

LONE SURVIVOR

Written by  
Peter Berg

Based on the book by Marcus Luttrell

FINAL

**"NEVER OUT OF THE FIGHT"**

*-Navy SEAL Creed*

1

EXT. BAGRAM AIR BASE, AFGHANISTAN

1

Through massive sun flare, a BLACKHAWK Chopper coming in fast. Landing hard on Bagram Air Base.

LUTTRELL

(vo)

It's something most of us have known all of our lives. What we all wanted. It's in our blood.

A team of medical personal and Navy officers descend on the chopper. An assortment of high-ranking GENERALS and COMMANDING OFFICERS there to meet the chopper. Tight shots. A bloody hand dangles. A tear filled eyeball, sliced feet.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

(vo)

There's a storm inside of us. I've heard many team guys speak of this. A burning. A river. A drive.

2

INT. OPERATING ROOM

2

Clothes cut. Blood soaked Dog Tags cut. "Luttrell" in UA boxer shorts, IVs and fresh blood bags. Multiple Gunshots. Chunk of an ear missing. Heartbeat monitor. Weak pulse.

LUTTRELL

(vo)

An unrelenting desire to push yourself harder and further than anyone could think possible.

Chunks of bullet and shrapnel filling metal bowl. Tears streaming down cheeks, a hand scrawled map on a left thigh, focused eyes of surgeons. Admirals' pace in the hallway.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

(vo)

Pushing ourselves into those dark cold corners where the bad things live. Where the bad things fight.

Heart monitor weak. Getting weaker. Compound fracture left shin. Bloody feet rinsed clean. Water flushing out bullet holes. Loose cracked tooth pulled out. Heart monitor getting weaker.

Surgical pack working frantically to save Luttrell.

Tight on HEART MONITOR: FLATLINE

## LUTTRELL CONT'D

We wanted that fight at the highest volume. The loud fight. The loudest, coldest, hottest, most unpleasant of the unpleasant fights.

Pushing in on the flatline. Alarm screaming. Tight on Luttrell's eyes starting to glaze over. Dying.

BLACK.

GRAPHIC:

"FIVE DAYS EARLIER"

- 3 EXT. HIGH ABOVE NORTHERN AFGHANISTAN - HINDU KUSH 3  
SUNSET.  
Rugged and punishing. Endless and infinite. Steep stone mountains. Bottomless valleys. Cold and dry.  
As we fly across this stunning land, from the bottom of the FRAME, ENTER:  
A SPECIAL FORCE AIR INSERT TEAM.  
FOUR HELICOPTERS. Two MH-47s transport. Two security Apaches.
- 3A IN THE CHOPPER: 3A  
TIGHT ON MARCUS LUTTRELL. Healthy and very clear eyed.  
12 SEALs fully dressed for combat. Sitting side by side. Clearly ready for war.
- 3B INT. MH-47 INSERT CHOPPER 3B  
Seen from above. Cruising at 150 over the shoulder of a .50-cal TF-160 aviator door gunner.
- 4 INT. CHOPPER - SUNSET 4  
Riding low and fast. Inside: Two Night Stalker Pilots, Two Airmen, and 12 SEALs.
- 5 EXT. HINDU KUSH - DUSK 5  
The Choppers tearing across the Afghan mountains.

6 INT. THE CHOPPER - DUSK

6

Luttrell checks his map against his wrist strapped GPS. Whistles quietly to himself.

LUTTRELL

I don't see anything but steep. I could be wrong. Hope I'm wrong. If it's anything but steep I'm not seeing it.

DIETZ

Just put your feet where I put my feet. All day long. You're gonna love it.

SHANE PATTON plugged into an iPod. SLIPKNOT pounding into his head. He quietly sings along.

Kristensen leans over to Axelson, the navigator, adjusts his upper right strap on his front pack.

KRISTENSEN

I'm real interested in the pitch. If it ain't fucking glorious, come back, try another route. Don't waste your time trying to cross something that's gonna knock the shit out of us.

AXE

Roger that.

Kristensen moves over to MIKE MURPHY.

KRISTENSEN

She does not need a Arabic horse.

MURPHY

How do you know about that?

KRISTENSEN

I know everything Murphy.

MURPHY

Check.

KRISTENSEN

Morab Tennessee Walking Horse cross stallion.

MURPHY

What?

KRISTENSEN  
Original Silver. Lone Ranger's  
Horse.

MURPHY  
Really?

KRISTENSEN  
Tennessee cross stallion. That's a  
fucking horse.

MURPHY  
Yes sir.

KRISTENSEN  
Lone Ranger's horse of choice.

MURPHY  
Sounds excellent sir.

KRISTENSEN  
Glorious horse Murphy.

Tight on Luttrell starring into the plunging sun.

7

EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - DAY

7

INTERCUT AFGHAN VILLAGE. Intro Afghan warlord. AHMAD SHAH.

35 years old. Tall, strong. Fierce. He moves through an  
Afghan village with a small pack of equally fierce Taliban  
warriors.

LOCAL AFGHANS avoid eye contact. This Shah and crew feels like an old school western bad guy moving through a cow town.

NOTHING like the SUICIDE BOMBERS of BAGDAD. These are real warriors. Strong-jawed. Thin but ripped muscles. Worn rich soulful faces, vivid eyes, color reds and blues. Strong boots. Military vests. Good radio equipment. Well-maintained weapons.

Shah's number two is TARAQ. Late twenties. Shah is vicious, TARAQ, is more vicious. Strong and very, very violent.

A very worthy opponent.

RIGHT now they are clearly pissed. Shah leads the way, walks with purpose.

They are looking for a man. Someone has violated TALIBAN LAW, accused of aiding the Americans.

Shah moves into a house. Women and children terrified. Trembling. Women pleading.

SHAH	SHAH
Where is he?	<i>Hagha Cherta Dey?</i>

The women scream. As Shah starts throwing teenage boys around the room. Slamming them viciously into walls.

A 25-year-old man Gulab tries to reason with Shah. A YOUNG BOY watches.

GULAB	GULAB
Please, we want no trouble.	<i>Mehrabani/lutfan, monga hes mushkil no ghowaro</i>

Taraq throws Gulab down hard. Turns, locks eyes with an older Afghan man(30s). Taraq moves quickly at him, kicking him in the face, his foot down hard on his throat.

SHAH	SHAH
Have you spoken with the Americans?	<i>Aya taso Americayano sara khaberi keri dey?</i>

AFGHAN MAN	AFGHAN MAN
Please! No!	<i>Mehrabani/lutfan! Na!</i>

Gulab watches. Frustrated. Furious.

TARAQ	TARAQ
You lie!	<i>Ta Dorogh wayee!</i>

AFGHAN MAN	AFGHAN MAN
Please!	<i>Mehrabani/lutfan!</i>

He's pressing down hard. Choking the man. The man's family begs and screams. Shah studies the Afghan deep into his eyes. Decides he's lying...Shah nods to Taraq.

Taraq yanks the Afghan to his feet. As his children watch Taraq leads the pleading farmer outside. Into the woods.

Taraq and his men throw the Afghan down over a fallen log. Face up.

Two of Taraq's men hold him by the beard as Taraq stands over him. Razor sharp machete up.

Shah backlit. Ignoring the man's pleading...as Taraq hacks down with brutal fury.

Tight on Shah, tight on Taraq, blood dripping from his hand.

BLACK

GRAPHIC: BAGRAM AIR BASE - 14 HOURS EARLIER

CUT TO:

8 EXT. BAGRAM AIR BASE - DAWN 8

Sun just beginning to rise over the Base.

Beautiful.

Camera moves through the sleeping base. Guards man posts. Aircraft static on runways in Hangars'. Tent after tent soldiers' sleep.

We come to a small base within a base. 10 foot rebar framed dirt walls. Barbed wire. Heavy Iron gate.

A fortress within a fortress.

Graphic.

8A SEAL TEAM 10 CAMP OUELLETTE, BAGRAM AIR BASE - SUNRISE 8A

We move inside the SEAL compound. Several plywood buildings. Assorted trucks, Jeeps, heavy ATVs.

9 INT. SEAL BUNK ROOMS 9

Marcus Luttrell sleeps. Peaceful. Tight shots. Luttrell's room. A Texas flag. Family pictures. Mom, Dad, twin Brother Morgan. SEAL Trident. Wanted poster Osama bin Laden. Guns, knives, grenades.



DANNY DIETZ sleeps. His walls covered with his art. Demons and Dragons and Serpents. Beautiful and haunting. Pictures of his wife, Patsy. His dogs. His parents.

Matt Axelson sleeps. Curly red hair. Pictures of his family. American flag. Freddie Couples walking the bridge at St. Andrews. Map of Afghanistan.

MIKE MURPHY

Rooms a mess. Clothes and gear everywhere. Grenades on a desk next to a copy of GATES OF FIRE. New York Rangers flag next to a SEAL Flag, 8 x 10 head shot of Ron Burgundy.

Tight on Murphy. His eyes slowly open. Hold a moment. Murphy checks watch. 0500. Slow and smooth Murphy rises. Body strong. Not ripped. Effortless power.

Murphy goes to his computer. Opens it and checks his mail.

Tight on Murphy's inbox.

A picture of an Arabian Horse. Murphy studies the picture.

9A

MOVING DOWN HALLWAY

9A

Murphy now in shorts and a Navy T-shirt. Holding his laptop, eating a banana. Stops by Luttrell's door. Opens it.

Luttrell sleeps, Murphy sits on his bed. Nudges Luttrell.

Luttrell opens an eye. He's staring at the computer pic of an Arabian horse.

MURPHY

Is this doable?

LUTTRELL

Expensive.

MURPHY

How much?

LUTTRELL

Arabic. She's got good taste.

MURPHY

How much?

LUTTRELL

I'll find out. Expensive.

Murphy is up. Heads out the door. Moves into the hallway. Opens Dietz's door.

MURPHY  
 (quiet)  
 Danny.

Dietz. Eyes closed.

DIETZ  
 I'm up.

10

INT. GYM - CAMP OUELLETTE

10

Dark, then lights on, revealing a decent cross fit style gym.

Blackboard filled with the current workout leaders. Dietz and Murphy hold most of them.

The two men start to stretch in silence.

Luttrell wanders in. A giant bowl of cereal.

LUTTRELL  
 Since when does she want an Arabic horse?

MURPHY  
 Since I got an email this morning. Probably saw it on Oprah.

LUTTRELL  
 Oprah rides Arabic horses?

MURPHY  
 I don't know what Oprah does.

LUTTRELL  
 She can afford them.

MURPHY  
 Why? How much do they cost?

LUTTRELL  
 I don't know. Oprah money.

MURPHY  
 Fuck.

LUTTRELL  
 I thought you guys were doing this tomorrow.

Murphy and Dietz strap on Body Armor.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
 Maybe I'm starting to become tele  
 fucking pathic - non-verbal yoda or  
 something. I could swear I just  
 said outloud, that I thought this  
 was happening tomorrow.

Murphy stretching.

MURPHY  
 I think Red Wings a go. Tonight.

LUTTRELL  
 Oh.  
 (beat)  
 Outstanding.

SHANE PATTON wanders in.

SHANE PATTON  
 You're doing it now?

The three men ignore Shane.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
 (to Luttrell)  
 They're going at it now?

LUTTRELL  
 Looks that way.

11 INT. MATT AXELSON'S BUNK - MORNING 11  
 Axe sleeps. His computer alarm goes off. Incoming voice chat.  
 Slowly Axe reaches down for the computer on his floor.  
 Axe opens the computer. Signs in.  
 Incoming from his wife Cindy.  
 "Are you up?"  
 Axe types.  
 "Yes my love."  
 Cindy.  
 "What you doing?"  
 Axe stares at a picture of he and Cindy.

"Looking at you."

CINDY  
How do I look?

AXE  
Like Heaven.

12 INT. WEIGHT ROOM - MORNING 12

Dietz and Murphy both warmed up clearly ready for some kind of competition.

Luttrell sits on a weight bench. Takes off his watch.

Dietz and Murphy under pull up bars. HEALY enters.

HEALY  
Thought you guys were doing this tomorrow...

MURPHY  
Ready?

DIETZ  
Yup.

LUTTRELL  
Mark. Set. Go.

Luttrell hits the stop watch.

Murphy and Dietz leap to bars, 75 Pull-ups as fast as possible. Brief pauses to recover. 100 push ups. Dietz slightly ahead of Murphy. Sprints out of the gym. Murphy close behind.

The two men charge up and over the gate. Body Armor on.

13 EXT. BAGRAM - MONTAGE - MORNING 13

Murphy and Dietz running hard racing each other on a two mile lap of the Air Base.

Luttrell keeps time.

Shane starts bench pressing.

Luttrell eats cereal.

13A AXE in bunk room. On the computer with Cindy. 13A

"I won't be able to talk for a couple of days."

"Gotta go to work?"

"Got to pay the bills."

Murphy and Dietz sprinting. Dead even. Past Marines. Down a runway full of active aircraft and helicopters.

14

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

14

Shane benching big. Luttrell munches cereal. Healy doing pushups.

SHANE PATTON

Am I going?

HEALY

No idea

LUTTRELL

I don't know.

SHANE PATTON

You know.

LUTTRELL

If I say I don't know. I don't know.

SHANE PATTON

You know.

LUTTRELL

If you go you'll go. If you don't go, trust me you will go. Eventually. Comprende?

SHANE PATTON

So, I'm not going?

LUTTRELL

I didn't say that.

SHANE PATTON

You said if you don't go, you will eventually go.

LUTTRELL

Yea, that's not saying your not going.

SHANE PATTON

I'm not going.

Shane back to bench pressing. Luttrell checks his watch, heads out towards the gate.

14A INT / EXT WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

14A

Other SEALS starting to gather. JAMES SUH, DAN HEALY, MIKE  
MCGREEVY, JAQUES FONTAN, JEFF LUCAS and JEFF TAYLOR

Dietz and Murphy balls out sprinting. Murphy has him by a few feet coming back to Ouellette iron wall. Murphy throws open the gate, runs inside.

Dietz a second behind.

Luttrell looks at his watch.

LUTTRELL  
Murphy by 1.1.

Exhausted Dietz and Murphy sit in the dirt.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
Head shave?

DIETZ  
Fuck.

Axe walks up, shorts and flip flops.

AXE  
Who won?

LUTTRELL  
Murphy. Barely.

AXE  
Head shave?

Dietz looks pained.

MURPHY  
Man...I got to think this one out.  
If I shave his head, I'm going to  
have to look at him. Really look at  
him. Ears, face, funny shaped  
head...I don't know. Marcus? What  
do you think?

LUTTRELL  
I don't know boss...I don't want to  
be looking at him that close  
either, but he has been running his  
mouth about beating you...a lot.  
Head shave is fair.

MURPHY  
Axe?



AXE

Hell yea, I say shave him, and he can't eat with us, make him eat with E3 Marines until it grows back. Shave the boy.

MURPHY

Shane?

SHANE PATTON

Well, I could go both ways on this. He did lose but, he was close and you're Mike Murphy and I would have expected a much bigger separation. Plus, we're at war and there's the whole Samson thing, so I'm not sure. I'll plead the fifth on this one.

Murphy looks stares at Shane.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)

But you're the boss, boss. So I'm with you. I'll shave his head, wax his balls if you give me the order. Sir, I'll wax my own balls if you take me on Red Wings.

Murphy shakes his head at Patton, looks over to Dietz.

DANNY

Come on Mike.

MURPHY

Yea Danny this is probably not gonna go your way. Shane, get my razor.

SHANE PATTON

Getting razor, copy that.

Erik Kristensen, officer in charge, from the deck of the Command Room.

Shane stops. Turns around.

KRISTENSEN

Not today.

The SEALs stare up at their boss.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)

Red Wing's a go. Today. 1800.



KRISTENSEN

This is the best picture we have of  
him. It's current.

(MORE)

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)

We know Shah killed fourteen Marines last Tuesday in Kandahar. We just pulled this video off three different Tali web sights. It will in fact be a glorious day when Ahmad Shah and his good friend Tarag are no longer members of our human community.

Clear video of Shah executing a Taliban woman. Two men hold her down. Shah fires an AK-47. The bullet kicking up dust as it blasts through her skull into the dirt.

The SEALs study this footage. Dead serious.

AXE

Go back...freeze.

Axe studies an image of Shah.

AXE (CONT'D)

No earlobes.

MURPHY

What's that?

AXE

The guys got no earlobes.

Silence as the team studies the image.

SHANE

What are earlobes for anyway?

DIETZ

Piercing and balance.

SHANE

Balance.

DIETZ

I heard earlobes are key for head balance - equilibrium. Cut a guys ear off, he's gonna suck on a drunk test, balance beam, tight rope...

LUTTRELL

False. Earlobes have no biological functions for humans. Fish can use earlobes like a valve to open or close the ear canal.

SHANE

Why would a fish want to let water  
into his ear canal?

Luttrell shoots him a look - "shut the fuck up"

Murphy keeps things moving.

MURPHY

Bad guy. Senior Taliban commander responsible for killing Marines in Eastern Afghanistan and sport killing civilians in the Hindu-Kush. Considered Tier One target rumored to be close to Bin Laden. Axe is going to go over our route in.

AXE

The helo pilots are going to do two false inserts. Then drop us off at our primary insert, located here. Secondary insert located here. From our primary insert, our bearing will be zero three zero patrolling 1.5 kilometers to our designated lay up point. We will be moving up the backside of this mountain which will offer us good concealment from the target but the terrain is gonna be rocky so watch your footing. I'm estimating it's gonna take us about two hours to complete.

MURPHY

Luttrell - medical

LUTTRELL

First things first, win the fight. There's no medicine in a gunfight. It's self aid, buddy aid, corpsman aide. Two weeks ago, Team 3 was near where you guys will be. Capelli got bit by a rattlesnake. and contrary to popular belief, there is poison oak, so watch the cock and balls cause that will suck. Drink lots of water, wear sunscreen, and Dietz bring your own chapstick.

Dietz stands up, starts talking comms

DIETZ

Crypto will be wide band, segment 2-4. Murph's got a SAT phone. Region is very steep so expect typical comms problems. We'll be on two hour comms windows.

(MORE)

DIETZ (CONT'D)

If we miss two windows I'd say wake  
somebody up. Other than that, don't  
sweat it.

Murphy picks up a plastic AC-130 and holds it over the map.

MURPHY

AC-130 is with us?

Dietz takes the plane from Murphy. Moves it over the map.

DIETZ

Correct. Just for the infil. All comms will be relayed through the AC-130, call sign Apollo. Suns up, she's out. Some of the key pro-words - when we have a successful insert, Budweiser. When we're halfway through infil, it'll be Corona. At our observation point, Schlitz Malt Liquor. And if we positively identify Shah: touchdown.

Danny chucks the toy plane.

MURPHY

Reaction Force is the following: The 47's will relocate to J-Bad overnight.

Murphy uses toy plastic helicopters to explain the size and location of the QRF.

KRISTENSEN

That's correct. You'll have fifteen team guys, and about a dozen Marines standing by all night. When we hear Schlitz Malt Liquor, we're heading back to Bagram for phase 2. QRF will stay here - we're leaving you with 4 team guys, 20 marines, 2 Blackhawks and 2 Apaches. The Apaches stay with the Blackhawks.

The toy Choppers circle on the map giving us a clear understanding of the playing field.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)

The movement is so we can get the 47's back here and be ready to bring it for phase two once you get eyes on Shah. Remember - comms will most likely be intermittent and there are reports that non-combatants are being used as recon elements for the enemy.

MURPHY

Roger that.

Luttrell spits chew. Danny doodles furious, mashing demons. Axe quietly studies the picture of Ahmad Shah.



## JAG GOES OVER RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

AXE

Lotta moving parts.

MURPHY

What we do, when we do, what we do.

KRISTENSEN

We go in four hours. I'm pulling up tomorrow's new guy presentation to 1800 tonight so that all may revel and partake.

SHANE PATTON

Are you serious?

KRISTENSEN

Yes. Glorious evening gentlemen.

15A OMIT 15A

15B OMIT 15B

16 EXT. BAGRAM 16

The four SEALs moving through the massive base. Long hair, bearded. Surfers with handguns stuck in waistbands. Sharp contrast to the hundreds of uniformed buzz-cutted Rangers and Marines.

They move at us, holding trays loaded with food.

17 EXT. OULLETTE SEAL COMPOUND - CAMO CANOPY 17

LAST SUPPER.

Murphy, Luttrell, Axe and Dietz. Eating. Having a fly catch and kill competition.

DIETZ looks stressed.

He's got a paint tile sample page on the table in front of him. Studying paint samples.

DIETZ

We were gonna wait but she's all into it and when she gets her head into something, that's it. There's no stopping her.

MURPHY

So just let her do it. It's good  
for her. You got a handy man woman.  
That's good.

MURPHY kills a fly. Places the dead fly by his coffee cup next to three other dead flies.

DIETZ  
I don't know.

MURPHY  
Don't know what?

DIETZ  
I don't know.

MURPHY  
What?

AXE  
He's worried that he's losing control over his castle.

MURPHY  
Really.

AXE  
Ask him.

MURPHY  
Are you worried that you're losing control over your castle?

DIETZ  
Shut up Murph.

MURPHY  
Are you?

LUTTRELL  
He's having control issues cause he's the one whose always made the "taste" issues in the family.

DIETZ  
She's got great taste. I trust her.

MURPHY  
So what's the problem?

DIETZ  
It's not a problem. It's just very ongoing. Know what I mean?

Luttrell kills a fly. He's got six dead ones. He and Murphy are competing.

MURPHY

Not really. No. Marcus, you know what he means?

LUTTRELL

Control issues.

MURPHY

Is that right?

DIETZ

No.

LUTTRELL

Yes.

DIETZ

It's not control issues.

MURPHY

What is it?

DIETZ

New grass leads to new bushes by the window, leads to new windows, leads to new curtains, leads to new sofa, leads to new rug, leads to new floor...

MURPHY

Got it.

LUTTRELL

Loss of control. Got to let that go bro.

DIETZ

It's like this weird journey that she's on. Moving through the house one room to the next.

AXE

Where is she now?

DIETZ

Kitchen. I think.

Murphy and Luttrell both kill flies at the same time. Marines with Buzz cuts in crisp uniform eating all around the SEALs. Stark contrast.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SEAL TV ROOM

18

Tight on Shane Patton. Doing his best Napoleon Dynamite dance. He is not good. SEALS in lounge chairs. They watch, laugh and taunt. Music loud. Shane powers through. Finishes strong.

Whistles and clapping from the SEALS. AXE stands up. Puts an arm around Patton.

HEALY

God was that awful

AXE

Ok, here's the deal. That sucked, but I'm voting that we move him forward cause I can't watch this shit without puking anymore so I say lest be done with it. All in favor?

Luttrell and all SEALS put their hands up, except Murphy.

AXE (CONT'D)

Come on Mikey.

MURPHY

Can he say it?

Other SEALS agree. Shouting out. Debating whether Shane can "say it". Making bets.

AXE knows what Murphy is thinking. Pauses. Looks at Shane.

AXE

(quiet to Shane)

Can you say it?

SHANE PATTON

I think so.

AXE

Think so?

SHANE PATTON

I can say it.

AXE

Ok. Shut up. Shut the fuck up. He can say it. Shut up.

The room silences. Patton, nervous, takes a deep breath.

SHANE PATTON

(weak, then strong)

I've been around the world twice, talked to everyone once. I've seen two whales fuck, been to three world fairs, and I even know a man in Thailand with a wooden cock. I've pushed more peter, more sweeter, and more completer than any other peter-pusher around.

Tight on the SEALs smiling, some mouthing the words along with Shane.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)

I am a hard-bodied, hairy-chested, rootin, tootin, shootin, parachutin, demolition double cap crimping Frogman.

19

INT. CAMP OUELLETTE SEAL COMPOUND - READY ROOM

19

The entire SEAL TEAM jocks up. Gets ready.

SHANE PATTON

(vo)

There ain't nothing I can't do. No sky too high, no sea too rough, no Muff too tough. I've learned a lot of lessons in my life. Never shoot a large caliber man with a small caliber bullet.

FLASH BURST IMAGES of all relevant equip, men being prepped. M4s, night vision goggles, hand guns, knives, scopes checked. Under Armor, PowerBars, water bottles, grenades, extra ammo, radio's prepped, extra batteries, Laptops.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)

(vo)

I drive all kinds of trucks. 2x's, 4x's, 6x's even those big mother fuckers that bend and go TSSHITT TSSHITT when you step on the brakes.

(MORE)

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
 Anything in life worth doing is  
 worth overdoing. Moderation is for  
 cowards.

DIETZ checking his radio equipment.

AXE going over his infil map.

LUTTRELL double checking all medical supplies.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
 (vo)  
 I'm a lover, I'm a fighter, I'm a  
 UDT/SEAL Diver. I'll wine, dine,  
 intertwine and then sneak out the  
 back door when the refueling is  
 done.

MURPHY watching all of it.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
 If your feeling froggy than you  
 better jump because this Frogman  
 has been there, done that and is  
 going back for more.

20

EXT. CHOPPER PAD BAGRAM

20

Sun setting over the Afghan desert. Thirty SEALs laying on  
 the deck on their gear. Chilling out waiting for the 47's.  
 The guys laying around. Danny studies a piece of paper with  
 color tile samples printed on it.

MURPHY  
 Seems to me like you've got to  
 straighten this shit out.

DANNY  
 There's nothing to straighten out.

AXE  
 If there's nothing to straighten,  
 why are you fighting?

DANNY  
 We're not fighting?

AXE  
 Well, what is it that you're doing?

DANNY  
 We're more like disagreeing.

AXE

Disagreeing or arguing?

DANNY

Probably more like mildly arguing. Just because you're Mr. Perfect marriage, don't be judging us mortal marriages who occasionally have mild disagreements, sometimes even loving arguments.

MURPHY

It's a fucking stupid loving argument.

DANNY

It's not an argument.

LUTTRELL

It is an argument. Sounded like a couple of bighorn rams smashing skulls.

DANNY

What the fuck is everyone listening to my shit for?

LUTTRELL

Bro, you're loud.

DANNY

You're louder than I am.

LUTTRELL

Just pick some tile and move the fuck on.

DANNY

I picked the tile. She doesn't like it.

LUTTRELL

What does she fucking like?

DANNY

(reading from paper)  
"Rose Honey Dew"

LUTTRELL

Say what bro?

DANNY

She likes rose honey dew...something.



LUTTRELL  
Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY  
That's what she likes.

LUTTRELL  
You gotta control that situation.

AXE  
Rose tiles in the kitchen?

DANNY  
Can we talk about something else?

AXE  
Yea let's talk about what she's  
gonna tile your bathroom in.

DANNY  
I don't wanna talk about that.

MURPHY  
(Ron Burgandy  
impersonation)  
Danny? I'm gonna put it out there,  
if you like it, you can take it, if  
you don't, send it right back.

Dietz stares at Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
I wanna be on you.

LUTTRELL  
I wanna be on you.

MURPHY  
(pointing at Dietz)  
On you.

Dietz smiles. Axe huge smile.

Chopper engines grow louder. 47's back lit, coming in.

HEALY  
Let's pack it up

The SEALs start gearing up. Tight on guys, stoic.

Choppers land. SEALs muster up and start boarding.

21

INT. CHOPPER

21

Back to close up of Luttrell, back to real time.



SILENT.

SEALS breathing.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLES ON:

Silent. Wind and the faint howling of wolves.

Dietz quietly keys his mic.

DIETZ  
Apollo 22, Spartan 01.

25 EXT. AC-130 - NIGHT SKY 25

The AC-130 banking 15,000 ft above the team.

APOLLO RADIO MAN  
Spartan 01 Apollo 22, good comms.  
Were with you for six hours. Have a  
nice walk.

DIETZ  
Apollo 22 Spartan 01 copy.

26 EXT. HINDU KUSH 26

NIGHT VISION GREENS

Tight on Murphy following Danny. Agile, despite the extra 70 pounds of comm weight back-strapped.

Luttrell - Foot down on loose granite. Pitch brutal. Left foot buckles. Slate shears. Falls. Slides. Flips. Lands on feet.

He's back on his feet. Axe pauses. Looks back smiling.

AXE  
(on radio)  
Having fun Marcus?

MURPHY  
(on radio)  
You picked this route to torture us  
didn't you?

AXE  
(on radio)  
Negative.

AXE (CONT'D)  
I picked it to torture Luttrell.

Luttrell, too big for this pitch. Slips again.

LUTTRELL  
I'm gonna kill you.

A series of shots tracking the SEAL's rough hike to their lookout.

Axe leads navigating with his GPS. At each of the four waypoints, Danny radios pro words: Budweiser, Corona, Heineken.

26A INTERCUT WITH J-BAD TOC 26A

Kristensen, Patton, Musselman and the QRF tracking the teams' movement across the mountain range.

SEALS reach lookout destination late, the sun is up.

Sunrise.

27 EXT: WAY POINT 4 - MOUNTAIN TOP 2,000 FT. ABOVE AFGAN VILLAGE. 27

The team finally makes it to their planned observation spot.

Murphy is the first to have binoculars up and is looking down hill, way down hill at the Afghan village. 2,000 ft., very steep, cliff like. Below them.

DANNY'S POV:

100 stone and wood homes, well-constructed. Looks almost charming. A couple of dozen Afghan villagers in different parts of the village, kids playing, women cooking, two men working on a roof. Looks quite peaceful.

Left: trying to see the rest of the village. Can't get a good view, a mountain is blocking his view.

Danny has the radio out and is calling in the arrival pro-word.

DANNY  
(on radio)  
Beastmaster, this is Spartan 01,  
radio check.

28 INT. J-BAD TOC 28

In the TOC, SGT HASSLERT takes the call from Dietz. Heavy static. Weak signal.

HASSLERT  
Spartan 01, this is Beastmaster. I  
have you weak but readable

DANNY  
Beastmaster, this is Spartan 01. I  
pass Schlitz Malt liquor. How  
copy?

Really weak signal.

HASSLERT  
Spartan 01 this is Beastmaster.  
Say again your last - you are weak  
and unreadable.

DANNY  
Beastmaster, this is Spartan 01. I  
pass Schlitz Malt Liquor, how copy.

HASSLERT  
Spartan 01, this is Beastmaster.  
Good copy.

Hasslert looks to Kristensen.

HASSLERT (CONT'D)  
Sketchy comms, sir. Spartan 01 has  
arrived.

Erik Kristensen sitting. Nods. Gets up. Checks the wall  
clock: 6:45 AM

KRISTENSEN  
Ok.

He stretches, cracks his back, looks to a couple of SEALs  
manning the TOC.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
Later fellas. Night, night.

28A Track out the door with Kristensen, as he, Shane, and Healy 28A  
step out of the TOC into the bright Afghan sunshine.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
Glorious day.

Kristensen and all but four SEALs head to the waiting 47's,  
start boarding.

Kristensen looks to Musslemen, a SEAL who is staying with the  
ORF.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
All yours brother.

MUSSLEMEN  
Roger that Skipper.

Kristensen boards his 47 and the two choppers lift off heading back to Bagram.

Two Blackhawks and two Apaches standing by on the tarmac.

29 EXT. HINDU KUSH - SCHLITZ MALT LIQUOR WAYPOINT 29

Axelson and Luttrell together, spotting scopes out, they study the village.

LUTTRELL  
Can't see half the village.

MURPHY  
Yea.

They study the surrounding area.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
Let's move down towards that peak,  
see if that's not better.

LUTTRELL  
Sounds good.

Luttrell looks back at Axe and Dietz. He soft whistles and rolls his index finger, points down towards the peak below them.

Axe and Danny immediately get it. They start moving out.

30 INT. J-BAD TOC 30

PETE MUSSLEMEN, one of the four SEALs left as part of the QRF in J-Bad, walks into the TOC. Looks to Hasslert.

MUSSLEMEN  
Are we good?

HASSLERT  
Yes sir. They arrived about half  
hour ago. Should be digging in nice  
and tight right about now.

Musslemen checks the clock on the J-Bad TOC.



Tight on clock.

7:15 AM

31

EXT. HINDU KUSH

31

Moving, far from tucked in, over Murphy's back as he moves up towards his new spot.

Murphy, low crawling, gets close to the ledge.

The four SEALs crawling out to the new lookout spot. Murphy's got his binoculars out.

NEW POV:

A perfect, clear, unobstructed view of the entire Afghan village.

MURPHY

We're good.

Danny, on radio, trying to call in that they've relocated. Can't get through.

DANNY

(to Murphy)

No joy.

MURPHY

Keep trying.

As the team sets up, Dietz is looking up at the small mountain behind him that seems to be killing his radio.

Series of shots:

Murphy and Luttrell scopes up, start counting Taliban. At forty, Luttrell looks to Murphy.

LUTTRELL

That's more than 10.

MURPHY

Yes.

Murphy is focused on a group of four men off to the side of the village playing a game with stones. Seeing who can throw the farthest.

DOWN IN VILLAGE

Shah and Taraq with three soldiers playing stone throwing game. Laughing. Shah throws his stone. The men argue over who threw further.

HIDE

Murphy locks his sight on Shah. Studying him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Marcus.

Murphy hands the scope to Luttrell.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Four guys on the right. Tall guy.  
Red scarf. No earlobes.

Luttrell's scope now trained on Shah.

Luttrell and Murphy both checking wrist bands. Photo of Shah.  
Clear match.

LUTTRELL

Bingo.

MURPHY

Do you have a shot?

LUTTRELL

Jesus Mickey, with this little 556?  
I'd need to stalk at least a 1000  
yards closer.

MURPHY

Gotta call it in.

Murphy turns to Dietz

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Can you make the fucking radio  
work?

Dietz tries to call it in - no luck.

Luttrell following Shah's face with scope. Finger on trigger.

VILLAGE

Shah arguing with his soldiers over who threw further.  
Proclaims himself winner. Moves out of village into woods.

HIDE

Luttrell's POV:

Shah disappears from sight.

Murphy gets Axe's attention.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Axe, stay put. Keep eyes on, we're  
gonna move back.

Murphy, Luttrell and Dietz get up; moves away from the ridge  
line, start building their hides.

31A ABOVE THE RIDGELINE --

31A

Marcus and Murphy talk as they work.

LUTTRELL

If we're home by the 15th, me and Morgan are gonna cut down all the trees behind the stable.

MURPHY

How does that help me?

LUTTRELL

Brahms horse auction is, I think the 27th.

MURPHY

Is he selling Arabic horses? Kristensen says I should get her whatever Silver was.

LUTTRELL

Silver?

MURPHY

Hi-Ho Silver. Lone Ranger's horse.

LUTTRELL

Yea that's a badass horse.

MURPHY

She doesn't want a badass horse. She wants an Arabic horse.

LUTTRELL

Dude, how's she going to know the difference. Get her a Quarter Horse, tell her it's an Arabic. If she busts you, tell her if it's good enough for the Lone Ranger...

MURPHY

How much for an Arabic?

LUTTRELL

Probably around 15 grand.

MURPHY

Fuck.

LUTTRELL

Hell of a wedding present.

MURPHY

Yea.

LUTTRELL

Is the redhead a bridesmaid?

MURPHY

Melissa?

LUTTRELL

The redhead?

MURPHY

Melissa?

LUTTRELL

The redhead from the Coldplay  
concert?

MURPHY

That's Melissa.

LUTTRELL

Is she coming?

MURPHY  
She's a fucking bridesmaid.

LUTTRELL  
I love her.

MURPHY  
Get me a deal on the horse. I'll  
get that done.

LUTTRELL  
That works.

- Powerful scopes and cameras.

- Luttrell and Axe draw detailed maps, diagrams, blueprints  
of every structure in the village.

Luttrell photos Arab men with weapons moving through the  
town. CLEARLY A TALIBAN PRESENCE.

- Dietz photographs windows, doors, detailed notes on hinges,  
wall thickness, structure, etc..

- Murphy taking the drawings, photoshopping them on a  
Toughbook computer.

Dietz eats a PowerBar. Axe watches him.

AXE  
Shouldn't eat that shit.

DIETZ  
Why?

AXE  
Toxic.

DIETZ  
You eat em...

AXE  
Never.

DIETZ  
I've seen you eat PowerBars.

AXE  
Never. I don't eat shit bars.

DIETZ  
Shit bars?

AXE

Why you eating a shit bar?

Dietz pauses. Pulls his eyes off his scope.

DIETZ

I'm eating it because I'm hungry.

AXE

Eat an apple.

DIETZ

I know what I'm eating.

AXE

Negative.

Axe reading the list of ingredients commenting on each one.

DIETZ

I know exactly what I'm eating.

31B      LATER.

31B

- Dietz sleeps.
- Murphy eats an apple.
- Axe up top on security.
- Luttrell throws berries at a sleeping Dietz.
- Axe studies the village.



POV AXE:

Ahmad Shah moving through village. Taraq and two men with him, all armed.

MURPHY

Danny your on, everybody else shut  
her down.

- Luttrell, Axe, and Murphy settle in to sleep.

- Dietz, glasses up, studies the village.

FADE OUT:

32 EXT. HINDU KUSH - MORNING

32

Sun getting higher. Low fog. Murphy, Axe, Luttrell sleep. Danny on watch. Wedged into a tree stump.

ON DANNY.

Tired but awake. Alert. Quietly singing to himself.

TIGHT ON DANNY. His eyes a micro shift of focus. He stills himself ever so slightly.

DANNY'S POV

He's looking down hill. Wide gentle slope of the mountain leading to a sharper drop. The fire lights up the village far below.

Nothing moves.

BACK to Danny. Eyes more focused. He slowly reaches down and kills the iPod.

Silence. Danny studies the hill with increasing focus.

POV.

Nothing moves.

The three SEALs sleep.

Tight on Luttrell. Sleeping.

THEN a very faint sound from down hill. Silence. Then another.

Luttrell slowly opens his eyes. Listening.

Another sound, a soft bell.

Marcus shifts, looks down hill.

Marcus'S POV

Looking down hill. Nothing moving. The sounds becoming more present. Bells.

Tight on Luttrell. Looking.

BACK TO HIS POV

The empty hill. More Bells. Then cresting the hill. First just the tips of the ears. Then the forehead, nose, face....

A large male goat.

Bell ringing gently from his neck.

TIGHT ON MARCUS

Studying the goat.

As another goat appears. Then another...then another...then twenty...

A herd of goats moving up the hill right at them.

Marcus is wide awake, eyes scanning the hill scanning the goats when...

A human head crests the hill. A young Afghan BOY, ten years old.

Luttrell reaches for his Mark 12, looks over to Axe still sleeping. Then to Murph still sleeping. Then back to Danny.

Danny's already on scope. Gun aimed at the approaching kid when...

Two more Afghan MEN crest the hill - an old man and a teenager.

The hill is full of goats. More than a hundred with the three Afghans moving straight at the SEALs.

The goat bells and baying of the animals creating serious noise. Murph and Axe both waking up.

Weapons coming up as they silently take in this bizarre situation.

Back to Marcus as the first goat passes by. Then another.

Tight on lead Afghan boy...THE GOAT BOY.

He's heading dangerously close to Luttrell's hide singing quietly to himself.

Tight on Luttrell. Gun up and trained on the goat boy as he gets closer...closer...and then in a one in a million...this fucking goat boy takes one more step and comes down square on Luttrell's head.

Luttrell moves, the kid screams, Luttrell's up, gun up...screaming.

LUTTRELL  
Get the fuck down.

Axe, Danny, and Murphy. Guns up moving in fast on the terrified goat men...

DANNY  
Down Down Down.

The kid screams and starts running downhill towards the village. AXE sprints on him fast, takes the kid down, hand over mouth.

Kid bites and struggles wild.

Goats running in fear as the three Afghans are roughly thrown down. Searched, a military style Motorola walkie talkie taken from the old man, flex-cuffed and gagged...

When it's done the four SEALs stand over them. Murphy looking at Luttrell.

MURPHY  
Fuck.

Murphy looks to Dietz.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
(re: radio)  
Can you get a call out or what?

Dietz reaches for his radio.

33 INT. J-BAD TOC 33

In the radio room. Musselman and Comms guys by their radios. SILENT. Clearly Spartan 01 is not getting through.

34 BACK ON THE MOUNTAIN 34

The goats spread out, grazing, bells ringing loud. a large dog, mouth foaming, growls and bark at the team.

Luttrell raises his Mark 12 at the dog when it gets too close.

Murphy is trying to interrogate the older man with a translation box. He speaks into it and it's supposed to translate into Pashto.

They have separated the older man from the boys. Murphy and Luttrell have them off to the side.. Axe stands watch over the boy.

MURPHY  
 (speaking into the Phrase-  
 O-Later)  
 Are you looking for Americans?

A robotic-like voice used for making out the question in Arabic.

The old man stares at Murphy with a combination of hatred and confusion.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 Do the Taliban know we are up here?

Death stare from the old man.

Murphy getting frustrated. Louder.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 Do they know?

The old man stares, finally says something quiet. Too quiet for the translating machine. Murphy puts the mic closer.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 Say again. Are you Taliban?

The old man rants on as the machine struggles to translate his slang Pashtun.

TRANSLATION MACHINE  
 Do not drink with many blood rooms  
 fire and knives...

MURPHY  
 This fuckin thing's not working...

The machine starts translating what Murphy is saying.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 Shut the fuck up !

Murphy throws the machine on the ground.

The dog makes another move at Luttrell. Fangs mashing. Luttrell raises his gun. The dog backs down.

36 EXT. BACK ON THE MOUNTAIN

36

Danny continues to try his radio.

DANNY  
Spartan 01, Spartan base...Spartan  
01, Spartan base...

Nothing.

Murphy standing just off the group calls Luttrell over.

MURPHY  
Marcus.

Leaving Axe on security. Luttrell moves up the hill fifty feet with Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

LUTTRELL  
Murphy's God Awful law. Not you  
Mikey. The other prick. The God of  
screw-ups.

MURPHY  
Yea.

LUTTRELL  
Soft Compromise bro.

MURPHY  
Yea. I'm aware of that.

Murphy digs into his pack, pulls out his SATELLITE PHONE. Checks numbers on his wrist pad. Dials up J-Bad TOC (Command Center).

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
(a touch frustrated: to  
Dietz)  
I'm now going to be that guy  
calling on a fucking unsecure Sat  
line because your radio is not  
functioning.

DIETZ  
Move that mountain, we're good.  
Talk to the mountain, sir.

Loses the signal twice. Third try he gets through.  
Horrible connection.

37

INT. J-BAD TOC

37

A phone rings, answered by a young Marine, SGT. HASSLERT.

HASSLERT  
J-Bad TOC, SERGEANT HASSLERT.

MURPHY  
Sergeant can you hear me, this is  
Spartan 01, can you here me?

Horrible delays, echoes and static.

HASSLERT  
Hello?

MURPHY  
This is Spartan 01, do you hear me?

HASSLERT  
I hear you.

MURPHY  
This is not a secure line and I  
need to speak to the CO  
immediately.

HASSLERT  
The CO?

MURPHY  
That's correct.

HASSLERT  
Which CO sir?

MURPHY  
Commander Kristensen.

HASSLERT  
Commander Kristensen is not here  
sir.

MURPHY  
What do you mean he's not there?

HASSLERT  
Commander Kristensen left this  
morning.

Murphy realizing he's made a mistake.

MURPHY  
Right. Fuck. He's back at BAGRAM.

HASSLERT  
That's correct sir.

STATIC BAD

MURPHY  
Hello?

HASSLERT  
Hello?

MURPHY  
I'm here, I need to speak right now  
with the commander.

HASSLERT  
Commander is in BAGRAM.

MURPHY  
I know that can you please transfer  
this call to BAGRAM OUELLETTE TOC.

HASSLERT  
Roger that. Stand by.

MURPHY  
Standing by.

Silence Murphy looks down at the goat herders. Moves over to  
Danny with the radio. Holding up his SAT phone.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
(re: SAT phone)  
Handing them our goddamned  
position.

Tight on Murphy, the realization of how fucked they are is  
starting to settle in.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
What's the fucking problem?

DANNY  
Don't know.

MURPHY  
Does it need new fucking batteries?



DANNY  
No, it's fine but they won't  
fucking answer me.

38 INT. OUELLETTE TOC

38

It's quiet. Among the SEALs present: Patton, James Suh, Dan Healy. A phone in the SEAL TOC rings answered by PATTON

SHANE PATTON  
Ouellette TOC Petty Officer  
Patton..

MURPHY  
Patton, this is Murphy.

Really Bad connection.

SHANE PATTON  
You're looking for Mike Murphy?

MURPHY  
This is Mike Murphy.

SHANE PATTON  
Mike Murphy?

MURPHY  
Yes correct, this is Mike Murphy.

A horrible connection.

Patton is confused. He knows that Murphy and his team are way deep on their opp.

SHANE PATTON  
Mike?

MURPHY  
Is this Shane?

SHANE PATTON  
It's Shane. What's up Mike? This  
connection sucks.

MURPHY  
Are you not receiving our  
transmissions?

SHANE PATTON  
Radio calls? Not in a while.

Patton yells over to the Comms guys.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
Are you all hearing anything from  
SPARTAN 1.

COMMS GUY  
When? We've been communicating.

SHANE PATTON  
(back on the phone)  
They say they are communicating  
with you.

MURPHY  
Say again.

SHANE PATTON  
Comms says that you are good. Copy?

MURPHY  
In the last twenty minutes?

SHANE PATTON  
(back to comms guy)  
You talked in the last twenty  
minutes?

COMMS GUY  
Negative.

SHANE PATTON  
(into phone)  
Negative Murph.

MURPHY  
I need the skipper now.

SHANE PATTON  
He's sleeping sir.

MURPHY  
Wake him up now.

Murphy's voice is electronically garbled.

SHANE PATTON  
Did you say wake him up sir?

MURPHY  
Right the fuck now!

SHANE PATTON  
Roger that.

39 EXT. BAGRAM TOC.

39

SHANE PATTON barefooted jogs out of the TOC moves through a series of plywood barracks. Knocks on a door.

SHANE PATTON  
Skipper. Skipper.

He knocks harder.

SHANE PATTON (CONT'D)  
SKIPPER!

From inside.

KRISTENSEN  
(oc)  
What?

SHANE PATTON  
Sir sorry sir. I've got Lieutenant  
Murphy on the phone in the TOC.  
Says he needs to talk to you. Now.

A moment, then Kristensen's door flies open. Kristensen in his underwear, flip flops, moving out, clearly just waking up.

39A Track with them as Kristensen moves back into the TOC. 39A

Reaches for the phone.

KRISTENSEN  
(into phone)  
Mike?

Silence Static.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
Mike...? Mike...? Try him back.

PATTON reads Murphy's SAT phone number off the board.

Dials. Waits. Nothing. Tries again nothing.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
Is it dead?

SHANE PATTON  
Yes sir.

KRISTENSEN  
What'd he want?



MURPHY  
(quietly to himself)  
Fuck.

LUTTRELL  
You'd get some interesting tile  
ideas down there bro. Afghan Dirt  
Brown. Goat skin blond, she'll dig  
that a hell of a lot more than what  
is it Honey creme...?

The goat noise is now really loud. Dogs barking and Axe is getting focused. Doing the math.

The kid bolts. Hands cuffed behind his back, he's still fast as shit.

AXE  
Fuck me.

He charges again after the kid. Tackles him. Drags him back.

AXE breathing hard. Looking at Murphy.

MURPHY  
I'm thinking three ways this plays  
out.

All eyes on Murphy. His brain churning.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
We let em go, we're gonna fight. So  
we can 1) Tie em up. Move out.  
Probably take them 15 minutes to  
get out. 2) Let em go. We hike  
out. Roll dice.

DIETZ  
Three?

AXE  
Three, soft Compromise. Terminate  
the compromise.

Axe stares at Murphy. Third choice is obvious.

Murphy looks up to the mountain top a mile behind them.

MURPHY  
Can we get a signal from that  
mountain?

DANNY

I thought about that. Probably. I don't fucking know.

More dog barking, goat baying, bells ringing. The kids are staring rage into the eyes of the Americans.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We gotta do something boss.

MURPHY

Yea.

Murphy walks back down to Luttrell and Axe.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

LUTTRELL

They don't seem to like us very much.

MURPHY

Yea.

A pause. Reality setting in.

AXE

Shah's down there. We let them go, Shaw disappears. Mission fails.

MURPHY

What? Kill them.

Axe stares at Murphy.

Murphy staring at Axe. Realizing how serious he is.

AXE

We are compromised Mike.

Marcus spits out some chew. Looking down, he shakes his head. A pained grin plasters his face.

LUTTRELL

Shit.

MURPHY

Danny?

Danny takes a long look at the goat herders. Finally...

DANNY

I don't give a shit what you decide. I'm not a lawyer. Just tell me what to do Murph. You're the big bucks, earn em'.

Murphy turns to Marcus.

MURPHY

Marcus?

LUTTRELL

I don't know Mikey.

Luttrell takes his time. The goats sound like they are howling. The vibe on the mountain is becoming deathly serious.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

I don't know. I don't like it. We kill them. Yea ok. We kill them. Bury them. They get found. Then what...

AXE

Then what?

LUTTRELL

I'm just saying. It ain't gonna be private. Gonna be out there for the whole fucking world. CNN -- SEALS kill goat farmers. I don't want that legacy, bro. I'm not killing goat farmers. Not feeling that.

AXE

I'm not either, but the  
Old man's Tali and these kids can  
shoot better than you can.

LUTTRELL

Let's just tie 'em up and get the  
fuck out of here.

AXE

We tie them up, we have no control  
over when they get found; get free.  
I will die before I let them  
dictate when we die. I will not  
end up showing your body -- your  
head -- on television. On the  
Computer. No way, they do not get  
that vote.

LUTTRELL

Then let's just get the fuck out of  
here.

AXE

I will do this, I will kill them  
right now. They will not harm you  
or me or my wife or your wife or  
any of our unborn children. No.  
These people are death and I will  
not fucking bow to this.

MURPHY

You want to kill, Axe? Really?  
That's your position?

AXE

I want to be playing golf with  
Freddie Couples on Pebble Beach,  
but I'm having a little trouble  
getting a tee time.

LUTTRELL

If we kill these kids, it's  
International news. CNN doesn't  
care about Rules of Engagement.  
SEALs kill kids. That's the story.  
Forever.

Tight on the guys taking this in. Murphy paces, staring  
intensely at one of the goat kids.

MURPHY

Axe what's your call?



Axe stares at Murphy.

AXE  
(sad grin)  
My final answer?

MURPHY  
Your final answer.

AXE  
Kill them.

This hits hard.

MURPHY  
Danny?

Dietz stares at the tied up kids.

DANNY  
It's your call bro.

MURPHY  
You don't have an opinion?

DANNY  
Yea I have an opinion. Two  
opinions. One is that for the  
record I don't give a fuck what  
anyone thinks about what the fuck  
we do up here. We do what we do.  
What we have to do. That's it.  
That's our business.

MURPHY  
What's two?

DANNY  
Two is, this is the Navy and you're  
the boss and your job is to be the  
boss and my job is to do what I'm  
fucking told.

MURPHY  
Ok.

DANNY  
So you tell me what to do and it  
will be done.

Murphy looks to Marcus.

MURPHY  
Marcus what's your call?

Luttrell seems to get that with Danny out, Murphy's for  
letting them go, Axe wants them dead - he's the tie-breaker.

LUTTRELL

(slowly shaking his head)  
No. I'd rather fight them straight  
up. I don't want to kill these  
kids.

ON MURPHY.

Thinking. He looks around the area. Looking for a burial  
spot. Stabbing at the stone earth with his M4. Clearly no  
soft earth anywhere close.

MURPHY

(quiet)  
Fuck me.

Murphy stares down at the Afghan village. Then long and hard  
at the three Afghans. Finally turns back to goat herders.

DANNY

Look at them. They fucking hate us.  
We don't know how many Hajji's they  
have down there. We can't let them  
go.

LUTTRELL

So now you have an opinion? I  
thought you were standing by  
waiting for your orders?

AXE

This opp is a soup sandwich. Been  
so from the beginning. The pitch.  
The rope. Worst comms that I've  
ever seen. Soft intel, we are not  
wearing vests, have no heavy  
weapons, are weak in numbers....  
It's a cursed opp.

MURPHY

Starting to feel like a cursed opp.

LUTTRELL

It's not a cursed opp. There are no  
fucking curses. Just Afghanistan.  
That's all. Everyday man. Devil's  
asshole.

AXE

Shah just killed twenty marines  
last week and we're on him. We've  
come this far and these people here  
are him. They are a part of him. We  
let them go.

(MORE)

AXE (CONT'D)

We're letting him go and why in the  
fucking world does he have the  
right to do that to us?

Axe is starring at LUTTRELL.

AXE.

Seriously Marcus. Why does he have the right to do that to us?

LUTTRELL

I don't see it that way.

MURPHY

So what is your fucking call bro?

LUTTRELL

Let them go. Shut it down.

Silence.

So if Murphy was taking a vote it seems like it's one vote for killing them, one vote for letting them go, Danny is neutral.

This is all on MURPHY.

Murphy turns away from them, looking down the steep pitched mountain. The village far below.

Murphy thinks. Looks at the young kids. The old man.

MURPHY

Here's what we're gonna do. Pack up. Everything. We're gonna let 'em go and we're gonna make the peak. When we make the peak were gonna make Comms. We're calling QRF and we're getting out.

Silence as the guys take in the plan. Luttrell lets out a huge breath.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

That's what we're going to do.

DANNY

Roger that.

LUTTRELL

Yes sir.

MURPHY

Let's move it.

Quick Shots.

The guys quickly breaking down their gear.

The goat boy watching confused.

The older Goat herders. Defiant. Steel-eyed.

41 INT. SEAL TOC. BAGRAM.

41

Kristensen, Patton with Petty Officer Dan Healy, James Suh and some COMMS guys.

The Comms guys trying to get Spartan 01 back on line.

COMMS GUY  
Spartan 01, Spartan 01, over.

Kristensen is on the phone, communicating with J-Bad TOC

KRISTENSEN  
When was your last contact with  
Spartan 01?

42 EXT. J-BAD TOC.

42

The two Blackhawks standing by with the two Apaches.

The Apache pilots are firing up their engines.

Musslemen comes out of a pilot station.

MUSSLEMEN  
Where are you guys going?

APACHE PILOT  
We just got called North. By an  
Army 372, evidently they took some  
small fire.

MUSSLEMEN  
We're QRF, bro.

APACHE PILOT  
That's what we thought. BAGRAM is  
now QRF.

MUSSLEMEN  
The 47s?

APACHE PILOT  
Correct.

MUSSLEMEN  
Are we not the QRF now?

APACHE PILOT  
That's my understanding.

Mussleman is a bit confused...

Apache pilots climb into their two birds.

Take off.

43

EXT. MOUNTAIN

43

10 MINUTES LATER:

Gear packed the four SEALs stand over the Afghans.

MURPHY CONT'D

Everybody good?

Quick nods from the team as Murphy's flip knife comes out. He quickly cuts through the flex cuffs. Freeing the Afghans.

MURPHY

You three just won the lottery.  
Speak well of us.

An odd moment as the Afghans stare at the SEALs. Not fully understanding that they are free to leave.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Go!

The little goat boy stares at Murphy. A beat then gets it. Turning fast he takes off sprinting down the hill.

The old man holds a beat. Says something quietly to the team.

Sounds fairly ominous.

Then he too turns and slowly, deliberately starts making his way down the long steep mountain.

Murphy looks at the team.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Let's move it.

The four SEALs, full gear, start moving up the mountain.

There is no trail. Just steep rocks, fallen trees, and a brutal pitch.

43A

THE YOUNG GOAT BOY.

43A

RUNNING DOWN THE HILL.



Leaping over rocks. Fallen trees. The kid's movements are beautiful. Mountain agility in his DNA. Virtually FLYING down the mountain.

43B UP TOP.

43B

Slow going for the SEALs. Murphy leading. Danny, loaded up with COMMS, second. Luttrell breathing hard. Axe bringing up the rear.

On AXE

Constantly checking behind him.

His left foot catches on some loose granite. Gives out.

Axe rolls his ankle hard. Slips, falls hard sliding fast tumbling and smashing hard into a fallen tree stump.

Sprained right ankle and bruised left ribs.

Murphy stops, looking back as Luttrell moves down to Axe.

Axe struggling back on his feet.

LUTTRELL.

You ok?

AXE

Fucking Afghanistan.

LUTTRELL.

Yea. I'm the one who's supposed to be falling.

AXE

I'm fine.

He takes a step. White flash of burst pain tears through him. He buckles. Clearly not alright.

43C THE GOAT KID

43C

Running hard approaching the village.

43D UP TOP.

43D

Luttrell reaches for him. Axe pulls away.

AXE (CONT'D)

I'm good. Let's go.

Axe digs his foot in. Grinds through the pain and starts back up the hill.

AXE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe we should just hike down to  
 the village, ask to borrow a phone.

Tight on Murphy's small smile as he digs it up the hill.

The group now moving even slower cause of Axe's ankle.

44 EXT. THE VILLAGE.

44

Quiet. A couple of small fires. Some cooking. A group of young boys playing with sticks. Women cooking as - The young GOAT BOY comes tearing, full sprint into the village.

TIGHT ON THE GOAT BOY. Eyes wide.

Screaming for Shah.

Villagers start to gather. Shah approaches the boys. Breathing hard, they point up the mountain.

A couple of Taliban hear this. Take off into the woods.

TRACKING with the two Taliban.

As they sprint deeper into the woods. Into the Taliban camp.

Taliban soldiers sleeping. The two find Shah and Taraq. Tell them about the Americans.

Shah quickly on his walkie talkie, old school but deathly effective. Rounding up his fighters.

Quick shots of the Taliban army. Feels like 150 men. Arming themselves. AK's, RPG's, grenades, a lot of ammo. Radio gear.

Quiet, cool, professional. These Afghan soldiers are loading up big time...

45 EXT. UP MOUNTAIN.

45

The SEALs cresting the hill.

MURPHY  
 Fuck.

He's looking up at a larger hill in front of them. They have just ascended a false summit. Still blocked in by another very steep mountain.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 Danny?

Dietz is already into the radio, as Luttrell and Axe spread out, digging in, guns pointed down hill.

DANNY  
(on radio)  
Anvil 1 this is Spartan 01, over.

Nothing.

MURPHY  
Great.

Comms still clearly dead. Murphy weighing his options. They are high above the village. Murphy pulls out binoculars. Scanning the village and mountain.

All three SEALs on glass. SCANNING.

SEALS POV

Nothing moving. From their vantage the town seems quiet. Business as usual.

They cannot see the Taliban off in the woods. They are OBLIVIOUS to the magnitude of the threat.

CUT TO:

46 TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

46

Danny still working the radio. Axe has tightened his boot. Murphy and Luttrell have spread out on the hill. Staring down at the village.

Murphy's got his SAT phone out. Trying to get a signal. Can't.

He's looking with disgust at the mountain behind him, knowing that it's blocking his signal.

MURPHY  
(to mountain)  
Move Bitch.

Luttrell's fifteen feet to his left.

LUTTRELL  
What do you want to do?

MURPHY  
Go home, get in bed, and watch Anchorman.

LUTTRELL

Check.

MURPHY

I wanna be on you.

LUTTRELL

Roger that. Should I spread the word?

MURPHY

Not just yet. Let's hold up for an hour and see just how big of a can of hell we've opened.

LUTTRELL

What do you think?

MURPHY

We did the right thing. We let our love light shine. God ought to be smiling down on us. Isn't that how it works? Good things happen to good people?

LUTTRELL

You think they're coming after us?

MURPHY

Like a pack of wild dogs.

MURPHY keys his radio.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What say you Axe?

AXE

(on radio)

I'm fine.

Murphy looks up behind him to the large cliff.

MURPHY

(to Axe)

You good to go?

AXE

No problems boss.

MURPHY

Here's the deal. Lay low here. Soon as the sun sets we move.

(MORE)

## MURPHY (CONT'D)

If we can't get comms from that top we're probably gonna have to walk home anyway, so get some rest. Axe you're first security. We move in about sixty minutes.

46A THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

46A

Murphy, Danny, and Marcus. Hats low. Eyes closed. Danny on the glass.

It's quiet. Sun getting low. Probably two hours of sunlight left.

ON AXE.

Calmly checking down hill, whistling very quietly to himself.

Tight on Luttrell resting.

Danny. Eyes closed. One arm around his radio.

Murphy. Eyes open. Staring up at the sky.

Back to Axe. Focused down range.

Down the mountain. Something appears to move. Axe misses it. Hold a beat. More movement.

Just catches Axe's peripheral... Axe shifts his gaze. Focusing.

THEN

More movement. Axe sees it, raises his gun eye to the scope. Gently scanning the area of movement.

Stops whistling.

AXE'S POV:

No movement.

Axe slowly pans his M-4 across the hill. Suddenly A FLASH OF SOMETHING HUMAN.

A HUMAN. He pans a bit more to the right. Then two more.

AXE pans way to the right. Almost as high as the SEALs are and he see's more movement.

They are almost surrounded.

TIGHT ON LUTTRELL eyes still closed.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(oc)

Ssst! Ssst!

Luttrell lifts up his hat and looks left.

Sees Axe, rigid, in firing position, his rifle aimed straight up the mountain.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

Try and call it in.

Danny desperate to get the radio to work.

Luttrell fixes his Mark 12 into firing position looks through scope down hill.

LUTTRELL'S POV.

Lined along the top are at least a dozen heavily armed Taliban warriors, each one of them with an AK pointing downward. Some carrying rocket propelled grenades.

LUTTRELL looks left.

More Taliban coming down hill to flank them.

Luttrell looks right.

More Taliban.

The SEALs are FUCKED.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

How the fuck fast are these little bastards?

All four SEALs guns up.

Marcus in the middle, Axe and Danny up to his left. Murphy twenty feet off to his right. Marcus slowly belly crawls towards Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

LUTTRELL

I'm thinking that we're about fixing to get into a pretty good gunfight.

MURPHY

Yea.

LUTTRELL

Looks like I voted wrong.

MURPHY

Negative. We've been given the opportunity to reach out and make some hell fucking strong contact with our friends from the other side. Job well done.

LUTTRELL

Hoo-yah to that sir.

ON DANNY AND AXE

Looking up the hill which is now swarming with Taliban. Dozens of soldiers flowing down hill flanking them.

DANNY

Do they see us?

AXE

Dunno.

BACK TO MARCUS.

His back pressed up against a tree, inventorying his ammo. Grenades. Knife.

Danny, Axe, Murphy all doing the same. Ready for war.

Axe and Danny sneak quick looks at the pictures of their wives taped inside their helmets.

The trap tightening around all of them. All four focused up hill.

A TREE TWENTY FEET IN FRONT OF MARCUS.

A flash of a turban. Glint of an AK Barrel pointed in his general direction.

Luttrell tightens the grip of his rifle slowly starts pointing it in the direction of the man behind the tree.

Luttrell eyes on glass, still as marble. Aimed at the tree.

Marcus looks over his shoulder at Murphy whose gun is also trained on the tree.

Marcus eyes back on the scope.

SCOPE POV:

A fierce-eyed Taliban warrior peering straight into the scope. Black eyes and thick black beard. The barrel of his AK pointed dead on Luttrell.

Hold.

THEN.

Luttrell fires once. Blowing the man's head off.

An odd brief moment of silence as the head shot Afghan stumbles, still standing, still clutching his AK-47. He takes three more steps towards Luttrell.

Stops.

Luttrell shoots again removes what's left of the fighter's head.

The Afghan starts to fall and as he hits the ground, all HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

From above and half way down both flanks the Taliban open fire.

Screaming at each other, communicating through violent, loud bursts of Pashto, the Taliban moving fast down the hill. Agile and fearless, not weighted down with US-style gear, they are able to leap boulders, fallen trees.

Taraq in the middle of the pack on the top of the SEALs. UP TOP - Shah calmly giving orders into his radio comms.

ON MURPHY.

Taliban moving down the hill on both sides. Shooting as they move.

A solid line of at least fifty Taliban in firing positions on top of the hill above them.

The SEALs are close to being surrounded.

MURPHY checks his rear.

MURPHY POV

A cliff. More of a series of cliffs. Multiple death falls. First one is at least 300 feet.

Murphy calls it.

MURPHY  
Push right flank.



Axe the farthest right starts shooting and moving right INTO the wall of the Taliban flanking his right.

Luttrell follows staying low, shooting, Danny firing with one arm. Desperate to get the radio up.

DANNY

Spartan 01 reporting major enemy contact. We need help. Spartan 01 reporting major enemy contact. Request immediate QRF! Spartan 01 requesting immediate QRF.

Murphy's doing the same with his SAT phone. He's moving right trying to dial up the TOC. Not getting through.

Danny's left two fingers HIT. Dangling bloody and mangled.

He tries to put them back into his hand. Jams his ring finger back into its socket. His pinkie is beyond repair.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Marcus!

Luttrell turns, Danny holds up his fucked up hand.

LUTTRELL

Wrap it up bro.

DANNY

Roger that.

Taliban gunfire is picking up. Axe the deepest right kills two Taliban. Two more immediately fill their positions.

MURPHY

Danny did you get the call through?

DANNY

I made the call. Don't know if it went through. You?

MURPHY

I couldn't get a line.

DANNY

Fuck.

Marcus is pushing right behind Axe trying to break the right Taliban flank.

Charging the Ambush.

MURPHY

Keep pushing right. Kill 'em all.

The four SEALs fighting well as a team. Crawling, shooting and covering as they start making progress killing their way into the right side of the Taliban ambush.

The Taliban close enough to see clearly.

Axe shot through the left shoulder. Ignoring it he keeps firing. His long scope making him very accurate. As he shoots deep into the left flank.

TALIBAN POV:

From behind at least 12 Taliban fighters pushing deeper into the right side.

Two more Taliban hit. The remaining start taking solid covering positions, firing down at the four SEALs.

Axe being the closest takes the majority of the firepower.

Decent cover from a granite boulder which is getting hacked to pieces by the incoming AK fire.

Razor sharp stone shrapnel chunks slicing into Axe's face and neck. Blood runs down his face drips off his chin.

Luttrell getting equally shot up. Returning fire. His cover rock getting shot up bad. Chunks of granite tearing into his face and neck.

FURTHER to the left, Danny and Murphy shooting, trying to get closer to Luttrell and Axe.

Danny takes another round, blowing clear through his right thigh shattering his right femur. Blood, muscle chunks and bone tear through his pants.

DANNY

Goddammitt.

Pissed he keeps moving. Firing. Ignoring his two gunshots. Hand and Leg.

Danny moves up with Murphy behind some decent cover.

MURPHY

Can you fight?

DANNY

Roger that.

MURPHY  
Want me to take the radio?

DANNY  
Negative.

Murphy looks up towards Axe who is far right.

MURPHY  
(yelling)  
AXE?!

AXE  
Sir!

MURPHY  
Can we break that flank? Hold  
this, we're gonna push left!

Axe gets shot through the top of his shoulder the bullet tearing down through his shoulder and burning deep inside his chest.

Axe keeps firing, hitting a Taliban in the knee. The Taliban fires back at Axe missing but sending sharp rock chips shearing up off the granite into Axe's face. Shredding his right ear, cutting into his eyeballs.

Half blind. Watery out of focus images as sweat mixed with blood. Axe struggles to see. When his vision clears up enough to focus:

AXE POV.

Two Tali fighters. Moving fast out of cover, right at AXE. Directly at the Americans. SEAL style. Attacking the counter attack.

The Taliban are close to the half blind Axe. Axe fires blind. Misses. The Taliban almost on him. Then:

One of the Tali hit with a round from Luttrell, killed. The other, wounded, falls on Axe. Vicious hand-to-hand fight.

Luttrell runs up to help Axe. Takes the remaining Taliban soldier out with a point-blank headshot.

From the right, a BELT FED MACHINE GUN opens up on their position.

Marcus and Axe start moving left. Both shot during the move - Marcus in his right butt-cheek, Axe in his right thigh.

47 INT. TOC. BAGRAM

47

Comms guy at radio. Checking wall clock. See's Kristensen, Shane, and some of the other Team 10 guys.

COMMS GUY

Spartan 01 is about to miss a comms second window.

KRISTENSEN

How long?

COMMS GUY

2 hours 15 minutes.

Tight on Kristensen. Thinking. Checking the clock.

KRISTENSEN

Call me if they miss two.

COMMS GUY

Roger that.

48 EXT. ON THE MOUNTAIN

48

CHAOS.

A massive barrage of gunfire erupting from the right Taliban flank.

AXE

Right is no good.

Murphy looks left. He can see twenty Taliban moving into firing positions.

MURPHY

Fuck me.

The first RPG comes from the left side. Hitting just short of Danny and Murphy. Blasting them backwards. Covering them with dirt and rock.

Luttrell swings his gun left and starts firing into the left Taliban position.

LUTTRELL

Mikey?

MURPHY

Yea?

LUTTRELL

You ok?

MURPHY

We're good.

A bullet slams in Murphy's lower stomach.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

This is no good.

LUTTRELL  
Roger that.

MURPHY  
Can we break that right flank?

LUTTRELL  
Negative. We got to go left.

MURPHY  
Negative.

From downhill, two RPG's fire at their position.

Dietz takes a shot in his upper-right chest.

A massive double RPG explosion. Tears away chunks of granite. Shrapnel cutting deep into all four SEALs. They are now clearly under attack from all three sides.

LUTTRELL  
We can take 'em Mikey but I'm thinking we're gonna need a new spot.

Tight on Murphy.

MURPHY  
Roger that.

He turns behind him giving that 50 ft. cliff a second look.

The Taliban gunfire is relentless now. Coming from all three sides.

Luttrell, Danny and Axe returning constant fire. Reloading mags. Firing away. Marcus hit for the first time in his right ass cheek.

Tight on Murphy:

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
We gotta fall back.

Luttrell looks at the cliff behind them.

LUTTRELL  
You mean fall off.

MURPHY

Roger that. Fall off. Danny can you move?

DANNY

No problem.

MURPHY

Axe?

AXE

Good to go.

As the four shot up SEALs turn and start to move fast towards the edge of the cliff. The pitch causing them to run and start falling immediately. Danny's legs giving out, buckling as he hurls himself up and over the ledge.

Marcus turns to Murphy.

Luttrell, Murphy and Axe do the same. For a second they look like four country boys cliff jumping into a lake. Except for the blood streaming from necks and guts and legs, the bullet tracers flying all around them...

They fly off the cliff and it looks kind of beautiful. Freeing...until.

48A IMPACT. BOTTOM OF 1ST CLIFF

48A

Bone crushing. Concussive. Violent beyond words. Human bodies smashing into rock. Tearing through trees. Bouncing. Broken bones and smashed faces. Helmets fly off. The SEALs crash and bounce and flip. Finally settling hard on a reasonably flat part of the cliff. 300 yards below.

48B SILENCE. BOTTOM OF 1ST CLIFF

48B

Tight on Luttrell. Face down. The first to move.

Face lifts. Nose clearly broken. Luttrell looks to his left.

Murphy struggling to his knees. Broken teeth. Face shredded. To the right, Danny and Axe.

MURPHY

Hey Marcus.

LUTTRELL

Yes sir.

MURPHY

That sucked.

LUTTRELL

Yes sir.

MURPHY

I mean that really sucked.

LUTTRELL

Yes sir.

Voices screaming up the mountain.

48C TOP OF 1ST CLIFF

48C

Taraq is at the jump point looking down the steep cliff. Feels unsurvivable. Several fierce lieutenants flanking Shah.

SHAH

Go.

Dozens of Taliban start making their way down the steep cliff.

48D AT THE BOTTOM OF 1ST CLIFF

48D

Murphy, Marcus Axe and Dietz struggling to their feet.

MURPHY

Fuck.

Luttrell sees the blood pouring from Murphy's gut.

LUTTRELL

Let me see it.

Pulling up Murphy's shirt revealing a decent gut shot. Marcus looks for his med kit.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Lost my med kit.

MURPHY

Where's your gun?

Luttrell looks down. To his left, then right. Spots his gun ten feet away in the dirt.



LUTTRELL  
God's looking out for us.

MURPHY  
If this is looking out for us I  
don't want to see him pissed.

LUTTRELL  
We're doing good Mikey we just  
gotta...

Luttrell interrupted by a series of severe incoming RPG's.  
Blasting all around them.

Luttrell and Murphy dive behind some fallen trees. Looking  
up.

MURPHY  
We just got to get off this hill.

48E HALFWAY DOWN 1ST CLIFF. 48E

Shah's Taliban are slowly moving down the cliff. Not nearly  
as fast as the SEALS fall. But they are definitely coming.

48F ON LUTTRELL and MURPHY. LOG HIDE. 48F

Returning fire. Picking off a couple of Taliban but revealing  
their position. More incoming RPG's tearing into the cover  
trees.

Trees start burning.

A metal hook - RPG debris - spears into Luttrell's right  
side.

He keeps firing when from the left...

A LOUD CRASHING.

Two bodies falling hard.

Axe and Danny. Falling hard like Murphy and Luttrell.  
Slamming, flipping, landing 50 ft to the right of the tree  
hide.

Axe shot up getting to his feet. The Taliban shooting down at  
him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
Axe! Here! Move it buddy. Run!

Axe sees Murphy behind the trees. Charges to the hide.

AXE

This sucks.

No hesitation - Axe slams a fresh magazine into his M4 starts firing up the hill. Marcus is looking back to Danny.

Danny is dead still. No movement.

Axe provides cover as Luttrell and Murphy, dodging RPG's and a hailstorm of AK fire, grabbing an alive but seriously fucked up Danny.

Picking Danny up they start hauling him back to the tree for cover.

TIGHT on Danny as a Bullet slams through his right rib cage

DANNY

(eyes tight, through  
mashed teeth)

Goddamn this sucks.

Luttrell and Murphy slam into the tree hide propping Danny up.

The four SEALs back together ready to fight. Marcus trying to treat Danny; pulling out his Burst Kit

Danny recovering staring down at his blood-soaked hand, dazed, looks to Marcus

DANNY (CONT'D)

Marcus, I'm shot.

LUTTRELL

We are all shot bro, can you fight?

Danny stares back down at his bleeding, mangled hand, then at his gun.

DANNY

(muttering to himself)

Mess up my drawing hand, that  
pisses me off.

Danny raises his gun uphill, takes aim at a Taliban fighter jumping from rock to rock. Danny fires killing the Taliban. Re-aims, fires, kills a second. Re-aims, fires, kills a third.

Looks to Marcus.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can fight.

The SEALs now packed into a burning LOG HIDE fighting as best as they can from inferior position.

48G UP HILL. 48G

Taliban starting to re-mass. Dialing in on the SEALs position.

Thirty AK-47's firing down on the SEALs.

48H IN THE LOG HIDE. 48H

The SEALs getting sprayed. A ceiling of AK fire. The SEALs flat on their backs.

SEAL POV.

AK tracers streak over head.

MURPHY has his face next to Dietz.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I tried 'em at least three times boss.

MURPHY

Nothing?

DANNY

Nothing.

Murphy and Dietz both take rounds. Danny in the foot.

Three of Murphy's right toes blow off. His boot leaking blood.

Murphy returning fire. Hot brass shell casings falling into his shirt.

MURPHY

Dammit!

Murphy getting the brass out of his shirt.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Goddamnitt!

Danny screaming in pain. Eyes pouring tears.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Danny?

DIETZ

This really sucks man. Really  
fucking sucks. Fucking burning  
inside bro.

Axe and Luttrell trying to fire over the logs. Luttrell hurls  
a grenade.

Taliban with RPG's moving into firing position.

AXE

We gotta move!

As the first RPG blows into the side of the log hide.

Wood daggers and burning embers explode and rip through  
clothes and skin.

MURPHY

Move left! Left!

Axe and Luttrell start moving out.

Dietz struggling to get up, radio pulling him backwards.

Murphy reaches back for Dietz.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Give me a hand Danny.

Danny dazed stares up at Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Come on buddy! We got to move.

A second RPG demolishes the hide. Fully exposing Murphy and  
Dietz.

Murphy yanks Dietz to his feet.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Right now bro.

DIETZ

I'm with you.

Murphy fires up the hill.

Dietz grinds it out following Luttrell.

Murphy lays out more cover fire, then turns and moves after the three SEALs.

48J SIDE OF MOUNTAIN. Ravine.

48J

Tight shots of the four SEALs scrambling for their lives. Bleeding, spit, sweat, snot, tears as they claw their way across the burning mountain.

This is a sequence. Watching the men run. Legs buckling. Knee caps smashing on rock. Slipping falling helping each other. Incoming rounds tearing past them. Daytime trace fire.

The SEALs charge across the side of the mountain.

Breathing is hysteric. High-pitched wheezing and gagging. They are literally running cross a burning mountain for their lives.

Luttrell first to stop.

Tight on Luttrell.

LUTTRELL  
Gotta fucking rest.

Axe collapses next to him, then Murphy, then Dietz. All four SEALs gasping and choking for air.

A moment of desperate attempts to get air.

AXE  
Need some water.

MURPHY  
We got to get to the village. Got to.

LUTTRELL  
Got to.

MURPHY  
Fuck.

Dietz is by far the worst. Trying to breath. Blood loss starting to weaken him.

Murphy pulls out his sat phone, tries to get a signal.

Tight on Each SEAL. Burning. Sucking air. Luttrell stares at Dietz.

Hold this for a couple of beats. A brief silence. A pause.

LUTTRELL  
This is bad....

49 INT. SEAL TOC BAGRAM. 49

Kristensen watching clock. Drinking coffee.

KRISTENSEN  
That's the second window.

COMMS GUY  
Correct.

Clear tension in the TOC.

A half dozen SEALs gathered in the TOC.

Kristensen picks up phone. Dials the large force special opps TOC (Base control)

Intercut with Kristensen and CO of JOC. Kristensen letting CO know that he's missed two windows of contact with Spartan 01.

50 EXT. MOUNTAIN - GUNFIGHT. 50

Back tight on four SEALs. Still silent, trying to recover,  
Then.

Sounds of the Taliban yelling. Communicating as they start to get closer.

Luttrell looks over to Dietz. Whispering.

LUTTRELL  
How you feeling Danny?

DIETZ  
Shot me up pretty good bro.

LUTTRELL  
You're good Danny.

Axe, Murphy, Luttrell, counting mags and grenades.

Trying to compose themselves. Luttrell packing dirt into Danny's gun shot wounds.

Looks back to Murphy.

Everyone whispering. Trying to stay as quiet as possible. The Taliban has lost them.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
Pack 'em with dirt. Tight.

Murphy literally balling up dirt and jamming it into his guts. Trying to plug the blood flow.

50A CLIFF ABOVE ROCK QUARRY 50A

With Tarag and his men as they move through the mountain. Searching for the SEALs.

50B SEALs HIDING IN ROCK QUARRY 50B

Dead quiet. Alert.

Luttrell moves Axe checking his wounds.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
You're okay.

Danny blurts out. Loud voice.

DIETZ  
How'd they get on us so fast Mikey?

Murphy and Axe on him. Hands around his mouth.

AXE  
Shhhhhh. Danny Shhhhhh.

Silence. The SEALs wait, tense.

50C CLIFF ABOVE ROCK QUARRY 50C

Tarag reacts to the sound of Danny's voice.

Signals to his men. They start moving in on the SEALs

50D SEALs IN THE ROCK QUARRY: 50D

Axe slowly removing his hand from Danny's mouth.

Danny looking up wide eyed at Murphy.

DIETZ  
Mike?

MURPHY  
You got to be quiet Danny.

DIETZ  
 (whispering)  
 I know. I just can't get over how  
 fast they are.

MURPHY  
 Yea.

DIETZ  
 Faster than we are.

MURPHY  
 They might be.

DIETZ  
 Mike how did they get on us so  
 fast?

MURPHY  
 Don't know. Don't get it.

Dietz is starting to lose it.

DIETZ  
 Got on us pretty fast. I was  
 talking to my mom, she didn't say  
 anything about it. Matty you see  
 them?

AXE  
 I didn't see until you did Danny.

DIETZ  
 So much fucking red man. Really  
 vivid reds.

Taliban voices growing louder. Luttrell looks to Murphy.

LUTTRELL  
 We got to move Mike.

50E EXT. 2ND CLIFF

50E

The only option for movement is down. Another 80 ft. drop.  
 The rocks above Axelson start to shear. Incoming rounds.  
 Above them silhouetted Taliban fighters.  
 The team once again surrounded.  
 Murphy starring down the cliff.



MURPHY

Axe, how shot up are you?

Axe looking down at himself. Inventorying his bullet wounds.

AXE

I think three times. I'm hit  
three... I don't know what this is.

Blood oozing from the back of his head. Behind his right ear.

MURPHY

Are you good to move?

AXE

Move where?

MURPHY

We're going down.

Axe looks downhill.

AXE's POV

Another massive drop. Sharp Granite, trees, and a brutal  
pitch.

AXE

Hoo-yah to that Murph.

51 EXT. CLIFF ABOVE ROCK QUARRY 51

Over the back of Taraq, fighters on both sides. Slow mo as  
they move fast through, in front of them the ravine hiding  
the SEALs.

Tight on Taraq.

Smelling blood. Rage and hatred filled eyes.

The Taliban fighters, like Apache warriors, picking up speed.  
Guns up.

52 OMIT 52

53 EXT. ROCK QUARRY HIDE 53

Murphy looks to Marcus.

MURPHY

Marcus, you good?

LUTTRELL

Yes sir.

MURPHY

Danny?

Incoming rounds starting to pick up intensity. The granite starting to vaporize all around them.

Danny clicking back into a primal warrior mode. Up on his knees firing back.

Marcus reaching for Danny pulling him down back into cover.

LUTTRELL

I got him.

Murphy looks over the rock hide.

MURPHY'S POV.

Taraq with six fighters charging out of the tree line. All AK's blasting.

MURPHY

Go! Go! Go! Move!

Murphy pulling off the clip of a FRAG GRENADE. Hurls it at the charging Taliban as:

53A Axe leaps off the cliff.

53A

Murphy turns. Leaps.

The grenade DETONATES. Killing two Taliban.

Shah continues to charge.

Luttrell hoists Dietz up and over his shoulder.

Turning towards the cliff. He turns to fire a last burst at Taraq.

Marcus digs his back foot into the loose slate, ready to jump when:

Taraq FIRES.

Danny shot through the neck.

Bullet passes through Danny's neck tearing through the side of Luttrell's neck.

Luttrell screams in pain spinning, dropping Danny.

LUTTRELL and DIETZ separate. Danny falling onto the rock.

Luttrell falling backwards off the cliff.

53B ON LUTTRELL FALLING. 53B

Another brutal fall.

SMASHING BACKWARDS DOWN THE CLIFF.

Luttrell tries grabbing for dirt, tree, or rock. Anything to slow his fall.

He slams through trees snapping thick branches. Bouncing off rock.

Luttrell disappears into the lower tree, brush line below.

53C UP TOP. 53C

DANNY DIETZ

On his back. M4 by his side.

Taraq and his fighters move in. More Taliban clearing the tree line behind them.

Taraq looks down at Dietz's body.

Turns and looks down the cliff.

Taraq reaches down, picks up Dietz's M4. Looks it over.

Reaches back down. Takes one of Danny's Grenades.

53D DOWNHILL. 53D

Luttrell on his side struggling to get to his knees. Murph twenty feet away with Axe below him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Where's Danny?

53E CLIFF ABOVE ROCK QUARRY 53E

Taraq pulls the pin on Dietz's grenade. Hurls it down hill in the direction of the three remaining SEALs.

53F DOWNHILL. 53F

His grenade comes in short. Blowing rock chunks and dirt over the three SEALs.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck is Danny?

54 INT. BAGRAM TOC 54

Tight on the watch clock. ZULU time.  
Kristensen staring at it. Tapping his fingers on the table.

KRISTENSEN  
Try them again.

Comms guy in the back of the room keys his radio mic.

COMMS GUY  
Spartan 01, this is Anvil 1, do you  
copy? Spartan 01 do you copy?

Radio Silence.

55 EXT. BELOW ROCK QUARRY CLIFF 55

Luttrell looking over to Murphy.

MURPHY  
We got to get him.

More grenades. RPG's. Noise is deafening.

AXE  
What?

MURPHY  
We got to get him.

The three guys trying to communicate. All talking over each other.

AXE  
Where's Danny? I can't see him.

MURPHY  
How do you know he's dead?

LUTTRELL  
Danny's dead.

MURPHY  
Where?

LUTTRELL  
His fucking head blew off?

AXE  
Do you have Danny?

LUTTRELL  
In my fucking arms.

AXE  
We got to get down.

Deafening EXPLOSIONS.

LUTTRELL  
We got to get up there and get him.

AXE  
We got to get down now.

MURPHY  
Do you know where he is?

AXE MOVES CLOSER.

AXE  
Is Danny hit?

MURPHY  
Yes.

AXE  
Where is he hit?

LUTTRELL  
In the head.

AXE  
Where is he?

LUTTRELL  
Up on top.

AXE  
We got to get him.

More explosions.

MURPHY  
Let's move right. Take the flank  
right. See if we can get back up  
there.

LUTTRELL  
We'll get Danny. Get him down with  
us. Get off this hill. Take them on  
the flat ground.

55A CLIFF ABOVE ROCK QUARRY 55A

Taraq now with twenty fighters. Firing down hill. Throwing grenades. Ordering his men down the sides of the cliff.

55B AXE 55B

I think we can take them on the flat ground.

LUTTRELL

Let's move. How much ammo do we have.

Guys checking magazines.

AXE

I got seventy rounds. Three grenades.

MURPHY

Fifty rounds. One grenade.

LUTTRELL

I got three full mags. Five Grenades.

MURPHY

Let's suck it up that fucking hill.

LUTTRELL

Roger that.

AXE

Roger that.

MURPHY

Move.

The three SEALs, guns up, firing up hill. As they attempt to get back up to Danny.

56 EXT. DANNY'S POSITION (CLIFF ABOVE QUARRY) 56

He's not dead. Close. Shah, Taraq and his men staring over him as he struggles back to his knees. Staring up at Taraq through blood soaked eyes, broken, dying. Defiant. Danny refusing to go gently...His right hand fumbling for his flip knife in his front pocket.

Taraq just stares at Danny's broken mangled fingers trying to open his knife. Drops it.

Danny looks down past his knife. The "Tile" samples page has fallen out of his pocket. Blood stained. Danny stares at the paper.

Taraq slowly lifts his foot, pushes against Dietz's chest. Pushes him back down flat on his back..

Tight on Dietz dying, staring up at Taraq. Dietz slowly raises his blood soaked right hand up to Taraq.

56A

BELOW ROCK QUARRY CLIFF

56A

Murphy is out in front. Clawing his way into the left side of the descending Taliban flank.

Luttrell and Axe trying to lay down cover fire, shooting up at Shah's soldiers as they move down the right side of the Mountain.

Even the Taliban are having a slow go of it on account of the radical pitch.

TIGHT WITH MURPHY.

A leader desperately trying to make his way straight into the teeth of the enemy to recover one of his men.

A torrent of incoming gunfire blocking his advances.

Luttrell twenty feet to his right trying to do the same.

Axe staying below. Firing up the hill. HITS two TALIBAN as they move down the hill towards Murphy and Luttrell.

ON LUTTRELL.

The incoming fire has him pinned against a rock.

He is desperate to find a way back up the hill. Peering around each side of the giant boulder.

TWENTY FEET to his left Murphy is doing the same.

They start moving and covering for each other. One shoots while the other moves fast to a higher covering rock.

This is a desperate, clawing uphill mountain scramble. Two men, like animals brutally determined to reclaim their fallen brother.

Tight on their hands, eyes, feet, sweat, blood and tears as they crawl their way, inch by inch back up this brutal rock mountain.

They are able to ascend about thirty feet before they run out of cover.

MURPHY and LUTTRELL side by side.

Bullets exploding all around them.

Murphy's got SAT phone out again trying to get a signal. He's got no line of sight. Can't make the call.

LUTTRELL  
I don't know Mikey.

MURPHY  
There's just so fucking many of them.

LUTTRELL  
I don't think we can get him.

MURPHY  
Fuck.

LUTTRELL  
We got to get down.

MURPHY  
Yea.

LUTTRELL  
Got to get to flat ground.

Tight on Murphy taking in the entire situation. Taliban all around them. His gun shots. Axe. Down hill fighting. Covering them.

Murphy studies the terrain. A jagged rock peak sticking out in the clear about fifty feet to his left.

MURPHY  
I know.

LUTTRELL  
We can't get him Mikey.

MURPHY  
We can get him.

LUTTRELL  
We're gonna die if we don't get off this mountain.

MURPHY  
We're gonna get him.



Murphy's fixated on the exposed rock area fifty feet above him.

He looks down hill to Axe. Desperately trying to keep the Taliban from getting at Luttrell and Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get us some help Marcus.

AXE

Mike, they're coming straight above you and to your right.

Murphy, SAT phone in hand, looks below to Marcus.

MURPHY

I'm gonna get this call out.

LUTTRELL

Good luck on that one brother.

MURPHY

Marcus, look at me.

Luttrell turns locks eyes with Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make the call.

Marcus looks past Murphy to the clear rock face above him. Luttrell gets what Murphy is saying, what he's about to do.

LUTTRELL

I'm sorry Mike.

MURPHY

For what bro?

Marcus takes a beat, looks away, then back at Murphy.

LUTTRELL

That we haven't killed more of 'em.

MURPHY

Oh we're gonna kill more of them.  
Bet on that Marcus. We're gonna  
kill a lot more of them.

LUTTRELL

Roger that.

Murphy digs into his pack, has three remaining mags, hands them to Luttrell. Luttrell slides them into his vest. Murphy checks his M4, SAT phone in his left hand, M4 in his right.

He turns to Marcus, tears in both of their eyes.

MURPHY  
Never out of the fight Marcus.

LUTTRELL  
Never.

Murphy turns, pushes up and simply stands. Completely exposed. He starts running uphill to the exposed rock, hitting send on the SAT phone.

Luttrell and Axe lay down cover as Murph charges up the hill, taking repeated rounds. Legs, arms, guts, Murphy makes it to the clearing, the SAT connection locks in. Murphy sits on a rock oblivious to the incoming rounds.

57 INT. TOC - J-BAD

57

In the TOC a SAT phone rings. Hasslert, sitting by the communications equipment, stares at it, picks it up.

HASSLERT  
J-Bad TOC --

ON THE MOUNTAIN, MURPHY'S CLEAR ROCK FACE.

MURPHY  
Sir this is Lieutenant Mike Murphy.  
Spartan 01. We need immediate air  
support, immediate air support.

Hasslert freezes for a microsecond. Then.

HASSLERT  
Roger Murphy. Can I have your ten  
digit grid.

Hasslert hears gunfire and Murphy impaired breathing.

MURPHY  
(vo on phone)  
We need help now! Need immediate  
CAS.

HASSLERT  
Roger that, I need your ten digit  
grid.

MURPHY  
(vo on phone)  
We are headed down the ravine  
toward the Chichakel village.

Hasslert immediately on his computer firing on the secure intercut comms link, "micro chat".

Tight on Screen.

As he types TIC!

Troops in contact!

HASSLERT  
Murphy can you get me the grids?

MURPHY  
Please hurry. Sir. Thank you.

In the TOC men start looking over as Hasslert types in the call for help.

HASSLERT  
Jesus, I think we need the QRF.

Tight on the computer screen,

'Troops in Contact' 'Murphy in Trouble'.

Tight on Erik Kristensen, eyes wide...reading the call for help.

He grabs the phone.

KRISTENSEN  
Let's move guys. Let's really move!

58 EXT. MOUNTAIN - MURPHY'S CLEARING

58

Back to Murphy, SAT phone dead. He turns faces up hill as two bullets rip into his chest. He keeps firing.

Murphy starts moving up hill firing into the Taliban mass. It's a suicide march...

Luttrell falls back to Axe as Murphy, multiple gun shots keeps firing.

Murphy falls to his knees, screaming in pain...as Taraq and his soldiers move in.

Murphy slams his final magazine, blood pouring through his NYFD patch, running down both arms. Murphy raises his M4, one last full auto burst, hits three Taliban, as a final shot slams through the front of Murphy's face blowing him backwards, completely flipping him head over heels landing on his face.

Eyes still open Murphy's last vision is his Iridium SAT phone. He can die knowing that he was able to make the call.

58A EXT. J-BAD AIRBASE 58A

Marines and SEALs scramble collecting weapons, sprinting to the Blackhawks, Air Force pilots climbing into the Blackhawk, firing engines.

Track with Navy SEALs. Pete Musslemen stuffing magazines into his vest, charging for a Blackhawk.

59 EXT. BAGRAM AIRBASE 59

Tracking with Erik Kristensen, Dan Healy, James Suh as SEALs charge towards waiting 47's.

60 INT. 47'S 60

Nightstalker pilots and flight crew working feverishly to fire up the powerful Chinook engines.

It's clearly all hands on deck as the helicopters are packed with SEALs armed to the teeth.

KRISTENSEN

I said let's move!

Track with Kristensen on the Chinook up to the pilot.

The nightstalker pilot and Kristensen frantically confirming location waypoint of where they think the recon team should logically be.

CUT WIDE: As the two Chinooks loaded with SEALs lift.

61 EXT. J-BAD RUNWAY 61

The Blackhawk about to take off, when HASSLERT sprints across the runway, charging to the lead Blackhawk, shaking his head, eyes locked on Blackhawk pilot screaming,

HASSLERT

NO GO, NO GO, NO GO!

61A EXT. LEAD BLACKHAWK 61A

Door flying open, Pete Musslemen heads out.

MUSSLEMEN  
What's the fucking problem?

Hasslert charging toward Musslemen.

HASSLERT  
You're grounded.

MUSSLEMEN  
What are you fucking talking about?

HASSLERT  
You're grounded, you have no Apache support. Blackhawks can't go in without air cover.

Musslemen looking around realizing the Apaches are not there.

MUSSLEMEN  
Where the fuck are the Apaches?

HASSLERT  
We are trying to figure that out.

MUSSLEMEN  
Where are the fucking Apaches?!!

CUT TO:

62 OMIT 62

63 INT. CHINOOK 47 63

Kristensen's lead 47. Kristensen is up with the Nightstalker pilot.

In the back of the chopper, packed, almost overflowing with SEALs, the men check weapons.

The Airforce Nightstalker pilots checking their 50 caliber side guns.

Everyone silent and intense.

64 EXT. J-BAD AIRSTRIP 64

Musslemen out of his Blackhawk in the face of Hasslert

MUSSLEMEN  
(screaming)  
Where are they?

HASSLERT  
They're coming back.

MUSSLEMEN  
When?

HASSLERT  
On their way now!

MUSSLEMEN  
When will they fucking be here?

HASSLERT  
15 minutes.

MUSSLEMEN  
Are you fucking kidding me?

SLAM CUT:

65 EXT. ROCKS BENEATH 2ND CLIFF 65

Marcus scrambling back with Axe, jammed behind rocks, taking heavy, heavy fire.

Marcus digs in side by side with Axe. Both men shot up, look like hell.

AXE  
Where's Murphy?

Luttrell doesn't answer.

AXE (CONT'D)  
Where's Mike?

LUTTRELL  
Up top.

AXE  
Where up fucking top?

LUTTRELL  
He's getting the QRF.

The incoming gunfire stopping. An eerie silence coming over the hill. Just random Taliban voices. Calm. Distant.

AXE  
What the fuck is going on?

LUTTRELL  
I don't know.

AXE  
Where exactly is Mikey?

LUTTRELL  
I don't know.

More tears pouring down Axe and Luttrell's faces.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
We gotta get down.

AXE  
Did he make the call?

LUTTRELL  
I don't know....we got to get off  
this hill Axe.

AXE  
Do you think he made the call?

Axe and Marcus staring into each other.

66 EXT. AFGHAN SKIES

66

The two Chinook 47's, hauling ass. Back ramp open, Kristensen standing over it.

He looks ready to jump right now. Kristensen looks down at the steep mountains, back up to the following 47.

KRISTENSEN  
(on radio)  
What's the problem?

INTERCUT with Musslemen on the grounded Blackhawk in J-Bad.

MUSSLEMEN  
(radio)  
The Apaches were pulled.

KRISTENSEN  
(radio)  
Why?

MUSSLEMEN

(radio)

Some army troops in contact.

KRISTENSEN

(radio)

Where are they?

MUSSLEMEN

They're saying 10 minutes out.

Kristensen moving up to the pilots of his 47. Plugs into the 47 comms.

KRISTENSEN

What's the deal with the Apaches?  
The Blackhawks are grounded at J-Bad.

PILOT

Roger that. Blackhawks need the air support.

KRISTENSEN

They should have boots on ground right the fuck now.

PILOT

Roger that.

KRISTENSEN

What the fuck is the problem?

PILOT

Not enough air assets in theatre, that's the fucking problem.

KRISTENSEN

What's our fucking ETA?

PILOT

15 minutes.

KRISTENSEN

Where are the Apaches?

PILOT

25 minutes.

KRISTENSEN

Can you put us down without the Apaches?



PILOT  
Not supposed to.

KRISTENSEN  
Will you put us down?

Pilot pauses...looks to Kristensen.

PILOT  
We'll do whatever we have to do to  
get you with your men.

KRISTENSEN  
Thank you.

67 EXT. ON GROUND 67

Luttrell and Axe trying to quietly climb their way down the mountain. Still a couple of hundred feet above the village.

They are climbing, falling 10-20 ft. falls.

67A UP MOUNTAIN: 67A

Taraq tracking them. Shah, higher up communicating on radio.

67B OMIT 67B

68 EXT. HINDU KUSH SKY 68

The two 47's. The 2nd 47 flies past Kristensen, taking the lead.

PILOTS  
(misc comms)  
1st 47 will fly over LZ make sure  
it's clear. Kristensen's 47 will be  
1st to hover.

69 EXT. J-BAD AIRBASE 69

The two Apaches show up. Tearing over the airfield. Hellfire missile arrays and 40 mm front mounted getting guns.

The Blackhawks finally take off following the Apaches.

70 EXT. ON MOUNTAIN

70

Tracking tight with Taraq. His worn sandaled feet slowly stepping down the mountain. He's following blood drops.

Tight on beaded stone necklace with seven American Dog Tags hanging from it like human scalps.

Tight on a blood soaked dog tag:

"Danny Dietz"

We move across the faces of several of these Afghan warriors They feel more like Comanche Indians than anything else.

Fierce and focused, guns up, they hunt Americans.

70A FURTHER DOWN: 3RD CLIFF EDGE ABOVE VILLAGE

70A

Luttrell and Axe at a major cliff edge, looking back up...guns pointed up mountain.

We pull wide and see just how close Taraq now is to Luttrell and Axe, 100 ft. away, max. Closing in.

On Luttrell - hearing Taraq and his men, whispering to Axe.

LUTTRELL

Come here Axe. Let me see you.

Axe nods, blood slow running from his head shot down the back of the neck. Axe touches the wound.

AXE

Did they really shoot me in the head?

LUTTRELL

Yea buddy.

A moment of silence.

AXE

It's funny man. I thought it would feel worse you know.

LUTTRELL

Yea.

AXE  
Mikey and Danny are really dead  
right?

LUTTRELL  
Yea.

AXE  
Are we dead?

LUTTRELL  
Negative.

AXE  
We're fucking good right?

Axe stares at Luttrell. Marcus looks at his dying friend.

AXE (CONT'D)  
Marcus?

LUTTRELL  
We're real good Axe. Real good.  
Mikey made the call. We just got to  
stay alive for fifteen minutes max.

AXE  
Mikey made the call right?

LUTTRELL  
Fuck yea he did.

AXE  
They're coming.

LUTTRELL  
Coming strong man.

AXE  
Good. That's good.

LUTTRELL  
I don't want em to get us with an  
RPG, Axe.

AXE  
If I fucking die you make sure  
Cindy knows how much I love her.

LUTTRELL  
She knows.

AXE

You tell her I died with my  
brothers. With a fucking full  
heart.

LUTTRELL

We ain't dying Axe.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Can you get to that rock over  
there?

Axe looks behind him.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

With the dead black tree?

AXE

Yea I can do that.

LUTTRELL

You get there. I'm gonna move  
right. Cover each other.

AXE

Did Mikey make the call?

LUTTRELL

Fifteen minutes brother. Stay  
strong Axe.

AXE

I'll do it.

LUTTRELL

Stay quiet.

A nod from Axe and the two men split up.

Axe moves to his left, Luttrell to his right.

Tight on Axe. Shot up. Blood pouring from head wound. Tough.  
Grinding it out. Staying low. Deep breathing. Grunting as he  
crosses the mountain.

Gun fire erupts around him. Turning, spots half a dozen  
Taliban on him.

Axe pushes deeper into the woods. A hunted animal running out  
of options.

LUTTRELL

The same. Moving quiet in the other direction.

This is all very silent. Tense....Taraq like a hunting dog, dead quiet, Luttrell and Axe, the hunted, desperately trying to stay quiet.

On Luttrell - trying to move towards a large rock...

His right foot digging in for traction, dislodges a small pebble... on that pebble picking up momentum, hitting smaller pebbles, dislodging more little rocks... A mini avalanche, hitting a bigger rock.

Tight on Luttrell.

Looking down at the small rock slide, hearing its noise....

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Shit.

And they open fire again, bullets firing all around Luttrell, both Luttrell and Axe return fire. This is much closer gun fighting...grenades and RPG's at close quarters. Men behind rocks, guns blazing.

71 INT. LEAD 47 - AIRBORNE 71

Over the head of the lead pilot as he comes flying up towards the mountain.

72 ON LUTTRELL: MOUNTAIN ABOVE VILLAGE 72

Mid gunfight he looks up as that big 47 flies up high over them, over the top of the mountain.

On Axe and Luttrell spotting the QRF.

LUTTRELL

Keep fighting Axe.

Axe is fighting. Shot up but recharged by the 47.

73 INT. LEAD 47 73

Too high to see the gunfight down below the pilot is focusing on the landing area on top of the mountain. He does a 1st fly by over the top. Looks clear.

LEAD 47 PILOT

(on radio)

Looks good. Looks quiet.

2ND 47 PILOT  
Roger that we're good to drop.

The second 47 pulls up over the LZ.

Ramp down, fast rope out. The SEALs, lead by Kristensen, up ready to fast rope out....

The TF 160 gunners alert, scanning behind their 50 Cal. Machine guns.

The 47 pulls up, high hover, 80 ft. drop.

Tight on Kristensen

His hands around the fast rope....

KRISTENSEN  
Let's do this. Patton, you're first  
move!

Shane Patton, can't help but grin, he's on his feet moving towards the open door.

KRISTENSEN (CONT'D)  
You good?

SHANE PATTON  
Couldn't be more good.

KRISTENSEN  
Glorious opportunity here, Mr.  
Patton.

SHANE PATTON  
Yes sir.

Kristensen has one foot out of the chopper when...

Movement on the ground.

50 Cal gunner catches the reflection of something metallic, a small detonation from the ground. Then terrifying sights of incoming ordinance.

50 CAL GUNNER  
RPG!

Tight on Kristensen and Patton looking down as the RPG round flies into the chopper right past them, literally into the 47.

74 EXT. A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THEN...

74

The Chinook explodes.

Ripping apart, tilting, rotor blades immediately tearing into  
treetops then thick tree trunks - like massive buzz saws -  
the chopper turns and burns.

Rocks and trees churn, bodies break and burn and die as the big Chinook 47 rips apart exploding and tumbling down the mountain.

DOWN RANGE:

74A ON LUTTRELL - peering up at the explosion. 74A

Luttrell watches wide-eyed as his teammates smash and burn.

74B ON THE FIRST 47: 74B

Banks hard as the Taliban fire more RPG's and small arms fire up at it-

75 INT. 47 - AIRBORNE 75

Argument breaking out between SEAL Lt. and Airforce Pilot.

SEAL LT.

You got to put us down now!

PILOT

No fucking way.

SEAL LT.

Now!

As the SEALs on the chopper start breaking out the windows firing their M-4's out the window, Airforce gunmen open up the 50 cal's. Massive fire power blasting out from the choppers.

76 MOUNTAIN ABOVE VILLAGE - LATE DAY 76

Marcus looking cross mountain at Axe who has managed to transverse one hundred feet of the mountain and is leading a small pack of Shah's men away from Luttrell.

Axe starts taking heavy fire. Shot twice through the throat. Falling backwards. Trying to get up. Back to his weapon.

AXE DYING.

Marcus watching helpless from across the mountain. Trying to cover Axe as the Taliban move in on him.

Not all of them have followed Axe because as Marcus turns back an RPG blows ten feet in front of him. Shrapnel and rock smashing into the side of his head.

His Helmet tears off his head.



Tight on Marcus rolling backwards. Falling. Tumbling further down the mountain.

Tight on his helmet, Texas flag painted bold across it. Rolling and smashing down the mountain.

He comes to a hard stop slamming the back of his exposed head into a rock.

Tight on Marcus. Close to unconscious. Very dazed, Very confused.

MARCUS POV.

Distorted visuals. Triple vision. No sound except emerging high pitched ringing. Marcus is deaf.

He stares up at this apoplectic mountain in dazed wonder.

76A OMIT 76A

77 INT. 47 - AIRBORNE 77

The SEAL Lt. screaming at the Airforce Pilot.

SEAL LT.  
Open the ramp.

PILOT  
Negative.

SEAL LT.  
Open the goddamned ramp.

The Lt. has to be restrained, physically pulled back by two SEALs. Everyone screaming at each other.

Co-Pilot on radio putting out distress signal calling in the downed 47 to Bagram.

CO PILOT  
We have a downed 47, repeat a downed 47.

78 INT. BAGRAM - CJSOTF 78

This is the big command center. Not just SEALs, everybody-  
Army, Navy, Airforce, Marines.

Shots of a massive response mobilization.

AWACS, C-130s, Choppers filling with Delta, Green Berets, DEV  
Group.

Aircraft taking off. F18 fighter jets vectoring towards  
downed chopper.

79 EXT. LOWER MOUNTAIN 79

Marcus, hearing utterly fucked....getting closer to the  
village. Picking his way down hill.

CUT TO:

80 OMIT 80

80A EXT. AIRBORNE 47 80A

The chopper slow banking a mile off the crash sight.

81 EXT. BLACKHAWK QRF - AIRBORNE 81

The two Apaches pulling ahead of the Blackhawks. Passing the  
47.

82 INT. APACHES 82

Pilots star warred up. Flying straight at the burning  
mountain top.

82A OMIT 82A

83 OMIT 83

83A ON THE MOUNTAIN: 83A

Taraq and his men hear the incoming Apaches.

Shah orders his men to take cover. The Taliban quickly becoming invisible from the sky.

83B DOWN HILL: 83B

Marcus deaf to the incoming Apaches. Has no idea how close they are. As he falls, gets up, off balance stumbles off a 30 ft drop.

This time not so lucky with his landing, comes down hard, shatters his right shin, bone tears through his skin, compound fracture.

Screaming in pain, Luttrell crawls into a rock crevasse. Hiding, he attempts to clear his head.

We play all of Luttrell's audio perspective here as deaf. Abstract surges of sound. He's basically deaf.

The Apaches fly high over head. Missing Luttrell. Disappearing over mountain tops as they keep moving to avoid enemy ground fire.

Struggling to silence his hysterical breathing, Luttrell hides as Tarag and his men move all around him. Luttrell sees shadows of the fighters. He silently starts covering himself with rocks and dirt.

Luttrell well hidden.

We slowly push in on him as his head starts to nod forward. He lifts it. Fighting the powerful urge for sleep. It falls again. He lifts it. Leaning his head back against the crevasse wall.

Taraq and his men back on the hunt. Searching rock to rock.

Tight on Luttrell. Head back. Breathing slower. As Luttrell falls to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

SILENT.

A84

OVER BLACK

A84

The faint singing of morning birds.

Growing louder.

SLOW FADE UP.

WIDE

Looking out at entire Hindu Kush Mountain range as the sun slowly rises behind the tallest peak.

STUNNING SUNRISE.

84

INT. LUTTRELL'S HIDE

84

TIGHT ON MARCUS. Looks DEAD.

EYES TWITCH. SLOWLY OPEN.

LUTTRELL wakes up.

Disoriented. First thing he notices is the bird sitting up on a rock above him. He hears it. Sort of. Faded. Loud then silent. His hearing has partially returned.

LUTTRELL very slowly clears himself from the dirt and rock hide.

Inventories himself, his weapons.

Two magazines, two grenades. No food. No water.

Bleeding has stopped from his gunshot. Leg is fucked up. Shin bone busting out.

Luttrell sits down. Examining his leg. Probing the bone. Rips off his pants exposing his broken leg in UA shorts. Tears welling he bites down on his lips as he resets the broken bone. Jamming it back inside his skin.

Tucking back the bone.

Luttrell packs the puncture wound with dirt. Starts massaging his dead legs. Forcing blood back into them. Deep powerful breathing as he starts to will his body back into life.

85

EXT. LUTTRELL'S HIDE

85

Luttrell slowly moves out of the hide scanning the area for any sign of Taraq or Shah.

Luttrell sees nothing.

The village is close. Couple of hundred yards.

LUTTRELL moves out. Slowly picking his way down towards the village.

At fifty yards Luttrell pulls up. Takes cover behind some rocks. Stares down at the village through his M4 scope.

LUTTRELL'S POV

Early morning. Women light fires.

Buckets of water.

Tight on Luttrell's blistered, cracked bone dry lips as he stares through his scope at the water.

We can feel his desperate thirst.

He stares at the water. Then voices pull his scope left.

LUTTRELL'S POV.

The two goat boys moving through the village.

Tight on Luttrell.

LUTTRELL  
(whispering)  
Motherfuckers.

He's got the kids in his scope. Dead to rights.

Luttrell's finger on the trigger.

The older teenage goat herder's face fills his scope...

Then more voices.

Luttrell pans right.

TALIBAN

Five men.

Armed.

Moving through the village. Passing the boys.

Tight on Marcus.

His finger slowly off the trigger.

Luttrell lowers his weapon. Looks to his left.

LUTTRELL'S POV.

A faint dirt trail below him leading away from the village.

Slowly and silently Luttrell moves out towards that trail.

Away from the village.

TRACKING with Luttrell. Slow going. He starts to put distance between himself and the village.

86 INT. BAGRAM - CJSOTF

86

The main control center.

The recovery of the dead chopper team and speculation over the fate of the four man recon team.

ARMY INTEL GUY

We can confirm that there are no survivors from the 47 and we think we have recovered the bodies of Murphy and Dietz.

Army Captains stare in furious silence.

ARMY INTEL GUY (CONT'D)

Axelson and Luttrell still unaccounted for.

87 OMIT

87

87A Unarmed predator drones circling the area. As Special Ops 87A move in and secure the area around the downed chopper.

5 MILES BELOW:

87B OMIT

87B

88 OMIT

88

88A OMIT

88A

89 OMIT

89

89A OMIT 89A

90 EXT. WOODS 90

Luttrell hobbles and falls and crawls through the woods.

Falling, getting up. Refusing to stop.

A desperate search for water.

90A OMIT 90A

90B In the WOODS. 90B

Tracking with Luttrell.

He's running out of gas.

Falling, crawling...grinding it out.

He falls. On his hands and knees. Stops, head down.

Hears something. Lifts his head. Looks off to his left.

A WOLF.

Male, large and powerful.

The wolf studies Luttrell.

Luttrell studies the wolf.



No menace just mutual curiosity.

Luttrell picks himself up.

Studies the wolf closely.

Water drips off the side of the Wolf's face.

His coat seems wet.

Luttrell turns. Listens.

HEARS the SOUND of falling water.

TRACK with Luttrell towards the sound of the water.

Luttrell moves to 20 ft. waterfall, pouring into a beautiful clear pool of crystal clear fresh water.

Luttrell tries to slide down the steep cliff sides of the water pool.

Too excited, moving too fast, Luttrell slips, falling, tumbling. He falls fast into the water.

UNDERWATER.

Luttrell cuts through the water. Like a baptism as the cool water surrounds him. Luttrell stays under water. Eyes closed. Feeling it.

Finally comes up.

SURFACES.

Swims to the shore on his hands and knees.

LUTTRELL drinks. And drinks.....

Slurping like a broken animal.

Grabbing for hunks of water plants. Luttrell eats. Shoving the plants into his mouth. Desperate for any kind of energy.

TIGHT on LUTTRELL.

Slowly freezes. Senses something.

Slowly looks up.

LUTTRELL'S POV:

Three Afghan men. One man we recognize as Gulab.

A young Afghan boy.

NOT Taraq's crew.

Three different men.

One holds a machete. Staring down at this broken SEAL.

Luttrell stares back at these men.

A moment of silence. Then.

Luttrell reaches for a grenade.

Pulls the pin.

Holds the armed grenade.

The Afghan men appear non pulsed.

LUTTRELL

Stay back.

The men just stare with curiosity.

Luttrell holds up his grenade.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

I don't care. You understand? I  
don't care. I will kill us all.

Finally one of the Afghans. A 30 year old male GULAB, the leader, strong rugged handsome, steps forward. Hands up in peace.

GULAB

Not Taliban.

Luttrell studies Gulab. Looks deep into his eyes.

Luttrell looks from Gulab to the other Afghan men. Their faces seem kind. Nothing like the death looks we have seen from the Taliban.

GULAB (CONT'D)

Come.

Gulab slowly stepping to and reaching for Luttrell.

Voices heard from deeper into the woods.

Taraq and his crew getting closer.

One of Gulab's men says something quiet to Gulab.

Gulab reaches his hand out to Luttrell...

Luttrell looks deep into Gulab's eyes.

Armed grenade in one hand, Luttrell slowly reaches his right bleeding hand out.

Tight on two hands grabbing each other.

As they pull him up, out of the stream, voices of Taraq and his men suddenly much closer.

Gulab whispers something to one of his men.

Luttrell is quickly pushed down into a crevasse between two rocks.

A young Afghan boy sits on top of Luttrell hiding him further.

Luttrell eyes wide, clutching his grenade.

The young boy gently patting Luttrell's back, trying to calm him.

YOUNG BOY  
(whispering)  
Shuuuu....shuuuuu

As Taraq with three Taliban fighters crest the cliff looking down at the pond.

At Gulab and his three men. A young boy sitting on a rock.

A stare off as the armed Taliban look down at the unarmed Gulab and his Villagers.

TARAQ  
(not particularly  
friendly)  
From what Village are you?

TARAQ  
*Da kom kali yee?*

GULAB  
Peace be with you my brother  
we are from Kandish.

GULAB  
*Pa khair zma wrora, mong da  
Kandish you.*

TARAQ  
And are you in Kandish true  
believers and correct in your  
thinking?

TARAQ  
*Aya Tasey da kandish khalgh  
rekhteney musulmanan yastey  
ao da sahee fikrono khawandan  
ye?*

GULAB  
We are my brother.

GULAB  
*Aw baley zamaa rora.*

TARAQ

And have you or any of your brothers seen the Americans moving through these woods?

TARAQ

*Aya ta ya sta wronoo americayan garzedal de largo taraf ta da Amrecayano ledely?*

GULAB

You are the only people we have seen.

GULAB

*Tasey yawazaney khalk ye che mong waledaley.*

Taraq studies Gulab.

Looks closely.

TARAQ's POV

Luttrell's blood on his right hand. A drop drips into the water.

TARAQ

Is something wrong with your hand?

TARAQ

*Aya sta lass Khog dey?*

Gulab holds Tarraq's gaze. Doesn't look at the blood.

GULAB

We have been cutting trees all day my friend. Usually there is much more blood.

GULAB

*Dosta, Monga tola wراز waney ghosawoo, Zyatara wakht zmong lawsoona weeney kege.*

In the CREVASSE.

Luttrell is freaking out. Hyperventilating.

The young boy keeps gently patting his back.

Taraq studies Gulab on more beat.

TARAQ

If you see the Americans. Tell us or we will take your heads.

TARAQ

*Ka taso americayan woledel. Mong ta malomat rakey ao ka na mong ba staso sarona ghos kro.*

GULAB

I understand.

GULAB

*Za pohegam.*

TARAQ

Peace be with you my brother.

TARAQ

*Zma wrora Allah de pa man ke lara.*

GULAB

And may peace be with you as well my brother.

GULAB

*Allah de ta hum pa aman ke lare.*

Taraq and his men take off. Hold on Gulab and his men a couple of beats.

Gulab signals to one man who quickly and silently moves up the little cliff.

Signals that it is clear.

Gulab quickly moves to a very confused Luttrell, pulling him out of the crevasse.

LUTTRELL

Why are you helping me?

GULAB

No Taliban.

On Luttrell as the Afghans quickly move him into the woods, The little Afghan boy continues patting Luttrell's leg for comfort.

91 INT. BAGRAM AIR BASE. CJSOTF 91

Frantic activity as rescue teams are tracked. SEALs, Rangers, Green Berets, Marines. Small tracking teams inserted all throughout the area. Each assigned to different villages. Tight on a map as we see the KANDISH village.

92 EXT. GULAB'S VILLAGE 92

Luttrell with Gulab and the Afghans being led into the small village. He's walking weak with an arm on Gulab's shoulder, the grenade still tight in right hand.

Luttrell's POV:

The Village. Men women, children, animals all staring at this Giant broken American. An alien entering their world.

Marcus staring back in equal confusion. Locking eyes with a 90 year old woman.

The young boy by his side points to the woman. Has a conversation with her. Pointing to Marcus's Texas leg.

93 INT. GULAB'S HOUSE 93

Luttrell laid down on a mattress.

GULAB

We get Americans for you.

LUTTRELL

Do you know where to find the  
Americans?

GULAB

Yes, we know.

LUTTRELL

Pen? Paper? Please.

A pen and note paper are produced. Luttrell scribbles a note.  
Identifying himself, asking for assistance.

Gulab takes the note, gives it to his father, a fifty-eight-  
year-old Afghan mountain man, strong muscle.

93A The trekker pockets the note, heads out of the village, 93A  
disappears up into the mountain.

93B Stay with Luttrell and Gulab. Luttrell looks from Gulab to 93B  
the little boy, slowly puts pin back in grenade. Then from  
outside, loud voices ARGUING.

93C Track with Gulab outside to the edge of the village. 93C  
Taraq with five men. He looks pissed.

TARAQ

We want the American.

TARAQ

*Mong Americaye ghawaro.*

GULAB

Please leave our village.

GULAB

*Mehrabani okey zamonga kali  
perigadey*

TARAQ

This village has supported  
the Americans.

TARAQ

*Da dey kali khalgo  
Americayano sara marasta kari  
da.*

GULAB

We want no trouble with you,  
please leave.

GULAB

*Mong taso sara hes moshkel na  
ghawaro, mehrabani/lutfan da  
dey zaya larr shey.*

Taraq studies Gulab a beat, then without warning smashes him  
in the side of the face. Gulab takes a knee. Looks up.

Taraq hits him again.

Pure humiliation.

Tight on Gulab, tears water, as he summons his courage and  
stands tall, defiant, eyes blazing back at Tarag.

Luttrell's room as Taraq and his men come smashing through the door.

Luttrell weak, tries to get up, is smashed down to the floor by Taraq.

Luttrell tries to fight back. He is too weak, he is kicked and pounded viscously by Taraq and his men. Grenade just out of reach.

Luttrell is flipped on his back. Arms and legs held down as Taraq gets on top of him, knife out.

TARAQ

What base are you from?

Luttrell's head held back, neck exposed, Taraq moves in with the blade.

TARAQ (CONT'D)

What unit are you from?

When the door is kicked open.

Gulab AK-47 aimed at Taraq, two armed villagers behind him. From the windows, an old man with a shotgun. Screaming and chaos. Eight armed Afghans in a small room. Screaming at each other. Guns up.

Taraq freezes. Out the window he sees five more of Gulab's villagers - guns up.

GULAB

Enough.

GULAB

*bas.*

Taraq slowly stands.

TARAQ

You are making a mistake.

TARAQ

*Tasey ghalatey kawey.*

GULAB

You will not harm this man in my home.

GULAB

*Ta ba zama pa koor ki dey sara ta hes na waye.*

TARAQ

Then let us take him.

TARAQ

*No bya zey che we neso.*

GULAB

He is my guest. You will leave our village.

GULAB

*hagha zama milma day. Taso zmong da kali wozey.*



TARAQ  
We will come back.

TARAQ  
*Mong ba bia razo.*

GULAB  
Then you will fight my entire  
tribe.

GULAB  
*Bya ba zma tola qabila staey  
khilaf jange kawe.*

A tense stand off, Taraq staring at Gulab. He and his men slowly release Luttrell...move out past Gulab.

TARAQ  
For an American you will all  
die. Do you understand that?

TARAQ  
*Da yao Americayee da para ba  
taso toll mrey. Aya taso  
powhegey*

GULAB  
Stay away from this village.

GULAB  
*Da dey kali na larey osey.*

They stare inches apart. Taraq smiles, orders his men out.

Taraq stops, turns back, faces the entire village.

TARAQ  
You have all made your  
choice, you have declared  
your side and for this all  
men, women, children will be  
slaughtered. All of you.

TARAQ  
*Taso tolo khapal fareeq aw  
khawakha malooma kra, da dey  
pa waja ba tol nareena,  
khazena aw moshoman mrey.  
Tasey tol.*

Tight on Gulab trembling trying his best to show no fear.

Tight shots of Gulab's villagers; farmers with guns, all of them trembling.

95 EXT. MOUNTAINS

95

The old men with the note from Luttrell treks hard and fast over the mountains.

96 EXT. WOODS - OUTSIDE VILLAGE

96

Taraq on cell phone as he climbs up a small hill overlooking Gulab's village.

Taraq's calling in more men, waiting.

97 EXT. GULAB'S VILLAGE

97

Gulab and three of his tribesmen having a heated conversation, argument over Luttrell. Feels similar to the SEALS debating the ROE on the mountain top.

Women in packs watch from a distance.

98

INT. GULAB'S HOUSE

98

The little boy squatting on floor next to Luttrell, won't take his eyes off him.

An odd staring contest.

MARCUS

What's your name?

The boy just stares.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Name?

Nothing.

Luttrell looks down at his gunshot wounds, still seeping blood. He looks to the young boy.

LUTTRELL

Hey.

The boy looks at Luttrell.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Come. Come.

Luttrell gestures for the boy to come over.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Knife.

The boy is confused. Just stares at Luttrell.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Knife.

Luttrell finds a little piece of wood on the cave floor, picks it up. Makes a cutting move with it.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Knife.

LITTLE BOY

Knife.

LUTTRELL

Go get knife.

99 EXT. WOODS - OUTSIDE VILLAGE 99

Shah, with five more heavily armed Taliban, join Tarag in the woods. Brief conversation in Arabic -- Tarag briefs Shah on situation. Now ten in total, they stare down at Gulab's village.

100 INT. GULAB'S HOUSE 100

The little boy has brought back a small live duck. Presents it to Luttrell.

LUTTRELL  
(confused)  
What is that?

The kid silently holds the duck out to Luttrell.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)  
I said knife.

LITTLE BOY  
Knife.

LUTTRELL  
That's not a knife.

LITTLE BOY  
Not a knife.

LUTTRELL  
That's a fucking duck.

LITTLE BOY  
That's a fucking duck.

LUTTRELL  
I need a knife!

LITTLE BOY  
Knife!

LUTTRELL  
For my leg!

LITTLE BOY  
For my leg!

Gulab enters looking down at Luttrell.

LUTTRELL  
Please. I need a knife.

Gulab staring down at Luttrell. Moves to the back of the house, comes back with a large knife.

Gruesome bullet removing sequence. Blood. Screaming digging scraping out bullets and shrapnel from Luttrell's back and legs. Gulab digs with a knife. Pours water on the wounds. The little boy holds Luttrell's hands and whispers to him.

Luttrell passes out.

101 EXT. HINDU KUSH - NIGHT 101

Under the full moon the trekker moves across a mountain top.

101A Gulab and his villagers stand watch over their village. 101A

101B Luttrell sleeps. His fever burning. 101B

SUNRISE

102 EXT. HILLS ABOVE GULAB'S VILLAGE 102

Taraq and Shah, now with fifty men. Heavily armed. AKS and RPGS, Shah gives orders. The men break into three groups. Moving out to flank the village.

Gulab's villagers still on watch. The town feels locked down like an old western.

103 INT. BAGRAM - CJSOTF 103

Secure phone rings. Marine answers it.

MARINE

We've got a report of a letter asking for assistance.

COMMANDER

From who?

MARINE

Marcus Luttrell. Sir, they did a hand writing comparison and its does appear to be Luttrell.

COMMANDER

Where is he?

MARINE

KANDISH Village.

COMMANDER

Go get him son.

103A EXT. C-130 - AIRBORNE 103A

The "HAND OF GOD". A high altitude attack aircraft capable of striking targets from 25,000 feet.

104 INT. COCKPIT 104

C-130 pilots getting instructions to move into the Kandish Village area. Gunmen settling into fire positions.

105 INT. GULAB'S HOUSE 105

Luttrell wakes. A small fire. Gulab and the little boy staring at Luttrell.

Luttrell struggles to sit up.

Gulab hands him water. Luttrell drinks in massive gulps. Choking.

Gulab takes water bottle from Marcus.

GULAB

(arabic)

Slow.

Gulab hands Luttrell a bowl of cooked Lamb.

Luttrell starts inhaling the meat. Fist fulls. As he starts choking.

GULAB (CONT'D)

(arabic)

Slow.

Luttrell nods. Trying to slow down. Trying to show a semblance of control.

Gulab points to the Texas flag on Marcus's vest.

GULAB (CONT'D)

America?

MARCUS

Texas.

GULAB

America?

MARCUS

Yes. America. Texas is America,  
Yes.

LITTLE BOY

Tex.

MARCUS

Texas.

LITTLE BOY

Texas.

Luttrell eyes the water bottle.

LUTTRELL

More water. Please.

Gulab hands Marcus the bottle. Again he starts drinking in desperate, choking gulps. The little boy laughing at Luttrell's ravenous thirst. Gulab a small smile.

The little boy and Gulab just stare. As Luttrell finishes all the meat and drinks all the water.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

I don't know why your doing this  
for me.

Gulab and the little boy staring at Marcus.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The two men staring at each other as an incoming RPG slams into the house. Huge explosion.

Frantic screaming from outside. Gulab up and out first. Luttrell struggles to stand. The little boy moving to Luttrell helping him up. Luttrell grabbing his vest and gun moving out just as a 2nd RPG detonates destroying the rest of Gulab's house.

106

EXT. VILLAGE

106

TARAQ attacks with his men.

Brutal fight. Hand to hand, gun on gun. Gulab shot, Marcus shot again. The Taliban is about to kill Marcus when the little boy calls out to Marcus.

The Taliban is on top of Luttrell, choking him, killing him. Luttrell's hands clawing at the man, digging into earth, grasping for wood, a stone, anything...when...a KNIFE, is slapped into Luttrell's hand. Luttrell looks up, the little boy. Staring at Luttrell.

Marcus buries the knife into the neck of the fighter.

Rolling out as the building in front of them detonates. Heavy machine gunfire tearing it up. Luttrell and Shah fall back. A woman charges out grabbing the little boy. Eye contact with Luttrell as he is carried away.

Gulab and Marcus pinned down...Taraq moving in.

Taraq is about to win.

When off camera, Luttrell looking up at the empty sky, he hears something.

THUMP THUMP THUMP

Silent. Then.

Giant explosions all around Luttrell. Taliban blowing up as if HAND of GOD was attacking.

106A	INT. AC-130	106A
	We see gunners targeting. The 40mm firing with extreme precision.	
106B	Luttrell looks up behind him.	106B
	Two American Apaches, flanking two Blackhawks.	
106C	HIGHER	106C
	C-130 gunship starts slow banking...	
	Tight on pilots, gunmen, ammo, fingers on triggers...sights locked in...	
106D	On the ground...	106D
	All gunships open fire, the ground around the village erupts. Taliban shredded.	
	Taliban trying to run away. Shredded by the Apaches. The C-130.	
	Taraq turns...starts to run away.	
	Tight on Luttrell, gun up. Tight on Gulab, gun up...	



POV: Both sights, Taraq's head full frame.

Both men take a breath...

LUTTRELL  
Glorious Day.

Gulab fires first.

On Taraq, running towards us full frame as...

Gulab's bullet slams into the side of Taraq...spinning him around as...Luttrell's bullet takes his head off...Taraq falling slow and hard. Dead.

Tight on Luttrell and Gulab.

Apaches circling over head as two Blackhawks land behind them.

Air Force Search and Rescue Helicopter airmen charge out of the chopper towards Luttrell.

CREW CHIEF  
Luttrell?

LUTTRELL  
Yes sir.

CREW CHIEF  
It's time to go home.

The Airmen reach for Luttrell. Luttrell won't let go of Gulab. They hold each other like life long brothers.

The US Airmen separate Marcus from Gulab. Marcus is too weak to resist.

107 INT. CHOPPER

107

Luttrell loaded in the chopper, looks back at Gulab, reaches for him.

Gulab takes his hand.

LUTTRELL  
He comes with me.

Luttrell's hand is gently separated from Gulab as Green Berets move into the village. Gulab steps back as the chopper takes off.

Tight on Luttrell, weak eyes open, glassed up.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

There is a randomness to life. A  
luck, a rhythm that is beyond my  
ability to understand.

108 INT. CHOPPPER

108

Flying fast over the Afghan mountains.

Luttrell beaten and broken, but clear-eyed...

Staring down at the vast epic Afghan mountain range.

LUTTRELL

Brave men have fought and died  
building the proud tradition and  
fear of reputation that I am bound  
to uphold.

The mighty Hindu Kush...

As the sun sets...

Back to opening. Doctor's working frantically to save Luttrell.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

I died up on that mountain. There's  
no question a part of me will  
forever be up on that mountain dead  
as my brothers died.

Close on heart monitor.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

But, there is a part of me that  
lived. Because of my brothers,  
because of them, I am still alive,  
and I can never forget that no  
matter how much it hurts, how dark  
it gets, how far you fall...

From flatline to a heartbeat.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)

You are never out of the fight.

LONE SURVIVOR.