pants to his ankles. He shakes his head with an anxious grin over his face.

Dari fixes a bold, seething look of lust on him.

DARI

Then you are in for the best fuck of your  
life!

EXT. STREET

Charlay, Ying-K and Spark-P walk down the trodden mud road taking in the village and its people. Men and women stand out in front of their modest homes, staring suspiciously at the visitors. Their eyes are filled with distrust.

CHARLAY

I feel like we should have a parry.

SPARK-P

The American flag is our parry, chump.

Ying-K notes in recognition.

YING-K

Last time I looked none of us were in uniform.

Spark-P glares back at the villagers.

SPARK-P

They know who we are.

Charlay jumps back from something in his path.

CHARLAY

Oh fuck! Is that?

Ying-K and Spark-P stop along with him to the dead man sprawled in the muck. Ying-K bends down to verify their find. He rises up with a look of affirmation.

YING-K

A dead dude.

Charlay frowns but is strangely fascinated by the corpse half buried in the mud.

CHARLAY

Did they bury him here?

Ying-K gives him a measured look.

YING-K

It looks like he buried himself.

Spark-P uses his boot tip to turn the corpse on its back. It slogs over from a puddle shaped like the body. The face of the man is frozen in a scream. The mud over his mouth bursts with the release of pressure.

SPARK-P

And not very well.

Charlay stoops to examine the body closer.

CHARLAY

Was he shot?

Spark-P kicks at the inert form with his boot.

SPARK-P

If he was the mud is hiding the bullet holes.

Charlay studies the agonized expression of the dead man and shudders. He rises up quickly.

CHARLAY

Let's get away from here.

Ying-K and Spark-P do not debate the suggestion. They turn as a group and leave their discovery at rest.

YING-K

Best, not to know.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Sgt. Sullivan walks up alongside Machet-t and throws him a friendly smile.

SULLIVAN

Didn't catch your name back there.

Machet-t disregards his attempt at conversation.

MACHET-T

I didn't give it.

Sullivan adjusts a moment, then the smile returns to his face.

SULLIVAN

Don't matter none. Our goose was cooked until you came along.

Machet-t points out some of the freedom fighters going through the houses on the block.

MACHET-T

Thank them. They took us to where you were.

Sullivan looks at the freedom fighters and cracks a grin.

SULLIVAN

Ah, yes, our allies. Who's to bless and who's to blame?

After this perceptive appraisal, he looks back to Machet-t expectantly.

SULLIVAN

So, what division is your company out of?

Machet-t smirks at the irony.

MACHET-T

We're not in the Army, man.

Sullivan registers his beguiling answer. He pats Machet-t on the shoulder in departing.

SULLIVAN

The way you fought, you could have fooled me.

INT. DARI'S HOUSE

Dari convenes with Pashtu and Sunni in a corner shut off from the rest of the room by a curtain.

Laid out on a dresser is a religious shrine to Allah. Dari lays her hands over an ORNATE BOX. She lifts the lid with the sanctity of a ritual.

ON ORNATE BOX

Tucked inside its felt lining are OVAL SHAPED, STEEL DEVICES. Their centers hold a set of retractable, circular blades. Speckles of dried blood mark the vaginal inserts.

BACK TO SCENE

Having disclosed the apparatuses Dari gives her sisters a look of cunning.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Charlay runs back down the road to where Machet-t is standing. Ying-K and Spark-P follow a distance behind.

Charlay stops before Machet-t and reports with shortness of breath.

CHARLAY

Fuck man, there's a dead guy over there!

Machet-t looks up the trail they came from.

MACHET-T

He a soldier?

Charlay cocks his head with look of confusion.

CHARLAY

Hard to tell.

INT. DARI'S HOUSE

Dari, Pashtu and Sunni have changed into billowy, almost transparent gowns. As an added incentive, they are topless. Their beauty is belied by the cruelty in their eyes.

Dari passes out palm sized grenades as final preparation.

EXT. VILLAGE OF HELMAND

Machet-t confers with the other gang bangers in the middle of the street. He looks around in assessment.

MACHET-T

Something is off about this place.

Spark-P counters with a cutting grin.

SPARK-P

What do you know that the Army don't?

MACHET-T

For starters, if these people are part of the war, why are their streets so clean?

His observation strikes a chord.

YING-K

Too clean.

CHARLAY

Save for the body at the edge of town.

YING-K

Could be they missed it.

Machet-t shakes his head.

MACHET-T

Doubt that. It's there for a reason.

His questioning of the situation gets them all wondering.

CHARLAY

As what?

Machet-t concludes ominously.

MACHET-T

Maybe, a warning.

DARI

slides her body over the sheets in a seductive manner. The wispy material covering her lower portion reveals a thatch of black pubic hair between her legs.

Dari settles on her back and spreads her legs in invitation.

LASLO

stares down with eagerness. His chest and torso muscles stretch tight as he prepares to have sex with her.

INT. HOUSE

Pashtu and Sunni kiss and grope Rico and Cold-C to get them excited for intercourse. It begins to resemble an orgy inside.

DARI

watches Laslo with methodical patience. His head and shoulders rise over her. Dari barely reacts to his penetration. There is a malevolent gleam to her eyes.

EXT. ROAD

Machet-t stands still, sensing something is not right. He tilts his head up trying to gauge a direction.

DARI

We CLOSE IN on her evaluating stare. Her placid features give only a second in response with her motion below.

We HEAR the SNIP OF BLADES cutting through an object.

CLOSE - MACHET-T

He jerks his head around to a man's HORRIBLE SCREAM from one of the houses.

LASLO

He slowly draws back from Dari. Blood shoots out from his nether regions.

DARI

lies before him without expression. His blood pumps upon her naked body.

INT. HOUSE

Rico and Cold-C shove Pashtu and Sunni off them and leap to their feet.

RICO

Fuck!

Pashtu and Sunni take out their individual grenades and remove the pins.

Rico's eyes go wild.

Laslo thrashes off the bed and runs for the door spraying blood everywhere.

Rico and Cold-C are right behind him.

EXT. HOUSE

All of the shouting brings the soldiers and freedom fighters back from their exploring of the area.

They assume position in front of the home, their guns pointed at the open door.

A naked and bloody Laslo staggers out into the street. His hands are pressed over his privates. Blood flows through his fingers marking a trail on the ground.

Machet-t raises his arm to stop the others.

MACHET-T

Hold your fire!

LASLO

slows in speed from the loss of blood. He stops in place with a pitiful look on his face.

EXT. ROAD

Machet-t is shocked by the level of inhumanity he is witnessing.

MACHET-T

Jesus...

EXT. HOUSE

Rico and Cold-C come barreling through the doorway waving their hands.

RICO

It's a trap!

They race across a distance then turn to view the chaos from a safe perspective.

Dari flails out the door bathed in Laslo's blood. She wears a savage expression and shrieks defiantly at the guns aimed back.

The soldiers and freedom fighters open fire. Dari is thrown backwards by the combined fusillade. Her riddled body hits the front of the house and is laid out by the door.

EXT. STREET

All of the soldiers pause to collect their nerve. There is a moment of lingering silence after the shooting.

EXT. HOUSE

Without warning, Pashtu and Sunni bolt from the door wearing no clothing. They charge across the space to where Rico and Cold-C are standing. Their nude bodies collide into the gang bangers before anyone can react.

Upon impact, there is a EXPLOSION.

EXT. STREET

The soldiers and freedom fighters recover from the surprise assault. There is nothing left of the women or Rico and Cold-C but a few pieces of singed clothing on the ground.

Machet-t is affected by the insanity of the situation. He grimaces and stares at the burned area where Rico and Cold-C stood only seconds before.

MACHET-T

God-damned!

Spark-P, Charlay and Ying-K turn to one another with stunned looks.

YING-K

I didn't see any explosives on either of them.

Spark-P thinks about this himself a moment before coming to the realization. He breaks into a rude smirk.

Charlay stares at him for verification of the possible reason.

CHARLAY

No fucking way!

Ying-K also comes to enlightenment of where the women had hid the explosives on them. He grins with admiration.

YING-K

Now that's dope!

EXT. STREET

Machet-t hops into the jeep with Sgt.Sullivan and another soldier. The mood is subdued in light of the casualties.

Sullivan's driver falls in behind the Pakistan tank. The open desert breaks ahead.

EXT. JEEP

Sgt. Sullivan looks over to note Machet-t's shattered gaze. He advises him with a sense of shared respect.

SULLIVAN

We will make our primary attack from the high ground, keeping the rest of the division stationed at the base of the mountain to catch the desert rats as they try to escape.

He smiles with confidence.

SULLIVAN

Today will be our victory.

The field radio hooked to Machet-t's belt sputters as a call comes in. Machet-t seems oblivious to the signal.

Sullivan eyes the radio and turns his gaze onto Machet-t.

SULLIVAN

You better get that.

Machet-t revives from his preoccupation to answer the radio.

MACHET-T

Seven.

INTERCUT W/BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan casts a concerned look at the heat sensor, radar screen that flanks him. There are only four blips present.

BRANNIGAN

Seven, has the enemy been engaged?

Machet-t exhales wearily.

MACHET-T

What do you mean, man?

BRANNIGAN

There's only four of you appearing on screen. What became of the other members of your team?

MACHET-T

They were taken out.

Brannigan moderates his tone.

BRANNIGAN

I see. Under enemy fire?

MACHET-T

Not exactly.

BRANNIGAN

How then?

MACHET-T

By civilian sympathizers.

Brannigan records this for posterity.

BRANNIGAN

I understand, but the body count remains the same.

MACHET-T

Yeah.

BRANNIGAN

Who were the soldiers, Seven? So we can notify their families.

Machet-t glares out over the dunes flowing by.

MACHET-T

Only know them by their posse names.

BRANNIGAN

We have their dossiers on file.

Machet-t recounts from memory of their faces.

MACHET-T

Laslo, Rico and Cold-C.

Brannigan listens to the men who've lost their lives. He becomes solemn in return.

BRANNIGAN

They will be listed as killed in the line of duty to their country and afforded full military funerals.

Machet-t nods gratefully.

MACHET-T

That's cool, man.

Brannigan promises in closure.

BRANNIGAN

They will not have died in vain.

Machet-t shuts off the radio and turns around in his seat to find Sgt.Sullivan, looking inquisitively at him.

SULLIVAN

Are you guys covert operations?

EXT. JEEP WITH MACHINE GUN - MOVING

Charlay, Ying-K and Spark-P bounce in the bed of the vehicle with Sayid's men Hamid and Durrani.

EXT. BACK OF JEEP

Hamid produces a cloth bag with a string tie. He pulls it open to show the gang bangers what's inside.

To their perplexed faces, he explains.

HAMID

Taliban uniforms. One for each of us.

He hunches in a conspiratorial manner.

HAMID

When we arrive at Mustiban's fortress, we will change into these clothes.

Spark-P casts a skeptical look, raising his hand.

SPARK-P

One problem, ace.

Hamid waits patiently.

SPARK-P

How do our guys tell us from the enemy?

HAMID

They don't.

He proceeds despite their shocked expressions.

HAMID

But... we won't be with them for it to matter. When they attack the compound we will sneak in through a secret entrance.

Ying-K finishes enthusiastically.

YING-K

And raid the palace.

Seeing they are with him on the plan, Hamid smiles.

HAMID

We will use the element of surprise to our advantage.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

The sands of the desert solidify into towering rises of orange and grey rock. The gang bangers' convoy rides through a narrow passage boxed in by the walls on either side.

EXT. PASSAGE

The vehicles stop so all can view what lies ahead.

EXT. MUSTIBAN'S HIDEOUT

The road ends another mile up and is sealed off by the face of a great formation of cragged rocks.

Armed Taliban soldiers resemble tiny ants in ratio to the immensity of the mountain. They climb over the crevices on the alert for intruders.

EXT. JEEP

Sgt. Sullivan takes a long look at the indomitable fortress. Even Machet-T is impressed with its size.

SULLIVAN

All roads end here.

Machet-t clicks off the safety of his M-60. He leans his head at a forward angle. His gaze is set.

MACHET-T

I'm in it, to win it.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE RAVINE

The Taliban sentries react with OPEN GUNFIRE to the tank advancing on the road. Their frenzied cries hit a crescendo of panic.

EXT. RAVINE ROAD

Sgt. Sullivan, hears their yelling even over the grinding of the tank tracks. He stands up with his rifle and hops out.

SULLIVAN

We're on foot from here!

Machet-t follows his example. He throws open the door on his side of the stopped jeep and jumps out with his machine gun.

MACHET-T

You're the expert!

They both scramble for cover behind the rocks.

EXT. TANK

It lurches to a halt and blocks off the only road into the fortress. The PERISCOPE turns in the direction of the entry.

INT. TANK

JABAL, the lookout for Sayid, the tank operator, pulls away in alarm from what he sees.

JABAL

Incoming!

EXT. TALIBAN HIDEOUT

A FLASH issues from one section of rocks. It is proceeded by a MISSILE that streaks through the air for its target.

EXT. TANK

The missile falls short only by a couple of yards from making a direct hit. Still, its BLAST is felt.

The ground QUAKES from a ROLL OF MOTION. The tank is lifted off one track before its weight slams it back down.

INT. TANK

Sayid and his crew are tossed through the interior.

SAYID

Go!

He grips onto the rungs of a ladder leading out of the hatch. Jabal and VEHRAN, the other member of his team, clamber up behind him.

EXT. TANK

Sayid raises the lid to the hatch and pokes his head through the opening. Dust settles upon his curly hair from the pieces of the ravine which have fallen.

He climbs all of the way out then stands over the portal to assist his comrades.

SAYID

We must hurry!

EXT. ANOTHER JEEP

Spark-P, Ying-K and Charlay flinch with the explosion. They crouch in the bed of the vehicle and cover their heads from the shower of debris.

Hamid and Duranni are already over the side of the jeep and coaxing them out.

HAMID

Now's our chance!

The gang bangers look at one another for reassurance then jump from the jeep.

Hamid and Duranni start to climb the wall of rocks adjacent. Spark-P leads the gang bangers up. He tries to copy the freedom fighter's method of ascent.

SPARK-P'S FOOT

steps down over a fragile area. His weight causes the rock to break apart.

SPARK-P

With the loss of traction he is left dangling above Charlay's head. His legs kick around for a footing.

CHARLAY

Turns his head away from the resulting avalanche. He weathers the chunks that bounce off his face and glares up at Spark-P.

CHARLAY

Watch it, asshole!

His sentiment is echoed by Ying-K who receives the stream of rocks last.

YING-K

What the fuck are you trying to do, shit head?

EXT. TOP OF RISE

Hamid and Duranni reach the end of the rocks and stand on the edge to help the gang bangers up.

Duranni extends a strong arm down to Spark-P.

DURANNI

Give me your hand!

SPARK-P

turns up his head to the offer. Duranni's dark skinned hand reaches out to him. There is an expression of distrust on Spark-P's face. His attitude gives and he throws up his left hand. Duranni's seizes Spark-P's fingers through his own and locks a grip.

Spark-P shows vulnerability for a moment.

SPARK-P

Don't drop me, man.

EXT. TOP OF RISE

Duranni hoists Spark-P up onto the ledge they're standing on. Spark-P stares off at his benefactor in a state of disbelief.

SPARK-P

You guys are alright.

Duranni returns a brief smile then turns his attention to Charlay, the next in the chain.

He brings Charlay up with a swift pull of his arm. Charlay is almost flung upon his release. He lands bent at the knees and quickly straightens.

CHARLAY

I'm not a goddamned football, man!

He reacts to the fatigues that are tossed at him.

Hamid, who is already dressed in the uniform of a Taliban officer, directs him with a unyielding stare.

HAMID

Put them on!

Charlay looks over to Spark-P who gives him the nod. Charlay relents to the order.

CHARLAY

Yeah.

EXT. FACE OF THE RISE

Ying-K is having difficulty pulling himself up to the next level, where waits Duranni's outstretched hand. Ying-K hangs on with his arms extended on both sides. He is sprawled out across the rocks. His legs struggle to move.

YING-K

I don't think I can make it!

Duranni's encouragement is fierce.

DURANNI  
You must or you will die!

YING-K

smirks in light of his predicament.

YING-K  
That's not much of a choice!

EXT. FACE OF THE RISE

Duranni lays down on the edge of the drop to add distance to his reach and acquire extra leverage.

DURANNI  
You don't have a choice!

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT

There are TWO FLARES of LIGHT that emanate from opposite points. The MISSILES that follow, intersect mid-flight heading in both directions.

YING-K

He turns to the flashes with a gasp, then faces Duranni with a renewed sense of urgency.

YING-K  
What the fuck are you waiting for? Get  
me the fuck out of here!

EXT. RISE

With a burst of adrenaline, Ying-K kicks his right leg up even with where his hand is. He curls his toes over that spot for a foothold. At the same instant he jerks his hand loose and shoots up his arm to meet with Duranni.

Duranni clutches his hand and lifts.

The LEFT MISSILE sails straight into their convoy. A TRANSPORT TRUCK is OBLITERATED by the BLAST.

Ying-K is hauled away only a moment before FIRE scorches the face of the rise.

EXT. TOP OF THE RISE

Duranni and Ying-K are bowled over by the CONCUSSION from the missiles. They join their partners on the ground, ducking under the rocks and debris raining down.

When the rumbling from the explosion subsides, Duranni yanks Ying-K to his feet. Duranni catches a set of fatigues thrown to him by Hamid. He pushes another set into Ying-K's arms.

Ying-K looks numbly at the clothes then understands and starts to undress.

Spark-P gazes down upon the burning frames of their vehicles below. Hamid regards the destruction with a removed stare.

SPARK-P

Those guys aren't playing!

Hamid turns to Spark-P with a look of vindictiveness.

HAMID

Remember that when we fuck them!

EXT. FRONT OF HIDEAWAY

Sullivan and his men scramble for cover behind a couple of boulders.

SULLIVAN

Objective is only a couple of yards off.

Machet-t drops in beside Sullivan, bathed in sweat. He casts a nervous eye towards the mountain lair.

MACHET-T

Those are some long fucking yards!

Sullivan grins at his intuition.

The CRACK of the Taliban's rifles are followed by the WHISTLE of BULLETS in the air.

Sullivan brings Davis, his sharpshooter front and center. He points him to the cliff where their vehicles were ambushed.

SULLIVAN

Davis you secure a spot over there. When you see us go, lay down a line of fire to get us across to the entrance.

Davis nods in confirmation.

DAVIS

Yes, Sarge!

He leap frogs in reverse to the canyon using the burning vehicles as diversion.

Machet-t watches the speed in which he climbs the rocks and settles in position.

He affords Sullivan a noted glance.

MACHET-T

You got him trained well.

Sullivan charts Davis' progress with a pair of binoculars.

BINOCULARS POV

Davis lays flat on an overhang and peers down the sight of his sniper rifle.

BACK TO SCENE

Sullivan takes a breath then races out into the fray.

SULLIVAN

Go!

EXT. OPEN GROUND

The Taliban snipers commence firing at the soldiers coming at them. Bullets rip into the dirt around Sullivan, Owen and Machet-t. They charge across the battlefield.

They FIRE wildly at the area around the mountain entrance. Their shots RICHOCHET off the rocks and deflect in all directions.

Sullivan raises his machine gun to get a better angle at the sentries encroached in the crevices.

THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

Bursts of fire identify the location of the hidden Talibans.

DAVIS

waits coolly at the other end of the rifle. His finger is poised over the trigger. He takes his time in setting up his targets.

EXT. OPEN GROUND

Machet-t is arcing a spray of machine gun fire at a ridge with cragged, towers of rock shielding the Talibans in place.

He is too busy with his offensive to notice a lone TALIBAN SOLDIER rise from a concealed position with an AK-47.

THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

CROSS HAIRS line up over the Taliban's vengeful face.

DAVIS

pulls the rifle trigger reflexively.

THE TALIBAN

is jolted by the shell that splashes his brains on the rocks.

EXT. OPEN GROUND

Sullivan's group along with Machet-t and Rashid and the freedom fighters cut a bloody swath through the Al-Queida defenses. Taliban casualties multiply as their bodies drop out of the mountain side.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE

A TALIBAN with A ROCKET LAUNCHER stands and puts Sullivan's men in his sight. He shoulders the tubular barrel and follows their advance towards the entry.

DAVIS

lays still on his vantage point. His eye is pressed to the rifle scope.

THE TALIBAN WITH THE ROCKET LAUNCHER

pulls the trigger, igniting the propulsion canister for the missile within. At that exact moment-

DAVIS

depresses the trigger to his rifle. It emits a soft pop.

THE TALIBAN WITH THE MISSILE LAUNCHER

flails back from the bullet that goes through his heart. The missile launcher changes its aim from his loss of muscle control. It shoots harmlessly into the sky.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAIR

Sullivan stops outside the carved out entrance to the Taliban hideout. He relays through a RADIO HEADSET.

SULLIVAN

Quadrant clear!

EXT. CLIFF

Davis receives the sergeant's message through his headset.

DAVIS

Roger that!

EXT. TALIBAN HIDEOUT

Sullivan and his men are joined at the portal by Rashid and the freedom fighters. Seeing Machet-t, Rashid high fives him.

RASHID

My brother! We kicked some Al-Queida butt!

Machet-t is more reserved.

MACHET-T

We got to stay sharp, man.

Owen rudely pushes past both of them to enter the compound.

OWEN

Fuck that! These camel jockeys should know better than to fuck with the U.S. fucking eh!

Machet-t looks to Sullivan.

MACHET-T

Your men know how to put it, dog.

Sullivan smiles in turn.

SULLIVAN

They may not be fluent with the English, but they're damn, fine soldiers!

Machet-t relents to his appraisal with a tip of the chin.

MACHET-T

Guess that's what counts at the end of the day.

SULLIVAN

Yeah, making it back to base with your and all of your men's asses intact!

Which brings a related matter to his attention.

SULLIVAN

Speaking of men... where's the rest of your squad?

Machet-t searches the area with a look of bewilderment.

MACHET-T

That's a good, fucking question!

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HIDEOUT

TWO TALIBAN GUARDS stand watch over the slot like doorway cut into the base of the mountain. They appear as immovable as the formation they are protecting.

The guards react to something. Their posture gives as they shoulder their weapons to fire.

EXT. HIDEOUT GROUNDS

Another Taliban soldier walks out from the flat. He is in an officer's uniform. It is Hamid in disguise. He bears the confident gait of a higher rank.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HIDEOUT

Making an accurate identification of the approaching party, the Taliban guards change the position of their rifles. They bring them in front of their chests and stand at attention.

Hamid, plays the role, and paces before the guards as if to inspect them. Words are exchanged in Afghanistan.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION

Hamid's men and the gang bangers keep a distance away and out of sight. Duranni peers out periodically to gauge Hamid's actions. Spark-P leans over his shoulder.

SPARK-P

Has he done this before?

Duranni does not reply.

EXT. HIDEOUT ENTRANCE

In a virtual second, Hamid chops the left guard on the bridge of his nose, killing him instantly.

Before the right guard can respond to the assault, Hamid has the drop on him. He grabs the dead guard's machine gun from his hands and swings the barrel to point at the right guard's chest.

The right guard relinquishes his machine gun and raises his hands in surrender.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION

Duranni's knowing expression answers Spark-P's question.

EXT. HIDEOUT ENTRANCE

Hamid is joined by his men and the gang bangers. Duranni eyes the guard who is their prisoner. He shifts his gaze to Hamid.

DURANNI

How many guards are inside?

Hamid trains the machine gun barrel against the guard's left cheek.

HAMID

He is the only one.

Duranni stops to note the guard sprawled on the ground with the smashed nasal cavity. He nods in accord.

Charlay overhears their conversation. He animates with the details. He hurriedly begins to shuck off the fatigues he's wearing.

CHARLAY

That's good enough for me! My goddamned balls were riding up my ass with the extra set of pants!

Ying-K shakes his head in disgust and also starts to remove his fatigues.

YING-K

T.M.I., dude!

Spark-P does not bother to take his fatigues off. He circles in front of Hamid with an anxious gleam.

SPARK-P

How we going to find our way around inside?

Hamid turns a cold gaze to the guard then back to Spark-P in affirmation.

Spark-P returns a devious smile in their understanding. He brings his rifle barrel up and pushes its end against the Taliban guard's other cheek.

THE TALIBAN GUARD

His eyes are wide with fright from the crossed gun barrels pressing into both sides of his face.

HAMID (O.S.)

Say hello to our guide.

EXT. MAIN HIDEOUT ENTRANCE

Sullivan's team and the freedom fighters mobilize outside the tunnel like entry to the lair.

SULLIVAN

I want everybody in my group to stay close.  
We don't know what we'll encounter in there.

He turns his head to Owen.

SULLIVAN

You stay here as lookout. Radio us of any  
enemy movement.

Owen nods in obedience and takes position to the left of the opening. He stands stolid with his rifle before him.

Machet-t moves next to Sayid and his people.

MACHET-T

Think we'll find Mustiban in there?

Sayid cracks wise to relieve some tension.

SAYID

Him and the entire Al-Queida army.

The freedom fighters smile at his comment, the soldiers do not.

Rashid makes his way over to Machet-t ushering Andres along with him. Machet-t eyes both of them as they approach.

MACHET-T

What up, G?

Rashid implores Machet-t with pleading eyes.

RASHID

I would like to ask you a great favor,  
my friend.

Machet-t waits in curiosity of what it could be.

Rashid lays his hand lightly on top of Andrea's head and pushes her closer to Machet-t.

RASHID

Andrea is my only child. I don't want to  
take the risk of anything happening to her  
in there.

Machet-t tilts his head to make sure he heard him correctly. He returns an incredulous face.

MACHET-T

You twisted, mother-fucker! It's okay for your little girl to fight on a battlefield but now you're all concerned and shit of her going in there?

Rashid holds the humble look.

RASHID

But, you see, it is a cave.

Machet-t shakes his head impatiently.

RASHID

And it is dark. She could lose her footing and trip and fall.

Machet-t reaches the end of his reserve. He shouts back in turn.

MACHET-T

I get it! It's a fucking cave!

Rashid clasps his hands together in a prayer like fashion. He bows his head in servitude to Machet-t.

RASHID

It would mean the world to me if you could stay here with her.

Machet-t blinks in disbelief to his request.

MACHET-T

Why me?

Rashid's fearful look becomes one of gratefulness.

RASHID

Who better?

INT. SECRET ACCESS

The Taliban guard is led at gunpoint by Hamid. Hamid's men and the gang bangers follow dutifully.

The floor dips at an angle becoming a narrow crawlspace buffered by walls that seem to absorb all space around them. The area is poorly lit by cheap lighting fixtures sparingly placed on the walls. Ironically there are posters of American recording artists decorating the walls.

Ying-K notes a dog eared picture of a young Britney Spears pursing her lips.

YING-K

Where are we going? T.R.L?

Hamid huffs to his comment. He speaks to the guard in Afghanistan.

Spark-P frowns upon overhearing them.

SPARK-P

Speak English so we can understand what  
you're saying to him!

Hamid is not disturbed by the nature of his request. He looks back  
with a sullen face.

HAMID

I would but... he cannot.

Spark-P backs down to the logic.

Charlay runs into the back of Ying-K. He grimaces while reversing.

CHARLAY

Goddamn man, watch your fucking step!

YING-K

There's barely room to walk!

CHARLAY

Good thing none of us are claustrophobic!

YING-K

You think?

Spark-P balances to keep from stepping on Duranni's heels.

SPARK-P

You sure this guard is being straight with  
us, bro?

Hamid jabs his rifle barrel into the guard's back as a reminder.

HAMID

If he is not, he will die first.

INT. CORRIDOR

The floor ends up ahead at the entrance to an expanded, storage area.  
Excitement spreads through the front group members.

Spark-P hops on his toes to see past Hamid.

SPARK-P

Is that it, man?

CHARLAY

Is that what?

Spark-P provides explanation to the gang bangers to the rear.

SPARK-P

We found them, goddamned it!

INT. SUPPLY ROOM ENTRANCE

Hamid and his men along with the gang bangers pause in the doorway to take in the breadth of their discovery.

It is a veritable swap meet inside. Confiscated electronic equipment shares space on metal shelves with sporting and camping gear. Boxes loaded on pallets fill the floor. A fork lift sits dormant to the side.

Charlay echoes the thought going through all of their minds.

CHARLAY

The underground bunkers.

EXT. HIDEOUT

Machet-t settles into his role as Andrea's guardian. He looks down at her diminutive figure.

She wields two revolvers that are almost larger than her hands. She stares back up at Machet-t with a look of assessment.

Machet-t can't help but smile at the image she projects.

MACHET-T

You're something else. You know that?

Andrea searches for meaning on his face.

Machet-t notes her confusion and switches approaches.

MACHET-T

What d'ya do when you're not fighting?

Andrea's eyes are intent with her response.

ANDREA

Studying.

Machet-t nods in fake approval.

MACHET-T

That's how you get ahead in this world.

Andrea shoots him a look of annoyance for interrupting. She finishes her answer with conviction.

ANDREA

Studying how to fight the enemy.

Machet-t soberly contemplates her conditioning.

MACHET-T

Don't you ever get to be a kid? Know  
what I'm saying?

Andrea's tolerance turns to dismissal. She looks away from Machet-t  
with a huff.

ANDREA

When is my father coming back?

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Hamid's men and the gang bangers sort through the merchandise stored there.  
Boxes are torn open and their content revealed.

Spark-P tears apart the cardboard flaps on his box and buries his hands  
into it. The look on his face changes to disappointment.

He brings up a fistful of fabric.

SPARK-P

What the fuck is this shit, man?

Hamid walks over and dips his rifle barrel into the box. He trawls up  
a robe like garment on its end.

He gives the Al-Queida guard a grim look.

HAMID

Mustiban lets his own people go naked while  
he adorns himself with the finest silk.

Spark-P shoves the box of robes over with his boot.

SPARK-P

Here brother, knock yourself out!

Ying-K reveals the unusual merchandise in his open box. He brings his  
hand up from its depths and hundreds of small, rubber donuts stream  
from the spaces between his fingers.

Hamid moves the guard with him to see.

HAMID

Washers to keep Mustiban's faucets running  
while the people pump wells for their water.

Ying-K adopts an appropriate reaction.

He slides the box of washers out of the way.

YING-K

Ain't that a bitch?

Charlay rips apart the wrapping tape sealing his box. He delves his hand in and brings out a CD. He turns it over to see who the artist is. He cracks a grin and shows the cover to the others.

CHARLAY

What do you know? It's Lionel Ritchie.

He laughs off his initial discovery and turns up the next CD. The smile this time is less certain.

CHARLAY

Lionel Ritchie... again!

He returns to his inventory of the box. His eyes swell with concern as he rifles through all of the compact discs inside.

CHARLEY

Lionel Ritchie!

He pushes over the box off his lap. Hundreds of the same Lionel Ritchie compact disc cascade across the floor.

Charlay whips his head about in disbelief.

CHARLAY

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

Duranni approaches the pile of CDs. He stoops and picks up one of them. He pockets it in his shirt for safe keeping.

DURANNI

Lionel Ritchie very popular here.

Ying-K raises an eyebrow.

YING-K

You think?

EXT. MUSTIBAN'S HIDEOUT

Dust brushes across the desolate landscape heading into the mountain lair. Flaming debris left of the freedom fighter's vehicles sends a column of thick, black smoke into the air. The robed bodies of both Taliban and rebels slain in the first confrontation litter the ground.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HIDEOUT

A couple of soldiers from Sullivan's unit and women and children from Rashid's group mill about restlessly outside.

OWEN

bends his knees to keep himself limber. He sounds his discontent to Machet-t.

OWEN

I hate the waiting, man!

Machet-t turns to his complaint.

MACHET-T

You rather be shooting, fool?

Owen balances his rifle butt on the toe of his boot and twirls it.

OWEN

Least then, I'm accomplishing something!

MACHET-T

Oh yeah, what is that?

Owen retrieves his rifle and stands ramrod straight.

OWEN

I don't believe you, man! I'm fighting for my country. What are you doing?

MACHET-T

considers the question. He turns away.

MACHET-T

If I figure it out, I'll let you know.

His gaze falls upon Andrea standing close at hand.

ANDREA

I want to thank you for staying with us.

Machet-t does not know how to take her gratitude.

MACHET-T

Sure thing, kid. No sweat.

Andrea holds her look of admiration.

ANDREA

My father said you are a worthy man to fight alongside.

Machet-t is humbled by this praise. He stumbles on his response.

MACHET-T

Yeah, okay.

Andrea looks up with a sincere smile.

ANDREA

God be with you, Machet-t.

Machet-t tries to hold back his emotion.

MACHET-T

Back at ya.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HIDEOUT

The ground starts to TREMBLE under their feet. Machet-t grabs Andrea's arm to keep her from falling. Owen looks around with panic.

OWEN

Earthquake!

MACHET-T

There are no earthquakes in the desert, man!

The women and children from the rebel faction huddle together. Female commandos, including Kendra, form a protective barrier before them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASSAGE

With a TREMENDOUS CRASH the wreckage of the burning tank is pushed aside by the massive, steel body of ANOTHER PAKISTAN TANK. The debris of the freedom fighter's caravan is smashed into the walls of the rise.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HIDEOUT

The women and children point in fear at the tank traveling down the road.

Machet-t glares at Owen. The infantry man shoulders his rifle and waits for the tank to come in range.

MACHET-T

I don't think your pop gun is going to be much good against that.

Owen bounces on his feet in anticipation.

OWEN

Shows what you know!

Machet-t discounts his misplaced optimism.

Machet-t reaches for his field radio. He tunes in the proper frequency and cups the receiver to his ear.

MACHET-T  
Brannigan, this is Seven!

INTERCUT W/INTEL COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

Hearing Machet-t's voice, Brannigan turns with headpiece in place. He checks the tracking screen and registers the four dots.

BRANNIGAN  
What is your location, Seven?

Machet-t charts the distance of the tank from them and grimaces.

MACHET-T  
We're at Mustiban's crib.

BRANNIGAN  
All going as planned?

Machet-t is irritated by the impersonal tone of his inquiry.

MACHET-T  
No, mother fucker, all is not going to plan!  
We're holed up outside this cave while most  
of our crew are inside looking for Mustiban!

BRANNIGAN  
I don't see what the problem is.

MACHET-T  
The problem is there is a seriously, decked  
out tank moving in on our position!

Brannigan muses on the scenario.

BRANNIGAN  
Your orders are to engage the enemy at all costs.

Machet-t notes the women and children other than the commando force, cowering at the sight of the tank.

MACHET-T  
Listen up Jack, this ain't me we're talking  
about! I got civilian women and children  
I've been left with man!

BRANNIGAN  
Collateral damage is always expected in a war.

Machet-t's reserve snaps.

MACHET-T

Straight up, mother fucker, if you don't do something to save these people, I'm going to surrender to the towel heads and tell them everything about your little operation!

Brannigan tries to keep a cool outlook.

BRANNIGAN

What you are proposing is against protocol, Seven.

Machet-t looks bluntly ahead.

MACHET-T

Fuck protocol.

Brannigan can't help but smile at his sense of duty to the freedom fighters.

BRANNIGAN

You developing a conscience, Seven?

Machet-t stops to consider this. His fury abates.

MACHET-T

Just take care of my peeps, man.

Brannigan gives a look of confirmation.

BRANNIGAN

I'll see what I can do.

Machet-t's transmission cuts off. Brannigan looks to a TECHNICIAN at the control board.

BRANNIGAN

Patch me through to General Ryder over at Dwight.

INTERCUT W/ AIR HANGAR

GENERAL RYDER, answers the phone passed to him. He is not in a uniform but a greasy, pair of airman dungarees. He brings a clipboard with him.

RYDER

Brannigan, what is Co-Ops doing calling here?

BRANNIGAN

General, are your people still doing testing on that experimental aircraft?

Ryder stands erect and answers with a state of professional pride.

RYDER

Yes sir! How can we be of service?

EXT. STORAGE BUNKER

The gang bangers have gone through almost half of the cardboard cartons stored there. Packing material covers the floor.

Spark-P leaps up in aggravation. He savagely kicks the empty boxes around him. Styrofoam, popcorn pieces fly up from his action.

SPARK-P

Fuck this, man!

He looks direct at Hamid.

SPARK-P

What the fuck is this place? The Salvation Army?

Hamid turns to the guard. He speaks to him harshly in the Afghanistan dialect. The guard answers hurriedly. Hamid translates for the others.

HAMID

He says that's all there is.

Spark-P, Charlay and Ying-K abandon the boxes. They rush over and enclose the guard.

CHARLAY

Bullshit!

YING-K

The goddamned bastard is lying! It's hidden somewhere down here!

Spark-P moves in a threatening manner before the guard.

SPARK-P

I say we beat it out of him!

The ugliness is broken by the urgent voice of Duranni from the back part of the bunker.

DURANNI

We found something!

EXT. STORAGE CHAMBER

The gang bangers and Hamid run to where Duranni waits. He is standing in front of a roll down, steel gate. It closes off a linking room.

DURANNI

What do you think?

Their gaze lowers to a single padlock securing the gate to a metal eyelet screwed into the floor.

Hamid reads the eager look on the gang bangers. The guard begins to back away. Hamid prods him with the barrel of his weapon. The guard stays put but looks very distressed.

Spark-P detects his apprehension. He smiles in recognition.

SPARK-P

Look at the fucker sweat, man! This is it!

He joins hands with Charlay and bounces on his feet with him.

SPARK-P

We found it!

Hamid studies the guard's look of consternation and comes to the same conclusion.

HAMID

Let's take this bitch!

He angles his gun at the eyelet and squeezes off a single shot that obliterates the lock.

Hamid extends his hand to Spark-P and bows.

HAMID

After you.

Spark-P bends and grabs hold of the handle on the gate.

SPARK-P

Don't mind if I do!

He straightens folding the gate up into the ceiling with him.

Charlay wrinkles his nose in curiosity.

CHARLAY

Do you guys hear music?

INT. VALUABLES BUNKER

The music is coming through the I-pod headphones of the THREE AL-QUEIDA GUARDS with AUTOMATIC ASSAULT WEAPONS stationed behind the gate.

The song is Lionel Ritchie's "Dancing on the Ceiling".

It serves as ironic commentary for the slaughter which follows.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

Ritchie's buoyant tune contrasts with the execution like killings of Hamid and the gang bangers.

1. The gate is lifted revealing the Al-Queida firing squad. A GOLDEN LIGHT glows behind them.
2. The guards are uniform in appearance. Each wears a Taliban uniform, Blues Bros. sunglasses and an I-pod system wired from their headphones to the player clipped to their belts. They share a look of obliviousness to their disclosure.
3. Charlay reacts with raw fear. He shouts to the others and turns his head in preparation to run.
4. The firing squad stand side by side for maximum coverage. Their weapons open up with a DEAFENING ROAR.
5. Hamid and the guard are hit over the chest, head and shoulders. Burn marks from the heat of the shells tarnish their clothing.
6. The expressions on the faces of the men in the firing squad remain neutral. The blaze from their combined weapons glares off their sunglass lenses.
7. Hamid's men and the gang bangers are cut down by the rapid fire assault. Their tattered bodies fall over one another in a heap on the floor.
8. Duranni is last to crumple upon the pile of corpses. An object drops from his pocket.
9. It is Lionel Ritchie's CD "Dancing on the Ceiling". Droplets of blood splash over his smiling face.

## EXT. ROAD - DAY

The big Pakistan tank encounters difficulty in surpassing the narrow passage with the debris from the freedom fighter's convoy impeding its momentum. The tanks wide tracks dip into a crater it has created.

## EXT. HIDEOUT ENTRANCE

Machet-t and Owen band with the freedom fighters and their female commandos. They stare at the tank in the distance trying to escape from the massive pothole. Machet-t holds Andrea back with one arm.

Owen looks expectantly at him.

OWEN

What's it waiting for, man?

Machet-t squints in an attempt to get a better view.

MACHET-T

I think it's stuck.

The news revitalizes Owen. He swings around with his rifle.

OWEN

Fucking eh!

He seeks Machet-t's approval with waiting enthusiasm.

OWEN

Now's the time to attack it, while it  
can't move!

Machet-t points for his benefit.

MACHET-T

You dumb redneck! You see those machine  
guns on the outside? They're not there  
for show!

Kendra affirms his assessment.

KENDRA

He's right. The exterior weapons are  
fully operational despite the tanks mobility.

Machet-t turns to her with a troubled look.

MACHET-T

One thing, why hasn't it fired at us?

Kendra notes the tank in its persistence to clear the mouth of the  
passage.

KENDRA

They want to make sure they hit us and  
not Mustiban.

MACHET-T

Then why don't we hide in there instead  
of being exposed out here?

Kendra shakes her head.

KENDRA

If we trespassed, that would be all the  
reason needed for the tank to fire upon  
the fortress. We wouldn't know what  
happened until the mountain caved in on  
us.

She smiles bitterly.

Machet-t nods in agreement.

MACHET-T

At least out here we can see it coming.

Everybody's attention is drawn to the clanking of the tank tracks. It REVS before settling into a STEADY RUMBLE.

EXT. PASSAGE

The tank shakes as its body rolls up over the final obstruction. It crunches the metal frame into the ground and forges ahead.

EXT. HIDEOUT

The tanks clearance does not go unnoticed. Owen jabs his finger in that general direction.

OWEN

It's free!

Those who are armed, point their weapons at the approaching tank. The civilian women pick up rocks and throw them at it.

Machet-t sighs at the futility of their action.

THE TANK

moves forward, gears grinding and tracks plowing up the earth. The barrel on the turret thrusts forth. The housing rotates and adjusts to center on the target.

EXT. HIDEOUT

Taking a valiant stand the rebel party prepares to face down the advancing tank.

EXT. ENTRANCE

The shooters shoulder their rifles.

Owen pulls back the bolt to his gun, inserting a bullet in the chamber.

OWEN

What should I aim at on that thing?

Kendra raises her pistol with a cool gaze.

KENDRA

Anything you can hit.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN

The tank resembles a large spider ready to squash the scattering of ants in its path.

MACHET-T

brings up his rifle to fire. Despite the temperature he is bathed in cold sweat.

MACHET-T

Maybe we'll get lucky.

His aside proves to be prophetic.

A F-16 FIGHTER JET passes overhead with a BLAST OF VELOCITY.

Machet-t's eyes turn up to the powerful sound.

EXT. ABOVE THE HIDEOUT

From this vantage point, the jet banks around and positions itself in relation to the battlefield.

INT. JET

From the cockpit, the PILOT communicates through the radio transmitter in his helmet back to base.

PILOT

Have made visual with the target.

EXT. ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD

The jet buzzes over the Pakistan tank. A BOMB drops from its hatch.

EXT. HIDEOUT

Owen pumps a fist in recognition.

OWEN

Yeah buddy! That's one of our guys!

Machet-t views the assistance with more reserve.

THE BOMB

It is deployed at such an angle to hit the tank below. But the warhead does something irregular on its descent.

THE SHELL

It dismantles revealing a CORE that is comprised of a bundle of SMALLER BOMBS.

They DETACH from the core and drop off separately from the source bomb.

THE SMART BOMBS

SPROUT FINS from their bodies. The drag tilts their shells in a downward trajectory.

The bombs SPIN OFF in a BROADENING RADIUS.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD

These individual bombs SPIRAL DOWN from the sky in a spectacular display.

EXT. HIDEOUT

Machet-t, Owen and the freedom fighters watch with amazement.

THE TANK

The first smart bomb strikes the tanks seemingly impregnable armor. A FUSE MECHANISM is ACTIVATED.

The bomb EXPLODES engulfing the tank in a COMBUSTIVE CLOUD OF VAPOR.

A second later, the tank is BLOWN into pieces by an INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

EXT. HIDEOUT

Owen and the women cheer the tanks destruction.

Machet-t focuses on the next smart bomb to impact. He yells to the others.

MACHET-T

Incoming!

MACHET-T

He dives and tackles Andrea covering her with his body.

EXT. HIDEOUT

The succeeding bombs touch down on the ground and the mountain. Their fuses DETONATE and set off a SERIES OF DEVESTATING EXPLOSIONS.

MACHET-T

is catapulted by a BLAST that buckles the lay of the land. He is knocked down in the sand and buried in a mound of rocks that break off from the mountain.

EXT. ARIEAL VIEW - MOUNTAIN FORTRESS

The destruction from the smart bombs is wide spread.

The mountain is reduced to a avalanche of rocks that fills in the plain it previously overlooked. Bodies lay within the ruins.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT

The F-16 soars by in the wake of the assault.

PILOT (O.S.)

Air tower, this is Stingray One. Mission is complete. Repeat, mission is complete. Returning to base.

EXT. RUINS

Limbs protrude through the crevices in the deluge of rocks. When it seems all life has been extinguished, a section of the spill GIVES from a force underneath.

A DARK SKINNED, HAND breaks through the mass and grasps for freedom.

Shortly after, a MAN'S HEAD pushes out of the burial mound. It is Machet-t.

MACHET-T

His face is bruised and battered. He gasps for air and sucks in a couple of deep breathes.

Gradually his senses return. He turns his head to register his surroundings.

MACHET-T

Jesus, no.

EXT. RUINS

Machet-t lifts the rest of his body from where it is wedged. He embarks upon a personal quest of much urgency. He digs through the rocks searching desperately.

MACHET-T

Com'on girl! Where are you?

Machet-t continues to scavenge for corpses until he realizes the hopelessness. He sits and buries his head in his hands. He weeps in anguish.

MACHET-T

This ain't right, Lord. This ain't right!

He pauses to the sound of rocks rolling away a few feet from where he is. He turns to watch another emerge.

His eyes grow with the identification of who they are.

EXT. OPPOSITE OF WHERE MACHET-T IS

A TALL, IRAQUI MAN rises from where he was thrown by the blast. His robe is dark with soot and his turban is gone. His curly, salt and pepper hair hangs to his shoulders, framed by his long, gaunt face. He struggles to get to his feet then stops sensing Machet-t's gaze. Their eyes connect.

MACHET-T

holds a stern gaze on the Iraqi.

THE IRAQUI MAN

His inset eyes seem vulnerable with the threat from the other survivor.

EXT. RUINS

Machet-t springs out of his crouch. He seizes the rifle from the exposed hand of a soldier who was buried alive.

He runs across the rocks separating them. He halts almost on top of the Iraqi and fixes his rifle reflexively at him. He gives him a devastating glare.

MACHET-T

Mustiban!

MUSTIBAN

He trembles hearing his own name. He collapses on his knees and holds up his hands in submission. He pleads to Machet-t for his life in a bleating stream of language.

MACHET-T

maintains his shooting stance. He looks hard at the Al-Queida leader cowering before him.

MACHET-T

You're responsible for all of this?

He sweeps his hand to indicate the wasteland about them. His face becomes slack with Mustiban's ignorance of his question.

MUSTIBAN

His speech moderates to a normal pattern as if he were trying to explain himself to Machet-t. His hands ease down from their former state of surrender.

Mustiban's eyes intensify sensing hesitation in his aggressor. A smile begins to snake up his mouth.

MACHET-T

remembers all of the killing he's witnessed. His eyes glaze in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

Of those people he met who lost their lives in the conflict.

- A. His teammates. Candid shots of the entire crew.
- B. Sayid, the valiant tank driver.
- C. Hamid and his band of rogues.
- D. Rashid and Andrea, his little girl.
- E. Kendra, his lost, would be love.

DISSOLVE TO:

MACHET-T'S EYES

The memories fade. They harden in vengeance.

MUSTIBAN

He detects the change on his capturer's face. Mustiban reverts to his former groveling in turn.

EXT. RUINS

Machet-t resumes his original intent. He aims the rifle point blank at Mustiban, who is babbling in prayer.

MACHET-T

His lip curls back as he bares his teeth.

MACHET-T

God be with you... mother fucker!

EXT. RUINS

Machet-t FIRES twenty rounds into Mustiban. The Al-Queida leader is shredded by the automatic fire. His bullet riddled body is flung back over the rocks.

MUSTIBAN

His face is frozen in a state of disbelief, his mouth gaped open.

EXT. RUINS

Machet-t uses a moment to compose himself.

He sneers down at Mustiban's corpse and spits on it in contempt.

MACHET-T

Amen!

He discards his weapon and turns to gauge his situation.

The FIELD RADIO still hanging from his utility belt, CRACKLES from a TRANSMISSION coming through.

Machet-t regards it with a dazed look. He unclips it from his belt loop. He brings the radio up to receive the call.

On the other end of the line is Brannigan's agitated voice.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

Seven, what the fuck has happened out there?

Machet-t notes with resignation.

MACHET-T

A whole lot of dead mother-fuckers.

INTERCUT W/BRANNIGAN AT CO-OPS HEADQUARTERS

Brannigan stares hard at the heat sensor tracking monitor. Machet-t's is the sole dot on the satellite screen.

BRANNIGAN

Ours or theirs?

Machet-t scowls at the impartiality.

MACHET-T

Does it matter, man?

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

We need to keep an accurate number, Seven.

Machet-t's patience comes to an end.

MACHET-T

I kinda lost count when you bombed us.

Brannigan does not shy away from the accusation.

BRANNIGAN

You asked for assistance, we gave it to you.

Machet-t turns the radio to face his anger.

MACHET-T

Whose side are you on, mother-fucker?

Brannigan stares off.

BRANNIGAN

I don't understand you.

Machet-t cuts in abruptly.

MACHET-T

I'll spell it out for you, you bombed your own people, man!

Brannigan shows no emotion to this fact.

BRANNIGAN

Did you attain the objective?

Machet-t is taken back by his single mindedness.

MACHET-T

You're a goddamned piece of work, man. Here I'm telling you that you wiped out our people and you're only worried about some fucking objective!

Brannigan stays to the point.

BRANNIGAN

Was the objective attained?

Machet-t loosens with his insistence. He grows cocky in turn.

MACHET-T

If you mean did we cap Mustiban's punk ass, then the answer is yes!

Brannigan displays surprise to the revelation.

BRANNIGAN

Mustiban is dead?

MACHET-T

One hundred and ten percent, not breathing!

BRANNIGAN

Who made identification of the kill?

Machet-t responds with boisterous pride.

MACHET-T

You're talking to them!

Brannigan's reaction is muted.

BRANNIGAN

You made identification of the body?

MACHET-T (V.O.)

Identify? I fucking took him out!

Brannigan tries to deal with the implications.

BRANNIGAN

You killed Mustiban single handedly?

MACHET-T

Naw, I used a gun.

Machet-t smirks to a related issue.

MACHET-T

Guess this ends the fucking war, huh?  
You can arrange my flight back to CA.

Brannigan is unconvinced.

BRANNIGAN

We have to receive official confirmation  
that he is dead?

MACHET-T

What do you think I've been telling you, man?

BRANNIGAN

We cannot take your word on this, Seven.  
You're not officially recognized as a  
participant in the war. You're not even  
enlisted. Did anyone else see Mustiban's  
body?

Machet-t explains fervently.

MACHET-T

Like who, mother-fucker? You killed every  
fucking one else!

Brannigan signals a radioman sitting at the ready.

BRANNIGAN

We will send a team to investigate your story.  
Stay put, Seven.

He adds with a hint of a smile.

BRANNIGAN

You did good.

MACHET-T

turns off the radio ending their communication. He looks around at the isolation of his surroundings.

MACHET-T

Where else am I gonna go, dog?

THE AMERICAN FLAG

flaps against an unforgiving wind. The red, white and blue is tortured by the erratic gusts.

EXT. ARMY CAMP - NIGHT

The flag is flying from a pole that centers the canvas body of a large, pup tent. Through the fabric walls glows a light as TWO, SHADOW FIGURES face each other.

INT. TENT

Machet-t sits on a chair before COL. JOSEPH, the commanding officer of the base unit that retrieved him from Mustiban's lair.

JOSEPH, a middle aged soldier with a square jaw but receptive eyes, looks at Machet-t then shakes his head.

JOSEPH

How does it feel to be the only survivor  
in the desert raid?

Machet-t pauses to realize his feat.

MACHET-T

At this point I don't know how to feel.

Joseph gives his answer a nod of acceptance.

JOSEPH

You were assisting Sgt. Sullivan's division?

Machet-t tilts his head in the affirmative.

JOSEPH

Was there anyone else in your company?

Machet-t goes silent, ending any further suspicions about the team.

Joseph studies his quietness.

JOSEPH

If you're special ops, you're probably  
not allowed to talk about it.

Machet-t relaxes with the luxury of anonymity.

MACHET-T

If I did I'd have to kill you.

Joseph shares a laugh with him.

JOSEPH

I hear you. Wouldn't want to be giving ourselves away.

POV THROUGH INFRA-RED BINOCULARS

Through the green filtered lens we see a grouping of tents closely spaced. Military vehicles are parked in front building a gateway of sorts into the compound. An American flag whips about from the pole of the largest tent.

It is then we know this is the base where Machet-t is.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The MAN viewing the base is an Al-Queida TERRORIST. He puts down the binoculars. He turns to his TERRORIST CO-HORTS, who are loading EXPLOSIVES into the back of a TRUCK.

INT. TRUCK

A Islamic WOMAN with haunted eyes sits in the drivers seat. Her hands are planted to the wheel.

INT. COL. JOSEPH'S TENT

Joseph settles back in his chair. He takes notice of the radio clipped to Machet-t's belt.

JOSEPH

Is that an old, field radio?

Machet-t stirs in his seat, glancing down at the object in question. He pats it once with fondness.

MACHET-T

Yeah, it came with the gear.

Joseph smiles in amusement.

JOSEPH

That is so retro. Most of the soldiers today use the headsets.

MACHET-T

I'm old school, man.

He stares at the radio at length before bringing his eyes back up to Joseph.

MACHET-T

Besides, this has been my good luck charm.

A GEAR SHIFT

A WOMAN's slender hand grasps the knob and puts it in drive.

A WHEEL

It SPINS OUT in the dirt from the SUDDEN ACCELERATION.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Al-Queida terrorists see off the truck rigged with explosives. It speeds towards its destination cloaked by the night.

INT. JOSEPH'S TENT

Joseph's debriefing turns to a sensitive subject.

JOSEPH

I understand there were civilians killed in the battle.

Machet-t goes still. His eyes dim with reflection.

MACHET-T

Yeah.

JOSEPH

Someone you'd grown close to?

Machet-t shows his pain.

MACHET-T

Someone who'd grown close to me.

Joseph nods his empathy.

JOSEPH

War is hell.

EXT. BASE - NIGHT

The Al-Queida truck bomb barrels in from the desert. Shots from the guards kill the driver but do not prevent the vehicle from colliding into the motor pool.

Ruptured gas lines IGNITE with FIRE from the vehicles. An EXPLOSION is set off that spreads to some FUEL TANKS close by.

The tanks are BLOWN into PIECES, releasing their stored gas as a BLOSSOM OF FIRE that takes out half the base.

INT. JOSEPH'S TENT

The EXPANSION of the BLAST hits Machet-t and Joseph. The tent they're in DETERIORATES from the SEARING HEAT.

The CONCUSSION launches both men in the air.

MACHET-T

is carried into the sky by the propulsion of the blast. He turns his face away from the CLOUD OF FIRE that suspends him. He cries out in pain and fear.

EXT. BASE

The head of the explosion dissipates leaving charred remains behind.

Machet-t plummets to earth, his body trailing smoke with the descent.

MACHET-T

He slams down hard onto the ground and loses consciousness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

MACHET-T

He revives with a start. His initial breath is a gasp.

EXT. BASE - MORNING

Machet-t raises up to find himself in the midst of a salvage operation.

He turns his head to the left and sees a row of covered bodies lining the ground. The few tents left standing are scorched black from the fires.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF BASE

Machet-t walks over to a group of jeeps belonging to the rescue team. He notes the keys in the ignition on one of the vehicles.

INT. JEEP

Machet-t climbs into the drivers seat and starts the engine.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF BASE

He pulls the jeep around facing away from the base.

A SOLDIER off to the side, motions for him to stop.

Machet-t eases on the brake and waits.

EXT. JEEP

The soldier regards him with a tired gaze.

SOLDIER

Where you going, man?

MACHET-T

He returns a dazed smile.

MACHET-T

Home.

BACK TO SCENE

The soldier nods in accord and waves him through.

Machet-t drives on into the open desert.

EXT. JEEP - MOVING

Something Brannigan said returns to Machet-t.

BRANNIGAN (V.O.)

If you go outside the said perimeter, you  
will be shot.

MACHET-T

The warning gives him reason for pause. After a moment of  
consternation, he sets his eyes ahead in resolve.

EXT. JEEP - MOVING

Machet-t drives further out into uncharted regions of the desert.

MACHET-T

After more miles have passed between him and the road, he realizes  
the threat of being shot is over.

He leans back into the seat with a relaxed look.

INT. CO-OPS HEADQUARTERS

The heat sensor, satellite monitor is blank with no indication that Machet-t is alive.

The last explosion disabled the sensor chip in his neck.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Machet-t in the jeep treks across the sands growing smaller with the horizon.

He is finally a free man again.

ON SATELLITE MONITOR

Over the fluctuating green background the words EXERCISE COMPLETE appear in the lower left corner.

POWER to the monitor SHUTS DOWN and the screen GOES DARK.

After a couple of seconds, the power COMES BACK ON bringing the satellite feed with it.

Over the refreshed screen, ONE BY ONE a new group of SEVEN DOTS APPEAR.

The words COMMENCE EXERCISE appear in the lower left corner.

FADE OUT:

THE END?

