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Second in Command

By Jonathan Bowers

Until something happens...
my plan is to stay in this wonderful bar
of ours and get drunk.
The locals are torching your flag.
You know, we should film them.
When they burn something interesting
I will hit record.
- Like the new President?
- Amirev?
Amirev. The question is, will he last?
Well, he made it through the first week.
The people love him
and he won the election fair and square.
Our reluctant loser, Kirilov,
has other plans for Amirev.
Stop! IDs please.
I'm here to collect Commander Sam Keenan.
- Thank you, sir.
- Thank you.
So, nobody's going to the airport
to pick up your new Ambassador?
New second-in-command,
Deputy Ambassador...
ain't worth changing shirts for.
That's not who they're flying in today.
I've heard it's the new military attach.
Military attach, interesting
You know, word on the street is the militia
with Kirilov are planning a coup.
Amirev knows that he has
a serious insurgency problem on his hands.
He also knows that his army
simply isn't up to handling it.
Yeah, no shit.
Which is exactly why
Norland requested this guy.
He's the kind of guy you definitely want
on your team if you're expecting trouble.
And let's face it, the US are taking
this insurgency problem very seriously.
So, who is he?
His name is Keenan.
Commander Samuel Keenan. Navy SEAL.
He's the toughest guy I have ever met.

- Your bag, sir.
- Thank you.
- Sounds like you know him.
- Yeah.

Michelle and I embedded
with his team in El Basra.
She however got to know him
a little better than I did.
Sir.

Oh, not our super clean
Michelle "United World News" Whitman?
The very same.

Delta Four,
requesting clearance for take-off.
Michelle told me that he's coming
by the hotel before he starts work.
Lucky Miss Whitman.

- What's your name, Corporal?
- Butler, sir.

Do you know the Hotel Continental?
Sir, my orders were to take you
straight to the Embassy, sir.
Then on to the Presidential Palace.
But the hotel is kind of on the way.
In the opposite direction.

- Give me an hour, okay?
- Yes, sir.

Who is it?

How are you?

- You okay?
- I'm fine.
- Hey, man.
- Journalist scum!

Shit.

Sam.

Hey, buddy, stop.

- Go home, we don't want you here!
- We're press!

Foreigner news programs to leave!

- Out the door!
- I'll follow, I'll follow!

Get out of the way. You, get down.

- Sir, you okay?
- I'm fine.

- Get some ambulances, now.
- Yes, sir.
You, come on, let's get out of here.
Michelle, you better come with me.
You'll be safe at the Embassy.
- I'm a reporter, Sam.
- Like him.
You know where the phone is?
You, answer me.
You want to be next?
If we don't show the world
what's happening, who will?
Sam, you know me well enough by now.
Sir, Civil Guards are on their way.
You should not be here when they arrive.
Let's go.
Stay off the streets
and let me find out what's going on.
Don't worry, Sam, we'll be fine.
Michelle, I'll come back for you.
Jesus Christ, that's gotta be a bomb.
- What's there?
- It's the army barracks.
This country is supposed to be stable.
They just had elections.
Well, someone didn't like the result.
Move on.
Gunnery Sergeant Darnell.
Commander Sam Keenan.
Gunnery Sergeant.
Gunny will do just fine, sir.
- Nice town, huh?
- Sleepy.
It has its moments. Good to meet you, sir.
Commander Keenan. I'm Jennifer Lennard.
- Nice to meet you.
- Right this way, please.
Ambassador Norland
speaks very highly of you.
George? He's a good man.
I get the feeling this town
is going to need him more than ever.
He's right through here.
Sam, how are you, son?

Ambassador, sorry, I got delayed.

Our RSO, John Lydon.

Marine Detachment Commander

John Baldwin.

Our new military attach,

Commander Keenan.

Welcome to the deep end,

Commander Keenan.

Here's the top sheet.

A small cadre of insurgents, former military
and loyal to ex-president Kirilov...

are stirring up opposition
to the new president.

This man is their leader, Tavarov...

who obviously ordered the hit
on the journalists' hotel.

They're hardliners,

old school communist, violently anti-US.

But mainly street corner show boaters,
until now.

- Comrade Tavarov.

- It's time, now.

- Luca.

- Sir.

Move in.

You sure you're all right to do this?

Your boyfriend was pretty insistent
that we stay out of trouble.

Well, trouble has a way of finding me.

How do you think I met him
in the first place?

This place is about to blow, you can feel it.

Come on.

Ambassador.

Frank Gaines. CIA Station Chief.

Our new military attach,

Commander Keenan.

They still call you B.C.?

What do you mean?

Well, you go to a hotel, a half hour later
we have a body count of eight.

- Frank, Sam is on our side.

- So were those dead reporters.

Now, what's your intel on the gunmen

and the bombers?

Well, we have one major explosion
and three smaller blasts.

My contacts report roving bands of militia,
maybe as many as 500.

They've taken out
the military barracks here...
and the Civil Guard HQ here.

They've shot up US business interests too.
We have unconfirmed American casualties.

What about the rest of the army?

President Amirev sent General Borgov...
to take out what we thought
was a militia base camp.

Satellite pictures show
he's turned back from the mountains...
so I'd say five hours, minimum.

I'll give you three to one on Amirev
swinging from a rope by midnight.

As the capital falls into anarchy...
the rioters have cut the President off
from both his military and police.

Amirev needs his army who are reportedly
hours away in the mountains.

- Yes, Comrade.

- Shoot.

Yes, sir.

- Where did that come from?

- One of the Palace Guards has opened fire.

- You getting any of this?

- Yeah, all of it.

They're storming the palace.

"Our palace guards have opened fire
Mr. President."

"On my own people?

Who gave such an order?"

"They are jumpy sir.

It's understandable."

"My army could restore order immediately,
yet they are still hours away."

"But sir, we've lost contact
with General Borgov."

"The airport is open.

I have organized a plane for you."

"A plane?

When all other options are closed?"

"Why does so obvious an escape
remain open to me?"

"Have Captain Servat come in."

"You must leave now, sir."

"Put my Chief of Staff under arrest."

"Mr. President?"

"I don't need his advice any longer."

"Mr. President!"

Ambassador Norland, please.

The militia are clearly encouraging
the people to press forward.

How many marines do we have?

How many people do we have to protect?

Officially an Embassy staff of 27.

Plus 42 other US nationals in the city,
mostly oil and telecom engineers.

Marine Embassy Guard detachment of 15.

Fifteen? That's it?

This was not considered
a hazardous duty station.

- Look outside, Mr. Gaines.

- I know.

That was President Amirev.

Communists are storming
the Presidential Palace.

- And?

- He wants our help.

So, tell him people in hell want ice cubes.

How many weapons and transport
do we have?

Whoa, hold on a second there, B.C.

I see where you're going with this.

It's not going to happen.

Sir, the Secretary of State
would have our asses.

If we're gonna do something,
we're better to move now.

- Yeah, yeah, well, with all due respect...

- Hear him out, Gaines.

Those marines see any action?

Gunny, Butler, and Zanger
all spent a tour in Iraq.

Works for me. Get me in, I'll get him out.

Do it.

Follow me.

Sam.

Since we still haven't replaced
my former deputy...

I'm appointing you
to temporarily fill the slot.

You're my new second-in-command.

Less protesters back here.

- It's fully loaded, sir.

- Thank you.

Pull up here,

I should be able to go this way.

Service entrance to the palace.

Shit, those Palace Guards
look like they've got their hands full.

Make sure they keep holding.

There's Sam.

You're the gentleman
who will assist my travel?

Yes, sir. Where is your driver?

Follow me.

Sam, we've got a problem.

Mobs coming through. They're storming
through the service office door.

Switching to Plan "B."

Follow me.

Baldwin, cover us when we come out.

Copy, Sam, we're right behind you.

We've got movement.

With just a handful of guards
protecting the palace...

and his most loyal generals
many hours away...

the feeling in the insurgents
is one of "now or never."

God, Sam!

Keep your head down, sir.

Let's get out of here.

Yeah, we're out of here.

Tavarov.

Cover the US Embassy.

This is Tiger One, we got your back here.

Let's roll back to the Embassy, sir.
Copy that. Hang back and cover our flank.
- Gunny, we're coming in. Cover us.
- Roger, Sam. Ready to deploy.
Watch it, we're cut off.
I got the rear, Sam.
Hold on, sir, I'll get you out.
Brace yourself.
I got it, go!
Move out, cover the street!
Pazzini, cover me!
- Take him out!
- I've got it, go!
Get up on the wall.
Coming in from the left.
Coming around, move!
- Mr. President, are you okay?
- I'm fine.
Okay, come on.
Sir, we'll have to make a run for it, okay?
Grenade, give me your grenade!
Go, get the hell out of here.
Only shoot on my orders!
Follow me. Go, go! Cover!
Fire! Fire!
Get those goddamn gates open!
Over here!
Incoming fire! Get down!
Close the gates!
They're pulling back.
Welcome to the USA, Mr. President.
Thank you. I am in your debt.
Sir, the Ambassador is waiting inside.
Sir.
Corporal Zanger just radioed in.
He and Pazzini are still out there.
I'll assemble a reaction team
and bring them both in.
Negative, Gunny.
The city is crawling with militia
heading in our direction.
I need all available men right now.
Zanger and Pazzini are two of my best.
I'm sure they are, and they're marines.

- I'm counting on them out there.
- Yes, sir.
Jones, left flank, Red, right flank!
Move!
Hold your position.
Attention, please, all civilian evacuees...
please assemble in the lobby
for a security briefing.
- Here you go.
- Hi.
- Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.
- Are you sure?
Hell of a time for a tour group.
They're US nationals who work in the city.
We bussed them in for their own safety.
We need to get control of our defenses.
Is there a map of this place?
Yeah, the Marine Unit
is down the hall and to the left.
ACR is in the basement through Comms.
Come with me,
I'll show you the Embassy plans.
Would evacuees please remain in the lobby
and await further instructions.
They re-grouped
at the top of the street, Gunny.
Enough ammo to hold off
a troop of girl scouts.
Yeah, and the only anti-personnel weapon
we've got is bad breath.
I've spotted an RPG.
I'll give the Ambassador the great news.
Now, we do this the hard way.
We don't have much time.
Let us know immediately
if there's any change in your plans.
- Incoming!
- Get down!
- You okay?
- Yeah.
- Call for backup, seal the windows.
- Right, sir.
You two, on me!
Get him downstairs into the bubble, now!

You okay?
Norland!
Norland. Fuck, Norland.
What, Sam?
Medic! Medic! Please, here.
Please, what's the damage?
They hit us with RPGs.
- Let me take a look at you.
- No.
You're gonna be okay. Hold on.
I don't think I'm going to make it.
Best to leave this in.
Amirev is inside the bubble.
He's safe. For now.
Sir, this is Marshall Geller at Comms Tech.
- Hey, Marshall.
- Sir.
How is the President?
...any background information,
anything you know.
He's good.
White House situation room, you're on.
Ready, sir.
This is Sam Keenan.
I regret to inform you
that Ambassador Norland has been...
killed in the Embassy attack.
Richard Hammond, Secretary of State.
Our sympathies, Commander Keenan.
How did this happen?
A coup d'etat is in progress.
Amirev is in the Embassy
and we've been hit with an RPG.
John Franklin, NSA.
How is your security?
We are surrounded by militia
loyal to Kirilov. I need backup.
This is General Anderson.
Our nearest Marine Expeditionary Unit...
is about six hours due east
of your current position.
You folks are just gonna have
to do whatever you can...
to hold the fort until they can arrive.

Understood.

And if you don't mind sir, on the double.

Copy that.

Commander Keenan...

we'll keep the lines open for you

here at State...

the Pentagon and Ops Center CIA.

Let us know immediately if there's

any change in your plans, or your situation.

Good luck.

This is General Anderson.

I'm issuing orders

for the 22nd Marine Expeditionary Unit.

To proceed with an emergency

Embassy Reinforcement Mission.

O'Brien, check the message.

Message relayed.

This is Fort Victory.

Message received and understood, over.

Go, go, go! Move, move, move! Scramble!

Move your ass! Move your ass!

We're ready to go.

Delta 11, ready.

The birds are in the air.

Delta 13, birds are flying.

All right, boys.

Sit tight, you've got a long ride.

Raise your hand if you feel confident
about our security.

What we do have is an E&E plan.

You heard my discussion

with the Secretary of State.

Case closed.

Evacuation is our only option.

The longer we delay the harder it'll become.

The evacuation plan

was designed for a staff of 15.

We have over 50 people here.

And a full on siege outside.

How long do we have until

General Borgov returns with his troops?

About four hours.

By then we'll have militia

trying on our pants for size.

Ambassador Norland said he would not
let this fragile democracy fail.
I'm not going to let him down.
We hold the fort.
I hate to piss on your little parade, Keenan...
but Norland is dead.
Jesus, am I the only one here...
who thinks life would be rosier
on the other side of that mob?
Evac is not an option.
Vietnam is history, pal, get over it.
Frank, you're not being helpful.
Helpful is not sacrificing
more American lives...
in a hopeless situation, John.
This guy has been
in country less than a day.
What does he know?
Sir, you'd better come to the TCU.
On my way.
- They broke in on Channel 4.
- How?
Don't know, he won't talk to me.
He just wants the man in charge.
This is Sam Keenan. Over.
I said I only want to speak to man in charge.
The Ambassador.
He was killed. I'm in charge.
My name is Tavarov.
I represent
the Revolutionary People's Government.
We demand the release
of President Yuri Amirev.
To stand a trial for the murder
of innocent civilians.
Gunned down on his order
outside the palace.
Over.
Amirev is under our protection,
which is US soil.
If he did commit those crimes,
there are proper and legal ways to proceed.
Not at the point of a gun.
That's how it works in a democracy.

Over.

We have demanded the release
of President Amirev.

Look outside, Mr. Keenan.

In front of your gate.

Shit. The roof.

You got a minute, John?

Why did the Vietnam reference
get him so riled?

He was born there.

His mother was part
of the French Diplomatic Mission.

His old man was some jarhead officer...
who bought a bullet
when we pulled out of Saigon.

- No wonder he's not big on evac.

- No. But he's big on ego.

This guy is a loose cannon.

We just went from George Norland
to George of the Jungle.

I'm going back channel on this.

You might consider doing the same thing.

If you wanna save this place
and everybody in it.

Out! Get out!

Get out!

Redwood Two, we got three hostages
including one woman...

being held at gunpoint. Over.

Yeah, that's General Illienv.

Other guy looks like press.

- And that woman.

- Michelle.

- Michelle Whitman.

- Of course it is.

- United World News.

- Yeah.

Mr. Tavarov, if we are going to talk...
release the hostages now.

Our demands are clear.

Release President Amirev into our custody.

Or these people will be executed.

Can I remind you, the Geneva Convention,
about prisoners of war?

Unless I am mistaken, we are not at war.
The hostages are innocent civilians.
Then release our President.
It's very simple.
He's not fucking around.
Our position on that is clear, Mr. Tavarov.
Over.
You have 15 minutes.
Then we will kill them both.
Then you are next, Mr. Keenan.
You and everyone inside the Embassy.
We are taking our country back.
How we do it, it is up to you.
We have no choice.
You read my mind, sir.
I'm going to have to park
those thoughts about Beyonc.
- What are you thinking, Keenan?
- We're going out there for a rescue.
Gunny, what have we got?
We got two Recon Marines,
two trained snipers.
If we can create a diversion,
we can get those hostages back.
- You don't have anything big enough.
- You're right. Two men in the field.
The best they can do is to draw fire.
I know it hurts to agree with me,
but let me finish.
You don't have anything big enough,
but I do.
A little insurance policy I've been hiding
by the name of Charlie Four.
Tiger One, this is Redwood One. Come in.
Tiger One. Over.
- What's your location?
- Baktiar Street.
- Are you mobile?
- Just four legs between us.
Okay, gentlemen.
There is a bicycle store on Plechia Street,
which is two blocks east.
Okay, we'll find it.
The owner is gonna ask your name.

Tell him, "Michael Jordan."

Call us when you're inside,
and guys, haul ass.

Okay, let's move.

Sir...

a man calling himself Tavarov
just killed a hostage.

More hostages will be killed
unless I turn you over.

- I need a straight answer.

- Please.

Did you order your guards
to shoot at the people at your palace?

No. Let me explain something.

These men are brutal.

We fought against them, 10 years.

Suffered their abuses for more than 20.

If I thought surrendering myself
to them would stop the bloodshed...

I would do it.

But the opposite is true.

Only by defying them
can I protect my people.

I'm very sorry you're caught in the middle,
Mr. Keenan.

Whatever you decide, I will understand.

- Thank you.

- My army is coming.

This is General Borgov's 18th battalion
en route to the American Embassy.

Our ETA will be in four hours. Do you copy?

This is General Borgov's 18th battalion
en route to the American Embassy.

Our ETA will be four hours. Over.

Hi, Michael Jordan.

- Good to meet you. Follow me.

- Okay.

You got the radio?

Here's the C4.

Great, thanks. All right.

Watch our backs.

You squawk twice if there's a problem.

If we're being followed,
you're found, whatever.

- Understand.
- Okay.
Let's get this thing on the road.
Bike is in position.
Tiger One. All set. Over.
Redwood One.
Copy. All set.
On my command.
Three, two, one, go.
Cover! Cover!
Move!
Go, go, go!
Go, go! Get the hostages! Get down!
Move out!
Quick, move!
Come on, guys! Let's go!
Hustle! Man down! Come on!
Get him up. Come on.
Let's move them out, come on!
Let's move it!
Come on, hurry up!
Quick!
Here! Need some help here!
- Medic!
- Medic!
There's a man still out there, sir.
Sir.
Come on, Mateo, let's go.
Come on. I think we can make it back.
Close the door.
Get the medics in reception. We got injured.
- You all right, sir?
- Oh, God, my leg.
- You'll be fine.
- I need morphine.
- Are you okay?
- Take it easy, take it easy.
- Baldwin, get the medics.
- Sir.
And secure the compound.
- Keep on holding, Mateo.
- Move!
Suck it up.
It's great to have you back barking orders...

but we need intel

faster than they need a Band-Aid.

- You two are reporters, right?

- Yeah.

How many troops did they bring
to the palace?

Fifty, a hundred, I have no idea.

We were filming and then they came after us
and we just ran.

And the rest of the Civic Guard?

There were these men arriving in trucks
carrying AK-47 s and they fired at them.

- You recognize firearms?

- Research is part of my job.

Okay, good.

What other equipment did you see?

- Did they have tanks?

- No tanks.

- Any heavy armory?

- No. We just saw trucks.

What about the leader, Tavarov?

Did he try to hurt you?

Did he say he planned to shoot you?

No. The opposite.

He said he would be happy to release us.

I want to see both of you in my office
when you're finished.

Gunny.

What's General Borgov's position?

He's still 120 miles away.

With heavy armor, I'd say,
three and a half hours.

They're still mopping up the dead out there.

Corporal Chevanton puts their casualties
at 25 dead, 12 wounded.

That will not stop Tavarov.

No, he'll know help is on its way.

It's just going to speed things up.

He'll hit us with everything they've got.

Unless we give them what they want.

- Gunny?

- Sure.

I'll give them what they want.

So long as they want hell.

Marine's balls for frigging brains.
Hey, we got the hostages back, didn't we?
Keenan.
Your mandate here
is not to turn this into the Alamo.
Great movie.
Sure. But everybody died.
We got Texas, didn't we?
Sir, we've got movement.
Yes, we have all that under control now.
Yeah.
Can you guys...
Incoming!
Post Five has been hit.
They got the comms array.
- The comms are out.
- We need to update Washington.
See if they can give us something else.
Come on, move.
- I'll have to rig the Satphone.
- Let's go.
Just be a minute.
Got a lock.
Washington. Do you copy? Over.
This is General Anderson. Copy that.
Yeah. Patch me through
to the Secretary of State.
This is Secretary Hammond.
What is your current situation? Over.
Sir, militia forces destroyed
our communication center.
Sir, Mr. Secretary, this is Frank Gaines, CIA.
We are outnumbered by over 20 to 1
at the moment.
We have no cover on three sides...
and the militia may have seized
government tanks and heavy weapons.
- Yeah, but...
- Sir, with relief forces still hours away...
and General Borgov's army out of contact...
I strongly urge that we reconsider
the plan to evacuate...
and take advantage of imminent night cover.
That's an opinion

which I cannot support, sir.
Would you stand by for a moment,
Commander Keenan?
Sir, I think you should take a look at this.
Gentlemen, we have a problem here.
Commander Keenan.
This department has not received
official notification...
that you've replaced Captain Baldwin
as acting Deputy Chief of Mission. Over.
I'm not getting you, sir.
The cable replacing Captain Baldwin...
as acting Deputy Chief of Mission
was never sent.
Officially, he is in charge, not you.
I am hereby ordering you to assist him...
in any way you can.
Could you put Captain Baldwin on the line?
This is Captain Baldwin.
What is your assessment
of the merits of an E&E?
I cannot guarantee the safety
of anyone in this facility.
I would therefore agree
that evacuation would be advisable.
Captain Baldwin,
you are authorized to proceed.
This is Delta 13, we are en route
and ETA is three hours. Over.
I heard the staff talking.
- And?
- They say we're moving out.
Is that so?
Sam, if we stay, we're dead.
If we go, we're ducks in a shooting gallery.
Well, it's Baldwin's call now.
Michelle, Baldwin is a good guy.
But he's never been in a combat situation.
But this is his turf.
This is your life.
Does it ever occur to you
that you might be wrong?
Not this time.
You know, it's okay to run

when you have explored all the options.
We'll talk about this later.
I tried to warn you.
We don't have time to build a horse
or dig a tunnel.
We don't have to. Someone already did.
Talk to me.
Now, here's a little something for you.
What is it?
Paranoid bastards built all kinds of shit
under the city.
Bomb shelters, command posts.
More tunnels than the New York subway.
That's lucky for us.
All stations.
Harry is open. Over.
Birch One to all staff. Initiate final burn.
Just the sensitive stuff. Bag it all.
Burn it to the furnace.
Attention all personnel. Please
make your way to the first floor lobby...
- and prepare for immediate evacuation.
- And then they told me the situation...
All quiet up here.
Stop there.
Tiger One. Transport ETA.
Tiger Two, ready. Out.
Tiger One,
tunnel exit located and secure. Over.
Just keep it moving.
Hey, folks, about a quarter mile
till we reach open air.
Stay tight.
Come on, let's go.
Look, I'll give you the details
of the evac plan...
when we're on the bus and out of the city.
So, if you could just take your place in line.
I'm staying.
That would be contradicting a direct order
from the Secretary of State.
Tavarov will want a point of contact
inside the embassy.
Let it go, Keenan.

Face it, pal, you just weren't up to the job.
Redwood Two. The men are briefed
for a tactical withdrawal. Out.
Birch One. Copy that.
Suit yourself, tough guy.
It'll be all right.
This way.
There are two more coming through. Over.
Tavarov's men are still gathering out front.
Right. By the time he's inside,
we'll have a half-hour head start.
I'll just divert the Marine Expeditionary Units
to the new away point...
and then we chopper out the civilians.
Simple.
You made the right decision.
Yeah.
Redwood Two.
Clarify status, Tiger One. Over.
Sir.
This way. Keep moving, please.
If you boys go AWOL again...
I'm gonna kick your ass.
Yeah, you get stuck in a hole again,
I ain't gonna save your sorry ass.
Follow me.
Let's go.
Redwood Two.
Clarify status, Tiger One. Over.
Tiger One. Hatch is open. Over.
Come on.
There it is.
Redwood Two.
Go, go, go. Stay low, stay low.
All right, let's get up there and cover.
Come on.
Nice work. Let's get them on the bus.
Go, go.
Redwood Two. Clarify status...
- Tiger One. Over.
- Almost there, sir.
This is Birch One.
President is en route. Over.
Why don't you attack this Embassy?

What are you waiting for?

Okay. Holding.

Better, better way.

It's not right.

Shit!

What are you doing?

Shit.

Retreat! All back to the Embassy. Go!

Michelle!

Move out!

We've been set up. We've been set up!

Hey, guys! Guys!

Get them out of here!

Move! Go, go!

- Sir, they knew we were coming.

- Come on.

Let's move inside.

Back inside.

Go. Let's go!

Move, move, move!

Come on, guys, let's go.

Get the people to the TCU

and the President to the ACR.

- Now. Come on, move.

- Let's go.

Where's Michelle?

- Where's Michelle?

- She's still in the tunnel, I think.

Keenan, don't. It's too late.

Leave it, they're gone.

I want this Embassy combat ready

in 15 minutes.

You're not in command anymore!

We're talking about lives here.

- Give me five minutes, then seal the tunnel.

- Yes, sir.

Don't wait for me.

Michelle.

Sam.

Stay down.

I'll take you out of here.

- Seal the tunnel.

- Yes, sir.

Fire in the hole!

Geller is dead.

The Satphone's out. We're cut off.

They knew we were coming. They had to.

- Did we scan everybody?

- Everyone who passes the security post.

But it wasn't manned.

Amirev. He's still alive, sir.

This is Delta 13, we are en route.

ETA is one hour. Over.

- Mr. President.

- Sir.

We believe the militia may have planted a listening device on someone.

They made sure it was someone who made it inside.

Check my men, please.

Clean.

Sir, is there any chance...

that someone in your office could have planted one on you?

Anything is possible.

- Do you mind?

- Please.

Nothing.

So, that's everyone.

No. Not everyone.

Deactivated. It's one of ours.

Tavarov has heard everything within 10 feet of you.

How's your head?

Mild concussion.

Sam, I...

Sometimes, life forces you to make a tough call, Michelle.

But those people...

Those poor people.

I know.

That's history.

Maybe it sounds cold, but that's history.

You have to survive to write about it, okay?

I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

Michelle, they'll come at us with everything they've got.

I need to handle this.

Eight marines left.

- How's the morale holding up?

- We've got 10 motivated bad-asses, Gunny...
just itching to bring a world of pain
to these motherfuckers.

Copy that.

Time to get down and dirty.

Keenan wants claymores.

You get a staffer to pass these around.

I want metal...

keys, coins, knives, nails and I want them
back here, full, in five minutes.

Yes, sir.

You were looking for me?

Sir, I feel I should be relieved
of my command.

Officially I don't work here, remember?

We've got Tavarov. On four.

You take it. As far as he and I are concerned
you're in charge here.

- Sam Keenan.

- Mr. Keenan.

You can end this with no further loss
on either side.

Release President Amirev now...

and your people

will leave our country unharmed.

The marines and a shit load of tanks
are heading your way.

Over.

When they get here,

they will be dealing with a new government.

Out.

- Baldwin, are the civilians in the basement?

- Yes, sir.

How are we looking?

Bad news, sir. Our perimeter's full of holes.

- And the good news?

- The good news?

We gonna teach these mothers

a whole new meaning of pain.

Give them hell, Gunny. That's an order.

Yes, sir.

Happy 4th of July, gentlemen.

I suggest you make full use
of the right to bear arms.
Got to love that Second Amendment.
- What you doing here?
- Sightseeing.
Michelle, go to the basement.
I would, but Mike said he can't find
a decent camera angle down there.
Yeah, that, and the lighting sucks.
Intelligent, beautiful, stubborn.
Nice mix.
Sir, should we wait?
No. Attack.
Redwood One to Redwood Two.
They're positioning to attack. Get ready.
Copy that.
At code Baker, followed by your number,
hold your fire.
We lure them into the open area...
at which point I will give them
their motherfucking bonus.
And we all open up
with everything we've got. Over.
Over.
Here we go!
Come on, hurry, hurry. This way. Quicker.
- Go, go.
- Come on, keep moving.
Come on, move.
Get everyone in the corner over here.
General Borgov is on the secure channel.
Baker Three, Baker Five, Baker Seven.
We're getting in deep. Stand down.
Tavarov, this is General Borgov.
We are nearing your position,
and I am ordering you to stand down.
The Army's back.
Withdraw now.
Move back, move back!
Mr. Keenan. Your cavalry has arrived.
You are lucky.
Baker Six, Baker Six. There is a cease-fire.
Militia is falling back.
I repeat, militia is falling back.

Binoculars.

General Borgov's regiment. They made it.

Congratulations to your brave marines.

At last, I can release you of this burden,
and return to the Presidential Palace.

General Borgov is a personal contact.

It would be a great honor, Mr. President,
if I could take his report first hand.

- Very well.

- Thank you.

John, I sense a juicy photo op coming up.

Redwood One? Tell your girlfriend

to get her cameras fired up.

Over.

Copy that.

In the nick of time, General.

- Good to see you again.

- Thank you for coming, sir.

This is Birch One.

Militia forces have cut and run.

The Government Square is secured.

Please tell President Amirev

his people await his return.

- Out.

- Yes!

Oh, shit.

Redwood Three. Return to compound.

The Army's in on this. Fall back, fall back!

Get down!

Move.

Get the President back into the bubble.

Now.

Come on.

Anaconda Six to US Embassy.

Do you read me? Over.

This is Redwood One, say again.

I do not read you. Over.

Anaconda Six. Do you read me?

What's your sit-rep? Over.

We've got tanks in front of the Embassy,
pounding the crap out of us.

Copy that. Will return the favor.

This is the United States Army.

Stand down, lower your weapons,

or you will be fired upon.

Go.

Here.

I'm out.

Get out of here!

Sir.

Where's Sam?

Don't think about it.

Do it.

- Seal this room, soldier.

- Yes, sir.

- Keep everybody over the other side, now.

- Okay.

Sir, Miss Whitman's not in the TCU.

Here!

Private, bring that stretcher.

Move!

Medic!

Come on.

We need some help here.

Thank you.

Right this way, sir.

- Marine, who's in charge here?

- He is, sir.

Commander Keenan. Sit, sir, sit.

Let's get these civilians out of here.

- Go for it, Colonel.

- Aren't you coming with us?

That's a no.

- You sure?

- Yes, sir.

I'm not going anywhere.

Sir.