

DON'T DIE ON ME

Written by

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Based on the novel
In Parallel to the Euphrates
By
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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

CORPSES, demolished SAND FILLED GUNNY STRONGHOLDS and SLIT TRENCHES, ruins of RIFLE PITS, FOXHOLES and a wall of BLACK AND GREY SMOKE in distance, as seen through flying ASHES, DUST and DEBRIS.

TWO ARMORED MILITARY PERSONNEL CARRIERS, an ARMORED TRUCK, several ARMY EQUIPMENTS AND empty AMMUNITION BOXES are on fire. An asphalt road with several explosion marks and damages on it a few yards away. Wind HOWLS as it passes through DESTROYED TANKS, DIRT BIKES, and ARMORED TRUCKS.

SPORADIC GUNSHOTS, FUSILLADES and EXPLOSIONS in a distant. The tragic and disastrous post battle desert scene extends for as far as eyes can reach.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

TITLE: Early days of August, 2014.

TITLE: Aiming to launch a genocidal conversion campaign, ISIS is advancing towards town of Sinjar. A town in northern Iraq, where the Yazidis live. As per Islamic guidelines, Yazidis are considered Infidels and Devil Worshipers, and Isis believes it's their religious task to wipe them off the face of the earth. Iraqi Kurdish fighters who have defended and protected the Yazidis for a long time must now withdraw and escape Sinjar as they have not received the support and back up they thought they would. They must now leave the defenseless Yazidi civilians to face their bitter fates. Now, ISIS is at the gates of Sinjar. Kurdish fighters who have put up a big fight till now, killed a few of ISIS's valuable lieutenants and a considerable number of their soldiers, do not even have any time left to inform the Yazidi civilians that they'll be on their own.

OVER TITLES:

Grisly CRUNCHING, CLINKING AND METALLIC SHRIEKS of tank tracks, exhausts of army vehicles RATTLING and their engines ROARING, MOTOR CROSSES BUZZING, and several men yelling Allah-o-Akbar, FADE IN.

FADE TO:

A cavalry consisting of TANKS, ARMORED PICK-UP TRUCKS, MOTOR CROSSES, AND ARMY VEHICLES are approaching.

They're crossing the desert, in parallel to the ruined and desolate intercity road.

AERIAL SHOT - A DIAMOND-SHAPED CAVALRY OF 35 ARMY VEHICLES ON THE MOVE, WITH A WALL OF BLACK AND GREY SMOKE BILLOWING AND SWELLING UP INTO THE SKY IN A DISTANCE AHEAD OF THEM.

The cavalry moves slowly and carefully running over the ruins of rifle pits, strongholds, bushy dried plants, the dead bodies, the remains and what's left of the earlier battle.

A thick cloud of dust and debris is being produced by the moving vehicles.

Black flags are raised on almost all of the moving vehicles, with YELLOW AND WHITE ARABIC VERSES IMPRINTED on them. In English It reads: **There is no deity but Allah; Muhammad is the messenger of Allah.**

SUPER: South of Sinjar

SUPER: August the 3rd, 2014

SHOT ON A DECAYING ROAD SIGN THAT READS: SINJAR - 3 KILOMETERS.

SHOT ON A TANKS THAT IS MOVING CLOSER TO THE INTERCITY ROAD - THE TANK RUNS OVER THE DECAYING ROAD-SIGN AND CRASHES IT UNDER ITS TRACKS.

There are only two identical tanks in the cavalry, which are different, in size and color, than other tanks. Tank #1, which is situated on the upper tip of the diamond-shaped cavalry leading the rest, and tank #2, that moves at the bottom tip of the formation.

There are four armored trucks and two motocrosses on the two top sides of the diamond formation, moving on both sides of tank #1. Armored trucks "a", "b", "c" and "d". The rest of the armored trucks, army vehicles, tanks and motocrosses move inside the diamond shape, between tank #1 and tank #2.

Armored trucks are civilian pick up trucks, mostly Toyota Hilux, with a heavy machine gun or other heavy duty weaponry mounted on their back, which are always guarded and operated by 2-3 Isis members whose faces are completely covered by KAFFIYEHS or ARABIC ARMY SCARFS as they provide protection from sunburn, dust and sand. Therefore, Isis members riding on the back of armored pick up trucks, bikes or tanks cannot be physically and individually described, as they all look alike. Unless any of them uncovers his face for a reason.

I/E. TANK #1 - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

SAYYED AL ALLAWI, a dark, rough-looking, middle aged bald man with long grey beard and in a uniform that lacks insignia and barely covers his girth, stares out across the desert from atop tank #1. A "V" shaped scar between his eyebrows stands out on his sunburnt head and forehead, covered in peeling skin. Al Allawi's right hand is around 10 centimeters shorter than his left hand. Only his visible characteristic are enough to nauseate and disgust you. Barbarism is written all over the man. It doesn't take a genius to figure Al Allawi was just a nobody, a social reject, before joining the Isis and becoming a valued member.

Al Allawi is holding a WALKIE TALKIE in his shorter hand and a stick of CIGARETTE between fingers of his longer hand while his elbow lays on the commander's MACHINE GUN, which is just next to the hatch he's standing in.

He glances back at the four Kurdish fighters he's pulling by his tank. The four Kurdish fighters are tied to 8-meter-long and thick ROPES, which are tied to Al Allawi's tank at the other end.

AL ALLAWI

(to four fighters)

Don't worry. Any fighter I find
alive will join you. I'll kill you
and fuck your sisters, daughters,
wives.

Al Allawi looks around at DEAD BODIES and WOUNDED MEN, he smiles as he's overloaded by pride and ego to witness the casualties and damages he and his comrades have caused.

I/E. TANK #2 - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

At the bottom end of the cavalry, on Tank #2, stands HADJI MAZEN in his ARABIC THOBE. Half of the 47-year-old, crossed eyed, toothless, guy's body is inside the tank's hatch. Hadji has long and thin ginger hair and beard, and thick black eyebrows. He has a big stomach despite the rest of his body being perceived as normal in size and proportion. Hadji's appearance says it all. Isis is the only community that accepts such a loser with open arms.

Next to Hadji, behind the machine-gun, is 26-year-old, pimple faced, thin and depressed-looking OMAR FAKOOR. Omar has a GLASS PIPE in his hands and is smoking some kind of DRUGS. His eyes are shiny, bloodshot and his pupils are dilated. His head is in the clouds.

ABU ABDALLA, 25, thin with bald shaved head and long black beard drives the tank. He has an army goggle over his face.

I/E. ARMORED TRUCK "B" - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

ABU MAHDI, 26, slim-built with unusually broad shoulders and a long jaw sticks his head out of the armored truck "b" window and looks at the dead bodies laid on the desert. He has cupped his hand to cover his dirty sunburnt red face to prevent the strong sunlight shining into his red evil eyes while looking at corpses.

ABU MAHDI
 (hateful)
 Bastards.
 (spits)
 You see what we did to you with the
 help of Allah and the prophet?
 (laughs)
 Now get up and defend your Yazidis.
 Sons of bitches.
 (disdainful laughter)
 Kurdish fighters. Fighters my ass.

Abu Mahdi's callous comment and tone makes AHMED ZAID, his driver laugh.

Ahmed Zaid, 32, also slim with very short hair is behind the steering wheel. Ahmed is known for his oval-shaped pink birthmark on the left side of his face, covering one forth of his shaved head.

Abu Mahdi glances at the armored truck "a", which is to his right, sees the three machine gun operators and notices the driver, 19-year-old SHAHED RAOF, whose head is in an unusual position. His head is lowered and moves to the sides randomly. Two of the machine gun operators are standing and holding tight to their HEAVY MACHINE GUN and one is in seated position with his hands over his KEFFIYEH.

ABU MAHDI'S POV ON SHAHED - SHAHED SEEMS TO BE DISGUSTED AND PRETTY MUCH BOTHERED BY SOMETHING.

I/E. ARMORED TRUCK "A" (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Shahed looks like he's high on drugs, too. He also seems to be so bothered with driving over corpses that he does not even notice Abu Mahdi looking at him despite their trucks moving a few yards away from one another.

Seated on the passenger side of armored truck "a" 39-YEAR-OLD EMAD DAHRAN, whose physical features resemble a bulldog. Emad is wide and muscular. His broad head has cheeks that extend to the sides of his eyes, and the skin on his forehead that has dense wrinkles.

Shahed turns his head to his right WHILE murmuring something inaudible when Abu Mahdi's voice gets him to turn his head.

SHAHED'S POV ON ABU MAHDI TALKING.

ABU MAHDI

Why the miserable face, brother?
Smile.

(points at dead bodies)
Look at them and be proud. This is
how winning looks like.

Abu Mahdi turns his head to his left, looks at Ahmed and laughs wickedly.

Ahmed forces himself to smile.

Abu Mahdi's laughter makes Emad laugh, too. He glances at Abu Mahdi in armored truck "b", pats Shahed on his back and shakes his head.

EMAD

(to Shahed)
Don't mind him. He's high as fuck.

SHAHED

I'm not sad. I hate dead bodies.
I'm happy we won the battle and
everything, with the help of Allah.
But I hate corpses.

EMAD

You'll get used to them. Smoke
hashish or something. They'll help
your tolerance and your judgment.
Why do you think we get high before
battle? Huh?

(nods)

You are still new to this, and
still young. You'll get used to all
these.

SHAHED

Maybe!

EMAD

You want to swallow some opium resin?

SHAHED

Nah. Not now.

(impatient)

Where's this town, Sinjar?

EMAD

We're almost there. I guess we could see the skyline if it was not for that wall of smoke. Why are you in a hurry to reach Sinjar?

SHAHED

I'm just worried we'll be ambushed by those Kurdish fighters at the gates of Sinjar.

(beat)

Who are they? Why are they risking their lives for the infidel Yazidis?

EMAD

They are Kurds, my young friend. Kurds defend Kurds. They also get help from Americans. They receive money and weapons from America the big Satan. Don't think about why to kill these infidel people. Only think of how to kill them. That's why I suggest drugs. Use drugs and you'll turn to a killing machine.

(Laughs louder)

Actually, Now, you must only think of Yazidi pussies. We all think of that now.

Shahed and Emad burst into laughter. Their laughter attracts Abu Mahdi in armored truck "b".

ABU MAHDI

(yells excitedly)

Aha. Yeah. Be happy.

(to Shahed & Emad)

Can't see Sinjar because of the smoke! Where's that smoke coming from?

(laughs sarcastically)

Maybe Kurdish fighters are hiding behind the smoke. Maybe we'll be ambushed. Ha?

ABU MAHDI'S POV ON BLACK AND GREY MASS OF SMOKE AHEAD OF THEM.

EMAD

(shouts)

Yeah. Maybe.

(nods)

Kurdish fighters may be hiding
behind the smoke, waiting for us.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

A CYLINDRICAL BUILDING with a DOME ceiling surrounded by a lawn, young trees and seedlings. There's a small parking lot in front of the building with white lines drawn to separate parking spaces. This small cylinder-shaped 105 square meter building has been obviously built recently. There are leftover building-materials scattered all around the place. The walls on the building's exterior have no finishing yet and naked Sienna brown bricks are still noticeable. Its dome is partly painted in white and glasses of the windows definitely need wiping.

JALE ROHAN, 51, soft-spoken, kind and motherly with grey long hair and her husband TALAN HARIS, 60, almost bald, clean shaved and healthy-looking get out of the vehicle and walk towards a newly built temple. People address Talan as SHEIKH, because he is one of the most respected and a well-known spiritual leader in town. Everybody does, except his immediate family members. Its obvious Talan and Jale are in distress and a hurry. The clothes Jale and Talan have on, is clearly not the clothes people of that area wear when they want to get out of their house and visit friends.

Talan looks around and shakes his head. He looks disappointed.

Jale keeps on looking at the end of a dirt road that leads to the temple. Jale glances at her wristwatch.

TALAN

Honey, take a seat on that tree
trunk while I arrange this garbage
before they arrive.

JALE

(impatient)

What time did they say they'll be
here? Do they take severity of the
situation seriously enough?

TALAN

(annoyed & loud)

I don't know! Of course they do.
You know how many times you have
asked me the same question so far?
I don't have all the answers.
They'll be here any minute now.

(sarcastic)

At last they'll get to see the
temple they've paid me to build.

JALE

Hey mister. You don't have to cut
my neck off.

A few seconds pass in silence and Talan realizes how he has
answered Jale. Talan glances at his wife who looks offended
now.

TALAN

(calm & kind)

I'm sorry honey. I'm under lots of
stress now. They said they'll be
here between 12:30 to 01:00 PM,
depending on how fast they drive or
how heavy the traffic is. You know
all Yazidis wanna get out of this
town.

(jokingly)

Now, give your husband a little
smile.

Talan makes a funny face and gazes at Jale until she looks
back at him. Talan's face makes Jale laugh. But she does not
want to show talan that his efforts are paying off.

JALE

Stop making that ridiculous face.
I'm still mad at you, old man.

(frowns)

You don't explain things and you
think you did.

(ponders)

So, how are we suppose to get our
son to leave his buddies and go
with us?

TALAN

I don't even wanna hear about that
infamous son of yours. I'm ashamed
to have a son with such a bad
reputation.

(counting fingers)

(MORE)

TALAN (CONT'D)

Alcohol, cigarettes, women, girls,
I don't know, not praying, and
about those two, the two friends of
his. I don't wanna think about him
now. I don't want to think about
any of them.

Talan's facial expression UNEXPECTEDLY changes. He places his right hand on his chest and begins coughing. Talan reaches for his pocket to take his medicine out.

Seeing Talan in this situation, Jale runs towards her purse. She takes a bottle of water out and gives it to her husband. She helps Talan to sit and take his medicine. Jale robs Talan's back until he feels better.

JALE

Did you take your medicine earlier
this morning?

Talan shakes his head, pondering.

I don't... Err.. I... No. I don't
know. I get heart ache whenever I
think of him and those other two
bums.

JALE

TALAN

Yeah. I remember. But thinking
about how he's wasting his time...

JALE

You sound as if you've forgotten
yourself when you were their age.
He's just young. He'll change.

TALAN

Young? Change? When?

(smirks)

Your son and his two buddies are
talk of the town. Everybody hates
them. Everybody, young, old, man,
woman, everybody despise them.
They're whether drinking, or they
disappear with girls for days at a
time or I don't know! Doing
something wrong. Oh dear God. I
don't wanna even talk about him any
more. Sorry, I meant about them.

Jale holds her hands up indicating she surrenders. She walks away staring at the road.

JALE

I don't know. Ok. Stop talking and thinking about him and them.

Talan walks to his wife and pulls her into his arms. He smells Jale's hair.

TALAN

(sighs)

I'm the Yazidis spiritual leader. My son should be an example for their sons. An excellent model. But what he is instead? He and his two friends are outcasts. The most hated of all young men in the community, because of the image they've portrayed of themselves. Now let us not talk about those brainless careless bums.

People will be here soon. They will collect the weapons, tents, first aid boxes and some other things people can use in the mountains.

(looks at the temple)

They wanted me build this temple to keep our religious studies alive by teaching youngster about our beliefs. Now, this has become a meeting place to decide when to escape our town and run to the mountains.

I/E. TANK #1 - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Al Allawi knocks on the tank top and tries to look inside while talking, so the tank driver would hear him.

Inside the tank are only MURADOVE, Al Allawi's male servant, a good-looking white skinned, blue eyed boy, and 42-year-old YUNUS MAHIR, whose facial skin has turned smoky and black because of the exhaust smoke that penetrates inside the tank.

Al Allawi gets the walkie talkie closer to his mouth.

AL ALLAWI

Stop here. Everybody stop.

Every wheel carrying an engine comes to a screeching halt.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)
 (into walkie talkie)
 Osman, go take a look behind that
 smoky area. There maybe Kurdish
 fighters hiding there waiting for
 us.
 (beat)
 And report back what's burning? So
 much of smoke! Just check from a
 safe distance.

EXT. THE MOTOCROSS - CONTINUOUS

OSMAN JALEEL, 44, chubby and dirty-looking is dressed in a black trousers, a short sleeve grey t-shirt and an army vest. He drives a motocross between armored trucks "a" and "b", while 21-year-old HALEEM JOBTRAN, a thin small-built man is seated on the pillion. Haleem seems injured. He has a white bandage around his head and his eyes are almost shut while he holds tight to Osman.

Osman drives the bike closer to Al Allawi's Tank, salutes him while driving to confirm he is going to attend to his order, increases speed and heads towards the smoke.

SHOT ON OSMAN DRIVING THE MOTOR CROSS OVER A KURDISH FIGHTER'S CORPSE.

OSMAN
 (yells)
 Allah o Akbar.

HALEEM
 La Elaaha Ellallah

EXT. NORTHERN HILLS OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

A defeated Kurdish militia unit, consisting of Kurdish fighters who do not seem as regular full-time soldiers, several MOTORCYCLES, PICK-UP TRUCKS, SEDANS and SUVs move on a meandrous dirt road by the hills, around a mile and a half from the most northern confines of Sinjar.

All vehicles carrying armed men with Kurdish outfits, line up in an orderly manner and create a wavy queue on the hill roadside. Wounded men are laid at the back of the trucks, with 2-3 male and female medics with the injured at the back of each truck.

ARMAN VEJIN, 48, strong and resilient, also with a Kurdish outfit on, an ARMY VEST on top, a BANDANA covering his head and a binocular in his hand, gets off a BLACK SUV and walks across the road.

He certainly looks distraught, depressed and gloomy. He crosses the dirt road and stands on the top of a mound.

36-year-old BAZO ZERA, is behind the steering wheel of the black SUV. He opens the driver door, turns the ignition off and places his feet outside the SUV on the dirt road. Bazo, too, looks dispirited, tired and anxious.

Bazo bumps his head softly to the vehicle's door frame a few times as he gets more and more agitated and nervous. He's staring at Arman while his left eyebrow vibrates uncontrollably.

Looking despondent and dejected, Arman holds the binocular against his eyes and scans the town on the southern part of Sinjar.

POV OF ARMAN AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR - SCANNING THE SOUTHERN DESERT OF SINJAR. BLACK AND GREY SMOKE BILLOWS AND SWELLS INTO THE SKY WHEN A MOTOCROSS APPEARS COMING OUT OF SMOKE.

ARMAN
(trembling voice)
God damn you, bastards.

Arman lowers his binocular. Tears well up in his eyes and a lump forms in his throat.

ARMAN (CONT'D)
(crying)
I'm so very sorry. Forgive me, my
defenseless brothers and sisters.

A tear drop rolls down Arman's face. He lowers his head, shakes his head in sorrow while he bring his binocular up against his face, again.

Bazo hunk the car horn, but he sees no reaction from Arman. So, he gets off the vehicle, crosses the road to join Arman. Bazo clasps his hands on the back of his head and gets closer to Arman and finds him in a quite emotional state.

BAZO
(clears his throat)
Commander!

Arman takes his binocular away from his face. He looks at Bazo and turns his head towards Sinjar, again. He wipes his tears off his face.

ARMAN

(sarcastic)

Don't call me commander. I'm no longer a commander?

(smiles sarcastically)

Heh! An escapee Kurdish commander. A runaway soldier. Commander my ass!

(bursts into tears)

I never thought I would stand two miles from Sinjar like cowards and wait for those animals to invade the city. Never! All hell will break lose the moment those bastards step foot into the town. May God give our people strength.

BAZO

You know better than anyone that there is nothing else we can do at this point, commander. We are not cowards. We just don't have any ammunition left to fight back! Facing ISIS at this point is nothing but suicide.

ARMAN

We let our innocent defenseless people down. We are supposed to be the Kurdish fighters who protect them. But we are abandoning them instead. Men, women, young, old, adult, child, every single one of them, Bazo. We left their fates in devil's hands.

BAZO

No! We did not, Arman. We all fought, and we fought well.

(points at the vehicles)

Look at them, commander! Please!

(shouts)

Look at them!

Arman turns his head towards the vehicles behind him slowly.

ARMAN'S POV ON PICK-UP TRUCKS - BADLY INJURED KURDISH FIGHTERS LAID AT THE BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCKS, MOANING IN PAIN, BEING COMFORTED BY THEIR COMRADES AND MEDICS.

BAZO (CONT'D)

(frowns)

Every single one of them fought and defended Yazidis till the last bullet in their guns. We were outnumbered. We had no more ammunitions left. That's all that it is!

Arman looks at his soldiers, pondering. Bazo takes another step towards Arman and places his hand on Arman's shoulder.

BAZO (CONT'D)

I know how you feel, my friend! I feel the same, Arman! But all these guys look up to you. How would they feel when they see their commander is such a mess? We should go now, before we are spotted and attacked by them, again. We'll regroup, I don't know! Plan a rescue mission or something. We'll free our Yazidi brothers and sisters when the time comes. But we should leave, now. Our wounded ones need immediate medical attention and I can't give it to them, here on the road.

Arman and Bazo walk back towards the vehicles. Waving his hands, Bazo sends a signal to everyone, ordering the unit to move. Arman and Bazo enter the black SUV and all the vehicles move.

Vehicles get farther and disappear behind a trail of dust and debris they create.

A breeze gets the dust and debris closer and closer to the camera, until our entire view is blocked.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Dust and debris.

AL ALLAWI'S POV - DUST, DEBRIS AND SMOKE SWELLS INTO THE SKY.

Each vehicle in the cavalry has stopped wherever it was positioned in the formation. Everyone in tanks, army vehicles, armored trucks and motocrosses are looking at the mass of smoke, waiting for Osman to come back and tell them whether it's safe to cross.

I/E. TRUCK "D" - CONTINUOUS

Verses of Quran are being recited on armored truck d's radio. SAMAD SHEIK, 30, a GREY THOBE on and a WHITE GHUTRAH covering his head, dances on the passenger seat sniffing cocaine while 27-year-old DAMDAR MOUSA (AKA DAMDAM), also in grey thobe, an ARMY VEST and a baseball hat on, smokes cigarette on driver's seat.

Damdarn gets excited every few seconds while staring at the smoke and turns the wheel to the right and left, pretending he's still driving.

Samad stops moving suddenly. He remembers something. Samad bursts into laughter.

DAMDAM

What? Why are you laughing like crazy people?

SAMAD

No. I just remembered a question I always wanted to ask you.

(laughs louder)

Who began calling you Damdam?

DAMDAM

(laughs)

Oh, shut up. You are high as fuck, again. You know who!

SAMAD

I mean. I know. It was captain Al Allawi. I know that. Why though?

What made him call you Damdam instead of Damdar?

(laughs louder)

Not that it doesn't suit you.

(gets serious)

No. Really. No joke. Tell me.

DAMDAM

We were torturing... err

SAMAD (CONT'D)

We who?

DAMDAM (CONT'D)
Al Allawi, Hadji and myself.

SAMAD
Aha?

DAMDAM
We captured a husband and wife. We took them to the basement of our safe house. We raped the wife of course and then we were torturing the husband.

SAMAD
Why? What did they do?

DAMDAM
Nothing. The wife was too pretty for us to resist. So, we accused the man of spying for the Americans. This was our scheme to hold them so we can fuck the beauty. Now, remember that dam means blood in Arabic. Dam, Blood. After we finished with the wife one by one, we began torturing the man. We had to kill him. But captain wanted me to practice. I was new. Remember, this was my first rape and torture, and was going to be my first kill. Then at some point Hadji stabbed the guy on the stomach, blood splashed all over my body. I looked at the blood and I don't know what happened to me. I got horny as fuck. Hadji and captain Al Allawi told me later. I said dam twice, damdam, blood, blood, slit the husband's throat and went back upstairs and fucked the beauty over and over again. Then they realized I had said Dam twice and seeing blood made me horny. That's how I became Damdam.
(bored)
I don't know. Why don't you ask them?

Samad grabs Damdam's hair and shakes his head in a joking way.

I/E. TRUCK "C" - CONTINUOUS

22-year-old AYAD AALAM, slim, dark skinned, fretful and strict is seated behind the wheel. Ayad has closed the truck's windows, turned the AC on, and is mumbling his prayers in silence. He looks serious. FIKRI SADIK, is on the passenger seat. The 30-year-old energetic man seems to be scared of talking or making any sounds. He's just murmuring his favorite song and tries not to let Ayad's seriousness, bad mood or negativity effect him.

Ayad turns his head backwards and glances at the back of his truck.

AYAD'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH THE BACK GLASS OF THE CABIN - TWO MACHINE GUN OPERATORS ARE STANDING AND HOLDING TIGHT TO THE MACHINE GUN. THEIR HEADS AND FACES ARE WRAPPED WITHIN THEIR KEFFIYEH. 26-YEAR-OLD **EZZAT MODEER**, SMALL MAN, WOUNDED AND SICKLY WITH DUSTY, BLOODY AND TORN CLOTHES, WOUNDED FACE AND BODY, IS AT THE BACK OF THE PICK UP TRUCK, NEXT TO AN OLD AND **TIME-WORN HONDA MOTORCYCLE**.

Ayad looks at Fikri and gives him a quick artificial smile, looks back at the road and smiles sarcastically.

AYAD
He's sleeping.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

A DOME-VAULTED, CYLINDRICAL-SHAPED chamber. TRADITIONAL ARABIC TILES can be seen in between ARMY WOODEN BOXES which are laid all around the chamber. The front door is an OLD WOODEN ARCHED DOOR. There are no furniture in the temple, yet. Below, we can see what remains of a long party night. BOTTLES OF ALCOHOL, FOOD LEFTOVERS, DISPOSABLE GLASSES, A DEEP COASTER which has obviously been used as an ASHTRAY and three couples asleep.

OLAN EVIN, 24, good-looking and athletic, brown thick hair and a goatee, is naked, except for the red ridiculous BRIEF he has almost on. Olan is drooling on the recently waxed PARQUET FLOOR. His head lays on LEILA MEER's naked thigh. Leila is a 43-year-old, slim, red head prostitute with very obvious body curves. Just like her friends and colleagues, 39-year-old, blonde KIWI TAVEH and 40-year-old, brunette and petit CHOCO VAZAT. Leila has a DUSTY BLACK TOP AND SKIRT and a very bright red lipstick on. She's asleep snoring, and her head lays on a BLACK DUFFLE BAG.

Next to Olan lays FERRO HERIS, 25, a bit chubby with short hair. Fero is asleep in a seated position.

He has his BLACK BRIEFS on, his back lays on the wall, still has an ALMOST EMPTY BOTTLE OF WHISKY in his left hand and his right hand is on Kiwi's head. Kiwi's head is on Fero's chest. She's laying between Fero's legs, and is in her panties and bra only.

24-year-old, big masculine RONI ZEND and Choco are a few feet away from the rest. They are the only ones who have slept in a normal position, as they're both asleep on a BLANKET and have TWO RED SHINY CUSHIONS under their heads. They, too, are in their underwear. Roni's mouth is wide open and a little and is walking on the INHALER next to him, circling around, while Choco has spooned Roni from behind.

The only sounds that can be heard are Leila's snoring and a faint conversation of a couple.

I/E. TANK # 1 - CONTINUOUS

Al Allawi holds the binocular against his eyes, again.

AL ALLAWI'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR - OSMAN'S MOTOCROSS APPEARS AS IT EXITS THE MASS OF GREY SMOKE, DUST AND DEBRIS.

Al Allawi holds his walkie talkie over his mouth, but he changes his mind and does not say anything. Instead, he waits for Osman to reach him.

Osman is a few yards away from Al Allawi when Al Allawi climbs up the hatch and sits on the tank top so his head would be closer to Osman's when he reaches the tank.

Osman arrives, gives control of his motocross to Haleem, his pillion and walks to Al Allawi.

OSMAN

All clear, captain. Praise be to God it appears we have gotten rid of the fighters.

AL ALLAWI

So, where's the smoke coming from?

OSMAN

Sir, two chemical tankers are hit by a missile or something. The chemicals are burning and the breeze carries the smoke over on the desert.

Al Allawi glances at his watch, holds his walkie talkie over his mouth and coughs to clear his throat.

I/E. TANK # 2 - CONTINUOUS

Hadji Mazen hears Al Allawi clears his throat and talks.

AL ALLAWI (V.O.)
(filtered)
Praise be to Allah, brothers.
Everything seems to be fine. We are
safe. Its prayer time already. Lets
take a quick break right here now
that we are camouflaged by the
smoke. We'll have lunch, pray and
discuss our strategy before we
advance and attack.

I/E. TANK #1 - CONTINUOUS

Al Allawi is holding the walkie talkie over his mouth.

AL ALLAWI
(into walkie talkie)
So, gather around for prayers and
lunch. Hadji, get over here now.
Bring me that infidel.

EXT. THE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Hadji's tank moves to the front of the cavalry and stops
right across from Al Allawi's tank.

Ayad, too, moves to the front and his tank parks next to Al
Allawi's tank.

Hadji and Al Allawi get down their tanks. They stretch their
backs and light a cigarette while other Isis members switch
their vehicles off and join them.

The three machine gun operators on the back of Ayad's armored
truck carry Ezzat, the wounded guy, and his OLD HONDA
MOTORCYCLE down the truck.

They carry and throw Ezzat's weak body in front of Al Allawi
and Hadji on the ground and place his motorcycle on its jack.

Other Isis members who have now arrived the top tip of the
diamond formation, begin to gather around captain Al Allawi
and Hadji Mazen.

Ayad, Fikri and Muradove are now standing close to Ezzat.

AL ALLAWI
(to Ayad)
Stand him up for me.

Ayad, Fikri and Muradove hold Ezzat up in standing position facing Al Allawi.

Ezzat seem scared, but too weak to beg and beseech for merci.

EZZAT
(mumbles)
Water. Water.

AL ALLAWI
(spoons his hand over his
ear)
What?
(to Ayad)
What's he saying?

HADJI
(to Allawi)
He wants water, sir.

AL ALLAWI
Oh? Hmmm!
(pauses)
What the hell! Give him some water.

Fikri takes the water container off his belt and pours some water in Ezzat's mouth while Ayad and Hadji hold him standing.

Ezzat snatches the water container suddenly and quaffs the entire content all at once. Everybody laughs.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)
Ok now? Drink infidel shit?

Ezzat frowns.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)
Listen to me carefully. I've kept
you alive for this purpose only.
Listen to me and listen to me damn
well. You must Go to Sinjar's
spiritual leaders.
(MORE)

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

In fact, go directly to the guy they call the Sheikh and tell him I said his people's lives will only be spared if (1) he converts to holly religion of Islam (2) convince his people to convert, (3) if they swear allegiance and (4) if their fighters stop fighting back and surrender. Otherwise I will unleash hell on them this afternoon. Tell him I said they have till the end of Islamic prayers time to decide.

(looks at his wristwatch)

That means they have something like an hour and something to make a decision.

Al Allawi takes a step towards Ezzat, gazes into his eyes and continues:

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

If I see you coming back to me, that means they agreed to my terms, so there'll be no war and your people will stay alive.

At this point Al Allawi pulls Ezzat's right ear and gets his mouth closer to it.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

If I don't see you coming back, that means I'm going to see you inside Sinjar. And you don't want that.

Al Allawi looks around at his comrades. Tens of Isis members have gathered around him. Al Allawi laughs loudly and raises his voice.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

That means you and the entire town will be executed.

(yells)

Except for younger women and girls, of course.

Everybody yells Allah o Akbar. Everyone laughs excitedly, cheers and claps.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Also, Tell the Muslim residents to start evacuating the town already. They too have till 0200 PM. When we attack Sinjar and start killing, we don't ask who is who. We just kill everyone we see on our way, Muslim and Yazidis. Understood?

Ezzat nods.

AL ALLAWI (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Answer me goddamnit. Understood everything?

EZZAT

(sobbing)

Yes.

Ezzat seems to be getting weaker and weaker every moment goes by.

Al Allawi glances at Hadji and signals him to send Ezzat off. Ayad and Muradove help Ezzat sit on his motorcycle. Hadji switches Ezzat's motorcycle.

AL ALLAWI

Now get the fuck out of here.

Hadji now walks to Ezzat and pulls both his ears in a harsh way.

HADJI

(yells)

Get going. Go. Pray to the devil that they agree to our terms and we see you, again. Or...

Al Allawi bursts into a loud laughter. Apparently, what Hadji says amuses him.

AL ALLAWI

(to Hadji)

Hadji! Let's warn those infidels. Hit the town just once as a warning. Ha? What do you think? Shoot a missile or something at them.

(devilish laughter)

It will help them decide whether to convert and swear allegiance.

HADJI

It is a very good idea, sir. I'll take care of it personally, right now. I'll just fire a tank missile at Sinjar now.

AL ALLAWI

Not now though. In a bit. Let us finish our cigarettes, have some tea, get high. Then you do it.

HADJI

As you command, sir.

Ezzat starts driving his motorcycle as soon as he hears his town is going to be hit with a missile. He speeds up and disappears in desert's heat haze while Isis members talk, joke and laugh loudly.

EXT. THE DESERT - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Ezzat is on his motorcycle, driving. He's terrorized. Tears of hatred roll down a bit and the speed wind pushes them towards his ears in a horizontal line.

EZZAT

(as loud as he can)

Ah. Mother fuckers.

(bawls)

Ah. Ah.

Ezzat's saliva splashes out of his mouth. This is how he expresses his aversion towards the Isis and what he's been through.

EZZAT'S POV - DEAD BODIES OF KURDISH FIGHTERS ON THE DESERT GROUND.

Ezzat realizes there are no more Kurdish fighters there to protect his people.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - DAY

Jale is prowling near the road when she notices vehicles approaching from a far distance.

JALE

They're here.

TWO CIVILIAN VANS, an ARMY JEEP, a POLICE VAN, a BUS, a few civilian SUVs and SEDANS and an UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE arrive at the temple. Talan and Jale wave them towards the parking lot.

Men and women, mainly in their 20s to 30s, accompanied by a number of elders get off the vehicles. Younger men and women looks serious. They seem like they are there with an objective. They seem to know what they want and why they're there.

Jale approaches the female visitors to welcome them.

The police van and the Army Jeep are the last vehicles to stop at the parking area.

Major METIN DILSEN, 55, a masculine army officer with military cut hair style and a photochromic specs exits his jeep first.

DEPUTY BELAR, 32, tall and nerd-looking, a man in the habit of chewing his fingernails exits the van, followed by three other uniformed policemen.

LOLAN BEYAN, 54, strong and serious-looking chief of police, and two of the surrounding village's aldermen, 90-year-old TAHA SEFEED, a man widely known for being a hunchback more than he's known as an alderman, and 77-year-old short and chubby TAHSEEN MOLAEI plus white-skinned MISS MALAKE, 64, GREY LONG HAIR get off Chief Lolan's unmarked police vehicle and approach Talan.

CHIEF LOLAN

Good to see you, Sheikh Talan. I'm sorry we should meet under such circumstances.

TAHA

I wish we were here for prayers.
(sighs)
But.

TALAN

Let us hope we can fight back with the help of our younger ones.

CHIEF LOLAN

Yes. Yes.
(nods)
So, where have you kept the weapons and other stuff?

TALAN

Everything is inside.

Now everybody is gathered around Talan.

TALAN (CONT'D)
(clears his throat)
Welcome ladies and gentlemen.
Welcome my dear friends.
(points at the temple)
What you need, everything is in
there. Thanks to American army, at
least we have something to fight
and defend ourselves with. I'll
show you everything and the Chief
will supervise what weapons will be
taken out of the temple.
(holds Jale's and)
Everybody, Follow me please.

CHIEF LOLAN
(loud)
Everyone, please take a weapon you
are familiar with, know how to
handle and feel comfortable with.
Don't just take a weapon because it
looks powerful or cool.

Talan leads the way. He reaches the arched wooden door and
searches for the key inside his pocket.

TALAN
I ordered the carpenter to make a
super strong door as you see.
(can't find the key)
All the weapons are in their
original boxes.

Talan gets more and more uncomfortable and embarrassed with
the fact that he cannot find the key.

TALAN (CONT'D)
(to Jale)
Where did I keep the key? Do you
remember?

JALE
(shakes her head)
No.

Talan laughs nervously. He pushes the door knob down as a
last resort while he's facing the visitors. The door opens to
his surprise. He smiles inviting everyone in. But everyone is
glaring and glowering, looking inside the building in both
disbelief and disappointment.

Talan turns his head and sees his son Fero, his friends Olan and Roni, plus three almost naked women, obviously prostitutes, Leila, Kiwi and Choco.

Kiwi and Choco are holding the two red cushions in front of their bodies and are in a half crouched position, while hiding behind Fero. Fero is holding a bunch of keys in his right hand. Olan and Roni's both hands are over their private parts and Leila is hiding behind them.

All the six men and women are frozen inside the temple staring at the visitors. Nobody makes a move. Nobody makes a sound.

FERO
(embarrassed)
Hi. Err.. I'm.. We are..

Talan glares at them all. He turns red. Talan places his hand over his chest as soon as he opens his mouth to shout at his son Fero and his friends. Talan is about to fall on the ground when Chief Lolan, Jale and two young men grab him under his arm.

Feeling remorse, regretful and worried, Fero tries to run towards his father to see what happened to him.

But Jale is enraged and fuming. She shows Fero the palm of her hand and stops him getting any closer.

JALE
Congratulations son. Once again
you've succeeded embarrassing us in
front of the entire town.

Few of the younger men help Major Dilsen carry Talan away and lay him at the back seat of Chief Lolan's vehicle.

Jale follows them. She has a mixed feeling of distress and anger.

JALE (CONT'D)
Honey! Remember. Deep breaths.

Young and old visitors look at Fero, Olan, Roni and their three lady companions in a demeaning, shameful and humiliating WAY. Every one of the visitors shake their heads while walking away from the temple some sucking their teeth making TSK TSK disapproving sounds.

Chief Lolan runs to the temple's door and glares at everyone inside.

CHIEF LOLAN
(angry)
Get dressed you all.

Chief Lolan shuts the temple's door immediately and calls for Deputy Belar.

Visitors begin walking away while whispering words to each other.

FEMALE VISITOR 1
Disgraceful.

MALE VISITOR 1
They've a very bad reputation.

FEMALE VISITOR 2
Shameless

MALE VISITOR 2
While everyone else is dying out there, defending their honor.
Stupid assholes.

FEMALE VISITOR 3
Who are those women? No respect...

Deputy Belar runs to Chief Lolan.

CHIEF LOLAN
Deputy, get those worthless pieces of shit inside your van immediately. You and your colleagues stand watch and wait for me. They don't move a muscle unless I say so.
(shakes his head)
Call an ambulance while those assholes dress up.

DEPUTY BELAR
(salutes)
Yes sir.

Jale is worried and attending to her husband while other older visitors comfort her.

MISS MALAKE
We all know you and your husband had no idea those barefaced men and women were almost naked inside the temple.

YOUNG FEMALE VISITOR #1
We all know you and your husband...

YOUNG FEMALE VISITOR #2
And we all know those shameless
men. So, you don't need to be
embarrassed for what they did.

I/E. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Major Dilsen and Talan are at the back seat. Major Dilsen is facing Talan and taking his vitals by pressing and holding on his wrist.

Talan has truly lost his color. His condition seems to have worsened.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Older people are outside the vehicle asking if Talan needs anything while the younger ones continue taking the arms and ammunitions out of the temple.

Chief Lolan walks to the car and pushes men away.

CHIEF LOLAN'S POV - DEPUTY BELAR ESCORTS FERO, OLAN, RONI AND THE THREE LADIES TO THE POLICE VAN.

CHIEF LOLAN
Give way let me talk to him. Leave
alone with him for a second
(to Talan)
Sheikh! Feeling better? I've asked
for an ambulance.

I/E. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Talan slides himself backward so Chief Lolan can sit next to him. But Chief Lolan sits on the driver's seat instead and turns his head back towards Talan and Major Dilsen.

TALAN
(clears throat)
I'm sorry for what you saw in
the...

CHIEF LOLAN
You have nothing to apologize
for. They're a bunch of
inconsiderate mindless
idiots.

TALAN (CONT'D)
Any new message from the Kurdish
fighters?

TALAN (CONT'D)

If it was not for our courageous army men and sacrifices of Kurdish fighters, we would not be here having this conversation. You've reminded every member of our community of that. But no. No news from them.

MAJOR DILSEN

(susceptible)

There are certain requirements for one to win a battle. Back up, support, a reasonable number of healthy fresh soldiers, arms and ammunitions to name a few. I'm telling you these because you should know why we need Kurdish fighter's help and protection now.

Chief Lolan lowers his head, pondering. A heavy silence dominates the vehicle's interior.

TALAN

What are you men thinking?

CHIEF LOLAN

Sheikh...

Chief Lolan is suddenly interrupted by the commotion outside the vehicle. Chief Lolan, Major Dilsen and Talan's heads turn outside the car window.

TALAN

(concerned)

What's happening.

TALAN'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH THE CAR'S DUSTY GLASS -
EVERYBODY IS RUNNING TOWARDS AN AREA THAT IS NOT IN TALAN'S
SIGHT.

CHIEF LOLAN

(to talan)

Just relax. I'll be right back.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Chief Lolan exits the vehicle along with major Dilsen. There are no people left outside the temple.

Chief Lolan and Major Dilsen run towards where people have gathered now.

Talan's curiosity takes hold of him and he cannot wait for Chief Lolan or Major Dilsen to come back and tell him what's happening.

Talan crawls out the vehicle. He sees his son inside the police van. Him and his son Fero eyeball each other for a moment.

I/E. THE POLICE VAN - SAME TIME

Fero is truly ashamed of what he has done and the shame he has once again caused his parents. Fero lowers his head.

FERO'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH THE VAN'S STAINED GLASS - TALAN AMBLES TOWARDS THE OTHERS.

Deputy Belar cannot wait to hear what's happening. He takes a meaningful look at the six in his custody.

DEPUTY BELAR Do not even think of moving. I'm watching you. I'll watch you going, I'll watch you coming and...	LEILA (exhausted) Oh my God. Will you shut the hell up and go already? (mumbles) Talking like a god damn parrot.
--	--

Deputy Belar keeps quiet and exits the van.

EXT. THE ROAD NEAR THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

People are the road, gathered at the entrance to the temple's parking lot.

Major Dilsen pushes people aside.

CHIEF LOLAN
(shouts)
Give way people let us see what's
happening. Move away please. Don't
waste time.

People's commotion stops as soon as Major Dilsen reaches the center.

It's Ezzat. He's weak, tired and breathing heavily. A young woman offers Ezzat a bottle of water. He quaffs the entire bottle.

MAJOR DILSEN

(to Ezzat)

Where have you been? We looked everywhere for you. We thought you were dead.

Ezzat trembles and hyperventilates. Fear can be seen in his eyes.

EZZAT

They're here. They want Sheikh Talan to convince us swear allegiance.

TALAN (O.S.)

(yells)

Over my dead body. No. Never.

People give way and talan reaches Ezzat, Chief Lolan and Major Dilsen.

EZZAT

They said they're going to scare and convince us by initially bombing the town.

I/E. THE POLICE VAN - SAME TIME

Olan, Fero and Roni, Kiwi, Leila and Choco are gazing at the location people have gathered.

LEILA

What is going on over there?

RONI

Yeah. What is happening?

KIWI

Maybe there has been an accident.

OLAN

Maybe we should go...

FERO

(angry)

Or maybe we should not. You want our names to be known as a fugitive, too?

(pause)

I made a fucking mistake. Did you guys see the way my dad looked at me a minute ago? He told me with his eyes how embarrassed he is of having me as a son.

OLAN (CONT'D)
Hey. Take it easy. We were all
involved.

RONI
But seriously guys. We are truly
fucked up huh?

OLAN
(to Roni)
Fero is right. We fucked up. I just
wish we could do something to
change people's mind about us.

EXT. SINJAR - DAY

Gentle SWISHING of Leaves RUSTLING in the trees. Birds
CHIRPING. A loud CONVERSATION between few men that can be
FAINTLY heard, one or two vehicles passing and some children
playing and BEING LOUD in distance.

Blue sky with fluffy white cotton-like clouds and a few birds
flying together, forming an arrowhead. Mount Sinjar, a
beautiful mountain can be seen in distance, a few kilometers
to the north.

Below, there are beige brick houses, short dirt roads lined
with date palm trees. The town looks like a ghost town. It
looks empty and abandoned despite Yazidis still living there.

A shiny silver temple's dome in the middle of the town
reflects the sunlight as though an extremely powerful
flashlight has been turned on in the bright daylight. There's
no gap between Sinjar's houses. Neighbors have access to each
other's roofs. The town is surrounded by the desert from the
south and the hills on the north. Two temples, a small and
the bigger one are one at each side of the town. The big
temple is people's temple for the main events.

There's not much traffic in Sinjar's only main street. Only 2-
3 vehicles, a number of motorcycles and a few bikers can be
seen moving on the street slowly. Pedestrians move from one
side of the street to the other.

Four students, 3 girls and a boy, all about 8-10-year-old
wearing school uniforms, walk in a quiet alley with ice cream
in their hands when they hear a faint POPPING sound and a
second later: BOOOOM

Something fast hits a house yards away from them and a huge
explosion.

The blast wave tosses the four from one side to the other side of the alley. The blast destroys the house and a few neighboring houses completely in a matter of a second. Dust and debris fly to the air.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - SAME TIME

An ambulance reaches the temple.

Chief Lolan, Major Dilsen and Sheikh Talan are discussing the matter away from People who are now helping Ezzat walk towards the temple.

Everyone is suddenly startled by the sound of an explosion.

Major Dilsen and Chief Lolan call people's attention. Young and old, scared and whispering gather around. Everyone is armed now.

MAJOR DILSEN

(loud)

Chief and I don't think there's a single person who is willing to convert or swear allegiance. We want you to listen very carefully. Call your homes now and get them ready to escape town. Ask your family to call and warn anyone they know and inform them of the same thing. People, we know we are a few. But we need to hold Isis and buy as much time as we can for our families to have enough time to escape. God be with you.

CHIEF LOLAN

Start calling now.

Chief Lolan, Major Dilsen and Talan are quiet for a moment.

MAJOR DILSEN

(to talan)

The ambulance is here.

(to Chief Lolan)

Please have some younger ones bring Ezzat and help him into the ambulance.

(to Talan)

Lets get you to a hospital.

TALAN

I'm not going anywhere. Especially not in this situation.

(MORE)

TALAN (CONT'D)

I am staying in Sinjar and I'll keep them busy. It's me they want for now. I'll let them have me. I'll get them busy so you can get our people to safety.

Chief Lolan walks towards the police van. Deputy Belar is talking to his cell-phone outside the van.

DEPUTY BELAR

(into his phone)

Yes mom. Get whatever you know you'll need. I'll pick you and my sisters up in a few minutes.

I/E. THE POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fero, Olan and Roni are staring at the people outside the van around the temple.

OLAN

You see? No one gives a damn about us to even let us know what's going on.

OLAN (CONT'D)

He was talking about calling our houses and what not...

KIWI

I have a severe headache.

LEILA

Me too. I shouldn't have mixed alcohol.

RONI

Yeah. Mixing is bad.

OLAN

(yawns)

I'm hungry.

FERO

(Shakes his head)

I'm fucked. They're not gonna let me in that house anymore.

RONI

You can stay with me. It'll be fun.

FERO

Shut the fuck up. That's not even the point.

OLAN
 (shouts)
 Guys.
 (frowns)
 Goddamnit.

RONI
 Its his fault. He said his dad was
 never gonna visit the temple around
 noon.

CHOCO
 I need to pee.

Everyone rolls their eyes, shakes their heads and gets quiet.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Chief Lolan opens the Van's sliding door and points at Leila, Choco and Kiwi.

CHIEF LOLAN
 (sighs)
 You, you and you, step out of the
 Van.

CHOCO
 Why? What's going....

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)
 (frowns)
 Just do it? I'm so pissed
 now?

Leila, Kiwi and Choco shut their mouths and get out of the Van while looking at each other curiously. Chief Lolan walks the ladies away from the Van and the people around.

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)
 Do not talk and just listen. Do not
 make a comment, say a word or
 interrupt me until I'm finished
 talking. Not even after I finish
 talking. Do not ask why? Where?
 When? How? This is what I want you
 to do. You are going to head back
 to your homes, wherever you girls
 are coming from, and see your
 families. Take your valuables,
 important documents and whatever
 you think you may need and just
 run. Get as far as this town, hell,
 this country, as you can. Go and
 don't even look back or stop. Not
 even for a quick rest. You hear me?
 Isis will be here any minute now.

(MORE)

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)
 They're here for us Yazidis and for
 you ladies.
 (shouts)
 Go. Get.

Choco, Leila and Kiwi start running. Leila stops after taking
 a few long steps, walks back towards the Chief, hugs and
 kisses him.

LEILA
 (looks into Chief's eyes)
 Thank you.

Leila runs and joins the other two. They disappear into the
 woods.

CHIEF LOLAN'S POV ON THE AMBULANCE AND EZZAT - EZZAT IS
 REFUSING TO BE TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL.

EZZAT
 (shouting)
 The hospital is inside the town and
 the town is the most dangerous
 place to be right now. I prefer to
 die amongst my people rather than
 being executed by those animals.

I/E. THE POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chief Lolan walks back to the Van, enters and sits opposite
 Fero, Olan and Roni.

Deputy Belar who has just finished talking to his phone,
 notices the three ladies running. He rushes towards the
 Chief.

DEPUTY BELAR
 (flounders)
 Chief. Chief.
 (points at ladies)
 They're running, Chief.

CHIEF LOLAN
 (sighs)
 I know Belar! Get out of here and
 attend to your family.

Belar salutes the Chief in confusion and runs towards the
 road.

Chief Lolan stares at the three cuffed men for a moment.

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)

Are you guys not ashamed of yourselves? No, really. Do you know you three are the most hated men in this town? Never, not once, I heard someone having something good to say about you three dickheads. I have never seen such idiots in my entire life. When are you going to change? Huh? Have you heard what your fellow-citizen have to say about you? They don't even wanna be in a room with you three demons.

Olan, Roni and Fero have their heads lowered.

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)

Isis will attack any minute. Our Kurdish fighters have run out of ammunitions. They have fled the battlefield. They've run out of options. I would do the same if I were them. There's no one to support us. We're on our own. Can you comprehend that?

Olan and Fero look at each other. Roni seems scared.

FERO

(to chief)

How close are they?

RONI

(to Fero)

He said they'll arrive any minute you idiot.

FERO

(to Roni)

You are an idiot. Everyone knows you're an idiot.

OLAN

(shouts)

Shut the fuck up. Both of you. Let the man talk.

(beat)

This is serious, goddamnit.

Fero takes a piece of gum out of his pocket and offers to Roni too. As if they were not yelling at each other like kids a moment back.

CHIEF LOLAN

They're coming to kill us men and
take our women.

(to Fero)

Ezzat said they'll start with our
spiritual leaders. Your father.

FERO

(stops chewing)
What? My fath...

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)

Yes kid. Your father. To buy
some more time, you father
wants them to capture him.

FERO (CONT'D)

What??? Fuck them. Over my dead
body

(to Olan and Roni in
disbelief)

You guys hearing that?

RONI

(frowns)

Yeah. You know we're not going to
let that happen. We both have young
sisters, too.

OLAN

(serious)

Hell no we won't. The entire town's
female residents are our sisters.

CHIEF LOLAN

(smiles)

Now, I like this way of thinking. I
want you guys to head home and warn
any person you see on your way
about the hell that's about to be
unleashed on us.

(ponders)

Do you guys know how to use a gun?

Olan, Fero and Roni look at each other and burst into
laughter.

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)

I take it as a yes. I'll give you
some arms and ammunitions so you
can defend or stop the Isis from
entering our town. You guys live on
the south side, don't you?

Olan, Fero and Roni look more serious now.

RONI

Yup. Right on the edge of the desert. Our houses are just next to each other's.

FERO

(serious)

Aha! We'll be the fall guys.

Olan wraps his head between his hands.

OLAN

Yes we will.

The three of them nod. Chief Lolan exits the Van and goes to the temple. Fero, Olan and Roni are quiet.

Chief Lolan comes back inside the Van carrying three AUTOMATIC MACHINE-GUNS, A FEW GRENADES, FLARES and a few BULLET BOXES. He places them all on the van's floor.

CHIEF LOLAN

Inform everyone of what's happening. Get out and get going. Do you have a vehicle?

OLAN

We have our bikes hidden behind the temple.
(pauses)
Is there any communication device we can use? Do you have a...

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)

(points at dashboard)
You can take deputy Belar's walkie talkie. Hold down the key on the radio if you need to talk to all the cops or inform the law enforcement of something significant. Call me on my cell-phone if you need to talk to me in particular. Stay alive. Good luck.

Chief Lolan and the tree men in the van hear a commotion outside the van. Everybody exits the van.

EXT. THE TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Major Dilsen ambles back towards the van. Jale is crying and screaming profusely.

Hearing his mother's crying, Fero races towards her. But he's stopped on the way by Major Dilsen.

Major Dilsen uses all his force to stop Fero.

MAJOR DILSEN
(to Roni and Olan)
Don't just stand there. Come and
get him.

Now Olan and Roni are holding Fero.

OLAN
What's going on?

MAJOR DILSEN
Talan kissed Jale goodbye. Jale was
confused why. Talan drove past
everyone and is now headed towards
his old temple. Just like he said
he would do to get Isis busy.

CHIEF LOLAN
(exclaims)
So people can escape town.

Fero, Olan and Roni look at each other for a moment.
Ambitious and zealous, they start running towards the back of
the temple. Fero stops and looks back at Major and the Chief.

FERO
Tell my mom I said I'm sorry.

Major Dilsen and Chief Lolan are walking back towards the
people.

MAJOR DILSEN
(shouts)
Ok people. You are heading to the
town. Send women and children away
to safety first. Then fight if you
want to fight.

CHIEF LOLAN
(shouts)
Take women, children and the
elderly to mount Sinjar. Hide in
the mountain till further notice.

Three TRAIL MOTORBIKES, Yellow, White and Red, move out from
the back of the temple. Fero is on the white motorbike, Roni
is on the Red and Olan on the Yellow, all with matching
helmets and gloves. They stop near the people for a moment to
take one last look at them.

They pull down their helmet shield glasses and drive away.

It is apparent they are very good in moving and maneuvering
with their bikes.

EXT. SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

COMMOTION Over dust and debris. Sound of AGITATED people, women SCREAMING, men YELLING, children CRYING, objects CLATTERING, elderly PRAYING, younger ones FUSSING and people making a RACKET FADE IN.

Dust and debris clear by a breeze and people can be gradually seen. People are running here and there. Men and women are carrying bodies outside the demolished building. Some women are on the ground, screaming in tears, taking fists of dust from the ground and pouring it on their heads, crying and weepy, mourning their losses. Corpses are laid on the ground in front of a building, just near the destroyed house.

Using Shovels and pickaxes, men are working tirelessly to scavenge buried people and save those in the rubble they think might be still be alive.

I/E. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Chief Lolan hears the dispatch lady on the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Chief Lolan come in. Come in.
Chief?

He rushes to his car and picks up his radio while standing outside the vehicle.

CHIEF LOLAN
Chief here. Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Chief, one of our officers just informed me that Isis has begun moving towards Sinjar. He said him and 11 other officer are fleeing. They say there are too many Isis fighters for them to be able to fight.
(sobs)
Isis is a very short distance south, very close, headed towards us, Chief.

This is not the tone chief Lolan would always hear on the radio from the dispatch. The female dispatch sounds terrified and highly alarmed. Chief Lolan's color changes after hearing the reports. He gets so afraid that he doesn't know what to respond.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
Chief? Please respo...

CHIEF LOLAN
(frightened)
Give me a second.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
I'm so afraid and...

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)
Ok. I want you to run. Get
your family out of Sinjar. Go
to mount Sinjar. Everyone
will be hiding in the
mountains. Over.

Chief Lolan is still holding the radio over his mouth. He is staring at the people who are driving out of temple's parking lot.

CHIEF LOLAN (CONT'D)
(into radio)
To all units. Those who want to
defend our city, our people and our
culture, go to the south of the
town where the Isis is approaching
from. The rest who decide to escape
town, I want to say thank you for
your service. God be with you all.

EXT. FERO'S HOUSE - DAY

THE ROOFTOP

Situated on the southern edge of the town, Olan, Fero and Roni's house, along with several other neighboring houses are lined up next to each other in an alley. The alley is in the front of the houses and the desert as their backyard.

Fero, Roni and Olan are on their rooftops, peeping at the desert while crouched behind their roof's parapets. Fero is the only one on the rooftop with a binocular.

Fero is in state of panic. Roni, however, acts recklessly considering the circumstances. Each on his own house's roof, they're both waiting to hear what is Fero seeing. A few of close-by and distance neighbors, too, can be seen on their rooftops peeping at the desert in terror. Everybody is armed to their teeth.

THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

There's a big commotion in the alley. People are in panic. Hysterical and terrified men and women run from side to side in their traditional Kurdish outfits.

The HUM of alarmed and panicked people of close-by and in distance neighborhoods can be heard inquiring about what their men can see on rooftops.

It is apparent that a disaster is about to unfold.

SABER MODEER, a 39-year-old thin man exits an apartment building carrying his 90-year-old father on his back. He reaches his 1971 model OPEL and manages to get his KEYS out of his pocket and open the car door.

SHAHLA HERA, a chubby 41-year-old mother in some kind of uniform and SIMA HERA, her 14-year-old daughter exit the neighboring building and are looking for a ride.

She notices Her neighbor, Saber and his car. She sees there are empty seats and heads towards his Opel car.

It's obvious Sima is quite anxious and confused of their situation.

HOLDING TO HER CHUBBY 5-YEAR-OLD KID'S SHIRT SLEEVE, A 29-YEAR-OLD HYSTERICAL MOTHER FORCES THE KID INTO THE BACKSEAT OF A CAR.

Close-by and distant commotion can be heard. Terrified Mothers and fathers screaming and yelling, demanding their children to hurry so they can escape immediately. Others pray loudly without realizing how loud they are.

All that can be seen is terrified people running to different directions. And all that can be heard is people yelling, screaming and crying in panic.

THE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Fero is scanning the desert. He's hiding behind the parapet, he raises his head and peeks at the desert through his binoculars for a moment, crouches and hides again.

OLAN'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR: THREE WOUNDED MEN ARE CRAWLING AIMLESSLY ON THEIR STOMACHS ON THE DESERT. TWO MALNOURISHED STRAY DOGS SAUNTER WITHIN THE POST BATTLE REMAINS.

Everyone seen on the rooftops are peeping at the desert, panicked and anxious, trying to figure whether they can see something.

FERO'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR: IN A DISTANCE, BLACK AND GREY SMOKE BILLOWS AND SWELLS INTO THE SKY. OLAN CAN'T SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THE HUGE MASS OF SMOKE.

EXT. SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

Fero is holding the binocular against his eyes, peeping at the desert while hiding behind the parapet. Olan, Roni, Fero and many other houses are situated at the edge of Sinjar, facing the desert on the south.

OLAN'S POV ON THE DESERT - ALL OLAN CAN FAINTLY SEE SO FAR, IS THE BLACK SMOKE.

Scared and pale faced, Roni turns his head towards Fero incautiously after peeping at the field.

RONI
(Impatient)
Tell us something for gods sake,
man. What the hell do you see?

Olan can see Roni's reckless movements from the corner of his eyes. He lowers his head and the Binocular, makes a hand gesture and signals to Roni telling him to duck down and lower his head immediately.

Olan bends more to hide behind the parapet himself and gives Fero a stern look.

FERO
(Whisper yells)
Goddamn it, Roni. Lower your head
before their fucking snipers spot
you and put a hole in your head. My
God! Let me focus for a second!

Fero goes back to his original position and looks back at the desert through his Binocular.

Olan glances at the town's rooftops and notices there are many others trying to find out what is going on in the desert. Roni clears his throat, keeps his head down and looks at Fero.

RONI
(Trembling voice)
Do you see anything? Our Kurdish
brothers. Are they anywhere near
us?

FERO'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR - ARMY VEHICLES OF ISIS CAVALRY AS THEY APPEAR EXITING THE HUGE MASS OF BLACK AND GREY SMOKE.

He lowers the Binocular, narrows his eyes and takes the Binocular up against his eye again.

FERO
(Annoyed)
Wait a second!

OLAN
(Desperate)
Say something for god's sake!

Suddenly, Olan turns pale. His mouth gets wide open and his breathing quickens.

OLAN (CONT'D)
No, No, No, No! Oh shit.

Roni and Olan can clearly see the fear and panic in Fero's face. The Binocular is frozen in his hand, and he swallows constantly. Fero sees black flags raised on the top of each vehicle and has now no doubt it is ISIS's cavalry approaching.

RONI
(Glances at Fero sideways)
What is it?

FERO
We are fucked! They are here!

RONI
What do you mean, fucked?

FERO
ISIS is here goddamnit. What we've been afraid to happen for a long time, is happening now.

OLAN
And of course there's not a single Kurdish fighters to protect us now. We're on our own.

Fero calls Olan and Roni. They gather while crouched on the rooftop.

FERO
Ok guys. I'm going to do this. Are you going to do this with me?
(MORE)

FERO (CONT'D)

If we want to do this, lets do it the right way if we really wanna do it. No hanky panky. People are in danger. This is not a joke guys. I don't want my sisters, female cousins, mother in Isis's hands, and I'm sure as hell you don't want for the same fate for your female relatives.

OLAN

Plus your dad, man. Your dad will be among the first people to be taken.

RONI

Are we going to take this as serious as it sounds? Can we prove to the people, just this once, that we are not the assholes they think we are?

Fero takes a look into his Binocular.

FERO'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULAR - THERE'S A HEAVY TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD GOING TOWARDS THE NORTH.

EXT. SINJAR - DAY

People are rushing outside the town. There's HONKING, YELLING, SHOUTING AND CURSING. Everybody is nervous out of fear. Anxiety can be seen in the town.

Pick-up trucks have loaded so many people on their back that the vehicle has difficulty staying in control.

Two school buses are filled with mostly elderly people.

Sedans and SUVs are lined up behind each other waiting for the road to open.

The town has turned into a jungle. Everybody thinks of himself and his family to survive.

Shops are left unattended and no one cares to still anything.

EXT. FERO'S HOUSE - DAY

Fero glances at his friends.

FERO

The best and most logical thing to do is to get people out of here. Roni, Olan, you guys escort people towards mount Sinjar.

(to Roni)

Lead people

(to Olan)

Follow them from behind. I'll get my dad and join you.

We still have a few minutes. We should get people out of here.

Fero crouches on the edge of the rooftop towards the alley.

FERO (CONT'D)

(to people)

Listen up everybody. We have approximately less than 5 minutes before they arrive. Leave whatever stopping you and run. My friends will escort you to mount Sinjar.

People look at Fero and are initially hesitant to take him seriously. Fero, Olan and Roni realize this.

Roni holds his rifle up.

RONI

Who will take care and protect you? Huh? Which one of you is as crazy as us? We know we don't have the greatest reputation amongst you all. But this is neither the time nor the place to judge us. Do as we say if you want to survive.

A man switches his bus on and invites everyone inside.

People rush inside the bus. Roni and Fero jump down the roof and sit on their motorbikes.

Fero begins to shake his head pondering. The background COMMOTION begins to increase and get louder as people crawl over each other entering the bus.

Other neighbors too, have seen ISIS approaching Apparently. Some of them have completely disappeared.

Fero takes the Binocular off his face and throws it on the rooftop's floor. He looks uncertain about what he's about to do.

He jumps off the rooftop and holds the walkie talkie over his mouth.

FERO

To all units. Isis is about a 100 meters away from our town. Please concentrate your forces on the roads. Assist our women and children to escape by keeping Isis busy.

Fero sits on his motorbike, takes his cell-phone out and dials a number.

TALAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hello.

FERO

(apologetic)

Dad, be ready. I'm going to pick you up in about 5 minutes.

TALAN

(very calm)

I'm not going anywhere, son. They want me to convince our people to convert. And I'm going to use this to buy the people some more time to escape. Your mother and Major's family are headed towards the mountains already.

FERO

(pleads)

Dad, please. There's no more time...

TALAN (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself, son. Save yourself.

(beat)

I love you, son. Save our people and make me proud.

A lump forms in Fero's throat and prevents him from talking.

This is certainly a very emotional scene.

Talan disconnects the line.

Fero bursts into tears.

Fero ignites his bike, wipes his face off his tears and drives his motorbike away.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Armed civilians and Isis members are shooting at each other.

Fero has taken shelter behind a metal garbage bean and is shooting back.

People are outnumbered and outgunned. It doesn't take long before the battle is plunged into the town.

Isis breaks into Sinjar little by little and the battle turns into an Urban warfare.

Almost all armed civilians and police officers get killed in a awesome battle scene. Yazidis die in terrifying ways, but they are praised for the fact that they fought till their last bullet and last breath.

Fero is forced to retreat.

I/E. TANK #1 - DAY

Escorted by five of his underlings riding motocross and an armored pick up trucks, Al Allawi's tank is now taking position on the top of the little hill.

Al Allawi opens the hatch, climbs up and stands on the tank. He holds the binocular over his eyes and scans the town.

AL ALLAWI'S POV AS SEEN THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS - TANKS, ARMORED TRUCKS AND MOTOCROSSES, ALL WITH ISIS BLACK FLAG RAISED ON THEM, ARE MOVING TO DIFFERET DIRECTIONS IN SINJAR. ISIS MEMBERS AND SINJAR'S FIGHTERS CAN BE SEEN POSITIONED ON THE ROOFTOPS.

GUNSHOTS, EXPLOSIONS and occasional sound of people whether SCREAMING in pain or YELLING ALLAH O AKBAR.

EXT. STREETS AND ALLEYS OF SINJAR - DAY

THE CENTER OF SIJAR - SAME TIME

A few remaining civilian fighters and the law enforcement officers see no choice but to retreat as well. They are definitely outnumbered and certainly outgunned. Plus the fact that most of them have no proper military training and experience. They are therefore forced to back off gradually while the terrorists advance.

Isis begins purging the town. Isis members shoot at anyone who had no vehicle to escape or was not lucky enough to find a transportation. They kill men, women, old and young, anyone seen outside.

Abu Mahdi is holding a sword and slashes elderly women and men while reciting verses of Quran.

Omar, Emad, Ayad and others move from one alley to the other and shoot people.

Single gunshots, individual women's screaming.

NORTHERN HILLS OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

Buses, vans, trucks, sedans, SUVs and motorcycles carrying civilians towards mount sinjar are following Roni. They're moving in a line.

Olan glances back every now and then to check whether they're being chased. That's when he sees two pick-up trucks and two motocrosses.

Olan turns into an Alley, stops and takes shelter. The chasing Isis members are about 20 meters away from Olan when he suddenly appears from behind a wall and opens fire at them. He stops shooting and throws a grenade at them.

One of Isis's trucks blows up and an Isis motocross rider gets shot. The one seated at his back holds the walkie talkie over his mouth and apparently reports Olan to his boss.

Olan knows it does not take long before he's surrounded by Isis members. So, he gets on his bike and drives away.

Roni is suddenly taken off guard when he notices the other Isis unit waits for him and the civilian vehicles to arrive. He signals all the vehicles to stop. He jumps off his motorbike, throws two grenades towards Isis and lays on the floor. Roni loads his gun and opens fire.

People screaming, shouting and praying.

Roni and Olan know quite well that they are being surrounded.

Now Roni is fighting Isis from the front and Olan from the back.

THE CENTER OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

Abu Mahdi and the other Isis members are cutting, shooting and hitting the unfortunate defenseless civilians of Sinjar who had no means of transportation and were left behind.

NORTHERN HILLS OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

Isis opens fire at the civilian vehicles and a few elderly and children get shot. Olan and Roni are getting outnumbered and are running out of ammunition.

THE CENTER OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

Roni stands up and walks towards the Isis. He takes shelter every few meters he runs. He's finally able to kill the three Isis members left and the civilian vehicles can now proceed.

Olan is standing up to follow the vehicles when a sniper hits him on his left shoulder. Roni realizes that Olan is shot by the sound of his scream. He wants to turn and help when he sees in his mirror that Olan is still following them despite being wounded.

THE CENTER OF SINJAR - CONTINUOUS

One of the Isis members sees a young beautiful teenage girl in one of the alleys of Sinjar. He grabs her and molests her in front of the other Isis members while they laugh and applaud.

The innocent teenager is SCREAMING and PLEADING.

NORTHERN HILLS OF SINJAR

The civilian vehicles are quite close to mount Sinjar. They will be a walking distance from the mountain's skirt, if only they can reach the end of the street they're in. But Isis is appearing from every angle now.

Roni and Olan are certainly scared. Roni waves hand to the driver of the vehicle that is immediately behind him and orders him to drive faster. He suddenly sees a few Isis soldiers appear at the end of the street.

Roni is losing hope when he suddenly sees the second Isis truck engulfs into fire after a huge explosion. He sees Fero. It was Fero who destroyed the truck.

Roni, Fero and Olan should now kill a few Isis soldiers to be able to send off their people to the mountains. Isis cannot find them anywhere in the mountains later. Yazidis know the mountains like palm of their hands and can hide there for a long time. Isis has no planes or helicopters to search for them.

Civilian vehicles reach the end of the street. Any side they look, they see Isis members are hiding, stalking them for an ambush. Roni drives to the side of the driver.

RONI

Keep on going. Do not stop. We'll keep them occupied. Just go and let the other vehicles follow you.

Roni slows down and waits for Olan to reach him. Fero joins them a moment later.

Dodging Isis's bullets and grenades, the three escort the civilian vehicles until they reach the mountain's skirt.

Seeing the Yazidis disappearing into the mountain, Isis soldiers decide to attack Roni, Fero and Olan all at once. They begin approaching while being covered by their comrades.

Olan, Fero and Roni jump off their motorbikes and open fire at approaching Isis.

Last number of people are still running outside the vehicles onto the mountain. Women screaming, children crying and men yelling, ordering them to be quick.

Fero looks at the people and sees they're almost all disappearing on the mountain's.

Olan, Fero and Roni defend their people for around 25 minutes. They use all the power and ammunition left.

The three of them have no choice but to use their last grenades. They throw their grenades while Isis members, armed to their teeth, get closer and closer.

Olan, Fero and Roni take shelter behind a boulder. They are shooting at Isis when Isis hits the boulder with a anti-tank missile.

Badly wounded and exhausted, Olan, Fero and Roni empty throw their last grenade at Isis and are able to kill seven of them.

A grenade is thrown at them. Roni and Olan die immediately. Fero is taking his last breaths.

Ayad raises his hand and orders his comrades to cease fire.
He stands over Fero, Roni and Olan and smiles at Fero.

Fero is holding Roni's hand in one hand and Olan's hand in
his other hand.

Fero is smiling.

FERO
(wheezing)
Don't die on me. Guys. We did it.
We saved them.

Ayad takes a short step towards Fero's motionless body.

Ayad fires a single shot on Fero's forehead.

OVER BLACK:

TITLE: SINJAR IS INVADED.

TITLE: THE GENOCIDE, FORCED CONVERSION AND SEX SLAVERY
BEGINS.

FADE OUT.