

(Name of Project)

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They fall back by teams, laying down a heavy suppressing fire as Jackson carries along Deadly in his arms, looking like an absurd parody of a groom carrying his bride to the wedding bed. Deadly has one arm wrapped around his neck while she fires over his shoulder with the other.

OUTLAW 2-5

Sergeant Jackson, this is Outlaw 2-5. Now would be a good time to get the hell out of here, over.

JACKSON

Roger that, we're on our way.

Bullets are whizzing past them. Far away, almost obscured in the dust and smoke, a MILITIAMAN crouches and fires a single shot. The round SLAMS into Jackson's back and explodes out of his chest. He staggers and falls to knee, then gets right BACK UP again.

He ascends the ramp, passing the CREW CHIEF, who is firing with his pistol, and sets Deadly down in the seat. She yells and grasps her broken leg.

COMMAND

Outlaw, this is Command. We have a probable nuclear threat on the capital. Proceed *immediately* to the minimum safe distance until the all clear is given by the NEST team!

JACKSON collapses into his seat, and slots a grenade into his carbine's under-barrel launcher as his men pile back aboard.

JACKSON

Go, go!

He strikes his troopers on the back as they rush past. Beyond, over a dozen MILITIA race forward, spraying fire.

The helicopter begins to lift off.

Jackson fires his grenade launcher. With a dull *foomf* the grenade sails into the midst of the crowd. The explosion sends them (and several severed limbs) flying.

An RPG screams past Outlaw 2-5, missing it by a few feet at most. A second follows quickly after, missing as well.

OUTLAW 2-5

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We're in for some chop. Hang on.

Outlaw 2-5 takes off. Out the open back, Jackson's squad sees several more helicopters hot on their heels, escaping like them.

COMMAND

All US forces, be advised, we have a *confirmed* nuclear threat in the city. NEST teams are on site and attempting to disarm. I repeat -

Suddenly, an explosion brighter than the sun fills the horizon. It is framed perfectly by the open doorway. Everyone on board turns away, shielding their eyes, as a titanic fireball blossoms over the city. An enormous shock wave spreads from it. A ring of dust rolls over the buildings, knocking down the weaker structures, and the helicopters that are caught in the shock wave are swatted from the sky as if by an invisible hand.

JACKSON

Everyone, *hang on!*

OUTLAW 2-5 IS HIT, and goes into a tailspin. An alarm bleeps. Everyone is grappling onto whatever hand hold they can find. The CREW CHIEF, despite his best efforts, is sucked out of the hatchway. The spinning ground comes up to meet them.

CUT TO BLACK.

The sound of a tremendous crash, and the screen is dark and without sound for several seconds. Then we hear the howl of a strong wind, and the beating of a man's heart.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - TWILIGHT

JACKSON lies in the Sea Knight. It has crashed at an angle, with the tail end thrust high in the air. He lies at the very bottom, next to the cockpit doorway. His eyes flutter open, and his radio crackles. He has lost his rifle, but does not notice.

He starts to slowly crawl up the sloping metal floor, past the corpses of his men.

MALE RADIO OPERATOR

Flash, NBC 1 Nuclear. Bravo, NV 0 6  
2 6 Fuse 4, Bravo ... 90 degree  
grid. Hotel: Surface. Juliet: 90  
seconds.

The transmission breaks apart into static, various voices audible but indistinct. Jackson looks ahead to see the side of a building, and a plume of smoke billowing as if in a strong wind. The entire world has a sickly, sepia tone to it.

As he reaches the boarding ramp, he sees the street outside littered with debris. The smoke from the few fires are blowing almost horizontal, and scraps of paper flit past on the wind.

He topples over the end and falls seven or eight feet to the ground. He gasps quietly, and as he looks around he sees it:

AN ENORMOUS MUSHROOM CLOUD rising over the city. His radio crackles once more, the dispassionate voice fading in and out.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR

Live nuclear detonation detected.  
Fallout predicted within a radius  
of 7.4 miles. Epicenter located at  
NV 0 5 8 6 8 0. Personnel within  
primary...

He struggles to his feet, gasping with the effort. He takes off his helmet, and for a long moment he stares at the thermonuclear cloud towering above him, impossibly high, inconceivably cruel, tall, pale, monstrous.

Tears roll down his dust-stained face.

He drops his helmet, and feels the wound in his chest. When he takes away his hand, the fingers are red, but he hardly seems to notice the pain. Down in front of him he sees DEADLY's corpse. Around him are the bodies of a few more of his men, their clothes billowing and snapping in the wind.

Jackson limps forward, one of his legs broken in the crash. He raises an arm to shield his eyes against the dust blowing through the streets. As he walks, he turns in a slow circle, taking in the desolate city and the wreck of the Sea Knight.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR

...immediate evacuation.  
Contamination centers are being  
established at this time and will  
be fully operational within two  
hours. Personnel are expected to be  
there...

He stops to stare at one high-rise building, a plume of dust blowing off it. It crumbles with a distant rumble a few seconds later.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR  
 ...reports of massive casualties  
 coming in from all sectors ...  
 radiation sickness. Personnel with  
 elevated levels are advised to seek  
 medical attention at the first  
 available opportunity.

Jackson staggers forward, wandering aimlessly for a few more agonizing seconds, before dropping to one knee, then onto all fours. At last he collapses. With great effort, he rolls onto his back. We can hear his heart beating again, and it is slowing.

For a moment we look over the scene from on high: Jackson, the bodies of the others, the helicopter wreck.

CU - JACKSON'S FACE IN PROFILE

JACKSON  
 It is finished.

He looks at the sky, and breathes his last.

The mushroom cloud still reaches to the heavens as voices begin to chatter.

BRITISH REPORTER  
 - What appears to be an explosion  
 of epic proportions -  
 FEMALE REPORTER AMERICAN REPORTER  
 Reports remain sketchy and - Damage appears to be total.  
 unconfirmed at this time.

AMERICAN REPORTER #2  
 - To have set off what appears to  
 have been a nuclear explosion in  
 his own country.  
 BRITISH REPORTER FEMALE REPORTER  
 -Maybe the start of something larger. Whether Al-Asad was among the victims of what may have been a suicidal -  
 What I can see from the hotel here is a mushroom cloud about forty miles high -

FEMALE REPORTER #2  
 - Continue to burn across a massive  
 wasteland.

AMERICAN REPORTER  
 - Casualty figures are high.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

The camera zooms out, revealing the mushroom cloud is on a large television screen. American, British, and Turkish AIRMEN stare in horror. At one table are PRICE, SOAP, and GAZ, riveted by the events on screen.

The hall begins to murmur, then explodes in shouts, curses, and sobs. Several men rush out to find a phone.

GAZ is furious, PRICE is awed, SOAP is stoic.

PRICE

He did it. He had the *will* to do what we dared not. My God. Millions will hail him as a martyr.

GAZ

He's a mass murderer, is what he is!

PRICE

The genius of it... the entire war was an enormous trap. He has built himself a monument forty miles high.

SOAP

But that makes no sense...

They look at him.

SOAP

Nikolai said that Al-Asad was a coward and a cynic. Why would he martyr himself? I can see him butchering his own people, the grotty bastard, but killing himself?

They pause and reflect as they realize the truth of his words.

PRICE

When was the last confirmed sighting of Al-Asad?

GAZ

Al-Fulani's execution. Why?

SOAP

He could have left the country  
before the invasion even began.

PRICE

He knew we would find him, no  
matter where he hid, but if we  
believed he was dead... We would  
not even look for evidence, not at  
the epicenter of a nuclear blast.

GAZ

I think we should have a chat with  
our friend Nikolai.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hospital is overflowing. The beds are filled with  
American MARINES dying of radiation burns and poisoning.  
NURSES and DOCTORS desperately try to tend to them all, and  
the PA's calls never cease.

Staff Sergeant GRIGGS sits on a crate outside one tent, head  
low and helmet in his hands. There is a constant stream of  
traffic coming in and out.

A CAPTAIN comes up to him.

CAPTAIN

Staff Sergeant Griggs?

Griggs looks up. The captain kneels down beside him.

CAPTAIN

How many men do you still have?

GRIGGS

That's the question, ain't it? Not  
how many we've lost, but how many  
are still alive... I have eleven  
men left out of my entire platoon  
that are still fit to fight, sir.

CAPTAIN

Your men performed bravely. I heard  
about the assault on the station,  
and the attempt to rescue the  
Viper. Jackson's going to win the  
Silver Star at least.

GRIGGS  
A small consolation, sir.

CAPTAIN  
I have something better. That's why  
I'm here. Word from up high is that  
Al-Asad is still alive.

GRIGGS stares.

CAPTAIN  
We have an informant, Code Name  
Nikolai -

GRIGGS  
What the hell kinda name is that  
for an informant?

CAPTAIN  
I don't pick 'em. He says there is  
a safehouse in the Caucasus that Al-  
Asad has used in the past. We have  
the coordinates. It's only a few  
hours away. Command's been looking  
for the best soldiers we have on  
hand. Your platoon's bravery these  
past two days went above and beyond  
the call of duty... We're not going  
to reward that with medals  
though...

GRIGGS stands up, newfound energy flowing through his veins,  
a smile spreading across his face.

GRIGGS  
The Caucasus, huh? I've heard  
they're lovely this time of year.

CAPTAIN  
It'll be a joint operation with the  
Brits and Russians. You'll be under  
an officer in the SAS.

GRIGGS  
Who?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

PRICE, GAZ, and SOAP drop into frame. A cigar is clenched tightly between the captain's jaws. It has burned down to little more than a nub by now.

A wide overhead shot shows them having jumped from a Seahawk helicopter, VULTURE 1-6. They crouch in the high grass, silver in the moonlight and swaying in the helicopter's downwash. They are in the foothills of the majestic Caucasus Mountains, which loom silent and immense behind them. The Seahawk takes off.

Words appear on screen:

**Day 4 - 02:00:34**  
**Ingushetia, Southern Russia**

The seconds are ticking away. A small light flashes a few times ahead of them.

PRICE  
There's the Americans. Let's go.

They join the American team: a squad of Marines led by SSgt. GRIGGS.

PRICE  
Staff Sergeant Griggs?

GRIGGS  
Captain Price.

The two men salute.

PRICE  
Glad to have you with us. Are these all your men?

GRIGGS  
They are.

Griggs looks at Gaz and Soap.

GRIGGS  
Are these all yours?

GAZ  
We're goddamned Bravo Team. We only need three men.

Price gives Gaz a raised eyebrow, but nothing more, before returning to Griggs.

PRICE

We were the nearest available team. The Loyalists are expecting us half a klick to the north. Let's move out.

They start to move through the thorny forests and syrupy fens, looking like ghosts in the mist.

SOAP

Loyalists, eh? Are those the good Russians or the bad Russians?

PRICE

Well, they won't shoot us on sight, if that's what you're asking.

SOAP

Yeah, well, that's good enough for me, sir.

COMMAND

Bravo Six, this is Command. AC-130 gunship support is entering your airspace at this time. Out.

PRICE

Copy. Bravo Six out.

GRIGGS

An AC-130, huh? Haven't worked with one of those in a while.

PILOT

Bravo Six, this is Wildfire. Heard you could use some help down there. Call the shot.

We see WILDFIRE high in the clouds above: a massive AC-130U Spooky gunship packing enough artillery to level a small city.

PRICE

Copy, Wildfire. Standby.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

They enter into a meadow with high grass and a rusting tractor. They stop. PRICE drops his cigar and crushes it beneath his boot.

PRICE  
Gaz, you smell that?

GAZ  
Yeah. Kamarov.

GRIGGS  
Huh? I don't smell anything. What -

KAMAROV (30s) emerges from behind a large bush, holding his rifle above his head. He comes to a stop in front of PRICE. The man is wearing a gray afghanka (winter uniform) and ushanka (fur cap).

KAMAROV  
Welcome to the New Russia, Captain Price.

Two dozen of his SOLDIERS rise from the high grass. They are SPETSNAZ, Russia's special forces.

PRICE  
What's the target, Kamarov? We want Al-Asad.

Suddenly a salvo of rockets streak into the heavens from over the hill, bright against the night sky.

SOAP  
What the bloody hell's going on over there?

KAMAROV  
The BM-21s on the other side of the hill. Their rockets are killing hundreds of civilians in the valley below.

GRIGGS  
Yeah well not for long they're not.

The Spetsnaz begin to move off, but PRICE grabs KAMAROV's arm.

PRICE

Not so fast. Remember Grozny?  
You're with us.

KAMAROV

Hm. I guess I owe you one.

GAZ

Bloody right you do.

KAMAROV

The townspeople have long since fled. Al-Asad may be there, at the house at the top of the hill. The Ultrationalists are protecting him.

PRICE

Make it quick, Kamarov. I want Al-Asad.

They head out, the Britons and Americans a little ways behind the Spetsnaz.

GAZ

*May be there?* I hate bargaining with Kamarov. There's always a bloody catch.

They reach the top of a ridge, and see the town on the hill opposite. Salvoes of shining rockets whoosh out of the town, arcing down into the valley floor far below.

PRICE

We can't let Al-Asad escape. We need to encircle them. Griggs, you and your men stay here. We'll work our way around, and hit 'em from all sides. We've got a gunship up there to provide backup.

GRIGGS

Marine Corps's also dispatched a flight o' Harriers our way.

KAMAROV

I have a Mi-28 attack helicopter standing by at a safe distance.

GAZ

Something tells me this is gonna be a night to remember.

The SPETSNAZ and SAS jog through the night, taking up their positions, while the MARINES hunker down on the ridge, watching the town. GRIGGS watches through a pair of field glasses.

The SPETSNAZ take cover in a creek bed close to the edge of the trees.

The SAS creep up towards a gas station on the highway next to the town. A T-72 tank is parked there, with a squad of soldiers milling about. PRICE puts a finger to his ear.

PRICE

You didn't say there'd be armor,  
Kamarov.

KAMAROV

I didn't say there wouldn't be,  
either. You have nothing to worry  
about. We'll take them out, and  
carve a path straight to your man,  
Captain Price, if he is indeed  
there.

PRICE

Roger.

GAZ

I bet he knows if he's here. We  
should just beat it out of him,  
sir.

PRICE

Not yet. Vulture One-Six, we're in  
position.

The Seahawk VULTURE 1-6 circles the town high above.

VULTURE 1-6

Bravo Six, this is Vulture One-Six.  
Radio jammers are active. You're  
cleared to assault the town. Out.

PRICE

Right, lads. We're goin' deep, and  
we're goin' hard.

GAZ

Surely you can't be serious.

PRICE

Wildfire, fire mission, danger  
close.

PRICE(cont'd)

Enemy armor and infantry at the gas station 100 meters north of our position. Over.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

We look down on the gas station from Wildfire's heat vision camera. White figures mill on a black background. The image is ringed with various numbers and points of data. We never see the crew, but we hear their voices, cool and detached.

PILOT

Uh... TV, confirm you see the gas station.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Roger that, we see it.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

Request permission to engage.

PILOT

Copy. You are cleared to engage.

GUNNER

Copy. Comin' down.

We hear a thumping sound as the howitzer fires, and the camera shakes violently.

GUNNER

Shot!

A second later the gas station dissolves silently in an enormous white cloud.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Whoa!

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

Yep, that was right on target.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The gas station has disappeared in a truly titanic explosion, forming a fiery mushroom cloud. SOAP stares in stony silence, and PRICE speaks quietly to himself.

PRICE

Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them.

GAZ, meanwhile, pumps his fist and crows. A klaxon begins to wail.

GAZ  
*That's bloody outrageous, mate!*

A few DAZED SOLDIERS stumble out of the smoke.

ULTRANATIONALIST  
(no subtitles)  
It's the Americans!

GAZ  
'Amerikancy?' Why do they think  
we're American?

PRICE  
If someone intervened in your civil  
war, wouldn't you assume it was the  
Americans?

The few survivors are cut down with pathetic ease by the SAS.

PRICE  
(radio)  
All units: converge.

On the ridge, two MARINES fire a mortar, and the star shell  
explodes over the town, bathing the world in a red glow.

GRIGGS is contacting the Harriers.

GRIGGS  
Falcon One, I want a bombing run  
right along the east edge of the  
town.

High in the night sky a flight of four HARRIER jets shift  
course.

FALCON ONE  
Target confirmed. Standby for  
airstrike.

KAMAROV is speaking into his radio.

KAMAROV (SUBTITLE)  
Mosin Two-Five, commence attack  
run.

MOSIN 2-5 (SUBTITLE)  
Two-Five here. We are on the way.  
Standby for air support.

The eastern edge of the town goes up in a sheet of flame as the HARRIERS strafe it.

GRIGGS

Go, go, go!

The MARINES move in.

Elsewhere, Ultranationalist SOLDIERS look around in alarm. Their OFFICER starts to shout orders, but tapers off as he hears the unmistakable sound of an approaching helicopter. Out the night gloom screams a HAVOC HELICOPTER, which cuts loose with an enormous salvo of rockets that obliterate the Ultranationalists.

KAMAROV

Let's do this!

The SPETSNAZ sweep forward. The BM-21s fire a fresh volley.

PRICE

Wildfire, take out that artillery!

PILOT

Copy.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

We see the world again through the thermal television. The Spooky tracks up the hill and sees the battery of rocket artillery in a field outside the farm.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Man, these guys are goin' to town.

PILOT

Recalibrate azimuth sweep angle.  
Adjust elevation scan.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

Clear to engage all of those?

PILOT

Yeah, clear to engage. Light 'em up.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

Copy. Smoke 'em.

The deep thumping of the Bofors cannon, and the artillery is blown to pieces. Small figures run across the field.

In the corner has been a flashing '40mm'. The camera then cuts in closer, and now the word '25mm' is flashing.

A Gatling cannon opens up, and starts churning up the earth around the fleeing white figures.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER  
Get that person.

Men are scrambling in every direction to escape the lead raining down.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER  
Guy running... Okay you got him.  
Good kill, good kill. Get back on  
the other guys.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

SAS, MARINES, and SPETSNAZ sweep through the burning town, bright in the red glare of the star flares, driving all in a rout before them. Tracers cut between ramshackle cottages, and grenades throw up dirt and shrapnel in the yards and alleyways. Men shout orders and encouragement. The Havoc helicopter MOSIN 2-5 rolls overhead, strafing the open streets.

KAMAROV is firing from the window of one house.

SPETSNAZ (SUBTITLE)  
Contact left!

Shots slam into the left wall, and KAMAROV turns to see more ULTRANATIONALISTS bearing down on him. He shifts to fire out an open doorway, and the rebels are quickly cut down by the combined arms of his men. Two ATTACK DOGS bound forward, snarling.

KAMAROV guns down one, and then hear the click of an empty magazine. He starts to reload, but is too late.

KAMAROV (SUBTITLE)  
Son of a-

He drops his rifle and throws up his hands as the dog slams into him, knocking him down. He has a brief, nightmare image of long, yellow teeth, hot saliva, and mad eyes, before he grabs its neck and twists. He feels it snap, and the dog goes limp with a whimper. He throws it off and scrabbles for his rifle.

KAMAROV (SUBTITLE)  
Keep up your fire!

On the ridge, two MARINES still operate the mortar popping out flares. A third shouts into a radio, voice indistinct.

The HARRIERS whoosh over his shoulder and blow apart a large, white inn that has been spraying fire on the advancing MARINES. GRIGGS takes his men forward.

The SAS are trapped in one house, firing on a burning building up the ridge. Dark figures dart back and forth in front of it like misshapen goblins, except these goblins are armed to the teeth with automatic weapons and peppering the SAS's cover with bullets. Price's finger is at his ear.

PRICE

Wildfire, we're taking fire from the burning building in the center of town. Request fire support, danger close!

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The street in thermal vision. An RPG streaks across it.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Whoa, somebody just fired an RPG!

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

Roger that. Crew, take out everything around that house.

PILOT

Set scan range.

The Bofors gun thumps, the Gatling cannon whirs, and enemy resistance crumbles.

GUNNER

Kaaaboom.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Yeah, good kill. I see lots of little pieces down there.

A few survivors are fleeing.

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

We got a runner here.

One Bofors shot takes care of him.

THERMAL TV OPERATOR

Ooh, that's gotta hurt. Uh, moving  
vehicle on the road.

A BMP-2 rattles down the dirt road. The Bofors gun fires, and  
the armored vehicle goes up in an explosion of molten metal.

GUNNER

Hot damn!

FIRE CONTROL OFFICER

That might have been within two  
feet of him.

PILOT

Clean up that signal.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The Seahawk VULTURE 1-6 hovers high above the town.

VULTURE 1-6

This is Vulture One-Six, I am  
seeing zero movement from the  
farmhouse. He's not moving.  
Probably scared shitless.

GRIGGS and his men are firing from the slope beside a road,  
resting their weapons on the pavement, as they plaster a  
roadside restaurant with fire.

A deep whir, and the entire building is raked by the Spooky's  
Gatling cannon.

GRIGGS

Go, go, go!

They race up.

GRIGGS

I've got a visual on the farmhouse!

VULTURE 1-6

Roger that, move to secure.

I/E. HOUSE - NIGHT

MOSIN 2-5 strafes a still-intact house, throwing up clods of  
earth twenty feet high, and the enemy fire quietens.

The SAS jog up towards the house and are through the open door in a trice. Two BODIES are in the kitchen, and SOAP shoots the one that's still groaning. PRICE and SOAP head out another door. GAZ is a moment behind, and pauses as he hears a click. He turns to see a grenade rolling from the palm of the other BODY. Gaz, without thinking, kicks it out of a window, where there is an explosion.

He jogs out after Price and Soap.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The airspace is getting pretty crowded. The Harriers rocket by again, blowing apart another building. MOSIN 2-5 is strafing roads. VULTURE 1-6 is hovering, relaying information and jamming the Ultranationalists' radios. WILDFIRE orbits at an incredible distance, visible as a dark speck that occasionally belches out muzzle blasts as big as the entire plane.

Another BMP-2 on the road ahead of the SAS explodes. Ultranationalist REBELS are running around in confusion, and are torn into by the SAS, who stride through their midst guns blazing. They emerge on the other side to see the farmhouse in the middle of a field of burning vehicles. PRICE pauses to survey the wreckage, his face lit by the flames and the star flares. He waxes poetically.

PRICE

By reason of the abundance of his  
horses their dust shall cover thee:  
thy walls shall shake at the noise  
of the horsemen, and of the wheels,  
and of the chariots...

SOAP

Sir...?

GAZ

He does this sometimes. Ignore it.

He sees KAMAROV and his men jogging up the slope to join them.

KAMAROV

Good. Now we are making progress.

PRICE

Let's do this. He had better be in  
there, Kamarov.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The combined elites of America, Britain, and Russia converge on the farmhouse from all angles. They reach the front door without incident. GAZ unslings the shotgun he has strapped to his back, and winks at SOAP.

GAZ  
I like to keep this for close encounters.

GRIGGS chuckles as he pulls a flashbang grenade.

SOAP  
Too right, mate.

GRIGGS open the door a fraction, lobs the grenade in, then slams the door shut. An explosion, then he rips the door open. GAZ springs in, and the rest pour in after him.

The barn is empty.

GRIGGS  
That's *twice!*

The Americans and Britons collectively curse and grumble.

KAMAROV moves through and climbs up onto a loft. The SAS follow him, while the rest of the men remain on the floor below.

GAZ  
Where's Al-Asad?

KAMAROV ignores him, looking out the window.

KAMAROV  
(points out window)  
We need to sweep through the town again for stragglers, some may have slipped through our lines -

GAZ grabs him and thrusts him out the window. Half of KAMAROV's body dangles in midair. The farmhouse stands atop a not inconsiderable cliff.

GAZ  
*Where is Al-Asad?*

KAMAROV blasphemes in his native tongue.

GAZ  
*Where is he!?*

KAMAROV  
 He's not here! By morning his  
 convoy should arrive!

GAZ yanks him back in.

GAZ  
 Well that wasn't so hard, was it?

KAMAROV  
 You stupid English! We just took  
 out one of the Ultrationalists'  
 largest camps in southern Russia,  
 and all you care about is some Arab  
 mudak! The war in the Middle East  
 is over. But here... Do you think  
 this  
 (gestures at the burning  
 town)  
 will stop the bloodshed? No, this  
 war has only just begun.  
 Apprehending Al-Asad will not  
 change that.

GAZ  
 How many Russians have been killed  
 in this war, eh? Al-Asad's murdered  
*fifty thousand* -

PRICE steps between Kamarov and Gaz before they come to  
 blows.

PRICE  
 Alright, let's get this place  
 sorted out. Change into the enemy  
 uniforms and douse the fires.  
 Kamarov, I need your men on the  
 ground if the drivers start asking  
 questions. Just keep them busy  
 until we locate Al-Asad. We don't  
 have much time, so get to it.

EXT. REST AREA - MORNING

GRIGGS, PRICE, KAMAROV, and their respective men lay in  
 ambush at a roadside rest area. A little ways behind them is  
 the obliterated gas station, its fires doused.

GRIGGS and SOAP are up in a guard tower erected by the Ultrationalists. They wear the mixed Arabic and Russian uniforms of the Ultrationalists.

GRIGGS

Man, you look like a clown in that outfit. Good thing you're up here, 'cos you look nothing like a Russian. Heh.

SOAP does not deign to respond. GRIGGS himself is hiding his dark skin with a keffiyeh.

GRIGGS

I heard 'em callin' you Soap. That a nickname or something?

SOAP

It is.

GRIGGS

Wanna explain how you got it?

SOAP

No.

They are interrupted by the crackle of their headsets.

VULTURE 1-6

Bravo Six, this is Vulture One-Six, we're tracking an enemy convoy heading your way. I count six vehicles in the convoy, over.

PRICE

Roger that. Nobody fires a shot until I give the order.

A convoy comes rattling up the mountain road, TWO TROOPS TRUCKS, an open-top Russian JEEP, a BMP-2, another TROOP TRUCK, and another BMP.

AL-ASAD is the jeep driver. Three other ARABS, his closest bodyguards, sit with him.

KAMAROV flags them down, and begins to argue with the DRIVER in the foremost truck.

GAZ

Wanker... Sir, I have a visual on the target in the third vehicle. I'm walking by it right now.

GAZ, his face obscured by a keffiyeh, sidles in front of AL-ASAD's jeep. He and AL-ASAD share a long glance, but the erstwhile dictator senses nothing is amiss.

GRIGGS

Yeah, I see the bastard.

SOAP

Watch your fire. We need him alive.

PRICE

On my mark ... *Smoke 'em!*

KAMAROV brings up his AK and ventilates the DRIVER. A Marine MACHINE GUNNER rakes the sides of the second troop truck, killing half the MEN inside before they can pile out to be cut down in the open.

GRIGGS tears off his keffiyeh and is plunging fire with his machine gun down into the covered roof of the first troop truck.

SOAP takes careful aim, and shoots the man on AL-ASAD's right.

A SPETSNAZ fires a rocket from the roof of a diner and obliterates the nearer BMP.

SOAP shoots the second man in AL-ASAD's jeep.

A second rocket disables the other BMP.

The third man in AL-ASAD's jeep stands up, firing with his AK, and gets shot straight out of the vehicle by SOAP for his troubles.

Everyone else is pouring fire on the third troop truck.

AL-ASAD, who has been cowering behind his wheel, finds his nerve and floors it, only to plow into one of the guard tower's wooden supports. It begins to pitch sideways.

GRIGGS

Oh *fu--*

It collapses.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REST AREA - DAY

SLOW MOTION

SOAP and GRIGGS are lying on the ground, dazed, amidst the ruins of the tower. VULTURE 1-6 circles overhead. AL-ASAD jumps out of his ruined vehicle, drawing a pistol. Shots are pinging off the jeep, blowing out the tires. He runs off into the town just as SOAP and GRIGGS shake their stun and scramble up.

NORMAL SPEED

PRICE

The target's making a run for it!

GRIGGS

Come back here, you sonuvabitch!

On Al-Asad's tail are four SAS, twelve US MARINES, twenty-four SPETSNAZ and one SEAHAWK helicopter.

VULTURE 1-6

Bravo Team, this is Vulture One-Six, I'm tracking the target. Man this guy moves fast!

VULTURE chases after AL-ASAD. The man keeps looking over his shoulder, obviously terrified.

VULTURE 1-6

He's leaving the rest stop to the northwest. Get his ass. Move, move!

He races through a building, starting in horror at the dead Ultranationalists everywhere. He runs back out into another street.

VULTURE 1-6

Okay, the target is moving north.

His pursuers race out after him, seeing the distant figure sprinting down the street.

PRICE

Gaz, did you ever fox hunt before those buggers outlawed it?

GAZ

No, sir.

PRICE shakes his head, a vicious smile on his face, as they chase after their quarry.

VULTURE 1-6

There's a side alley to the left that might let you cut him off.

They hurtle down an alley with grass growing between the cobblestones, and emerge in a sunken courtyard.

VULTURE 1-6

You're gonna lose him! Go, go!

They race up a set of stairs and reach a parking lot with a bombed-out apartment complex in front of them. AL-ASAD races through the open door.

VULTURE 1-6

Bravo Team, do you have a visual on the target, over?

PRICE

Affirmative. Quarry spotted entering five-story building. He's gone to ground. We're gonna dig him out.

They race after him, barreling up the stairs and through destroyed apartments.

VULTURE 1-6

Target is on the move in the northeast part of the building, second floor.

PRICE glances up and sees through a hole in the roof AL-ASAD dash by.

VULTURE 1-6

Target on your left, one floor above. There's a staircase in the north corner.

They all slam into the wall in their haste to pile up the stairs.

VULTURE 1-6

Target has moved deeper into the building.

They continue racing up the stairs.

VULTURE 1-6

I have movement on the roof. Standby. Yeah, positive ID. Target is on the roof, he's all yours.

They reach the roof and see AL-ASAD in the corner, pistol in his hands. VULTURE 1-6 hovers behind him.

The men swarm the rooftop. Al-Asad has about 40 or so automatic weapons pointed at him.

GAZ  
Drop the bloody gun! Now drop it!

KAMAROV  
Drop it!

SOAP  
I can put one in his leg, sir!

PRICE  
No, we can't risk it! Hold your fire! Griggs, take his weapon and restrain him.

GRIGGS strides forward.

AL-ASAD points his pistol at GRIGGS, hands trembling. The American yanks it out of his hands and tosses it off the edge of the building. He throws Al-Asad roughly to the ground.

PRICE walks over.

AL-ASAD'S POV

Price and Griggs look down at him with basilisk stares.

PRICE  
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse... No?

Price brings his boot down on his face.

CUT TO:

Darkness. PRICE is shouting in subtitled Arabic.

PRICE  
*Why'd you do it?*

Thwack.

PRICE  
*Where did you get the bomb?*

Thwack.

AL-ASAD  
(no subtitles)  
Allah, the Compassionate, the Most Merciful, I have never prayed to -

PRICE

Who then?

Thwack. Thwack.

AL-ASAD

(no subtitles)

Although my body is broken,  
although my blood pours away, -

Thwack.

PRICE

*Who?*

Thwack.

PRICE

Give me a name! *A name!*

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Captain PRICE is beating AL-ASAD, who has been tied to a folding chair in the center of the room. He punches him, left hook, right hook, left again. GRIGGS, GAZ and SOAP watch in silence.

A cellular phone rings. PRICE freezes, fist raised. GAZ steps forward, and plucks the phone from one of the pockets of AL-ASAD's vest.

GAZ

Sir, it's his mobile.

He tosses it to PRICE, who stares at the caller ID. It is in Arabic. Astonished by whatever it says, he takes a few steps away from the panting Al-Asad, listening to an indistinct voice jabbering in his ear.

A look sweeps over Price's face, as if he has just felt the floor drop away beneath him. Only SOAP sees it.

After a quarter minute, Price hangs up, drops the phone to draw his pistol, and SHOOTS AL-ASAD in the head.

SOAP

...Who was that, sir?

Price stares at his pistol and very deliberately returns it to his holster.

PRICE  
Zakhaev... Imran Zakhaev.

The SAS are stunned into silence, but GRIGGS is not.

GRIGGS  
I thought he was assassinated.

Price sits down heavily.

PRICE  
I killed Imran Zakhaev with my own  
two hands. I pulled the trigger and  
watched him die. I gave my all!  
(looks up, bewildered)  
How can he still be alive? He must  
have smuggled Al-Asad the bomb...  
How many people died in that blast?

SOAP  
Fifty thousand and climbing when we  
left Ankara.

PRICE  
Fifty thousand people... as many as  
lived in Pripyat...

SOAP  
Sir?

PRICE  
I miss one shot and fifty thousand  
people die. Christ, I've lost men  
under my command. I remember their  
names and their faces, I can grasp  
that, but *fifty thousand*? That's  
too huge for any one man to  
comprehend. I do not even know the  
name of a single man that died  
there.

GRIGGS  
Jackson.

Price looks wearily at him.

GRIGGS  
Vasquez. Pelayo. Roycewicz. Massey.  
Volker. West.

PRICE

Their blood is on my hands. The  
coup, the war, the bomb: this is  
all my fault... He is still alive.

SOAP

Then we have to find him.

All eyes turn to him.

SOAP

America's forces in the Middle East  
will be tied up for weeks trying to  
evacuate the wounded and deal with  
the fallout. Zakhaev has free reign  
to do whatever it is that Nikolai  
warned us about.

Price rises to his feet.

PRICE

If he can get his hands on one  
nuke, why not more? He could  
initiate Armageddon... Whatever his  
plans are, they have to be stopped.  
Captain MacMillan once told me  
something. In a time like this, it  
doesn't matter if we live or die.  
Zakhaev must be found at all costs,  
but... I cannot do it on my own.

GAZ walks up to him without missing a beat.

GAZ

I'm with you all the way, sir.

SOAP shifts his carbine up and joins them.

SOAP

Well I figure I owe you for saving  
me back at the cargo ship.

GRIGGS, who has been leaning against a wall with his arms  
crossed, comes over.

GRIGGS

If this Zakhaev's the one that  
killed my Marines, then you can  
count me in.

The four men look at the dead Al-Asad.

GAZ

All we need to do is find him.

PRICE

I know the man. He won't let this go unanswered.

FADE TO:

EXT. PRIPYAT, CHERNOBYL OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Zakhaev speaks in subtitled Russian.

ZAKHAEV (V.O.)

Our so-called leaders prostituted us to the West, destroyed our culture, our economies, our honor.

As he talks, the camera wanders through the silent city's empty streets. We see the gym, the swimming pool, the floor strewn with Russian books, the toys and the Ferris wheel, a notice board covered with pictures of Soviet volleyball players and the Social Realist murals in the Palace of Culture.

INT. MISSILE SILO

ZAKHAEV (V.O.)

Our blood has been spilled on our soil, my blood... on their hands.

Government SOLDIERS are in a losing battle against Ultranationalist REBELS. They fight valiantly, and die valiantly. ZAKHAEV strides through the chaos, shouting orders and occasionally firing with his pistol at the retreating Loyalists. The Topol M ICBMs wait in their silos. They are old, and still bear the hammer and sickle on their sides. The sounds of fighting are muted; Zakhaev's voice booms over all, with only the occasional crackle of gunfire being heard.

INT. NEWS DESK

The FEMALE ANCHOR's voice cannot be heard as she addresses us, but we can guess what she is talking about: Behind her is a picture of an ICBM launching and the words "Russian Rebels Seize Nuclear Missile Silo".

ZAKHAEV (V.O.)  
 They are the invaders. All US and  
 British forces must leave Russia  
 immediately...

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAWN

The summits of the snowy Altai Mountains are rose pink in the dawn. Their lower slopes are still in shadow. High above, fifteen FIGURES leap out of the back of a C-130J Super Hercules transport aircraft that soars high above the stunningly beautiful mountains. They hurtle down to Earth in free fall. They are executing a HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening) jump, one of the most dangerous and difficult in parachuting.

ZAKHAEV (V.O.)  
 ...or suffer the consequences.

We close in on one of the men in free fall, and see the Union Jack insignia on his upper arm.

**Day 6 - 06:19:34**  
**Altai Krai, Siberia**

The seconds are, as always, ticking away.

EXT. VALLEY - DAWN

The men land close together in a hollow. The ground and trees are dusted with snow, and the predawn light is a weak blue. They quickly take off their parachutes and ready their weapons. GAZ and PRICE pull their trademark hats from their pockets and put them on. GAZ, SOAP and GRIGGS and his marines regroup on Captain PRICE.

PRICE  
 It's quite simple. Either we retake  
 the launch facility or we won't  
 recognize the world tomorrow.

He looks at each man's face.

PRICE  
 We're goin' deep, and we're goin'  
 hard.

SOAP  
 Surely you can't be serious.

GRIGGS  
I am serious. And don't call me Shirley.

The SAS stare at Griggs.

GRIGGS  
What? You walked right into it.  
Come on... *Airplane?*

They stare for a few seconds more.

PRICE  
Soap, take point.

SOAP  
Roger.

They begin to move up the valley. They encounter no one.

GAZ and GRIGGS are bringing up the rear, and communicate in low voices.

GRIGGS  
Seriously, it was obvious.

GAZ gives a noncommittal grunt.

GRIGGS  
I was wonderin'. Why do you guys call him Soap?

GAZ  
Heh. You wanna hear how Sergeant Kevin MacTavish became 'Soap'? Right, I'll tell ya, I love this story, see, we were in a training exercise, and thank God it was just a training exercise, otherwise someone mighta gotten themselves killed, and Soap here was on point. He reaches a door and he tries to open it, and he just... can't. Maybe the knob was greased or something? Dunno, mate. Anyway, he's scrabbling at it, and we're all just standing there looking at each other. It was like watching someone trying to grab -

GRIGGS  
- A wet bar of soap.

GAZ  
And a legend is born.

SOAP can't hear them at the head of the column. He is advancing, weapon at the ready, the very image of a professional soldier.

GAZ  
Still, he's designated marksman, so  
I try not to bring it up too much.

EXT. RUSSIAN SIEGE LINES - MORNING

The sun has crested the horizon. The SAS/USMC team emerges from the trees onto a dirt road. It is swarming with Russian Army vehicles and SOLDIERS. A few stop and stare at them as they slip by. They come up to a hill, where a Russian COLONEL pours over a map on a table and converses with his staff. All wear heavy *afghankas* and *ushankas* with the flaps pinned up.

The launch facility lies in the valley below. The colonel looks up. He and PRICE speak in subtitled Russian.

PETRENKO  
Who the hell are you?

PRICE  
Captain Price, British Special Air  
Service.

PETRENKO  
Well I am Colonel Demetri Petrenko  
of the 122nd Motor Rifle Division,  
and this is a Russian operation. No  
one told me anything about British  
commandoes. Spetsnaz units will be  
here in fifteen minutes.

PRICE  
You don't know who you're dealing  
with.

PETRENKO  
When they arrive, we'll assault the  
surface facility and they'll clear  
out the lower levels. We are not  
attacking until that time. You are  
not needed here. Everything is  
under control.

A siren begins to wail.

PETRENKO  
What the hell is that?

The whole world is bathed pink and red as a TOPOL M MISSILE LIFTS OFF from the facility.

PETRENKO  
Oh, *shit*.

GRIGGS  
We got a problem here!

PRICE begins shouting into his radio as the missile roars into the heavens, leaving an enormous smoke trail.

PRICE  
Command, we have a missile launch!  
I repeat, we have a missile launch!

A SECOND MISSILE LIFTS OFF.

GRIGGS  
There goes another one!

PETRENKO  
How in God's name did they get the launch codes!?

PRICE  
Command, we have two missiles in the air, over!

PETRENKO snatches up a radio from the table and bawls into it.

PETRENKO  
*All units! Attack, attack, ATTACK!*

PRICE and the gang start rushing down towards the facility.

COMMAND (RADIO)  
Uh... Roger, Bravo Six, our satellites are tracking them now. Get your team inside the facility and retake the launch control center. We're working on getting the abort codes from the Russians. Out.

PRICE  
Roger that.

GRIGGS  
It's on now, Captain.

EXT. LAUNCH FACILITY - MORNING

THE RUSSIAN ARMY descends from all sides. ARTILLERYMEN rain shells down from the surrounding hills, plugging their ears every time their guns fire. ULTRANATIONALISTS fire from the structures that ring the six silo doors: hangars, Quonset huts, brick-and-concrete buildings. A T-90 battle tank rattles down the dirt road, and smashes the chain-link gate aside as if it were not there. Russian INFANTRY are swarming behind it.

An RPG whooshes down to explode against the tank's front armor. It has all the effect of a bottle rocket, and the tank takes aim at the upper-story window from whence it came. There is an ear-ringing explosion, and dust is shook from the surrounding structures. The building is blown apart.

Loyalist HIND helicopters circle over like enormous birds of prey, hosing fire and popping flares to throw off the RPGs streaking up from the ground beneath.

Su-27 jet fighters scream overhead, and an entire block of the facility crumbles in smoke and ruin.

A BMP-2 infantry fighting vehicle bursts into flames from a single shot by the T-90, which then rolls over it, crushing it like a soda can. Russian SQUADS are clearing out the surrounding buildings as the rest of the forces reach the silo doors, and rake the open space around it with automatic fire. Hundreds of soldiers and at least a dozen tanks are rampaging through the compound.

The Ultranationalists in the open are quickly cut down. The survivors hunker down behind Jersey barriers. The sirens continue to wail.

The SAS and MARINES are in the thick of the fighting.

COMMAND  
Bravo Six, those appear to be RT-2UTTH Topol M missiles. Given current trajectory, they are inbound towards the eastern seaboard of the United States. Each contains six 550 kiloton MIRVs. Casualty projections... over 40 million. Take that launch facility, now!

The shots die down, and SOLDIERS are rushing across the open areas, tending to their wounded comrades and regrouping. A SUPPLY TRUCK hurtles through the (smashed-down) gate, and comes to a screeching halt besides the open silo doors, 4 of which still have missiles within. QUARTERMASTERS start distributing ropes to the SOLDIERS; the SAS and MARINES are able to get their hands on some.

PRICE

Command, we are preparing to abseil down the silos.

Price's team do just that.

COMMAND

Roger, Bravo Six. We've got good news and bad news. Launch control is located just southwest of your position. That's where you'll need to upload the abort codes to destroy the missiles in flight.

PRICE

Griggs, hit the security station. Bravo Team'll head for launch control.

GRIGGS

Roger. Command, what's the bad news?

COMMAND

We're still trying to get those abort codes, over.

PRICE

The hell with it. We'll give our best shot. Out.

They rappel down the sides of the silo, the Britons down one, the Americans down three others, and the Russians down the rest.

INT. MISSILE SILO

Inside, the base is blaring alarms and spinning red lights. ULTRANATIONALISTS run around screaming curses or orders as the case may be. The silos are all connected to a central hallway via short corridors. When SAS, US MARINES, and Russian LOYALISTS burst from every one of them, it should come as no surprise that the Ultrationalists are quickly torn apart in the hail of fire.

The MARINES and LOYALISTS race one way to security, the SAS the other to launch control.

COMMAND

Bravo Six, we have the abort codes!  
I repeat, we have the abort codes  
you'll need to auto-destruct the  
missiles in flight. Get to launch  
control!

PRICE

Copy, that!

LOUDSPEAKER

(no subtitles)

Five minutes to launch.

GAZ

Sir, what's goin' on? What are they  
sayin'?

PRICE

They've started a bloody countdown!  
Zakhaev's going to launch the  
remaining missiles! Keep moving.

They race down a corridor and reach two heavy metal doors with another spinning red light over them.

GRIGGS

Captain Price, this is Griggs.  
We've taken control of base  
security. What's your status, over?

PRICE

Griggs, we're in position. Open the  
outer door to launch control.

PRICE paces in agitation as GAZ and SOAP keep their weapon trained on the door.

GRIGGS

Roger. We're on it...

They wait, Price still pacing.

PRICE

We've got him like a rat in a  
bloody trap.

GRIGGS

Standby, almost there...

Price readies his weapon and crouches alongside his men.

PRICE

I'm going to finish what should  
have ended a year ago in Pripjat.

GAZ

We'll leave him to you, sir.

PRICE

Bugger that. If you have a clear  
shot at Zakhaev, take it.

GRIGGS

Got it! Doors coming online now.

It begins to swing open... very, very slowly.

GAZ

Oh, you've got to be shitting me!

PRICE

Griggs, can't you make it open  
faster?

GRIGGS

No sir, but you can try pulling if  
it makes you feel better.

PRICE

Cheeky bastard.

The doors finally open, and they race down another corridor. They reach a large door that says "LAUNCH CONTROL" in Cyrillic. Price reaches out his hand to open it, and stops. He shakes his head and rushes down a side hallway. His men follow.

PRICE

Griggs, what's your status, over?

GRIGGS

We're in position at the southwest  
corner of the control room,  
standing by. You ready to roll,  
over?

As Griggs speaks, Price motions to GAZ. The man slots a grenade into his assault rifle's under-barrel launcher.

PRICE

Affirmative, preparing to breach.

GAZ

(to SOAP, grinning)

Captain Price and I learned this in Basra, when we were both in the Fusiliers. Only F.N.G.s use the front door.

A dull *foomf* and the cinder-block wall is blown in.

EXT. LAUNCH CONTROL

The SAS swarm inside. Launch control is a large, sloping room with banks of computer stations arranged before an enormous screen projecting a map of the world. On the balcony opposite the MARINES and a horde of LOYALISTS pour in. The ULTRANATIONALISTS are quickly caught in the crossfire.

PRICE

Cover me! I'm going for the main terminal!

SOAP and GAZ start blazing away at the enemy. PRICE races forward, head low as rounds whizz overhead. The REBEL at the terminal takes aim, but his rifle jams. He tries to clear it, but as Price closes he casts it aside, preparing to meet Price's lunge over the computers. Price instead slides under the main terminal bank, knocking the rebel's feet out from under him.

Both men are on their feet in a heartbeat, and the rebel lunges at him, slamming into Price. They lurch backwards to crash against the computer bank. His M4A1 discharges, but the gun was pressed against his chest, away from the rebel. They roll along the terminal, the Russian on top, then Price, then the Russian again, wrestling for the gun.

They lurch off the panels and struggle upright. Price wrenches his gun up, but the rebel jerks his head back in the nick of time, and he sprays a hail of bullets into the ceiling. Flakes of stone drift down. Then Price head butts him, and the rebel stumbles back, stunned.

Price levels his carbine to ventilate the Ultranationalist, but the man is on the offensive again, grabbing hold of the gun barrel and yanking it down. The shot grazes his foot. A left hook sends Price reeling backwards. The rebel pivots his hips as he fires off a sharp right cross. The momentum carried him forward, but Price sidesteps and slams the butt of his carbine against the Russian's temple. The impact drops the man, but lashing out, he snags the front of Price's shirt and drags him down.

SOAP and GAZ battle their way up the terminals, fighting through the dozens of ULTRANATIONALISTS. The MARINES and LOYALISTS continue raining fire down from the balcony. It is a bloody inch-by-inch battle. Some rebel maniac fires an RPG, which explodes and covers half the room in dust. Four MARINES are sent flying from the balcony.

GRIGGS

Man down!

Meanwhile, PRICE is atop the RUSSIAN. He abandons his weapon, wrapping one hand around the rebel's throat and raising the other in a clenched fist, but the rebel knees him in the ribs.

The Russian rolls the orientation of the grapple. He is now on top, raining down punches with his right while scrabbling to unhook Price's gun sling with his left. Despite Price's best efforts to keep his arms up to protect him, the Russian is still coming like a rabid animal.

He unclasps the sling of the M4A1. Shifting his weight and spreading his stance to allow for a more powerful wind up, he opens the proverbial doors to Price's knee being planted squarely in his crotch. Folding up and falling to one side, the Russian curls up as soon as he hits the floor. Yet his hand spasmodically wraps around the carbine as he rolls away. As the man slides off him, Price can't attack. He needs the brief stop in combat to rest.

More MARINES and LOYALISTS are falling. SOAP and GAZ cannot advance, and hunker behind a computer bank. Smoking cartridges are piling at their feet as they try to batter their way through.

Blood runs down PRICE's face. The Russian has busted his lip open. He reaches for his weapon, and realizes it's in the Russian's hands. That gets Price moving again, faster than the rebel. He draws his pistol.

The rebel gets up on his hands and knees just in time for Price's jackboot to crash into his ribs. Rolling with the kick, he pulls himself to his knees and levels the barrel at the Englishman's chest.

Price's bullet catches him between the eyes.

The captain steadies himself against a keyboard. He sees the black screen, waiting for commands.

PRICE

Command! What are the codes?

Command's voice cannot be heard over the gunfire. PRICE types frantically the numbers being relayed to him, occasionally ducking as a round passes close by. Soon the fire slackens off.

GRIGGS  
Room clear!

GAZ sidles over to the Russian Price shot, and lets out a low whistle.

PRICE  
Done!

Price rears back, throwing his hands in the air.

COMMAND  
Standby for confirmation.  
Standby... Standby...

Everyone stares at the gigantic screen. No one dares blink or breath. The silence can be cut with a knife.

COMMAND  
Bravo Six, all warheads are  
confirmed to have been destroyed in  
flight!

PRICE collapses on the keyboard, and everyone lets out the breaths they have been holding.

COMMAND  
We got a ton of debris, but most of  
it's landing in the ocean.

Men start to cheer, all except Price, who is now looking over the room at the bodies.

PRICE  
*Where's Zakhaev?* ID the bodies!

GAZ  
For Chrissakes, Captain! At a time  
like this? We just saved the whole -

COMMAND  
All teams, recommend you exfil from  
the area immediately. Large numbers  
of hostile forces are converging on  
your position. Get outta there now.

PRICE  
Damn it all.

One of the Russian LOYALISTS' headsets crackles. Colonel Petrenko babbles in subtitled Russian.

PETRENKO (RADIO)

All units: The enemy have launched a massive counterassault! It's a trap! Fall back, fall back and regroup! Anyone in the sublevels, get out of there now! They're swarming us like rats!

We can hear the chatter of gunfire behind him.

LOYALIST

Shit! Okay, let's go!

Price snatches up his carbine and they race back through the corridors, the lights spinning: red-black, red-black, red-black. They reach an elevator and pile in: the SAS, a handful of RUSSIANS, and three MARINES, all that's left of GRIGGS's squad. The elevator begins to ascend.

SOAP is checking his magazine.

SOAP

I need ammo.

PRICE

I'm on my last clip, mate.

GAZ

I'm out completely.

SOAP

I've got three rounds left. What the hell am I gonna do with three rounds?

PRICE

You're the sniper. Make 'em count. Maybe Zakhaev's out there leading the countercharge.

GRIGGS

You know, sir, I wouldn't mind gettin' a shot at Zakhaev.

PRICE

Yeah well get in line, mate. If he doesn't find us first.

INT. VEHICLE DEPOT - MORNING

They emerge into a depot with a couple cargo trucks, and three Russian jeeps. Men, including GAZ and GRIGGS, immediately set to hotwiring them. SOAP touches PRICE's arm, and they pause.

SOAP

You alright? That one blighter gave you a right thrashing.

Price smiles.

PRICE

Still in action, Soap. Still in action.

Soap grasps him by the shoulder, nods, then turns back to the jeeps. GAZ and GRIGGS are side by side as they hotwire the vehicles, chattering.

GRIGGS

It's just too hot, man, but room temperature? Please, a beer should be ice cold.

GAZ

A lager, maybe, or a glass of water like you drink, but a pint of stout?

GRIGGS

Heh. I'm gonna have to school y'all when we get back stateside.

GAZ

Yeah, well, either way we're stopping in London first. And I'm buying. And then we're all watching Zulu.

PRICE and SOAP come over.

GRIGGS

Huh?

GAZ

Bravo Team tradition. Captain heaps verbal abuse on us before we ship out, takes us on a tour of some of the most hellish war zones imaginable where survival is all but impossible, and then afterwards we all drink and watch *Zulu*. You're invited.

PRICE

Don't you think the film might rub him the wrong way, Gaz?

GAZ

What?

(remembers Griggs is black)

With all due respect, sir, bugger political correctness. We're watching *Zulu*.

The jeeps roar to life, and all the men pile in, the Americans, Britons, and Russians each in their own vehicles.

GRIGGS

Well at least the world didn't end.  
Hit it.

Quick cuts of GAZ throwing the stick shift forward, his foot slamming on the accelerator, his hands tightening around the wheel, and the tires squealing.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

A few ULTRANATIONALISTS are cautiously approaching the hangar door when three jeeps roar past and rattle down a dirt road through the trees. While the rest fire after them, one Russian is shouting into his radio, voice inaudible over the roar of the engines. And already the three jeeps are around the corner and out of sight.

COMMAND

Bravo Six, primary exfil point has been compromised. Proceed to secondary extraction north of bridge.

PRICE

Copy, Command! All units, we should reach a highway in just a minute. Head east along it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The three jeeps barrel down a dirt track before merging onto a paved highway running through the breathtaking Altai Mountains. The road is full of civilian vehicles, which swerve and honk as the jeeps careen past across both lanes of traffic at top speed. Luckily, the road is one-way. Hot on their heels are three open-air TROOP TRUCKS packed with ULTRANATIONALISTS. A HIND helicopter is close behind them.

PRICE

Big Bird, this is Bravo Six. What's your status, over?

BIG BIRD

Bravo Six, the bird has been delayed. ETA 10 minutes.

PRICE

Not good enough, Big Bird. We'll be dead in five!

PRICE is firing at a troop truck gaining speed on them. One or two SOLDIERS are hit and topple over the back of the truck, but the rest crouch down, shooting over the edge of the truck. PRICE puts a few rounds in the windshield, but the DRIVER ducks down, driving practically blind. The truck pulls up on their left as they hurtle into a tunnel.

GAZ

Cover the rear! We're getting boxed in!

He's right. The second TROOP TRUCK is pulling up behind them, the hindmost jeep, hemming them in. The first TROOP TRUCK swerves right, smashing the jeep into the wall and throwing up a huge sheet of sparks.

It veers away to smash them again, and PRICE tears apart its tire with a burst from his carbine. GAZ accelerates and pulls ahead. The truck driver desperately tries to keep control, his vehicle swerving wildly. He overcompensates and the truck spins sideways, rolling end over end, the men in the back flying out like ragdolls.

PRICE positively stands up in the backseat, waving his hat.

PRICE

Haha! Got you, ya bastards!

He whirls on his men, a manic gleam in his eye.

PRICE

Cannon to right of 'em, cannon to  
left of 'em, cannon in front of  
them volley'd and thunder'd!

The other two TROOP TRUCKS smash past and keeps chasing them as they emerge out of the tunnel, every gun in their backs blazing. PRICE crouches back down.

PRICE

Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
boldly they rode and well!

Shots whizz past the jeep, missing its occupants by centimeters. They hurtle by tour buses, and several parked cars: the drivers ahead of them wisely pulled over, and are watching stupefied as the convoy of battling vehicles races by.

PRICE

Into the jaws of Death, into the  
mouth of *Hell!*

The chase goes through another tunnel, with the SAS hunkering down against the withering hail of fire coming from the second troop truck. One round strikes the tire, which blows out with the sound of a bomb going off. The jeep swerves as SOAP fires and misses, but GAZ manages to regain control. They emerge out of the tunnel.

They have some lead on the troop truck, and PRICE starts taking shots at the DRIVER. SOAP is trying to get a clean shot; he can't waste his ammo. A round HITS GAZ in the left shoulder. He cries out, but before they can lose control PRICE drops his M4A1 and springs forward, grabbing at the wheel. The carbine clatters to the bottom of the front passenger seat, out of reach.

PRICE

Keep your foot on the pedal!

As PRICE tries to gain control, they veer across a gravel median into the opposite highway, meaning everything is now INCOMING TRAFFIC. The car swerves just as SOAP fires, and the round goes astray.

SOAP

*God damn it!*

Price tries to look above the windshield, which has been splattered with Gaz's blood. His boonie hat flies off.

GAZ

I've got it, I've got it!

GAZ takes control, driving with one hand. The second troop truck follows. The car stabilizes, and SOAP FIRES. The round strikes the DRIVER right between the eyes, and the TRUCK careens off course, smashing through the flimsy metal barrier to HURTLE INTO THE RIVER GORGE.

PRICE clammers into the front seat and picks up his carbine.

The Ultranationalist HIND HELICOPTER that has been following them swoops down, guns blazing. The AMERICAN and RUSSIAN jeeps are peeling away as the two highways separate. The RUSSIAN jeep is torn apart by the HIND's guns and EXPLODES.

The third TROOP TRUCK follows the Britons.

SOAP

I'm dry! I'm dry! I'm outta -

A round SLAMS into his chest, and he collapses with an oath, writhing in the back seat as he tries to staunch his wound.

GAZ swerves to avoid hitting an incoming car, but that same car CLIPS the TROOP TRUCK, which begins to swerve violently. The other highway reemerges from a tunnel, and only another gravel median divides them. The AMERICAN jeep is still intact.

The HIND is back.

PRICE

Hind! Six o'clock high!

Ahead of the Britons a TANKER TRUCK tries to veer out of the way and overturns. GAZ avoids it in the nick of time, but the TROOP TRUCK is not so lucky. The two vehicles collide in a massive fireball and the troop truck flips end over head, a flaming wreck.

The Hind's rocket strikes a rocky outcropping, raining debris and dust down on the SAS, but little more. The helicopter continues its pursuit. The highway is torn apart all around them by rockets and autocannon fire. The windshield shatters.

SOAP

Drive! Drive! Just *drive!*

The highways merge, and GAZ drags the jeep onto the right side again, close on the AMERICANS' tail. Miraculously, they hurtle into another tunnel. They are passing through a mountain range, after all.

BUT this tunnel goes along a stunningly beautiful lake. The tourists wouldn't want to miss out, which is why the ENTIRE RIGHT SIDE of the tunnel is OPEN, with only evenly-spaced concrete pillars supporting it. The HIND drifts alongside, firing salvo after salvo of rockets.

PRICE

Hind at three o'clock!

It shows absolutely no regard for civilian life in its attempts to destroy the Westerners, and the tunnel is starting to collapse.

GAZ

Hang on!

The open gallery finally ends, and they have a brief moment of respite. They emerge back into the sunlight... And see the HIND flying through the river valley beside them. It is not attacking.

SOAP

The Hind's buggin' off!

The road curves left towards a bridge over the river, which the Hind flies over.

PRICE

Must have run out of ammo! Good enough for me!

The Hind whirls around and fires its rockets.

GAZ

No kiddin'! Oh shit, he's about to take out that bridge!

The AMERICAN jeep makes it before they strike, but the BRITISH are not so lucky. The entire middle span disappears in flame and smoke.

PRICE

*Stop the bloody car!*

GAZ slams on the brakes, but it is too late, and they hurtle right into it. The jeep drops down five feet, and lands on the concrete.

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Beneath the bridge is a metal framework, and several of the slabs of broken concrete have landed on the support bars, teetering precariously. The slab they are on begins to tilt backwards, weighed down by the jeep.

PRICE

The bridge isn't gonna hold! Move, move, move!

GAZ, PRICE, and SOAP pile out, SOAP supported by his captain. In front of them, a TANKER TRUNK swerves to avoid going over and tips, sliding to a halt at the very edge. GRIGGS appears at the edge of the intact part of the bridge.

GRIGGS

It's about to collapse! Get your ass outta there!

The jeep tilts the concrete up, and they dash up the makeshift ramp onto the still-intact part of the bridge. The jeep and broken concrete slabs fall into the river hundreds of meters below.

The SAS run across the heavily-cracked pavement, past abandoned cars, and see the American JEEP stopped nearby, GRIGGS and the two other MARINES hunkering behind it.

PRICE

Big Bird, this is Bravo Six! We are under heavy attack on the highway bridge, map grid 244352! Request immediate extraction!

PRICE and SOAP take cover behind an abandoned car, the rest of the men behind the American jeep.

A fourth TROOP TRUCK screeches to a halt in front of them, and starts to back up. The Hind helicopter hovers at the end of the bridge, and SOLDIERS start to rappel down it.

The TROOP TRUCK makes half a U-turn and stops. More SOLDIERS pile out of the back as GRIGGS rakes it with his machine gun.

BIG BIRD

Bravo Six, the LZ is too hot. We cannot land at the bridge.

GAZ

Oh that's just great! Where's he gonna land now!?

BIG BIRD

We'll try to set down two klicks north to avoid a lockout.

GAZ

He's got to be taking the piss! We just busted our arses to get to this LZ and now they want us to keep *going*?

Several JEEPS and a BMP-2 fighting vehicle stops at the end of the bridge. The back doors swing open, and a SQUAD of SOLDIERS pile out.

Emerging a moment later is IMRAN ZAKHAEV, pistol in hand. He looks towards the few surviving Westerners at the edge of the destroyed span. Civilian DRIVERS who have abandoned their vehicles run by.

PRICE

Big Bird, we are cut off at the bridge! I don't know how long we can hold 'em! We need extraction *now!*

BIG BIRD

Loyalist forces in the area may be able to assist, but we cannot confirm at this time. Big Bird out.

GAZ

Useless wanker!

PRICE

We're on our own!

He looks over the bridge and sees the dozens of Russians moving towards them and the BMP-2 spitting death. He ducks back down as a hail of fire slams into the side of the car he is hiding behind.

PRICE

This is it! Die hard, lads! *Die hard!*

They start exchanging fire with the Russians, although GAZ is reduced to using his pistol. SOAP simply lies on the ground, trying not to black out from shock and blood loss. PRICE and GRIGGS soon run out of ammo and draw their sidearms.

KAMAROV (RADIO)

Bravo Team, this is Sergeant Kamarov. I understand you and your men need some help.

GAZ

It's bloody good to hear from you, mate! We could use your Spetsnaz right about now!

KAMAROV (RADIO)

Standby. We are almost there. Kamarov out.

The bridge is swarming with ULTRANATIONALISTS; they outnumber our heroes at least 5 to 1. The suppressing fire is so great that the SAS and Marines can barely peek around from cover to squeeze off a few shots before diving back again. The Russians are swiftly advancing on them. The Hind has finished unloading its troops, and fires its rockets.

GRIGGS

*Incoming!*

An earthshaking explosion and a tremendous fireball as the gas tanker DETONATES. PRICE, GAZ, and a MARINE are blown forward, landing in the open. PRICE smashes his hip against the car and goes spinning through the air. He loses his pistol. GRIGGS, SOAP, and the other MARINE are forcibly slammed into the vehicles behind which they are taking cover. Price writhes on the ground, clutching at his shattered hip.

The entire following sequence is in slow motion. Nothing can be heard save the music.

One MARINE rushes out to drag GAZ to safety. He is hit for his troubles and goes down beside him. The other MARINE tries to get up, and stops a bullet as well. GRIGGS runs forward to grab PRICE, and starts hauling him back to the cover of the jeep, firing with his pistol as he goes.

A ROUND TEARS OUT HIS THROAT in a spray of blood. He topples backwards, dead.

Price is still in the open. Shots slam into the ground all around him; it is a miracle he is not struck. He looks to his left and sees SOAP lying behind the car on Death's door, clutching at the wound in his chest. Price looks down the bridge. The HIND is hovering, and striding towards them are ZAKHAEV and two SOLDIERS.

GAZ tries to struggle back up. He looks up just in time to see ZAKHAEV put a gun to his skull and FIRE.

GAZ is killed instantly. The two SOLDIERS follow suit and shoot the dying MARINES. Zakhaev turns to Price, lying on the ground a few meters away. He starts walking towards him with dreadful purpose...

A ROCKET hurtles from off-screen and destroys the HIND in a camera-shaking EXPLOSION. Zakhaev and his minions stagger forward, thrown by the blast, and turn around to start firing at something off screen.

A HAVOC helicopter swings into view, guns blazing as it tears the Ultrationalists to shreds.

PRICE looks back at SOAP, who has drawn his sidearm. "Finish this" he mouths, as HE SLIDES PRICE THE PISTOL. The camera tracks it as the pistol skids right into Price's waiting hands. The music soars from the beautiful, solemn lament that has been playing into the main theme.

In one fluid motion Price snatches it up and takes aim. The three Russians have their backs to him. Price puts two rounds in the soldier to Zakhaev's left. He puts two rounds in the soldier to Zakhaev's right. The sound of the gunshots is cavernous and resonant.

ZAKHAEV whirls, raising his pistol, and time slows to a crawl. PRICE stares down the barrel of his gun. The Havoc has ignited a firestorm behind Zakhaev. He is backlit by a thousand embers whirling on the wind. The two men stare intensely into each other's eyes.

MACMILLAN (V.O.)

Target acquired. I have a positive ID on Imran Zakhaev. Range 172 meters. Wind... Push to left. Fire when ready.

Normal speed resumes. PRICE is a fraction of a second faster and puts two shots through Zakhaev's chest. The Russian falls to his knees, and a third round through his head sends him over backwards, slain. Price lets the pistol slip from his fingers. He gasps; he has been holding his breath. He leans back, staring at the sky.

Two Mi-8 helicopters hover over the bridge, and LOYALISTS start rappelling down, including KAMAROV, who sees PRICE.

KAMAROV

(unsubtitled Russian)

Oh *shit*.

He races over to Price.

KAMAROV

You are going to be alright, my friend!

(unsubtitled Russian)

We've got a live one here! I need a stretcher!

Two Russian LOYALISTS start to load him onto one as the Mi-8 hovers directly overhead and lets down a rope. They begin to hook the stretcher to it to evacuate Price.

He takes a last look about him: GAZ is dead, half his skull blown away. GRIGGS's throat has been torn out. SOAP is unmoving, his arm still outstretched from when he slid Price the pistol. A LOYALIST MEDIC runs over, takes his pulse, and starts administering CPR.

Price looks up as the Mi-8 begins to reel him up.

FEMALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

The Russian government released a statement today, confirming a series of nuclear missile tests in central Russia. Although world leaders were quick to denounce the action, Russian officials maintained that the missile tests fell well within established U.N. protocols. No comment was received from the Ultrationalist Party, where rumors of a possible leadership struggle has just begun to surface.

FADE TO BLACK.

**Staff Sergeant Mark Griggs was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions inside Russia, and buried at Arlington National Cemetery.**

**Lieutenant Gaz Hunter was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest military decoration, and buried at the East London Cemetery.**

**Captain John Price was personally awarded the Victoria Cross by Her Majesty the Queen. Suffering hip and spinal cord injuries, he retired from active service and later published a bestselling memoir, *The Call of Duty*, about the declassified parts of his career in the Special Air Service.**

FADE IN:

EXT. ICY CLIFF - DAY

**FIVE YEARS LATER**

SOAP squats on a perilously thin ledge. Sheer icy rock behind him, open sky before him. He cannot see the bottom through the snow haze; it is only a white void. Snow is tangled in his beard. He smokes a CIGAR.

Next to him is another, younger SOLDIER, ROACH, attired like him in cold-weather uniform. A Russian MiG thunders overhead, and Soap flings his cigar into the abyss. They begin to move along the ledge. They are forced to walk sideways, backs to the cliff, it is so thin. Their rifles dangle from their combat straps.

They pause. Soap pulls out a pair of ice axes. He digs one axe in and swings around to dig in the other.

SOAP  
Alright, Roach, the ice is good.  
Follow me. We're goin' deep and  
we're goin' hard.

SOAP begins to climb. ROACH follows.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.