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Seal Team Eight: Behind Enemy Lines

By Brendan Cowles

Today, I want you
to know something:
That the general loves you.
But there are some of you here-
I want to show you today...
what happens when you
choose the wrong side...
when you betray Tonga.
Bring me his wife.
I want to show you what
happens when you don't listen.
- No.
- Like this man here.
This is how a genius plays.
I'm like Jordan on the pool table,
understand? Jordan on the fuckin' table.
You got me, Case? Watch.
Get your head out of my shot.
Watch- Watch it.
No. No.
All right. It's cool, man. It's cool.
You know I don't do I.O.U.'s, right?
Better have double that stack in your pocket,
or we're gonna have ourselves a situation.
You are a lucky motherfucker,
Case. That's all I'm gonna say.
I got the same amount
of luck as the next guy.
Just time mine better.
You're an asshole.
It's your fault. You taught him
how to play the game back in Beirut.
Sir.
Chief.
- Jay. Case.
- Commander.
You here for a game?
I already owe you too much.
Come on, Chief.
Double or nothing.
I thought you didn't take
I.O.U.'s. I don't give you I.O.U.'s.
Hey.
Where's the rest of the team?

Well, the smooth dogs are
working on some frog hogs...
and new guy's over there
soaking up some Steinbeck.
Let's go.
All right.
Is that Bubba?
Top of his class
at Little Creek.
Bubba! You're about to get your
cherry popped in Africa, son.
How you feel about that?
Ecstatic, Commander. Needs popping.
You know, Case is the only one
in my fire team I allow to think.
What are you doing? Getting my
thinking out of the way, sir.
- Good. Let's go.
- Ready to go.
d This is my rifle
this is mygun d
d This is my rifle
this is mygun dd
Come on, Bubba!
Hey, guys.
- Ready to focus now, gentlemen?
- Always, Senior.
The Navy only gave us
one speed, Senior: full.
I'm sure these fine ladies
are happy to hear it.
Get your dicks.
You haven't killed
anybody yet, you prick.
Let's go.
So what's got everyone
hot and bothered, Chief?
We got some bad guys
we need you to take care of.
And a couple of good guys
we'd like back.
Now, one of the Agency's
local assets in Congo...
uncovered a covert

military training camp...
with a distinct
Al-Qaeda signature.
Got a pad, new guy?
Take notes.
The asset and
her CIA handler...
attempted physical
confirmation...
but were captured
in the process.
We believe these camps engage in
significant arms dealing as well.
I'd just as soon flatten
this place from 10,000 feet...
but there's a strong probability that
they have our agent and his asset.
Now, the asset is a local informant
- Zoe Jelani.
French-African. Born
in Marrakech, Morocco.
Lives in Kinshasa, Congo.
She's smart
and she's a survivor.
Her C.I.A. handler
is Tom Seborn.
He recruited her, and she quickly became
his most valuable source with HUMINT.
Now, actionable intel
from Jelani...
resulted in the takedown of several
major smuggling kingpins except one.
We know he goes by the name
Malin. But that's all we know.
We have no photos,
no description.
This guy's invisible
and a growing threat.
- We believe he's supplying
this camp with weapons.
Now, the leader of
this camp is this man-
General Japhet Tonga.
A major rebel,

figure in the civil war
wanted for war crimes,
genocide and all that other
Anderson Cooper bullshit.
He's a major asshole.
- What's his affiliation with
Al-Qaeda? - We're not sure.
But he understands that zealotry plus
money equals power and that's his god.
We are gonna quickly and not so
quietly take it apart for him.
I like dealing with you.
You always deliver.
Yeah.
I want you to bring me
more people from abroad...
I can do business with.
I can do it. No problem.
Good. Good.
Your team will execute
an insertion...
15 klicks from the target area
at exactly 0200 hours.
We have a pilot with a commercial
chopper and local knowledge.
He'll get you in undetected.
You will have U.A. V. support.
Reaper will clear the perimeter
and provide cover fire as needed.
You will locate and extract our people
or confirm that they are dead or off-site.
At which point,
you will exfiltrate...
and our bot will render
the camp inoperable.
- Now go do this shit!
- Yes, sir. You heard him.
Fuck, yeah.
Hooyah.
d I'm gonna make- d
d Dikembe d
Hey, Case.
The fuck is this? Commercial
chopper. Undercover.

Don't worry.
Bread and butter.
- Nice Koala.
- Yep. Let's get it on.
d Dikembe d
d The African attack d
d Let me translate
You can't- with us d
d Coming against the future
though its futile I salute you d
d 'Cause I'm waving
a finger at you d
d No, no, no, no, no
Dikembe d
d Father, forgive
these sinners d
d They know not
that they finished d
d We represent the realness So
y'all can keep the gimmicks d
d Took us a minute to get it
started Now it's autopilot d
d West African flows You're
forced to close your eyelids d
d Spitting at these lames Watch
them touch down in Africa d
d Get snatched
for their chains d
d Because we bought your bootlegs
and returned it to the store d
d Where's the player hater
that sold it? d
d So however clever your plan
of attack you better react d
d We're spitting it back
and waving a finger at you d
d No, no, no, no, no
Dikembe d
d You all up in the game and
don't deserve to be a player d
d Don't make me have to
call your name out d
d You all up in the game and
don't deserve to be a player dd

California,
this is Gray Base One.
We have an empty bird.
Our team will be
on the ground forthwith.
Copy, Gray Base One. I'm
scrambled and 20 klicks out.
Stay focused.
- We are clean and in position.
- Copy. Coming in hot.
You hear Pac-Man on comms?
"Coming in hot"?
Wish I was sitting on my ass
playing video games all day too.
Then your balls
would never have dropped.
Looks like
they still haven't.
Keep it tight.
We go in two.
Is that a pool?
It would appear so.
Hey! I love this place.
Stand up and shake it
for the general.
Stand up. Come on.
Shake it for the general.
Shake it for the general. Yeah?
Okay. Sit down.
Send it.
California, Gray Base One.
Please clear a path for my boys.
Roger that.
Hey! Do something!
Hey! Do something!
Go in for a second sweep.
Boom.
California, our view is
compromised. Please confirm status.
Gray Base One, California.
Perimeter is clear.
Heads up, Case.
Heads up. Okay.
What you got?

Get your game face on, boys.

Autopilot engage.

Clear!

Watch your 6:

Watch your 6:

Go, go, go!

Cover! Cover!

Clear!

Clear!

Dan, vic! Right flank!

Bubba, Jay, on me!

Move out! Move on!

Clear!

You fuckers! Come on!

- Jay. We're being fucked with

a. 50-cal. - What you want to do?

- Curveball.

- I should have played for the Yankees.

Curveball, sir!

Whoa!

Behind the wall.

I got 'em. I got 'em.

- Curveball.

We got you.

Cover me!

This way!

Perimeter clear, my ass.

California's full of shit.

Get the grenades.

Get the grenades.

Run to the barricade!

This way!

I got it.

Go!

Get down behind the truck!

Get down behind the truck!

Guys!

Where you going?

Cover fire! Cover fire!

Fuckin' love you, Jay.

d I'm gonna make- d

d Dikembe d

d The harder they ball
The harder they fall d
d So what are the odds? You lost,
Ambassador's been raw since '94 d
d The African attack d
d Let me translate
You can't- with us dd
- Cover!
- Move up!
On me!
Having fun, boys?
Boo-yah!
Dan, vic, right flank!
Bubba, P.K.G.
Throw some bullets.
Let's go, Jay.
Move in! Move in!
Bubba, on me!
Move in.
Clear.
Bubba.
Sir.
Check down below.
Sir.
Mirror. Come, you
American pigs. Come on!
Saw this in a movie once. Ain't
gonna improve your looks though.
Hello, hello.
You, shoot that thing.
You American dogs.
Fuck!
Who the fuck are you?
I'm the tooth fairy. I'm
gonna have to owe you a nickel.
Gray Base One,
location secured.
We have hands on Tonga.
- That was some Old Testament destruction there, gentlemen.
- Outstanding.
Appreciate the love.
Oh, and one more thing. Tell
California he can go fuck himself.
This look like an Al-Qaeda

training camp to you?
Fuck. This ain't jihad.
There's no monkey bars.
That's a dead giveaway.
What are you
up to here, Tonga?
Where are the prisoners?
Where are
the fucking prisoners?
Better talk.
Hmm?
Wait, wait.
After you.
Wait, wait.
- Secure him.
- Help me! Help me!
Clear.
Help me! Help!
Calm down.
Calm down.
We're U.S. Navy SEALs and
we're your extraction team.
- Can you please identify yourself?
- Zoe Jelani.
- And this man?
- Seborn. Get me out of here.
- Are you injured?
- I don't know.
Put your arm around me.
Put your arm around me.
C.I.A. gonna have a good time with
you. I'm gonna make sure of it.
You set this woman free.
You American pigs.
I'll tell you this.
She is-
Move back!
Move back!
Sit in the chair!
Sit in the chair!
Damn.
Shit. Shit.
Oui.
They're gonna want to spend a couple of

weeks at least debriefing you somewhere safe.
Out of the country,
all right? Chief, I-
What the fuck?
Dan, what is it?
Uh, I think
we got something.
Excuse me.
vic. Let's go.
I don't know
what you did to her,
but let's just say
you got served.
Reinforced door.
Be ready for anything,
gentlemen. Copy that.
Popping the lock.
- When you're ready, call it.
- Sir.
Blow the lock in three.
Clear.
That's some serious
fuck-you money.
It's a good thing we're
not in this for the money.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, good thing.
Now why would the general here
have all this cash on hand?
Sir.
Those are troop designations.
It's got every
entry point covered.
Whatever that is,
he's guarding it like Fort Knox.
It's a mine, and he's been paid a lot of
money to make sure no one knows it exists.
Question is,
what's he pulling out?
Only two things come out of
the ground in this region-
Copper...
and uranium.
I discovered this place while

tracking an illegal arms dealer.

Malin.

That's right.

We knew Tonga

was receiving weapons,

but what we didn't know

is that he wasn't buying them.

- They were payment for his services.

- He's working with Malin.

- Shit.

- He's working for Malin...

who's been stockpiling yellowcake

uranium for a major sale.

Sir.

According to this, there's been a major

influx of activity around the mine.

- Then I guess the sale's

happening soon. - Thirty-six hours.

And how would you

know that exactly?

Tonga.

Sure.

Let's go.

You're bullshitting me.

We gotta keep going.

We've a patch-through.

Case. I'm sitting here

with the C.I.A.

How solid is your intel on the

mine and this yellowcake sale?

Just over 100%.

All right.

Here's the deal.

I will have no other resources in the
area, and we're obviously on the clock.

I need your team
to pull a double.

- Sir?

- At this time,

I have no authorization...

for an extra team or air support without
confirmation, except for an extraction.

Okay. Maybe I wasn't

clear about the yellowcake.

It's the uranium type.
Uranium's legally
mined in that region...
and there are about
10 international agencies...
counting every ounce
of yellowcake produced...
making damn sure what your intel
says is happening never happens.
So you can imagine the
kind of politics that we-
Listen, Case.
The guys in D.C. cried wolf about
this African yellowcake once before.
We both know
how that turned out.
Yes, I do.
Listen.
I need you standing
on top of that shit...
smoking gun in hand, before
any of this is on the record.
Now, your mission is to confirm
that mine is producing uranium...
stop the sale
and expose the buyer...
and you gotta do it with
what you showed up with.
You got better intel
this time, right?
That'll be a giant
pain in the ass, sir.
I know.
Consider it done.
Copy.
You're fighting a war.
This ain't a goddamn game.
I got deja vu.
That's a bag
of dicks, chief.
Sounds fubar.
I second your fubar,
and I raise you a fugly.
Yeah.

Hey.
- If it don't suck-
- We don't do it.
What else can you
tell me about the mine?
I'll tell you on the way.
I'm going with you.
No, I don't think so.
I'm the only one who knows this
area and where Tonga's troops are.
You need me.
D'accord?
Sir?
Yeah.
Case on the line.
Thanks.
Listen. The C. I.A.
wants their money.
Just bury it with a G. P. S.
tracker. They'll get it later.
Copy.
Your sat phone is our only
eyes and ears now.
No more direct contact
with the comms.
Roger that.
Good luck.
Collins.
Sir.
Lose this.
We're sending smoke signals.
No pressure.
We gotta bury the money.
- C. I.A.?
- Yup.
Just the dollars then.
- Bubba.
- Sir!
You gotta dig a hole,
bury all the US currency.
And put a tracker on it.
Sir.
So we're here. There's about 25
klicks between us and the mine.

This is the road. It's heavily
patrolled with Tonga's soldiers.
Even with Tonga dead, Malin will have
another general take over operations.
So we go around.

The terrain is very difficult.

It would take us days.

Nothing new there.

Tell me what
you know about him.

very little,
unfortunately.

We don't know if he's
one person or a network.

But he's controlled the illegal
arms trade in Congo for years.

Now he's moved on
to brokering uranium.

No one knows
his real name.

Malin is French.

For "sly," like a fox.

Yeah.

- Bubba.

- Sir.

We got two days of rations and water
left. Ordnance is the issue though.

Rounds are down to 40%.

Hey, lady.

Here. Take it.

Ever used one of these?

I'll take that

as a yes.

Let's do it.

We need to follow this river up
east to get to the first pass.

Let's take the boat.

We'll take it quietly.

Hostile, 3:

Start her up, Bubba.

They are stealing the boat!

They are stealing the boat!

- Here they come.

- Cover fire! Cover fire!
Go! Go!
Dan, right flank!
Right flank!
More hostiles, 9:00.
Incoming. Get down!
Watch out, Bubba!
Turn around.
We gotta get Bubba.
Over here, guys. Over here!
- Guys. Pick me up!
- Come on. We can make it.
Bubba! Bubba,
hold your hand out.
Bubba,
give me your hand.
Come on.
Pull him up. Pull him up.
Come on. Move.
Faster. Faster.
Fuck! It's a dead end.
Turn left. Turn left!
Dan, vic!
Right flank!
We gotta hit the water.
Ah, fuck!
Case, look out!
The boat! The boat!
Case, the boat!
Get out!
- Case!
- Look out!
Case!
Keep moving.
Don't stop! Don't stop!
Let's go. Come on.
Go, go, go!
I'll cover you.
Go!
Dan!
Dan!
Fuck you! Fuck you!
They fragged Dan, man.
Jesus Christ! He's all

over the fucking place!
Follow the river.
Follow the river.
We gotta go. I was
supposed to watch him!
Keep it tight.
It's not your fault, all right?
There's nothing
you could have done.
Now we need you, buddy.
Okay? So let's go.
Let's go.
Come on. Let's go.
Fuck!
Confirmed.
The link is no longer active.
We should assume the worst.
No, we shouldn't.
Request satellite imaging
on that coordinate...
five minutes on either side
of the signal fail.
Fuck!
We've lost comms.
Dan had the fucking sat phone.
We need to set up the 4-M.C. Comms?
We've lost comms? What the
fuck about the man we just lost?
vic!
Two, six, 10. Shut your
fucking cockhole, Bubba.
You all right, Bubs?
Let's take a look
at this.
You all right?
Yeah.
You?
Yeah.
Here. Okay?
Okay.
It's not your first
time being shot, huh?
It's probably
not my last.

I hope it is.
Tell me if it hurts.
It's fine.
Let's just fix that.
Under here.
Should do it. Okay?
Thank you.
All right.
Here.
That's good.
What?
You're dangerous.
You know that?
You have no idea.
Sir, we got some
smoke up ahead.
Let's check it out.
- What the fuck happened here?
- Tonga happened.
It's flamethrower accelerant.
I guess from that same batch of
goodies those vz. 58s came from.
Jesus.
Why would Tonga do this?
These people are
no threat to him.
They chose
the wrong side.
Throw a dart round here and you
hit a different rebel faction.
What side is the wrong side?
Any side but Tonga's.
- What's he saying?
- "Die, devil, die. "
We're not here to hurt you.
We're here to help. All right?
- Hey, kid.
Hey, kid. Kid. Kid.
Look. All right?
Jay. Put that down.
Just trying to protect
what's left of his village.
Hey, kid.
Kid, come here.

Look. Shake my hand.
Come on.
Come on.
Put that down.
Shake my hand.
Hey.
Hey.
You all right?
For the last week, the villagers
saw a convoy of trucks...
coming through the pass every
morning about an hour after sunup.
- Convoy comes every day?
- Every day.
You're thinking
about hitching a ride?
Fighting isn't the only
thing we're good at.
Hey, Bubba.
Sir.
Come here.
All right.
I got good news
and really good news.
Good news is you boys have
exactly one hour to cop some Z's.
Think of it
as a mini vacation.
And the really
good news?
Then we're gonna breach
a moving convoy...
loaded with Tonga's troops.
You're welcome.
Goddamn.
Damn.
That's real good news.
He's due.
Fuck him. I'm due.
Know what Dan
would have said.
All right. I better help the new guy
with the truck. He'll probably fuck it up.
Fucking will.

How'd you learn

to shoot like that?

When I was 12, I pretended I was a
boy and joined the army in Kinshasa.

It was during the civil war, so there was no training, no physicals
- nothing.

They just took you straight to the
battlefield with your own clothes.

When they discovered I was a girl
I was already leading a unit...

so they kept me.

No. I don't buy it.

What? Why?

It's hard to believe you could
ever have been mistaken for a boy.

So you said fighting wasn't
the only thing you were good at?

It isn't.

Come here.

- So what's the M.O., sir?

- Give me a minute.

Just trying to put
all the pieces together.

Thinking we do
the Korengal valley thing.

Which one?

First one.

I remember.

That got fucked up, right?

Yeah, but it was
a better plan.

And I don't see any goat
herders around here, do you?

All right.

First one it is.

So what are we doing?

How complicated is this?

Extremely. Look.

- The truck stops there, right?

- Uh-huh.

We get on.

Okay.

Get down. You, you, you!

Go, go, go! Now!

- Go. Go.
- Get in there. Get in there. Quick.
Get on the floor.
Get on the ground.
Okay.
Everyone in position.
One, two, three.
Let's go.
We need to assume...
some of the operators
are still viable.
Rescue protocol should
give me at least one robot-
start clearing some of the
bad guys out of the area...
give who is ever
left out there...
some sort of
sporting chance.
Yes, sir. I'm on it. Thank you, Collins.
Never assume
the worst, Parker.
Never.
Sir.
Even if it is true.
I'm the new general in charge
here, so hurry up. Move it.
Faster, faster.
Faster, faster.
Faster, faster.
How long do we have
until this rat trap stops?
Forty-five minutes,
an hour at the most.
Carb up, fellas. There might be
some drama in the second half.
Sir, I think
we got something here.
Farsi.
Those markings. Takavar.
Iranian special forces.
Maybe we got the buyer.
I'd imagine we're looking
at their good-faith deposit.

Comms. Jackpot.
Looks like it might be
a good day after all.
Bubba, get your ass over here.
Stop fiddlin'.
If we can get hold
of CENTCOM...
and let them know that
we're mission forward...
they might not flatten the
place before we get there.
- How's your Persian, bro?
- Fuckin' awesome. If it was backwards.
Don't worry, 'cause all you have
to do is find a satcom frequency...
and we can tap into
our own mission channel.
Ticktock.
Come on.
California, please take out
all enemy hostiles.
- Did that person sound like- - Four
klicks to target. Weapons are hot.
Shit.
They're taking out the mines.
Without confirming the intel, it'll be
next to impossible to get that approved.
How long have
we been off-line?
Eight hours and change.
Ricks has probably
initiated rescue measures.
But without visual confirmation or a
request from us, he cannot send another team.
He'll be looking for the most visible
concentration of enemy hostiles.
Get the low-hanging fruit first.
He could put a bird in the air, clear out
the hostiles from the rescue perimeter...
assuming we're
still operational.
So cavalry's gonna take care
of some bad guys for us. Good.
We in the convoy full of bad guys,

numbnuts. Put your helmet on, Bubba.

People, we have about 30 seconds to un-fuck ourselves.

What are we gonna do?

River, 20 seconds.

Hey, don't you think we should confirm strike?

Confirmed!

- It's a hit.

- Confirmed hit.

Everyone out!

- Go in for a second sweep.

- Copy that.

Incoming!

- Move out. On me!

- Go, go, go!

Bubba!

Bubba, get out!

- It's a hit.

- Roger that. Confirmed hit.

What the?

Those are our guys.

- California, abort mission! Abort!

- Shit!

Goddamn it!

We got a goddamn situation here!

Come on, Bubs.

I got you.

Stay with me, man.

Stay with me.

Come on.

- Get down here!

- Cover me. I'm going in.

Help me get him out.

Help me get him out.

He's still breathing.

I got him.

We got you, Bubs.

One, two, three.

- Get his hand grenades.

- Pull his vest off.

All right. Gun over.

Watch his face. Gun over.

- We gotta stop the bleeding.

- Over his face.
- Open him up.
- vic!
- Jam as much of that in the wound as possible.
- Gauze.

Easy, Bubs. Easy.

Easy. You're okay.

Easy.

You're all right, buddy.

Look at me. Look at me.

You're all right.

Bubba, look at me.

Just breathe. Take it easy.

Just keep breathing.

Does this hole qualify me
for the good shit, sir?

Close enough.

You're all right.

It's okay, kid.

Let's tie this off. Let's
get that shirt off. Come on.

Up you go, Bubs.

- Get him on his feet.

- There you go.

Getting some color back.

You're blushing.

- Here you go.

- Just tie it off.

All right. On three.

One, two, three.

Hey.

All right, look at me.

Are you doing good?

Sir.

Sorry about the truck, sir.

Don't mention it.

Come on.

You all right?

Yes, sir.

You good?

Yeah.

How much further?

A couple of hours.

Hey, what was

in that syringe?
A little of everything,
I expect.
Collins,
confirm the head count.
I still show five.
Okay, we lost
one of our boys.
But I don't think,
for the record...
we can positively I.D. the
individuals on the ground as our own.
But, sir, I think it's clear
- Since we cannot make a positive ID...
this remains an official
search-and-rescue operation...
and we can therefore
keep our bird on scene.
So in case those happen
to be our boys...
we should let them know
we have eyes on them.
California, this is Gray Base
One. Please stand by for orders.
Gray Base One,
California standing by.
Again?
Seriously?
These guys don't fight
from 200 feet.
If they're down this low, it's to say,
"Hey, we know you're up and running. "
Mind if I do the honors?
Be my guest.
I believe we have confirmation our
team understands eyes are back on.
You think, Parker?
All right. Let's get California back
up top. Eyes only until they need us.
- California, pull back.
- Gray Base One, California will comply.
We're almost there.
The mines are just on the
other side of this pass.

We're clear.
Okay, close the gate.
Let's go.
victor.
See the mine shaft?
Two guard detachments,
both sheltered.
Guards are staying put.
So any satellite images will
show this place is still inactive.
Which means Malin's hideout
will be underground.
A foxhole.
Definitely. The few things
we've learned about Malin...
have always been
the opposite of what we assumed.
Collins, let's get up close and
personal in case they need the support.
Yes, sir.
California,
this is Gray Base One.
Please adjust to an 8K ceiling
for max visual and pending support.
Gray Base One,
California will comply.
Repeat. Will comply.
So what's the plan?
Kamikaze with a twist?
I got you.
Kamikaze...
with a twist?
You're gonna
love this one.
Hey, who's that?
Watch out.
Nobody's in the truck.
Go, go, go.
- Another fuckin' .50-cal.
- Grenade!
Don't stop.
Keep moving. Keep moving.
- Bubba!
- Grenade!

Let's go! Move up!
Case.
What you got?
Map.
You guys take
the main entrance.
I'll take the elevator.
We'll meet in the middle.
Fuckin' maverick.
I got you.
All right. On me.
We ain't here
to hurt you.
- They're just miners.
- All right. Stack up.
Boys ready
to go down the rabbit hole?
That's why we came, right?
Goddamn it.

On your 6:

On your 6:

This has to be the spot. Yeah.
These guys seem pretty motivated.
Guarding the king's quarters.
Jay, me and you take the
right flank. The rest of you-
Bubba, on me.
Bubba, go.
Sir.
Get down!
- Goddamn it.
- B!
Bubba, you all right? I'll
check if it's over here.
Zoe, wait. Stay together.
Goddamn it.
Hey, B. Bubs.
vic, we're on your 6:00.
- What happened?
- A knife.
- You okay? Where's Zoe?
- Went that way.

We'll take that section,
find her.
Look after Bubs.
Go. I've got him.
Hey.
Hey, B.
Bubs, hang in there, kid.
Malin better be still alive.
Motherfucker!
Who betrayed me?
Who, mother cocksucker?
You've gotta be shitting me.
Tail pipe, now.
Shit!
- You got a missile lock.
- I know.
- All right. Evasive action.
- Countermeasure engaged.
California,
Gray Base One.
We seem to have lost our feed.
Please advise.
You two, go to the safe house.
Set up a meeting.
What the hell's
going on?
Get Commander Ricks
on the line right now.
Yes, ma'am.
You two, come with me.
Y'all think that Zoe chick's
gonna be all right?
Haven't you been
paying attention?
This lady knows exactly
what she's doing.
Left.
Got an office down here?
I'm gonna do a sweep.
Be back in two minutes.
All right.
Sweep done, man.
All clear.
No sign of Zoe. No sign of

guards. No sign of nothing.
- I just e-mailed CENTCOM.
- E-mail?
Yeah, no landline.
Malin's network.
The best I could do.
Commander, you need to see this.
You're not gonna believe it...
but a message from the team was
just routed to us from Little Creek.
What? They sent an e-mail
to their home base...
requesting
immediate medevac.
An e-mail?
That's brilliant.
Collins, we need the helicopter.
I need field medics on standby.
We got a SEAL down. I repeat.
We got a SEAL down.
Make it happen, goddamn it.
Figure it out.
Where is this Malin anyway,
the yellowcake?
I don't know.
Soldiers for hire don't fight
like that to protect an empty nest.
Malin's here.
I'm sure of it.
We're missing something.
Yeah, like?
So Malin pays Tonga
to secure the area...
so he can quietly stockpile
yellowcake for a huge sale.
But there's a problem when
you pay an army for protection.
Yeah, like who's gonna
protect you from the army?
Exactly.
So Tonga realizes that the shit
he's paid to protect...
is worth more than
he's being paid to protect it.

He becomes a threat. Malin
has no way of taking him out.
It turns out he don't need to.
We do it for him.
Who pushed over
the first domino?
We took out Tonga's camp based
on intel from the local asset...
Zoe Jelani.
She got caught on purpose.
No, she didn't.
That was her one mistake.
Think about it.
She's a proven
local asset doing what?
Ratting out her competition.
So she's got
a perfect record...
because all she has to do is
point to Tonga's training camp...
and scream "Al-Qaeda"
and we just vaporize it.
Yep. And physical
confirmation is needed now.
And she gets
caught somehow...
by Tonga...
the one person
that can ID her.
He was about to tell us
exactly who she was.
So she offs him.
And we buy it. Why wouldn't
we? I'm sure he did torture her.
Then she tells us
about the yellowcake...
convinces us to walk her
through the gauntlet...
so she doesn't miss her sale.
We still alive, right?
You do know how
to pick 'em, Case.
Let's go get her.
Damn straight.

Run, run.
Why can't you
like nice women, Case?
vic, Bubba!
vic, Bubba!
Get outta here! Now!
What the fuck's going on?
What's all the noise?
No, no, no.
Bubba, vic.
- Case.
- We gotta get them out.
Case, we gotta go.
Case, we gotta go, man.
Case, we gotta go.
We gotta go!
Move it.
Right.
We should go now.
Let's go.
Fuck! Turn around.
Fuck.
Shit.
Come on, faster.
Kill them.
Jay!
- Fuck, he's still alive.
Grab him. We will use him.
- What about the other one?
- He's as good as dead.
Jay!
Just you?
Get us out of here, fast.
You got comms with Ricks?
Delta channel.
Ricks,
Case on delta channel.
- Come in. Do you read?
- Go for Ricks.
Vic and Bubba
didn't make it.
So you have three SEALs down
there that need to come home.
And Ricks...

they got Jay.

- What do you mean, theygot Jay?

- Malin has him.

- How the fuck did that happen?

- The fuckin' asset is Malin.

What the fuck

you want from me anyway?

You fuckin'

missing Case?

I'll ask the questions.

Fuckin' bitch.

What the fuck do you think

I know that can help you?

Nothing.

Kinshasa is ground zero

for Malin's smuggling pipeline.

She probably has

a distribution point...

where she can ship out

small, untraceable loads.

And now we know every bit of intel

the C. I.A. has on Malin...

was planted by Malin.

Okay, Case,

we got three dead SEALs.

And now they got

a live SEAL as a bonus.

Why the fuck

are you torturing me?

Come on.

I'm not torturing you.

I'm giving you a taste...

of what your new life

will be like in Iran.

We know she operates

from the slums.

I'm guessing the intel she was

pushing never pointed there.

He's right.

Can you think of a better

place to set up shop?

The cops won't go near it. It's like

another planet in there with mob rule.

Fuckin' bitch.

You might want to show
a little respect.
She's protected in there.
All these warlords
treat their territory the same.
Like a tribal kingdom.
We saw it in Mog back in '06.
Find me the tallest
building in the slums...
or directly adjacent.
She may or may not be there,
but even money says
she controls it.
Let's do it. Do it.
We got an apartment complex.
Nsele Tower.
It's the tallest
structure in the area.
It's right on the perimeter.
What do you think?
It's a place to start, and I'm
scrambling a team to recon with you.
How long? Two and a
halfhours, on the inside.
That's too long. The window
might be closed by then.
I'm gonna drop in solo.
I don't want you dropping in with
nothing but your dick in your hand.
- I appreciate it.
- Here. Take my cell phone.
Now I'm just
gonna do lead recon.
I won't shake the tree
until the cavalry gets there.
No. Case, I don't like it.
Come on, Ricks.
We're probably wrong anyway.
At least I can start eliminating
possible locations, narrow the options.
Hello? Excuse me.
Can I borrow these?
Okay, Case, listen to me. Keep
your head down and your mouth shut.

I'm done losing men today.
Me too.
Fuck me.
Ricks,
got a visual on the van.
- Case, talk to me.
- Hold on, I'll take a closer look.
Empty.
Wait. I hear something.
I'll get back to you.
I got Case again for you.
Hey, Ricks.
I think I got
something for you.
Trace that voice.
Get that?
Got it.
We've confirmed the buyer is an
Iranian operative named Amjad...
with ties to the
terrorist cell Al-Shabaab.
Amjad will probably take the
final shipment of the uranium...
but we suspect the final payment
will be at Malin's safe house...
where she is most likely
holding Jay.
- Location?
- Near the old market.
Working the sat right now.
But if she hasn't
broken up the payload...
there should be enough to nail
down the uranium signature.
Case, just observe.
Bravo is close.
They're 20 klicks out.
I gotta keep moving. He'll lead
me to Malin. I'm not losing Jay.
Case?
He's gonna do it.
He's gotta.
Over there.
There he is.

- This way, everybody.
- Go, go, go.
- Go, go, go.
- Come on, you assholes!
Grenade!
Get back! Get back!
Oh, you wanna play kamikaze?
Let's play kamikaze.
Get back! Get back!
Grenade.
Shit.
Guess who.
Fire!
Thanks, Jay.
- Hello.
- You're late.
Navy SEAL, motherfucker.
There are two more detachments
coming to get me out of here.
You and your friend are
standing in your own grave.
How many villages are dying of radiation
poisoning from work in your mine?
What do you think
that's like?
I can't even imagine.
You won't have to.
Do it.
Do it.
Come on. Do it.
You Americans are so weak.
Without your drones and
missiles, you'd be nothing.
Even if you kill me,
another will take my place...
probably hired
with the same money.
Helping people like Tonga...
sacrificing
innocent people...
sacrificing my friends.
It has to stop.
Well, stop this.
Oh, God.

You motherfucker!
No, don't go away!
Help me! Help me!
That is a whole lot
of nuke juice.
Enough to get you
in the superpower club.
Comfortable, Commander?
You realize that everybody around
you is wearing a hazmat suit, right?
We're immune to nukes.
So how about a ride
out of this shit hole?
Half a klick away.
I want you two to take
some "R" and "R," gentlemen.
And I want you
to make it count.
Thanks, Chief.
Chief.
Where should we go?
Jay, shift your weight.
Shut up, old man.
This ain't "E" and "E,"
it's "R" and "R" for me.
You know...
I haven't thanked you yet. For what?
Your excellent work
in picking a vacation spot.
Come on, man. You know I
was born to roll like this.
Yes, I do.
Check this kid out. Yep, the
C.I.A. is gonna be pissed.