

**EXPECT NO MERCY**

By

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EXT. SKY-DAY

A mammoth C-140 troop transport lumbers through the clouds.

INT. TRANSPORT-DAY

Several Marines line each side of the transport. They are fully geared and ready for deployment.

We push in towards one particular Marine. ANDREW WEST, he is in his early twenties, and athletically built. He sits next to an older Marine, MIKE MORRIS.

MORRIS

Is this your first time in Iraq,  
Private?

WEST

Yes, sir. First tour of duty.

MORRIS

Oh, well let me give you one piece  
of advice; keep your weapon pointed  
away from your fellow marines.

West's rifle is pointed directly at Morris's gut. Morris reaches over and shoves the barrel towards West.

WEST

Sorry, sir.

MORRIS

Don't be sorry, just don't-

EXT. TRANSPORT-DAY

We see the propeller-prop on the transport's wing. Suddenly a large explosion RIPS apart the wing and sends the plane in a nosedive.

INT. TRANSPORT-DAY

Everyone is thrown around. Equipment flies everywhere. West attempts to reach the support harness hanging above him. Suddenly another unseen explosion rips the back off the plane off. West and several other Marines are sucked out of the plane.

INT. TENT-DAY

West is jolted out of bed, sweat glistens off his face. His breathing is heavy and erratic; he wipes the sweat off his face and looks around. He lies in a typical field tent for a MARINE, two racks, duffle bags, guns and ammunition. West is in his mid twenties, hair sort and a desert tan.

WEST (V.O.)

I'm not even in Iraq yet and I'm already getting nightmares, this has to be a new fucking record.

West reaches for his boot, he turns them upside down and shakes. A King SCORPION falls out his left boot. The scorpion hits the ground running. West just gives out a sigh and continues to put on his boots.

EXT. TENT-DAY

Hot. Dry. Sand. West steps out of his tent and is greeted by Camp Rubicon. Everything needed to fight a war. A plethora of Bradley Fighting Vehicles, Strikers, M-1 Abrams Tanks and of course the occasional Humvee.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

CAMP RUBICON, NORTH KUWAIT

WEST (V.O.)

Camp Rubicon, the staging point for all Marine activities going in and out of Iraq and my home for the past two weeks.

Suddenly a Humvee flies up and slides to a stop in front of West. ROLLAND WOLF sits behind the wheel, big guy, thick Texan Accent.

ROLLAND

West! You hungry?

WEST

Yeah.

ROLLAND

Well, get in.

Before West is fully inside the Humvee, Rolland has already slammed on the accelerator.

WEST

Shit!

ROLLAND

Hold on!

WEST (V.O.)

Rolland Wolf, maybe my only real friend over here. He is in a pretty similar situation as myself. We both got caught. The judge gave us two options, jail or the military. It almost seems ironic that two days later, some crazy fucker drove a plane into the Trade Centers.

The Humvee flies up to the mess tent.

INT. MESS TENT-DAY

The two Marines slowly walk in and stand in line. The tent is simple in design; two long tables stretch the length of the tent, while two large metal buffets occupy the front.

ROLLAND

Kick ass! Hotdogs!

WEST

Rolland, do you know what they put in hotdogs?

ROLLAND

Do you know I don't give a shit?

WEST

Fair enough.

They take a seat at the nearby table and begin to chow down. Suddenly a Major burst in with several papers in his hand. Everyone jumps to attention.

MAJOR

Pack your shit, and report to the loading area at 0700 hours. You all are being shipped out.

## EXT. LOADING AREA-NIGHT

The sun has not yet come up over the desert. Hundreds of Marines pack and ready their equipment. There are several troop transports parked in a semi-circle. West and Rolland go over their gear near the last transport.

ROLLAND

Tikrit? I don't even think I'm saying that right.

WEST

I can't believe their splitting us up; we've been together since basic.

ROLLAND

At least you got Baghdad.

WEST

Baghdad gets shit too.

ROLLAND

Well, either way it's not going to be the same.

WEST

Yeah.

## EXT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT/HUMVEE-DAY

We see a very crowded street in downtown Baghdad. A thin layer of dust covers everything. The sun glares down without mercy. Most buildings are made out of harden clay. Several have blast marks and bullet holes. Sergeant Miller's Humvee flies down the street towards Baghdad Airport, off in the distance.

## INT. HUMVEE-DAY

MILLER is in his early thirties. Relaxed, battle-hardened, powerful, ignoring the hell around them. He smiles, puts a cigar in his mouth, he pulls out a silver old-school zippo lighter and lights the cigar.

CONNELLY (O.S.)

Got one of those for me?

Behind the wheel is CONNELLY, also in his early thirties. There is a serious tone radiates off him.

MILLER  
Fuck no; these things cost me five  
bucks a pop.

CONNELLY  
Cheap ass-

The Humvee screeches to a sudden stop. Miller's cigar flies out his mouth and onto his crotch. The embers burn his pants.

MILLER  
Damn it!

He quickly picks it up and tosses it out the window.

MILLER  
What the hell is wrong with you?

CONNELLY  
Look.

Connelly points towards a huge M-1 Abrams Tanks that blocks the entire road.

MILLER  
Son of a bitch.

Miller sticks his head out the window.

MILLER  
Hey! Hey, goddamn it, move!

Nothing happens. Miller reaches over and punches the horn several times. Iraqi citizens begin to stare. Suddenly the tanks hatch opens and a young tank driver pokes his head out.

TANK DRIVER  
Can I help you, sir?

MILLER  
Yeah, move this goddamn thing out  
of my fucking way! Now!

TANK DRIVER  
I need permission from my C.O.,  
sir.

Miller hops out of the Humvee, really pissed off.

MILLER  
So help me god, if this tan-

Suddenly a car parked down the street explodes. Everyone hits the ground. Miller leaps towards the Humvee, taking cover. Debris rains down and smoke fills the air.

MILLER

Connelly! Radio in, we're going to be late.

INT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT-DAY

West sits on a bench reading over his orders. The terminal is very empty, only a few military personal walking around. Suddenly an old Iraqi man pushing a food cart strolls up to West. He begins to speak broken English with an extremely thick accent.

OLD MAN

Hello...

West politely nods. The old man suddenly pulls out an old Pepsi bottle filled with a light green liquid.

OLD MAN

You buy! You buy!

WEST

No, no thank you.

OLD MAN

Yes, it good.

WEST

No, that's alright.

OLD MAN

You buy, Mount Dew?

West chuckles a little bit and shakes his head.

WEST

I'm sorry, I don't have any money.

OLD MAN

Mount Dew, you buy. West gets a little frustrated.

WEST

No Money!

The old man finally comprehends what West is saying. He slams the bottle back in the cart and pushes it away. He mumbles a curse in Arabic under his breath.

EXT. AIRPORT/DROP OFF-DAY

West stands outside, in front of the Baghdad Airport. Next to him lies his huge duffle bag. He checks he watch, and looks around. Suddenly Captain Miller's Humvee flies up and slides to a stop in front of West.

MILLER  
Private West?

WEST  
Yes, sir.

Miller hops out and walks to the back of the Humvee, he opens the rear door. The massive door swings open.

MILLER  
Throw your shit in here.

West walks over and tosses his duffle bag into the rear. Miller slams it close. He gives West the once over and nods.

MILLER  
I'm Captain Miller, that's Gonzalez  
on the .50 and that's Connelly  
behind the wheel. Come on, we're  
running late.

EXT. BAGHDAD HIGHWAY-DAY

The Humvee flies past the camera and continues on towards the city. The golden sun glares down on the dust filled highway.

INT. HUMVEE-DAY

Gonzalez spins the turret around quickly and locks it into place with a loud *clank*. West sits in the back alone, Miller and Connelly up front. Miller turns around with a big smile wrapped around his face.

MILLER  
Welcome to Baghdad, Private.

WEST  
Thank you, sir.

MILLER  
So, were ya from?

WEST  
Nashvil-

MILLER  
No, no. Parris Island or San Diego?

WEST  
San Diego, sir.

Both Miller and Connelly both start chuckling.

MILLER  
Check out the Hollywood Marine.

WEST  
Hollywood, sir?

MILLER  
Never mind, it's time for your  
first lesson anyway.

WEST  
Yes, sir?

CONNELLY  
Highway conduct.

MILLER  
We use profiles -- including  
certain makes and models of cars  
and nervous or erratic behavior --  
and it's our duty to intervene as  
early as possible.

CONNELLY  
We fire warning shots over the top  
of the car before then putting  
bullets through a car's engine  
block. As a last resort, we will  
kill a driver if the threat appears  
great enough. You got me, Private?

WEST  
Yes, Sir

Gonzalez yells something from outside; it's muffled from the  
slipstream outside the Humvee and a thick Hispanic accent.

MILLER  
What? Goddamn it.

Miller snatches up the radio.

MILLER  
Goddamn it Gonzalez! Use the fucking radio!

GONZALEZ  
(over the radio)  
Sorry, sir. Up ahead, sir!

Everyone glances upwards towards the windshield. Directly in front of them lies an abandoned parked car. It has several jugs resting on top of the trunk.

MILLER  
Shit. Back us off.

The Humvee flies backwards, to a safe distance.

WEST  
Sir?

MILLER  
It's time for your next lesson,  
Private.

CONNELLY  
First, notice how far out it's  
sitting from the edge of the road?  
Normally, broken vehicles are a  
common sight out here, but they are  
usually more off the shoulder.

MILLER  
Two...no people around. Three...the  
jugs are a common sight out here  
too. A lot of fuel is sold on the  
roadside in this fashion,  
containers sitting on the side of  
the road, again not this far out.

COLLENNY  
I'm calling in EOD.

MILLER  
Do it.

EXT. BAGHDAD HIGHWAY-DAY

We see West, Miller, Connelly and Gonzalez standing next to the Humvee, still on the highway. Suddenly a large explosion is heard off screen. They all suddenly put on their helmets as debris rains down on them.

MILLER  
Alright, lets get the fuck out of  
here.

They all climb back into the Humvee and it takes off, down the world's dangerous highway.

EXT. PALACE-DAY

The Humvee skids to a stop in front of a partially bombed out palace. The unsettled dust flies into the air. Everyone hops out, except Gonzalez, who remains behind his massive machine gun.

CONNELLY

Well, here is your stop.

WEST

A palace?

MILLER

Saddam's Third Wife's?

CONNELLY

Fourth.

MILLER

Right.

WEST

Thank you for the ride, sir.

MILLER

Well, it's been a pleasure,  
Private.

WEST

Thank you, sir.

MILLER

You report to a Captain Jones, the  
company commander.

WEST

Yes, sir.

West picks up his duffle bag and walks through the huge golden double doors.

INT. PALACE-DAY

West walks into the palace, he is in complete shock, jaw to the floor. Everything is gold, from the chairs to door handles. The floor is imported Italian Marble and the paintings hanging on the wall seem a hundred years old.

It's the perfect home, except the giant gaping hole in the right corner.

WEST  
(beat)  
Whoa.

Several Marines lounge around, sitting on couches, cleaning weapons and reading mail. Suddenly Captain Jones appears at the top of the stairs.

JONES  
Private West?

West is caught off guard; he drops his bags and salutes.

WEST  
Sir, yes, sir! Jones begins walking down the stairs.

JONES  
Captain will do just fine.

WEST  
Yes, Captain.

JONES  
Orders?

West hands the Captain some papers, he looks them over and hands them back.

JONES  
Well, welcome to Charlie Company.  
Paladins.

WEST  
Paladins?

Jones points to the company flag hanging on the wall. It's a satanic black horse with burning red eyes. Under it, the company motto "Expect No Mercy".

JONES  
Expect no Mercy.

WEST  
Yes, Captain.

JONES  
I'll introduce you to the men.

West picks up his duffle bag and they walk into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM/PALACE-DAY

The living room is as elegant as the main hall. The furniture is Victorian in style, but is covered in guns and ammunition. West and Jones walk in.

JONES

Everyone, I have an announcement.

Everyone glances up, but they remain sitting.

JONES

HQ just sent us over some fresh meat for the grinder. This is Private Andrew West.

West manages a respectful nod. Everyone shares glances of concern, then their focus returns to Jones.

JONES

Over in the corner is Tyson, our resident sniper.

Tyson sits in the corner, on the ground, cleaning his SAM-R rifle. He nods and goes back to work.

JONES

On the couch is Ronald Baker, our fighting chaplain.

WEST

You're a chaplain?

BAKER

No. Dropped the Bible and picked up this baby.

Baker points to his M-16 lying on the coffee table.

JONES

And over there is York

YORK lies on the ground sleeping, with his helmet as a pillow.

JONES

This is your unit.

TYSON

That's only four, we need five to make a operational unit.

JONES

Yeah, I know. I have another announcement. I have been demoted and placed in charge of this unit.

Everyone looks up in shock.

TYSON

What?

JONES

You heard me, now gear up; we're going on patrol.

EXT. ARABIAN SEA-DAY

We see a massive Aircraft Carrier gliding effortlessly through the waves of the Arabian Sea

INT. ORIENTATION ROOM/ CARRIER-DAY

The Squadron Ready Room lay out is similar to a classroom. Several rows of desks face the front of the room. On the walls hang plaques, insignias, and souvenirs from previous pilots

In the corner, sits JAY SANDERS talking on the phone, which hangs on the wall. He is young, fit, lean, hard, athletic; he is the archetype fighter pilot.

SANDERS

Baby, you don't have to worry, I'll be alright.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

RACHEL CRUZ stands in her kitchen, very modern, she is obviously well off. She has a cordless phone wrapped around her ear. She paces back and forth.

RACHEL

I just heard on the television, more Marines died today.

INTERCUT CARRIER / KITCHEN

SANDERS

Baby, that was on the ground, I'm flying a mile up, there is no way they can touch me.

RACHEL

Did you get the picture I sent?

SANDERS

Yeah, I am holding it right now.

In his hand lies a small picture of Rachel and a small baby. Suddenly a teardrop hits the picture and slides off.

SANDERS

I got to go baby, I'll call you soon.

RACHEL

I love you.

SANDERS

Same here.

Sanders slowly hangs up. His head hangs low; he wipes the tears away. Suddenly LEON KENNEDY walks into the Orientation Room. He is another archetype fighter pilot. Sanders looks up in surprise.

SANDERS

What's going on?

KENNEDY

Nothing much. You?

SANDERS

Just got done talking to the wife.

KENNEDY

Oh. How is everything back at home?

SANDERS

Alright, I guess.

KENNEDY

And the baby?

SANDERS

(beat)

That's the thing. I still haven't even seen my kid. I haven't picked him up, I haven't had the chance to hold him in my arms.

KENNEDY

Being in the military and having a family just don't fit. I still don't know how you deal with it.

SANDERS

Me either.

EXT. PALACE-DAY

West and Tyson load up the Humvee. York brings out bags from the Palace. Jones looks over maps, which are sprawled out over the hood. Baker preps the .50 caliber machine gun turret on top of the Humvee. West tosses the last bag in and they all load up.

EXT. HUMVEE/ STREET-DUSK

The Humvee speeds down the highway, turning up dust in its wake. The sky is a light pink as the sun descends for the night.

INT. HUMVEE-DUSK

Everyone is dead silent, determined. Tyson is behind the wheel. Jones still studies maps in the passenger seat. West stars out the window, as the streetlights come to life. York has a Magic Marker out and is writing "KILLER" on the back of his helmet.

JONES

Tyson?

TYSON

Yes, sir.

JONES

Educate Private West on patrol protocol.

TYSON

Yes, Sir. Private?

WEST

Yes, sir?

TYSON

Pay attention, this shit will save your life.

WEST

Yes, sir.

TYSON

First, what do you notice about these houses? West stares out the window and studies the houses.

WEST

They're almost identical.

TYSON

Correct, this allows us to clear several houses in a relatively quick amount of time.

WEST

Yes, sir.

TYSON

You will be a member of the clearing party, second in.

WEST

Yes, sir.

TYSON

Me, then you, then the Captain, then York. Baker will cover us on the fifty. Once in, it's simple. Stay right and follow me. Shoot anybody that has a gun, except your fellow Marines.

WEST

Yes, sir.

JONES

There.

Jones points to a house on the right. The Humvee slowly pulls up, Tyson hits the lights.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Everyone quietly gets out of the Humvee and takes their positions. Baker slowly brings back the hammer on the .50 caliber and it gives off a slight ting.

Tyson stands a few feet away from the front door. He carries a M-16; his SAM-R is in a black gun case wrapped around his back. West stands directly behind him. Jones and York take position on each side of the house.

Jones and York both pull out 7290 Flash-Bang grenades. Jones gives the signal and both pull the rings, ting. The grenades fly into the main front window.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

BAM. There is a blinding flash and suddenly the door disappears, replaced with a storm of splitters. Tyson burst in, West directly behind him. Two Iraqis sit in a living room, they jumps to their feet, just to be shoved back down by Tyson. Jones and York burst in and go left.

Tyson shoves the barrel of his M-16 in ones face, he then pulls out his colt .45 and slams it's mussel into the others temple.

                  TYSON  
                  (screaming)  
                  Shut the fuck up and hold still!

The two Iraqis scream and yell in Arabic.

                  TYSON  
                  West subdue this one!

                  WEST  
                  Yes, sir!

West grabs the Iraqi by the collar and throws him to the ground. He slings his weapon around his back and pulls out several plastic handcuffs. Tyson puts away his colt and sits the other Iraqi next to the first.

                  WEST  
                  Damn it.

West can't get the plastic handcuff to come apart.

                  TYSON  
                  Here. Let me do it.

                  WEST  
                  Sorry, sir.

                  TYSON  
                  Don't be sorry just watch my back.

Suddenly another Iraqi appears in the kitchen behind them. He carries an AK-47 and a grenade; he pulls the ring and tosses it into the living room.

                  WEST  
                  Grenade!

West puts two in the Iraqi's chest and he slumps over. Tyson leaps for cover, West freezes and just stands there.

KABOOM. The grenade explodes, instantly killing the two prisoners. The force of the blast picks West up and hurls him through the front window, he shatters the sheet of glass, sending thousand shards of glass through the air with him. He lands on top of the Humvee's hood and rolls over to the other side.

BAKER

Holy shit!

Jones and York burst out of the house.

JONES

What the fuck is going on?

BAKER

West, he's hit! West lies on the ground, moaning in pain.

WEST

Oh, shit.

Jones and York rush over.

JONES

York call for a medical evacuation, now! Baker stay put, it might be a ambush!

BAKER

Yes, sir.

JONES

West? Stay still son. Help will be here soon.

WEST

I'm alright. Help Ty- Tyson. Jones' eyes widen as he puts together what West is trying to say.

JONES

Tyson!

Jones runs back into the house.

JONES

York, on me now!

YORK  
Yes, Captain.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

The living room is now scorched black. The furniture is now flipped over, and aflame. Lying under two chairs, is Tyson, his uniform is smoldering. Jones and York burst in.

JONES  
Fuck!

York and Jones rip the chairs off him and turn Tyson over.

TYSON  
Goddamn, that hurts.

JONES  
Tyson?

TYSON  
I'm- I'm alright.

JONES  
What happened.

TYSON  
The kid- He saved my fucking life.  
How he is?

JONES  
He got the air knocked out of him,  
and thrown through a window.

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL-DAY

A run-down building, in downtown Baghdad. Army soldiers guard the main door.

SUPERIMPOSITION: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL-DAY

We see West lying in a very run-down and aged hospital room. He stares at the ceiling.

WEST (V.O.)

My first night out and I get blown to hell, but what really pisses me off is that my injuries weren't serious enough to ship me off to Germany. So now I'm stuck in this shit-hole excuse for a hospital. But its not all bad, Tyson is here.

Tyson lies in the bed next to West, he reads very old Hustler Magazine.

WEST (V.O.)

And the nurse, my god.

Suddenly the nurse walks in, she is an Arabian Goddess. She wears an old-school nurse outfit, vintage from the nineteen-fifties. Its so sort, Tyson puts down the magazine and just stares.

NURSE

Hello.

BOTH

Hello.

NURSE

Time to leave.

BOTH

What?

TYSON

No, darling, I'm still broken.

WEST

Yeah, I think I need some more rehabilitation time. If you know what I mean?

The nurse just giggles and leaves.

EXT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Tyson and West stand in front of the hospital, they are fully geared up. Tyson still stares at the Hustler Magazine.

WEST

What now?

TYSON  
Well, we could wait until that nurse gets off duty or we could go to a "Rahjiem".

WEST  
"Rahjiem"?

TYSON  
Basically an Iraqi brothel, they have been popping up all over the place since we got here.

WEST  
Really?

TYSON  
Soldiers get lonely.

WEST  
Shouldn't we get back to-

TYSON  
Shut up and follow me.

INT. RAHJIEM-DAY

It's an older building, a converted factory. Large windows have been spray-painted black. Smoke machines pump out a veil of smoke, blurring the few lights there are. Hookers work their johns.

INT. RAHJIEM/PRIVATE ROOM-DAY

West sits on a couch with a young Iraqi woman in her early twenties, she is simply beautiful. This is ZAHRAH.

West is a nervous wreck; refusing to make eye contact. She makes the first move and grabs his hand.

EXT. RAHJIEM-DAY

West and Tyson stand outside the brothel, Tyson lights up a cigarette.

TYSON  
Well, let's get back to the palace.

WEST  
Walk?

TYSON

Fuck No.

Tyson carelessly steps out into the middle of the road. A Humvee slams on its breaks and power slides within inches of Tyson. A young private with thick military issue glasses pokes his head out the driver side window.

PRIVATE

What the fuck?

Tyson simply points to his sergeant insignia on his right shoulder.

PRIVATE

Uh- Sorry, sir. Do you need a ride, sir?

TYSON

As a matter of fact I do.

Tyson and West jump in and the Humvee takes off.

EXT. PALACE-DAY

Several Cargo Trucks surround the palace. The golden furniture is being moved. Tyson and West pull up, Tyson sends the Humvee on its way. They walk over to a Captain that's directing everyone.

TYSON

Sir, what is going on here?

CAPTAIN

This furniture is being sold.

TYSON

What?

CAPTAIN

The funds will go towards helping orphans.

TYSON

Where is Captain Jones?

CAPTAIN

Jones? You mean Charlie Company?

TYSON

Yes.

CAPTAIN  
Falluja, more than a week ago.

TYSON  
Shit.

CAPTAIN  
I have an ammo supply truck, that's due in Falluja in three days, you can catch a ride.

TYSON  
We'll take it. Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN  
No problem.

The captain walks off leaving Tyson and West alone.

WEST  
Falluja?

TYSON  
Yeah, Insurgent Stronghold, its my guess their sending Marines in to clear them out.

WEST  
Oh-

TYSON  
Well, I sure as Hell don't want to miss the action, double-time it Private.

INT. AMMO TRUCK-NIGHT

We see Tyson and West sitting in the back of a packed ammo truck. It slowly travels through the dark desert. Tyson is pasted out, while West stares at the cloudless sky, millions of stars blink and shimmer.

WEST (V.O.)  
Falluja, an insurgent stronghold, a violent battlefield, symbol for tyranny and corruption and my destination. Whatever my fate is, it will be decided in Falluja.

Suddenly two Harrier jets fly overhead, waking Tyson. Both stare up in amazement and awe.

TYSON  
Harriers, their on their way to  
Falluja, to soften the defenses.

WEST  
We're almost there.

TYSON  
Yeah, get some sleep while you can,  
your going to need it.

EXT. HARRIER-NIGHT

A massive tilt and we rush through the sky, catching up with the harrier. It's Sanders, in a flight suit and oxygen mask, we can only see his eyes. They are confident. He hits the afterburners and the camera is blinded by exhaust.

EXT. FALLUJA-DAY

The city is Hell. We soar above the city like Gods. Massive fireballs erupt from the city's foundation. Smoke rises from several points in the city, feeding the coal-colored sky. Apache helicopters soar above the streets, firing missiles and spraying Insurgents with their M230 30mm Automatic Cannon. Tanks surround the western side of the city; they hurl their massive rounds into the building across the river.

INT. TANK TURRET/FALLUJA-DAY

We see a small cramped compartment. Very dark. The flashing light from the guidance computers illuminates the compartment in a dark red.

TANK COMMANDER  
Fire!

THE GUNNER pulls the trigger.

EXT. M1A2 ABRAMS/FALLUJA-DAY

WE drop into slow motion as a cone of fire - bigger than the tank and the shape of a pine tree, blows out of the barrel, pushing the tank back. From the fire streaks a HEAT round, white hot, leaving a laser-like tracer as it bears down on a run-down building.

We follow the round as it smashes through the buildings walls, not stopping, not exploding. Reaching the center of the building, it finally explodes.

The building is torn apart, enormous chunks of building fly away and strike the neighboring building causing massive collateral damage.

INT. APACHE COCKPIT/FALLUJA-DAY

The Apache hovers over an incomplete rooftop. Construction materials are everywhere. Suddenly the door on the roof opens and several insurgents run out. One has an old Soviet RPG, it fires. The Apache swings sideways, the missile flies under and away.

These men are targeted on an LCD screen.

PILOT

Fox One

EXT. HELICOPTER WING

We see a close up of a huge Hellfire Ground-to-air-Missile. The missile drops from its release claws and ignites, accelerating off screen.

The rooftop is obliterated; a dead insurgent flies into the blades and gets stuck.

PILOT

Shit, what is that? We got heavy vibration in the stick.

The body finally gives and with a sticking CRACK splits in half. Blood sprays everywhere, including over the cockpit's windows.

EXT. CAMP BAHARIA-DAY

The Ammo Truck pulls up to Camp Baharia and stops right behind the artillery depot. Five guns, teams of four on each. The sound is deafening as each gun lobs a shell across the river and then recoils.

SUPERIMPOSITION: CAMP BAHARIA

Tyson and West grab their gear and jump off the truck. Tyson lights a cigarette and inhales deeply. He scans the area taking everything in.

TYSON

Welcome to the war Private.

WEST

Camp Baharia, named after the Marine Corps, uses an Arabic word for the Marine Corps, 'mushaat al-baharia,' which translates into 'walkers of the navy'. The facility is located about 2 miles southeast of the city of Falluja. This will be the jump off point of our attack on Falluja.

Two Privates walk by and they salute Tyson.

TYSON

Hold up, Privates.

PRIVATE

Yes, sir?

TYSON

Where can I find Charlie Company?

PRIVATE

There, sir.

He points towards a large tent, which has the Paladin Flag.

TYSON

Alright, get the hell out of here.

INT. TENT-DAY

Jones stands in front of twenty Marines, a large map of Falluja behind him.

JONES

Our objective is here, Falluja's main hospital.

Once captured, it will allow us to lay the groundwork for the expected assault to retake Falluja.

He circles the hospital with a red highlighter.

JONES

The-

West and Tyson suddenly walk in, everyone simultaneously turns around. Jones looks up; he has an annoyed look on his face.

JONES

Took you faggots long enough.

TYSON  
Sorry, Captain.

JONES  
Well, sit down.

Jones continues the briefing.

JONES  
The bridges to the south will be secured by the First Expeditionary. Then our Armor will be able to give us fire support from here.

Jones makes several more markings on the map.

JONES  
Any questions?

Silence.

JONES  
Good. We move out at 0800 hours.

EXT. TENT-DAY

The Marines begin to exit the tent; Tyson and West begin to walk off. Suddenly a rather large Marine exits the tent. He scans around and spots West.

ROLLAND  
West!

West spins around recognizing the voice and its thick Texan accent.

WEST  
Rolland?

Rolland runs up and gives West a massive bear hug.

WEST  
Rolland!

ROLLAND continues to squeeze.

WEST  
Rolland?

ROLLAND  
Yeah?

WEST  
Your hurting me.

ROLLAND  
Oh. Sorry.

Rolland drops West to the ground.

WEST  
What the hell are you doing here?

ROLLAND  
I was assigned to Charlie after you  
two got blown to shit.

WEST  
Well shit, it's good to see you  
man.

Tyson interrupts

TYSON  
Uh, if you guys are done blowing  
each other, we have to gear up.

ROLLAND  
Yes, sir.

EXT. HOSPITAL/ ROOFTOP-DUSK

On the rooftop of Falluja's main hospital, hundreds of insurgents are praying. They stand and then kneel in the direction of Mecca. Next to them lie AK-47s', RPGs' and other old Soviet weapons.

In the distance the slight hum of engines can be heard. It gets louder, breaking their concentration. The sound of helicopters can now be heard.

We follow a young Insurgent as he gets up and walks over to the ledge. Obscuring view of the horizon is a massive dust cloud; it slowly moves west towards the Hospital. The young Iraqi's eyes widen as five Apache helicopters burst out of the cloud.

Everyone on the roof panics, some running for cover, while other ready stinger missile launchers.

INT. APACHE COCKPIT-DUSK

We see the Hospital from the pilots view. It's about five hundred yards off.

PILOT  
We have multiple hostile-

Suddenly the stinger missiles are launched and fly at the Apaches with incredible speed.

PILOT  
We have inbound, dropping counter-measures.

Each Apache drops several flare like counter-measures, and then they bank and fly upwards trying to avoid the missiles.

All but one missile follows the counter-measures; the result is a massive explosion. The last missile flies through the explosion and towards the lead Apache. An instant before they collide, the pilot ejects.

BOOM. The pilot slowly falls to the earth, the rest of the Apaches' continue towards the hospital.

From the dust cloud emerges ten Humvees. They surge forward toward the hospital. Each one packed with Marines.

EXT. HOSPITAL/ ROOFTOP-DUSK

The Apaches reach the roof and unleash hell. The mini-guns on each wing fire thousands of rounds of ammo. The Insurgents are ripped to shreds. The end result is a massive pool of blood and hundreds of mutilated body parts.

EXT. HOSPITAL-DUST

The Humvees slide to a stop in front of the hospital and form a semi-circle. The Marines manning the .50 calibers tear apart the exterior of the hospital. The back door of every Humvee opens and the Marines flood out.

They keep on the move, never stopping. York is suddenly hit in the leg and goes down screaming.

JONES  
Medic!

Jones and Tyson each grab an arm and drag York to cover. The entrance to the hospital is two glass double-doors. Rolland and West each take up position, one on each side of the doors. West tosses in a grenade.

BOOM. The glass doors are obliterated. Everyone rushes in lead by Rolland and West.

The main level is dominated by a large staircase in the center of the room, which leads to the upper level. Wooden counters run the entire length of the room.

The battle is deafening. West pops two Insurgents that run around the corner in a vain attempt to guard the front entrance. Their AK-47s continue to fire, even as they lie on the ground.

Tyson and Jones join Rolland and West at the base of the stairs.

JONES

You two, stairs now. Tyson check the counter for any of those basterds hiding. Everyone else covering fire.

Rolland and West charge up the stairs followed by several other Marines. They peek around the corner and suddenly two grenades clatters down the stairs.

WEST

Grenades!

Rolland and West each pick up a grenade and hurl them back up the stairs.

KABOOM, We hear several screams and a pool of blood begins to flow down the stairs.

The Marines continue up the stairs to the second level, which is dominated by examination rooms. Jones gets up the stairs and walks over to West.

JONES

Everyone listen up, teams of two, check every room. Remember grenades first. Rolland, West, Tyson, on me, we're taking the roof.

EXT. HOSPITAL/ ROOFTOP-DUSK

They reach the roof and are greeted with the grisly sight of what the Apaches left.

TYSON

Christ!

West runs to the ledge and hurls.

JONES  
Get SATCOM on the line; tell them  
we have secured the hospital.

ROLLAND  
Yes, sir.

EXT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

We now see a very different hospital. Hundreds black body bags line the outside of the hospital. Floodlights have been set up. Prisoners are being marched out of the Hospital. Jones stares on, blood covers his uniform.

TYSON  
Sir, the count.

JONES  
How many?

TYSON  
Four, including York. Jones turns  
around in shock.

JONES  
What? He got hit in the leg!

TYSON  
It cut the main artery.

JONES  
Fuck.

TYSON  
Yeah, tell me about it. West walks  
up.

WEST  
Sir?

JONES  
Yeah?

WEST  
What now?

JONES  
That.

Jones points towards the burning city across the Euphrates River.

EXT. ARABIAN SEA-NIGHT

WINDS HOWL. The sky is filled with millions of stars. The flight-deck glistens from the mist. The sea surges up, but the Aircraft Carrier USS Kitty Hawk glides harmlessly through the wall of water.

Sanders and his wingman Leon Kennedy walk out of the main hatch. In full flight gear, carrying their helmets.

Kennedy looks very apprehensive as they approach the Harriers. MECHANICS surround both planes, making last minute checks of all systems. Among them is VEGA, six and a half feet tall, looking mean. Sanders toss him a wave.

SANDERS

How's my baby doing?

VEGA

Just fine.

LEON

And mine?

VEGA

You don't want to know.

LEON

Not funny.

Everyone chuckles. Sanders and Kennedy both climb the ladders to their cockpits.

INT. COCKPIT-NIGHT

Sanders takes out the picture of his family and sticks it right next to the master control. He gives a slight smile and then sighs. He pulls the canopy over and ignites the engine.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK-NIGHT

The two pilots pull back the nozzle control and the planes begin to hover vertically. They tilt slightly and then the afterburners kickin, shooting them into the night sky.

INT. COCKPIT-NIGHT

Sander straps on his air mask and turns on the radio.

SANDERS

Lets go Marine, we got bombs to drop.

KENNEDY  
I'm right behind you.

The jets scream off towards the horizon.

INT. TENT-NIGHT

West is pasted out in his rack, totally out of it. Rolland is next to him, he rolls over.

ROLLAND  
West?

Silence.

ROLLAND  
West?

WEST  
What?

ROLLAND  
How can you sleep after today?

WEST  
What are you talking about?

ROLLAND  
Before today I had never killed anyone. As I pulled the trigger, I watched the life flood from their eyes.

WEST  
I now. Your never suppose to look at their eyes, but you can't help it.

ROLLAND  
Every time I close my eyes, I see their eyes.

WEST  
I know, but in the end, you have to remember that it either you or them.

ROLLAND  
I guess your right. Me or them.

WEST  
Now go to sleep. Tomorrow is going to be hell.

EXT. SKIES-NIGHT

The two Harriers fly through the sky at supersonic speeds.

EXT. BURNT OUT MARKET/ FALLUJA-NIGHT

We see an old bombed out Market in downtown Falluja. Half the building is missing, revealing both stories. A group of three men slowly make their way through the rubble. Two younger Insurgents follow an older man. A large camouflaged structure sits in the center of the bombed out building. The men slowly pull the camouflage tarp off to reveal a massive AGM-88 HARM missile launcher. The oldest Insurgent begins working away at the controls. Suddenly the missile begins spewing out vapor coolant as it becomes active.

INT. COCKPIT-NIGHT

Sanders arms his weapons systems on the master console, the cockpit begins to glow a dark red.

SANDERS

Weapons armed, and I have a visual on the target.

KENNEDY

I copy that Fox Leader.

We push out of the cockpit into the dark sky and tilt down to reveal Falluja, still smoking and aflame.

SANDERS

Let's drop our shit and get the hell out of here.

KENNEDY

Roger that.

The jets bank and plummet towards the earth, heading for their target.

EXT. BURNT OUT MARKET/ FALLUJA-NIGHT

The oldest Insurgent continues to type in commands at the control station. The two younger Insurgents stand guard, holding their AK-47s closely. They all suddenly look up towards the sky; the thunder of the Harriers can now be heard.

EXT. SKY-NIGHT

The jets continue to dive at insane speeds. They're only a hundred vertical feet up.

INT. COCKPIT-NIGHT

SANDER  
F-1, Fox-3

EXT.HARRIER WING-NIGHT

We see a close up of a huge Sidewinder missile. The missile drops from its release claws and ignites, accelerating off screen.

Radar targeted, the missile BANKS hard, adjusting. We see THREE other missiles join it, all rocketing towards their target.

EXT. BURNT OUT MARKET/ FALLUJA-NIGHT

The Harrier's missiles soar overhead; the exhaust covers the launch site with a thick layer of smoke. The missile slams into a building two blocks down, splintering everything there, into a billion tiny particles.

The oldest Insurgent presses "enter" on the keyboard and the missile comes to life. There is a thunderous roar as the launcher fires the missile into the sky.

The city is suddenly quiet as the missile streaks toward the jet and disappears from view.

INT. COCKPIT-NIGHT

SANDERS  
Fuck yeah, that's how you do things  
around here!

KENNEDY  
Score one for the good guys.

SANDER  
Remind me to buy you a beer when-

Suddenly the master controls flashes a bright red warning.

SANDERS  
What the fuck?

KENNEDY  
Shit, Fox One you have heat, I  
repeat you have heat. It's all over  
your ass!

The missile is feet away from the Harrier's engines.

KENNEDY  
Evasive maneuvers! Check Six!

SANDERS breaks left, drops flares. The missile doesn't twitch. Sanders snatches his family picture. Suddenly Sanders yanks his ACES II - EJECTION SEAT. The canopy flies off.

Sanders SAILS UPWARDS into the air.

He still holds his picture. The missile flies right up the tail pipe of the Harrier and then the Harrier explodes, we go right through the fireball.

EXT. STREET/ FALLUJA-NIGHT

We see an empty street, very dark; no streetlights are working. Suddenly Sanders appears in the night sky. He plummets out of control, his parachute not completely open.

Sanders has a quick, hard, landing. Dust fills the air from the tremendous impact. He gives an agonizing scream, filled with pain and fear. He still clutches the picture. Rolling over, Sanders manages to pop the buckles on the chute and frees himself.

His legs are bent in odd angles, severely broken. He begins to crawl away, slowly from the ejection seat.

SANDERS  
Goddamn it.

Suddenly two technicals pull around the corner, they're packed to the rim with Insurgents. They jump out and run towards the wounded Pilot.

SANDERS  
No...

Sanders un-holsters his Beretta and pops the first two, but they overwhelm him, he manages to stuff his picture in a side pocket. He gets kicked unconscious.

INT. TENT/ CAMP BAHARIA-NIGHT

We see the men of Charlie Company sleeping soundly. The heat has forced them to strip down to military boxers only. Suddenly Captain Jones burst in and hits the lights.

JONES  
Wake the fuck up!

TYSON  
What the-

Everyone jumps to attention in front of their racks.

JONES

We have a situation. Two hours ago a Marine Pilot went down over the city, when a HARM missile hit his Harrier. His wingman conformed he did injected in time.

TYSON

Poor bastard.

JONES

Central Ops is putting together a Rescue Operation and there asking for volunteers.

Everyone steps forward simultaneously.

JONES

Good. I'll tell Ops that Charlie wants the job.

Jones stares at his men with pride and approval.

JONES

Expect no mercy.

ALL

Expect no mercy!

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A Blackhawk burst over the top of a large bombed out building and descends rapidly into the burning city, racing over the city at rooftop level.

As the helicopter speeds through the narrow streets, the Pilots can be heard over the radio.

PILOT ONE (V.O.)

Keep low and fast, blue leader.

PILOT TWO (V.O.)

Roger, I'm keeping the needle up and the pedal down.

The helicopter rises over a crumbling hotel and banks sharply into the next street, leveling out as it goes.

INT. BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

The fuselage is covered by a dark red glow from over-head lights. Six men dressed in desert camouflage check their weapons, making last minute adjustments to their gear. Tyson pulls out his SAM-R and grins.

The ROAR of air from the open doors is deafening.

Jones looks over maps and keeps checking his watch. Next to him sits West who stares out the doors. He gives no resistance to the turbulence and just bounces along.

Rolland, a huge bear of a man, has traded in his M-16 for something more appropriate. He holds a M-60 MACHINE GUN.

Sitting across from them are two replacements. FELIX BLAIN, an older man, a sergeant. Next to Blain sits a familiar face. Sergeant Miller.

He smokes a cigar and blows the smoke in the direction of a "NO SMOKING" sign.

WEST  
Sergeant Miller?

MILLER  
What?

WEST  
Why did you come along?

MILLER  
I'm sick of being a fucking taxi driver.

WEST  
Oh.

JONES  
Everyone listen up!

Everyone looks to Jones.

JONES  
We're getting dropped off at the location of his ejection seat, deep within the city.

MILLER  
Great.

JONES

Once we find our pilot, we will activate this homing beacon and we'll be picked up by these flyboys.

MILLER

What if we don't find him?

Everyone's eyes widen at that prospect.

JONES

We will search until 0400 tomorrow.

MILLER

What happens after that?

JONES

The Air Force and Navy level the city.

MILLER

Okay.

The PILOT'S VOICE breaks in over the intercom.

PILOT NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

LZ comin' up in 30 seconds. Stand by the rappel lines.

Looking up, Jones gives a hand signal to the nearest man who nods and in return, passes the signal down the line.

Miller and Blain pick up heavy, METAL CONICAL DEVICES, attached to canvas bags filled with rope.

EXT. BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

From the open doors the RAPPELLING LINES hurtle into space, CRASHING onto the rooftop below.

INT. BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

The blue light changes to GREEN. Jones nods. RAPPELLING DEVICES SNAP into place. Gloved hands grab onto rope. Combat boots move into position.

JONES

Expect no mercy!

Jones signals. Men leap from the chopper and spiral down to the rooftop. They quickly detach the harness and immediately hunker down into a crouch.

The Blackhawk cuts the black utility ropes and soars off into the night.

They are ALONE.

Jones followed by Tyson make their way to the ledge and peer over.

JONES

There. His ejection seat.

Sanders ejection seat sits in a pile of rubble in the middle of the street.

TYSON

You got to be fucking me.

JONES

What?

TYSON

Look at the street, fresh tracks.

Two pairs of tire tracks, are clearly imprinted in the dusty street.

JONES

Maybe this fucking dust is useful.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Sanders sits, tied to a steel chair. He is much worse than we first left him. His face is completely swollen and his nose is broken. One eye is completely swollen shut. A man stands in the shadows, this SHAHIR MAJID.

SHAHIR

I know you are in terrible pain.  
Simply tell us when the attack will  
begin and it will be over.

SANDERS

Fuck...fuck you.

SHAHIR

Very well.

Shahir slowly walks up to Sanders, pulls out a handgun and presses it to his kneecap.

BAM. The bullet flies through Sander's knee and exits with a fountain of blood. He screams in agony, the pain is so much that he passes out.

SHAHIR

Wake him.

Two insurgents step forward and pick Sanders up. They drag him to a nearby bucket of water; they then shove his face in the dirty water. He immediately regains consciousness, but still under water, he begins to choke, they pull him up and throw him into the chair.

SHAHIR

Please, for your sake, tell me what time the attack will begin.

SANDERS

No.

SHAHIR

Mr. Sanders, I'm running out of ways to hurt you, eventually I will have to kill you.

SANDERS

Go to hell, you fucking pig.

Shahir approaches with a pair of pliers.

SHAHIR

Hold him.

The two men step forward and hold Sanders down. Shahir grabs Sanders right hand and using the pliers, rips out a fingernail. All Sanders can do is scream and scream.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

We see Charlie Company making their way down a deserted street. They keep close to the buildings, in the shadows.

JONES

I don't like this.

TYSON

Yeah, either these are the dumbest fucking terrorists in history or we're walking into a trap.

Tyson glances over at the tire tracks they now follow.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Sanders just sits there, a bloody mess. Shahir just stands there staring in disbelief.

SHAHIR

We are taught from an early age that our enemies are weak and cowardly. You have proven them wrong, clearly you are not weak. But are you cowardly?

Shahir holds up the picture of Sanders family.

SHAHIR

Our organization has incredible recourses, more than you give us credit for.

SANDERS

I will kill you if-

SHAHIR

It would be a shame if something were to happen to them.

SANDERS

You son of a bitch.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

The Marines stand in the shadow of a very old school house. They gaze across the street at dilapidated office building. Two men stand guard outside the building front entrance and four more on the roof.

JONES

(whispering)

Tyson.

TYSON

(whispering)

Yeah?

JONES

Get to the roof of this school and take them out, first on the roof and then down low. You got it?

TYSON

Done.

JONES

Everyone, we'll move when Tyson has taken out the last guard. You know what to do. Go!

EXT. ROOF-NIGHT

Tyson crawls towards the roof's ledge. He drags his SAM-R behind him, in a duffle bag. A small gap has been blow out of the ledge, making a perfect sniper's nest.

Tyson pulls out the SAM-R, unfolds the bi-pod legs and slowly takes the lenses cover off. He then pulls out a huge silencer and screws it on.

POV: RIFLE SIGHT

It's perfect. On the roof each Insurgent faces away from one another. They each stand in their own corner staring out into the city.

Suddenly the front left guard has no head; it has been replaced with a mist of blood and chunks of brain. His friends follow suit. The end result is four very dead Insurgents.

The rifle sight slowly moves down to street-level, the two guards are sharing a cigarette. The taller insurgent passes the cigarette to the smaller insurgent who drops it. As he bends over to retrieve it the wall behind him suddenly sparks and a bullet hole appears in the wall.

TYSON

Shit.

Tyson has missed. The two insurgents spin around to investigate. Both are suddenly missing their heads and blood now covers the wall.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The Marines rush out of the shadows; Rolland kneels in the middle of the street. He covers his fellow Marines as he sweeps the street with his M-60 MACHINE GUN. West taps Rolland on the shoulder as he runs past. They all huddle against the office building exterior wall.

JONES

Ready grenades.

Everyone pulls out grenades; they pull the rings.

JONES

Now.

Everyone hurls their grenades. The grenades crash through several large glass windows that line the building.

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

The grenades crash through the windows and slide across the tile floor.

KABOOM. The grenades explode in concert, ripping the lower level apart.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Every window turns into a deadly chimney. Spewing out smoke and glass.

JONES

Go, go, go!

Blain and Rolland lead the way, they kick down the two massive double doors.

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

BAM. Blain catches one in the face and goes down. Blood and brains fragments spray into Rolland's face blinding him, he fires wildly.

Blain's attacker is cut to shreds by the huge M-60. The other Marines burst in and secure the lobby. Jones spots Blain.

JONES

Shit. Rolland and Miller get him outside.

MILLER

Yeah, sure.

Rolland and Miller drag Blains corpse outside.

JONES

Everyone, this is a simple building, three levels.

There's a basement, ground level, and upstairs.

Rolland and Miller walk back in, covered in blood.

JONES

Miller and me will take upstairs;  
Rolland and West take the basement.  
Tyson will watch our backs from  
across the street.

Everyone nods.

JONES  
No radio. Meet back here in fifteen  
minutes.

MILLER  
Everyone remember the deadline.

INT. STAIRS/OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Jones and Miller slowly make their way up the stairs, every step gives out a loud creak and crack. Miller glances around the corner and is greeted with a storm of lead. He jumps back, as the wall behind him is riddled with bullets.

MILLER  
Well, they have a machine-gun nest  
up there.

JONES  
Shit.

INT. ROOF-NIGHT

Tyson lies behind his gun, concentrating on the office building. He doesn't hear the Insurgent creeping up behind him. He carries a huge Bowie Knife.

TSYON  
(to himself)  
Hurry the fuck up guys.

The Insurgent takes another step, but accidentally kicks up some gravel. Tyson spins around and the Insurgent leaps on him, knife first.

They struggle back and forth; the knife is centimeters away from Tyson's throat. The Insurgent is just too strong. The knife slowly moves closer and closer, Tyson screams one last time before the massive knife slides into his throat.

INT. STAIRS/OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Jones and Miller are still pinned down. Random burst of the machine gun keep them at bay.

MILLER  
Check this out.

JONES  
What?

MILLER  
These walls can't be more than six  
inches thick? Maybe nine.

JONES  
Yeah.

MILLER  
Wait here. Miller takes off down  
the stairs.

JONES  
Where the fuck are you going?

MILLER  
One second, Captain

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

Miller runs through the lobby, studying the walls. He finds the right spot, tilts his M-16 up and opens fire. The bullets tear through the ceiling. Screams can be heard and suddenly blood begins to pour from the bullet holes.

INT. STAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Jones glances around the corner. Nothing. Miller walks up the stairs grinning from ear to ear.

JONES  
Good idea.

MILLER  
Thank you.

EXT. ROOFTOP-NIGHT

The Insurgent stands over Tyson's dead body, He looks over the ledge.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

We see thirty Insurgents entering the building, all heavily armed.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

West and Rolland slowly walk down a damp and dark hallway. Busted pipes leak water, which has collected into puddles on the floor. The hallway leads to a single metal door, which is rusted over.

WEST  
I don't like this; I don't like one  
fucking bit.

ROLLAND  
What? You afraid of the dark?

WEST  
No, it's the smell.

ROLLAND  
Yeah, what is that?

WEST  
Dried Blood.

ROLLAND  
Shit.

They reach the door. West and Rolland share glances.

WEST  
Well, open it. I'll cover you.

ROLLAND  
Fine. Fucking chicken.

Rolland twists the knob and the door swings open. Their jaws  
hit the ground.

WEST  
Fuck.

ROLLAND  
Oh shit.

In the center of the room sits Sanders, he has been  
completely devastated. He is soaked in blood. He has been  
gagged by a piece of duck tape. He tries to speak, but it  
comes out muffled. West walks over and peels the duck tape  
off.

SANDERS  
Behind you.

West turns just in time to see Shahir cutting Rolland's  
throat.

WEST  
No!

Rolland's body crumbles to the ground, lifeless and bloody.  
Shahir stands there with a bloody dagger.

West squeezes the trigger and just holds it down. Shahir is cut in half by the hail of bullets.

INT. UPSTAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Jones and Miller walk down a dilapidated hallway. They are several gaping holes in the floor. They come to an intersection.

JONES  
I got right.

MILLER  
Fine.

JONES begins to walk down the right hallway, when suddenly the floor gives way. He falls six feet to the ground level and lands right in the middle of ten insurgents.

JONES  
Shit.

The insurgents turn around and surround him.

INT. UPSTAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Miller turns and Jones is gone.

MILLER  
Shit.

He spots the hole and slowly walks over. He glances down and sees the situation Jones is in. His hands move towards his last grenade but suddenly stops.

MILLER  
Fuck.

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

An Insurgent blasts Jones in the chest, knocking him across the floor. Others move in, firing. He is literally torn apart by bullets.

INT. UPSTAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Miller stands there watching the carnage unfold. He doesn't turn away. Every blast, he shudders with agony.

INT. LOBBY-NIGHT

A older insurgent steps forward, pulls a black Desert Eagle from his belt, aims and blows off a piece of Jones' head.

INT. UPSTAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Miller can't take anymore and turns away; a gun pointed directly in his face greets him. An Insurgent has found him.

BAM. A gunshot rings out, and the flash blinds the camera.

...can't tell who got who...

The Insurgent gives out a loud and pain filled moan.

Miller glances back down to see every Insurgent staring at him.

MILLER

Shit!

Miller takes off down the hallway; the sound of several people rushing up the stairs can be heard. Miller, sprints towards a small window at the end of the hall.

Miller raps his arms around his head and hurls himself through the window. He lands in a pile of concrete rubble and glass.

MILLER

Goddamn it!

He looks up to see an old beat-up truck; its bed has been modified to hold a mammoth .50 caliber machine gun. He simply grins.

INT. STAIRS-DAWN

West helps Sanders along, who is slipping in and out of consciousness.

WEST

Fuck...man it's alright. You're going to be alright.

Sanders stumbles and falls down. West tries to catch him but he just trips and hits they ground.

WEST

Goddamn it.

Sanders lies on the ground in a puddle of blood. West kneels next to him.

WEST

Get up man we got to-

West is cut off by the deafening sound of several gunshots. A Insurgent runs up firing wildly and missing. West pops him in the head.

WEST  
This isn't going to work. Here hold  
this.

West hands Sanders his .45 colt.

WEST  
You see anyone, shoot them.

West runs off into the Lobby.

INT. LOBBY-DAWN

West runs into the lobby and suddenly freezes. Lying on the ground in front of him his Jones corpse.

WEST  
Oh my God.

He jumps back into action and heads for the front entrance. He picks up the front door and drags it back towards Sanders.

INT. STAIRS/ OFFICE BUILDING-DAWN

WEST  
Come on!

With the help of West, Sanders drags himself onto the door.

WEST  
Lets get the fuck out of here!

West picks up the front of the door and begins to drag it back towards the entrance.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAWN

They stumble out of the building; the sun is starting to come up.

WEST  
Shit, were almost out of time.

Suddenly Miller flies around the corner in the technical. He skids to a stop in front of the two young marines.

MILLER  
Get the fuck in!

INT. TRUCK-DAY

West shoves Sanders into the passenger seat and jumps up to the .50 caliber machine gun.

WEST  
Floor it.

Miller hits the gas and the technical flies off. Two more technicals turn the corner behind them and give pursuit.

WEST  
We got trouble!

Miller glances back.

MILLER  
Well, shoot them!

West slams back the hammer and opens up. The sound is tremendous. The bullets slam into the leading truck's engine block; the result is a massive explosion.

WEST  
Fuck yeah!

The truck flips into the air and lands upside down, the following truck slams into the back of the first truck. The passengers go flying into the air. They scream until they land, the resulting sound is a sickening CRACK.

EXT. SKIES-DAY

Bombers darken the sky. Their bomb bay doors open revealing their deadly ordinance. The bombs begin to fall, hundreds at a time.

EXT. BRIDGE-DAY

The truck slides to a stop in front of Falluja's main bridge. They all look back as the first bombs hit. The ground begins to rumble as buildings crumble to the earth.

WEST  
What now?

MILLER  
Tomorrow? It's the same old routine. Wake up and try to survive.

WEST  
I guess so.

Miller hits the accelerator and the truck flies off into the sunrise.

**THE END**