

When Duty Calls  
"Michael Terrence King" Reid  
[www.michaelterrenceking.com](http://www.michaelterrenceking.com)  
910-632-0624 / 910-538-2651  
Five Island Studios  
Copyright©

INT. REMOTE AREA IN RUSSIA: MAKAROV'S HANGAR - DAY

A dark abandon military hangar with low lighting has several men walking around. KIRIL and LEV sit at a table with 3 folding chairs. MAKAROV paces back and forth with his arms behind his back. VIKTOR sets up the video camera to record Vladimir Makarov. The PLANNING BOARD has the attack on Sheremetyevo International Airport, objectives, and targets they want to hit all over the world.

MAKAROV:

Revenge is like a ghost...silent but very deadly. It takes over every man, woman, and child it touches...And it can't be neutralized until the last man has fallen. The world's men of action...will look and wonder. Why did it come to this? You may be able to find me, but the beast will eventually come for you. And that's the message I want to leave with you today. So don't take this warning so lightly. Be prepare to meet your ultimate enemy. The one that's always one step ahead of you.

(In Russian)

I'll see you on the other side.

Makarov swings his arm across his neck and Viktor to cut the tape. Kiril drinks his Russian beer at the table. Lev loads his desert eagle at the table. Viktor walks over to the table and Makrov joins them. He look each guy in the eye.

VIKTOR:

(In Russian)

If it's a fight they want. It's a fight they'll get.

MAKAROV:

I need men careless enough to take lives but willing to lose their own.

Kiril slams the beer on the table.

KIRIL:

I'm in!

LEV:

Anyone that backs out now will be on the other side of my gun so I hope you're all in.

VIKTOR:  
(In Russian)  
You know I don't have any objections  
to that.

MAKAROV:  
I knew I could count on you boys. We  
have work to do.

LEV:  
(In Russian)  
Let's stir things up.

INT. ARLINGTON, TEXAS: JOSEPH ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

JOSPEH ALLEN hits the alarm, gets up and sits on the edge of  
the bed. He rubs his face from top to bottom and get out of  
bed. He walks into the bathroom to washes face. RACHEL SKY  
knocks on the door.

JOSEPH ALLEN:  
Can it wait?

RACHEL SKY:  
It's a message from Colonel Brag.

JOSEPH ALLEN:  
I'll be out in a second!

Joseph pulls out his razor to shave his face.

RACHEL SKY:  
And breakfast will be on the table.

Joseph sprays shaving cream in his hand and starts rubbing  
his face. Rachel walks away from the door and goes to the  
kitchen.

INT. SGT. BEAVER'S LIVING QUARTERS ON BASE - DAY

SGT. BEAVER Put a family picture in his bag while standing  
next to his pregnant wife MRS. BEAVER. He looks over at her  
and smiles as she gently rubs her stomach.

SGT. BEAVER:  
I'll try and make it back as soon as  
possible.

MRS. BEAVER:  
You sure you have to go on this  
mission?

SGT. BEAVER:  
Duty calls baby!

MRS. BEAVER:  
You and my father sound just alike.

SGT. BEAVER:  
There's people out there trying tear  
our country down every day. And we're  
the elite team trained to defend it.

MRS. BEAVER:  
So when are you coming back?

SGT. BEAVER:  
Not quite sure but I'll be back as  
soon as I can. I'll make sure I call  
to check up on you and the baby.

MRS. BEAVER:  
You promise?

Sgt. Beaver smiles and rubs her stomach.

SGT. BEAVER:  
Promise!

MRS. BEAVER:  
They choose a bad time to deploy you.

Mrs. Beaver looks down as he continues to rub her stomach.  
He picks up her chin.

SGT. BEAVER:  
Look at me. I'll be back sooner than  
you think. We'll go in...step on a  
few necks...and come right back home.  
(Kisses)

MRS. BEAVER:  
I just don't want to do it by myself.

SGT. BEAVER:  
My mom will be here. And your parents  
are flying in tomorrow.  
(Picks up backpack)

SGT DUFF clears his throat.

SGT. DUFF:  
Sir, we have to get going.

SGT. BEAVER:  
(Turns around)  
Just a minute Serge.

SGT. DUFF:  
Make it quick.

SGT. BEAVER:  
Honey, I have to go but don't forget,  
I love you.

Sgt. Beaver throws his military backpack over back and  
kisses his wife. She hugs him tightly.

MRS. BEAVER:  
You better come back.

SGT. BEAVER:  
I'll do my best.

He smiles and gets into the Hum-V with his squad. Mrs.  
Beaver blows him a kiss as they drive off.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS: FORT BULL-EYES - DAY

The ground crew prep and fuel the planes, jets, and  
helicopters on the airfield. In the C-130 Hercules, they  
load it with Tanks and other infantry vehicles. Trucks,  
black SUV and different military vehicles drive around the  
base. A soldier walks with his German Shepherd doing their  
normal patrol. Joseph Allen rides in one of the jeeps  
heading towards the C-130. He meets up with SSG. BRANDON.

SSG. BRANDON:  
Okay soldiers! This is gonna be a  
long flight. E.T.A, 19 hours  
depending on turbulence.

PVT. ALLEN:  
(Salutes)  
Sorry I'm late sir!

SSG. BRANDON:  
Welcome aboard Allen.

INT. FIRE BASE: OPERATION ROOM - DAY

A full layout of the targets including Makarov are displayed  
on the digital board, and a few of them show dead and alive.  
GEN. SHEPHERD sits back in the chair as he's briefed on the  
mission and his target by another DOD member.

MSG LENNY and OPERATION LEADER sit at the table looking at the information.

OPERATION LEADER:  
This appears to be of the work of the Ultranationalist also known as U-Nat.

MSG LENNY:  
I thought we closed that chapter.

OPERATION LEADER:  
Vladimir Makarov is the one leading the movement now.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
That's no surprise to me.

MSG LENNY:  
Who the fuck is this guy?

OPERATION LEADER:  
Imran Zakhaev kept Vladimir on a leash but since his death a few years back. Makarov's reach is spreading like wild fire. And we need to end this before things get out of hand.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I agree! We need to get someone close to him.

OPERATION LEADER:  
Easier said than done general. He's not the type of guy that brings new people into his circle.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Where there's a will. There's a way. Make it happen.

OPERATION LEADER:  
We'll work on it sir.

The two C-17 fly in formation in the sky. Two fighter jets fly along side the troop transport over enemy airspace. They start to fly over the desert as morning breaks.

INT. COCKPIT OF THE C-17 GLOBE MASTER III - DAY

The flight crew try to reach FIRE BASE ATC with the air to ground radio to set coordinates and get field conditions.

BIG BIRD:  
Big Bird to Fire Base, you have a copy?

FIRE BASE ATC:  
I read you loud and clear Big Bird.

BIG BIRD:  
We'll be in your sector in 30 minutes. What's our field conditions?

FIRE BASE ATC:  
Runway is clear with high winds from the east. Might run into a small dust cloud on final approach.

BIG BIRD:  
Nothing new in the sand box.

FIRE BASE ATC:  
We sent two fighters to escort you over enemy airspace.

BIG BIRD:  
They're flying right beside us as we speak.

FIRE BASE ATC:  
Fire Base copies. Over and out.

The FIGHTER JET pull up to the noise and throws up a THUMBS before breaking off. The C-17 pilot acknowledges with a salute and the planes break off. The fighter pilots bank hard and roar towards the Persian Gulf to meet back up with the aircraft carrier out at sea. DANGLES and GASTON talk.

PVT. DANGLES:  
How did it get this bad?

SGT. GASTON:  
It's the fight for power.

PVT. DANGLES:  
So tell me what happened? And don't spear the details.

SGT. GASTON:  
It all started five years ago when...

INT. COMMAND POST ALPHA: BRIEFING TABLE - DAY

The scene opens to flashback that happened 5 years ago where GAZ and CPT. PRICE have a briefing in one of the rooms.

GAZ:  
Well here's the good news. The world's in great shape.

CPT. PRICE:  
Just another day at the office.

GAZ:  
We've got a civil war in Russia and about 15,000 nukes at stake.

CPT. PRICE:  
Nothing new.

GAZ:  
Khaled Al-Asad. Currently the second most powerful man in the Middle East. Word on the street is, he has enough WMDs to be top dog.

CPT. PRICE:  
Shit! Just what we need.

GAZ:  
That's not even the icing on the cake. We've Vladimir raising hell in every town he goes through. And it's gonna get ugly before it gets pretty.

CPT. PRICE:  
And the bad news?

GAZ:  
We have a new guy joining us today fresh from selection.

CPT. PRICE:  
Great! Let's pray this operation don't go south.

GAZ:  
We're as far south as we're gonna go my brother.

CPT. PRICE:  
Welcome to hell.



GAZ:  
I'll go get the team ready.

CPT. PRICE:  
The chopper dust off in 30 minutes.

EXT. OPERATION KINGFISH: ABANDON RUSSIAN BARRACKS - DAY

One of the United States military satellite track the 141's position in the remote lands of Russia. Multiple radio transmission in the background while the camera rotates around the satellite in space where the Earth slowly comes in plain view. Captain Price leads his team in the heart of Russian woodlands.

MALE TRANSMISSION:  
2-5-6-1-1-9er-3, we've got Kingfish's playground in sight. 5.4 miles inland, target elevation is 2-2-1-3-6. Target is surrounded by multiple personnel. Operation Kingfish is a go. Mission is kill or capture. I repeat, kill or capture.

FEMALE TRANSMISSION:  
Our Task Force is on the ground. Spector 6, you're operation in strict R.O.A. Solid copy.

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
10-4. Let us know when we're clear to engage.

GAZ:  
I count 4 patrolling the rooftop to the east and west barrack. I'm ready to engage.

The sniper turns the dial on his rifle.

MALE TRANSMISSION:  
Copy! You're free to engage.

Gaz takes the shoots one of the enemies.

GAZ:  
He's down. The nest has been stirred.

The AC130 pilots turn off their transponder and hold their position over enemy airspace as they push towards the abandon barrack in the forest.

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
The Russian's think we're one of  
them.

MALE TRANSMISSION:  
Specter 6. You're clear to engage the  
playground.

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
Roger that! Rollin' in.

The AC130 circles the barrack to give the gunners a better  
shots. The 141 Task Force jump into action and charge the  
base.

SPECTER 6 CO-PILOT:  
Gunner's you have permission to light  
em' up!

The rounds start dumping out the side of the aircraft taking  
out the ground troops.

SPECTER 6 PILOT  
Good kill! Good kill! 141, we got you  
covered. Go have some fun boys.

Price and his team move up to the wall for cover until they  
get some fire cover from above.

CPT. PRICE:  
Specter 6, fire on the west barracks.  
Large numbers on the scope.

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
Consider it done.

The troops on the ground move towards another target  
building. The door is locked and they look for another  
entrance. One of the soldiers points up to the AC130 to give  
them access.

CPT. PRICE:  
Gunship, give us an entrance.

Price, MacTavish, and the rest of the squad moves into the  
hole in the with precision taking out the enemies. They  
clear rooms and get to the door that welded shut. Price puts  
a charge on the door and they all step back. The charges go  
off and MacTavish throws a flash bang in the room. The three  
tangos get blinded and the 141 light them up.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
All clear!

Price see the dead bodies laying around the complex. The other men stay frost as they look around. MacTavish looks at the bulletin board.

CPT. PRICE:  
Mission! We've arrived at the local.  
There's no sign of Kingfish. I  
repeat...No sign of Kingfish.

MALE TRANSMISSION:  
Copy! Collect any Intel you can. If  
he's not there. Find out where he's  
going.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Price! You need to see this.

A beeping noise gets louder from the bomb under the table.

CPT. PRICE:  
Bomb! Get down.

They run out before the explosion goes off. The AC130 gunship takes small arms fire from people in the woods. A guy with a Javelin locks on to the gunship. Price and his men take heavy fire as they rush into the woods to the LZ.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
We're approaching the evac point.  
Requesting danger close.

Aircraft system goes off from the Javelin locking on. The co-pilot looks over at his pilot.

SPECTER 6 CO-PILOT:  
Is that rocket fire?

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
Shit! Spare the flares.

SPECTER 6 CO-PILOT:  
Deploying flares.

SPECTER 6 PILOT:  
Shit! Here comes another one. Bank  
right!  
(Looks out the window)

Specter 6 get shot in midair. The plane disintegrate and metal pieces fall to the ground. A support chopper swings in place to pick up the 141 Task Force under heavy gun fire from the enemy tangers in the trees.

## FEMALE TRANSMISSION:

Specter 6 is down. I repeat. Specter 6 is down.

The Task force shoot back and dodge bullets as they run to the evac chopper (UH-60 Ghost-Hawk). Price turns around and provide cover fire for his men as they jump on board the helicopter. MacTavish turns around and see Price getting hit. He goes to run back but the HELICOPTER LOAD MASTER grabs him. Price radios to his men from his position.

## CPT. PRICE:

Go! That's an order.

## MACTAVISH:

(Yells)

Price!

## MALE TRANSMISSION:

Jigsaw, your orders are to take off immediately.

## MACTAVISH:

No.

(Tries to pull away)

## HELICOPTER LOAD MASTER:

(Pulls him back)

Sir! We need to evacuate now.

## MACTAVISH:

We still have a man out there.

## HELICOPTER LOAD MASTER:

If we all stay. We're all dead.

(Closes the door)

Price get hit and goes down but isn't killed. The Russians charge him and the helicopter dodge small arms fire from the ground. The scene goes black and fades into the next scene.

INT. C-17 GLOBE MASTER III: BIG BIRD MAIN CARGO BAY - DAY

## PVT. DANGLES:

So what happened to Price?

## SGT. GASTON:

Who knows? Probably died in the field.

PVT. DANGLES:  
Might have been the best thing for  
him. Those Russian would've tortured  
him to death.

SGT. GASTON:  
Aren't you proud to be an American.

PVT. DANGLES:  
Enough said.

Dangles straps in for the final approach.

EXT. FIRE BASE PHOENIX, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

The plane approaches the runway on final decent and touches down kicking up sand as it slows down. The plane taxi into drop off zone and the other C-17 lands behind it. The troops work together to get the equipment, gear, and rations unloaded. They stack supplies in a shipping container while GEN. SHEPERD is in the command shelter with screens and radars. SGT. FOLEY walks in and stands off to the side.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
The more things change, the more they  
stay the same. Boundaries shift, new  
players step in, but power always  
finds a place to rest its head. We  
fought and bled alongside the  
Russians. We shoulda known they'd  
hate us for it. History is written by  
the victor. And here I am, thinking  
we'd won! But you bring down one  
enemy and they find someone even  
worse to replace him. Locations  
change, the rationale, the objective.  
Yesterday's enemies are today's  
recruits. Train them to fight  
alongside you, and pray they don't  
eventually decide to hate you for it  
too.

(To Foley)  
Sergeant Foley, you know what I'm  
looking for, keep your eyes peeled.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Sir. I'll send you the best one I  
find.

"S.S.D.D"...DAY 1-15:30:32...PFC JOSEPH ALLEN...1ST BN.,  
75TH RANGER REGIMENT...FIRE BASE PHOENIX, AFGHANISTAN.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Alright, thanks for the help Allen.  
Now go over to the Pitt. General  
Shepherd wants to see you run the  
course.

PVT. ALLEN:  
Yes sir!

Allen walks over to the Pitt and meets up with CPL. DUNN.

CPL. DUNN:  
Welcome back soldier.

PVT. ALLEN:  
So what's new?  
(Puts on helmet)

CPL. DUNN:  
General Shepherd wants to pull a  
shooter from our unit.

PVT. ALLEN:  
For what?

CPL. DUNN:  
For some special assignment. Anyway,  
he's up in observation so make it  
look pretty.

Cpl. Dunn plays with his revolver clip by spinning the  
chamber while leaning up against the crates.

PVT. ALLEN:  
Don't I always put on a show for  
these boys.

Cpl. Dunn leans up off the crates.

CPL. DUNN:  
Well, smile for the cameras. And  
don't miss...Best shooter join the  
Prima-Donna squad...if that's your  
thing.

Cpl. Dunn opens front gate to the Pitt.

PVT. ALLEN:  
Hope it comes with holidays.

CPL. DUNN:  
Timer starts when you pop the first target.

PVT. ALLEN:  
Alrighty then, wish me luck.

CPL. DUNN:  
Good luck.

Joseph Allen walks into the test range. General Sheperd stand in observation looking over the course with CPT. DAN. Dan grabs his megaphone. Pvt. Allen clears the first part of the first area with style but decides to reload before going into the building.

CPT. DAN:  
Area clear. Move into the building.

Allen clears the room and then goes up the stairs. A target pops out at Allen and he pulls his knife out and stabs it back behind the wall. Allen jumps down and get ready to make his final dash to the exit.

CPL. DUNN:  
Very impressive! You made that course your bitch.

PVT. ALLEN:  
That's what I do.

Base alarm goes off and things go into a slight panic. Soldiers run to their station. Allen looks around and takes off running towards the fight.

OVERLORD:  
All units, get to your victors.

SGT. ARNETT and PVT. WALDEN carries the WOUNDED SOLDIER. They put down the soldier to tend to his wounds. Allen rushes up to get information.

PVT. ALLEN:  
What's going on?

SGT. ARNETT:  
They blew out the bridge!

PVT. WALDEN:  
BCT one is trapped across the river.

The two soldiers rush back into the fight as the Humvees roll up. PVT.

PORTER grabs the door handle and opens the door. for Sgt. Joseph. He opens his medic kit and starts wrapping up the wounded warrior as Foley walks up.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Everyone! We're moving out.

SGT. JOSEPH:  
Help me get him up Allen.

PVT. ALLEN:  
On 3...1, 2, 3.  
Allen helps the soldier up and puts him in the Humvee.

PVT. PORTER:  
We got it from here.  
(Jumps in Humvee)

SGT. FOLEY:  
Head over to the bridge and provide cover.

The Humvees and Strykers teams head to the bridge. The armed forces engaging enemy militia on the other side with gun fire. Shepherd sits across from one of the Afghan generals.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
We are the most powerful military force in the history of man. Every fight is our fight. Because what happens over here, matters over there. We don't get to sit one out. Learning to use the tools of modern warfare is the difference between the prospering of your people, and utter destruction. We can't give you freedom. But we can give you the know-how to acquire it. And that my friend, is worth more than a whole army base full of steel. Sure it matters who got the biggest stick, but it matters a helluva lot more who's swinging it too. This is a time for heroes. A time for legends. Now, let's get to work.

AFGHANISTAN GENERAL:  
These guys will stop at nothing to bring down your country. You're on your own Shepherd.



GEN. SHEPHERD:

Don't tell me the Afghan general is scared to go all in.

AFGHANISTAN GENERAL:

You're talking about a suicide mission my friend. If you want to take your men into battle. Be my guest. But I don't see any success from it.

Gen. Shepherd grabs the drive and puts it in his pocket. He walks over to the table and snatches the assault rifle off the table.

GEN. SHEPHERD:

Well we can sure as hell try.

AFGHANISTAN GENERAL:

You Americans are crazy.

(To his soldier)

Get my car ready.

The soldier rushes out to get his general's car while chaos by the bridge intensify. Gen. Shepherd joins the fire fight. Pvt. Allen runs down the stairs and aims down his sights. He gets hit by a round from the other side of the river and is knocked to the floor

GEN. SHEPHERD:

Get up Allen!

(Helps him up)

Rangers lead the way!

PVT. ALLEN:

(Pats his self)

I'm hit but I'm okay.

GEN. SHEPHERD:

They're not gonna throw rocks at you son. Get your head in the game.

Gun fire in the background as Allen moves up to the front over by the Stryker. Sgt. Foley leans up against one of the Strykers taking cover as he talks into the battle radio.

SGT. FOLEY:

Hunter 2! Keep some pressure on those RPG teams! If the LB gets hit, we're swimming with the fishes on this one.

(To Allen)

Allen! Give em' hell!

PVT. ALLEN:  
You got it sir!

Joseph Allen switches to the M203 and starts tubing over to the other side. SGT. GREY grabs the horn to call command.

SGT. GREY:  
Warlord! Warlord! This is Hunter 2-1 requesting an airstrike. Target is a white 12 story apartment building.

WARLORD:  
Hunter 2-1, this is Warlord. Solid copy! I have Devil 1-1 on line. Stand by for relay.

DEVIL 1-1:  
Hunter 2-1, this is Devil 1-1. I have two F-16 carrying two J-DAMS and two HARMS. Over!

WARLORD:  
10-4!

SGT. GREY:  
Target is a 12 story apartment building at Grind 2-5-2-1-7-1-3-8-9er. We need that building leveled. Copy? Over!

WARLORD:  
Solid copy Hunter 2! They're rolling in now. Target acquired.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Multiple targets on the bridge. 10 o'clock high! Take em' out!

CPL. DUNN:  
Far side! Far side.

The enemies on the far side of the river start to retreat. Big Foot the bridge layer starts putting down the plank so the vehicles can get across.

SGT. FOLEY:  
They're retreating.

CPL. DUNN:  
It's almost time to move soldiers, just keep firing.

SGT. FOLEY:  
 Hunter 2! Bridge is complete, we're  
 Oscar Mike!  
 (Lets gun hang down)

CPL. DUNN:  
 (Yells)  
 Get your ass back in the Humvees!

Private Allen and a couple of the other troops run up the stairs and run to the Humvees and Strykers. Allen's Humvee pulls up to him and he jumps in and grabs the turret.

SGT. FOLEY:  
 We're moving out now.

RANGER:  
 10 seconds!

PVT. BOLT [BACK SEAT]:  
 Which building is it sir?

PVT. DANGLES [FRONT SEAT]:  
 It's the tall one!

RANGER:  
 Hey isn't this danger close for the task force?

CPL. DUNN:  
 C'mon, since when does Shepherd ever care about danger close. He's about getting the job done. You know that!

The two jets roar over the soldiers dropping their payloads on the building and fly off into the distance. The building falls and blows back a cushion of air that rattles the fence over by the troops waiting on the bridge. The soldiers cheer on and yell whew-who!

PVT. CAIN:  
 It's on baby!

RANGER:  
 Come get some!

RANGER 2:  
 W-h-o-o h-o-o-o!

RANGER 3:  
 Battalion is Oscar mike!

CPL. DUNN:  
 Alright team, we're Oscar mike!

Ranger 3 runs in front of the Humvee and jumps in. The vehicles move across the plank that the AVLB laid out. Pvt. Fuller video tapping the scenery around them. The strykers and military vehicles head out.

PVT. FULLER:  
 Smile for the camera!

PVT. WASHINGTON:  
 (Turns around)  
 What are you doing?

PVT. FULLER:  
 For the network.

PVT. WASHINGTON:  
 Keep dreaming Spielberg!

INT. FOLEY'S HUMVEE - DAY

Sgt. Foley grabs his radio and speaks to his platoon.

SGT. FOLEY:  
 All Hunter 2 victors, keep an eye out for civvies. Scan the rooftop for hostiles and stay frosty. We're not clear to engage unless fired upon.

PVT. BOLT:  
 You see anything?

CPL. DUNN:  
 I got nothin'. This place is dead.

SGT. FOLEY:  
 Overlord. We're passing tunnel Harvey, crossing Elizabeth street.

OVERLORD:  
 Roger that. Hunter 2-1, proceed with caution.

CPL. DUNN:  
 Alright, stay alert and watch those fucking alleys.

PVT. BOLT:  
 We're in the wild west now. Or should I say east.

The soldiers scans alley way with assault rifles. Allen rotates the gunner back and forth down each alleyway.

CPL. DUNN:  
Three foot mobiles, balcony 12  
o'clock. Probably militia.

SGT. FOLEY:  
(Walky)  
Are they armed?

CPL. DUNN:  
Negative! They're just watching.

SGT. DAVE:  
Can you see em'?

CPL. DUNN:  
(Looks around)  
I don't see jack!

Bullets start hitting the vehicle.

SGT. FOLEY:  
(walky)  
All Hunter victors. Prepare to  
engage, we're taking sniper fire from  
multiple directions.

RANGER:  
This is it! Spin em' up!

Private Allen starts to spin up the cannon and shoots the enemies on the building.

RANGER 2:  
(Yells)  
RPG!

CPL. DUNN:  
There's too many of em'. Back up!  
Back up!

Sgt. Dave throws to Humvee into reverse and then drives off while Allen continues to shoot in the gunner position.

SGT. DAVE:  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

CPL. DUNN:  
Get us outta here.

They drive through the small alleys but one of the Humvees get blocked by a militia. They shoot the guys in the vehicle and push through with the brush guards. They get to the school house and see a group standing on the building.

SGT. FOLEY:  
RPG! Top floor! Dead ahead!

The rocket spirals towards the ground and lifts the vehicle up over on its side. Everything gets fuzzy as the unit come out of shock. They pop a smoke grenade to hide their position while they escape the Humvees. The soldiers rush inside a nearby building.

CPL. DUNN:  
Got movement upstairs.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Hunter 2-3, I have eyes on the school building. Over!

HUNTER 3:  
We're combat ineffective here! Taking heavy fire from the school, can you assist, over?

SGT. FOLEY:  
Squad on me, let's go!  
(Talks into walky)  
Keep it together 2-3! We're on the way.

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA: ABANDON WEAPONS FACTORY - DAY

Trucks, buses and cars drive through the busy streets. A small truck turns onto one of the side roads off the busy street. The truck drives down the block and pulls into this abandon lot. The truck comes to a complete stop as Lev holds up his hand for Viktor to stop. Viktor jumps out and walks towards the back. Kiril opens the factory door.

KIRIL:  
(In Russian)  
Is it all there?

VIKTOR:  
(In Russian)  
Airport badges and all.

KIRIL:  
(In Russian)  
Good! Let's get it offloaded.

LEV:  
(In Russian)  
I want the biggest gun in the crate.

Makarov walks out.

MAKAROV:  
(In Russian)  
We need one more man for the assault.

LEV:  
(In Russian)  
I think we're capable with what we  
got.

MAKAROV:  
Trust me!

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

The American troops start to de-escalate the war zone as they clear out the last of the enemies in and around the school building.

HUNTER 2-3:  
Hunter 2-1, thanks for the assist.  
We're leaving on the extraction  
Humvees. Over!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Roger that 2-3!

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1 Actual, this is Overlord,  
send traffic.

SGT. FOLEY:  
The school is secure and hostiles are  
withdrawing from the area. We're just  
moppin' up now.

OVERLORD:  
Solid copy Hunter 2-1 Actual, proceed  
with caution to the rally point for  
extraction. EPWs may still be in the  
area. Over!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Roger that Overlord. Thanks for the  
tip. Out!  
(To the squad)  
Squad watch out for enemy stragglers.

The team advance with caution to the rally point to meet up with the rest of the convey. They get to Shepherd once they reach the rally point. Multiple little birds choppers touch down in the background.

GEN. SHEPHERD:

Well done!

SGT. FOLEY:

We're here sir!

(Salutes)

GEN. SHEPHERD:

Get the wounded to the shock trauma unit! Use my helicopter! Good work on taking the town.

(To Allen)

Allen, you'll be taking orders from me directly. I'll brief you on the chopper ride.

INT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES: LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

The U.S. Embassy in London, England has the FLAG waving in the wind over the building. Computer room filled with C.I.A agents typing away and reviewing different cases. On the main screen on the tablet shows the tracking of the 141 Task Force assigned to get a downed ACS module. Shepherd is hunched over the desk talking with an C.I.A AGENT with a mug in front of him before Joseph Allen walks in. He walks in with a different hair color and eye contacts with a different shade.

PFC ALLEN:

So how do I look?

Gen. Shepherd looks over and stands up straight.

GEN. SHEPHERD:

Like one of the bad guys. Perfect for your undercover assignment.

C.I.A AGENT:

(Pushes seat back)

Excuse me, running low.

Agent grabs his mug and walks away. Allen drops the classified folder on the desk.

PFC ALLEN:

So is Makarov the prize?



GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Makarov is no prize. He's a mad-dog  
killer for the highest bidder. Just  
remember your new identity because it  
will keep you alive. Welcome to the  
141. Best handpicked group on the  
planet.

PFC ALLEN:  
It's an honor, sir. When do I meet  
the rest of the team?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
They're on a mission recovering a  
downed ACS module behind enemy lines.

PFC ALLEN:  
Their feet wet?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Imagine they're just about freezing  
right now.  
(Looks at watch)  
We're running late.

The C.I.A agent walks back in with a cup full of coffee.

PFC ALLEN:  
Where to?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
The airport. We have to get you  
acquainted with your new friends.  
They'll pick you up from your  
apartment in Moscow.

PFC ALLEN:  
I see the 141 doesn't waste time.

Gen. Shepherd grabs a brown envelope from another C.I.A  
agent.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Here's your new identity.  
(Hands to Allen)

PFC Allen reaches inside and sees a RUSSIAN PASSPORT with  
his new identity.

PFC ALLEN:  
Alexei Borodin...sounds like a girl  
name.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Well that's who you are now.

They walks down one of the long corridors and then them exiting the building. A black SUV pulls up and they get in one of the government vehicle.

EXT. TIAN SHAN MOUNTAINS: CENOZOIC MILITARY BASE - DAY

"CLIFFHANGER"...DAY 2-07:35:56...SGT. GARY 'ROACH'  
SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 141...TIAN SHAN MOUNTAIN, KAZAKHSTAN

An enemy fighter jet flies over their position going north. CPT. MACTAVISH and SGT. SANDERSON huddle close to the mountains on one of the ledges in their snow colored gillie suits.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Break's over Roach. Let's go.

MacTavish makes his way across the icy ledge.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
So soon.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Stay here and spot me. Wait for my go.

MacTavish puts the ice picks in the ledge and starts to climb up.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
We good?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
All right, the ice is good.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Right behind you.

Sanderson pulls out his ice picks and digs into the ice and starts climbing up the icy ledge. They make their way up but MacTavish sees a small problem. He walks towards Roach as he gets to the top.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Good luck mate. I'll see you on the far side.

MacTavish run and jumps over the gap and digs the ice pick into the ice. He starts to climb up a little bit before Sanderson run up.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Shit. Why couldn't this mission be easy.

Roach backs up and then runs towards the cliff before taking the leap of faith. He digs in but starts to slide down. He holds on with his left hand as the right arm falls back and picks dangle from his right arm.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Hold on! Don't let go!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I don't wanna die like this.

Roach throws his right arm up and grabs the left pick. MacTavish anchors him self into the ice up top before sliding back down to get his friend. Just as Roach starts to slip, MacTavish grabs his hand and pulls him up.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
No one's dying on my watch.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Thanks man. That was close.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
No problem, we need each other for this mission.

They move up the mountain to a snow bank right before the air strip. A jet lands and goes down the landing strip.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Two men verses a whole base. Sounds like suicide to me.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach, check your heartbeat sensor.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
(Opens monitor)  
Guess we can thank the NSA for this one.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
These Muppets have no idea we're here. Let's take this nice and slow.  
(MORE)

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
You take the one on the left. On  
three. One...Two...Three.  
(Shoot targets)  
Nicely done.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Let's move up.

They continue to move up but hears their heartbeat sensors  
start to beep.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Same plan. On three. One...Two...  
Three.  
(Shoots target)

SGT. SANDERSON:  
This weather isn't giving us a break.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Yeah! The storm is brewing up.  
So let's split up, I'll use the  
thermal and provide over-watch from  
this ridge.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
10-4.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
You'll be a ghost in this blizzard.  
And remember! Keep an eye on your  
heartbeat sensor. Good luck!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Moving up.

Sgt. Sanderson slides up next to the jeep and aims at the  
enemy walking towards him. He kills him and drags his body  
in cover. Two guard patrol close by on the ridge.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We have two tangos on the ridge. I  
can take the one closest to me.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'll let you know when I'm in  
position. Still on the move.  
(Reaches the tower)  
Alright, I see the tango.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I got mine.

SGT. SANDERSON:

So do I!

Sgt. Sanderson makes his way into a bunker where one of the guards have his back turned using some hand warmers. He walks over to him and slides knife across his neck while covering his mouth.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

I've tapped into their comms. Head southeast and plant the C4 on the fueling station. We might need to switch to plan B if things go south.

SGT. SANDERSON:

Hopefully we won't need a plan B.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Wait! There's a truck coming! Stay out of sight.

Sgt. Sanderson walks into another bunker. He shoots the guard in the chair and then the one leaning against the door. Cpt. MacTavish shoots the guard walking away from Sanderson.

SGT. SANDERSON:

Good shooting!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

The truck stopped, 4 tangerines just got out. I can pick them off when they separate.

Sgt. Sanderson crouch's on one knee and looks around. The guards split up to search the area. MacTavish starts picking them off one by one.

SGT. SANDERSON:

How far is the fueling station?

CPT. MACTAVISH:

About a couple yards.

SGT. SANDERSON:

Heading out.

Roach creep towards the direction.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Roach, hold up, I'm seeing some activity on the runway.

(MORE)

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Looks like twenty plus foot mobiles  
headed your way.  
(Roach move quickly)  
Okay, I see you, that's the fueling  
station. You found it.

Sgt. Sanderson starts planting the C4 while MacTavish covers him from the ridge.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
I'm picking up more radio traffic  
about the satellite. Standby.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Standing by.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Got it. Sounds like the satellite's  
in the far hangar. Race you there,  
Oscar Mike.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm heading to the hangars for cover.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
(Breathing)  
10-4.

Sgt. Sanderson walks over to the three hangars on the right.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm by the first hangar.

Cpt. MacTavish walks up behind Roach.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Picking up large heat signatures near  
the tower, could be BMPs. I'd avoid  
that area if I were you.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
What took you so long?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Took the scenic route. Let's go.  
(Opens the door)  
He's mine.

Cpt. MacTavish move quickly but silently down the hallway and throws his body in to the enemy. They bounce towards the locker and MacTavish roll with the enemy to make him hit the floor. Takes out his knife and stabs him in the neck.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm freezing my balls off so let's  
make this quick.

Cpt. MacTavish walks over to a broken jet engine and pulls  
out an electronic drill. Sanderson stand behind him.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Go upstairs and look for the ACS  
module. I'll finish this up.

Sgt. Sanderson moves quickly to the stairs. He looks around  
and sees it lying there.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I got it.

He throws it in his bag and then hears hangar doors open. He  
moves quickly and crawls over by the boxers.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach, I'm compromised! Keep a low  
profile.

MAJOR PETROV walks up with a megaphone and 2 dozen troops.  
He looks around the hanger with the megaphone to his mouth  
while the American troops hide.

MAJOR PETROV:  
(Russian accent)  
This is Major Petrov! Come out with  
your hands up! You have five seconds  
to comply!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach, go to plan B.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Copy!  
(Pulls out remote)

MAJOR PETROV:  
(Russian accent)  
Five...Four...Three...Two...One.

Cpt. MacTavish stands up slowly with his arms up. Sgt.  
Sanderson clicks button and the fuel station explodes.  
Everyone outside the hangers is distracted by the explosion.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Going hot.  
(Starts shooting)

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
(Starts shooting)  
Stay close and hug the wall! We'll  
use the MiGs for cover and cross the  
tarmac to the southeast!

Sgt. Sanderson head over to concrete wall while shooting his way to the evac point. Sgt. Sanderson shoot five enemies around by the MiG on fire. They move up and a fuel truck explode close by. Two enemies on snowmobiles head towards them as they leave the base and rush towards the woods.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Snowmobiles! Take em' out.

Cpt. MacTavish shoots one of the riders off the snowmobile and the vehicle crashes into a jeep and explodes. Sgt. Sanderson gets graze by a bullet as they make their way to the edge of the hill and see a cabin down below.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Let's get some cover down here.  
(Slides down hill)

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Right behind you.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
(Turns around)  
Look up Roach!

Five tangos aim down from the top of the hill at Sanderson and MacTavish. They lift up their guns and start shooting back. Two snowmobiles reach the top of the hill as the tangos fall.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Damn, I hear more snowmobiles.

Cpt. MacTavish runs over by the shed to get cover while Sgt. Sanderson crouch and follows the rider with his scope.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Come on you bastard. Stay still.

Cpt. MacTavish knocks one of the riders off with the butt of his gun. Sgt. Sanderson shoots off the gunner and driver off one of the snowmobile.



CPT. MACTAVISH:

Stay down.

(Shoots)

Roach, take that snowmobile! Let's get the hell out of here!

SGT. SANDERSON:

You don't have to tell me twice.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

(Jumps on)

Kilo Six, our primary is compromised! We're in route to backup LZ using enemy transport!

HELICOPTER PILOT:

Bravo Six, this is Kilo Six, roger that. We'll meet at the secondary. Out.

They head towards the wooded area. Sgt. Sanderson pulls out a machine pistol and shoots back. Cpt. MacTavish catches up to Sgt. Sanderson while dodging gunfire. A tree starts to fall and they make it pass the falling tree just in time. The TREE crushes the enemies behind them. More trouble comes up as enemies soldiers rush out of two nearby cabins and hop on snowmobiles. An enemy helicopter gunship appears over the horizon.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

More tangos! We have an enemy bird in the air.

SGT. SANDERSON:

How far is the LZ!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Just keep going, follow me.

They go down a 60 degree hill.

HELICOPTER PILOT:

Bravo Six, we're getting close. What's your status? Over!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Kilo Six One, we're taking heavy fire, but we're almost there! Standby!

SGT. SANDERSON:

You see that?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Yeah, pin the throttle! Keep going!

The evac chopper knocks the enemy helo out the sky and zooms over head pass the guys to a safe spot in the snow to land. They get to the bottom of the hill where a gap leads to a 80 ft. drop. The two troop go full speed towards the jump to make it on the other side.

SGT. SANDERSON & CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Holy shit!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We made it, there's the chopper!

Helicopter lands with the bay doors open. Rotors knowing snow off the surrounding trees.

HELICOPTER PILOT:  
Bravo Six, we have you in our visual.  
Get on board so we can dust off  
immediately! We're running on fumes  
here.

The troops jump out the chopper to secure the LZ and they ride up into the back of the helicopter. The troops rush back in and the helicopter pulls off.

INT. UNITED STATES AIR FORCE GULFSTREAM 650ER - DAY

Shepherd sits in a plush leather chair in his uniform looking out the window. His beeper goes off and he looks down at it. He sees his team completed their mission in Kazakhstan. Joseph Allen sit in the chair across from him eating good with a nice plate prepare by the flight attendant who happens to be an Air Force soldier.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
The rest of my Task Force brought in the module, Allen. Two men took down an entire base. I ask much more from you now. Yesterday you were a soldier on the front line. But today, the front lines are history. Uniforms are relics. The war rages everywhere. And there will be some casualties along the way. This man is fighting his own war and doesn't have any rules. He doesn't flinch at torture, human trafficking, or genocide. No boundaries. He's not loyal to any flag or any ideals.

(MORE)

GEN. SHEPHERD: (cont'd)  
He trades blood for money. He's your  
new best friend. You don't want to  
know what it's cost to put you next  
to him. It will cost you a piece of  
yourself. But, it's nothing compared  
to everything you'll save. Do you  
understand?

PFC ALLEN:  
Yes sir!

The scene goes black. You hear the men un-zipping bags and  
zipping them back up. They cocked their guns and wait for  
the elevator doors to open. Meanwhile you can hear the  
elevator passing several floors on its way up to the main  
terminal.

INT. SHEREMETYEVO AIRPORT [SVO]: TERMINAL D - DAY

"NO RUSSIANS"...DAY 3-08:40:53...PFC JOSEPH ALLEN A.K.A  
ALEXEI BORODIN...SHEREMETYEVO AIRPORT...MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
Remember! No Russians.

Elevator DOOR opens up. Kiril walks out and moves to the  
side. Viktor walks out next and does the same followed by  
Lev. Makarov steps out while holding his gun to fire from  
the hip. Alexei better known as "Joseph Allen" walks out  
last and grips his gun tightly. The passengers and airport  
personnel at the security checkpoint turn after hearing the  
LMG and assault rifles get cocked. Lev clicks the safety  
off. Everyone looks at the five men standing in front of the  
elevator. They open fire on the crowd and mowing towards the  
security checkpoint. A few people run and scream as the see  
the group passengers get gunned down on the other side.  
Light fixtures dangle and lights flicker. The five men walk  
through the metal detectors. They BEEP from their weapons  
and body armor. You hear the consistent screams throughout  
the halls as people try to run away or hide. The men  
continues to shoot victims in the airport as they move  
through the terminal. People scream and beg for mercy in  
different languages.

MAKAROV: (cont'd)  
(Russian accent)  
Up the stairs.

The team advance up the stairs. They shoot everyone they see. Makarov continues down the center while the other men check the stores and shops for anyone stragglers.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
Clear!

KIRIL:  
(Russian accent)  
Clear on this side.

ALEXEI:  
(Reloads)  
Reloading!

They continue to through the airport terminal shooting men, women, and children. They move over to the balcony that over looks the second floor. They fire on people down below. But before they get to the escalator, one of the two elevators falls down the glass shaft from the wires being shot multiple time. People continue to scream, run, and hide. They walk down the escalators to the ground floor.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
Let's go boys!

DYING GUY:  
(Says in Russian)  
Why are you doing this?

Makarov shoots the dying guy.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
Keep moving, show no sympathy.

They get to the main check point area by one of the gates and wait by the door as SIRENS sound in the background. They go through the door leading to the tarmac.

MAKAROV: (cont'd)  
(Russian accent)  
They're right on time! Check your weapons and ammo.

Everyone check their ammo.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
I've been waiting a long time for this.

KIRIL:  
(Russian accent)  
Haven't we all.

They move down the stairs to the door. Makarov kicks down the door.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
This way.

They walk down a tunnel with pipes and electrical wire. They leave that area and turn left up a loading dock with a forklift on the right. They make their way onto the tarmac.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
You see that?

F.S.B. line up with their riot shield underneath an airplane as they aim their guns at Makarov and his men.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
F.S.B.

The men start firing on the F.S.B with grenade launcher attached to their assault rifles and their light machine guns. They move up to the landing gearing of an Aeroflot A330-200

KIRIL:  
(Russian accent)  
Moving up!

They advance as they slowly get up to the second plane.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
Frag, Move!

Viktor picks it up and chucks it. The men push up.

LEV:  
(Russian accent)  
Coming through!

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
Go!

LEV:  
(Russian accent)  
Moving!

Lev moves to cover.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
Cover me!

Runs ups behind Lev and get to his position. Alexei moves up and shoots a F.S.B member over to the far left.

KIRIL:  
(Russian accent)  
I got it.

LEV:  
(Russian accent)  
Contact in the second floor window.  
(Opens fire)

KIRIL:  
(Russian accent)  
Copy! Second floor windows.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
F.S.B, Left side. Left side.

They run up as the F.S.B truck pulls up and the unit jumps out the back. They all open fire as they jump out of the truck. The truck starts to be on firing from LMG rounds in the engine compartment.

MAKAROV: (cont'd)  
(Russian accent)  
Come on boys, keep moving.

Another F.S.B troop transport pulls up and Alexei hits it with the M203 grenade launcher. Two F.S.B officers jump out from the terminal shooting and killing Kiril. Lev is also badly injured. Lev is on the ground and holding his chest.

LEV:  
(Russian accent)  
I'm hit.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
Kiril don't look to good.

Alexei turns around to help them but Makarov grabs his arm.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
He'll be fine.  
(To Lev)  
Remember what we discuss!

LEV:  
(Russian accent)  
Yes.

Lev coughs up blood before bleeding out and dying. Alexei takes a deep breath and then turns around.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
Behind the bus!

Makarov goes to the edge of the bus and waits for the guy to peck out and then shoots at him.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
He's down.

VIKTOR:  
(Russian accent)  
We're almost there.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
30 seconds.

The men charge towards the on ramp that leads back into the terminal with Makarov leading the pack. He opens the door and scans with his gun for any threat. He gives Viktor and Alexei the all clear. They walk inside and move down the hallway. They get to the ambulance waiting inside corridor. Makarov holds his hands up.

MAKAROV:  
Hold your fire.

The AMBULANCE DOORS open and ANATOLY greets them.

ANATOLY:  
(Russian accent)  
Good, you made it!  
(Help Viktor inside)  
We've sent a strong message with this attack.

MAKAROV:  
(Russian accent)  
That was no message...This is the  
message.

Makarov extends hands to helps Alexei with one hand and uses his pistol to shoot Joseph Allen.

MAKAROV: (cont'd)  
(Russian accent)  
This American thought he could  
deceive us. When they find that  
body...all of Russia will cry for  
war.

Makarov reaches out and closes the door. The ambulance drives off with the sirens blaring in the background. Alexei reaches out with his hand as the ambulance drives off. He turns his head slightly to get a visual as he bleeds out as F.S.B moves up on his dying body.

INT. JOINT OPERATION COMMAND CENTER - DAY

On the big SCREEN, it describes PFC. Allen's/Alexei's position as KIA and goes over to the Task Force plotter. General Shepherd moves his chess piece and communicate with his soldiers GHOST and MacTavish on the SAT phone.

GHOST:  
The Russians aren't gonna let this go  
unanswered sir. It's gonna get real  
bloody.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Now, in the eyes of the world,  
they're the victims and we're the  
savages.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
You got that right.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
No one is gonna say a word when the  
Russians club every American they  
reach.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Makarov was one move ahead of us. Now  
he's left thousands of dead bodies at  
the feet of an American.



CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We're the only ones who knows it was  
Makarov's operation. Our credibility  
died with Allen. We need proof  
Shepherd.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Follow the shell...Alejandro Rojas.

General Shepherd types on the computer to pull up the  
information on the next target. Alejandro Rojas pops up on  
the screen.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Never heard of him, sir.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
You know him as Alex the Red. He  
supplied the assault.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
One bullet to unleash fury of a whole  
nation. Which means that...  
(Interrupted)

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
He's our ticket to Makarov.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC: THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The gardener manicures the presidential property as secret  
service men patrol the field with ear pieces and black  
shades. The PRESIDENT walks in the oval office and looks out  
the window. He then goes over to his chair and spin around  
to his desk to look at some paperwork before he gets a knock  
at the door. He looks up over his glasses.

PRESIDENT:  
You may enter.

The president covers up the private documents. The SECRETARY  
OF DEFENSE walks in with a distinguish look on his face.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
Mr. President! We have a big problem  
on our hands.

The president leans back in his chair and fold his hands.

PRESIDENT:  
Problem. What kind of problem?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
One of our operations went south in Moscow. And it doesn't look good.

PRESIDENT:  
Excuse me! What's going on in Russia that I don't know about?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
Think of the nuclear crisis all over again.

The president takes off his reading glasses and slides them across the table.

PRESIDENT:  
Spit it out.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
One of our soldier went down deep behind enemy lines. They killed First Class Officer Joseph Allen at the feet of thousands of dead Russian.

PRESIDENT:  
Who are we talking about here?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
Vladimir Makarov, he's the protégé of Imran Zakhaev, leader of the Ultranationalist Terrorist Group.

PRESIDENT:  
I thought we put an end to his loose ends.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
(Shakes head)  
So we thought. But Makarov is the one leading the op now.

PRESIDENT:  
How did they get that type of fire power into the airport. Was it an inside job?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
We have our IT department working on it sir. As of right now, we have nothing. We're blind as a bat.

PRESIDENT:  
Pass me the phone. Hopefully we can  
talk this over.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
I don't think the Russians want to  
sweep this one under the rug Mr.  
President.

PRESIDENT:  
Get the Russian Prime Minister on the  
phone immediately.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
We tried.

PRESIDENT:  
And.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
Got nothing but dial tone.

PRESIDENT:  
Keep calling Moscow until we get  
through.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
We have our men working on the animal  
who supplied the assault.

PRESIDENT:  
Just when we were getting along with  
the Russians.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
The only thing we got back was the  
body with a note.

PRESIDENT:  
What did it say?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE:  
(Reads the notes)  
The sword cuts deep.

EXT. ARLINGTON, TEXAS: JOSEPH ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel is folding clothes in her house until she hears the  
DOORBELL ring. A soldier stand outside the front door and  
another waits by the Humvee. She finally gets to the door  
and opens it. The soldier presents a black box with Joseph's  
dog tag inside. She burst out crying and shaking her head.

RACHEL SKY:

N-o-o-o!

She thrust her arms around the soldier and holds him tight while sobbing. The SOLIDER pats her back gently and the guy near the Humvee holds his head down.

SOLDIER:

Your fiancé was a brave man and a strong soldier. We'd like to do a burial in Arlington, Virginia.

RACHEL SKY:

He's not dead. Please tell me this is a really bad dream.

SOLIDER:

I wish it was ma'am. He was a brother to me and the men he served with.

Rachel release him and places her hand over her mouth

RACHEL SKY:

(Voice gets faint)

I feel dizzy.

Rachel starts to fall towards the door but the soldier catches her. Solider holds Rachel up and looks over his shoulder.

SOLDIER:

Call a medic.

Moments later, the ambulance door opens. Rachel lies on the stretcher with the EMS medic team checking her vitals and the soldier by her said finishing up his talk with her. The EMS driver closes one door as the soldier gets out the open side.

SOLIDER:

You'll be fine Rachel.

EMS driver gets in and the ambulance drives off with the lights flashing. The Humvee drives off behind the ambulance.

EXT. ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA: ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Six soldiers stand on the left side of the road and one stand on the right side for vehicle convoy to drive through. The 7 soldiers salute as the convoy comes towards them and passes them. The convoy comes to a stop and shows the men carrying the casket over to the grave.

BURIAL SOLIDER:

Reset!

The 3 rows of soldier reset their gun. The soldiers place the casket down over the grave. Rachel wipes her face with a handkerchief as the soldier fold up the flag over the casket.

BURIAL SOLIDER: (cont'd)

Ready...Aim!...Fire!

(Gun shots go off)

Ready...Aim!...Fire!

(Gun shots go off)

Ready...Aim!...Fire!

(Gun shots go off)

They place their guns down and stand up like statues as the soldier with the trumpet brings the trumpet up to his mouth. An SUV pulls and a solider walks over to the GENERAL SINCLAIR standing there with his arms crossed behind his back. The soldier whispers something in his ear. He then turns to Rachel and whispers that he has to leave. She nods and sobs while wiping the tear from her face. The general steps away and gets in the vehicle with the soldier.

INT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS: MAKAROV'S HIDDEN ESTATE - DAY

Makarov is in the passenger seat of a Range Rover while Anatoly drives up the driveway leading to the estate. They pulls up to Makarov's heavily guarded fortress in the Ukraine Mountains. Anatoly and Makarov gets out the SUV and walks up to Viktor standing at the front door with his arms folded. Makarov walks up to door to enter his house with Anatoly right behind him

VIKTOR:

(Russian accent)

Vladimir!

MAKAROV:

(Russian accent)

What is it?

VIKTOR:

(Russian accent)

The Russian just launched fighter jets.

They walk into the kitchen. Anatoly grabs three glasses out the cabinet. He open the fridge and pulls out a bottle of Russian Standard (vodka).

MAKAROV:

(Russian accent)

Looks like our plan is in full effect. Make sure they succeed on penetrating American air space. They'll pay for what they did to Zakhaev.

ANATOLY:

(Russian accent)

His mission lives on.

Makarov pours the vodka in the glasses and the men each take one. Makarov walks outside to a second floor porch outside the kitchen. He looks out at the boat house with his glass of vodka in his hand. He throws it back and puts the glass on the rails. His men walk the compound with dogs, heavy assault gear, and machine guns. Anatoly finishes his glass and decides to pour another round.

EXT. BRAZIL: AMAZON RIVER / TOCANTINS RIVER - DAY (MORNING)

Seal Team 7 patrols the Amazon River during in 2 SOC-R boats at full speed checking looking for Rojas' hideout. The marines are in full gear. One of the boats takes the lead and starts sharking [a maneuver where they crisscrosses in the water]. The second water craft jump over the wake from the lead boat. They get back into side by side formation and the scout soldier sees a WATER JETTY. The scout points it out and the driver put up his hand up and balls it into a fist.

SOC 1:

SOC-1 to SOC 2, we spot something up ahead.

SOC 2:

Copy that! Jetty on the left. All units brace yourself.

The Marines brace themselves and both boats stop instantly splashing water everywhere. The captain maneuvers the boats towards the bank of the river. AXEL, MEAT, Roach, and Ghost exits the watercraft leaving back 2 people with the driver. Ghost analyzes the rope dangling from the jetty and the BUCKET of cigarettes.

GHOST:

(Picks up bucket)

These look fresh!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
We must be close!

MEAT:  
Let's move before it gets dark.

They move through the jungle and head to a small shack with a large weapons cache and ammunition box. The soldier ran sack the place to find evidence. They collect evidence and take pictures. Axel notices 4x4 tire tracks from a vehicle close to the shack. Ghost find a picture of Rojas on a table along with the items to make a fake identification card.

GHOST:  
Looks like our buddy is trying to make a run for it.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
He just started war. I'd try to find a safe haven too.

AXEL:  
Sir! I found tire tracks leading to the main road.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We don't know what he's driving. But we can ask the locals for help.

MacTavish grabs the picture.

MEAT:  
Damn, that's like finding a needle in a hay stack.

GHOST:  
More like a piece of hay in stack of needles.

AXEL:  
I think he's heading to Rio. Great place to hide in a time like this.

MEAT:  
Yeah, probably in the Favelas.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Enough with the small talk. Tell Soc Team 1 and 2 we're going on foot.

MEAT:  
Copy that. We're Oscar Mike!

A truck carrying local goods drive down the road and Cpt. MacTavish flags him down to stop. The truck passes and pulls over to the side. He walks up to the driver and asks if to hitch a ride. The driver nods and Cpt. MacTavish waves them over. They jump in and they pull off.

"THE TAKEDOWN"...DAY 4-15:08:22...SGT. GARY 'ROACH'  
SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 141...RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Sgt. Sanderson is in the passenger seat, MacTavish sit in the back while a local follows the van through the city.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Ghost, plates are a match.

GHOST:  
Any sign of Benji?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Negative. They've stopped twice already. No sign of him.  
(The van stops)  
Wait, they've stopped again. Standby.

The car pulls off to the side of the road and wait to see what happens next. The door on the van slide opens and two gorilla warriors get out with Ak-47s and walking towards Rojas's connect. Sees the guys start arguing with Rojas.

GHOST:  
I have a positive ID on Benji. He should lead us to Rojas.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Whoever these guys are, they're not happy to see him.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
They don't look too friendly.

Benji pulls out a Desert Eagle and shoots the two gorilla warriors as they get close to him. They go down and the driver van jumps out and goes to the back after the shots were fired. People nearby start to scramble.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Ghost we have a situation here.

The driver aims from the back of the van but gets shot by Benji. Benji sees the car the soldiers are in and opens fire. Benji ends up shooting the driver and the driver's head hits the stirring wheel.



Roach and MacTavish duck down after he fires a couple more shots before running away. The US troops take cover behind the dash and seats until the coast is clear. Roach looks up.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
He's getting away!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach, let's go!

They jumps out the car and run after Benji as he dashes around a corner. They communicate with Ghost, Axel, and Meat via company radio.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm right behind you.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Ghost, our driver's dead! We're on foot! Meet us at the hotel and cut him off if you can.

GHOST:  
Roger! I'm on my way.

Benji rolls a grenade under a car to slow down his pursuers and the vehicles explode. Benji disappears from their sight but blending in with the crowd scrambling in the chaos. Cars sketch to a stop as the troops make their way down the same strip dodging vehicles, people, and chaos.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Damn where did he go?

GHOST:  
He went in the alley!

Sgt. Sanderson runs into the alley on the left while MacTavish brings up the rear.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Non-lethal takedowns only! We need him alive. Roach! Take the shot!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
(Aims)  
I got it.

Roach shoots a bullets into his leg.

GHOST:  
He's down.

INT. LOADING GARAGE - EVENING

Benji sit in a chair shirtless strapped to a chair with duct tape over his mouth while Ghost attach the jumper cables to the battery. Ghost touches the two ends together to get a SPARK and smiles. MacTavish stands off to the side with his arms folded.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Roach, this might take some time. Go check out the Favela with Meat and Axel. That's where this guy was headed.

SGT. SANDERSON:

All right, we'll look around and see if we can find anything.

Cpt. MacTavish closes the bay doors. Axel move down the alley to the Favela.

MEAT:

Remember, there are civilians in the Favela. Watch your fire out there.

AXEL:

Meat, Soap, get these civvies outta here.

Meat and Soap raise their guns in the air and fire off a couple shots. The troops jump down from the wall through the broken fence and take cover by two run down cars. Tangos start hopping over buildings trying to advance in different directions on the roof.

SGT. SANDERSON:

We have a runner on the roof.

MEAT:

Target acquired.

AXEL:

Bravo Six, we've engaged enemy militia at the lower village.

(Moves up)

Roach! Watch the rooftops. Go!

They move through the Favela fighting enemy militia.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Axel, gimme a sitrep, over!

AXEL:  
Lots of militia, but no sign of  
Rojas, over!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm at the far side of the Favela,  
I'm gonna flank right.

MEAT:  
I'm hit!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Where are you, I'm coming.

Sgt. Sanders scans the area and take out any militia.

MEAT:  
Don't worry, I'll be fine.

They continue to shoot their way through the lower level of the Favela. Roach moves to the right and Axel continues through the alley. They meet up at the end of the strips and look at each other.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach, we've got his location! He's  
headed west along the upper level of  
the Favela. Keep going to cut him  
off.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm headed up that way.  
(To Axel)  
You coming?

AXEL:  
No, I'm gonna go back for Meat.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Stay alive comrade. It's still hot  
out there.

AXEL:  
We have one life to live.

Sgt. Sanderson moves into the alley and peek around a dumpster at a tango on the roof waving his weapon. He looks down and a dog come up to the fence barking. He shoots the dog and moves up. He moves to a shack but Sgt. Sanderson gets hit in his bullet proof vest as he turns the corner. He drops but gets up and moves into a building. He shoots through the window and take out the tangos in the area and move towards the hill.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Benji said he's in the north east  
part of the Favela.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I copy all.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
We're taking heavy fire from militia  
here but I'm still tracking Rojas!

GHOST: (RADIO)  
Roger that, he's climbing onto a roof  
carrying a black duffel bag.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Roach, keep moving to intercept. Go!  
Go!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm making my way towards him.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Rojas is still headed towards your  
side of the Favela.

GHOST: (RADIO)  
Don't let the militia pin you down  
for. Use your flash bangs.

Sgt. Sanderson Peek around the corner as bullets wiz in the  
doorway. He preps the flash bang.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
I've lost sight of him. Ghost, talk  
to me!

GHOST: (RADIO)  
I'm onto him. He's trying to double  
back through the alleys below.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Roger that! Stay on him.

GHOST: (RADIO)  
(Yells)  
I've got a visual of Rojas! He's  
cutting through the market.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
I'll head for the rooftops and try to  
cut him off on the right side.  
(MORE)

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO) (cont'd)  
He's not going to have no choice but  
to head west.

GHOST: (RADIO)  
I'm taking a lot of fire, I don't  
think I can track him through the  
market. I'm going to have to find  
another way around.

The men run in and around the Favela to get to Rojas. Cpt. MacTavish jumps from rooftop to rooftop. Ghost is close to Rojas and sends shots to a few people on the rooftop guarding Rojas as he tries to escape. Axel helps Meat get to safety to inspect the damage. An enemy runs into the building across from Sanderson. Sgt. Sanderson grabs a grenade from his belt and throws it in the room.

ENEMY MILITIA:  
Gernado!  
(Explosion)

Sgt. Sanderson moves up to the stairs from a broken building after clearing out enemies in the pathway/street. He throws the empty magazine aside and puts in another clip. He takes position and sees enemies running towards him and starts picking them off one by one. Sanderson gets knocked back from a stray bullet. He gets cover and feels where the bullet. He picks the BULLET SHELL out his vest and looks at it. An RPG gorilla aims at Sanderson but Sanderson shoots him just in time making the rocket fly into the air. Sanderson uses his M203 grenade launcher through the window. He moves up and the turns right and goes up the hill.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Ghost he's going for the motorcycle!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
It's now or never boys. Dig in!

GHOST:  
He's going to get away!

Ghost and Sanderson meet up at the car.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
No he's not.

MacTavish tackles Rojas through the window and fall in slow motion. The team looks at them falling from the 3 story shack towards an old car. Axel, Ghost, Dice and Sanderson aim their rifles at him to make sure he stays in check. MacTavish raise his pistol to his head and holds him down on top of the car.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 Front-Runner, this is Bravo Six.  
 We've got the package. I repeat, we  
 have the package.

GHOST:  
 Hey Command, we're ready to dust-off.  
 Send the company chopper.  
 (Radio static)  
 Command has their head in their ass  
 at the moment. Looks like we're on  
 our own boys.

INT. NORAD MAIN HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

The scene goes over to the command center of NORAD headquarter with a big display of the nation on the screen with red dots tracking in different areas across the country. The main guy jumps up and looks closer at the screen as he tries to analyze what he is seeing. He looks over at another guy in the room and the guy shrugs his shoulders. The guy gets on the horn to check in with the different sectors.

NORAD HQ:  
 Sand Bravo, we're reading 70 bogeys  
 in your sector. Please verify.

NOME AFB:  
 (Quick chuckle)  
 Very funny, Station. That's a big  
 negative. Over!

AFB SOLDIER:  
 Their might be a glitch in one of the  
 ACS modules.

NORAD HQ:  
 Sand Bravo, be advised. We're running  
 diagnostics to scan for malfunction.

NOME AFB:  
 The skies are clear, Station. You got  
 yourself some Phantom dots. Over.

NORAD HQ:  
 Zulu X-Ray. Signs in your sector  
 showing 100 bogeys, please advise.

VANDENBERG AFB:  
 Negatory, Station. Scope is clear as  
 day. I dunno what to tell ya.  
 (MORE)

VANDENBERG AFB: (cont'd)  
Solar interference? Heavy sunspots  
activity today.

NORAD HQ:  
Sierra Delta, uh...we may have a  
minor ACS fault here. Do you have  
anything on your scope?

Air Traffic Controller yells in a panicked state.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER:  
They're everywhere!

NORAD HQ:  
Sierra Delta, repeat!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER:  
I'm lookin' at fighter jets over I-  
95. How the hell did they get  
through?

NORAD HQ:  
Standby! Attempting to contact the  
nearest unit in that sector.

SGT. FOLEY: (RADIO)  
I read you command. This is First  
Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment.  
Sergeant Foley, acting commander of  
Hunter Two-One. Do you copy? Over!

NORAD HQ:  
All stations, be advised. Satellite  
surveillance has been compromised.  
SOSUS are inoperative at this time.  
Someone alert the president!

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE: PRESIDENTIAL HANGAR - EVENING

Several military jets take off as Marine One hover over the  
tarmac. The VC-25, C-32, and two C37A sit alongside of each  
other as the helicopters carrying very important staff  
members to safety. The secret service pull up in several  
different vehicles including the presidential coach carrying  
some of the congress members. The secret service flood the  
ramp as they help the important people board. The VIP  
scrambles to the different aircraft. The pilots rush through  
their checklist and prepare the flight.

AF1 PILOT:  
Doors closed and locked?

AF1 CO-PILOT:  
Affirmative. Paks are on.

AF1 ENGINEER:  
We're the flying office now.  
(Checks list)

AF1 PILOT:  
Let's get this bird in the sky before  
we hit grid lock.  
(Push throttle)

AF1 CO-PILOT:  
Flight plan has us going to Offutt.

AF1 PILOT:  
We're linking up with Operation  
Nightwatch.

DOVER ATC:  
Air Force One, turn right on Charlie-  
Zulu 9. Runway six five center is at  
your disposal, green light for  
presidential lift off.

AF1 PILOT:  
Air Force One copies all. Any alerts?

DOVER ATC:  
Wind reports at 2500 ft. with a loss  
of 15 knots at 200ft. Light  
turbulence about 2 miles out.

AF1 PILOT:  
(Intercom)  
Cabin, prepare for take-off.

The plane sits at the top of the runway followed by the 757  
behind it, the 737, the C17, KC10, and AC 130 Gunship. They  
sit in formation as the president's 747 screams down the  
runway and roars into the sky.

EXT. VIRGINIA SUBURBS: CHERRYDALE - EVENING

"WOLVERINES!"...DAY 4-17:45:34...PVT. JAMES RAMIREZ...1ST  
BN., 75TH RANGER REGIMENT...NORTHEASTERN VIRGINIA, U.S.A

Four Humvees through American streets as chaos unfolds  
around them. The skies has enemy para-troopers and enemy  
aircraft flying high. They drive through the streets  
listening to the voices on the radio.



RADIO VOICE 1:

(Panic)

The Russians have everything east of I-95. My sector can't take anymore.

RADIO VOICE 2:

(Screaming)

We've lost contact. Where's the pressure point?

RADIO VOICE 1:

(Panic)

Every para-trooper is fire on our positions. We are cut off! I repeat, we are cut off! Drop that thousand pounder.

RANGER:

I can't listen to this.

The ranger turns off the radio. The Humvees pull up on a blockade and as a BTR roll up from one of the yards.

SGT. FOLEY:

(Yells)

BTR! Get out, get out!

CPL. DUNN:

Look alive Ramirez!

PVT. RAMIREZ:

(Looks up)

Oh shit!

Everyone gets out and runs to the opening in the backyard through an opening in the fence. The BTR comes to a stop and turns the turret. The BTR shoots the front Humvee and it explodes.

SGT. FOLEY:

Seems like we're on foot. Team, this way!

They starts walking through the backyards and PVT. RAMIREZ holds his gun tight.

PVT. RAMIREZ:

Damn, didn't expect the battle to come to us.

SGT. FOLEY:

Overlord, this is Hunter 2-1 requesting air support. Over!

OVERLORD:

Hunter 2-1, all air support is already engaged in enemy coalition. Additional ground support is in route but has encountered heavy resistance, over!

SGT. FOLEY:

Roger that Overlord! Be advised, we've encountered enemy armor and we're proceeding on foot, over!

OVERLORD:

Overlord copies all. Good luck! Out!

CPL. DUNN:

Serge, did HQ just tell us to go "F" ourselves?

SGT. FOLEY:

Pretty much, Corporal. That BTR hasn't acquired us so let's move silently.

They exit the backyard and run across the streets as the BTR drives up across the way. The unit uses the back of the house to shield them from view and continue advancing. They move quickly as they advance to the blockade at the end of the road.

CPL DUNN:

I got a visual on smoke coming up from the crash site. That's where Raptor went down.

They move slowly as the parked BTR opens the door and tangos jump out.

SGT. FOLEY:

We're spotted! Ramirez, use your smoke grenades! Dunn, Morgan, cover him.

Pvt. Ramirez throws a couple smoke grenades and the smoke goes off.

SGT. FOLEY:

Let's use the cover of the smoke to run past the BTR into the alley on the right.

The unit charges for the alley killing enemy soldier in the smoke.

They get to the alley but there are more enemies flood the area. They advance and then Ramirez moves pass the gas station to advance to their next target location. The unit meets up by a van parked to the side. They passed the crashed helicopter.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Private! Gimme a sitrep! Where's Raptor?

PVT. WELLS:  
We moved them to the meat locker, it's practically bulletproof.

SGT. FOLEY:  
What's his status?

PVT. WELLS:  
He's still unconscious, you got a medic with you?

SGT. FOLEY:  
Corporal Dunn, check it out! What else?

Dunn goes inside meat locker.

PVT. WELLS:  
We got a supply drop on the roof with a sentry gun.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Ramirez, go check out that supply drop.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Yes sir!

Ramirez climbs up the ladder in the back by the dumpster.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Squad, this is Hunter 2-1 Actual. Switch to thermal optics if you got em'. Incoming from the south! Two dozen plus foot mobiles!

The unit on the roof gets the thermal optics from the supply drop and goes to the ledge. They firing on the enemy soldiers running up. The sentry gun kicks into gear and fires at enemy foot mobiles to protect the location. Cpl. Dunn moves up to the roof and goes to the supply drop. Pvt. Ramirez sees an enemy getting ready to raise his laundry. He quickly fires at the enemy and he falls back off the roof.

The rocket hits the building and it shakes the structure. Some of the American soldiers either fall or stumble from the vibration.

CPL. DUNN:  
Everyone alright?  
(Looks around)  
Okay good!

The whole unit turns their fire towards the roof as five tangos come on the roof. It turns into a quick fire fight. A few soldiers get hit but not killed. Dunn tends to one to make sure he's ok and Dangles help up Bolt. Foley enter the top and looks over at the sides.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Corporal Dunn, give me a sitrep on Raptor, over.

CPL. DUNN:  
Raptor is secure and stable.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Roger that. Everyone check your weapons and ammo.

CPL. DUNN:  
They'll be back.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Two-One-Delta, be advised, two BTRs are coming from the north.

OVERLORD:  
Be advise Hunter 2-1, you have an enemy patrol by the bank to the north and a hostile group near the gas station,over.

A rocket comes down from an enemy helicopter and hits right in front of the restaurant followed by another rocket.

CPL. DUNN:  
I have a visual on an enemy helo shooting those missiles.

SGT. FOLEY:  
kill that SOB! We need those damn drones.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Yes sir! They're two clicks out.

SGT. FOLEY:  
I'm sending part of the squad to help  
you out. Go!

The small unit gets ready at the side of the restaurant as the first BTR passes and makes a dash over to another restaurant to avoid getting hit. They take cover as the second BTR rolls around. They run inside the restaurant and wait for it to pass. They jump the fence and make a dash to the gas station. They finally make it into the diner and peek around the corner of the gas station convince store.

OVERLOAD:  
Sergeant Foley, our predator has eyes  
on enemy armor.

The drone sends a missile at the BTR and the enemy helicopter blowing up both machines.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Good effect on target. That's a kill.  
One more to go.

The drone takes out the second BTR.

SGT. FOLEY: (cont'd)  
Nice work team! Goliath, keep up the  
pressure on our position.

The drone's CAMERA swivel in the area and shows the heat signatures of several groups of enemy soldiers trying to surround the block. The drone fires another missile at large group of foot mobiles.

OVERLOAD:  
Good kills. Good kills. That's a  
direct hit Goliath, keep up the fire.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Everyone listen up, We're gonna move  
over to Raptor and secure the  
building with Dunn!

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1 this is Overlord Actual,  
we're seeing a large group of enemy  
reinforcements to the north, over!

The missile comes down.

RANGER:  
Be advised, our Predator is offline.  
I repeat, the Predator is offline.

CPL. DUNN:  
Shit! He's outta rockets.

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1, you have another enemy  
helicopter loaded with bare arms  
approaching your area, over.

PVT. HENRY:  
(Wining)  
I don't wanna die today.

SGT. TOBY:  
Suck it up and make these bullets  
count.

CPL. DUNN:  
Enemy gunship comin' in hot!

Ramirez takes out the Javelin from the case to sets it up. He goes over to the window but the bird sends rounds his way. Ramirez dives over the counter and takes cover. He grabs the Javelin and locks on the the chopper. The rocket hits the tail and send the helicopter spinning into gas station. A military convoy comes to aid the soldiers and pick up the unit. The soldiers pick up two pilots flying the downed helo.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Everyone one me! We're getting the  
hell outta here.

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1, this is Overlord, gimme a  
sitrep over.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Overlord, precious cargo is secure, I  
repeat, precious cargo is secure.  
We're gonna be Oscar Mike.

OVERLORD:  
Overlord copies all. Good job.

INT. ONBOARD AIR FORCE ONE - EVENING

Two F35 Lightning fighter jets fly alongside Air Force One 747. The planes keep a tight formation around the aircraft. Meanwhile inside the command center, the Security of Defense is on the phone reaching out to the Russian Embassy. The staff on board sit at computers tapping into different resources.

The secret service men and women take care of their priorities on Air Force One as the president sit in his quarters with other important officials as they discuss what's going on. The DOOR closes as the camera follows the service men through the cabin. The pilots adjust their instruments.

EAGLE EYE:  
Eagle Eye to Air Force One.

AIR FORCE ONE:  
Go ahead Eagle Eye.

EAGLE EYE:  
You mind slowing down for us. We're burning up our fuel trying to keep up.

AIR FORCE ONE:  
Roger that Eagle Eye. We're about 12 miles outside the base. Strict flight plan so break off if you need to.

EAGLE EYE:  
Eagle Eye copies all.

The F-35 on both sides of 747 as the fighter pilot gives the pilot a salute. Air Force One pilots salutes back and continue the course. The scene goes back to the President trying to reach the Russian Prime Minister.

SECRET SERVICE LEAD STEWART:  
Any luck with the Russian Prime Minister?

PRESIDENT:  
No luck!

SECRET SERVICE LEAD STEWART:  
We'll be landing at Offutt real soon Mr. President.

EXT. RIO DE JANERIO, BRAZIL: FAVELA - EVENING

The Task Force has Rojas secured and sitting up against one of the building in the Favela trying to set up the SAT phone. Ghost turn through the dials on the SAT phone to find a sign. MacTavish smacks the TV screen watching the local news. Axel finish treating Meat with a medical kit. He pulls out two needles and shoots it into his arms. Meat's EYES light up as the medicine brings him back to life.

ROCKET & DICE walk down the hill towards the men with their guns across their chest. Ghost grabs the antenna and pulls up on the wire to increase the signal. Rojas spits out some blood and hangs his head down. Ghost finally get some kind of sign and calls command.

DICE:

I knew we had some friendlies in the area.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

How nice of you to join u.

FEMALE OPERATOR:

We're sorry. All lines are busy at the moment. Please hang up and try your call again.

GHOST:

I can't get anybody on the horn.

Ghost looks at the other men. Cpt. MacTavish turns the dial on the small TV to find the news channel in English.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Check this out.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER:

Breaking News! The Russian have brother the war to the United States. And based off the numbers our troops are scattered all over the world.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

The Russians must've copied the ACS module. Shit! Got the fucking key to every lock in America.

GHOST:

And they're killing a thousand Americans for every dead civilian in Moscow. Looks like we're all outta friends.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

I know a guy. Let's find a payphone. If they still exist?

Cpt. Mactavish walks away to the payphone across the street. The CORD has been cut and he slams it back on the hook. A local is sitting down on a crate with a SAT phone and he ask him to use it.



He shakes his head and MacTavish pulls out some money. The local hands him the phone and he makes a call. Cpt. MacTavish walks back over to the guys.

DICE:

So what did we get?

GHOST:

All we got outta Rojas is that the only thing Makarov hates worse than Americans is locked up in a gulag.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

It's all we got. If this inmate is the bait we need to catch that psychopath, let's hang him from the tallest tree.

ROCKET:

So what's your escape plan?

CPT. MACTAVISH:

I have an old friend I helped a few years ago.

"THE HORNET'S NEST"...DAY 4-16:19:42...SGT. GARY 'ROACH' SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 141...RIO DE JANEIRO, 1700FT A.S.L.

GHOST:

The militia is closing in on us, almost 200 of them on both sides.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

We'll have to fight our way back to the L-Zed. Let's go!

GHOST:

What about Rojas?

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Streets will take care of him. We got what we need.

GHOST:

Works for me!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Nikolai! We're at the top of the Favela surrounded by militia! Bring the chopper to the marketplace, you copy. Over!

NIKOLAI:  
I'm on the way!

The guys leave the Favela to avoid enemy tangos and head towards the marketplace for evac. Militia drives up in two pickup trucks with a fixed machine gun in the truck bed shooting at the men. One takes a left and goes towards Rocket's direction and the other drives around the Favela area trying to stay mobile. Ghost takes out the gunner while the pickup drives around the area. Sanderson switches to his UMP45 and shoots the other gunner by Rocket's position.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Head through that gate! Keep pushing  
to the evac point.

GHOST:  
Roach! Target at your 3 o'clock.

Ghost throws a flash bang behind the dumpster and shoot the tango. Rocket advance up behind a fridge outside by some barrels. They enter the courtyard as more enemies come into view.

MEAT:  
Tango! Second floor balcony.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
(Aims and shoots)  
Got em'.

AXEL:  
Two foot mobile at your 11 o'clock.

GHOST:  
Let's go! We've gotta push through  
these streets to get to the market.

Sgt. Sanderson runs far left and with Rocket behind. Two cars explode in the area. Cpt MacTavish and Meat shoot their way through while moving up. Sgt. Sanderson throws his clip down. He runs across the alley, into the door and hugs the wall while he reloads his weapon. A tango walks through the door as he puts his clip in. Sanderson runs up to him and hit him with the butt of the gun. He scans the room as he makes it to the top.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We're almost at the market.

The unit shoot their way through the area and take cover by objects in the area as the move up into the marketplace.

Dice, Rocket, and Meat take cover by some chicken cages. The chickens sit in individual cages for single sales.

DICE:  
We should retire and start a chicken farm.

ROCKET:  
Maybe next time Dice.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Squad! Spread out and cut through the market! Move!

Rocket throws a clip to Meat. They get up to the market entrance. Bullets wiz by the men hitting objects around them. They stand in the middle of the marketplace for a while until they hear rotors in the distance. NIKOLAI helicopter comes into view.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
(Looks ups)  
There's Nikolai's chopper! Let's go!  
(To Nikolai)  
Nikolai! ETA 20 seconds! Be ready for immediate dust off!

NIKOLAI:  
That may not be fast enough! I see more militia closing in on the market!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Pick up the pace gentlemen! Let's go!

They run until they to an open area where Nikolai chopper hovers in the courtyard. Nikolai look at the militia charging to his position.

NIKOLAI:  
It's too hot! We won't survive this landing!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Nikolai, wave off, wave off! We'll meet you at the secondary instead.

The helicopter pulls off while the squad opens fire in the courtyard on enemy foot mobiles.

NIKOLAI:  
Very well, I will meet you there!  
Good luck!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We've got to get to the rooftops,  
this way!

Half goes left and the other half goes right side of the courtyard. They help Meat and Sanderson get up to the roof. The squad runs on the rooftops of the Favela to escape.

GHOST:  
We're running out of rooftops.

Ghost, Axel, Meat, Dice, and Rocket jump over the gap to the next building.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We can make it. Go! Go! Go!  
(Jumps)

Sanderson jumps but misses the roof and grabs the edge for dear life. MacTavish looks back and dives to grab Roach's hand before he slips. Roach miscalculates again and ends up missing his hand. It goes black when he falls and slowly fades in as he comes back to his senses from MacTavish yelling in his radio.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Roach! Roach! Wake up!

GHOST:  
Roach! We can see them from the  
chopper! They're coming for you,  
dozens of em'!

Sgt. Sanderson rolls back and forth on the ground in pain. He rubs his head and looks around. He sees the militia SHADOWS coming from around the corner as it gets later in the evening.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Shit!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach! There's too many of them! Get  
the hell out of there and find a way  
to the rooftops! Move!

Sgt. Sanderson gets up and sees a doorway in front of him. He runs for it as bullets hit the wall. Sgt. Sanderson runs through the building, a few hallways and makes a few turns before going outside. Roach runs up the stairs as bullets hit the concrete wall. He runs up to the stairs onto a balcony. Roach jumps down and rolls after hitting the rooftop.

He picks up the pace and burst into a run. The helicopter flies right over his head.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Roach! I see you! Meet us south of  
your position!

NIKOLAI:  
Gas is getting low! I have to leave  
in 30 seconds!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Don't leave me here!

Sanderson stops at the edge and looks down.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach! We're running on fumes here!  
You got 30 seconds!

Sgt. Sanderson runs towards the corner of one of the buildings in the Favela and jumps down 3 levels.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm coming!

Sgt. Sanderson continues hits a sharp right and slides down in to a glass window. He gets up and pick up running again. He sees the chopper and runs towards it.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Jump for it!

Sgt. Sanderson jumps for the ladder hanging off the helicopter's main door frame. He grabs the second to last step and reaches up with the other hand to start climbing up. Cpt. MacTavish leans over the doorway and turns back to Nikolai.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Nikolai! We got him! Gets us outta  
here!

NIKOLAI:  
Where to my friend?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We'll have to get Washinton on the  
phone. See where they need us.

INT. OFFUTT AIR FORCE BASE: BOEING E-4B USAF - EVENING

The E4B gets airborne. The president sit as they inclines.  
The staff fill chairs at the conference table.

SECRET SERVICE LEAD STEWART:  
This is by far the safest place you  
can be on right now.

PRESIDENT:  
I understand.

The president turns on the TV but gets the same standby  
message on the screen.

SECRET SERVICE LEAD STEWART:  
Towers are down sir. No broadcast  
signal for miles.

PRESIDENT:  
You might as well give me a gun so I  
can fight for my country.

SECRET SERVICE LEAD STEWART:  
Too much at stake sir. We're doing  
the best to provide support to our  
troops on the ground.

INT. JOINT COMMAND CENTER: SHEPHERD'S HEADQUARTER - EVENING

Shepherd's stamping reaches out to his resources. The T.V.  
goes off with the Emergency Broadcast noise in the  
background as he tries to read over his operations playbook.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Someone turn off that damn TV.  
(TV goes off)  
My Task Force is out of the country  
right now. I'm commandeering your  
unit Sergeant Foley.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Yes sir. All yours.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I've requisitioned a Stryker from the  
Eighth Armored Squadron. She'll walk  
you in pass the blockade. The  
Russians are burning through our  
defense. Can't let em' take this  
corner. Do me a favor and send these  
bastards home.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Just point it out on the map and  
we'll meet up with Badger. They won't  
take it. Not under my command.

EXT. VIRGINIA SUBURBS: VIRGINIA SQUARE - EVENING

"EXODUS"...DAY 4-18:51:32...PVT. JAMES 'RAMIREZ...!1ST BN.,  
75TH RANGER REGIMENT...NORTHEASTERN VIRGINIA, U.S.A.

SGT. FOLEY:  
All evac choppers are taking heavy  
losses. We gotta destroy those enemy  
artillery so we can get the rest of  
the civvies outta here!

The team moves up and starts firing on the enemies Soldiers  
run across the street. They get pass the checkpoint area and  
move down the street.

STRYKER GUNNER: (RADIO)  
Hunter 2-1, target aquired. Engaging  
yellow house.

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1 Actual. This is Overlord.  
Gimme a sitrep!

SGT. FOLEY:  
We just passed the enemy blockade at  
Checkpoint Lima. Now proceeding enemy  
artillery. Over!

OVERLORD:  
Roger that. I have new orders for you  
and your team. This one comes down  
from the top.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Solid copy, send it.

OVERLORD:  
Your team is to divert to 467  
Brookshire Lane.

SGT. FOLEY:  
We copy Overlord. Divert to 467  
Brookshire Lane. Got it.

OVERLORD:  
Check back once you have the HVI.  
Overlord out!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Okay team, we have a new objective.

EXT. GATED NEIGHBORHOOD: 467 BROOKSHIRE LANE - NIGHT

They step off the walkway and run on the grass. They make a left on to the street and cut through a broken fence. They see a crashed plane in the middle of the road completely on flames. They entered the demolished house and search around until they see a tango in the fridge. Dangles put two fingers up to his eyes and points at the tango. Pvt. Ramirez walks up to him and takes out his knife and puts him to sleep. He lays his body down.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Keep checking the house!

Ramirez turns on flashlight and scans the darkness.

PVT. CAIN:  
What's left of it?

INT. 467 BROOKSHIRE LANE: UPSTAIRS / PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

SGT. FOLEY:  
Icepick!...Icepick! Something isn't  
right here.

CPL. DUNN:  
It's too quiet.

Foley, Dunn, and Toby walk towards the panic room.

SGT. FOLEY:  
H-m-p-h! No sign of forced entry.

Ramirez and join his team upstairs as they are examine the dead body and take pictures for DOD to identify the bodies.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Holy shit! Looks liek a bloody  
massacre.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Ramirez, get the briefcase...what's  
left of it.



Cpl. Dunn bends down and checks Viktor's pulse to confirmed he's dead. Pvt. Ramirez walks over and grabs busted up BRIEFCASE.

CPL. DUNN:  
Serge, check out these tats. Don't seem like your average para-trooper.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Get a couple more photos for G-2 and check the bodies for Intel.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Seem like an inside job if they knew about Icepick.

Cpl. Dunn stands up and waves the private over to take pictures.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Shepherd's not gonna like this.  
(Gets on SAT phone)  
Overlord, the HVI is dead.

INT. JOINT COMMAND CENTER: SHEPHERD'S HEADQUARTER - DAY

Shepherd is at his command bunker with the screens lit up with geographic locations showing where his troops are across the globe. He closes out the range tab and opens the 141 communications line to links up with MacTavish via the SAT phone.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Seems like we're heading in the wrong direction sir. Shouldn't we be coming back to the fight?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
There's plenty of fight to go around. I'm just glad you made it outta South America.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
You ain't the only one.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
You're meeting up with the 7th fleet to leadin' the counter-strike. We believe Prisoner Six-Two-Seven is the one who Makarov's got a hard on for.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Oil rigs, Sir?

GEN SHEPHERD:  
The Russians are using them to set up  
SAM sites. And the workers are being  
used as human shields so we can't  
just blow them up.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
What would a cake be without icing?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Boys, I know I'm sending you into the  
meat grinder on this one. But this is  
vital to the mission.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
They're defending it, so it means we  
want it.

EXT. SEA OF OKHOTSK: DEEP SEA - DAY

Bubbles appears in the dark as USS CHICAGO and USS DALLAS  
submarines pass through the water. The NAVY SEAL COMMANDER  
takes lead in deploying the mini submersibles.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Do we have a green light!

USS CHICAGO:  
Chamber is flooded, full pressure.  
You are a go.

The door slowly opens and releases the mini subs as the team  
exits the USS Chicago.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Team one is away!

USS DALLAS:  
USS Dallas deploying team two.

They exit and submarines picks up the team with the sonar.  
Team two comes up on the left side.

USS CHICAGO:  
Hotel Six, the mission under way.

Team One Diver puts up the okay symbol at the diver. Diver  
nods and puts up his thumbs up. Whale make calls in the  
water and bubbles float up in the background.

EXT. OKHOTSK OIL PLATFORM - DAY

"THE ONLY EASY DAY...WAS YESTERDAY"...DAY 5-05:48:34...SGT. GARY 'ROACH' SANDERSON...TASK FORCE...OKHOTSK OIL PLATFORM, RUSSIA

A couple oil rigs sit off the coast of Russia. Task Force 141 uses the U.S. Navy to get close to the oil rig platform. They keep moving until they get to the oil rig and eject themselves from the S.T.V (Seal Delivery Vehicles). They pop up out of the water and see two Russian men with assault rifles talking on the lower platform.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Let's take them out together. On your go.

Sgt. Sanderson slowly pops his head out of the water and grabs the enemy's vest. MacTavish does the same thing on the other side. They pull them into the water and cut their throats underwater. They push them down and let them fall to the ocean floor. MacTavish and Sanderson surfaces on the platform. Cpt. MacTavish and Sgt. Sanderson sits on the edge to takes off flippers. After taking off their scuba gear. They start walking up the stairs. They go up 4 flights of stairs to next level and reach the top and look around.

GHOST:

Got a visual by the railing.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Free to engage. Suppressed weapons only.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:

We're pick up large heat signatures on the second and top deck. Might be our hostages.

Sgt. Sanderson shoots the tango. The enemy falls over the rails into the water. They move in and spread out while searching the rig for the hostage.

GHOST:

We're clear.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:

Hostages are at your position so watch your fire.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger that. Team One moving to  
breach.

They move in and get by the first doors. Sgt. Sanderson puts  
the charges on the door and then 3 seconds later the door  
busts opens.

RUSSIAN:  
(Russian)  
What the fuck!

They men swing in the door and everything happens in slow  
motion as they shoot the enemies and miss the hostages. They  
aim carefully to shoot all the hostiles and leave the  
hostages.

GHOST:  
Clear!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
We're clear!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Control, all deck two hostages  
secured.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Roger that. Team 2 will secure and  
evacuate those hostages, continue  
your search topside.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Okay, move upstairs. Control. We're  
advancing to Deck Two.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Moving topside. This area is secure.

DICE:  
This way!

SUB COMMANDER:  
Enemy helo patrolling the perimeter.  
Keep a low profile. Hotel Six.

GHOST:  
I think I hear the helicopter.

Ghost runs back and gets down behind cover.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Enemy helo, get out of sight.

The helicopter passes by. Russian talk to the dead patrol through a radio but no answer.

RUSSIAN RADIO:

(Russian)

Team 4 come in. What's the status on that oil rig worker? (Long pause)  
Team 4 come in.

GHOST:

Enemy radio...I think we're going to have company real soon.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Set up for plan B. Get some C4 on those bodies. Go!

They all get their kits out and rig the bodies up with C4.

SGT. SANDERSON:

C4 planted sir!

Russian radio still going off as they call for another team to go check out the location.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Get cover. We'll ambush them when they discover the bodies.

They take cover in the back and on an elevated platform behind their position and wait for the Russian to come around.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)

There's the patrol. Hold your fire until they're closer

They wait for the whole patrol to come around. The Russian patrol gets in position while the rest goes inside the room to look around. The patrol sees the dead bodies.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)

Plan B. Do it!

Sgt. Sanderson clicks the trigger for the C4. Shortly after the big explosion, the alarm goes off in the background alerting the rest of the rig to be on high alert.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)

Control, this is Hotel Six. Our cover is blown.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Copy that. Intel still indicates  
hostages and explosives are on the  
top deck. Your team needs to secure  
that location before we can send in  
reinforcements to handle the SAM  
sites. Over!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger that, We'll call in for exfil  
at L-Zed Bravo.

ROCKET:  
Okay! Good luck!

GHOST:  
Check in there if we have any  
rockets.

Sgt. Sanderson goes downstairs and looks around. He finds an  
AT4 rocket. He puts the strap over his back and goes back  
upstairs.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I think I got something here fellas.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Hotel Six, hostage from lower decks  
are being extracted by team 2 as we  
speak. The Ribs are on the move.  
Proceed to the top deck to secure the  
rest. Over!

The two NAVY BOATS leave the platform on the lower level.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that, we're working on it.

They get to the stairs as the helicopter flies up from below  
and turns using tail rotor to aim at the men on the third  
level and spins up the cannon. The CANNONS start to spin up.

GHOST:  
Enemy helo! Take cover.

Cpt. MacTavish ducks as it starts to shoot at him.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
I'm on it.

Sanderson pulls out his rocket and locks on. He pulls the  
trigger and the rocket blows the helicopter out the sky.

GHOST:  
That helo is history. Nice shot.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
The clock's ticking. We need to get  
topside and secure any remaining  
hostages before we call in the  
Marines.

They make their way to the top deck but smoke grenades go  
off. The area becomes cloudy making it hard for the team to  
see. The enemies start shooting at the team.

GHOST:  
Enemy popping smoke. They might be  
using thermal optics.

They advance after taking any enemies in the area.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Be advised, explosives has been  
confirmed on the top deck, over!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that. All teams check your fire,  
we don't know what's behind these  
doors.

GHOST:  
I got you!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Get a frame charge on the door. We'll  
hit them from both sides.

DICE:  
Okay, I'm in position.

The charges blow the doors off. An enemy runs towards Sgt.  
Sanderson with a knife but he shoots him in the leg. In the  
background, another enemy soldier throws a gun to another.  
Ghost and MacTavish pick off enemies in slow motion as they  
avoid hitting the oil barrels strapped with bombs. All  
enemies drop and Ghost enters from the other door.

GHOST:  
Clear!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Room clear.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Control, all hostages have been  
secured, I repeat, all hostages are  
secured.

Ghost, Sanderson, Dice, Rocket, and MacTavish release the  
hostages.

NAVY SEAL COMMANDER:  
Good job, Marine reinforcements are  
inserting now to dismantle the SAM  
sites. Get your team ready for phase  
two of the operation. Out!

They go outside as a helicopter touches down on the pad.

HUNTER ACTUAL:  
Hunter 2-2! This is Dispatcher, All  
E.O.D teams are clear for landing.

HEAD QUARTERS:  
HQ copies all.

All men get on board the helicopter leaving Dice to help  
with the clean up. A MARINE soldier gives the men three  
snipers before they take off.

MARINE:  
Here, you might need this.

HUNTER ACTUAL:  
Hunter 2-2. Grid 2-5-5-2-0-2, local  
air space is secure, I repeat! Local  
air space is secure. We're in route  
to the next location.

HEAD QUARTERS:  
Rogers!

The little bird helicopter takes off. Shortly after, a Black  
Hawk chopper lands on the heli-pad.

HUNTER ACTUAL:  
Hunter 2, this is Actual. Hunter 2-2  
has moved in to secure the SAM site  
at the southwest corner on the main  
deck. Hunter 2-3 is proceeding to the  
main deck to disarm the explosives.  
All SAM sites have been neutralize, I  
repeat all SAM site neutralized. Blue  
sky in effect!



INT. JOINT OPERATION COMMAND CENTER - DAY

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Good shit! See, that's my boys.

The President pops up on the screen.

PRESIDENT:  
What the hell is going on Shepherd?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I'm putting an end to this sir.

PRESIDENT:  
By starting a war?

Shepherd's FINGERS hover close to the disconnect button on the com.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
We're just defending ourselves Mr.  
President.

(Presses a button)  
Looks like we've ran into some  
technical difficulties.

GEN. SINCLAIR:  
Did you just hang up on the  
president?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I'm a man of few words. Now, we can  
focus on the task ahead of us.  
Operation Bait & Switch is full  
effect.

Shepherd takes his combat knife and throws it at Makarov's photo on the wall.

EXT. THE RUSSIAN GULAG - DAY

The camera circles the gulag as MacTavish describes it.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Seventh Fleet is mopping up and we're  
heading into the lion's den. Long  
history, this building. Not much of  
it pretty. Started out as a castle  
with a dungeon. Built to withstand  
any siege. The building survived  
every brutal winter. The occupants...  
well they weren't so lucky.

(MORE)

CPT. MACTAVISH: (cont'd)  
Over the last century it's played  
host to anyone the government didn't  
want, but couldn't kill. Place is  
filled with living casualties from  
the Cold War...which I swear I  
thought we'd won. Six-Two-Seven is  
the piece of meat Makarov wants, so  
let's cut him loose.

EXT. SKY OFF THE COAST OF RUSSIA - DAY

Five squadron of Marine helicopters (Little Birds) advance  
towards the gulag along Russian's icy coast. The choppers  
have several troops hanging off the skids with assault  
rifles and snipers ready to engage the guards at the gulag.

GHOST:  
Fifty seconds!

Two F-18 jets fly underneath the helicopters at a high rate  
of speed. The FIGHTER PILOT gets on the radio with command.

FIGHTER PILOT:  
Hunter 2-1, We have four HARMS for  
session. Standby for sea amoral.

CHESTER 1-1:  
Solid copy, go get em'.

FIGHTER PILOT:  
Good call, good call. Fox 3.

The two fighter jets fly ahead and fire their missiles and  
bank left. Missiles hits the side of the mountain.

HORNET 2-1:  
Good kill, good kill!

FIGHTER PILOT:  
Hunter 2-1, you're clear all the way  
in, good luck. Out!

HUNTER 2-1:  
Hunter 2-1 copies.

HUNTER 2-2:  
2-2 copies all!

HUNTER 2-3:  
Hunter 2-3, solid copy.

INT. THE RUSSIAN GULAG - DAY

"THE GULAG"...DAY 5-07:42:56...SGT. GARY 'ROACH'  
SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 14...40 MILES EAST OF PETROPAVLOVSK,  
RUSSIA

HORNET 2-1:  
Going in hot!

HORNET 2-2:  
Roger!

HORNET 2-3:  
Guns! Guns! Guns!

The little birds spin up their CANNONS and shoot at the building as they ascending upwards. The men ready their weapons.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
All sniper teams, standby to engage.  
(Pause)  
Stabilize.

HORNET 2-1:  
Roger.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Clear to engage.

They take out the guys by shooting the propane tanks.

GHOST:  
Shift right!

HORNET 2-1:  
Shifting!

Hornet One moves up to the next tower.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Stabilize.

Hornet 2-1 moves up to the next tower but a rocket wiz by the helicopter and blows up the tower. The fighter jet flies right over the helicopter and banks left around the building walls. The collision sensor goes off as the chopper gets off balance from the jets afterburners. The STICK vibrates in his hand as he gains control.

HORNET 2-1:  
Hang on!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Shepherd! Get those fighters to cease  
fire immediately! That was way too  
fucking close.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I'll try to buy you some time but the  
Navy doesn't give a damn about one  
man in the gulag.

GHOST:  
And I thought they were the good  
guys!

The 3 helicopters have the wall under control and flies in  
low in the open area to let off the troops.

HORNET 2-1:  
Standby, 10 feet!  
(Lowers chopper)  
Touching down on the pad. Team one is  
deployed.

GHOST:  
Go! Go! Go!

The MacTavish, Sanderson, and Ghost run off the skids while  
the other men and woman provide support in the courtyard.  
The troops take cover as more guards rush them. The  
helicopters dust off quick but stay close by to assist. The  
unit pick off enemies as the choppers hovers over the prison  
and spins up the cannon. The area becomes neutralized and  
the soldier head towards one of the entrance.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
This is it! We go in, grab Prisoner  
Six-Two-Seven and get the hell out.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Make sure we check these cells too.

GHOST:  
That's the control room up ahead! I  
can use it to find prisoner!

They shoot a few guards on the way to the control room.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Tango down!

GHOST:  
I'll tap into the system and look for  
the prisoner! It's gonna take some  
time but I'll find him.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that! Roach, we're on cell duty!  
Follow me!

The unit moves down the stairs to the left to go on cell  
duty. The unit moves up and is faced seven tangos in the  
hallway. They return fire on them as the duck and take  
cover. The unit check the hallways and cells in the dungeon.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Cell clear!

GHOST:  
I'm patched into their system. I can  
track your progress on the security  
cameras.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that Do you have the location of  
Prisoner Six-Two-Seven?

GHOST:  
Negative, but I've got hostiles with  
searchlights on down below.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger that! We've hit a security  
door, get it open!

GHOST:  
I'm working on it. This hardware is  
ancient.

The BUZZER goes off in the facility and the DOOR opens in  
the next hall over.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Ghost, wrong door!

GHOST:  
Roger, standby...(Pause) Got it!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Much better, let's go!

ROCKET:  
Cell 4 D is cleared.

The unit checks the cell but they're all empty.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Talk to me Ghost, these cells are  
deserted!

GHOST:  
Prisoner Six-Two-Seven's has been  
transferred to the east wing! Head  
through the armory in the center,  
that's the fastest way there.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger! Squad, head for that armory  
down there! Move!

They move down the stairs into the armory. They grabs a few  
guns off the wall and get more ammo to head to the east  
wing. Rocket loads up his shotgun while Sanderson grabs  
grenades. MacTavish checks his clips.

GHOST:  
Bad news, I'm tracking three, no four  
hostile squads converging on your  
position!

Russians talking.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I can hear them coming. We're too  
exposed! Ghost! Open the door!

GHOST:  
They've locked it from the hard line.  
I'll have to run a bypass.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Too late! They're here!

The squad is under fire from Russian guards. They take cover  
and shoot back from the open armory. Sgt. Sanderson grabs a  
riot shield and uses it for cover.

GHOST:  
Almost done! Routing through the  
auxiliary circuit...Okay!

Door opens.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Go! Go! Go!

The squad moves up with their riot shields in front and Roach with the shield on his back to cover the rear. They move into the hallways. Roach sees one of the Russian charge towards him and knows him down. They keep advancing towards the east wing. They get to a circular area with different levels that over looks the bottom floors with guardrails.

GHOST:  
I recommend bypassing the lower  
levels by rappelling out the window  
to your left.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that!

Roach and Rocket secure scaling clips to the rails and attach two ropes to the GUARDRAIL. MacTavish throws the ropes down.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
On me! Go!

Roach and MacTavish gets hooked up and ready to go.

ROCKET:  
Last floor cleared, we'll link up  
with you at the bottom.

GHOST:  
The camera feed in solitary  
confinement is dead. Power must be  
down in that section.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger that. Squad, switching to night  
vision.

They put on their night vision goggles and move through the next area.

FLOYD:  
Target acquired!

Target drops.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Check the cells for stragglers.

MEAT:  
This one is empty.

ROCKET:  
This one's empty too.

MEAT:

Clear!

FLOYD:

Same on this side.

The ground shakes and Floyd falls and Meat helps her up. Roach and Rocket stumbles while MacTavish uses the wall to brace. They take off their goggles as they exit the solitary confinement area.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Shepherd, Get the Navy to cease fire!

GEN. SHEPHERD:

The Navy isn't in a talking mood  
right now. Standby.

(Pause)

Bravo-Six, they've agreed to stop  
firing for now. I'll keep you posted.  
Out!

The unit runs down the hallway and takes a left turn down a corridor. They move down the stairs.

Ghost:

The old shower room on your left will  
be the quickest way to your target.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Roach, we're taking a shortcut.

Sgt. Sanderson places the charges on the wall. The wall knocks back an enemy on the other side. They jump threw the hole and catch a few Russian guards off.

SGT. SANDERSON:

MacTavish, hostile in the open.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Spread out!

They move to separate sides as they go inside the showers. They hug the walls as the guys with black suits move in from above. Sgt. Sanderson puts a grenade in the tube and launches in the upper level.

FLOYD:

Target neutralized.

They move into the tunnel and look around.



CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Ghost, we're in the old tunnel system  
heading south, southwest.

GHOST:  
Okay, keep going along that tunnel.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I don't want to be down here when  
those ships start firing again.

They jump down the water drain and slide down into the  
drainage system. They make a right and walk into a dead end.

GHOST:  
I'm detecting two heat signatures  
close to your position, one of them  
should be Prisoner Six-Two-Seven.

Puts a charge on the wall and the team blows through the  
wall and everything happens in slow motion as shows Prisoner  
Six-Two-Seven choking a tango with a metal chain and  
finishes him off as he goes toward the unit. He drops the  
tango and punches Sanderson and he falls to the ground. He  
steps up with a gun in Sanderson's face. He breathes hard  
from the struggle with the enemy tango. MacTavish pulls out  
his pistol and puts it to Price's head.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Drop it.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap?

Cpt. MacTavish pulls back and twirls the gun around and  
holds it by the barrel and hands to Price.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Price? This belongs to you sir.

Explosion goes off and the unit get ready to head out. They  
take the first left and run down the hallway. Then take a  
right after going through prison doors and runs down a long  
corridor that has a big hole in the wall at the end of the  
corridor.

OVERLORD:  
Bravo six, be advised. They've  
started the bombardment early. Get  
the hell outta there now!

Ghost running through the hole they breached earlier and  
catches up with the rest of the team.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
 (Looks back)  
 Ghost, you made it.

GHOST:  
 Yeah, Go! Go! Go!

Ghost runs past Sanderson. Rocks and debris fall down as the men try to make it to the chopper. They see the HELICOPTER through a big opening in the wall.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 There's the chopper! Get ready to jump!

They get blocked off as the as the rocks, bricks, and other material around drops from above and blocks them off. They quickly turn around and run back.

GHOST:  
 Go back! Go back! We'll find another way out.

They run back to and get to another room where the ceiling has LIGHT SHINING through the dark room. The Sikorsky MH-53 dangles close to the gulag. The PAVE LOW PILOT gets on the radio.

PAVE LOW PILOT:  
 Bravo Six, there's too much smoke, I can't see you,

CPT. PRICE:  
 Whatever you're gonna do, do it fast!

Cp.t MacTavish shoots a flare through the hole in the ceiling.

PAVE LOW PILOT:  
 Bravo Six, I see your flare, SPIE rig on the way.

The Pave Low drops a rope through the ceiling.

CPT. PRICE:  
 Let's go, Let's go!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 Hook up!

Floyd, Meat, Rocket, Ghost, MacTavish hooks up. Price and Sanderson hooks up after everyone else does.

Cpt. MacTavish gets pulled up and two of the other guys get pulled up.

CPT. PRICE:

Hang on!

The rest of the guys get pulled up followed by Ghost, Price and Sanderson last. They get pulled out of the gulag as everything beneath them explode and fall apart.

INT. JOINT COMMAND CENTER: SHEPHERD'S HEADQUARTER - DAY

GEN. SINCLAIR:

Where are the rangers now?

GEN. SHEPHERD:

They should heading to the capitol.

They've secured Northern Virginia.

Goes black and comes up with a TV sounding the Emergency Broadcast system sound. Says Emergency Broadcast System on the TV. Then on the bottom say Prince George's county residents are instructed to go directly to the health department at 147 Kirkwood ave. pick-ups every 15 minutes from community college campus in University town. /// Emergency evacuation in progress /// Head immediately to your nearest emergency service shelter. Troops will be there to meet you. Bring a photo ID and no more than one baggage item per person. /// Be aware of your surroundings. Remain alert. The president looks on from the TV screen on the E4B.

PRESIDENT:

The capitol is under attack.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:

They caught us off guard mister president. But we're gaining what little we can back.

PRESIDENT:

Any word from the Russian President?

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:

Not yet sir.

INT. THE CAPITOL BUILDING: BUNKER - DAY

The states' capitol looks like hell with fire, explosion, and gun fire going off around the DC area. Ramirez is in an underground bunker set up for wounded soldiers, Intel, and research.

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Anther day at the office.

Radio chatter goes on as he walks towards the next room after grab his weapons. He sees a guy working on laptop typing and goes into the room on the left. Ramirez passes a medic on the far left working a soldier. Two guys carry a wounded soldier into the make-shift medic room. Ramirez goes through the door and meets up with the rest of his unit. CPL ALAVI has two assault rifles in hand.

CPL. ALAVI:  
We're Oscar mike.

Alavi throws gun to the soldier on the ground.

SGT. FOLEY:  
This evac is getting hit hard and we need to buy em' some time! Hooah?

SOLDIERS:  
Hooah!

OVERLORD:  
All callsigns! The LZ is under artillery fire.

They get up to the top and crouch by the sandbags.

"OF THEIR OWN ACCORD"...DAY 5-18:35:43...PVT. JAMES  
'RAMIREZ...!1ST BN., 75TH RANGER REGIMENT...WASHINGTON,  
D.C., U.S.A.

They move up behind the tank as it drives up. A rocket hit the spot before the tank comes to a stop. They run through the dugout to avoid being seen.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Overlord, this is Hunter 2-1 Actual.  
Requesting airstrike, over!

OVERLORD:  
That's a negative 2-1, all air units are currently tasked with multiple reponse along the Potomac. Proceed west to the target building and provide support. That may buy you some time if a bird is available.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Overlord, We're screening west.

A soldier gets hit by some type of explosion by the walkway and falls to the ground. The unit turns into the dugouts and move towards the target location.

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1, this is Overlord. SEAL teams are maneuvering into position on the northwest corner of the target building.

They move through the second floor and make a couple turns before reaching the damaged staircase up to the next floor. They look through the big hole in the WALL at the capitol building in rough condition.

CPL. DUNN:  
That's the freakin' Capital building man.

OVERLORD:  
Hunter 2-1 be advised, hostiles on the southwest corner of the fifth floor.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Solid copy Overlord. We are Oscar Mike to the fifth floor. Out!

They shoot the enemies by the artillery vehicle and move up the stairs.

SGT. FOLEY: (cont'd)  
Overlord, we're on the fifth floor, proceeding to the southwest corner.

OVERLORD:  
Copy that, 2-1!

They advance up and take out two tangerines in the room.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Overlord this is Hunter 2-1 Actual. We have secured the enemy crow's nest on the southwest corner.

OVERLORD:  
Overlord copies all. The evac site at the Washington Monument reports several they are still vulnerable. Can you provide support from your position, over?

SGT. FOLEY:

Roger that! We're sittin' on a stockpile of enemy munitions! We'll dig in and burn through their ammo! Out! Grab what you need to take the enemies by the monument.

EVAC SITE:

All callsigns, this is the Washington Monument Evac Site! We're holding our own but have enemies to the west and are taking fire from that direction.

CPL. DUNN:

Hostiles in the perimeter!

The unit turns around and defends the area. Ramirez fires several Javelin missile from the opening and take out enemy armor.

OVERLORD:

Hunter 2-1, you've bought the evac site valuable time! Well done! Now get your ass to the roof ASAP...you are in danger of being out run.

They turn left through a damaged part of the building. They make their way up the broken chunks to the top of the building. They reach the top of the building as one of the Navy helicopters take off with a six troops on the skid. A black hawk comes down to get the rest of the unit.

DAGGER 1-1:

Hunter 2 Actual, this is Dagger 1-1. We are in position at the LZ rooftop, what's your status?

The soldiers board the chopper with Ramirez.

SGT. FOLEY:

Overlord, we've linked up with the SEAL team and we're heading out. Interrogative, has the Washington Monument site been evacuated, over.

OVERLORD:

Negative 2-1, they're still pinned down by World War 2 Memorial. Doesn't look good from here, over!

SGT. FOLEY:

Copy Overlord, we'll do what we can from the air. Out!

Radio chatter. Foley looks over and sees Dagger 2-2 get hit and start to go down in a controlled crash.

SGT. FOLEY: (cont'd)  
Overlord, Dagger 2-2 is hit and going down.

DAGGER 1-1:  
RPG teams at the World War 2 Memorial...pull that trigger till they don't get up.

OVERLOAD:  
Atlas 2-3, 2-4, and 2-5 are all the way. Ground units at LZ 4. Fall back now.

They do a pass by on the WWII Memorial and take out the light armored vehicles and RPG teams down below.

DAGGER 1-1:  
Enemy gunship lifting off 12 o'clock,

Pvt. Ramirez uses the turret on the gunship.

EVAC SITE:  
Dagger 1-1, the Washington Monument is taking fire from the main road!

OVERLOAD:  
Overlord recommends that you make evacuate immediately. I repeat evacuation order April.

EVA SITE:  
We're leaving!

Rockets wiz by them but one hits and the helicopter shakes and black smoke come from the engine.

DAGGER 1-1:  
Brace yourselves!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Overlord, we're hit but still in the air. We've got massive SAM battery at the Department of Justice...we're going in!

They fly low by a build and RPG teams poke out the window trying to bring them down for good. Ramirez spins up the gun and starts shooting at the top floor window.

INT. JOINT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The 141 Task Force is geared up to parachute into snowy terrain in Nioklai's AC-130. Price is on the military grade laptop sending Shepherd some images of a Russian Base. He plugs the USB into the laptop and the feed transmits over to Shepherd's Command Center. Shepherd sits at his desk rocking as he tracks the movement of his team over Russia.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
General Shepherd, uplink nearly complete.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Price, back from the brink I see.

CPT. PRICE:  
Out of the frying pan into the fire is more like it. This world looks more like hell than the one I just left.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
We thought we'd recovered the ACS before the Russians could crack it. I guess we were wrong. Now Makarov has turned the United States into his scapegoat.

(Looks up)  
What's this image you're sending me?

Shepherd stands up and folds his arms.

CPT. PRICE:  
If you wanna put out a fire? You'll need to set off an even bigger explosion right next to it.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Price, you been locked away too long. Better get your mind right son.

CPT. PRICE:  
Shepherd, are you willing to do what it takes to win?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Always.

CPT. PRICE:  
Well we got ourselves a pretty big fire. Gonna need a huge bang.



GEN SHEPHERD:  
Focus on Makarov and his men. That's  
priority right now.

CPT. PRICE:  
No time, Sir. We need to end this war  
today.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
I'm not asking you, Price. This is an  
order! You're to...  
(Price hangs up)

CPT. PRICE:  
Looks like we lost our connection.

EXT. PETROPAVLOVSK, RUSSIA: SUKKOT MILITARY BASE - DAY

"CONTINGENCY"...DAY 5-11:22:39...SGT. GARY 'ROACH'  
SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 141...14 MILES SSE OF PETROPAVLOVSK,  
RUSSIA.

CPT. PRICE:  
I'll see you down there.

Sgt. Sanderson nods his head and Price jumps up followed by  
Sanderson. The men parachute to the snowy woodlands in the  
middle of Russia. Sanderson takes off his parachute.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Price, I can barely see Roach's chute  
in my satellite feed, too much  
interference. Do you see him? Over.

Sanderson runs downhill and sees Price.

CPT. PRICE:  
Get down.

Price points at the enemy HELICOPTER with VEHICLE attached  
underneath by some chains. They both get down until they  
passed.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
We're gonna head northwest to the sub  
base, over.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Copy that, the rest of the team  
landed near Ghost, far east.

CPT. PRICE:  
Tell them to proceed with the  
mission, we'll regroup if possible.

They start to move up the hill.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Contact! Enemy patrol 30 meters to  
our front. Right there through the  
trees. Five men, automatic rifles,  
and one German Shepherd.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
I hate dogs

CPT. PRICE:  
These Russian dogs are like pussycats  
compared to the ones in Pripyai.

Price post up by a tree.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
It's good to have you back old man.

CPT. PRICE:  
Roach...don't do anything stupid.  
Convoy coming our way.

They get far into the bushes and get down and a Russian  
vehicle drives by. The convoy passes and two men stop to  
take a smoke break.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
They're gone!

CPT. PRICE:  
Two of them stopped for a smoke. Take  
one and I'll take the other.

They both aim in their silenced snipers.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Got him in sight!

They move across the road into the woods behind a tree. They  
move up to hit the next patrol. Roach takes out the handler  
and his dog on the left. Price get the other 3 men. They  
move up to the bridge and see a STREET SIGN in Russian. They  
cross the bridge and get on the other side. They to the top  
of the hill.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap, our Intel was off. The Russians  
have mobile SAMs.

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
Roger that.

CPT. PRICE:  
Have you found us some transport?

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
I'm working on it. Out!

Cpt. Price see the top of a BTR over the hill.

CPT. PRICE:  
Incoming! Look out!

Sanderson and Price run to the right to get off the road and into the woods for cover. The Russian BTR starts shooting at them through the woods. Both men dodge falling trees and shells from the BTR. They slow down and Price crouches to look back.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Damn that was close!

CPT. PRICE:  
Tell me about it.

They hear Russian radio chatter.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
They know we're hear.

CPT. PRICE:  
Look like they're searching for us.

Enemy search teams walk on the path looking for them. The two men continue to advance forward and pauses a couple feet down the way.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
Dog patrol!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Let's take em' out quick.

They crouch and get in position to ambush the dog patrol. Sanderson takes out the dog and handler while Price moves up and takes out the two men that has their backs turned. Price takes them out as they hear the dog's cry. They reload and move up the hill where the tangerines were going.

They move up to some bushes and scan with their snipers. They feel its safe and move up. The move up a hill.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap, what's the status of our air support, over?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
A UAV loaded with AGMs is en route to your position.

They get to the top of the ridge. The SAM site fires a missile at the Predator drone.

CPT. PRICE:  
Shit!

CPT. MACTAVISH: (RADIO)  
What the hell just happen?

CPT. PRICE:  
There's a mobile SAM site in the village. Soap, we need another Predator.

Roach and Price slides down the hill towards the town. Soap makes his way over to some barrel. Ghost and the rest of the unit links up. An explosion goes off from Ghost and his team destroying the mobile SAM site in the abandon town.

GHOST:  
Check you fire! Friendlies coming in at your 12!

MEAT:  
SAM is site down. I repeat, SAM site is down.

CPT. PRICE:  
Nice work on that SAM site.

GHOST:  
Thanks, but we better get moving, those explosions are gonna attract a lot of attention.

AXEL:  
We should of disabled it before it shot down the drone.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
The backup drone is on the way.

DRONE PILOT:  
We're 5 clicks out.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roger that! Make it count, these  
drones don't grow on trees.

They go through the tree line and move down the path way and  
get by the fence. They reach the end of the trail and goes  
by the fence and scan the area.

CPT. PRICE:  
There's the submarine! Right below  
that crane!

DRONE PILOT:  
Point them out on the map.

CPT. PRICE:  
Take out that helicopter and BTR.  
Don't need enemy armor slowing us  
down.

DRONE PILOT:  
Roger that.

The drone locks onto the helicopter getting ready to take  
off and the BTR doing patrol around the base. The two guided  
missiles release and find their way to their target. The  
helicopter explodes along with the BTR. The alarm in the  
base goes off and Russian soldiers spring into action.

CPT. PRICE:  
That got their attention!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
The whole base is on alert! You've  
only got a couple of minutes before  
that submarine dives.

CPT. PRICE:  
Keep up that fire Bald Eagle.

They move to their left and go over to the bunker. They hug  
the wall before enter and throw a flashbang inside.

DICE:  
Tangos in the bunker. Let's move!

AXEL:  
Room clear!

ROCKET:  
90 seconds!

CPT. PRICE:  
Let's move, we can't be wasting time  
in here.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
You have a truck coming up from the  
far side.

DRONE PILOT:  
Target acquired.

Predator drone takes out the moving truck filled with more  
soldiers. The men continue to shoot their way through the  
base while making their way to the submarine.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
60 seconds!

GHOST:  
60 seconds before that sub dives.  
Pick up the pace!

The continue towards the submarine.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
30 seconds! Move!

They advance pretty close to the submarine.

CPT. PRICE:  
I'm going for the sub! Cover me.

Price makes a run for it. The rest of the men run up to the  
guard house and cover Soap as they take out the rest of the  
tangos. They defend the position and shoot any enemy soldier  
in Price's way. Price boards the submarine and he goes dark.  
Moments later, the doors on the submarine start to open.

GHOST:  
Price, are you still there? The doors  
are opening, I repeat, the silo doors  
are opening!...Price, come in!...  
Price, do you copy? The silo doors  
are open, I repeat, the silo doors  
are open!

A missile launch goes off and goes into space. Roach looks  
up in amazement as the team attempts to move.

Ghost tugs on Roach's arm. Ghost stands firm and holds his position.

GHOST: (cont'd)  
We have a nuclear missile launch!  
Missile in the air! Missile in the  
air! Code Black! Code Black!

Ghost falls back in a seated position, with his arms around his knees and head down. Radio chatter goes off on their radios.

INT. COLORADO: CHEYENNE MOUNTAINS COMPLEX - DAY

The heavily guarded secret underground bunker in the heart of the country in the Colorado Mountains. Secret Service men, military troops from all branch, scientist, and other members walking around in the underground fortress. The president is in a glass room sitting with other VIPs as they discuss the plan for the United States of America. A room with big FANS spin to keep the sever farms cool while they use the advance computer system. SECDEF walks into the room.

SECDEF:  
Gentlemen, the missile is en route  
and we might lose the White House.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
We've rebuilt it once before, we can  
rebuild it again.

SECDEF:  
Causalities?

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Around 30 to 50 thousand. Depends on  
the point of the detonation.

SECDEF:  
General Shepherd, you warned us. We  
should've listened.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
When they speak of this moment, we  
will not be the ones who stood by  
while America died.

SECDEF:  
Whatever you need, General. You've  
got a blank check.

INT. HOUSTON COMMAND CENTER (NASA) - EVENING

All the operators look at their computers before they get a warning on the main screen. A RED BLIP is being tracked over the skies of Russia. The lead agent (HOUSTON COMMAND) stands up and walks towards the screen with his hand on his hip. He pulls down his microphone on his headset to reach out to the International Space Station to talk to ISS CONTROL working the helmet cam for the astronaut on a mission in space.

ISS CONTROL:

Come in Sat 1. This is ISS Control.  
Houston's requesting a feed from your  
helmet cam, over.

(Pause)

Uh...they want you to look over  
towards the dark side of the earth.  
It should be cresting the horizon  
about 15 degrees east of the  
starboard PV arrays.

(Rotates camera)

Sat 1, rotate your view further to  
the right?

(Rotates camera)

There it is, we're getting your feed  
Sat 1. Come in Houston, are you  
getting this?

HOUSTON COMMAND:

Copy that ISS, video feed from Sat 1  
is clear. Sat 1 keep tracking the  
bogey. We're looking into it,  
standby.

ISS CONTROL:

Houston, we're not scheduled for any  
satellite launchers today are we?

HOUSTON COMMAND:

ISS, Houston. Standby. We may have a  
problem here.

ISS CONTROL:

Houston, this is ISS Control, uh...

Explosion goes off and creates a big shock wave destroying the satellite and the astronaut throws his arms around trying to grab on to something as everything around him disintegrate and goes white. The scene goes back to D.C. with the helicopter putting its lights on Foley and his men. The helicopter shuts down and slams into the ground. Everything in the area gets dark. No lights, just fire and orange skies as chaos goes on around them.



EXT. WASHINGTON, DC: DOWNED BLACK HAWK - EVENING

"SECOND SUN"...DAY 5-18:57:24...PVT. JAMES RAMIREZ...1ST  
BN., 75TH RANGER REGIMENT...WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Get off the street now! Go!

They start running away from the street. A chopper crashes  
right in front of the men running. The skies rains machines  
and the ground shake and tremble as the men stumble as they  
move through the streets

CPL. DUNN:  
(Yells)  
EMP!

They get into a building and wait for Foley to get in. The  
build shakes violently as the men hit the ground and hold on  
to what is around them.

PVT. GREG:  
I'm scared man!

SGT. SLAYBACK:  
You'll be fine.

PVT. FOSTER:  
This is not what I signed up for.  
You can still hear flying object and the build shakes a bit.  
The shaking ceases and they exit the building.

CPL. DUNN:  
Oh man, it's quiet!

CPL. STONER:  
Too quiet!

CPL. DUNN:  
My electronics are fried.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Looks like optics are down...comms  
too. There's not even a street light  
for blocks.

Sgt. Foley check a soldier laying on the ground.

CPL. DUNN:  
Grab his dog tags.

SGT. FOLEY:

Dammit!

(Looks up)

All right, we gotta regroup with  
whoever's left out there. Corporal  
Dunn, take point.

CPL. DUNN:

Hooah!

They start to move through the crowded damaged streets with  
planes, helicopters, cars, fire, and darkness around them.  
Only the fire lights the way for them as the move up.

PVT. LOGAN:

Are you fucking kidding me. All of  
Washington is in total darkness right  
now.

PVT. GREG:

It could be worst.

SGT. SLAYBACK:

You see that Dunn?

Cpl. Dunn gets on one knee, aims down sight and yells.

CPL. DUNN:

Star! Star, or we will fire on you.

PVT. VAUGHAN:

I don't remember the damn countersign  
all right?

(Holds his arms up)

I'm just a runner! Don't shoot!

SGT. FOLEY:

The proper response is Texas,  
soldier. What's your name?

PVT. VAUGHAN:

Private Dan Vaughn sir?

SGT. FOLEY:

Okay private, what'd ya got?

PVT. VAUGHAN:

Colonel Marshall is setting up at the  
Watergate Hotel. You guys need to  
keep heading north. Stay frosty.

Vaughan runs off south to aid more troops.

CPL. DUNN:  
So where are you goin' then?

PVT. VAUGHAN:  
To tell everyone else!

SGT. FOLEY:  
You heard the man, let's go.

The men march towards the front of the Hotel where COLONEL MARSHALL and a few other soldiers are fighting enemies.

"WATERGATE HOTEL"...DAY 5-19:28:26...PVT. JAMES 'RAMIREZ...!  
1ST BN., 75TH RANGER REGIMENT...WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A.

COLONEL MARSHALL:  
Keep hittin' em' with all you got!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Sir, what's the situation here?

COLONEL MARSHALL:  
You're lookin' at the high ground  
Sergeant! There's still power in the  
white house. That means we still have  
a way to talk to Central Command if  
we can retake it!

SGT. FOLEY:  
(Points)  
You, you, and you. Join me!

They run and stumble as they dodge bullets, grenades and RPG rockets from the white house. They take cover behind several objects so they can fire on the tingos in front of them. A grenade rolls right by them and Ramirez grabs it and throws it back but it explodes in the air. They move up after taking out the tingos on the roof and on the ground.

COMPANY RADIO:  
Hammer Down is in full effect. I  
repeat, Hammer Down is in full  
effect.

They gather by the door and Ramirez throws a flash bang inside. They enter and take out the two tingos inside.

SGT. FOLEY:  
Dunn, get the door!

COMPANY RADIO:

If you're receiving this transmission you're deemed a hostile structure. Deploying green flares on the roof will indicate that you're still there. We will abort our mission on direct visual contact. We will drop an 80 footer in DC. Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect.

CPL. DUNN:

Serge, are you reading this?

SGT. FOLEY:

That's why we gotta go! Now get the door!

Cpl. Dunn gets the door wedge from his backpack and hits the door a couple times. They enter and take down the tangos in the room.

COMPANY RADIO:

Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect. If you're receiving this transmission you're deemed a hostile structure. Deploying green flares on the roof will indicate that you're still there. We will abort our mission on direct visual contact. We will drop an 80 footer in DC. Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect.

SGT. FOLEY:

We gotta move fast team!

COMPANY RADIO:

Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect. If you're receiving this transmission you're deemed a hostile structure. Deploying green flares on the roof will indicate that you're still there. We will abort our mission on direct visual contact. We will drop an 80 footer in DC. Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect.

They move out to the garden and move into the office.

SGT. FOLEY:

We got less than two minutes before they flatten the city! We gotta get to the ruff and stop em'! We got less than two minutes, let's go!

They walk out the door in a small court yard into another building.

COMPANY RADIO:

90 seconds til' weapons are released.

SGT. FOLEY:

90 seconds! We gotta push through!

COMPANY RADIO:

Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect. If you're receiving this transmission you're deemed a hostile structure. Deploying green flares on the roof will indicate that you're still there. We will abort our mission on direct visual contact. We will drop an 80 footer in DC. Hammer Down is in effect. I repeat, Hammer Down is in effect.

Foley kicks the door in and the unit makes their way through door and makes a sharp left after three steps into the kitchen area. They go through another broken wall and then up three floors with the fallen from the other roof. They get to the next floor.

COMPANY RADIO: (cont'd)

1 minute til' weapons release.

SGT. RAMIREZ:

Shit, 60 seconds!

SGT. FOLEY:

One minute! Go! Go! Go!

They run towards the stairs and then up the two flights of stairs and meet the soldier at the top.

SGT. FOLEY: (cont'd)

Get to the roof! Move!

COMPANY RADIO:

30 seconds til' weapons release.

SGT. FOLEY:  
30 seconds! We gotta get to the roof  
now! Go! Go!

They run up another fall in area of the building to get to the rooftops.

SGT. FOLEY: (cont'd)  
Use your flares!

The unit pulls out there flares. They look off over the edge and see other buildings with green flares waving and the jet fighters pass over them. They look around at the amazement from all the green flares from other building around the capitol building.

SGT. RAMIREZ:  
So when are we goin' to Moscow?

CPL. DUNN:  
Not soon enough. But I know we're  
gonna burn it down when we get there.

SGT. FOLEY:  
When the time's right, Corporal. When  
the time's right!

PVT. RAMIREZ:  
Holy shit!

SGT. FOLEY:  
Good job Ramirez!

Sgt. Foley drops down by the wall. Ramirez goes over to the edge and looks out at all the green flares.

INT. MOBILE JOINT COMMAND CENTER: A400M ATLAS - NIGHT

Shepherd is on board his fully customized A400M Joint Command plane flying over the mid-Atlantic. Military staff members on board walk around in their highly decorated uniforms. One soldier walks over to Shepherd with a tablet in his hand. Shepherd takes the tablet and swipes left to reveal the LOCATIONS of Makarov's whereabouts on the big screen. The plane hits some turbulence and the soldier holds on to maintain his balance. Shepherd clicks his ear piece to talk to his team.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
It's been a tough week gentleman.  
We've lost more than we ever dreamed.  
But we will recover.  
(MORE)

GEN. SHEPHERD: (cont'd)  
I've got a blank check. And we're gonna use every cent of it killin' Makarov. Despite what the world may say. We're not savages and we don't kill civilians. We use precision. There's an evil man hiding in these shadows and we're gonna bring him into the light. We will write history, gentleman. These are the last safe havens left on Earth for Makarov and his men. Let's flush him out.

CPT. PRICE:  
Sounds like we gotta be in two places at once.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Impossible?

CPT. PRICE:  
Not for the One-Four-One.

GHOST:  
Fifty-fifty chance to take out Makarov? Price, requesting permission to take the safe house with Roach.

CPT. PRICE:  
Permission granted. Soap and I will take the boneyard in Afghanistan.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Very well. Cut off all avenues of escape. This ends today.

CPT. PRICE:  
Strange. I coulda sworn we ended this war yesterday.

EXT. CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS: MAKAROV'S HIDDEN ESTATE - DAY

"LOOSE ENDS"...DAY 6-15:36:12...SGT. GARY 'ROACH'  
SANDERSON...TASK FORCE 141...GEORGIAN - UKRAINE BORDER

SCARECROW, OZONE, ARCHER, Rocket, Dice, Meat, Ghost, and Roach move down the mountain towards the Makarov's estate on the lake. Birds CHIRP and ECHOS around them as nature takes its course creating a calm peaceful atmosphere as the troops move along the path. They get down the mountain close to the bottom and kneel down to scope out their attack.

As soon as the get back up to move, SPINNING DISK pop out of the ground in slow motion. The spinning disk have a red light on top and the team immediate notice they're mines.

GHOST:  
(Yells)  
Ambush!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Everyone down! Now!

Everyone throws their bodies down on the ground as the mines explode in the air. Everyone is shaken up but not dead. A few members of the 141 slowly get back on their feet. RPGs come down from the left but spins out and hit off to the side.

GHOST:  
Targets! Left side! Left side!

ROCKET:  
RPG ambush on the ridge!

They get up, aim to the left side, and start shooting at the enemy soldier on the mountain side. They focus their attention ahead as enemies start appearing out of the tree line. A couple mortar rounds drop close on their position.

SCARECROW:  
They've got the area prepped for  
mortar fire!

They continue shooting until smoke is popped down the field.

GHOST:  
Counterattack into the smoke! They  
can't see us if they're blind.

They move into the smoke.

MEAT:  
Target flanking left.

GHOST:  
Cover me!

They take out the tangerines in the area and keep advancing as the shoot their way to Makarov's estate. They scope out a solar panel field. They burn their way through the enemies and it starts to quiet down. The wave their guns left and right to check the area.



DICE:  
Man, it's too quiet all of a sudden.

GHOST:  
Stay frosty team!

ROCKET:  
I see the estate.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Oh wait, I see movement.

They see Makarov's men getting into two SUV and making their way down the driveway away from the estate towards the unit to escape the grounds.

ARCHER:  
We got two trucks leaving the target building!

GHOST:  
Don't let those trucks get away!

ARCHER:  
Roger! Firing Javelin, danger close!

GHOST:  
Javelin, danger close! Get back from the road!

ARCHER:  
Two away!

Archer fires Javelin and the rocket goes up and destroys the first truck and hits the second one a few seconds after.

OZONE:  
Moving vehicles have been neutralized. Be advised, we have not, I repeat we have not spotted Makarov and no one else has left the house.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Those trucks may have been decoys, over!

They advance quickly on the house up the driveway. On the inside of the house, Makarov's men are trying to load up on ammo, delete files, and one guy is on the phone calling for back up.

GHOST:  
Clear the perimeter!

Two jeeps pull up from around back and 8 tangos jump out. The unit fires on them as soon as they pull up and try to get out.

ROCKET:  
Cover me!

GHOST:  
Breach and clear the safe house. Go!  
Go!

They get in to their breaching position and Sanderson plants the charge on the front door.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Everyone in their position?

MEAT:  
Almost there.

ROCKET:  
Okay, we're in position.  
(Gets in position)

Everyone plants their charges on the doors.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
Ready!

GHOST:  
Breaching!

The door blows off and the unit enters the house from several entry points. Roach shoot the guy coming down the stairs. Ghost and Sanderson looks around the first floor level in the office and living room area as the other team cover the rest of the house.

MEAT:  
Ozone! Target at your 3 o'clock.

OZONE:  
I got eyes on him.

GHOST:  
Office clear!

SCARECROW:  
Let's go, stay frosty!

GHOST:  
Scarecrow, gimme a sitrep.

SCARECROW:

No one's leaving through the basement. We gotcha covered.

ROCKET:

Dining room clear!

GHOST:

Roach, go upstairs and rooms on the top floor.

Roach steps over the dead body and sees a tangos in the corner using the bathroom and shoots him with his pants down. He turns to the left and Dice takes out another guy and he slide to the bottom. Sanderson puts his last charge on the one of the bedroom doors and go in guns blazing.

SGT. SANDERSON:

Top floor clear!

GHOST:

Roger that, top floor clear!

DICE:

We just checked the boat house. Noting but enemy resources down this way.

GHOST:

Roach, go with Scarecrow and check the basement for enemies' activity.

Roach walk down the stairs and meet up with Scarecrow. Scarecrow hands the door charges to Roach. Sgt. Sanderson puts charge on the door and gives Scarecrow the thumbs up. Scarecrow nods and gets for the charge to go off. Another team breaches the next door as Scarecrow and Roach leaves the weapon room. They start firing in the room and then Roach and Scarecrow runs up to see if they can help but the tangos already hit the ground when they raise their weapons

SCARECROW:

Basement clear!

GHOST:

Copy! Basement clear! All clear, squad regroup on me.

SCARECROW:

Roger that!

GHOST:  
Shepherd, No sign of Makarov. Captain  
Price, any luck in Afghanistan?

CPT. PRICE: (RADIO)  
Plenty, at least fifty plus hired  
guns, but no sign of Makarov yet.  
Perhaps our Intel is a little off.

GHOST:  
Well, the quality of the Intel's  
about to change. This safe house's a  
fucking gold mine.

All the teams meet upstairs in the main room but scout  
different areas from the kitchen to the back yard to the  
porch.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Copy that. Ghost, have your team  
collect everything you can for an  
operations playbook. Names, contacts,  
places, everything.

GHOST:  
We're on already on it sir. Makarov  
will have nowhere to run.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
That's the idea. I'm bringing up the  
extraction force, E.T.A five minutes.  
Get that Intel. Shepherd out.

GHOST:  
Get on Makarov's computer and start  
the transfer.  
(Points to Ozone)  
Ozone, you're on rear security. I've  
got the front. Go.

CPT. PRICE: (RADIO)  
Task force, this is Price. More of  
Makarov's men just arrived at the  
boneyard. I'm gonna take out that guy  
and use his radio to tap into their  
comms. Ghost, we're going silent for  
a few minutes. Good luck up there.  
Price out!

GHOST:  
Makarov's men are going to do  
whatever it takes to keep us from  
leaving with this Intel so expect  
more people to show up. We need to  
protect. Defensive position, let's  
go.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
All mines are planted.

OZONE:  
Ready to engage!

GHOST:  
Okay, the download is in progress.

ARCHER:  
Sniper Team to strike team, be  
advised, we got enemy helos  
approaching from the northwest and  
southeast corner. Enemy choppers in 15  
seconds.

GHOST:  
Roger that, 15 seconds.

You hear chopper rotors in the background. The enemy slide  
down from ropes as a few get picked off from the guys  
shooting out the window.

ARCHER:  
RPG team approaching from the west.

GHOST:  
Solid copy! RPG teams approaching  
from the west, stay alert.

OZONE:  
I'm hit!

Ozone is bleeding out as BLOOD gushes out of his body. He  
tries to hold pressure on the wound but he slowly starts to  
fade away. Enemy foot mobiles enter from the basement to the  
kitchen and advance to Roach's position. They get into the  
action and start shooting back.

SCARECROW:  
What the hell was that?

ARCHER:  
RPG team moving in from the east. I'm  
displacing.

(MORE)

ARCHER: (cont'd)  
 You're gonna be without sniper  
 support for 30 seconds. Standby!  
 (Reloads sniper)  
 They're dropping in more troops west  
 of the house!

GHOST:  
 They must be by the boathouse! Cover  
 that west approach!

Helicopter fly over the house. Roach runs in to the room  
 facing the boathouse and provide some resistants fire on the  
 troops running up from the boathouse. Scarecrow gets a fatal  
 hit and dies instantly.

GHOST: (cont'd)  
 Scarecrow is down, I repeat Scarecrow  
 is down!

A tango throws a flashbang into the room Roach is defending.

SGT. SANDERSON:  
 I'm flashed, I'm flashed.

DICE:  
 I got you Roach!

Dice shoots the enemy before he shoots Roach as he grabs the  
 rails and cover his eyes.

ARCHER:  
 I have eyes on additional hostile  
 forces moving in on your position.  
 They're approaching through the solar  
 panels east of the house.

GHOST:  
 They're moving in through the solar  
 panels east of the house!

SGT. SANDERSON:  
 That means whatever is on that  
 computer, Makarov doesn't want us to  
 get it.

GHOST:  
 The transfer's complete!

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
 This is Shepherd. We're almost at the  
 LZ...What's your status, over?

GHOST:  
We're on our way to the LZ!

What's left of the teams takes off to the extraction point. Shepherd has set up for the team to get out of the Ukraine. They run, stumble, and dodge bullets as they try to get to the LZ before Shepherd's takeoff time. Roach gets knocked down when a mortar round lands in close by him. Ghost turns back around and runs back for Roach as the rest of the team goes towards the friendly choppers waiting to extract the team.

GHOST: (cont'd)  
Thunder Two One, I've popped red smoke in the tree line! Standby to engage on my mark! Thunder Two One, cleared hot!

THUNDER 2-1:  
Roger that, we're coming in hot.

Thunder 2-1 spins up machine turrets and shoots up the enemy militia by the red smoke. Sgt. Sanderson clasped down the way and then Ghost comes over to him again and pulls him up.

GHOST:  
Come on, get up! We're almost there!

The helicopter lands right in front of them as they walk up slowly. Shepherd walks off the rear ramp of the helicopter towards Ghost and Roach.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Do you have the DSM?

GHOST:  
We got it, sir!

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Good. That's one less loose end.

Shepherd reaches over to grab Roach's other arm and pulls him close as he draws his Desert Eagle and shoot Roach.

GHOST:  
(Yells)  
No!

Ghost turns with his assault rifle towards Shepherd but Shepherd pulls up his pistol and shoots him too. Shepherd puts his gun in the holster and grabs the DSM off Roach. He looks over at the two of the troop and wave them over.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Clean this up boys!

They grab the arms and legs of Roach and Ghost. The two soldier throw them into a small pit.

CPT. PRICE: (RADIO)  
Roach, come in! It's Price! We're being attacked by men in the boneyard. Do not trust Shepherd, I say again, do not trust Shepherd.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
You're a little too late Price.

Shepherd comes over and turns off the radio on the two bodies and then backs up as two of Shepherds men pour gasoline on them. Shepherd sits back and smokes a cigarette as they pour a ton of gasoline on them.

SHEPHERD'S MAN:  
It's done sir!

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Good. Let's move!

Shepherd nods and pulls the cigarette out. He takes another puff from the cigarette and throws it on to the bodies. The BODIES catch on fire and start to burn. Shepherd throws his hand in the air like he is roping a cow. The troops along with the 5 helicopters dust off.

EXT. KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN: THE AIRPLANE BONEYARD - DAY

The scene shows Nikolai flying his plane over the Afghan desert making his way towards Soap and Price. The scene swings over to Price shoots one of Shepherd's men close by his position and moves across the field to get some other cover. MacTavish hiding behind cover trying to reach out to his other force in the Ukraine.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Roach? Ghost? Come in. Ghost! Do you copy? Does anyone copy?

CPT. PRICE:  
They're dead Soap. Shepherd's cleaning house. I'm working my way back to you.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Wait! Shepherd betrayed us.



CPT. PRICE:  
Have to trust someone to be betrayed.  
Nikolai, come in. Do you have our  
location?

NIKOLAI:  
Inbound, Price. But I am not the only  
one in the area. You've got Shepherds  
men on one side. And Makarov's men on  
the other.

CPT. PRICE:  
We'll have to take them all out then.

NIKOLAI:  
Or let them take each other out.  
Either way, I'll see you on the other  
side my friend.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap! Shepherd's trying to wipe out  
us and Makarov at the same time! Head  
for the rally point Bravo to the  
west! Trust no one!

"THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY"...DAY 6-16:03:35...CPT. 'SOAP'  
MACTAVISH...160 MILES SW OF KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN...U.S.  
VEHICLE DISPOSAL YARD 437

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Talking about jumping outta the  
frying pan and into the fire.

CPT. PRICE:  
Remember keep moving.

MacTavish goes into a full sprint out in the open to get to  
cover. Radio chatter is heard nearby from company radio

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Its hell out here.

CPT. PRICE:  
Hell might be better than this.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I'm moving along the right side of  
the boneyard.

CPT. PRICE:  
Nikolai! The LZ is hot!

NIKOLAI:

Try to get the situation under control before I get there.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Right, whatever you say Nikolai! Just get here sharpish!

CPT. PRICE:

Let Makarov and Shepherds men kill each other off as much as you can. We can use their comms too listen in on their radio traffic. I'm going to try to contact Makarov.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Makarov, this is Price. Shepherd has your operations playbook and he's got a blank check. Give me what you've got on gim, and I'll take care of the rest. I know you can hear me on this channel. You and I both know you won't last a week.

MAKAROV:

(Russian accent)

And neither will you.

CPT. PRICE:

Makarov, you ever hear the old saying, the enemy of my enemy is my friend?

MAKAROV:

(Russian accent)

Price, one day you'll find out that cuts both ways. Shepherd is using Site Hotel Bravo. You know where it is. I'll see you in hell.

CPT. PRICE:

Looking forward to it. Give my regards to Zakhaev if you get there first.

(Switches channel)

Soap! Don't get pinned down out there! Keep heading west for the runway area.

Cpt. MacTavish moves up and takes cover behind some barrels while Makarov's men and Shephed's men go at it. A GMC with a turret mount inside pops up and drives by him.

The gunner starts shooting in his area Makarov's men. MacTavish gets out of cover and run through a freight container.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
Nikolai, where the hell are you?

NIKOLAI:  
I'm not getting paid enough to crash my plane.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Must be the sand storm!

NIKOLAI:  
I'm approaching the boneyard. I see you don't have enough situation under control. Very unsafe to land. It looks like when I was in Afghanistan with the soviets.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Nikolai! Shut up and land the damn plane! We're on our way.

MacTavish slips but gains hi balance.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap! I'm going to get some transport! Make your way west towards the runway!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I hope you know what you're doing.

CPT. PRICE:  
Yes! Trust me on this one!

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I'm almost there. Get ready for me.

He runs past a BTR and dashes over some broken wings laying on the ground in the boneyard. He sees Price whips a U-turn with an enemy vehicle. Price reaches over and opens door.

CPT. PRICE:  
(Yells)  
Let's go!

NIKOLAI:  
Price, I'm taking off in one minute! You better hurry if you want a ride out of here.

(MORE)

NIKOLAI: (cont'd)  
I have to leave with or without you,  
it's too much chaos out here.

They drive through the boneyard with one of Shepherd's SUV tailing them. Price focus on the driving while MacTavish shoots back at the tail. He shoots the driver but the passenger grabs the wheel. The gunner in the back shoots one of the tires and Price has to counter correct. Nikolai's AC 130 crosses in front of them and they fly over the hill onto the runway. He touches down as they drive on to the runway. MacTavish shoots the tail and the SUV barrels off the runway.

CPT. PRICE:  
Nikolai drop the bloody ramp, we're coming in.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Shit! It's gonna get bumpy.

NIKOLAI:  
Come on boys! Get on before I run out of runway.

CPT. PRICE:  
We're gonna make it!

Price FLOORS it and the car bounces on to the ramp and into the cargo bay of the jet into some bags. Nikolai hits the booth and pulls hard on the stick to get the plane airborne before they hit a road block up ahead. The AC 130 take off from the boneyard thrusting upwards.

NIKOLAI:  
Boy's we're airborne.

INT. COLORADO: CHEYENNE MOUNTAINS: BUNKER - DAY

The secret service walk around faculty providing security and protection for the staff. BEAST ONE and several vehicles from the presidential motor cage are parked in the open space along with other military vehicles. Personnel walk through halls and rooms. The president walks out to the parking area in the cave as the convoy gets ready to move out.

PRESIDENT:  
So what's the status?

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
They're cleaning up Washington.  
Pushing in more reinforcements and  
taking out the last of the enemies.

PRESIDENT:  
And the power?

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
It gonna be a while before the grind  
is back up and running.

PRESIDENT:  
I need to get back to DC.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
That's the last place we want to send  
you sir.

PRESIDENT:  
I don't even want to hear about  
casualties.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
Upwards of 17,000.

PRESIDENT:  
What about the west coast.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
They got hit hard too.

PRESIDENT:  
So what next?

The agent opens the door to Beast One.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
We have NightWatch on standby. Who  
knows what else can happen?

They both get in the limo and the DOOR closes from the  
inside.

PRESIDENT:  
I just wanna go home.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
Don't we all Mr. President. But we  
good news...we were able to get in  
touch with the Russian Ambassadors.  
We're doing what we can to resolve  
this.

PRESIDENT:  
I want this issue solved immediately.

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
General Shepherd is trying to find these two men. They might have ties to the attack.

He shows a PICTURE of Price and Soap on the iPad

PRESIDENT:  
They one of ours?

LEAD SECRET SERVICE:  
I'm afraid so. But we've put them on the watch list.

EXT. SHEPHERD'S COMMAND CENTER: SITE HOTEL BRAVO - DAY

Somewhere over Afghanistan, the two men sit in the back of Nikolai's plane. MacTavish sits up against the wall looking at Hotel Site Bravo on a military laptop to get an upper advantage on Shepherd's command center. Price sits on an old truck tire sharpening his knife and thinking to himself with his parachute bag on his back. Price starts day dreaming.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We've got one good undercover op.  
They've got thousands. We don't even know if Makarov's Intel is any good.  
Price...Price? Wake up!

MacTavish looks over at Price day dreaming.

CPT. PRICE:  
(Look over)  
The healthy human mind doesn't wake up thinking this is its last day on Earth. But I think that's a luxury. Not a curse. To know you're close to the end is a sense of freedom. Good time to take inventory. Outgunned... Outnumbered...and out of our minds.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Don't remind me.

CPT. PRICE:  
We're on a suicide mission bud. But the sand and rocks here are stained with thousands of years of warfare and blood.

(MORE)

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
They'll remember us for this. Because  
out of all the nightmares, this is  
the one we choose for ourselves. We  
go forward like a breath exhaled from  
the Earth. With vigor in our hearts  
and one goal in sight. We...will...  
kill that son of a bitch.

Nikolai presses the intercom button.

NIKOLAI:  
Okay boys! Get ready to jump.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Looks like this is our stop.

MacTavish stands up and grabs the parachute sitting next to him.

CPT. PRICE:  
We'll drop the supply pack first.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Good idea.

The doors open up after the two men get situated in their gear. They push the supply crate over board and look at each other before jumping. They pound fist and Soap jumps first. Price fixes his goggles and jumps right behind him. The two make it to the ground and land close to their supply pack. They run to their gear and start suiting up. They hold their positions in a dust storm in a sand colored gillie-suit with their snipers over the ridge watching Shepherd's men patrol the dam.

NIKOLAI:  
I'll wait for you at the exfil point.  
Three hours.

CPT. PRICE:  
Don't bother. This was a one way  
flight.

NIKOLAI:  
Then good luck, my friend.

Cpt. Price pulls out a recorder to record himself.

CPT PRICE:  
This is for the record. History is  
written by the victor. History is  
filled with liars.  
(MORE)

CPT PRICE: (cont'd)  
 If he lives and we die, his truth  
 becomes written and ours is lost.  
 Shepherd will be a hero. Cause all  
 you need to change the world is one  
 good lie and a river of blood. He's  
 about to complete the greatest trick  
 a liar ever played on history. His  
 truth will be the truth. But only if  
 he lives and we die.

"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES"...DAY 7-17:32:38...'SOAP' MACTAVISH...  
 SITE HOTEL BRAVO, AFGHANISTAN

CPT. PRICE:  
 Soap, I'm picking up a thermal spike  
 up ahead. The cave must be somewhere  
 over the edge.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 Let move up.

They get to a cliff. ALPHA, BRAVO, and ZULU units roam the  
 surround areas with dog, guns, and body armor. Price and  
 MacTavish look over the edge.

CPT. PRICE:  
 Hold up! Enemy patrol. Hold your  
 fire. Looks like Makarov's Intel was  
 solid. This is it.  
 (Watch the team)  
 Good, they're splitting up. Let them  
 separate. This decryption code better  
 be worth the price we paid.

BRAVO:  
 Go ahead Alpha! Air is all clear!

ALPHA:  
 Bravo, sandstorm, not much to see  
 today, over!

ZULU:  
 Zulu, A-h-h...We're starting up a  
 chalk-east along cannon, north side  
 axle road, over!

CPT. PRICE:  
 Focus on the group on the right,  
 directly beneath us. Let's take them  
 out first. I'll take the two on the  
 left. On my mark. Three...Two...One.



They take out the tangos.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Dog neutralized, I count five down.

CPT. PRICE:  
(Gets up)  
We've gotta take out the other group  
before they comeback.

They slide down the side of the cliff and walk pass the  
military vehicle.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
I'm in position.

CPT. PRICE:  
Take the shot.  
(They shoot)  
We don't have much time before they  
find the bodies. Let's keep moving.  
Here we go, hook up here.

They hook up and get ready to do a control free fall down  
the mountain side.

ALPHA:  
Sector 4 Oxide, what's your status,  
over?  
(Long pause)  
Sector 4 Oxide do you copy, over?

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Damn, They're calling in! We gotta  
move now.

ALPHA:  
We're not getting any signs from  
Sector 4. Must be a bad transmitter.

They step on the rails and look at each other before  
jumping. They push off the side wall and repel down the wall  
face. They grip the wall with special made shoes as they  
shimmy down. Two foot soldiers stand below them. Price pulls  
out his knife and MacTavish does the same.

CPT. PRICE:  
(Whispers)  
Do it!

They knife them from above by cutting their throat and  
covering their mouths once they drop down behind them. They  
move into a tunnel carved into the cave.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 (Whisper)  
 I don't think they know we're here yet.

CPT. PRICE:  
 Tango up ahead. Do not engage.

They move up and try to sneak past him but another patrol is coming up.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
 Patrol coming our way, go let, quickly!

They move to the left and hide in the dark corner of the cave. Radio chatter from SHADOW COMPANY HQ and SHADOW COMPANY echos through the tunnel.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
 Butcher Seven, Oxide. We've lost contact with Disciple Five. Probably the sandstorm rolling in or just a bad transmitter. Send the team to check it out, over.

SHADOW COMPANY:  
 Roger that Oxide, I'll send Vinson and Lambert. Butcher Seven out.

The patrol walks to the area Price and Soap just came from.

CPT. PRICE:  
 Take out the guard having a smoke, or wait for him to move along.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 Let's take the bastard out.

MacTavish aims sniper and takes out the tango smoking.

CPT. PRICE:  
 Good night!  
 They continue through the cave until they hear more radio traffic echoing through the cave. Price moves to the left to avoid being seen.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
 Easy now.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
 What?

Cpt. Price points at the tango coming up and goes to the right. They get to an opening and kneel down and scan their area. They shoot the two tangos coming down the steps under a RED LIGHT over the entrances to another part of the cave. Another guy sits there cleaning his gun in a lighted area to the left.

SHADOW COMPANY:

Disciple Six, we've lost all contact with Disciple Five. Check it out, over.

CPT. PRICE:

He's mine.

SHADOW COMPANY:

Roger that Oxide, we're on the catwalk, heading to the steam room, standby.

Price sneaks up on him and drives the knife into his chest while holding his mouth.

CPT. PRICE:

He's down.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:

Disciple Six, go dark.

CPT. PRICE:

Here we go.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

(Pull down goggles)

Night vision on!

SHADOW COMPANY:

Hit it!

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:

Breaching! Breaching!

SHADOW COMPANY:

Foxtrot element, sweep left. Search pattern Echo Charlie. Go!

DISCIPLE SIX:

Door area clear.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:

Check your corners.

Price and MacTavish opens fire on the team trying to find them.

SHADOW COMPANY:  
They're here! Open fire!

They take out the team one by one as they cover each other and hide behind rocks in the cave.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Stay frosty, hunt em' down.

Chucks of rocks come fall and come off the rock they're taking cover behind. The two men finish taking out the rest of the soldiers in the cave and make their way to the next area to find Shepherd before he leaves.

CPT. PRICE:  
Let's move!

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Disciple Nine, your rear guard just flat lined!

DISCIPLE NINE:  
Not possible, we just cleared that area.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
It's Price. Backup priority items and burn the rest. Fire teams, just delay em' until we're ready to pull out.

CPT. PRICE:  
All right. Let's go have some fun.

They exit the cave into daylight along the edge of the catwalk. They grab two bulletproof riot shields from the rack before they turn up the stairs. They go onto the catwalk.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Oxide, Avatar One. We have unauthorized personnel on the catwalk. I repeat we have unauthorized personals on the catwalk, you getting this?

Cpt. Price gets down on his stomach and shoots back at the tangos across the catwalk. Cpt. MacTavish takes cover behind the cliff. Soap goes in front of Price and covers him.

SHADOW COMPANY:

Butcher One Five, rendezvous at the nest and prepare to escort Gold Eagle to the LZ.

CPT. PRICE:

Gold Eagle must be Shepherd! We're running out of time.

They keep moving inwards towards the other entry point in the cave and then an enemy helicopter flies up and ropes several tangos down.

SHADOW COMPANY:

Butcher Two roping into sector Papa Quebec!

CPT. PRICE:

They're digging in, Shepherd must be close!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

We can't afford to lose him.

CPT. PRICE:

I'll draw their fire through the smoke!

They take cover and keep up the fire in the area with smoke. After getting some of the suppressed fire down, they move up. Soap runs up and finds some Intel and set up the device on the computer and then moves up. Soap runs into three men and just starts spraying from the hip.

SHADOW COMPANY:

Oxide, Butcher Five Actual. I've got a severed det-cord, we're gonna need ten mikes to get the truck rigged and the EBC primed, over.

They move up to a door filled with tangos and then the door slams as they walk up.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:

Negative, Gold Eagle wants those charges hot in less than three mikes. Get it done, out.

CPT. PRICE:

They've sealed the control room. Get a frame charge on the door! We're running outta time.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

I got it!

Plants the charge to the door and get in position.

CPT. PRICE:

Ready!

The CHARGES goes off and the slow motion camera catches the action. They take out the tangos in the room and move in.

GEN. SHEPHERD:

All units, this is Gold Eagle. The site has been compromised so I'm executing directive One-One Six Bravo. If you're still inside, your service will be honored. Shepherd out.

Cpt. Price runs over to the computer and start typing on one side to access the main frame. Cpt. MacTavish knocks off a few soda can and type on the laptop to transfers files to his USB.

CPT. PRICE:

While the transfer is going through.  
Override the doors. Hurry!

Cpt. MacTavish looks around at all the electronics.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Where?

CPT. PRICE:

Over there!

CPT. MACTAVISH:

I see it!

He goes over to the other computer and tries to break the code to open the door. The DOORS open and they run through the door as it opens up.

CPT. PRICE:

This place is gonna blow!

Rocks come down in the cave and everything goes black. It slowly back into frame but Soap is on the ground and Price up under the overhang of the cave exit.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Excalibur, this Gold Eagle. Fire mission, target package Romeo, danger close.

Cpt. MacTavish slowly gets up and looks around.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
That's within a hundred meters of your position sir!

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
That's not a suggestion! Send it!

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Roger, fire mission danger close!

Price and MacTavish stand up and walk out the exit. They see 3 black dots in the sky. Three JETS fly in the distance towards the cave.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap! Incoming! Get down! Get down!

Runs back towards the cave entrance that's blocked off to get some cover. Once they get close enough, they drop their payload and scramble out of the area.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Since when does Shepherd care about danger close.

CPT. PRICE:  
Let's go! Stay close and follow me!

They meet up next to each other and get some cover.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
You heard the transmission right. He has to be in this area somewhere.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Sir, sandstorm activity is picking up here. It's too risky for flight ops.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Understood. Head for the tunnel. We'll take the Zodiac.

SHADOW COMPANY HQ:  
Yes sir!

Soldiers gather by a Jeep to talk over the plan. MacTavish grabs a rocket and send it towards the Jeep. The Wrangler blows up killing multiple targets. They run towards another cave entrance but are greeted by a group of tangos. They switch to their grenade launcher and make them history and continue running.

CPT. PRICE:  
Head for the tunnel! Shepherd  
mentioned Zodiacs...there must be  
river across nearby, let's go!

"ENDGAME"...DAY 7-18:10:26...'SOAP' MACTAVISH...SITE HOTEL  
BRAVO, AFGHANISTAN

They run around the corner and down a set of wooden stairs that leads to a dock with a DINGHY. Price grabs some weapons from the locker to throw in the boat while MacTavish gets the boat ready. They take off down the river with Price shooting targets along the way and dodging gun fire. They tail Shepherd all the way to a small cave. They exit the cave and sees a Navy chopper in the air. Soap banks to the left to take cover behind rocks and dodge the helicopter bullets.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
We're gonna lose em'!

CPT. PRICE:  
Shake em' off!

They get closer back but still off to the left. A rocket lands right in front of them making a big splash in the water. Price pulls out an RPG and hits the tail of the helicopter sending it spinning into the mountain side.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
He's not going down without a fight!

CPT. PRICE:  
Rapids up ahead! It's going to get  
rough, so hang on!

Price strap down the weapons and hangs on as he curls up. They move down 3 rapid falls and gets a little shaken up as the boat starts to drift a little to the side but they quickly straighten up once they get to the bottom. They keep going down the river and then a helicopter flies over their heads again.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Avatar One, gimme a sitrep, over!



UAV OPERATOR:  
I have Warhorse 5-1 standing by. Pave  
Low's downriver sir.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Copy that! Warhorse 5-1, be advised,  
we're comin' in hot!

Another Sikorsky MH-53 helicopter pulls up over them and  
flies down stream to link up with Gold Eagle.

CPT. PRICE:  
Soap! What are you doing? Full power,  
let's go!

PAVE LOW PILOT:  
Roger, dropping the hatch, keep it  
above 30 knots and watch the vertical  
clearance.

Shepherd's Zodiac slides into the bay of the Pave Low and  
the helicopter starts to lift off as Soap and Price get  
closer down the river. Price grabs the rocket launcher and  
aims it at the helicopter.

CPT. PRICE:  
Hold it steady...Steady!...Steady!

MacTavish tries to steady the water craft in the currents to  
give Price the shot. Price fires the rocket as the chopper  
lift off. The chopper spins out of control as it goes down.  
Price waves arm to back up.

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)  
Back up! Back up!

MacTavish throws it in reverse but the water currents are  
too strong and pulls them over the edge and down the water  
fall. They land in the water below and you see BUBBLES  
before MacTavish washes up on land. Cpt. MacTavish coughs up  
some water as he lays on the ground face down. He rolls over  
and coughs up more water. He slowly gets to his feet and  
sees something in the distance. He reaches in his pocket for  
his knife and moves towards to downed chopper stumble and  
dizzy from the fall. One of the pilots is crawling from the  
burning helicopter bleeding out and goes and stabs him to  
finish him off. He keeps making pass the helicopter. He sees  
another soldier laying on his back by the helicopter with  
his pistol. He aims it at MacTavish but the gun is jammed.  
Soap goes over to him and stabs him as well. He continue  
walking towards the back and sees Shepherd jogging off into  
the dust as the sand storm picks up. He moves a little fast  
still trying to balance his self.

He hears coughing ahead as he gets close to Shepherd leaning against a rusted car in the desert. Soap makes his way over to him. MacTavish pulls the knife back and thrust it towards Shepherd but Shepherd catches his arm and throws his head against the car and pushes him to the ground. Shepherd pulls out his knife and stabs him but he's still alive. Scene gets burly then comes back up with Shepherd lean against the car as he pulls out a cigarette and takes a few puffs.

GEN. SHEPHERD:  
Five years ago, I lost 30,000 men in  
the blink of an eye. And the world  
just fuckin' watched. See, we're not  
so different MacTavish. I only did  
what you did to be brave.

Shepherd throws the cigarette down and steps on it. He then reaches for his Desert Eagle and drops a couple empty cases on Soap's body that remains lifeless but still breathing.

GEN. SHEPHERD: (cont'd)  
Tomorrow there will be no shortage of  
volunteers, no shortage of patriots.  
Recruits that come back like an  
assembly line. That's what having a  
great arm comes down too. Like I  
always said, history is written by  
the victors.

He loads Desert Eagle with 3 rounds.

GEN. SHEPHERD: (cont'd)  
But You know what they say about  
revenge...you better be ready to dig  
two graves...You're a good warrior.  
Butchu could never take that extra  
step. I know you understand.

Shepherd gets ready to pull the trigger but Price runs up on him from the right and tackles him to the ground. The gun goes off right next to MacTavish's head. Price is about to punch Shepherd but Shepherd hits him with a cheap shot. Shepherd tries to swing the pistol up to aim at Price but Price kicks his arm and the GUN slides a few feet away. Soap sees the gun and starts to move towards it by dragging himself with the knife still in bedded in him. Price gets throw in front of Soap as he reaches out for the gun. Shepherd kicks the gun away. Price and Shepherd battle back and forth but Shepherd gets the upper hand and starts head butting him. He throws a right jab to Price's face. The scene fades in and out to give it suspense feeling of Soap going in and out. Price throws a punch and knees Shepherd.

Black out again and Shepherd kicks Price in the stomach several times pushing him back each time. Black out and then back up to Shepherd pulling Prices left arm to help him up and then clothes lining him down to the ground. Soap's turns his head as Price get mauled by Shepherd. Shepherd is over Price trying to choke him out. MacTavish sees the KNIFE pucture through his vest into his chest. He grabs it with one hand and tries to slowly pull it out. Soap gets the knife out and twirls it in the air. The knife spins once and he grabs the blade. Shepherd looks over Soap once he sees movement and MacTavish throws it right at his EYE and Shepherd falls. Soap turns his head and looks up at the sky. The two men lay their lifeless for a while. Price put his hand over his face. He looks at Shepherd's leg on top him once he fell back. Price takes his hand and throws Shepherd's leg off of him. He rolls over slowly and pushes his upper body. He brings his head up and sees Soap in front of him laying there.

CPT. PRICE:

Soap! Come on man, stay alive.

Cpt. MacTavish turns his head slightly to the left after opening eyes and holds up his thumb. Cpt. Price rips his materials away and tries to band him up. A helicopter lands a few feet away from them.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

Is it bad?

CPT. PRICE:

It will hold for now. Come on. Get up!

He helps him up by throwing his arms around his shoulder and move towards Nikolai. Nikolai gets out the chopper and walks towards them.

NIKOLAI:

I know that wasn't an easy fight.

CPT. MACTAVISH:

You're damn right.

CPT. PRICE:

(To Nikolai)

I thought I told you this was a one way trip.

NIKOLAI:

Looks like it still is...everyone will be looking for us.

CPT. PRICE:  
We gotta get Soap outta here.

NIKOLAI:  
I know a place

CPT. PRICE:  
Lead the way.

They getting MacTavish secured in the chopper, Nikolai messes with the flight instruments and then take off.

NIKOLAI:  
You boys look like you went through hell back there.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Hell is probably better than what we went through back there.

CPT. PRICE:  
As long as his truth isn't the truth written down then it was one trip that was worth it.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Where to?

NIKOLAI:  
I know a place in the Philippines. Seems like you boys can use a little vacation.

CPT. MACTAVISH:  
Amen to that. I'm just glad we're not dead.

CPT. PRICE:  
Being apart of the 141, you're already dead. Those are the mission we signed up for.

NIKOLAI:  
Talking about trading your soul to the devil.

CPT. PRICE:  
Yeah, well the devil lies dead back there in the sand. Lifeless! History is written by the victor. But history is also filled with a bunch of liars too.

(MORE)

CPT. PRICE: (cont'd)

All you need to change the world is  
one good lie and a river of blood.  
His truth means nothing now. If he  
had lived, his truth would've becomes  
written and ours lost. So we made it  
our mission to put a stop to him but  
more will come of this. Because  
Makarov is still alive and he's just  
as evil as Shepherd. Shepherd won't  
be a hero this time.

They fly over the desert.