

GHOST WAR

Written by

Jessica Jolly

jessicajolly@yahoo.com
+44 7472716857

EXT. OBSERVATION POINT ROCK - DAY

An arid, mountainous terrain. While the time period changes, the landscape remains.

AFGHANISTAN. 380 BC.

A small window is carved onto the side of a slope. AN ARROW FLIES OUT.

The arrow impales the throat of a ROMAN WARRIOR. He falls off his horse, his feathered helmet hitting the ground.

An ANCIENT PASHTUN peeks out of the window and smiles.

Crossfade to 1219 AD. MONGOLS INVADE the area with battering rams and trebuchets, overpowering the Afghan tribesmen.

Crossfade to 1838. BRITISH TROOPS flee the Afghanis chasing them out of the country.

Crossfade to 1979. Islamic Mujahideen execute three SOVIETS with shots to the back of the head using their own AK-47s.

Crossfade to RECENTLY. FOUR AMERICAN SOLDIERS climb up the side of the mountain. One removes their helmet, wiping sweat from their brow... revealing a pretty face and blonde hair. This is ANGELA MARIN (22).

She arrives with Lieutenant DEREK JOHNS (34), Sergeant SAM PORTER (26) (African-American), and Sergeant JARED OCHS (25).

The soldiers stare at the lifeless landscape.

ANGELA

Tangos here?

DEREK

Nope. Just doing an OP-LP.

SAM

Means we gotta sit around an ugly-ass mountain lookin at nothing.

DEREK

What were you expecting over here, a tupperware party?

JARED

Naw, I wanna blow off heads and shit. I mean, c'mon!

DEREK

Start setting up. We're gonna be here awhile.

Jared digs a shovel into the dirt. He hits A HUMAN SKULL.

JARED
(making the skull talk)
"Anyone seen my front teeth?"

The soldiers laugh as Jared tosses the skull to the side.

Angela picks up AN ODD BULLET from the ground.

ANGELA
Russian ammo. Cool.

JARED
Guess these dingleberries were
taken out by Soviets.

DEREK
Toss that over, Marin.

Angela tosses a bullet to Derek, WHO POCKETS IT. Sam digs and hits a hard surface.

SAM
What the hell?

DEREK
Watch out. Area is chock-full of
land mines.

Sam steps back and digs carefully... then uncovers THE FEATHERED HELMET, now weathered down to an ancient artifact.

Jared grabs the helmet and prances like he's on a horse.

JARED
Onward, faggots!

Angela laughs and removes it from Jared. Suddenly, a bodiless voice whispers...

OFFSCREEN O.S.
Sepelite me iterum.

Angela SHRIEKS and throws the helmet to the ground, withdrawing her weapon. The others stare at her.

SAM
You ok?

DEREK
Angie's acting like a girl all of a sudden...

ANGELA
Sir, you sure there ain't enemies
around here?

SAM
She's got a keen sense, Lieutenant.

DEREK
We've been out in the heat too
long. Everyone take a rest.

INT. CAVE - LATER - NIGHT

Lying against the inside wall of the cave, Sam and Angela
struggle to stay awake.

SAM
Now I'm cold.

ANGELA
Me too.

They inch closer, touching with an adolescent awkwardness.

A LOW HAUNTING NOISE IS HEARD. Angela looks around. A strange
voice speaks in harsh tones.

OFFSCREEN O.S.
Eto zloumyshlennikov. Kapitalisty.

ANGELA
What'd you say?

SAM
Nothin.

ANGELA
Someone's coming, Sam.

Sam and Angela draw their guns.

SAM
I'll locate their positions.

ANGELA
How the hell did they find us?

SAM
It's their terrain.

ANGELA
I hope we got some high rankin Al-
Qaeda shits to take out.

OFFSCREEN O.S.
Vyiti. You are wrong.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM emanates from the entrance.

Sam and Angela run. They find Jared Ochs crying over the
skulls. Sam looks for a wound. There are none.

SAM

What happened? Were you hit?

JARED

We gotta rebury these skulls.

SAM

What's going on, J? You're not making any sense.

JARED

I'm not scared! You're fucking scared!

Angela looks out the entrance, THE EXECUTED SOVIETS STAND ON THE LEDGE, GHOSTLY, AK-47S DRAWN.

BOOM. She shoots the soldiers, they disappear.

ANGELA

Outside! Two just took off!

SAM

Which direction?

ANGELA

I can't tell!

SAM

Jared, I need you to get your shit together.

ANGELA

Sam, look for 'em now!

Sam takes out a spotting scope. Angela puts on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. She sees the two Soviet spirits next to a rock some yards away. She shoots and misses.

THE SOVIETS FIRE BACK, EVERYONE DUCKS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

J, they're at 3 o'clock. You need to go after em.

Jared grabs his weapon. He looks out, afraid.

JARED

Where they hiding?

ANGELA

They're right by that rock, dumbass! Stay low.

Jared crawls out. He moves the wrong direction.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

North, J! Over there!

Jared runs over to the rock. Just as he reaches it, the Soviets MATERIALIZE FULLY, in the flesh, revealing their head wounds. Jared sees them and screams, falling backwards.

JARED EXPLODES. Land mine. The ghosts smile.

SAM

Who did you see, Marin? I saw
nothin by those rocks.

ANGELA

Men. They were right there.

She looks back out onto the horizon and SEES HUNDREDS OF GHOSTLY SOLDIERS FROM GENERATIONS OF WARFARE. Mutilated bodies engage in combat, in various stages of pain.

Angela steps back and holds back tears.

The spirit of Jared Ochs appears faintly next to her. Finally, she cries.

Derek puts his hand on her shoulder.... Scene extends.

TITLE SEQUENCE: THE BEATEN ZONE

EXT. PORCH FRONT - AFTERNOON

Flies buzz around the unpainted porch of a modest home.

ALABAMA. PRESENT DAY.

Angela, a few years older, limps up the steps with a metal cane. An ARMY t-shirt hangs from her now thin frame.

Before she can knock, the door flies open. CHRISTINA MARIN (31), busty blond, runs out and clutches her sister.

Angela doesn't hug back.

INT. GYM - MORNING

Hands grip a barbell. Angela's sweaty face comes up into frame 3 times. The hands slip, Angela falls to the ground.

The gym manager, DENNIS (35), looms over her.

DENNIS

C'mon Angie, take it easy. I can't
have you injuring yourself.

ANGELA

I'm already injured.

Angela limps over to a bench press machine.

DENNIS

I was tellin my kids how you can
hit a Jack of Clubs in the face
from off the back fence with a BB.
Come over some night and show em.

ANGELA

Sure. I'll show em how I can hit
your ex-wife in the nipple from off
the top of Leon West.

Dennis laughs and throws a towel at her.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY OFFICE - LATER

SUSAN, a physical therapist, gently moves Angela's legs.

SUSAN

You can't repair nerve damage.
We've been through this.
(beat, lowers her legs)
You gotta stop. I'll tell Dennis
not to let you in the gym anymore.

ANGELA

Just write me a new prescription.
I've run out.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A white trash mom, MANDY (30) and her mixed-race son MARCEL
(16) place groceries on a check-out counter. He has bruises.

Marcel grabs a pack of chaw and hides it on the counter.
Mandy SMACKS him, hard.

MANDY

What're you trying to pull you
stupid little shit?

ANGELA stands behind the counter, holding open a grocery bag.
Her body tenses, protectively, when Mandy hits her son.

Marcel removes the tobacco, then hides it in his pocket.

MANDY (CONT'D)

(to Angela)
Double bag the fudgicicles.

Angela follows the order. Marcel and Angela exchange a glance
as he and his mother exit.

EXT. DELANEY STREET - NIGHT

Marcel and his friend DANNY (15), smoke cigarettes on the sidewalk. Angela limps by carrying groceries.

DANNY
Why you waddlin? Get banged too
hard?

MARCEL
Naw she a dyke. Ain't that right?

Danny laughs as Angela ignores their taunts.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - LATER

A military portrait hangs on the wall, a purple heart fastened to the top.

Angela enters with her groceries. She removes canned goods, boxed wine, and a pill bottle. She dumps beans into a pot, then washes down two pills with a swig of red wine.

While the pot heats on the stove, Angela pulls out a large military KNIFE hidden beneath her grocery store uniform.

She removes a HANDGUN strapped to her thigh and begins to clean it, lovingly.

ANGELA
Hello, Dylan.

Angela picks up the knife and a new rag. On the side of the blade a strange reflection of a face appears next to hers. It almost looks like JARED OCHS. She drops the knife and turns.

No one. Steam is coming out of the stove pot.

Angela grabs the handle of the pot and burns herself, dropping the pot onto the floor.

As it hits the ground, BLOOD AND ENTRAILS SPILL OUT. Angela screams. She looks at the empty can of beans on the counter, then back down at the floor, covered only in cooked beans.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Closeup: A screen of the video game CALL OF DUTY. The helmeted hero skillfully shoots each enemy target.

Closeup: Angela on her couch; the pill bottle, boxed wine, and an Xbox lie on the coffee table as she shoots the tv.

Her front door flies open. Angela drops the game controller and GRABS HER HANDGUN.

CHRISTINA O.S.

Oh my GOD, Angie, put that thing away!

CHRISTINA stands in the doorway holding a pan of a lasagna.

CHRISTINA

I brought you dinner.

Angela sets down the gun. Christina carries the pan into the kitchen and makes two plates of food.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I just got my starter kit from Avon. Wait till you smell these fragrances! And the skin care products are to die for, feel my hand!

ANGELA

It feels the same.

CHRISTINA

Shut up, it does not! I'm having my first sales party tomorrow night, can't wait to show you everything. We'll get you started with a seller account too, I don't know how you are surviving.

ANGELA

The military takes care of me.

CHRISTINA

No, they don't.

ANGELA

I don't need to sell makeup.

CHRISTINA

Angie, there will be some women there I don't know very well. I'll feel safer if my sister's with me.

ANGELA

Ok. I'll be there.

Christina looks at the purple heart on the wall.

CHRISTINA

You need to let me set this in a necklace or bracelet for you. Make it more pretty!

Angela picks up her video game gun.

ANGELA

Watch this.

BOOM. Angela shoots a far-away target on the tv screen. The video game characters EXPLODE.

EXT. FLASHBACK: KABUL - TRAINING GROUND

BOOM. A row of CABBAGES WEARING TURBANS. Ketchup flies out as the cabbages explode.

Cut to a US MILITARY POLICE UNIT, lined up, firing Mossberg shotguns. In the midst stands ANGELA. She handles her weapon with the ease of a first chair cellist.

SERGEANT ROCKER shouts.

SERGEANT ROCKER

Ok trainees, let's see what ya got.

A rag-tag group of AFGHAN POLICE TRAINEES approach their American counterparts.

NAVRIL (19) is assigned to Angela. He looks at her crestfallen.

Italicized dialogue is Farsi subtitled in English

NAVRIL

I am assigned to a woman?

AFGHAN TRAINEE

She's gonna teach you to shoot your dick off.

The trainees LAUGH, grabbing their weapons. Angela corrects Navril's grip.

ANGELA

Loosen your shoulders, dude.

A new row of cabbages are set up. BOOM. Some are hit, some remain. Navril hits the side of the storage house.

NAVRIL

I cannot learn from a female shooter!

New targets. Photos of terrorists in positions of attack. Bullets spray the faces.

One target is hit in the RIGHT EYE THREE TIMES.

Cut back to Angela, smiling. She puts down her 9mm pistol. Navril looks at her target, awestruck.

SAM PORTER, from the opening scene, turns to Navril.

SAM

Angie shot perfect in training. You should shut up and listen to her.

NAVRIL

Yes. Thank you, sir.

(to Angela)

Can I use handgun now?

A LOW, HAUNTING NOISE IS HEARD. Angela looks to her right.

SERGEANT ROCKER

Ready, trainees?

At the end of the line, BABRAK (20), messes with his weapon.

BABRAK

Something is wrong, sirs. Please come look.

His American trainer, JON (25), tries to take it from him. Babrak becomes flustered, nervous.

JON

Let me see it.

BABRAK

No, come here. Look at this weapon.

THE HAUNTING NOISE BECOMES DEAFENING. A SPIRIT stands behind Angela, whispering.

The entire troop approaches Babrak, except Angela. Babrak puts his left hand under the collar of his shirt.

Angela SHOOTS BABRAK IN THE RIGHT EYE 3 TIMES.

He falls back. Explosive devices are seen under his shirt.

ANGELA

Run!

Everyone flees. BABRAK EXPLODES in the distance. The troop looks to Angela.

SERGEANT ROCKER

How did you know, Marin? How the fuck did you see strapped explosives from 20 feet away when the rest of my men didn't?

Angela doesn't know what to say.

SAM

Just tell him, Angie. (beat) She knows shit.

SERGEANT ROCKER

I think it's time we sent you to
sniper school.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: CHRISTINA'S HOME - NIGHT

Angela's purple heart hangs from her neck on a pretty chain.

Christina assembles products on a table. Half a dozen women
apply makeup on each other. Angela doesn't participate. Next
to her sits DEBBIE (40s).

CHRISTINA

Ladies, if you purchase today I can
give you a 20 percent discount. And
if you become a seller, you'll get
a 30 percent discount for life!

DEBBIE

Yeah? What percent of my profit do
you take?

CHRISTINA

Who cares? We'll all be making
money. Heaven knows our teaching
salaries aren't crap!

The ladies laugh. As Christina turns around, Debbie snags a
container of face cream and stuffs it into her purse.

Angela twists Debbie's arm, hard.

ANGELA

Put the goddamn cream back.

The room stares at Angela. Debbie slowly takes the cream out
of her bag.

CHRISTINA

Angie! Come on up, I'm gonna do a
demonstration on you.

Christina hands Angela a bag of makeup and starts rubbing
cream onto her cheeks.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Angie's suffered lots of sun
damage, which this serum clears
right up.

ANGELA

Oh my god.

Angela makes a face as though about to vomit.

INSERT FLASHBACK. While crawling through the sand, a soldier in front of Angela GETS SHOT IN THE THROAT. HIS BLOOD SPLATTERS ALL OVER HER FACE.

SCREAMING, Angela smears the face cream off.

The women stare at her. Debbie smirks. Angela grabs her cane and runs out.

EXT. DELANEY STREET - NIGHT

Carrying the Avon bag, Angela limps toward a stoplight then empties the contents of the makeup bag onto the sidewalk.

Marcel and Danny spot her.

MARCEL

Why you dumping that shit out? Your face could use some help.

DANNY

Look better if I cum on it!
(They laugh. He whispers.)
Let's get her shit.

MARCEL

A crippled lady.

DANNY

Yeah, easy target.

Marcel smirks. His adolescent eyes twitch with anger. THE BOYS RUN ACROSS THE STREET.

Angela's face hits the ground.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Angela's face hits the sand.

The boys stand over her. Danny grabs Angela's backpack and empties it out, rummaging through her belongings.

Curtains open from a window on the street, a resident dials the phone.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Nothin but junk. Let's go.

Angela looks at a bruise on Marcel's cheek.

ANGELA

Who's fuckin you up?

MARCEL PUNCHES HER. ANGELA CLOCKS HIM.

Marcel throws her to the ground and attacks. She is no match for his hormonal strength.

As the two fight, ANGELA'S P.O.V. SWITCHES BACK AND FORTH TO FLASHES OF COMBAT.

Marcel overtakes Angela. She reaches into her pants, removes her knife, twists, and stabs Marcel in the neck.

Blood spurts out, fountain-like, as Marcel screams in terror.

Blood stains Danny's face as he WAILS, stricken with fear.

As Marcel's body goes limp, Angela's face changes to guilt and revulsion. She pulls out the knife. Marcel gasps softly.

Angela covers his wound but it's too late.

Police sirens are heard. Blue and red lights flash over Angela's face.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

A small cell confines a handful of women, most of them prostitutes. Angela sits against a wall.

MYRA, a young, dark-skinned hooker with a strange face scar gets pushed by LENA, intimidating and mannish.

LENA

You stupid bitch! You can't tell a fake John?

MYRA

How I'm supposed to know?

LENA

You want me to show you how to know? I'll beat your ass just like a cop do.

Lena shoves Myra against the wall. Angela stands and brings Lena to the ground without hurting her, a perfect display of professional fight training.

Lena gets up and backs away.

Myra sits next to Angela.

MYRA

Thanks. You ever get lonely on the outside, I take care of girls too.

ANGELA

I'm good, thanks.

Myra seductively runs her fingernails up Angela's forearm. Angela whips her arm back.

MYRA
Why you here? Drugs.

ANGELA
I killed someone.

MYRA
Yeah I bet you good at that.

Angela looks over at her. MYRA'S SCAR BEGINS BLEEDING. Her face transforms into a MUSLIM TEENAGE GIRL.

Terrified, Angela shrieks and backs away. The other inmates bust up laughing.

LENA
You buggin out, bitch?

Myra is now normal. Angela curls up in the corner, shaken.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - LATER

SHERIFF KEATING (50) sits at a desk. OFFICER MICHAELS (25) hands him several papers.

OFFICER MICHAELS
Here's the report. A neighbor confirmed the kids attacked her.

SHERIFF KEATING
She's gonna have to prove it in trial. Could get manslaughter.

The phone rings, Keating answers.

SHERIFF KEATING (CONT'D)
Russell County jail, Sheriff Keating. (beat) Hello Senator, always a pleasure. (beat) How'd you hear so quick?

Cut to the home of SENATOR DUNN (60), a distinguished redneck who done good.

SENATOR DUNN
I know Miss Marin quite well. You remember my son, Eli? Served 3 years with her.

SHERIFF KEATING
Didn't know your boy was military. Must be proud.

SENATOR DUNN

Angie saved my son in combat. Blew off a sand niggers head right as he was about to behead my boy.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Angela snipes a Muslim as he is about to slit the throat of baby-faced ELI DUNN.

SHERIFF KEATING

Heard she was quite a force over there.

SENATOR DUNN

Drop the charges.

SHERIFF KEATING

Senator, with all due respect, we got a dead teenager to deal with.

SENATOR DUNN

I'll take care of the press. And your jail house. I hear you could use some resources. Let her walk.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Officer Michaels opens the cell.

OFFICER MICHAELS

Miss Marin? You've been released.

(Angela looks up)

Well come on, girl, get outta here!

Keating walks out of his office.

SHERIFF KEATING

Your sister's outside.

OFFICER MICHAELS

Thank you for your service to our country. We got ya a new cane.

SHERIFF KEATING

Don't get in any more trouble, ok? Kids botherin ya, you let us take care of it. You protected us overseas, we'll protect you now.

ANGELA

Thank you, sir. Officer.

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Angela steps outside with Officer Michaels into the dawn.
Christina is waiting.

CHRISTINA

Oh my god, finally! Let's go.

As they begin down the steps they see MARCEL, now pale, and his mom MANDY, strung out on meth, at the bottom.

Angela stops.

ANGELA

He survived?

CHRISTINA

What?

Mandy THROWS NAILS at Angela.

MANDY

You fucking cunt! You the one that
killed him?

OFFICER MICHAELS

Miss Montague, you need to calm
down. We'll give you the full
report.

Officer Michaels grabs Mandy, bringing her up the steps.

MANDY

I don't give a fuck about a report,
I'm owed money! That was MY KID!

Angela looks back, MARCEL REMAINS IN PLACE, BLOOD DRIPPING
OUT OF HIS NECK while his mother is whisked away.

ANGELA

I didn't mean to kill him.

CHRISTINA

Nobody killed anybody, ok? Just an
accident. I found Dunn's number.
He'll make it go away.

The sisters approach the car. As Christina gets in, the
PASSENGER WINDOW GOES DOWN BY ITSELF.

Startled, Angela grabs at her hip, no gun is there. The
engine starts.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Get in the dang car, Angie!

Angela looks back at the jailhouse. MARCEL STANDS AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE STEPS WITH THE MUSLIM TEENAGE GIRL.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Pills are spilled on the table next to an empty box of wine. Angela plays Call of Duty, stone-faced.

Missing a target, she shoots a civilian and loses points.

ANGELA
Fuck this game.

While reaching for her empty wine cup, the civilian Angela just shot rises.

It's a MUSLIM TEENAGE GIRL. Angela drops her wine.

EXT. FLASHBACK: AFGHAN HOME

Inside an Afghan home, the SAME TEENAGE GIRL is being grabbed by LT DEREK JOHNS.

Angela is crouched outside the home, looking at Derek and the girl through her scope. Sam spots next to her.

SAM
There's movement under the door on
the north side. Move your target.

The Afghan girl and Derek remain in Angela's crosshairs.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: ANGELA'S APARTMENT

As the Teenage Girl fades, the screen displays: "REPEAT ROUND 7?" Angela clicks "YES."

The battle begins. The normal game setting MORPHS INTO THE OUTSIDE OF AN AFGHAN HOME, EXACTLY MIRRORING THE FLASHBACK.

ANGELA
What the hell?

Her video game character lies in the sand, looking through the crosshairs into the home.

Inside, THREE AMERICAN SOLDIERS and a videogame version of LT DEREK JOHNS argue with an AFGHAN FAMILY. Derek grabs the teenage daughter and whispers to her while looking Angela.

Angela's hands shake, fumbling her controller.

In the game, THREE TERRORISTS storm out of the house and shoot towards the screen. Angela kills ONLY TWO of them.

CU of Angela: A REAL BULLET FLIES PAST HER FACE.

Angela drops the controller and hits the ground. She reaches for her real handgun on the table.

The TEENAGE GIRL starts to come out of the television set, his pixilated face writhing in anger as it morphs into flesh.

BOOM. ANGELA SHOOTS THE TELEVISION SET.

Breathing heavily, she rises and looks around. Nothing. Smoke comes out of the now broken tv. Her face falls in shame. She sweeps up the pills and wine and heads to the bathroom.

As she flushes the pills down the toilet, THE AFGHAN TEENAGE GIRL APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, AN AK-47 HANGING BY HER SIDE.

Angela sees the girl for just a moment before she disappears.

As she walks past the tv, heading toward her bedroom, Derek's voice speaks from nowhere:

DEREK

Be on guard, Marin. The enemy is everywhere.

INT. VA WAITING ROOM - DAY

Angela waits with a group of old men: FORESTER, HOBART, and PHILIPS (70s).

PHILIPS

My right leg don't work no more. I can still kick some ass though.

HOBART

You couldn't kick ass when your legs did work!

PHILIPS

I still got a bigger pecker than you.

FORESTER

Watch it, there's a lady in here.

PHILIPS

She shoots like a man, though.

Angela laughs. She and Forester hold a gaze.

FORESTER

Sorry these two ain't very gentlemanly. Max and I treat the ladies right. Hey Max, remember that gal in Hanoi?

Forester is speaking to an empty chair next to him. The others exchange an awkward glance.

HOBART

Max remembers.

FORESTER

Man, I wish I could be 25 forever.
I mean, look at ya! I bet lil Annie
Oakley here would give ya a shot.

Forester pats the chair as though Max was sitting in it.

PHILIPS

(to Angela)

He ain't all there no more.

FORESTER

No, I ain't. A piece of my soul's
still in the jungle.

(beat)

Max, you outta be glad where you
are. The whole of you in one place.

Looking at the chair, Angela sees the ghost of MAX (25), handsome VIETNAM SOLDIER, his chest blown open. Max smiles at her. A NURSE (40) walks in.

NURSE

Angela Marin?

Spooked, Angela walks to the nurse. Max touches her.

MAX

You can't kill 'em again. Remember
that, honey.

NURSE

Let's go. Dr. Fitzgerald's waiting.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - LATER

LORI FITZGERALD (35), VA psychologist, sits in a chair. Warm and inviting, the room makes Angela uneasy.

LORI

What you experienced was a high
level panic attack. Exacerbated by
self-medication. How long since you
been out of the service?

ANGELA

A year.

LORI

This is the first occurrence?

ANGELA

Yes.

LORI

Any recent incident that may have triggered these memories?

ANGELA

No recent killings. No.

Beat.

LORI

Who were the people you saw in the game? Did you recognize them?

ANGELA

Three insurgents. And Derek. I heard his voice. My Lieutenant. I learned to shoot at sniper school. Derek taught me how to fight.

INT. FLASHBACK: OP BASE - DAY

An observation post in the middle of nowhere. A small group of enlistees wash their things under a shade. Sam splashes water on Angela.

She retaliates with a nasty look. Sam laughs and whips her with a rag. Angela throws a punch. Sam grabs her fist, twists her into a full body hold, and starts tickling.

ANGELA

What the hell, punk-ass?

SAM

Showin you who's boss. It's my job to kick your ass sometimes...

They wrestle. Angela elbows him in the stomach. Sam lets go.

A gunshot goes off and the soldiers duck for cover.

DEREK O.S.

You green bunch of pussies! Why the fuck didn't you draw your goddamn weapons?

The soldiers stand. DEREK JOHNS holds a pistol in the air.

DEREK

Lucky for you dipshits I'm not an enemy. I'm your Lieutenant.

(the soldiers line up)

Back to doing the dishes, ladies.

Oh, wait, that's right.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)
One of you is a lady.
(beat)
So you're the new rooster. Heard
you broke some shooting records.

ANGELA
Yes, sir.

DEREK
What'd you name your piece?

ANGELA
Dylan. After my father, sir.

DEREK
Daddy proud of his lil sniper girl?

ANGELA
He's dead, sir.

DEREK
Let's take a walk with Dylan, I
wanna see you two in action.

EXT. BASECAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Angela follows Derek away from the tents.

DEREK
I know you probably got it rough
here.

ANGELA
Why would that be?

DEREK
No need to pretend to be someone
you're not. You're a chick. But you
shoot great. I wanna make sure you
live up to your potential.

ANGELA
I appreciate that, sir.

DEREK
That means we gotta make sure you
don't feel shit. Girls feel shit.
My snipers need to not give a fuck.

The two approach a cage, Derek pulls a rabid dog out.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Shoot him.

ANGELA
Excuse me?

DEREK

He wandered into the post last night.

ANGELA

Doesn't look like a threat, sir. Would you like to see me shoot a target?

DEREK

No, I can shoot a beercan myself. This rabid little shit could make my whole platoon sick. And more importantly, I need to know your pussy isn't going get in the way of you blowing off a scumbag's head. Girls feel shit. A sniper can't feel shit. Shoot.

Beat. The dog looks up at Angela.

ANGELA

But we're not in danger, sir.

DEREK

We're always in danger. Shoot or go back to the Military Police.

Angela shoots the dog. A soft gasp betrays her emotions.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Nice work.

ANGELA

Thank you, sir.

DEREK

This is difficult, what we have to do. Goes against every human instinct. Humans ain't naturally built to kill, especially our own kind. But we got to. We gotta take orders. You're gonna be good at this. Just listen to me.

Derek smiles at her and walks off. Angela wipes a spot dog's of blood off of her pants.

INT. PRESENT DAY: LORI'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Angela is shaking on the couch.

ANGELA

That FUCKING DOG. He made me kill a goddamn DOG! He could be such a pig. He turned me into this...

LORI
At what point did you become
intimate with Lt Johns?

Angela stares at her.

ANGELA
That wasn't allowed.

LORI
I understand that. I also see how
emotional you get when you speak of
him.

(Beat. Angela clenches.)
Lovers have the ability to make us
very angry, when we think about
horrible acts they've done, or how
they manipulated -

ANGELA
Derek wasn't my fucking lover!

Angela gasps - BLOOD IS ON HER PANTS. She wipes it away.
Suddenly, blood splatters her face from nowhere.

Angela wipes her face frantically, panicking. Lori walks over
and wipes a rag across Angela's face.

LORI
There's nothing there.

The rag is clean. Lori claps Angela's hands.

LORI (CONT'D)
Prolonged Exposure Therapy. We keep
recounting the memories until they
no longer incite panic. Just be
honest with me, and it will work.

ANGELA
Ok.

LORI
We'll talk about Lt Johns later.
First, I want you to stop carrying.

Lori looks where Angela's gun is hidden in her pants.

ANGELA
I'm sorry, I can't...

LORI
Just an hour or two a day to start.
Begin removing yourself from
military habits, this is important.
(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

And if the memories come when you are outside of this office, push them away. They should only be confronted under my guidance.

Lori sits and reaches for a pen at her desk. THE PEN JAR TIPS OVER, scattering the contents. Lori shivers then writes.

LORI (CONT'D)

Candice in the lobby will schedule your next appointment. I'd like to see you as often as I can.

ANGELA

Yes, ma'am. I want you to help me. I wanna be normal again.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Angela removes weapons from her body and locks them in a drawer with A PHOTO OF DEREK. Deep breath.

She rips off her white tank top, then rummages through clothing and slips on an outdated dress.

CHRISTINA O.S.

I hate that you can still fit into that!

Christina appears in the doorway. Angela jumps.

ANGELA

Do some sit ups once in a while.

CHRISTINA

You look pretty. Come downstairs, I wanna show you something!

INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls sit in front of Angela's computer, A DATING WEBSITE is on the screen. Her military portrait is her profile, somewhat hilarious amongst romantic photos of other women.

CHRISTINA

I saved some nice looking guys in your "favorites".

ANGELA

What?

CHRISTINA

Don't say anything till you've tried it. This stuff works! Rita from school met a guy last...

ANGELA

You put that I play sports.

CHRISTINA

You do! You played volleyball in high school!

ANGELA

I'm crippled, Christina.

CHRISTINA

So? You like to watch sports and go to shooting ranges, there are men who will LOVE that.

(beat)

You need somebody to take care of you.

ANGELA

No, I don't.

CHRISTINA

Well then somebody to spend time with. I know you got needs.

(Beat. She's right.)

I got crafts to organize for the school fair. Just look through the men for me. Please? Maybe wink at one?

ANGELA

Ok.

(beat)

Thank you.

CHRISTINA

I love you.

As her sister leaves, Angela scrolls through the men on the dating site. Her face sinks.

She goes to YOUTUBE.com and searches "soldier gaga dance." A video of the younger, military Angela with Derek Johns appears on screen. She hits "PLAY."

INT. FLASHBACK: DEREK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Nice and neat. Derek's a man that keeps his pornography categorized and posted on the walls in straight lines.

Angela enters, holding a book with Joan of Arc on the cover.

ANGELA

Sir? I brought your book back.

DEREK

You liked it?

ANGELA

It was crazy. But yeah, I did. You ain't planning to burn me alive are you?

DEREK

No just yet. You hungry?

ANGELA

Oh my god, I'm fuckin starv -

Derek flicks off the overhead lighting and turns on two flashlights, which he sets upright on top of the table. He then pulls out a chair from his table.

DEREK

Have a seat, m'lady.

(Angela is confused.)

Sit in the goddamn chair now, you ugly piece of shit!

Angela sits as instructed. Derek giggles. Finally, Angela laughs. Derek stares at her smile at moment.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Would you like to try the Pasta Alfredo? Or as our chefs call it, "pasta with a money shot?"

ANGELA

Sounds delicious.

Along with a white glob of Alfredo, Derek serves Angela whiskey in a plastic cup. She sips and winces.

DEREK

Where you from, Angel? Boyfriend back home?

ANGELA

Alabama. And NO.

DEREK

What? How's that possible?

ANGELA

I dunno. Haven't met the right guy.

DEREK

You're not into the ladies, are you?

ANGELA

No. Not my thing.

DEREK

We get a lot of butches.

ANGELA

I'm not butchy.

DEREK

I know. You're just the kind of girl who likes getting in fights.

ANGELA

No I'm not! I hate aggression, it hurts me.

DEREK

Then what the hell made you wanna learn to shoot?

ANGELA

To stop fights. I could always... feel shit. Like, when bad stuff's happened. So I want stop it before it goes down. It's weird, I can't explain it too good.

DEREK

Well I'm really intrigued so you better try.

ANGELA

When these big conflicts have happened, I've felt the whole experience, in my bones. Some people cry or post prayers on facebook or whatever, but I like, feel like I'm in it. A conflict 2000 miles away. The people that died in these uprisings, I hear them. I know who these random innocents are, people aren't posted on the news, because I somehow see their faces in my mind. I know that's fucking crazy as shit and not real at all... but it made me think I had to join in and stop it. To save them and to save my sanity. I've felt this my whole life.

DEREK

That's beautiful.

ANGELA

You told me snipers aren't supposed to feel shit.

DEREK

No. You can't feel shit about your target. You can't feel hate for him, or sympathy for his family. You just hit who you're told to, because that's your order. That's what will stop all this.

(beat)

Just follow my lead. I'll help you do what you were born to do.

Derek pours her more whiskey.

INT. DEREK'S CABIN - LATER

Derek and Angela drunkenly laugh at the table, the bottle empty and food gone.

ANGELA

What the fuck? He was rubbing military cheese all over his damn body?

DEREK

The whole camp cheering him on. Craziest motherfuckers I ever seen, but still the hardest troupe in the military theater. Then the dude started dancin like this.

(Derek dances wildly)

Like he was their stripper!

Angela can't stop laughing. Derek dances over her lap, mockingly seductive.

ANGELA

Stop it! I can't breathe!

DEREK

C'mon princess, time to hit the clubs!

ANGELA

What?

Derek turns on a stereo, disco pop blares out.

DEREK

What moves you got?

ANGELA

None! I don't dance.

DEREK

You do now.

ANGELA
No, really.

DEREK
I'm your commanding officer. Get up
and dance.

Angela stands up and attempts to "dance." Derek grabs her and swings her around. He then reaches over and turns on a camera, gyrating in front of it.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Work it for the camera, girl.
Civilians eat this shit up.

Angela laughs and dances for the camera. The song stops, Derek turns off the camera and GRABS HER HAIR.

ANGELA
Ow!

Derek pulls her in, holding his lips inches away from hers.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Are we allowed to do this?

DEREK
No.

Angela stumbles away from him, trying to compose herself.

Derek throws her onto the bed and pins her arms down. She can't move. He kisses her.

Angela becomes breathless and very turned on.

ANGELA
Wait. I've never done this before.

DEREK
Fucked?

Angela shakes her head "no." Derek sits up.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Didn't figure you were -

ANGELA
Don't apologize. I've wanted to. I
just never -

DEREK
Never met a guy as tough as you
needed him to be.

ANGELA
Maybe that was it.
(beat)
I enjoyed that.

As she reaches to stroke his forearm, Derek smacks it away. She gets up, embarrassed. Starts to leave.

DEREK
Stand right there.

ANGELA
Sorry, sir?

Derek stands up and pins her against the wall. She can barely breathe.

DEREK
Fight me off.

The two fight, Angela getting a few good jabs on him, but Derek gets in every time and rips pieces her clothing off. Finally he's got her in her underwear, locked in a hold.

Angela smiles. She releases her struggle into his arms.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You're not really a fighter, are you?

ANGELA
I guess I'm not.

DEREK
I'll change that.

The two begin to make love.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: OLIVE GARDEN - NIGHT

In the same outdated dress and badly applied makeup, Angela sits across from ALEX (30), redneck. We recognize his profile from the dating website.

A WAITRESS (20) stands over them.

ALEX
I'll have the Fettuccine Alfredo.

Angela muffles a laugh.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What?

ANGELA

An ex... in the service we called
it Pasta with a Money Shot.

Beat.

ALEX

I can tell you're a fun one!

ANGELA

(to waitress)
Lasagna. Thanks.

WAITRESS

Some red or white wine?

ALEX

Coors light.

ANGELA

Whiskey.

The waitress exits.

ALEX

I think it's cool chicks can be
soldiers now. You kill anybody over
there?

Seriously? Angela doesn't know what to say.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

A country ballad plays from the jukebox. Alex and Angela slow
dance, drunk. She's cowering. It could not look more awkward.

Alex strokes her head softly.

ALEX

You've got such pretty hair. Why
don't you grow it longer?

ANGELA

There's enough of it.

ALEX

Oh there's enough all right.

Trying to be sexy, Alex GRABS A FISTFUL OF HER HAIR. Angela
CLOCKS HIM IN THE FACE. He falls back onto a table.

Three REDNECKS rise.

REDNECK

You think you're cute throwing
punches in here?

Angela pulls out her handgun. The bar patrons step back. She stumbles out of the bar.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Sobering up, Angela scrubs the makeup off her face. As she bends down to get water from the faucet, DEREK JOHNS APPEARS BEHIND HER IN THE MIRROR.

His skin is yellow, a BULLET WOUND bleeds in the middle of his forehead.

Angela stands and pauses. Derek is gone.

She looks around the room, sensing something.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angela sits on the edge of her bed, closing her eyes.

A pair of JAUNDICE-YELLOW HANDS enter behind her, rubbing her shoulders. She sighs. The hands massage her neck, she moans.

THE ARMS PUT HER INTO A FIERCE HEADLOCK.

Angela SCREAMS and turns around. No one is there.

She turns back. DEREK STANDS IN FRONT OF HER.

DEREK

Angel.

ANGELA

Oh my God.

Angela backs up to her weapon drawer. It's LOCKED.

DEREK

I miss you, baby.

(he leans over her)

No hillbilly civilian will ever
fuck you like I did. Sad, ain't it?

ANGELA

You aren't here. You're a high
level panic attack exacerbated by
alcohol and...

WHOP Derek smacks her hard across the face.

DEREK

Fight me like you used to.

ANGELA

No. I'm not thinking about you,
Derek.

Angela lies down and puts a pillow over her face.

Derek starts RIPPING HER CLOTHES OFF. Angela struggles out from under him and runs into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Beat. Deep breath. He's gone.

BOOM. A bullet flies through the door. She looks at Derek through the bullet hole, he lowers an AK-47.

Angela trembles. She opens the door to face him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

DEREK

I'm trying to protect you. I'm the only one who can. Not any of these drunk civilian pricks.

ANGELA

I was just. I was just trying to have a nice night.

DEREK

You're wasting your time. They're coming. You better fight.

ANGELA

I'm not strong enough to fight. I'm not a soldier anymore. I'm home.

DEREK

This is no longer your home, Sergeant. You belong in battle, stopping those that fight. And if you don't regain your strength, this lot will take you with them. You haven't seen hell yet.

(Angela collapses)

Look at you. Look at your sad little life. This is an opportunity. You get to relive the most exciting moments of your life all over again.

ANGELA

How do I attack something that isn't always here?

DEREK

I taught you everything you need to know. Man up. Fight.

Derek disappears. A BABIES CRY IS HEARD. Angela unlocks her weapons drawer and places a gun under her pillow.

INT. VA WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hobart and Philips sit in the waiting room with Angela.

HOBART
You going to Forester's service
tomorrow?

ANGELA
What?

HOBART
He's gone. Bullet to the head.

PHILIPS
Fifty fuckin years ago. He never
let go.

Angela looks at the empty chair.

ANGELA
Who was Max?

HOBART
Max and Forrester were childhood
buddies. Drafted together.
Forrester was a Rooster, Max was
his spotter.

INT. FLASHBACK: ABOVE GROUND HIDEOUT - VIETNAM - DAY

A young Forester points his gun out a window as Max is ducked below, rifling through equipment.

FORESTER
Hand me a new mag!

MAX
I can't find it.

FORESTER
You useless piece of shit! It's up
above. Hurry! Charlie's all - WAIT!

Max rises. Forester holds his arm out. Max is HIT IN THE CHEST. He collapses.

Forester tries bandaging him. Max dies in his arms.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: VA WAITING ROOM

HOBART

Aid wasn't close enough to save him. Forester never got over it, went crazy. Said Max was visiting him.

A hand rests on Angela's thigh. She looks over. IT'S MAX. He winks at her then transforms into the MUSLIM TEENAGE GIRL.

ANGELA PICKS UP THE CHAIR AND THROWS IT.

ANGELA

Fuck you!

NURSE

We need restraints!

A male nurse tackles Angela.

INT. LORI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Angela is sitting on the couch shaking.

ANGELA

They're after me.

LORI

Why are they after you? You did nothing wrong. You did what you were trained to.

ANGELA

I made mistakes.

LORI

Like what?

ANGELA

Everything I say here is...

LORI

Confidential? Of course. I can't disclose anything you confess.

INT. FLASHBACK: AFGHANI HOME - DAY

Outside the Afghan home of the video game flashback. Sam scopes, Angela readies to shoot.

SAM

Shit we got a lot of people in that tight space. We better not to have to fire.

Inside the living room are 4 Americans: DEREK, TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS and a TRANSLATOR, and 4 Muslims: AFGHAN FATHER, AFGHAN MOTHER, a BABY, and the TEENAGE GIRL.

TRANSLATOR

In Agha Mikhahad Bedanad Keh Shoma
Koja Anhara Penhan Kardid.

AFGHAN FATHER

Man Hich Chizi Rajeb Anha
Nemidanam, Man Faghat Yek Karmand
Hastam, Lotfan Mara Tark Konid.

DEREK

Show us the other rooms to your house. NOW!

When the father does nothing, Derek grabs the TEENAGE GIRL and rips off her veil. The Father lunges for Derek.

AFGHAN FATHER

Beh Dokhtaram Dast Nazanid!

Derek PISTOL WHIPS the father. He starts removing the daughters dress.

DEREK

Your women are so beautiful. Guys,
would you all like a piece?

Derek looks up out the window INTO ANGELA'S CROSSHAIRS. He WINKS at her as he starts to pull the teenage girls hair.

INT. LORI'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Angela is shaking on the couch.

LORI

You allowed your superior officer to rape a young girl. And he was your lover.

ANGELA

No. I'd stopped sleeping with him long ago. He'd become...

LORI

You were outside the home, you weren't in a position to save her.

ANGELA
Yes, I was, you don't understand!

LORI
Re-enact the fight for me.

ANGELA
What?

LORI
Show me how Derek pistol whipped
the father. Act it out.

Lori hands Angela a toy gun.

ANGELA
Why are we doing this?

LORI
To step you through the memory.
That's how it loses it's power over
you. I want you to physically
engage with it.

Feeling silly, Angela stands and hits the toy gun in the air.

LORI (CONT'D)
Again.

Angela does it harder. Repeats.

Suddenly, THE AFGHAN FATHER APPEARS IN FRONT OF HER, ghostly,
his face bloody.

ANGELA
Oh my god!

DEREK V.O.
Feels good, don't it?

Angela screams and throws the toy gun, it cracks against the
wall NEXT TO A GHOSTLY VISION OF DEREK, SMIRKING.

The AFGHAN FATHER CHARGES LORI.

ANGELA
Get away from her!

Grabbing a paperweight off Lori's desk, Angela attacks the
Father viciously, beating his head in.

DEREK
Keep going, Angel. Fight him off.

LORI
(screams)
There's no one here!

The action stops. Angela is hunched over the desk, papers and pens scattered beneath her.

She looks at the otherwise empty room, fights back tears. Lori composes herself behind her desk.

ANGELA

I'm sorry.

LORI

You've no reason to be embarrassed.
You did as I asked.

Beat.

ANGELA

Why am I like this?

LORI

In the past we believed the psychological cost of war was levied upon the victims, that psychosis was triggered from the constant threat of ones life being in danger. We were wrong. Mental instability after wartime is overwhelmingly found in those who killed or tortured others. My job is to get you to confront the tasks you were assigned to, the ones you didn't want to fulfill, and let them go.

(beat)

Humans are not designed to kill our own species. To train a person to murder is to pervert his or her natural inclinations. What you are experiencing has been felt by soldiers throughout the centuries. All you have to do is forgive yourself.

Lori bends down and picks up the TOY GUN Angela was beating against the air. IT'S COVERED IN BLOOD. Lori rubs the blood between her fingers.

LORI (CONT'D)

Did you cut yourself?

ANGELA

No.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - LATER

Lori drives out of the VA parking lot. She gazes through the window at Angela, who stands at a bus stop.

THE AFGHAN FATHER APPEARS IN MIDDLE OF THE STREET. Angela sees him.

As Lori turns back to face the road, the Afghan Father materializes with more substance, holding an AK-47. LORI SEES HIM AND SHRIEKS.

Panicked, she TURNS SHARPLY, SKIDDING across several lanes of traffic. The car passes the bus stop as Angela runs to help.

A BULLET HITS LORI'S WINDSHEILD. Glass flies over her head. The car crashes into a pole and stops.

In the center of the bullet hole Lori sees THE FACE OF DEREK.

Two men pull Lori out of the car, Angela runs up beside them.

INT. LORI'S HOME - NIGHT

Bandaged, with ice packs behind her shoulder, Lori lies in a plush bed with a laptop. Her husband FRANK (40), adjusts pillows at her feet.

LORI

She wasn't armed. Every vet is required to check their weapons in the lobby. Today she left the house without carrying. It was confirmed.

FRANK

Then who shot the car?

LORI

I don't know! The police suspect a drive-by.

FRANK

From a person no one saw.

LORI

I saw someone.

(beat)

My feet are fine, thank you.

Frank lies and picks up a book. Lori reads from her laptop.

LORI (CONT'D)

I can't find a single other case with her symptoms. PTSD is known to cause panic attacks, anti-social behavior... but rarely hallucinations or schizophrenia. Not unless there was chemical drug testing, which according to her files, there was not. I don't know what's getting at her.

FRANK

Well, there's been no prior research on women soldiers. It's a new terrain you're studying. The female combatant. Can they handle it?

Lori shoots Frank a look. She flicks out the lamp, blackness. Their bodies turn away from each other.

THE LAMP STARTS TO FLICKER.

Pan across the bedroom to the window. A pair of eyes stare above the bushes. The figure rises. IT'S ANGELA.

Angela holds her breath and points her rifle near the lamp. The flickering intensifies.

Angela puts her finger on the trigger.

Lori tosses. Angela crouches deeper into the bush until Lori lies back down, then continues to guard the sleeping couple.

As she checks the locks on the window, the GHOST OF MARCEL and the AFGHAN TEENAGE GIRL appear next to the bed. Marcel pulls out a knife, the girl holds up her AK-47.

BOOM. ANGELA SHOOTS A BULLET INTO THE WALL.

Lori and Frank rise. Angela ducks and crawls through the bushes to the side of the house, then RUNS LIKE HELL.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Blinding lights shine on Angela's face as she loses her breath from running. A car stops. CHRISTINA screams out.

CHRISTINA

Oh my god, where have you been?

(Angela gets in the car.)

I heard about Dr. Fitzgerald's wreck, I've been looking for you.

(sees at her bloody face)

Don't tell me you've been fighting.

ANGELA

I haven't hurt anyone.

CHRISTINA

Someone hurt you! Who was it?

ANGELA

They're back.

CHRISTINA

Who, Angie?

ANGELA

Shh! I don't want them to hear you.

Beat. Christina chokes up.

CHRISTINA

You're getting worse.

ANGELA

(hitting the dashboard)

Fuck! You fucking weak piece of
shit! You can't even kill something
that's already dead!

CHRISTINA

We're gonna try something else.
This isn't working. You need a new
kind of therapy.

INT. CHURCH - SUNDAY MORNING

Wooden pews and portraits of Jesus fill a modest, non-
denominational Christian Church. REVEREND LOWE (60) preaches.

REVEREND LOWE

You and I have been held captive to
sin, but Christ has purchased our
pardon and set us at liberty.

In a middle pew, Christina grabs Angela's hand.

CHRISTINA

I'm so happy you came with me.

ANGELA

I don't have to believe in it, do
I?

CHRISTINA

Angie, Look at everything you've
survived when you shouldn't have!
That was God's work.

ANGELA

That was good training.

CHRISTINA

Shhh! No arguing at church.

REVEREND LOWE

We are too much haunted by
ourselves -

Angela looks up at him.

REVEREND LOWE (CONT'D)
 - projecting the shadow of self on
 everything around us. And then
 comes the Gospel to rescue us from
 this selfishness. Redemption is
 this, to forget self in God.

*INSERT FLASHBACK MONTAGE: The Afghan home from earlier is
 viewed within the crosshairs of Angela's rifle. The teenage
 girl's cheek is cut. Several of the inhabitants of the home
 fall. The mother, is killed.*

Back to the church, Angela GASPS. Her sister looks over at
 her. Reverend Lowe continues.

REVEREND LOWE (CONT'D)
 We are forgiven our sins, all of
 them, simply by believing in Him.

A figure walks down the pew and sits next to Angela. The new
 attendee hands her a hymnal, then speaks.

O.S.
 You believe. In fact you know,
 because you see and feel us.

Angela looks over, it's the AFGHAN MOTHER FROM THE HOME.

The mother grabs the back of Angela's hair and bangs her face
 against the pew. Christina screams. The church-goers rise.

POV of the rest of the church: Angela is banging her own face
 against the pew, her body thrown against it unnaturally.

INT. MYSTIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

In a dark room with candles, Angela, her face bandaged, sits
 across from FARAH, a mystic. Christina watches in a corner.

FARAH
 Many believe that spirits haunt
 places. A location of a murder. But
 an unsaved soul has no need to
 attach itself to a physical space.
 Spirits haunt other spirits. They
 latch onto the mind of one still
 living. We often label this
 situation "insanity."

ANGELA
 So it's inside me? It's not real?
 But they attack. Dr. Fitzgerald saw
 them, I know she did.

FARAH

I never said it wasn't real. The dead were hiding inside of you. Armed with the weapons that killed them.

(beat)

In a moment of spiritual weakness, you enraged them. When you murdered the boy. A soul as troubled as Marcel's joined the others who cannot pass. They are teaching him. They want to take you out the most humiliating way they can.

CHRISTINA

What does that mean?

FARAH

They want to tell your secret. By making you do it again.

ANGELA

No.

FARAH

Muslim, Christian, Soldier, Civilian, in death we are all on the same side.

ANGELA

How do I stop em?

FARAH

These souls seek revenge. It's what holds them back. My advice is that you take matters into your own hands.

ANGELA

I have been! I attack!

FARAH

Confess.

CHRISTINA

Confess what? She was defending herself against that horrible boy.

FARAH

This isn't about Marcel.

A BABY'S CRY IS HEARD. Angela freezes.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Tell them what you did.

CHRISTINA
Tell who, what?

Farah's beings SPEAKING IN DEREK'S DEEP VOICE.

FARAH/DEREK
Listen, Angel. They're all here.

HER EYES AND VOICE CHANGE AS THE SPIRITS WITHIN HER SWITCH.

FARAH/TEENAGE GIRL
You saved no one. I was only 16.

FARAH/ARABIC MAN
Man Ba Sheytan Hamkari Nemikonam.

FARAH/MARCEL
You thought my death wouldn't mean
nothin?

FARAH/TRANSLATOR
We're gonna show the entire goddamn
country what an incompetent piece
of shit soldier you are.

FARAH/DEREK
Do you get it, Angel? See what they
are going to do to you?

ANGELA
Do they all know? Do you know?

The ghosts release from Farah. She falls back, unconscious.

The AFGHAN MOTHER MATERIALIZES FULLY IN THE ROOM. She strokes
Christina's hair, then PULLS IT.

AFGHAN MOTHER
You took my family. I take yours.

Christina SEES THE WOMAN and screams.

CHRISTINA
What's happening, Angie?

Angela CHARGES THE MOTHER, who evaporates. Spirits swirl

ANGELA
Derek? Where are you? What do I do?

DEREK
Fall out!
(the ghosts disappear,
Derek speaks in V.O.)
Just wait and prepare. The battle
is coming.

Stillness. Farah rises.

FARAH

If you want freedom, you must admit to your crimes. That's the only way their plan can fail. That's the only way to avoid the shame.

CHRISTINA

She never did anything wrong! They HURT HER! Let's go, Angie. This place is evil.

ANGELA

I'm gonna to fight them. I'll kill those motherfuckers again.

DEREK V.O.

That's my girl.

INT. GYM - DAY

Angela lifts heavy weights at the gym.

DENNIS

Need a spot?

ANGELA

Nope.

Angela bench presses. She's struggling, but pushes harder until she DROPS THE BAR ON HER CHEST. Dennis runs over.

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

An array of vintage artillery lines the shelves of a pawn shop. A scrawny redneck, RAY (40), stands behind the counter.

Angela inspects an M1919 Browning Machine Gun.

RAY

Nice historical piece. Been around since WWII.

ANGELA

WWI actually.

Angela looks through the eyepiece. She sees a dead German soldier through the viewport, bullet in his chest.

Angela sets the M1919 on the counter.

Grabbing a sword, shotgun, gas-mask, and several packages of ammunition, Angela stacks the counter with weaponry and takes out her registration card.

RAY

How long the guy been cheating on
you?

(beat, she stares at him)

Just making conversation, honey.
Enjoy the apocalypse.

INT. NIGHT - LATER

A dark room. Objects appear as light and dark blurs, as
though under water. Heavy breathing is heard.

The room whips back and forth. The breathing accelerates. A
hand appears in frame, grabbing at the air.

The movement stops. A black bar is raised from bottom to top
as the image of the room goes from blurry to clear.

Angela's bedroom comes into focus.

Cut to Angela sitting on her bed. A GAS MASK rests on her
forehead. She regains her breathing and takes a sip of water.

Putting the mask back over her face, she goes back to sleep.

INT. LORI'S OFFICE

Dark-eyed, paler than ever, Angela gazes at Lori.

ANGELA

I'm cured.

LORI

Really?

ANGELA

Yup.

LORI

No more visions? No urge to attack?

ANGELA

Nope.

LORI

I've done this work a lot, Angela.
It takes time. No one is cured in
matter of weeks. Particularly not a
case like yours.

ANGELA

I'm not coming here anymore.

LORI
Why are you doing this?

Beat. Angela starts to tear up.

ANGELA
Because you haven't helped me. You
were wrong.

LORI
Wrong about what?

ANGELA
These aren't memories. You can't
just "forgive yourself" or play
with toy guns or pick up and move
on. It comes back for you. Your
sins, your mistakes, they return.
(beat)
These souls were fighters. I'll
defeat them by fighting.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - NOON

A large hand-painted banner "FALL FUNDRAISER" hangs above a
table selling crafts and baked goods. Christina chats with
parents while kids run around the lawn.

Angela checks the perimeter for safety. BILL (45) and his
wife JANET (45) look at her conspicuously from afar.

BILL
It coulda been one of our boys.

JANET
She was defending herself. Our boys
don't do stuff like that.

Christina approaches a MOTHER and her 10 year old daughter,
MADISON. Christina whispers to them, pointing at Angela.

INT. FLASHBACK: TENT

Angela and several soldiers, SAM, ELI DUNN, and JARED OCHS go
through their mail. Angela gets one envelope.

ELI
Wooh! Got a new picture of my babe
in her undies!

Jared grabs the picture from Eli and passes it around. The
men holler. Sam says nothing, just glances at Angela.

JARED
 Look at them titties!
 (beat)
 I've got me a Vicki's Secret model!

Jared pulls out 3 pencil drawings of a naked Adriana Lima and passes them out. Angela rolls her eyes.

ELI
 I need me a girl like this.

JARED
 Who's your favorite model? I'll draw a perfect picture of her.

ELI
 You wanna look, Angie?

ANGELA
 Draw me a man. One that doesn't smell like you shit-bags.

Angela opens her letter. It has the handwriting of a child.

LETTER (V.O.)
 Dear Angela Marin,
 My name is Madison Becker and I'm in 2nd grade at Iberia Elementary. We are supposed to write a letter to our hero, and you are mine. Thank you for putting your life at risk to protect our country. It's so cool that girls get to be in the army now. I hope I get to be a soldier one day too.

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME

Slightly afraid, Madison and her mother approach Angela, intimidating and disheveled.

MADISON
 Hello.

ANGELA
 Hi.

MADISON
 I'm Madison Becker. I wrote you a letter in 2nd grade.

ANGELA
 I remember. You still wanna be a soldier?

Beat. She doesn't.

MADISON

Mom, can I get my face painted now?

Madison and her mother scamper away. Angela looks beyond.

In the distance, 3 PRE-ADOLESCENT BOYS play with a paintball gun. They aim at a target on the tree, missing every shot.

BLONDE BOY

You suck!

ANGELA O.S.

So do you. You aren't holding it right.

The boys look up. Angela looms over them.

Angela grabs the paintball gun and shoots the tree target: bullseye. The boy's eyes go wide, smiling.

She shoots several cups off a concession table, scaring DEBBIE who's sitting behind it. The boys laugh.

Finally, she aims at a squirrel on a fence further away, knocks it off with a glob of paint. The boys gasp in awe.

ANGELA

You, Goldielocks, take the gun.

(a blond boy grabs it)

Now turn your feet out a bit, you gotta have a strong stance. Put your shoulders back, aim at your target. Take a deep breath. Now shoot as you breath out.

The boy hits the target on the tree. He looks up at her and smiles. A PLAID SHIRT BOY grabs the gun.

PLAID SHIRT BOY

Show me how!

Angela bends down and positions plaid shirt boy's shoulders. A BABY IS HEARD CRYING. Angela looks up.

THREE DARK FIGURES walk toward the playground. Angela stands.

The figures comes closer, they are MUSLIM TERRORISTS. One takes out an AK-47 and points it at the crowd. Angela whips out her hidden pistol and shoots. The terrorists take every bullet, stagger back, but keep walking.

DEREK V.O.

These motherfuckers are resilient.
Just keep shooting, Marin!

One terrorist fires, ALMOST HITS THE BLOND BOY. Angela shoots the terrorists head. He doesn't fall.

ANGELA
(turning)
Derek, what do I do?

Two GHOSTLY AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND DEREK stand behind her.

DEREK
There's one at 3'clock. Shoot NOW!

SNAP, she swipes her rifle to 3'clock but stops herself A
SPLIT SECOND before pulling the trigger... when she realizes
it's a CIVILIAN WOMAN.

ANGELA
Agh! What the fuck, Lt? Those are
civi -

She looks over and sees the terrorists running for her.

AMERICAN SOLDIER
We've got your back, Sergeant.
Let's fire!

Angela, Derek, and the 2 Soldiers shoot at the fair, the
world around them spinning in chaos, civilians mixed with
insurgents. Screams everywhere.

When her case is empty, Angela drops her gun.

Silence. Several dead bodies litter the landscape.

POLICE SIRENS are heard. Angela falls to the ground.

INT. TV MONITOR

A CNN reporter speaks to the camera.

CNN REPORTER
A school shooting occurred today in
Phenix City, Alabama. CNN has
learned that the assailant is
currently in custody. We will be
covering the tragedy extensively as
new details arrive.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Back in the Russell County jailhouse. Angela is locked up
alone, bandaged. Sheriff Keating speaks on the phone in the
lobby, where Christina waits, crying.

SHERIFF KEATING
4 casualties and 5 injured.
(Beat. Angela sobs.)
(MORE)

SHERIFF KEATING (CONT'D)

She claims several armed men were approaching the school.

(beat)

That's where it gets weird. No one saw another shooter, but not all the bullets recovered from the scene could have come from her weapon. We're looking up all gun licenses in the county.

ANGELA

I told you, they were ARMED SPIRITS! They're waging a HOLY WAR!

CHRISTINA O.S.

(from the lobby)

Angie! I'm getting you out and having you put in an institution where you'll be safe, ok?

SHERIFF KEATING

No sir, no prior police record, she's never been in here before.

(beat)

What is it, Michaels?

(beat)

Go ahead, bring her in.

Officer Michaels brings Lori to Angela's cell. Long beat.

ANGELA

I was trying to protect them. The insurgents were there. With AKs.

LORI

These are hallucinations, Angela.

ANGELA

No, they're not! Ask Christina! She saw them. At the psychic's.

LORI

Christina will say anything to save you.

ANGELA

You saw him too, he was in the middle of the street. That's why you swerved. He shot your car.

LORI

I wasn't driving carefully. You shot my windshield. I saw nothing else.

ANGELA

Liar.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You have to tell Keating to release me. They'll kill me in here.

LORI

Who?

ANGELA

You fucking know who!

LORI

You'll kill yourself if you're let out. I'm recommending you be moved to maximum security. You're a danger to yourself and others.

(beat)

You also shot into my home.

ANGELA

I was trying to protect you. Please don't turn your back on me.

LORI

I'm not turning my back on you. I'll visit twice a week at Tutwiler to continue your treatment.

ANGELA

Fuck your treatment! You're a fucking hack. Look where your treatment got me! You felt them, you saw their blood, and you know your method didn't work.

Lori pauses, remembering the blood on the toy gun.

Officer Michaels enters.

OFFICER MICHAELS

You done here?

LORI

Yes.

Lori exits.

Officer Michaels slides Angela a cheese sandwich, then reaches into his pocket and whispers.

OFFICER MICHAELS

Hey. You know more about ammo than I do. Can you tell me what this is?

He holds a strange bullet against the bars. It's exactly like the bullet from OBSERVATION POINT ROCK.

ANGELA

That's an old Soviet bullet. You find em in the ground in Afghanistan.

OFFICER MICHAELS

It was recovered from the crime scene. Don't match any registered guns on record.

Insert flashback: Angela remembers Derek pocketing the bullet in Observation Point Rock.

Angela throws the bullet out of her cell towards the wall.

ANGELA

Derek took these. Was this the only one?

OFFICER MICHAELS

No. We found the same kind of bullet in Dr Fitzgerald's car last week. That's why they're thinkin it's yours.

ANGELA

It's not! They wouldn't work in my pistol.

OFFICER MICHAELS

That's what I said. Just hold tight, Sergeant. I don't know 'bout no Holy War, but I believe you were attacked. Something else is going on here.

Angela nods, touched. There's hope.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Angela does pushups on the floor of the cell.

Suddenly, an artillery bag gets dropped on her back.

DEREK

You're gonna have to build up a lot more strength to fight off those prison guards.

(Angela pushes once more,
then collapses)

Never could keep up, could you?

ANGELA

Fuck off, Derek.

Derek grabs her by the throat.

DEREK

Did you just mouth off to your superior?

ANGELA

Let go of me.

DEREK

After they execute you, you're gonna be over here. With me. Excited?

ANGELA

I thought you were here to protect me.

DEREK

And outside that home, I thought you were there to protect me.

Derek THROWS HER AGAINST THE WALL.

ANGELA

Oh my god. Oh fuck.

DEREK

Such a perfect lil cold blooded killer. It makes my heart stop just thinking about it. I love you, Angel.

Derek starts to remove her clothing. She cries, too too weak to fight him off.

INT. FLASHBACK: MILITARY CAMP - MESS HALL - NIGHT

Angela is doing dishes in near darkness. Derek sits at a table. He throws a bullet casing at her.

ANGELA

(startled)

You scared the shit out of me.

Derek stands next to her. She strokes his arm lightly. He smacks her hand away.

DEREK

Do your dishes.

Embarrassed, she resumes cleaning. Derek pushes her, hard.

ANGELA

What's up with you?

DEREK
You gonna fight back?
(he pushes her again)
Punch me.
(beat)
Do it. You're a fighter now.

Angela won't give in.

Derek grabs a kitchen knife. Angela tries hitting him in the balls. He grabs her wrist and twists.

They fight. Derek pins her to the counter and holds the knife to her cheek.

ANGELA
What are you doing?

Derek rubs his crotch against her.

DEREK
I'm gonna hurt you.

ANGELA
Please put the knife away, Derek.

DEREK
(starts to cut her face)
You don't like it?

ANGELA
No! I don't like it like this. Sir.

He turns her around, begins pulling her pants down.

DEREK
You've been getting so strong,
baby. See if you can keep me off.

He pushes himself into her backside. Angela screams.
Footsteps are heard...

A GUN IS SLAMMED OVER THE BACK OF DEREK'S HEAD. Sam stands behind him.

SAM
I'll put a fuckin bullet in you.

DEREK
Why, cause you want a piece?

Derek grabs Angela's hair and holds her half naked body in front of Sam, almost as a sick offering.

DEREK (CONT'D)
She's only been giving it to me.

Sam slams his rifle into Derek's balls. Derek falls to the ground.

SAM
I'm putting in a report tomorrow.

ANGELA
Please don't.

DEREK
What are you putting in that report? That she's been boning her superior? She likes this shit.

CRACK. Sam punches Derek across the jaw.

SAM
Get out now and I'll keep quiet.
Only cause she's asking me to.
Otherwise, I'd end your career.

The two men posture. Finally, Derek stumbles away.

Angela gets up, Sam gently puts his arms around her. Ashamed, she pushes him away and walks off.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: JAIL CELL

Derek straddles Angela, rubbing against her as she cries.

DEREK
Why are you so scared of me? We had something special together. I forgive you, baby.

Derek reaches into his artillery bag and pulls out ANGELA'S SNIPER RIFLE. Angela SCREAMS!

DEREK (CONT'D)
You miss this? I've been keeping it for you.

Light shines on the floor of the cell. Angela shouts.

ANGELA
MICHAELS!

Derek disappears, with his bag.

The door to the waiting room is opened by Michaels.

OFFICER MICHAELS
Just down the way.

ARMY BOOTS walk towards the cell. Angela quivers... SAM approaches stands in front of her.

SAM
How's my girl?

ANGELA
Oh my god, Sam! When'd you get
here?

The two hug through the bars.

SAM
Yesterday. Wanted to stop by and
see you on my way to Texas.

ANGELA
I thought you had another 6 months?

Sam lifts half of his shirt. His right torso is covered in
scar tissue and stitches.

SAM
Friendly goddamn fire. At least
I'll look like a badass to my
grandkids.
(beat)
I heard the police report on the
radio. What happened?

ANGELA
I saw them.

SAM
And you tried to fight 'em.

ANGELA
I had to. They were gonna kill
everybody.

SAM
Who were they?

ANGELA
The three tangos we were locating.
From the house.

SAM
Anyone else?

ANGELA
Derek. I was following his
commands.

SAM
Why would you do that?

ANGELA
I was surrounded, I needed
guidance.

SAM

Not from him you don't. He's on the wrong side.

ANGELA

What?

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT OFFICE - SAME TIME

DEREK, walks through the door of the lobby, his yellowed and bloody visage. Micheals sees the bullet wound in his head.

OFFICER MICHAELS

(reaching for the phone)

Sir, what's happened? I'll get medical -

DEREK

Wanna see more of them Russian bullets?

Derek HOLDS UP THE RIFLE. Michaels drops the phone and reaches for his gun.

MARCEL APPEARS. Officer Michaels GASPS. Derek hands Marcel a gun from the bag, showing him how to hold it.

INT. PRISON CELL - SAME TIME

Back to Sam and Angela speaking at the bars.

ANGELA

He told he came to protect me. So I listened to him.

SAM

No fucking way. He's here to hurt you. We can get him.

ANGELA

How? They're taking me to state tomorrow.

SAM

Sit tight, baby. I know how to make a rescue.

BOOM BOOM. Officer Michaels SCREAMS OFFSCREEN.

Sam reaches for his weapon and looks to the lobby.

Two bullet holes steam the wall above Michaels head. Having missed his target, Marcel drops the gun.

Officer Michaels runs forward to tackle him, BUT MARCEL STABS HIM WITH A KNIFE, just like the one Angela killed him with.

Sam enters, pointing his handgun at them. He bends down to check Officer Michael's wounds.

SAM (CONT'D)

Fighting for the enemy? Never
imagined you for a defector.

DEREK

We're all on the same side here.
All her victims.

(beat, Sam stiffens)

And since I knew her so well, I was
able to get inside her. Like you
never did, haha.

MARCEL

We gon' make her pay.

Officer Michael's body goes limp as he dies in Sam's arms.

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Angela sits in the back of a van, handcuffed. The scruffy driver, DELBERT (50), cracks odd jokes.

DELBERT

You gonna look cute in that orange
jumpsuit.

(Delbert laughs
hysterically)

State's a hell of a lot different
from county. Food's better though!
Mrs Keating's cheese sandwiches
don't go down so good after awhile.

(Laughs again)

Officer Michaels was a good man.
Hope you get the chair for him.

He turns his attention back to the road and sees a LARGE UTILITY VEHICLE cross the double yellow lines. Delbert swerves. The vehicle follows in front of him, speeding up...

CRASH.

The impact of the head-on collision causes the back door of the van to pop open. Angela falls then sees the open door.

From her blurred POV, a body comes into frame. As her vision sharpens, she sees SAM. He carries two large bags.

SAM

Let's go!

Sam reaches in and pulls her out. Delbert lifts his bloody face from the steering wheel.

Angela and Sam run down the side of the road.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Keating is on the phone.

SHERIFF KEATING
We need State Patrol. Our suspect
is armed and incredibly well
trained.

Cut to State Troopers Office. CHIEF OF POLICE is on the other end of the line.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Do we alert the media?

SHERIFF KEATING
Absolutely not! Keep this, and her
past, as quiet as you can. Stop her
however you have to.

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY - LATER

Sam sticks his thumb out while Angela looks through the duffle bags. She pulls out guns and knives.

ANGELA
Shit, Sam! How'd you get all this?
They don't let you bring back this
much gear.

SAM
Don't worry about it. I got what we
need.

ANGELA
Fuck yeah you did.

Angela holds up the military weaponry, smiling like a kid on Christmas morning.

A clunker car stops. BRANDON (24) sticks his head out.

BRANDON
You need some help, blondie?

Angela looks at Brandon, then at Sam.

SAM
Just a ride somewhere.

ANGELA

We need a drug store. And food.

BRANDON

Haha! Well I got all the drugs you need. Hop on in!

INT. CAR - LATER

Hip-hop blares from the speakers. Sam's in the back. In the passenger seat, Angela grabs her lower back, wincing.

BRANDON

This'll fix what's hurtin.

Brandon hands her a bag of meth. She fondles it.

ANGELA

Just take us to a motel.

BRANDON

Sure! We can party there if you like. Wooo!

SAM

We're not here to party. Just need pain pills and sleep.

BRANDON

Few days ago I scored some crack off a couple a niggers. Still got some if you need a pick me up.

Angela looks back at Sam, humiliated.

Brandon looks in the rearview mirror, sees Sam's African American face seething. He swerves the car.

ANGELA

Jesus Christ, what the hell you on?

BRANDON

Nothin. Just jumpy.

ANGELA

Pull over, I'm gettin out of here.

BRANDON

NO!

(beat)

C'mon. Show me what's in that bag. You look like a girl with secrets.

Brandon fondles Angela's leg. Angela pushes him away.

The music on the radio stops. An announcer speaks.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

We just received word that the suspect in yesterday's shooting in Phenix City has escaped and is on the run. Angela Marin is 28 years old with short blond hair. She may be armed. Please be on the lookout.

BRANDON

(looking at her)

What's in the bag?

Angela removes a handgun and holds it to his face.

ANGELA

Take us to a drug store.

BRANDON

Oh, hell no! Please don't kill me.

SAM

Angie, calm down.

ANGELA

We're gonna have to kill him! He's seen us!

SAM

Ask him if he wants a weapon.

ANGELA

You ask him!

BRANDON

What?

SAM

I ain't dealing with this honky!

ANGELA

(to Brandon)

I'll give you a piece. 38 caliber, military grade. Just drop us at the next road stop then shut the fuck up. Or I will fucking haunt you.

Angela sets a .38 on his dash. Brandon speeds up to the nearest exit.

INT. PHARMACY - LATER

In the aisle of a drugstore, Angela puts on a pair of sunglasses and a hat, looks to the counter.

ANGELA

I can't fill my prescription. I'd have to give em my name.

SAM

Here, just take these.

Sam grabs handfuls of over-the-counter painkillers.

ANGELA

Didn't you get a script? You must have something for that injury.

SAM

They wouldn't give me any.

Sam walks up to the counter with Angela. A female PHARMACIST (40) stands behind it.

ANGELA

We need two bottles of Percoset. It's an emergency.

PHARMACIST

Ok, lemme just call the neighborhood drug dealer.

ANGELA

We're both veterans. Sam, show her your vet card.

Sam fumbles through his wallet. Angela's hands start shaking.

PHARMACIST

Ma'am, we don't hand pills to anyone, even from the service. I need to see a script.

ANGELA

I have a prescription, I just... can't find it right now.

PHARMACIST

There's a Sunday soup kitchen and shelter at the church, here's the address.

(beat)

You need to leave. After you pay for the Tylenol.

The Pharmacist hands her a note with an address. Angela crumples it, then rustles up some cash.

INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

Sam and Angela sit at a diner. A radio is tuned to a country station. Angela swallows Tylenol with a glass of water.

ANGELA
Need one? That would must still be
throbbing.

SAM
Nah, I don't feel nothin.

An African American WAITRESS (20s) walks over.

WAITRESS
What can I get you two?

ANGELA
Toast and bacon, well done.

WAITRESS
And you, brother?

SAM
Rhubarb pie and a coffee.

WAITRESS
Lemme guess, you like it light and
sweet?

SAM
Ha, that's right.

The waitress smiles at Angela.

*INSERT FLASHBACK: ANGELA AND THE BLACK WAITRESS TRAIN
TOGETHER IN BASIC. SHE'S A SOLDIER.*

Present day. Angela looks back at the waitress, recognizing.

WAITRESS
You got it.

The waitress turns around and walks off. A BULLET WOUND
BLEEDS FROM THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

ANGELA
Fuck! Sam! She's one!

*INSERT FLASHBACK: The WAITRESS and several American soldiers
are shot execution-style by Taliban.*

The waitress turns and smiles.

SAM
She's just a little too friendly.

ANGELA
Ain't any of em friendly.

She draws her weapon. Sam grabs her wrist, hard.

SAM
Calm the hell down. They ain't all bad.

ANGELA
Yes they are! I thought Derek was ok, that he helping me. But this... psychic told me -

SAM
A psychic?

ANGELA
Shut up! I was desperate. She said after death we're all on the same side.

SAM
The witch was full of shit. You don't become evil. You evil to start.
(beat)
The girl ain't a problem. We didn't do her any wrong. Derek, on the other hand, he knows who shot him.

ANGELA
How come you see em now too? You never did before.

SAM
It started overseas. Just after you left. They began showing up. Maybe because I'm culpable. Because I was your spotter.
(beat)
At first I'd see their faces, thought I was goin crazy. Then one said to me after my injury "we're gonna get her." That's why I tracked you down.

The dead waitress walks over with two plates.

WAITRESS
Toast and bacon. Well done.

The waitress puts her hand on Angela shoulder, giving her GOOSEBUMPS. Sam digs into his pie.

ANGELA
Why are you here?

WAITRESS

I came to warn you, Marin. Us girls
gotta stick together. You better
bust outta here quick.

The song on the radio stops. A man behind the counter turns
up the volume on the television, a LOCAL NEWSCASTER speaks.

LOCAL NEWSCASTER

We have an important update. Two
new shootings have occurred since
today's escape of Angela Marin, the
Phenix Elementary shooter.

(Sam and Angela stare at
each other)

The latest victim is Amanda
Montague, mother of the late Marcel
Montague, who Marin stabbed and
killed earlier this month in
alleged self-defense.

SAM

Marcel.

ANGELA

He killed his mom. She used to beat
the shit out of him.

LOCAL NEWSCASTER

Details of the stabbing were
covered up, we're gathering
information from locals.

A photo of Angela appears on the screen next to Amanda and
Marcel. An ELDERLY MAN at the counter shouts at the tv.

ELDERLY MAN

Put her out of her goddamn misery
if I see her! Women wanna be in
combat? Fine, put em up front, see
if they can take a bullet.

People in the diner snicker.

SAM

Anyone else you think he'll target?

*Insert Flashback: Angela remembers DANNY hitting Marcel
before the mugging.*

ANGELA

The other kid. His friend. He
instigated the mugging, I could
tell.

EXT. DELANEY STREET - DANNY'S HOME - NIGHT

Danny, his younger SISTER (10) and MOTHER (45), are seen through the window, watching television.

From across the street Angela and Sam get into sniper position behind a tree. Sam spots as Angela loads up.

SAM

Alright, where is this lil fucker?

A ROCK hits Danny's front door. His Mom rises.

Sam looks for the source of the throw. He spots MARCEL and DEREK behind a tree five yards away, with shotguns.

SAM (CONT'D)

Here we go. 11 o'clock. Marcel and Derek.

DEREK

Now! Before she moves!

Marcel shoots. MISSES. Hits a bush. Derek grabs him.

ANGELA SHOOTS DEREK. He falls but gets back up.

As Danny looks out the window, Angela runs. Marcel starts to fire again, Angela tackles him.

ANGELA

It ain't gonna help, Marcel.

DEREK

(grabbing Marcel)

Get up and shoot straight this time!

Angela pulls him off.

ANGELA

You aren't gonna fucking change him Derek. You ain't turning him into a killer.

DEREK

No I'm not. You're the killer. We're all just ghosts. There's nobody else to blame this on.

(to Marcel)

Shoot the kid. Show him you're not a pussy.

MARCEL

He's my friend.

DEREK

Then bring him over here with us.

ANGELA

Don't listen to him. He'll turn you into a monster.

MARCEL

A monster like you?

(beat)

I'm dead. I'm already a monster.

ANGELA

Listen, if I could give up my own life to bring yours back, I would. There is no vengeance in murder. The satisfaction ends the moment the bullet hits the target. After that, all that's left is pain.

DEREK

You gonna listen to a crippled bitch?

ANGELA

Move on, Marcel. You never hurt anybody. Go to what's next, while you're clean. Don't linger here in the pain.

Marcel puts down the gun. Angela starts to hug him. At first he winces, then cries in her arms.

Marcel stands back. His soul vanishes into light.

Derek, enraged, SHOOTS MULTIPLE ROUNDS INTO DANNY'S HOME.

The family ducks, avoiding the bullets.

NEIGHBORS peer out of their windows. ANGELA IS SEEN. Sam grabs her and THEY RUN.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Angela collapses into a dingy motel room.

ANGELA

Goddamn it, I can't even move.

SAM

Just lie down. Lady in the front office didn't see you, we're safe.
(he presses into her back)
This where it hurt?

ANGELA

Yeah.

Sam lifts Angela's shirt, massages her MASSIVE BACK SCAR.

SAM
Never thought my slick lil ninja
would get hit.

EXT. FLASHBACK: AFGHANISTAN - SMALL TOWN - DAY

Sam and other soldiers pass out food and amenities to
civilians, smiling as they take pictures with children.

Angela delivers female toiletries to the women. She's not
very good at this part.

ANGELA
Thought we wouldn't have to do this
kinda crap any more.

SAM
Oh you think cause you a sniper now
that you hot shit?

ANGELA
No. But I wanna do what I was
trained to.

SAM
We gotta put on a face. Let em know
we're the good guys.

An OLDER MUSLIM WOMAN (55) and a YOUNG MUSLIM WOMAN (25)
carrying a BABY stop at Angela.

OLDER MUSLIM WOMAN
You are dressed like a man.

ANGELA
I'm dressed like a soldier.

OLDER MUSLIM WOMAN
Any woman who does not want family,
this is not a woman.

Two helicopters fly overhead containing a dozen US soldiers.

ANGELA
Why so many troops packed in each
chopper?

SAM
I guess we're bringing as many as
we can to safe territory.

Angela watches the choppers. SHE HEARS THE HAUNTING NOISE.

ANGELA
Sam, get back.

Grabbing the TWO MUSLIM WOMEN and BABY, Angela throws them to the ground several feet away and lies on top of their bodies.

BOOM. A missile from the ground is fired. One helicopter goes up in flames.

The people on the ground duck and scatter, screaming, as debris and body parts shower down.

Where the women were just standing, a fiery engine part from the helicopter falls, killing several on the ground.

Angela gets up. She sees a TERRORIST across the encampment holding a launcher. As he begins to fire at the 2nd chopper, ANGELA SHOOTS HIM FATALLY.

A truck fleeing the area clips Angela in the back, bringing her to the ground. She's hurt.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: MOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sam lifts her purple heart necklace as he rubs her neck.

ANGELA

I wish it had killed me.

SAM

No, you don't. You've got good left to do here.

ANGELA

I keep fucking up, Sam.

SAM

You just saved that boy and his family. I say you're doing alright.

ANGELA

They're gonna find me. Alabama executes women.

(beat)

Fuck the injection. I'm gonna ask for the chair. Do it right. Let em sizzle me -

SAM

Shut up, don't talk like that! We'll figure it out. For now, just stay here with me.

They hold onto each other. Sam starts to TICKLE HER.

ANGELA

Back off, dipshit!

SAM

You better watch who you mouthin
off to! You ain't been around a
real soldier in awhile.

Sam picks her up and throws her over his shoulder.

The two wrestle. Sam lets Angela beat up on him a bit, then
he tops her and PINS HER ARMS TO THE BED. Angela struggles.

Sam stands up and backs away.

Angela stares at him. Finally, she kisses him.

Angela sees Sam's bullet wound on his chest, strokes it
gently. Sam and Angela make love.

*INSERTS: MOMENTS OF THE TWO WORKING TOGETHER IN BATTLE
OVERLAP THE LOVE SCENE.*

As they become more intense and passionate, DEREK APPEARS IN
THE CORNER, the fury of a jealous lover in his eyes. He grips
his fists together and disappears.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Angela and Sam bask in post-coital bliss.

SAM

It's been a awhile, might be out of
practice. Did I make you happy?

ANGELA

It was perfect. Sex is pretty rare
for me too.

SAM

What? No boys back home for you to
fall in love wi -

THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN. Sam quickly covers Angela's
naked body and runs up to close the door. It was the wind.

The door slowly re-opens. A ghostly American soldier saunters
in. Angela screams. Sam SLITS IT'S THROAT. IT'S JARED OCHS.

JARED

Dude, that fucking hurt.

Jared covers his throat.

ANGELA

Jared?

JARED
Got some intel. The rest are
coming.

ANGELA
Listen, J. When I had you go to
that rock, I saw these spirits.

JARED
Yeah, the Soviets. I know. They
laughed in my face the moment I
choked. (beat) I only came to warn
you.

ANGELA
Spirits or cops?

JARED
Both.

SAM
Cover up, Angela.

ANGELA
I gotta find out who the fuck they
got on my tail.

Angela TURNS ON THE TV, STOPPING ON THE LOCAL NEWS.

METEOROLOGIST
This unseasonable chill should end
on Thursday when a warm front moves
in from the Gulf -

As the meteorologist speaks, a ghostly reporter JOSHUA SOL
appears next to him, his neck slashed through.

ANGELA
Jesus Christ.

She changes the channel, feverish.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

TWO ALABAMA STATE TROOPERS are positioned outside. One talks
into a walkie-talkie.

STATE TROOPER
We've found the suspect, we're
outside her location now.

The trooper look up at Angela's room number, a glowing light
emanates under the door.

STATE TROOPER 02
Room 201. Lets go.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH. A mirror in the motel breaks as Angela fusses with the television.

She picks up a broken shard and sees not her reflection, but that of the Teenage Afghan Girl.

Ghosts fly out of each broken shard, encircling Angela.

ANGELA
Help me, Sam.

SAM
I got you baby, hold back.

Sam pulls out his gun. An array of American soldiers, Muslim Jihadists, and civilian spirits solidify. For one moment, everyone in the room stands perfectly still.

DEREK APPEARS.

DEREK
Get em both!

THE GHOSTS ATTACK. Several are slain by Sam and Jared, disappearing as they "die" by gunshots and knife stabs.

ANGELA
I thought we can't kill them again.

DEREK
Why don't you try, soldier?

Angela grabs a gun and shoots a ghost.

THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN. The State Troopers rush in.

STATE TROOPER
Put your weapon down!

Angela turns on them as though they are spirits.

SAM
No! Cease your fire! Those guys are still alive.

From Angela's gunshot THE STATE TROOPERS FALL. Instantly all apparitions that were "killed" reappear, laughing.

GHOST
You can't kill us again. But you just killed two cops.

SAM
Fuck.

Angela sees the patrol car outside the window.

ANGELA

Oh my god, what did we do?

SAM

I'll take care of this.

Sam picks up the bodies and moves them into the bathroom.

THE NEWS CONTINUES TO PLAY ON THE TV. LAUREN, a pretty reporter, speaks solemnly. Angela is drawn in.

LAUREN

Latest news from abroad, 4 American troops were killed this week in Southern Afghanistan due to friendly fire. The victims were
(photos of soldiers)
Private 1st Class Brent Buffington.
Staff Sergeant Marcus Garcia.
Sergeant First Class SAMUEL PORTER.

SAM'S PHOTOGRAPH APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

Sam walks/floats back from the bathroom, now ghostly.

ANGELA

What are you? Why did you lie to me?

Sam stares at the television, showing his portrait. His chest, where his wound lives, becomes soaked in blood. Angela tries to punch him, he sits motionless.

SAM

We're not all on the same side, Angie. I wanted to help you. You gotta stop taking orders from Lt Johns.

(beat)

I came because I wanted you to know you still got love in you. You're not a killer. You never really were.

(his skin starts rotting)

I failed you. I'm so sorry.

A DENSE, BLACK CLOUD ENCIRCLES SAM. Derek appears.

DEREK

You're time is up, Porter. You finally fucked her, can you rest in peace now?

Derek chuckles, Sam and Angela ignore him.

ANGELA

I never thanked you. For protecting me from him. When he...

SAM
You didn't have thank me.

ANGELA
I love you, Sam.

SAM
I love you too, Angel.

The BLACK CLOUD becomes denser and starts collapsing on Sam. Panicking, Angela grasps at Sam's fading embodiment.

ANGELA
I can't hold on!

SAM
I'll wait for you, baby.

THE BLACK CLOUD CRUSHES SAM and he disappears, along with Derek.

Angela stares at the empty room. Loneliness surrounds her as she collapses in agony. The LOCAL NEWS continues.

LAUREN
In related news, the story of Angela Marin, the veteran suspected of a string of shootings in Eastern Alabama, has taken a turn. We tracked down Alabama's Senator Dunn in DC for questioning.

On the TV, Senator Dunn walks out of Congress. A NEWS REPORTER chases him down.

NEWS REPORTER
Senator, is it true you knew Angela Marin and instructed the Deputy to release her after the slaying of Marcel Montague?

SENATOR DUNN
I had nothing to do with it. Deputy Keating acted on his own, he's been relieved of his duties.

Angela stumbles into the bathroom and flips over the body of a State Trooper, stealing his car keys and weapons.

As she exits the motel, Angela RIPS OFF HER PURPLE HEART necklace and THROWS it away.

INT. PATROL CAR - LATER

Speeding down the highway, Angela white-knuckles the steering wheel of the State Trooper Patrol Car.

She turns on the radio, flips through channels. Fuzz.

A voice begins announcing.

O.S.

Authorities are still on the hunt
for the discharged female Army
sniper, who's latest victims
include two Alabama State Troopers.

ANGELA

What the fuck? How did they already
know?

O.S.

Our eyes are everywhere.

Angela looks to the passenger seat. THE DECAPITATED HEAD of
JOSHUA SOL, the ghost from the news, STARES AT HER. His
handsome Jewish face continues to report.

JOSHUA SOL

Homeland Security has officially
labeled Sgt Marin a "domestic
terrorist." Given the number of
victims, she may be operating with
a homegrown militia group.

(beat)

I know what happened, Sergeant.

ANGELA

I'm so sorry, Sol. I tried.

JOSHUA SOL

I know you did.

INT. FLASHBACK: TERRORIST HIDEOUT - AFGHANISTAN

JOSHUA SOL is bound and gagged in a small, two room hut.

A MASKED TERRORIST pulls out a sword and speaks to a video
camera, behind which are several other TERRORISTS.

MASKED TERRORIST

Joshua Sol. Journalist, spy, Jew.
Tell your leaders to leave our
country.

JOSHUA SOL

The United States and it's allies
should immediately leave the Middle
East.

Cut to ANGELA, SAM, and LT GORDON CAHILL (30) outside the
hideout, crawling through the sand.

Angela looks through her rifle and sees the scene through a window of the hideout. Sam spots.

ANGELA
He's inside.

GORDON
Can you shoot from here?

SAM
Not accurately. The enemy is too close to Sol.

The terrorist holds the sword to Sol's throat.

MASKED TERRORIST
Tell them Israel should not exist.

Joshua says nothing. The masked terrorist swings his sword into the air.

MASKED TERRORIST (CONT'D)
Say it!

Outside the hut, Angela jumps up.

ANGELA
Fuck! We need to get closer!

GORDON
Wait! What's going on, Marin? What can you see?

ANGELA
He's gonna kill him!

GORDON
We are not entering until I know how many are inside! Shoot from here or tell me what you see.

SAM
At least 3 tangos.

Angela looks through her cross-hairs at the scene, unable to hear what's being spoken. She sees mouths moving.

MASKED TERRORIST
Those are our demands. If you don't meet them by the end of this year, we will slay him, and many others.

The terrorist moves the sword to Joshua Sol's neck. Angela shoots into the home and MISSES the terrorist by a hair.

The terrorist sees the bullet fly past his face then BEHEADS JOSHUA SOL.

Angela, staring through her crosshairs, jumps up and storms into the home. Gordon and Sam follow.

GORDON

Marin! What are you doing? I didn't give the order to enter yet...

Angela approaches the door of the hideout.

SHOT. Angela blows off the head of the terrorist who decapitated Sol.

BULLETS fly across the room. Angela hits the ground, cross-firing with terrorists.

Joshua Sol's head rolls in front of Angela. She comes eye to eye with the face and screams. Insanity begins.

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY: CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joshua Sol's head speaks from the seat.

JOSHUA SOL

Your tactics aren't working. It's time for diplomacy.

ANGELA

What the fuck do you know? You're just a privileged writer who always in the wrong goddamn place.

JOSHUA SOL

I can help you, Sergeant.

ANGELA

How can you help me? Gonna publish a book and print it in hell?

JOSHUA SOL

No, dear. But I can give you information. These souls you encounter; the ancient combatants, the enemies you took down, those are the ones who continue to fight. They are stuck. Like you.

(beat)

You must acquiesce to peace. It's time to surrender.

A BABY'S CRY IS HEARD.

In the right backseat, the AFGHAN MOTHER lies motionless, covered in bullet wounds. In her arms is a CRYING BABY. The AFGHAN FATHER sits next to them, behind Angela.

ANGELA

Shut up!

Derek appears in the passenger seat, holding Sol's head, as the Afghan father holds a knife to Angela's neck.

DEREK

You think these people will respond to diplomacy?

JOSHUA SOL

Yes, they will. If you put the weapons down and walk away, there's nothing they can do. Then you can build a new life for yourself.

Derek throws Sol's head to the back seat.

DEREK

I was your life Angela! I was your trainer, your lover, your best fucking friend. You lost everything that in that house.

ANGELA

I know.

DEREK

Come be with me, baby.

JOSHUA SOL

Don't listen to him. Stay alive. Teach people.

DEREK

Get rid of this fucker.

Sol's dark eyes stare up at Angela, pleading.

ANGELA

Sol, this is the only thing I know how to do.

She grabs knife and stabs him in the eye.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to Derek)

You're all I have left.

DEREK

I know.

He starts to kiss her, she recoils.

ANGELA

Stop.

DEREK
Don't you love me anymore?

ANGELA
How can I? You're just...

DEREK
You fucked a dead guy a few hours ago.

Derek lunges for her, pulls apart her clothing.

ANGELA
Get off me!

DEREK
How could you do that to me? How could you sleep with that -

Angela punches him.

ANGELA
Because I DON'T love you! I never did. You're a goddamned freak, Derek!

DEREK
Yeah? You're just like me.

ANGELA
No I'm not.

Clasping Sam's tags, she steps out of the car and walks off.

DEREK
(following)
There's no going back you dumb bitch! No one's gonna believe you! You've killed too many! I've pinned everything on you!

Derek shakes in rage and disappears.

EXT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

Montage: Angela walks down various roads. While the landscape around her morphs, her deadpan expression does not.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

A dangerous urban neighborhood. Broken storefronts and poverty-stricken inhabitants litter the screen.

Angela blends in, the perfect vision of a homeless war veteran.

AN OLD MAN grabs a DRUG ADDICT WOMAN by the neck.

DIRTY OLDER MAN
You're full of shit, ya skank!

Angela tries to hit the DIRTY OLD MAN in the face. He ducks, Angela's fist lands on the DRUG ADDICT WOMAN.

DRUG ADDICT WOMAN
Mind your own business, asshole.

THE HAUNTING NOISE IS HEARD. Angela turns.

BOOM. A SHOT FIRES OUT OF A CAR WINDOW INTO A STOREFRONT.

Angela withdraws her gun and aims... CLACK. She's out of ammunition. She searches her pockets for bullets, nothing.

Gang members walk out of the storefront. Angela hides her weapon. She recoils the other way down the street, trembling. Defenseless.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENT LATER

Crawling into an alleyway, Angela sobs.

A small hand appears holding a half-full water bottle. Angela jumps back.

LUCINDA V.O.
(giggling)
It's just water.

A tiny homeless woman, LUCINDA (23), holds the bottle. A puppy peeks out of her backpack.

Angela gulps down the water, realizing how thirsty she is.

LUCINDA
I never seen you before.
(holds the puppy)
This is Charley. You wanna pet him?

As Angela strokes the dog, Lucinda lifts a foil pan.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
There's some scraps here I didn't finish. Someone threw it out!

Angela looks at the leftover clumps of lasagna.

ANGELA
I wanna see my sister.

LUCINDA

She dead?

ANGELA

Maybe. I don't know anymore.

LUCINDA

You two get in a fight?

ANGELA

No. I tried to protect her.

LUCINDA

She probably needed to protect you.

Angela squeezes her unloaded handgun.

ANGELA

Fuck. I got nothin.

LUCINDA

Feels kinda nice having nothin.
Nothing to worry about losin.

ANGELA

I'm scared.

LUCINDA

Don't be. If you ain't looking for
trouble, you won't find it.
(towards the gun)
Where'd you get that?

ANGELA

Military. I was in the service.

LUCINDA

Cool. You ever save anybody?

Beat.

ANGELA

No one's ever asked me that before.
Yes. I did.

LUCINDA

That's nice.

ANGELA

People always wanna know if I've
ever killed anyone.

The voice of THE AFGHAN TEENAGE GIRL speaks.

TEENAGE GIRL O.S.

And what's the answer to that?

Angela looks over, LUCINDA'S EYE COLOR CHANGES, SHE IS SPEAKING AS THE MUSLIM TEENAGE GIRL.

LUCINDA/TEENAGE GIRL
How many exactly? How many did you
kill compared to how many you
saved?

ANGELA
Fuck you!

LUCINDA/DEREK
You'll be dead soon, Marin. You
ain't gonna survive long now.

Angela PUNCHES Lucinda.

Lucinda turns back into herself, SHRIEKS in pain. Angela stops and looks into her eyes.

Insert Flashback: Angela remembers FARAH THE MYSTIC.

FARAH O.S.
*They want to tell your secret, by
making you do it again.*

Angela wipes Lucinda's bloody lip using her shirt.

ANGELA
I'm so sorry. I thought you were
someone else.

LUCINDA
Was I talkin funny? People get mad
at me when I talk funny. It's why I
get kicked outta everywhere.

ANGELA
Yeah. But thank you. I know what I
gotta do now.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Two policemen patrol the outside of Angela's home. Across the street, Angela ducks down. She sinks to the ground and crawls into her apartment.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Carefully, Angela amasses all of her weapons into a pile in her bedroom.

ANGELA
It's time to go.

One by one, ANGELA DISMANTLES HER WEAPONS. Guns taken apart, knives blunted, swords smashed.

GHOSTLY FIGURES APPEAR AS SHE DISMANTLES EACH ONE. She looks them in the eye. They release into the air as each weapon is destroyed.

Derek's ghost appears behind her.

DEREK

What are you doing? You are nothing without these.

(she ignores him)

How are you going to defend yourself? You are WEAK, Marin.

ANGELA

I don't care. They can take me.

Just as Angela starts to destroy her last HANDGUN...

DEREK

Hope you don't get killed on the way to the jailhouse. Vigilantes are onto your ass. You won't even get a change to confess.

Pausing to consider, Angela straps the HANDGUN onto her body.

DEREK (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOME - PRE-DAWN

Angela creeps down the street towards her sister's house.

Even more cops are on patrol. Trash litters the porch, spray painted obscenities tarnish the home.

A news van is parked one home away. The camera guy and reporter doze in the front seats with their equipment.

Angela decides better and walks away.

EXT. PAY PHONE / INT. CHRISTINA'S HOME

Angela holds a payphone to her ear.

ANGELA

Hi.

Christina clutches her phone. She hasn't slept. THREE COPS move towards her.

CHRISTINA
Angie?

ANGELA
Yeah.

CHRISTINA
Oh my god. Are you ok?

ANGELA
I'm going to be. I'm turning myself
in.

Christina looks at the cops.

CHRISTINA
I don't want you to.
(sobbing)
I want you to get away.

ANGELA
Christina, I love you. I'm going to
make it right. And you'll be able
to visit me, ok?

COP
(to the other cops)
She's heading to the jailhouse.
Let's meet her there.

CHRISTINA
You haven't been shooting all these
people, right? Marcel's mom,
Danny's house -

ANGELA
No. I haven't.

CHRISTINA
I know. It was them. I love you.

ANGELA
I love you too.

The cops move out.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORNING

Angela walks down a street in her hometown. She turns the
corner and sees a STRIP MALL.

Her eyes gaze to the Walmart. Early morning shoppers make
their way inside. This will never be her home again.

Angela hears a LOW HAUNTING SOUND. She scopes the area. THREE TERRORISTS enter the store. She steps back to walk away. DEREK APPEARS BEHIND HER, smacking her ass.

DEREK
Let's grab some Cheetos, Marin.

ANGELA
Take a fucking hint, Derek. You're making an ass of yourself.

DEREK
C'mon. One last white trash meal.
Get yourself something nice.

He winks and disappears. Angela realizes she is a bit hungry.

EXT. WALMART - MOMENTS LATER

A STORE GREETER (60) smiles.

STORE GREETER
Good morning and welcome to
Walmart!

Angela looks around, suspicious. A voice -

ARMY RECRUITER O.S.
"Be All You Can Be" isn't just a
slogan. It's a way of life.

Two ARMY RECRUITERS talk to a TEENAGE BOY (16). Angela approaches the table, staring at the brochures.

TEENAGE BOY
Do I gotta graduate high school
first?

ARMY RECRUITER 01
(to Angela)
Can I help you, ma'am?

ARMY RECRUITER 02
Oh my god. We've found her.

Recruiter 02 takes out his phone. Angela runs towards the back of the store.

GHOSTLY VISIONS APPEAR. She turns down aisles to escape them, the Walmart becoming a MAZE OF MASS-PRODUCED PRODUCTS.

ANGELA trips, her jaw hitting the metal edge of a rack.

As she turns over, DEREK STANDS ABOVE HER with three American soldiers and the Afghan family behind him. The baby cries.

DEREK
Here we are, Angel. Vengeance.

AFGHAN FATHER
You couldn't save us. Now try and
save yourself.

The Afghan family and 4 Americans stand before Angela.

INT. FLASHBACK: AFGHANI HOME - NIGHT

The Afghan family sits around a dinner table playing a Farsi Farsi game. DEREK, TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS and a TRANSLATOR enter the home. The FATHER of the house stands.

AFGHAN FATHER
Salam, Man Chegouneh Mitavanam Beh
Shoma Komack Konam?

TRANSLATOR
(to Derek)
He asks "How can I help you?"

The women of the house cower as the MOTHER grabs her baby. A PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL pulls a veil over her face. The soldiers scatter to various parts of the room.

DEREK
We have information you're hiding
suspected terrorists.
(Derek pulls out a photo)
Show me where these men are, and
we'll leave.

TRANSLATOR
Beh Ma Neshan Bedahid In Mardan
Koja Kastand? Va Badan Ma Miravim.

AFGHAN FATHER
Anha Inja Nistand, Hich Chizeh
Digari Man Beh Shoma Nemitavanam
Begouyam.

TRANSLATOR
He says they aren't here. He knows
nothing.

DEREK
You don't wanna lie to us.

AFGHAN FATHER
Khanevadeh Man Faghat Sohl
Mikhahand, Ma hichizi Nemidanim
Rajebbeh terroristha.

TRANSLATOR

His family just wants peace. He has no information on terrorists.

DEREK

Search the house.

The soldiers try knocking down doors, unsuccessfully. The MOTHER grabs two small children and leads them out front.

Derek points a gun to the MOTHER'S HEAD.

DEREK (CONT'D)

No one leaves.

All italicized dialogue will be Farsi subtitled in English.

AFGHAN FATHER

Do not touch my family!

TRANSLATOR

Please sir, if you open your rooms, we'll leave peacefully.

DEREK

What's he saying?

TRANSLATOR

To not touch his family.

Cut to ANGELA, who's positioned outside the home, pointing her rifle into the window. The Father is in her crosshairs.

Sam lies next to her, spotting.

SAM

There's movement under the door on the north side. Move your target.

Angela moves her target. Cut back to inside the home.

AFGHAN FATHER

Leave my house, you filth!

Derek holds his gun on the Mother.

DEREK

Show us where you're hiding them.

TRANSLATOR

Show us where you are hiding the terrorists.

AFGHAN FATHER

I know nothing of terrorists. I am just a working man. Please, leave us be.

DEREK

Show us the other rooms to your house. NOW!

Derek grabs the PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL and rips off her veil. The Father lunges for Derek.

AFGHAN FATHER

Keep your hands off my daughter!

Derek pistol whips the father. He starts removing the daughters dress.

DEREK

Your women are so beautiful. Guys, would you all like a piece?

Derek points the gun at the father's head as he starts sucking the daughters neck.

TRANSLATOR

Please open your doors, or he will take her.

AFGHAN FATHER

I will not co-operate with the devil.

Derek takes out a knife. He holds it to the daughters cheek, cutting lightly. He unzips his pants.

Cut to Angela. She sees the knife on the girls cheek, and stiffens. She puts Derek in her crosshairs.

DEREK

I'm gonna take her right here.
(Derek looks up at the window, where he knows Angela is sniping)
I haven't gotten any in awhile.

He rips off the teen girls dress. Angela pulls a trigger.

BANG DEREK IS SHOT IN THE HEAD.

The American soldiers begin firing, the father falls.

THREE TERRORISTS run out of a hidden room, they fire at the American soldiers.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM DIES. Except the baby.

Cut to Angela outside the home. She throws up.

Inside the home, the baby cries in his dead mother's arms. This is the cry we've been hearing throughout the movie.

INT. PRESENT DAY: SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Cut back to Angela on the floor of the Superstore, vomiting.

DEREK

I know you fired that shot, Angel.
I'd a never thought you had it in
you. Better killer than I imagined.

TRANSLATOR

Go ahead, Sergeant. Be a hero.

Angela rises. ALL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE AFGHAN HOME SURROUND
HER, EACH HOLDING THE WEAPON THAT KILLED THEM.

Angela takes out her handgun. The shoppers in the store stop.
One screams.

FEMALE SHOPPER

She's here! Run!

Commotion ensues. Angela turns around. The Afghan Father is
strangling a YOUNG MALE SHOPPER. She points her gun at the
father's ghost.

The Afghan Father STANDS IN FRONT OF THE SHOPPER AND SMILES
AT ANGELA.

AFGHAN FATHER

Kill me.

The shopper's eyes go wide as he looks down the barrel of her
gun.

Angela swings away just as she's pulling the trigger,
shattering a glass display case.

Angela sees the Afghan Mother grabbing a BABY from a WOMAN.

DEREK APPEARS NEXT TO ANGELA. He wraps his arms around her,
places his hands over hers and points the gun at the mother
and child.

DEREK

Shoot em, Sergeant. Exterminate em
all.

The ARMY RECRUITERS run towards her. TWO COPS follow behind.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Ha! Those lame fucks aren't even
armed. You're the killer.

ANGELA

I'm not a FUCKING KILLER!

ANGELA ELBOWS DEREK IN THE FACE. He rises.

DEREK

Really? You killed the first man
you ever fell in love with. You
took MY fucking LIFE AWAY.

Derek fondles a YOUNG WOMAN SHOPPER, who shivers, crying.
Angela points her gun at him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make you pay. I'm gonna
fuck this girl right here.

(beat)

Kill me.

(beat)

C'mon Angie. Be the hero you always
wanted to be.

Angela POINTS HER GUN UNDER HER CHIN. She shoots herself.
Blackout.

INT. BLACKNESS

The faint visages of Sam and Angela flicker in the dark.

SAM

You saved em all, baby. A whole
story of people.

ANGELA

Yeah. And I got you.

INT. CNN - INTERVIEW - DAY

The MUSLIM WOMAN Angela saved in the helicopter strike speaks
to the camera, a toddler rests on her lap.

MUSLIM WOMAN

She saved me and my son, Tarik.
During the attack on the
helicopter.

Tarik giggles in her lap. Quick frames from the helicopter
flashback intercut the scene.

MUSLIM WOMAN (CONT'D)

She used her own body to protect us
from the flames. The woman you have
been chasing. The one now dead.

REPORTER O.S.

But she never told you her name?

MUSLIM WOMAN

I know her face. I wish I could
thank her now.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOME - SAME TIME

Christina watches the CNN profile of her sister. She shuts
off the tv.

She steps onto her front porch, now covered in flowers. Two
men paint over the previously seen graffiti.

One of the men DROPS A PAINT CAN. Just before it hits
Christina's head, IT FALLS THE OTHER DIRECTION.

Christina gasps, then closes her eyes. ANGELA APPEARS WHERE
THE CAN FELL. Ghostly.

Angela approaches and hugs her sister. Christina takes a
breath.

CHRISTINA

I know you're here.

BLACKOUT.