

RESCUE

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Italic dialogue represent character speaks a different language.

FADE IN:

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE -- BUNKER BUILDING -- DAY

IT'S A HOT SUNNY DAY...

BODIES ARE LAYING on the ground around an old building --
IRAQI SOLDIERS - all been shot, DEAD.

MAN (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
SHARP-EYE is in position. I repeat,
SE is in position.

CLOSE UP: **BRIAN HAWKINS**, 1st Lieutenant, U.S. Army, 35 years
old. Brian is well-build, handsome and looks younger than his
age. He stands against the wall next to a closing door of the
building.

In his right hand 9MM handgun, a Beretta M9 -- Brian picks up
his left hand, adjusts the earpiece on his ear and presses...

BRIAN
(into radio)
SE, maintain your position. Stand
by for update.

MAN (O.S.)
(radio filtered)
No... problem.

Brian drops his hand, looks away...

BRIAN
Tell him, all his men are dead. If
he want to live, let them go.

Stands the other side of the door facing to Brian, a **PERSIAN**
looking fellow dresses in American Army. Rank- Sergeant, age
unknown. Assault rifle- M16 is in his hand. He shouts at the
closing door right between himself and Brian -- one word at a
time in a broken ARABIC:

FELLOW PERSIAN
*<Your men are all dead. Surrender
or die.>*

MAN (O.S.)
(shouting behind the door)
*<GO SUCK AMERICAN DICK, YOU
TRAITOR!>*

-- follows by the sound of gunshots from behind the door.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

-- Bullets pierce through the door as debris spray between Brian and the fellow Persian. Both react, but remain calm.

BRIAN
What'd he say?

FELLOW
Uh... Suck a dick.

BRIAN
(realizes)
American dick?

The fellow nods -- Brian reaches up to the earpiece...

BRIAN (CONT'D)
As he wishes.
(into radio, calmly)
SE! Com'in-- Give me LUNCH?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER BUILDING -- DAY

TWO RIFLE MEN stand against the wall either side of the door behind Brian and the fellow Persian. They stand quite still -- trying not to make a sound.

About 20 feet away from the door, an attractive Iraqi woman, **ADARA** (24), black hair, brown eyes...

Stands behind her, an Iraqi soldier, looks like a HIGH-RANK OFFICER. One of his arm around Adara's neck and a handgun in the other hand, POINTING AGAINST her head at point blank.

Through those delighted eyes-- Adara looks tough, calm, holds no fear -- Furiously...

ADARA
<You'll die like a dog-- using your own people as a shield...>

OFFICER
(closer to Adara's ear)
<Shut up!>

ADARA
(ignores)
<You're not different from those DOGS who died out there.
(MORE)

ADARA (CONT'D)
*God will punish you for what you do
 to your own people...>*

OFFICER
 (grinds teeth)
 <Shut up or I'll shoot them?>

He swings the gun at--

A GROUP OF VILLAGERS

sit behind the wall by a corner, all look pale on their faces and scared. Without hesitation, the officer fires a shot...

BANG!

The screaming and crying voices-- a lady slowly drops on the floor as everybody else hunches down, covers their heads with both hands- shaking in fear.

Adara SCREAMS in shock-- with both hands, she tries to pull the officer arm in attempt to get to the lady but he holds her-- firmly.

ADARA
 (cries and screams)
 <No!!! No!!!...>

OFFICER
 (leans to her ear)
 <Mock me again, more will die and
 they will blame you for it...>

As Adara continues crying...

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 <When the American leave, my men
 and I will punish you instead.>

THE WOUNDED LADY

lays still on the floor -- unconscious. A young boy kneels next to her, cries as another man covers the wound on her shoulder with both of his hands -- blood keep flowing out between his fingers dropping onto the floor.

The Officer seems annoyed by the sound of the boy crying, he turns his gun at him and yells...

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 <STOP CRYING! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!>

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE HILL/TREE TRUNK -- DAY

The Sun shines upon --

About 50 yards away behind the bunker building, there's a TREE on the hill --

A tip of a rifle's BARREL...

MAN (O.S.)
 ... She's been shot. Unconscious.
 About fifteen CIVILS inside.

... The whole body of a .50 CAL BARRETT sniper rifle...

Behind the scope, CAPTAIN **MATTHEW KRAUSS** (34), wearing a CAMO BOONIE HAT, laying in prone position by the tree trunk. He's quite still holding onto the sniping beast -- facing to an opened window of the bunker building.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH SCOPE

ZOOM IN CLOSER from behind -- The Officer holding Adara at gunpoint -- both are facing to the closing door. About 10 feet away from the door, a rifle man stand very still, back to the wall -- SCOPE MOVES TO THE LEFT pass the door -- Another rifle man stands on the other side of the door.

BRIAN (O.S.)
 (over radio, filtered)
 SE, what's the situation?

MATT
 (into radio)
 I got three FISHES in the tank. One HOOKED to a BAIT facing the FLAP. Two OFF-THE-HOOK, on both sides of the FLAP behind you two.

Also in prone position next to Matt, his **SPOTTER**, rank Sergeant, age unknown-- holding a binoculars, quietly looks through them -- moving slowly and steady, left to right and right to left.

EXT. BUNKER BUILDING -- DAY

Brian, hand on the earpiece...

BRIAN
 (into radio)
 Do we have a GO?

CUT TO:

THE HILL

Matt, looking through scope...

THROUGH THE SCOPE --

A RED dot right in the middle of the CIRCLE VIEW -- Two black lines on both sides of the dot and a vertical line right below it. The view shows the same situation -- moves to the left a few inches then moves right back...

Matt moves his head away from the scope -- A delight look on Matt's face...

MATT
 (into radio)
 Someone in there must have prayed
 to their god, because it seems to
 work.

CUT TO:

BRIAN

Curious face, reaches up to the earpiece...

BRIAN
 (into radio)
 Tell me about it.

CUT TO:

THE HILL/TREE TRUNK

A kind of smirk on Matt's face as he turns to his Spotter...

MATT
 (doubtful)
 Do you think what I'm thinking?

As he leans to look through his scope...

MATT (CONT'D)
 Do you see what I'm seeing?

Eyes on the binoculars..

SPOTTER
 Maybe what you're saying isn't what
 I'm thinking or what you're
 thinking isn't what I'm saying.
 (MORE)

SPOTTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

What you're thinking?... Saying?

MATT

(imitates southern accent)

Surprise, brother. It's a Surprise.

(into radio, no accent)

Hey LT, do you like surprise?

BRIAN (O.S.)

(radio filtered)

Not really.

MATT

Tell me, you're ready.

CUT TO:

BUNKER BUILDING - FRONT

Brian looks at the Fellow, nods - he nods back.

BRIAN

(into radio)

All right, MARK it, when you are.

MATT (O.S.)

(radio filtered)

Your GO will be the one on the left. My left, again, MY LEFT.

Brian gives a hand signal as the Fellow again, nods.

CUT TO:

THE HILL

MATT

(into radio)

Give them a SPOOSH- on my count.

Matt looks through the scope, hand adjusts the scope with a quietly clicking sound, CLICK- CLICK..

P.O.V. -- THROUGH SCOPE

CLOSE UP: the Officer, behind Adara, still pointing his gun against her head... the rifle man stands quite still against the wall...

MATT (CONT'D)
 (focuses and steady)
 Ready'in, 3... 2... 1...

SLOW MOTION -- Sounds of heart beats...

Matt's face CLOSE UP -- breathes in with a sound through his nose and holds his breath...

MATT (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 NOW!

BUNKER BUILDING -- FRONT

Brian NODS at the fellow Persian...

The Fellow RUSHES to run across in front of the closed door toward Brian...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER BUILDING -- DAY

The Officer sees through the BULLET HOLES on the door... quickly, he shifts the gun away from Adara's head toward the door and opens fire...

BAM! BAM!... BAM! BAM!

CUT TO:

P.O.V. -- THROUGH SCOPE

CLOSE UP: the Officer's head moves a bit away from Adara's as in the background, the rifle man stands still holding his AK-back against the wall. The Officer's head blocks the view of the rifleman's head -- Both heads are now PARALLEL.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sounds of heart beats...

CLOSE UP: Matt's index squeezes onto the beast's trigger...

WHAM!!!

A BULLET FLIES through air fast toward the Officer's head -- SLOW MOTION -- very closed to his head -- NORMAL MOTION -- THWAP! the bullet RIPS through his head -- brain and blood SPLATTER...

The bullet keeps on flying fast toward the rifleman --

SLOW MOTION --

Closer to his face -- SLOW MOTION -- rifleman's WIDE-EYED...
NORMAL MOTION -- WHIP! The bullet PIERCES through the man's
forehead, knocks the head to the wall... brain and blood
SPLATTER onto the wall...

EXT. BUNKER BUILDING -- CONTINUES

The bullet crack out of the wall follow by rock debris...

INT. BUNKER BUILDING -- CONTINUES

VERY CLOSED -- the rifleman's face, eyes wide-open still.
Through the bullet hole on his forehead -- the clear view of
the outside of the building...

The body slowly drops-sit on the floor. The HOLE on the wall
circling by blood and brain -- the body sits still against
the wall, face down as his head cracked open.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE HILL

Matt moves his head away from the scope...

MATT
(into radio)
He's all yours.

EXT. BUNKER BUILDING -- DAY

The fellow Persian moves in front of the door, KICKS it OPEN -
- 90 degree -- and rushes back to the other side...

Suddenly, the sound of MACHINE GUN fire behind the door...

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM...

Bullets and debris spring-rain through the door cause those
holes on the door bigger. The man attempts to empties out his
mag...

Through the opened door, Adara lays face down on the floor
next to the Officer's body -- both hands cover over head.

The civilians, some of them crouching-duck, some laying prone on the floor with both hands cover their heads -- screaming, crying in terror.

DOOR

As the gun runs out of bullets, it makes a CLICKING sound -- CLICK-CHICK... The man looks at his gun -- Pale face.

Brian quickly DROPS inside on the floor in front of the door. As he looks through the holes on the door, with both hands on his Beretta...

BANG! BANG! BANG... BANG! BANG!... BANG!

BRIAN'S P.O.V. -- through the holes... the rifle man slowly kneels behind the door...

INT. BUNKER BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION -- AK47 crumples over on the floor as the rifle man kneels and falls slowly backward onto the wall by the corner with legs twisted under his body, his eyes open still -
- So dead.

Still laying down, Brian turns and looks on the other side -- the body of the other rifle man sits still against the wall with legs stretched out -- the back of his head is cracked open - BRAIN & BLOOD - likes LASAGNA spilled out of a bowl.

As he looks away at Adara, she rushes to stand up and run toward the wounded lady...

ADARA
(sniffling)
<I'm sorry, I'm sorry...>

Adara pulls the young boy closer and hugs -- he sniveling.

DOOR

The fellow Persian grabs Brian's hand, pulls -- Brian gets up on his feet -- the fellow rushes to the crowd.

Pushing the pistol into the holster that wrapped around his thigh, Brian walks toward the body of the Officer. He stops next to the body and looks -- a big piece on the right side of the officer's head blown open, blood and brain all over on the floor.

FELLOW (O.S.)
LT!

The fellow crouching by the wounded lady, slowly waves his head at Brian as a signal.

Brian shifts his eyes at the lady on the floor and then at the civilians -- all still look terrified.

Brian to the fellow Persian...

BRIAN
(calmly)
Move them out.

He glances at Adara as she looks back -- he turns around and walks away toward the door.

O.S. -- Sound of the fellow's voice talking in Arabic.

Brian exits the building.

While walking out of the building, he presses on the earpiece and...

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(into radio)
SE!
(beat, looks away)
Good Cooked!

EXT. THE HILL/TREE -- DAY

Matt drops his hand from the earpiece, picks up the his rifle from the ground...

MATT
(into radio)
You're welcome.
(southern accent- not into
radio)
Surprise, it's a surprise.

BUNKER BUILDING -- FRONT

Brian fixes his hat as walking away from the door.

The people walk out of the building...

Adara, both hands around the boy's shoulder, both walking out of the building...

SLOW MOTION --

At last, the fellow persian carries the body of the woman out of the door.

SLOW MOTION with a background music --

From afar -- Brian walks and talks into his radio as others walk behind --

All walk away from the building...

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

Sound of a Helicopter approaches...