



WAR

by

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FADE IN:

CREDITS ROLL over a progressive MONTAGE showing SOLDIERS KILLED IN COMBAT throughout history. The images depicting the immeasurable human cost of war play underneath--

SUPER:

UNITED STATES MILITARY CASUALTIES

The American Revolutionary War (1775-1783) - 4,435 KIA

The War of 1812 (1812-1815) - 2,260 KIA

The Mexican War (1846-1848) - 13,283 KIA

The American Civil War (1861-1865) - 498,332 KIA

The Spanish American War (1898) - 2,446 KIA

World War I (1917-1918) - 116,516 KIA

World War II (1941-1945) - 405,399 KIA

The Korean War (1950-1953) - 36,574 KIA

The Vietnam War (1964-1975) - 58,200 KIA

Early battles scenes are depicted in a mix of drawings and paintings, building to sepia-tone photography on the fields of the Civil War, grainy black and white film of WWI, WWII, Korea.

Vietnam brings television, the failed Iranian hostage rescue, Grenada, the bombing in Beirut, Panama--

Continuing into CNN coverage of Desert Storm. Smart bombs and anti-aircraft fire over Baghdad, imbued in night vision green.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOVER AIR FORCE BASE - DAY (1991)

SUPER:

The Persian Gulf War (1991) - 382 KIA

A C-141 lands. A ramp at the rear slowly opens, revealing its cargo, FLAG DRAPED COFFINS. A SINGLE COFFIN is carried down the ramp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A GOVERNMENT SEDAN pulls into the driveway of a small, one story home. THREE MEN IN UNIFORM get out.

They KNOCK on the door. A WOMAN answers, her YOUNG SON at her side.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

The widow and her son sit at the edge of a FRESHLY DUG GRAVE amidst a sea of WHITE HEADSTONES.

A MILITARY HONOR GUARD carefully folds the AMERICAN FLAG over a COFFIN. A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of the DEAD SOLDIER rests nearby. He looks young and full of life.

The FOLDED FLAG is presented to the widow.

SEVEN SOLDIERS fire their rifles skyward in a 3 VOLLEY SALUTE. The SHOTS ECHO through the air.

The boy shudders, startled by the GUNFIRE. In his hand, a STRING OF DOG TAGS. The tags flash in the sunlight. The NAME comes into focus: "Colonel Nathan Patrick."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. C-141 MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

AN OLDER SET OF HANDS hold the same dog tags. It's the boy, but twenty years older. His name, "PATRICK", stitched above his breast pocket. He tucks the DOG TAGS into his shirt.

SUPER:

Somewhere Over The Afghanistan-Pakistan Border

Patrick is packed into the belly of a red tactically lit military cargo plane, dressed in BATTLE FATIGUES with a Kevlar helmet strapped to his head.

He's surrounded by heavily armed AIRBORNE INFANTRY TROOPS prepping munitions and packs in the dim red light. The ROAR of the engines is deafening. Turbulence rocks their ride.

CAPTAIN STILLS, a fierce, stout, bulldog of a man, flips the stub of a cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and strides down the aisle.

STILLS

We will be dropped to the direct front of enemy lines! Rangers have secured a drop zone eight clicks from Jalalabad! Positions are heavily fortified! First Armor is sweeping north into Waziristan in advance of our insertion! Secure your positions immediately! Intel has the enemy advancing on us in hours! First Platoon?!

SOLDIER #1

Sir!

STILLS

Secure the rear! Prepare for contingencies! Second platoon?!

SOLDIER #2

Sir!

STILLS

Secure the flank! I want two M-60 positions to our front!

SOLDIER #2

Yes, sir!

STILLS

Third Platoon?!

Patrick straightens up.

PATRICK

Sir!

STILLS

You have our front! We will be facing large numbers! I want mortars and communications in place most tick! Initial support will be limited! Be steely, be strong, you are our front line!

(only half joking)

And Patrick, this time, how about saving some of the action for the rest of us. Hooah?

PATRICK

Hooah.

STILLS

Company?

ALL

HOOAH!

STILLS

Gentlemen, you are highly trained professionals! React, stay sharp, stay alert and you will stay alive!

An AIRMAN calls from the head of the plane--

AIRMAN
30 minutes!

ALL
30 minutes!

STILLS
See you on the ground!

Patrick SNAPS a magazine into his M-16. Seated next to him is PRIVATE SIMMONS. His uniform and gear are stiff and new. His face lacks the cracked desert tan of Patrick's.

SIMMONS
(through clenched teeth)
This is my first combat jump.

PATRICK
Could've fooled me.

Patrick double checks his chute and slaps his pack.

PATRICK
When we hit the ground, stay close.
I've done this a few times.

FORTE (O.S.)
Yeah, five fuckin' tours!

SPECIALIST FORTE, a cocky kid with a shit eating grin, offers a TATTERED DECK OF CARDS from across the aisle. Tattooed on his dirt stained knuckles are a HEART, a DIAMOND, a CLUB and a SPADE.

FORTE
What is it three in Iraq, two in
Afghanistan? You're outta your
mind, you hardcore mother fucker!
(to Simmons)
Hey Simmons, pick a card.

Catching Simmons off guard--

SIMMONS
Pick a card?

FORTE
We draw cards before we go in.

SIMMONS
I don't gamble.

FORTE
 Then what are you doing here?
 Trust me, you're all in.

Forte passes the deck around. Other MEN draw a card.

FORTE
 Low card is the loser.

He offers the deck to Patrick but he won't take one.

FORTE
 Come on, Patrick. This shit's
 right every time.

Simmons draws his card and starts to turn it over--

FORTE
 Hold the fuck on, Simmons! God-
 damn new guy gonna fuck this up.

Forte shows Simmons.

FORTE
 You don't get to look at it...

Forte puts his card in the band of his helmet for everyone but himself to see. It's the KING OF HEARTS. The rest of the men follow.

FORTE
 You see everyone else's but not
 your own. This way I know who to
 stay clear of on the field.

Simmons slides his card into his helmet. Forte inches away in faux terror. Simmons cracks an uneasy smile.

SIMMONS
 Fuck you, Forte.
 (beat)
 What?

He quickly pulls the card and looks at it. The SIX OF HEARTS.

SIMMONS
 Shit. This is bad, isn't it?

The men LAUGH. Patrick interjects, drawing a card.

PATRICK
 Don't worry about it, Simmons.

Patrick lifts his card to his helmet and slides it into the band.

PATRICK
Just superstitious bullshit.

Everyone looks at Patrick's card. The PLANE, the MEN, EVERYTHING falls SILENT--

--THE ACE OF SPADES.

PATRICK
It's only cards.

BOOM! ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE HITS THE PLANE! Patrick is thrown from his seat. Blood SPRAYS across the aisle covering Forte.

FORTE
Oh... fuck!

AIR RUSHES through a GAPING HOLE IN THE PLANE where Simmons was sitting. He's gone. An ALARM SOUNDS.

STILLS
Everyone out!!!

Another EXPLOSION. The plane pitches hard to the side. Patrick grabs Forte--

PATRICK
Get to the door!

He snaps Forte's static line to the overhead cable.

PATRICK
Now!

Patrick struggles to connect his own line when--

Another MASSIVE EXPLOSION hits the aircraft. The entire tail section is BLOWN OFF sucking DOZENS OF MEN out.

Stills grasps the static line above his head, his body drawn perpendicular from the suction. Patrick reaches for him but it's too late-- Stills is sucked out.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION! Soldiers fall out of the plane as the aircraft goes inverted. Patrick lunges forward with the roll and dives out the door.

EXT. FALLING THROUGH THE SKY - NIGHT

Patrick engages his chute and looks above. He sees his burning plane coming straight toward him. The falling wreckage rushes by, just missing him. He follows it down, watching it CRASH into the battlefield below.

Patrick casts around. The horizon is filled with HUNDREDS OF CHUTES and more aircraft FALLING FROM THE SKY. On the ground below, a major battle erupts.

THOUSANDS are fighting.

PATRICK

Jesus.

EXT. RIDGELINE - NIGHT

Patrick slams into the ground. He sheds his chute as more SOLDIERS drop into the rugged mountain terrain. He sees Forte, rushes to him. Forte's face is still covered in blood.

FORTE

This don't look like Jalalabad to me.

Patrick sees the other soldiers race up a rocky hillside. He pulls Forte to his feet and they follow.

As they reach the top, HEAVY TRACER FIRE breaks out from the other side. The first line of soldiers are riddled with bullets. The rest drop and RETURN FIRE.

Patrick can't pinpoint the enemy in the darkness and pulls a flare from his belt, slamming it into the ground.

The FLARE STREAKS into the air and BURSTS TO LIFE, revealing HUNDREDS OF ENEMY SOLDIERS to their front. Streams of TRACER FIRE pour out of their positions, hitting all around.

FORTE

Now what?!

Incoming mortars WHISTLE through the air.

PATRICK

Incoming! DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

Men scatter as a barrage of MORTARS rain in, EXPLODING all around them. Many are blown to bits.

Suddenly, a HUMVEE races into the valley below, guns blazing.

FORTE
First Armored is here!

EXT. VALLEY BELOW - NIGHT

The calvary is short lived. The Humvee takes enemy fire and EXPLODES. A SECOND HUMVEE appears, followed quickly by a ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER.

The APC's .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN rumbles to life. The back door ramps down and INFANTRY MEN rush into the fray.

TRACERS crisscross in every direction. A pair of ENEMY RPG'S swing through the air. The first HITS the Humvee, lifting the chassis off the ground as it EXPLODES. The other SLAMS into the APC, rocking it in place.

The .50 CALIBER goes SILENT, the gunner killed. DEAD and WOUNDED are scattered about. A group of soldiers are pinned down at the burning Humvee.

The flare dies out, sending the field back into DARKNESS.

EXT. RIDGELINE - NIGHT

Patrick pulls NIGHT VISION GOGGLES from his pack, snaps them to his helmet and clicks them on. He sees the soldiers pinned down at the Humvee taking heavy fire. His POV whips to the dead gunner atop the APC.

PATRICK
They're pinned down.

FORTE
Well, what are we waiting for?

Patrick and Forte rush down the face of the ridge.

EXT. VALLEY BELOW - NIGHT

Tracers fly all around them as they dive in behind the APC. Through his night vision goggles, Patrick sees a horde of TALIBAN and AL-QAEDA pour into the mountain pass.

PATRICK
They're pulling up the flanks!

A sudden BURST of tracer fire strikes Forte in the chest, he slumps to the ground, motionless.

With gunfire pouring in, Patrick has only one choice--

--he scrambles up the APC ramp and hoists himself to the roof. Bullets RICOCHET all around as he pulls the DEAD SOLDIER from the .50 caliber turret.

THE ENEMY CHARGES!

Patrick drops in, pulls the bolt back, targets the flanking forces and opens FIRE! The .50 caliber tears through the advancing fighters, but there are too many.

BULLETS RAIN in all around Patrick, striking him multiple times. Rounds pierce his arms, pound him in the chest. He's covered in blood but he never lets loose of the trigger.

On the ground, a TALIBAN FIGHTER closes and takes careful aim. His SIGHT falls on PATRICK'S HEAD.

A single shot ECHOES--

--the BULLET slams into Patrick's helmet, snapping his head back--

--the LAST .50 CALIBER ROUND SLIPS THROUGH THE CHAMBER. The gun goes SILENT, smoke wisping from the barrel. Patrick's BLOODY FINGERS slip from the trigger.

An ACE OF SPADES playing card flips through the air. A blood stained BULLET HOLE through its center.

A STREAM OF BLOOD trickles down between Patrick's eyes. He's been shot in the head. His eyes roll back as he slides from the turret and tumbles lifelessly through the air.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BARREN FIELD - NIGHT

BLACKNESS. A momentary silence interrupted by a DISTORTED, ECHOING VOICE--

COLT (O.S.)

Patrick. Patrick! Snap out of it!

Patrick's eyes flutter and focus. He finds COLT, a FIELD MEDIC kneeling over him, reading his dog tags.

Patrick can barely make out COLT's face, let alone his hollow words.

A barrage of BULLETS zip over their heads and the DEAFENING ROAR of battle returns. Patrick refocuses, pulling Colt close to him.

PATRICK
Forte?

COLT
What?

PATRICK
Did... did he make it?

Another barrage of bullets, Colt pulls Patrick down--

COLT
Looks like it's just you here.

It's only when Colt tosses a DOUGHBOY helmet on his head does Patrick realize that the field medic is wearing a WORLD WAR I UNIFORM.

PATRICK
What the fuck is going on?

Colt grabs Patrick and pulls him along. Patrick looks around and realizes that he's not in Afghanistan anymore.

The landscape is barren, blackened and bombed out. BLOOD RED CLOUDS churn in the night sky. It's a WASTELAND.

Patrick reaches to his forehead. THERE'S NO BLOOD.

Colt and Patrick scramble to a ridge of rubble where a group of SOLDIERS are hunkered down, firing at an UNSEEN ENEMY.

These soldiers are DIFFERENT--

They're led by a soldier in a BRITISH REDCOAT uniform, MAJOR WORTHINGTON. The men call him "Red." He has an AK-47 in one hand and a Thompson sub machine gun in the other. RPG rocket launchers, grenades and explosives are slung over his broad shoulders.

COLT
Red, we got a new one.

WORTHINGTON
Splendid. Just what we need at this precise moment.

PATRICK
Holy shit, you're a redcoat.

WORTHINGTON
Wonderful, and he's a bloody Yank.

Fighting next to Worthington are two soldiers from the Civil War. One a UNION SOLDIER, the other a CONFEDERATE. The CONFEDERATE, PRIVATE HILL, is armed with an M-60 MACHINE GUN, a medieval morning star and a sawed off shotgun. Belts and belts of ammo crisscross his frame. The little guy is buried in bullets.

PATRICK

A confederate?! What the hell?

Colt gets to his feet, pointing beyond the ridgeline.

COLT

There, there, there!

WORTHINGTON

Stand your ground, Hill!

Worthington and Colt dash down the ridge, leaving Patrick and the Civil War soldiers behind.

Hill pops over the top of the ridge and FIRES, then ducks for cover. The Union Soldier follows suit, but he's HIT before he can fire. He tumbles to the ground.

Hill rushes to him, applies pressure to his wounds. It looks bad for the Union Soldier. Hill searches for Colt--

HILL

Doc! Doc!

Hill stops on Patrick--

HILL

You. Get yer ass over here!

Patrick is reluctant. Hill draws a revolver--

HILL

Get over here. Now!

Patrick cautiously moves. Hill forces Patrick's hands onto the wounds.

HILL

Keep pressure on 'em and don't ya let go. I'm gonna go fetch the Doc.

The Union Soldier SCREAMS IN PAIN.

PATRICK

Wait!

HILL

Take yer hands off, I'll kill ya.

Hill rushes off leaving the two alone. Patrick and the Union Soldier LOCK EYES. Patrick can't believe it. This really *is* a soldier from the Civil War.

He's young, maybe sixteen. His face, ashen. His eyes, dark and weary-- an aging soul in an ageless body. He recognizes the confusion on Patrick's face--

UNION SOLDIER

I know what you're thinking...

Patrick tries to take it all in. A Redcoat, a Confederate, a wounded Union soldier--

UNION SOLDIER

...and you're right...

The Union Soldier cracks a bloody smile--

UNION SOLDIER

...you're dead.

The Union Soldier's EYES dart to movement over Patrick's shoulder. Patrick reels around.

A NAZI in an SS UNIFORM appears at the top of the ridge. He lifts his sub-machine.

The Union Soldier pushes Patrick out of harm's way and DRAWS A PISTOL. The two FIRE simultaneously, hitting each other. The Nazi is knocked off the top of the ridge.

Patrick puts pressure to the Union Soldier's new wounds when, inexplicably, FLAMES SHOOT OUT OF THE BULLET HOLES. He pulls his hands back.

The Union Soldier HOWLS IN PAIN.

Hill and Colt return to find Patrick kneeling helplessly at the Union Soldier's side. Hill sees FIRE SHOOTING out of the Union Soldier's wounds.

HILL

Ahh, shit. Get on 'em, Doc.

COLT

It's too late.

Colt calls down the ridge.

COLT

McKee!

HILL

Fuck that, Doc. Don't ya let 'em die.

COLT

Look at him, Hill. He's already sparked. He's done. You know it.

In dives CHAPLAIN MCKEE, dressed in worn VIETNAM FATIGUES and armed only with a BIBLE. He's more infantry than clergy.

HILL

Don't just give up on 'em.

Hill drops down, desperately putting pressure on the Union Soldier's FLAMING WOUNDS but the heat is too great.

McKee begins Last Rites--

MCKEE

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul...

The FLAMES INTENSIFY. McKee recognizes what is to come, slowly steps back.

MCKEE

(quickly)

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil...

Then, suddenly, the Union Soldier's ENTIRE BODY BURSTS into FLAMES. The blast knocking Patrick to the ground.

The Union Soldier is COMPLETELY ENGULFED, the FLAMES ROAR to a climax, build to a GIANT BLAST OF HEAT, a FLASH--

--and the soldier is GONE.

Patrick can't believe his eyes. THE UNION SOLDIER'S BODY HAS COMPLETELY VANISHED. Only his WEAPON and HAT remain.

Hill grabs Patrick--

HILL

Get on yer feet!

Hill draws his revolver, pushes it to Patrick's head.

PATRICK

Hold on...

McKee tries to separate the two.

MCKEE

Hill...

Hill draws another pistol on McKee. He's in a rage.

HILL

Stay outta this!

MCKEE

You gonna shoot me, Hill?

McKee throws his BIBLE to the ground.

MCKEE

Why don't I let *them* shoot me
instead, God-damn it!

McKee stumbles to the top of the ridge, completely exposed to the enemy.

Worthington comes charging back and snatches the pistol from Hill's hand--

WORTHINGTON

That's enough!

A NAZI pops up behind Hill. Worthington drops him with a SINGLE SHOT. Like the Union Soldier moments ago, the Nazi IMPLODES into a BALL OF FIRE and DISAPPEARS.

Worthington tosses the weapon back to Hill then sees McKee's suicidal march--

WORTHINGTON

McKee, what the bloody hell are you
doing? The enemy is over there!

McKee is drawing the Nazi's fire.

WORTHINGTON

Gawonii!

GAWONII, a CHEROKEE from the French & Indian War, appears at Worthington's side. His buckskin vest sports an assortment of knives and TWO TOMAHAWKS hanging at his shoulders.

WORTHINGTON
My apologies. It's just that I
wasn't sure you could see them from
your distant position, sir.

 MOORE
Excuse me, Major?

 HILL
Yeah. Hiding in the rear, ya yella
bellied coward.

Moore ignores Hill's comment.

 MOORE
We're moving out. Gawonni, you got
point.

Patrick appears at the top of the ridgeline, he stumbles down
the other side.

 WORTHINGTON
 (re: Patrick)
And what shall we do with him, sir?

 HILL
Kill 'em.

 MOORE
Shut up, Hill.

 WORTHINGTON
Colt!

COLT is stripping ammo from a rifle.

 COLT
Red?

 WORTHINGTON
Round up the Yank's gear and take
his weapon. He stays with you.

Colt reaches for Patrick's M-16, but he resists. Worthington
levels his Tommy Gun at Patrick--

 WORTHINGTON
You, lad, will do precisely as
you're told...

Patrick hands his M-16 to Colt.

WORTHINGTON

...and perhaps, just perhaps,
you'll survive.

(beat)

Captain, we're ready.

MOORE

McKee! Let's move out!

McKee is atop the ridge with the Union Soldier's RIFLE and HAT. He drives the rifle into the ground, barrel first and hangs the hat from it. A FIELD HEADSTONE.

McKee moves to the next rifle and helmet. It's a Nazi's. Again, he drives the barrel into the ground.

COLT

C'mon, Mack.

McKee doesn't answer. He finds his Bible and picks it up. He slides it into his pack and marches past Colt, his eyes FIXED on Patrick.

As McKee walks by, Patrick grabs him by the arm--

PATRICK

Where the fuck am I?

The men hear the sound of a MAN MOANING. They quickly raise their weapons. Worthington cautiously moves past McKee, his AK-47 trained in the direction of the sound.

The MOANS lead to a NAZI, dying in the blackened underbrush. Flames SPARK out of his wounds. Worthington kicks the helmet off of his head.

The Nazi spits a MOUTHFUL OF BLOOD and cusses at Worthington in German. Worthington lowers his rifle--

WORTHINGTON

No 'sprechen sie.'

McKee pulls free from Patrick's grasp.

MCKEE

Welcome to hell.

BANG! A single shot ECHOES, the Nazi bursts into a BALL OF FLAME.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDING ACROSS DESOLATE TERRAIN - NIGHT

A raging BALL OF FIRE - that only moments ago was the Nazi - races across desolate terrain. Hundreds of miles in the blink of an eye.

The burning essence streaks NORTH towards a distant MOUNTAIN RANGE, an endless stretch of black, jagged peaks ripping into the blood red sky.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT

Cresting the range and down the other side, the fireball is swallowed by a GIANT PILLAR OF FLAMES. What emerges from the pillar is something shocking--

The Nazi has been transformed. His body now a mix of charred flesh and burning bone. A human no more, his corpse LITERALLY on FIRE.

Mindlessly he marches out, joining the ranks of MILLIONS just like him, cordoned off into large fighting divisions.

They are the FIRE SOLDIERS. This is the LEGION OF FIRE.

Hidden deep within this mountain range, an entire army of burning soldiers wait, massed for battle.

EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

Patrick is led through a dense, blackened forest. Dwarfed by these petrified giants, the men step carefully. Under the canopy of gnarled branches, they navigate the dark shifting shadows along their path. A HEAVY FOG hangs close to the ground. It's eerily quiet.

Gawonii is at point. The rest are staggered behind, two-by-two, with Colt and Patrick bringing up the rear.

COLT

Krauts?

PATRICK

What?

COLT

Krauts. Who were you fighting?
Germans?

PATRICK

What? Who cares. Where are you
taking me?

COLT

Take it easy, chum. You're just along for the ride til we get back to the Western Front.

PATRICK

Western Front?

COLT

Yeah, man. There are battles raging all over this God-damn place.

Gawonii stops suddenly. He silently raises his FIST into the air. The platoon freezes. A GROWING RUMBLE approaches their position.

PATRICK

What is that?

The men fan out and take cover in the underbrush. Colt pulls Patrick to the ground.

COLT

(whispers)

Mongols...

Down the path, Patrick sees HUNDREDS OF MEN marching toward them in heavy armor, wielding battle axes and machine guns.

COLT

...nomads, barbarians. They kill everything. They have no need for friends or allies. And they never take pris...

Colt stops mid-sentence. A MONGOL appears directly in front of them, his face hidden beneath an aged iron helmet, his breath visible in the frosty air.

Colt clutches his rifle, hands shaking. Patrick reaches to him, steadies him. They hold perfectly still.

The column of Mongols continues on. The men remain hidden until they have passed.

Gawonii cautiously gets to his feet. He looks further up the path and sees something. He signals for Moore to join him. They move up the path, leaving the rest of the men behind.

HILL

Red. Hey, Red? We gotta move on. Them things can fuckin' smell us.

WORTHINGTON

Keep your powder dry, Hill. We stand fast 'till the Captain returns.

Hill drops a fresh belt into his M-60.

HILL

Fuck Moore, man.

COLT

Hey, Hill, shut up.

HILL

Hey, Colt, fuck you.

Patrick watches in disbelief. Hill gets to his feet and Worthington follows.

WORTHINGTON

I'm not asking, Hill.

Worthington hip tosses Hill to the ground. Hill's scrappy and quickly back to his feet. Worthington drops him again.

PATRICK

(under his breath)

Unbelievable. This is a God-damn circus.

Worthington and Hill turn to Patrick.

WORTHINGTON

(to Patrick)

You have something to say, do you?

Just then, Moore returns.

MOORE

What the hell is going on here?

The men are silent. Moore points to Patrick--

MOORE

You. Get up. Come with me.

(to McKee)

Mack, you too.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING

Gawonii stands near a wounded SOLDIER. As Patrick gets closer, he recognizes the soldier.

It's FORTE. He's lying in a POOL OF BLOOD. Patrick drops to his side.

FORTE
Patrick?

PATRICK
Yeah, Forte. It's me.

FORTE
(relieved)
Patrick.

Patrick pulls Forte's flak jacket open and finds that he has been cut by a sword the length of his chest.

FORTE
Where... where is everybody?

PATRICK
I don't know.

Moore interrupts, ready to move on.

MOORE
(to Gawonii)
Bring the men up.

FORTE
Who are these guys?

PATRICK
I don't know.

Forte starts to panic--

FORTE
What the fuck is going on!

Fire SPARKS out of Forte's wounds. Patrick knows what's coming.

PATRICK
(to McKee)
What can I do?

McKee is silent, reaches for his Bible. Patrick turns and sees the pistol on Moore's hip. He looks up to Moore and gestures to it. Moore shakes his head and walks away.

FORTE
Patrick...

The men file by, looking down at Patrick and Forte. Forte watches them pass, mystified.

FORTE
 ...I don't think we made it.

The FLAMES in Forte's wounds grow. Forte sees them now.

FORTE
 Oh my God!

Forte SCREAMS as his body EXPLODES INTO FLAME. Patrick can only watch helplessly as Forte is ENGULFED. The fire spikes and Forte VANISHES.

McKee picks up Forte's rifle. He drives it into the ground and hangs his helmet from it.

Patrick sees the PLAYING CARD still in the helmet's band. He plucks it out and tucks it into his shirt pocket.

Hill passes by, sees the fresh headstone and the mourning Patrick. He LAUGHS--

HILL
 Hey, look at 'er this way, at least
 ya ain't gotta bury 'em.

Patrick rushes Hill and TACKLES him. They exchange a wild series of blows. The men gather around.

Patrick sees a KNIFE on Hill's belt and draws it. Patrick yanks Hill to his feet, spins him around and pushes the blade to his neck.

Worthington draws his pistol.

WORTHINGTON
 Let him go.

PATRICK
 Get back or this scrawny shit is
 dead.

WORTHINGTON
 Don't be daft.

PATRICK
 Shut the fuck up!

Worthington takes careful aim.

COLT
Red, hold your fire!

MCKEE
Put the knife down.

PATRICK
No! We're not going anywhere until
someone tells me what the fuck is
going on.

The men inch toward Patrick. He turns Hill, keeping himself shielded.

PATRICK
Where the hell am I?

WORTHINGTON
I don't know.

PATRICK
What do you mean, you don't know?

WORTHINGTON
Exactly that. None of us knows for
certain.

PATRICK
Am I dead?

COLT
We're all dead.

WORTHINGTON
Every warrior, every soldier, every
man killed in battle is here, lad.

PATRICK
How do I get out?

HILL
Ya don't. Yer stuck.

Patrick jerks Hill silent, looks to McKee--

MCKEE
Think about it. What's the last
thing you remember?

Patrick collects his thoughts for a beat.

PATRICK

It was a combat jump. We were
outnumbered. Overrun.

(beat)

I was hit...

The memories trickle back. Patrick lowers the knife. Hill
slips free, draws a pistol on Patrick.

PATRICK

...and now I'm here.

SHOTS RING OUT. The men turn to see hundreds of SOLDIERS
step out of the surrounding woodline. The soldiers are
diverse; from different eras, different wars.

They cautiously approach with GUNS RAISED--

SOLDIER #1

Drop your weapons!

The LEAD SOLDIER takes aim of Hill.

SOLDIER #1

I said drop it, now!

Hill drops the gun, raises his hands.

HILL

I told ya we shudda kept movin'.

EXT. THE CITADEL - NIGHT

Patrick and the men are led out of the forest and into an
open valley. In the distance, HUNDREDS OF BARB WIRE LADEN
TRENCHES spread across the front of a FORTRESS built into a
mountainside.

PATRICK

Jesus... What the hell is that?

This is the CITADEL. It lies in a perfect defensive
position, the only approach through this valley.

The HIGH WALLS of the Citadel run the entire length of the
mountainside. Hundreds of TORCHES burn atop them. A SET OF
COLOSSAL GATES at their center, the sole entrance within.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS line the high walls.

SIR WILLIAM AARONDALE, an aged knight wearing tarnished chain mail and a broadsword, appears above the gates. He strokes his haggard beard as his wild eyes examine the new arrivals.

AARONDALE
What do we have here?

SOLDIER #1
Sir Aarondale, we picked them up while in pursuit of the retreating Mongols.

AARONDALE
Is that so. Who leads these men?

Moore stumbles forward, pushing his way to the front.

MOORE
Uh, that would be me, sir. Captain David Moore. Got a little turned around out there. Um... but we got our bearings now. We'll just be on our way.
(beat)
Thank you.
(beat)
Uh... which way was is west again?

Aarondale is not amused.

AARONDALE
Bring them inside.

The Citadel's HEAVY GATES slowly swing open.

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD

They are led through, where HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS spanning the history of combat have gathered around a towering HANGMAN'S GALLOWS. Vikings, Conquistadors, Bolsheviks, Imperial Japanese, Nazis-- the mix is as diverse as it is eclectic.

A MASKED HANGMAN holds a MONGOL PRISONER atop the gallows. Patrick and the men are stopped at the base of the stairs.

AARONDALE
They shall bear witness.

Aarondale ascends the gallows staircase.

AARONDALE
(to crowd)
The incessant violence will end.
(MORE)

AARONDALE (CONT'D)

The chain that has damned us to
this God forsaken land will be
broken.

The Mongol's hands are bound and a NOOSE is TIGHTENED around
his neck. Aarondale steps to the edge of the gallows--

AARONDALE

For those who tread the path of
death and destruction, this is
their fate.

(to Mongol)

You have been found guilty of
crimes against your fellow man.
The penalty for which is death.

Aarondale signals. A LEVER is pulled, dropping the Mongol
through a TRAP DOOR. His neck snaps and FIRE BELLOWS out of
the GALLOWES catching the slack rope ABLAZE.

The crowd CHEERS.

AARONDALE

Bring me the Ranger!

Surrounded by Guards, a LONE SOLDIER with his hands shackled
behind his back is escorted through the mob to the base of
the gallows.

This guy has special forces written all over him. A strict
high and tight, chiseled jaw and hyper focused stare. He
carries himself like a man who's seen it all. The name on
his Vietnam era uniform reads SMOKLER but he goes by "Smoke."

As the guards lead Smoke to the stairs, he sees Patrick, does
a double take. He looks Patrick up and down as he climbs the
gallows. He can't take his eyes off of him.

A FRESH NOOSE is readied as they reach the top.

SMOKE

For me? You shouldn't have.

The guards place Smoke over the TRAP DOOR.

AARONDALE

The incessant violence will end.
The chain that has damned us to
this God forsaken land will be
broken. For those who tread the
path of death...

SMOKE

Not guilty.

A lone CHUCKLE comes from the crowd. Smoke smiles.

AARONDALE
This isn't a trial.

The hangman reaches for the noose.

SMOKE
It ain't much of a hanging, either.

Smoke SPINS and KICKS the trap door lever, sending him and the hangman into the gallows below.

AARONDALE
Stop him!

Smoke lands on his feet, surrounded by the network of timbers that support the gallows.

Soldiers rush to the base of the gallows and OPEN FIRE. The shots hit the hangman. He BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Smoke bounds over and through the timbers.

AARONDALE
Hold your fire! Take him alive.

Soldiers rush under the gallows after him. Smoke leaps from support to support evading their grasp, navigating his way out.

He leaps to the ground below, landing right next to Patrick.

He is instantly encircled, but fights fiercely. Smoke uses their numbers to his advantage, riding the momentum of two men to take down three others.

Smoke's ferocity has driven the circle outward. The soldiers hesitate entry into the ring, but Smoke has run out of steam. He drops to his knees, still egging them on.

SMOKE
Had enough?

One of Aarondale's men aims his rifle at Smoke. Patrick KICKS THE RIFLE from his hands as it FIRES into the air.

The soldier next to Patrick swings the butt of his rifle and KNOCKS him unconscious. Patrick drops to the ground.

AARONDALE
That's enough!

Aarondale's order stops the melee. He looks down at Patrick.

AARONDALE
Well, I'll be damned.

He makes his way down from the gallows for a better look.

AARONDALE
Take them all to the brig.
(re: Patrick)
I want a talk with this one.

INT. THE CITADEL - BRIG - LATER

Aged IRON CELLS line the inside of a dank, torch lit brig. The men have been divided and locked up. Hill hangs from the window bars, peering outside.

MOORE
I'll sort all this out.

HILL
Sure ya will. Did a bang up job
out yonder.
(mocking)
Which way was west?

HILL'S POV--

In the courtyard below, he sees the gallows being fitted with fresh NOOSES.

BACK TO SCENE--

Hill drops back down.

HILL
They're fixin' more.

Patrick wakes up in his cell at the far end of the brig.

HILL
(to Patrick)
Mornin', Peaches. Nice work out
there. We was all mighty impressed
how ya got up all that gumption,
put your nose where it don't belong
and got us locked up!

COLT
Leave him alone, Hill. He's all
crossed up.

HILL

Fuck you, Doc. You forget he just
hadda knife to my throat?

Gawonii sits quietly in the corner of his cell. He mutters
under his breath. Even in Cherokee, it's clear it was an
insult.

HILL

Na, na, na. There he goes again.
What'd he just say? Colt, what he
say?

COLT

He said the only thing keeping him
from breaking you in half right now
is that there would then be two of
you around.

Gawonni cracks a smile.

HILL

Stick an' stones, Gawonni. Sticks
an' stones.

WORTHINGTON

I'd say that is quite enough out of
you blokes.

Patrick shakes off the cobwebs. Smoke casually leans against
the bars of the cell next to him, looks him up and down.

SMOKE

I know you.

PATRICK

Yeah, I'm the guy who just saved
your ass.

SMOKE

Saved my ass? I had that situation
totally under control. Everything
was going according to plan and
then you had to step in.

PATRICK

Oh, really? Did you plan include
getting your head blown off while
you were on you knees?

SMOKE

Touché. But seriously, you look
familiar.

The brig door CLANKS open and TWO GUARDS enter, stopping at Patrick's cell.

GUARD #1
You, let's go.

Smoke sticks his head through the bars--

SMOKE
Hey, good chat. Give my regards to Aarondale.

INT. THE CITADEL - AARONDALE'S CHAMBERS

Patrick is thrown into a TORCH LIT CHAMBER, the door locked behind him. A table sits in the center of the room. Relics from throughout time are scattered about.

A medieval Smithsonian of sorts.

Patrick looks out a window. He's in a tower hundreds of feet above the courtyard. There's no way out.

The door UNLOCKS. Flanked by his guards, Aarondale strides in and draws his broadsword. He drops the heavy blade on the table in front of him. A DETAILED COAT OF ARMS is etched into hilt of the polished blade.

AARONDALE
Leave us.

The guard steps outside, locking the two men in.

AARONDALE
Why did you intervene on the behalf of the Ranger?

PATRICK
You did give an order to take him alive.

AARONDALE
Indeed. Give me your name.

Patrick doesn't answer.

AARONDALE
You can answer my questions and make this easy...

Aarondale's iron glove grips the hilt of his sword.

AARONDALE

...or not.

Aarondale deftly brings the blade to Patrick's neck. Nothing from Patrick, not even a flinch. With the flick of a wrist, Aarondale flips the dog tags out of Patrick's shirt and cuts them loose.

They fall onto the table. Aarondale examines them.

AARONDALE

Patrick. Nathan Junior. How long have you been here?

PATRICK

Where exactly is here?

AARONDALE

There is no simple answer to that question.

PATRICK

So I've heard.

Patrick takes note of his armor.

PATRICK

Looks like you've been here awhile.

AARONDALE

It was a much different place then.
(beat)
Sit.

Patrick sits.

AARONDALE

We were brought here for a larger purpose, for a battle yet to come. Instead, that battle has become one amongst ourselves.

Aarondale leans in close, his eyes examining Patrick's face.

AARONDALE

The real war is coming, Nathan Patrick Jr. A war against an unimaginable enemy. A war that must unite us all.

Aarondale goes to the chamber window and his gaze falls upon the black mountain range to the north.

AARONDALE

Beyond the Northern Lines is where it all begins. Forces are now mobilizing to lay siege on this fortress. They will come from beyond those black peaks.

Aarondale turns back to Patrick.

AARONDALE

Something evil festers there, growing stronger. We've seen signs that the battle will very soon be upon us.

PATRICK

Why are you telling me this?

AARONDALE

Come with me, I have something to show you.

INT. THE CITADEL - CORRIDOR

Aarondale leads Patrick deep within the Citadel.

AARONDALE

I have descended from a long line of warriors. My father died gloriously on the field of battle. I was too young to remember the first time, but I had the honor of being by his side when he was struck down again.

(beat)

Here.

Ahead is a HEAVILY GUARDED BARRICADE, sandbags and barbed wire block a LONG CORRIDOR that disappears into darkness. ARMED GUARDS make way as they pass.

Patrick is drawn to the coat of arms on the hilt of Aarondale's sword.

AARONDALE

(off Patrick's stare)

This belonged to my father and his father before him. It has been passed down for generations. It has seen battles that you could only imagine.

(MORE)

AARONDALE (CONT'D)

With this sword, my father
commanded the Citadel and he died
defending it. God willing, so will
I.

Aarondale looks to Patrick, knowing.

AARONDALE

And what of you, Patrick? Your
lineage.

Patrick instinctively reaches into his pocket, pulling out
his FATHER'S DOG TAGS.

PATRICK

My father was a soldier.

They reach a pair of SIMPLE WOODEN DOORS at end of the
corridor.

AARONDALE

This I already knew.

INT. THE CITADEL - CHAMBER

The doors open and Patrick is overwhelmed by the sight, a
MASSIVE CHAMBER hidden within the mountain. An epic space,
smooth rock polished to a brilliant SHIMMER, perfection in
stark contrast to the rest of this miserable land.

At the far end, SEVEN STEPS rise to a pair of GIGANTIC DOORS.

PATRICK

What is this place?

Aarondale crosses to a large STONE PEDESTAL at the chamber's
center.

AARONDALE

For thousands of years, a
brotherhood of knights were charged
with the Citadel's defenses.

Aarondale points to an odd shaped depression carved into the
center of the pedestal. Something is missing.

AARONDALE

A knight of our own betrayed us and
stole the key.

PATRICK

A key? A key for what?

AARONDALE

For those doors. Once that key is placed into this pedestal, it opens a gateway back to the living world. It is through this gateway the army of Hell must pass to bring the foretold Apocalypse.

Patrick stands in awe in front of the giant doors. He gazes around the chamber, and sees carvings of four demonic horsemen, arching towards the doors.

PATRICK

So there's a way out of here?

AARONDALE

It's not that simple, Patrick.

PATRICK

Of course not.

AARONDALE

The traitor raised an army in an attempt to take the Citadel. His desire was to use the gateway to return to the living world. Our forces clashed at the Old Field. The fighting waged for months, few survived. In the end, the knight escaped and took refuge in the most dangerous region of this land, the Northern Lines. One man stepped forward, vowing to pursue and retrieve the key no matter what the cost. A bold and headstrong soul, just like you.

Aarondale tosses Patrick's dog tags back. He holds them in one hand and his father's in the other.

AARONDALE

His name was Colonel Nathan Patrick. Your father.

An ALARM RINGS out in the courtyard. One of Aarondale's guards bursts into the chamber.

GUARD #1

Sir!

He rushes to Aarondale's side, whispers to him. Clearly bad news.

AARONDALE
 (to guard)
 Get him back to the brig.

PATRICK
 What? Wait! Where is he? Did he
 ever come back?

AARONDALE
 No. He hasn't been seen since.

INT. THE CITADEL - BRIG

Two guards drag in Patrick. As one unlocks his cell, Patrick
 SPINS AND LANDS A ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the other, knocking him
 unconscious.

The other guard pulls his sidearm. Smoke reaches through the
 bars and CHOKES HIM OUT.

SMOKE
 Get the keys.

Moore and Worthington jump to their feet.

MOORE
 What the hell are you doing?

Patrick takes the keys from the guard's belt and goes to
 Moore's cell. He hesitates before unlocking it.

PATRICK
 You need to take me to the Northern
 Lines.

MOORE
 The Northern Lines?!

HILL
 Woohoo! You are plum outta yer
 mind, son! I'd rather hang.

WORTHINGTON
 I would strongly advise against
 this, Patrick. The Northern Lines
 are fraught with peril.

MOORE
 Why would you, of all people, need
 to go to the Northern Lines?

Patrick won't answer.

MCKEE

The Northern Lines are a no man's land. The journey alone will most likely kill you. No one has ever returned from there.

(beat)

No one.

PATRICK

I'll go on my own, then.

SMOKE (O.S.)

I'll take you.

Patrick crosses to Smoke's cell.

SMOKE

Let me out, and I'll get you there. I give you my word.

MOORE

Ha! He'll leave you for dead first chance he gets.

SMOKE

(to Moore)

Do I know you?

WORTHINGTON

Don't do it, Patrick.

Patrick takes a pair of SHACKLES hanging from the wall and tosses them at Smoke's feet.

PATRICK

Put those on.

SMOKE

What?

PATRICK

You heard me. Put 'em on.

Smoke reluctantly shackles his own hands. Patrick opens his cell.

COLT

Patrick.

Patrick stops.

COLT
I'll go with you. We'll all go
with you.

MOORE
Like hell we will, Colt.

WORTHINGTON
Do you know what you are saying,
Doc?

COLT
We stand a better chance out there
than we do against those gallows.
(to Patrick)
And you're gonna need some help
just gettin' past those walls.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL - NIGHT

Aarondale's MEN rush to the wall and take aim.

AARONDALE
What's going on?

One of the guards points to the distant woodline. Aarondale
squints, trying to make out a FIGURE in the mist.

A LONE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER comes running out of the woods at
full speed. He runs straight toward the Citadel racing over
the planks and under the barbed wire that span the trenches.

Aarondale steps to the wall, orders a nearby SNIPER--

AARONDALE
Shoot him.

The sniper takes a knee and brings an eye to his scope,
tracks his target.

Aarondale turns back to the woodline just as HUNDREDS OF
CONFEDERATES break out of the forest. A tattered "SOUTHERN
CROSS" leads their charge. They rush across the valley at
full speed.

AARONDALE
Bedford.
(to the sniper)
Hold your fire.
(then; to others)
Secure the gates!

INT. THE CITADEL - OUTSIDE THE BRIG

Patrick and the men rush out of the brig into a surprisingly empty corridor.

Gawonii runs over to the nearby weapons locker, kicking the door off. He quickly hands out weapons, pulling out a SAMURAI SWORD--

COLT
Whose is this?

Smoke snaps the sword from Gawonii's hand.

SMOKE
That would be me.

PATRICK
Which way?

SMOKE
Follow me.

MOORE
Oh no, we are not...

Smoke runs down the corridor. The men follow, leaving Moore behind.

MOORE
...following him.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Hoads of CONFEDERATES gather at the gates. They look battle weary, on edge. Fear is etched in their eyes--

BEDFORD (O.S.)
Make way!

The crowd parts for a pair of worn knee-high patent leather boots. CONFEDERATE GENERAL BEDFORD strides to the gates armed with a CEREMONIAL SABER and a SILVER REVOLVER.

BEDFORD
Aarondale! Aarondale!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Aarondale appears atop the gates, flanked by HUNDREDS OF MEN with their weapons trained on the Confederates.

BEDFORD
 Aarondale! You best be opening
 these God-damn gates before I knock
 'em down!

AARONDALE
 Not for you, Bedford.

BEDFORD
 (turning to his men)
 Boys!

The Confederates take aim.

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD

Smoke leads the men to the base of the gallows. The courtyard is deserted.

SMOKE
 Something's not right.

They can see the gates from their vantage point. Moore notices that they are unguarded. He makes a break for it.

MOORE
 Let's go.

Smoke tries to stop Moore.

SMOKE
 Wait.

It's too late, the rest of the men follow Moore. Smoke goes after them.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Aarondale's men are in a tense standoff with the Confederates below when the gates open--

AARONDALE
 I said secure those gates!

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

The main gates OPEN. Patrick and the men rush out only to find their escape blocked the hoard of Confederates. The gates QUICKLY CLOSE behind them. Everyone looks at Moore.

MOORE
 Damn.

The Confederates react with rifles raised.

SMOKE

You've got to be kidding.

Bedford spots Hill in the crowd, smiles.

BEDFORD

Well, well, well. What do we have here?

He draws his saber and lifts it to Hill's throat.

BEDFORD

Thought we wouldn't find you, boy?
I don't take kindly to deserters.

Hill stiffens up, unafraid.

AARONDALE

Sheath your blade, Bedford!

Bedford pushes the tip of his sword into Hill's throat.
Blood trickles out.

BEDFORD

Open the doors or your man will die.

AARONDALE

He's not one of my men.

Hill raises his brow confirming the truth.

BEDFORD

Damn, don't nobody want you, boy?

Bedford holds his blade steady. He commands with his free hand, pointing at Patrick and the others.

BEDFORD

Are *these* your men?

AARONDALE

Afraid not.

BEDFORD

You're a God-damn liar!

MOORE

They're my men.

BEDFORD
And who the fuck are you?

MOORE
Captai...

BEDFORD
I don't give a shit! I'm going to
kill all of 'em on principle at
this point!

Bedford draws his revolver and COCKS the HAMMER BACK.

AARONDALE
Bedford, this is your last warning.

BEDFORD
Aarondale, you don't understand.

Bedford changes tact.

BEDFORD
Please, let us in.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
General Bedford, they're coming
through!

Bedford reels back, looking to the woodline.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Aarondale also turns. For a moment, nothing. Then--

THE TREES BURST INTO FLAMES.

AARONDALE
(sotto)
They weren't attacking, they were
retreating.

The edge of the forest burns like a lit fuse, splitting into
SIX CHANNELS OF FLAME heading directly toward the Citadel.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

McKee sees the approaching blaze.

MCKEE
Look!

The men turn and see the woods burning.

MOORE

What is it?

BEDFORD

Into the trenches!

The Confederates scatter into the trench system leaving Patrick and the others at the gates. Smoke holds out his shackled wrists.

SMOKE

Patrick, unlock my hands.

Patrick pulls out the guard's key ring. There are HUNDREDS OF KEYS.

SMOKE

Shit. Give 'em to me.

EXT. THE CITADEL - WOODLINE

The woodline ERUPTS INTO FLAMES as SIX FIRE SOLDIERS blast into the open field. They're armed with machine guns and fiery shields.

They charge toward the trenches.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Moore sees the charging Fire Soldiers, his jaw drops.

MOORE

Holy shit!

Smoke grabs Patrick, they dive into a trench full of Confederates.

WORTHINGTON

Into the trenches!

Worthington and the others dive into another trench.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Aarondale's soldiers exchange worried looks.

SOLDIER

Sir?

AARONDALE

Wait for my command.

(under his breath)

Let's see what they can do.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Bedford marches through the trench system and raises his sword into the air. He's the ONLY MAN IN THE OPEN.

BEDFORD

On my command!

The Confederates raise their muskets, machine guns and small arms from the trenches in unison.

BEDFORD

Ready!

The Fire Soldiers continue to advance.

BEDFORD

Aim!

Bedford stops at the edge of the furthest trench, swiftly bringing his saber down--

BEDFORD

Fire!

A wave of GUNFIRE erupts from the trenches. The massive volley is deflected by the Fire Soldier's burning shields.

The Fire Soldiers raise their weapons and RETURN FIRE. Their bullets are like tracer rounds on steroids.

Their aim, dead on.

The Confederates in the first trench line are hit. They fall like dominoes BUT THEY DON'T BURST INTO FLAMES. The bodies of the soldiers killed by Fire Soldiers remain.

BEDFORD

Second volley...

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

The Fire Soldiers charge unabated, decimating the Confederate forces. Aarondale has seen enough.

AARONDALE

Anything that moves!

Aarondale's men OPEN FIRE indiscriminately, taking shots at Fire Soldiers and Confederates. Bodies and bullets fly in every direction.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

The Confederates panic and abandon the trenches. They rush past Bedford in retreat.

BEDFORD

Damn it! Get back in line, you
yellow bellied bastards!

Bedford turns, finds himself face to face with one of the Fire Soldiers. Bedford swings his saber, slashes, cutting completely through the Fire Soldier, severing it in half.

Falling to the ground, the flames that engulfed it go out.

Another Fire Soldier OPENS FIRE behind Bedford, hitting him. Falling to his knees, Bedford drops his sword and pulls his revolver. He squeezes the trigger.

It goes off like a CANNON. The shot rips through the Fire Soldier's chest, but it doesn't go down. The Fire Soldier lowers its BLAZING BAYONET and charges, IMPALING Bedford.

Patrick jumps from his trench, rushes to the fallen General.

SMOKE

What the hell are you doing?

Patrick FIRES a blast of machine gun fire, hitting the Fire Soldier that just killed Bedford. A head shot, it's SKULL EXPLODES. The burning body drops to the ground, lifeless.

Patrick drops to a knee, checks Bedford-- he's dead.

Smoke sees two Fire Soldiers close on Patrick. He climbs out of the trench, still flipping through the KEYS--

SMOKE

C'mon...

Frantically searching for the right key--

SMOKE

Ah, fuck it!

Smoke tosses the keys to the ground. He fumbles with a rifle, trying to get a hold with his shackled hands--

SMOKE

Behind you!

Patrick rolls out of the line of fire. Smoke drops to his back, lifts the rifle with his feet and PULLS THE TRIGGER. Emptying the clip, the two Fire Soldiers fall dead.

Suddenly, the last two Fire Soldiers POP OUT OF THE TRENCH directly behind Smoke. He's defenseless, flat on the ground.

Worthington and the others jump from their trench and unload their weapons, taking out one. The other leaps into the air and blind sides Patrick, knocking him to the ground.

It stands directly over him, BAYONET poised to strike when--

Aarondale's broadsword streaks in like a missile and smashes into the last Fire Soldier. The blade's impact obliterates it, sending burning bits of flesh and bone into the air.

The sword impales the ground, inches from Patrick's head.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

The broadsword has ended the battle. Aarondale is flanked by hundreds of his soldiers, their rifles now trained on Patrick and the others.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Patrick is slow to his feet as Smoke surveys the battlefield--

SMOKE

Now this is a first.

PATRICK

What?

Smoke points over the trenches, BODIES of dead Confederates are littered everywhere.

SMOKE

Bodies.

Worthington kneels over one of the dead Fire Soldiers.

MOORE

What the hell are they?

Worthington looks at its uniform-- A JAPANESE INFANTRY MAN from WWII.

WORTHINGTON

They're human.

Colt walks over to another of the dead Fire Soldiers. This one is a FRENCH SOLDIER from the Revolutionary war.

COLT

Were.

McKee flips over another.

MCKEE

Patrick, come here.

Patrick kneels down for a closer look. One of the dead Fire Soldiers has the same uniform as his own.

MCKEE

Isn't that your guy?

Patrick sees tattoos on the soldier's knuckles A HEART, A DIAMOND, A CLUB AND A SPADE. Patrick warily rolls the body over. It's the charred, mutilated remains of Forte.

PATRICK

Yeah. Yeah, it is.

Patrick turns to Aarondale's broadsword, still stuck in the ground. He goes to the sword, placing his hand on the hilt. He looks up to Aarondale atop the wall.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Aarondale is focused on the distant MOUNTAIN RANGE to the north. The AMBER HORIZON past the mountains grows darker.

AARONDALE

(to his soldiers)

Fortify defences and prepare for a siege.

He shifts his gaze to Patrick at the sword, his hand still hesitating on the hilt--

--Aarondale nods.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Patrick pulls the heavy blade from the ground. He turns to find the men watching him.

Lowering the blade to his side, Patrick silently moves out.

EXT. THE OLD FIELD - NIGHT - LATER

Patrick and the men march solemnly across a blackened field, littered with thousands of WEAPONS AND HELMETS driven into the ground. The remnants of a massive battle, slashed and burned in the heat of combat.

Smoke is at the lead, his hands still shackled. Patrick sheaths Aarondale's sword at his side, catches up to him.

PATRICK
Jesus, what the hell happened here?

SMOKE
Just another pointless battle.

Patrick turns back to see Moore and Hill following closely behind. They WHISPER, glancing at him.

SMOKE
Hey kid, what's so important about the Northern Lines?

Patrick won't say.

SMOKE
Fine, keep your little secrets.

This time Smoke turns to see Moore and Hill still plotting.

SMOKE
I'd watch your back if I were you.

Gawonii throws up a fist. The group comes to an immediate halt. Gawonii scans the landscape, searching. He zeros in on a blackened hillside.

COLT
(in Cherokee)
What is it?

EXT. HILLSIDE BRUSH

POV RIFLE SCOPE. The CROSS-HAIRS are focused on Gawonii, then slowly drift from man to man until they target Smoke.

A ROUND is QUIETLY chambered.

EXT. ROAD MARCH

Gawonii's gaze doesn't waver, he's fixated on a point in the hillside.

SMOKE
 Something spooking ya, chief?

Gawonii glares at Smoke. Not amused.

SMOKE
 Nothing out there, Kemo Sabe.
 Let's move.

EXT. HILLSIDE BRUSH

A HOODED FIGURE lowers a high powered M-40 sniper rifle from their shoulder and disappears into the underbrush.

EXT. A TREACHEROUS AND DAUNTING ROUTE - NIGHT

Patrick and the men march. It's slow going. Patrick's eyes focus on the looming and ominous MOUNTAIN RANGE to the north.

Smoke keeps glancing to the surrounding hills.

PATRICK
 You sure you know where you're
 going?

Smoke is incredulous.

SMOKE
 I know exactly where I'm going.
 (to himself)
 I think.

Moore and Hill quickly raise their rifles and point them at the group.

MOORE
 Stop right there!

Patrick raises his rifle in defense.

MCKEE
 Captain?

PATRICK
 (motioning to Smoke)
 And I thought I couldn't trust *him*.

SMOKE
 Nice.

WORTHINGTON
 Moore. Hill. What the bloody hell
 are you doing?

HILL
Change of plans there, Red.
(to Patrick)
Drop it, Peaches.

PATRICK
Moore, you don't understand...

Patrick lays his weapon down.

PATRICK
...I need to get to the Northern
Lines.

HILL
Moore, I reckon I'm done with this
here feller.

MOORE
Shut up, Hill.
(back to Patrick)
Why? I want to know. Tell me,
what is so God-damn important
about the Northern Lines...

Out of the corner of his eye, Moore sees Smoke raising his shackled hands above his head.

MOORE
...and what the hell are you doing?

A SHOT rings out! A bullet strikes the shackles and Smoke's hands are free. He sweeps Moore's feet out from under him.

A second SHOT knocks the rifle out of Hill's hands.

Smoke goes for the rifle, but he's stopped by the cold sting of steel. Patrick wields Aarondale's blade to his neck.

PATRICK
Going somewhere?

The SNIPER emerges from the brush in a HOODED COLONIAL ERA UNIFORM and carrying an M-40 SNIPER RIFLE, still trained on Patrick.

Pulling the hood back, a shock of long black hair tumbles down. The sniper is a WOMAN, her name is DONNELLAN. A black widow, ravishing on the outside but don't let her beauty fool you. She's all killer on the inside.

HILL
A girl?! Ain't no girl can shoot
for shit.

Donnellan quick draws a pistol, FIRES. The shot knocks the cap from Hill's head. He's stunned. He picks it up, dusts it off and fingers the bullet hole--

HILL
I think I'm in love.

Donnellan shifts her aim to Patrick--

DONNELLAN
Drop it!

SMOKE
Damn, Donnellan. What took you so long?

DONNELLAN
Who was it that got captured again?
Oh yeah, that's right, it was you.

Zing!

DONNELLAN
I've been tracking you for miles.

Patrick still has the broadsword at Smoke's neck.

DONNELLAN
Who's this?

SMOKE
Long story.

DONNELLAN
I said drop it!

Patrick refuses to budge.

PATRICK
You said you would take me to the Northern Lines.

DONNELLAN
You said what?

PATRICK
He gave me his word.

DONNELLAN

His word?
(laughing)
Here's the thing. His word is
shit.

SMOKE

I wouldn't say it's shit.

DONNELLAN

Yeah, it is. It's shit.
(to Patrick)
And why do you need to go to the
Northern Lines?

PATRICK

Because my father is there.

Smoke gingerly pushes the broadsword off his neck with a
finger.

SMOKE

(to Patrick)
Give us a sec.

He pulls Donnellan off to the side, out of ear shot of the
others--

DONNELLAN

What the hell is going on?

SMOKE

You're not going to believe this.
But I knew it from the second I saw
him. Look at him. Don't you see
it?

Donnellan looks again, cocks her head.

SMOKE

That's Colonel Patrick's kid.

DONNELLAN

Ho-lee shit.

SMOKE

I know what you're gonna say, but
hear me out...

DONNELLAN

You don't owe that man anything.

SMOKE

I know, but look... this is something I need to do.

DONNELLAN

Smoke, you don't.

SMOKE

No, I do. I need to be square with him, for me.

DONNELLAN

He's probably dead.

SMOKE

Probably. But I did give the kid my word. Besides, if you take us through the marsh we can be there in no time.

Smoke implores her with a look.

DONNELLAN

Fine. We get him there but we get out... fast.

Smoke and Donnellan return to Patrick.

SMOKE

(energized)

Alright, all set. Off we go.

Smoke, Donnellan and Patrick start down the path to the Northern Lines.

Colt, Gawonni and McKee push past Moore, catching up with Patrick.

MOORE

Where the hell do you think you're going?

COLT

With him.

Worthington shoulders his Tommy Gun.

MOORE

Red...

WORTHINGTON

I believe I'm through taking orders from you, Captain.

Worthington moves out, even Hill goes too.

MOORE

Has everyone lost their minds?!

(beat)

Damn it!

He picks up his rifle and catches up.

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

Donnellan leads the way through a simmering marsh. They slog through the thick, scorched underbrush, carefully navigating around small POOLS OF FIRE that FLARE UP without warning.

The further they have traveled, the more menacing the landscape has grown.

The pace has slowed, the men are tired.

WORTHINGTON

If I may, I believe it would be best if we caught our breath for a moment.

DONNELLAN

Can't. Not here.

Smoke sees the fatigue on their faces.

SMOKE

Donnellan, maybe we should rest.

DONNELLAN

Not. Here.

Hill's had enough. He stops and flops to the ground.

HILL

(mocking)

Fuck. You.

The rest of the men follow suit.

DONNELLAN

Fine. We'll catch our breath.

Colt and Gawonii drop in next to Patrick. Gawonii speaks in Cherokee to Colt, motioning to Patrick. Colt shakes his head but Gawonii insists.

COLT

Hey, Patrick. Not that we're having second thoughts or anything but how are you so sure that your father is at the Northern Lines?

PATRICK

Aarondale told me. He said my dad volunteered to go find some key.

COLT

A key?

PATRICK

Yeah. Said it got stolen, then lost after some battle at a field or in a field...

Smoke overhears, interrupts--

SMOKE

The Old Field. The battle was at The Old Field.

PATRICK

What do you know about it?

Smoke ignores the question, joins Donnellan.

PATRICK

He said this key is supposed to open the gateway back to the living world.

Colt perks up, gets serious.

COLT

You know, I've heard that story before. We've all heard it. Wonder if it's true?

HILL (O.S.)

Hell no it ain't.

Hill hollers across the marsh at Colt--

HILL

If there's some key that'll open up this here world to the next... I'd a left all yer sorry asses by now. Now shut up! I'm tryin' to catch some shut eye.

Hill rolls to his side, pulling his cap down.

PATRICK
What's his problem?

COLT
Hill? Oh, don't you worry about him. Been in a shit mood ever since he got here. He's alright though, just takes some getting used to. Hell, what happened to him happen to me? I gather I'd be a might pissed off too.

PATRICK
What happened?

COLT
Every war has a last man to die. Short time after he got here he comes to find out, that in his war... it was him.

PATRICK
Tough luck.

Gawonii interrupts. He speaks directly to Patrick as Colt translates for him.

COLT
(translating)
He says it's got nothing to do with luck. Hill was needed and the spirits brought him here.

PATRICK
I don't think any spirits brought me here.

Gawonii is pensive. Colt continues --

COLT
(translating)
You're wrong. The spirits are wise. They have summoned me to this place, and they will reveal my purpose when the time is right. They'll do the same for you.

There is a moment of silence as Patrick considers Gawonii's words. It's interrupted by Moore, striding to the center of the marsh--

MOORE
 (proclamation)
 We're staying here for the night!

Donnellan marches over to Moore.

DONNELLAN
 We can't stay here.

MOORE
 (to Smoke)
 Put a muzzle on this bitch, will
 ya?

DONNELLAN
 Excuse me?

Smoke has to restrain her. She pulls away and storms off.
 Smoke goes after her.

MOORE
 We're staying.

LATER--

Hill and Worthington huddle around one of the pools of fire.

Patrick sees Donnellan across the camp. He catches her eye
 and smiles--

--she gives him the FINGER.

MCKEE (O.S.)
 Making more friends, I see.

Patrick looks up to see McKee.

MCKEE
 Would you like some company?

McKee pulls the Bible out of his pack.

PATRICK
 No sermon for me, father.

MCKEE
 Oh, God no. I wouldn't waste your
 time.

McKee places his Bible on the wet ground and sits on it.

MCKEE
 At least it's good for something.

Patrick points skyward--

PATRICK
Don't let him hear you say that.

MCKEE
I don't think he's listening.

Patrick and McKee sit in silence for a moment.

PATRICK
Mack, mind if I ask you something?

MCKEE
Shoot.

PATRICK
Do you really think Aarondale is right? The gateway and the four horsemen? The end of the living world? Our purpose?

MCKEE
I don't know. Look, I don't have any answers here. Nothing to guide me. When they were writing the Good Book, they left this part out. All this world knows is war, killing and death.

McKee looks around at the rest of his squad settling in for the night.

MCKEE
I spent my life giving Last Rites to men just like these, soldiers dying on the battlefield. I'd look into their eyes and see the fear and uncertainty of what came next. It was my job to bring them comfort in their final moments. I assured them that they were going to a better place. But this isn't what I had in mind. The only thing I fear more than this place is what Hell comes next.

PATRICK
Amen to that.

McKee stands up and brushes his Bible off.

MCKEE

Yes. Amen.

The draw of MUSICAL STRINGS eases through the marsh. Hill carefully slides a FIDDLE and BOW from his pack. He plucks a few notes then pulls the bow across the strings.

The off key note becomes a ballad. When he plays, he's a different man. Eloquent.

The MUSIC washes over the camp. A moment of introspection, a moment of peace.

The SONG transitions DARKLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - FIERY GRAVEYARD

A hellish graveyard. A labyrinth of burning tombstones all around. Patrick parachutes in. He rolls to the ground and sheds the chute. In full battle gear, he scrambles for cover behind a blazing tombstone.

There is no one else here. Cautiously, he moves forward. In the distance, a single coffin sits prepared for burial. He breathes heavy, creeps closer.

The scene is familiar - his father's burial. Patrick inches closer still.

Reaching the coffin, Patrick touches the lid, slowly lifting. Colonel Patrick lies inside. Peaceful.

Suddenly, the Colonel's eyes SNAP open. He's instantly out of the coffin and snatches Patrick by the neck, lifts him from the ground.

COLONEL PATRICK

Nathan.

Wooosh! The Colonel ignites, going up in a ball of flames. He pulls his son in tight, face to face. His flesh bubbling, sluffing off the bone.

Patrick struggles against his father, trying to break free. His own flesh catching fire.

COLONEL PATRICK

Turn back! Now!

PATRICK
 (screaming)
 Nooooo!

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

A HAND slaps over Patrick's mouth. His eyes snap open to find Hill over him with a KNIFE.

HILL
 (quietly)
 Shhhhhhh.

Hill brings the knife to Patrick's face. Patrick eyes the BLADE. Closer. Closer. Then it moves past his face and points into the marsh.

HILL
 Yonder...

Hill removes his hand. The soft SNAP of a branch echoes. Then another.

Patrick scans the marsh and sees SILHOUETTES shifting from tree to tree.

Suddenly a BARRAGE OF ARROWS fly in.

HILL
 Ambush!

A pack of MONGOL WARRIORS rush out of marsh from all sides. Everyone is quick to their weapons.

MOORE
 We're surrounded!

WORTHINGTON
 Colt! Left flank!

Colt turns and FIRES a LAW ROCKET LAUNCHER. The Mongol Warriors EXPLODE INTO FLAMES as they are blown to pieces.

Patrick clicks off the safety on his M-16 and gets to a knee. He sees a Mongol drawing down on McKee.

PATRICK
 Mack, move!

McKee rolls out of the way as Patrick FIRES and the Mongol BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Patrick scans the marsh, both Donnellan and Smoke are missing.

PATRICK
Where the hell is Smoke?

Gawonii HURLS HIS TOMAHAWK through the air. It strikes a Mongol closing in on Hill.

HILL
He done ran off.

MOORE
I knew it!

They're outnumbered. Mongols are everywhere. The men FIRE at everything that moves. Hill runs out of ammo.

HILL
I'm out!

Suddenly, a MONGOL DARTS OUT OF THE MARSH and swings his axe for Hill's head.

MCKEE
Hill!

Hill spins and sees the Mongol. It's too late. He braces for the blow when--

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Mongol EXPLODES INTO FLAMES. Hill reels around to see Patrick standing center in the marsh, smoking rifle in hand.

A Mongol is behind Patrick, broadsword poised to strike.

DONNELLAN (O.S.)
Get down!

Smoke and Donnellan surge in with WEAPONS ABLAZE.

Donnellan pushes Patrick to the ground. She blocks the sword thrust with her rifle then DRIVES A KNIFE into the Mongol's throat. She kicks the Mongol back into a pool of fire just as it ERUPTS, vaporizing him.

Moore trips and falls to the ground. A Mongol is right on top of him, sword above his head.

Smoke quick draws his samurai sword, braking it inches from the Mongol's neck. The Mongol freezes.

The two look intently at each other, neither willing to give an inch. Smoke flashes a smile. The Mongol relaxes, lowers his sword and takes a step backwards.

Smoke sheathes his blade.

Slowly, the Mongol drifts back, leading the other enemy warriors back into the marsh.

Donnellan pushes Smoke aside and pulls Moore to his feet.

DONNELLAN

We're leaving now. Is that okay
with you, Captain?

EXT. ROAD MARCH - NIGHT

The men march in silence, silhouetted against the FLASHING NORTHERN HORIZON. Random distant EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE reverberate through the air.

Suddenly, the horizon erupts. MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS and FLASHES STROBE in a constant exchange of fire. The flickering light reflects in the men's eyes.

SMOKE

Whoa.

In an instant the EXPLOSIONS STOP. The horizon SURGES DEEP RED then falls into complete darkness.

DONNELLAN

Let's keep moving.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - HILLSIDE - DAWN

A blackened dawn breaks. The men stand atop a hillside, looking down in awe. They've reached the NORTHERN LINES--

--and they're completely destroyed.

The Lines stretch as far as the eye can see, from one end of the horizon to the other. A labyrinth of sandbag and barbed wire laden trenches, thousands or more, twisting and turning in seemingly endless directions.

Bunkers and positions are burning, spewing thick clouds of black smoke.

Along the perimeter, bellied up to the wire, thousands upon thousands of BODIES lie smoldering in what appears to be a final stand.

COLT

Oh my God.

MCKEE
I don't think so.

With weapons at the ready, they fan out, slowly sweeping the smouldering base.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - BUNKER

Donnellan and Smoke stand over a burned-out bunker. SCORCHED CORPSES are piled inside.

DONNELLAN
Bodies?

Smoke nods, cautiously scanning the area.

DONNELLAN
Smoke, what did this?

SMOKE
It's gotta be those things we fought at the Citadel. The Fire Soldiers.

Smoke snaps the bolt on his rifle.

SMOKE
Be ready.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - TRENCH LINE

McKee carefully navigates through the DEAD stacked at his feet.

He stops at the sight of a DEAD WARRIOR frozen in his final position, burnt to a crisp. On a knee, a rifle tucked under one arm and the other pointing at an unseen enemy.

His mouth agape, eyes wide, fear forever charred onto his face. McKee solemnly removes his helmet.

Patrick stands center in a sea of dead, searching the field for any sign of life-- any sign of his father.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - AT THE WIRE

Hill and Colt are at the wire, roaming through the carnage, stripping ammunition from the dead.

Colt kneels at the side of a CORPSE wearing a GRENADE BELT. He unclasps the string of grenades.

Moore tugs Worthington aside, WHISPERS--

MOORE
We should go. Now.

Worthington pulls himself free. If anything, the destruction has enraged him.

SMOKE (O.S.)
Where's Patrick?

Smoke cuts a path right to Worthington.

WORTHINGTON
I don't know.

Donnellan moves to the wire, inspecting the dead. The mix of soldiers blurs the line of friend and enemy. The CHARRED CORPSES lie shoulder to shoulder, their weapons all pointed in the same direction.

DONNELLAN
They were fighting together.

She looks out past the lines. A CHARRED SWATH cuts through the battlefield and disappears into the DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - TRENCH LINE

Patrick frantically looks through the dead, searching for his father.

WORTHINGTON
Chap's gone mad.

McKee and Colt try to pull Patrick back from the edge.

MCKEE
Patrick...

Patrick ignores the call.

COLT
Patrick...

Moore steps in, thinks he knows how to handle this--

MOORE
Patrick, he's dead! Look around.
They're all dead. You're out of
your fuckin' mind.

Patrick goes ballistic, grabs Moore by his collar, shoving his CAPTAIN'S BARS into his face.

PATRICK

You don't deserve these! You think these guys respect you? Do you? Instead of running your fuckin' mouth all the time, why don't you do something.

Patrick lets Moore loose. Exasperated, he looks around at this place -- his new world.

SMOKE

It's time to go. There's no way he survived this.

PATRICK

I'm not going anywhere. I'm not giving up. He's here. I know he's alive and I'm going to find him. I know he is. You don't know him!

SMOKE

Yes, I do.

PATRICK

What?

SMOKE

I fought with him at the Old Field.

PATRICK

Why didn't you tell me?

SMOKE

Look, I fucked up. I left your old man in the lurch. Thought if I could reunite you two, then, I don't know, we'd somehow be square. But God-damn-it, the Colonel never saw a fight he didn't like. The slaughter here has his command written all over it!

The moment lingers. Then suddenly-- RED-HOT CHAINS fly out of the trench. One coils around Smoke's waist, burning through his uniform.

Two more wrap up Patrick and Colt. All three are yanked into the trenches.

DONNELLAN

Smoke!

Before Donnellan can react, Fire Soldiers bound from the trenches and OPEN FIRE. She dives for cover.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - TRENCH

Patrick slams into the trench floor. There are Fire Soldiers everywhere. He quickly draws the broadsword and shatters the iron chain wrapped around his boot.

Freed, he draws a pistol.

Colt and Smoke are being dragged away. Patrick takes careful aim and FIRES, breaking the chain that holds Colt. He aims again for the Fire Soldiers dragging Smoke but they disappear around a corner.

Patrick runs to Colt--

PATRICK

You okay?

COLT

Holy shit! I think so.

PATRICK

They got Smoke. Let's go.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - TRENCH LINE

Donnellan is pinned down with Moore.

DONNELLAN

Moore!

Moore is petrified, unable to move.

DONNELLAN

Moore, God damn it! Do something!

Moore slowly turns to her, he can't.

DONNELLAN

Jesus Christ.

She takes Moore's rifle, pops up over the wall, double-fists it, she UNLOADS, knocking down two Fire Soldiers.

Donnellan drops down to reload, spies Hill and Worthington pinned down nearby. She signals, motioning them to drop into the trench and circle around. She counts down with her free hand--

Five-- four-- three-- two--

Donnellan pops up and OPENS FIRE, covering Worthington and Hill as they drop into the trenches.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - IN THE TRENCHES

The Fire Soldiers drag Smoke as Patrick and Colt weave their way in pursuit.

Smoke struggles to break free but can't. He sees Patrick and Colt and--

SMOKE

Behind you!

Patrick and Colt duck as a BARRAGE OF FIERY BULLETS fly in. There are TWO MORE Fire Soldiers behind them.

PATRICK

Go! Go! Go!

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - ANOTHER TRENCH

Worthington and Hill meet up. Worthington directs him silently. They split up, each down a trench flanking the Fire Soldiers above.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - IN THE TRENCHES

Patrick and Colt EXCHANGE FIRE as they run. Patrick notes the LAW rocket launcher strapped across Colt's back.

They round one quick corner, then another. Patrick stops and pulls Colt into a side trench. He wrestles the LAW over Colt's head.

The pursuing Fire Soldiers rush by. Patrick steps into the trench behind them, levels the LAW and FIRES. The Fire Soldiers are blown to bits.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - TRENCH LINE

Donnellan bounds from her position, guns blazing. At the same time, Hill and Worthington come out of the trench behind the Fire Soldiers, catching them off guard.

The Fire Soldiers are no match and are cut to pieces.

EXT. NORTHERN LINES - IN THE TRENCHES

Patrick and Colt are back on Smoke's trail. More twists and turns, then suddenly, they stop.

The Fire Soldiers with Smoke have hit a dead end. When they turn back they find Patrick and Colt in their path.

The first Fire Soldier bounds from the trench and up to the surface, pulling along the chained Smoke.

The remaining Fire Soldier meets Patrick and Colt head on, UNLOADING its rifle. Patrick and Colt duck behind the trench walls for cover, held at bay.

Patrick grabs the grenade belt from Colt, pulls one of the pins and tosses the entire belt around the corner.

A massive EXPLOSION. The GUNFIRE stops. Patrick steps out, rifle raised. The smoke settles-- the Fire Soldier is dead.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - FOOTHILLS

Patrick and Colt pull themselves to the surface. The pursuit has lead them into the foothills of the dark mountain range. Smoke is gone.

COLT

We should go back for the others.

Patrick spots a scorched and bloody trail that leads up into the looming mountains above them.

PATRICK

There's no time.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - NIGHT

Patrick and Colt have entered the heart of the beast. Deep within the mountain range, the terrain has become slick and treacherous. BLOOD RED CLOUDS roll violently in the sky.

They follow the scorched trail as it twists and turns winding up the mountainside. The path narrows and finally ends, just short of the summit.

They push to the top.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - SUMMIT - NIGHT

Reaching the summit, they stand in stunned silence by what they find on the other side of the mountain--

--they have found the hidden FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

A DEEP, RHYTHMIC BOOMING fills the air as millions of Fire Soldiers march in formation below. A sudden halt, they stop in perfect formation.

Patrick and Colt duck for cover. Patrick reaches into his pack, pulling out a pair of binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS--

In the middle of the encampment, a circular formation of Fire Soldiers. Every few seconds, a BLAST OF FLAMES erupts from its center bringing a new Fire Soldier to the ranks.

The binoculars scan, falling on a group of beaten and bloody HUMAN SOLDIERS. They are huddled together, guarded by a row of Fire Soldiers.

Patrick adjusts focus, zooms in tighter. He finds Smoke.

PATRICK (V.O.)
He's down there.

He pans and stops on another PRISONER.

Patrick lowers the binoculars-- looks like he's seen a ghost.

COLT
What's wrong?

Patrick lifts the binoculars, adjusts the focus--

POV BINOCULARS--

--it's COLONEL PATRICK. Beneath the blood and the bruises, he looks exactly as he did in his graveside photo.

Patrick searches for an approach. A large RAVINE separates them from the encampment. A STEEL WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE spans the ravine.

PATRICK
I'm going in.

COLT
You're what?

PATRICK
Cover me.

Before Colt can respond, Patrick grabs his rifle and moves down the mountainside.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - NEAR PRISONERS

Smoke is at the edge of the encampment, huddled together with the group of battered, bloodied human prisoners.

Winching, he checks the burns around his waist. Link shaped welts are seared deep into his skin. Painful, but not mortal.

He looks around, sizes up his guards, plots an escape. Then, through the crowd of prisoners, he sees the Colonel.

SMOKE

Well, I'll be damned.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Patrick crosses underneath the bridge, swinging from one support to another. Halfway across, a pair of BURNING BOOTS appear overhead. A FIRE SOLDIER on the bridge.

Patrick freezes.

He remains motionless, hanging above the BOTTOMLESS RAVINE until the Fire Soldier moves on. He continues across.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - PERIMETER

Reaching the other side, Patrick sprints for a nearby rock formation and takes cover.

He's scanning the terrain, looking for a path to Smoke and his father when the GIANT PILLAR OF FLAME at the center of the encampment ROARS to life. The swirling fires swell and twist up into the ashen sky.

A wave of heat BLASTS over the ranks.

THREE DEMONIC HORSEMEN explode from the inferno. Atop fiery steeds, they are draped in cloaks that spark electric. Each more fearsome than the last--

The first, armed with a FLAMING SWORD-- we'll call him MASTEMA. His hulking frame bursts at the seams of his battle-worn armor as he reels in the bucking beast.

The second, wielding a BATTLE AXE-- we'll call him THAMMUZ. His steed black as pitch. His gangly body, gaunt face, sunken demonic eyes, a wretched sight.

The third, clutching a CROSSBOW-- we'll call him MERIHIM. His horse burns white hot. The demon's yellow eyes scan. His lip curls to the side. Snarling. Smiling. He dismounts and kneels before the pillar, lowers his head as--

The FOURTH and final rider blasts through, his armor scorched black. His pale stallion rearing up, jets of fire spew from it's nostrils. This is the mightiest of them all--

We'll call him VOLAC.

He stands in his stirrups and rides between the ranks. All in attendance kneel as he passes.

PATRICK
(blown away)
Oh my God...

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - NEAR PRISONERS

Volac and the Horsemen ride on to the prisoners. They survey their catch with disdain. The captive men huddle tighter.

Thammuz and Merihim pluck a random PRISONER from the group, drag him away. Colonel Patrick rises to his feet, tries to help.

Mastema dismounts his steed and KNOCKS the Colonel back to the ground, towers over him, GROWLS a warning.

Smoke crawls over to the Colonel, pulls him back.

COLONEL PATRICK
Smoke?

SMOKE
Sir.

COLONEL PATRICK
Where the hell did you come from?

The prisoner struggles as Thammuz and Merihim lash him down to a stone cross. Mastema hovers over the man, leans in, nose to nose with him, snarls.

Volac slides from his saddle, marches to the cross and grabs the prisoner by the neck, tearing him free from his bonds.

Volac lifts him with one hand as razor-sharp talons extend from the other. He thrusts them into the prisoner's torso, BLOOD SPRAYS, the man SCREAMS!

COLONEL PATRICK
Let him go!

Volac turns his attention to the Colonel. He discards the prisoner's body, TOSSING it through the air--

The body SMACKS into the rocks Patrick hides behind, splattering blood across his face. Wiping the red from his eyes, Patrick finds the Colonel staring directly at him.

--THEY LOCK EYES.

Patrick levels his rifle, tucking it into his shoulder. Colonel Patrick warns him, shaking his head. The Colonel mouths silently, "No."

Volac stomps into view, reaches for the Colonel--

Patrick jumps to his feet but finds himself face to face with a Fire Soldier and the barrel of its burning rifle.

An awkward pause, they're both surprised.

PATRICK

Shit.

BLAM! The Fire Soldier's head EXPLODES, showering Patrick with BURNING EMBERS.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - MOUNTAIN SUMMIT

Donnellan perches on the summit with her eye in the scope of her sniper rifle--

DONNELLAN

Gottcha.

She chambers a fresh round and SQUEEZES the trigger.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - NEAR PRISONERS

The Fire Soldiers turn to Patrick, their collective color surges from ORANGE to DEEP RED.

Volac LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR, landing at Patrick's feet. He grabs Patrick but is rocked by a barrage of GUNFIRE from the rear. He drops him, Patrick rolls clear--

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Backup has arrived. Worthington and Gawonii lay down a WALL OF FIRE. Colt drops to a knee, shoulders his rocket launcher and FIRES!

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - NEAR PRISONERS

The SHELL arcs through the air and EXPLODES at Volac's feet, driving him and the Fire Soldiers back.

PATRICK

(turning to the prisoners)

Let's go!

Smoke leads the prisoners, running to the bridge. Colonel Patrick stumbles. Patrick pulls him back to his feet.

PATRICK
Go, go, go!

Volac unleashes the FIRE SOLDIERS in pursuit. They OPEN FIRE. Dozens of Colonel Patrick's men are mowed down.

The Colonel hesitates, wanting to go back, but Patrick jerks him back into motion, running--

COLONEL PATRICK
We have to go back.

PATRICK
Negative.

COLONEL PATRICK
You're not in charge here.

Patrick pushes the Colonel's head down, OPENS FIRE and knocks down a Fire Soldier on their flank.

PATRICK
Neither are you.

EXT. FIRE ARMY ENCAMPMENT - SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Hill waits for Worthington's order--

WORTHINGTON
Blow it!

Hill pulls the pins on TWO GRENADES planted in the bridge supports. He breaks for the other side but is shot in the ass, dropping him.

Patrick rushes back and picks him up, throwing him over his shoulder--

HILL
Leave me!

PATRICK
Not a chance.

They dart for the other side as the EXPLOSIVES DETONATE!

Pursuing Fire Soldiers are thrown into the ravine. The bridge splits and swings way.

Patrick and Hill grab ahold and ride it to the far side of the ravine, slamming into the rock wall. Hill tumbles down but grabs hold of the last rung. Patrick reaches for him.

Smoke looks down from the edge, past them deeper into the ravine-- countless FIRE SOLDIERS crawl up the ravine wall like ants.

SMOKE

Climb!

Patrick reaches for Hill.

PATRICK

Take my hand!

He grabs Hill and pulls them both to the top.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - SUMMIT

Donnellan FIRES RAPIDLY, dropping Fire Soldiers as quickly as she can. Moore is next to her, still paralyzed by fear.

Patrick and Hill reach the summit, diving past her for cover.

PATRICK

Doc!

Colt rushes over.

HILL

God damn it!

COLT

Where are you hit?

HILL

Sons-a-bitches shot me in my ass.

Colt tosses Hill a bandage--

COLT

You can get that one yourself.

Patrick crawls over to McKee.

PATRICK

What the hell are those things,
Mack?

HILL

Jesus, Patrick. Don'tcha read yer
bible?

MCKEE

The four horsemen of the
apocalypse. This is Armageddon.

HILL

Holy shit.

Smoke reaches the summit, dragging Colonel Patrick behind
him.

COLONEL PATRICK

Get your hands off me.

He snatches a sidearm from Hill and jams the barrel under
Smoke's chin--

COLONEL PATRICK

You disappear from my ranks. You
walk away from your men when they
needed you most.

A hail of FLAMING GUNFIRE rains in sending everyone ducking
for cover-- except for the Colonel and Smoke.

COLONEL PATRICK

I trusted you.

Colonel Patrick pulls the hammer back, grits his teeth.

COLONEL PATRICK

You're a coward. I should kill
you. Right here, right now.

SMOKE

Do it.

Patrick jumps to his feet. Donnellan pulls him back.

DONNELLAN

(matter of fact)
He won't do it.

Colonel Patrick turns to Donnellan, he recognizes her too.

HILL (O.S.)

Sorry to break this up...

Hill points to the ravine below and the FIRE SOLDIERS that
have climbed their way to the top.

WORTHINGTON

FALL BACK! Rendezvous at the
marsh!

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

The squad has split up. Patrick and the Colonel assist the wounded Hill in a frantic retreat, racing through a ROCKY LABYRINTH. Smoke is close behind.

Reaching a fork in the path, the guys stop. Smoke blows by them--

SMOKE
Keep moving!

He breaks to the left, into the tighter pathway.

SMOKE
Follow me.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - DEAD END

They haven't gone far when the pathway empties into a DEAD END. They're surrounded by high rocky walls with a POOL OF WATER IN THE CENTER. There is no way out.

SMOKE
Damn it!

They double-back but find the path CUT OFF by Fire Soldiers.

HILL
I'da been better off stickin' with
Moore!

Hill tosses the Colonel his sawed off shotgun.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

Elsewhere-- Donnellan, Moore and Worthington run with everything they have in them.

Fire Soldiers are in hot pursuit.

Donnellan and Worthington stop and OPEN FIRE, snapping the heads off the first row of Fire Soldiers.

WORTHINGTON
Move!

They begin a suppressing fire leapfrog maneuver. They knock down more Fire Soldiers but can't slow their advance.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

Gawonii is ahead of Colt & McKee, blazing a trail over the fallen trees and jagged rocks that litter their escape.

Two Fire Soldiers give chase. One, a FIERY VIKING with a battle axe, the other a BLAZING SPARTAN with a spear and shield. The Spartan raises the spear, heaving it--

COLT
They're coming! They're...

Colt is hit, impaled by the flaming spear.

MCKEE
Colt!

Gawonii turns back and sees Colt go down. The Fiery Viking closes on him, raising the battle axe over its head.

Gawonii bounds from the path and up one of the rocky walls. He flips back over McKee and hurls a TOMAHAWK.

As the Fiery Viking swings the ax, the tomahawk twirls in, striking it right between the eyes, the force flipping it through the air. It skids across the rocky ground, dead.

Gawonii and the burning Spartan circle, sizing each other up. Gawonii reaches to the ground, runs his fingers through the soot. He draws them across his face-- WAR PAINT.

Gawonii pulls his TOMAHAWK out of the dead Viking. The Blazing Spartan pulls its spear from Colt and lunges.

Gawonii evades, brings the tomahawk down. SPARKS FLY as he cuts through the BURNING SPEAR. The Spartan draws a SWORD.

The two unleash a blinding series of blows. The Spartan's SWORD is knocked loose, so is Gawonii's tomahawk.

The two fight hand to hand--

Gawonii spins free, HEADBUTTS the burning Spartan, breaking off burning flesh and bone. He kicks the Spartan in the chest, driving it back.

Reaching to his belt, Gawonii zips one-- two-- three knives through the air, dropping the Spartan to its knees.

Victorious, Gawonii finds his tomahawk and steps behind the Spartan. He grabs its FLAMING HAIR, pulls the scalp tight and swings, slicing off the top of its head. Flames BLAST from the Spartan's skull, dropping it lifeless to the ground.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

Donnellan, Moore and Worthington are pinned down as fiery bullets rain in.

DONNELLAN

Last one.

Donnellan drops her clip and reloads.

DONNELLAN

You know what, Moore?

She FIRES OFF another burst.

DONNELLAN

Dying with you really pisses me off.

A Fire Soldier breaks through behind Donnellan.

WORTHINGTON

Down!

Worthington drops the Fire Soldier.

WORTHINGTON

There's too many!

Moore pulls off his wire framed glasses. He gently folds and tucks them into a pocket. Then he removes his helmet, taking a long look at the Captain's insignia.

Moore tosses the brain bucket aside, slaps the last magazine into his rifle. With newfound grit--

MOORE

Fall back!

WORTHINGTON

Captain?

MOORE

You heard me. That's an order.

Moore bounds from his position, rushing the line of Fire Soldiers in a fearless assault, GUNS BLAZING.

WORTHINGTON

Captain!

The Fire Soldiers focus their fire on Moore.

WORTHINGTON

We can't leave him.

DONNELLAN

He's giving us a way out.

They make a break for it. As they run, Donnellan turns back and sees the epitome of valor, the embodiment of bravery.

Moore drops one Fire Soldier after another as his body is RIDDLED WITH BULLETS. The Captain falls to his knees and then collapses to the ground, dead.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN RANGE - DEAD END

Patrick, Smoke, Hill and the Colonel engage the Fire Soldiers that have clogged the pathway, GUNFIRE flows back and forth.

PATRICK

We've got to cut them off.

Smoke notes a rock face over the entrance. He pulls the last grenade from his pack, throws it. The EXPLOSION sends GIANT BOULDERS tumbling down.

FOUR FIRE SOLDIERS dive through before the entrance is sealed off.

Colonel Patrick charges, racking the pump-action shotgun in rapid succession. He shreds one of the Fire Soldiers.

The three remaining Fire Soldiers lower their bayonets, flanking the Colonel on all sides.

The Colonel pulls the trigger-- it's empty.

Patrick and Hill rush in. Patrick KICKS THE RIFLE from one. It FLIES THROUGH THE AIR and jams its LONG BAYONET into the rocky turf. The Fire Soldier pounces on Patrick, sending both rolling to the ground.

Hill swings his MORNING STAR overhead, SMASHING it through the skull of another. The HEADLESS body drops in a heap.

Smoke shoves the Colonel aside, pulling a pistol. He walks in on the Fire Soldier POPPING OFF SHOT AFTER SHOT. It won't go down. He shifts his aim and BLOWS OFF one of its legs. The Fire Soldier crumples.

SMOKE

Die already!

Smoke stands over it, UNLOADING into the Fire Soldier's head.

The Colonel sees Patrick grapple with the last Fire Soldier, rolling towards the pool of water. The Fire Soldier pulls a knife. The Colonel searches for a weapon. At his feet, the bayoneted rifle. He pulls it free, charges.

The Fire Soldier drives the knife down, Patrick dodges it, then sees the Colonel's charge. He leg-presses the Fire Soldier into the Colonel's path.

The Colonel impales the Fire Soldier, his momentum driving them both into the pool of water. A BLAST OF STEAM ERUPTS.

Smoke, Hill and Patrick rush to the water's edge.

SMOKE

Colonel!

Patrick stares at the pool in horror.

A moment later, the Colonel SHOOTs TO THE SURFACE. He GASPS for air as he crawls out--

COLONEL PATRICK

Get back!

The Fire Soldier EMERGES FROM THE POOL. The fire has gone out. The rifle and bayonet, still stuck in its chest.

It flexes and the BODY SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTS. It pulls out the rifle, spins the barrel toward the Colonel--

Patrick drops to the ground, draws the BROADSWORD and SLICES the Fire Soldier's legs off.

The torso falls to the ground, still reaching for the rifle. Patrick drives the broadsword into the Fire Soldier's skull. The FLAMES go out.

The Colonel sees Aarondale's broadsword, recognizes it.

COLONEL PATRICK

How did you get this?

PATRICK

I got it from Aarondale. He sent me to the Northern Lines...

Patrick extends his hand, pulls the Colonel to his feet.

PATRICK

...to find my father.

The Colonel, pauses, looks closely at Patrick--

COLONEL PATRICK
Your father?

KA-FUCKING-BOOM! An EXPLOSION blasts an opening at the sealed off entrance. Fire Soldiers claw, pry and force their way through in a demonic frenzy.

HILL
These fellers don't quit.

Trapped like rats.

PATRICK
Get to the wall.

The Colonel, Smoke, Hill and Patrick rush to the far rock wall and climb.

A second EXPLOSION rips through the entrance-- Fire Soldiers pour through, GUNS BLAZING.

Patrick and the others frantically climb as the barrage of flaming GUNFIRE hits all around them.

The Horsemen push their way through the ranks. Volac sees Patrick on the wall, snarls at their impending escape. He extends his talons, fire dances on the tips, circles in his palm, grows larger, hotter-- becoming a giant BALL OF FIRE.

Volac launches it.

The FIREBALL streaks through the air and impacts just above Patrick and the others. The wall shakes violently. The Colonel loses his grip, slides down. He stops himself, barely grabbing a new hold.

Patrick desperately reaches to him--

PATRICK
Take my hand!

The Colonel lets go with one hand but instead of reaching to Patrick, he reaches into his shirt. He pulls out a chain attached to LARGE IRON object--

THE KEY.

The Colonel pulls himself up, forces the key into Patrick's hand.

COLONEL PATRICK
Give this to Aarondale!

Volac sees the exchange and unleashes another FIREBALL.

The impact creates an avalanche of showering rock. A loose boulder skips down the wall and slams into the Colonel, sending him falling. He hits the ground hard.

PATRICK

No!

The Colonel is unconscious but still alive.

From the wall, Patrick sees the wave of Fire Soldiers close on the fallen Colonel. They push through the pool of water, their collective heat brings it to a boil.

Patrick starts down when Smoke grabs him--

PATRICK

I can't leave him.

SMOKE

You have to!

The Fire Soldiers reach the Colonel, encircling him. Volac snatches him up by the throat.

PATRICK

Dad!

Volac hesitates. Looking up to Patrick, he smiles, then throws the Colonel into the sea of Fire Soldiers.

PATRICK

No!

Smoke forces Patrick to keep climbing.

Volac watches as Patrick reaches the top of the wall and disappears. Merihim drags Colonel Patrick in and drops him at Volac's feet. He's beaten and bloody, but still alive.

EXT. MARSHLAND - LATER

Donnellan and Worthington have met up with Smoke. Patrick stands alone, lost in thought. He holds the key his father gave him.

Hill is worked up, limping back and forth across the burnt footing of the marsh.

HILL

What are we waiting for? Let's get outta here!

WORTHINGTON

Hill, calm down.

HILL

(to himself)

Calm down?! I ain't gonna fuckin' calm down.

DONNELLAN

We're waiting.

HILL

(exploding)

I ain't listening to you no more!

A RUSTLE comes from the marsh. Hill spins around, weapon at the ready.

McKee and Gawonii enter the clearing, Gawonii carrying Colt's lifeless body in his outstretched arms.

DONNELLAN

Is that...?

Gawonii only nods.

MCKEE

Where's Moore?

Worthington shakes his head.

HILL

Yeah. He's fucking dead.

(pointing to Donnellan)

Ask the Queen of Sheeba here, she knows!

McKee sees Patrick standing alone.

MCKEE

The Colonel?

He's answered with silence.

Hill looks to Patrick--

HILL

Patrick. What do we do now?

Patrick stands there, coming to terms with his role. He scans the men's faces.

He weighs the key in his hand--

PATRICK

This is what Aarondale was talking about. This is it. We have to go back and defend the Citadel from the four horsemen.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE CITADEL - NIGHT

The valley is FILLED WITH SOLDIERS from every corner of this desolate land. The BLOODY AND BEATEN FORCES have retreated to the perceived safety of the Citadel.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

A MOB SCENE, soldiers demanding refuge within.

Patrick and the others push their way to the front.

PATRICK

Aarondale! AARONDALE!

Aarondale appears at the wall's edge, doesn't see the Colonel amongst them.

AARONDALE

Did you find him?

PATRICK

He's dead. They killed him.

AARONDALE

Who killed him?

Patrick pulls out the key and holds it high over his head--

PATRICK

Your unimaginable enemy.

Aarondale eyes the key in Patrick's hand.

AARONDALE

(under his breath)
He found it.

Aarondale steps out of sight and the massive gates OPEN--

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

The mob of soldiers rush the opening until the guards strafe the ground at their feet, stopping them in their tracks.

CITADEL GUARD
Patrick and your men. Inside!

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD

A beehive of activity as Aarondale meets Patrick.

AARONDALE
How great are their numbers?

Patrick almost answers, when--

DONNELLAN
You knew about these guys?

AARONDALE
How many?

SMOKE
Too many.

INT. THE CITADEL - CORRIDOR

Aarondale leads the way to the barricaded area deep within the Citadel. HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS make way as Aarondale leads them down a long corridor.

MCKEE
Where did they come from?

Aarondale ignores the question. Gawonii grabs Aarondale and tosses him into the corridor wall, pinning him with a forearm to the throat.

WORTHINGTON
What are they?

Aarondale can't break his grip.

AARONDALE
...we haven't much time...

Patrick pulls Gawonii off--

PATRICK
(to Worthington)
They are us.
(to Aarondale)
Soldiers. The ones killed here in
this world.

AARONDALE
Come with me.

INT. THE CITADEL - CHAMBER

The doors open and the men enter. They stand in awe of the grandeur of the room. McKee is transfixed by ARAMAIC LETTERS carved into the rock above the doors. He translates--

MCKEE

"For the great day of wrath has
come..."

Aarondale finishes for him.

AARONDALE

"...and who can stand?"

MCKEE

Revelation 6:17.

HILL

What in tarnation is this place?

PATRICK

A gateway to the living world.

Patrick goes to Aarondale at the pedestal, hands him the key.

PATRICK

This is what they are coming for.
We are here to defend and fight for
those beyond it. Those in the
living world. It's why we're here.
If we don't, everything we once
stood, fought and died for will be
gone.

McKee makes the sign of the cross.

MCKEE

The day of war is at hand and thus
the battle for salvation begins.

SMOKE

Bullshit. We're done here.

Smoke storms out of the chamber.

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD

Donnellan catches up to Smoke as he gathers his gear.

SMOKE
(to Donnellan)
Come on. We don't have time for
this. Let's go.

DONNELLAN
I'm not going with you.

Patrick and the men catch up.

PATRICK
You can't leave.

SMOKE
Watch me.

PATRICK
You can't keep running away, Smoke.

Smoke throws his bag to the ground, furious. He gets right
up into Patrick's face--

SMOKE
I pick what battles I fight. Not
you... not your father. This ain't
my fight.

PATRICK
He was right, you are a coward.

Smoke PUNCHES Patrick. He goes down hard.

SMOKE
You don't know what the fuck you're
talking about!

Patrick gets to his feet, doesn't dust himself off.

SMOKE
I've heard all this before. That
this is the one, the one worth
dying for. I'll tell you what...
nothing is worth dying for.

Smoke turns to Donnellan one last time. She says nothing.

SMOKE
Your funeral.

Smoke picks up his pack and walks out.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL - LATER

Patrick meets Aarondale along the wall. In the distance, a LINE OF FIRE sweeps toward the Citadel, filling the horizon.

AARONDALE
It won't be long.

Patrick watches Smoke exit and weave his way through the thousands of soldiers transfixed on the BLAZING SKYLINE.

Aarondale calls out to his men.

AARONDALE
Batten the gates!

The SOLDIERS gathered outside rush to the wall. Their panic is tangible. They've seen the Fire Army and will do anything to escape their rampage.

AARONDALE
Listen to me! You must listen!

The crowd refuses to listen, their frantic energy escalating.

Patrick snatches up an M-60, aims skyward and pulls the trigger. Round after round BOOMS into the air, the sustained volley grabs the attention of the panicked below.

Silence falls.

PATRICK
Listen up! The man has something to say!

Patrick draws the broadsword, presents it to Aarondale. He leaves Aarondale on the wall alone, a pillar of strength, to inspire the men below as only he can.

Aarondale, every eye on him, takes in the moment, then speaks-

AARONDALE
Our true enemy approaches. These walls were built not for our protection but for those beyond it. Within this Citadel is a gateway to Earth. We have been sent here to defend it. The future of humanity hinges on what we do here, on what we do now.

Aarondale raises his broadsword into the air.

Every soldier, to a man, raises their weapons in response. They unleash a WAR CRY that shakes the ground, ROARS into the heavens.

INT/EXT. THE CITADEL - PREPARATION MONTAGE

Patrick and Hill bury munitions throughout the trenches and attach them to DETONATION CORD.

Donnellan and other SNIPERS settle in at the tower converting Aarondale's chambers into a snipers nest, laying out STACKS OF AMMO, preparing their lines of fire.

Worthington walks the trenches, inspecting the TROOPS.

Gawonii SHARPENS HIS TOMAHAWKS.

Aarondale paces the Citadel wall, keeping a watchful eye on the approaching Fire Army.

McKee prays.

The Citadel gates are SECURED AND BARRICADED.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL - NIGHT

Donnellan climbs up the ladder and finds Patrick alone. He stacks sandbags around a .50 caliber position. Patrick sees her but goes right back to stacking.

PATRICK
(not looking at her)
So why didn't you go with him?

DONNELLAN
I've been asking myself the same question.

Patrick keeps stacking.

DONNELLAN
Smoke sees this as another battle that can't be won. I see this as a battle that can't be lost.

Patrick is unmoved. He picks up the .50 caliber, slams it into its tripod. He pulls the bolt back, loads it.

DONNELLAN
You're a born leader like your father. He would have been proud.

Patrick stops for a second, looks at her then slaps the magazine closed. He returns to his sandbagging.

Taking the hint, Donnellan walks away but not before--

PATRICK

It's like it was yesterday.

Donnellan stops and turns back. Patrick continues sandbagging, never pausing for a second.

PATRICK

I only had a few years with him and the further away they got, the less real they felt. I would look at old photos of us and I couldn't be sure if what I was remembering was an actual moment in time or one I made up in my head.

Donnellan takes up a sandbag, helps Patrick. Still, his focus never wavers from his task.

PATRICK

I had to find a way to connect with him before it was too late. That's why I enlisted. I chose the same life he did.

(beat)

And it got us both killed.

Patrick turns and finds Aarondale standing behind him in FULL BATTLE ARMOR. Donnellan places her last sandbag then walks off, leaving them alone.

Aarondale looks to the trench system and beyond.

AARONDALE

Today, I shall lead my men into battle. I do not expect to return. Those who remain will need someone to lead them.

He removes the chamber key from around his neck and hands it to Patrick.

AARONDALE

God speed.

Patrick hangs the key around his neck.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM - LATER

The calm before the storm. Soldiers pack tightly into the trenches. You could hear a pin drop as they nervously look to one another.

EXT. WOODLINE

The ground RUMBLES. The Fire Army has arrived. The ENTIRE FOREST goes up in flames. The Four Horsemen atop their fiery steeds, silhouetted against the burning timber, enter the field of battle.

Countless Fire Soldiers follow, flooding the valley. They roll an ENORMOUS BLAZING HOWITZER into position.

Volac RAISES A FIST, bringing the FIRE ARMY to a halt.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

In the trenches, Worthington shakes his head--

WORTHINGTON

Bollocks. Of course they would have artillery.

(to all)

Ready, lads!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Patrick strides the length of the wall. A stillness falls over the battlefield. The soldiers along the wall look to him. He pulls Forte's PLAYING CARD from his pocket and slips it into the band of his helmet.

PATRICK

For mankind!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Volac stands in his stirrups. A collective ROAR erupts from the Fire Army. Fiery shells EXPLODE from the HEAVY ARTILLERY and streak through the air, impacting on the Citadel walls.

Mastema leads the charge. He rears back his steed and drives toward the trench line, thousands of Fire Soldiers in tow.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Aarondale stands defiantly at the first line of trenches, broadsword high overhead.

AARONDALE

Fire!

The trenches ERUPT with MACHINE GUNS, RIFLES, BAZOOKAS, PISTOLS, MUSKETS, ROCKETS, ARROWS. Everything they have.

EXT. THE CITADEL - EXTERIOR WALLS

Artillery shells BLAST into the walls. Debris flies. The walls shake violently. Patrick steadies himself, looks to the courtyard and the MORTAR positions below--

PATRICK

Fire!

A barrage of MORTARS rocket over the wall, arch over the trench lines and strike the leading edge of the Fire Army.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

The mortars impact all around Mastema, the explosions reeling his horse. Hundreds of Fire Soldiers are laid to waste by the barrage.

Mastema is enraged. He leans on the reins, the blazing steed responds, charging forward again.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Worthington leads in the trenches. TRACERS and FIERY BULLETS crisscross the smoky battlefield, the fighting intensifies.

Aarondale calls down to Worthington--

AARONDALE

Now!

Worthington leaps from his trench and falls back.

WORTHINGTON

Shoot and move!

The men in the trenches follow him.

WORTHINGTON

Keep them coming! Keep them coming!

The Fire Army reaches the first line of trenches, ENGULFING THEM IN FLAMES. Mastema jumps his steed over the first line of trenches, driving hard, racing towards the retreating men.

WORTHINGTON

We have to keep pulling back!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Patrick and the soldiers atop the wall OPEN FIRE.

PATRICK

Cover the retreat!

Patrick calculates as Aarondale and Worthington pull the men back, luring Mastema and the Fire Army closer.

Hill unspools the reel of DETONATION CORD. Affixing the end to a detonation plunger--

HILL

Now?

PATRICK

Not yet! They have to be closer!

HILL

Closer?!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Worthington draws the Fire Army closer and closer to the Citadel walls. Nearly every trench has been overrun.

They have fallen all the way back to the Citadel walls when Aarondale calls up to Patrick--

AARONDALE

Do it!

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Patrick turns to Hill--

PATRICK

Now!

Another ARTILLERY SHELL slams into the Citadel, the BLAST catapulting Hill over the wall. He grabs hold of the edge but the PLUNGER falls to the battlefield below.

Patrick sees the plunger and is about to jump for it when--

HILL

No!

Numb from the shock, Hill looks to his lower body. His legs are missing. Hill looks to the plunger below and then back to Patrick. He knows what he has to do.

HILL
Protect the chamber!

He releases his grip--

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Hill hits the ground hard, turns for the plunger-- it's just out of reach. He valiantly pulls and scratches along the ground--

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Mastema is closing. He draws his burning sword, raising it into position. One trench separates him from Worthington--

Worthington raises his rifle--

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Hill reaches the plunger-- rolls to his back and finds a Fire Soldier over him bringing his BAYONET down when--

BLAM! A single SHOT hits the Fire Soldier, its head EXPLODES into a ball of flame.

EXT. THE CITADEL - SNIPER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Donnellan pulls her eye from the scope.

DONNELLAN
Do it, Hill.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

With his last ounce of strength, Hill squeezes the plunger.

KABOOM! A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ripples throughout the trench lines.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Mastema receives the brunt of the BLAST, the exploding munitions tearing him and his horse to shreds.

The concussion slices through the Fire Soldiers trapped in the trench lines.

PATRICK
They need more men. We have to get
out there.

MCKEE
Patrick, look.

McKee points to a wave of MONGOLS charging out of the burning
woodline.

MCKEE
Mongols.

Patrick sees a lone FIGURE at the head of the charge--

EXT. THE CITADEL - REINFORCEMENTS

--it's SMOKE. He leads the Mongols into battle. Tearing
into the rear of the Fire Army, catching them off guard.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TOP OF THE WALL

Patrick turns to McKee, can't help but smile.

PATRICK
Son of a bitch.

Pulling the .50 caliber from the tripod--

PATRICK
Let's get down to the courtyard.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Worthington pushes through the confused Fire Soldiers. He
meets Smoke somewhere in the middle of the chaos.

WORTHINGTON
Mongols?

SMOKE
Old friends.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Thammuz takes command of the Artillery, launching a barrage
of shells. They IMPACT all across the battlefield, killing
soldiers from both sides.

Volac and Merihim ride through the carnage and on to the
Citadel.

EXT. THE CITADEL - SNIPER TOWER

Donnellan quickly targets and FIRES, killing one Fire Soldier after another. Scanning the battlefield, her sights fall on Thammuz.

She centers Thammuz's skull in her cross-hairs and pulls the trigger.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Her shot blasts a GAPING HOLE through Thammuz's skull, but it doesn't kill him. He spins and sees the SNIPER'S NEST.

EXT. THE CITADEL - SNIPER TOWER

Donnellan sees Thammuz swing the cannon, targeting the tower. A STACK OF FIERY SHELLS are exposed behind the big gun.

Donnellan quickly reloads and aims.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

Thammuz eyes the tower angrily, loading a fresh charge--
--and FIRES. The shell streaks toward the sniper tower.

EXT. THE CITADEL - SNIPER TOWER

Simultaneously, Donnellan pulls the trigger--

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS

Donnellan's bullet hits the stack of shells, setting off a tremendous EXPLOSION, destroying the artillery piece and killing Thammuz.

EXT. THE CITADEL - SNIPER TOWER

Donnellan hears the incoming shell.

DONNELLAN

Incoming!

The snipers jump from the nest and rappel to the ground just as the shell IMPACTS. The tower crumples and falls, raining debris into the courtyard.

Donnellan slams into the ground but is up in an instant, back in the fight.

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Volac and Merihim gallop towards the gates, Merihim taking the lead.

AARONDALE

Fall back. Everyone, fall back!

Everyone drifts back except for Aarondale.

Aarondale loads a fresh magazine into his M-16 and UNLOADS it on the closing Merihim. It doesn't slow him. Aarondale drops the empty rifle and draws his broadsword.

AARONDALE

This is as far as you go.

Merihim leaps from his saddle, firing his crossbow. The bolt strikes Aarondale in the chest, piercing his armor, dropping him to his knees. A mortal blow.

Merihim takes Aarondale by the throat, lifting him off the ground. Merihim smiles, relishing in Aarondale's agony.

Aarondale grits his teeth, stifles his anguish, locks eyes with the demon--

AARONDALE

Go to hell.

Aarondale triggers a FUSE in his armor. Merihim has no time to react as hidden explosives DETONATE.

The powerful blast kills Merihim and Aarondale.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM

From the battlefield, Smoke sees the explosion at the Citadel gates. He sees Aarondale's broadsword stuck into the ground.

SMOKE

Red, Gawonii! Let's go!

EXT. THE CITADEL - AT THE GATES

Volac reaches the Citadel, a legion of Fire Soldiers in tow, he unleashes a GIGANTIC FIREBALL through the fallen gates.

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD

Patrick, McKee and the few remaining soldiers dive for cover as the fireball IMPACTS. Thick black smoke fills the air.

PATRICK
(to McKee)
Get to the chamber.

As McKee rushes off, Donnellan dives in next to Patrick.

DONNELLAN
They're coming through!

The Fire Soldiers rush through the thick smoke and into the courtyard. An intense GUN BATTLE erupts.

PATRICK
(to the remaining men)
Hold 'em here as long as you can.

Patrick and Donnellan head for the chamber.

Volac steps through the smoke and into the courtyard. A SMILE creeps over his face.

INT. THE CITADEL - CORRIDOR

McKee waits for Donnellan and Patrick at the barricade.

PATRICK
Mack, get inside the chamber, check
the charges!

McKee bolts into the corridor. Patrick and Donnellan remain at the entrance, just the two of them.

Fire Soldiers round the corner-- Patrick and Donnellan drop to the ground and open up.

Amidst the chaos, Volac steps through the smoke, dragging a HUMAN SOLDIER by the neck.

Patrick STOPS FIRING.

DONNELLAN
What are you doing?! Keep firing!

Patrick is transfixed. Donnellan sees what he is looking at--

The soldier is COLONEL PATRICK. Volac tosses him to the ground, presenting him to Patrick. The Colonel, dazed, struggles to his feet.

Volac snatches up the Colonel, crucifying him high above his head. He spreads his TALONS as flames surge from his fingertips.

Volac IMPALES the Colonel with his burning talons.

PATRICK

No!

Something happens-- Colonel Patrick's body GLOWS until it BURSTS into flames. Volac turns up the heat, then THROWS the Colonel's limp body through the air.

Just before it hits the ground, the Colonel ERUPTS in a blast of WHITE HOT FLAMES and lands on his feet, TRANSFORMED.

He's DOUBLED in size and girth, his hulking features GLOWING RED HOT. The Colonel has become ONE OF THEM.

DONNELLAN

Fall back!

Patrick is frozen.

DONNELLAN

God-damn it, let's move!

Donnellan pulls Patrick into the corridor.

INT. THE CITADEL - CORRIDOR

Donnellan and Patrick race to the chamber. An EXPLOSION behind them and Fire Soldiers flood into the corridor, led by Colonel Patrick.

Reaching the chamber, Donnellan pushes Patrick inside.

DONNELLAN

Get him in!

McKee tosses Donnellan a DETONATION PLUNGER. She twists the plunger but nothing happens.

DONNELLAN

Shit.

Colonel Patrick smiles. He raises his rifle at Donnellan--

She twists it again. KABOOM! Charges hidden in the corridor walls DETONATE, rippling from one end to the other.

Donnellan drops the plunger and dives inside, slamming the doors shut.

INT. THE CITADEL - CHAMBER

Donnellan grabs Patrick. He's dazed.

DONNELLAN

It's not him, it's not your father.
He's gone.

Patrick doesn't answer.

DONNELLAN

Do you hear me? He's gone. There's
nothing you can do about it. You
can't bring him back now anymore
than you could the first time you
lost him.

Patrick looks at her with vacant eyes.

DONNELLAN

You can't change that. But you can
make a difference here and now. We
have to stop them, and I need your
help.

BLAM! The door is BLOWN off its hinges, Fire Soldiers pour
in.

Donnellan pulls Patrick as McKee dives for cover.

A FIREBALL screams down the corridor and EXPLODES into the
mouth of the chamber, wiping out all of the remaining Fire
Soldiers.

When the smoke settles, Volac enters the chamber with the
Colonel at his side.

Donnellan rolls into the open and FIRES, hitting the Colonel
and knocking him to the ground.

Volac picks up a piece of rubble and throws it at her. The
impact sends her sliding across the floor.

McKee rushes to her side, she's out cold but alive. McKee
sees her rifle, picks it up and turns it on Volac. His HANDS
tremble as he crosses the chamber.

MCKEE

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil.

McKee's hands steady. He TIGHTENS his grip on the rifle.

MCKEE

Thou preparest a table before me in
the presence of mine enemies...

Volac LAUGHS.

MCKEE

...and I will dwell in the House of
the Lord forever.

McKee OPENS FIRE. Bullets rip into Volac. He ROARS in anger and lunges at McKee, swatting him across the chamber, laying him out.

Volac turns and finds Patrick in front of the gateway, rifle in hand.

PATRICK

Over my dead body.

Colonel Patrick gets to his feet and stands at Volac's side. He turns to the Colonel and nods, launching him across the chamber at Patrick.

The Colonel drives Patrick into the wall. The impact brings rubble raining down. Patrick loses his grip on the rifle.

The Colonel tears Patrick's shirt open, revealing the KEY. Pulling it free, the Colonel tosses it to Volac.

Volac catches it.

The Colonel then tosses Patrick into the air. He SLAMS into the ceiling and drops straight down onto the pedestal. He's battered and bleeding.

The Colonel crosses to his son, intent on finishing him. He takes Patrick by the neck, lifts him high, squeezes.

Patrick grabs the burning forearms of the Colonel, gasping for air--

PATRICK

(breathless)

Wait... I...

The Colonel is unrelenting-- squeezing-- shaking Patrick.

Patrick reaches into his torn shirt, pulls out the Colonel's dog tags. The tags flash in the light. The Colonel is drawn to them--

--the NAME comes into focus: "Colonel Nathan Patrick."

With Patrick's last breath--

PATRICK
I'm... your... son.

The Colonel looks at Patrick. He stops the shaking, his grip loosens, a moment of recognition when--

--a FIREBALL crashes in, blowing the two apart.

Volac stands in the center of the chamber, blowing away the fresh smoke wisping from the tips of his talons.

Volac crosses to the pedestal, inserts the key and turns the stone.

The GIGANTIC DOORS open flooding the room with BLINDING WHITE LIGHT. Volac crosses the chamber and climbs the steps.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Hey. I was talking to you.

Volac finds Patrick on his feet, barely. He rockets across the chamber, seizing him, driving him back, pinning him to the pedestal.

FLAMES erupt from his talons, shooting into Patrick's arms.

Patrick SCREAMS. Volac begins to TRANSFORM him. The flames lick the sides of Patrick's face, his skin BLISTERING from the heat.

The transformation is nearly complete when--

--Worthington bursts into the chamber, TOMMY GUN BLAZING. Bullets rip into Volac, forcing him to drop Patrick.

Volac reels around, unleashes a FIREBALL at Worthington as Gawonii rolls in the chamber and hurls his TOMAHAWKS--

--striking Volac in the back. ROARING in pain, he pulls the tomahawks from his back, takes aim of Gawonii when--

SMOKE (O.S.)
Patrick!

Smoke dashes into the chamber, Aarondale's broadsword in hand. He slides across the floor, tosses the blade over Volac's head--

Patrick snatches the sword out of the air and SLICES one of Volac's ARMS off.

Volac HOWLS then turns to Patrick, swinging wildly with the other tomahawk when a SHOT rings out.

Volac's leg is blown off at the knee, dropping him to the floor.

Donnellan is on her feet, sniper rifle in hand--

DONNELLAN

Gotcha, you son-of-a-bitch.

The men converge on Volac, GUNS BLAZING. Volac tries to push forward, on to the gateway. More SHOTS knock him back down.

Volac claws his way to the base of the stairs, his thick black blood smearing the chamber floor.

PATRICK

Cease fire!

Patrick is poised on the stairs above Volac, looking down on his defeated enemy. He raises the blood soaked broadsword over his head--

PATRICK

Hooah, motherfucker.

Patrick swings, taking Volac's HEAD clean off. His body drops to the chamber floor, bursts into white hot flames.

FIRE lurches out of his neck, then draws back into the corpse.

The body IMPLODES, a SHOCK WAVE knocks everyone back.

EXT. THE CITADEL - NIGHT

The shock wave BLASTS out of the Citadel and over the trench system. As it crosses the battlefield, it SUCKS THE FLAMES out of the remaining Fire Soldiers, the scorched bodies fall lifelessly to the ground.

INT. THE CITADEL - CHAMBER

Volac's BODY is gone.

Patrick rushes to the Colonel who lies motionless. Burns cover his entire body. He's in bad shape. Patrick kneels beside him.

Colonel Patrick's eyes slowly open, look up and recognize his son. The Colonel lifts his hand and Patrick takes it.

COLONEL PATRICK

Nathan...

PATRICK
Yeah. It's me.

A smile comes over the Colonel's face.

COLONEL PATRICK
Nathan.

PATRICK
We beat 'em, dad.

The smile quickly disappears--

COLONEL PATRICK
No. This is just the beginning...
more will come... from across the
Lake... the Lake of Fire.

The Colonel trails off. He's fading fast.

PATRICK
Dad...

The Colonel squeezes his son's hand tighter, pulls him close.

COLONEL PATRICK
I'll always be with you, Nathan. I
always have.

The Colonel's eyes close and his grip goes slack, the life leaves his body. Patrick gently lowers his father's hand.

Donnellan stands by the open threshold doors, transfixed by the brilliance of the light on the other side.

Patrick climbs the chamber steps and stands next to her.

PATRICK
We can't. They're going to try
again and if they succeed, there
won't be anything worth going back
for. We were sent here for a
purpose. To defend these gates.

Donnellan looks to Patrick, then walks over to the pedestal. She turns the stone, closing the giant doors.

EXT. THE CITADEL - TRENCH SYSTEM - NIGHT

Patrick kneels beside a FRESH GRAVE, a rifle marks the headstone, the helmet hanging from it bears the insignia of a COLONEL.

A YOUNG SOLDIER walks up behind him--

YOUNG SOLDIER
They're ready for you, sir.

PATRICK
Okay, I'll be right there.

Patrick pulls his father's DOG TAGS from his shirt, looks at them for a moment, then hangs them from the rifle.

PATRICK
Let's go.

Pulling back, the Citadel trench system has been converted into a massive CEMETERY. Thousands of WEAPONS and HELMETS are lined up in perfect rows.

EXT. THE CITADEL - COURTYARD - LATER

Walking into the Citadel, Patrick finds the courtyard filled with the remaining SOLDIERS in formation. They're ready to move out.

Worthington snaps off a SALUTE to Patrick as he passes.

PATRICK
None of that, Red.

McKee walks up, brushes off his Bible and carefully places it into his pack.

PATRICK
Mack?

McKee slams a magazine into a rifle and slings it over his shoulder.

MCKEE
You made a believer out of me.

As Patrick passes by Gawonii--

PATRICK
You ready to go?

Gawonii stops and in perfect English--

GAWONII
Waiting on you.

Patrick stops in his tracks.

PATRICK
You speak English?

GAWONII
Of course.

Gawonii walks away. Patrick continues to the head of the formation where Smoke and Donnellan wait for him.

PATRICK
(to Donnellan)
Are your men ready?

Donnellan flips Hill's Confederate cap onto her head, something to remember the fallen hero by--

DONNELLAN
As ready as they'll ever be.

SMOKE
So what now?

PATRICK
We take the fight to them.

Patrick shoulders his rifle and walks through the gates.

DONNELLAN
You heard the man. Company, move out!

Pulling up and out, we see the landscape from above like never before. Moving at a rapid rate, we cross the burned out forest, beyond the marsh, past the Northern Lines and over the dark mountain range to reveal--

--A GIGANTIC LAKE OF FIRE.

Moored just off shore are hundreds of thousands of WARSHIPS from every era of maritime conflict. A battle ready ARMADA poised to set sail.

Their destination, unknown.

FADE OUT.