

UNTITLED SYRIA PROJECT

Written by  
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**Notes to reader:**

**Language:** French and Arabic are spoken in the script with subtitles. English is often interjected into the Arabic scenes. To make the switch clear, foreign dialog will be written in *italic Athelas font*

**Types of Female Coverings:**

**Hijab** - scarf worn tightly around the head and neck but does not cover the face - the most common Islamic head covering.

**Niqab** - full face veil that covers everything but the eyes. The niqab can be worn with an additional eye veil, achieving the full face-covering effect of the burqa.

**Abaya** - loose overgarment that helps hide the shape of a woman's body.

OVER BLACK:

**CHYRON:** As of December 2016, over 30,000 foreign fighters have traveled to Syria to join extremist jihadi groups. Over 4,500 came from the West.

One in seven are women.

**CHYRON 2:** The following story is inspired by real events.

OVER BLACK we hear an older man's voice:

VOICE (V.O.)

It is good for a man to bear the  
yoke while he is young. Let him  
bury his face in the dust. There  
may yet be hope.

EXT. RURAL ALABAMA CEMETERY - DAY

**CHYRON: Alabama, 2014**

The voice belongs to a Southern Baptist MINISTER, speaking to a small group of mourners by a grave. Everyone wears black except for LENA, 16, her sorrow seeped in anger. She wears a SONIC YOUTH T-shirt under a worn green hoodie.

MINISTER

Lord, we pray that you shine your  
unfathomable mercy upon Shauna  
Alder, a mother, a daughter, who  
faced great trials in this life--

A GAUNT MAN in his 30s walks up the hill towards the group. Lena tries to will him away with her eyes, but he perseveres. She can't take it anymore.

LENA

Hey!

The mourners twitch, thrown by the break in protocol. Lena approaches him, cutting him off.

LENA (CONT'D)

Get outta here.

GAUNT MAN

I just wanted to say--

She SHOVES him.

LENA

She can't get high with you anymore  
so get the fuck away from her!

He tries to dodge her, almost farcically, but she's fast. She pushes him again. The other mourners ignore them.

Lena's grandmother, JEANNE, 59, her stern expression chiseled from a thousand small sorrows, closes her eyes in prayer and waits out the storm. Eventually the man gives up, sulking away, leaving Lena alone on the hill, defiant.

INT. ALABAMA HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Teenage girls chatter as they put on basketball uniforms. SEPIDEH, 16, Iranian-American, wearing a hijab, looks up incredulously as Lena enters and starts getting dressed.

SEPIDEH

What are you doing here?

LENA

Finished early.

Sepideh realizes Lena needs to be here. She shoots a nearby ball at Lena, who manages to catch it, deftly.

SEPIDEH

Don't make me run after your granny shots today.

LENA

You wish you had my follow through.

INT. ALABAMA HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - MOMENTS LATER

The team is mid practice. These girls are fast and cut throat, including Lena, though she's off her game. She pushes the ball up court, fast, and goes for a three pointer but is intercepted. The girl, TARAH, takes the ball down the court.

Sepideh manages to steal back the ball and pushes it up the court again while Tarah and two other girls flank her. Suddenly she SCREAMS as her hijab is WRENCHED SIDEWAYS. She falls to the ground, HARD.

LENA

What the fuck was that?

The coach WHISTLES to stop the play.

LENA (CONT'D)

You suck at defense so you attack her?

COACH

Lena, stop.  
(to Sepideh)  
You OK?

SEPIDEH

Yeah.

TARAH

My hand got stuck on her scarf thing. She shouldn't be allowed to wear that.

LENA

It's her legal right to wear that.

TARAH

Separation of Islam and state, bitch.

COACH

Enough. Tarah, keep your hands to yourself. Back to positions.

LENA

That's it? She should get benched for that!

COACH

You didn't need to come today. Why don't you sit this one out.

Maybe she meant it kindly but it comes off as condescending. Lena storms out of the gym.

EXT. RURAL ALABAMA/INT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Lena stares out the window at the forest covered hills rising above the strip of civilization along the road. The landscape feels both isolating and achingly beautiful.

EXT. JEANNE'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

She arrives home to a single-wide trailer on a small plot of land just off the road. There's a lawn sign stuck in the front yard: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. - Joshua 24:15."

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Lena enters the simple, almost sterile living space. She catches sight of the colorful rug peeking out of her mom's bedroom and goes in.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - SHAUNA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lena touches the items in her mother's closet, remembering: trendy, revealing clothing, several waitress uniforms.

In a box there's a bunch of Cosmo magazines, a Bible and a Sunday School project she made as a kid.

She flips through, it's a book of pictures of things she prays to God for: peace on Earth, duh. Her grandmother to buy chocolate ice cream at the store. Her Mom to visit and take her to Disney World. Lena SHOVES the book back into the box.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeanne and Lena eat a simple dinner. The third chair at the small kitchen table is noticeably vacant.

JEANNE

Could have used your help at the church afterward.

LENA

I had practice.  
(then)  
Sorry.

JEANNE

Turned out fine. Susan Lowell's daughter, Julie, stayed and helped me. Dumber than a pack of mayonnaise, God bless her, but at least she has manners. And somehow got into Ole Miss. Wonder who they paid off for that miracle.

LENA

Maybe they just prayed really hard.

JEANNE

Don't act ugly with me.

They eat in silence for a moment.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Julie made sure to mention she's going to your Homecoming with the quarterback.

(then)

If you wanna go, we got a sale in apparel fabric. I could make you a dress.

LENA

Probably not, but thanks.

JEANNE

I know you're gonna turn your nose up, but you might wanna think about how boys 'round here aren't interested in girls who play sports.

LENA

I don't want to date anyone from here.

JEANNE

Well, then you better get your grades up or find *someone* willin' to support you or you're gonna end up at the Walmart like me or dead in a ditch like your momma. Actin' like we're livin' in high cotton while I'm working doubles to pay off that last joke of a rehab...

LENA

Aren't you sad? Like at all?

JEANNE

Of course I'm sad. But she was a tortured soul. She's in a better place now.

LENA

You were always telling her if she didn't get clean she was gonna end up in hell.

Jeanne sees red. She **THROWS HER WATER** in Lena's face.

JEANNE

How dare you say a thing like that. She's still your mother.

Lena storms off. Jeanne crumples, regret and sadness seeping through the cracks in her tough facade.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lena lies on her bed, watching YouTube basketball clips and FaceTiming with Sepideh, burrowing into her place of comfort.



INT. ALABAMA HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Lena walks to class alone. Cliques of kids on either side ignore her. They look like a different species, girls in make-up and trendy clothes flirt with boys and pose for selfies.

INT. ALABAMA HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

There's a club fair going on during lunch. Lena and Sepideh sling fliers and slogans from their Feminist Society booth.

LENA

Normalize equality. Hi, help us  
normalize equality.

SEPIDEH

Our voice is the future.

Everyone ignores them.

INT. SEPIDEH'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Lena and Sepideh hang out after school. Lena looks through a photo album while Sepideh searches YouTube. Lena examines a photo of about 30 people gathered at a house in Tehran.

LENA

Wait, these are all your cousins?

SEPIDEH

No, there's like ten more of them.  
My grandma had eight kids.

LENA

Do you know all their names?

Sepideh looks at the photo, pointing people out.

SEPIDEH

Donya, Laleh, Amir, Pierre --

LENA

Pierre?

SEPIDEH

Yeah! He's cool, he taught me how  
to play fooseball.

LENA

He's cute.

SEPIDEH

Come this Summer and meet him. Oh my God, that would be so fun. You could be my cousin-in-law.

Sepideh finds what she was searching for on YouTube. It's a MUSIC VIDEO for Iranian-Swedish pop star, ARASH's upbeat electronic dance song TEKON BEDE (Shake Your Body).

SEPIDEH (CONT'D)

Listen. Laleh told me about this guy. He's good right? Maybe he'll do a concert when we go.

LENA

I like it.

They dance like crazy, losing themselves.

INT. SEPIDEH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Sepideh's mother, NOUSHA is cooking up a storm. Her brother ARIN, 13 is supposed to be helping but is on his phone. Sepideh and Lena come in from the bedroom.

SEPIDEH

Can Lena come to the UAB game and serve Iftar dinner with us at the mosque on Sunday? Pleaaaaaase?

NOUSHA

If it's OK with her grandma.

LENA

She's happy anytime she doesn't have to cook for me.

SEPIDEH

I am soooooo hungry.

NOUSHA

Think about all the people who are hungrier than you. That's the point. And stir that.

LENA

Is that the halim? I love that.

NOUSHA

Good memory. Arin, get off your phone, please and chop that onion.

ARIN

OK.

He doesn't budge.

LENA

I could never fast every day for a month. I'm weak.

SEPIDEH

Yeah you could.

LENA

Do you lose weight?

NOUSHA

Have you seen how much she eats in the evening? Hardly starving herself.

SEPIDEH

I'm an athlete!

ROSHNI, Sepideh's father arrives home from work.

ROSHNI

Mubarak alaych! I see we have a guest. This smells delicious.

NOUSHA

Thank you, *my love*. Help the girls set the table.

ROSHNI

(playfully)

But I have important, manly things to do.

NOUSHA

(batting him)

Go set the table. Arin give me that phone!

She snatches it.

ARIN

Ah! Why??

INT. UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA - BASKETBALL ARENA

Lena cheers for the women's basketball team along with Sepideh and her family.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Lena follows Sepideh's lead as she washes her face, hands and feet at a line of ground-level taps next to several other WOMEN. Lena loses herself in the peacefulness of the ritual. Sepideh notices and splashes her. Lena splashes her back.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - PRAYER ROOM - EVENING

Lena kneels next to Sepideh and Nousha in a row of WOMEN, covered, clean and focusing on prayer. They watch the Imam on a TV screen at the front of the room. Lena lets go of the tensions of the day and is filled with peace.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Lena and Sepideh shoot the shit while walking along a cotton field lined road. Sepideh wears a leopard-print hijab.

LENA

Maybe we should try to get  
basketball scholarships to UAB.

SEPIDEH

HA. Done.

LENA

Seriously! I think we're good  
enough. And we'd get to travel for  
games, have groupies.

SEPIDEH

Ugh, I think I'm gonna be pre-med,  
though. Probably hard to do both.

LENA

Jerk. Fine, go save peoples lives.

SEPIDEH

Didn't you wanna join the peace  
corps or something?

LENA

Their site said you need a degree  
or work experience. I'm not even  
qualified for a volunteer job.

A DARK BLUE TRUCK crests the hill behind them, it's windows down. They hear LAUGHTER of a group of guys inside. Instinctively the girls move further to the side of the road.

SEPIDEH

Maybe you could do something  
through your church or something.

LENA

Maybe.

SEPIDEH

What?

LENA

I don't know. Sometimes I feel like  
everything I said I wanted to do  
was just something I thought would  
make my mom stop getting high. I  
don't know why I cared, anyway. She  
was a freaking junkie.

SEPIDEH

Because she was your mom.  
(then)  
You're gonna figure it out.

They realize the TRUCK has slowed and seems to be following  
them. It's creepy. They quicken their pace.

SEPIDEH (CONT'D)

What are they doing?

Suddenly the truck revs up and comes up along side them. It's  
three TEENAGE GUYS, sipping out of a brown bag they pass  
between them.

FIRST GUY

Hey, Jihadi Barbie. I like your  
scarf. It's sexy.

SECOND GUY (O.S.)

Got a bomb in my pants, gonna go  
off for you.

LENA

Get out of here.

THIRD GUY

Aw, she's jealous.

The girls start running and the car REVS up behind them,  
stopping just before it hits them, over and over.

FIRST GUY

Hey fuckin' sandnigger. We don't  
want you here!

The First Guy in the passenger's seat hurls a BEER BOTTLE at Sepideh's head. It HITS HER just as the driver accidentally REVS the truck forward, HITTING HER as she goes down. Lena SCREAMS as the truck screeches away.

MONTAGE OF EVENTS:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

Lena watches as Sepideh's body is loaded into an ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sepideh's face is beaten and bloodied. She's unconscious and on a respirator. From the DOCTOR's face we can tell the prognosis isn't good.

Lena watches her friend for signs of life. Nousha is shaking, holding Arin, as Roshni reads passages from the Qur'an, trying to keep his voice calm.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY/WAITING ROOM - DAY

A large group of MUSLIM FRIENDS, at least twenty people, sit in the waiting room. They come and go, taking shifts by Sepideh's bedside. The amount of support is moving, but also jarring in this all-white space.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - WOMEN'S SECTION DAY

Lena holds Nousha's hand as she prays. They both wear hijabs. The Imam is on the screen.

IMAM

And let us remember to keep Sepideh  
Adeli and her family in our du'as.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Lena, still wearing the hijab, waits to purchase something from the vending machine. She fights back tears, closes her eyes and whispering a du'a prayer.

LENA

(under her breath)  
Oh Allah, you are peace and from  
you comes peace. Blessed are you oh  
owner of majesty and honor.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Lena eats alone where she and Sepideh once hung out together, STILL wearing her hijab. She deflects the quizzical stares and snickers with stern defiance.

OVER BLACK:

CHYRON: **FOUR MONTHS LATER**

CHYRON 2: **BOBIGNY SUBURB, PARIS**

EXT. MOSQUE - BOBIGNY SUBURB, PARIS - DAY

A bright white dome topped with a crescent moon is visible just beyond a graffiti covered, cinder block underpass with rusting rails. Dead grass and grey high rises dot the landscape beyond. Bobigny is one of the toughest suburbs in Paris, plagued by poverty, prejudice and social isolation.

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

In contrast to its bleak exterior, the mosque is impressive. Beneath a vaulted ceiling, an IMAM performs the Iqama prayer for his congregation, kneeling on the brilliant blue carpet.

As the Imam intones, we sweep past white pillars to where ABEL FATTAH WASEM, early 60s, warm and humble, looks up to send a warm but meaningful smile to IDRIS BADDOUR.

Idris is French of Afro-Turkish descent, 40s, muscular and serious. He nods deferentially to Wasem. As the Imam finishes the prayer, both men turn their attention back to Allah.

INT. WASEM'S BOBIGNY APARTMENT - LATER

Honey-colored tea cascades into porcelain cups. A plate of dates is passed. Wasem and a group of ten or so MEN, ranging in age from 18-50 sit at a circular table. Their Qur'ans are set neatly beside their plates. Idris sits among them.

ABDEL FATTAH WASEM

*My wife swears she makes it the same way, but somehow the tea always tastes better after our discussions.*

The men smile and laugh, humoring him.

ABDEL FATTAH WASEM (CONT'D)

*But never as pure as it tastes in the Land of Khilafah,  
praise be to Allah.*

He turns to AFZAAL, 21, lanky and wide-eyed.

ABDEL FATTAH WASEM (CONT'D)

*Afzaal, your letter was very moving. I would like to  
offer you the honor of delivering our next gift.*

Only Idris seems to notice the flash of fear on Afzaal's face that he quickly hides behind a furrowed brow.

AFZAAL

*Thank you, Mr. Wasem.*

ABDEL FATTAH WASEM

*Idris will hand off the gift to you and explain the  
details of its presentation.*

IDRIS

*Inshallah, Abdel Wasem.*

Idris watches Afzaal embrace each brother, smiling too hard.

EXT. PARIS - BOBIGNY BANLIEUE - NIGHT

Graffiti-covered housing projects huddle around a freeway off-ramp. A trash fire in an abandoned industrial lot.

INT. IDRIS' BOBIGNY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Idris opens the door and leads a nervous Afzal inside. He can't hide his surprise at how barren the place is: threadbare couch, blank walls.

AFZAAL

*You live for the cause.*

IDRIS

*Are you insulting my taste in decorating?  
(then)*

*I can never tell -- red pillows, blue pillows. Accent  
wall? I'm a lost cause.*

Afzal realizes he's joking. Idris hands him the elegantly wrapped, shoebox sized gift. Afzal notes the perfectly tied gold bow.



IDRIS (CONT'D)

*My mother made me wrap all the presents during Eid-ul-Adha.*

AFZAAL

*I'm not sure I deserve this honor. A Shaheed shouldn't have doubts.*

IDRIS

*Doubt is a gift. It allows us to question our beliefs and come to stronger convictions. But, your heart led you here for a reason.*

AFZAAL

*And the money?*

IDRIS

*After you deliver the gift, it will go to your parents every month, enough to cover the hospital bills. Allah will provide for you and we will provide for them. You're a good son Afzaal. I wish Allah had blessed me with one like you.*

INT. IDRIS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Idris makes a call as he watches Afzaal out the window getting into his Volvo on the street below.

IDRIS

*Six o'clock. Stade de France. White Volvo. You'll have what you need to bring them all in.*

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Lena through the lens of a phone screen. This is an Instagram story or similar. She's still wearing her hijab. She's dealing with too many emotions to even talk at first.

LENA

*So, they just announced that the state is not pursuing charges against the three guys who attacked my friend and left her in a coma. Due to "insignificant evidence".*

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)

Three adult men who threw a beer bottle at the head of an innocent Muslim girl then mowed her down and left her for dead are being charged with NOTHING. This is the America we live in, people.

She fights back emotions, finding strength in her anger.

LENA (CONT'D)

And just standing by and being sad and doing nothing means you're part of the problem. I don't want to live in a country that treats its citizens' bodies and souls like garbage. Where doctors prescribe addictive drugs that lead you to kill yourself. Where kids are so angry and depressed that they're gunning their classmates down. Where our leaders claim to stand for freedom and democracy all the while bombing innocent civilians in the Middle East including schools full of children and standing by while dictators slaughter their own people. And then our government acts like anyone who stands up to us is evil.

(a beat)

Every day, I pray to Allah to give me the strength to *fight*. Turning the other cheek doesn't work when the other side has bombs and 'the law'. We have to take a stand. We have to face our fears and deepen our faith in Allah and fight for the world we know he wants for us, *inshallah*. By any means necessary.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lena smiles as the LIKES and COMMENTS stream in on the video, little floating HEARTS of support filling the screen.

INT. ALABAMA HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Lena walks down the hall, this time in her hijab. The cliques of kids who ignored her before stare and whisper. This time, she's confident and calm with no desire to enter their world.

EXT. RURAL ALABAMA/INT. BUS - AFTERNOON

Lena rides the bus, wearing her hijab. People eye her nervously. Out the window she notices things in the landscape she hadn't seen before like the content of the billboards they drive past every day:

JESUS IS THE ANSWER - With a massive Jesus on the cross.

ANTI-RACIST IS A CODE WORD FOR ANTI-WHITE

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Lena puts the MAIL on the kitchen table and flips through it. There's a thick ENVELOPE addressed to her. She opens it. It's TWO INTERNATIONAL AIRPLANE TICKETS.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S ROOM - LATER

We're CLOSE on a computer screen. MOHAMMED, early 20s, Jordanian, smiles from a video chat. He's attractive. His bright hazel eyes sparkle above his well groomed beard.

MOHAMMED

Almost. There's a little bit of hair by your right eye.

We reveal he's talking to Lena, who is wearing a NIQAB. Only her BRIGHT BLUE EYES showing. She tucks the rogue strand of blonde hair into the black veil.

LENA

Oops.

MOHAMMED

How does it feel?

LENA

It feels powerful. Is that weird? I feel like if I wore it out no one would mess with me.

MOHAMMED

No, they would not. I like to see your beautiful face, but now I feel like I can really get to know you, without distractions.

LENA

That's what all the boys say.

MOHAMMED

Really?

LENA

No.

(then)

I'm smiling. Can you tell I'm smiling?

MOHAMMED

Yes. In your eyes.

(then)

So did you get my gift?

LENA

I did. You shouldn't have spent all that money. I still don't know what I'm going to do.

MOHAMMED

It was worth it. To help you make your decision. You're worth it.

There's a KNOCK on her door. Lena SLAMS the computer shut and pulls off the niqab, shoving it under the bed. Jeanne opens the door a second later, eying her mussed hair.

LENA

Why knock if you're just gonna come in anyway?

JEANNE

Whatever you're doing ain't nothin' I haven't seen before.

LENA

That's not the point. What?

JEANNE

Can you please go through those boxes in your mom's room this weekend. I found a tenant who wants to rent it out. I've been waiting on you.

LENA

Why do we have to rent her room?

JEANNE

I don't see you covering any bills around here.

LENA

I applied to a bunch of places.  
They weren't hiring.

JEANNE

(re: her messy hair)

Weren't hiring you. Can't even take  
the time to comb your hair. You  
should be focusing on school  
anyway. You wanna go through them  
now? We can do it together.

LENA

I'm kind of busy with some stuff.  
I'll do it this weekend, I promise.

Jeanne wants to say more but nods and leaves. Lena opens her  
computer and types SORRY into her chat window with Mohammed.

A FACETIME call comes through from a contact with a ROARING  
LION as her avatar and the handle UMM LAYYIN. Lena accepts.  
UMM LAYYIN is an enthusiastic force of nature in her mid 20s.  
She's of Middle Eastern descent and speaks with a Scottish  
accent with Arabic thrown in.

UMM LAYYIN

Asalaam alaikum, ukhti! I knew  
you'd hit it off with Mohammed.  
Pleaaaaase come to Sham so we can  
hang out all the time!

LENA

I want to... We've only talked  
three times, though. That's insane!

UMM LAYYIN

Woman, that's how it is here. Three  
times is a lot! *I swear on god's name*, I  
met my husband the day I married  
him!

LENA

Seriously?

UMM LAYYIN

And it's awesome, *praise be to Allah*.  
That's the thing about marrying  
someone for their *religion*. You lift  
each other up. Allah comes first  
and everything falls in place from  
there. So many interracial  
marriages.

(MORE)

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)  
People from different cultures,  
devoting themselves to each other.

LENA  
That's amazing.

UMM LAYYIN  
We need strong women like you here,  
raising little fighters and  
lionesses. It's tough, I'm not  
gonna lie. But we're the backbone  
of this society. Without us it's  
just a bunch of boys playing war.  
We create the world they're doing  
it all for. We inspire them. Hey, I  
found something I want you to see.

She sends a VIDEO. Lena clicks on it and it fills the screen.

EXT. ARABIAN PENINSULA - DAWN

A gorgeous time-lapse sunrise cascades across the desert.  
Deep, resonant male voices SING a HYMN in ARABIC.

A group of WOMEN, draped in black, brandishing machine guns  
move gracefully across the landscape.

This is a recruitment video for "The Organization", targeting  
young women. The singing continues as we cut to --

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
I came to Sham because, as a human  
being and as a Muslim, I could not  
stand idly by and watch innocent  
people be slaughtered.

EXT. WESTERN CITY - DAY

Young people walk through an upscale shopping center, past a  
leg-less VETERAN in a wheelchair begging for change.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
I could no longer stand to live  
surrounded by hypocrisy.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We see the BACK of a girl, sitting on a park bench.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
 But I found myself alone in my  
 desire for justice. No one else saw  
 the pain of the world as I did.

NATURE MONTAGE:

The camera pans across gorgeous snow-covered mountains, clear lakes and ancient ruins set against purple sunsets.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
 Until I made my hijrah.

The video ends on a FAMILY with animation of a PARADISE expanding from their image. A strong, handsome FIGHTER, his adoring, FULLY VEILED wife, with a Kalishnikov on her back, and two adorable children playing at their feet.

Off Lena, watching with longing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Lena reads the Qur'an next to Sepideh's bed side. She's still in a coma. Nousha and several other women are also there. Lena feels a hand on her shoulder. It's Roshni. He gestures for her to come with him.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Roshni and Lena drink tea at a table.

ROSHNI  
 You've been a very good friend to  
 Sepideh, Lena.

LENA  
 She'd do the same for me.

ROSHNI  
 I notice you're still wearing a  
 hijab. Arin said you've been  
 wearing it at school.

LENA  
 I wear it a lot. I... recently  
 converted to Islam. Reverted.

ROSHNI  
 That is a big decision. You haven't  
 come back to the mosque with us.

LENA

My grandma kinda flipped out when she found out I went. Figured it was best to keep the peace. I met some Muslims online who started answering my questions. I met a lot of amazing people actually.

Roshni looks concerned.

ROSHNI

You know there's a lot of bad information online too. It's best to make sure you are getting a lot of perspectives. If you ever want to talk to Nousha or me--

LENA

(too quickly)

I know. Thanks.

ROSHNI

This is a hard time. We all need faith right now. Your grandma is very active in her church. Have you thought about going with her?

LENA

Yeah. I used to go with her. And I used to believe all of it. But then I started asking questions and it all fell apart. Then I read the Qur'an and it made so much more sense. God doesn't want people to rot in hell. If you're a sinner when you die, you're punished, but you can still learn and go to heaven. And Jesus isn't the son of God, he's a prophet, like Mohammed and all the prophets from all other religions. Islam actually brings people together. I don't know why more people don't talk about that.

ROSHNI

And yet you are choosing not to talk about it with your grandma.

LENA

She's a lost cause.



ROSHNI

I believe it was Jesus who asked us to act as he would act. Would he think she was a lost cause?

LENA

No.

ROSHNI

Your Grandma loves you. And she loves God in her own way. Sepideh wouldn't want the fact that you are exploring your faith to separate you from your Grandma. Talk to her about it. Maybe it's something that can bring you together.

Off Lena, really taking this to heart.

INT. AFZAAL'S VOLVO - EVENING

The brightly colored gift from Idris bounces on the passenger seat. Afzaal grips the steering wheel, his palms sweating. Through the window we see a busy Paris street and signs pointing towards the Stade de France stadium.

INT. AFZAAL'S VOLVO/EXT. STADE DE FRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Thousands of SOCCER FANS flow into the stadium. Afzaal parks in the loading zone - blinkers on. He's breathing heavily, watching a TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY and his DAD walk into the stadium. The gift sits innocently next to him.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DGSE is France's foreign intelligence service. Together with several other bureaus and officials, they make up France's counter-terrorism organization.

A live feed of Afzaal's car is playing on several large screens around the room. A very different looking Idris, decked out in 'office causal', watches the operation go down with a group of colleagues.

VIVIAN BOYER, early 50s, Idris' droll but pragmatic supervisor approaches him. She and Idris are close.

VIVIAN

*This really gonna be your last run with the circus? I can't believe we're losing you.*

IDRIS

*If I don't hear the words Allahu Akbar for twenty years it'll be too soon. I haven't been allowed to shave in a year and a half. I forgot what my chin looks like.*

VIVIAN

*I thought you might keep the beard. Kind of rugged.*

IDRIS

*Renée gave me two conditions for moving back in: no more undercover assignments. No more beards.*

VIVIAN

*Task master.*

*(then)*

*I'm happy for you. After all you've been through... Relationships are not my strong suit.*

IDRIS

*They're an acquired taste.*

VIVIAN

*You sure you're not gonna miss it?*

IDRIS

*(re: TV screen)*

*After this, the men who took my son will finally face the consequences. Now I need to focus on my family. They don't get to take that too.*

Vivian smiles and nods.

INT. AFZAAL'S VOLVO/EXT. STADE DE FRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Afzaal takes a last look up at the crowded stadium, then reaches for his phone.

AFZAAL

*Allah forgive me.*

Suddenly, DGSE AGENTS in black swat gear EXPLODE from everywhere - guns drawn. Afzaal is PULLED from his car, arms raised, unbelieving.

EXT. STADE DE FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

DGSE agent PAUL GUILLEMAN handcuffs Afzaal who lies prostrate on the cement, looking both pained and relieved.

GUILLEMAN

*Whose side do you think Allah's on now?*

Suddenly, the crowd of onlookers behind Guilleman is ENGULFED IN FLAMES as an ACTUAL BOMB EXPLODES at the entrance to the stadium. Guilleman is thrown forward into the street as it fills with smoke, screaming and blood.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Idris stares at the screen in disbelief as the team around him erupts into chaos.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S ROOM - LATER

Lena sits on her bed, hunched over her computer. She has multiple online conversations going on with groups of girls with KITTEN avatars, ROARING LIONS or ARABIC WRITING.

She retweets a MEME of a hijabi in a jacket that says "HIJAB. MY RIGHT. MY CHOICE. MY LIFE". Her tweet immediately gets five likes and a retweet. It feels good. She pulls out her own scarf. It's time.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Lena, in her hijab, sits across from Jeanne who seems amused.

JEANNE

If you're wearing that to get a rise out of me it's not gonna work.

LENA

I'm wearing it because the Qur'an says we should dress modestly.

JEANNE

You also gonna walk six steps behind your husband and strap a bomb to yourself if he tells you to blow up the Piggly Wiggly?

LENA

You think this is funny?

JEANNE

I think it's predictable. You're a teenager. You're supposed to do stupid things.

LENA

I thought maybe we could use this as an opportunity to talk about how both of our religions talk about loss. There's a lot of similarities-

JEANNE

What do you think this is, the United Nations? This is Alabama.  
(then)  
Your mother used to pull stunts like this all the time.

LENA

This isn't a stunt.

JEANNE

Brought home a black boyfriend once. I didn't say a thing! Came home crying to me two weeks later with a black eye. Didn't need me to tell her to stick to her own kind after that. You'll come to your senses.

LENA

(under her breath)  
You are so ignorant.

JEANNE

Do not talk to me like that. You can waltz down the highway to hell if you want to, but you will respect me as long as you're living in this house.

LENA

Maybe I don't want to live in your house.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

You'd think that raghead religion'd have something to say about young women holding their tongue.

LENA

I think the Bible has that covered.

JEANNE

I will pray for you. After twenty years of fighting the devil out of your mother, that's about all I have left in me.

LENA

You didn't fight for her. You hid your nose in your Bible so you didn't have to stop your husband beating your kids and worse. Why do you think your son is in jail and your daughter was a drug addict?

JEANNE

You don't know a damn thing about it.

LENA (CONT'D)

Your devotion to God is a joke.

JEANNE

My devotion to God is the only reason you're standing here. Your mother wanted to abort you and I wouldn't let her. And this is what I get in return.

Lena stands there, reeling, then flees to her room. Jeanne wrestles with her guilt and pain.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lena fondles the TICKETS. She should just fucking go, shouldn't she? Birmingham to Paris. Paris to Urfa, Turkey.

INT. DGSE OFFICES - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Idris and Vivian walk down the concrete hall towards an interrogation room.

VIVIAN

*The bomber was Jeroen Fawaz, we have him on CCTV footage crossing the intersection right before the attack.*

IDRIS

*I know him. He was in the group. But he was new. A recruiter in Syria brought him to us. A woman.*

VIVIAN

*Umm Layyin. Yes. We found another cell in his room. One we hadn't tapped. Based on those texts, it seems they knew we infiltrated.*

IDRIS

*They knew it was me?*

This guts Idris. The work he dedicated himself to for the past year crumbling at his feet.

VIVIAN

*I don't know. Turns out the recruiter, Umm Layyin, she had her talons in Jeroen's sister too. We caught her in the apartment on her way to the airport. Claims she didn't know about the attack but got scared when her brother didn't come home for a few days. Guilleman's been talking to her. She's been cooperating.*

She opens a door and ushers Idris in.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – CONTINUOUS

They enter a small dark room. Through a two-way mirror we see Guilleman talking to SABEEN, 17, French-Algerian. Her eyes are red from crying. An unopened coke sits in front of her. They speak French.

GUILLEMAN

*She talked your brother into killing innocent people. You think she has your best interests at heart?*  
(no answer)  
*"If anyone slew a person, it would be as if he slew the whole people, and if anyone saved a life, it would be as if he saved the life of the whole people" - Al-Qur'an 5:32.*

Sabeen is affected by the verse.

SABEEN

*You don't know what it's like in the 93. My brother worked hard, not like all the gangbangers. He got good grades. He applied for thirty jobs. But every employer turned him down because he's from the Banlieue. They tell us we're French. We have to do everything they say. I have to take my head scarf off at school. But when we turn around and ask for equality, they spit in our face.*

Idris gestures for a TECH to give him the microphone to speak into Guilleman's earpiece.

IDRIS

*Ask if the recruiter's still planning on meeting her.*

We see Guilleman ask and Sabeen nod, yes.

IDRIS (CONT'D)

*Then tell her she's got a plane to catch.*

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Jeanne watches THE BACHELOR while ironing, feigning disapproval. The bachelorettes squeal in excitement as The BACHELOR surveys his options, deciding who will get his rose.

Lena comes home. She notices the door to her mother's room is open and the walls are bare.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - SHAUNA'S ROOM/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters to find the entire room has been stripped clean. The closet is empty. Lena is horrified.

JEANNE

I finally went through it all. I saved a few of her earrings for you.

LENA

I was going to do it! You couldn't have waited a day?

JEANNE

Waddaya want, a month of Sundays? Threw out your Ko-ran too while I was at it and that little rug.

LENA

You fucking bitch!

JEANNE

I don't think Allah'd approve of that language.

Lena stares at her in disbelief, then walks out the door.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? I'm doing this all for your own good!

INT. SEPIDEH'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Nousha ushers Lena in. Sepideh is still in a coma. The hospital bed and machines have merely been relocated. Lena takes her friends hand, realizing this might be the last time she sees her.

LENA  
Figured out what I'm gonna do.  
(then)  
Love you.

She kisses her on the cheek and hurries out.

EXT. SEPIDEH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Walking to the bus stop, Lena checks her backpack. The tickets are still there. She quickens her pace, determined to leave all of this behind her.

INTERCUT: CHARLES DE GAULLE / DGSE CENTRAL COMMAND - MORNING

Sabeen walks through the dazzlingly lit terminal and makes her way towards GATE 14A, flight to URFA, TURKEY

**SUPERTITLE: CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT, PARIS**

Behind her, Idris and Guilleman follow at a distance. They're dressed as tourists. Idris speaks to Vivian and her team at DGSE Central command via an ear piece.

VIVIAN  
*Any sign of the other recruit she mentioned?*

IDRIS  
*Looking...*

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT announces boarding. Sabeen gets in line. Idris and Guilleman take a last look and fall in behind her.

Lena races through the terminal towards the gate, late from her connecting flight. She gets in line behind a SYRIAN FAMILY. Idris and Guilleman take a final look around as they board, missing Lena, her bloneness hidden by her hijab.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Lena is squeezed into a window seat beside a YOUNG MIDDLE EASTERN COUPLE. They are watching a movie on their laptop, the woman's head nestled on her husband's shoulder. Beside them, Lena flips through photos on her phone of her and Sepideh, loneliness weighing on her.



INT. SANLIURFA AIRPORT - URFA, TURKEY - DAY

Lena stares at the unfamiliar swath of humanity bustling beneath bright red Turkish flags with white crescent moons.

SUPERTITLE: **SANLURFA AIRPORT, TURKEY**

As she makes her way towards the sliding glass doors, CAB DRIVERS swarm her, shouting for her attention. She searches the crowd, unnerved that so many of the women are hidden under pillars of black fabric.

A VOICE (O.C.)

Lena?

She turns, hopefully, but it's Sabeen.

SABEEN

Sabeen. Asalamu Aleikum. I'm meeting Umm Layyin too. Have you seen her?

Lena eyes her. Something about her cheeriness seems forced.

LENA

Yeah. She didn't tell me she was meeting anyone else.

SABEEN

Well, here I am.

Idris and Guilleman clear customs and push through the crowd towards the two girls.

IDRIS

(into earpiece)

*She's talking to another recruit. Waiting on the target.*

Guilleman moves closer to the girls but Idris holds him off, not wanting to tip off whoever they're meeting.

Sabeen speaks quickly, a smile plastered to her face.

SABEEN

Someone followed us here. Don't look. They're behind me to the left. We have to lose them, so when I say go, run. OK?

LENA

What?

SABEEN

Go!

Sabeen bolts for the revolving glass doors.

IDRIS

*Shit!*

Idris and Guilleman take off after them. Lena sees them barreling down. Sabeen was right! They really are being followed. She takes off after Sabeen, slamming through the doors moments before the agents.

EXT. SANLIURFA AIRPORT - DAY

Lena is blinded by the morning sun as she runs after Sabeen through ARRIVALS. She senses Idris and Guilleman gaining. Then suddenly she's lifted off her feet. A door is opened and she's SHOVED into a waiting car. The agents scramble as the SUV screeches away from the curb.

GUILLEMAN

*Shit.*

Idris moves a couple hailing a cab out of the way and pushes Guilleman in. They screech off, following the SUV.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Lena and Sabeen are thrown against the window as the SUV veers out of the airport.

A VOICE (O.C.)

*Asalamu Aleikum, ukhti.*

Lena turns, relieved to see Umm Layyin lean out of the darkness of the back seat.

INTERCUT: INT. CAB - DAY/ INT. DGSE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Idris strains to keep an eye on the SUV through the dust-encrusted windshield as they weave through the city. Guilleman argues with the terrified CAB DRIVER.

VIVIAN

*What's going on?*

IDRIS

*(into earpiece)*

*They're in a black SUV. We're tailing them.*

*(MORE)*

IDRIS (CONT'D)

*Except this cab driver is about to shit his pants.  
(to cab driver in Arabic)  
Here's 300 lira. You get 300 more when we get to  
where we're going.*

Idris throws money at the terrified driver.

VIVIAN

*We don't have anyone covering you. Turn around. It's  
over.*

IDRIS

*We're practically on top of them.*

VIVIAN

*(to Tech Analyst)  
Get me a lock on his cell signal and a visual.*

TECH ANALYST

*Got him.*

We see the SUV from an airborne DRONE'S POV as the car cuts through the outer limits of the city and out into the desert.

TECH ANALYST (CONT'D)

*Private oil refinery to the East, Organization-  
controlled market to the West.*

VIVIAN

*(to Idris)  
If they go West, try to cut them off before the market.  
Do not follow them in.*

INT. SUV - DAY

Lena marvels at seeing her friend in the flesh. But Umm Layyin is not her usual bubbly self. Her eyes are on the rear view mirror and she barks an order in Arabic to the driver.

UMM LAYYIN

*Turn right up here and take the back route to the  
market near the border.  
(to Sabeen)  
Who was following you?*

SABEEN

*I don't know. I saw two men staring  
at us in the airport and I got a  
bad feeling.*

UMM LAYYIN  
Did you know they were following  
you in Paris?

SABEEN  
No! I swear. If I did, I wouldn't  
have gotten on the plane.

Umm Layyin studies her, suspicious.

UMM LAYYIN  
Passports and phones.  
(off Lena's look)  
They can use them to track you.  
Even when they're off.

Lena hands her passport and phone over. Sabeen does too, but Umm Layyin clocks her hesitation.

The SUV turns right towards the market. Umm Layyin checks the rearview mirror. Nothing. Then the CAB reappears, making the turn as well. Her face darkens as she pulls out her cell.

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The DRIVER is panicked. Idris is trying to convince him to keep driving.

IDRIS  
*Well, then call someone who wants our money.*

DRIVER  
*I'm not stopping at that market. The Organization has control of that market.*

IDRIS  
*If the SUV pulls in, drop us at the front.*

CAB DRIVER  
*You have a death wish.*  
(under his breath)  
*Idiot.*

EXT. TURKEY - MARKET - DAY

DRONE POV: The SUV turns into the dirt parking lot of an outdoor market. It's a patchwork of multi-colored stalls and human targets. The cab stops abruptly at the entrance.

ANGLE ON: Idris and Guilleman exiting the cab. They do their best to cross the lot surreptitiously and approach the SUV.

Suddenly the car screeches into motion, nearly running them over. They barely dodge it as they catch sight of Umm Layyin, Sabeen and Lena disappearing into the stalls. They follow.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Vivian and her team watch Idris and Guilleman disappear into the maze of canopies from the DRONE POV on the screen.

VIVIAN

*Idris, get out of there. We don't have eyes on you.*

EXT. TURKEY - MARKET - DAY

IDRIS' POV: He's just able to keep sight of Lena's bright blue head scarf as he and Guilleman gain some ground.

IDRIS

(to Vivian)

*We almost have them.*

LENA'S POV: She follows Umm Layyin through a river of brightly painted bowls and spices. She hears a commotion behind them and sees Idris and Guilleman gaining ground.

UMM LAYYIN

*We're almost there. Stay close.*

For Idris and Guilleman, the market is an obstacle course of carts and animals. People shout at them as they knock wares asunder. In Umm Layyin's wake, however, the girls flow effortlessly through the crowd like water.

But when they round a corner, Lena is panicked to find them facing a concrete wall at the end of the row. Umm Layyin continues, unfazed.

Idris and Guilleman round the corner moments later, barreling down on them. At the last minute, Umm Layyin leads them through a curtain behind a stall and they are swallowed --

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

-- by cool darkness into a room of stone.

EXT. TURKEY - MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Idris and Guilleman burst through the same stall only to find a locked wooden door. They try to break through in vain.

IDRIS  
They're gone.

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Lena and Sabeen follow Umm Layyin through the shadowy compound, past a courtyard open to the sky and into --

INT. DESERT COMPOUND - BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

-- a sparse room filled with wooden bunks. Two SOLDIERS move a bed to the side of the room. They then open the TRAP DOOR beneath, revealing the entrance to an underground tunnel.

UMM LAYYIN  
This is how we cross the border,  
*Inshallah*. Don't look so nervous,  
woman. This is the way to Paradise.

Lena takes a deep breath and slides down into the hole.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Before her stretches a long narrow tunnel lined with wooden beams and dim electric lights. It seems to go on forever, sloping down into the darkness.

Above, she hears Umm Layyin and Sabeen ARGUING in Arabic. She moves back into the light of the hole but can't see what's happening. Umm Layyin appears above her.

UMM LAYYIN  
Go, I'm coming behind you. Go!

Lena grits her teeth and walks into the abyss. Suddenly there's a thump of someone landing in the tunnel. Lena's relieved to see Umm Layyin, illuminated by a flash light.

LENA  
Where's Sabeen?

UMM LAYYIN  
She had reservations. It's OK, I'm  
right behind you. It's sort of fun,  
right? Like a Nancy Drew novel.

Lena stiffens, but decides to accept the soothing confidence of Umm Layyin's tone. A knot begins to form in her belly as she realizes she no longer has any other choice.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - NIGHT

Jeanne sits on her couch staring at the same Sudoku puzzle she's been staring at for an hour. It's 9pm. She finally picks up her CELL PHONE and texts Lena: WHERE ARE YOU?

The display shows that at least the last seven texts have been Jeanne to Lena: WHERE ARE YOU? Jeanne can't stand it anymore. She gets up.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LENA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanne rifles through Lena's desk drawer and starts going through her closet. She finds her COMPUTER hidden under a pile of sweaters.

She opens it and starts clicking around. She finds a PHOTO of WOMEN IN NIQABS burning their PASSPORTS. She sees the LIST of past calls to Mohammed and Umm Layyin, CHAT CONVERSATIONS. She sees the BROWSER TAB for directions to the BIRMINGHAM AIRPORT. A chill of realization begins to creep over her.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - ISTANBUL - DAY

Idris hunches over a computer at an Internet cafe. The muffled sound of gunfire emanates from the earphones of throngs of teenage boys playing video games around him.

He speaks to Vivian and her team on his phone and refers to several databases and Twitter archives.

IDRIS  
(into phone)

*Looks like the other recruit was Lena Alder from Gardendale, Alabama. Only other single female on the flight. Had multiple exchanges with Umm Layyin on Twitter in January before they switch over to ChatApp. I called her high school. She hasn't shown up for two days. They referred me to a grandmother.*

VIVIAN  
*I'll reach out to my contact at the CIA.*

IDRIS  
*Don't do that. We involve the Americans, they'll blow up six city blocks and miss the target.*

VIVIAN  
*What target is that?*

IDRIS

*We have a once in a lifetime opportunity to track a recruiter who's radicalized dozens if not hundreds of French citizens and Americans. This is our chance to take out the pied piper.*

VIVIAN

*How do you expect to do that? No one's been able to ID a woman on the street in Raqqa to target. If nothing else, a burka is a fabulous disguise.*

IDRIS

*Almost all foreign recruits contact their families at least once after they arrive. More once they realize they're not exactly in Allah's paradise. This girl and Umm Layyin are close. If I can coach the grandmother, she could lead us to Umm Layyin.*

VIVIAN

*Then what? You go in and take her out? A parliamentary committee's been set up. They're investigating me and the agency about what went wrong with the stadium bombing. Neither of us can afford to take any chances with protocol right now.*

IDRIS

*The Organization has media centers where they're systematically recruiting Western youth. If this recruit can track Umm Layyin for us, we can take them all out.*

*(a beat as she thinks)*

*You're not authorizing me to do anything I haven't done before.*

VIVIAN

*I don't want you to make this personal. It was a miracle you were able to track down your son, let alone bring him back. We don't have The Almighty on our pay roll.*

IDRIS

*This isn't about bringing her back. She's a terrorist. We use her to find the target, that's it. Last time was a mistake, it was personal. Let me make up for that.*

*After a pause.*



VIVIAN

*OK. Commissioner has it out for me anyway. Might as well make his job easy. It's both our funeral.*

Off Idris, smiling at her begrudging blessing.

EXT. NORTHERN SYRIA - RAQQA - DAY

A dusty 4X4 cuts through the dessert. It approaches an ancient city, one that had blossomed into a modern metropolis by 2013, only to be thrown back into the dark ages.

INT. 4X4 - CONTINUOUS

Lena and Umm Layyin now wear their niqabs and eye veils. Through the thin black fabric, Lena watches nervously as they approach an armed checkpoint.

A dozen guards are nestled into the regal but crumbling stone gate to the city. A massive black billboard exalts The Organization in bright white Arabic writing.

The 4x4 pulls into the lane for civilian and military vehicles. Oil tankers and trucks inch forward in another lane nearby. A SOLDIER in fatigues and a black mask over his face taps the window for their driver to lower it.

SOLDIER

*IDs.*

The driver hands over papers, including Lena's PASSPORT. The Soldier scrutinizes Umm Layyin and Lena.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

*We need to check the women. Pull over there.*

The driver pulls over and parks beside a wall boasting a MOSAIC of PRESIDENT ASSAD, his face smashed.

EXT. RAQQA NORTHERN CHECKPOINT - DAY

The Soldier ushers Umm Layyin and Lena behind the wall and into a tent serving as a makeshift female checkpoint.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Two WOMEN in full niqabs greet them. Lena follows Umm Layyin's lead, removing her niqab. The pillars of blackness stare down on them like the hooded fates of Greek mythology.

WOMAN  
 (calling out)  
*Approved.*

INT. 4X4/EXT. RAQQA CITY PROPER - DAY

They drive into the city proper. Lena stares out the window at the still-burning debris of bombed-out modern high rises mixed with the aging rubble of 12th century ruins.

UMM LAYYIN  
 Assad bombs us by day. The West  
 bombs us by night, but we continue  
 to grow in strength.

LENA  
 From the rubble we will build a  
 paradise.

Despite the wreckage, traffic bustles through roundabouts and down palm tree lined streets. Bearded men and niqab clad women with children weave in and out of stores.

This occupied city is still striving for normalcy despite their murderous oppressors. The Organization's black flag appears and reappears like a warning sign at every turn.

The 4X4 pulls up in front of a small sand-colored domestic property, the Maqqar, or Female Dormitory, where women new to the The Caliphate await being matched with a husband.

INT. MAQQAR - ENTRYWAY/HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Lena clutches her backpack as she enters the sparse but pleasant compound. A bouquet of lavender stands on a table by the doorway. She follows Umm Layyin down a narrow hall.

DAMIA, 24, Malaysian, her face a moonscape of acne scars, pokes her head out from a room with several bunk beds. Umm Layyin takes Lena's backpack from her and hands it to Damia.

UMM LAYYIN  
 Damia, take this for our new sister  
 and make her a bed for the night.

Damia nods as Lena and Umm Layyin continue down the hall.

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)  
 Some of the sisters here made their  
 hijrah even without a mahram.  
 (MORE)

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

It takes us a bit to find them a match They live here in the meantime.

INT. MAQQAR - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they enter the dining room, they're enveloped in the chaotic chatter of a group of young women setting a long table for dinner.

All the young women wear hijabs and Western clothes: jeans, polos, sweaters. Damia joins the other women who are all of Middle Eastern descent. They include AZIZAH, 24, British, MANAR, 18, Tunisian and SENAIT, 21, Swedish.

UMM LAYYIN

*Good evening, ladies. Allah, by his grace, has sent us a new sister. Lena joins us in our blessed Land of Khilafah all the way from America.*

Their eyebrows raise.

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

*Alhamdulillah, she will only be with us for tonight. Tomorrow she will marry her mujahid. Let us all continue to praise Allah with every action so that he may provide the same for all of us. Make her feel welcome and let us humbly break bread together, Bismillah.*

Lena gingerly takes a seat as the women erupt into gossip.

SENAIT

(to Damia)

Meanwhile, I've been here for two months and I'm so bored I started braiding my hair... down there.

DAMIA

THAT will be a surprise for your mujahid on your wedding night.

AZIZAH

Just tell him all the girls in Sweden do it like that.

Lena watches, envious of their camaraderie but secretly proud she has something they want.

UMM LAYYIN

Senait if your hands are so idle I  
have an abaya that needs to be  
hemmed. No braids please.

The girls snort with laughter. Senait goes beet red.

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

Let us pray.

Umm Layyin begins the Du'a prayer. They all fall silent and reverent. Lena closes her eyes and lets the warmth of the prayer comfort her in this strange place. Afterward, Aziza grabs Lena's plate and starts to fill it with food.

AZIZAH

Lena, have you ever had Kousa  
Mahshi? Manar prepared it tonight  
and it doesn't even smell like wet  
dog this time.

MANAR

I was making it how my mom taught  
me. Boil it to death.

SENAIT

Ugh. Infidels cannot cook mahshi.

AZIZAH

(to Lena)

I'll show you how to make it  
tonight. Men here go crazy for it.

SENAIT

(re: Azizah)

She's already been married once.

AZIZAH

(genuinely)

*May he rest in peace.* May we be reunited  
in Jannah.

LENA

I'm so sorry.

AZIZAH

Don't be. This is the fate we all  
wish for our mujahid, *Alhamdulillah*.

This catches Lena off-guard. The realities of her likely widowhood hadn't hit her until this moment.

Suddenly the room is ROCKED by an ear-splitting explosion. Cookware SMASHES. The girls SCREAM. The air is thick with dirt and smoke. A mortar must have hit a few buildings away.

Lena ducks under the table but sees Umm Layyin and Aziza run out to the street. She realizes the other women are already transforming the room into a makeshift hospital.

Umm Layyin and Azizah return, carrying the bloody bodies of a mother and child. Damia hands Lena large pieces of cloth to rip up for bandages. Lena watches Azizah deftly treating the child's wounds, cooing to him.

DAMIA

She was a doctor in England. Had a really nice flat and everything. Gave it all up to come here.

LENA

She's amazing.

DAMIA

I don't think I'd have come if I had all that.

LENA

I'm sure you would have.

DAMIA

Would you?

UMM LAYYIN

Lena, get more water from the kitchen.

She does, grateful for the interruption.

EXT. WATERFRONT - ISTANBUL - DAY

Idris searches the bustling city square. Tourists and families mingle among the street food stalls. A band busks.

Idris approaches one of the vendors, OMAR, late 60s, Afro-Turk, with a striking resemblance to Idris. He's serving sweet corn and chestnuts at a stall with a red and white awning. Idris smiles a greeting. The man stares at him for a moment, then goes back to serving his customers.

IDRIS

(in Turkish)

*Dad, can we talk somewhere for a bit?*

OMAR

*I close at seven.*

EXT. ISTANBUL SQUARE - LATER

Idris and Omar sit on a bench holding uneaten kebab sandwiches. The teenage buskers still play nearby.

IDRIS

*You were supposed to open your shop. What happened to the money I sent you?*

OMAR

*There were people who needed it more than me. I gave it as my zakat, and yours.*

IDRIS

*I don't need you to pay off Allah to save my soul.*

OMAR

*You're right. Only you can do that. But I've been praying for you, anyway. You're in pain and your pride is keeping you from healing. Your pride has always gotten in your way. You think you blame Allah for these things that have happened to you, for Kamal being recruited by those murderers, but who you really blame is yourself.*

Idris bristles but tries not to show it.

IDRIS

*I forgot. People come for your corn but they stay for the psychoanalysis. This is why you need a shop, so you can charge by the hour.*

OMAR

*I don't need a shop. I need my son.*  
(then)

*When your mother wanted to take you to France, I said go. I thought this was the best thing for your education and then you would come back. Maybe that was a mistake. You've become like them. You think faith itself is the enemy.*

Idris stays silent, knowing his father won't like his answer.

OMAR (CONT'D)

*There was a bombing here last week, down the street. Forty people died. Last month, a hundred.*  
(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)

*We are your people. We are God fearing Muslims and we are being massacred.*

IDRIS

*I know.*

OMAR

*Maybe when you're done protecting the French, you'll come back and protect your people.*

Off Idris, ashamed.

INT. RAQQA MOSQUE - ANTEROOM - DAY

A pillar of white, sparkling fabric moves towards a full length mirror. In the reflection we see it's Lena, dressed in her wedding abaya and the tight white cap that goes under her niqab. She fondles the delicate fabric.

LENA

*It's so beautiful. Is it too much?*

Umm Layyin leans into the reflection beside her.

UMM LAYYIN

*It's your wedding day, woman! This is when you get to make Mohammed ache with gratitude for the breadth of Allah's gifts to him.*

Umm Layyin ties the shimmery white wedding niqab beneath Lena's eyes, places a jeweled pendant on her forehead finishing the wrapping of the veil.

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

*Have you chosen your kunya?*

LENA

*Umm Ambar. For the slave who became a general.*

UMM LAYYIN

*Beautiful. It's time, girl. You nervous?*

LENA

*Yes.*

UMM LAYYIN

*You should be. Mohammed is even more handsome in person.*

They actually giggle.

LENA

I'm here for his *faith*.

UMM LAYYIN

I know. But it doesn't hurt.

(giggles)

But seriously. You have nothing to be afraid of. You're home now. *'Fear Allah, and you have nothing else to fear in this life.'*

Lena smiles, soaking in Umm Layyin's promise.

INT. MOSQUE - ANTEROOM - DAY

Hand on her back, Umm Layyin, now also wearing her full niqab, leads Lena into a small, dark paneled room. Two red cushioned chairs flank a table boasting a massive ledger.

The IMAM is mid argument with a soldier, HAMID, 21, with a patchy beard and wild eyes that seem to be trying to leap out of his skull and make up for their foot difference in height.

Lena can't understand them but is unnerved by the anger in their exchange. Umm Layyin says something that makes the Imam shift uncomfortably, then gesture for Lena to take a seat.

A door on the other side of the room opens. Mohammed, shorter and stockier than he appeared on Skype but with the same handsome face, enters. He's accompanied by his cousin Sami, tall and ominously serious. He walks with a slight limp.

Through the white mesh of her wedding niqab, Lena watches Mohammed transform the energy in the room with gregarious charm as he greets the Imam.

MOHAMMED

*Sorry we're late, Imam Tarek. My superiors were arranging a gift to help towards the broken windows you sustained last month.*

He offers a package to the Imam who takes it, tentatively.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

*This is my cousin, Sami. He'll be my representative.*

SAMI

*Second cousin. Hello, Imam Tarek.*



IMAM

*And you're aware that your fiance, Umm Ambar has no representative?*

MOHAMMED

*It's unfortunate, yes, but when you're born to kafir in the land of Satan you have to be cut some slack, by the grace of Allah. Am I right?*

Hamid snorts down what might have been a chortle. Mohammed takes his seat and fixes his gaze intently on Lena.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

*As-salamu alaykum, Umm Ambar. That's a very beautiful kunya.*

LENA

*Walalaykumu s-salam. Thank you.*

Lena can barely breathe but manages an answer, one of the few Arabic words she feels comfortable with.

MOHAMMED

*Are you going to take off the niqab?*

LENA

*Oh! Sorry.*

She does, blushing. Their eyes meet and she feels tears welling at how earnest and kind his face seems to be.

IMAM

*(to Lena)*

*Since you do not have a representative repeat after me. "I have given away myself in Nikah to you, Mohammed Halabi."*

UMM LAYYIN

*Repeat after him. "I have given away myself..."*

LENA

*I have given away mysaf...*

IMAM

*No, 'myself'*

MOHAMMED

*She doesn't understand. Skip it. She accepts. Sami?*

SAMI

*I accept the Nikah on behalf of Mohammed Halabi,  
who has appointed me.*

MOHAMMED

*I'll see you at our new home, my wife.*

He signs the ledger quickly, winking at her.

IMAM

*What about the Khutba?*

MOHAMMED

*Next time!*

UMM LAYYIN

Such a charmer!

As they leave, Sami looks at Lena with a stern, searching intensity that sends shivers up her spine.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - DAY

Lena sits stiffly on a couch in a tidy apartment next to ZEINAH, 27, Sami's older sister. She's polite, though seems a bit thrown by the whole situation.

Female neighbors and family members mill around, waiting for the men. They eye Lena but do not approach. The women are not currently wearing face veils, though they have them at the ready for when it becomes a mixed gathering.

Zeinah's three children run laps back and forth between her and the appetizers on the table.

LENA

They're so cute. Mohammed is your cousin, right? How long has he lived with your family here?

Zeinah chooses her words carefully, keeping a smile and looking around to clock who might understand English.

ZEINAH

Since the Organization came to the city. We didn't know him very well before that.

LENA

But he helped you keep your apartment downstairs, right?

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)

When they were giving most of the housing to fighters' families.

ZEINAH

He did.

(after an awkward pause)

What part of America are you from?

LENA

Alabama. The South.

ZEINAH

Ah. Like To Kill a Mockingbird.

LENA

Yeah. Exactly. Your English is so good. Where did you learn it?

ZEINAH

At university. I was a literature teacher. Before.

Lena waits for her to elaborate on what she means, but she doesn't. Nearby a neighbor, DUA, 50s whispers to Zeina and Sami's mother, FATIMA, 50s in the adjoining kitchen.

DUA

*First your fanatical nephew and now this. She must be even more crazy than him to come here from the West. She could be schizophrenic or something. She'll murder us all in our beds, as if we aren't dealing with enough.*

FATIMA

*I feel very sad for her. Whatever she's come from cannot be pleasant to choose this life.*

DUA

*Or she's a spoiled brat looking to profit off our misery.  
(off Fatima's look)  
I'm sorry. It's all such a farce. Allah is weeping upon this mess of haram.*

FATIMA

*May he forgive us all and what we do to survive this.*

They hear the banging of drums and singing from the hallway as the men approach, delivering the husband to his new wife in the traditional Arada wedding procession. They enter.

Lena watches as Mohammed hugs and greets the guests. It's like a strange, slightly terrifying dream. Then he finds her and winks and she wonders if maybe everything will be OK.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mohammed and Lena sit on the bed of a sparse room filled with an odd combination of religious books and stuffed animals. Mohammed caresses her face and kisses her, the first time either of them has kissed anyone. It's tender if ungainly. He turns her and unzips her dress. She can't believe this is happening and shudders with anticipation.

What happens next is a lot like most of our first time. Mohammed is clumsily attentive, Lena submissive and forgiving. Then he starts to lose himself and there's an awkward loneliness to the proceedings.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

They are in bed. Mohammed strokes her face.

MOHAMMED

I have a gift for you. *A wedding present.*

He goes to the closet and brings back new sheets for the bed and a massive white KALASHNIKOV.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

It's big gun for my little  
muhajirah. *It's for killing infidels. Follow me.*

He sits behind her, helping her hold it. He puts her finger on the trigger and moves the gun as if he's shooting.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Pow! Pow! Pow! What do you think?

He aims it at a stuffed cartoon BEAR on the bookshelf.

LENA

It's very shiny, but I don't need a gun. *No guns.* I came to take care of you and help people while we build the Caliphate. Umm Layyin said I would get training in first aid.

MOHAMMED

That's good. But to help people you have to not be dead. Here, you'll be good at it. *Pow! Take that, infidel!*  
(MORE)

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

(smiling)

You don't have to kill anyone. But you should have it to protect yourself. Also, tomorrow I'm going to fight near Deir Ezzor. I might be gone for a week so I need a photo to remember you by. Here.

He grabs his phone and snaps a photo of her. She smiles.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

*Now....*

He throws open her robe, shoves the gun in her hands and snaps another photo.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

*Much better.*

She sits there, shocked as he kisses her on the cheek and points to the clean bedsheets.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Make the bed. Zeinah will show you how to clean the sheets tomorrow.

He heads to the bathroom. Lena stays shell-shocked, holding the brutal, glistening gun.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeanne is madly GOOGLING when her CELL RINGS. It's an international number. She answers, hopeful.

JEANNE

(into phone)

Hello?

A MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello. Is this Jeanne Alder?

JEANNE

Who wants to know?

INTERCUT: INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL - NIGHT

Idris talks on his cell, looking out his window. The golden-lit mosques of the city glow brightly in the night.

IDRIS

My name is Idris Abdullah. I'm an intelligence officer in France.

(MORE)

IDRIS (CONT'D)

I know this may come as a shock,  
but we believe your granddaughter  
traveled to Syria yesterday to join  
an extremist organization.

JEANNE

(covering)

Now why in creation would she do  
somethin' like that?

IDRIS

I'm not sure, ma'am. We have  
surveillance footage of her  
boarding a flight to Turkey from  
Paris and eye witnesses that saw  
her traveling with a recruiter to a  
safe house. I've emailed you a  
photo so you can confirm.

Jeanne clicks on her email. There's the PHOTO.

IDRIS (CONT'D)

Were you aware she was talking to  
people online in Syria, ma'am?

JEANNE

Why are you callin' me? If any of  
this is true, shouldn't I be  
talkin' to the F.B.I.?

IDRIS

I wouldn't recommend that. Your  
government doesn't look kindly on  
people who join terrorist  
organizations. If you want to see  
your granddaughter alive or outside  
a maximum security prison in the  
next twenty years, I suggest you  
keep this between us.

JEANNE

Are you threatening me?

IDRIS

I didn't mean it like that. I'm  
trying to help you. The recruiter  
who targeted Lena is very active in  
France. We believe Lena can lead us  
to her, but we need to contact her.  
She may reach out to you. If she  
does, we need you to try to get as  
much information out of her as  
possible.

(MORE)

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
 If she's willing to help us, then  
 we may be able to help her return  
 to the U.S. Did she leave behind a  
 laptop or a cell phone?

Jeanne is silent, trying to process all this.

IDRIS (CONT'D)  
 Miss Alder, I know what you're  
 feeling. Unfortunately, I've been  
 through it myself.

JEANNE  
 You have no idea what I'm feeling.  
 (then)  
 If she's gone and done this, then  
 she's made her bed with the devil.  
 I can't help you, I'm sorry.

IDRIS  
 Ma'am, please. If not for her--

She HANGS UP on him, angry, heartbroken and shaking.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Lena helps Fatima, Mohammed's aunt, prepare Freekeh with  
 Chicken for dinner. Zeinah cuts onions while her kids play in  
 the living room. They speak in English and Arabic.

FATIMA  
*Pull the skin off the chicken like this. Then cut it.*

Lena attempts it, badly.

ZEINAH  
 You didn't cook in America?

LENA  
 My grandma did most of it.

A pang of homesickness hits her. All those meals she took for  
 granted. She's cut her finger. Blood gets on the chicken.

FATIMA  
*Careful!*

LENA  
*I'm sorry.*

ZEINAH

You'd think you would have practiced before you came here to be a mujahideen housewife.

Lena doubles her effort, embarrassed. She hardly expected her greatest challenge here to be cooking. Zeinah softens.

ZEINAH (CONT'D)

It'll be fine. *Repetition teaches even a donkey.* I'll come help you until you get the hang of it. How long did Mohammed say he would be gone?

LENA

Two weeks. Thank you. I'm sure you have a lot of better things to do.

ZEINAH

Not really.

Before Lena can decipher this response, the door opens and Sami limps in. He kisses his mother, then turns to Lena.

SAMI

*As-salaam 'alaykum*, Umm Ambar. I am to drive you to Umm Layyin. She's requested a meeting with you.

LENA

Is it OK if I go?

ZEINAH

I think we'll manage.

INT. CAR/EXT. RAQQA - DAY

Lena sits in the backseat as Sami drives her through the hazy city. She wears her full niqab, only her eyes showing. She watches the world through the tinted windows, everyday life bursting forth from the war-ravaged city.

Next to a store, two old MEN converse near a wall splattered with dry blood. A FIGHTER and his WIFE walk out of a bakery carrying steaming bread, cuddling their child.

Sami stares out at the road, ignoring her. His icy demeanor has started to annoy her. She attempts a conversation.



LENA  
 Are you a fighter too?  
 (louder)  
 Are you a mujahideen?

SAMI  
 Take that thing off. I can't  
 understand you.  
 (re: her hesitation)  
 I'm your cousin. It's not haram.  
 They can't see you through the  
 window.

She takes off the veil, begrudgingly.

SAMI (CONT'D)  
 What did you say?

LENA  
 I asked if you're a mujahid like  
 Mohammed?

SAMI  
 No. I have a limp.

They turn a corner into a traffic circle around a public square where a MAN is being crucified by a clock-tower. He's SCREAMING. An OFFICIAL reads the man's crimes to a literally captive audience. Lena is horrified.

LENA  
 What is he saying?

SAMI  
 That he raped his daughter.

LENA  
 Oh. In America he'd probably get  
 away with it.

SAMI  
 I know him, actually. He's a  
 graphic designer. The Organization  
 offered him a job making logos a  
 month ago and he turned it down. I  
 guess they're relieved about that  
 now, seeing as he's a pedophile.

Is he being sarcastic? He notices her staring at him.

SAMI (CONT'D)  
 (re: niqab)  
 You can put that back on now.

EXT. RAQQA OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Sami and Lena park in front of a concrete compound near a dry soccer field. Lena is happy to see kids playing there. She watches as one of them staggers and falls down, writhing.

LITTLE BOY

*Death to infidels!*

The kids cheer. She realizes they're playing war.

SAMI

Go ahead. Her office is at the end  
of the hall. I'll wait.

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Lena enters a long hallway with classrooms on either side. She starts walking, then hears noises through a door that's ajar. She peeks into -

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

- a faded yellow former classroom full of WOMEN sitting at computers. This is central command for The Organization's social media recruiting empire. She sees one of the hijabis Skyping with a TEEN speaking English somewhere in the world. She notices an empty seat in front of a computer. She's about to sit down when a HAND grasps her shoulder.

UMM LAYYIN

Umm Ambar. Come with me.

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Lena follows Umm Layyin down the hall to her office.

UMM LAYYIN

The computer lab is for our sisters  
who have volunteered to spread the  
word about the Caliphate to other  
young women around the world. Like  
I did for you. Is that something  
you're interested in?

LENA

Maybe.

She opens a door, ushering Lena into--

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - UMM LAYYIN'S OFFICE - DAY

-- a former school administrator's office transformed into Umm Layyin's den. The Organization's BLACK FLAG hangs on the wall as well as a poster of a lioness and a Persian rug.

UMM LAYYIN

Sit, please! Tell me everything. Is your husband happy with you?

LENA

I think so.

UMM LAYYIN

(smiling)

And are you happy with your husband?

LENA

It's been fun.

UMM LAYYIN

As you know, a muhajirah's most important job is to keep her muhajid happy and strong for the fight. But you're very special to the Organization. Allah, *Bithnillaah*, has given the emirs a vision of a way you can help the caliphate even more. Have you heard of Al Khansaa?

LENA

No.

UMM LAYYIN

She was the greatest female poet in history. She lived at the time of Mohammed, *peace be upon him* and converted to Islam just like you. She was especially admired for her verses celebrating her brothers and all four of her sons who fell in battle in the name of Allah. The Organization, *may Allah protect them*, founded a female brigade in her honor. These women, the Al Khansaa, help educate our people and enforce Allah's laws within the caliphate. I'm taking over supervision there next week.

(MORE)

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, but I shared with The Organization your mother's struggle with addiction and your passion for saving others from that kind of suffering. They thought this work might be perfect for you, at least until you start a family.

LENA

I want to do whatever I can to help the state. I have been going a little stir crazy. I didn't realize Mohammed would be gone so much.

UMM LAYYIN

He's very brave. Always volunteering for the front lines. We'll have to get his blessing, but I'm sure he'll see what a great asset you would be for them.

Lena nods, beginning to feel excited.

INT. RAQQA FORMER CHRISTIAN CHURCH - DAY

HEROIC ISLAMIC MUSIC BLASTS as we see a montage of propaganda PHOTOS and VIDEO FOOTAGE of women in black brandishing kalashnikovs, interrogating citizens and pointing their fingers to the sky to honor Allah.

We pull back to reveal Lena and a group of young women, many of them foreign, watching the presentation on a screen hung in a vaulted stone Christian church. The walls show signs of violence. The stained glass windows have all been over-hung with The Organization's flag.

During the above, a tall, commanding woman, UMM RASHA, lectures the diverse group of foreign women in English.

UMM RASHA

To live as Allah wishes we must abide by Sharia. A suggestive abaya, a cigarette, a man's shaven face... They may seem like careless infractions. But they are a cry for help. They are a sign that this person's connection to Allah is broken. Their Imam is thirsty.

INT. RAQQA CHRISTIAN CHURCH - LATER

In the same room Lena and her fellow recruits run drills, loading, assembling and disassembling their guns as Umm Rasha paces among them. They wear hijabs, their faces uncovered.

UMM RASHA

You are Al Khansaa! You are the gardeners of our caliphate. You nurture the souls in Allah's garden and prepare them for Janna. But to bloom in its full glory, a rose must be clipped.

Lena swiftly reassembles her gun and ends the drill in sniper position, high on the feeling of power the skill gives her.

She hears Umm Rasha SLAP a RECRUIT and chide her in Arabic.

UMM RASHA (CONT'D)

*You put the clip in backwards, you idiot. Twenty lashes if you mess it up again. Go!*

During the next drill, Lena feels Umm Rasha's eyes on her.

UMM RASHA (CONT'D)

Umm Ambar. Your form is very good.  
(then)  
Turn to me. Perform your drill.

Lena does, confused. The other women in the room stare.

UMM RASHA (CONT'D)

With conviction!

Lena performs the drill again, this time staring down Umm Rasha as if she were the enemy. Umm Rasha looks pleased and snaps a PHOTO with her iPHONE.

UMM RASHA (CONT'D)

Good.  
(to the group)  
Again, reload!

She snaps another photo.

MONTAGE: We zoom out and see the photo go viral across social media and private messaging sites: Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp, Telegram, all originating with an account labeled UMM AMBAR.

The posts are accompanied by anti-western slogans. The photos include one from the Al Khansaa training and one of Lena next to Mohammed on their wedding day. "Make your hijrah to Shaam, *fiabilillah!* Love awaits you!"

INT. WALMART - DAY

Jeanne is marking sale items in the home improvement aisle. She funnels all the rage she feels into the SLAP of the sale tag applicator. She checks her CELL PHONE in her uniform pocket. No texts from Lena. No calls. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

Her eyes land on the SPRAY PAINT section.

EXT. SEPIDEH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jeanne parks next to the driveway. She gets out and starts spray painting the beginning of "MUSLIMS" on the garage. Hearing the noise, Roshni comes out.

ROSHNI

What are you doing? Stop it!  
Nousha, call the police!

JEANNE

Go ahead and call them. I want  
everyone to know who you are, you  
terrorist son of a bitch.

Roshni tries to take the can away from her. They struggle.

NOUSHA

*Roshni! Stop.*

He does, realizing it will only look bad for him.

ROSHNI

Please! Get off our property.

JEANNE

You brainwashed my granddaughter.  
She's the only thing I had left and  
you took her from me!

ROSHNI

Mrs. Alder? If this is about her  
head scarf, I told her to discuss  
that with you.

JEANNE

Don't give me that bullshit. I see right through you. You and your family come here, benefit from everything the God damn liberals keep handing out to you, all the while you're corrupting our children and sending them to fight your dirty holy war.

ROSHNI

Please, Mrs. Alder, What are you talking about? Where is Lena?

Jeanne stares at him, her anger hardly receding, but realizing he truly doesn't know.

INT. SEPIDEH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Roshni and Jeanne sit at the table, untouched tea in front of them. Jeanne is slightly embarrassed but still angry.

ROSHNI

So this man said he could help her?

JEANNE

She doesn't want to be helped.  
She's made her decision.

ROSHNI

She could not possibly have known what she was getting into.  
(then)  
If she calls you, what are you going to do?

JEANNE

She's not gonna call me. And if she does it'll be to rub my face in it.

ROSHNI

Not if she's in danger.

The reality of Lena's situation hits Jeanne. The panic and guilt she's been suppressing begins to rise.

JEANNE

They told me not to go to the F.B.I, that if I do and she comes back, she'll go to prison.  
(after a beat)  
She's not a terrorist.

ROSHNI

No, she's not. From what I've read these people are very good at hiding the true nature of their group. They prey on young, lonely people looking for a purpose.

JEANNE

These people. These Muslims.

ROSHNI

These people are *killing* Muslims. Who do you think most of their victims are? One point six billion Muslims in the world and this tiny group have hijacked our religion. Do you find your beliefs represented by the KKK?

Jeanne sets her jaw. He knows he's not gonna win her over. Roshni copies something from his phone onto a piece of paper.

ROSHNI (CONT'D)

There's a group I read about. It's for families of children who have been targeted by extremist groups. Maybe it would be useful.

Jeanne takes it warily.

JEANNE

Thank you.

ROSHNI

If she calls us, I will try to get information out of her and call you. I think we should trust this French agent. Try to help him. It might be her only way out.

Jeanne sees Nousha comes out of Sepideh's room, bringing washcloths from bathing her back to the bathroom. She leaves the door ajar and Jeanne can see Sepideh's gaunt body.

JEANNE

I didn't know the gravity of the situation with your daughter. I'm sorry.

ROSHNI

Thank you. It's in God's hands now.  
(then)

(MORE)



ROSHNI (CONT'D)

I know you also understand the  
indescribable pain of losing a  
child.

Jeanne gives a quick nod then finally lets the weight of her  
guilt wash over her.

JEANNE

I shouldn't have done that to your  
garage. I try to be a good  
Christian.

(a beat)

I feel like god is punishing me. I  
don't think I can take it anymore.

ROSHNI

I feel the same, sometimes.

(a beat)

But then I remember Job.

(Re: her look)

He's in both our books. Even when  
we feel like we've lost everything  
and God has forsaken us, if we put  
our faith in him, we'll find the  
strength to go on.

Jeanne is humbled by this, despite herself.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jeanne arrives home to her empty house, Roshni's words still  
resonating with her. She makes a decision and dials her cell.

IDRIS (O.S.)

Mrs. Alder?

JEANNE

(into phone)

She left her computer here. There's  
some messages and things on it that  
might help you out.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Through Lena's veil we see the elegant lobby of a former  
government building. She TRIPS on her long abaya as she makes  
her way up the several stairs from the entry to the  
glistening tiled main floor. She heads for a commotion of  
women's voices coming from a door off the lobby.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

Lena enters the cramped administrative room that serves as the brigade's main office. She's surrounded by fellow brigade members, chatting happily.

In this annex, the women can wear only their hijab. In the lobby they must cover everything but their eyes. In the street they must wear an additional eye veil.

Umm Layyin calls out assignments. She sees Lena arrive.

UMM LAYYIN

Umm Ambar, join Umm Burhan's group  
for the Tel Abyad District today.  
They'll show you how to patrol the  
market. Anyone who didn't pick up  
their pay yesterday, see Umm Sayid.

Lena approaches a tall woman waving her over to her group.  
This is UMM BURHAN, 24, a commanding German convert.

UMM BURHAN

*Asalaam alaikum*, Umm Ambar. Umm  
Layyin must like you. Tel Abyad  
Market is the best assignment.

Another senior member, UMM FIRAS, 23 Malaysian, chimes in.

UMM FIRAS

Everyone offers you samples.

LENA

That's nice.

Umm Firas and Umm Burhan crack up.

UMM BURHAN

Everyone is very nice to us. You'll  
be with Umm Aalee. She's speaks  
Arabic well and knows the city.

She refers to NOOR, aka Umm Aalee, 19, Syrian, quiet. Next to her, Lena looks confident.

NOOR

Hi.

Lena smiles, unsure whether she's drawn the short straw. Umm Burhan hands her a black headband with white Arabic writing. The other women are wearing them around their foreheads.

UMM BURHAN  
Put this on so they know you're Al  
Khansaa.

INT. AL KHANSAA VAN - DAY

Lena and Noor ride in the van with Umm Burhan and Umm Firas,  
their guns at their sides.

UMM BURHAN  
Don't let anyone intimidate you.  
You're a direct enforcer of The  
Organization's laws.

LENA  
And Allah's above him, *Maa shaa Allah*.

UMM BURHAN  
Obviously, *Alhamdulillah*. They have to  
do what you say.

EXT. TEL ABYAD MARKET - DAY

The grey van with AL KHANSAA written in Arabic on the side  
stops at the entrance to a busy city-center market. Passerby  
quicken their pace as the women, fully veiled, disembark.

UMM BURHAN  
Umm Firas will show you how it's  
done. Then you'll continue up that  
side of the street together, good?

LENA  
Good.

Noor just nods. As they follow Umm Firas towards a bakery,  
Lena notices people crossing the street to avoid them.

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

As the three women enter, the BAKER, late 30s, stands up  
immediately. They speak Arabic.

BAKER  
*Good morning, ladies. Please have some fresh bread.*

Umm Firas accepts the bread, handing it to Noor.

UMM FIRAS  
*Thank you, sir, peace be upon you. Have you had any  
troubles to report to The Organization?*

BAKER

*Yes, it's been hard to get my flour shipment. The truck was delayed two days.*

UMM FIRAS

*Well that is expected in a time of war, isn't it?*

BAKER

*Yes.*

Umm Firas prods Lena.

LENA

*May we check your kitchen for items that might tempt one to displease Allah?*

He opens the curtain to the back for them immediately.

BAKER

*Of course.*

Lena walks through --

INT. BAKERY - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- into the small kitchen lined with baking ovens. She smells the fresh baking bread and begins to open cabinets, finding nothing extraordinary. Then she hears shouts from the street.

UMM BURHAN (O.C.)

*Al Khansaa! Assistance please.*

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Lena passes the worried Baker as she follows the girls out onto the street.

LENA

*Thank you. Allah loves those who rejoice in living as he wishes.*

EXT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

She joins Noor who is watching Umm Burhan and Umm Firas pull a STORE OWNER by the arms into the street.

They throw the man to his knees. Umm Burhan shoves SOMETHING in his face, screaming. She turns to the gathering crowd.

UMM BURHAN

*This man was hiding wine in his shop. Let his eighty lashes be a lesson to you. Allah abhors alcohol. It is the gateway to all evil! And we, Al Khansaa shall paint Raqqa as Allah's paradise on Earth, even if the brush strokes are in blood.*

Umm Firas WHIPS HIM. He screams, begging for mercy. Noor turn away. Lena does too, but then forces herself to watch, trying desperately to justify what she's seeing.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom at the brigade is a private space where the women often remove their veils. Noor splashes water on her face. Lena exits a stall and washes her hands next to Noor.

LENA

Why did you turn away from the man being punished?

Noor hesitates, unsure how to answer.

LENA (CONT'D)

He was preying on addicts. He's ruining their lives just to make money off them. He deserved to be punished.

NOOR

Of course. But after twenty lashes, I don't think he would have done it again. I thought twenty was enough.  
(then)  
See you upstairs.

Off Lena, conflicted.

INT. SAMI'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Sami drives Lena home from the Brigade. They're in an area without much foot traffic. It's hot and stuffy in the car.

LENA

Can I open the window a little?

SAMI

A little.

She opens it a few inches. Their awkward silence has become routine so she's surprised when he strikes up a conversation.

SAMI (CONT'D)

You think your family's worried  
about you?

LENA

My grandma's probably glad I left.  
My mom's dead. That's it.

SAMI

I'm sorry.  
(then)  
How did she die?

LENA

She overdosed on heroin. But it  
wasn't her fault. She got this back  
injury and the doctor gave her  
OxyContin which is pretty much  
heroin and she got addicted. It's  
all pretty easy to get over there.  
Her dad was an alcoholic. That's *the*  
*Land of Kafir*.

He gives her a strange look and goes back to his silent self.

LENA (CONT'D)

Zeinah mentioned your father passed  
away too.

SAMI

Passed away. He was killed.

LENA

By the regime?

SAMI

Yes. At the beginning of the  
revolution. He used to organize  
protests, peaceful protests against  
the government. They were killing  
thousands of people. Nobody had any  
rights. He stood up to them. So  
they took him in the middle of the  
night and we never saw him again.  
He was one of my favorite people.

LENA

I'm sorry. Do you think he'd be  
glad that the Organization is here  
now? That they're trying to build  
something better?

She doesn't ask with conviction. She's genuinely asking him. His eyes pierce her through the rearview mirror.

SAMI  
(after a beat)  
I think there are other people he  
would have preferred.

Before Lena can ask more, he pulls into an industrial yard off the main street.

SAMI (CONT'D)  
I have to make a stop.

INT. SAMI'S CAR/ EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARD - DAY

The yard is full of trucks and tankers. Sami points to one.

SAMI  
I drive this tanker North every  
month to the oil fields. A friend  
is helping me fix the breaks.

He parks next to a tanker where a grease-covered young man MAALOUF, 21, affable, emerges from beneath the tanker's cab.

Lena watches Sami get out and chat with Maalouf, then hand him a box. He says something that makes Maalouf laugh, then embrace Sami. Lena watches them, realizing how little she knows about Sami and that she wishes she knew more.

EXT. RAQQA - NIGHT

The city is dark except for the flicker of candles in apartment windows and mortar fire in the distant hills.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Mohammed is back from his battle and the family is having dinner. They speak in Arabic with some English. The electricity is out and the table is lit by candles.

MOHAMMED  
*The second city we liberated, they were so happy to  
see us. The regime had been starving them out and  
we were handing bread to everyone. There were old  
women waving scarves out the windows, smiling.*

ZEINAH  
 (under her breath)  
*They won't be allowed to do that anymore.*

MOHAMMED  
*What was that, Zeinah?*

ZEINAH  
*Nothing.*

Little Mahmoud senses the tension.

MAHMOUD  
*Aunt Ambar, thought I rode a chicken today. I told  
 her no! I rode my bike. I'm too big to ride a chicken!*

The family chuckles, grateful for the distraction. The words  
 for 'bike' and 'chicken' in Arabic are practically the same.

LENA  
*But in America everyone rides chickens.*

They laugh a bit more.

MOHAMMED  
*Your Arabic is getting better already.  
 (mimicking her accent)  
 I like that American accent.*

LENA  
*Mahmoud is a very good teacher. Very strict.*

MAHMOUD  
*Yes! I tell her, if you don't get this word right I'll  
 crucify you in the square!*

ZEINAH  
*Mahmoud. We don't say things like that.*

MOHAMMED  
*Why not? He's old enough to make a joke like a man?*

ZEINAH  
*He's not a man. He's a little boy.*

MOHAMMED  
*Enough! It's by my blessing that you are still living  
 here, out of respect for my uncle. But I don't have to  
 be so nice, remember that.*



Zeinah's daughter, MAYA 5, stifles a whimper. Zeina takes her hand and squeezes it reassuringly, putting on a smile.

ZEINAH

*Is everybody finished?*

She starts to clear the dishes. Lena follows her lead, trying to please, but Mohammed is out of sorts now.

MOHAMMED

And who's been cleaning the  
apartment while I've been gone?  
(to Zeinah)  
You've been picking up her slack,  
now my wife thinks she's so  
important?

LENA

They told me you gave them your  
blessing.

He grunts.

LENA (CONT'D)

*I clean when I get home.*

MOHAMMED

Just don't be the carpenter *who* ---  
*what's the phrase Sami?*

SAMI

Don't be the carpenter who let his  
door fall off.

MOHAMMED

(to Lena)  
Right. You're instructing women on  
how to behave under Sharia so don't  
forget those lessons yourself.

Lena nods, trying to hide her anger and embarrassment.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lena and Mohammed have sex. She tries to stroke his hair. He pulls her hand away and pins her so she can't move. He finishes quickly and loudly, then flops over and stares at the ceiling. They listen to the faint clatter of street noise outside and the distant boom of bombing. He looks sad.

LENA

Are you upset about something?

MOHAMMED

No. I'm sorry I snapped at you.

LENA

I understand.

(then)

What are you thinking about?

MOHAMMED

Before I came here, I lived with my eight brothers and sisters in two rooms. Even with the bombs, it's very quiet here.

LENA

I lived in the countryside. I thought it was too quiet.

He pulls off the CONDOM and drops it into the trash can.

LENA (CONT'D)

Maybe we shouldn't use those anymore.

MOHAMMED

Why?

LENA

I didn't come here to patrol the city with a gun or whip people. I came to help build the country with you. We could start a family. They'd let you be home more. It would be fun.

Mohammed stares at her sadly for a moment, like he might divulge a secret, then his look swiftly hardens again.

MOHAMMED

That's not what they want right now.

Off Lena, an unsettling feeling rising in her.

EXT. RAQQA TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Noor and Lena are on patrol. They see a WIFE walking with her HUSBAND. Her eyes are uncovered. Lena and Noor share a look.

NOOR

I'll go.

Noor approaches them. Lena stands behind her for support.

NOOR (CONT'D)

*Sister, excuse me, please. I can see your eyes. This is haram. Please don't spit in Allah's face like this after all the blessings he's given you.*

WIFE

*Oh. I'm sorry sister. My veil ripped.*

NOOR

*I understand. But please go home and change or I'll have to fine you twenty dollars .*

HUSBAND

*We have one more stop to make, then we'll go home. She's my wife, I'll allow her to dress as I see fit.*

LENA

*Sir, it's unfair to other men to tempt them by allowing them to see your wife's eyes. It pushes their souls away from Allah. We're trying to build a pure society here for your children..*

He gets in her face, or rather her veil.

HUSBAND

*You don't care about my children. Don't ever speak to me about my children.*

LENA

*Please stop or I'll report you to The Organization.*

WIFE

*Sisters, our son just died in a bombing. We're mourning him. My husband is not thinking correctly. We'll go home right now.*

HUSBAND

(to Lena)

*Are you an American? Are you a fucking American? It's not enough for you to bomb innocent children from the sky while you pretend to make the world safer. Now you have to join the murderers who have taken over our city? To hold innocent Muslims at gunpoint?*

He's screaming in her face. People are staring.

LENA

*Don't scream at me or I'll shoot.*

She points her gun at the HUSBAND like she practiced in her drills. He takes no notice.

HUSBAND

I spit on you! I spit on your country. You and The Organization are working together to destroy us. You have taken our city from us. You have taken our religion from us. *How can we bear it? Where is Allah!?*

He lunges for the gun. She instinctively flips it in defense, RAMMING the buttstock against him.

The man falls to the ground, spitting blood. She hit him HARD. His wife SCREAMS. Lena is horrified. She backs away, his words reverberate in her conscience.

EXT. RAQQA STREET - LATER

Lena is shaking as she and Noor walk back to the market. They pass an INTERNET CAFE. Lena realizes what it is. She feels a pang of desperation.

LENA

Can we stop here?

NOOR

I don't think we should.

Lena ignores her and enters. Noor follows, nervously.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The place is almost deserted. Organization guards stand in every corner. Lena approaches the OWNER at the counter.

LENA

*How much for five minutes to send one email?*

OWNER

*The cafe is for official Organization business, ma'am.*

LENA

*I'm a member of Al Khansaa.*

*(to Noor)*

*Will you tell him I just want to email my grandmother?*

SOLDIER  
 (British accent)  
 No ladies allowed here. No personal  
 emails. Get back with your team.

Lena and Noor hurry out.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - LATER

Lena is gathering her belongings to go home when Umm Layyin approaches her.

UMM LAYYIN  
 Can I speak with you a moment?

She ushers her into her new office, which adjoins the annex.

INT. UMM LAYYIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Umm Layyin keeps her smile wide but Lena senses the slight menace in her voice.

UMM LAYYIN  
 As you know, part of building the caliphate is purifying the souls of its citizens. Unfortunately, there are traitors among us. They use Satan's creation, the Internet, to send falsified photos and lies to the foreign press to turn the world against us. That means more bombs, more children die. This is why we do not allow foreign correspondence anymore in the Internet cafes.

LENA  
 I didn't know. I'm sorry.

A chill washes over her. Umm Layyin has eyes everywhere. To Lena's surprise, Umm Layyin opens a drawer and pulls out a cell phone. It has a white cover with an orange kitten on it.

UMM LAYYIN  
 But Paradise lies at the feet of mothers. And grandmothers. You should have a chance to say goodbye so you won't be tempted to use unholy means in the future. See if she'll give you her blessing.

LENA  
 OK. Thank you.

UMM LAYYIN  
Dial zero zero one, then the area  
code and the number.

Lena realizes there is no way to make the call unmonitored.  
She dials.

INT. WALMART - CEREAL AISLE - LATE NIGHT

Jeanne re-stocks in the deserted cereal aisle. She feels her  
phone vibrating in her pocket. It's an INTERNATIONAL number.  
She answers, her hands shaking.

JEANNE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LENA AND JEANNE

LENA  
Hi, Gramma Jeanne. It's Lena

JEANNE  
Are you OK?

LENA  
I'm OK. I miss you.

JEANNE  
I miss you too, sweetheart. Please  
tell me where you are.

LENA  
I went to Syria. I came here to  
help build the Caliphate. I'm sorry  
I didn't tell you I was going.

JEANNE  
I understand.

LENA  
I got married.

JEANNE  
Who's the lucky man? What's his  
name exactly?

Jeanne scrambles for paper and a pen to write things down.

LENA

Mohammed Alomari. He has a YouTube Channel called *The Truth* if you want to see him. We live in Raqqa. I work a patrol near a place called Tel Abyad Market. It's very pretty.

Lena feels Umm Layyin's eyes on her.

LENA (CONT'D)

But I was just calling to say I love you and to ask for your blessing.

JEANNE

I don't know who made you do this but I want you to know that you are welcome home anytime. I'm sorry I made you feel like that wasn't the case. There's a man--

-- CLICK. The call CUTS OUT. Lena stares at the phone, her mind racing with all the things she wanted to say. She hands it back to Umm Layyin, trying to hide her emotions.

LENA

The signal cut out.

UMM LAYYIN

Sometimes that happens. A miracle you were able to reach her at all. *Praise be to Allah.* I'm glad you were able to say goodbye.

Lena shoots her a quick smile.

INT. WALMART - BACK STORAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Jeanne bursts through the rubber doors, phone to her ear.

JEANNE

She told me where she works.

IDRIS (O.S.)

See? I told you she'd call. Send me what you know. I'll head out for the border in the morning.

Off Jeanne feeling a glimmer of hope.

EXT. NORTHERN IRAQI KURDISTAN - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A 1981 Chevy Malibu drives a dirt road cutting through an impressionist's canvas of green and grey shrubs dotted with bright orange trees. The low-lying landscape laps at a looming ridge of low mountains. When the Malibu enters the peaks' shadows, it stops.

INT. MALIBU - CONTINUOUS

The driver meets Idris' gaze through the rear view mirror.

DRIVER

*You sure you don't want me to drive you further  
South? It's a longer route but this part of the range is  
full of PKK soldiers.*

Idris hands him a fistful of dinar as he gets out.

EXT. IRAQI KURDISTAN - MOUNTAIN PASS - LATER

Covered in dirt and nettles, Idris makes his way over the remnants of a recent rock slide. Ahead, beyond the mountain, the cry of river birds. Idris quickens his pace towards them.

EXT. IRAQI KURDISTAN - TIGRIS RIVER DELTA - CONTINUOUS

Idris emerges from the pass, looking out on the rocky river basin of the placid Tigris. This is the border between Iraq and Syria and more specifically Iraqi Kurdistan and Rojava, the Kurdish controlled area of Northern Syria.

He hears something. He surveys the low tree line. Then he sees it: an electrical wire, its synthetic transgression barely noticeable, but now clearly connecting two huts.

He stiffens. Then WHIPS around, pulling his gun, only to find himself face to face with a semi-circle of SOLDIERS, both men and women, AK-47s drawn.

He locks eyes with a fierce FEMALE SOLDIER, early 30s, her thick brown hair clenched into a long braid. After a tense moment suddenly she lowers her weapon.

FEMALE SOLDIER

*You should have called first, I  
would have baked a pie.*

They smile and he and the woman, ARA, embrace. The others lower their weapons, confused.



INT. PKK MOUNTAIN OPERATING BASE - LATER

Idris, Ara and several other PKK soldiers including GAZIN, 20s friendly, his expressive eyebrows constantly rising in jest and LOLAN, 30s, mustached and quiet, share a dinner of grape leaves, pickles, and thick flatbread.

The hut is encircled in woven palm fronds. Sleeping bags lie nearby on the red rubber mat of a floor. Through the door, Idris can see an ALL FEMALE BATTALION running drills.

ARA

It's more difficult than the last time you crossed. The border patrol used to just turn us back, now they shoot to kill. We learned that the hard way. Gazan will cross with us. He has a granny across the border who needs a visit.

IDRIS

Loyal grandson.

GAZIN

Very loyal. Granny's an arms dealer. Wouldn't want to cross her.

IDRIS

You sneak across the border to help the Americans fight terror, then smuggle their weapons back so you can create terror of your own.

ARA

God helps those who help themselves. Americans have a funny view of who deserves justice. We want our own state. That's all.

IDRIS

I saw my father in Istanbul. He said maybe when I'm done protecting the French, I'll come back and protect them.

An awkward pause, but Ara smiles it off with grace.

ARA

Too bad for me. You already know all my hide outs. Till then, my enemy's enemy is my friend.

They eat, listening to the female fighters outside. We see them running drills through the wide stitching of the hut.

ARA (CONT'D)

Maryam, my youngest sister joined this year. My mother is always going on about how having five girls to marry off is such a headache. I told her, 'Don't worry. Funerals are cheaper'.

She chuckles. Idris watches one of the young women, her face filled with passion for her cause. He wonders how many more young people are going to die before this is over.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Lena comes home from the brigade, stripping off her veil, her hijab, her abaya. It's like she's trying to shed the horrors of the day, but the weight lingers.

Suddenly she hears a THUMP and muffled WHIMPERING from the bedroom. Moments later, Mohammed appears, barely looking at her, and disappears into the bathroom.

LENA

I didn't know you were back. I'll start dinner.

He reappears.

MOHAMMED

Don't bother. I don't like how you cook. I bought us a servant. Show her what you want and she'll do it. I'll be back later. She's to stay in the closet if anyone else is around.

He refers to the hallway closet where a blanket has been thrown inside. Lena can't believe what she just heard. She makes her way cautiously to the bedroom.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Huddled in the corner is a WOMAN, early 20s, her sandy brown hair a mess and her dress ripped. She sobs.

Lena goes to her and realizes there are scratches where she's bleeding on her face and back. She leads her into the bathroom --

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and washes the still shaking Woman's face, pulling out a small FIRST AID KIT to apply ointment and a bandage. The Woman keeps repeating something over and over in KURDISH. Her BRIGHT GREEN EYES appealing to Lena.

LENA

I don't understand. I'm sorry. *I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all this.*

INT. SAMI'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

Sami notices Lena's sullen, red eyes.

SAMI

Why so glum, fashion police? Oil embargoes got you down?

LENA

He bought a slave.

SAMI

Who?

LENA

Mohammed. He raped her.

SAMI

Ah. You seem surprised.

Lena tries to contain her anger.

LENA

You're not surprised?

SAMI

They're Yazidis, a religious minority from Sinjar. They captured thousands of them. They sell them right out of your building.

LENA

I've never seen them do that.

SAMI

Well, we see what we want to see.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - MORNING

As Lena walks towards the annex, she notices for the first time, a hallway leading to another large room. She walks towards it. Through the open door she can see a group of uncloaked WOMEN ages 7-35, chained together. A YOUNG FIGHTER, 23, walks the line, surveying his choices like a sadistic version of *The Bachelor*. The terrified women blink under the florescent lights as if they've been kept in darkness.

EXT. TEL ABYAD MARKET - DAY

Lena and Noor walk their patrol in silence. Shopkeepers and patrons begin to stream onto the street. They lay down rugs and kneel. It's Zuhr, the noon prayer. It would be beautiful if everyone weren't terrified.

Two Organization OFFICERS in crisp black uniforms push the Baker out of his shop in front of the them.

OFFICER  
(Dutch accent)  
He was hiding by the oven.  
(to the Baker)  
*May Allah forgive you. Get on your knees and pray.*

He pushes the Baker down onto the prayer position.

BAKER  
*Please! I need to sell all my bread to afford your taxes. It will burn if I leave the shop now. I'll have to close and you won't get any money.*

OFFICER  
*This isn't about money. This is about Allah.*

LENA  
*Officer, please have mercy on him. He's trying to be pious. Allah does not like the one who wastes food.*

The Officer SMACKS her across the face with his GUN. The force knocks her to the ground. Noor does not help her.

OFFICER  
How dare you tell me what Allah does and does not like, you whore. You're American so you think you have the right to speak to me? I should kill you!

BAKER

*The bread is done. Please let me get it.*

The Officer is distracted from Lena as the Baker attempts to get up. The Officer pushes him down again, then SHOTS him in the head. Blood spatters onto prayer rugs. People scream.

Lena's head is spinning. She looks to Noor for help. For a split second, she catches a glimpse of a phone in Noor's sleeve. She's filming. Then it's gone and Noor is helping her up so they can get away.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - UMM LAYYIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Lena, her face still bloody, sits sheepishly across from Umm Layyin, who studies her.

UMM LAYYIN

That was a stupid thing to do. The reputation of our group rests on your shoulders. You *never* raise your voice to a brother. You wait to be spoken to.

LENA

Even when he's acting against Allah?

UMM LAYYIN

I would be very careful, ukhti. Allah, *may He be glorified and exalted*, has blessed you with a privileged life here. But Allah, loves obedience. It would be a shame to see him take all this away from you.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - LATER

Noor is with Lena as she washes the blood off her face. The bathroom is empty except for the two of them, but Lena still gestures for Noor to bend her head down to the running water. The sound covers their whispers.

LENA

I saw you filming.

NOOR

What are you talking about?

LENA  
I saw you. They'll kill you for  
that. What were you thinking?

NOOR  
(after a beat)  
People need to know what's really  
going on here.

Lena realizes Noor is terrified, unsure which side she's on.

LENA  
You're braver than me.

INT. SAMI'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Sami drives Lena home. Lena stares out at the broken city, finally seeing it for the bloody police state that it is. Her face is throbbing with pain. The car seems to be closing in on her. She tries to cover her panic attack but Sami notices and suddenly swerves onto a different street.

LENA  
Where are you going?

SAMI  
I want to show you something.

They turn onto a highway along the sparkling Euphrates, peaceful despite it all, and pull up along a stretch of dead grass and trees. Benches stick up like tombstones alongside the remains of a playground. The place is deserted.

EXT. BRIDGE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Sami and Lena sit on the riverbank on the scorched grass, hidden by what might have been part of an upturned dock. Lena's face is unveiled. She's still trying to recover.

SAMI  
Our whole family used to come here  
in the summer for picnics. We'd  
play frisbee down there. One time  
my dad threw the frisbee so hard a  
guy in a fishing boat caught it and  
threw it back.

LENA  
That's amazing.

SAMI

That my dad was so bad at frisbee?  
Yes it was.

She laughs despite herself.

SAMI (CONT'D)

And that bench was where he got  
arrested for the first time. He  
organized this huge protest.  
Thousands of people shouting  
'Freedom! Dignity! Justice!'  
(after a beat)  
So many people fought so hard for  
our city, and now this.

She fights back her emotions.

LENA

I didn't come to ruin your city.  
I'm sorry. I just want to go home.

SAMI

Things were bad where you were so  
you came here. Now things are bad  
here so you want to go home. I  
thought you wanted to fight for  
something.

LENA

How can I fight for anything? I'm a  
prisoner!

SAMI

Hardly. There are people a lot  
worse off than you doing a lot  
more.

She nods, ashamed. He looks at her for a long time. Then...

SAMI (CONT'D)

There's a resistance group, people  
working against the regime and to  
get information and people out.

LENA

I think my partner at the brigade  
is part of it.

SAMI

If you think that, then tell her to  
be more careful or she'll end up  
hanging off a bridge.

SAMI (CONT'D)

I work with them. And I think I can get them to help smuggle you to the border. The Organization uses photos of you for propaganda. You're like American candy, leading the lambs to slaughter. If we can get you out and you speak out against this place, all the better.

LENA

I will. I promise.

SAMI

But maybe you can help us first.

LENA

OK.

SAMI

If you tell anyone any of this, we're all dead. You have to act as devout as the day you got here.

(she nods)

The Yazidi women in your building, their families are organizing. We made contact with them the last time I went North. Keep your eyes open. Don't arouse suspicion, but see if you can figure out who has the keys to where they're being kept. If you can do that, we might be able to get them out, *God willing*.

LENA

Thank you.

SAMI

The odds are not very good for this. I understand if you are soured on religion, but we're probably going to have to pray.

They share a smile. If only they'd known each other in another time and place.

PRE-LAP: A choir sings the hymn, "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"



INT. SOUTHERN BAPTIST CHURCH - ALABAMA - DAY

Jeanne sits in her regular seat listening to the choir. Usually she finds solace here, but as she looks around at the raptured or self-righteous faces, she realizes no one here could possibly understand what she's going through.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BIRMINGHAM - LATER

Jeanne sits uncomfortably with three mothers, ASQA, Pakistani American, still in her business suit. NANCY, Caucasian, nervous, wearing sweats, and TYRA, African American, wearing a hijab, a warm grace about her. This is her home. TWO MORE MOTHERS, one Dutch, one Indian Skype in. This is a support group for women who have lost children to The Organization.

Jeanne eyes a wall scroll with Arabic writing on it over the fireplace. A spread of hummus and dates sits untouched.

NANCY

I guess it started after my husband died. Bobby was ten. All he wanted to do was play on the computer. He stopped hanging out with his friends, wouldn't talk to me. I tried everything... therapy, changing schools, discipline, no discipline, cutting carbs.

The women murmur a laugh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Last year when he told me he discovered the Quran I thought, it's a miracle! He started to act different. Kinder to me and his brother. He seemed happy.

The other mothers nod, knowingly.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I wanted to encourage him so I started reading about Islam. I thought it was very beautiful. I even arranged for us to go to a mosque together. But when we went, he said he didn't like the way they practiced. That it was blasphemous. Some of the things he said were very dark. I should have known something else was going on but I was afraid to challenge him on it.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

I was scared he'd shut me out again. Then one day he was gone.

(after a pause)

He called me a few times and I begged him to come back. But I don't think it was really him anymore. He died outside...

'Aleppo?'... two months ago. I got a text from someone of a photo of his body. They told me they were taking his phone.

Tyra, the de-facto leader, looks on encouragingly. Jeanne stares at her hands.

TYRA

Thank you for sharing, Nancy.

NANCY

One more thing. It's funny. I started going back to that mosque. The people were so nice and I needed something after he was gone. What they talk about at the services, I feel like I see what the son I knew was drawn to about Islam. I wish that had been enough to heal whatever pain drove him to do this.

Off Jeanne, overwhelmed by compassion and guilt.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lena lies in bed alone, staring into the darkness, thinking. Suddenly she hears the sound of the door and jagged sobs.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena comes out to find Mohammed, covered in blood, sobbing angrily as he tries to treat his wounds in the bathroom. The Yazidi Woman looks on from her makeshift bed in the closet.

LENA

Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

Get out!

INT. RAQQA - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena gathers bandages, ointment and scissors from a box.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena returns, determined. Mohammed gives in as she gently removes his bloody jacket and treats his wounded arm.

LENA

Why didn't you go to the hospital?

MOHAMMED

Too many people. *They were overwhelmed.*

Lena wraps the wound like she saw Azizah do in the maqqar.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Hamid died right next to me. There weren't enough doctors.

LENA

I'm so sorry.

MOHAMMED

*We're fighting for Allah. When is it enough?  
Allah, have mercy on us.*

She gives him water. He seems so vulnerable.

LENA

Mohammed, I believe in the Caliphate, but do you ever wonder if the Organization is the one who should lead it?

MOHAMMED

Who else is going to lead it, you?

LENA

They're corrupt. They're murdering people. There has to be another way.

MOHAMMED

Which way? The regime's way? Gas innocent children? Or the "peaceful protesters" who stand around like sheep to be slaughtered? Which way are you talking about?

LENA

I don't know. I was just asking.

His wound has bled through the bandage. She reaches out to change it but he SMACKS her away.

MOHAMMED

You should shut up about things you don't know about.

LENA

You haven't seen what they--

He SHOVES her out the bathroom and throws her on the floor.

MOHAMMED

I told you to SHUT UP! *You need to learn to submit to your husband!*

He kicks her, then kicks her again.

LENA

Stop it!

MOHAMMED

You think you're so righteous.  
You're nothing! *I'm fighting to protect the caliphate. You're a worthless slut.*

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Mohammed is gone. Lena lies on the bed as the Yazidi Woman treats her wounds.

LENA

*Thank you.*

The woman gives her an unsmiling nod. Lena puts her hand on her chest then gestures to the woman.

LENA (CONT'D)

I'm Lena. *What's your name?*

YAZIDI WOMAN

Hadiya.

They hear the door SLAM, followed by the sound of CHILDREN.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING/DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hadiya comes out to investigate and finds Sami and a group of CHILDREN playing in the living room. One of them SCREAMS playfully, jumping off the couch.

SAMI  
(in Kurdish)  
*Sorry to bother you. I'm a friend.*

Her face lights up, realizing he speaks some Kurdish. Before she can respond, Sami is drawn into a tickle fight and succumbs to the attacker. Lena limps out behind Hadiya.

SAMI (CONT'D)  
*Joram, Neema, Aaliya, say hello to Umm Ambar and her friend.*

JORAM, NEEMA AND AALIYA  
*Hello.*

LENA  
*Hello.*

The children continue their tickle-tag, jumping out at each other from around the drapes.

LENA (CONT'D)  
Are these friends of Mahmoud?

SAMI  
They're orphans. They live in an abandoned building, South of here. I liked that you had a job because I'd bring them here to wash and eat. I try to keep them away from the Organization recruiters.

Hadiya interjects with a STREAM OF KURDISH. Sami's ANSWER seems to overwhelm her with emotions.

LENA  
What did she say?

SAMI  
She has a daughter who was also taken. She's hoping she's still at the brigade. I told her we're going to try to get her out. She'll be able to show us where they are.

LENA  
When can we go?

SAMI

There's an Organization rally in three days. Mohammed will attend and there should be less security. I'll bring you there in the tanker, as if I'm heading to the oil fields. If we can make it inside the brigade, we'll load them all into the tanker, *God willing*, then drive North. I have friends at the checkpoints.

LENA

What about you?

SAMI

What about me? I'll come back. This is my city.

LENA

When I imagined about what it would be like in God's paradise, I thought it would be full of people like you.

SAMI

There are many people here better than me. *And with Allah's blessing*, we'll continue to fight.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jeanne steps inside the mosque's women's entrance just before Friday Prayer. Dozens of WOMEN are slipping their shoes into cubbies. She's wary. They smile at her warmly.

A WOMAN

Did you come to visit? The prayer room is right up here.

Jeanne follows her up the stairs.

INT. BIRMINGHAM MOSQUE - PRAYER ROOM - LATER

The woman hands Jeanne a scarf from a basket, which she puts on, wanting to be polite. She sits in a chair at the back of the room. The women settle themselves in rows on the floor to pray and watch the Imam's Friday sermon on the TV and through the vast window into the main room below.

## IMAM

How beautiful that Allah is waiting  
to forgive you for every sin you  
have committed, even the ones for  
which you cannot forgive yourself.  
Our first step is to admit our  
faults to Allah. To weep with him.  
To ask him for absolution. After  
this, you will find you are able to  
grant yourself grace.

This resonates for Jeanne, despite herself.

## EXT. TIGRIS RIVER - NIGHT

The moonless night is calm over the fast moving but glass-flat river. The cacophony of crickets camouflage the sound of Lolani wrenching an inflated rubber raft from the underbrush.

At the water's edge, Idris, Ara and Gazin pile into the boat. Lolani silently launches them into the water, then boards. They dig in with their paddles. The flow of the Tigris is forceful and they move swiftly downstream. Idris can just make out the distant bank when they hear SHOUTS in FARSI.

They paddle faster, keeping their heads low. A moment later a SEARCH LIGHT illuminates the side of the boat. They DUCK as a RALLY OF GUNFIRE explodes the water around them and PUNCTURES the side of the boat. It HISSES and begins to DEFLATE.

## LOLANI

Keep paddling!

Using the deflating raft as a shield, Gazin and Ara return fire, blinded by the searchlight. Idris and Lolani paddle fast behind them. They make headway, but the boat is sinking.

Gazin is HIT in the shoulder and topples into the water with a cry. He's pulled downstream. Idris dives in after him.

## INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Illuminated by the ripples of the searchlight, Idris makes out Gazin's body as it surges downstream. He struggles towards him, wrenching him skyward moments before he hits a rock. Idris uses the boulder to send them towards shore.

EXT. TIGRIS RIVER - CONTINUOUS

They burst from the water, Idris dragging Gazin against the current. Just as he's tiring, Ara appears on shore, looping an arm around Gazin.

Lolan is still on their boat, firing at the patrol, distracting them. Then his body topples backwards into the water. Moments later, the now silent patrol boat floats by.

INT. AL- KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - MORNING

Lena walks towards the Annex for work, trying to do reconnaissance without arousing suspicion. She sees a STOCKY GUARD enter the lobby from the hall leading from where she saw the Yazidi Women sold. He is followed by a fighter holding onto a WOMAN in a niqab.

The Stocky Guard goes into an office off the lobby. Lena moves so she can see in. She sees the Stocky Guard get out DOCUMENTS and open a cabinet full of KEYS.

UMM FIRAS

What are you looking at?

Lena realizes she's been standing suspiciously still in the center of the Lobby. But before she has to answer they hear SCREAMS coming from the Annex.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - MOMENTS LATER

Lena and the other brigade members rush in to find Noor letting out a whimper as Umm Burhan wrenches her arms behind her. Umm Layyin stands above her, holding Noor's cell phone.

UMM LAYYIN

*Allah will curse your lie with seventy thousand angels.* Who were you taping for?

NOOR

No one. It's just a hobby.

Umm Layyin slaps her and she cries out.

UMM LAYYIN

Liar!

Umm Layyin narrows her eyes as she sees Lena.



UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

Umm Ambar. Your partner's been caught with contraband. Have you seen her filming on patrols with you?

LENA

No. I would have reported her.

UMM BURHAN

All the text messages are deleted. She couldn't be more suspicious.

Umm Layyin takes the whip down from where it hangs on the wall. It's long with two leather lashes. She turns to Lena.

UMM LAYYIN

It seems that Noor has decided to spit in the face of all Allah's Earthly blessings. But perhaps you can save her from the fiery pits of Jahannam. Twenty lashes for the cell phone, thirty for the lie.

(to Noor)

And that's before I turn you in to The Organization.

Lena stares at the whip being thrust at her. How could she possibly do this. Noor stares at her in defiance, then closes her eyes in prayer, at peace.

NOOR

*Do it. Allah, Thank-you for everything you have given me. I love you and I always will.*

UMM LAYYIN

(to Lena)

Do you want to join her? BEGIN!

Shaking, Lena brings the whip DOWN on Noor's back. Noor SCREAMS. Lena fights back tears. Umm Layyin glares at her. She brings the whip down AGAIN and AGAIN. Some of the women smirk, others lower their eyes.

UMM LAYYIN (CONT'D)

Harder! You must BEAT Shaitan out of her.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lena's hand shakes as she chops an onion, preparing a small dinner with Zeinah and Fatima.

Mohammed plays with Mahmoud in the living room. Lena stops and closes her eyes, trying to erase what happened at the brigade from her mind.

ZEINAH  
Are you alright?

LENA  
Yeah. Sorry. Just the onion.

She wills herself to keep chopping. Zeinah and Fatima speak in hushed tones. Lena tries to make out what they're saying.

FATIMA  
*He was supposed to be here an hour ago.*

ZEINAH  
*You know Sami, he takes his time. He's careful.*

FATIMA  
*What if someone stopped him?*

ZEINAH  
*You have to go to three stores before you can find things these days. He's just late.*

Then they hear the door. It's Sami. They stare at him in shock. His beard is completely gone.

ZEINAH (CONT'D)  
No...

SAMI  
*Zeinah.*

LENA  
What's happening?

ZEINAH  
He's going to be a suicide bomber.

The world seems to stop. But Mohammed is coming over and Lena knows she has to hide her emotions.

MOHAMMED  
*Woah, cousin, congratulations! Praise be to Allah, this is an incredible day.*

FATIMA  
*You can't do this. Not to my son.*

SAMI

*Mama, you're going crazy. I volunteered, remember?  
It's an honor to give my life for Allah.*

Lena and Zeinah bring the tea. Lena searching Sami's face for some sort of sign that everything will be OK, but he merely shoots her an empty brief smile.

SAMI (CONT'D)

*You'll get money every month. I'm worth way more  
dead to you. Please don't cry, mama.*

MOHAMMED

(harshly)

*Stop it, auntie. Or Allah will take offense.*

It's a threat and Fatima knows it.

MAHMOUD

*What's going on?*

MOHAMMED

*It's a great day!*

He chases Mahmoud into the living room, picking him up and tickling him. The family has a moments to speak freely.

ZEINAH

*I never understood why you agreed  
to work with them. With your bum  
leg, what did you think they'd ask  
you to do?*

SAMI

*They didn't give me a choice. Plus  
the borders were open then. I  
thought the money would be useful  
for you if you were able to leave.*

FATIMA

*Speak Arabic!*

SAMI

*Mama, I promise you. Everything will be alright.*

Mohammed is coming back and Sami again puts on a smile.

SAMI (CONT'D)

(playfully)

*And after all seventy virgins is a lot.*

ZEINAH

*Sami.*

Mohammed laughs and slaps him on the back.

SAMI

*What? I'll be able to fly in paradise, so my leg won't be an issue. No virgin will be neglected.*

ZEINAH

*When do you get to leave?*

SAMI

*Tomorrow morning.*

Lena draws her strength from Zeinah, keeping her smile. Everything has fallen apart.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lena lies awake in bed, her mind racing. Mohammed snores beside her. Suddenly she hears a rustling in the kitchen.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lena comes out to find Sami doing something in the kitchen.

LENA

*Sami.*

SAMI

*Shhhh.*

LENA

*Why are you doing this? What about Hadiya and the other women?*

MOHAMMED (O.C.)

*Lena?*

LENA

*I'm getting water. Would you like water?*

Sami gives her a sad, tender look.

SAMI

*May Allah fulfil the purpose of your journey.*

Sami taps the flour tin.

SAMI (CONT'D)  
Don't forget the flour in your  
ataiyef tomorrow.

He leaves. Lena listens. Mohammed seems to have gone back to sleep. She grabs the flour tin. Inside are Sami's CELL PHONE and the KEYS to the tanker. She quickly dials the cell. It attempts to connect... But the call fails. She tries again. FAIL. No reception.

Lena hears the bedroom door and is able to hide the phone just in time to round the corner and offer Mohammed a glass of water. He pushes it away and disappears into the bathroom.

Hadiya shoots Lena a concerned look from her closet. Lena can't bring herself to meet her gaze.

EXT. TEL ABYAD MARKET - DAY

Lena and her new partner, Umm Burhan, are on patrol. Lena walks like a zombie, passing by the first store.

UMM BURHAN  
Umm Ambar! What's wrong with you?  
Pay attention.

LENA  
Sorry.

They turn into the bakery.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Umm Burhan checks the shelves as Lena approaches the BAKER'S SON, early 20s, who now runs the bakery.

LENA (CONT'D)  
*May I check your kitchen for items that might tempt  
one to displease Allah?*

He nods and she moves swiftly into the kitchen/storeroom.

INT. BAKERY - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lena heads straight for the back and hides behind a shelf, pulling out SAMI'S CELL. It has bars. She holds her breath and dials. IT RINGS.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - JEANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeanne jolts awake and searches madly for her ringing cell.

JEANNE  
(into cell)  
Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LENA AND JEANNE

LENA  
Gramma? I don't have a lot of time.  
I just wanted to say I love you.  
I've been really really stupid. I  
was trying to come home but I don't  
think that's going to work out now.

JEANNE  
Lena, listen to me. Someone is  
coming to help you.

LENA  
What?

JEANNE  
His name is Idris. He's from the  
French government. Can I text this  
number?

LENA  
Yes.

UMM BURHAN (O.S.)  
Umm Ambar?

Lena hangs up, her heart racing. She rounds the corner, right  
into Umm Burhan.

LENA  
All clear.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Lena immediately branches off from the rest of the returning  
women, heading quickly for the bathroom.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lena searches the stalls then runs to LOCK THE DOOR behind  
her. She turns on the water for sound cover and pulls out the  
CELL. Jeanne has TEXTED A NUMBER.

Lena moves to the window, searching for bars, then DIALS.

EXT. Y.P.G BASE CAMP - NORTHERN SYRIA - DAY

Idris, his leg bandaged, is smoking outside a medical tent in a Syrian Kurdish camp in a bombed but recently liberated city. He answers his phone immediately.

IDRIS

This is Idris.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LENA AND IDRIS:

She almost can't believe he picked up.

LENA

This is Lena. My grandma gave me your number. She said you can help me.

IDRIS

I can. If you can also help me.

LENA

With what?

IDRIS

Three o'clock tomorrow, you'll pass a man fixing a telephone pole on your route down Tel Abyad street. As you walk by, keep your hand by your side, but point one finger at the sky. He will hand you a small package containing a white square. You're to secure that to Umm Layyin's abaya without her noticing. If you do that, I can help you.

LENA

That's impossible. I have a partner. And if they see me do any of that they'll kill me.

IDRIS

If you don't do it, that same man will walk into your headquarters, tell them you've been spying for the resistance and they'll kill you anyway. This is an opportunity for you to come back home. You're a wanted terrorist, Lena.

(MORE)

IDRIS (CONT'D)

Did you ever think about that? The minute you cross the border, you're a fugitive. France could grant you amnesty, but only in exchange for your cooperation.

Someone tries the bathroom door. It's locked. Lena flinches as they start BANGING.

LENA

OK. On one condition.

IDRIS

What's that?

LENA

Do you know how to drive a tanker?

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - VIVIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vivian sits at her desk talking to Idris on the phone.

VIVIAN

*How many women?*

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT /INT. TELEPHONE REPAIR VAN - DAY

Idris, dressed in a khaki repair man's uniform drives East towards RAQQA. He talks on his cell.

IDRIS

*About twenty. At least five kids. There's a Yazidi rescue organization planning to meet them outside near the border.*

INTERCUT BETWEEN VIVIAN AND IDRIS:

VIVIAN

*Should help her amnesty proposal. We'll have embassy diplomats waiting for you.*

IDRIS

*If she's able to plant the tracker, we'll leave tomorrow tonight. I'll text if we make it past the last checkpoint.*

VIVIAN

*The US might even let her go home if she's willing to provide the CIA with intel.*



IDRIS

*We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.  
(then)  
I have to go.*

The enormous BLACK FLAG of The Organization appears on the horizon. He hides his cell. As he approaches the checkpoint, housed in the double stone arches of the former toll both, ARMED GUARDS in black flank the van.

He rolls down his window and hands the GUARD a SERVICE ORDER complete with Organization logo

IDRIS (CONT'D)

*I'm fixing telephone poles on Mansour Street. Here's my contact at Diwan al-Khadamat. Some second cousin of Al Baghdadi is getting testy that he can't call his mother in Istanbul. Squeaky wheel...*

GUARD

*I need to call this in and check.*

Idris nods. The guard makes a call from the checkpoint booth, staring at Idris. Idris picks his teeth. The guard talks to someone, then hangs up and approaches.

GUARD (CONT'D)

*He says they need you on 23rd of February Street too. And I need to check your van.*

IDRIS

*Be my guest.*

EXT. RAQQA ORGANIZATION CHECKPOINT - DAY

Idris stands next to the guard as he throws open the back doors of the van. It's just electrical supplies and a TWELVE-PACK of Coca Cola. The guard takes the soda, closes the doors and nods for Idris to be on his way.

INT. RAQQA MOSQUE - DAY

Sami, clean shaven, dressed in a white robe, performs the Zuhr afternoon prayer with a GROUP OF SHAVED MEN also clad in white. They rise. ABU AL HUSAYNE, 50s, a kind-eyed, potbellied emir with a long grey beard, smiles at Sami and leads him into an adjoining courtyard.

EXT. RAQQA MOSQUE – COURTYARD – MOMENTS LATER

The two walk together along a low pool lined with tiles.

ABU AL HUSAYNE

*Your cousin spoke very highly of you, so we are honored to give you this opportunity. I'm sorry your preparation's been so rushed. Our intelligence is only good for so long. Your mission will take place tomorrow morning at the Galatasaray Market.*

SAMI

(surprised)

*In Istanbul.*

ABU AL HUSAYNE

*A contact in the Turkish government came through. We have an opening to assassinate their head of counter intelligence. You're to kill the maximum number of kufir while also taking out our target. You'll stop in Sayerova to pick up the explosives then cross the Bosphorous Bridge in the morning. It's a long journey. You leave in one hour.*

SAMI

*Thank you for your trust with a mission of such importance.*

Abu Al Husayne smiles and nods.

EXT. TEL ABYAD STREET – DAY

Lena and Umm Burhan, are on their patrol. Umm Burhan is chastising a woman. Lena is grateful that a full niqab makes it easy to hide her anxiety.

UMM BURHAN

*If you love Allah, sister, do not let us catch you out without an escort again.*

Lena sees the man in khaki work clothes fixing the telephone pole ahead of her. Idris. She and Umm Burhan begin walking towards him. Lena hesitates, then points her finger at the sky. He doesn't seem to be looking at her.

She passes. Nothing happens. She starts to turn to look behind her when --

UMM BURHAN (CONT'D)

*Hey!*

Lena freezes. Then she sees Umm Burhan is talking to a woman leaving a shop.

UMM BURHAN (CONT'D)

*Sister, please. Where are your gloves? That's a fine.*

Lena breathes a sigh of relief and then feels something in her pocket. For a moment she pulls it out and we see it - a white plastic square - then she shoves it back out of sight.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX- DAY

As Lena and Umm Burhan return from their patrol, taking off their veils. Lena searches the room.

LENA

(to Umm Firas)

Where's Umm Layyin?

UMM FIRAS

She left a few minutes ago.

Lena re-clips her veil and runs back out. Umm Firas stares after her, surprised by her urgency.

EXT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Lena bursts from the brigade and sees a niqab clad woman walking down the street with a TALL MAN. She races after her, touching her arm.

LENA

Umm Layyin?

WOMAN

*Sorry, no.*

LENA

*Excuse me.*

She sees another WOMAN getting into a 4X4.

LENA (CONT'D)

Umm Layyin?

The Woman SHUTS the door. People are staring. Several SECURITY GUARDS begin to approach her. Lena starts to panic. Someone touches her arm.

A VOICE (O.C.)  
What on earth are you doing?

It's Umm Layyin.

LENA  
I just... I... wanted to ask for your forgiveness. I should have noticed if Noor was acting inappropriately. She was my partner. We're supposed to strengthen each other's iman. I feel ashamed that I failed her. And you. It's been weighing on me.

Lena does her best to seem distraught, hugging Umm Layyin and surreptitiously slipping the SQUARE into her abaya.

UMM LAYYIN  
Oh, Ukhti, you don't need my forgiveness. Only Allah's. Make dua and ask for his mercy. Remember, no matter how dark we may believe our souls to be, if we offer *salaah al-tawbah* we are never too ugly for Allah.

Lena nods, hating her.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hadiya and Lena cook in the kitchen, the table set for dinner. Mohammed exits the bedroom.

MOHAMMED  
What's the hold up? There's two of you! I told you there's a rally tonight. I'm going to be late because of you.

LENA  
No, it's done, see?

She brings the pan over to the table and scoops the Kousa Mahshi onto the plates.

MOHAMMED  
I'm sick of Kousa Mahshi.

LENA  
I'm sorry. We won't make it again.

Mohammed shovels down his food.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lena folds laundry. She winces hearing muffled cries from the bedroom. Mohammed emerges, zipping up his fly, grabs his bag without looking at her and leaves. The moment the door shuts, she springs into action.

INT. RAQQA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She runs to Hadiya's aid. Then she retrieves the cell phone and keys she hid in the back of a drawer along with two niqabs.

EXT. RAQQA APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Lena and Hadiya exit the building. The city is dark as most of the electricity is out.

They hear voices rounding the corner and slip into the shadows just as two SOLDIERS pass. A pillar of black isn't the worst thing to wear to move through the city undetected.

Lena leads them across the street to Idris' ELECTRICAL VAN. Hadiya almost screams when Idris rounds the corner. He opens the back of the van and gestures for them to get in. Lena nods to Hadiya and they both get in. He shuts the door, enveloping them in darkness.

EXT. RAQQA STREETS - NIGHT

The van drives with its lights off through the city, which itself is pitch black except for the low glow of candles behind curtained windows.

In the distance, they hear a throng of male voices singing a nasheed. The rally is close to the Al Khansaa headquarters.

EXT. RAQQA SQUARE - NIGHT

An open circle 20 yards across has been roped off for the festivities. A hundred men and boys are packed around its edges, sitting in plastic chairs, standing, craning to see.

The nasheed blasts from the speakers. An Emir at a long white table at the center of the circle sings into a microphone.

RECORDING (V.O.)/CROWD  
(singing)  
*The Islamic State was established*  
*With the blood of the truthful...*

Young boys wiggle to the front for a better view. Some men seem deeply moved, holding their kalashnikovs to the sky, eyes closed. Others look like they're forced to be there.

EXT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The van is parked on a side street next to the brigade. They watch the PATROLMAN pass the FROSTED GLASS SIDE DOOR of the building as he circles the perimeter.

IDRIS  
It takes him about four minutes per round. When he reaches the front stairs, follow me.

Lena nods. The PATROL MAN passes the stairs and the three of them hurry across the empty street, moving as one. Idris pulls a pin from his pocket and jimmies the lock open.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

They enter the annex and hurry out into the lobby.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They watch the glass entry doors, waiting for the Patrolman to pass. He stares in as he does, surveying the empty lobby. As soon as he's gone, Lena leads them to Azzam's office.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She rummages in the cabinet where she saw Azzam put the keys. Nothing. She tries the desk drawer and FINDS THEM.

LENA  
(gesturing to Hadiya)  
*We'll follow you.*

Hadiya nods and leads them back out into the lobby.

EXT. RALLY - NIGHT

The singing continues as the Emir walks to the center of the circle. Teenagers wave enormous black flags back and forth.

EMIR

*Because of your devotion to Allah and your fear of  
Allah, you have brought about the Caliphate! We  
will spill the blood of every infidel,  
From here to Jakarta to Washington DC!*

The CROWD cheers. Men fire their kalashnikovs into the air.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Hadiya leads them into a hallway off the lobby, then down a flight of stairs to the BASEMENT. They follow her with only the light of Idris' CELL PHONE to the last door.

Lena tries the key. It doesn't work. Idris waits for a round of gunfire from the rally and SHOOTS the lock off. They hear SCREAMS from inside.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The women stand against the far wall, terrified. Hadiya runs straight to an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD-GIRL with the same piercing GREEN EYES.

HADIYA

(in Kurdish)

*Everyone be quiet. These people are going to help us.  
They're going to get us out of the city. Follow them.  
Don't make a sound.*

The women nod and follow Hadiya and Idris, eyeing them with curiosity and suspicion. Lena brings up the rear.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The women wait at the top of the stairs. Hadiya and Idris watch for the PATROLMAN to pass, then leads everyone across to the annex.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, they can hear the NASHEED from the rally.

EMIR (O.C.)

Takbir!

CROWD (O.C.)

*God is great!*

The crowd unleashes another round of GUNFIRE. Idris watches for the PATROLMAN and gestures for them to wait.

EXT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Patrolman rounds the corner of the building next to the entrance, then stops right in front to listen to the rally.

EMIR (O.C.)

*Say it louder! Takbir!*

CROWD (O.C.)

*God is great!*

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

The Patrolman begins to pass, then stops right in front of the door, listening to the Nasheed.

EXT. RALLY - NIGHT

The emir stabs his kalashnikov into the sky.

EMIR

Takbir!

CROWD

*God is great!*

Young boys point one finger at the sky and shout, the most passionate of all. An TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY has a gun he raises.

EXT. AL KHANSAA BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Close on the Patrolman craning to see the rally around the buildings. Then he hears a COUGH.

INT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - WOMEN'S ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

It was Hadiya's Daughter. She looks to her mother, terrified.



EXT. AL KHANSAA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Patrolman gets out his gun and points it at the door.

PATROLMAN

*Who's there? Come out or I'll shoot.*

He fumbles for his keys and starts to open the door. As gunfire explodes from the rally, the guard's body is riddled with bullets and he falls to the ground.

The door swings open revealing Idris, gun in hand. Hadiya leads the women past the dead body and across the street.

Idris unlocks the van. Hadiya and Lena help the women in. It's tight. Idris SHUTS the doors behind them.

EXT. RAQQA STREET - NIGHT

The van drives back the way it came, lights off as the sounds of the rally fade into the distance.

RECORDING/CROWD (O.C.)

*Oh Abu Bakr Al-Baghdadi,  
You terrify your enemies.  
Beautiful virgins are calling.  
Enroll me as a martyr.*

EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARD - NIGHT

Close on the MANHOLE on top of the oil tanker as Idris unscrews it. He drops a thick MOVING BLANKET into the hole, then gestures for Hadiya, waiting on the oil tanker's ladder.

IDRIS

*You have to jump.*

She looks at him, terrified, dips her feet into the darkness and lowers herself down.

INT. TURKISH WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

There's a THUD as the final neatly packed cube of explosives is placed in a hidden compartment at the bottom of a FLORISTS VAN. The TWO MEN who have been loading the van now begin to replace the false floor.

Sami stands nearby, his HANDLER tightening the vest he wears lined with red tubes of explosives.

HANDLER

*Very basic. You will martyr yourself, God willing, with this switch when you are close to the target. Be very careful to keep your hands away from it until it is time. The button is very sensitive.*

Sami nods. The handler pours SHRAPNEL into Sami's pockets.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

*Your bones also work as shrapnel. Alhamdulillah, he created us in the most perfect way to fight in his name.*

SAMI

*Surely, Allah is the best of planners.*

Sami sees that the two Men are now filling the van with BUCKETS OF TULIPS covering up the false floor.

EXT. OUTER NORTHERN RAQQA - NIGHT

The oil tanker makes its way out of the city proper into the darkness of the countryside.

INT. TANKER - NIGHT

Lena watches Hadiya sing softly to her Daughter. A low metallic boom resonates every time they hit a bump in the road. Hadiya sees Lena staring and shoots her a smile, not of gratitude, but of compassion, maybe pity. Lena realizes she's been staring at their loving embrace with longing.

EXT. NORTHERN AL-RAQQA CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A black flag flies above the checkpoint, which consists of several pick-up trucks emblazoned with The Organization's logo. The dark road is illuminated with floodlights.

Two soldiers with AK-47s across their chests examine an American M-249 SAW. They are NAJJAR, 24 and RAMSES, 17. Ramses practices swinging the machine gun onto his shoulder.

NAJJAR

*No, like this.*

Najjar shows him expertly.

NAJJAR (CONT'D)

*You can't let the cartridges tangle. There's a lot of them. I killed, like, 150 kafir in Al-Bab with this.*

RAMSES

*That's impossible.*

NAJJAR

*Why would I lie to you? Practice and next time you can boast about all the kafir blood you spilled.*

They see the tanker approaching the checkpoint. Najjar hands Ramses the M-249 and approaches the road. Ramses practices.

INT. TANKER/ EXT. NORTHERN AL-RAQQA CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Idris blinks at the bright lights. Just beyond them sits a T-62 MAIN BATTLE TANK pointed directly at the oil tanker. Idris grinds to a halt and soldiers flank them. He gets out.

NAJJAR

*Papers.*

Idris hands them over.

NAJJAR (CONT'D)

*Where you headed?*

IDRIS

*Al-Tabqa for a pick-up.*

*(re: the time of night)*

*I hate traffic.*

Najjar raises his eyebrows and studies him.

NAJJAR

*I've never seen you on this route.*

IDRIS

*I'm the office guy, but my partner is sick.*

NAJJAR

*Who's your partner?*

IDRIS

*Sami Al-Kabir. I can call him if you want.*

NAJJAR

*The gimp! Good guy. You ever had his mother's baklava?*

IDRIS

*Too many times. It's too sweet for me.*

Najjar hands back the papers.

NAJJAR

*More for me.**(then)**Unfortunately, we have to search your tank.**Someone's been smuggling artillery to the Kurds  
through here. Can't be too careful.**(calling out)**Ramses! Go up and check out this tanker.*

Ramses sets down the gun and climbs the ladder, his AK-47 still on his back.

INT. TANKER - CONTINUOUS

Lena and the women sit huddled at the front of the tanker, listening to the metallic CLANG of Ramses's footsteps. The manhole cover begins to unscrew. Lena gets in position to open fire if necessary.

EXT. NORTHERN AL-RAQQA CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Ramses, on the top of the tanker stares down into the darkness. He can't see anything. He puts his legs into the manhole and lowers himself down.

INT. TANKER - CONTINUOUS

There's a low metal BOOM as he lands. He hears the cock of Lena's gun first, then sees the women. Lena gets ready to shoot, though that would hardly save them. Hadiya looks at him pointedly and puts her finger to her lips.

RAMSES

*May Allah fulfil the purpose of your journey.*

Lena recognizes the phrase. It's the same one Sami said to her the night he left. This must be his contact.

RAMSES (CONT'D)

*(shouting upward)**No weapons. Lift me out.*

A rope is let down into the tanker. He's hoisted out. They breathe a collective and silent sigh of relief.

EXT. NORTHERN AL-RAQQA CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Najjar waves the tanker forward. Ramses's eyes lock with Idris for a moment as he walks back to the tent.

EXT. NORTHERN SYRIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

They've stopped for fresh air. By the roadside are fields of wild lavender. Lena watches the women stretch their legs, kiss the ground, hold each other and cry. Hadiya and her daughter pick flowers. Idris makes a call.

INT. DGSE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Vivian and her TEAM are assembled. The drone strike targeting Umm Layyin and her network is going down simultaneously.

TECH ANALYST

*Target is heading for the media center.*

Vivian picks up her vibrating cell.

VIVIAN

(into phone)

*Idris?*

INTERCUT BETWEEN IDRIS AND VIVIAN:

IDRIS

*I'm gonna need about 30 hamburgers.*

Vivian smiles, hearing his voice.

VIVIAN

*I'll have them buy out the nearest McDonalds.*

(then)

*The Red Cross has connected with the Yazidi organization. There's also a camera crew.*

IDRIS

*Never miss a press opportunity.*

VIVIAN

*Should I call the grandmother? She's probably waiting on pins and needles.*

Idris watches Lena, alone in the fields of flowers.

IDRIS

*I'd wait.*

EXT. OIL TANKER - DAY

We see the tanker racing down the highway from above. The manhole has been removed to allow in fresh air, and through it we see Hadiya staring up at the morning sky.

EXT. NORTHERN SYRIAN COUNTRYSIDE/INT. OIL TANKER CAB - DAY

Lena now rides next to Idris. She watches the countryside go by. She thinks about Sami, Zeinah, Mahmoud.

IDRIS

Sad to leave the Caliphate?

She gives him a disparaging look.

LENA

No. But there are people there who deserve to get out more than me.

IDRIS

Well, life's not fair, is it?

EXT. AKCAKALE BORDER CROSSING - TURKISH BORDER - DAY

DIPLOMATS from the French Embassy, SEVEN YAZIDI FAMILIES, RED CROSS WORKERS, BORDER SECURITY and TURKISH POLICE all wait under the blue border sign that reads "Akçakale Gümrük". They watch where the road disappears over the crest of a hill 100 yards away, waiting for the tanker.

An INTERN with the diplomats holds a camera -- sending footage back to Vivian and her team at DGSE.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian and the team watch the palpable excitement of the crowd via the live footage stream.

INT. OIL TANKER CAB - DAY

Lena and Idris rumble up a low grade hill.

IDRIS

You had things you were running away from, all reasons you came here. Won't they still be there when you get back?

LENA

Probably. But you can't keep running away when things aren't the way you want them to be. You have to try to fix them. Someone here taught me that.

As they lumber up a large hill, something occurs to Lena.

LENA (CONT'D)

When you came to get your son, did he want to go back?

IDRIS

When I found him, he was in jail. The Organization suspected him of being a spy. He was beaten. They starved him. I bribed the guard who was watching him. When I brought him home he cursed them, talked about how they had forsaken him. How this place wasn't what they said it was. Then things changed. One day he told me he thought Allah had sent me to save him so that he could complete his jihad in "the land of Kafir."

LENA

Why would he say that?

IDRIS

Once you've felt unquestioning conviction, it's hard to go back to a life full of questions. Having purpose is very addictive.

As they crest the hill, Lena sees the border. Black vans and a row of men dot the gated wall 100 yards ahead. This is not the border crossing where French Intelligence is waiting.

LENA

Where is he now?

IDRIS

He blew himself up at a gas station  
in Marseille, along with seven  
other people. I blame myself for  
that.

The are closer now and Lena can see the unsmiling faces of 20  
armed TURKISH POLICE OFFICERS and blue-jacketed CIA AGENTS.

LENA

You know I would never do that...

INT./EXT. RAS AL-AYN BORDER CROSSING - TURKEY/SYRIA - DAY

As Idris brings the tanker to a stop, the police form a semi-  
circle around the tanker cab, guns raised. Several CIA AGENTS  
approach Lena's side of the cab. She looks to Idris, stunned.

LENA

I would never do that!

One of the AGENTS opens her door and grabs her arm,  
forcefully. Lena can't believe what's happening as she's  
pulled out of the cab and handcuffed.

CIA AGENT

Lena Kaminsky, under the  
jurisdiction of the United States  
of America, you are under arrest  
for providing material support  
and/or resources to a foreign  
terrorist organization, as  
specified under U.S. Code 2339B.

LENA

Idris! What about the women?

IDRIS

I'll take them to their families.

They begin to lead her towards one of the vans. Lena looks to  
him, pleading but he turns away, burying any emotion under a  
uniform solemn gaze. She watches in horror as he closes the  
cab door, starts the engine and drives away.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian watch the footage of the waiting families, news crews  
and French diplomats at the Akcakale Border, concerned.



VIVIAN

*He should be there by now.*

Guilleman tracks Umm Layyin on another set of screens. They watch the progress of a drone over the shoulder of the ARMY SERGEANT controlling it.

ARMY SERGEANT

*Target has reached the media center.*

Vivian turns her attention to Umm Layyin's assassination.

GUILLEMAN

*On your say.*

VIVIAN

*Take her out.*

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - COMPUTER CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Rows of WOMEN IN HEAD SCARVES Skype with other YOUNG WOMEN from across the globe.

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - UMM LAYYIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Umm Layyin talks on Skype as FIRE ENGULFS the room.

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - COMPUTER CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The expanding inferno devours the women, severing their conversations with impressionable minds around the world.

EXT. OLD SCHOOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The entire building implodes in a pit of smoke and fire, as if the gates of Hell opened and swallowed it whole.

INT. DGSE HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian and her team watch the drone feed of the aftermath in silence. A dot of a figure on fire runs from the building.

Another screen displays Idris arriving, helping the Yazidi women out of the tanker.

EXT. AKCAKALE BORDER CROSSING - TURKISH BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Idris watches the women embrace their families. He manages to contain his emotions, but his eyes are wet, thinking of the son he lost and the girl who made these reunions possible.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne watches a news report of Idris' arrival at the border closely. She searches the screen for Lena, becoming panicked when she realizes she's not there.

EXT. TURKEY - BOSPHOROUS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

From the sky we see the flower truck making its way across the enormous suspension bridge.

INT. FLOWER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sami sits in a middle seat, his fellow fighters sitting solemnly in prayer. He looks out at the water, then at a bucket of tulips nodding their heads up and down between the seats in front of him. He closes his eyes.

EXT. TURKEY - BOSPHOROUS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The van on the bridge EXPLODES. Sami has activated his suicide vest early - his plan all along - as an attack on The Organization and in order to save the innocent lives ahead.

Arms of fire lap for a moment at the bridge's vaulted steel wires then resign themselves to smouldering in the wreckage.

We pan out from above as a car swerves to avoid the flames.

EXT. GALATASARAY MARKET - TURKEY - CONTINUOUS

At the foot of the Bosphorous bridge, busy shoppers and vendors go about their business in the market full of fish and flowers. Mothers wrangle their children, blissfully ignorant of the brutal fate they've been saved from.

EXT. URFA - TURKEY/INT. CIA TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lena sits in the back, her arms handcuffed behind her. She watches the city landscape as they head for the airport.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jeanne sits at the table calling Idris again and again.

EXT. URFA - TURKEY/INT. CIA TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Stopped at a traffic light, Lena sees a daughter running to embrace her mother. She thinks about the Yazidi mothers embracing their daughters and about her own mother. In a way, she accomplished what she came for.

THE END