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# Behind Enemy Lines II: Axis of Evil

By James Dodson

Korea, 1950.

America fights in a war  
that leaves two million dead.

The fighting ends in a draw,  
leaving Korea divided...

North and South...

and technically still at war.

The North becomes a surreal blend  
of Stalinism, Communism...

and cult of personality dictatorship,  
known to the world...

as the Democratic People's Republic of Korea,  
or the D.P.R.K.

April 1994.

The D.P.R.K. Stuns the world...

when it announces its withdrawal  
from the nonproliferation treaty...

and reveals its plan  
to build nuclear weapons.

May 1994.

Determined to prevent North Korea  
from becoming a nuclear power...

President Bill Clinton orders  
Defense Secretary William Perry...

to draw up military OPLAN 5027...

a U.S. Surgical strike  
on the nuclear reactor at Yongbyon.

Many voice their concern  
the D.P.R.K. Might retaliate...

with their 11,000 artillery tubes  
trained on Seoul, South Korea.

Just as the N.S.C. Is meeting  
to discuss the evacuation...

of all nonmilitary personnel  
in Seoul...

there is a telephone call  
from former U.S. President Jimmy Carter.

As a private citizen, President  
Carter had flown to Pyongyang...

met with North Korea's leader,  
Kim II Sung...

and struck a deal  
which averted military action.

Had OPLAN 5027 been executed...

the Pentagon had projected  
up to one million deaths.

Few people realize,  
in June 1994...

America was days, if not hours,  
away from war with North Korea.

They're gonna crucify Weylon for this.

- How long till launch time?

- They're saying six days.

- Ten-hut!

- Good morning, sir.

All right, Weylon.

Tell me what you know.

Mr. President, Secretary of Defense Beekman  
is in Qatar for the week...

unless you direct him home sooner.

General Vance,

as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs...

- will be discussing the military viewpoint.

- Mr. President.

General.

Sir, approximately six hours ago...

the Satellite Reconnaissance Center  
analyzed imaging data from a...

- Mr. President, um...

- Oh, I'm sorry, guys. Be seated.

Imaging data from a KH...12 over North Korea...

showing what we can now

say with certainty...

is a three...stage, Topol...class

intercontinental ballistic missile...

at the Yongjiri missile center.

We were fortunate to acquire these images

as the crane was loading the missile...

into its underground silo.

If it was half an hour later,

we never would have seen it.

The longest...range missile

North Korea had prior to this...

would have run out of fuel

somewhere over Alaska.

Three stages means it can hit New York,

Washington, D.C. Anywhere in CONUS.

- What do we know about its payload?

- It's impossible to say.  
- Could it be a warhead or a nuclear device?  
- We can't say.  
It's not likely, Mr. President.  
The Lockheed KH...12  
has a rotating periscope mirror...  
which means it can get  
a high angle of obliquity.  
We're gonna spin the bird around,  
get a better angle.  
That'll help us  
determine the load.  
We've always assumed North Korea would  
never deploy a long-range missile like this...  
because of our certain  
and inevitable military response.  
Sir, even test-firing a three-stage rocket  
is a 10-year leap forward...  
in their strategic capabilities...  
and it represents a direct and grave threat  
to our national security.  
We won't let that happen.  
Let's try to keep things under  
control tonight, okay?  
Let's try.  
- Shultiess, how you doin'?  
- Good, sir.  
What are you doing?  
Master Chief asked me to tell him  
when this old man gets off the phone.  
Well, carry on.  
Where'd you find the banana?  
Looks like he's 12.  
He speaks some Korean,  
and he's a hell of a shot.  
I need, like, 200500...won coins  
just to call Boston. Isn't that ridiculous?  
L.T., did you get  
the score of the 49ers game?  
- What was that, 36...27?  
- Guys, come on. I'm tryin' to count.  
- The field temperature was, like, 97.  
- You happy?  
You guys suck.

Get me a beer.

- Meideros, what's goin' on?

- I got two 8,000p laser-guided chopsticks...

suspended from an extended range

CH-53 chopper, and I'm figuring...

Bad idea. You're way vulnerable to R.P.G.'s

coming from those soy sauce bottles.

Bound to be small-arms fire

coming from the fish flakes.

I bet you even money there's a sniper

hiding in that bowl of jigae.

- Gotta think.

- That's why I roll with you, man.

- Master Chief!

- Keep your eye on these.

- Baby, is that you?

- Fifty bucks says he starts bawlin'.

- I'll take that.

- I love you so much.

- Here it comes.

- I miss you.

Just tell me what's going on?

Are you okay? Yeah. Yeah.

Wait, wait. Here it comes.

Wait for it.

- A girl?

- Wait for it.

- This is sad, man. I can't look.

- I got a baby girl?

- Waterworks.

- What's up with that?

Hello? Amy!

Hello? This goddamn...

- It's a girl?

- It's a girl, dude.

- I got a baby girl.

- Yeah! Congratulations, man.

Yo, um, I already

talked to Amy about it.

We're gonna name her Bobbi.

That's real nice, Spaz.

- I got a baby girl, man.

- You got a baby girl.

I got a baby girl, gentlemen!

What's on offer, General?

Sir, we propose

Operation Sheet Lightning...

a surgical strike on the missile site.

Multiple Cruise missile launches

concurrent with sorties...

from seven B...2 Stealth Spirits

and five ...117 As.

Ellie?

If it was any other sovereign nation, sir,  
I'd urge negotiations.

But D.P.R.K. ...

There is just no viable  
diplomatic option.

And if they do

test that missile...

it devastates our footing  
in the multilateral talks.

Yeah.

Have the warning

orders been given, General?

Okay. So we take out

the missile site.

What's Pyongyang gonna do?

Well, sir, I think Kim's people  
could be persuaded to stand down.

I think the general overestimates  
my skills of diplomacy, sir.

What are they gonna do, Weylon?

Either a cantankerous

political...diplomatic protest...

or some sort of military response...

not much in between.

Sir?

Sir, that is

Commander Tim Mackey...

Commander, U.S. Naval Base,

Jinhae, South Korea.

Mr. President,

if we attack that missile site...

the D.P.R.K. Will most surely

counterattack at Seoul...

using their 11,000 artillery tubes.

That's possible.

Or a more proportional response  
would be Scud missile attack...  
against the research center  
at Taejon.  
The South Koreans respond  
with a strike at the D.M.Z. ...  
Or the Pyongyang nuclear facility.  
And the North Koreans respond  
with their artillery.  
We bomb them...  
They bomb their neighbors.  
We have a contingency,  
sir, should the North attempt that...  
Operation Swift Rage.  
We can neutralize 90%  
of North Korea's response capabilities...  
in the first 24 hours of hostilities.  
And we'd be at war.  
Sir, I believe we've been at war  
for at least six hours now.  
Mr. President, if I may?  
Negative, Commander.  
Go on, Commander.  
Mr. President, in 1997...  
North Korea opened its air space  
to commercial airliners.  
A platoon from SEALs Team 1 could  
board a commercial airlines flight in Seoul...  
deploy over North Korea...  
You don't think the North Koreans  
would pick up a commercial airliner...  
leaving from a U.S. Military base  
in South Korea?  
Leaving from a U.S. Military base  
in South Korea?  
Sir, we would just dress  
the SEALs up...  
walk 'em right through  
Incheon International...  
put 'em on a chartered  
commercial airliner and take off...  
mixed right in with civilian traffic.  
Completely undetectable.  
We would deploy over North Korea...

glide the 60 miles  
to the Yongjiri missile site...  
and sabotage the missile  
as it's being fueled.  
Secondary explosions  
should destroy the entire complex.  
Whole thing will be perceived  
as an industrial accident of some kind.  
North Korea'd have  
no grounds to retaliate.  
And if it turned out to be a nuclear warhead,  
what about the radiation?  
The blast from the fuel explosions  
would be massive, sir.  
Even though it wouldn't be  
an atomic blast...  
it would probably create  
its own mushroom cloud.  
The heat from the blast would  
incinerate any nuclear materials...  
alleviating any radiation concerns.  
Sir, I don't recommend this.  
If they're detected, it's an act of war,  
and we lose the element of surprise.  
What's the window of opportunity  
to explore a Special Ops plan?  
I'd say 72 hours,  
but I wouldn't...  
- Seventy-two hours.  
- Sir, a covert action?  
L...We need to send a strong  
proportional and visible response...  
to the North Koreans...  
to the whole world...  
to put them on notice  
that that dog don't hunt.  
We will never allow them  
to be an I.C.B.M. Power.  
Commander Mackey,  
could you be ready in 72 hours?  
Yes, sir. I believe  
we could be ready.  
Admiral?  
It's not much time to put



a mission together, sir, but...

I understand.

Gentlemen, keep up

with your preparations.

I'll give you a decision

within six hours.

Yes, sir. We'll give it

everything we've got.

Thank you, Mr. President.

"Give it everything we've got."

Tell me I didn't just say that.

What are you looking at?

- Get Lieutenant James in here.

- Yes, sir.

Mr. President...

Kim Jong II is 5'2".

He wears four-inch lifts.

He lives in a pleasure palace where he indulges his penchant for Swedish prostitutes.

This missile is pompous grandstanding by a very small man.

Sir, in 1996, the Korea Institute for National Reunification...

applied a computer model that accurately predicted Eastern Europe's collapse.

- Yeah?

- According to the model...

North Korea

should have collapsed in 1992.

I say we give this job to Special Ops

and make this all go away...

and let North Korea collapse

when it collapses.

Cam?

Yeah.

Okay.

Tell Mackey his mission is a "go."

But keep General Vance

and his Stealth bombers on standby...

should the SEALs fail.

- Lieutenant.

- Colonel. Thanks for the lift today, sir.

- They gave us a nice plane for this one.

- I see that.

- We gonna get miles for this?  
- No, but I did order you the kosher meal.  
- L.T.C.  
- Guys, grab a seat and stow your stuff.  
Let me know when you and your guys  
get settled in. We'll be on our way.  
Appreciate the hell  
outta that, sir.  
- Hoo-ya, Lieutenant James.  
- Hoo-ya, Shultiess.  
- How you feelin' today, papa?  
- I feel immortal.  
- I'm "the Stoke."  
- Stoke?  
- Oh, it's just my new call sign.  
- Wasn't aware you had an old one.  
Well, my old one was for mortals,  
and I am immortal.  
- I'm the Stoke.  
- Whatever.  
Okay. Good evening, gentlemen...  
and welcome to United States  
Air force light 738...  
with nonstop service  
to the skies over North Korea...  
where we'll be jumping from an altitude  
of approximately 33,000 feet.  
Meideros in the hatch.  
Barnes, Shultiess, Ballantine.  
AK-47s.  
Not a scratch, guys.  
The airline wants this plane back...  
in the same condition  
they gave it to us in.  
- You got it, Daiwi.  
- Daiwi? Why do you guys call him that?  
I don't call him that, but I've known him  
since, like, the second grade.  
- Hey, hey! What did he just say?  
- I'm sorry.  
It's okay, kid.  
Hey, you scared?  
Don't lie to me.  
I don't know.

Maybe... Maybe a little.  
Damn straight you're scared.  
Who wouldn't be?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
Stick with me, kid.  
I'm immortal.  
Go. Go.  
Yeah. A P.V.C. 77 SATCOM.  
That's you, schoolboy.  
- Give it to Ballantine.  
- I got it.  
Okay, gentleman,  
time to give up the personal shit.  
Throw in the jewels. Let's go, boys.  
Be careful with that. That's my wife.  
I want these back.  
What are those, son?  
I said, what are those, Ensign?  
- Silver wings, Master Chief!  
- Bullshit!  
Army lead wings, son.  
You get 'em inside CrackerJacks.  
- Where'd you get 'em, son?  
- Ort Benning, Master Chief.  
Ort Benning, Georgia.  
The army's version of 48 hours  
of intensive training...  
crammed into 21 days.  
Making pussy...ass static...line jumps  
out of an Army C...141...  
and landing on firm ground.  
My one...year...old, Scott Jr.,  
can do that.  
- You see these?  
- Yes, Master Chief.  
Navy gold wings, son.  
Get those out of my sight. I will teach you  
to drop like a Navy SEAL...  
from heights where there's  
no air to breathe...  
into water so cold  
you'll wish you was dead.  
You will drop at night

with N.V.G.'s...  
fall five minutes  
before you pull your cord.  
And if you manage  
to stay alive through all that...  
we'll see about getting you  
a pair of these.  
Is that clear?  
Hoo...ya, Master Chief!  
I don't know why you  
always bring these, sir.  
You just make sure  
I get 'em back.  
Yes, sir.  
Check your "O" rings.  
How you doin' there, Shultiess?  
Good, sir.  
Sir, it says here that the Koreans,  
uh, believe in shamans.  
Sometimes he appears as an old man.  
Sometimes as a tiger.  
- Sometimes as a leopard.  
- Everything's gonna be all right.  
Y...Uh...  
It's just, uh...  
I was glad to read  
about those shamans, you know?  
I don't want to die  
in a godless land, sir. That's all.  
Hey.  
Nobody's dying from my stick.  
You copy that, sailor?  
Yes, sir.  
Makes me look bad.  
- Pressurize in six.  
- Pressurize in six.  
Six minutes. Six. Six to go.  
On deck. Six minutes.  
- Sir, we're ready for the bounce.  
- Okay.  
Two minutes.  
- All right, listen up.  
- What is your problem?  
I'm throwing up.

I hate jumping out of airplanes.  
- Swallow it.  
- I am.  
"Pencil...dick" engineers  
designed this aircraft...  
to carry pussy...ass businessmen  
from Omaha to St. Louis.  
If they see you chuckin',  
they're gonna red tag you.  
We may find it useful to jump out of  
a commercial piece of shit such as this.  
What I don't get is why you go Navy SEALs  
when you hate jumping out of airplanes.  
I like swimming.  
I'm a good swimmer.  
Depressurize.  
Now, obviously,  
the pencil dicks in Seattle...  
didn't design this ramp  
to be deployed under these conditions.  
The system's hydraulics can't compete  
with the overwhelming force...  
of the airstreams  
under the fuselage...  
preventing the stairs  
from locking into place.  
Fortunately, the U.S. Navy  
has devised "the bounce."  
Now, personally...  
I've seen men injured, maimed...  
and even killed  
attempting to do this.  
So I suggest you pay close att...  
Like I said...  
Anyone laughs,  
you're fucking dead.  
Shultiess. You're jumping first.  
Trust me.  
It's better that way.  
The high...altitude, high...opening drop...  
the HAHO.  
The single most effective aerial infiltration  
available to the special warfare operator.  
Ensign James,

if I hear one snortle, one snicker...  
one chuckle out of you  
or Callaghan...  
I will personally give you both  
one of these. I shit you not!  
- Understood?  
- Hoo...ya, Master Chief.  
The MT1 X...The crown jewel...  
The crown jewel...  
The crown jewel  
of naval parachutes.  
It can put a spec war operator  
anywhere on this earth at any time.  
Provided, that is,  
you survive the jump.  
- All right, Barnes. Open her up.  
- Oxygen.  
Although the missile has already  
been lowered into its underground casing...  
Although the missile has already  
been lowered into its underground casing...  
we were able to use thermal imaging  
to acquire these new target folders.  
From this lower perigee...  
these images clearly show  
a diamond...shaped missile tip.  
Indicative of  
a nuclear...tipped warhead.  
Mr. President, we can now say  
with high confidence...  
that this missile was designed  
to deliver a nuclear device.  
How do we know  
it's carrying one?  
How do we know it's not  
a dummy warhead...  
that's tricked out to look like  
a nuclear warhead?  
Well, sir, when plutonium is reprocessed  
to make a nuclear bomb material...  
it emits a radioactive gas...  
krypton...85.  
Our Lacrosse synthetic aperture radar  
detected this gas from Yongjiri...

at levels consistent  
with the existence of a mid...range...  
three...to...five megaton  
nuclear device.

Mr. President, we are as sure about this  
as we ever were about any Soviet missile site.

That is an actual, live,  
nuclear...tipped missile on the launchpad.

What's more disturbing, Mr. President,  
is they seem to be fueling this missile...  
to its highest alert level.

In this condition, it could be launched within  
three minutes of receiving a "go" order.

- And then how much time do we have...

- Thirty minutes.

That's right.

A Topol-class missile  
launched from North Korea...  
would strike the United States...  
in approximately 30 minutes.

Once it's in the air, there is no asset  
in our arsenal that can bring it down.

Sir, in light of this, I think we ought  
to revisit your decision...

to give Mackey's team  
the go...ahead.

- Mazetti, you're up.

- Let's go, Mazetti!

- Good bounce.

- Thank you, sir.

Good bounce, Mazetti!

- Ten bucks says the new guy freezes.

- Shut up, Mazetti!

Shultiess!

- Happy jumping, Shultiess.

- Thank you, sir.

Meideros!

This is what we do, boys.

Whoo!

Mazetti, hold on.

Hold on, guys.

Back up.

Team Leader, this is the cockpit.

Pentagon is saying stand down.

Abort.

- Abort!

- Abort!

Un...fucking...believable.

We have an abort mission.

You keep these boys on the plane!

Bobby!

- What the hell's going on, Chief!

- Get back, sailor.

Mazetti, on the hatch.

Ballantine, check the hydraulics.

What are you doing?

Our guys are out there!

Following orders.

Now step back, Master Chief.

That's bullshit!

They got no SATCOM!

Bobby is completely fucked  
down there.

They will send a cleanup team.

Mazetti, on the hatch!

Ballantine, take it off.

Take it off!

Callaghan, what are you doing?

Can't send a clean...up crew, 'cause they'll  
never find 'em, and the North KO's will.

That's not for you to decide.

Mazetti, on the hatch!

Callaghan,

you will not exit this plane.

Barnes, I am making this jump!

Callaghan, don't be an idiot!

Track this leg for coordinates.

Stay on oxygen

until we stabilize.

Exit airplane, proper body position.

Forget that.

Today, we're gonna go through a variety  
of non...optimal parachute functions...

inversions, cigarette rolls,

line...overs, totals...

And my personal favorite...

the Mae West.

All of which have one thing in common...



They're all fatal.  
Stay with the program. Don't deploy in spin.  
Spin recovery- full spread eagle.  
Spin recovery- arch back.  
Don't deploy.  
Recover position.  
Gain control.  
Deploy parachute.  
Come on, Bobby,  
stay with the program.  
Gain control. Deploy parachute.  
Brace for opening shock.  
On rare occasions,  
your parachute will fail to deploy.  
It is for this reason the U.S. Navy  
provides you with a reserve chute.  
But before you attempt  
to cut away your main chute...  
you must first cut away your Twinkie.  
Cut away the chute.  
Get to the Twinkie.  
Get to the Twinkie.  
Worse than a total  
deployment failure is a partial deployment.  
Centrifugal force rushes all the blood  
from your brain to your feet.  
Fifteen seconds,  
you get tunnel vision.  
Ten seconds, you black out.  
After that, you die.  
Ka...bar knife. Right thigh pocket.  
Full spread eagle.  
Brace for opening shock.  
Crown jewel, my ass.  
What's going on, Admiral?  
The situation's very fluid here.  
Our of my guys jumped  
before the recall order was...  
That's not how I heard it,  
Commander.  
I heard two of your guys, including  
your lieutenant, jumped after the red.  
Rom what I gather,  
General Vance...

Lieutenant James slipped  
and was sucked out the plane.

- And Callaghan?
- Well, he may have jumped before the order.
- His comm unit was probably...
- Don't bullshit a bullshitter, Mackey.

Your men lack discipline.

They got no respect for chain of command.

- I disagree with that assessment, sir.
- You think they're heroes?

They're cowboys. They're gonna get people  
killed. You better pray they're not detected.

I've ordered Team 1 Helo Platoon  
to organize an exfil...

No, sir. You will not.

- General, my guys are my res...
- Your guys will dig in and stay put.

The president has ordered

a surgical strike at the missile site.

Your guys will do B.D.A. And when that's done,  
our guys will pull 'em out in a Pave Low.

And when is this happening, sir?

You'll know when you need  
to know, Commander.

Echo 7 Yankee. Any up?

Report in. Over.

Echo 7 Yankee. Any up?

Report in. Over.

Get that.

Echo 2 on site.

Also Echo...

Uh, what number are you?

- That would be three.
- Also Echo 2...3. Three. Over.

Copy that.

Echo 2, Echo 3.

- What's your position? Over.
- Give me your G.P.S.

Uh...

- 221 by 39.851. Over.
- Copy that. Stand by.

Okay. We're 20 miles apart.

Proceed to coordinates

- Roger that.

- Get there as fast as you can, Echo 3.  
L.T., where are the others?  
We're it. Over.  
Not entirely, Echo 7. Echo 12 in the air.  
- No shit?  
- No shit.  
All right. Echo 3, you got  
a 10...mile hump ahead of ya.  
- Get movin".  
- Roger that.  
Echo 12, glide to these coordinates.  
Sir, why haven't we turned this plane around?  
We have got to get back to base.  
Son, we're flying commercial airspace  
with a commercial I- signature.  
- Any deviation of our flight plan, they'll...  
- Shit.  
You're right.  
I'm sorry, Colonel.  
We got to get back to base, A.S.A.P.  
I got four guys down there  
that need my help.  
I understand.  
We'll drop off the North Korean radar  
somewhere over Kazakhstan...  
then vector back to Seoul.  
I'll have you in South Korea  
in under four hours.  
Thank you, sir.  
Did you jump on the red?  
- Oh, Jesus, man. You scared me.  
- Did you jump on the red?  
Yes, I did. How about a little help  
getting me down from here?  
- That was real dumb, Spaz.  
- Yeah, I know.  
It's not funny, Neil.  
- I don't suppose you brought a SATCOM?  
- No.  
But I did bring  
my travel backgammon.  
One P.V.C. 77  
satellite...encrypted transceiver.  
Good job, Spaz.

- Thanks.  
- But you're still in a lot of trouble.  
- How are they?  
- There's four of them on the ground.  
They're all okay.  
They're scattered in two spots.  
- What's his call sign?  
- Echo 7.  
Echo 7, you all right?  
Any injuries?  
Yeah, we're all tip...top, sir.  
Okay, listen up.  
Your mission has been recalled.  
I want you to reconnoiter to a safe hide site  
and dig in awaiting exfiltration.  
Keep your terrestrial comms  
to a minimum.  
There's not a lot of R- up there.  
You guys'll stick out bad.  
- Sir, we had a rubber...duck contingency.  
- It's been aborted.  
- Any time estimate on exfil, sir?  
- Not at this time.  
Understood.  
Make contact again at 1800.  
Alpha Whiskey out.  
All right.  
Let's hump, Stokeman.  
Hey. It's "the Stoke."  
Sir? Master Chief Barnes is here.  
- Sir.  
- Master Chief.  
Requesting permission to mount  
a boat...drop rescue mission.  
Barnes...  
there's not gonna be  
a boat drop.  
They're gonna exfiltrate  
using an MH...53 Pave Low.  
How's a chopper gonna  
avoid detection, sir?  
When we're bombing the shit out of them,  
we won't be so worried about detection.  
Sir, we've got four Navy SEALs

downrange behind enemy lines.  
- They are sitting ducks...  
- Did you come in here to tell me that, Chief?  
There's not gonna be  
a navy rescue.  
Flyboys will handle this.  
- Return to your staging area.  
- Sir.  
Shultiess, get the computer  
and bring up a sat image of the area.  
There's a little village about a half klick down  
the hill that wasn't even on this damn map.  
Of course.  
At nightfall, we're gonna move  
to the top of these mountains...  
then east,  
over into this area here.  
It's more remote,  
but it's closer to the missile site.  
They're probably  
gonna ask us to do B.D.A.  
- So we might as well dig in near the site.  
- Hey, L.T. Look...  
all due respect...  
I didn't risk a court...martial  
to do bomb damage assessment...  
for a bunch of faggot-ass F-117 flyboys.  
Now, look.  
Let's just go find that missile site  
and blow its ass up.  
You done?  
Shh!  
Bobby, he saw us. What should we do?  
Shut up!  
- Callie, check the window!  
- L.T., what do you want me to do?  
I got her.  
Neil, cover that window.  
Stop! You got to shut up!  
Neil, shut her up!  
- Shultiess, grab her!  
- Meideros, grab her!  
I got her!  
Bobby, get out of there!

Shultiess! Meideros! On me!  
Neil, let's go!  
Come on!  
Meideros, get us restocked!  
Shultiess, check our six.  
Fucker shot me  
right in my Kevlar.  
Seeing how we're compromised...  
can we call in  
for an exfiltration?  
Negative on that.  
We're on our own.  
This way's no good. Cliffs.  
All right. We're gonna have to turn around,  
take the fight to them.  
We're gonna leapfrog in pairs.  
Meideros, you're with me.  
No different than a live-fire exercise,  
San Clemente.  
Hey! Radio frequency charts  
are in my right thigh pocket, okay?  
And all the instructions  
are right there too.  
I expect you to hand them to me  
if I need them.  
On your command, Daiwi.  
Let's go to work.  
Come on, kid.  
- Advance!  
- Callie! Come on!  
R.P.G.!  
Meideros! Get over here!  
Echo 7 to base. Do you copy?  
Base, this is Echo 7.  
Do you copy? Over.  
Bobby! We're gonna die!  
Bobby! Man down!  
We got to get out of here!  
Come on!  
Stay with me, Shultiess.  
Stay with me.  
I can't see anything!  
Echo 7 to base. We have  
brevity code Charlie. I repeat: Charlie.

We're facing heavy enemy fire.  
We have engaged. Do you copy? Over.  
No one is dying on my stick.  
I told you. Hold tight.  
Our father, who art in heaven...  
- Mr. Ambassador.  
- Mr. President.  
I was just about to call your president  
on the phone.  
Mr. President, wars are started  
over misunderstandings.  
- I don't quite...  
- Wars.  
And this war will be fought  
on South Korea's soil.  
Your USS Ronald Reagan  
has made way to the Sea of Japan...  
and your destroyer, the USS Lassen  
is on course to the Yellow Sea.  
You don't think North Korea  
could misconstrue your actions...  
as a provocation towards engagement?  
- I wouldn't confuse the navy...  
- from your ships' movements...  
I assume you have seen the missile.  
Your Navy SEALs were captured...  
by the D.P.R.K. Fifth Regiment  
in Kimhyongjik.  
I should say, two captured.  
Two of your men...  
were killed.  
How did you get these?  
Your government spends billions  
of dollars on your satellites...  
all to avoid putting human intelligence  
inside hostile territory.  
These photos came from one soldier  
with a \$3,000 camera...  
connected to a satellite phone.  
They were taken  
four hours ago.  
We discovered the missile  
at Yongjiri 10 days ago...  
and we've been watching them

assemble it in the caves.

Our Special Operations Task force 121 infiltrated the area.

We were wondering

when you were going to discover it.

Were you ever planning on telling us about this grave threat?

Mr. Ambassador, when we first discovered the missile...

we had hopes for a preemptive Special Operations mission.

- It required the utmost secrecy...

- Your mission was compromised.

Yes.

It was an act of war against the D.P.R.K.

- We felt that we could count...

- Their retaliation will be against my country.

How could you have such...

We're trying to preserve a fragile peace.

By attacking a sovereign country.

Your administration has always preached regime change, and now you see the chance to effect it.

All that stands in the way

are the many hundreds of thousands of lives...

Korean lives...

that will be lost in the process.

- It won't be hundreds of thousands.

- That'll be all, General.

And should you succeed, what then?

- We have no plans for...

- Twenty-three million hungry North Koreans.

Where do they go?

New York? Philadelphia?

They come to Seoul.

They come to Seoul

like East Germany went to Berlin.

They come to Seoul

and destroy our economy.

We are not ready for this.

We did not ask for this.

And you... now you...



give us no choice but this?

What of China's reactions? Japan's?

The United Nations'? The world's reactions?

Mr. Ambassador, we assure you there will be no further military action conducted... until South Korea and the United States see eye to eye.

That's right.

Then turn your ships around.

Sir, as of 0900 this morning...

Operation Sheet Lightning remains on schedule...

with the Eighth Fighter Wing and 18th Bomber Wing...

both reporting

troop strengths at over 85%.

- What's the deal with these estimates?

- Sir?

- 10,000 U.S. Casualties?

- 5,000 to 10,000. Yes, sir.

- 10,000 to 50,000 South Korean?

- That's combined civilian-military.

Sir, it is what it is.

These are good numbers.

Bullshit. We're taking out 90% of their artillery in the first 90 minutes.

- We factored that in, sir.

- I can't take these numbers to the president.

- He'll shut us down.

- Sir, we stand by these numbers.

Yeah, I heard you.

Bring me different ones.

Okay!

Bobby, don't you say...

- What your mission?

- I don't understand.

What your mission?

I don't understand what you're saying.

What- your mission?

No. No.

- Come on, man.

- You Delta forces?

- Huh?

- Delta? Screw those...  
Today, I'm supposed to teach you  
about survival techniques- for torture.  
But there's nothing  
I can say to you today...  
that's gonna change things  
when and if you get captured by the enemy.  
The Vietcong did their thing on me  
for three days.  
They did things...  
that were truly unimaginable,  
un-human.  
If any of you...  
should ever get  
captured by the enemy...  
know this...  
that I will be there with you.  
Because you men  
are my brothers...  
and I will never leave you alone.  
You, uh, Army Ranger?  
- Black Hawk Ground?  
- Yeah.  
I'm Black Hawk Ground.  
- Black Hawk Ground?  
- Yeah.  
I will never leave you.  
Yeah, I'm Black Hawk Ground,  
you fucking pussy.  
Pussy?  
What do you mean "pussy"?  
Pussy. You pussy.  
What your mission?  
American think we stupid? Huh?  
You think we "savagy"?  
I know how speak Englishy,  
Chinesy and renchy.  
I study stupid university  
in Pyongyang.  
I travel to Shanghai, study Mandarin.  
You're a great man.  
I told him that you  
are Lieutenant Robert James...  
Navy SEALs Team 1.

He said, if you are navy,  
then where is your boat?  
Unny, huh?  
We have a real problem,  
you and me.  
You see, America sees two Koreas...  
North and South.  
- I apologize, Lieutenant.  
That must be very painful.  
Hwang here is very excited.  
Delivering American soldiers  
to our Dear Leader...  
would bring him and his men  
great rewards...  
enough pork and beef  
for perhaps two months, maybe even more.  
Maybe a letter of commendation  
from our Dear Leader.  
You see...  
Hwang here... He wants me  
to radio my commanders...  
to tell them  
about his great discovery.  
You see, America sees two Koreas.  
We see only one.  
We call her  
the "Land of the Morning Calm."  
Our Dear Leader tells us...  
soon we will reunify  
under his great command.  
So we wait and prepare  
for this day.  
Yeah, well,  
that's never gonna happen.  
- No?  
- No.  
Maybe you are right.  
Maybe you and I  
are not so different.  
Yeah, well, your leader...  
He's fuckin' crazy.  
In my country, we are killed...  
for saying such things  
about our leaders.

Yeah, well, in mine,  
it's pretty much national sport.  
I am afraid that if our Dear Leader...  
finds that there are  
Navy SEALs in the D.P.R.K...  
that would give him enough reason  
for the reunification.  
That'd be really stupid.  
I think so too.  
I am afraid  
that our Dear Leader...  
thinks that we are more powerful  
than we really are.  
I think people are afraid to tell him  
how hungry his soldiers are...  
how old his equipment is.  
- So?  
- So I think it is better that you die here...  
without our Dear Leader  
ever knowing.  
Don't you think so?  
I told him to tell the villagers...  
to say nothing  
about ever seeing you.  
Better, no?  
You see, I am...  
a good chingu.  
Do you know  
what chingu means?  
"Friends."  
Friends with common interests.  
We go to my command.  
There you will tell me  
what I need to know.  
Why haven't we heard  
from the North Koreans?  
They may still be deciding  
what to ask for.  
There's been no increased  
military activity...  
not at Yongjiri, D.M.Z., Yongbyon...  
nothin'.  
Likely they're looking for the Dear Leader.  
He goes missing from time to time.

- Mr. President.
- Have you spoken to them?
- Yeah.
- So?

So, here's what  
the South Koreans are saying.  
If we execute the surgical strike  
at the missile site...  
they believe the D.P.R.K.  
Will retaliate with artillery.  
And their damage estimates  
are far greater than the Pentagon estimates...  
as high as one million dead.

- They're utterly misguided. They...
- Hold on, General.

What do they suggest?  
I'll let the general  
take you through it, sir.  
I'd just like to say up front  
that we had this scenario ourselves...  
but we didn't think  
you'd abide our suggesting it.  
The truth is, sir, in terms of allied  
casualty projections, they're...  
Well, they're extremely positive, sir.

- Let's hear the plan, General.
- Admiral.

Well, sir, it starts with an absolute  
naval blockade along the 37th parallel.  
We're prepared to effect that  
any time tomorrow after 1200 hours.  
Then, Mr. President, the plan calls for...  
a combined R.O.K. U.S.  
Preemptive first strike...  
a sudden massive and overwhelming  
barrage along the entire D.P.R.K. Line.  
Artillery, air bases,  
supply depots, army bases.  
We can get half their forces  
asleep in their barracks.  
We could keep their MIGs  
from ever takin' off.  
Probably could get another 20% of their ground  
force as they're approaching their tubes.

Any tubes we missed  
in the first Cruise strikes and ...117 runs...  
the South Koreans  
have Patriot batteries all along the line.  
A second wave of sorties  
would end the threat  
of artillery altogether.  
We would make the missile sites  
and the nuclear research facilities...  
secondary and tertiary targets.  
Ellie. This is what  
the South Koreans proposed?  
If it's this or a surgical strike...  
which would leave  
the North Koreans...  
entirely capable  
of a full-strength retaliation...  
then, yes, they'd prefer  
preemptive attack.  
It's a provocative strategy, sir,  
no question.  
But, well... The allied casualty projections  
are the real draw.  
- What are they? - We could reasonably  
project total allied casualties...  
I'm talkin' combined  
U.S. And South Korean total dead...  
It'd all be over  
in a matter of hours, sir.  
General, what are the enemy  
casualty projections?  
Sir?  
I truly believe our response  
is justified...  
by North Korea deploying  
a nuclear I.C.B.M.  
What are the projections, General?  
Somewhere between  
Yeah.  
Cam, Ellie- my office.  
Right now.  
This... This thing  
is totally out of hand!  
These num... Vance has been

pushing Armageddon since the beginning.

- It's...

- Oh. Excuse me.

I've gotta use the head.

You know what I love most  
about the navy, Mr. President?

What is that?

The boats go real slow.

Mr. Ambassador, this proposal...

this surprise attack... it's...

Does this represent the wishes  
of your government?

Mr. President...

from starvation in the last three years.

What has your nation done  
to grieve these deaths?

The casualties...

The enemy casualties...

Mr. President, you give us  
only evils to choose from.

Come. Come. Come.

I want to show you something.

You know movie Taxi Rider?

Robert "Niro," "JoJo" Foster?

Taxi Rider.

I said get the fuck off me!

Taxi Rider. Yeah.

Tell me about Taxi Rider.

Jo...JoJo oster.

Don't shoot!

Please, don't shoot!

- Are you Robert James?

- Yes.

This is Captain Chung Won Joon  
of the South Korean Task Force 121...

Bobby!

Our government has sent us  
to help you.

Would you like to come  
with us, sir?

That'd be real good.

Hey. See if you can  
get this thing goin'.

It's not happening.

No fuel.

Captain. I need that jeep.

My men.

Shit!

- I'm gonna go for the jeep.

- That's a bad idea, Bobby.

What are we gonna do?

We can't just stick here.

Bobby! The wall!

- Bobby, it's a dead end. Back up! Back up!

- I can see that, Neil!

Chingu.

Chingu.

- Echo 7?

- Yes, sir!

Sir, I have two K.I.A.

And Callaghan...

Well, sir, he's hurt pretty bad.

But, sir, there's something  
you need to pass on right away.

Mr. President.

I've got Commander Mackey  
on the line.

Lieutenant Bobby James  
is freed in North Korea...  
and safe with South Korean Special forces.

Additionally, sir,  
Lieutenant James is reporting...  
that at least some of his captors  
were Chieu Hoi.

- That's, um...

- Vietnamese for "defectors."

- I know what it means, Admiral. I was there.

- Beg your pardon, sir.

Ellie, I want you  
to hear this.

- Go ahead, Commander.

- Sir.

Lieutenant James is asking permission  
to cross deck.

Uh, I was Army Ranger,  
not a sailor.

"Cross deck," sir, means to cross over and join  
the troops that have come to replace you.



Sir, he's asking to remount  
Operation Silent Night...  
with the help of  
the South Korean Special Ops.

They think they can  
sabotage the missile site?

- That's absurd.

- Vance.

- Admiral?

- That is what he's saying, sir.

Okay, we need to get  
Ambassador Li in here.

Commander Mackey,

how many men are there?

Six, including Lieutenant James.

I don't see a downside.

Excuse me.

Detection, loss of the initiative,  
element of surprise.

If the D.P.R.K. Central command  
doesn't know about the SEALs...

there's a chance they don't know  
we're coming for their missile.

Mr. President, we've been down  
this road, sir. We can...

I'm done talkin' about this.

Commander Mackey,

permission granted.

And tell your man that,

should he succeed...

he'll have the thanks

of more than one grateful nation.

Yes, sir. We'll give it

everything we've got.

Echo 7 Yankee.

- Mission status: Hilary.

- Roger. Hilary.

- Report at 0400 prior to your assault.

- Yes, sir.

Captain Chung,

I am Ambassador Li Sung Park.

I am calling from the office

of the president of the United States.

I have just received order

to assist you in any way possible.

I guess we are...

how do you say... in business.

- In business.

- Yes!

We gotta get rid

of this taxi.

I must speak

to my president now.

I wish our soldiers success,

Mr. President.

I fear their actions

will determine war or peace.

Mr. Ambassador, our nation thanks you

for your actions here today.

I don't care what the president

of South Korea's willing to do.

I'm not gonna authorize a preemptive

full-scale assault on North Korea.

We'll give the SEALs 24 hours.

If they fail, we'll proceed

with a surgical strike on the missile site.

I'm done talkin' about this.

If we go that way, who's gonna tell Koreans?

- They'll see it on CNN.

If the South Koreans are right, our strike

could provoke a lethal counterattack.

If they come at us with everything,

including W.M.D.'s...

we're talking 700,000 to a million

South Koreans dead.

They won't do that.

They know we need

to take this site out.

Unless they want us to attack...

so they can say

we started this war.

- Now we go to missile?

- I need you to get me to the hills.

A few toys for our trip.

Let's move out.

I got satellite photos

of the missile site.

Oh. Look.

These are fan-fuckin'-tastic.  
Fan-fucking-tastic?  
I like this saying.  
These workers...  
Why are they wearing these uniforms?  
Oh. Prisoners.  
They are all political prisoners.  
They work there  
until they die.  
That way, no risk  
of D.P.R.K. Secrets ever leaving.  
- What about the ones that don't die?  
- Eventually they all die.  
Fortunately for Kim Jong II...  
there is no shortage  
of new political prisoners in North Korea.  
All along the perimeter,  
there's double bands of razor wire...  
plus guards every 50 meters.  
Except here.  
No fences at the mouth of valley...  
because of these cliffs.  
- Okay. Well, can the truck take us there?  
- No.  
- Looks like we're gonna have to climb then.  
- Mm...hmm.  
Chung, I gotta radio in brevity code  
so they don't assume we've been compromised.  
Sure.  
Want to try this?  
Come on. Let's go.  
- There's no way that I'm lettin' you...  
- You're not comin' with me, Neil.  
Sorry.  
Echo 7 Yankee, do you copy?  
Echo 7 Yankee, come in.  
All right. They're still  
fueling the missile. That's good.  
There's light guard  
on the bunker.  
Soldiers must still  
be in their barracks.  
Jinhae, this is Kunsan 230.  
Your signal is strong.

Good check.  
Continue beacon at constant interval.  
Roger, Kunsan.  
Maintaining current signal strength.  
Jinhae, this is the USS Ronald Reagan.  
Continuing signal sweep.  
No signals reported. Over.  
Ronald Reagan, Jinhae.  
Appreciate the help, sir.  
Henry, this plan of yours  
is gonna get people hurt.  
What's your status?  
We're waiting for contact  
from Lieutenant James.  
He's overdue.  
I'm shuttin' you down, bud.  
Norman, for God's sake,  
give it a chance.  
Just give it 10 more minutes.  
You guys ready?  
Echo 7 Yankee, come in.  
- Echo 7 Yankee, do you copy?  
- Come on. Come on.  
Okay.  
Prisoners.  
Tell 'em they're free to go.  
They got to get outta here now.  
Admiral, General Vance tells me we may  
have lost track of Operation Silent Night.  
- That's correct, sir.  
- What does that mean?  
I'm afraid we...  
We have to assume  
that they have been compromised.  
He say,  
"Thank you for my freedom."  
Fight?  
You want to fight alongside us?  
Okay.  
American Navy SEAL!  
No!  
Let's get the hell outta here now.  
Come on. Let's get outta here.  
American Navy SEAL.

You come.  
American Navy SEAL.  
You come.  
You come!  
I know, if you do not  
succeed here...  
things will only get  
worse for my country.  
Tell your president that we are not all  
ignorant peasants here in Korea.  
All right, let's get the hell outta here.  
Now. Come on.  
Come on.  
They're on their own.  
We can't do any more for them.  
Mr. President, if we're gonna  
make our window, we have to put...  
the B-2s at Okinawa and the 117s  
at Jinhae in the air right now.  
Very well.  
Okinawa and Jinhae are "go."  
Jinhae, Okinawa, you are "go."  
Eighteenth Bomber Wing,  
you are "go."  
...cleared for takeoff.  
- Requesting priority clearance Runway 275.  
- Go, Okinawa. Go.  
Tucson, Eighth Fighter Wing  
is a "go."  
- Jinhae launching and away.  
- Roger, Okinawa. Launching and away.  
Move!  
Roger, Okinawa.  
On course. Proceeding north 270.  
Initializing target-acquisition software.  
Jinhae 17 moving into attack formation.  
Chung!  
Okay!  
There are too many of them  
at the bunker.  
- No matter what, hold them here.  
- Right!  
Sir, the first wave breaks  
North Korean airspace in nine minutes.

Past this point, the squadron needs  
a "go forward" order.

- So ordered.
- Oscar 20.
- "Go" order is affirmed.
- Roger that, CENTCOM.

Proceeding on course.

Crossing hostile territory in 0847.

- Chung! Get your men! Let's go!
- They're dead!

Watch out!

Sir, the first squad penetrates  
hostile airspace in 45 seconds.

The tanker should have  
blown the bunker.

Hold on.

Mr. President.

Initializing weapon systems. Safety off.

Get new orders to all pilots  
in Operation Sheet Lightning!

Brevity code Allison. All elements stand down.

All pilots return to base.

Echo 20. Echo 20.

Brevity code Allison.

Stand down.

I repeat- Stand down.

Roger that, CENTCOM. Aborting approach.

Man, that was close.

Sir, our boys have done it.

- Neil! You good?
- Yeah.

Yeah, you were making  
quite a racket up there.

I was just tryin'  
to get some sleep.

Better hold on.

It's gonna get bumpy.

- You wanted to see me, sir?
- Come on in, Barnes.

If I can drop you here,  
can you get a rubber-duck exfil team...

two kilometers up the Tumen River  
from the Sea of Japan?

With resupply tanks...

you bet your ass we could, sir.  
So, how would you and your boys  
like to go get your L.T.?

Spaz.

- Meideros and Shultiess, they...

- We know.

We couldn't...

I-I wanted...

Bobby. We know.

I'm sorry to keep you waiting,  
General.

- Please sit down.

- Thank you, Mr. President.

This nation owes you  
a debt of gratitude, Norman.

You've had a long...

and a distinguished career.

Thank you, Mr. President.

Norman.

I'm relieving you  
of your command.

Will the defendant approach?

You wanted to see me, sir.

You've been invited

to the White House, Lieutenant.

The president wants to give you  
a commendation.

Me, sir?

I should be at that tribunal  
with Callaghan.

Yeah, well, you're going  
to the White House instead.

It's a classified meeting.

You understand?

No invited guests.

It's the Oval Office.

Just you and the president.

You can take one witness there.

One guy?

Master Chief Petty Officer

Neil T. Callaghan...

this tribunal

has reached its verdict.

On your feet, Master Chief.

- Lieutenant James.

- Yes, sir.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

- Come in. Sit down.

- Thank you, sir.

On the Article 15 charge  
of striking an officer...

we find the defendant  
guilty as charged...

and sentence him to one year  
in the Naval Consolidated Brig at Miramar.

Sir? The lieutenant's witness is here.

Send him in.

On the Article 90 charge  
of disobeying a lawful order...

we find the defendant guilty...

and sentence him to 10 years  
at NAVCONBRIG Miramar.

Lieutenant Robert James...

for service to your country...

I am proud to present you  
with the Distinguished Service Cross.

Does the prisoner  
have anything he'd like to say?

No, sir.

Very well.

By executive order...  
the transcripts of this tribunal  
are classified top secret.

The record of these charges are to be  
expunged from your permanent record...

and your sentence  
is commuted to time served.

You're free to go, Master Chief.

I never seen anybody swallow more puke  
on one of my planes than you, Bobby James.

You saw that?

Why didn't you ever red tag me?

Because I never saw anybody  
who wanted to be a Navy SEAL bad as you.

You know, Master Chief...

what you taught me,  
what you trained me to do...

You saved my life



over there, sir.  
Come on, son.  
High-ranking U.S. Officials...  
attempting to explain the cause  
of a large mushroom cloud...  
first seen over North Korea  
on Sunday...  
are raising more questions  
than answers.  
The mushroom cloud  
was first detected Sunday...  
in satellite images  
by South Korean media...  
indicating the cloud  
was approximately four kilometers...  
at the border area between North Korea  
and China in Yanggang Province.  
Pyongyang initially denied  
that any explosion had occurred...  
but later reversed themselves,  
linking the explosion...  
to a hydroelectric dam project.  
In the U.S.,  
several high...ranking officials...  
were unusually quick  
to accept Pyongyang's explanation...  
or offered differing explanations  
of their own.  
National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice  
told CNN yesterday...  
"There are all kinds of reports, and there are  
all kinds of assessments that are going on.  
Maybe it was a forest fire  
of some kind."  
When the stories  
broke over the weekend...  
about some explosion  
taking place in North Korea...  
my instincts told me  
it was not a nuclear explosion.  
As you know,  
the North Koreans announced today...  
that they were doing some demolition work  
for a hydroelectric project...

and they're inviting  
visiting foreign officials...  
especially from the United Kingdom...  
to visit the site.  
However, upon their return,  
the diplomats told reporters...  
that, according  
to the satellite images...  
they had been taken  
to the wrong position...  
about 100 kilometers  
from the suspected explosion site.  
Today, the story  
took another curious turn...  
as the South Korean  
Vice Minister of Unification, Rhee Bong-jo...  
released a statement  
claiming that there was no explosion...  
stating the supposed  
mushroom cloud...  
was a natural cloud formation.  
Perhaps the most troubling theory  
put forth to explain the large cloud...  
is that a foreign state  
may have incurred into North Korea...  
to conduct a clandestine  
military operation.  
This theory took on greater potential  
for being accurate...  
when it was discovered today  
that the explosion occurred...  
near the site  
of Yongjiri Missile Base...  
a secret facility thought to have  
an underground missile-firing system...  
and which is also suspected  
to contain...  
part of the D.P.R.K.'s  
uranium-enrichment program.  
Mee Yong Chae,  
Korea News International, Seoul.