EXPECT NO MERCY

BORN KILLER

By Chris Kuehl and Zavier Alvarez

EXT. AIRSTRIP-DAY

The rare rainy day in Iraq.

West watches from a distance as a single wooden box, covered with a American flag is loaded into a transport plane.

SHEPARD (o.s.)

I never expected this sort of thing from you, this weakness.

West turns around and there stands Major Shepard.

WEST

Excuse me?

SHEPARD

This is war. Men die and if you cannot accept that, then maybe you shouldn't be wearing those chevrons.

West is shocked, caught off guard.

SHEPARD

Private Mack knew the risk that came with this job, and he proudly died for his country.

WEST

He died for his country? You weren't there, you didn't see how he ended it. Please don't feed me that rhetorical bul-

SHEPARD

Remember who you're talking to.

Silence.

SHEPARD (cont'd)

Now you've got to rise above this shit and act like a fucking Marine.

WEST

How do you suppose I do that?

SHEPARD

Get back into the suck.

(beat)

How?

SHEPARD

I've got a mission for you.

WEST

And my fire-team?

SHEPARD

No, just you. This is something that needs special attention.

West gives one last glance towards the aircraft then back towards Shepard.

WEST

What do you have?

INT. HUMVEE

Tory is behind the wheel, A fully-geared West next to him. He checks his rifle, then begins to slide cartridges into the magazine.

WEST

Thanks again, for the ride.

TORY

No problem, just wish we could come with you. We are a team after all.

WEST

Definitely, but Shepard assembled me a special team.

TORY

Special?

WEST

Yeah, they're trained to deal with prisoner transportation.

TORY

And who exactly are you transporting.

West slides the charged magazine into the magazine housing.

Failed suicide bomber. He walked up to a Police station in Karbala.

TORY

And?

WEST

His explosive vest failed to detonate. He pulled the cord and nothing.

EXT. IRAQI POLICE STATION-DAY (FLASHBACK)

The sun glares down on a crumbling office-building that has been converted and renovated into a make-shift Police Station. Iraqi police enter and exit the building, some looking over paper work while others escort suspects.

A young man slowly walks toward the station. The young man is HAIDER ALI SAIED, he is clean shaven and wears a light grey business suit. He is perspiring profusely and his expression is one of extreme fear.

As he gets closer to the station, he begins to unbutton his jacket. A large explosive-belt is attached to him underneath the jacket.

He reaches for the trigger cord just as the first officer notices. He pulls the cord-

SAIED

(screaming)

Allah Acbar!

Nothing. He only has a moment to register the malfunction before the first bullets hit him. He collapses to the ground and Iraqi Police surround the dying bomber.

His eyes slowly close.

INT. HUMVEE (END FLASHBACK)

TORY

But if he is already in prison, then why are you moving him.

WEST

Intelligence came back on him. He has several ties to some big names in Syria.

EXT. ABU GHRAIB

The Humvee slowly pulls up to the main entrance of Abu Ghraib Prison. The complex is a maze of crumbling concrete and barbed wire.

INT. HUMVEE

West collects his gear and jumps out.

WEST

I'll see you tomorrow, Thursday at the latest.

TORY

Alright, and remember --

WEST

What?

TORY

Stay alive.

WEST

(beat)

I'll sure as Hell try.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

WARDEN MALCOLM stands behind a small metal desk. The desk is covered with piles of paper and a single black laptop.

MALCOLM

Welcome to the Hard Site, Corporal. Your team is waiting for you over at Camp Redemption.

WEST

Camp Redemption?

MALCOLM

Across the compound, where all the detainees are housed. The camp is divided into five security levels. Your boy is level five.

I understand that Major Shepard arranged for a Stryker?

MALCOLM

Correct. It will be waiting at the main entrance.

West glances at his watch.

WEST

Well, I should get over there.

EXT. CAMP REDEMPTION

PATRICK BAUER waits outside the tall concrete building, smoking a cigarette. He is medium built, the typical Army Ranger. He spots West and quickly loses the cigarette, pressing it under his boot.

BAUER

Corporal West?

WEST

(beat)

Yeah and you are?

BAUER

Corporal Bauer.

WEST

So Bauer, do you deal with this type of thing a lot?

BAUER

Working with Marines?

WEST

(chuckling)

No, prisoner transport.

BAUER

My first tour was with the 4th Infantry Division.

WEST

Iron Horse? Then you must have been there when they pull the Big Man out of his Spider Hole.

BAUER

Yeah, that was us.

West glances around, slightly confused.

WEST (cont'd)

Where is everyone else?

BAUER

Preparing the vehicles.

WEST

Good, well lets get this guy and move out.

INT. CELL BLOCK

The block is rundown and dilapidated. Crumbling concrete walls. Rusty metal bars. Stains mark the ground, including dried blood.

West and Bauer march their way down the block, flanked by two nervous Iraqi guards. They reach the last cell. Inside the cell stands Saied, no longer wearing his explosive vest, but a orange jump suit.

WEST

(beat)

Open the cell.

After pulling out a large ring of keys, one of the guards slowly unlocks the rusty metal door. Bauer pulls the heavy cell door open.

BAUER

So this is the basterd that tried to turn himself into Haji-Jerky?

WEST

(to Iraqi guard) Get him out of there.

The guard steps into the cell.

BAUER

Make sure to check him fo-

With frighting speed Saied jams a hidden *shank* into the guards throat. A fountain of blood rains out over the cell. Saied snatches the dying guards rifle and points at the other guard.

WEST

(yelling)

Take cover.

BAM.

A bullet flies through the guards helmet, immediately killing the man. West and Bauer leap for cover as Saied holds the trigger down.

He waves the rifle aimlessly, sending bullets everywhere. Within a matter of seconds, he has gone through the clip.

CLICK.

West and Bauer rush into the cell and tackle the prisoner, more Iraqi guards finally arrive. West slowly stands as the guards restrain Saied.

WEST

Fuck. Clean this shit up and get him secured.

EXT. PRISON

West and Bauer exit through the large main gate. They both have their rifles trained on Saied, who marches forward, directly in front of them.

A massive eight wheeled, all wheel drive, armored combat vehicle. The Stryker. West glances up, genuinely impressed by the vehicle, he manages a slight smile.

In front of the Stryker stand three young Rangers. The youngest WILBURN whips sweat from his face. Next to him stand two older men both dressed in grey jumpsuits, PAXTON and HAYES.

Behind the Stryker rest a lone Humvee, filled with more Rangers.

BAUER

(to West)

The older ones are the operators, Paxton and Hayes. The younger one is Private Wilburn.

WEST

And the Humvee?

BAUER

Just the rest of my men.

West simply nods.

Private Wilburn. Secure the prisoner in the back.

WILBURN

Yeah, sure thing.

West hands off Saied to Wilburn and they disappear into the back of the Stryker. West approaches the operators, Bauer follows.

WEST

You boys know the route, so no need to go over that again, just make sure to get us there on time.

They nod and jump into the frontal compartment, West then turns to Bauer.

WEST

Alright, you follow behind us.

BAUER

Will do.

WEST

Alright, lets get the fuck outta here.

West climbs into the Stryker and Bauer heads off to the Humvee.

INT. STRYKER

West piles into the cramped rear compartment. Saied has been restrained to a vertical metal bar, a nervous Wilburn sits next to him.

West takes a seat next to the rear hatch and activates the large door. It slowly closes, filling the compartment with darkness.

WEST

(to the operators)
Alright, move out.

There is a slight jerk as the Stryker pulls forward.

WILBURN

Corporal West, why does this guy get so much attention?

(beat)

Classified, so dont ask.

WILBURN

Will do, I just wanted to know--

WEST

Know what?

WILBURN

Well, if we're in danger, I mean if he is this important to us, then he must be important to them.

WEST

Is this your first tour Private?

WILBURN

(beat)

Yeah.

WEST

Here is a piece of advice, that is vital to know--

EXT. ROAD

The Stryker suddenly power slides to a complete stop. The Humvee pulls up behind the Stryker. In front of the small convoy rest a old rusty and abandoned car.

EXT. STRYKER

Sergeant Bauer strolls up to the Stryker, with a look of annoyance. The massive back hatch slowly opens and West climbs out.

BAUER

We've got to get this prisoner to Operations within the hour.

WEST

Yeah, and we cant wait for the disposal boys.

BAUER

Chances are, its just a piece of shit car that stalled.

Long silence.

BAUER (cont'd)

You make the call.

WEST

(beat)

Fine. We'll use the Stryker, and push it off to the side.

BAUER

Sounds good.

Bauer heads back to the Humvee as West climbs back into the Stryker.

EXT. ROAD

The Humvee pulls back to a safe distance as the Stryker slowly approaches the vehicle. The two vehicles are lined up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The room is devoid of furniture. A lone chair rest in the corner. In front of the window stands a single Insurgent.

He holds a trigger in his hand and looks out over the road where the Stryker and the Humvee are.

EXT. ROAD

The car suddenly erupts with a huge orange fireball that tears apart the vehicle and engulfs the Stryker. The Humvee quickly pulls up and the Rangers take action.

The Rangers surround the burning armored vehicle. They quickly pull off all the ammunition and weapons, trying to avoid more detonations. Corporal Bauer screams out orders.

BAUER

Get them out of that damn thing.

Several Rangers pull at the hatch, but nothing.

RANGER

(yelling)

The blast has warped the hatch.

BAUER

Try the upper hatch.

The Rangers climb atop the Stryker, avoiding the flames.

BAUER

(screaming)

And watch out for any seconda-

A secondary explosion is triggered and the burning Stryker is engulfed in another fireball. The concussion of the blast sends the Rangers into the air, aflame and screaming.

Bauer is down, a piece of shrapnel lodged between his eyes. Most of his men are dead or dying. The pavement is covered in blood.

INT. STRYKER

Wilburn is dead, his neck bent in a awkward angle, clearly broken and blood streams from his nose and ears.

WEST (o.s.)

(beat)

Fuck.

West sits against the hatch, rubbing his forehead. At his feet rest a unconscious Saied, his restraints were broken in the explosion. West slowly stands and steps over him; he leans into the forward compartment. Both operators are dead.

Behind him, a moan rings out as Saied regains consciousness. West picks the Insurgent up and pulls out new PlastiCuffs. He ties Saied back to the metal bar and then sits down.

Saied is now fully awake, he stares at West with murderous rage. West pulls a canteen out and starts to drink from it.

The sounds of a helicopter can suddenly be heard from outside. West glances up, recognizing the sound.

WEST

(beat)

Your time is almost up.

EXT. STRYKER

A large black-hawk helicopter hovers over the attack site. It slowly descends. Several black utility ropes emerge from the helicopter. Army Rangers leap from the chopper and spiral down to the street and begin to secure the area.

INT. STRYKER

WEST

Can I ask you a question, since it might be a while until we get out of here.

Saied's expression doesn't change.

WEST (cont'd)

(beat)

Why? Why do it?

SAIED

He who gives his life for the Islamic cause will have his sins forgiven and a place reserved in paradise.

Silence.

WEST

(beat)

Paradise?

West suddenly leaps towards Saied and jams his pistol under the shocked prisoner's chin.

WEST

Can you answer a question for me?

West pulls back the hammer.

WEST (cont'd)

If this trigger is pulled and I end your miserable life right here, would you get into paradise?

SAIED

Of course.

WEST

Wrong. What kind of martyr gets shot to death by his enemy, while restrained?

Saied suddenly spits on West, you responds by smashing the hard barrel of the pistol against Saied's face, creating a deep gash.

WEST (cont'd)

The only way your getting into paradise now, is if you kill me and that is never going to happe--

The radio in the front compartment suddenly crackles to life.

WEST

(to Saied)

You make a move and you die.

EXT. STRYKER/HUMVEE

Tory holds the radio close to his ear as soldiers behind him work on the wounded.

TORY

West?

INTERCUT STRYKER / HUMVEE

WEST

Yeah, this is West. Tory is that you?

TORY

Yeah, I'm here with some Rangers. What is your condition?

WEST

The prisoner is alive, everyone else is dead.

TORY

What about you?

WEST

Not that bad. How is Bauer?

TORY

(beat)

Dead.

WEST

Damn.

TORY

The explosions warped the hatches. Basterds used old Soviet anti-tank mines. We're bringing in the engineer teams now.

Alright, just hurry the hell up.

TORY

Will do.

END INTERCUT

West turns around and there stands Saied, he has Wilburns combat knife and has cut himself free.

He leaps towards West, they struggle for the knife. West snatches up his helmet and slams it against Saieds face; he goes down hard, dropping the knife.

Saied reaches for the fallen combat knife, but West slams his boot down on the knife and Saied's hand.

CRACK.

Several of his fingers are bent in the wrong direction, severely broken. West snatches up the knife and leaps towards Saied.

He lands on the prisoner, they roll back and forth. With his good hand, Saied reaches for Wilburn's gun. West jams the knife down onto the extended hand. Saied screams in pain.

West then pulls out his own combat knife, Saied stares at it with horror as the blade heads towards his eye.

WEST

(beat)

Paradise?

The blade slowly enters Saieds eye. White liquid sprays out, then blood. Saied continues to scream, as the blade continues.

WEST (cont'd)

No, you're going to Hell.

A sudden *crunch* sound can be heard, the blade reaches the brain as Saied begins to spasm and shake violently. West continues and the blade actually emerges from behind Saieds head and hits the metal plate under them.

West releases the knife, still jammed into Saied. He climbs off the dead prisoner and sits against the wall. His eyes slowly shut.

INT. STRYKER

West slowly regain consciousness. A cutting torch suddenly bursts through the hatch. A shower of sparks fly into the compartment. The torch cuts out a sloppy rectangular path.

EXT. STRYKER-NIGHT

The carved up hatch drops to the sandy pavement. West slowly emerges, bloody and bruised. A young corpsman helps him out and then hands him a hand radio. It is now night.

West looks confused and puts the device up to his ear.

SHEPARD

(over the radio) Corporal? What is the situation over there?

WEST

(beat)

Situation is normal, all fucked up.

THE END