

CLOSE ON: TIRED EYES, SURROUNDED BY DIRT AND GRIME

These strained eyes flicker until they close. And SNAP back open. These lookers belong to JEREMY SANZ.

EXT. LOOKOUT POST - NIGHT

At 24, Jeremy looks older than he should, but his U.S. Military uniform fits him well. Cradling an M-16, he rubs his eyes with a spare hand and looks out into the blackness that surrounds him.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

It is quiet, dark, and endless. Jeremy's post is lit by a small, green LED lantern. Behind him, another green glow can be seen emanating from a tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The lantern casts a soft luminance over the worn-down walls of the green tent. FIVE MEN sleep hard in full military gear, save helmets and Kevlar vests. Guns and ammo within an arm's reach and a second's reaction.

EXT. LOOKOUT POST - NIGHT

Jeremy catches himself asleep again. He's angry with himself. Reaches for his combat knife. Takes off a glove. Presses the blade against his palm and CUTS. He GRINDS his teeth and returns the knife to his holster. The pain livens him.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

RUSSELL JONES is uneasy. Thinks he heard something. He slowly opens his eyes. 21-years-old, fresh-faced, and still not used to sleeping in the desert. He moves from his side to lie on his back.

He stares up at the bland roof of the tent. Sighs.

The SOUND OF SOMETHING METAL startles him. But there's not enough time to react. His body JERKS. He's violently DRAGGED out of the tent.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of Russell's body dragged against rock and dirt.

RUSSELL

Hey! Hey!

EXT. LOOK OUT POST - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy jumps to his feet, grabs his LED'S and points it towards the tent.

Running to his friends, he scans the desert with the green light. Nothing.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

The troops are fully awake. Grabbing their weapons and on the way out of the tent.

EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

The enormous frame of JACK POLLERS is the first to emerge from the tent. He looks straight to Jeremy.

JACK

Sanz, talk to me. What just happened?

JEREMY

I don't know. I heard someone yelling. Was Turner or Jones I think, but I can't see shit.

JACK

Check the perimeter. I'll do a head count.

Jack, nearing forty, is gruff and weathered. The rest of the men pour out behind him -- ready for orders.

JACK (CONT'D)

Who we missing?

The men look around. RICARDO JUAREZ (25) speaks first.

RICARDO
Jones, Sir.

WILLIAM
Jer, where's Jer?

JACK
He's out scanning the perimeter.
Ricardo, get out there and help
him.

Ricardo jogs off, leaving WILLIAM TURNER (22) and TED FRANKS (31) with their commanding officer.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's pack it up.

EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE

Ricardo and Jeremy emerge from behind a large sand dune. They reach the top and pause.

RICARDO
Russell's gone man, gone. Those
fuckers are like snakes.

We see an endless expanse of desert with no signs of life.

JEREMY
Doesn't matter. We'll find
him...one way or another.

RICARDO
Manhunt.

Ricardo turns to go back down the hill, leaving Jeremy alone.

TITLE CARD: BLACK FIVE

EXT. DESERT - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Boots hit the ground. Rifles are shouldered. Ammo boxes transported. Backpacks stuffed. Stern faces. Jeremy collects Russell's belongings, shoulders another bag. They trudge through the desert. On foot. Under the sweltering sun.

END MONTAGE

INT. CAVE - DAY

William, the young one, is shouting.

WILLIAM
I found him! I found Russell.

Jack storms up to him.

JACK
That's not Russell.

WILLIAM
What do you mean? His tags. I saw his tags.

JACK
Someone's fucking with us. That's not Russell.

WILLIAM
How do you know?

JACK
Just look.

He stomachs a grizzly sight: a naked, decapitated body.

WILLIAM
No tats.

EXT. CAVE - LATER

JACK
The body in that cave does not belong to Jones. Someone did place his dog tags on that body. Let's not make anymore assumptions. Now I know we all wanna find Russell, but he's not the only reason we're out here. Remember, the search and rescue for the Black Five is still on. We got a job to do. So let's do it.

His soldiers listen with hard faces.