

EXT. US MARINES BASE - PHILLIPPINES - DAY

Sun beats down on a dusty parade ground. A podium is set up, upon which stands a senior officer. This is **MAJOR WESLEY BENNETT** (50s) of the United States Marine Corps.

A squad of SOLDIERS marches onto the parade ground, led by a LIEUTENANT. This is **DANIELLE "DANNI" SHAWCROSS** (30s). She leads a mixed group mostly men, but some females too.

Spectators are watching.

SHAWCROSS
Company... Halt! Company... right...
face! Atten... tion!

The soldiers halt and turn smartly to face the podium.

BENNETT
Good afternoon ladies and
gentlemen... members of the press.
I'd like to welcome you to the
medals parade for the United States
Marine Corps stationed here in the
Philippines. My name is Major
Wesley Bennett, officer commanding.

There is scattered applause.

Bennett continues to speak, as he does so, we see the faces of the soldiers being lauded, especially those of the women of the **FEMALE ENGAGEMENT TEAM**:

MICHELLE **FROST** (late 20s), Warrant Officer
SALLY **OERTELL**, (late 30s), Sergeant
LENA **CATELLA** (early 30s), PFC
DAINA **PRICE** (20s) Corpsman / medic
AKARI **KIMURA** (20s), PFC
ANNI **ERIKSSON** (20s), PFC

BENNETT (CONT'D)
The role of the Marines on this
United Nations mission is to keep
the peace and protect the lives of
innocent civilians. Sometimes this
requires action on our behalf. We
are fortunate to have such brave
men and women in our service, not
least those of our Female
Engagement Team...

As Bennett speaks, we can see Shawcross REMEMBERING.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The whump-whump-whump of the UN Helicopter's rotor blades as it descends onto the outskirts of a village.

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Many US soldiers are at work, unloading trucks, supervised by Major Bennett. The girls disembark from the helicopter. They look around. Kids come running up to them, excited - there'll be goodies for them today.

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

An impromptu game of soccer between the FET girls and some local kids. The girls' rifles are stacked in pyramids by the "pitch." The girls wear just T-shirts, shades and combat pants.

One of the local boys takes a shot and Sergeant Oertell (in goal) makes an unconvincing dive... the ball goes through the sweaters-for-goalposts.

As the boy celebrates (Roger Mila style) Catella runs and retrieves the ball, tossing to Oertell who rolls it out Shawcross. Shawcross takes off and passes to Eriksson...

CATELLA
(to Oertell)
What do you think, Sarge?

OERTELL
Give her a chance, Catella. You were new once. And that's Sergeant Oertell to you.

CATELLA
In soccer?

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Frost wrestles with a spanner and a broken stand pipe. A small boy helps her by holding her tools.

He watches intently as Frost works. Next to her a group of interested looking children has gathered expectantly with containers of every description for clean water. The spanner SLIPS catching Frost's finger.

FROST
Shit.

She looks around at the expectant faces. She tries again -- for a moment, nothing happens and then... water flows.

FROST (CONT'D)

There we go!

The kids around her erupt into cheers, their faces split by happy smiles. Frost puts her hand under the water and wipes her face and neck. She then splashes the water at her young helper, who squeals holding his hands up in defense.

As he does so his HEAD EXPLODES in a mist of blood, brain and bone, spattering Frost, who RECOILS IN HORROR.

Chaos erupts as gunfire rains from the surrounding bush. Armed men from the **COMMUNIST NEW PEOPLE'S ARMY (NPA)** pour in from the jungle. An NPA GUERRILLA fires an RPG at one of the UN TRUCKS which explodes in a HUGE PLUME of FIRE AND SMOKE.

MACHINE GUN FIRE chatters and engines roar as a JEEP and PICKUP TRUCK plough into the village.

The Pick Up has an M60 light machine gun mounted on the back, and the guerrilla manning it DOESN'T SPARE THE AMMO, RAKING villager and soldier alike in a MURDEROUS HAIL OF BULLETS.

From the jungle, men RUN into the village, KILLING AS THEY GO. All the NPA wear RED-ARMBANDS.

Rounds slam into the players from both teams on the SOCCER PITCH. Some of the FET girls have the presence of mind to grab the smaller children as they scatter.

SHAWCROSS

Contact Right! NPA! Contact Right!

OERTELL

Get to cover!

Frost sits the body of the dead boy in her lap, his BLOOD SOAKS HER CLOTHES and covers her hands and arms.

She sits wide-eyed staring at his LIMP BODY. Shawcross, Price and Oertell run by.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

Come on, Frost!

Frost barely acknowledges her. Shawcross and Oertell drag her to her feet.

SHAWCROSS

(to the kids with Frost)

Come on kids... this way, come on.

They pull Frost along to where the guns are stacked. Frost staggers and grabs an assault rifle, as does Price.

Shawcross snatches up another rifle before she, Price, Frost and Oertell make a break for the inadequate protection of the huts. They too have their group of children in tow.

All around them, BULLETS WHIZ BY, some hitting soldiers and civilians, others thudding into the dirt. The girls make it to cover and are soon joined by Catella, Kimura and Eriksson.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

(to the kids)

Stay down! Keep your heads down!

All of the girls are clearly frightened and adrenaline buzzed... and trying to hold it together.

Training is one thing - this is real.

Frost hands Price the spare rifle. As she does so: THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! Three bullet holes punch through the corrugated iron wall of the shack, making her duck in shock.

FROST

Jesus!

OERTELL

We need to move. This fucking thing is going to fall down any second.

Shawcross pokes her head around the side of the hut to see what is happening.

There's a FIRE FIGHT going on, the Marines getting the worst of it, but they are at least managing to stem the mad advance of the NPA.

BENNETT is in the midst of the action. He DIVES and retrieves a fallen rifle - and opens up on the attackers. He turns and sees Shawcross and the children.

BENNETT

Shawcross! Get those kids out of here now!

He's about to see more when the LEADER OF THE NPA - **MARCOS CALINGA (30s)** fires at him. Bennett is forced to dive for cover.

SHAWCROSS

We can make it to the chopper... We get the kids ready and make a break for it. On my go.

CATELLA

Holy shit...

FROST

It's open ground, we'll get wasted!

SHAWCROSS

We can make it!

Bullets thud into the ground by Price's leg, kicking up little spouts of dust.

PRICE

Shit!

CATELLA

LT - we'll get fragged man, we're gonna get fragged.

SHAWCROSS

(ignores her / a bit
panicked)

Kimura - Can you get a bead on that M-60? Can you shoot him? Can you get him?

More bullets. Everyone cowers - everyone except Kimura.

MEI-LING

(ice-cool)

I need covering fire.

There is a moment of calm as the girls look at each other, wide-eyed with fear and the adrenaline rush of battle.

Shawcross bites her lip: they're looking to her and she knows it. All she can think is to spit out some hackneyed OCS phrase.

SHAWCROSS

Listen. Remember your training.
Hold it together. OK? All right?

She's trying to be calm and reassuring but there's an edge to her voice. She knows it and so do her Marines. But...

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

OK. On three. You ready, Kimura?

KIMURA

Yes.

Weapons are readied, breaths taken, dry lips licked.

SHAWCROSS

One. Two... Three!

Shawcross, Catella, Frost, Eriksson, Price and Oertell roll out from around the hut and OPEN FIRE with their assault rifles in the general direction of the guerrillas.

Kimura FOLLOWS and time seems to SLOW and the sound of the battle fades as she comes to one knee and draws a bead on the maniac with the M60.

Kimura is the CALM in the eye of the STORM OF BATTLE.

It's almost as if the M60 man senses her presence and he looks straight at the girls, bringing the weapon to bear. Kimura fires FIRST.

The back of the M60 man's head EXPLODES as Kimura's round slots him BETWEEN THE EYES.

Time ZIPS BACK TO NORMAL, the sound of the battle suddenly LOUD again.

KIMURA

OK. Go.

The girls rise and grab the kids, hauling them up, shouting at them to run to the helicopter.

SHAWCROSS

Come on, kids. Heads low, that's it, come on.

The girls put themselves between the kids and the main part of the fire-fight, shooting off a few rounds as they do, but in the main, herding the children towards the chopper.

The NPA try to CUT THEM OFF but BENNETT rallies his troops and lays down another vicious round of SUPPRESSING FIRE, clearing a path for the FET girls.

They reach the helicopter, FROST racing around to the cab, the rest hurl the kids on board.

INT. USMC HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

Hands shaking, Frost is frantically preparing for take off.

EXT. VILLAGE, NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The girls are desperate to get the children into the chopper.

SHAWCROSS

Go! Go!

She's pushing her girls onto the bird.

Calinga takes aim.

Eriksson is hit as she climbs into the helicopter.

With only a t-shirt, no body armor, the wounds are bad and she crashes to the ground.

Shawcross turns, desperate to cover the fallen soldier. She tries to shoot, but her gun JAMS.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She goes through the un-jamming procedure as Catella and Oertell haul Eriksson into the helicopter.

OERTELL
Lieutenant - COME ON!

INT. USMC HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

FROST
We gotta go, come on, for God's
sake, we gotta go!

Shawcross reloads and makes to shoot as rounds kick up around her. She dives for the chopper and the girls pull her in.

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The helicopter rises, very slowly. The girls fire madly out of the side of the chopper, Oertell on the LMG.

INT. USMC HELICOPTER - DAY

The kids are screaming. Price and Catella work frantically on the badly wounded Eriksson.

Kimura is strapping the kids into the seats - the seats the girls should be in.

PRICE
Hold on, Eriksson, hold on, you're
gonna be OK. You're all right,
you're all right.

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Calinga is screaming at his men, gesticulating at the helicopter. One kneels and **launches an RPG**.

INT. USMC HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

Frost sees the rocket go and panics.

FROST
Shit!

She wrenches the control stick to evade the rocket.

EXT. VILLAGE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The helicopter tilts as the ROCKET FLASHES PAST.

They're SAVED!

THEN... the rear rotor clips a tree top. The chopper SPINS CRAZILY.

INT. USMC HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

In the cockpit, lights are flashing, alarms going off as Frost wrestles with the controls.

INT. UN HELICOPTER - DAY

SHAWCROSS
Brace! Brace!

EXT. JUNGLE, NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The chopper crashes down.

EXT. VILLAGE, NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Bennett and the Marines are forcing the NPA back. Calinga barks an order and the insurgents rush to their vehicles and speed away, firing.

Bennett looks around at the carnage.

INT. UN HELICOPTER - DAY

Everyone is hurled about. But it could be worse. Much worse.

SHAWCROSS
Everyone all right. Eriksson..?

Eriksson has rolled to the far end of the chopper, clearly dead. And affected everyone in the team. Shocked. Pale. Sickened.

CATELLA
She's dead! What the fuck do you think. She's fucking wasted, man...

OERTELL
(in pain)
You secure that shit, Catella.

Shawcross glares Catella but lets it pass.

SHAWCROSS
All right. Let's get out... let's get out.

CATELLA
What about Eriksson - we can't just leave her.

PRICE

We'll come back for her.

SHAWCROSS

We're Marines. We don't leave our people behind. Bag her.

Oertell limps over.

OERTELL

If they had the balls to hit us, this area will be swarming with NPA. We have to move. Humping a body through this bush? It'll slow us down.

SHAWCROSS

So will your leg. You want us to leave you too?

There's no answer to that. Oertell snorts a chuckle and lights a smoke.

PRICE

Shouldn't we wait here for Bennett - he'll send a team after us, right?

SHAWCROSS

They could all be dead for all we know. Bag her. Let's get moving. Price!

PRICE

LT.

SHAWCROSS

Patch the Sergeant up. Let's move like we have a purpose.

OERTELL

What do you figure?

SHAWCROSS

We'll head to high ground and wait for evac. Weapons check?

FROST

Our kit's at the village. I'm out.

The girls check - and it's not good news. Most are out of ammo.

SHAWCROSS

Shit. All right, let's move.

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The girls and kids slogging through the bush... Oertell falling behind.

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

An NPA team come to the helicopter. They search it, ransacking the good stuff.

NPA SERGEANT
(in Takalog)
See if you can find the crew. Take
hostages if you can.

A few of his men head into the bush.

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Oertell falling further and further behind. The girls don't notice as they push on, too worried about themselves and their young charges.

They disappear out of sight.

She pauses for breath, clearly in a lot of pain.

SHE'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND.

She tries to turn and fire - the gun discharges but she's overwhelmed by the NPA squad...

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The girls hear the discharge.

PRICE
Where's the Sarge?

Everyone looks around.

SHAWCROSS
Shit. I'll go.

KIMURA
I'll come.

SHAWCROSS
No. Get going. All of you.
(gestures to the kids)
Get them out of here.

She doesn't wait for a response and goes charging off into the jungle.

PRICE
We should back her up.

CATELLA
What do you say, Frostie? You're
honcho now.

Frost looks into the jungle. Looks at the kids - dirty,
snivelling... terrified.

FROST
We got orders. We follow 'em.

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Shawcross moves as fast as she can through the jungle. She
pauses, listening... she hears the sound of male laughter and
female struggles.

She bursts forward into the clearing.

EXT. CLEARING - JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

Oertell is struggling with an NPA soldier. He is on top of
her, bare-assed.

He has her combats down and is trying to rip her underwear
off.

Around him, his mates laugh and smoke cigarettes, knowing
that it'll be their turn soon.

OR NOT. Shawcross opens up with her assault rifle. It's wild
fire, full auto, bullets flying.

But the men are caught by surprise and the slugs find their
mark, dropping all of them bar one.

The gun clicks empty.

Oertell uses the moment of distraction to attack her
attacker.

Shawcross rushes the surviving NPA soldier as he goes for his
side arm.

She tries to HIT him with her rifle, but he knocks it aside
and the two tumble in the dirt.

Shawcross gets up - READY - she stands like martial arts
fighter... But this is a real fight. There's a flurry of
blows...

Meanwhile, Oertell is wrestling with her assailant. They're
battling for the knife.

It's desperate stuff, not clean and smooth... this is brutal.
As is Shawcross's melee.

The fight is fast, dirty and bloody. Shawcross's good and she's inflicted damage - but she's never faced anything like this before.

And the NPA soldier is toughened and experienced. And he's stronger. He wades through her attack and smashes her into a tree, whacking her head against it again and again, stunning her.

For her part, Oertell has got her guy on his back. She has the dagger and she's pressing down...

Shawcross tries to rise but the NPA soldier doesn't give her the chance, instead laying in with the boot and delivering a savage kicking.

Once he's sure he's kicked the fight out of her, he draws his sidearm:

And is SHOT IN THE BACK.

Oertell is there, smothered in blood a smoking pistol in her hand.

Next to her, the bloodied body of the man she just sliced up with the dagger.

Shawcross and Oertell share a haunted look. Shawcross leans away and THROWS UP.

EXT. HIGH GROUND - JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - NIGHT

It's dusk...

A chopper descends, BENNETT in the co-pilot's seat. Below are the FET girls and the kids.

Shawcross, supporting the wounded Oertell, stumbles into view. Price, Frost and Kimura rush to help. Catella stands off, smoking a cigarette, watching on.

EXT. US MARINES BASE - DAY

Shawcross drifts back from her reverie.

BENNETT
I am proud to have recommended her
for this award...
(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)
For gallantry during active
operations against the enemy, the
Silver Star is awarded to
Lieutenant Danielle Shawcross,
United States Marine Corps, Female
Engagement Team, Philippines.

There is polite applause as Shawcross makes her way to the podium. She snaps to attention and salutes smartly. Press camera's pop.

Bennett salutes, pins her medal on, steps back and offers her his hand. His smile is that of a proud father's.

BENNETT (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Lieutenant
Shawcross.

SHAWCROSS
Thank you, sir.

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON - PHILIPPINES - DAY

Scenes of people living in the ruins of what once was a town. Kids stare listlessly at passers by, squatting in the streets. Men and women trying to eke out an existence - squalor on an unparalleled scale.

A two-man news crew is at work, their kit badged with ENN (Equinox News Network). The correspondent is a ruggedly handsome older man - GEORGE SHAWCROSS (Shawcross's father).

GEORGE
Many parts of the Philippines are
still reeling from the effects of
Typhoon Annie. Here, in Northern
Luzon, relief efforts being
hampered not only by the difficult
terrain but also by an increase of
activity of the Communist New
People's Army.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON, PHILIPPINES - DAY

News footage of the emotional-porn sort. Communist guerillas kicking villagers away from supplies, firing over people's heads with AKs... Women crying, children looking on.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON, PHILIPPINES - DAY

George looks grimly into the camera.

GEORGE

Day by day, the tragedy that is Northern Luzon continues with the Takalog government or the United Nations seemingly powerless to help. In the coming days, I'll be conducting a series of special reports on the crisis. And, in an ENN world exclusive, I'll be talking to some of the Communist insurgents. I'm George Shawcross, ENN correspondent in the Philippines.

(beat)

All right, Lewis - cut it there.

LEWIS, a Scotsman, is the cameraman/producer. He wears an ENN baseball cap - backwards - so as not to interfere with his filming.

LEWIS

Nice one.

He looks around.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

What a shithole.

GEORGE

I've seen worse.

LEWIS

Aye, me too. Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night after chucking out time. Let's wrap it in for the day? Head back to civilization and hit the town. I hear the Commies are dangerous, man. If I'm to die at the hands of the Red Menace, I want to do it with a dose of the clap and a fucking hangover.

GEORGE

(grinning)

As edifying as a tour of Luzon's red light district would be, I've got other plans. Come on...

INT. CAFE - NORTHERN LUZON - NIGHT

An African American man waits impatiently, smoking a cigarette. This is **MARTELL JOHNSON** (late 40s), handsome, tough as nails... and a nasty piece of work. Not that you'd know it to look at him: he has a winning smile. He looks up, as a man approaches. It's George.

MARTELL
(stands)
Mr. Shawcross?

GEORGE
Martell. And please call me George.

They shake hands and Martell indicates that George sit.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So...

MARTELL
Great news, George. It's all set up
- the NPA will meet with you.
They'd like you get their side of
story. They know your work - you're
stand-up guy. Fair reporting.

GEORGE
That's great news. Thank you,
Martell.

Martell looks a little expectant.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Oh. Of course.

He reaches into his pocket and slides a THICK WEDGE OF CASH
across the table to Martell, who pockets it.

MARTELL
You know how this goes. I watched
your piece on the pirates in
Somalia. This is the same. We'll
have to be patient ... but ready to
roll when they call.

GEORGE
Sounds good.

MARTELL
Great. Can I get you a drink?

George looks at his watch.

GEORGE
No thank you. I've got a dinner
date.

MARTELL
She pretty?

GEORGE
Very.

He gets to his feet and shakes Martell's hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

He leaves. Martell watches him go. As the waitress comes to the table with fresh water, Martell makes a call on his mobile.

MARTELL
Hey man. Yeah, It's a go... Just
make sure you're there on time.

INT. RESTAURANT - NORTHERN LUZON - NIGHT

This place couldn't be more different from the coastal village. It's plush, low-lit and has non-cheesy jazz playing softly. Beautiful people frequent this place.

George is sitting at a table. He looks up, smiles and rises to his feet.

His daughter walks towards him. She has her new medal pinned to her chest.

SHAWCROSS
It's good to see you, Dad.

Later:

GEORGE
I'm sorry I missed your ceremony.

A look from Shawcross - she's heard this so many times.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I had to --

SHAWCROSS / GEORGE
Work.

An awkward moment.

SHAWCROSS
So - What's the scoop?

GEORGE
We're covering the typhoon damage
and, I'm sorry to say, the
ineffectiveness of the UN in
dealing with the NPA.

SHAWCROSS
I'm hurt.

GEORGE
That's just it, Danni. You could be
hurt.

Shawcross looks irritated - they've had this conversation before.

SHAWCROSS

Isn't that what Mom used to say to you?

Bullseye. A look of guilty pain from George

GEORGE

It's just that you could have done anything with your qualifications. I think it's a waste of your talent that your here in the ass end of nowhere playing soldiers.

SHAWCROSS

I'm not playing, Dad.

GEORGE

You have no idea, Danni. All these gender quotas and equal opportunities bullshit. A real contact is hell on earth - its no place for a woman.

SHAWCROSS

I've been in a contact.
(touches her medal)
They don't give these out for nothing...

GEORGE

Can you imagine what would happen to you if you were taken. Captured, I mean. I'm not sure the NPA signed up to the Geneva Convention...

Shawcross stands.

SHAWCROSS

I don't have to listen to this.

GEORGE

Danni..

The waiter arrives with starters. It's excruciatingly embarrassing. Everyone is looking at them.

SHAWCROSS

I thought you'd be proud of me.

George is about to speak but his phone goes off: MARTELL.

He makes an "I'm really sorry, I have to get this" face.

Shawcross just turns and walks off, leaving her father staring after her. Then:

GEORGE

Martell. What now? I'm at dinner. --
- No, sure, of course. I'll be
there right away. Alright. Bye.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS - US MARINES BASE - NIGHT

Shawcross, still in her dress uniform, sits at the bar,
nursing a whiskey. It's quiet. Shawcross stares at her drink.
She doesn't see...

BENNETT

Thinking deep thoughts, Lieutenant?

SHAWCROSS

Oh! Sorry, Sir. I was miles away.

Bennett raises his eyebrows in a "can I join you?" way.
Shawcross gestures to the seat next to her. Bennett waves for
a drink.

BENNETT

I thought you were meeting your
Father.

SHAWCROSS

I did. We... err...

BENNETT

It's all right. We're not on the
clock.

SHAWCROSS

We had words. He doesn't approve.
You know. Me being in the Corps.

BENNETT

Neither did my Mom.

Shawcross regards Bennett.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I do have some family, Shawcross. I
know you think I came fully formed
like this. But even I was young
once.

SHAWCROSS

No, Sir. I mean of course.

BENNETT

I joined up anyway. My older
brother was already in. I wanted to
be like him. The old lady wanted me
home.

SHAWCROSS

But you went in anyway.

BENNETT

Thing is, Shawcross, parents always think they know what's best. I guess that comes with the territory. I've got no kids of my own, but I wonder... how many parents think back to the times when their parents told them what was for the best. And they didn't do it.

SHAWCROSS

And your mum? If you don't mind me asking, Sir.

BENNETT

Ah. She kept up the pretense of being pissed of for years. I reckon your father's the same. I served with him for a bit in the Gulf, you know. He was a good man. But stubborn. Proud. Bit of a hot head. Hated to admit he was wrong.

(beat)

Sound familiar?

Shawcross grins at the analysis.

SHAWCROSS

Your brother still in?

BENNETT

He was KIA. Val Verde. In 85.

SHAWCROSS

I'm sorry.

BENNETT

Yeah. Look, Shawcross. You're a good soldier. You run a tight team. You earned that medal.

(finishes his drink and
places it on the bar)

I'm going to get my head down. Good night, Lieutenant.

SHAWCROSS

Night, Sir.

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON STREETS - NIGHT

George and Lewis wait outside an expensive hotel.

Martell pulls up in a big Toyota SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

MARTELL

Get comfy. We got a long drive.

George has a camera out on his lap and an assortment of other bits of wire and equipment. He hesitates, politeness warring with practicality.

GEORGE

You're sure they're going to show?

Martell looks in the rear-view mirror.

MARTELL

Don't worry, boys. Fixing is what I do.

LEWIS

Aye, for a fucking fee.

MARTELL

It's not cheap dealing with the NPA, man. You're not happy, we can pull over right now, I'll refund you - less some time for my trouble - and we leave it.

George gives Giles a "that's enough" look.

LEWIS

I just wish we didn't have to meet in their neck of the woods.

GEORGE

I'm not convinced an invitation to tea at the hotel would have worked.

LEWIS

Yeah, but still...

GEORGE

Look. You're right. It could be dangerous. But that's the job, Lewis.

(making light of it)

If it was easy, they wouldn't be paying us the big bucks, would they?

LEWIS

If they were paying me the big bucks, I wouldn't be so nervous.

MARTELL

What's it gonna be?

The journalists exchange a glance. Lewis sits back in his seat. Martell grins and keeps driving.

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON - NIGHT

The SUV ploughs through rough terrain.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

George and Lewis sleep / pop awake as they go over bumps - clearly, this is an epic trek.

EXT. NORTHERN LUZON, JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The car arrives in the clearing and stops. Martell gets out and stands next to the car. George gets out and looks around.

The clearing is empty.

Martell takes out a cigarette and lights it. He draws heavily on the smoke, exhaling a deep cloud.

From out of the jungle, a large group of NPA soldiers appear. They are all waving guns and shouting in their own language.

One of them is a GIANT - HUGE, SHAVEN HEADED AND **SCAR-FACED** - He's one EVIL-LOOKING BASTARD.

Martell speaks to SCAR-FACE (in Takalog) and points at George.

MARTELL

That's him.

Scar-Face moves over to George and points his AK47 at him. George and Lewis RAISE THEIR HANDS.

GEORGE

Our kit's in the car.

MARTELL

Don't worry. You won't need it.

George looks around, the situation dawning on him.

MARTELL (CONT'D)

What can I tell you? You're a walking ransom note.

SCAR-FACE

You move. Now!

George moves FAST - he GRABS the barrel of the AK and, using it like CLUB hammers an NPA soldier.

Lewis makes a run for it.

George fights trying to bring the gun to bear. It's clear that George is hard core, but he's over-powered and dragged to the ground. He looks up to see guns pointed at his chest. Scar-Face KICKS George savagely.

Lewis is dragged back, terrified.

GEORGE
(to Martell)
You bastard.

MARTELL
Look on the bright side, man.
You're still making the news. What?
You don't think that's funny.
Like... you know... make the news.
No? OK?
(to Scar-Face in Takalog)
They're all yours.

The NPA drag George and Lewis away.

MARTELL (CONT'D)
Hasta luego.

EXT. US MARINES TRAINING GROUND - DAY

Shawcross, Oertell and the rest of the team are involved in a KNIFE FIGHTING EXERCISE with the new recruits. The women are armed with the SHOCK-KNIFE SK2. The STATE-OF-THE-ART training knife delivers an **electric jolt** on contact.

The training is basic stuff, thrust/block/take-down. Attack meets parry, legs are swept, women hitting the ground in clouds of dust. Some SHRIEK as the knives BUZZ, scoring a hit.

Major Bennett is walking by, just as Shawcross sweeps a beginner, CAYLEY, from her feet, follows her down, kneels on her knife hand and puts her own weapon to the girl's throat.

SHAWCROSS
You're lucky this is just a shock-knife. If this was real, you'd be bleeding out now.

She helps her up, admonishing her.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)
You have to commit to the attack, Cayley, otherwise you'll get taken out.

Bennett is amused.

BENNETT

Looks like these ladies aren't working hard enough, Lieutenant. No skill at all.

Work around the pair slows to a halt.

Oertell - who was talking to Frost - nudges her. Both women look at Bennett and Shawcross.

SHAWCROSS

You care to demonstrate, Sir?

BENNETT

That'd hardly be fair on your recruits, Lieutenant.

SHAWCROSS

I meant on their instructor. Sir.

There's a lot of ooh-ing and ahh-ing at this.

BENNETT

Is that a throw-down, Shawcross?

Shawcross just raises her eyebrow in response. Of course it's a throw-down.

Watching on, Frost shakes her head and Oertell just grins.

EXT. US MARINES BASE - TRAINING GROUND - DAY

Shawcross and Bennett square off in the middle of the training ground. Around them, many soldiers have gathered - men and women.

Oertell has been appointed referee.

OERTELL

Fight!

Both fighters are grinning - this is competitive, but there's no needle here.

BENNETT

Don't worry, Shawcross. I'll go easy on you...

He feints and Shawcross slips back.

SHAWCROSS

Because I'm a woman?

This time, she attacks and Bennett is forced to parry.

BENNETT

You said it.

Shawcross grins at that.

The crowd is going nuts, cheering and shouting, placing bets. There's a SUDDEN EXCHANGE, a violent FLURRY of blows.

Shawcross SWEEPS Bennett from his feet, but the canny Major rolls away before she can deliver the "death" blow.

SHAWCROSS

You all right, Sir? Want me to get
your pipe and slippers for you?

Bennett takes that one on the chin and the battle begins in earnest. Both combatants are skilled: Bennett is bigger and stronger, Shawcross faster and younger; it's an even match, with both fighters scoring "wounds" on the other.

But Shawcross lacks Bennett's years of experience.

He keeps reaching out, TAPPING her with the shock knife... annoying her... angering her... drawing her in...

He draws a lead from her, trapping her in his web and takes her down, touching his knife to her throat, giving her a jolt.

Shawcross looks really pissed off. Bennett chuckles and pushes her away and rolls to his feet, then helps Shawcross up.

BENNETT

Beers are on you, I believe. I'm
just off to fetch my pipe and
slippers. Carry on.

Bennett retrieves his jacket and walks off. The crowd disperses as debts are paid and winners gloat. Shawcross sits on the floor, fuming. Oertell approaches her.

OERTELL

Come on, LT. You can't win 'em all.

INT. NPA COMPOUND, CAMERA ROOM - NIGHT

At first, only blackness. Suddenly, the blackness is WHIPPED AWAY. The room -- out of focus -- bright lights -- a video camera on a tripod.

George and Lewis are sitting in chairs. George squints. Lewis has a sack over his head. An NPA SOLDIER whips it away. He too squints into the light.

Calinga is there as is Scar-Face. George looks around, stony-faced. Lewis is shitting himself, trying to be brave.

The NPA man behind the camera holds up a dummy-card.

CALINGA

You read.

GEORGE

I don't think so.

This earns him a mighty punch on the side of the head from Scar-Face.

CALINGA

READ!

GEORGE

(squints)

Damn it. I left my glasses in the SUV. Can you go get 'em for me?

Another punch.

LEWIS

For fuck's sake!

GEORGE

(to Calinga)

Listen. If you want a ransom message, do it your damn selves.

LEWIS

Just read the fucking thing, man!

George ignores him, his eyes challenging Calinga. Calinga nods at Scar-Face, who PULLS HIS GUN AND PUTS IT TO LEWIS'S HEAD.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

AHHH! Don't... please... George....
For god's sake, man!

INT. US MARINES BASE, SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Shawcross is washing her legs (she has painted toenails) as shower water cascades over them.

The other girls are with her, also cleaning up. Their bodies are lean and hard - modern day warrior women, sleek and powerful.

The mood is lighthearted.

CATELLA

All I'm saying is that it's bullshit.

KIMURA

It's not bullshit. You never know when it might come in useful.

CATELLA

It's the 21st Century, man. Look, I know in Japan you're all still running around with spears and doing that Jackie Chan shit, but knife-fighting - I mean, really?

KIMURA

I'm from Ohio and Jackie Chan is Chinese.

CATELLA

You all look the same to me.

PRICE

Today, Catella's forecast will be early pissed-offness, followed by mild aggressiveness and an entire evening of fuckyouery.

CATELLA

Oh fuck you, Price.

PRICE

You make it too easy, man.

SHAWCROSS

You're a United States Marine, Catella. I thought you'd love all that CQB stuff.

CATELLA

Not with a shock-knife, LT. Don't you have bruises from that shit? I totally have bruises. Look!

She shows some minor bruising on her body.

FROST

That's why I fly, Catella - everyone knows that that infantry shit is what it is. Shit. You wouldn't see this...

(slaps her ass)

...rolling around the dirt.

PRICE

That's not what the graffiti on the latrine door says.

FROST

Did you just call me a 'ho, Price? Price called me a 'ho. Did you...

She spins her shower-head to face Price and turns it to "cold". Price shrieks and the girls laugh.

INT. US MARINES BASE, OUTSIDE SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

A female marine enters the shower block.

SOLDIER

Lieutenant Shawcross? Lieutenant?!

Shawcross's head pokes from around the shower.

SHAWCROSS

What is it?

SOLDIER

Major Bennett wants to see you.

'Says it's urgent.

SHAWCROSS

All right.

She pops back into the shower and switches it off.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

Duty calls.

FROST

Maybe he wants to give you a kiss
for letting him kick your ass.

Because he loves you.

PRICE

"I love you, Lieutenant Shawcross,
I fucking looooooveee youuuuuu."

Yeah, you and him'll get a
transfer. To Hawaii. Love Island.

Everyone gets a laugh out of that.

SHAWCROSS

What? And leave all this behind?

Toweling herself dry, she walks away from the shower.

INT. NPA COMPOUND - CAMERA ROOM - NIGHT

George looks into the camera

GEORGE

My name is George Shawcross. I am a
journalist for The Equinox News
Network. I have been taken into
custody by the noble soldiers of
the New People's Army of the
Philippines as I have been found
guilty of spreading lies and
Imperialist propaganda.

INT. US MARINES BASE, BENNETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The camera tracks back to reveal George's image on a computer monitor playing a video - in the background, we can see balaclava-wearing NPA.

GEORGE

If a ransom of five hundred thousand US dollars is paid to aid the noble poor of this devastated region, I will be released unharmed. Details of when and where to deliver the cash sent to ENN. Any attempt to rescue me or renege on this agreement will result in my death...

Suddenly, Calinga - the NPA leader from the village attack - steps in front of the camera. He too wears a balaclava.

CALINGA

(to camera)

You think we stupid? We not stupid. We know this Shawcross is rich man. Give us the money! You try trick us, we will know. If you send soldiers, we will know.

He turns the camera around. Scar-Face stands next to Lewis.

GEORGE (O.S.)

No, for God's Sake! He's just a kid...

Scar-Face FIRES. Lewis's head erupts in a BLOODY SPRAY.

CALINGA

Pay up - or he die.

Bennett switches off the video - Shawcross sits in shock. Then:

SHAWCROSS

Sir. There must be something we can do.

BENNETT

(sighs)

I've already spoken to the brass.

(beat)

The bastards won't sanction a rescue. "Not for one journalist" they said. Easy said when it's not one of your own.

SHAWCROSS

Sir, you know my family is well off - it's a lot of money, but --

BENNETT

US policy is non-negotiation. You know that. They won't allow it.

SHAWCROSS

But... You know what the NPA do to people, Sir.

Bennett doesn't answer - he knows all too well. They hold each other's gaze for a moment. Shawcross stands, salutes and leaves.

Bennett looks after her - angry. Hurt. Powerless. He looks at photos of himself as a younger man - in his uniform - with his buddies. A life-time of memories, good and bad, seem to flicker across his face.

He picks up his phone and dials.

BENNETT

General Franklin. --- Good, Sir.
Very good. And yourself?--- Good to hear. Sir. I need a favour...

INT. SHAWCROSS'S ROOM - DAY

Shawcross is throwing some belongings into a hold-all. We can see there are STACKS OF CASH in the bag.

There's a knock at the door. Shawcross hastily zips the bag up and answers.

It's Oertell. She frowns, concerned - clearly, Shawcross is fraught and has been crying.

Oertell looks past her and sees the bag. The two women exchange a look.

OERTELL

You leaving, LT?

Shawcross's expression says it all. She's in pieces.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

You wanna tell me what's going on?

INT. US MARINES BASE - FET QUARTERS, NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

The FET girls are relaxing: Frost is painting her toenails; Price is on SKYPE with her mom; Catella and Kimura are playing darts.

Oertell comes in. Her expression is grim.

LATER...

CATELLA

Fuck that shit, dude. That's totally shit.

FROST

So the LT pays - the NPA give him back. Even if it's illegal - Shawcross is loaded. Everyone wins.

PRICE

Yeah, but she has to deliver the money, right?

OERTELL

Right. I'm not letting her go it alone. She could wind up in the same boat as her father. I'm gonna go with her.

FROST

What about your career, Sarge? They'll drum you out so fast your feet won't touch the ground.

OERTELL

She saved my ass.

The girls all exchange glances.

INT. "THE TAPOUT" BAR, NORTHERN LUZON - NIGHT

Shawcross is drinking a beer alone at a table. She looks up as Oertell comes in and is surprised to see the rest of the girls with her. They all come and sit.

SHAWCROSS

What are you guys doing here?

Shawcross looks at Oertell who shrugs.

OERTELL

Turn's out I can't keep a secret.

KIMURA

We're coming with you, LT.

SHAWCROSS

I can't ask you to do that. It's dangerous... it's my problem.

CATELLA

Yeah. It is.

PRICE

But we're in anyway. All of us.

She looks up. Bennet, in civvies, approaches the table with a fist full of Budweisers. He places the bottles on the table.

BENNETT

I hope you know that you all taking leave at the same time puts me in a situation. I'm stressed. Not making the right decisions.

(He looks hard at the girls)

I figured Shawcross would do something like this. I figured Oertell wouldn't let her do it alone. And I figured that the rest of you are crazy enough to go along with it. Even Catella.

Catella takes that on the chin.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I'm going to sanction this. But we're off the books.

FROST

As in Black Ops?

BENNETT

How else do you think we get hostages out? It's not always SEAL Team Six, Frost. Normally, we just pay them. Under the table. Like we're doing now.

PRICE

I gotta admit its kind of cool.

BENNETT

It's dangerous, Price. If you get caught you're on your own.

PRICE

Oh.

BENNETT

But I'll do everything I can to help.

He slides a card across the table to Shawcross.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Steve Setters. He's ex-British Special Forces - done work for me in the past. And he owes me a favor. A big one. Look him up, Shawcross. He has his fingers in many business pies. If you know what I mean.

SHAWCROSS

Sir... I... Thank you, sir.

Bennett smiles tightly and looks around at the team.

BENNETT

I've taken the liberty of
contacting him. He'll be expecting
you.

EXT. MANILA - PHILIPPINES - NIGHT

SUPER: MANILA - PHILIPPINES

The girls walk through a crowded city street. Hawkers try to hassle the girls, but they're not interested. Shawcross carries a HOLD-ALL.

EXT. MANILA STREET OUTSIDE CHUCK'S BAR - NIGHT

The girls enter the bar.

INT. CHUCK'S BAR - NIGHT

Chuck's is a busy bar, the sort of place where merchant seamen and horny young backpackers hang out - it's cheap. It has a pole-dancing stage upon which an unenthusiastic girl walks around, taking off her clothes.

Heavy Metal plays as the girls weave their way through the patrons. There is a mix of people - predominantly Caucasian, but there a few Filipinos as well. Pictures and flags are stuck on the walls, Chuck Norris in "Invasion USA", Bruce Lee, Iron Maiden's "The Trooper," a Union Jack, Stars and Stripes and smaller photos of groups of soldiers.

KIMURA

I'll get the beers.

The girls glance around, a little bit edgy.

There's a MAN WITH HIS BACK TO US - IT'S BENNETT - wearing a loud shirt and a white fedora.

The girls walk past, NOT noticing him and go to a booth.

FROST

Nice place.

STEVE SETTERS (40s - BRITISH) arrives and slides into the booth.

STEVE

All right, girls?

The girls all nod a greeting. Steve takes a swig of his beer, regarding them with some skepticism.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Things have certainly... progressed... since I was in the Army. Bennett called me. He said you ladies are the real deal.

OERTELL

Yeah. We even get out of the kitchen these days.

Steve gives her a look.

STEVE

I'm sure you do. What's your name, Gorgeous?

Oertell responds with a half-grin. There seems to be something of a SPARK between them - not love at first sight by any means but it's ...something. She's about to answer...

SHAWCROSS

(cuts in, annoyed at the minor flirting)

She's Sally Oertell. I'm Danni Shawcross. You know why we're here.

STEVE

Yeah. Your dad couldn't have picked a nastier bunch to get nabbed by. I understand that you lot have got some money to put my way, so I'm going out on a limb here. But I've got no desire to end up like One-Pac over there.

He indicates a middle-aged Filipino man cleaning the tables.

PRICE

One-Pac?

STEVE

We ran an operation in the NPA region a few years go. He has a permanent reminder of the encounter. Now look - I've set up a meeting. But how on the level they are about the exchange... They're not exactly kosher, know what I mean.

SHAWCROSS

I brought the money.
(taps her hold-all)

STEVE

Don't spread that about. If they know you have it with you, you're as good as dead. And so am I.

A kid rushes up to the table and speaks in rapid Takalog. Steve nods and thrust some money into his waiting hand.

SHAWCROSS

When's the meeting?

Steve theatrically looks at his watch.

STEVE

They're on their way.

(indicating Shawcross and Oertell)

You two with me. The rest, make yourselves scarce. Just spread out around the boozier and try not to look out of place. You're on holiday.

(beat)

Let's go.

They head to the bar and the group splits up. Catella takes the hold-all. MARTELL breezes in.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This is our man Martell Johnson. He's the Fixer. He's also likely to be the guy that sold your dad up the Swanny in the first place. He's a mercenary and - unlike myself, a man with no moral compass.

That earns him a glance from both women.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Keep it cool, you're just here to pay the ransom and get your father home.

SHAWCROSS

All right.

Steve gives her an encouraging wink. His eyes flick to Oertell - who approves of this gesture of compassion.

The two groups meet by the bar. Steve and Martell eye each other up. They know each other. And the dislike is evident.

MARTELL

Steve.

STEVE

Martell. These are representatives of the family. They've come to pay the ransom.

MARTELL

Yeah, about that. There's been a change of plan.

STEVE

Oh yeah?

MARTELL

Yeah. It's gone up. Inflation, you know. It's now... Five twenty five.

OERTELL

(acting her part)

Five twenty five !?! But...

She looks at Shawcross.

SHAWCROSS

I'll do everything I can to get it. We've got the five hundred... I'll get the other twenty-five.

MARTELL

Cool. Well, that makes things simple. Show me the money, I'll make a call...

SHAWCROSS

(glances at Steve)

Do you honestly think I'd be stupid enough to bring that sort of money with me.

MARTELL

I guess not. But I had to ask. Here's the thing, sweets. You'd better have the cash...

SHAWCROSS

I told you I'll get it. I just want my father back.

MARTELL

Your father? Precious. A word of advice. Fuck with me or my associates... well... let's just say we'll make Daddy cry before he dies.

Shawcross can't answer that. Oertell steps in.

OERTELL

Where can we do the hand over?

MARTELL

I've set it up for the day after tomorrow.

He takes a business card out of his wallet. It has WRITING ON THE BACK.

MARTELL (CONT'D)

Put this into Google earth. Santa Maria - it's out of the way. Ten thirty. Day after tomorrow. Don't be late. Oh - and just you two. Don't bring Steve. I don't like him. At all.

STEVE

You've hurt my feelings.

Martell turns and walks off.

Shawcross, Oertell and Steve return to their seats.

One-Pac is lingering by the door, checking to see if Martell has gone.

He has and One-Pac gestures to the other girls who start making their way over to the seats.

SHAWCROSS

Jesus.

PRICE

You all right, LT?

SHAWCROSS

Fine. I'm fine.

OERTELL

I'll get the beers in.

STEVE

Now that's what I like. A woman who stands her round.

Oertell smirks and leaves the booth. As she does so, a large group of Filipino men enter. They are quite drunk, laughing and acting like they own the place.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bollocks. I'll be back in a sec.

He too leaves the booth and heads towards the new arrivals. Shawcross and the girls watch as Steve approaches them; he's being respectful, bowing his head and talking to them in Takalog. They, on the other hand are looking at him like he's a piece of dirt.

One, clearly the leader (he has his hair done in a slick-looking "Fonzie" style DA) cuts Steve off in mid-flow and holds out his hand.

Steve reaches into his combat trousers and pulls out a huge wad of money and hands it over.

Once the 'transaction' is complete, the Filipinos shove Steve out of the way and head to the bar.

Steve's bristles a bit at their attitude, then heads back to the booth, containing his anger.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Filipino Mafia. They run everything. I operate at their... discretion.

Oertell is at the bar.

OERTELL
Hey. Another round, please.

BARTENDER
Sure.

The group of Filipinos approach the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
(shrugs apologetically)
I gotta serve them first.

The Mafia guys are being loud and raucous. "Fonzie" gives Oertell's ass a little stroke.

She slaps his hand away. She's annoyed, but smiles through it - she recognizes that these are dangerous people and she's seen Steve defer to them.

Shawcross sees the exchange and is on her feet immediately. She joins Oertell.

"Fonzie" laughs and turns to his buddies laughing. The other guys join in and "Fonzie" turns back to Oertell and makes a grab for her again.

Shawcross blocks the move and shoves him back gently.

SHAWCROSS
All right, Fonzie. Take a hike.

"Fonzie" is angered by the rebuttal and slaps her. Shawcross reverse-punches him straight in the face, smashing his nose to a bloody pulp.

There's a moment's stunned silence, then the bar erupts into CHAOS as a rockin' 80s tune blares from the jukebox.

The girls dive out of the booth as the mafia guys rush at Oertell and Shawcross.

STEVE

For fuck's sakes! Leave it, leave it!

But it is too late. A huge fight breaks out in the bar, each of the Soldier Girls displaying their own unique style of fighting.

Steve is trying to break it up, but then he gets chinned. Which sends him off and he attacks one of the Mafia guys in British soccer hooligan style.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You fucking slag, you fucking want some? I'll kick your fucking head in!

Another mafia guy hits Steve from behind and the ex-soldier hits the deck.

The thug is about to STAMP on Steve's head when he's intercepted: Bennett smashes him with a huge blow, sending him flying.

Steve looks really shocked to see Bennett.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bennett?

Bennett hauls him to his feet.

BENNETT

Steve. Just like old times, eh?

The fight rages on, but the girls, Bennett, Steve and One-Pac have the upper hand, finishing off their opponents with violent efficiency.

Oertell executes a huge front kick that sends "Fonzie" flying into the jukebox, cutting off the rockin' 80s tune and signaling the end of the fight as the unconscious man slides to the floor.

The bar is in pieces, customers have fled, unconscious mafia guys litter the place. Everyone is bloodied and bruised but aside from that, none the worse for wear.

Steve sits on a bar stool, looking at the ruin of his bar. He opens a bottle of Bud and takes a slug.

STEVE

(wearily)
We're fucked.

OERTELL

They're fucked.

STEVE

They're mafia, Gorgeous. Mafia run the show in this town. They make the rules. All of which I've just broken. Thanks very much.

KIMURA

(to Bennett)

What are you doing here, Sir?

BENNETT

Acting against my better judgement. Did everything go according to plan?

SHAWCROSS

Pretty much. Apart from... all this.

STEVE

Yeah. About "all this." I'm going to need some compensation. Which I know you have.

CATELLA

What about us?

STEVE

You meet the NPA - day after tomorrow in Santa Maria. My work here is done.

BENNETT

You owe me more than that, Steve.

STEVE

You I do, yeah.

BENNETT

Help them, we're even.

Steve considers it.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

You got somewhere we can hide out?

Steve looks straight at Oertell. He likes her.

STEVE

All right. Let's go. And you - Trouble...

(he refers to Oertell)

Try not cause any more aggro.

OERTELL

I dunno, Steve. I thought you were
a guy who could handle Trouble.

Steve takes that on the chin with a grin. The team exits.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

George sits in the corner of a SWELTERING CELL. There is a BUCKET in the corner for his toilet and on the walls and floor, insects SKITTER INCESSANTLY. There is a bunk next to the wall, on it a paper-thin, filthy, blue and white striped mattress. HE IS LOOKING AT a creased photo of Harry when she was small.

Footsteps sound outside, clearly heading towards the cell. George puts the photo in his pocket.

The sound of a wooden lock being pulled away. The door opens. Calinga enters, holding a dinner tray in one hand and a small stool in the other.

Calinga smiles and places the stool next to the bunk. He sits on it and beckons to George.

CALINGA

Sit here. You, sit here.
(all smiles)
Come, come.

George gets to his feet and makes his way over. He sits.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

Sit, sit.

Scar-Face hands him the tray.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

Eat.

George spoons in a mouthful, gingerly at first, but then with increasing gusto. He drinks down the water, eats more.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

Is good, yes? Good food?

GEORGE

(mouth full)
Yes... very good.

Calinga watches, nodding and smiling. Then he speaks.

CALINGA

Your friends, family they have made
contact. Someone is here to pay
ransom.

George stops shovelling down the food and looks at him.

GEORGE

Who?

Calinga's grin is malicious.

CALINGA

Your daughter and her friend.

George's eyes widen in shock - and no little fear.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

They say she pretty. We show them
good time maybe.

George looks at him, cold. Hard. Unyielding.

GEORGE

You piece of shit.

Calinga goes to PISTOL-WHIP him. George blocks and attacks!

The men wrestle - weak as he is, George hurls Calinga away.
BUT the shouts have alerted the guards and Calinga who swarm
in and overpower George, raining kicks and punches down on
him. Calinga delivers a VICIOUS KICKING.

They drag George to his knees. Calinga puts the gun to his
forehead, avarice and vengeance war within him. George stares
up, defiant. Calinga lowers the gun.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

You need lesson.

EXT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE - NIGHT

The girls, Bennett, Steve and One-Pac pull up in Steve's pick-
up. The safe-house is in the middle-of-nowhere.

INT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a little dented round the edges but clearly has all the
mod-cons and naturally a massive TV set that seems to only
play English soccer.

STEVE

It's not much...

OERTELL

It's great. We owe you.

STEVE

Yeah. You do. About my
compensation.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

And my initial fee for setting all this up... I'll take half.

SHAWCROSS

That's a quarter million dollars.

STEVE

These things don't come cheap - I'm a businessman...

BENNETT

You'll take twenty five - and you'll take it when the father's back safe.

STEVE

I wish you'd left me to die in the Gulf, Bennett. Band of Brothers, my arse.

CATELLA

What are we gonna do? You think this is going to work out?

STEVE

No. I think they'll come tooled up, shoot Blondie

(he means Shawcross)

and nick the cash. I know Martell - there's no way this is on the level.

SHAWCROSS

Maybe we can do a half-now-half-later thing?

STEVE

That might work. And it's all we got.

KIMURA

This is bullshit!

Everyone stops and looks at her.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

We're soldiers. If these guys come with guns, we bring guns. Take them out. We get your father ourselves.

CATELLA

Woah, dude. No one said anything about getting shot at. We're supposed to do an exchange. That's what I signed on for.

KIMURA
You're full of shit, Catella. The
Lieutenant saved us.

Bennett is about to speak, but Kimura speaks first. So
Bennett keeps his powder dry.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
You need to get over yourself. The
Lieutenant led us out of that
firefight. If we'd stayed, we'd
probably have gotten fragged. She
saved those kids too. And she had
the Sarge's back, right?

No response from Oertell but a nod says it all.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
We can do this. I'm with you,
Lieutenant.

OERTELL
Yeah. Me too.

FROST
You guys are serious? Like, you
know, you want to ambush a bunch of
terrorists.

PRICE
If we have to.

Price moves over to Shawcross's side.

CATELLA
You guys are crazy. We don't even
have any guns.

Steve looks up.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE - ARMORY - NIGHT

A concertina door clatters up.... stairs leading down... A
light clicks on. Weapons, boxed up - wall-to-wall gun-porn.
Steve tosses an SMG to Shawcross, who snags it and cocks it
checking the breach. She looks at Catella. Catella shakes her
head - incredulous.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE - ARMORY - NIGHT

Everyone is crowded around a laptop, Bennett at the keys.

BENNETT

The NPA don't advertise their location.

He's accessing "JDF: PINE GAP."

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Privileges of command. Aussie / US satellite surveillance. Given the location of the hand-over... plus the known movements of the NPA in this region...

He tracks across the satellite image and zooms in. A base is revealed - buildings and tiny figures of men. And something else... He zooms further - it's a helicopter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

This is the place.

(looks up)

They've got a chopper. If you have to go in, that's how you get out.

(he zooms on a long building)

That'll be where their holding him. Prison block.

STEVE

They'll be expecting Martell to contact them and tell them it's all gone kosher.

PRICE

Like he's going to do that.

OERTELL

We'll make him an offer he can't refuse. He'll be our hostage. But exfil's on you, Frostie. None of us can fly.

Everyone looks at Frost.

FROST

Running around in the jungle, getting shot at? That's infantry stuff.

CATELLA

You can't put that on her.

FROST

No. They can. All right. I'm in.
(looks at Catella)
And so are you.

Catella shakes her head in resignation.

CATELLA

Shit.

STEVE

I'll help. But me and One-Pac are in it for the money, OK? Well, I am anyway.

SHAWCROSS

You've seen the money.

STEVE

What about you, Bennett?

PRICE

Yeah, you coming with us, Sir?

BENNETT

Soldiering a young man's game.
(He looks at Steve)

STEVE

Very funny. I'm only 53.

BENNETT

Someone has to cover for you. I've got your backs. Trust me on that. None of you are expendable.

There's a moment of silence.

OERTELL

So what's the plan?

INT. NPA COMPOUND - ROOM - NIGHT

George is bare-chested, strapped to a a metal bed. He has a hood over his head. Scar-face has a metal rod in his hand that has a cord coming from it that goes into a control box. Calinga lounges in the corner of the room.

Scar-Face bashes the metal bed - a SHOWER of SPARKS erupts. He touches George with the rod that makes George buck and writhe in agony. A few seconds later, Scar-Face stops and George slumps.

CALINGA

(in Takalog)

Again.

EXT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

One-Pac drives a truck into Steve's garage. The girls are there.

It's like an A-Team montage: They start welding metal plates to the side, making the thing bullet proof.

Catella is on weapons check. She finds some DETONATORS and plastquie.

EXT. STEVE'S SAFE-HOUSE - NIGHT

Shawcross sits alone, smoking. Bennett approaches.

BENNETT
You all right?

SHAWCROSS
What we're planning is dangerous.

BENNETT
Yeah, it is. Everyone's here by their choice. Even Catella, though she won't admit it. You've been at the sharp end together. There's no bond like it. When the bullets are flying, you're counting on each other... Band of Brothers stuff. Sisters. And ask yourself this: If her father had been taken, would you have her back?

SHAWCROSS
Of course, but that's different.

BENNETT
Why?

SHAWCROSS
Because she's in my command.

BENNETT
And if it was me? You're in my command.

Shawcross has no answer to that. Of course she would act.

BENNETT (CONT'D)
Die's cast, Shawcross. You know as well as I do - if we don't act, your father's a dead man. Even if you pay. They'll squeeze you till you're broke and kill him anyway.

SHAWCROSS
I don't want to get anyone hurt. Or worse.

Bennett takes a moment. It's as though we can see what he's lived through in his eyes.

BENNETT

It's the worst thing that happen.
Losing people in your charge. You
think: could I have done something
else? Something different? Truth is
sometimes you could have. Most
times you couldn't. But its part of
the job. You know that. I know
that. The girls know that.

SHAWCROSS

I'm afraid, Sir.

BENNETT

Of course you are. But you're the
best officer in my command - like I
said - your girls are here to back
you up. I'm here to back you up.
We're a team. We'll get him out.
All right?

Shawcross smiles, grateful for the support.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

And don't think I won't be tapping
you up for a loan if I get drummed
out of the Corps for this.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS, HAND-OVER POINT - DAY

Shawcross and Oertell stand in a deserted village square.

It's all quiet. Shawcross carries the hold-all. Nearby are
parked vehicles: One-Pac's truck, a beat up transit van and
other decades-past-their-sell-by-cars.

A car approaches and stops. Martell gets out.

MARTELL

You brought the bank?

SHAWCROSS

We brought it. Where's the hostage?

Some NPA SOLDIERS begin to emerge from the treeline on the
edge of the clearing. They are toting AK47's, held loosely or
on the shoulder. One even has an RPG! Smoking, wearing
shades, chewing gum. They look hard, but it's not like
they're expecting trouble.

One of them, clearly the leader, is wearing a red-bandanna
and a Heavy Metal T-shirt that reads: 'Hysterica'.

Martell grins. It's not heartfelt. It's like a Mexican Stand-
off - the good, the bad... and the ugly.

MARTELL
 (to Hysterica in Takalog)
 I can't believe they actually
 brought the money.

HYSTERICA
 (in Takalog)
 Tell her to put it down and back
 off.

MARTELL
 Drop the bag. And back off.

SHAWCROSS
 The hostage first.

HYSTERICA
 (in English)
 Leave the money or we kill you and
 your friend.

Shawcross drops the bag. She and Oertell back off, putting a
 little distance between themselves, Martell and the NPA men.

MARTELL
 I'm sorry. Another change of plan,
 I guess. I'm thinking these guys
 will want to renegotiate...

Moving as one, she and Shawcross whip out PISTOLS from BEHIND
 THEIR BACKS and open up on the NPA men.

This is the signal for all hell to break loose.

The side door of the One-Pac's truck opens: The TEAM ARE
 THERE!

They open up a suppressing wall of fire power - the NPA ARE
 IN SHOCK, some FALLING BACK - SOME DYING.

Shawcross and Oertell rush towards Martell. They can't shoot
 him - they NEED him. Oertell punches him in the face. Martell
 takes the blow, spins about and BACK-FISTS her in the side of
 the head, sending her CRASHING INTO Shawcross whose gun goes
 flying.

Martell makes a run for it.

Shawcross disentangles herself and charges after him and
 dives at his legs - a good old-fashioned football sacking

The two go rolling in the dust. Martell emerges on top and
 starts choking Shawcross.

Oertell appears behind Martell and smashes the butt of her
 pistol on his head, stunning him.

She pulls Shawcross to her feet and hands her the weapon.

Hauling Martell with them, the girls fire over their shoulders and retreat.

Bullets begin to slam into the dirt around them as the NPA recover their wits.

As an NPA SOLDIER takes aim at Shawcross and Oertell from behind, Kimura takes him out with her sniper rifle.

The NPA are being mown down. Hysterica makes a run for it, dragging some of his mates with him. They head for the pickup truck. Hysterica dives into the cab and pulls down the sun-shade.

Keys drop down.

He guns the truck into life and takes off.

The girls and Steve take out the remaining NPA soldiers. Kimura is PRECISION PERFECT with her sniper rifle.

FROST

Move it, they're getting away!

Shawcross and Oertell drag Martell to the truck. They hurl him inside and leap in. Shawcross snags the hold-all.

SHAWCROSS

Go, Frostie!

The truck speeds off in hot pursuit of the transit.

Martell starts to wake and struggles to sit up. Shawcross rifle-butts him in the face and sends him to the deck.

The two vehicles burst through the village, scattering people and smashing property in their wake.

In the front vehicle Hysterica is screaming commands in Takalog. One of his men leans out of the window and opens up on the truck with his AK as they speed down the road.

Bullets ricochet off the armored frontage of One-Pac's truck. Frost ducks involuntarily.

FROST

Kimura! Get up here!

The two vans bounce and collide down the jungle road.

The two windows at the back of the Transit explode outwards. Gun barrels poke out and open up, spitting lead at the van.

FROST (CONT'D)

Motherfuckers.

She puts her foot down and the van explodes forwards, smashing into to the back of the Transit.

Both vehicles slew at the impact. In the front of the Transit, Hysterica bumps the steering wheel which makes a "beep" noise.

In the back of the truck, Kimura, making her way to the front cab is HURLED BACK.

Her rifle goes off and the bullet bounces around the interior.

STEVE
Fuck's sakes!

Miraculously, no one is hit. Everyone is incredulous.

Frost struggles to maintain control of her vehicle, giving the Transit time to get ahead.

Shawcross and Catella PULL down two LADDERS that are attached to the roof of the van.

Two steps up and they pop open HATCHES in the roof.

Shawcross and Catella open fire on the Transit.

Oertell and Price strap on what look like seat belts that are secured to the side of the van.

They open the side doors and hang out the side and fire at the Transit.

Trees and foliage whip by the girls, too close for comfort.

Kimura makes it to the front cab and leans out of the window.

Bullets explode all around her and she ducks back inside.

She looks at Frost, eyes wide... Then leans out and tries again.

Bullets hit the armored hull of the van, but Kimura is finding her Zen.

She zeroes the back door of the transit.

One shot.

A HINGE is blown off and the door falls away at a crazy angle. It drags along for a few feet before skittering away into the jungle.

Another shot.

Another hinge goes, revealing the men in the back of the transit.

The door hits something on the ground and is catapulted upwards, SPINNING through the air like a giant, lethal FRISBEE.

The door whizzes towards SHAWCROSS AND CATELLA who are exposed, poking out of the top of One-Pac's truck.

Both girls dive back inside the van, the Transit door missing them by inches.

Shawcross and Catella exchange a glance and grin at each other - it's an insane, adrenaline-fuelled smile, their eyes wide with excitement.

Despite themselves, they're loving it. As one, they both pile back up their ladders.

Oertell fires madly at the now exposed men in the back of the Transit with her box-feed LMG. Empty shell casings fly from the breach as she opens up.

On the other side, Price is shooting too, her rounds smacking into the chest of one of the insurgents.

The NPA man topples out of the van, dead before he hits the ground.

More bullets from the girls find their targets. All is chaos now.

One of the NPA men still has his RPG.

As his mates fall about him, he brings the weapon to his shoulder.

Frost's eyes widen in terror as the RPG Man zeroes in on them.

FROST

Holy shit! Kimura! Get him ...SHIT!

KIMURA

Calm down.

RPG man takes aim. He smiles. Kimura, leaning out of the window, takes aim. RPG Man's finger is about to depress the firing mechanism.

Kimura's high-caliber sniper round drills into RPG man's forehead, blowing out the back of his skull.

He falls back and his dead fingers spasm on the firing mechanism.

The RPG goes off, hitting the roof of the van and exploding in a gigantic conflagration. Debris, arms and legs fly in all directions as the van combusts.

Frost jams on the brakes.

The truck slews, heading towards the trees on Price's side.

Price hauls herself back inside in the nick of time as the van crashes into a tree that would have crushed her to pulp.

PRICE
Ohhhhh. Shit.

INT. ONE-PAC'S TRUCK - DAY

OERTELL
(to Steve)
You all right?

STEVE
You're fucking tapped! The lot of
you! Fuck!

OERTELL
You're all right.

FROST
That was too close.

KIMURA
You worry too much.

In the back, Martell is starting to stir again.

Shawcross drags him up by his collar.

SHAWCROSS
Now, I think it's about time we had
a little chat.

She reaches into his pocket and pulls out his mobile phone.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)
But first, call your people. Tell
them the deal's done. And don't
mess with us.

MARTELL
Yeah. I call them, you kill me. Go
fuck yourselves.

SHAWCROSS
Steve... One-Pac, tie that fucker
to the tree.

Steve and One-Pac drag Martell up and tie his arms above his head. Shawcross draws her combat knife.

MARTELL
What the fuck...

STEVE
(lights a smoke)
I think she's serious.

Shawcross walks over. She puts the knife BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

SHAWCROSS
I'd hold still if I were you. Now -
are you going to make the call? Or
is the red light district about to
go into mourning?

She lifts the blade slightly. Martell gasps in panic.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTHERN LUZON - DAY

One-Pac is holding the cellphone to Martell's ear. Martell
glaring hate at everyone.

Shawcross sitting on a log, watching, knife in hand. We can
hear the ring-ring at the other end... then... It connects.

Martell takes a deep breath, his eyes on the knife...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Frost and Catella stand by One-Pac's truck. It's riddled with
bullet holes, clearly out of commission. It has a flat tire.

CATELLA
We've got a spare, right?

Frost gives her an 'Are you serious?' look.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Martell's arms are still tied above his head to a branch.

SHAWCROSS
How's the truck?

Frost shakes her head. The truck's had it.

FROST
(indicating Martell)
What about him?

Shawcross stands up.

SHAWCROSS
They're expecting him - and the
money tonight at the latest. But
without the truck...

STEVE

The villagers'll have a boat. Be a lot easier than tabbing the whole way through this bush.

PRICE

(indicating Martell)

What are we gonna do with him?

SHAWCROSS

He comes with us for now.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Late afternoon in a village, Steve, the girls and a trussed up Martell witness a row that has broken out between One-Pac and the LOCAL ELDER.

One-Pac stuffs money into the elder's and the man is pushing it back.

Shawcross and the girls are becoming concerned.

KIMURA

What's he saying?

STEVE

He can't sell us a boat. If the NPA find out they helped us, the whole village will suffer.

KIMURA

Like Afghanistan. Different place. Same shit.

STEVE

The NPA give this lot a hard time as it is. They'd love to help us. But helping us... we're signing death warrants here.

Shawcross walks up and grabs the money out of One-Pac's hand and hands it to a young child, likely the granddaughter of the elder.

SHAWCROSS

Here, happy birthday.

She takes out a pistol.

STEVE

What are you doing?!?

Shawcross points the gun at the man's head.

SHAWCROSS
Solving his problem.
(to One-Pac)
Tell him we're stealing his boat.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Steve drives the boat away from the bank. One-Pac, who has been untying it, jogs along and jumps into the boat.

Everyone looks very military in their gear and shades, holding weapons loosely.

There is an i-phone with speakers, playing music.

Steve steers the boat down-river.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The boat chugs along. Everyone is relaxed, some eating bacon sandwiches, others smoking, looking out at the scenery. They pass riverside dwellings, kids play and splash about in the water, waving and laughing.

It's idyllic.

Except for a bound Martell who glowers hate at everyone.

FROST
So... One-Pac, right? Why the
nickname?

STEVE
He's only got one ball. Lost the
other in the in a firefight with
the Communists - didn't you, mate?

One-Pac nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)
One-Pac really hates the NPA. As
you can imagine.

Frost grimaces in agreement.

ONE-PAC
I really hate them. But I fly well
enough on one engine.

Frost grins at him.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The scenery is amazing: huge vistas of jungle that extend as far as the eye can see.

Amidst this immense panorama, the forms of the team are tiny and insignificant as they clamber over the rough terrain.

Shawcross leads the main team, wielding a machete to cut through the bush when necessary.

Everyone is grimy - it looks like they've been at for a while. They are wearing their packs and sunglasses. Some have bandanas on, others wear kepis to ward off the oppressive sun.

Kimura is up ahead on point.

Shawcross raises her arm and calls a halt. Everyone gratefully hunkers down and opens their canteens, sipping water.

STEVE
I'm fucking knackered.

He sits down, beckoning for a cigarette.

FROST
(looks around the bad-ass
jungle)
This totally sucks. Who signs up
for this shit? I mean for real.
People actually want to do this for a
living?

SHAWCROSS
Come on, Frostie - We're the few,
the true, the proud.

FROST
You mean 'the stupid and easily
coerced.'

Shawcross's headset crackles into life and she raises a hand so that everyone shuts up.

KIMURA(O.S. OVER HEADSET)
LT. Contact.

Everyone looks a little edgy.

SHAWCROSS
Are you sure?

KIMURA (O.S. OVER HEADSET)
100 per cent.

SHAWCROSS
Better get back down here and
report.

Nervous fingers tighten on weapons, people look about, up... down... to the sides.

Eventually Kimura returns. She points back in the direction she just came from.

KIMURA

There's an NPA outpost down there.
We can go around, but it'll take us
right out of our way.

SHAWCROSS

How many X-Rays?

MEI-LING

I saw six, but there are more
inside, I think. What do you think,
LT?

SHAWCROSS

Sketch it out.

Mei-Ling reaches into the leg pocket of her combat trousers and pulls out a notebook with a pencil attached to it with a rubber band. She draws a sketch of the area.

MEI-LING

Shed. River. Bridge. They have a
barge here. 'Bet there are comms in
the shed, too.

OERTELL

We'll have to take out the comms or
it'll be game over.

SHAWCROSS

Right. We go in. Hard. Fast.
Maximum aggression.

OERTELL

Too risky, LT. It only takes one to
raise the alarm. We'll have to wait
for night.

She looks at Shawcross who's about to protest.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

Think about it - we could blow the
whole thing. It's almost sundown...
We've got no choice.

She glances at Martell.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

Steve, tie that fucker up. Gag him.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The jungle at night. Heavy. Oppressive. Alive with the sounds of bugs that you really don't want to see.

The team creeps towards the edge of the foliage. They are all but invisible as they snake through the undergrowth.

Overhead, a bird caws, the sound of its cry seems too loud as the team moves towards their objective.

Shawcross sticks her right arm out, one finger extended.

They wait.

KIMURA (O.S., OVER HEADSET)
I'm in position.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Kimura is laying down in the undergrowth: she's on high ground, looking down at the outpost through the scope of her M25 Sniper Rifle.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Martell works frantically at his bonds, trying to get them loose. He's having some limited success...

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

SHAWCROSS
(whispers)
Let's go.

Weapons silenced, the team sneak forward.... Shawcross draws her dagger.... Oertell looks at her.... Shawcross raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Kimura looks through her 'scope, lining up on an insurgent.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

The team fan out, wraith-like in the night-time gloom.

Shawcross breaks away and slips into the river. She moves along, careful not to make any noise. The NPA insurgent sits on the jetty, smoking a joint, looking out into the night.

Shawcross looms up behind him, clamps her hand over his mouth. There's a brief moment of struggle and then she CUTS HIS THROAT. Blood spurts. The insurgent expires. Shawcross lowers him gently to the jetty.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

Another one of the NPA soldiers is wandering around, AK at his shoulder. Oertell's hand clamps over his mouth and her dagger drives into the base of skull, severing the spinal cord.

What she has is an instant rag doll.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

Through a night-vision scope, we can see an insurgent patrolling. His AK is hung loosely from one hand.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Kimura lays in the undergrowth looking through her sniper rifle scope.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

The insurgent looks about as though he's heard something.

The sound of the sniper rifle is not a loud bang, more like the sound of a firework rocket, a high-pitched whine that cuts through the air, seeming to increase in pitch as it gets closer to its target.

The bullet hits home in the chest of the insurgent. The entry wound is tiny, but the man's black explodes outwards.

He is smashed to the ground by the impact, dead before he touches the earth.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

Frost is in a covering position, kneeling in the undergrowth, silenced HK at the ready.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

The team move towards the hut, knives poised.

With infinite care, One-Pac opens the door. The team steals in, silent and smooth.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Martell struggling to get free of his bonds.

INT. NPA HUT - NIGHT

There are four sleeping NPA soldiers on bunks.

In the corner of the room is a very WWII looking comms panel - a radio with a hand-held microphone.

Price moves to the first bed, One-Pac the second, Steve the third, Catella is at the fourth.

One-Pac is about to strike.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

In a darkened corner of the room, there's a GIRL in her early twenties.

She must have been pretty once, but she's gaunt, filthy and bedraggled.

An NPA SOLDIER is on top of her, pants down - too busy to have noticed the team.

Her SCREAM awakens the men in the hut and they spring to life, one rolling aside just as Price's knife thuds into his pillow.

Oertell launches herself at the guy who's struggling to get off the girl and pull his pants up.

The two roll off the bed, fighting for control of Oertell's knife.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ensues. The insurgents are not armed and the team cannot risk breaking off the encounter to switch weapons and shoot them.

The girl continues screaming.

This action is not smooth or fluid - it's a desperate struggle, there's no room to move, the beds are in the way...

Catella crashes over, her intended victim on top... Price and her target grapple, stumbling from one end of the room to the other.

One-Pac's opponent is skilled and the two men fight in the enclosed space, but One-Pac is faster, ramming his blade upwards, under his enemy's jaw, puncturing his brain.

Oertell is on top of the NPA man, stabbing him over and over again in a frenzy.

As though she's reliving the time when she was attacked by a man like this.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

CATELLA rolls out the door, FIGHTING FURIOUSLY with an NPA soldier. Her dagger skitters away ... She reaches for it, but the NPA soldier punches her in the face and dives for the knife. He snags it and rolls up, leaping at her.

There's a moment of shock and terror in her eyes as she realizes that this is it - the BLADE is about to FALL.

Shawcross slams into the side of the NPA man, another football sack.

INT. NPA HUT - NIGHT

Steve propels his opponent into the wall, ramming his knife into his solar plexus. Blood vomits from the man's mouth as he dies.

One-Pac and Price are finishing off the last remaining insurgent in the hut. As soon as he's down, Price rushes to the girl.

PRICE
It's all right... we're not going
to hurt you. It's all right.

The girl RAMS A DAGGER INTO Price'S THROAT. She goes down, spewing blood.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

Shawcross has killed the NPA soldier.

Catella gives her a look - Shawcross saved her ass and she knows it... THEN:

There's a GUNSHOT from inside the hut. The two girls rush in.

INT. NPA HUT - NIGHT

The NPA woman is dead. Steve has shot her in the head.

Price is on the floor, gurgling and coughing up blood as Oertell desperately tries to save her.

SHAWCROSS
Oh, Jesus.

OERTELL
Help me!

The girls try to save Price, but its all panic, no order. They're losing her.

SHAWCROSS

Hold on, Price, it's all right.
Hang on... hang on...

Price stops struggling and goes still.

OERTELL

Oh no!

CATELLA

No, no, no - Price... shit!

Shawcross sits back, staring in shock at their dead friend.

EXT. NPA BASE - NIGHT

Calinga stalks around his compound - his kingdom - with an air of impatience. He pulls out his mobile phone.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

KIMURA

I can't believe she's dead.

Oertell lights a cigarette. Her eyes are wet, but she's the sergeant. They look to her be tough in every situation, but her face is pale and drawn, her expression set like granite in case it cracks.

OERTELL

Believe it.

FROST

What are we going to do?

A phone text messages buzzes. One-Pac reaches into his pocket.

ONE-PAC

Martell's phone. NPA Commander.
Wants Martell to call him back.

Everyone looks at each other.

SHAWCROSS

One-Pac, get Martell. Get him to stall.

One-Pac goes.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

The rest of guys have to get out of here.

OERTELL

Get out of here?

Shawcross's in shock, trying to light a cigarette with shaking hands. Tears have dampened her cheeks, making her face puffy. Her voice is cracked and raw.

SHAWCROSS

Price is dead. I can't... I'm not going to get anyone else killed.

OERTELL

It's not on you. We all knew what we're into here.

SHAWCROSS

I can't ask you... any of you to go on. It's not fair. It's not right.

CATELLA

Jesus H Christ, LT. What the fuck! Listen to yourself! We're in this as a team. You think I want to be here - in this shit? Fuck you. But I am here - I'm here because... like... we're here. We loved Price - anyone of us would trade our life for hers right now. But we can't. And if we don't go on - she'll have died for nothing.

OERTELL

She's right. We're way down range now. We can't turn back. And we need you to get us through it.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

George is sitting on his bunk, head down.

The wooden latch is drawn back and he looks up. He's in a terrible state, filthy, beaten and bruised.

Calinga strides in with two men and Scar-Face and shuts the door behind him.

George stares at him.

CALINGA

Money's late.

George does not respond.

CALINGA (CONT'D)

Your people said they had the money!

No response.

CALINGA (CONT'D)
If I not hear from my guy soon, you
dead.

Silence. Then:

GEORGE
If you're waiting for me to beg,
I'm afraid you're out of luck.

Calinga regards him for a moment.

CALINGA
You'll beg when it's time.

He speaks to Scar-Face in Takalog.

CALINGA (CONT'D)
(in Takalog)
Something's up If we don't hear
from Martell soon, we kill him.
Midnight.

Scar-Face grins at him.

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - NIGHT

One-Pac runs back. Without Martell.

ONE-PAC
He escaped.

OERTELL
Who tied him?

She looks at her girls who's faces are defiant.

STEVE
It was me.

Oertell glowers at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Do I look like I was in the Scouts?

Oertell shakes her head.

SHAWCROSS
Fuck it. We go. Now. Let's get
sorted.

The team gear up. Knives being shoved into sheaths, grenades into pack straps, boots being re-tied up against the tree-trunks, guns being checked, silencers being screwed onto SMGs, night vision goggles being switched on and off, detonators being tested, cammo face paint being applied.

The team are now fully kitted and cammed.

STEVE

What about the cash?
(indicates the hold all)

SHAWCROSS

Stash it here. We'll come back and
get it later.

Shawcross smiles tightly and the team regards each other for a moment.

SHAWCROSS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The team tab through the jungle, moving at speed. They're pros - and its obvious from the way they move, wraith-like in the gloom.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The team creeps towards the NPA Camp. Through their night vision gear, the camp looks eerie and alien. There are a few men walking back and forth, the glow of their cigarettes bright through the night vision goggles but they don't appear to be on high-alert.

In the guard towers, the men on duty are dozing.

The team edges closer to the fence that surrounds the camp. They can see the building that George is being held in.

Catella produces a set of cutters and begins working on the fence. Each cut sounds impossibly loud to the team, but nothing is amiss in the camp. She works on till there is a sizeable gap.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Kimura crawls into the camp and raises her rifle, sighting the guard in the tower.

The rest keep their eyes on the camp, making sure that no one is approaching.

Kimura comes up onto one knee, aims at the guard in the first tower.

She shoots and he crumples.

Kimura turns and gives the "OK" signal. Then she runs (in a crouch) to the tower and begins to climb it.

One of the struts she's climbing up on snaps.

For a moment, it looks as though she's going to fall to the ground, but she manages to grasp a supporting beam and saves herself.

She puffs out a breath.

She makes it to the top without further incident. Taking a moment to steady herself, (and doing her best to ignore the ruined corpse) she kneels down, using the tower as cover and draws a bead on the next tower.

Through her scope, the guard is looking around. Kimura fires and the man goes down.

The next tower... another shot... another body.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

SHAWCROSS

So far, so good. Let's move.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Like shadows detaching themselves from the blackness **the team move into the camp.**

They split up, heading towards different parts of the compound.

EXT. NPA CAMP - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Kimura fires again.

The bullet hits home, but the guard staggers and is overbalanced by the protecting wall of the tower. With a loud scream, he topples out and thuds to the ground.

KIMURA

Ah, shit.

Confused shouts erupt from the huts and lights begin to come on.

An alarm that sounds like a WWII air-raid siren begins to howl in the night.

INT. NPA CAMP - COMMAND HUT - NIGHT

Calinga hears the commotion. He picks up his radio and barks some orders into it.

CALINGA
(Takalog)
Kill the hostage.

Grimly, he draws and cocks his Colt .45 and steps out into the compound.

EXT. NPA CAMP -NIGHT

Men run all around the place, shouting. It is chaos: Calinga is the eye of the storm. Like a tiger, he stalks into the compound, shoving his men out of the way as he does so.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

As Catella runs past the various huts, she reaches into a satchel at her waist and plants a small - yet powerful - explosive devices on their walls.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Frost makes her way towards the helicopter.

She is spotted: men shout and open fire. She hurls herself forward, rolling and coming up on one knee, returning the compliment - her HK spits lead and bullets thud into the chests of her attackers.

More men converge on Frost's position, cutting off the route to the chopper.

She reaches to her chest, pulls off a grenade and hurls it.

Bodies are blasted this way and that, but it's not enough.

Suddenly, Oertell is at her side. Her LMG coughs into life, spraying 5.56 caliber death at the rebels.

The powerful machine gun smashes men from their feet as empty shell casings are expelled from the weapon's breach.

Frost gives Oertell a grateful look and the two continue towards the helicopter.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

One-Pac charges through the camp like a man possessed. Here is his chance at revenge! His face is alive with excitement as he mows down the NPA.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Shawcross and Steve have reached the prison building. Flanking the door, they look around and Steve nods.

Shawcross places her hand on the handle and pulls it down slowly. Carefully, she opens the door and Steve spins in, gun ready.

The corridor is empty. --- The two make their way to the cell. --- It too is empty.

They sprint out.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

A furious-looking Martell is in the midst of the chaos. He's bloodied, humiliated and he KNOWS why all this going on. Martell is a man out for blood.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Four men lead George away from the fire-fight, prodding him with their rifles. They keep looking over their shoulders at the chaos, unsure whether they should get involved in the mini-war or just carry out their orders.

EXT. NPA CAMP - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

In the tower, Kimura turns her attention downwards.

Muzzle flashes light up the night beneath her.

Kimura starts to take down targets from her vantage point.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

The four men guarding George force him to his knees and place a bag over her head. His face is fixed. Defiant.

But there's fear in his eyes.

The guards look over again at the fire-fight.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Shawcross and Steve plunge through the camp, taking out anyone that gets near them with economic bursts from their MP5K's. They're swift, smooth and lethal.

STEVE
Where is he!?

They run on.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

The guards step away from George and raise their weapons.

George is on his knees.

There is a burst of gunfire.

Bullets explode in the guards and they fall as Shawcross and Steve speed into view, guns blazing.

Shawcross rushes to George and pulls the sack from his head.

SHAWCROSS

Dad! It's me. It's Danni. You're
ok. You're all right.

George's eyes are full of disbelief.

GEORGE

Danni! How the hell are you here.

She hugs him.

SHAWCROSS

I'm playing soldiers.

STEVE

Shawcross! Let's go!

Shawcross pulls a knife and saws away her father's bonds, hauling him up. George is in bad shape, staggering.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Come on, mate. Lean on me.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

There are shouts in Takalog - confusion everywhere, people running about, looking for something to shoot at.

Steve runs on while Shawcross swings her gun this way and that, covering him.

Calinga looms out of the night and COLLIDES with Shawcross.

The two roll around on the ground, desperately KICKING and PUNCHING.

Shawcross's COM-LINK COMES LOOSE in the fracas. They disengage. Both RISE and DRAW THEIR DAGGERS.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Catella has found cover, laying down fire on the rebels.

She keeps looking to the chopper and can see Oertell and Frost making their way towards it, shooting rebels as they go.

Steve's voice crackles over her headsets.

STEVE (O.S.)
We've got him. Heading for the
chopper.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

A rebel rises from behind cover, holding an RPG rocket.

He sees Oertell and Frost racing for the chopper and works out what their game is. He takes aim.

EXT. NPA CAMP - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Kimura sees the RPG man come out of cover and zeroes in on him.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Oertell and Frost fire rounds into the night as they get close to the chopper.

EXT. NPA CAMP - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Kimura fires.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

The rebel depresses the firing mechanism of the RPG just as Kimura's round smashes him to the ground.

It's too late.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

The RPG rocket screams towards the chopper.

Oertell and Frost hurl themselves to ground as the rocket hits, **consuming the helicopter in a FIERY INFERNO** that lights up the night. Debris spews in all directions.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Calinga is illuminated in the hellish glare from the exploding chopper.

A desperate knife-fight ensue. It's a GUTTER WAR, both combatants scoring cuts on each other. Calinga is able to take Shawcross to the ground.

Calinga emerges on top, one hand gripping Shawcross's throat, the other stabbing down with the dagger. She grabs his wrist and with her other hand, tries to pry his fingers from her neck.

He forces the blade down.

Shawcross's eyes begin to bulge from lack of oxygen.

Calinga leans in closer, using his body weight to force the steel blade closer to Shawcross's face.

She clamps her hand to the side of his face and sticks her thumb in his eye.

Calinga screams in agony as the white, viscous fluid of his eyeball bursts in a pinkish ooze.

He falls to his knees and Shawcross struggles to her feet and kicks him in the face. As he falls, he rolls on to his front and she leaps onto him, arms about his neck, strangling him.

Despite his pain, Calinga struggles, but Shawcross only tightens her grip. Desperate, Calinga is choking, his tongue protruding and he gags - it's terrible to see, the last struggles of a dying man.

Then he goes limp.

Shawcross rolls away and looking for her gun.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Oertell and Frost rise up, groggy from the explosion. Oertell looks back at the flaming helicopter.

OERTELL

Shit.

FROST

What are we gonna do!?

OERTELL

Get the fuck out of here.

She lurches to her feet, Frost in tow.

Gunfire begins again as the rebels recover from the shock of the explosion.

Oertell and Frost race towards Catella and Price as the two girls lay down covering fire for their mates.

EXT. NPA CAMP - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Kimura, seeing that their escape plan is in ruins realizes she can do no more good in the tower and risks being cut off.

She has a harness about her waist and attaches a clip to the one of the tower struts and shinnies over the side.

She abseils down, landing neatly and detaching herself before she too runs to the cover point.

EXT. NPA CAMP - COVER POINT - NIGHT

Steve and George arrive - staggering.

OERTELL
Where's the LT?

STEVE
She was right behind me!

He looks back into the camp.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Oertell activates her communicator.

OERTELL
LT! Come in! Where are you?

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

SCAR-FACE - in the chaos - comes across the corpse of Calinga.

It is a sad moment for him.

He reaches down and removes Calinga's beret and places it on his head. Slowly rising up, his face is full of FURY.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Shawcross has found some cover too, but is pinned down by advancing NPA soldiers. Faceless in the gloom, they bear down on her position.

She exchanges fire with them, ducking down and slugs smack into the barricade that she's behind.

OERTELL (O.S. OVER HEADSET)
LT, come in!

SHAWCROSS
Little busy! I'm pinned down.
Working it out.

She lobbs a grenade at the oncoming rebels.

EXT. NPA CAMP - COVER POINT - NIGHT

OERTELL
Hang tight...

One-Pac arrives at the Cover Point.

OERTELL (CONT'D)
I'll come and get you.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

More bullets explode around Shawcross, forcing her down. She lifts her HK above her head and fires over the barricade.

SHAWCROSS
No! Get my Dad out of here. I'll
double back and follow you.

OERTELL (O.S. - OVER COM-LINK)
I'm not leaving you.

Shawcross changes clips and opens fire again.

SHAWCROSS
Just get the hell out of here. I'll
make it. I'll make it! This is my
call. We don't get him out, it's
all for nothing!

EXT. NPA CAMP - COVER POINT - NIGHT

Oertell hesitates, all eyes on her. She makes her decision.

OERTELL
Head for the RV point, LT.

She looks at George.

OERTELL (CONT'D)
Can you run?

GEORGE

Just about. I'm not leaving my daughter.

OERTELL

You'll slow us down. We'll get you clear - go back and get her. That's it, my call. No arguments.

George gets it.

GEORGE

Give me a weapon.

She hands him a pistol.

OERTELL

All right - let's move. Covering fire... on my mark. 3. 2. 1. Mark.

The team breaks cover and makes a run for it, firing madly, their muzzle flashes flaring brightly in the night.

Grenades are hurled by both rebel and the team, explosions adding to the chaos.

They're in full retreat now, heading towards the breach they made in the fence.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

All right. Head for the RV point. I'm going after Shawcross. GO!

They run. Except Steve.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

Get going.

STEVE

Blondie saved my arse back there. I owe her. And your team needs you. I'll be all right.

OERTELL

I thought you were only in this for the money.

Steve doesn't reply but steps forward and kisses her.

They break the kiss, and he gently caresses her face. Then he turns and sprints off into the darkness.

Oertell watches him go for a moment.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Then she turns and runs after her team.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Shawcross is under pressure, unable to move away from her position as the rebels are laying down fire on her.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Steve arrives at the scene, flanking the rebels bearing down on Shawcross.

He rakes them with machine gun fire, mowing them down.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Shawcross is able to break away now that Steve has come to her aid. Some of the enemy have turned on Steve and she runs towards him. Bullets fly, thumping the ground by Shawcross's feet and she runs, forcing her to spin and turn, shooting the men closest to her.

SHAWCROSS

Come on, Steve - let's get the hell out of here.

STEVE

We need to split up.

SHAWCROSS

No. We can cover each other. We've got more fire-power if we stick together.

STEVE

More fire-power than that lot? Do me a favour.

He looses a few rounds in the rebels direction.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Listen, Blondie. This whole thing was about your Old Man. Would be pretty fucking shit if you didn't make it out to see him go free. Go on. I'll cover you and lead these wankers on a merry dance.

SHAWCROSS

Steve...

STEVE

You're not gonna kiss me as well, are you?

SHAWCROSS

As well?

STEVE

(grins)

Don't worry about it. Get moving. I know this jungle like the back of me hand.

SHAWCROSS

You do?

STEVE

No. But One-Pac gave me the Rough Guide.

More gunfire. Rebel voices.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's now or never. You gotta go.
Go! RUN!

Steve pops up and opens fire and Shawcross make a dash for it. She turns and gives Steve a "thank you" look.

Steve winks and Shawcross turns and runs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm an idiot.

Firing and drawing attention to himself, he backs away.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

SCAR-FACE

(Takalog)

You, you and you. Get that bastard.
The rest - get the women! After them! Don't let them escape!

What seems like hundreds of men pour towards gates of the camp, rushing past their new leader.

Scar-Face strides on, banging a fresh magazine into his Colt 45.

EXT. NPA CAMP - NIGHT

Steve weaves in and out of the building, shooting at the squad that follow him.

He runs past an oil barrel, spots it and continues on his way, finding some cover.

The NPA soldiers plunge after him.

Steve pops up and shoots the barrel. It explodes in a fiery plume, soaking the rebels in burning pitch. Screaming in agony, they fall.

Steve gives a satisfied grin and makes to run in the jungle.

MARTELL is racing through camp. He sees Steve's back as it disappears into the tree-line.

MARTELL

Fuck.

He grabs a fallen AK and runs after Steve.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The NPA pour through the trees - visibility is poor through the foliage. Bullets ricochet and smack into trees, whipping through leaves, thudding into the earth.

OERTELL

Let's go, let's go!

She activates her communicator.

OERTELL (CONT'D)

LT, are you clear!

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Shawcross vaults over fallen trees, spinning about to return fire to the rebels.

SHAWCROSS

Clear! I'm on my way.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

OERTELL

Catella! Ready?

Catella pulls out her detonator.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Steve jogs through the jungle. He comes to the edge of a cliff.

STEVE

Bollocks. Rough Guide my arse.

He goes for his survival knife, unscrews the lid and looks at the compass.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The sound of a twig snapping is loud behind him.

Steve turns and hurls the knife just as Martell opens fire with the AK.

Steve is hit in the side, but he charges anyway.

The knife thuds into Martell's shoulder. He cries out in pain. He drops the gun and drags the knife out just as Steve is onto him.

The two men collide.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Catella DETONATES the bombs.

EXT. REBEL COMPOUND - CATELLA

The explosive devices attached to the buildings bleep then let out a long tone that is cut short as MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips through the compound.

The explosive effect seems to ripple, but rather than dissipating, it seems to grow more powerful with each iteration, sending fire and smoke billowing into the Catella sky.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Advancing rebels are hurled from their feet as their base erupts like a volcano behind them.

Scar-Face stands like a statue in the chaos as earth and debris rain down from above.

His men are stunned, but Scar-Face is possessed with a demonic fury now.

SCAR-FACE
(Takalog)
Up! Up! Get up! Kill them! Kill
them all.

Roaring a battle cry, the rebels charge after the team.

INT. US MARINES BASE, BENNETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bennett is in his office. There's a knock at the door.

BENNETT
Come.

A young soldier hurries in and hands Bennett an envelope. The Major opens it and scans the contents: SATELLITE IMAGES.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

How long?

SOLDIER

Hot off the press.

Bennett gets up.

BENNETT

Let's go.

EXT. US MARINES BASE - PHILLIPPINES - DAY

Bennett and his Marines are piling into a helicopter.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Shawcross rejoins the group.

OERTELL

Steve?

SHAWCROSS

He's going to double-back. Said One-Pac told him the way.

ONE-PAC

I didn't. Steve... being brave.

OERTELL

(into com-link)

Steve. Steve, come in. Steve...

There is only the sound of static to answer her.

Oertell's face is etched with pain for an instant before it tightens once again.

The sounds of pursuit grow louder.

SHAWCROSS

We'll have to outrun them.

As though to underscore her words, the semi-distant sound of NPA voices can be heard.

No one stops to fight. The chase is on.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

Steve and Martell are tearing into each other like men possessed. Its up close and personal.

Steve punches Martell in the face; he takes it and kicks Steve in the thigh, dropping him to one knee and then delivers a thunderous blow to Steve's jaw. He leaps for his gun, but Steve is up and dives on him before he can reach it.

The two men grapple, both straining with each other and to get to the weapon.

With his greater strength, Steve hurls Martell away and rolls towards the gun.

He reaches for it.

Martell dives onto his back, arms clamped around Steve's neck in the killing position.

Steve's scrabbling for the gun only serves to knock it off the cliff.

With Martell going all out to break his neck, Steve rises to his feet, Martell clinging to his back.

He charges backwards and smashes into a tree with sickening force. Martell is crushed and lets go.

Steve stumbles away, coughing.

Martell is on him in a flash, kicking and punching, driving him towards the huge drop.

Steve knows he's in trouble and launches an assault of his own, firing back at Martell with his own combinations.

Both men are landing heavy blows - its fast and furious, no kick-boxing match, but a desperate brawl.

A furious barrage of attacks from both men sends Steve backwards again - Martell is on top and then he flashes out a front-kick that smashes straight into Steve's balls.

Steve falls to his knees and Martell kicks him in the face, sending him onto his back.

Martell snarls in triumph and dives on him, going for the throat and dragging him closer to the precipice. Steve is fighting back, but he's in pain, his attacks not as strong as before.

Closer to the edge, Steve's head is now over the yawning gap.

Martell redoubles his efforts.

Steve's shoulders are now over the gap.

Which is what Steve has been waiting for.

He heaves with all his strength and Martell, overbalanced from his efforts, is catapulted towards the gap.

But as he falls, he grabs Steve's webbing. Steve press **one** of the plastic studs and the webbing half comes off...

The two men slide over the edge, Steve's fingers scrabbling on the loose earth - anything - trying to stop the fall.

His hands close around an old vine just as all seems lost.

The two men dangle, thousands of feet above a raging river.

The vine begins to tear.

Steve tries to dislodge Martell.

The vine tears some more.

Desperate now, Steve kicks out and shakes, trying to make Martell let go.

Slowly... slowly... the webbing is sliding off Steve's shoulder.

Martell sees it and frantically tries to clamber up Steve's body...

Just as the webbing slides off.

With a pleading scream, Martell falls, hitting an out-crop of rock on his way down that smashes the life from him.

STEVE

Cunt.

He begins to haul himself up.

The vine snaps and Steve too falls from view.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Shawcross and the girls rush through the eerie dawn light of the jungle, heedless of the sound of gunfire.

Their pursuers know they are gaining, shouting at each other in Takalog, letting each other know which direction their prey is headed.

A group of rebels is ahead of the rest and they catch sight of Oertell's back just as she disappears again to the gloom.

Shots are fired, smacking into a tree by Oertell's head, spraying her with wood.

Oertell winces in pain and spins about, frozen with indecision. She knows that the enemy is close - but firing will alert more hostiles to their presence.

In a blur, One-Pac rushes back past her, machete in hand and he plunges into the undergrowth. Oertell grits her teeth and follows.

There are three rebels bearing down - but they are stunned by the sight of a machete-wielding maniac suddenly in their midst. One-Pac lays into the first two with snake-like speed and the blood flies as he hacks into his hated enemy.

The third, recovering from the initial shock, raises his AK47, but turns to see Oertell bearing down him. Before he can move, she rams the butt end of the LMG into his face, smashing bone and teeth.

The NPA man falls to the ground, but Oertell is merciless, repeatedly hammering the man's face with the gun till it is a mess of pulp, hair and bone.

ONE-PAC
Come, come, Sally. Run.

One-Pac pushes Oertell ahead and the two flee.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The team struggle up a rise. It's very steep. George slips and begins to slide down, but Shawcross, bringing up the rear, grabs the back of his trousers and hauls him forward.

They clamber on and finally reach the top.

Thicker bush awaits them.

They plunge on.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Scar-Face and his men reach the rise and struggle up it.

As they reach the top, they are met with a murderous hail of gunfire. Men are literally cut in half by Oertell's LMG, other's mown down by the faster firing HK's.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The girls and One-Pac fire at the rebels, empty shell casings flying from the breaches of their weapons.

Kimura is taking aim, firing, taking aim, firing.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sniper rounds blast men from their feet as they converge on the top of the rise - its a mini Thermopylae, large numbers of men forced into a narrow space, they are being carved up.

But now - as then - overwhelming force is winning out and the NPA continue their relentless advance.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The girls continue firing.

OERTELL

There's too many! We can't hold them.

Rounds smack into the trees around them, showering them with foliage.

Somewhere nearby, a grenade hits sending clods of earth skywards.

SHAWCROSS

Shit. Fall back! Fall back!

Rather than make a blind run for it, they work as team. Oertell, Shawcross and Catella stay in position firing.

The rest move off and take up firing positions - LEAPFROGGING each other

KIMURA

Clear!

Shawcross, Oertell and Catella peel away and retreat as the rest of the team open up, sending lead into the foliage.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The man next to Scar-Face cries out rounds smash into him.

Scar-Face urges his troops on, scenting blood.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The team continue to leap-frog their positions.

SHAWCROSS

Clear!

She, Catella and Oertell fire and the maneuver is repeated.

Kimura fires her sniper rifle one last time and then casts it aside.

She has an SMG strapped to her and she cocks it, firing into the jungle.

OERTELL

Go! Go! Go!

Now they do run for it, Shawcross dragging George along with her as bullets smash into the trees around them.

The girls turn to return fire occasionally, but it's a headlong rush through the jungle now.

The terrain begins to rise, the going getting tougher. The girls and One-Pac drag themselves upwards, clutching onto roots, hauling themselves up inch by agonizing inch.

The sound of NPA voices is louder.

Catella looses off a few more shots before she too bounds for the slope and scrambles up it.

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

A broad expanse opens up before the team as the crest the rise. They run on - there's no where to go now.

There's nothing else for it and they prepare to stand and fight.

The first NPA heads appear above the rise.

Oertell's machine gun opens up first - it has the greater range and rebels begin to fall - but soon they're in range themselves and assault rifles bark back in response.

Shawcross, One-Pac, George and the girls exchange fire with the rebels, emptying clip after clip.

One-Pac goes down as he's reloading, peppered with bullet holes.

He tries to rise, the power of his hate keeping him alive, but then his strength goes and he collapses back, dead.

Inexorably, the rebels draw closer, taking heavy losses, but now they are going to bring down their quarry.

The LMG goes silent and Oertell tosses it to one side, drawing her pistol. She shoots at the men drawing ever closer.

SHAWCROSS

I'm running out of ammo!

Oertell cries out in pain and goes down clutching her leg.

OERTELL

Fuck me! Bastards. Shit!

Gritting her teeth, she sits on her bottom and keeps firing with the pistol.

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

Scar-Face crests the rise. He smiles at the plight of the girls, knowing that soon he will have the pleasure of watching them die.

An NPA Man with an RPG makes ready to fire.

THEN:

BULLETS explode amongst the NPA.

The USMC Helo flies over, GUNS BLAZING, spitting out .50 cal death.

Bodies are blown apart as the mini-guns riddle the soldiers, shattering what was left of their morale.

The chopper circles, coming around for another pass as the door gunner continues to lay down lead with a mounted M60

Scar-Face grabs a fallen RPG. He aims at Bennett's chopper.

Its as though the two men look each other in the eye. Scar-Face FIRES.

As he does so, the mini-guns open up again, mowing Scar-Face and the last of the NPA down as the RPG streaks past the chopper.

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

The chopper lands and Major Bennett gets out, flanked by his Marines.

They look into the gloom.

From out of the smoke, the girls appear. They're bloodied, covered in filth, supporting their wounded but they're alive.

Bennett gestures to his men and they rush forward to help the team.

INT. UN HELICOPTER - DAY

Vacant eyed and exhausted the girls are in the chopper. Sally smokes a cigarette, the medics are patching her leg.

Kimura - unflappable as ever - has fallen asleep and Frost just looks shocked and exhausted.

Shawcross leans her head back against the cold steel of the chopper wall, eyes closed, the enormity of what has happened all but overcoming her. Then she looks at Catella and nods a silent thanks.

The chopper flies on, a black silhouette against the newly risen sun.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. NPA OUTPOST - DAY

Booted feet walk across the ground, stepping around a corpse.

From behind we see a man - bloodied and bruised - but very much ALIVE - crouching down.

He rummages in the undergrowth and pulls out the hold all full of cash.

Steve smiles, shoulders the bag, lights a smoke and walks off into the jungle.