

**TIGRESS**

"Pilot"

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FADE IN:

**EXT. RAMADI, IRAQ - PRE-DAWN**

A CALL to PRAYER echoes across the countryside. Bombed-out BUILDINGS, shrouded in FOG. A FIRE crackles inside a golden-domed MOSQUE, sending THICK BLACK smoke in the air. We're no longer in Kansas, people. This is a WAR ZONE.

ECU ON the piercing GREY EYES of the SHOOTER, face obscured by a black-and-white KEFFIYEH. He's lying on his stomach in a SNIPER'S NEST, aiming through a small hole in the crumbling wall. Every time he squeezes the trigger, someone dies.

CROSS HAIRS FIND a MASKED ISIS INSURGENT, clad in black. A BELT of AMMUNITION around his neck. He's FOLLOWED by three others, all brandishing M16A4 ASSAULT RIFLES. American-made.

Our sniper's finger TIGHTENS around the TRIGGER. He lets out an EXHALE, struggles to get calm. SQUEEZES the trigger, and --

THE BULLET LEAPS from the barrel -- SMACKS into the target's FACE. The other insurgents SCRAMBLE, trying to DUCK for cover. Our sniper FIRES OFF several ROUNDS in QUICK SUCCESSION, taking them DOWN one by one. He pulls down the keffiyeh... revealing the soft features of a WOMAN.

This is AMARA KOCHAR (27), a steely-eyed Iranian Kurd who carries herself like a true soldier. She's olive-skinned with tousled black hair and a whole lot of "Allahu-Akbar" in her.

She HEARS heavy boots scuffing dirt right behind her. Whirls around to see the FOUR INSURGENTS she just shot! DARK BLOOD trickles from the holes in their HEADS and BODIES.

Amara is FROZEN with FEAR. The insurgents COCK their HANDGUNS, take aim and OPEN FIRE --

SMASH CUT TO:

AMARA -- eyes POPPING OPEN as she clutches her chest PANTING hard. Trying to regain control. Just a bad dream... or was it a memory? She looks down at her hand... it's TREMBLING.

WIDEN to REVEAL, she's inside an AIRPLANE, leaning against a headrest. The STAY SEATED sign blinks ON.

PILOT

(over speakers)

Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been cleared to land at Nashville airport. Please make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and remain seated.

The plane REVS its MOTORS. She peers out the window as they descend, GLIDING closer to the city lights below. CLOSE ON Amara, suddenly very nervous for reasons still unknown to us.

**INT. AIRPLANE (AFTER LANDING) - DAY**

Passengers queue up in the aisles with their luggage. Amara takes her MILITARY-STYLE DUFFEL out of the overhead compartment. We NOTICE a MAN watching her closely from a few rows back. He's big-boned and sturdy, with close-set eyes and a POCK MARKED FACE. This is AIR MARSHALL MARK ROBINSON.

**INT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT - TERMINAL 2 - DAY**

Amara struts down the crowded terminal among other arriving PASSENGERS. Unaware Robinson is walking close behind her.

ROBINSON  
(low, into walkie)  
She just got off the plane. She's heading to customs now.

**INT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT - U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY**

Amara is standing in line, sweat beads on her brow. Trying hard to steady her trembling hand. A CUSTOMS OFFICER waves her over. She approaches, sliding her AMERICAN PASSPORT across to him. He inspects it, holds it under a RED SCANNER.

Unseen by Amara, a RED FRAME starts to blink on his SCREEN.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
(casual)  
How long ago did you leave the United States?

AMARA  
Eighteen months.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
To go to...  
(consults his computer)  
Iraq. Is that correct?

AMARA  
That's correct.

DURING THIS, a group of heavily armed CPB OFFICERS (Customs and Border Protection), BARREL down the corridor. Robinson is with them.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Did you visit any other countries during your stay?

AMARA

I did not.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

And... did you leave the country  
for political purposes?

ON Amara, considering her answer very carefully.

AMARA

No, Sir.

The customs officer regards her... for a moment we're not sure if he believes her or not. Neither does she. Then he hands her back her passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Welcome home.

Amara takes it, starts to walk away from the counter... exhaling with BIG RELIEF. Until she sees the CPB OFFICERS with their HANDGUNS raised.

ROBINSON

Put your bag down. Hands where I  
can see them.

Frightened travellers scatter for safety as Amara lowers her bag. Robinson SLAPS a pair of CUFFS around her wrists.

ROBINSON

(to officers)

Take her to room two-oh-four.

Two burly OFFICERS grab her by the arm, roughly push her down the corridor. Off Amara, face TIGHT with DREAD...

**INT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT - HOLDING ROOM 204 - DAY**

The walls are bare. No windows. No furniture. Robinson watches as a female customs officer PATS Amara down for weapons, touching every inch of her body in the process.

FEMALE OFFICER

She's clean.

ROBINSON

Look harder.

FEMALE OFFICER

(to Amara)

Strip.

Amara doesn't move.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Don't make me do it for you.

Amara starts to peel off her clothes. Pants first. Then her dusty sweater. Until she's in her underwear.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(re: underwear)  
Those too.

Amara peels off her bra. Robinson keeps his eyes PINNED on her. Amara does not avert her eyes, unwilling to give him the satisfaction. The officer pushes her to face the wall.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Arms up. Spread your legs.

Amara places her hands on the wall. The officer SLIPS on a pair of PLASTIC GLOVES. Ready to conduct a full body cavity search. She walks up behind Amara.

ON Amara, face CONTORTS with DISGUST...

**INT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT - TSA PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**

Amara's duffel is thrown on a table. TWO CUSTOMS OFFICERS rummage through it, tossing out its contents. It's mostly clothing, dusty and torn. They find a battered LAPTOP.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #1  
Think I'll find any nudes?

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2  
I bet you ten bucks those nipples are brown.

We hear a DOOR CREAK open. Robinson enters.

ROBINSON  
They're pink, actually. Quite surprising.  
(then)  
Did you find a cell phone?

CUSTOMS OFFICER #1  
No cell phone.

ROBINSON  
Do a search on her other electronics. Look for any kind of subversive material.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #1  
On it.

He PLUGS Amara's laptop into his high-speed COMPUTER. ON SCREEN: we see every FILE that is STORED on her hard drive.

ROBINSON  
Anything suspicious in her luggage?

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2  
You can say that again.

He holds up a shirt, TAINTED with smears of DRY BLOOD.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Amara is fully dressed again. Humiliated. With nothing to comfort her. She looks around the room. Two chairs. A table. And a CCTV CAMERA in the upper right corner.

CLOSE ON a MONITOR inside another room, displaying a live SAT feed of Amara. The shot covers every inch of the room.

ANGLE ON Amara, aware that every word she says will be recorded. And used against her.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

We FOLLOW a SPECIAL AGENT in plainclothes, striding down the hall past several CUSTOMS OFFICERS. He approaches Robinson.

SPECIAL AGENT  
Air Marshall Robinson?

Meet SPECIAL AGENT JAMES T. DUNN (42), a square-jawed American who shits red-white and blue.

DUNN  
I'm special agent Dunn. I'm here for Ms. Kochar.

ROBINSON  
We detained her this morning. Did a full body cavity search.

DUNN  
And? Anything incriminating?

ROBINSON  
Not on her. But that woman travelled into a war zone and stayed there for eighteen months. That's incriminating enough for me.

He presents him a FOLDER, containing Amara's picture ID along with her flight dates and personal details.

DUNN

I agree with you. But we can't forget that detainees have rights.

ROBINSON

I don't give two shits about her rights. I'm here to determine if she's a threat to this country and should be denied re-entry.

DUNN

Actually, Mr. Robinson. That would be my job.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SHORTLY AFTER**

Amara perks up when she hears the DOOR OPEN. She studies Dunn as he enters and sits down. A tiger watching her prey.

AMARA

You're not CPB. Who are you?

DUNN

I'm just here to ask you some standard questions.

AMARA

You with the FBI?

DUNN

I ask the questions.

He opens up the file in front of him.

AMARA

I'm an American citizen. You have no right to hold me here.

DUNN

Quite frankly, Ms. Kochar we not only have the right to hold you but to charge you with a federal crime.

AMARA

What crime?

DUNN

Treason. Which can land you in federal prison for up to ten years.

AMARA

You really think I'm a terrorist sympathizer? I was raised in this country.

DUNN

So were the Tsarnaev brothers.

A beat as this LANDS. Amara and Dunn lock eyes. This will be a game of cat-and-mouse. But which one of them is the cat?

DUNN

Why did you leave the country eighteen months ago to go into an active war zone?

AMARA

To fight for my people. Like my father did before me.

DUNN

Doing what? Killing Turks?

AMARA

No. Terrorists.

Dunn consults the folder.

DUNN

Your father was part of the Kurdish Workers' Party?

AMARA

No. He was a freedom fighter. What we call a "Peshmerga". It means: "one who faces death."

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. QUANDIL MOUNTAINS, IRANIAN BORDER (1985) - DAY**

A dozen camouflaged PESHMERGA FIGHTERS BURST through the FOLIAGE. The VOICES of GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS can be heard behind them, shouting in Turkish. (NOTE: *sections spoken in another language are italicized and will be subtitled.*)

SOLDIER

*They went this way!*

TRACK ALONG with IDRIS KOCHAR, Amara's father (then 25) agile and with resolute eyes. A warrior. Right now he's running for his life, BULLETS tearing the dirt around him. He DUCKS behind a tree, waiting for his brother RASHAD (19), an overweight country boy, who has fallen behind. Two soldiers are close on his heels.

Instead of saving his own hide Idris abandons his cover, FIRING RELENTLESSLY at the pursuing soldiers. One of them is THROWN BACK from the impact, lands in the DIRT.

Rashad catches up, out of breath.

IDRIS

*Keep going! You want mother to bury  
you?*

They SCRAMBLE on at MAD SPEED, whipping past trees. Suddenly -- BLAM! Idris DROPS to the ground. Looks down at a gaping EXIT WOUND in his THIGH. Rashad stops.

IDRIS

*Go!*

He hesitates, but TEARS AWAY when he sees the SOLDIERS approaching. Idris SPIN-COCKS his shotgun, puts it in his mouth. Squeezes the trigger -- CA-CLICK. He's out of bullets. Shit. A moment later, he's SURROUNDED by GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELDS - LATER (1985)**

Rashad supports Idris as they form a line, along with other captured fighters. Idris notices TEARS in Rashad's eyes.

IDRIS

*Don't let them see your tears.*

A TURKISH COMMANDER turns to the SHOOTING SQUAD behind him.

COMMANDER

*Port arms! Ready! Aim!*

The RIFLEMEN raise their rifles. CLOSE ON Idris, fearlessly looking his executioner in the eye. He's a YOUNG SOLDIER, barely an adult, face twisted with EMPATHY. He doesn't want to do this. The YOUNG SHOOTER squeezes his eyes shut, when --

COMMANDER

*Fire!*

MULTIPLE SHOTS ring out. The PESHMERGA FIGHTERS topple and tip over, hitting the dirt. GOD SHOT of Idris, lying among his comrades, seemingly dead.

PUSH IN on him as the government soldiers start to DISPERSE. As soon as they're out of earshot -- Idris STIRS. He's not hit. Careful not to make any SOUND, he sits up. Turns to Rashad, who lies next to him. We don't see his face.

IDRIS

*(a low whisper)  
Rashad?*

Idris turns Rashad over... half his forehead has been blown off, exposing the PINK SUBSTANCE inside his skull.

Idris jumps back, struggles to crawl out of the shallow crevice, away from the dead bodies. He THROWS up.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

ON Dunn, watching Amara dispassionately. His expression is controlled, not giving away what he's really thinking.

AMARA

To this day, my father doesn't know if the soldier spared him or if he was just a bad shot. But he knew that, if they caught him again, he would be executed immediately.

DUNN

Is that why he decided to flee?

AMARA

No. He wanted to keep fighting until there was a free Kurdish state. He would've stayed if...

She trails off. GUILT playing across her face.

DUNN

If what?

AMARA

If I hadn't been born.

**INT. MUD BRICK HOME - BANI VILLAGE (IRANIAN BORDER) - 1985**

CLOSE ON a BABY, emitting a PURRING GURGLE. It's Amara, six months old. Her mother, SAKINE (23) cradles her gently. She's kind-faced and frail-looking but with nerves of steel.

She turns to the VILLAGE ELDER, a woman with sun-beaten skin that looks like shoe leather. She's clad in TRADITIONAL GARB.

SAKINE

*Isn't she beautiful?*

VILLAGE ELDER

(not really)

*Well...*

(off Sakine's glare)

*Don't worry, dear. The ugly ones have a better future.*

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

*Sakine! Come out, quickly!*

Alarmed, Sakine hands the baby to the village elder, RUSHES outside to see an injured Idris, stumbling towards her. He has an arm around a VILLAGER, leaning on him for support.

**INT. MUD BRICK HOME - BANI VILLAGE (IRANIAN BORDER) - 1985**

Sakine is bandaging Idris' leg wound with a cloth. He lets out a GRUNT of pain.

SAKINE

*You're lucky the bullet went straight through.*

IDRIS

*How long do you think until I can walk again?*

SAKINE

*(with disbelief)*  
*You want to go back?*

IDRIS

*What do you expect me to do, Sakine? Stay here? Leave them out there to fight alone?*

SAKINE

*Who is still out there? Tell me. They're all dead or captured. Do you want to be next?*

Her words NEEDLE Idris, too close to the truth.

IDRIS

*If that's what I need to do.*

Sakine picks up the baby, holds her up to Idris' face.

SAKINE

*You want your daughter to grow up an orphan? We're all she has!*

Idris looks in his daughter's eyes... and his expression turns from INDIFFERENCE to bottomless AFFECTION.

**EXT. BANI VILLAGE (IRANIAN BORDER) - 1985**

AHMAD (52), a bulky SMUGGLER with half his teeth missing, helps Idris into a HORSE-DRAWN HAY WAGON. Places HEAPS of LOOSE HAY on top of Idris, burying him completely. Sakine stands nearby, holding the baby.

AHMAD  
 (to Sakine)  
*Are you ready?*

Sakine walks to the wagon. Ahmad notices her WRIST WATCH.

AHMAD  
*What are you doing? If they see  
 that they'll know you're from the  
 city. Take it off.*

She peels off her watch. Ahmad helps her climb into the wagon. Then he takes the REIGNS, 'giddyaps' the horse.

AHMAD  
*Yallah, go!*

**EXT. IRANIAN BORDER - 1985**

Heavily armed BORDER PATROL OFFICERS survey the area from WATCHTOWERS. Sakine looks up at them fearfully as the HORSE WAGON creeps closer. Ahmad pulls at the reigns. They stop. TWO PATROL OFFICERS saunter over, rifles in hand. Ahmad hands them his papers.

PATROL OFFICER  
*Where are you headed?*

AHMAD  
*Ankara. To visit family. I'll be  
 back by the end of the week.*

PATROL OFFICER  
*And her?*

AHMAD  
*My wife. And my daughter.*

Sakine lowers her head to avoid eye-contact. The Patrol officer glances at Amara. She INNOCENTLY SMILES back at him, gripping the side of the wagon.

PATROL OFFICER  
*That kid looks nothing like you.*

A tense beat.

AHMAD  
*Guess now I know what my wife's  
 been doing at the neighbors house.*

The first patrol officer CRACKS UP. But the second knows something's fishy. He takes his rifle and POKES around the HAY... missing Idris by a hair. Amara starts to WHINE.

AHMAD

*Listen, my daughter is hungry and needs a fresh diaper. If you could just let us go I'd appreciate it.*

The patrol officer MOTIONS for his colleague to stop the inspection. He hands Ahmad his paperwork and waves them through. The wagon rolls past the checkpoint. Sakine pulls Amara close and CRIES quietly. Overcome with hysterical RELIEF. OFF Amara, GIGGLING, hair tossed by the wind...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

BACK TO ADULT AMARA who has lost the innocence of childhood. Dunn studies her closely, not sure what to make of her yet.

AMARA

Once we crossed the border my father applied for a visa to the United States. And since he was a political refugee, we got it.

DUNN

You know what I find interesting? People with extremist ties calling themselves political refugees. We never know who's who. I guess that was lucky for your family.

AMARA

The Turks invaded our land, forbade our language, banned our flag and bombed our homes. But we're terrorists for standing up to them?

DUNN

By U.S. government standards, yes.

AMARA

You know what? Fuck U.S. government standards. They considered Nelson Mandela a terrorist until 2008.

DUNN

Can you imagine? That man had never been arrested in his life. Unlike your father, who faced charges for--  
(consults her file)  
Aggravated assault.

Amara looks up, a flash of DEFENSIVENESS in her eyes.

AMARA

Those charges were dropped. Why do you keep bringing up my father?

DUNN

Because our parents pass their belief systems on to us. They teach us what our purpose is in life.

(beat)

I wonder what he taught you.

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NASHVILLE (1991)**

A modest suburban home with bare furnishings. AMARA (now 6) sits in front of an old TV set, watching the "Thundercats" cartoon. She's wearing TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES pajamas.

This kid is addicted to American pop culture like it's crack. IDRIS (now 32) is reading a BOOK on the nearby couch.

LION-O (V.O.)

Thunder.. Thunder... Thunder...  
Thundercats, hooooo!

AMARA

(raises arm)

Hooooo!

Suddenly, a BRICK smashes through the window. Shards of GLASS fly everywhere. Amara stifles a SCREAM. Idris scrambles to his feet, pulls a HANDGUN out of the drawer.

**EXT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - 1991**

Idris LIMPS out the front door. SPOTS two red-headed TEENAGE BOYS taking off on their skateboards. He turns to see the words they've spray-painted on his front door in BRIGHT RED PAINT: "MUSLIM SCUM". Idris' face goes HARD. Amara appears next to him. Squints her eyes at the SCRAWLED LETTERS.

AMARA

Baba? What does it mean?

He answers in English, speaking with an ACCENT:

IDRIS

It means nothing. Go back inside.

**EXT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - ENTRANCE - 1991**

Idris' meaty FIST beats against a WOODEN DOOR. JOHN LEWIS (42), Texas stock with red hair and a goatee, opens the door.

JOHN  
Mr. Kosher.

IDRIS  
(corrects:)  
Kochar.

JOHN  
What can I do for you?

IDRIS  
Tell your sons to stay away from my  
house.

JOHN  
I don't know what you mean. The  
boys have been here all evening.

He motions to two redheaded TEENAGE BOYS standing behind him.  
They're the same teens we saw earlier.

IDRIS  
No, they have not. I saw them with  
my own eyes. They threw a stone.  
They almost hit my daughter.

JOHN  
You can't just make accusations  
without proof.

IDRIS  
What?

JOHN  
Proof? Evidence?  
(slow)  
Do. You. Understand?

Idris registers the INSULT. And realizes that the rotten  
fruit doesn't fall far from the rotten tree.

JOHN  
Now get off my porch. You're  
trespassing on my property.

Idris FLASHES John his handgun.

IDRIS  
Next time your boys trespass on my  
property, I will use it.

John's jaw DROPS. Idris turns and stalks off.

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - 1991**

Sakine scoops up SHARDS with a DUST PAN. Amara watches, perched on the sofa's armrest. Idris walks back in, closes the door behind him.

SAKINE

What did you do, Idris?

IDRIS

What I had to. If I don't stand up to those boys they will come back.

SAKINE

The neighbors will think we're savages.

IDRIS

They already do.

SAKINE

Well, this isn't going to help. Maybe we should move.

IDRIS

So you want us to run again? Like you made me run from Iran?  
(points at Amara)  
Is that what you want to teach her? To run away whenever someone bullies her?

SAKINE

I'm trying to protect her.

IDRIS

Then you need to teach her how to protect herself.  
(beat)  
Amara. Come here.

Amara doesn't move, frightened. Idris hates seeing her like this, SHIVERING like a deer. He grabs her by the WRIST --

IDRIS

I said, come here.

-- pulls her toward the back door.

SAKINE

Let her go! Idris! Where are you taking her?

**EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - 1991**

Idris loads a bullet into the barrel of his .38. WHIP-SNAPS it closed. Amara watches, wide-eyed and scared.

IDRIS

We all have a purpose in life. You know who chooses it for us?

AMARA

(shrugs)  
God?

IDRIS

No. We do it ourselves. And once we do, we have to see it through to the end. Do you understand?

She doesn't, but nods her head anyway.

IDRIS

I decided a long time ago that I won't stand by why people are made to suffer. That's what happens when you put your fate into government hands. It's what happened in Iran. And it's why we have the Second Amendment in this country. So we can fight, if needed.

He SLAPS the gun into her tiny hand. Amara instinctively holds it away from her body.

IDRIS

The gun is not your enemy. It's what stands between you and your enemy. You have to treat it with respect.

Slowly, Amara's grip FIRMS around the weapon. She raises it, aiming at the PEPSI CANS her father set up on a FENCE, 20 feet away. Idris helps her find the trigger.

IDRIS

Here's the safety. And here's where you pull. Keep both eyes open.

Then he releases his hands. Amara's on her own. She adjusts her feet, readies herself for the recoil and --

AMARA (V.O.)

In that moment I found my purpose.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BULLET

LEAPING from the barrel of a Longbow T-76. REVEAL the shooter -- ADULT AMARA (now 26) in a COMBAT UNIFORM, bearing the U.S. FLAG on the right shoulder. The nervous little girl is gone. Replaced by a calm and confident woman.

**INT. FORT CAMPBELL - GUN RANGE - 18 MONTHS AGO**

Amara's in the middle of target practice. Her spotter, BRYAN (28) is a poster-boy American soldier, handsome, witty and soulful. He looks through a PAIR of BINOS.

BRYAN

You were off by an inch. Are you dialed for windage?

AMARA

Check. Hold up-two, right-four.

BRYAN

Try it on a full exhale. You don't want to hold your breath -- your heart beat is going to elevate and leave more room for error.

The CIRCULAR SCOPE floats over the target. Amara takes a DEEP BREATH... EXHALES fully. BAM! She hits the BULLS-EYE.

**INT. MILITARY BASE - COMMUNAL ROOM - 18 MONTHS AGO**

Amara and Bryan watch a NEWS REPORT on a cell phone with some fellow SOLDIERS: KOBANE BEING TAKEN BY ISIS MILITANTS.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

-- group of radical ISIS militants has taken the city of Kobane, leaving hundreds dead. Al-Dhaki estimates that approximately 700 women and children have been kidnapped and forced into sexual enslavement.

The FACES of INNOCENT VICTIMS play across the screen. ORPHANS CRYING tears of AGONY. Amara QUAKES with BLIND FURY.

AMARA

Man, I can't wait to take down these goat-fuckers myself.

SOLDIER

If they send you out in the field.

BRYAN

Why wouldn't they? She's a better shot than you.

Amara levels a grateful look at Bryan.

SOLDIER

Sergeant Fisher said he wants to use her as an interpreter.

AMARA

(chokes a laugh)  
You're shitting me?

Nope, he's not. Amara's smile drops.

**INT. SERGEANT FISHER'S OFFICE - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara stands across from SGT. NATHAN FISHER (42), sturdy and earnest with mutton chops. He radiates authority.

AMARA

I thought you were happy with my performance.

SGT. FISHER

I am. Your scores are among the highest in your unit.

AMARA

Then why am I not being sent to the front?

SGT. FISHER

You're the only recruit we have who speaks Kurdish, Turkish, Arabic and...

(thinks)

What was the last one?

AMARA

Farsi. With all due respect, Sir, I didn't train for four years to be a translator. I did it to save lives.

SGT. FISHER

You still can. By helping us communicate with local ground forces.

AMARA

I'll save more if you let me join the infantry. As a sniper.

Fisher regards her, amused. Then realizes she's serious. His good humor fades away.

SGT. FISHER

We don't permit females to serve in combat units. You know that.

AMARA

I do.

(beat)

I could be the first.

Fisher is losing his patience.

SGT. FISHER

The army ain't no buffet where you get to pick and choose, Private. As long as your ass is in my unit, I decide where to send it.

(beat)

Do you read me?

Amara's JAW SETS. But she maintains her composure.

AMARA

Yes, Sir.

OFF Amara, her hopes DASHED...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Amara stares at the floor, the disillusionment of that moment still palpable, while Dunn processes the information.

AMARA

That's when I decided to take things into my own hands.

DUNN

You broke the law. And abandoned your military service.

AMARA

I just chose to go where I could serve on my terms. With the YPJ. The people's protection units of the Kurds. They don't give a shit that I'm female. If you carry a gun, you're an equal. Plus they're always recruiting.

DUNN

What did your father think?

AMARA  
He didn't know.

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - ONE YEAR AGO**

IDRIS (now in his 50s) takes a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE from a cabinet behind the mirror. He's starting to BALD, GREY SPECKLES on his temple. The TAG on the bottle reads: SR ZOLOFT, a strong antidepressant for people with PTSD. He POPS a pill in his mouth, washes it down with tap water.

He CLOSES the bathroom mirror... but instead of his own reflection we see Rashad's GORY FACE looking back at him. Idris is not startled by the image. It's something that has stayed with him... and will for the rest of his days.

AMARA (O.S.)  
Baba! Phone for you!

IDRIS  
Coming!

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara is dressed in ill-fitting civilian clothes, ever the tomboy. She's holding the RECEIVER to her ear.

AMARA  
*He'll be here in a minute.  
Oh, and tell Hassan I say hi.*

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL (ERBIL, IRAQ) - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara's cousin, SAMIR (28), short and stocky with boyish features that display humility.

SAMIR  
*He's not with us anymore. His  
humvee drove over an IED. We tried  
to get him to Erbil for treatment  
but he died soon after.*

This NEWS HITS Amara HARD.

AMARA  
*Don't tell my parents, okay?*

SAMIR  
*I won't. Don't worry, we'll avenge  
him. The jihadists run as soon as  
they hear the voices of our female  
fighters.*

AMARA

*Really?*

SAMIR

*(laughs)*

*They believe they'll go to hell if they die at a woman's hands.*

STAY ON Amara, taking this IN.

AMARA

*(jokingly)*

*Maybe I should volunteer.*

SAMIR

*Why would you leave paradise? You're in the best country in the world. If you want to help us, tell them we need weapons. If we can't defeat Daesh, the U.S. will be their next target.*

Idris shuffles out of the bathroom, holds out his hand.

AMARA

*Baba is here. I gotta go. Be safe.*

She hands Idris the phone.

IDRIS

*(into phone)*

*How is my nephew?*

*(listens)*

*Good. We pray for you every day.*

Amara goes to help Sakine with a heavy POT. We NOTICE Sakine's weight loss. Her missing eyebrows. And the HEAD COVER she's wearing. It's not an Islamic head dress. It's because of her CANCER.

AMARA

Let me take it, Maman.

SAKINE

I'm fine. The doctor said I should exercise my muscles.

Amara tries to smile, but can't hide her concern.

SAKINE

You want me to beat this thing for good, right?

*(off her nod)*

Then let me set my own table.

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara and her parents are in the middle of dinner.

AMARA

Can you pass the dolmas?

Sakine hands her the PLATE of homemade YAPRAX DOLMAS, a Kurdish delicacy.

SAKINE

Don't eat too much, now. They don't let chubby people in the infantry.

AMARA

Apparently, they don't let women in either.

IDRIS

You didn't get in?  
(she shakes her head)  
I told you: war is a man's business.

AMARA

The Kurds don't think so. Forty percent of their fighters are female.

IDRIS

They can't afford to be picky.

Amara stares daggers at her father, who keeps eating, not noticing her irritation.

AMARA

Those women are an important part of the resistance. The region would be overrun by ISIS if it wasn't for them --

SAKINE

(interrupts)  
Can we please talk about something else? Just for once?

AMARA

Aren't you angry at the world for doing jack to help our people?

SAKINE

Anger doesn't change a thing.

AMARA

You're right. Picking up a loaded gun and going to Iraq does.

Idris turns to her, eyes ABLAZE with ANGER.

IDRIS

I don't want to hear that kind of talk at my table. Your mother and I sacrificed everything so you could have a better life.

AMARA

And do what? Get married and have kids? What kind of life is that?

IDRIS

It's more than my brother had. He wanted to be a hero, too. Fight for an independent Kurdish state. And look what that's done?

AMARA

Just because the two of you failed, doesn't mean I will.

That does it. Idris ERUPTS with SUDDEN FURY. TOSSES his PLATE across the ROOM.

IDRIS

Get out of my house! I don't want to see your face again!

Amara gets up and STORMS out.

**INT. KOCHAR RESIDENCE - AMARA'S ROOM - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara frantically stuffs her clothes in her MILITARY DUFFEL. Sakine appears in the door frame.

SAKINE

How dare you talk to him like that?  
After everything he's been through?  
Don't you know he wants to protect  
you from the pain he had to suffer?

Sakine takes a PHOTOGRAPH off the desk: THE THREE OF THEM SMILING DURING HAPPIER TIMES. Holds it up for her to see.

SAKINE

You're all we have.

TEARS start brimming in Sakine's eyes. Amara SOFTENS.

AMARA  
 I'm sorry, mom.  
 (pats her back)  
 It's okay...

SAKINE  
 You didn't mean what you said,  
 right? About going to Iraq?

Amara can't bring herself to say the truth. So she lies.

AMARA  
 Of course not.

We hear a DOOR being SLAMMED SHUT upstairs. Amara releases Sakine from her embrace. Picks up her duffel.

AMARA  
 I should go. Let him cool off. Call  
 you next week?

SAKINE  
 (nods)  
 Take this with you.

She tucks the photograph into Amara's jacket pocket. Amara thanks her with a KISS on the FOREHEAD and walks out.

**INT. YELLOW CAB (PARKED) - ONE YEAR AGO**

Amara clambers in the back seat, lost in thought. The wheels in her head TURNING. The PAKISTANI CAB DRIVER addresses her:

CAB DRIVER  
 Where to, Miss?

PUSH IN on Amara as she makes a life-changing decision.

AMARA  
 The airport.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Dunn stares at Amara, stunned. Not sure if the woman is insanely brave or just insane.

DUNN  
 You just decided to leave? That  
 night?

AMARA  
 I knew I had to act fast or I'd  
 risk changing my mind.

DUNN  
And you weren't scared?

AMARA  
Of ISIS? No.

DUNN  
How about American laws prohibiting  
its citizens from partaking in  
foreign conflicts?

AMARA  
It's not a foreign conflict if it's  
your homeland.

DUNN  
Technically, it is.  
(off her shrug)  
So you didn't care about being  
classed as a potential terrorist?

AMARA  
Nope. I just cared about killing  
them.

DUNN  
I didn't know the YPJ accepted  
American volunteers.

AMARA  
They don't. I had an "in".

**INT. TEHRAN AIRPORT (IRAN) - ONE YEAR AGO**

Expectant faces wait for their loved ones. WOMEN in CHADORS  
pass by Samir, who scans ARRIVING PASSENGERS for Amara. He  
finally spots her, duffel bag slung over her shoulder. A  
loose HEAD SCARF on her head. Amara happily waves at him.

AMARA  
*Samir!*

SAMIR  
*Does your father know you're here?*

Her silence confirms his suspicion.

SAMIR  
*That's what I thought. I'm sorry,  
but I can't take you with me.*

AMARA  
*What? Why?*

SAMIR

*Because of my uncle. I can't do  
this to him.*

AMARA

*I'm an adult. This is my decision.  
If you don't take me to base camp,  
I'll find someone else who will.*

Samir SIGHS, left without a choice.

SMASH CUT TO:

AMARA, sitting in the BED of a MILITARY TRUCK with Samir and THREE KURDISH PESHMERGA FIGHTERS, all clad in GRAY UNIFORMS, VESTS and WIDE PANTS with cloth belts around their waists. One of them is OMAR (29), a strapping soldier who never stops smiling. He studies Amara, INTRIGUED.

OMAR

*(to Samir)  
Can she speak Kurmanji?*

AMARA

*(in Kurmanji)  
You can talk to me, I'm right here.*

OMAR

*Samir said you're American?*

AMARA

*I was raised in Nashville. But I'm  
a Kurd, just like you.*

OMAR

*Let's see if you can fight like  
one.*

SAMIR

*(to Omar)  
Please don't encourage her. If a  
hair on her head is singed, her  
father will kill me.*

OMAR

*(jokingly)  
Better him than them.*

He motions at the horizon. Amara SQUINTS to see a BLACK BANNER fluttering in the WIND. An ISIS stronghold.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the truck, SNAKING its way through the desert, glistening in the viscous Middle Eastern HEAT.

**EXT. BASE CAMP (QUANDIL MOUNTAINS, IRAN/IRAQ BORDER) - DAY**

A DESERT FLOWER is PLUCKED off the dry ground. NEJLA (15), a rosy-cheeked rural girl, brings it to her nose. An AK-47 assault rifle dangles from a STRAP on her shoulder.

She looks over her shoulder to see the oncoming vehicle, throwing up a long TRAIL OF DUST behind it.

NEJLA  
(calls out)  
*Viyan! They're back!*

FIND VIYAN (50), the commander of the YPJ unit. A battle-hardened widow with traditional FACE TATTOOS.

**EXT. BASE CAMP - ENTRANCE - DAY**

Amara and the other fighters jump off the truck when Viyan storms toward them, followed by Nejla.

VIYAN  
*Welcome back, comrades.*

SAMIR  
*Thanks, Commander.*

Her eyes land on Amara. An unknown face.

VIYAN  
*Who's she?*

SAMIR  
*My cousin. She's come all the way from America to join us.*

Viyan critically looks her up and down.

VIYAN  
(to Samir)  
*Send her back. We don't need foreign volunteers. They're always the first to run.*

SAMIR  
*Not her. I wouldn't bring you a coward.*

VIYAN  
*Coward or not, she'll be a burden. And we don't have time to train her.*

Amara takes a step forward.

AMARA

*I received four years of combat ground training at Fort Campbell and graduated from sniper school. I promise you -- I'm prepared.*

VIYAN

*Physically prepared, maybe. But not mentally.*

A tense moment passes. Then Viyan holds out a RIFLE.

VIYAN

*It's your funeral.*

Amara BEAMS with pride when she receives her own rifle, a sign that's she's been accepted into the troop.

**INT. MAKESHIFT BARRACKS - DAY**

The walls are spray-painted with SLOGANS: "Long live Öcalan". FIGHTERS are seated on the floor, drinking TEA and smoking CIGARETTES. Nejla sits next to Amara, jabbering incessantly:

NEJLA

*If you kill twenty ISIS fighters, you get a Makarov pistol. And for a hundred, a Beretta.*

AMARA

*Then I want two Beretta's.*

HEVAL (O.S.)

*I hope you get them.*

Amara looks up to see HAVAL (24), a soft-spoken YAZIDI with kind, peregrine eyes and healed-over SCARS running across her left cheek and both arms. She's holding out a PLATE of FOOD.

AMARA

*(takes the plate)*  
*Thank you...*

HAVAL

*Haval.*

Haval moves off. Amara turns to Nejla.

AMARA

*That's a Yazidi name, right?*  
*(off her nod)*  
*Where's she from?*

NEJLA

*Sinjar.*

AMARA

*But... that's an IS stronghold.*

Nejla scoots closer to Amara, getting confidential:

NEJLA

*Yes. They held her there for two months before she managed to escape. She didn't want to go to a refugee camp, so she came here. Viyan told us to never ask what happened to her in captivity.*

Amara's face clouds. She looks over at Haval's scarred arms, a silent testimony of what she endured. FROM ACROSS the room, Viyan watches Amara. She sidles up beside Omar.

VIYAN

*(re: Amara)*

*I need you to keep an eye on her.*

OMAR

*I think she can handle herself.*

VIYAN

*Not for protection. She could have been planted here by the Americans. I don't care that she's Samir's cousin. I don't trust her.*

OMAR

*I don't either.*

**INT. MAKESHIFT BARRACKS - NEXT MORNING**

Samir adjusts the CHANNEL on a DISPATCH RADIO. It CRACKLES with STATIC. A MALE VOICE is heard speaking ARABIC. Omar's fingers DANCE across COMPUTER keys, encrypting the data. Amara looks over his shoulder.

AMARA

*Is that... them?*

SAMIR

*Sure is. Took us months to crack the transmission codes. They use these strange terms. "Visiting the farmer" means an air strike is coming. "Taxi" means heavy fire. And "Sending a bird" means they're about to launch mortar bombs.*

AMARA  
 (surprised)  
*They have heavy artillery?*

SAMIR  
*They're better equipped than we  
 are. Everything the American troops  
 left behind fell into their hands.*

We hear a GARBLED MALE VOICE responding. Amara's eyebrow furrows as she listens.

AMARA  
*That one has an accent. He's not  
 from here.*

OMAR  
*He's Australian. Came here to  
 volunteer just like you. Only for  
 the other side.*  
 (beat)  
*We call him Jihadi Jack.*

ON Amara as she takes in this information.

AMARA  
*What are you listening for?*

SAMIR  
*Anything that's odd. If there's a  
 lot of activity, we know a strike  
 is coming.*

The radio FIZZES and CUTS OUT. Samir CURSES, tries to fix it. Amara strolls off, removes her CELL PHONE from her pocket. There's a MESSAGE from her mom that reads:

"YOUR SERGEANT CALLED. YOU NEVER WENT BACK TO CAMP. WHERE ARE YOU? CALL US, PLEASE." Amara's face is WRACKED with GUILT. Her thumb hovers above the TOUCH SCREEN, about to text a response, when --

OMAR  
*What are you doing?*

AMARA  
*Nothing.*

Omar shoots her a SUSPICIOUS glance.

OMAR  
 (re: cell phone)  
*You can't have that here at camp.*

AMARA

*It's just so my family knows I'm still alive.*

OMAR

*This is your family now. And we prohibit contact with anyone on the outside.*

(re: radio)

*We're not just listening to them. They're listening to us, too.*

He holds out his palm, expectant. Amara hands him her phone. He drops it, STOMPS on it with his BOOT. The SCREEN CRACKS.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

AMARA

I was completely cut off after that.

DUNN

Sounds like something an extremist group would do. They always separate their subjects from their families to exercise control.

Amara reads between the lines. Doesn't take the bait.

AMARA

Might have been better that way. If I had spoken to my mother, she would've begged me to come back... and I wouldn't have been able to focus on my task.

DUNN

Since when do you care about her feelings?

AMARA

I always have.

ON AMARA, GUILT on her face as she imagines the grief she caused her parents. We see QUICK FLASHES of --

SAKINE collapsing into Idris' arms, wailing with GRIEF. Idris tries to comfort her with words we don't hear.

SAKINE lies in bed, heavily medicated. Idris closes the door.

IDRIS watching a NEWS REPORT about an ISIS ATTACK at the Iranian Border. He starts to SOB uncontrollably.

DUNN  
 Didn't stop you from leaving.

AMARA  
 I had to. To fight for all the  
 mothers back home.

**EXT. BASE CAMP - DAY**

CLOSE ON a YAZIDI MOTHER and her INFANT SON, both wearing torn rags. Amara makes funny faces, making the youngster laugh. Behind her we see HAVAL, unloading a DELIVERY TRUCK.

She carries a BAG OF RICE across, hands it to the mother.

YAZIDI MOTHER  
*God bless you two.*

She moves off with her son. Joining several hundred YAZIDI REFUGEES who set up tents right outside the camp.

AMARA  
 (to Haval)  
*Where are they going? Do you know?*

HAVAL  
*Up north, trying to cross over the  
 mountains into Turkey.*

AMARA  
*That's how my parents got out.*

HAVAL  
*It's under IS control now. If they  
 keep spreading, they'll cut off all  
 escape routes. These families will  
 be trapped.*

OFF Amara as the severity of the situation SINKS in...

**INT. MAKESHIFT BARRACKS - EVENING**

CLOSE ON a MAP of the REGION. Viyan's finger TRACES the trail route, a northeasterly zigzag along the HILLSIDE.

VIYAN  
*The only way to keep these routes  
 clear for passage is to re-take  
 Ramadi and push them west.*

SEVERAL SECTION COMMANDERS are assembled. Amara observes the gathering from the back of the room.

SECTION COMMANDER

*We don't have enough fighters for a ground assault.*

VIYAN

*What do you suggest?*

SECTION COMMANDER

*Re-routing the refugees down South.*

VIYAN

*To walk five hundred miles without supplies?*

SECTION COMMANDER

*If they stay, we'll starve too.*

VIYAN

*That's exactly why we don't have another option but to fight. Gather some of the new recruits from our post in Makhmour.*

OMAR

*That would bring us up to fifty. They have three hundred men. We'll get wiped out.*

AMARA (O.S.)

*Not if we divide our troops.*

ALL HEADS turn to Amara.

OMAR

*What do you mean?*

AMARA

*I mean that they don't know our real numbers. And if we use separate assault teams and fire at them from different directions, they're going to think they're outmanned.*

OMAR

*It would leave our ground troops completely exposed.*

AMARA

*I'll put a sniper team together to have their backs.*

Amara points out abandoned structures on the map, surrounding the town and providing good sight-lines for shooting.

AMARA  
*We'll position them on opposite  
 sides. Here, here and here.*

Viyana rubs her chin, impressed.

VIYAN  
*It's a risky strategy.*

AMARA  
*It's also our only chance to beat  
 them.*

VIYAN  
*When can your team be ready?*

**EXT. BASE CAMP - CHECKPOINT - NIGHT**

Amara adjusts her SNIPER RIFLE. She and her support team wear CAMOUFLAGE SUITS. Haval checks her leather SACHEL: ammo, wireless WALKIE-TALKIE. Removes a NECKLACE with a BULLET ROUND attached, offers it to Amara.

AMARA  
 (re: bullet)  
*What's that for?*

HAVAL  
*For you. If you get caught, keep  
 this bullet for yourself.*

Amara DARKENS, her confidence momentarily slipping. She puts on the necklace. FIVE TRUCKS come to a halt in front of them.

The SOLDIERS clamber onto the cargo areas. Amara looks around for Samir. SPOTS him a few feet away, kneeling on the dusty plain in the middle of SALAH (Muslim prayer).

AMARA  
*Samir!*

Samir takes a last BOW to Mecca. Then scrambles to his feet and jumps in the back of the truck, joining the others. He takes a seat beside Omar, who cradles a portable RPG-7.

AMARA  
*Since when do you practice?*

SAMIR  
*I had a couple of close calls. I  
 would be dead if it wasn't for him.*

He points upward to the sky.

OMAR

*If I remember correctly, it was  
Haval's bullet that saved you.*

Samir shoots him an angry look. The other fighters CRACK UP.

HAVAL

*Must be hard. Having a devil-  
worshipping Yazidi save your life.*

SAMIR

*I don't care who you worship. The  
true meaning of Islam is peace.*

HAVAL

*Try explaining that to "them".*

Haval nods to a BLACK BANNER in the distance, an area occupied by IS forces. Amara grows tense. She reaches into her jacket, PULLS out the FAMILY PICTURE her mother gave her. KISSES it for good luck, TUCKS it away again.

An eerie SILENCE spreads as the CONVOY slowly snakes along the perimeter, HEADLIGHTS OFF to avoid detection.

**EXT. RAMADI - OUTSKIRTS - PRE-DAWN**

Amara's BOOTS hit the ground near the truck bed as she JUMPS out. Viyan SIGNALS for the fighters to FAN out. Amara shares a last glance with Samir. He gives her a THUMBS UP. Then, he moves off alongside Omar...

STAY with Amara and Haval as they RACE along a bullet-riddled clay wall, hugging the shadows. Make their way into town. ISIS' signature is written everywhere -- in scorched walls, charred books and broken glass. Bullet holes scar the church. The head of a statue and its hands have been smashed.

INSIDE a WATCHTOWER, an ISIS INSURGENT stands guard. Behind him, we see two DARK, fleeting shapes. He turns, suspicious. Shines a flashlight at the sand bank.

REVERSE ANGLE ON Amara and Haval, on their stomach's holding their breath. After a moment, the flashlight is turned off. The women creep forward, head inside a looted building.

**EXT. LOOTED BUILDING - ROOFTOP / SNIPER'S NEXT - PRE-DAWN**

Amara takes position behind piled sandbags, places the TIP of her SNIPER RIFLE through a hole on the wall, adjusting her SCOPE. Haval pulls out the WALKIE-TALKIE, puts it to her lips:

HAVAL

*Team one in position. Stand by. Do you copy?*

VOICE

(over speaker)

*Copy, team one. Do you have eyes on the guard?*

On Amara, eyes narrow with FOCUS. CROSS-HAIRS DRIFT to the WATCH TOWER, FINDING the GUARD we saw moments ago. He's about to light a cigarette, when --

A SNIPER SHOT BOOMS across, sending up a RED MIST of blood. He tumbles off the tower --

**EXT. BANI VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS - PRE-DAWN**

And LANDS on the ground with a THUD, scaring the Bejeesus out of Samir and his TROOP.

AMARA

(over speaker)

*Target neutralized.*

SAMIR

*Yeah, no shit.*

The INSURGENT's BODY tremors as he dies.

INSIDE the village we FIND a GUNMAN, dressed in tactical gear, an M4 CARBINE in hand. A pair of BLUE EYES shine through the BALLISTIC MASK over his face. This is Jihadi Jack. He SPINS AROUND when he hears the GUNSHOT.

JIHADI JACK

*The devils have come!*

ON THE WEST SIDE of the village, Viyan motions for the GROUND ASSAULT TEAM to advance. They rise from the DIRT, nearly invisible in their TACTICAL CAMO UNIFORMS.

They RUSH into the village, rifles poised. Not far behind them is a TRUCK, mounted with an AUTOMATIC CANNON.

**EXT. LOOTED BUILDING - ROOFTOP / SNIPER'S NEST - DAWN**

A BATTLE CRY ripples through the silence of the morning, followed by the staccato of GUNFIRE.

HAVAL

*The bastards know we're here.*

AMARA

*Good. Let them come out. Overwatch set?*

CUT TO several SHOOTERS of her SNIPER TEAM, male and female, elbows in the dirt, waiting for her command.

SNIPER TEAM

*Ready./Set.*

Haval looks through a PAIR of BINOCULARS: two dozen heavily armed ISIS INSURGENTS spill out onto the streets like ants.

Amara's CROSS-HAIRS track along with the movement, settle on an ENEMY TRUCK. An INSURGENT swivels the MACHINE GUN mounted on top, firing 900 rounds per minute.

Amara INHALES deeply. Finds her stillness. The world around her SLOWS down. She stokes the trigger and...

BLAM! Sends a bullet through the ISIS fighter's head. He slumps, dead. The SPRAY of GUNFIRE stops.

ON THE GROUND, we're WITH JIHADI JACK seeing his men get riddled by gunfire. Overcome with hellish FURY, he abandons his cover, sending a MASSIVE FUSILLADE OF RETURN GUNFIRE.

HAVAL

(re: binos)

*It's him. Jihadi Jack.*

Amara's CROSS-HAIRS drift to Jihadi Jack, just as -- he flees down a sidewalk. BAM! The bullet POKES the wall behind him.

AMARA

*Fuck.*

Amara chambers a new 51 mm round. Haval peers through her binos: a PLUME of DUST blows from around the corner.

HAVAL

(bad news)

*Fuck is right.*

Amara looks back through her SCOPE. Goes PALE when she sees --

A T-34 TANK, mated with a KATYUSHA ROCKET RAIL SYSTEM, rolls out onto the road and into her VIEW, SNORTING and BELCHING.

ON THE GROUND, we FIND Viyan and Nejla, coming to a grinding halt. Brave faces MORPHING into SHEER PANIC.

VIYAN

*Pull back!*

The fighters explode into motion and disperse, sprinting at full tilt. The TANK launches a MISSILE their way --

We're WITH Samir and OMAR, STREAKING across the plane. DIVING for cover behind the CLAY WALL, when --

BOOM! One of our soldiers is TORN IN HALF, the pieces flying. Ground SHAKING from the impact. A large CHUNK of MISSILE DEBRIS is catapulted towards Samir and Omar --

BWOOM! SMASHES into the clay wall!

BACK ON the rooftop, we're TIGHT ON Amara's FACE -- her eyes wide with TERROR. She gets a hold of herself... enough to:

AMARA  
(into walkie)  
*Samir, Omar, are you hit?*

Nothing but SILENCE. ON THE GROUND, a heavy CLOUD of DUST obscures the VIEW. Settling on every surface like SNOW.

TRACK to REVEAL OMAR, covered with dust. He looks over to Samir, who sags against the wall... spits out pieces of pulverized CLAY. The missile chunk missed him by a foot!

SAMIR  
*Yuck!*

Samir pats his chest, assessing the damage.

SAMIR  
(into walkie)  
*I'm not hit... I don't think.  
Neither is Omar.*

A WAVE of RELIEF washes over Amara.

The tank RUMBLES into motion, resuming its slow crawl. Small trees and shrubs topple under its treads. The rocket range PIVOTS, aiming at one of the watch towers.

INSIDE the watch tower, we see a MALE SNIPER and his SPOTTER scamper to their feet, trying to get away, when --

A MISSILE is launched toward them and -- BOOM! Hits the tower. It totters at the edge, then FALLS and COLLAPSES, BURYING the snipers in a PILE of BURNING RUBBLE.

AMARA  
(into walkie)  
*We lost team four.*

We're with Viyan and her remaining SOLDIERS, huddling inside an abandoned building. INTERCUT as the commanding officers converse over their walkies as GUNSHOTS keep CRACKING nearby:

VIYAN

*We have to abort. They're on to us!*

AMARA

*If we pull back now, they will be!  
We have to keep going!*

VIYAN

*Another missile and we're done!*

OMAR

*I can take down the tank with the  
RPG. If I can get close enough.*

AMARA

*How close?*

OMAR

*Four hundred feet.*

AMARA

*(to Haval)*

*What's the target range?*

Haval uses a SPOTTER CARD and binos to estimate the range.

HAVAL

*Shot measured at seven hundred and  
twenty-five yards.*

*(re: binos)*

*I can barely see that far with  
these.*

AMARA

*(into walkie)*

*Negative! It's too far away!*

OMAR

*Then you have to get closer!*

AMARA

*There's no time! Stand down!*

*(no response)*

*Omar. Omar?*

THROUGH her SCOPE, Amara sees Omar running across the PLAINS towards the TANK, carrying the RPG-7. A suicide mission.

OFF Amara, eyes WIDE with DISBELIEF...

AMARA  
*Crazy son of a bitch!*

She LEAPS from her nest. STARTS HAULING ASS, rifle in hand, RUNNING to the edge of the building. It's DIVIDED by a large GAP. A DARING JUMP.

HAVAL  
 (horrified)  
*Amara!*

She doesn't slow down. Keeps her FOCUS. Like a tigress on the HUNT. She accelerates her speed and -- LEAPS from her building over to the next rooftop. Keeps going.

Another DARING JUMP ahead. She VAULTS across... almost misses. Grabs the ledge with her armpits, pulls herself up.

FROM AN ALLEY BELOW, ISIS INSURGENTS look up to see her VAULTING over to a third building. They start the PURSUIT, shooting upwards, when -- they RUN SMACK DAB into Viyan and her men. Go down in a HAIL of GUNFIRE.

BACK ON THE ROOFTOP, Amara screeches to a stop. Positions herself on a ledge. Breathing HARD. Bleeding SWEAT.

CROSS-HAIRS TRACK Omar, running towards the tank.

HAVAL (O.S.)  
 (over walkie)  
*He's five hundred feet out.*

WE'RE WITH OMAR, DASHING ahead MADLY. ENEMY FIRE starts streaking in, RAKING the ground around him.

CROSS-HAIRS FIND FOUR ISIS MILITANTS, phantoms of death, clad in all black, flanking the tank, FIRING at OMAR.

ON AMARA, exhaling through her teeth. Breathing it down. She holds her breath and -- the bullet CRACKS like a WHIP. HURLS forward, TEARS through the head of an INSURGENT. One down.

BACK WITH OMAR, surging closer. He reaches the TARGET AREA, when the insurgents release a BARRAGE of SHOTS in his direction. Omar SLIDES on his knees, to DUCK them.

Amara fast racks the bolt and fires three more rounds a split second later -- the BULLETS HIT their targets IN THE CHEST.

HAVAL (O.S.)  
 (over walkie)  
*Four hundred feet!*

Omar launches the RPG on his shoulder and...

BWOOM! The ROCKET GRENADE ROARS towards the tank -- SMASHES into it, EXPLODING in a white hot FLASH.

FROM THE ROOFTOP, Amara stares at the FIRE WALL, erupting from her target. She PUMPS her FIST. They really did it!

Omar gawks at the destroyed TANK, spewing FLAME. A thick COLUMN of smoke RISES, obscuring his view. Viyan and the remaining soldiers step out, emboldened by the blown-up tank.

Omar staggers to his feet. Looks up to see... the OUTLINE of TWENTY ISIS MILITANTS, coming straight at him. Omar SWALLOWS. No way he's getting out of this alive.

The thugs come to a sudden HALT when they hear... FEMALE VOICES, ULULATING through loud speakers. Viyan and her troop emerge from the SMOKE, manning the CANNON MOUNTED truck we saw earlier. They OPEN FIRE, SHELL-CASINGS spill everywhere.

The INSURGENTS trade nervous glances. None of them wanting to be killed by female BULLETS. They turn on their heels and START RUNNING for the hills, abandoning their post.

Samir and Haval DASH over the corpses of ISIS thugs, POOLS of blood spread beneath them. Samir leans down to collect a RIFLE off a dead body when he finds...

An INJURED IS MILITANT, still alive. He walks up to him. They LOCK HATEFUL EYES. Samir pulls out his HANDGUN.

ISIS MILITANT

*Go ahead. Kill me. Martyrs don't die.*

SAMIR

*Is that so?*

He hands his gun to Haval. TERROR floods the militant's face.

ISIS MILITANT

*No... not her!*

Haval regards him dispassionately. Pulls the trigger.

HAVAL

*(raises a fist)  
Long live the resistance!*

FIGHTERS

*(repeat)  
Long live the resistance!*

ON Amara, still on the rooftop. Face exploding with JOY as the call of the troop echoes in the distance.

ANGLE ON the BLACK BANNER of ISIS, falling in the early light of morning. Replaced by the COLORFUL KURDISH FLAG.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Amara looks exhausted from having to re-live these moments. She blinks the memories away. Dunn no longer looks at her with contempt... but with newfound respect.

AMARA

That was our first victory.  
(her face clouds)  
I should've known it wouldn't last.

She clears her throat.

AMARA

I'm sorry... could I have some  
water, please?

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Robinson stares at the COMPUTER SCREEN, showing a live feed of the room. ON SCREEN: Dunn rises from his seat and exits.

A moment later, he enters the surveillance room, fishing a PLASTIC bottle of WATER from a small fridge.

ROBINSON

Don't tell me you believe a word of  
that bullshit she's telling you.

DUNN

We have to consider the  
possibility.

ROBINSON

You want to be fooled by her doe  
eyes and long lashes, go ahead. But  
not me, pal. Remember the last  
suicide bomber? The one in Chicago?  
That was a woman, too.

(re: Amara)

That bitch in there... she's a  
killer. You know it and I know it.

DUNN

A killer for the YPJ.

ROBINSON

We have no way to confirm if that's  
true. Or who her targets were. All  
we have is her word.

(MORE)

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

For all we know, she's been over there taking out American soldiers.

DUNN

I don't think so. How the hell would she be able to recall all this detail?

ROBINSON

Listen, if we let her back in the country and she goes out there to kill people, that's our responsibility. We made that call. We're the ones who're going to have to live with that. Is that what you want?

He does not. Dunn takes a moment to MULL things over.

DUNN

There is something we can do. The FBI has people planted over there, I'm sure. If what she's saying is true, they'll be able to verify it.

ROBINSON

(nods)  
Understood.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Amara takes the WATER BOTTLE from Dunn. Drinks greedily, water running down the sides of her mouth. She wipes it off.

DUNN

After the battle in Ramadi... where did you go next?

Amara's forehead CREASES as she tries to remember...

**EXT. SEVERAL ROOFTOPS / OVERWATCH - DAY**

A SNIPER SEQUENCE plays out: Amara lies in her sniper's nest at several locations, peering through her SCOPE. TIME LAPSES as her skin gets more sunburnt, her hair grows longer.

AMARA (V.O.)

First they sent us to Raqqa...

CROSS-HAIRS land on an INSURGENT carrying a grenade. BAM! He goes down in a mist of blood.

AMARA (V.O.)  
Then to Hawija.

CROSS-HAIRS land on a FEMALE JIHADI BRIDE burying an IED.  
BAM! She falls over, dead.

AMARA (V.O.)  
And to Dabiq.

CROSS-HAIRS land on a MILITANT ROARING down the street in his NISSAN. TIRES SCREAMING as he RACES towards a PESHMERGA TROOP. Amara PULLS the trigger. The SHOT RINGS out, hitting the driver in the HEAD. Blood SPLATTERS the windshield...

... the car stops. And EXPLODES moments later. The FIGHTERS look upward, scanning the ROOFTOPS for their protector.

BACK TO Amara, completely still. Omar is with her.

OMAR  
*Damn, woman. You're an animal.*

**EXT. LIBERATED TOWN - PLAINS - EVENING**

MACHINE GUNS are stacked in the foreground as our troops celebrate their victory. KURDISH MUSIC blasts through the speakers of their trucks as they SING ALONG.

A group of men and women has formed a semicircle around a CAMPFIRE, holding hands. They're doing the "halparke" -- a nomadic dance reaching back centuries. Nejla heads the line, twirling a piece of CLOTH in her hand.

FIND AMARA in the crowd, CLAPPING to the music. She's flanked by Samir. She NOTICES TWO YOUNG MALE SOLDIERS, staring at her in WONDERMENT. They approach.

SOLDIER  
*You're the Tigress, right?*

Amara looks at them with CONFUSION.

SAMIR  
*Yes, she is.*

The two bow respectfully.

SOLDIER #1  
*It's an honor to meet you. You were the reason I joined the sniper unit. I'll probably never break your record, but still.*

SOLDIER #2  
*Thank you for your service.*

AMARA  
*Uh... you're welcome.*

The soldiers move away, giddy with excitement.

AMARA  
 (to Samir)  
*Why did he call me that?*

SAMIR  
*It's the nickname your comrades  
 gave you. Based on the way you hunt  
 down IS militants.*

Amara takes this in, uncomfortable with her newfound fame.  
 Just then, Omar strides over to her.

OMAR  
*Why don't you join us?*

AMARA  
*I don't know the steps.*

OMAR  
*About time you learned them.*

He takes her hand, playfully drags her out.

AMARA  
*Let go. Omar! I'm serious!*

But no amount of protesting is going to save her now. Omar keeps holding her hand as the two join the other dancers in the line. Amara tries to keep up with the others -- jumping, stomping her feet while traveling in a half-circle.

After a moment, the rhythm of the MUSIC picks up... seeping into her bones. Bringing out something PRIMAL. Her movements become elegant and rhythmic. Her feet SYNCH UP with those of the other dancers. Omar can't help but smile when he sees this. She's a natural. Amara LAUGHS, enjoying herself.

**EXT. LIBERATED TOWN - PLAINS - LATER**

Amara and Omar break away from the crowd, walk to a grassy hillside nearby. They lower themselves into the weeds. Amara wipes sweat off her forehead, still out of breath.

AMARA  
*Man, you really gotta be in shape  
 for that dance.*

OMAR

*I know. Do you know how it was invented?*

*(she shakes her head)*

*Back in the day, the roofs were flat and made of tree branches that were topped with mud. When the mud would crack the owner of the house would call all of the neighbors and family members. They would get on the roof and start stomping to adjust the mud.*

AMARA

*That's how old it is?*

Amara studies his profile. How attractive he is.

OMAR

*(he nods)*

*It helps camaraderie and lifts the spirit. It's important to keep the morale high among the soldiers. Especially after a battle. They see so many of their friends die.*

AMARA

*You could've been one of them. If I wasn't a good shot your ass would be below ground right now. I mean, what were you thinking?*

OMAR

*Our victory is the most important thing. My life doesn't matter.*

AMARA

*How can you say that?*

*(beat)*

*It matters to me.*

This gives Omar pause.

OMAR

*It does?*

Their eyes meet. He looks away, blushing. Which is exactly the signal Amara needed. She scoots over and leans in for a KISS. Omar pulls back, afraid they might be seen.

OMAR

*We can't.*  
 (beat)  
*Relationships aren't allowed among  
 fighters.*

AMARA

(playing dumb)  
*What relationship?*

He grins disarmingly. Hidden in the dark of night, Amara  
**MELTS** into him with a gentle **KISS**.

Omar enfolds her in his arms.

**EXT. LIBERATED TOWN - OUTPOST - NEXT DAY**

A blistering **SUN** beats down on Amara, who guards the  
 checkpoint at the camp's entrance with Haval and Nejla. Amara  
 uses a paper **PAMPHLET** to create a breeze. **SPOTS** a **DELIVERY**  
**TRUCK** surging closer, shimmering in the heat.

AMARA

*Someone's coming.*  
 (to Haval)  
*Raise the alarm.*

She **GRIPS** her rifle tightly. Haval hustles a few feet away,  
 shooting up a **RED FLARE**. It only takes a few moments until a  
 group of **MALE FIGHTERS** come their way, spearheaded by Samir.

Amara **TRACKS** the driver with her **SCOPE**, when --

SAMIR

*Don't! He's one of us.*

Amara drops her rifle. Crisis averted.

**EXT. LIBERATED TOWN - OUTPOST - DAY**

**SEVERAL MEN** (including Omar) load heavy **BARRELS** of **WATER** and  
**LARGE BOXES** into the truck. Samir **NOTICES** Amara watching  
 them. Traces her eye line. She better not be looking at Omar.

SAMIR

*You looking for something?*

AMARA

(snaps out of it)  
*I was just wondering where the  
 transport is headed.*

SAMIR  
 (yeah, right)  
 Uh-huh.

Amara fidgets, hopes he'll believe the lie.

SAMIR  
*It's going to Bartella, a town  
 south of Calhoun.*

AMARA  
*They're under attack?*

SAMIR  
*No, thank God. But the refugee camp  
 there was expecting an air-drop  
 from an international relief  
 campaign. The delivery never came.  
 The local hospital needs supplies,  
 medication.*

AMARA  
*How many men are you taking?*

SAMIR  
*It's a secure location, so...  
 twenty.*

AMARA  
*Make that twenty-one. I'll join  
 you.*

NEJLA  
 (raises hand)  
*Twenty-two!*

OFF Amara, flashing a smile at Nejla.

**INT. DELIVERY TRUCK (DRIVING) - DAY**

The delivery truck RUMBLES across uneven terrain. Amara looks out the window as they approach the ancient town. A large CHRISTMAS TREE has been erected on the main road. Many of the civilians are Iraqis from the displaced Christian community. As the truck passes, children scavenging at the outskirts of town run after it, waving happily. Amara WAVES back.

ON A NEARBY HILL we FIND a TEENAGE BOY fingering his prayer beads, silently MURMURING words of Islamic worship. He's skinny with only a few whiskers of facial hair and wears a white CROCHET PRAYER CAP. He looks up when he sees the truck.

**EXT. BARTELLA (NORTHERN IRAQ) - LATER**

The TEENAGE BOY jogs up the dirt road. Amara and the other soldiers are UNLOADING the truck with the help of some TOWNSPEOPLE. He comes to a halt, addressing an ELDERLY MAN.

TEENAGE BOY  
*Who are these people?*

ELDERLY MAN  
*They're Peshmerga, my son. They're here to help us.*  
(he points at Amara)  
*That's the one they call Tigress.*

The boy eyes Amara, stony-faced. He turns around and SCUTTLES off, pulling out his cell phone.

ANGLE ON Samir, unloading the last box. A heavy set man in his forties hurries towards him. He's the MAYOR of this town.

MAYOR  
*I can't thank you enough.*

SAMIR  
*Not at all. It was our duty. We'll be on our way.*

MAYOR  
*You can't just leave without eating something. It's the least we can do to repay you.*

SAMIR  
*That's really not necessary --*

MAYOR  
*No, I insist.*

**INT. MAYOR'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

A CLOTH has been spread out over the carpet. Our SOLDIERS are seated on the floor, reaching for PLATES of roasted peppers, tomatoes, cheese and flat bread. Omar watches Amara gobbling down food like it's her last supper.

OMAR  
(low)  
*Slow down. Leave some room for these.*

He passes her a plate of YAPRAX DOLMAS. Amara freezes when she sees them.

OMAR  
*Something wrong?*

AMARA  
*No, it's just... my mom always made these. I think about her and my dad all the time.*

She pulls out the FAMILY PICTURE. There's a GLIMMER of RECOGNITION in Omar's eyes when he sees Idris. But he plays it cool.

AMARA  
*That's them. They must really hate me.*

OMAR  
*If they knew all you've done for us, they would be proud.*

AMARA  
*You think?*

He gives a reassuring NOD.

**EXT. MAYOR'S HOME - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON**

Two FIGHTERS are positioned outside to stand guard. The Mayor's WIFE appears, carrying a TRAY of BAKLAVA.

MAYOR'S WIFE  
*Can I bring anything else?*

FIGHTER #1  
*No, thank you, Ma'am.*

She turns to go again, when --

FIGHTER #1  
*Actually, I'll have some of this.*

He walks across to take a piece. Just then, the second fighter NOTICES something GLINTING in the shrubs. He walks closer, raising his rifle, when --

A BULLET RIPS through his head.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Amara's HEAD swivels in the direction of the SHOT, alarmed. A second later, the Mayor's wife BURSTS through the door --

## MAYOR'S WIFE

*Daesh is here! They're coming for you!*

Our group jumps to their feet, realizing they've been exposed when -- BLAM! BLAM! Bullets RIDDLE the walls, RIPPING through the mayor's wife; blood sprays everywhere. They hustle to the back entrance, keeping their heads low. Burst out the back door and into a nearby ALLEYWAY.

## OMAR

*Go, go, go!*

They SPLIT into two groups. We STAY with Amara, following Samir down a NARROW ALLEY. Her BREATH frantic.

The SHOUTING voices of ISIS militants not far behind them. Samir and Omar reach the TRUCK. They jump in, Samir takes the wheel. STOMPS the gas. GUNS it down the alley, makes a wild turn. Omar looks around for --

## OMAR

*Amara!*

WE'RE WITH Amara and Nejla, lagging behind. Amara makes it around the corner and jumps onto the back of the truck. She turns around to check for Nejla, when --

A group of ISIS insurgents appears, blocking her path. Amara raises her rifle, DROPS two of them. They RETURN FIRE, forcing her to duck. Nejla fires her handgun... until CLICK, CLICK. She's out of ammo. She looks to the left and right... she's surrounded and about to be captured.

## ISIS INSURGENT

*Drop the gun! I said drop it!*

Nejla's hand goes to her chest. FINDS the bullet at the end of her chain. She inserts it into the magazine. Her face takes on a RESOLUTE expression. She locks eyes with Amara one last time, places the GUN under her chin and --

## AMARA

*Nejla!*

BLAM! ON Amara, face contorted with ANGUISH.

The TRUCK ACCELERATES and SPEEDS down the dirt road. Amara lets out a mournful SCREAM when Omar grabs her, pulling her close. She buries her head in his chest when Omar feels something WET on Amara's arm.

He looks down at his palm... it's DRENCHED in blood.

OMAR

*Oh my God. You're bleeding!*

Amara touches her bloody ELBOW. REALIZES she's been HIT.

**INT. MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL - EVENING**

Amara sits on an operating table, lost in GRIEF. Her eyes are empty. Never to be the same woman again. FIRUZ (24) a DOCTOR with about one year of medical training inspects her arm. She GRIMACES in pain. Omar waits nearby, anxious.

FIRUZ

*It's very common not to feel the impact. Your pulse is so high at that moment --*

OMAR

*How bad is it?*

FIRUZ

*Compared to what I see in here, it's a scratch. Bullet went right through, but she's going to need stitches.*

He SLIPS on a PAIR of GLOVES and preps a SURGICAL NEEDLE.

FIRUZ

*Sorry, we don't have an anesthetic.*

AMARA

*That's okay.*

He makes the FIRST INCISION. Amara sucks AIR through her teeth.

FIRUZ

*(to Omar)*

*We don't have antibiotics either. This wound could get infected. You have to take her to a hospital in Erbil.*

OMAR

*Will do.*

AMARA

*When will I be able to shoot again?*

FIRUZ

*Not anytime soon. Is that all you can think about?*

AMARA

*Yes. What else should I be thinking about?*

FIRUZ

*(with sarcasm)*

*Oh, I don't know. Maybe the fact that ISIS put a million dollar bounty on your head.*

Firuz nods over to a NURSE who shows them a ripped WANTED POSTER: "A million dollars to the man who brings us the head of the Tigress." Amara's eyes fill with SORROW... then FURY.

AMARA

*Those bullets... they were meant for me.*

OMAR

*They always put a high price on snipers. They're the ones they fear the most.*

AMARA

*Even more reason for me to keep going.*

FIRUZ

*You're not listening to me. If you don't let your arm rest, you will have irreparable nerve damage. You'll never be able to shoot again.*

AMARA

*What do you want me to do? Go back home? I'm not going to do that.*

SAMIR (O.S.)

*You may want to reconsider.*

Amara turns to see Samir, standing in the door frame. He's holding a wireless phone.

SAMIR

*I just spoke to my parents. Your father called them several times.*

*(how to put this)*

*Amara, your mother... she's no longer in remission. She doesn't have much time left.*

ON Amara, the fabric of her reality CRUMBLING.

OMAR  
*You should go see her.*

AMARA  
 (hoarse voice)  
*I can't. I can't leave you guys  
 behind.*

Her eyes DIM with tears. Omar steps forward, placing a supportive hand on her shoulder.

OMAR  
*The battle is still going to be  
 here when you get back. Once your  
 arm has healed.*

AMARA  
*I'm not leaving.*

OMAR  
*If you don't go see your mother  
 you'll regret it for the rest of  
 your life. Please think about it.*

Omar moves off, leaving Amara to battle the demons of her conscience. OFF Amara, deep in agonized THOUGHT...

**EXT. MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL - NEXT MORNING**

Omar helps Amara get into a HUMVEE. DRIED BLOOD stains the bandages on her arm. The DRIVER revs the engine and STOMPS on the pedal. The humvee starts to roll off.

OMAR  
 (low)  
*I'll wait for you. So will the  
 others.*  
 (beat)  
*Tigress will hunt again.*

Amara locks eyes with him. An ocean of unsaid words between them. The humvee SPEEDS off, widening the GAP between them. She watches helplessly as he recedes into the distance.

AMARA (V.O.)  
 That was the last time I saw him.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Amara WIPES tears from her eyes. EMPATHY telegraphs across Dunn's face. He hands her a TISSUE.

AMARA  
 All because of this.

She peels back her sleeve, exposing the BLOODY BANDAGES on her elbow wound. Proving the validity of her story.

AMARA

I feel like I betrayed them when they needed me most. They were like family to me.

DUNN

What about your other family?

AMARA

I'm sure they'd be happy to know I'm still alive. If somebody would let me call them.

Dunn sighs. Rises from his seat.

DUNN

Would you like more water?

AMARA

No, thank you.

He starts towards the door...

**INT. OUTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

And comes face to face with Robinson, who's waiting for him out on the hallway. Arms crossed. Unlike Dunn his opinion of Amara hasn't changed.

DUNN

I need a cell phone.

ROBINSON

No, you don't.

DUNN

If you want to keep treating her like a criminal, go ahead. I think the woman is a fucking hero.

ROBINSON

If she's telling the truth.

He pulls out a PAPER FAX.

ROBINSON

We tried to get in touch with the FBI about their informant. Unfortunately, he's missing. They don't know yet if he's been captured or killed.

He holds up a PICTURE of the FBI INFORMANT. We immediately recognize the MAN. It's "Omar". According to the document his real name is "HABIB ABADI".

DUNN

There has to be somebody else.

ROBINSON

Probably is. But it's going to take a day or two to find him.

DUNN

Well, I'm not going to have her sit here till then.

(off his glare)

At least let her call her parents. What's the worst that can happen?

Robinson SCOWLS. The expression doesn't leave his face. Not even when he slaps a cell phone into Dunn's palm.

ROBINSON

She has two minutes. That's it. You understand?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Dunn re-enters with the cell phone. Places it on the table in front of her. Amara eyes it -- a light at the end of the tunnel. She thanks him with her eyes.

DUNN

You only have two minutes. Make them count.

AMARA

Thank you, Officer. You're one of the good ones.

Dunn allows himself a tiny smile. Then he leaves the room to give her some privacy.

The moment he's out of view, Amara's SMILE DROPS. Her eyes suddenly COLD and CALCULATING. With swift movements, she dials a number on the phone. Looks up at the CAMERA in the corner of the room. Never forgetting she's being watched.

It RINGS a few times. A MALE VOICE PICKS UP on the other end.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes?

AMARA

*Baba, it's me. Amara. I'm in the States again. But I'm being held at the airport. It might take me a day or two to get home.*

INTERCUT WITH:

The MAN on the other end of the PHONE. It's not Amara's father, but JIHADI JACK. His tousled blonde hair and blue eyes visible beneath his BLACK BALACLAVA.

JIHADI JACK

*You have seventy-two hours to find the target. I hope you can make it... for their sake.*

REVEAL Samir and Omar, leaning against a wall behind him. Their faces BATTERED. Mouths and wrists bound with DUCT TAPE. Prisoners of war. Jihadi Jack hangs up the phone. CLICK.

BACK TO AMARA, intensity and resolve in her eyes. This woman RADIATES DANGER. And just as we realize she didn't tell Dunn (and us) the whole truth, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**