



# OPERATION NIGHTHAWK

Beta Delphi  
SEAN ANWALT  
405<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

\*PART 1\*

\*\*\*SCENE 1\*\*\*

BLACK SCREEN. "OPERATION NIGHTHAWK" IN WHITE. FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO INTERIOR SPACESHIP MEETING ROOM OF UNSC CRUISER 'IN MIDNIGHT AWAKE', PAN ACROSS MILITARY OFFICIALS IN UNIFORMS.

'UNSC CRUISER "IN MIDNIGHT AWAKE"' DISPLAYED ACROSS SCREEN BOTTOM. '0830 HOURS ZULU' DISPLAYED AFTER TWO SECONDS. 'BETA DELPHI ORBIT' DISPLAYED TWO SECONDS AFTER THAT.

CUT TO DOOR OF MEETING ROOM AS ADMIRAL PERSOEN ENTERS FOLLOWED BY SPARTAN S117, WHO'S SIZE AND DEMEANOR IMPRESSES MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

Gentlemen, sorry to keep you waiting. We are here to finalize the plans for the landings on Beta Delphi. A little more than 500 million lives are at stake, I need a go, no-go for the mission.

GENERAL HASTING:

Marines are go.

REAR ADMIRAL LANDRY:

Navy is go.

GENERAL HAMMOND:

Naval Intelligence is good, we are ready to go.

CAPTAIN ENGLEBOURNE:

The Midnight Awake is go.

LT. COL. DRYSBANE:

ODST are go.

GENERAL MALCOM:

Army is go.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

(Hands Cpt. Englebourne a folder of paperwork and reads through an identical file.) I am looking at our final strength as 32 ODST Divisions, 100 Marine Divisions, 1 Spartan Division, 15 Navy cruisers 27 Navy destroyers 55 Aerial Combat Wings, 75 Orbital Cannons, and Army Rangers attached to transport on the ground. Is this correct?

LT. COL. DRYSBANE:

That is correct, Admiral, but we are still waiting for one of our divisions. They were held up on Chi Ceti cleaning up some insurrectionists.

CPT. ENGLEBOURNE:

One of the Spartan team members is still en route, also.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

What's the story with the Spartan?

REAR ADMIRAL LANDRY:

He is currently on board the cruiser "In Gentle Care", coming from Earth. Scheduled to arrive 1630 hours.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

Very well. (Turns to chief) Is seven and a half hours enough time to get your man thawed out, briefed, and geared up?

S117:

Yes sir.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

I hope so. Gentlemen, these count as hiccups. I want to get things smoothed out, fast. My notes on the transport on the ground are sketchy. Tell me what we're looking at.

GEN. MALCOM:

(Flips through his own notes in front of him) We have the 24<sup>th</sup>, 43<sup>rd</sup>, 76<sup>th</sup>, and 219<sup>th</sup> transport divisions set with both armored and speedy transport already geared up and ready to go with two divisions of Rangers tasked with escorting them as needed.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

(Scribbling in his notes) Very well. Gentlemen, at this time we are go for the mission. We will maintain double zero hundred hours Zulu time as zero hour. Central landing zone is being primed as we speak with orbital bombardment to begin momentarily. Intelligence, what time frame are we looking at after the bombardment has stopped?

GEN. HAMMOND:

Admiral after bombardment we estimate approximately six hours before the enemy has reclaimed the territory without our interdiction.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

Very well. We will need to have our people on the ground, establish the central landing zone, and push out to the four satellite forward bases and have them up and running within six hours. We will deploy the Spartan units to

help fight our way from the forward operating bases, and have them lead operations from there. General Hasting, tell us about the operating bases.

GEN. HASTING:

The forward operating bases are, as mentioned, Central, Cyan to the north, Charcoal to the south, Cedar to the east and Mahogany to the west. Our plan from there, derived from the Office of Naval Intelligence, is to push northward where the enemy has two concentrated landing and supply zones and to attempt to pinscher each of those positions. We then will turn those positions into friendly landing zones and begin resupply operations from there.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

Very well. I will hold one Spartan unit in reserve to see where the hardest fighting will be, then deploy them to give a second Spartan advantage.

DOORS TO THE MEETING ROOM OPEN AND A NAVAL OFFICER ENTERS AND SALUTES ADMIRAL PERSOEN, WHO IGNORES HIM.

ADMIRAL PERSOEN:

It is looking like this will be a tough one, we should try to keep casualties light as possible. If we can maintain the forward bases and cut off the enemy supply, I believe we can make this work. (Turns to Lt. Col. Drysbane and S117 respectively.) I want our ODS and Spartan teams up to full strength as soon as possible. (Turns to CPT. Englebourne) I am hereby appointing Captain Englebourne Officer in Charge of the mission. From this moment forward all aspects of the mission are to be directed through him. I have been watching him closely for some time, and am confident he will perform spectacularly. (Finally notices saluting officer.) What is it?

OFFICER:

Sir, we just received word from cruiser "In Gentle Care". They've had an emergency and are delayed.

CPT. ENGLEBOURNE:

What kind of delay?

OFFICER:

Estimated five hours, sir.

GEN. HAMMOND:

1630 to 2130 hours?

LT. COL. DRYSBANE:

(Nods) Correct.

CPT. ENGLEBOURNE:

Are they going to need assistance?

OFFICER:

No, sir. From what I understand damages are mostly structural. An asteroid hit their engines, sir.

SOME OF THE NAVY OFFICERS SHIFT AROUND. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THIS IS A MISTAKE THE CAPTAIN OF THAT SHIP SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO MAKE.

REAR ADMIRAL LANDRY:

(To Gen. Hammond) That's Bart Connolly's ship.

GEN. HAMMOND:

(Rolls eyes) 'Course.

ADM. PERSOEN:

Gentlemen, let's not get carried away. We were all new, once. I want to hear what our Spartan advisor thinks? How will that affect your man getting to the ground? That's a tight crunch for a lot of work for him to do.

S117:

(Confidently) He can handle it, sir.

GENERAL LOOKS OF DISBELIEF AROUND THE ROOM. MANY OF THE ADMINISTRATION IN THE ROOM OBVIOUSLY THINK THE SPARTAN IS TRYING TO APPEAR TOUGHER THAN HE IS.

GEN. MALCOM:

Why not have a team of technicians on the ground to wake him up on the planet? The thawing process only takes about ten minutes. He can recover from the slip space sickness, grab a bite to eat and be armored up and briefed all on the ground so he's ready to go, instead of taking the time to do so on the ship. That would make things a lot smoother. Or thaw him out on the pelican.

REAR ADMIRAL LANDRY:

Having to take away from man power that soon to zero hour, in the middle of the launch bay, with equipment and technicians running around and a slip space-sick Spartan throwing up in the middle of preparations for an assault is not going to be good. It will get in the way of other ships, personnel or equipment, and I wouldn't put up with that on my watch. I second the idea of thawing the Spartan on the ground.

CPT. ENGLEBOURNE:

(Ponders this a moment) That *would* staff the Bases with technicians capable of supporting our Spartans in the event we need it... And judging by the Spartan success record I do not believe he would be behind schedule at all... I like it. We will thaw the Spartan on the ground at FOB Mahogany.

LT. COL. DRYSBANE:

The ODS Ts can cover for him until he's up to strength.

ADM. PERSOEN:

Very well. But I want the pelican crew to know how to wake up that Spartan in case something goes wrong. Make it so, gentlemen. Anything else?

(Nothing from the room)

Dismissed.

ALL OFFICERS LEAVE THE ROOM.

\*\*\*SCENE II\*\*\*

INTERIOR "IN MIDNIGHT AWAKE" HANGAR INSIDE E24 PELICAN BAY. IN THE FRONT PORT SIDE OF THE BAY, SEATS HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND A CRYO-TUBE HAS BEEN INSTALLED. "PELICAN E24, 2330 HOURS" DISPLAYED ON SCREEN BOTTOM. PILOT ANDREW SIMMS AND CO PILOT JERRY MONTGOMERY ARE SPEAKING WITH A TECHNICIAN ABOUT A CRYO-STASIS CHAMBER THAT HAS BEEN INSTALLED ON THEIR AIRCRAFT. INSIDE THE CHAMBER IS SPARTAN 051 IN ARMOR, FROZEN.

TECHNICIAN:

K, guys. Top brass wanted me to show you some basic pointers on working one of these things. (Points to a generator shaped thing behind the cryo stasis chamber) This is the power supply that keeps the life support on. This button here seals the tube and begins the sleep process by releasing sedatives and this switch here will start the freezing process. You've both been in one of these before, right? So you know how it goes. I guess we can go over the thawing process, because top brass wants you to know how to thaw him out. For whatever reason.

Jerry Montgomery:

Don't we need like a lab or something to pull him out? Never seen anyone in one of these in an armor suit before.

TECHNICIAN:

Normally the thawing process is done in a controlled environment, and I've seen a Spartan in a suit before, but only once. But I guess you guys are popping him open on the ground in the hot zone, for whatever reason. Anyway, I don't know why you'd need to know how to thaw

him out, it's against policy. But in case of emergency, this little pad here (Points to a number pad on the left side of the cryo-tube below a big red button.) is where you punch in the authorization code, 5-3-0-5, (punches in 5305) and then hit this green button on the bottom right. Takes about 5-10 minutes or so and the tube will open automatically.

JERRY MONTGOMERY:

What's the big red button?

TECHNICIAN:

That's the emergency thaw. Purges the system and rapidly raises temperature in the tube to room temperature. Mostly for cargo and stuff. Don't touch that. It thaws out the contents in like, 10 seconds, instead of 5-10 minutes.

JERRY MONTGOMERY:

Still require the authorization code?

TECHNICIAN

Yeah. You can't do anything on these machines without a code.

ANDREW SIMMS

Alright. So don't touch it unless you have to, then punch in the code and green button. Don't touch the red button.

TECHNICIAN:

Exactly. (Chuckles sarcastically) Unless it's an emergency. There's a chance thawing him out like that could kill him.

MOVEMENT OUTSIDE THE PELICAN AND SOON 405TH INFANTRY BEGIN LOADING THE PELICAN WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES. SERGEANT BRICKER STEPS UP TO ANDREW AND JERRY AND SHAKES THEIR HANDS.

SGT. BRICKER:

Sirs, Sgt. Sam Bricker. I am taking command over "Project Blue" here. (Points to Cryo-tube.) Glad you could have us.

ANDREW SIMMS:

Good to have you on board, Sergeant. I am Lieutenant Simms, pilot, this is Lieutenant Montgomery, co-pilot. We're just going over details of the tube and making sure we're fueled up and ready to go. Get your things stowed and we'll be set.

JERRY MONTGOMERY WALKS AWAY TOWARD COCKPIT.

SGT. BRICKER:

Yes, sir. I have a couple ODS'T's just been assigned to my detail here. Have they shown up, yet?

ANDREW SIMMS:

Not yet, Sergeant, you're the first. Got everything you'll need?

SGT. BRICKER:

(Proudly) Yes, sir, I think so. Got enough ammo and supplies to keep us alive for a few days.

ANDREW SIMMS:

Oh, right. I think that's a problem. Has it all been weighed?

SGT. BRICKER:

Oh, yes, sir. Here. (Hands a wrinkled piece of paper to Andrew from his back pocket.) This is the weight report of me and my squad and our gear. Minus two ODS'Ts.

ANDREW SIMMS:

Hmmm... Alright, Sergeant, thanks. Look, I'll need you guys to lose about 1,300 pounds. This crate here is already weighing us down, and I'm not going to be able to take us into a combat zone overweight.

SGT. BRICKER:

That's our ammo you're talking about. What are we supposed to fight with?

ANDREW SIMMS:

Leave it for another craft to take. You can bring some of it, but not all.

SGT. BRICKER:

I am not going to take my men into a gun fight without ammunition.

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Impatiently) Look, aircraft can't operate the way they're supposed to if they weigh more than the engines can handle. If we load all that gear on here, AND project blue, AND you guys, we'll be overweight and won't be able to land. I'm sorry, Sergeant, but that's my order. Find what you need the most and lighten the load on everything else. There are more pelicans going that can meet you down there.



SGT. BRICKER:

(Obviously wants to argue, but decides against it.)  
Alright. 1,300 pounds?

ANDREW SIMMS:

Correct. At least.

SGT. BRICKER:

Aye, sir. I'll see to it. (Turns around, steps off screen. His voice fades as he walks down the ramp.) Alright men! We need to lighten up or we won't get off the ground! Leave the grenades and SPNKR cases on the deck, let another cargo ship grab 'em! Move it!

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Looks at the giant Spartan inside the tube) Whoever this guy is, sure is heavy.

TECHNICIAN:

This is another Spartan, sir. I've seen one before.

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Ponders then turns to technician) You better hop off, Sergeant, or you'll be stuck behind a wall of supplies. Thanks for the pointers.

TECHNICIAN:

(Salutes and leaves.) Good luck, sir!

PILOT ANDREW SIMMS RETURNS THE SALUTE AND SURVEYS THE PELICAN BAY AS THE MARINES LOAD THEIR EQUIPMENT AND SHUFFLE A FEW THINGS AROUND TO MAKE WEIGHT. TWO ODS TS ARRIVE AT THE PELICAN BAY, EACH WITH A SINGLE DUFFEL BAG. ANDREW SALUTES THEM BACK WHEN THEY SALUTE HIM. HE THEN SLAPS THE GLASS OF THE CRYO-TUBE IN A FRIENDLY MANNER AND WALKS TOWARD THE COCKPIT TO FINISH THE PREFLIGHT CHECK.

LOUD SPEAKERS O.S.:

General Quarters, man your battle stations! General quarters, man your battle stations! T minus fifteen minutes to zero hour. T minus fifteen minutes to zero hour! Coms on and check in, five minutes! Five minutes!

CUT TO ANDREW SIMMS THROUGH WINDSHIELD OF PELICAN.

ANDREW SIMMS:

I think Intel was wrong. Got a feeling this is going to be a rough ride.

CUT TO BLACK.

\*PART 2\*

\*\*\*SCENE 1\*\*\*

FADE FROM BLACK. MUSIC PLAYS. INTERIOR PELICAN BAY. SIX MARINES, A MARINE SGT, AND TWO ODS'T'S ARE SEATED IN THE PELICAN BAY. ALL PASSENGERS ARE VERY NERVOUS. THE RIDE IS VERY SHAKY. ONE OF THE NEWER MARINES VOMITS FROM THE NERVES. HIS BUDDY SEATED NEXT TO HIM PATS HIM ON THE BACK AND TRIES NOT TO STEP IN THE VOMITUS. AROUND THE BAY THE OTHER MARINES PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE BECAUSE THEY ALL FEEL THE SAME WAY FROM THE "PRE-GAME JITTERS".

57.5 seconds

CUT TO COCKPIT BEHIND ANDREW SIMMS' RIGHT SHOULDER. MOST DISPLAYS ARE SHOT OUT OR BLANK. JERRY MONTGOMERY IS DEAD BEHIND HIM AND A SMALL AMOUNT OF SMOKE IS IN THE AIR, BUT IT IS UNCLEAR WHERE THIS IS COMING FROM.

ANDREW SIMMS:

Eagle, Echo 2-4, declaring an emergency, 17 degrees 5 minutes north, 200 degrees, 27 minutes 10 seconds west of bullseye. Mayday mayday mayday. Over.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Steps up behind pilot) What's happening?

ANDREW SIMMS:

Hey! Get back and strap in, we've been shot!

SGT. BRICKER:

I can tell, how bad is it?

ANDREW SIMMS:

Bad enough I need you to strap in, Sergeant! (Back on the radio) Eagle, Echo 2-4, declaring an emergency, mayday mayday mayday. 17 degrees 5 minutes north, 200 degrees 30 minutes 52 seconds west of bullseye. We have lost starboard engine control and unable to arrive at drop point. Over!

SGT. BRICKER:

Can you turn us around?

ANDREW SIMMS:

No, that's the problem. I can't turn. The only reason we're not spinning off to our deaths is because the hover jets are still working for some reason.

SGT. BRICKER:

So, no going back?

ANDREW SIMMS:

No, there's no going back. We have to go forward to go back.

SGT. BRICKER:

Don't these things have an AI that'll help?

ANDREW SIMMS:

The AI is dead. That blast that hit us got us just right and knocked out the AI, the main computer, and I think our com relay.

SGT. BRICKER:

How can I help?

ANDREW SIMMS:

You can't.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Looking up at dead co-pilot) What happened to him?

ANDREW SIMMS:

He's dead, too.

SGT. BRICKER:

Can I help us get to the drop zone?

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Frustrated) Listen, right now I'm doing everything in my power to keep us alive. We're not gonna make it to the drop zone, and I don't think anyone can hear me. I know they're out there, I can see them out there, but can't reach them. Right now I am hoping someone will stop fighting long enough to notice us, and maybe we can touch the ground alive. The last thing I need right now is somebody asking a bunch of 4 year old's questions! I appreciate what you're trying to do, but you can't do any good up here.

SGT. BRICKER:

Can't do any good back there either. I refuse to sit still when there might be something I can do, sir. Can I man the coms?

ANDREW SIMMS:

No, I got those covered. But check the bulkhead behind the copilot and reset any circuit breakers that have popped up.

SERGEANT BRICKER TURNS AND LEAVES THE SCREEN TO CHECK THE BREAKERS.

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Over his shoulder) And pray for a miracle!

2:16

INTERIOR F-41 FIGHTER PLANE COCKPIT. STINGRAY ONE, PILOT

STINGRAY ONE:

Eagle, Stingray one, visual on a damaged pelican heading 271 veering away from the drop zone. IFF Echo 2-4, negative coms, please advise.

EAGLE FAC:

Stingray one, standby..... (Pauses for a moment, then a new voice says) Stingray one, this comes from the top. Echo 2-4 is utmost priority and we have lost communication. Divert your flight and escort the pelican, keep us apprised of status and location. Over.

STINGRAY ONE:

Roger, Eagle, wilco. Angels are 2-1, heading 2-7-1 passing directly over drop zone. Will advise. Over. (Flips his radio to different channel) Stingray, bring it in. Scan and sanitize west. Keep it close to escort my contact. Box formation.

[Stingray flight elements acknowledge]

2:53.5

STINGRAY TWO:

Two, contacts! 2-6-8, 400 miles, closing. Bandits bandits. Request permission to engage!

STINGRAY ONE:

Granted, third element go with him. Everyone else on the pelican!

STINGRAY TWO:

Two, engaged offensive!

3:05

EXTERIOR, STINGRAY TWO BANKING SHARPLY AND PEELING AWAY FROM THE FORMATION, SEVERAL OTHERS FOLLOWING HIM. VARIOUS AERIAL COMBAT TERMS OVER INTERCOM.

INT. PELICAN COCKPIT, STINGRAY ONE OUTSIDE LEFT WINDOW. STINGRAY ONE AND ANDREW SIMMS MOTION TO EACH OTHER WITH HAND SIGNALS. STINGRAY ONE SUGGESTS ANDREW SIMMS EJECT. ANDREW CONSIDERS THIS (SHOW YELLOW AND BLACK EJECTION HANDLE) BUT DECIDES TO STAY WITH THE MARINES IN THE BACK AND SHAKES HIS HEAD, NO.

MISSILE STREAMS SCATTER ACROSS THE SKY. ANDREW SIMMS WATCHES OVER HIS HEAD AS A MISSILE SCREAMS DIRECTLY ABOVE THEM.

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Over his shoulder to Sgt. Bricker) Hey, we're in trouble!

CUT TO EXTERNAL EXQUISITELY VISUALIZED BANSHEES DIVING TOWARD PELICAN, SEVERAL UNSC FIGHTERS INTERCEPTING. MANY EXPLOSIONS. STINGRAY UNITS CALL OUT VARIOUS FOXES (MISSILES LAUNCHES) AND SEVERAL SCORE KILLS.

INTERIOR PELICAN BAY, MARINES ARE JOSTLED ABOUT.

EXTERIOR - A BANSHEE MANEUVERS BEHIND E24 AND SHOOTS PLASMA AT IT BEFORE EXPLODING AS STINGRAY ONE CALLS OUT FOX 2. ONE PLASMA BLAST HITS THE PELICAN ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

3:43

INT. PELICAN COCKPIT, SGT. BRICKER STANDS BEHIND ANDREW SIMMS AGAIN. MORE ALARMS GOING OFF THAN BEFORE.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Slowly and deliberately) Captain, are we going to survive?

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Looks at Sgt Bricker from behind his visor. Shakes his head, no.)

3:49.5

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Pauses briefly) Well... I have an idea...

CLOSEUP SGT. BRICKER'S FACE. BOTTOM EYELIDS TWITCH

3:56.5

CUT TO HALL BETWEEN COCKPIT AND PELICAN BAY. SGT. BRICKER IS GRABBING THE BULKHEAD TO KEEP HIS BALANCE IN THE ROUGH RIDE AS HE STEPS INTO THE PELICAN BAY. PAN OVER ALL OCCUPANTS IN THE BAY, ENDING WITH THE CRYO-TUBE WITH THE FROZEN SPARTAN IN IT.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Quickly and boldly) Men, we're going down and there's nothing the pilot can do to save us. Sit on your rifles so they don't jostle around when we hit. There is a slim chance of survival, but it requires all of us doing our jobs by the book. (Points to ODSTs) You two, as soon as we touch the ground, the pilot is going to crack that hatch open. Get on that gun, shoot anything that moves. There are no friendlies in the area, people, so don't be stingy with your bullets! If the pilot survives, he's gonna come back in here and try to crack the box open (points to cryo tube). Under no circumstance is anyone

else to touch the box! If we have to we will die at its feet, and prevent the enemy from touching it by building a wall with our own bodies!

Once he's awake we will push out and try to get radio coms up.

The ship's radio isn't working, and if we can't get ours up, no one will know where we are or what happened, so work fast.

I've worked with a lot of pilots my time in the Corps, and if anyone can get us out of this, it's this guy (thumbs over his shoulder toward cockpit) But we are all gonna die if we don't show him some real Marine superiority! We are gonna make those alien bastards pay for every bullet, every grenade, and every ball of plasma they spit at us! Hooah!?!

ALL: HOOAH!

SGT. BRICKER:

It's been an honor serving with you gentlemen!

CUT TO COCKPIT, ANDREW SIMMS LEANING OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE GROUND RUSHING AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ANDREW SIMMS:

(Over his shoulder) Here we go! (Throws throttle forward right before impact.)

5:07.5

EXTERIOR TOWARDS PELICAN NOSE AS IT HITS THE GROUND AND RICOCHETS INTO THE AIR. INSIDE THE BAY, ALL THE OCCUPANTS ARE THROWN AGAINST THEIR RESTRAINTS.

EXTERIOR, PELICAN BOUNCES AGAIN, STREWING DEBRIS AND SHEDDING A WING. PELICAN HITS ONCE MORE AND GRINDS TO A HALT, STREWING MORE ROCKS AND DEBRIS.

INTERIOR PELICAN BAY, ALL OCCUPANTS JUMP INTO ACTION. ODS'T'S GRAB THE THREE-BARRELED GANTLING GUN AND START FIRING, SWOOPING CAMERA MOTION AROUND THE MOUNTED POSITION.

INTERIOR COCKPIT, ANDREW SIMMS UNSTRAPS HIMSELF AND RUSHES TOWARD THE BAY. MARINES THROW AMMO BOXES FORWARD FOR USE AS COVER, AND ASSIST IN LAYING DOWN SUPPRESSING FIRE.

ANDREW SIMMS FUMBLES WITH THE CRYO-TUBE, TRYING TO REMEMBER THE SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS NEEDED TO OPEN IT. HE HITS THE RED BUTTON AFTER ENTERING THE CODE. THE CRYO-TUBE STARTS HISSING AND BEEPING.

INTENSE FIREFIGHT SEQUENCE. MARINES YELLING AND SCREAMING ARE COMMANDED BY SGT. BRICKER TO CONTINUE FIRING. MANY OF THEM CALL OUT VARIOUS THREATS, SUCH AS ENEMY LOCATIONS OR GRENADES.

5:45

CLOSE UP ON THE CRYO-TUBE FROM FRONT LEFT QUARTER. TUBE LID BEGINS TO OPEN, STEAM HISSING OUT OF IT.

CLOSEUP ON ANDREW SIMMS, LOADING MAGAZINES INTO TWO ASSAULT RIFLES AND SHOULDERING ONE OF THEM.

ANDREW SIMMS:

It's Opening!

INTERIOR PELICAN BAY, AN ENEMY ELITE JUMPS ONTO THE PELICAN RAMP AND KILLS THE ODST ON THE GANTLING GUN THEN ATTACKS A MARINE, THROWING HIM FURTHER DOWN THE RAMP. A SECOND MARINE JUMPS UP FROM COVER AND HITS THE ELITE WITH THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE, KNOCKING IT DOWN WHERE SGT. BRICKER SHOTS IT. MARINE TWO GRABS MARINE ONE AND BOTH MARINES STAGGER BACK, BUT ARE MORTALLY WOUNDED AND SUCCUMB TO THEIR WOUNDS IN THE PELICAN BAY.

6:03.5

CRYO-TUBE FROM STRIAGHT AHEAD, EYE LEVEL. TUBE LID STOPS RISING AND S051 INSIDE MOVES HIS HEAD.

INTERIOR PELICAN BAY FROM COCKPIT HALLWAY TOWARD MARINES.

ANDREW SIMMS:

SPARTAN!!! (Throws the Spartan an assault rifle.)

S051:

(Catches and quickly checks rifle for magazine and charging handle, then points and opens fire.)

A SECOND ELITE JUMPS UP ONTO THE RAMP. S051 RUNS FORWARD, GRABS IT BY ITS NECK, LIFTS IT, AND THROWS IT TO THE GROUND OFF SCREEN BOTTOM. A NEARBY MARINE POINTS HIS RIFLE DOWN AND DISPATCHES THIS ELITE.

6:10

S051 CONTINUES FIRING, NOT TAKING COVER. ENEMY PLASMA BLASTS RICOCHET OFF HIS ARMOR, CAUSING HIS SHIELDS TO SPARKLE. ONE MARINE IMMEDIATELY NEXT TO S051 DIES AND HE PICKS THEIR WEAPON UP, DUAL-WIELDING, AND CONTINUES FIRING FROM THE PELICAN RAMP.

EXTERIOR PELICAN BAY ABOVE THE RAMP LOOKING DOWN AT THE SPARTAN WHO IS FIRING TWO ASSAULT RIFLES TOWARD THE ENEMY.

CUT TO BLACK.

6:37

\*PART 3\*

\*\*\*SCENE 1\*\*\*

FADE FROM BLACK. INTERIOR PELICAN BAY - DAY. SLOW MOTION. SOUNDS MUFFLED, MUSIC PLAYING CLEARLY. CLOSE-UP ON MARINE FIRING HIS ASSAULT RIFLE.

CUT TO SPENT AMMUNITION CASINGS FALLING INTO BLOOD ON THE GROUND, A WOUNDED MARINE IN BACKGROUND.

CUT TO JAKE MACMILLAN CALLING TO SGT. BRICKER.

JAKE:

Sergeant!

SGT BRICKER:

(Takes cover behind ammo box as alien elite jumps toward him.)

S051:

(Body-slams Elite off the Pelican ramp.)

DONOVYN IS WOUNDED IN THE LEG BY THIS ELITE AS IT FALLS, CAUSING HER TO LOSE BALANCE AND DIVE OFF THE PELICAN RAMP FOR COVER. S051 STEPS OFF THE RAMP NEAR DONOVYN IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE WOUNDED MARINE.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Waving to others) Marines!

EXTERIOR PELICAN REAR, VARIOUS SHOTS OF UNSC COMBATANTS - STILL DAY. MARINES AND ODSIT LEAVE THE RAMP, TAKING COVER BEHIND ANYTHING THEY CAN FIND. ENEMY FIRE WITHERS AND DIES. MUSIC FADES. RESUME NORMAL SPEED.

TONY:

(Screaming and shooting his rifle) AAAAGGGGGGHHHH!!!!

\*\*\*00:51\*\*\*

SGT. BRICKER:

(Grabs Tony's arm) Calm down, Marine! (Looks around at his team and kneels to take cover.) Everyone reload!

S051:

(Shakes his head from waking up into a firefight and walks up to Sgt. Bricker, stretches his hand to help him off the ground.) Sergeant, I am Sierra 5-1. I'm taking command of this operation.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Takes the Spartan's hand and stands up.) Uh, yes, sir!

S051:

We need to move, right now. (Points to the pelican's right.) That way.

DONOVYN:

Are you kidding?! We need medical attention!



SGT. BRICKER:

You heard the man, Move like your life depends on it!

S051:

We don't have time for this. (Secures his rifle to his back and rips gantling gun from pelican ramp) They are swarming to kill us right now.

JAKE:

(Squeezes bio foam into Donovan's wounds) Come on. I know it hurts, but you can walk it off later! (Together with Sgt. Bricker, helps Donovan stand.)

ANDREW SIMMS PUSHES TWO BUTTONS SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE RAMP DOORWAY THEN LEAVES THE PELICAN WAITING FOR THE SURVIVING ODSIT TO GRAB THE DOGTAGS FROM HIS FALLEN COMRADE BEFORE THROWING AN INCINDIARY GRENADE DEEP INTO THE BAY AND RE-SHOULDERING HIS RIFLE.

S051:

MOVE MOVE MOVE!

SGT. BRICKER:

GO GO GO GO GO!

EXTERIOR DISTANT REAR QUARTER OF SMOLDERING PELICAN REMAINS - ALSO STILL DAY. ALL CLAMBER OUT OF COVER AND RUN AWAY AS FAST AS THEIR OBVIOUS INJURIES ALLOW THEM. DONOVYN IS NOT THE ONLY INJURED ONE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL ANOTHER ELITE HEAD, WATCHING THEM FROM A DISTANCE.

\*\*\*1:34\*\*\*

ENEMY ELITE WATCHES THEM RETREAT FOR A MOMENT BEFORE TURNING HIS HEAD OFF SCREEN RIGHT.

\*\*\*1:41\*\*\*

SCENE II

CUT TO INTERIOR "IN MIDNIGHT AWAKE CRUISER" ODSIT DROP HALL.

CAMERA AT KNEE-LEVEL, LOOKING UP TOWARD COL. DERRINGER AND THREE OTHER ODSIT'S WALKING BRISKLY. THEY ARE ALL ARMORED UP AND READY FOR BATTLE. ALL OF THEM ARE CARRYING DUFFEL BAGS AND RIFLES.

COL. DERRINGER:

There's been a mission shift and I'm taking over. We're gonna hafta arc this jump a lot further than planned.

SGT AARON DARBY JOINS THEM, ADJUSTING HIS RIFLE STRAP.

AARON:

Colonel, you coming with us?

COL. DERRINGHER:

Damn right I am! We've got men to save.

ALL ODS'T'S ENTER THE DROP HALL AND QUICKLY DISPERSE TOWARDS THEIR OWN DROP PODS. SERGEI ZACHARIEV IS ALREADY THERE LOADING HIS POD WITH HIS BAGS.

COL. DERRINGHER

Sergei! (Points) You ready for this?

SERGEI:

Da, Colonel! (Raises fist into the air) Feet first to hell!

COL. DERRINGHER:

(Loads ammo boxes into his own pod) Good man! I'll see you down there! Ammo and medical supplies, people! And lots of it! If we make it to the ground and aren't picked up on schedule we'll be dead before we need food or water. (Steps in the drop pod and dons his helmet.) Stagger the drops. (Turns to a technician who is standing by) Drop me!

DROP PODS RELEASE ONE AT A TIME FROM THEIR STATIONS.

\*\*\*2:12\*\*\*

INTERIOR DROP POD FACING THROUGH GLASS PANEL TOWARD PLANET BELOW. RIDE IS VERY SHAKY.

\*\*\*SCENE 3\*\*\*

2:19

EXTERIOR MARINE RETREAT - DAY. CUT TO MARINE RETREAT FROM THE PELICAN, RUNNING RIGHT TO LEFT. TREES IN THE BACKGROUND. OCCASIONAL PLASMA BLASTS WHIZ PAST. SOME EXPLOSIONS. SEVERAL MARINES TURN AND RETURN FIRE.

S051:

(Wielding huge gantling gun, points it behind the Marines) GET DOWN!

GANTLING GUN SPOOLS UP AND BEGINS FIRING. MARINES AGAIN TAKE COVER BEHIND SPARTAN OR OTHER AVAILABLE COVER.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Pumping the last biofoam canister into one of the Marines) Does anyone have radio contact with anyone else?!

JAKE:

Negative, sir!

TONY:

We need better cover!

SGT. BRICKER:

I know, private! Keep fighting!

SOUNDS OF EXPLOSIONS AND ALIEN YELLING.

DONOVYN:

(Looks up and ducks down) Get down!!!

\*\*\*2:39.5\*\*\*

ODST DROP POD STRIKES THE GROUND NEAR THE SPARTAN. COL. DERRINGHER JUMPS OUT, THROWS A DUFFEL BAG OF AMMUNITION TO THE NEAREST MARINE AND RUNS TO S051. ANOTHER DROP POD STRIKES THE GROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MARINE GROUP. COLBY WRENRIX EMERGES AND THROWS A BAG OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES TOWARD ANOTHER MARINE, THEN STEPS BETWEEN THE MARINE AND THE ENEMY AND BEGINS FIRING. AARON DARBY'S POD HITS THE GROUND JUST BEYOND COLBY'S. CUT TO COL. DERRINGHER SPEAKING TO S051, BOTH CROUCHED LOW TO THE GROUND WITH THEIR WEAPONS READY.

COL. DERRINGHER:

What's the situation, Spartan?

S051:

We are being pinned down by Covenant from the east, and I can see a few flanking us to the north. We need coms.

COL. DERRINGHER:

Alright. I'll take my men and secure the north flank. We'll try to get a radio up as well. If you can make it about 50 meters west, there's a better spot to defend!

S051:

Then we're moving 50 meters west. I'll cover you. Go!  
(Stands and fires gantling gun until ammunition is depleted.)

COL. DERRINGHER:

(Stands up, firing, and calls to the other ODSTs, motioning with his hand the direction to go.)  
Helljumpers!!!

ODTS'S RUSH NORTH AND EAST TO PROVIDE SECURITY FOR THE TACTICAL RETREAT.

MARINES AND ODST'S RETREAT, SOME LIMPING, UNTIL THEY COME TO A DIRT HILL, WHICH THEY FORM A PERIMETER BEHIND. SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVAL, SERGEI'S DROP POD STRIKES THE GROUND, ADDING MORE COVER BETWEEN MARINE AND ENEMY FORCES. SERGEI EMERGES, CARRYING A DUFFEL IN EACH HAND, ONE MEDICAL, AND ONE AMMUNITION, WHICH HE QUICKLY DISTRIBUTES TO THE MARINES. ANOTHER DROP POD STRIKES THE GROUND AND PETER GILL EMERGES, THROWING ANOTHER BAG OF SUPPLIES NEAR TONY AND JAKE, WHO ARE HUDDLED AROUND RADIO EQUIPMENT. CUT TO SGT. BRICKER.

SGT. BRICKER:

(Yelling at Jake and Tony) Is that radio up, yet?!

TONY:

Negative, sir! We can't reach anybody!

\*\*\*3:34\*\*\*

S051:

(Stops fighting and looks skyward. Activates his helmet-mounted radio.) This is Sierra 0-5-1. On the ground with the (Grabs nearby Marines' shoulder patch.)... 405<sup>th</sup> infantry. Situation untenable. Request immediate emergency medical evacuation at my location. (Pauses briefly)

CUT TO INTERIOR "IN MIDNIGHT AWAKE", CPT. ENGLEBOURNE TURNS TO S117 EXPECTANTLY.

S051 O.S.:

These men don't need to die.

CPT. ENGLEBOURNE:

Chief!

\*\*\*3:51\*\*\*

S117:

(Turns and runs away down the hall toward ODS launch hall. Grabs a rifle from a gun rack on his way, and jumps into an ODS drop pod, slamming the "Launch" button on his way.)

CUT TO EXTERIOR BATTLE GROUND - DAY. SERGEI IS BEATING A DEAD HUNTER WITH ITS OWN SHIELD. MARINES ARE PRONE ON THE GROUND, FIRING TOWARDS THE ENEMY WHO IS CLOSING ON THEM FROM THREE SIDES. S051 THROWS A MAGAZINE TO A NEARBY MARINE. SGT. BRICKER DUCKS BENEATH A SPRAY OF ENEMY NEEDLER DARTS, ONE OF WHICH INJURES HIM. S051 GETS UP, JUMPS OVER SGT. BRICKER, AND CHARGES, RIFLE BLAZING, AT A SMALL GROUP OF ENEMY GRUNTS, WHO TURN AND RUN AWAY. FROM BEHIND A HILL AND GROUP OF TREES RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE SPARTAN A WRAITH TANK TURNS THE CORNER. S051 TAKES AIM AT THE TANK WITH HIS PUNY RIFLE, BUT RUNS OUT OF AMMUNITION AFTER ONLY A FEW BULLETS. S051 CHECKS HIS WEAPON AND SEES HE IS OUT OF AMMUNITION. HE HAS NO RIFLE MAGAZINES ON HIS PERSON, THEY ARE ALL BACK WITH THE MARINES. HE THEN THROWS HIS RIFLE AT THE ENEMY TANK IN A LAST DITCH EFFORT TO DAMAGE IT. THE RIFLE BOUNCES OFF THE TANK. S051 RUNS AGGRESSIVELY TOWARD THE TANK, WEAPONLESS.

\*\*\*4:15\*\*\*

ANOTHER DROP POD STRIKES THE ENEMY WRAITH TANK, DESTROYING IT. THE EXPLOSION HITS S051 AND CAUSES HIM TO KNEEL AND COVER AGAINST THE BLAST. FROM THE FLAMING DEBRIS, S117 EMERGES FROM THE DROP POD, STEPPING TO THE

TOP OF THE DESTROYED TANK. S117 ACKNOWLEDGES S051 BY "SMILING" WITH HIS  
POINTER AND LITTLE FINGER ACROSS HIS VISOR. S051 SALUTES. IN THE  
BACKGROUND, TWO PELICAN DROP SHIPS ARE ARRIVING TO SUPPORT AND EVACUATE  
THE MARINES. S051 AND S117 WALK BACK TOWARD THE FIGHTING MARINES.  
FADE TO BLACK.  
CREDITS.  
END.