

ONLY THE BRAVE ARE FREE

Written by

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INT. SAN DIEGO - UNIVERSITY - OFFICE - DAY

NELKA (27), blonde, wiry, dark circles around her eyes, sits across a large desk from a stoic, MS. EMERSON (60s).

Nelka fidgets with her bracelet and shakes her leg. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Her knee hits the desk in rapid succession.

Ms. Emerson CLEARS HER THROAT and glances up. Nelka stills.

Ms. Emerson places a CV on the desk and leans forward.

MS. EMERSON

Well.

Nelka sits erect and squeezes her shoulder blades together.

NELKA

Is that goo--

MS. EMERSON

Humanitarian work, check. Stellar MCAT scores, check. 4.0, check.

(beat)

But I guarantee your competition will have more.

NELKA

I...I don't know what else I can--

MS. EMERSON

I'd like to see some hospital work.

NELKA

...I don't have the qualifications.

Ms. Emerson pounds away at her computer at a rapid pace for several seconds. Nelka's shoulders drop.

NELKA (CONT'D)

I've already committed to Edinburgh through the fall, so I won't have time before applications go--

MS. EMERSON

When do you need to be in Scotland?

NELKA

August 1.

MS. EMERSON

We have a six-week program with the United Nations Relief Works Agency in Jordan. It starts on June 3.

NELKA

Two of my best friends are on that trip. I'd go, but my last final is on June 1 and--

MS. EMERSON

Do you want your pick of medical schools or not?

Nelka blinks at Ms. Emerson.

MS. EMERSON (CONT'D)

You'll get original research, and you're going to shadow a doctor.

(beat)

Of course, you'll need to balance that with two graduate-level courses. You can handle that.

NELKA

That means I won't get a break until after the new year...and I know nothing about the Middle East.

MS. EMERSON

Why do you want to become a doctor?

NELKA

I've built my life around helping people, and I finally have the time and money to--

MS. EMERSON

Save it for the admissions interviews.

(beat)

I should ask...why have you worked so hard on this CV?

NELKA

I want to be a great doctor.

Ms. Emerson pulls a flyer from her printer and slides it to Nelka.

MS. EMERSON

The last info session will be held in room 704 at noon tomorrow.

INT. SAN DIEGO - TRAVEL OUTLET - LUGGAGE AISLE - NIGHT

A catatonic Nelka spots a money belt on a high shelf. She steps on a lower shelf, reaches, and pulls its strap. The bag drops with TEN others. She deflates.

Nelka scrambles to collect the bags. SALESMAN (20s), a spry Australian with a man-bun, helps.

NELKA

Thank you.

The Salesman looks at one of the bags.

SALESMAN

Great choice, mate. Seems like a no-brainer but not enough people invest in these bad boys...

(beat)

Mind if I ask where you're headed?

NELKA

Jordan. The UK after.

SALESMAN

How many in your group?

NELKA

Just me. It's for school. I won't be alone when I'm there.

SALESMAN

Right. Have you checked out our personal safety section?

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka pushes the front door open with her foot, her arms full of bags.

MICHAEL (37), muscular and metro, drinks a protein shake on the couch as he watches a basketball game.

Nelka drops her bags onto the coffee table and plops down next to Michael's limp, manspread body.

MICHAEL

(eyes on TV)

Hey.

NELKA

Did you get my message?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sucks you're leaving sooner.

She leans back and closes her eyes. Michael rifles through the bags. He pulls out two PAGERS. Each is the size of a small flash drive and contains an SOS button.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What'd you get me?

NELKA

They're emergency pagers. In case I get in trouble when I'm traveling.

MICHAEL

Who are they going to SOS?

NELKA

You.

MICHAEL

What am I supposed to do?

Nelka lifts her head and glares at Michael.

NELKA

Call the police.

MICHAEL

How am I supposed to know the number? Why doesn't it just call the police on its own?

NELKA

The ones that connect to the authorities are a lot more expensive. I think it gives you the number on the app...or you could Google it.

Michael tosses it on the table and ransacks the other bags.

MICHAEL

Did you get any snacks?

NELKA

Check the grocery bags.

Nelka unwraps the SOS pagers. Michael finds almonds.

MICHAEL

(eyes on TV)

No! Why would you pass it? You've got a clear shot!

Michael slams the can of almonds onto the coffee table.

Nelka swipes his phone from his pocket, and holds it up to his face. She pairs it with the GPS device.

Michael's eyes dart to his phone in Nelka's hand. He drops the can of almonds and reaches for his device.

Nelka leans back and pulls the phone away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Babe! You can't just grab my phone!

NELKA
Calm down. I'm done. Hold this.

Nelka hands Michael his phone and the SOS pager.

NELKA (CONT'D)
Cover your ears.

MICHAEL
(eyes on TV)
What?

She presses the SOS button on the pager.

A light Michael's SOS pager blinks as a deafening ALARM erupts from his phone. He covers his ears.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What the hell!?

Nelka leans over and reaches toward Michael's phone. He pulls away and taps the screen. The ALARM stops.

NELKA
Is my location on your screen?

MICHAEL
What was that?

NELKA
I told you to cover your ears. Is my location on the screen?

Michael glares at Nelka, then looks down at his screen.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

Michael barely tips the phone as Nelka glances at the screen.

NELKA
Does it show the number to the San
Diego Police?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

With a nod, Nelka stands, plucks the bags from the coffee table, and waddles to the kitchen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Babe?

NELKA
What?

MICHAEL
(eyes on TV)
Where's the login stuff so I can
pay the bills when you're gone?

NELKA
On your desk.

HOUSE - KITCHEN

The basketball game blasts from the other room. Nelka drops the grocery bags on the counter. She spins, plucks two plates from a shelf, and places them next to the bags.

She pulls a pre-mixed salad, a rotisserie chicken, and two different bottles of dressing from the grocery bag.

Nelka peeks into the living room. Michael smiles as he stares at his phone.

HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

NELKA
What dressing do you want on your
salad?

Michael bites his bottom lip as he nods at his phone. It rings. He answers it and tiptoes to his office. Nelka scowls as she watches the door shut behind him.

Nelka lowers her shoulders and steps into the living room.

HOUSE - HALLWAY

Nelka creeps up to the door and listens.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 She's gone until mid-January. No.
 We'll tell her when she gets back.
 (beat)
 No. Don't worry. I love you, Bunny.

Tears stream down Nelka's cheeks as she steps away.

INT. SAN DIEGO - UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - DAY

TWENTY ALERT STUDENTS sit before a large screen.

CHARLES (30s), a British man, reports from a war-torn region wearing a navy blue bulletproof vest with the word "PRESS" across his chest.

CHARLES (V.O.)
 After the Palestinians were
 displaced from the region, some
 stayed in Gaza and the West Bank--

Nelka lowers her head as she creeps into the room. The PROFESSOR (50s), an Iranian-American man with white hair, steps up to her.

PROFESSOR
 Take a seat.

Nelka searches. GINA (30), brash but kind, and ZOE (29), simple but sweet, wave her over. Nelka plops next to them.

GINA
 You're late.

NELKA
 Sorry, I--

ZOE
 I'm so excited you're coming!

Zoe hugs Nelka. The unapologetically abrasive AMANDA (24), leans in and snarls...

AMANDA
 Keep it down.

Gina glares at Amanda.

GINA
 (whispers to Nelka)
 Meet our other housemate.

NELKA

(whispers)

She spent all last semester hiding
in my kitchen while the group
worked on our Cogs project.

GINA

(whispers)

Explains why no one else wanted to
room with her.

ZOE

(whispers)

Is Michael okay with you being gone
this long?

Nelka's eyes water as she watches the video. Gina leans in...

GINA

Are you okay?

Amanda thumps Gina on the head with a pencil.

AMANDA

Shhhhhhhh!

Gina sneers at Amanda. Nelka stands and gathers her stuff.

GINA

Want me to come with you?

NELKA

No. Stay here.

Nelka exits.

Striking scenes of Hamas' rocket launchers, weapons, suicide
bombers, and Israeli and American flags burning fill the TV
screen in front of Nelka's empty chair.

CHARLES (V.O.)

In 2006, Palestinians in Gaza
elected Hamas to govern.

UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY

Nelka stares at her feet as she stomps past other students on
her way to the bathroom in the distance.

CHARLES (V.O.)

The takeover eventually caused many
Palestinians to move into nearby
regions such as Amman, Jordan.

UNIVERSITY - BATHROOM

Nelka locks the door. She sits on the toilet and cries.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Hamas is now considered a terrorist organization by most nations.

EXT. GAZA - STREET - DAY

SUPER: GAZA

Hundreds of Palestinian hospital WORKERS flood the streets. They CHANT and desperately thrust signs in the air.

Their Arabic signs and dialogue are subtitled.

The signs: *"Pay up NOW!" "We saved your lives, and you're killing us!" "We can't save you until you save us!"*

WORKERS

Six months is long enough! Pay us now! Six months is long enough! Pay us now! Six months is long enough!

Charles reports while his SMALL CREW scrambles around him in the background.

CHARLES

Hundreds of doctors, nurses, and medical staff are on Gaza's streets today because they haven't been paid in six months. They blame--

A PROTESTOR with a microphone screams from the street.

PROTESTOR

*You, Hamas, and Executive Force!
You are the cause of our hunger!
Not the occupation. Have mercy!*

HAMAS' EXECUTIVE FORCE floods the streets. They dismantle the protest by force. GUNSHOTS ring from every direction.

Charles jumps into his van with his crew. They take off.

INT. JORDAN - HOSPITAL - CLASSROOM - DAY

TWENTY STUDENTS (20s-30s) sit around a table at the King Hussein Cancer Center. THREE DOCTORS in white coats sit in the back of the room.

A sign hangs in the background, "United Nations Relief Works Agency," written in English and Arabic.

The Professor presses a button on a remote, and the whiteboard displays a slide show.

Starving, severely wounded, and dead Iranian children fill the screen. The students' eyes dart to their laps.

PROFESSOR

Nutritional deficiencies are a direct result of imposed sanctions.

Nelka furrows her brow. The Professor studies Nelka.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Nelka, did you have a question?

NELKA

No, sir.

PROFESSOR

How will you present your data before the UN Council in six weeks if you can't ask a question here?

NELKA

I'm...I mean...I'm confused as to how that applies to this class.

The Professor strides up to Nelka.

PROFESSOR

If you had done your reading, you would know how much the sanctions have negatively impacted Middle Eastern populations.

NELKA

I did do my reading, sir.

PROFESSOR

Then please share with me what you've learned.

Nelka looks around the room and hesitates.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Don't worry about them.

NELKA

(quietly)

Sanctions aren't new.

PROFESSOR

Speak up. I can't hear you.

Nelka swallows hard and continues...

NELKA

Even the UN Security Council has enforced sanctions on Iran due to its breach of uranium enrichment activities.

(beat)

Iran has proven time and time again that it can't be trusted with the power to create nuclear weapons, most notably through its funding of anti-Western terrorist groups.

A couple of students CHAT quietly in the back.

PROFESSOR

Listen! This is an important conversation.

(back to Nelka)

It would take years for the Iranian government to build a nuclear weapon that could even potentially cause damage of any kind. Yet, the American government crippled the Iranian people practically overnight.

Nelka nods as she stares at her desktop.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Well? What do you say to that?

NELKA

I believe that sanctions, at the very least, lead with the intent to procure peace for the masses.

PROFESSOR

We can agree to disagree. But it's our job to empathize with our patients... no matter how we feel about the politics behind each situation. We don't take sides as medical workers. We fix the wounded. Full stop.

(beat)

Are we on the same page now?

NELKA

Yes, sir.

INT. JORDAN - HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

DOCTORS and STAFF jump from room to room with machines in tow. KHALED (30s), charming and handsome, bumps into Nelka.

KHALED
Pardon. Oh. It's you.

NELKA
Do I know you?

KHALED
Heard your riveting sanction discussion with your professor. I was in the back of the class.

NELKA
If I...I didn't mean to offend anyone.

KHALED
Did you really mean what you said about being able to remain unbiased out here?

NELKA
I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

Zoe bursts out of the classroom and catches up to Nelka.

ZOE
Nelka!

With a nod, Khaled and Nelka part ways.

Zoe narrowly avoids a collision with a NURSE as she scurries toward the elevator with Nelka.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Are we still going out tonight?

NELKA
Can we go next weekend?

ZOE
Ramadan starts tomorrow.

NELKA
So?

The elevator DINGS in the distance. Nelka jogs.

ZOE

All the clubs are going to be dead
for a whole month after tonight.

NELKA

I didn't come here to go clubbing.

ZOE

Pleeeeeaaase. I don't want to go
out with Amanda alone.

The elevator doors slide open, and Nelka steps in.

NELKA

Maybe for a couple of hours.

EXT. JORDAN - UNWRA CLINIC - DAY

Instrumental Arabic MUSIC plays. A line of PALESTINIAN
REFUGEES winds around the block from the run-down clinic.

Refugees hop in and out of line to visit a small falafel
stand on the corner. KIDS play in the streets.

INT. JORDAN - UNRWA CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

The MUSIC continues. Nelka holds a BABY on her lap as she
interviews a female REFUGEE (20s) via a TRANSLATOR (40s).

The Refugee carefully populates the questionnaire as Nelka
plays peek-a-boo with the baby.

The Refugee stops writing and hands the questionnaire to the
Translator. With a nod and a warm smile, the Refugee
retrieves her baby from Nelka.

Nelka leads the Refugee to the door.

UNRWA CLINIC - HALLWAY

Nelka pokes her head out of the office. She scans the dense
line of Refugees, takes a deep breath and waves the next
patient in.

INT. JORDAN - CLOTHING STORE - FITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka slips a dress over her head as an ATTENDANT (40s) pulls
its hem to her ankle and smiles.

ATTENDANT

What are you studying here?

NELKA

We're developing guidelines to help decrease the incidence of preventable diseases among Palestinian refugees.

ATTENDANT

(smiles)

You're an ally...and a hero.

NELKA

Well...they print our results on the pamphlets that doctors give to patients. We've started calling the trash cans "pamphlet bins."

ATTENDANT

(laughs)

Just be careful while you're here.

NELKA

It's been great.

ATTENDANT

Listen, most Palestinians want peace. That's it. But some don't. And you might run into a few who don't know you're helping us.

NELKA

What?

ATTENDANT

You're a blonde Western woman. You stand out. That's all. Okay?

Nelka pulls the dress off and slides on a gaudy one.

NELKA

What about this one?

She holds out her arms. The Attendant shakes her head, "No."

ATTENDANT

Too much bling.

Nelka takes the dress off.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Will you have time to visit the sites while you're here?

NELKA

We're visiting Petra, Wadi Rum, and the Dead Sea. If we have time, we'll head over to Israel.

ATTENDANT

(studies Nelka)
You mean Palestine?

NELKA

We won't have time to visit Gaza or the West Bank. Just Israel...if we're lucky.

The Attendant watches Nelka pull another dress off the hanger and steps back as Nelka pulls the dress over her head.

NELKA (CONT'D)

How do you like this one?

The Attendant scowls as she tugs at Nelka's hem. It bounces back above her knee.

ATTENDANT

(cold)
It's good.

NELKA

Am I showing too much skin for Jordan? Do I need leggings?

ATTENDANT

No, honey. Jordan is a free country - just like America.

NELKA

Great. I'll take it.

INT. JORDAN - GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka and Gina sprawl out on a couch in front of a TV.

GINA

Bunny sounds like a stripper's name. You should've confronted him.

NELKA

You try scheduling a marriage-ending conversation between packing and finals before leaving the country for eight months.

GINA

Wimp.

NELKA

Ten years of marriage isn't
something you just throw away.

GINA

That's what he did.

Amanda slinks in. Nelka and Gina lower their voices.

NELKA

I don't want to go back to San
Diego.

GINA

Don't you dare run away. Hold him
accountable.

AMANDA

(excited)
Trouble in paradise?

Nelka and Gina glare at each other.

GINA

Get out.

Zoe bounces in, and her jaw drops.

ZOE

Why aren't you two dressed?

NELKA

I'm so tired.

GINA

I'm not going anywhere tonight.

AMANDA

More free drinks for us. I'm
texting the guys.

ZOE

(to Nelka)
I can lend you a dress.
(she whispers)
You can't leave me with...

Zoe gestures toward Amanda. Gina turns up the TV volume.

Zoe turns the TV off. Gina HUFFS.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Please?

Amanda sits next to Nelka and fixes her makeup.

NELKA

Uh. I bought a new dress, but I just finished my homework and--

GINA

(to Nelka)

When did you become such a wimp?

NELKA

Hey, I'm--

ZOE

(to Gina)

Stop. She promised.

(to Nelka)

Please get dressed.

Amanda's phone DINGS.

AMANDA

Tito and Mark are here.

The doorbell RINGS. Amanda bolts out of the room.

ZOE

Nelka?

NELKA

I'll meet you there in an hour.

ZOE

My phone is on.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Let's go!

Zoe rolls her eyes as she exits.

INT. JORDAN - TAXI - NIGHT

Nelka stares at the opaque landscape from her backseat window. She clutches a cellphone on her lap.

Driver, IHAB (40s), adjusts his rear view mirror and glares at her exposed knees. He jerks the wheel, pulling off the road.

NELKA
This isn't the way.

IHAB
I need to stop.

NELKA
I'm not paying you to make a stop.

IHAB
Flat rate. Don't worry.

NELKA
My friends were expecting me ten minutes ago.

Ihab casually thrusts two fingers in the air.

IHAB
Two minutes.

Nelka fidgets as Ihab takes several more turns.

INT. JORDAN - TAXI - GAS STATION - NIGHT

Ihab pulls up to a rusty old gas pump illuminated by a single blinding light.

NELKA
Why are we here?

Ihab slides out of his vehicle and fills up his tank.

Nelka looks down at her phone. She sends a text, but the delivery fails. Ihab KNOCKS on her window. Nelka jumps.

IHAB
Five dinars.

NELKA
What? I'm not paying you to fill up your tank before we get there!

EXT. JORDAN - GAS STATION - NIGHT

Nelka steps out of the cab and scans the dark rural streets. The station is empty.

A LONE ATTENDANT sits in front of a cash register in a barren convenience store. She hands five dinars to Ihab.

IHAB
Don't worry. One minute.

INT. JORDAN - TAXI - NIGHT

Nelka sinks into her seat and glances at her phone. She attempts to call Zoe. It doesn't go through.

Ihab grunts as he reenters the car and drives off.

EXT. JORDAN - RAINBOW STREET - NIGHT

The roads are packed with idling cars full of men. More men densely blanket the sidewalks. Ihab turns at the roundabout just before he enters the congested street.

Tires roll up to the curb.

A black SUV stops in the distance and waits.

INT. JORDAN - TAXI - NIGHT

Nelka stares at the men filling the streets and pulls at the hem of her dress.

NELKA
You've got three more blocks to go.

IHAB
Those cars don't move.

Nelka looks down at her phone, still no service.

NELKA
My friends are three blocks away.

IHAB
Not my problem, lady.

Nelka stares at Ihab, dumbfounded.

NELKA
I'm not getting out.

IHAB
Twenty dinars to get home.

NELKA
Getting here was five.

IHAB

It's the last night before Ramadan!

NELKA

I don't have twenty dinars, and you made me late!

IHAB

None of these things are my problems! Get out of my taxi!

Nelka opens the taxi door and slides out of the car.

IHAB (CONT'D)

Where's my American tip!?

Nelka SLAMS the door.

EXT. JORDAN - RAINBOW STREET - NIGHT

Nelka steps onto the sidewalk. Her high heels make her black dress seem shorter. She's the only woman in sight.

She spins back to the taxi as it disappears down the road.

HORDES of MEN gawk as they pass Nelka. She pulls at her hem as she scurries to the side of the buildings.

A MAN steps out of the passenger's side of the black SUV and watches Nelka brave the sidewalk alone.

MOMENTS LATER

Nelka surveys the buildings beyond the CROWDS OF MEN, who laugh and dance as festive MUSIC plays in the background.

She frantically presses SEND on her cellphone. Still no service. She pants as she begins to jog.

Nelka reaches an open, well-lit courtyard. There's no way around it. She takes a deep breath and steps into the light.

The MEN who see her freeze. The crawling traffic halts.

MAN 1 stumbles up to Nelka and thrusts his hand at her.

All foreign dialogue is in Arabic, subtitled.

MAN 1

Dance with me, beauty!

Nelka lowers her head and pushes forward.

NELKA

Sorry. I'm in a hurry.

More MEN pool around her. Nelka pushes past them.

They grab and pull at her from every direction.

MAN 1

Just one dance, beauty!

MAN 2 smells Nelka's hair.

MAN 2

Beauty, you smell like jasmine and roses.

Nelka slaps him away, and he rips a clump of her hair out.

NELKA

Ouch! Get away from me!

Nelka bumps into Man 1 again. He dances next to Nelka.

MAN 1

Celebrate with us!

MAN 3 reaches under Nelka's dress. She pushes his hand away.

NELKA

Get your hands off of me!

MAN 3

Dance with us!

Man 3 pulls Nelka close to his big, sweaty body, and he reaches his hand toward her groin.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)

Will you be my wife?

Nelka shoves Man 3 and slaps him across the face. She lurches back, but he pulls her back in.

NELKA

Don't touch me!

Man 2 pulls Nelka away from Man 3.

MAN 2

She's mine.

NELKA

Get away!

Nelka breaks free and runs. Another MAN reaches up her skirt. She SCREAMS and presses send on her phone again. This time, it connects. Amanda picks up.

NELKA (CONT'D)
I need help! Call the police!

Nelka pushes past the MEN. Mayhem. The CROWD claws at Nelka.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Stop messing around and get--

NELKA
I'm serious! Put Zoe on the phone!

ZOE (V.O.)
Nelka, it's Zoe! Where are you?

Nelka SCREAMS as the CROWD swallows her small body. She drops her phone and dips to pick it up.

HAFEEZ (30s), Jordanian, holds out his hand.

HAFEEZ
I help! Come! Now!

Nelka reaches for his hand as the SEA OF MEN nearly engulfs her. Hafeez wraps his arm around her waist and pulls her toward a well-lit but secure ATM station.

INT. JORDAN - ATM STORE - NIGHT

Hafeez pulls Nelka into a small all-glass chamber. He and the GUARD shove the doors closed.

Nelka pants and spins, searching for something to hide behind. Nothing. MEN SHOUT and POUND on the glass around her.

EXT. JORDAN - ATM STORE - NIGHT

Nelka stands helpless in the illuminated glass box.

500+ MEN YELL, SCREAM, and BANG their fists on the walls as Hafeez and the Guard stand in front of the locked doors.

Two POLICE OFFICERS rev their engines as they weave through the CROWDS on motorcycles.

INT. JORDAN - ATM STORE - NIGHT

Nelka's hands tremble as she dials her phone. No service.

POLICE OFFICERS 1 and 2 (20s) pound on the doors. MEN slam their bodies against the glass. Hafeez and the Guard let the officers in.

The men inaudibly exchange words as Nelka paces.

OFFICER 1
(to Nelka)
Come with us.

Nelka studies their barely visible motorcycles outside.

NELKA
I'm not getting on your bike.

OFFICER 2
The crowd is too thick for car.

Officer 2 pulls her toward the door. Nelka steps back.

NELKA
No! I said, NO!

OFFICER 2
Then we wait for backup.

NELKA
Yes! We wait for backup!

Everyone stands silent as they watch the ROWDY CROWD.

OFFICER 1
Night before Ramadan.

NELKA
Why does that matter?

OFFICER 1
Before fast, everyone is emmm...

Officer 1 looks at Officer 2 and Hafeez.

HAFEEZ
Party.

OFFICER 2
Before month of fasting.

Nelka tilts her head up, and she cries.

OFFICER 1
Catholics and Jews have same thing.

Officer 1 calls for backup on his radio.

OFFICER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*I repeat, I need backup at the ATM
station on Rainbow Street.*

Officer 1's voice fades as men SCREAM and BANG on the walls.

OFFICER 2
(to Nelka)
All of Rainbow Street.

Officer 2 gestures "halt" with his hands.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
Stuck.

NELKA
(voice shaking)
Must be a hundred men out there.

Officer 2 glances at Hafeez and the Guard. They laugh.

OFFICER 2
Five hundred.

HAFEEZ
At least.

The light flickers. Everyone stares up at the ceiling in
suspense until finally, BLACKOUT.

The violent CROWD SCREAMS and POUNDS the walls.

OFFICER 1
Miss?

NELKA
Yeah?

OFFICER 1
Please don't tell America.

NELKA
(voice shaking)
I did a very stupid thing.

The light flickers and FLASHES ON. Everyone breathes.

OFFICER 2
This is to our great shame.

EXT. JORDAN - RAINBOW STREET - NIGHT

20 POLICE OFFICERS charge through the CROWD toward the tiny ATM enclosure.

INT. JORDAN - ATM STORE - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS pour into the small space. They surround Nelka and prepare for her escort.

Hafeez offers Nelka his arm, and she grabs it.

OFFICER 1

We go to the tourist station.

Nelka watches Hafeez, and he offers her a reassuring nod.

OFFICER 2

Ready?

EXT. JORDAN - RAINBOW STREET - NIGHT

The POLICE OFFICERS burst through the doors and push through the CROWD. They travel to a small box station labeled "Tourism Police."

The CROWD YELLS PROFANITIES and HISSES. MEN throw trash at Nelka and run away. Nelka SCREAMS, and the POLICE OFFICERS march faster.

More POLICE OFFICERS arrive with gear, and the crowd thins.

INT. JORDAN - TOURISM POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hafeez pulls Nelka into the small space and releases her arm. Officer 2 hands Nelka a paper and pen. Her hands tremble.

OFFICER 2

Write your address for taxi.

Hafeez steps outside and disappears into the night.

NELKA

Can I tell them when they get here?

OFFICER 2

Special taxi, plans a special route for you. Don't worry.

Nelka writes her address down and looks around, alarmed.

NELKA
Where did the man go?

OFFICER 1
If you tell America, let them know
we took care of you.

Nelka gazes at him, devastated. She agrees with a nod.

EXT. JORDAN - TOURISM POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up. Officer 2 escorts Nelka into the backseat.
The door closes, and the driver, JABIR (60s), takes off.

INT. JORDAN - TAXI - NIGHT

Jabir drives as though he's in the middle of a high-speed chase. Each turn tosses Nelka from one side of the backseat to the other.

She glances out the back window. The roads are empty.

NELKA
Sir...I don't think anyone's
chasing us.

Jabir makes another sharp turn. Nelka grips the seat.

JABIR
I get you home safe. Don't worry.

Nelka's phone RINGS. She picks it up.

ZOE (V.O.)
What the hell happened!?

NELKA
(to phone)
Hey Zoe.
(to Jabir)
This is my street.

Jabir gives Nelka a thumbs up.

NELKA (CONT'D)
It's been a long night...I'll
explain when I see you.

ZOE (V.O.)
Okay. We'll be home in ten minutes.

Jabir swerves. Nelka hits her head on the window.

NELKA
(rubs her head)
Ouch!

ZOE (V.O.)
I'm glad you're okay. See you soon.

NELKA
It's that one on the left.

Nelka hangs up and points to her house on the dark street.

Yards before Nelka's house, an SUV pulls into the middle of the narrow street and blocks the road before the taxi.

Jabir's tires SCREECH as he slams on the brakes. He flips into reverse. Another SUV pulls up behind them.

All three vehicles sit idle.

Nelka pulls the GPS device from her purse and shoves it up her skirt. Her hand emerges without the device. She removes her ID from her wallet and places it on the seat.

Two KIDNAPPERS brandishing large weapons exit the front SUV.

JABIR
Hold on.

Jabir hits the gas and smashes into the vehicle behind him.

The taxi stalls.

KIDNAPPER 1 trains his weapon on Jabir as KIDNAPPER 2 rips Nelka from the taxi and throws her into the SUV.

They jump into the SUV. Both SUVs drive off.

INT. JORDAN - SUV - NIGHT

Nelka sits between the two kidnappers in the backseat. She looks at one of the men. He grabs the back of her head and SLAMS her face down onto her knees.

EXT. UNKNOWN DESERT - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up to a building. The full moon reveals a desolate desert as far as the eye can see in every direction.

The engine shuts off. The men exit the vehicle.

Kidnapper 1 drags a half-awake Nelka out by her arm.

INT. UNKNOWN DESERT - BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT

A dim bulb hangs from the ceiling above a thin, dirty mat. In the corner sits a lone bucket near a spigot and drain.

Kidnapper 1 tosses Nelka inside and SLAMS the door shut. Nelka falls on the cement floor and hits her head.

Her forehead bleeds. She wipes blood from her eyes.

The door swings open. Kidnapper 1 tosses clothes and flip-flops onto the floor. He SLAMS the door shut.

Nelka cries and looks around the small windowless space. She inspects the clothing. It's a long black abaya and a hijab. She drops them onto the mat.

UZZA (40s) zoftig and hostile, enters in a niqab with a bucket, washcloth, and soap. She fills the bucket with water.

NELKA

(cries)

I'm so sorry. Please...

Uzza pulls a large knife from her abaya.

NELKA (CONT'D)

(gasps)

Do you speak English?

Nelka flinches as Uzza cuts her necklace and bracelet off.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Please. I--

Uzza rips Nelka's dress off her body. She shivers in her bra and thong. Uzza gawks at Nelka's thong and HISSES as she storms out. Nelka holds herself as she cries.

Uzza reenters with a large pair of briefs. She tosses them on top of Nelka's new clothes and pulls Nelka's thong down. She gently removes them from Nelka's shaking legs in one piece.

NELKA (CONT'D)

(voice shaking)

I'm a volunteer at the UNRWA clinic
in Amman.

Uzza scrubs Nelka's every crevice over the drain and draws blood. Nelka weeps and shakes uncontrollably.

Uzza pulls out a small brush and brushes Nelka's hair. She wraps Nelka's hand around the handle, collecting clear fingerprints, and places it in a baggie.

NELKA (CONT'D)

(cries)

Please talk to me.

Uzza slaps Nelka's face. She exits with Nelka's belongings, as well as the bucket and soap she brought in.

Nelka sobs as she slowly shuffles to the pile of clothes.

LATER

Nelka watches mosquitoes repeatedly CRASH into the light and BUZZ around the room. She reaches between her legs, pulls the GPS device out of her body, and presses the SOS button. The light flashes, and she shoves it back inside of herself.

She takes a deep breath, stands, and creeps up to the door. She turns the handle...it opens.

EXT. UNKNOWN - BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka peers at the two kidnappers guarding her door.

NELKA

Bathroom?

The men look at each other and yell for Uzza.

MAN

(in Farsi; subtitled)

What is she saying!?

Uzza opens a door in the distance and stomps up to Nelka.

NELKA

Bathroom.

UZZA

She needs to use the toilet.

Kidnapper 1 stands and marches into the room.

Nelka follows.

INT. UNKNOWN - BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT

Kidnapper 1 steps up to a bucket, kicks it toward Nelka, exits, and LOCKS the door. Nelka stares at the bucket.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A desk covered in paperwork, computer monitors, a cellphone, and a laptop. An ALARM erupts from the phone.

Michael silences the alarm, stares at the screen, SIGHS, and leans back in his chair.

He taps his phone...

NELKA (V.O.)

You've reached Nelka Smith. Please
leave a--

He hangs up and taps the screen a few more times.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

(Arabic; subtitled)

Rafah Police. What's your
emergency?

Michael panics and hangs up.

INT. JORDAN - GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FBI agent, TRENT (40s), tall and terse, speaks to Zoe, Gina, and Amanda.

Other FBI AGENTS speak with Jabir across the room.

Trent scans his notes. Nelka's bagged ID hangs from his grip.

TRENT

Typically, when the victim doesn't
have any known connections to the
kidnappers, they're looking for an
exchange of some kind. If that's
the case, we'll get a call with
their demands within 24 hours.

He fumbles with his notes and points to the couch.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Do you mind if we sit?

GINA

That's fine.

They transition to the couches surrounding a coffee table.

Trent plops his notes onto the coffee table and writes.

Amanda leans back and closes her eyes. Zoe cries as she stares at her phone. Gina glares at Trent.

TRENT

Amanda, when Nelka called, did she say she was in danger?

Amanda's eyes pop open, and she pleads with Trent.

AMANDA

How was I supposed to know she was serious?

TRENT

Does she joke around like that often?

GINA

No. She doesn't.

AMANDA

She shouldn't have gone alone.

Gina glares at Amanda.

GINA

We've established that.

Zoe wipes her eyes and thrusts her phone in Trent's face.

ZOE

Sir, here's a better photo of her.

Trent glances up from his notes.

TRENT

The one you've sent is sufficient.

ZOE

Sir. She'd appreciate it if you used this one instead. I mean--

Gina gently pushes Zoe's hand down.

GINA

Zoe. It's fine. Forget it.

Amanda leans back and closes her eyes.

TRENT
Are you ladies close to Nelka?

GINA
The three of us started out in a
community college premed program
together about four years ago.

TRENT
Which three?

GINA
Nelka, Zoe, and me.

TRENT
You said Nelka's married. What can
you tell me about her husband...
(flips through notes)
Michael?

ZOE
(to herself)
I begged her to go out with us.
It's all my fault--

GINA
(to Zoe)
She went out on her own volition.
Just...calm down. They're going to
get her back. Okay?
(to Trent)
He works from home.

TRENT
Occupation?

GINA
Day trader.

TRENT
Would you say they have a good
relationship?

GINA
He might have been cheating on her.

ZOE
Wait! What!? With who!?

Amanda's eyes open, and she studies Gina.

AMANDA
Where'd you hear that?

Trent and Amanda stare at Gina.

GINA

She told me she heard him talking
to a woman on the phone a week
ago...he called her Bunny.

Amanda shoots up from the couch and walks across the room.

ZOE

Why didn't she tell me!?

TRENT

(to Zoe)
You don't know who Bunny is?

ZOE

No, sir. I don't know anything
anymore.

TRENT

(to Amanda)
And you? Do you know anyone named
Bunny?

AMANDA

She never mentioned anything like
that to me, either.

GINA

(to Amanda)
Why would she?
(to Zoe)
She mentioned it when you were
upstairs getting dressed tonight.

ZOE

But she used to tell me everything.

GINA

I'm sure she would have if--

AMANDA

I spent a lot of time at Nelka's
for Cogs last semester. Michael
doesn't seem like the type.

TRENT

Why's that?

AMANDA

Because he waited on her hand and
foot the entire time, it was
almost...sad.

Trent and Gina glance at Amanda for a quick beat.

TRENT

(to Gina)

Did she say anything else?

GINA

Not that I can recall--

AMANDA

Before we left for the club, I heard Nelka tell Gina she didn't want to be in San Diego anymore.

ZOE

What the hell is going on here? Nelka wouldn't leave us! Would she?

GINA

(to Trent)

She was apprehensive about confronting Michael. That's all.

(to Amanda)

You're taking that out of context.

AMANDA

I'm just telling Agent Trent here what she said...you seem to have forgotten.

TRENT

Is there a reason she would be afraid to confront Michael?

AMANDA

No.

GINA

(to Amanda)

Stop talking. You don't even know Nelka or Michael.

(to Trent)

Not that I know of. Look, she's applying to a bunch of medical schools...she'd most likely end up moving out of San Diego anyway.

TRENT

But she was apprehensive about going home before she headed off to medical school?

ZOE

Sir. I might not know much anymore,
but I know Nelka wanted to go home
to finish school. Becoming a doctor
meant everything to her.

TRENT

But she didn't want to go back?

Amanda holds out her hand as if to say, "See."

GINA

No. I mean, yes. Sorry, it's late.
Nothing would stop Nelka from
finishing school.

EXT. UNKNOWN - BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka's kidnappers sleep on mats outside her door.

An old TV sits on top of an old box nearby. On the TV screen,
Farsi subtitles display as Charles reports from Gaza.

CHARLES

The Palestinian medical staff who
chose to stay in Gaza have ended
their weeks-long strike for now.
However, the violence continues,
and Gaza hospitals are dangerously
low on medical workers.

EXT. GAZA - STREET - NIGHT

Charles interviews Hamas Leader Khaled Shaheen (the man Nelka
met after class) and DR. MOUSA (60s), short and wide.

MEDICAL STAFF flood in and out of the nearby Kamal Adwan
Hospital. Sporadic PROTESTORS pass the news camera as HAMAS
SOLDIERS shove them out of the frame.

Battle-torn buildings crumble around them.

CHARLES

For more on that, we are joined by
Hamas Leader Khaled Shaheen and
Palestinian Scholar, Dr. Mousa.
(to Khaled)
What is Hamas' official take on
solutions for the current crisis in
Gaza?

KHALED

We are the biggest prison in Israel. And when we fight back, they take everything away. We need our borders to open so that we can get the supplies and help we need.

A loud BANG in the distance. They huddle behind a tank.

The PRODUCER (50s), a thin, Middle Eastern man with a British accent, listens to his earpiece as everyone waits.

Seconds pass. The Producer stands.

PRODUCER

It was a couple of miles away.

Charles stands and gathers himself.

CHARLES

Ladies and gentlemen, my apologies for the interruption.

(beat)

Gaza has been offered a multi-billion-dollar deal that would change life for Palestinians immediately. Gaza would have an open seaport, a new airport, guaranteed projects that would supply much-needed incomes for its citizens, open borders, and all the supplies they need.

KHALED

Yes, but in exchange, they are asking us to give them our weapons, dismantle Hamas and incorporate our soldiers into our police force.

CHARLES

Do you view that as an unfair exchange?

KHALED

Palestine must stretch from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea. Our prisoners must be set free. And a fully sovereign Palestinian state must be established with Jerusalem as our capitol. We must be free to go anywhere we wish--

CHARLES

Do you see Palestinians and
Israelis co-existing on the same
land?

KHALED

We do not.

Charles pauses.

CHARLES

If I may...the UN Secretary-General
is calling for a ceasefire so that
the leaders of both parties can at
least engage in a solution-based
discussion.

Dr. Mousa leans in...

DR. MOUSA

Brother, the Jews will not give
anyone anything...except what you
take from them by force--

CHARLES

But how much force are you willing
to use? Today, some of your rockets
were sent into Israel, and they hit
several UN schools--

KHALED

Listen, that's not true. They
target hospitals and schools--

CHARLES

But the fact is, there is proof
that you repeatedly attack their
schools, hospitals, and various
other highly populated areas.

Another loud BANG. They duck behind the tank as BOMBS erupt
in the distance.

Several seconds of silence pass. They stand and assess the
situation. Car ALARMS blare around them.

Khaled and Dr. Mousa rip the microphones from their lapels,
toss them at Charles, and storm off.

Charles stares at his Producer, dumbfounded.

A van pulls up. Frantic MEDICAL STAFF collect more VICTIMS.

PRODUCER

Are you okay?

Charles takes a deep breath. BANG. They look up. HAMAS SOLDIERS launch missiles from the top of the hospital.

CHARLES

We need to leave.

A WOMAN covered in blood SCREAMS as she carries her TODDLER to the hospital. She trips, dropping her child.

Charles scrambles to pluck the toddler from the rubble.

He pulls the blankets off to administer CPR. The child has been beheaded.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Cut. Please cut.

Charles cradles the child and weeps.

INT. UNKNOWN - BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT

It's 3:00 am. Nelka sleeps on her mat. The door flings open.

The two kidnapppers march up to Nelka and lift her, grabbing each arm. She wakes in the process.

NELKA

May I have some water, please?

They drag her out of the room.

EXT. UNKNOWN - DESERT - DAWN

The sky is mostly black. The SUV stops near a towering wall.

The men step out of the SUV, brandishing shovels. They trudge up to the wall and dig at its base until...CLANG.

The men toss their shovels aside and roll an iron barrier out of the way. The SUV Driver escorts Nelka to the kidnapppers.

They pull her down into the tunnel. The SUV Driver rolls the iron cap over the entrance and covers it with sand.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A basketball game blares in the background as Michael relaxes on the couch with his laptop. The GPS device rests at his side.

An onscreen notification pops up: "SOS LOCATION FOUND." A map of EGYPT fills the screen.

INT. UNKNOWN - TUNNEL - DAY

A crudely cemented space, two feet wide by six feet high.

The earth RUMBLES as the men lead a wide-eyed Nelka down the dimly lit burrow. Nelka touches the cement wall.

NELKA

Where are we?

Kidnapper 1 slaps Nelka and shoves a finger in front of her lips. Nelka lowers her head, and they travel in silence.

A mile in, they reach an OPERATOR (46), small for his age, who stands near a lift system above a hole.

Nelka looks down the hole. It's a 100-foot drop, at least.

The lift is old, with a single loop to transport its passengers.

Kidnapper 2 scurries up to the harness and sits on it. The unfurling rope WHIZZES as he disappears.

It stops. Silence. They wait. The lift's motor HUMS as the rope slowly makes its way back up to the top.

The loop reappears. Kidnapper 1 shoves Nelka toward the hole.

The Operator hands the loop to Nelka. She hesitates, then snaps out of it and places the harness under her backside.

Now dangling, the Operator slowly lowers Nelka.

TUNNEL - HOLE

Nelka clutches the rope as she dangles from a now seventy-foot drop. Her descent is much slower than Kidnapper 2's.

With a jolt, the loop slides off Nelka's backside and catches under her arms at the last second.

She pants as she clamps her arms down onto the loop.

Seconds pass, and her feet finally touch the ground.

INT. UNKNOWN - TUNNEL - DAY

They reach an exit. Kidnapper 2 opens the round tunnel door. The THREE of them shield their eyes from the bright morning light as they make their way into...

EXT. GAZA - STREET - DAY

The kidnappers lead Nelka toward a CLUSTER of HAMAS SOLDIERS.

MERCHANTS pack and transport their smuggled goods to town. The LOCALS see Nelka, but most carry on as if they don't.

KIDS charge Nelka with their toy guns drawn. They "shoot" again and again: CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

She lowers her gaze as she follows the kidnappers.

An airplane passes overhead. MEN on the streets, the kidnappers with Nelka, and the kids shoot at the sky.

The thunderous BANG! BANG! BANG! from every direction sends Nelka to her belly. She covers her head with her hands.

The gunfire stops. Everyone stares down at Nelka and laughs.

Leaflets rain down from the plane as it disappears.

Foreign dialogue is in Arabic, subtitled.

PEOPLE

Coward!

The kids chant...

KIDS

Kill the coward! Kill the coward!

Kill the coward! Kill the coward!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Again, the kids pretend to shoot her. She glances up at the two kidnappers. They're busy talking to other MEN in the distance.

A leaflet lands in front of Nelka, and she picks it up. It's written in Arabic. She sits up and flips it over. The backside is written in English. In big lettering, it reads, "TO THE RESIDENTS OF BEIT LAHIA." Nelka stands.

NELKA

Airstrike in the area east of Al-Atatra and north of Jabalia. Clear the area by 12:00 pm today.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1 (30s), giant and well-built, rips the flyer from Nelka's hand and reads it. He scowls back at her, his face drenched in contempt. She recoils.

Hamas Soldier 1 glances at Khaled, who talks on the phone. He steps up to HAMAS SOLDIER 2 (20s), thin and tall, and shoves the flyer into his hand.

Hamas Soldier 1 pushes Hamas Soldier 2 toward Khaled, but he won't move. The brute Hamas Soldier 1 leans in and whispers something into Hamas Soldier 2's ear. He stumbles forward.

Hamas Soldier 2 shuffles up to Khaled and holds up the flyer. Khaled turns away as he chats.

Hamas Soldier 2 looks back at Hamas Soldier 1, who glares at him. He stays, flyer in hand.

Seconds pass. Khaled glances back at Hamas Soldier 2, hangs up, and rips the flyer from his hand. He studies the flyer.

KHALED

This is five hours from now.

HAMAS SOLDIER 2

Yes, sir.

KHALED

Did you think that I was going to be on the phone for five hours?

HAMAS SOLDIER 2

No, sir.

KHALED

Then why didn't you wait!?

HAMAS SOLDIER 2

I--

Khaled addresses the other HAMAS SOLDIERS.

KHALED

Do I answer to this soldier?

The HAMAS SOLDIERS turn to Khaled.

HAMAS SOLDIERS

No, sir!

KHALED
I didn't think so.

Khaled unholsters his gun and shoots Hamas Soldier 2 in the thigh. He bleeds as Khaled reads the fine print on the flyer.

Khaled glances at Hamas Soldier 2.

KHALED (CONT'D)
Stop bleeding everywhere!
 (in English; to Nelka)
 You! Stop his bleeding!

Nelka looks around.

NELKA
 Me?

KHALED
 Yes, you!

Nelka sheepishly steps up to Hamas Soldier 2 and helps him to the ground. His wound gushes.

NELKA
 I...I don't...

KHALED
 (to his men)
Get her some supplies.

Khaled continues studying the flyer.

Nelka and Hamas Soldier 2 helplessly stare at each other. She places her hands over the wound. Blood gushes between her fingers.

A duffel bag full of medical supplies appears with a THUD at Nelka's side. Her hands tremble as she opens the bag and gawks at the mass of supplies. She hesitates.

Hamas Soldier 2 groans as he pulls a tourniquet from the bag.

NELKA
 (whispers)
 Thank you.

Hamas Soldier 2 nods and passes out. Nelka wraps the tourniquet over the wound. HAMAS SOLDIER 3 (40s), average build, points to a higher point on Hamas Soldier 2's thigh.

Nelka rewraps the tourniquet.

Tears stream down Nelka's cheeks as she attempts chest compressions. Hamas Soldier 3 kneels and points at a different spot on Hamas Soldier 2's chest.

Nelka restarts her compressions from the new position.

Khaled glances up from his flyer.

KHALED
(to Nelka)
How is your patient?

NELKA
I think...I think he's gone.

Nelka checks Hamas Soldier 2's pulse. More tears stream down her cheeks.

Khaled shrugs and turns to his mousy assistant LABIB (20s).

KHALED
Labib!

LABIB
Yes, sir.

KHALED
I need you to make an announcement.

Labib quickly pulls out a notebook and a pen.

LABIB
Yes, sir.

KHALED
Our men are to prepare the rocket launchers immediately.

Labib writes.

LABIB
Yes, sir.

Nelka cleans her hands with rubbing alcohol from the supply bag as she studies the wall she tunneled under earlier.

It's over twenty-two feet high and topped with barbed wire.

KHALED (O.S.)
To the citizens of Gaza...
(beat)
Do not move!
(MORE)

KHALED (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*You must brace for impact and know
 that your self-sacrifice will not
 go unseen by Allah. We must stand
 as one body in the name of the
 revolution.*

(beat)

*The occupier will pay for their
 crimes against our people through
 the World Council. Let them be
 known near and far as the great
 terrorists. Every bullet, every
 stone, every bomb, and every act of
 self-sacrifice must be directed at
 the heart of the enemy. After
 today, we will be one step closer
 to destroying Zion and taking back
 Palestine!*

Labib nods as he writes as fast as he can.

LABIB
Allahu Akbar!

Labib stares at Khaled.

KHALED
*Go now before our people heed the
 flyers! Now! Now!*

LABIB
Yes, sir!

Labib runs toward buildings in the distance.

KHALED
 (in English; to Nelka)
 Follow me.

Khaled strolls. Nelka hesitates.

NELKA
 Sir, I think there's been a
 misunderstanding. I don't have
 money...I can't see how I'll be
 useful for you--

Khaled strides up to Nelka with a wide smile.

KHALED
 I am not a monster like you see on
 American TV.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

KHALED (CONT'D)

Let me be the first to welcome you to your new home. Sorry, it's a bit...chaotic today. Let's go.

NELKA

What do you want...in exchange for my freedom?

Khaled studies Nelka.

KHALED

Have we put you in chains?

NELKA

No.

KHALED

You are no more a prisoner than us.
(beat)
Follow me.

Khaled turns and leads the way. She follows.

Nelka stares at piles of rubble that lie next to intact buildings as they make their way to a Hamas Police SUV.

INT. JORDAN - HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

A gloved Uzza (the woman from the unknown room) clutches a black bag as she steps up to the bed.

She messes up the bedding and pillows.

She removes a baggie from the black bag and sprinkles several strands of Nelka's hair on the sheets and a pillow before dropping Nelka's clothes onto the floor.

HOTEL - BATHROOM

Uzza flips on the light and pulls makeup from Nelka's purse, spreading it around the counter.

She wipes some lipstick onto a few tissues before wadding them up and tossing them into the trash with tags from new clothes in Nelka's size.

Uzza pulls the hairbrush, soap, and the washcloth she used on Nelka from a bag and places them around the sink and bathtub.

HOTEL - ROOM

Uzza switches the TV on and turns up the volume.

She places Nelka's purse on a nightstand and spreads food wrappers around the desktop.

SOMEONE jiggles the door handle with a light knock. Uzza freezes.

UZZA

I don't need housekeeping. Thank you.

A muffled voice speaks inaudibly on the other side of the door, then silence.

Uzza opens the window and removes the screen. She puts Nelka's shoes on, walks around, and photographs the room.

She gathers her things, pulls Nelka's phone from her pocket, presses send, and slides it under a pillow.

She hops out of the first-floor window.

EXT. JORDAN - HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Uzza tugs the curtains partially out of the window. She creates a few clear footprints in the dirt and jogs away.

She reaches the cement sidewalk, looks around, removes Nelka's shoes, and tosses them in her bag.

She slides on her old shoes and shuffles away.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Nelka stares out her backseat window at the desolate land. Khaled drives. He lights a cigarette and studies Nelka in the rear view mirror.

KHALED

Would you like to hear some music?

NELKA

Why am I here?

KHALED

As I said before, this is your new home.

Tears stream down Nelka's face.

NELKA
But why me?

KHALED
Why not you?

Khaled turns on the radio...

RADIO (V.O.)
(In English, similar to
the tune of Michael
Jackson's *Beat It*)
/I'm the advocate of human rights.
I am the enemy of terrorism.
I'm the advocate of love, peace,
and compromises.
Even though I sometimes disguise
myself as ISIS.
And I'd bathe in the blood in
Yemen, Iraq, Gaza, or Damascus
who cares? Whatever. I am an
American./

Nelka tenses.

NELKA
Wouldn't you like to share
something more traditional?

KHALED
This is traditional.
(beat)
But I understand. You wait, we'll
be...rocking out...as you Americans
say...to this, soon enough.

He turns the music to an instrumental Arab WASLAT.

Khaled glares at Nelka in his rear view mirror. Silence.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael sits at his desk before an open laptop. One large monitor displays Nelka's location in GAZA. The other, a string of messages he's exchanged with "BUNNY."

He stares at Bunny's last message. ON SCREEN: "No one will know if it's not connected to the police."

His phone RINGS...

MICHAEL
Hello?

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent sits at his desk with a phone to his ear. He flips through a file and jots down a few notes.

TRENT

Michael. Agent Trent here from the FBI office in Jordan. Is this a good time?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

...Man...I just...eh...I spent all day with your agents in San Diego. I was actually heading to bed and--

TRENT

I apologize for the inconvenience. I'm looking at their notes. They missed some details that I believe might help us find your wife. Hoping you could clarify a few things. It'll be brief.

Michael SIGHS.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How can I help?

Someone KNOCKS at the door. Trent covers the receiver.

TRENT

Come in.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael closes his browsers and shuts his laptop.

TRENT (O.S.)

Let's see...small details...

(beat)

Can you provide Bunny's real name for us?

Michael freezes and stares at the wall.

MICHAEL

I told them...I don't know.

TRENT (O.S.)

Listen. Man. I get it. My wife and I were going on twenty years in a Midwestern utopia before I let a "Bunny" take us out.

(MORE)

TRENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Why do you think I took a station
in the Middle-fucking-East?

(beat)

It's all relevant until it's not.
But we've gotta have it all.

Michael leans forward and places his elbows on his desk.

MICHAEL

She's a prostitute. I don't know
her real name.

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent slides a fork and napkin off his notepad.

TRENT

Where can we find her?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

God. I don't know...it was only a
couple of times.

TRENT

All right. Where'd you meet her
those couple of times?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Downtown.

TRENT

Downtown. Where? What street?

Silence from Michael.

TRENT (CONT'D)

It's a simple question.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

...I think it was near the college.

Trent turns to his computer and types.

ON SCREEN: He looks at the college on the Google Street View
map and scans the area: it's next door to a large Police
Station.

TRENT

Got any dates for me?

Trent refers to his notes: "Call from Bunny one week ago."

MICHAEL

Little over a month ago.

TRENT

Nothing more recent?

MALIKA

Why would I lie? I want to find Nelka just as much as you do.

TRENT

That's fair.

(beat)

I understand you're a day trader.
How's that going for you?

Feminine HANDS slide a salad in front of Trent. The unseen WOMAN slides out a chair, sits across from Trent, and EATS.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

It's going.

TRENT

You know...my ex is a lawyer. We were on par for recognition. Except for every award she got, I got a citation.

Trent laughs. He leans back, revealing the wall behind him; it's blanketed in photos of him receiving awards.

TRENT (CONT'D)

My Bunny thought I was smart because I was a cop. But my wife...eh.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Yeah. I get it.

TRENT

Figured as much. Between me and you, I was smarter than her, but you gotta make them feel good. Am I right?

A cherry tomato strikes Trent's forehead. He points to the phone and shrugs.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Well, hey...I'll let you get to bed. If you hear from Nelka or remember anything new, you have my private line.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Sure thing.

Trent hangs up.

TRENT
Hun.

Trent's wife, FATIMA (40s), is hijab-clad and well dressed.

She eats her salad across the desk from Trent, takes her time chewing, and offers...

FATIMA
(strong Arabic accent)
I'd like to see you try to amputate
a limb.

Trent stands, picks up his chair, and sits next to Fatima.

TRENT
The Bunny thing didn't bother you,
but that did?

FATIMA
I can live without you, but not
without my education.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael stares at the wall and wrings his hands. He abruptly opens his laptop, and the monitors illuminate.

He types.

ON SCREEN 1: Nelka's location. ON SCREEN 2: A caption, "THE VIOLENCE IN GAZA CONTINUES."

Michael stares at the screen for a beat and presses enter.

ON SCREEN 1: "ACCOUNT SUCCESSFULLY DELETED."

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent finishes his salad with Fatima. His phone RINGS.

TRENT
Hello?
(he stands)
Don't go in. I'm heading over right
now.

Trent sprints around his desk and collects his keys.

FATIMA
Get yourself killed, and I will
bring you back to kill you myself.

TRENT
Thought you said you could live
without me.

FATIMA
Why must you be so annoying?

TRENT
You're the one who married me.

Trent kisses Fatima and charges out the door.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Khaled drives in silence until finally...

NELKA
Have we met?

KHALED
Don't you remember me?

Nelka studies Khaled's face in the rear view mirror.

NELKA
I'm...I'm sorry. I don't.

KHALED
Your class yesterday.

Nelka's eyes widen.

KHALED (CONT'D)
Tell me. What is your specialty?

NELKA
I study neuroscience, epidemiology,
and global health.

KHALED
Can you perform surgery?

NELKA
I'm not even qualified to draw
blood.

KHALED
Nonsense. You worked at the UNRWA
clinic in Amman.

NELKA
How do you know that?

Khaled flicks ash from his cigarette into the ashtray.

NELKA (CONT'D)
I was collecting data for research.

KHALED
So you are a spy?

NELKA
I was studying noncommunicable
diseases...like smokers who get
lung cancer.

Khaled takes a long drag from his cigarette.

KHALED
You are a liar. We'll have to see
what you can do.

NELKA
I am not a doctor.

KHALED
(explosive)
Do not lie to me! I will kill you!
Do you understand!? I will cut your
throat on live TV and feed you to
the pigs!

INT. JORDAN - HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Trent stands in front of a door with FBI Agent, CODY (30s),
short, stocky, and cynical. A BELLHOP (20s) joins them.

Trent KNOCKS. No answer.

The TV blares from the room. He POUNDS on the door again.
Still no answer. He glares at Cody.

TRENT
FBI, let us in!

CODY
Let's get in there.

Trent nods at the Bellhop, who unlocks the door.

TRENT
 (to the Bellhop)
 Stand back.
 (to "Nelka")
 FBI! We're coming in!

HOTEL - ROOM

Trent and Cody enter with guns drawn.

TRENT
 Nelka Smith, this is the FBI!

CODY
 We just want to make sure you're
 okay in here.

Cody storms into the bathroom.

Trent charges into the room and turns off the TV. He steps up to the open window and scans the area.

CODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 All clear.

Trent picks up his phone...

TRENT
 Yeah. Can you guys patrol the area?
 Looks like she's out there on foot.
 (beat)
 Sure thing.

Trent hangs up. Cody joins him.

CODY
 See her?

TRENT
 No. But the window's wide open.

Trent peers out the window.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 Stiletto prints down below here.

CODY
 All her shit's in the bathroom.

TRENT
 Any sign of anyone else in there?

Cody pokes at her clothes on the floor with a pen.

CODY

No. Trashcan has clothing tags and some tissues...she's got a wet rag and a recently used bar of soap.

TRENT

Who would kidnap someone and let them sleep in a nice hotel alone?

Trent inspects the food wrappers.

CODY

The cabbie was still alive.

(beat)

When was the last time you've seen a witness walk away from a situation like that?

Trent retrieves Nelka's passport and studies it.

Cody picks up her thong. The men glare at each other.

TRENT

I don't see any signs of struggle. Do you?

CODY

Sure. To avoid us.

TRENT

We don't know anything yet.

CODY

I say...if she doesn't want to be found, then so-fucking-be-it.

Cody moves the pillows on the bed and finds her phone.

TRENT

Why wouldn't she grab her stuff before she bolted? It's all here.

CODY

People panic all the time. The good news is that she's not going to get far without her passport.

TRENT

All right. I'll send someone to process the room.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Nelka trembles.

NELKA

I'm sorry. I...I am a doctor. I'm
sorry I lied.

Khaled softens...

KHALED

You are afraid. I understand you
are weak. But if you do it again,
you will be punished.

They drive past a young Palestinian COUPLE walking hand-in-hand. Khaled slams on the brakes and backs up. He stops.

Khaled jumps out and GOES OFF on the young couple in indiscernible Arabic. Nelka watches on in horror.

She pulls on the door handle. It's unlocked. She looks both ways. Hamas police patrol the streets.

She takes her hand off the door handle and sits back as Khaled berates the young couple.

Khaled enters, SLAMMING the door shut. He drives off.

KHALED (CONT'D)

Haram, haram, fear Allah!

(beat)

I know that American citizens can
have sex in the streets, but
here...P.D.A...as you call it, will
earn you time in prison!

(to himself)

Don't even look at me! La ilaha
illallah!

Nelka casts her eyes down onto her dirty flip-flops.

She SNEEZES and slowly looks down, worried. She slides over and sees a large red spot on the beige cloth seat. She GASPS.

Khaled watches Nelka through the rear view mirror. She frantically blots the seat with her black abaya: the stain isn't going anywhere.

KHALED (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Nelka glances up at Khaled.

NELKA
Everything's fine.

Nelka attempts to cover the stain with her garments.

KHALED
What is going on!?

Nelka uncovers a portion of the red stain.

NELKA
I...I started my period.

Khaled slams on the brakes with a loud SCREECH. The car comes to an abrupt stop, and he quickly exits the vehicle.

KHALED
Get out! Get out of my car! You filthy animal!

NELKA
I'm sorry.

KHALED
Get out!

Red-faced, Khaled stares at Nelka from outside of the car.

Nelka's hand trembles as she slowly opens the door. She exits, revealing the entirety of the big-red-stain.

Through the windshield, Khaled pulls a gun on Nelka. He points it at her head. The clock on the dashboard hits 7:30 am. The airstrike is just four and a half hours away.

EXT. GAZA - STREET - DAY

Khaled points his gun at Nelka.

NELKA
(cries)
Please...

Nelka throws her hands up and shields herself.

KHALED
Back up! Get away from me!

She slowly steps back, trips over her abaya, and falls on the broken road. She clumsily makes her way back to the SUV.

NELKA

As a doctor, I must tell you that stress tends to impact a woman's cycle, and traveling to a new...place...with a bunch of new people is a pretty stressful event.

PEOPLE on the street stop and stare at Nelka and Khaled. Khaled pulls out his phone and makes a call.

KHALED

(to Nelka)

Stay there!

(in Arabic; phone call)

I'm in front of the coffee shop next to the park.

LATER

Another Hamas police SUV pulls up. A female warden, WAFAA (40s), stern and silent, hops out of the passenger's seat.

She grabs Nelka by the arm, rips open the back door of the SUV with the period stain, and pushes Nelka inside.

Khaled jumps in the new police SUV and takes off.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Wafaa drives off. Nelka stares out the window as the war-torn landscape passes by. Tears stream down her face.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS JAIL - DAY

Wafaa tosses Nelka into a small cell and storms off.

Nelka's cell sits between two others. One of her neighbors is a Palestinian, BUSHRA (29), a calm, soft-spoken woman in a hijab. Her other neighbor is an American, SOFIA (35), Indian, too thin, tall, and chaotic.

Nelka's cell has a small mattress on the floor, a dirty sink, a trash bucket, and a hole in the ground for a toilet.

NELKA

I don't think free-bleeding is okay here, so I'm going to need--

Wafaa reappears and tosses a couple of giant pads and a new pair of panties at Nelka. She marches off toward the exit.

Wafaa SLAMS and locks the door with a loud CLICK.

HAMAS JAIL - NELKA'S CELL

NELKA

Thank you.

(to herself)

I need a washcloth and a new...

Nelka looks down at her abaya, unsure of what to call it.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Dress?

SOFIA

Check your mattress.

Nelka plucks the bag from her mattress and removes a small bar of soap and a rag.

She pulls up her abaya but stops and looks up at the women.

NELKA

Is it okay if I...?

BUSHRA

Men don't come in here.

NELKA

Great.

(to both women)

I'm Nelka.

BUSHRA

I'm Bushra.

SOFIA

Sofia.

Nelka removes her abaya, exposing her blood-soaked granny panties that reach just above her belly button.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You should wash those. We only get two other pairs.

NELKA

Thanks.

Nelka removes her panties and cleans herself. She secretly pulls out the GPS device. The light isn't on anymore. She presses the SOS button. It flashes but quickly dies.

She lets the water run, cleans the device, and reinserts it.

SOFIA

Turn the water off when you're not using it. We won't get more for a while if we run out.

Nelka shuts the water off. She scrubs her dirty abaya and soiled panties, then quickly rinses them off.

She sticks the pad to the gusset of the new panties and steps into them, pulling them up just under her breasts.

The giant pad forces her to waddle as she hangs her wet items out to dry on the bars of her cell.

INT. JORDAN - GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gina and Zoe sit on the couch with Trent. Gina leans in...

GINA

I'm positive Nelka said she heard him talking to her just before she left. That was a week ago.

TRENT

How can you be so sure?

GINA

She said so, and she would have told me a lot sooner if it were a month ago. Why are you asking?

Trent nods and jots down a few notes.

TRENT

I'm double-checking. That's all.

ZOE

Sir...?

TRENT

You don't have to call me sir. Do either of you have the password to Nelka's phone?

Gina writes it down on Trent's folder.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ZOE

Agent Trent...I'm confused.

Trent offers Zoe a tight-lipped smirk with a SIGH.

GINA

So am I. Nothing about this makes sense. Why would she call and run?

TRENT

I was hoping you'd be able to shed some light on that now that you've had a little more time to process the situation and--

GINA

We were up all night waiting to hear from you. When we got a call from her phone this morning, we expected you to come in here with some good news.

(beat)

Instead, you're asking us the same damn questions you did last night.

TRENT

It's important to be thorough. We were hoping for the same outcome.

GINA

You want to be thorough!? We're talking about a woman who's given up everything to keep a 4.0 because becoming a doctor means everything to her.

(beat)

Nothing Michael does with some prostitute is going to derail that.

ZOE

Gina, what if she's dead?

GINA

Don't talk like that, Zoe.

TRENT

I'm telling you the facts as they stand at this moment. If we can all work together here, maybe we'll be able to make some sense of them.

ZOE

Agent Trent, we've given you everything...literally. I can't think of anything else.

Amanda enters, well-rested and groggy.

AMANDA
So how's Nelka doing?

She plops down next to Trent.

TRENT
It appears that she left before we could speak with her.

AMANDA
(laughs)
I knew it! You're wasting your time. She'll pop up when she's over the whole Bunny bullshit...if it's even true.

GINA
Get out! What the fuck is your problem with Nelka!?

Trent watches Amanda and waits...

AMANDA
Just telling it like it is.

Gina stands. Zoe grabs her arm and pulls her back down.

ZOE
Gina, sit! Amanda, you're not helping! Please leave.

AMANDA
All of us have to go home now because of her. Her little tantrum fucked up everyone's summer. I have every right to be pissed.

GINA
(to Trent)
She doesn't know Nelka like we do.

AMANDA
Hey, I'm just--

ZOE
(to Amanda)
If you insist on being on here!...Please sit quietly.

Amanda glares at Trent and smirks, then rolls her eyes.

Amanda reaches for a book on a shelf and her shirt lifts, exposing a small tattoo of a BUNNY on her lower back.

Trent studies the tattoo.

TRENT

Amanda, you said you got to know Michael a little when you took that class with Nelka?

AMANDA

Yeah. What do you want to know?

TRENT

Just confirming the facts. I'd better head out. I just wanted to give you ladies an update.

Trent stands. Gina and Zoe follow.

GINA

Wait, so what's next?

TRENT

We'll be in touch.

Trent exits.

The moment the front door SHUTS, Gina turns and SLAPS Amanda across the face. Amanda recoils and holds her cheek.

AMANDA

What the hell, Gina!?

GINA

That's my friend's life you're fucking with.

Amanda storms out. Zoe looks at Gina, desperate.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS JAIL - DAY

All three women lie on their mattresses. A long silence.

NELKA

Has anyone ever escaped before?

SOFIA

(scoffs)

Close your eyes...you can go anywhere you want.

NELKA

Have they ever let anyone go?

BUSHRA
Never a foreigner.

NELKA
Then we need to escape.

SOFIA
I hate new people.

BUSHRA
Stop it.

SOFIA
No. I won't.
(to Nelka)
Take all that hope you have aimed
toward an escape or rescue and
learn to stuff it, deep down
inside, until it dies. No one's
going anywhere. Ever.

Nelka cries silently for a few long seconds.

BUSHRA
Don't cry. You'll be okay.

SOFIA
Stop lying to her.

BUSHRA
Sofia.

SOFIA
I'm being honest.
(to Nelka)
Tears mean nothing here. Save your
energy and go to sleep.

BUSHRA
It takes a while, but eventually,
you'll settle in. You'll see.

Another long silence.

INT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael paces. He exchanges rapid-fire texts: DING! WHOOSH.
DING! WHOOSH. DING! WHOOSH. DING! WOOSH...

The TV blares Charles' report in the background.

ON SCREEN: Nelka's image.

CHARLES

An American woman from San Diego, California, was reported missing in Amman, Jordan, last night--

Michael's phone RINGS. It's a FaceTime from Amanda. He picks it up and mutes the TV.

MICHAEL

Bun...I need to tell the police. I'd rather die than go to prison, and if they find her, I'll--

AMANDA

Calm down. Trent doesn't know anything. Whoever took her is obviously covering their tracks. She's long gone by now.

MICHAEL

You'd stake your life on that?

AMANDA

You mean yours?...I'm kidding. Don't be stupid.

(beat)

If they question you again, don't say anything. Delete everything off your phone.

Silence from Michael.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Michael, Don't be an idiot.

MICHAEL

I'm not an idiot--

AMANDA

Then get rid of everything. Photos. Texts. WhatsApp. All of it...and we need to stop talking until they close the investigation.

MICHAEL

If I give them the device, they might still be able to find her.

AMANDA

If you don't want to be called an idiot, then stop acting like one.

(beat)

They will lock you up! I'm serious.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Lying to the FBI is a federal crime
and a fucking felony! Get rid of
it!

MICHAEL

...I'm not going to murder my wife.

AMANDA

That ship sailed when you didn't
report her SOS on the first night.
Remember, if they question you
again, don't say a word.

MICHAEL

But I can still--

AMANDA

I have to go. Don't be stupid. Get
rid of the device. Now.

Amanda hangs up. Michael stares at Nelka's photo on the TV.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS JAIL - NELKA'S CELL - DAY

Nelka uses a hairpin to pick at her cell door lock.

Sofia sits, vacant, with her back against the wall.

Bushra peacefully reads her Quran.

NELKA

(to Bushra)

Why are you here?

BUSHRA

I posted a photo of a Fatah leader
on Facebook.

NELKA

How long did you get for that?

BUSHRA

Eight years, but--

NELKA

What!?

BUSHRA

But I converted to Islam, and they
took six months off, and then when
I memorized five chapters of the
Quran, they took a year off. Six
more years to go.

NELKA

Fuck.

BUSHRA

Watch that in front of them.

Nelka nods. She gives up on the lock and sits on her mat.

BUSHRA (CONT'D)

I consider myself lucky. Getting caught smoking hash is a death sentence. One of my brothers learned that the hard way.

NELKA

What religion were you before you converted to Islam?

BUSHRA

Same. To Hamas, if you defy them, then you cannot truly be Muslim.

Nelka fidgets with her hairpin for a few seconds...

NELKA

Will I be forced to convert?

SOFIA

Not while you're on your period.

BUSHRA

We're almost in sync, by the way.

SOFIA

But we're on day three.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(to Nelka)

Are you religious?

NELKA

I grew up Christian.

(to Sofia)

What about you?

SOFIA

Dad's Buddhist. Mom's Catholic. I'm a confused Indian girl from the Bible belt.

(beat)

...I was.

NELKA

How long have you been here?

HAMAS JAIL - SOFIA'S CELL

Sofia runs her fingers over the endless rows of lines and dashes carved into her wall.

SOFIA
Little over five years.

HAMAS JAIL - NELKA'S CELL

Nelka crawls back to her cell door and works on the lock.

BUSHRA
Do you know why you're here?

NELKA
They think I'm a doctor. I'm not.

SOFIA
Why do they think you're a doctor?

NELKA
I'm here...or was in Jordan...with
a bunch of other premed students.
We were volunteering at the UNRWA
clinic.

SOFIA
No one lives for free in Gaza,
especially us. Don't tell anyone
else you're not a doctor.

NELKA
Why are you here?

SOFIA
I'm a doctor.

NELKA
Looks like you started something.

HAMA JAIL - SOFIA'S CELL

Sofia wrings her hands and scratches her skin. She lifts her sleeves to scratch her arms, exposing track marks.

SOFIA
I'm not the first, and you
definitely won't be the last. Just
follow my lead. You'll be fine.

NELKA

There's going to be an airstrike at noon today. Maybe we can escape.

Sofia rolls her eyes, and Bushra clears her throat.

HAMAS JAIL - BUSHRA'S CELL

Bushra closes her Quran and tucks it under her pillow.

BUSHRA

That would be the time to do it.

SOFIA

Don't encourage her.

Long heavy silence.

Bushra reaches under her mat and pulls out a clean piece of paper. She draws a detailed map of the tunnels and labels it.

NELKA

If I pretend to be a doctor, then people are going to die.

SOFIA

Better them than you.

HAMAS JAIL - NELKA'S CELL

Nelka's hairpin snaps. She sinks back down to her mat.

BUSHRA

The hospital is going to be mayhem.

SOFIA

Stop Bushra.

NELKA

Why don't you two come with me?

BUSHRA

If I go, they'll make my entire family suffer.

NELKA

(to Sofia)
Will you come?

SOFIA

(scoffs)
No...no way. Not a chance.

A rat climbs out of Nelka's toilet. Bushra's eyes widen.

BUSHRA
Come over here, slowly.

Nelka follows Bushra's gaze and spots the rat.

The rat charges. Everyone SCREAMS and climbs the bars.

BUSHRA (CONT'D)
Hit it with your bucket!

NELKA
I'm not going over there!

Wafaa enters and unholsters her gun.

SOFIA
Cover your ears!

Wafaa shoots the rat with a thunderous BANG.

WAFAA
It's time to go! Get down!

Bushra quickly passes the map to Nelka with a wink. Nelka hides it in her bra as she fixes her hijab.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Nelka and Sofia sit in the backseat. Wafaa drives. Sofia watches Wafaa and waits until she's distracted on the phone.

SOFIA
Where is the airstrike taking place?

NELKA
It said east of Al-Atatra and North of Jabalia. Where are we headed?

SOFIA
Kamal Adwan Hospital. About two miles east of Al-Atatra and two miles north of Jabalia.

ARABIC MUSIC plays on the radio.

The clock on the dashboard reads 10:30 am.

EXT. GAZA - KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Wafaa rolls up to the entrance, and they exit the SUV.

HAMAS SOLDIERS filter in and out, blending in with the hectic mass of PATIENTS. Flyers blanket the ground.

INT. GAZA - KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Wafaa leads Nelka and Sofia deeper into the hospital, and a host of frantic PATIENTS confront them.

An OLD MAN screams at the HAMAS SOLDIERS.

OLD MAN

*Get out of here! You're putting us
in danger! Get out!*

CHILDREN CRY. PARENTS pull their KIDS out of hospital beds.

PATIENTS try to escape. A DESPERATE WOMAN yells at a NURSE.

WOMAN

*Where is my daughter!? Let me get
her and bring her home!*

The desperate woman falls to her knees.

INT. GAZA - KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - OPEN ROOM - DAY

MUSLIM WOMEN filter in and CHAT.

Wafaa leads Nelka and Sofia to a bench near the door. Nelka finds the clock on the wall. It's 11:15 am.

Nelka and Sofia watch Wafaa and the other women wash themselves at the sinks on the other side of the room.

NELKA

What's going on?

SOFIA

They're preparing to pray.

NELKA

Will you come with me?

Sofia scratches her arms.

SOFIA

I'm scared.

NELKA

Don't you miss your family?

Sofia doesn't respond.

Everyone's phones RING. They reject the call without looking.

Nelka looks back up at the clock. It's 11:20 am.

NELKA (CONT'D)

What was that?

SOFIA

The Israeli Army is warning them about the strike.

Nelka looks around the room and finds all the exits.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Do you know which route you're taking?

Over a loudspeaker, the ISLAMIC CALL TO PRAYER begins.

The women unfold their mats in rows and stand, ready to pray.

Nelka watches Wafaa as she discreetly pulls out the map.

NELKA

Where are we?

SOFIA

(points)

We're right here. You can't approach the Israeli border now. So your best bet is going to be the Rafah tunnels to Egypt.

NELKA

I think that's where they brought me in.

A WOMAN glares at Nelka and Sofia. They hide the map.

NELKA (CONT'D)

How long does the prayer last?

SOFIA

Five minutes, once it starts.

NELKA

Please come.

They look at the clock. It's 11:27 am.

A loud BANG! The entire building shakes.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Was that it?

SOFIA

That was a knock. The strike is coming.

The VOCAL PRAYER plays over the loudspeaker. The women raise their hands to heart level.

NELKA

Are you coming?

Sofia shifts in her seat, pensive. She scratches.

SOFIA

Yes.

They glance at Wafaa and quickly tiptoe to the exit.

KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Sofia leads the way. She and Nelka bob and weave as they fight to make their way to the hospital's exit.

Nelka runs into a male DOCTOR. She falls and lands hard on the tile floor. She's nearly swallowed by the CHAOS.

DOCTOR

Pardon me, ma'am.

Sofia realizes that Nelka's no longer by her side. She stops, turns back, finds Nelka, and scoops her up.

SOFIA

Pardon us. So sorry.

They spot HAMAS SOLDIERS approaching and quickly duck into a room.

KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - ROOM

Sofia and Nelka hide by the door as a PREGNANT WOMAN gives birth behind them. A DOCTOR and a NURSE deliver the baby.

A deafening SIREN erupts. The building RUMBLES and SHAKES.

Nelka looks up at a clock. It's 11:33 am. The Nurse waves...

NURSE
Get out! Now!

SOFIA
It's too dangerous!

The Nurse scurries over and pushes Sofia and Nelka toward the exit. Sofia rips open the door, and they run.

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent sits at his desk with the phone wedged between his shoulder and ear. He sketches Amanda's Bunny tattoo.

TRENT
Ma'am. No. She's fine. Your daughter is...I was...
(beat)
Yes. The students are safe...pardon? Yes. Don't worry. Your little Bunny will be okay.
(beat)
So that's her nickname?...Bunny?
(beat)
No. That's all for now. We'll be in touch. All right. Bye-bye now.

Trent hangs up and drops his pencil. He admires his drawing and dials his phone...

TRENT (CONT'D)
Yeah. I'm going to need to get a warrant to pull some phone records.

INT. JORDAN - GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gina and Zoe sit in front of their laptops. By the looks of them, they haven't moved since last night.

ZOE
I found a couple of places that handle international kidnappings.

Amanda waddles in. Her arms are full of suitcases.

GINA
DC?

Zoe nods, "yes."

GINA (CONT'D)

I already contacted them. Minimum of a week to get them to come to Jordan.

AMANDA

You guys should trust the police to do their job.

GINA

Get the fuck out!

ZOE

Gina stop.
(to Amanda)
Just go.

AMANDA

Why is everyone mad at me all of a sudden? I'm--

GINA

Hmmm! I don't know. Maybe because you've tried to sabotage Nelka's investigation from day one and you're--

AMANDA

Fine. I'm going, but you two are going to get in trouble when they find out you're not on our plane.

Gina stares at her laptop screen as she flips Amanda off.

Amanda SIGHS. She picks up her bags and exits the room.

GIRLS' HOUSE - FOYER

Amanda opens the door just as Trent presses the DOORBELL.

TRENT

Amanda. Hi. Perfect timing. I was hoping I'd catch you.

AMANDA

...I'm going to be late if I don't go right now.

TRENT

It's okay. We'll help you reschedule your flight.

Gina charges in.

GINA
Agent Trent. What'd you find out?

TRENT
I was hoping you three would come down to the Embassy with me. We have some new information, and we'd like to get your statements if--

Gina grabs her jacket and purse. She yells...

GINA
Zoe! Get your shit! We're going down to the station.
(to Amanda)
Awe. Too bad for you. Let's go.

AMANDA
I can't miss my flight. I'm--

GINA
It can wait.

Gina rips the bags from Amanda's drip and pushes her out the door toward Trent. Zoe follows.

INT. GAZA - KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Nelka and Sofia bob and weave through PATIENTS, STAFF, and HAMAS SOLDIERS. SIRENS blare.

They run directly into Khaled.

KHALED
There you are! I need you in surgery!

Khaled leads the women back into the hospital.

Several consecutive BOOMS. The building shakes, and the walls crumble around them. They disappear behind the frantic PATIENTS and MEDICAL STAFF.

INT. GAZA - KAMAL ADWAN HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Nelka and Sofia work side-by-side on a small male PATIENT. The patient has one bullet wound in his abdomen and one in his groin. There's blood everywhere.

Khaled watches from a chair by the door.

The background: GUNS POP, MISSILES FIRE, and BOMBS EXPLODE.

SOFIA

(whispers)

Search his body for more wounds and
check his rectum for internal
bleeding.

NELKA

How do I do that?

Sofia rips a pair of rubber gloves from a nearby shelf. She hands them to Nelka. Nelka's eyes widen.

Nelka pulls on the gloves and pats the man's body down.

SOFIA

You're looking for holes, wounds,
lumps, and bumps. Anything that
shouldn't be there.

KHALED

She should know that already.

SOFIA

This doctor is new to battle
wounds, sir.

Khaled studies the women. He nods and exits.

Sofia pulls lactated Ringer's solution, potassium penicillin,
and chloramphenicol sodium succinate from a shelf.

The room shakes with several more EXPLOSIONS.

Sofia palms a vial and syringe. She turns her back to Nelka,
pulls up her sleeve, exposing her tracks, and shoots up.

Nelka glances at her as she works.

Sofia turns and prepares the patient's IV lines.

He SCREAMS.

Sofia administers morphine. With that, he's out.

Nelka struggles to roll him over and check his rectum.

Sofia stops her, opens his legs, and adds a lubricant to
Nelka's finger. She shoves Nelka's finger up the man's ass.

Sofia swiftly cleans and preps the wound sites.

Nelka pulls her finger out and inspects it. It's clean.

NELKA

No blood.

SOFIA

Listen, this guy's a nobody.
There's nothing on his uniform, so
they're using him to test you. If
they take me, use the manual on the
shelf. Follow the steps. If
something goes wrong, run.

Nelka nods as she changes her gloves.

A TECH arrives and clamps the man's X-rays to a lightbox on
the wall. He exits. Sofia glances up at the X-rays.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Chest looks shallow. The groin is
cloudy.

Sofia plops a nasogastric tube in front of Nelka with the
instructions face-up.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Check his stomach for blood.

Nelka reads the instructions, assembles the contraption, and
gently shoves the tube up the patient's nose.

Khaled's assistant Labib pops his head into the room...

LABIB

(to Sofia)

We need you.

SOFIA

We'll be done soon.

LABIB

Let her handle it. Patients are
piling up out here.

Sofia turns to Nelka and whispers...

SOFIA

Look at the X-rays, find the
bullets, take the ones causing
bleeding out, and sew him up. If he
wakes up, give him more morphine.
You've got this.

Nelka nods. Sofia pulls off her gloves.

LABIB
 (to Nelka)
 Let us know when you're done with
 him...we'll send in more.

Sofia exits with Labib.

Nelka pulls the plunger back. No blood.

NELKA
 We got lucky...

She studies the X-ray and presses on the man's abdomen.

NELKA (CONT'D)
 It's not causing any bleeding.

Nelka grabs the manual, scans it, and sets it on the bed.

She sews up his chest wound with two stitches. Success.

She moves to the groin. It's bleeding profusely.

She refers to the manual, makes a small incision, and uses a pair of forceps to remove the bullet. She drops the bullet into a metal tray with a TING. He hemorrhages.

Nelka applies pressure to the wound with both hands.

Khaled enters.

She quickly hides the manual under the blankets.

KHALED
 How's it going in here?

NELKA
 It's...the bullet hit ummm...his
 femoral artery. It'd be great to
 have another pair of hands in here.

He leans over and inspects the patient's abdomen.

KHALED
 Those are beautiful stitches.
 (beat)
 I did a good job picking you.

NELKA
 Thank you.

The room shakes with another loud BOOM.

KHALED
I need you in another room.

NELKA
He'll die if I let go.

KHALED
Come on.

Nelka grabs a pair of scissors and fakes a dramatic fall, intentionally stabbing herself in her own hand.

NELKA
My hand!

She pulls the scissors from her palm.

KHALED
(scoffs)
Always something with you women.

She stands and cleans her wound.

Khaled stares at her...

KHALED (CONT'D)
What size are you?

NELKA
What?

Khaled points to the man on the table.

KHALED
You and him. You're about the same size. Yes?

Nelka looks at the man on the table and nods, confused.

NELKA
I suppose.

KHALED
Wafaa will take you back.
(beat)
Tell her you're going to take
Bunny's place.

NELKA
Who's Bunny!?

Khaled slaps Nelka across the face with a tray.

KHALED

Don't raise your voice at me.

Khaled exits.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS JAIL - NIGHT

Nelka reads a script with her free hand as Sofia stitches her wound. Bushra lies on her mat.

NELKA

Why is it so quiet out there?

BUSHRA

Everyone's home, celebrating Ramadan. What are you reading?

NELKA

A script. Khaled is making me play a Bunny on TV.

BUSHRA

Bunny...our children's TV character? Let me see.

Nelka passes Bushra the script. She laughs hysterically.

NELKA

I found out that my husband is cheating on me with someone named Bunny before I left home.

SOFIA

(scoffs)

Life is so fucking cruel.

(beat)

All done. Try not to move it too much, but you'll be fine.

NELKA

Thanks.

Sofia wraps Nelka's hand. She and Nelka lie down.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Will you help me go over my lines?

BUSHRA

In the morning.

SOFIA

At least you're earning your keep.

NELKA

Yeah. For now.

The women rest in silence for a few seconds.

SOFIA

You got lucky today.

Nelka sits up and looks at Sofia.

NELKA

Lucky would have been if we had made it out of the hospital.

Sofia glances at Nelka...

SOFIA

You will be looking at these bars for the rest of your fucking life. Day in, day out...until you die.

NELKA

You might have lost five years, but you still have the whole rest of your life to live.

SOFIA

Don't you dare talk to me like that on your first night here.

BUSHRA

Stop it. Both of you.

(beat)

Sofia, leave Nelka alone. Nelka, I'll talk to my brother. Make up.

NELKA

Thank you for helping me today.

SOFIA

You did a good job.

NELKA

Right up until I killed him.

Nelka lies back down. The women rest in silence.

INT. GAZA - TV STATION - TV SET - DAY

Vibrant colors and cartoons surround a seated Nelka. She wears a Bunny costume body. Her Bunny head sits at her feet.

She scowls with her mouth agape as she looks over her lines.

The DIRECTOR (50s), a large man in sunglasses, enters.

DIRECTOR
Do you got your new lines?

NELKA
I just...I mean...I'm...

DIRECTOR
The lines and pronunciations are on the cue cards when it's "go time," as you say. We can do voice-over if you need it. Don't worry. Put your head on.
(to everyone)
We will go now.

A skeleton CREW slowly trickles into position.

Nelka shoves on the Bunny head and hobbles over to a couch.

A small, doe-eyed GIRL (9), sits next to Nelka.

As they wait, the girl sees a bike in the corner of the room.

GIRL
Bike!

She runs over and jumps on it. The Director rips her off.

DIRECTOR
You are in the vicinity of men!

The girl cowers and shuffles back to the couch.

The Director looks away. Nelka pats the girl on the back.

NELKA
I'm sorry.

GIRL
It was wrong of me.

DIRECTOR
We are ready! No?
(to Nelka)
Just read your lines.
(beat)
Action!

Nelka's voice trembles as she does her best to stay upbeat.

NELKA

Hi, kids! Did you know that the whole wide world once respected Palestine until the...Zionist occupiers...killed...our people and took our land?

The girl jumps back and GASPS with a "shocked face."

GIRL

But Bunny, we have the key and the deed to Palestine right here!

The girl hands Nelka a key and deed.

Nelka hesitates. The Director motions for her to continue.

NELKA

Yes, but that doesn't matter to the...evil...Zionist occupation! They'll try to steal it from us.

GIRL

Oh no, Bunny! Will you keep the key and deed safe for Palestine?

NELKA

Yes, I will!

A Palestinian dressed up as an Israeli Soldier joins them.

HAMAS ACTOR

Did I hear that you have the key and deed to the great Palestine?

GIRL

No! Go away! You Zionist murderer!

The "Zionist" takes out a gun, "shoots" the girl dead, and beats Nelka up. He stands over their lifeless bodies and laughs as he takes the key and deed.

The girl sits up and speaks to the camera...

GIRL (CONT'D)

Will you just sit there and watch them kill us, or will you take up your weapons and help us take back our land!?

(beat)

We were martyred while defending our land, but do not cry...it is the most honorable way to die.

The girl falls back and "dies" again.

DIRECTOR

And cut! Perfect! Good job.

Nelka rips off her Bunny head and weeps as she shuffles away.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - BEACH - NIGHT

Michael stands on a cliff, clutching the GPS device.

MICHAEL

For what it's worth...I'm sorry.

He winds his arm back to toss the GPS device into the ocean, but stops at the last second. He clutches it in his fist.

He turns away but stumbles and drops the device into the ocean. He weeps as he staggers to his car.

INT. SAN DIEGO - MICHAEL'S CAR - HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael pulls in and parks. His phone DINGS. It's Amanda.

ON SCREEN: They're taking me in for a statement. DON'T SAY A WORD IF THEY QUESTION YOU, TOO!! DELETE EVERYTHING!!

EXT. SAN DIEGO - HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael cuts his car's engine. The lights in the garage turn off. It's black.

A FLASH of light is accompanied by the BANG of a gunshot.

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Trent studies a piece of paper.

Across the table sits Amanda, who looks bored.

TRENT

Thank you for this.

(lifts the paper)

Like I told Gina and Zoe, this is pretty straightforward. The higher-ups just want signed statements from all three of you before you leave. We're not expecting to learn anything new.

AMANDA

Can I go?

Trent glances down at Amanda's statement.

TRENT

So you don't know anyone named
Bunny at all?

AMANDA

It's all there.

Trent scans and points to a line in her statement.

TRENT

Ah. So it is. You say you don't.

AMANDA

So I can go?

Trent places her statement on the table. He leans forward and pulls his drawing of her tattoo from his back pocket.

TRENT

Now's a good time to let you know
that providing a false statement to
me can cost you five years in a
Federal Prison. And that's just the
starting point if your or Michael's
actions thwarted Nelka's rescue in
any way. Are you aware of that?

Amanda stares at the clock on the wall.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Amanda? A woman's life is on the
line here. If you--

His phone RINGS.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

Shit. When?

(beat)

Okay. Thanks.

Trent hangs up.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Looks like we have some bad news
about Michael.

Trent stares at Amanda for a few seconds. Nothing. He stands.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS JAIL - DAY

Nelka cries in the fetal position on her mat. Bushra holds her through the bars. Sofia sweats and scratches her body.

BUSHRA

My brother visited me today. He told me he'd help you.

SOFIA

Stop encouraging her.

BUSHRA

Just because I have to be in here, that doesn't mean you two--

SOFIA

Don't give me that bullshit about--

SIRENS BLARE. The women stumble to their feet.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake.

BUSHRA

(to Nelka)

Give me the map.

Nelka pulls it out of her bra and hands it over.

Bushra folds it in half and draws a dot on the back. She holds it up to the light and shows it to Nelka.

BUSHRA (CONT'D)

When you make it out of here, find my brother, Yusha. The dot lines up with his apartment.

Bushra folds it several times and hands it back.

Nelka stuffs it back in her bra.

Uzza and Wafaa march in. Wafaa leans on a desk and watches as Uzza strolls up to Nelka's cell with an envelope. She hands it to her.

Nelka opens it. They're photos of the staged hotel room.

NELKA

What is this?

UZZA

No one is looking for you.

NELKA
What did you do!?

Uzza grabs Nelka by the hijab and slams her face on the bars.

UZZA
I made insurance. No one would
believe you, even if we released
you. Do you understand?
(grabs Nelka's hand)
No more falling on scissors.

A deafening SIREN blares. A mortar lands on the roof...BANG!

The women scramble.

An EXPLOSION crumbles the wall across from the cells. A chunk
of concrete falls from the walls and hits Wafaa on the head,
killing her. Her keys land near Nelka's cell.

BUSHRA
Uzza, sister, let us out.

Another EXPLOSION. Uzza runs.

BUSHRA (CONT'D)
You can't leave us in here!

Nelka drops to her stomach and reaches for the keys.

NELKA
I can't...quite...

Several more consecutive BANGS shake the jail.

A chunk of the ceiling above Bushra's cell crumbles away.

NELKA (CONT'D)
(looks back)
Bushra! The roof!

Bushra dives out of the way, narrowly avoiding the collapse.

SOFIA
Let us out of here!

NELKA
Are you okay?

BUSHRA
I think so.

Bushra stands and wipes the dust from her face.

NELKA
Can you reach the opening?

Bushra jumps, but she doesn't even get close. She uses her upside-down bucket. The ceiling is still too high.

SOFIA
(hysterical)
We're going to die in here.

Nelka turns her bucket upside-down. She stands on the bucket and shoves her knee between the bars.

NELKA
Stand on my knee!

Bushra steps on Nelka's knee and hoists herself out of the hole. Before disappearing, Bushra offers...

BUSHRA
I'll be right back.

NELKA
If you need to run--

BUSHRA
Stop.

Bushra disappears.

SOFIA
We're never going to see her again.

NELKA
Do you have anything heavy I can use to drag the keys over?

Sofia doesn't respond. Nelka searches.

NELKA (CONT'D)
Sofia! Help me get the keys!

More pieces of the wall crumble around them.

Nelka wraps a small piece of cement in her hijab and throws it at the keys. She narrowly misses.

Bushra scambles in and grabs the keys. She opens their cells.

EXT. GAZA - FIELD - DAY

The women run. Several more BOMBS explode behind them.

NELKA
 (points)
 Wait! There's a car!

An SUV idles nearby. They drop to their bellies and watch as a HAMAS SOLDIER lumbers out of a building with his arms full of supplies. He loads everything into the SUV.

Sofia stares at Uzza's charred body lying next to them. She SCREAMS. Nelka and Bushra quickly cover her mouth.

The Hamas Soldier stops, places his hand on his weapon, and scans the area. Nothing.

He disappears into the building.

BUSHRA
 Take the car and go.

NELKA
 What about you?

BUSHRA
 Don't worry about me. Get out of here before he comes back!

Nelka hugs Bushra.

NELKA
 (to Sofia)
 Are you coming?

SOFIA
 No. I can't.

Nelka hugs Sofia and runs toward the SUV.

BUSHRA
 I'm sure she'll say hi to your family for you.

SOFIA
 Fine.

Sofia hugs Bushra and runs up to Nelka.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
 I'll drive.

The women sneak into the SUV and take off.

INT. GAZA - HAMAS POLICE SUV - DAY

Sofia drives. Another bright missile passes overhead.

Sofia speeds up as more ROCKETS hit buildings from the rear view mirror. Nelka searches the glovebox.

NELKA

There's a gun in here.

SOFIA

Do you know how to use a gun?

NELKA

No. Do you?

SOFIA

No. But you should take it out.

NELKA

I don't know what to do with it.

Sofia grabs a cigarette and a lighter from the ashtray.

SOFIA

Hold it. It's intimidating.

Nelka retrieves the gun and holds it outside the open window. She fiddles with the safety.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

NELKA

Trying to turn on the safety.

Sofia lights her cigarette and swerves to avoid debris in the road. The gun goes off with a BANG.

A GOAT standing on the side of the road drops dead.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! I killed a goat!

SOFIA

Okay! Put it back!

Nelka studies the side of the gun and flips the safety on.

NELKA

Wait! I think I found it.

Nelka aims the gun at the road. She pulls the trigger. BANG!

SOFIA
STOP!

NELKA
Sorry.

SOFIA
Why don't you just try keeping your
finger off the trigger!

NELKA
Good plan.

Nelka dives into the backseat.

NELKA (CONT'D)
There's a lot of stuff back here.

BOMBS explode and SIRENS erupt in the distance.

SOFIA
I need your help navigating!

NELKA
I'll be right there. How long until
we get to the tunnels?

SOFIA
No idea.

Nelka rifles through bags in the backseat.

NELKA
We need to ditch this car. They'll
be looking for it soon.

SOFIA
But we need it!

NELKA
We'll borrow another one.

SOFIA
What are you doing back there!?

NELKA
I found some disguises.

Nelka hops back into her seat, sporting a full Hamas uniform,
mask included. Sofia jumps, jerking the wheel.

Five HAMAS POLICE SUVs approach with SIRENS blaring.

Sofia pulls behind a building, narrowly avoiding detection.

EXT. GAZA - ROAD - DAY

Uniform-clad Nelka and Sofia lumber down the road. Nelka carries a pack with supplies and gear.

One by one, PEOPLE close their blinds as they pass. Sofia pants and scratches herself.

SOFIA
We're drawing too much attention.

NELKA
We'll find a car soon.

SOFIA
But we need a car right now.

NELKA
Just keep walking.

Sofia stops...

SOFIA
They're going to catch us. When they do, they're going to torture us!

Sofia crumbles to the ground, shaking and crying. PEOPLE peek at them through drawn blinds.

NELKA
Shhhhh. Calm down. Please. We'll find a car.
(to herself)
Shit.

Nelka desperately scans the landscape for a car. She spots something in the distance and runs.

Sofia screams in agony as she writhes on the sidewalk.

GAZA - YARD

Nelka approaches a car and pulls on the handle. It's locked.

She looks up. A LITTLE GIRL (5) stares at her from the yard. She runs inside. Nelka frantically tugs on every door.

NELKA
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

She spins around and picks up a big rock. A door SLAMS. Nelka looks up and braces for a confrontation.

The little girl approaches, holding out a car key.

NELKA (CONT'D)
Is that for me?

The little girl smiles. Nelka quickly takes the key.

NELKA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Nelka gets in and drives off, waving to the little girl.

INT. GAZA - CAR - DAY

Nelka pulls up to Sofia and opens the door.

NELKA
Get in.

Now catatonic, Sofia doesn't move.

EXT. GAZA - ROAD - DAY

Nelka leaps out and pulls Sofia into the car.

SOFIA
(incoherent)
They're going to find us.

NELKA
(mostly to herself)
They will if you talk like that.

Nelka fastens Sofia's seatbelt.

INT. GAZA - CAR - DAY

Nelka drives. Sofia stares out the window.

SOFIA
They're going to find us.

Nelka SLAMS on the BRAKES.

NELKA
Do you want me to drop you off at
the prison? I guarantee Bushra will
cover for you. No one will know.

SOFIA
I can't go back.

NELKA

Okay, well...we've got a car now.

SOFIA

(cries)

I just want to go home. Please, let me go home. I miss my family.

NELKA

Help me find the tunnels.

Nelka searches her pockets. She looks up and spots two HAMAS POLICE SUVs approaching.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She quickly pulls two burkas out of her pack and tosses one at Sofia. Nelka pulls hers over her uniform.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Hurry, put it on!

Sofia doesn't move. Nelka quickly throws it over Sofia's head as the Hamas Police SUVs pass.

Nelka exhales steadily for several long seconds.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Sofia, where's the map?

SOFIA

Stay on this road. We're almost there.

Nelka turns a corner. She's right back where she was brought in hours ago. She parks behind a building at the beach.

EXT. GAZA - BEACH ROAD - DAY

Nelka repacks her bag and places the gun in her waistband.

NELKA

Let's get a move on it.

Sofia jumps out of the car on her own. Something's still off.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Are you up for this?

SOFIA

The tunnel's off to the left behind the sign.

The large red sign READS: "STOP! BORDER BEFORE YOU! VIOLATORS ENDANGER THEIR LIFE!"

The women stalk toward the tunnel. Two HAMAS SOLDIERS emerge. They don't notice the women, but Sofia stops.

NELKA

Just be cool. We're invisible. Do you need to go back to the car?

Sofia runs toward the beach.

EXT. GAZA - BEACH - DAY

The border wall extends several yards into the ocean. On the other side, EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS stand guard at a tower.

Sofia strips off her uniform as she runs. Nelka tries to catch her, but she's too fast.

NELKA

Sofia, stop!

PEOPLE stare at Sofia. Nelka collects the abandoned uniform.

Sofia runs naked toward the water.

The Egyptian Soldiers watch her.

NELKA (CONT'D)

(cries to herself)

Sofia, no!

Sofia leaps into the water and swims around the wall.

INT. RAFAH - EGYPTIAN GUARD TOWER - DAY

The Egyptian Soldiers watch Sofia approach. They aim...

EGYPTIAN SOLDIER

Should we take her down?

The Egyptian Soldiers look at each other.

EXT. GAZA - BEACH - DAY

Nelka hides in a crumbling building and watches Sofia.

Sofia hobbles onto the Egyptian sand.

She falls to her knees as waves crash at her back.

NELKA
 (to herself)
 Please, stop.

Sofia spots the Egyptian Soldiers and smiles.

The Egyptian Soldiers FIRE. She falls face down and dies.

Waves carry her lifeless body back into the ocean.

Nelka covers her mouth as she cries.

HAMAS SOLDIERS flood over and fire at the Egyptian Soldiers.

Nelka quickly slips away, back to the car.

INT. GAZA - CAR - DUSK

POP! POP! POP! Rapid-fire. Nelka cries and covers her ears.

Teams of HAMAS POLICE SUVs rush to the border wall.

The ROAR of two simultaneous battles rages. Black smoke and bright red embers fill the sky.

INT. JORDAN - US EMBASSY - TRENT'S OFFICE - DUSK

Trent hovers over his desk and searches Nelka's phone. Cody knocks as he strides up to Trent's desk.

TRENT
 Any luck?

CODY
 None. Looks like they used WhatsApp to communicate. Bunny's still not talking?

TRENT
 Not a single word. Her mom's suddenly insisting her nickname is "Honey." We can't keep her in Jordan much longer...

Trent leans back, still searching through Nelka's phone.

CODY
 What's that?

TRENT
 The victim's phone.

CODY

Anything.

Trent glances at Cody, then goes back to searching the phone.

CODY (CONT'D)

Did you look at her apps?

TRENT

Nothing stood out. I'm in her photos.

CODY

Can I take a look?

Trent hands it over and rubs his eyes. Cody taps the device.

CODY (CONT'D)

Here we go. What's a Travel SOS?

Trent leans in and studies the screen.

TRENT

I guess we're going to find out.

INT. GAZA - CAR - NIGHT

Missiles soar across the night sky.

Nelka searches her bag and finds the map. She holds it up to the light and locates Bushra's brother's apartment.

She starts the engine and drives away.

EXT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nelka takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. YUSHA (20s), who could be Bushra's twin, opens the door.

YUSHA

What can I do for you?

NELKA

I...I...ummm...my name is...

YUSHA

(laughs)

I'm just kidding. Bushra said you'd come by. Come in. Please.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A rundown space. The windows RATTLE with each EXPLOSION.

Yusha leads Nelka to the couch.

NELKA

May I have some water, please?

YUSHA

Of course. They've been talking about you on the radio all night.

Yusha disappears into the kitchen.

NELKA

I was hoping they'd assume I died in the blast.

Yusha hands Nelka a glass of water.

YUSHA

They would have if you and your friend hadn't taken the SUV.

NELKA

I don't want to put anyone in danger. If you just tell me where to go, I'll--

YUSHA

Stop. I can't promise anything...but I'll do my best.

Nelka gulps the water down.

YUSHA (CONT'D)

We are breaking fast soon. Would you like to join us?

Nelka slowly lowers the glass of water to her lap.

NELKA

I'm so sorry. I forgot.

YUSHA

Don't worry about it. My family will be here soon with more food than your stomach can handle.

EXT. ISRAEL - FIELD - NIGHT

Charles stands near the border wall with CAPTAIN EZRA (40s).

CHARLES

We are joined now by the Israeli Defense Forces', Captain Ezra.

(beat)

Captain, innocent lives are being lost. How can you justify closed borders at this point?

CAPTAIN EZRA

To answer that, I ask how can we exist in peace amongst those who only wish us dead? Without walls, we die. With walls--

CHARLES

They starve and die.

Captain Ezra leads Charles to a tunnel in the border wall.

CAPTAIN EZRA

Gaza does not lack donations. Hamas squanders them on these 2-million dollar tunnels and their 150-million dollar military machine. Their plan relies on death...of us and their own people via suicide bombers and soldiers.

(beat)

They steal money gifted to Gaza's citizens for food and supplies and use it to fund a war we simply cannot let them win.

CHARLES

Thank you, Captain. Still no word in over twenty-four-hours on the missing American--

GUNFIRE erupts. Everyone hits the ground.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka sits at the table alone. She glances at the living room and finds Yusha and his FAMILY are staring back at her.

All eyes scatter.

YUSHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Yusha watches his FAMILY react to Nelka.

Cousin OMAR (30s), thin and small with glasses, sits quietly on a chair with several food containers on his lap.

Aunt MALIKA (50s), round, pretty, and warm, stands next to Uncle FARID (50s), a round, bald, goofball. They stare at Nelka with their hands full of food containers.

Cousin RIMA (30s), a mousy pessimist, paces the room.

RIMA

Yusha, what have you done now?

YUSHA

Bushra asked me to take care of her.

RIMA

Do you want to end up like your sister?

MALIKA

Stop that! We've got to help the poor thing.

Rima glares at Malika.

RIMA

You heard the radio! Anyone who helps her will be executed.

FARID

This is nonsense. Why are we standing around? It's time to eat.

Farid barges into the dining room.

YUSHA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Nelka nervously watches Farid set the food on the table.

FARID

Welcome! I am Bushra's uncle, Farid.

Farid holds out his hand. Nelka happily shakes it.

NELKA

Nice to meet you. I'm Nelka.

Yusha enters and places more food on the table.

FARID

The scaredy cats...as you call them...in the living room are Bushra's cousins Omar and Rima. And that's my wife, Malika.

Nelka waves. They hesitate, then wave back.

NELKA

Nice to meet you.

Farid smiles and sits.

YUSHA

Let's eat?

FARID

Let's eat!

LATER

Everyone sits before a ready meal. A VOCAL DU'A plays.

Rima stands and fills a plate with food as everyone waits. She makes eye contact with Nelka and hands her the plate.

RIMA

(smiles)

Eat.

NELKA

Thank you,

The room swells with levity as everyone digs in. Farid lifts his glass...

FARID

To good health!

Yusha lifts his glass and adds...

YUSHA

And to helping others.

Everyone else lifts their glasses...

ALL

To good charity.

NELKA

I am very grateful for your help.

FARID

You are in quite the pickle.

NELKA

I don't want anyone to put themselves at risk...

MALIKA

Nonsense, dear.

FARID

Hey! Yusha tells me that you're going to be a doctor.

Farid shows Nelka a bump on his arm.

FARID (CONT'D)

Do you think you can get this old bullet out of my arm? It's been in here for--

Someone POUNDS on the front door.

Yusha runs into the living room. He quickly returns.

YUSHA

Hide her.

Everyone scrambles. Malika grabs at the curtains, but they won't budge. Omar stands and rips the black tablecloth from the table with one swift movement. Even he looks surprised.

YUSHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

After several more KNOCKS, Yusha opens the front door.

Three HAMAS SOLDIERS stand outside. Giant HAMAS SOLDIER 1 greets Yusha. The other two stand back, silent.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1

We are looking for a blonde American woman. Have you seen her?

Yusha laughs, nervous.

YUSHA

A...blonde? No. Not here. We've been cooking all night.

The Hamas Soldiers enter.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
*You wouldn't mind if we looked
 around?*

YUSHA
No! Of course not! Come in!

YUSHA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Yusha and Hamas Soldier 1 enter. Nelka sits in a "burka" and stares at her plate. Omar wipes sweat from his brow. Farid stands and unfolds three chairs.

FARID
Ah! We have guests!?

The other Hamas Soldiers stomp in. Hamas Soldier 1 pushes them back into the living room.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
Pigs! We have a job to do.

Hamas Soldier 1 nods at everyone and steps up to Nelka. She keeps her eyes on the plate in front of her. Tense.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
What is your name?

MALIKA
She is deaf...she cannot hear you.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
Why are we speaking in English?

MALIKA
*Pardon. I'm practicing. I teach
 primary school...I will make more
 money if I speak English.*

Hamas Soldier 1 hovers over Nelka and leans down.

OMAR
Yes. We practice together.

Hamas Soldier 1 looks at Omar. He swallows hard.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
*Do not speak English in my
 presence.*
 (beat)
She has too much food on her plate.

RIMA
She is with child.

Omar wipes more sweat from his brow. Hamas Soldier 1 places his hand on the back of Nelka's chair.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
Has anyone seen the American girl?

ALL
No.

FARID
We heard on the radio. It's a shame she got away.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
If you see her, call us.

Hamas Soldier 1 marches toward the living room until Omar offers...

OMAR
Are you sure you wouldn't like to eat with us?

Hamas Soldier 1 turns on his heel with a smile.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
Maybe a nibble.

Omar cringes. The Hamas Soldiers join them and dig in.

YUSHA
The news said that the American woman was killed in Egypt.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
There were two.
 (beat)
Your sister said she thinks the girl is under the rubble, but we all know she's a traitor.
 (beat)
Right?

Yusha stares at his plate, pressing his lips together.

YUSHA
Right.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
*She had so much potential. Your
 sister. It's a shame. Does it run
 in the family?*

YUSHA
No, sir.

Hamas Soldier 1 leans back.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
*You're a young, fit man. Why
 haven't you joined Hamas?*

YUSHA
I have bad knees.

Hamas Soldier 1 shoves food into his mouth and nods. A knife drops and lands with a loud CLANG. Nelka jumps.

Hamas Soldier 1 places his napkin on the table, stands, and stomps over to her. Everyone holds their breath.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
I thought you said she's deaf.

MALIKA
*The vibrations. She feels
 everything.*

Hamas Soldier 1 studies Nelka. He leans down and SCREAMS at the top of his lungs into her ear. Nelka remains still.

Hamas Soldier 1 laughs and looks at his men.

HAMAS SOLDIER 1
Can never be too sure.
 (beat)
Stand up. It's time to go.

Farid wraps the Hamas Soldiers' food and shows them out. No one moves a muscle—the front door SHUTS. Farid rejoins them.

FARID
They're gone.

Everyone breathes.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Malika and Rima sit behind sewing machines, sewing.

Farid thrusts his bandaged arm up at Nelka.

FARID

Thank you! I'm a new man!

NELKA

Thank you! It feels great to have a patient finally survive.

Farid lowers his arm. He and Malika furrow their brows, glancing at each other.

NELKA (CONT'D)

Are you sure this is going to work?

YUSHA

We don't have a choice.

MALIKA

You will do fine.

FARID

Yes. Be brave because you have the favor of God on you, sweet girl.

(beat)

As you Americans say...you're in the home stretch.

RIMA

The other American woman was shot dead while crossing the Egyptian border. She was totally naked. What do you think the Israelis are going to do to her in this?

FARID

Rima, go get her some coffee.

Rima ambles up to Nelka and grabs her by the shoulders.

RIMA

You will be in my prayers.

MALIKA

Rima, come over here and help me finish this. We need to get home.

Hamas Soldiers patrol the streets and announce...

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Blond hair, 50 kilograms, 174 centimeters tall--

NELKA

What is that?

YUSHA

Go home. I can take it from here.

MALIKA

Are you sure you'll be all right?

YUSHA

Of course.

NELKA

I appreciate your help.

FARID

You'll be a free woman soon.

(beat)

Keep your eye on the ball.

MALIKA

Stop that. You don't even know what you're talking about.

FARID

I'm making her feel comfortable.

MALIKA

You sound like a fool.

Yusha ushers everyone out the front door.

OMAR

(to Nelka)

I'm very sorry that I invited them to stay... I don't know what I was thinking. I just got nervous and--

NELKA

You did great. Thank you so much.

Omar smiles shyly. Malika and Rima hug Nelka goodbye. Farid pats her on the shoulder.

FARID

Fall seven times, get up eight.

MALIKA

I've warned you, Farid...

FARID

Fine. Fine. I will leave you with something my father used to tell me when I was a boy...

(beat)

Believe what you see and lay aside what you hear.

Farid points to Nelka's eyes.

FARID (CONT'D)
See yourself as a free woman.

NELKA
(teary)
Thank you.

FARID
(to Yusha)
You take care of her.

YUSHA
I will.

Everyone exits.

Nelka and Yusha stand before a pile of clothes on the couch.

NELKA
Am I really going to wear that?

YUSHA
The bathroom is on the left.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nelka washes the GPS device in the sink. The light flashes and then turns off. She tosses it in the trash.

She sighs, retrieves it, washes it off, and places it back inside of herself.

Her hands tremble as she laces up her boots. A small mirror on the wall reveals a portion of her face. Yusha KNOCKS.

YUSHA (O.S.)
Are you almost done?

NELKA
Be right out!

Nelka takes out a marker and writes her name and address on her bare forearm. She pulls her sleeve down.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka enters. Yusha's jaw drops.

YUSHA

I will commit this evening to prayer after I drop you off. I promise you that.

Nelka steps forward, revealing her full outfit. She wears a tan mask, a black Hamas bandana, tan pants, a black full-sleeve shirt, and a very convincing but fake suicide vest.

NELKA

Do you think they'll believe the vest is real?

YUSHA

I am convinced.

(beat)

Do you have the dress on underneath?

NELKA

Yep.

YUSHA

Let's review the plan again.

NELKA

I need to pass Hamas to get to the tunnel.

(beat)

Then I need to ditch my outer clothes and wear only the dress and my shoes when I enter Israel.

YUSHA

Excellent. The tunnel we're headed to will spit you out into a field, but taxis should still be within half a mile. Ask the driver to take you straight to your Embassy in Tel Aviv. Money for the Taxi is in your...?

NELKA

Shoe. It's in my shoe.

YUSHA

Good.

NELKA

I don't think I've ever been more nervous in my life.

YUSHA
 You should be. I am, too.
 (beat)
 Are you ready?

NELKA
 No.

YUSHA
 Me neither.

INT. GAZA - YUSHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Yusha parks near the tunnel entrance. The airstrikes continue. A couple of HAMAS SOLDIERS linger nearby.

YUSHA
 You're going to live. I feel it.

NELKA
 (cries)
 Thank you for everything.

YUSHA
 Think positive.

NELKA
 Okay.

Nelka steps out of the vehicle, pulling the hem of her dress under her uniform.

She glances back as Yusha waves and drives off.

INT. JORDAN - GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gina and Zoe lie sprawled out on the couch. The coffee table is covered in notes containing various PI services and booklets. The DOORBELL rings, and both women leap up.

GINA
 Zoe!

ZOE
 What was that!?

The DOORBELL rings.

GIRLS' HOUSE - FOYER

Gina and Zoe shuffle across to the door. Gina peeks through the peephole and opens the door. Trent stands on the porch...

GINA

Find her?

TRENT

I was hoping you could help me wi--

GINA

Come in. I'll make coffee.

The women shuffle back to the living room. Trent follows.

TRENT

I apologize. I know it's late.

GIRLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gina disappears into the kitchen. Zoe and Trent sit. Trent picks up a PI brochure from the coffee table.

TRENT

I thought we asked you ladies to stop hiring--

ZOE

Oh. Agent Trent, it's okay, they're no good either. I mean...

TRENT

(shrugs)
There's that coffee.

Gina enters and places a coffee tray on the table.

GINA

What can we help you with?

Trent grabs a cup of coffee and drinks.

TRENT

Thank you.
(beat)
We found an app on her phone that might help, but getting into it from the company's end is taking some time. I was hoping--

GINA

Give it to me.

Gina holds out her hand. Trent passes her Nelka's phone.
Gina types. Her jaw drops. Tears roll down her cheeks.

GINA (CONT'D)
She's in GAZA!

EXT. GAZA - TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Nelka puffs out her chest and stomps up to the tunnel entrance. She passes the HAMAS SOLDIERS...

HAMAS SOLDIERS
Wait! Stop!

Nelka stops and turns. They're talking to SOMEONE ELSE.

INT. GAZA - TUNNEL TO ISRAEL - NIGHT

Nelka marches into a narrow, crude tunnel.

The dirt above her head crumbles with every EXPLOSION.

LATER

She reaches a hole. No one operates it. She looks down. It's all black. She tosses down the rope.

TUNNEL TO ISRAEL - HOLE

Nelka slowly slides down in the pitch black. Someone STOMPS above. She loosens her grip and whizzes down.

She lands. SOMEONE above tugs on the rope. She runs.

TUNNEL TO ISRAEL

Nelka races down the tunnel. SOMEONE FOLLOWS close behind.

She ducks into a room to hide.

TUNNEL TO ISRAEL - ROOM

The dimly lit space is filled with rocket launchers and various types of weapons manufacturing equipment. Nelka leaps out.

TUNNEL TO ISRAEL

With the exit in sight, she runs. SOMEONE CHASES.

KHALED (O.S.)
Stop! Identify yourself!

Nelka reaches the exit. She brandishes her gun and presses her back to the wall. She waits. Nothing. Silence.

She tucks the gun away and exits...still wearing the vest.

EXT. ISRAEL - FIELD - NIGHT

Nelka hoists herself out and finds herself staring down the barrel of Khaled's gun.

Charles and his CREW broadcast about 100 feet away. They can't see her, but she can see them.

She places her hand on the vest's "detonator."

KHALED
Put it down.

NELKA
...I just want to go home.

KHALED
Get back in the tunnel.

NELKA
No.

Khaled advances. Nelka steps back and falls into...

INT. GAZA - TUNNEL TO ISRAEL - NIGHT

Nelka lands on her back, still clutching the detonator. Khaled jumps in and stands over her with his gun drawn.

NELKA
I'll blow us up.

KHALED
You don't want to die.

NELKA
I won't go back there.

KHALED
Give me the vest.

Nelka slowly removes her vest. Khaled reaches. Nelka flips the switch and throws it at him.

He cowers, and she leaps out...

EXT. ISRAEL - FIELD - NIGHT

Khaled grabs Nelka's ankles and drags her back toward the tunnel. She shakes one leg free and lurches forward.

He pulls her back. She falls. Khaled jumps out of the tunnel. Nelka draws her weapon, and he kicks it out of her hand.

Khaled trains his weapon on Nelka. He stares down at her.

KHALED

Are we done now?

Nelka turns and bites Khaled's ankle. He recoils, grabs her shirt, and holds his weapon to her temple.

BANG! Both fall—Khaled's dies with one last gasp.

Charles shines his broadcast spotlight on Nelka.

Nelka stares at Trent and his TEAM OF OFFICERS positioned nearby with weapons drawn. Trent helps Nelka to her feet.

CHARLES

Ladies and gentlemen. We've just witnessed the spectacular rescue of the American who was kidnapped in Amman just hours ago.

INT. ISRAEL - US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Nelka sits at a table with Trent and holds a photo of Sofia.

TRENT

I'm sure Sofia's family will at least be grateful to know where she's been all these years.

Trent stands and makes his way to the exit.

NELKA

Wait!

Trent stops and turns.

NELKA (CONT'D)
 What about Bushra and her family?
 And everyone else?

TRENT
 We're working on it.

Nelka sits back in her chair and takes a deep breath.

The door swings open. Gina and Zoe burst through the door.
 The girls cry and embrace.

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nelka, Gina, and Zoe eat dinner with Fatima and Trent.

NELKA
 So what happened to Amanda?

TRENT
 We had to let her go because we
 didn't have enough evidence.

Nelka stands and disappears. Zoe stands. Gina stops her.

GINA
 She might need a minute, Zoe.

FATIMA
 She's been through so much and--

Nelka reappears with her laptop. Her phone DINGS. She types
 on her laptop. She picks up her phone and types. She taps for
 a few seconds. She SIGHS and hands her phone to Trent.

NELKA
 It's all there.

Trent looks at it and stands. He takes out his phone and
 steps into the living room.

TRENT (O.S.)
 I'm going to need to issue an
 arrest...

FATIMA
 So, are you ladies going home now?

NELKA
 I'm not. I think I owe it to myself
 to finish what I started.

THE END

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