



JIHOTTIES

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This is a wildly fictionalized story  
based on completely true events.

EXT. RAQQA, SYRIA

A dusty, rundown TOWN SQUARE.

BULLET HOLES and GRAFFITI litter every surface.

BEHEADED CORPSES swing from a distant overpass.

A TOYOTA PICK-UP filled with ISIS FIGHTERS waving ASSAULT RIFLES and BLACK DAESH FLAGS speeds by.

This is ISIS COUNTRY. Hell on earth. No place for a lady.

The camera focuses on a WOMAN IN A BURQA, hustling through the crowded square, subtly texting on an OLD FLIP PHONE.

EXT. BAZAAR, RAQQA - CONTINUOUS

A chaotic afternoon at the marketplace, VILLAGERS packed asses-to-elbows into every inch of available space.

HEMSWORTH -- a natively dressed Navy Seal, sexy AF -- cuts briskly through the sea of shoppers.

HEMSWORTH

(to the phone)

Come on, Claudia. You can do this.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BURQA'D WOMAN AND HEMSWORTH

The Woman In A Burqa (AKA CLAUDIA) arrives at a dehydrated FOUNTAIN -- she circles it -- sits above a PLAQUE.

CLAUDIA

Come on, Hemsworth. Don't fuck me.

Dodging aggressive street vendors, Hemsworth presses forward.

Claudia adjusts the endless folds of her burqa, nods submissively at MEN nearby.

Hemsworth checks the time, breaks into a seductive jog.

A handful of SCARY DUDES emerge from surrounding buildings, hone in on Hemsworth. Sensing their presence, Hemsworth ducks into a KIOSK.

With a sleight of hand, Claudia transfers a PALM-SIZED PACKAGE from the layers of her burqa to a CRANNY BEHIND A ROCK in the fountain's foundation. She quickly gets back on the move, pulls out her cell.

Hemsworth's cell DINGS with a text.

CLOSE ON PHONE, the text from Claudia: **THE PRIUS IS PARKED.**

HEMSWORTH

Good girl!

Hemsworth exits the kiosk, jumps on the back of a PASSING VAN --

-- HOPS OFF at the fountain. He makes a beeline for the seat the Burqa'd Woman just left -- he sits -- and covertly retrieves the PACKAGE.

As he stands, the SCARY DUDES surround him. Motherfuck!

SCARY DUDE

Hand it over.

HEMSWORTH

Hand what over?

SCARY DUDE

Do it or I'll murder you where you stand.

HEMSWORTH

Good luck with that.

The Scary Dude lunges forward. Hemsworth swiftly seizes him by the arm, flips him onto his back, straddles him -- THREE QUICK JABS -- A BACK-HANDED STRIKE -- A BLOW TO THE THROAT. The Scary Dude is OUT.

One down, six to go.

Two SCARY DUDES step-up on either side of Hemsworth --

BOOM! CRACK!

He knocks 'em out cold with a ferocity reserved for evil.

HEMSWORTH (CONT'D)

Which one of you ladies wants the next dance?

The remaining Scary Dudes come at him, hungry for blood.

With a SWEEPING KICK, Hemsworth knocks them over like bowling pins -- QUICK, PUNISHING PUNCHES -- HEADS SLAMMED INTO THE GROUND -- NECKS SNAPPED -- THROAT SLIT -- he finishes them off.

The townspeople don't even flinch.

Hemsworth dusts himself off, heads out.

HEMSWORTH (CONT'D)

Peace out, Syria.

But he's a hot white dude in a corrupt Middle Eastern world. In seconds, Toyotas carrying ISIS FIGHTERS ambush him on all sides.

ZAHEED -- a cranky, Middle Eastern Danny DeVito -- jumps from a truck, saunters up to Hemsworth.

ZAHEED

My friend, I fear you've involved yourself in business that isn't yours.

HEMSWORTH

I could say the same about you.

ZAHEED

Search him!

The ISIS Fighters quickly locate the package --

ZAHEED (CONT'D)

Seize this filthy animal.

-- and throw Hemsworth into the back of their pick-up, peel out, Hazzard County-style.

INT. ISIS COMPOUND - LATER

A crude, cement warehouse.

In one corner, a ransom video production unit: FLOOD LIGHTS, ISIS FLAG, TODAY'S NEWSPAPER, CUE CARDS.

In another, a WALL OF COMPUTERS manned by a crew of YOUNG ISIS FIGHTERS trolling TWITTER, FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM.

Zaheed and his guys shove Hemsworth inside, handcuff him to a chair. Opposite him is Claudia, HANDCUFFED and beaten to shit.

ZAHEED

Beautiful, well-built woman, why would you tempt death like this?

Tears fall from the Claudia's eyes. She knows she's fucked.

CLAUDIA

Please don't kill me.

ZAHEED

Stop trying to manipulate me with your graceful tears or I'll give you something to cry about.

HEMSWORTH

She's innocent.

ZAHEED

All women are guilty of something. They're cheats and liars disguised as flowers.

HEMSWORTH

True, but she doesn't deserve to die.

CLAUDIA

I really don't.

HEMSWORTH

We both know she got caught in a shitty situation and did what she had to do to survive. Let her go and our government-

POP! POP! POP!

Hemsworth's bullet-riddled body falls to the floor. Claudia FREAKS.

CLAUDIA

You didn't even let him finish his sentence!

ZAHEED

HE'S CIA, YOU DUMB SLAG. He doesn't get to finish his sentence.

CLAUDIA

But-

ZAHEED

But nothing.  
(to the ISIS guys)  
Take her to 'the hole'.  
(to himself)  
Even though part of me just wants to sit here and stare into the ocean that is her eyes.

CLAUDIA

NO! Please, no!

The ISIS Fighters drag her away.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cell's low-rent OPERATIONAL HEADQUARTERS -- maps canvas the walls, a busted conference table with mismatched chairs, clutter the room.

Zaheed kicks open the door -- ANOTHER BURQA'D WOMAN stands with her back to him, studying the maps.

ZAHEED

The situation has been handled.

ANOTHER BURQA'D WOMAN

And the girl?

ZAHEED

In 'the hole.'

ANOTHER BURQA'D WOMAN

Excellent.

Just then, a GUST OF WIND blows the windows open --

-- the folds of the Woman's burqa whip and twirl bewitchingly around her as she turns to face Zaheed --

-- Beyoncé's "Bow Down" mysteriously fills the room --

It's THE VIPER. The Baddest Bitch in Town. So damn fine she wears her burqa like a ball gown. With the GOLD PLATED AK-47 slung over her shoulder, her looks actually could kill.

THE VIPER

Any woman who crosses me will beg  
for death by the time I'm done with  
her.

A snake HISSES wildly in the distance.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NYC - SUNSET

A chaotic evening at the corner of 46th and Broadway, TOURISTS packed asses-to-elbows into every inch of available sidewalk space.

LUCY -- 27, a sweet, slightly neurotic, hopeless romantic -- cuts briskly through the sea of pedestrians.

Her cell DINGS with a text.

LUCY  
(to herself)  
You better not cancel on me,  
motherfucker.

CLOSE ON PHONE, text from MY FUTURE HUSBAND: **Runnin' late.  
See u in a sec.**

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ugh.

Dodging aggressive HOT DOG VENDORS, Lucy presses forward.

CLOSE ON PHONE, Lucy types: **Clearing out my bank account for  
Hamilton tix with my future husband. Smart or Not Smart?**

THEA texts back: **True love has no price tag. However, the  
cost of getting TamPots up and running does :(**

Lucy types: **We've gotta find you \$\$! The world needs TAM-  
POTS!**

Lucy's FACETIME rings. It's Thea.

INTERCUT LUCY AND THEA

THEA -- 27, an overconfident tomboy with sass for days --  
sits in her apartment. TAMPON APPLICATORS, PLASTIC WRAP, and  
WEED sit scattered on the floor beside her.

She seals a TAMPON SHAPED BALL OF WEED in plastic wrap with a  
LIGHTER.

THEA  
I found a special plastic wrap in  
Chinatown today that can preserve a  
dead body up to a week.

LUCY  
If it's good enough for corpses  
it's good enough for TamPots!

On her laptop, Thea clicks from the TAMPOTS website to her  
MINT.COM homepage. Her finances are in the RED.

THEA  
Can you think of a way to raise  
\$1,326 to cover my start-up costs  
that doesn't involve hooking,  
temping or hitting up my parents?

LUCY  
Unfortunately, I cannot.

THEA

Dammit.

EXT. 46TH STREET, NYC

Lucy checks the time, breaks into a seductive jog towards the RICHARD ROGERS THEATER.

Her phone DINGS with a text.

CLOSE ON PHONE, a text from MY FUTURE HUSBAND: **Here!**

LUCY

Gotta go! True love awaits!

THEA

If you end up back at his place,  
drop a pin so I know where you are  
in case he's a skin-wearing  
murderer.

LUCY

Will do.

They both KISS at their phone screens, hang-up.

Anxious and excited, Lucy scans the crowd.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Be cool, Lucy. The rest of your  
life is about to begin.

Just then, NICHOLAS -- 13, a scrappy, fast-talking ginger --  
comes up behind Lucy, EYE-FUCKS her.

NICHOLAS

Ooooh, yeah. Daddy like.

LUCY

Keep it moving, perv. I've got  
adult business to attend to.

NICHOLAS

You're actually way hotter than  
your profile pic.

LUCY

I'm sorry, what?

NICHOLAS

It's rare a solid 7 doesn't use a  
filter to cheat her way to a low 9.

LUCY

Oh, no, no, no...

NICHOLAS

Oh, yes, yes, yes.

LUCY

You're Nicholas?

NICHOLAS

The one and only.

LUCY

I've been emailing, G-chatting, texting, and talking with a 12 year-old the past three months?

NICHOLAS

I'm 13.

LUCY

You look 25 in your photos.

NICHOLAS

Thanks to the magic of questionable angles and terrible lighting.

LUCY

(whispering)  
We sext'd!

NICHOLAS

Relax, I haven't sext'd with anyone else since we met.

LUCY

Your parents could probably sue me for some kind of statutory text rape.

NICHOLAS

Like I have the type of parents who care about that kind of thing?

LUCY

Dammit.  
(then)  
Dammit. Dammit. Dammit.  
(then)  
You either pay me for this ticket *right now* or I'm scalping it.

NICHOLAS

You said it was 'your treat'!

LUCY

Yeah, back when I thought we were gonna live happily ever after.  
(yelling to the crowd)  
Anyone looking to buy a ticket?!?  
Mezzanine, third row, center.

A bunch of peoples' hands SHOOT UP.

CROWD

ME! / OMG! / YES! / TOTALLY! / YES!

NICHOLAS

Alright, alright, alright. How much?

LUCY

\$583.

NICHOLAS

Jesus, woman. You made of Benjamins or what?

LUCY

(to crowd)  
I'm just looking for face value!

Nicholas whips out his phone.

NICHOLAS

I'm Venmo'ing you what's left of my bar mitvah money as we speak!

Lucy waits until the PAID NOTIFICATION flashes on her phone. She hands him his ticket.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Now, let's chill you out with a couple chardonnays My treat. Well, I'll give you the money, but you have to buy them.

She rolls her eyes as she follows him inside.

INT. LUCY AND THEA'S APARTMENT - LATER

A teeny two-bedroom trapped in post-college adolescence. Knickknacks, souvenirs and photos of Lucy and Thea's decades long friendship fill every surface.

Lucy and Thea sit on opposite ends of their couch, legs intertwined, talking, sharing a DOOB.

THEA

You got catfished, dude!

LUCY

No!!! Wait, what?

THEA

When someone emotionally manipulates you via fake social media? Duh.

LUCY

I thought catfishing was when you hooked up with a trash person because catfish are like, bottom-feeders.

THEA

I see your logic, but alas. It's much more devious than thus.

LUCY

Man, I was so stoked at the prospect of finally bringing a man friend to our annual Night Before Thanksgiving Party back home.

THEA

I can't even with that right now. The idea of facing those suburbanites with Sky Miles and savings accounts makes me want to die.

LUCY

Trying to be an adult is the worst.

THEA

It's like being trapped in Groundhogs Day - without Bill Murray.

(then)

You wanna go get fucked up?

LUCY

Have we met?

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

- They empty GATORADE, LA CROIX, SPRITE, WHITE WINE and VODKA into a PITCHER.

- They shake it, divide it into GIANT BEER STEINS.

- They toast, CHUG IT.
- They're profoundly fucked-up.

THEA

We need to go on a Money Diet.

LUCY

Like, all we eat is coins?

THEA

No. Like, you know how we're trying to be more conscious of what we put in our bodies?

LUCY

I haven't had cheese in four days which is basically proof God exists.

THEA

Good girl. It's terrible for your long term digestive health. Ditto with our funds. We need to be more conscious of both our spending AND saving.

LUCY

I like that you think I have savings.

THEA

We need to creatively generate more funds and then not spend them all. It's a two-pronged approach.

LUCY

How do we engage on such an ambitious journey-

THEA

I never thought you'd ask.

GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN' MONTAGE

MUSIC CUE: "Hustlin'" by Rick Ross

After each hustle, they put the \$\$ they earn/would've spent into an ALMOND MILK CARTON via the SPOUT.

- AT A DONUT SHOP. Lucy "accidentally" spills HOT COFFEE on Thea. Thea LOSES HER SHIT. The OWNER gives them BOXES of DONUTS to calm her. They walk over to the SUBWAY entrance and SELL the donuts to commuters.

- AT A DUMPSTER. They CLIMB IN, pick out RECYCLABLES like homeless people, take to a RECYCLING CENTER, pocket the CASH.

- RETIREMENT HOME. They babysit old people and steal money from their PURSES/WALLETS/CHANGE DISHES.

- A KISSING BOOTH IN TIMES SQUARE. They dole out quick PECKS. Then, Lucy gives a sweet, long CLOSED-MOUTH KISS to a cute guy. Thea MACKS HARD with some Eurotrash as she PICK-POCKETS him.

A few days later, they excitedly huddle around their Almond Milk Bank.

THEA (CONT'D)

I must say, I'm way proud of us.

LUCY

We just solved our financial crisis like a couple of bosses.

THEA

Ready?

LUCY (CONT'D)

As I'll ever be.

Thea rips open the bank -- LOOSE CHANGE and FOLDED UP PIECES OF PAPER tumble out.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where's all the money?

THEA

I might've pulled it all out with tiny tweezers to pay for our take-out.

Lucy unfolds a TINY FOLDED-UP PAPER.

LUCY

And replaced it with Soul Cycle coupons?

THEA

They're worth like \$48 a piece.

LUCY

Dammit! Those mean nothing to someone with my complete lack of cardiovascular endurance.

THEA

Please don't be mad!

LUCY

I'm not. I'm just disappointed. I thought we were on the fast track to making our dream come true.

THEA

Me, too buddy. Me, too.  
(then)  
Wanna get fucked up?

LUCY

Have we met?

Back in their usual position on the couch, they pass a BONG and CHINESE LEFTOVERS between them, watching a rerun of LAST WEEK TONIGHT with JOHN OLIVER.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What if no one ever loves me?

THEA

What if I never become a female tycoon?

Depressed, they turn their attention towards the TV.

ON SCREEN, A LAST WEEK TONIGHT with JOHN OLIVER SEGMENT --

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)

*Three young Chechen women have apparently had more success battling ISL fighters than some fighting forces. They swindled fighters out of thousands of dollars.*

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

*The trio made fighters believe they'd be their brides. The plot went like this; The girls would meet ISL recruiters online and tell them they had no money to travel from Chechnya to Syria. That's when ISL offered to send them funds.*

JOHN OLIVER (O.S.)

*Holy shit! They catfished ISIS. And, it just goes to show, forget the CIA.*

(MORE)

JOHN OLIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*There are no more intimidating sci-ops masterminds in the world of warfare than scheming teenage girls.*

Thea grabs the remote, turns the sound up.

LUCY

Remind me again, who's ISIS?

THEA

You know Osama Bin Laden and the Taliban?

LUCY

Of course. 9/11. Never forget.

THEA

ISIS is like the Taliban but instead of Jesus clothes they wear GI Joe clothes.

LUCY

OH! I was pronouncing it, 'Is. Is.'

THEA

Easy mistake.

They both space-out for a sec, imagining the possibilities.

THEA (CONT'D)

Call me crazy but I'm like 99% sure we could catfish ISIS and solve our current financial crisis.

LUCY

A week ago I would've said, 'no way' because I didn't understand what catfishing was. But now that I do, a thousand times yes!

Thea grabs her laptop, Lucy packs another bowl. Lucy opens TWITTER.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Are we really doing this?

THEA

I seriously can't think of a single reason why not to.

They each take a GIANT HIT. And then ANOTHER. And, ANOTHER.

LUCY

Fuck it. Let's go fishing.

Thea clicks SIGN UP.

Simultaneously, they SCREAM. Then, start typing furiously.

TIME LAPSE - THE MORNING AFTER

DING!

A TWITTER ALERT wakes the girls -- in the exact position we last saw them -- from their stoney slumber.

Groggy, Thea looks at the open TWITTER page.

THEA

Yo! I think it worked.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, a DIRECT MESSAGE from @InvisibleEmpire: **A.Y.A.K.?**

THEA (CONT'D)

If that's some dumb Star Wars reference, I'm gonna shoot myself in the vajeen.

LUCY

Google it.

Thea does.

THEA

(reading)

A.Y.A.K., "Are You A Klansman?"

(then)

Holy fuckballs. We stoned-tweeted the Klan.

LUCY

The good news is, we successfully made contact with a terrorist organization. It was just the wrong one.

THEA

If at first you don't succeed... tweet, tweet again.

Thea starts typing a message - BUT IS LOCKED OUT OF THE ACCOUNT.

THEA (CONT'D)  
Hells Bells! They shut us down!

LUCY  
For what?!?!

THEA  
(reading)  
*"Promoting terrorism.*  
(to Lucy)  
Fuck! What should we do?

LUCY  
Contact a professional.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Lucy and Thea sit opposite Nicholas with their laptop.

LUCY  
Basically, we need help attracting  
a specific terrorist organization  
without promoting terrorism.

NICHOLAS  
Got it.  
(then)  
Absolutely not.

THEA  
Come on! Don't be a pussy.

LUCY  
Yeah, big guy. Don't be a P.

NICHOLAS  
What do I get out of it?

LUCY  
Me not telling your parents you've  
committed emotional internet fraud.

NICHOLAS  
We've been over this. Like I have  
the type of parents who care about  
that kind of thing?

THEA  
What about the possibility of  
seeing one of our boobs?

NICHOLAS

Like, one boob from each of you?  
Or, I get to choose one of you  
versus the other?

THEA

Either. Both. Who cares? You in?

NICHOLAS

Not until we're very clear on this  
transaction.

The girls look around, both flash him ONE BOOB.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

That'll do.

MUSIC CUE: "Gold Digger" by Kanye

IN A HYPER-STYLIZED, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE-ESQUE WAY, Nicholas works the internet like a boss.

- In a flash, he sets up fake Twitter/Facebook/Instagram accounts.

- He adds various PHOTOS of ALYSSA MILANO and WINNIE COOPER as their PROFILE PICS.

THEA

Shouldn't we go with a couple of  
slam dunks like Megan Fox or Kate  
Upton?

NICHOLAS

No, idiot. Too famous. They'll know  
it's a ruse.

THEA

Oh, yeah. Duh.

- Nicholas HASHTAGS the shit out of the posts: #jihotties  
#JIGane #SeriouslyIntoSyria, #GirlsGoneMild #QuranCutie  
#IntriguedByIslam #rideordietothepromisedland #lonelyladies

- And LINKS them to PAYPAL ACCOUNTS.

NICHOLAS

Now, the trick to not getting shut  
down again is keeping your tweets  
mellow. Save the down and dirty  
terrorist talk for the DMs.

LUCY/THEA

Gotcha.

NICHOLAS

For the record, this is insanely dangerous.

THEA

How so?

NICHOLAS

You're kidding, right?

THEA

I'm just curious if there are any worst case scenarios I've overlooked.

NICHOLAS

Besides beheading, kidnapping, stoning, raping, and sex slavery?

THEA

Yeah. Anything else?

NICHOLAS

Not that I can think of.

LUCY

I just had a flash of my parents watching my ISIS execution video on CNN and committing suicide because they couldn't come to terms with my brutal murder, so maybe we put a pin in this for now? See how we feel in a few weeks?

THEA

I admit this has all been very 'in the moment' without weighing the consequences--

NICHOLAS

Ya think?

THEA

--but, we're talking about a bunch of dudes living in caves, obsessed with blowing up ancient shit. There's no way they're smart enough to decipher our master plan.

LUCY

Do you really believe that? Or are you saying that because you know how to manipulate me?

THEA  
I believe it. 100%.

LUCY  
Promise?

THEA  
Cross my heart, hope to die.

LUCY  
(reluctantly)  
Fine.

THEA  
(to Nicholas)  
Tally ho, young man.

NICHOLAS  
Have it your way. Going live in 3,  
2, 1-

He ACTIVATES the profiles.

INT. ISIS COMPOUND - SIMULTANEOUSLY

DHAKIR -- a Jihadi Frat Boy -- sits at a WALL OF COMPUTERS,  
scrolling through his SOCIAL MEDIA.

DING! A GOOGLE ALERT goes off.

DING! Then, another.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

DHAKIR  
Allahu akbar!

A few fighters amble over. Dhakir opens every screen to Lucy  
and Thea's FAKE PROFILES.

MEEK FIGHTER  
Allahu akbar, indeed.

FIGHTER #  
THOSE women are 'intrigued by  
Islam'? Oh, holy day!

CLOSE ON SCREEN, Dhakir responds via Twitter: **Beautiful Bird--**

IN THE CAFE

Lucy, Thea and Nicholas read the message as it appears.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: --**paradise awaits the curious mind. What is it you seek?**

NICHOLAS

This is officially above my pay grade. Shorty, out.

The girls are too busy answering ISIS to say bye.

AT THE COMPOUND

Every computer has fighters hunched over it, typing responses to the various profiles.

CLOSE ON SCREEN, the Meek Fighter types: **Your inner beauty shines through your words. I eagerly await more from you.**

CLOSE ON SCREEN, Al-Farid types: **Serious inquires only.**

CLOSE ON SCREEN, Dhakir types: **Princess, what lays beneath the upper garments?**

IN THE CAFE

LUCY

WHOA! Did this guy just ask for a titty pic?

THEA

Abso.

LUCY

Do I give it to him?

THEA

Sure, just not yours.

Lucy Google-images 'PERFECT TEARDROP BREAST', screenshots it, sends.

AT THE COMPOUND

The TITTY PIC pops up on the Dhakir's screen. The fighters GO APESHIT.

IN THE CAFE

THEA (CONT'D)

I feel confident I've got their virtual dicks wet enough to go for the gold.

LUCY

If anyone can do it, it's you.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN, Thea types: **Thirst for knowledge but no fund\$ for religious texts. Super bumner :(**

AT THE COMPOUND

The Meek Fighter reads Thea's plea.

MEEK FIGHTER

(to Dhakir)

Brother, may you authorize funds for a copy of the Qu'ran and other religious texts for these magical creatures?

DHAKIR

With pleasure.

IN THE CAFE

CLOSE ON SCREEN, a text receipt from Paypal: **YOU'VE GOT MONEY!**

LUCY

WOOOOOOOO-MOTHERFUCKING-HOOOOO!

THEA

Why didn't we think of this before?

LUCY

Because I didn't know what catfishing was?

THEA

Right, right.

Lucy's cell DINGS!

CLOSE ON SCREEN, a blurry, hairy PIC OF A SCROTUM.

LUCY

DUDE!

THEA

What?

Lucy shows her the pic.

THEA (CONT'D)

Oh, I've already got like twelve of those. It must be the Middle Eastern equivalent of a dick pic.

LUCY

Bummer.

(then)

What's our strategy moving forward?

THEA

Bleed those suckers dry. The minute they get aggressive, ghost 'em and set up a new profile. Capicé?

LUCY

I just wanna say, this is the exact amount of danger I'm comfortable with.

THEA

Fo' sho'. It's cyber, long distance, and totally justifiable.

LUCY

Not to mention, karma for destroying all those ancient artifacts.

THEA

Agreed. And, just remember, "*Cash rules everything around me*"--

MUSIC CUE: "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan

METHOD MAN

*C.R.E.A.M/Get the money/Dollar,  
dollar bill y'all*

A SERIES OF SCENES over the next week:

- At WORK, on the SUBWAY, in line at DUANE READE, on the TOILET, the girls message with ISIS.

- PAYPAL NOTIFICATIONS pour in.

- After they secure funds through one profile, they GHOST 'EM -- shut the profile down, start another.

- Thea updates her DEBT PIE CHART on MINT.COM, her debt quickly declining.

- Lucy lays in bed, her sleepy smile illuminated by her cellphone, messaging with @mujahid4life.

INT. THEA AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lucy joins Thea in the kitchen for breakfast.

LUCY

Where we at?

Thea grabs her computer -- pulls up her completely DEBT FREE PIE CHART on her Mint.com page.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's amazing!

THEA

I took the liberty of dividing the funds and transferring yours to your bank account.

Lucy pulls up her bank account on her phone -- her jaw drops.

LUCY

Duuuude. We're Charlie Sheen rich.

THEA

Fuck yeah we are. TamPots is fully funded and you can upgrade to the highest subscription level on all your dating websites.

LUCY

Catfishing ISIS is literally the best idea we ever had.

THEA

Well, that a couple of Chechen girls ever had.

LUCY

I say we celebrate. This weekend, you and me, just a couple of nouveau riche ladies out on the town.

THEA

I have a taste for Surf and Turf. What say you, mi'lady?

LUCY

Have we met?

INT. ISIS COMPOUND

At the bank of computers, the fighters sit glued to their Facebook/Twitter/Instagrams. Zaheed paces behind them.

ZAHEED

Anything intriguing, my brothers?

Crickets.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)  
I said, ANYTHING INTRIGUING?

FIGHTERS  
(mumbling)  
Maybe. / Not Really. / Who can say?

ZAHEED  
It appears something has stolen  
your attention. Or should I say,  
someone?

The fighters go silent like school boys caught with their  
dicks in their hands.

Suspicious, Zaheed steps closer. He swiftly skim the myriad  
of feeds, his eyes landing on --

-- @ALLAHBAE'S Twitter, with ALYSSA MILANO's pic, #JHOTTIE --

-- then, the computer farthest from him catches his eye --

-- @JIJANE Instagram profile, with Danica Keller's pic,  
#JHOTTIE --

-- he continues scanning, quickly discovering @JHOTTIE  
Instagram feed, with Danica Keller's pic, #allahbae4ever.

Finally, he spots J.I. JANE'S Facebook page, with ALYSSA  
MILANO'S pic, #naughtyjhottie.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)  
Have you sent money to any of those  
women?

MEEK FIGHTER  
Which ones?

Zaheed points to the profiles with Alyssa & Winnie's photos.

ZAHEED  
Those!

FIGHTERS  
Yes. / Yeah. / Uh-huh. / Oh, sure.

ZAHEED  
I want a calculation of every  
dollar sent to profiles with those  
photographs and/or any of those  
handles or hashtags--

He points to @ALLAHBAE, #JHOTTIE, @JIJANE, #allahbae4ever.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)  
--by the time I return.

ISIS FIGHTERS  
(quietly)  
Yes, sir.

Zaheed stomps away as the fighters log into the ISIS Paypal account to assess the damage.

MOMENTS LATER

The Viper bursts in, Zaheed in tow.

THE VIPER  
(fuming)  
How much?

The Fighters mumble.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I can't hear you.

Again, mumbles.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
Speak. The F. Up.

A bit more audible, still not intelligible.

MEEK FIGHTER  
(barely audible)  
\$56,000.

THE VIPER  
ARE YOU MOTHERFUCKING KIDDING ME?  
You're supposed to be tracking down  
ransom for that American whore  
journalist, not getting scammed by  
a couple basic bitches!

MEEK FIGHTER  
We're so sorry. We didn't realize  
what was happening until it was too  
late.

THE VIPER  
If those girls aren't in front of  
me within 48 hours, I'll rape and  
kill each and every last one of  
you.

DHAKIR  
(under his breath)  
I don't know how that's possible.

THE VIPER  
Excuse me?

DHAKIR  
Anatomically speaking.

She grabs Dhakir by his collar, bends him over his chair and  
THRUSTS HER MACHINE GUN UP BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

THE VIPER  
How about now?

DHAKIR  
Yes, it is very clear to me now.

The Viper slams him back down into his seat.

MEEK FIGHTER  
But we don't know who these girls  
are, or where they are.

AL-FARID (O.S.)  
Yes, we do.

AL-FARID -- a dead ringer for Rodrigo Santoro -- turns to  
address The Viper. From the look in his eyes, he could fuck  
the shit out of you and/or murder you with his bare hands.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
They're in America.

Everyone turns their attention to the map of MANHATTAN on his  
computer screen, two GLOWING RED DOTS pulsing in the WEST  
VILLAGE.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
New York City, to be exact.

MEEK FIGHTER  
How'd you do that?

AL-FARID  
Easily. I traced the withdrawals  
from Paypal to their bank, hacked  
into their accounts, got their cell  
numbers, then hacked into the  
location services on their phones.

MEEK FIGHTER  
Impressive.

AL-FARID

Eh.

(to The Viper)

Allow me to retrieve them as penance for our foolishness.

MEEK FIGHTER

(overeager)

I'll go to! Please, please, please!

DHAKIR

Shut-up, dumb zeb.

(to Al-Farid)

I shall accompany you, my brother. Together we'll restore pride to our organization.

THE VIPER

If you fail, kill yourselves and save me the trouble.

AL-FARID

You have our word.

THE VIPER

The clock is ticking. The debt must be paid.

TIME LAPSE - ON TO AMERICA

The sun sets over Syria, followed by quick a series of SUNRISES and SUNSETS that end on the glittering New York skyline.

INT. THE STRIP HOUSE, NYC - NIGHT

Lucy and Thea sit at banquette, their table piled high with Surf and Turf. They're 3/4 drunk.

LUCY

Reasons you're my Ride or Die: you always include me in your takeout orders whether I'm home or not. You know the exact amount of Chardonnay I can handle, and you're the only person who can take a decent photo of me.

THEA

Reasons you're my Ride or Die:  
you're always down for Taco Bell  
even if you've already eaten, you  
roll the BEST joint east of the  
Mississippi, and you don't freak if  
I wear your underwear.

LUCY

If it's clean, I really don't see  
the big deal.

THEA

Most importantly, our Crimson Tides  
were synced BEFORE we even met.

LUCY

Scientific proof that our  
connection is bio-fucking-logical.

They clink glasses. A WAITER sets down a bottle of Dom  
Pérignon.

WAITER

Mademoiselles, a gift from the  
gentleman at the bar.

The girls look over to where Al-Farid and Dhakir -- now clean  
shaven and dressed to the nines -- wave flirtatiously from  
the bar.

THEA

OMG. Dibs on Diego Luna's  
doppelganger.

LUCY

Come on, man! I'm the one who's  
placed a higher priority on love  
and relationships - he's mine.

THEA

Ugh, fine. I'll take poor man's  
Benicio Del Toro.

AT THE BAR

Al-Farid and Dhakir wave at the girls, whispering through  
their sexy smiles.

DHAKIR

Man, they do not look like their  
profile pics.

AL-FARID  
Not even close.

DHAKIR  
We're talking apricots and  
pomegranates.

AL-FARID  
That's being kind.

DHAKIR  
(licking his lips)  
But still, you think maybe what  
happens in America stays in  
America?

AL-FARID  
Insh'allah. Only you can decide if  
Sharia Law is worth breaking.

DHAKIR  
You sound like my dad.

AT THE TABLE

The girls wave the boys over.

THEA  
FYI, if a group sexual experience  
presents itself this evening I  
don't know that I'll have the  
strength to turn it down.

LUCY  
Noted.

The boys slide serpent-like into the banquette on either side  
of the girls.

DHAKIR  
Ladies.

Dhakir pours himself, Lucy, and Thea glasses of champagne. He  
offers one to Al-Farid who opts for water.

THEA  
Handsome fellows. What brings you  
to this fine establishment this  
evening?

DHAKIR  
When you spend your week dealing  
with large sums of financials,  
there's nothing like fresh meat.

LUCY  
You're bankers?

AL-FARID  
Deutsche Bank.

LUCY  
Impressive.

DHAKIR  
Not as impressive as your ability  
to hypnotize from the across the  
room.

LUCY  
Really? That's something I  
typically struggle with.

DHAKIR  
How do you spend your days,  
enchantresses?

THEA  
I'm the CEO of the TamPots Limited  
Liability Corporation and my  
enchanted friend is my most  
trusted advisor.

Dhakir puts his hand on Thea's upper thigh.

DHAKIR  
Behind every successful woman is an  
army of men trying to please her.

THEA  
Amen, brother.

DHAKIR  
So tell me, successful ladies,  
would you like to party?

Lucy and Thea look to each other, then back to the boys.

LUCY/THEA  
Have we met?

DHAKIR  
(signaling)  
Waiter!

The waiter brings over another bottle of Dom. Dhakir pops the  
top and fills the girls' glasses.

A FEW GLASSES OF CHAMPERS LATER

Dhakhir and Thea FLIRT, FLIRT, FLIRT, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK as Al-Farid sips water beside Lucy.

LUCY  
You don't drink?

AL-FARID  
I do not.

LUCY  
Are you like an AA person?

AL-FARID  
No.

LUCY  
Paleo?

AL-FARID  
I'm not sure what that is, so no.  
(then)  
Drinking alcohol is considered a  
sin where I'm from.

LUCY  
Bummer. More for me then!

AL-FARID  
Indeed.

Lucy pours herself another drink.

THEY HEAD TO THE ROOFTOP BAR

Thea and Dhakhir can't keep their hands off each other, Lucy and Al-Farid sit an awkward distance apart.

LUCY  
You have a girlfriend?

AL-FARID  
I do not.

LUCY  
A wife?

AL-FARID  
No.

LUCY  
Are you into dudes? I am, so I  
totally get the appeal.

Al-Farid reluctantly lays a hand on her thigh.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh, OK. Cool.

THEY HOP IN THE BACK OF A TAXI

Thea and Dhakir MAKE OUT as Lucy and Al-Farid sit smashed together, forcing smiles.

THEY POP BOTTLES IN DA CLUB

Thea and Dhakir dance like maniacs as Lucy and Al-Farid watch from a couch off the dance floor. The look on Lucy's face is a cross between confused and bummed.

AL-FARID

It's not you.

LUCY

Sure, whatever.

AL-FARID

You're a stunning, kind-hearted woman and if I was a morally bankrupt American I'd be all over you.

LUCY

Thanks, I guess.  
(confused)  
So, wait. What are you?

AL-FARID

I am an American. I just grew up in a very religious household.

Drunk and sweaty, Thea and Dhakir flop down on the couch beside them.

DHAKIR

*My beautiful birds, where to next?*

Lucy's EYES WIDEN -- a Kaiser Soze moment happening in her brain.

LUCY

(suddenly sober)  
Who wants another round?

Dhakir and Thea raise their hands. Lucy grabs Thea by the wrist, drags her to --

THE BAR

LUCY (CONT'D)

No matter what I say next, you have to keep the EXACT same look on your face.

THEA

Done. I love this game.

LUCY

While you were off living each moment like it was your last, I was stuck with that non-drinking, non-fun-having, religious zealot.

THEA

And...

LUCY

And, I think those might be the guys we catfished.

Terror flashes across Thea's eyes as her DRUNK GRIN remains intact.

THEA

Just because he doesn't want to get down doesn't mean he's a terrorist.

LUCY

Your boyfriend just called us 'beautiful birds' like every message from @Brohammad. And let's be honest, if those dudes grew their beads out and dressed up like Jesus, they could pass as Bin Laden's brothers.

Thea sneaks a peak back at the boys.

THEA

Holy shit. What do we do?

LUCY

Follow me.

Lucy leads Thea through the crowded dance floor, towards the restroom.

BACK OVER ON THE SEXY COUCH

AL-FARID

They've been gone awhile, yeah?

DHAKIR

Probably doing cocaine. American girls love cocaine.

Al-Farid stands, scans the bar -- then the rest of the club -- he spots the girls racing towards the restroom.

AL-FARID

They're onto us.

The boys jump up, take off after the girls.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLUB

A LONG LINE of women stand waiting outside the RESTROOM DOOR. Lucy and Thea push to the front.

THEA

'Scuse me, pardon me.

CLUB GAL #1

Watch it!

CLUB GAL #2

Hello? There's a line!

A WOMAN exits the restroom, Club Gal #2 tries to enter.

LUCY

If you don't move, I'll diarrhea on your Louboutins.

Grossed out, Club Gal #2 steps back. Just as Lucy and Thea race inside, they glimpse Al-Farid and Dhakir running towards them.

THEA

Hurry, hurry, hurry.

WOMEN'S RESTROOM

They slam and lock the door.

LUCY

This is like that moment in TAKEN where Liam Neeson's daughter is about to get taken.

THEA

Yeah, but Liam isn't here with a particular set of skills to save us.

LUCY

What're we supposed to do?

Thea looks to the window high above the toilet.

THEA

Get the fuck outta here.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Next thing, Thea is outside the window, helping Lucy through. Once Lucy hits the pavement, they RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dhakhir and Al-Farid burst in. The sound of a SIREN wafts through the open window.

Dhakhir jumps up on the toilet, spots the girls through the window.

DHAKIR

'Hard to get', huh? I like.

In a flash, they're through the WINDOW --

-- IN THE ALLEY.

The chase is ON.

Ahead, the girls run as fast as they can --

LUCY

Where do we go? The police? The US Embassy? The FBI? Empire State Building?

THEA

If I had ANY idea where ANY of those places were, sure.

The girls spot a SUBWAY STATION, sprint towards it.

Al-Farid and Zaheed keep pace with them, watch them descend into the station.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

The girls jump the turnstiles -- push through COMMUTERS, A STEEL DRUM BAND, a HIP HOP DANCE GROUP, and a VIOLIN PLAYER -- struggling to keep their lead.

A few yards behind them --

Al-Farid and Dhakir attempt to jump the turnstiles and TWO COPS step in their path -- the train rumbles towards the station. They quickly buy Metrocards, enter.

The girls fight to stay ahead. The boys gain momentum.

WHOOOSH. The train roars into the station.

BING BONG -- subway doors open -- commuters rush in and out of the train.

THEA

Get down.

LUCY

What?

Thea yanks Lucy's sleeve, forcing her to hunch down.

The boys crane their necks above the crowd -- where the hell did those two slip off to? They board the train.

BING BONG -- subway doors close -- the train lurches forward.

Still on the platform, the girls POP UP just in time to make eye contact with Al-Farid and Dhakir as the train exits the station. They SMILE AND WAVE (Lucy) / FLIP THEM OFF (Thea).

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

The girls ascend the stairs.

LUCY

My poor cardio performance this evening has forced me to reevaluate the value of those SoulCycle coupons.

THEA

No doubt.

LUCY

You OK? Your hands are shaking.

THEA

It's the adrenaline. I'm gonna need about six cocktails to even out while we formulate a plan.

LUCY

Done and done.

Lucy hails a taxi.

INT. TAXI

The girls relax into the backseat.

LUCY

Do you think they know where we live?

THEA

If they can track our date night whereabouts, then yes, I'm pretty sure they know where we sleep.

LUCY

Does this mean we can never go home?

THEA

Quite possibly.

I/E. ARLENE'S GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

The BOUNCER waves the girls inside.

It's LIVE BAND KARAOKE night. On stage, TWO GIRLS (20's) ruin Jay Z's "Empire State of Mind".

THEA

As if this night couldn't get any worse.

(to bartender)

Bartender, two shots of 151.

He pours, they shoot.

LUCY

(wincing)

That was a terrible decision.

THEA

Just another one of many. Seeings how we already saved ourselves once tonight, what do you say we go save those two?

Lucy nods YES.

They rush the stage, take over the mics just as the CHORUS of the song kicks in.

LUCY/THEA

*"In New York/Concrete jungle where  
dreams are made of/There's nothing  
you can't do/Now you're in New  
York"*

The whole bar joins in, cheering them on.

LUCY/THEA (CONT'D)

*"These streets will make you feel  
brand new/Big lights will inspire  
you/Let's hear it for--"*

Just then, Dhakir and Al-Farid enter the bar -- they spot the girls -- elbow their way forward through the crush of sweaty bar patrons.

A COMMOTION in the crowd steals the girls attention -- the boys found them! They drop their mics and haul ass --

BACKSTAGE

The girls flee -- CLIMB over SPEAKERS -- DUCK under MIC STANDS -- SWITCHBACK through piles of SOUND EQUIPMENT -- CRASH through A DRUM SET.

Nowhere left to go, they scale a METAL STAIRCASE to the --

STAIRWELL

The door slams behind them, alerting the boys of their location.

The boys SUPER ATHLETICALLY follow in the girl's footsteps -- they LEAP over SPEAKERS -- SLITHER past MIC STANDS -- HURDLE OVER SOUND EQUIPMENT -- BYPASS THE DRUMS COMPLETELY. They scale the metal staircase and enter --

THE STAIRWELL

The girls are THREE FLIGHTS UP, climbing as fast as they can.

The guys close in, taking three, four stairs at a time.

THEA

(shouting down at them)

We both have handfuls of STD's! Not really worth all this effort!

DHAKIR

Doesn't matter! We just wanna cuddle!

Thea looks back at Lucy, FINGER TO HER LIPS to quiet her.

THEA

You're gonna have to catch us first.

DHAKIR

That's the idea.

Thea OPENS then SLAMS SHUT the 6th floor door -- A FAKE OUT! She motions to Lucy to TIP-TOE and continue climbing.

The boys FALL FOR IT -- they hurry up to, and enter --

THE 6TH FLOOR

RESIDENTS peer through their peep holes, the guys peep back.

DHAKIR (CONT'D)

Here kitty, kitty, kitties.

AL-FARID

Come out, come out wherever you are.

The guys KICK THEIR WAY INTO APARTMENTS, tear them apart.

DHAKIR

We know you're here somewhere.

AL-FARID

We just wanna talk.

NOT having it, the residents hustle them back into the hallway, slam doors in their faces.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWELL

The girls kick through the door, stumble onto --

THE ROOFTOP

LUCY

Now what?

THEA

It looks like our options are A) leaping to our deaths, or B) getting kidnapped by ISIS.

LUCY

Which is worse?

THEA

I'm not sure.

THWACK! -- the door slams open, the boys burst through.

THEA (CONT'D)

Oh hey guys.

DHAKIR

Hey.

AL-FARID

Hey.

LUCY

Hey.

An awkward, dangerous tension hangs in the air.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What happens now? You ruffians just gonna kill us?

DHAKIR

Questions are not yours to ask.

THEA

Welcome to America. It's a free country. I can do whatever I want.

DHAKIR

Like steal, you deceitful cunt?

LUCY

Whoa! Easy with the anatomy-shaming!

THEA

We didn't have to steal because you were dumb enough to give us the money.

DHAKIR

Those funds were meant for a higher purpose, for furthering our cause. Not fueling your cocaine habit.

LUCY

Cocaine?

THEA

So, you have a few less sheckels for suicide bombs? Big whoop.

DHAKIR

(losing it)  
You tricked us!

THEA

Do you hear yourself? You sound like such a little bitch.

Dhakir backhands Thea across the face. HARD.

DHAKIR

Wise women don't talk back to me.

Thea steadies herself, then, SMACKS him back twice as hard.

THEA

And wise men don't lay their hands on me.

A smile washes over Dhakir's face.

DHAKIR

I'm going to savor crushing the life out of you with my bare hands.

AL-FARID

Be cool, brother. Their fate isn't ours to decide.

THEA

Yeah, our fate isn't yours to decide

Dhakir grabs Thea by the neck, pulls her close.

DHAKIR

I dare you to keep talking.

AL-FARID

(to Lucy)

Tell your friend to stop talking.

LUCY

E, shut-up.

THEA

Or what?

Dhakir reaches for the gun in his waistband. Al-Farid lunges, grabs at the gun simultaneously.

DHAKIR

What the-!

The men wrestle for control of the gun.

LUCY

Should we?

THEA

Yep!

The girls take off towards the door --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

They look back -- Al-Farid stands above Dhakir's dead body.

Al-Farid aims the gun at the girls.

AL-FARID

Do you want to live?

THEA

What is going on!?!?

LUCY

Holy shit.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

I'll only ask you once more. Do you want to live?

The girls nod 'yes.'

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Follow me.

And they do -- back down the stairs -- through the bar -- into a taxi --

EXT. BARUCH HOUSES, LOWER EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The taxi pulls up outside the straight-up most dangerous projects in NYC -- we're talking New Jack City-style.

Al-Farid climbs out, motions for them to follow.

THEA

Oh, hell no.

LUCY

Sorry but we're not about to walk into Jay-Z's childhood.

AL-FARID

Shut-up and keep your head down.

Lucy and Thea obey, follow Al-Farid inside -- past a bunch of THUGS -- into an elevator -- down a long hallway --

I/E. APARTMENT

Al-Farid knocks on an apartment door -- inside, the sounds of footsteps, a chain sliding, locks and bolts unlocking.

COVETTE -- an antagonistic, Black Ops sexbomb -- throws open the door.

COVETTE  
What up, dicks?

Al-Farid ushers the girls inside.

AL-FARID  
Ladies...

COVETTE  
(to Al-Farid)  
You clean?

AL-FARID  
Yep.

Covette crosses to a MURPHY BED, pulls it down.

THEA  
I knew this was gonna end in some  
weird sex game!

Covette FLIPS A LEVER within the bed frame. The back of the Murphy Bed cabinet SLIDES OPEN to reveal --

A CIA SAFE HOUSE

Two HOT CIA AGENTS sit behind the HIGHEST TECH computers. On the monitors:

- A thermal map of the ISIS compound.
- Passport photo of CLAUDIA.
- Surveillance photos of THE VIPER.

THEA (CONT'D)  
No, really. What in fuck is  
happening?

AL-FARID  
Six months ago, Claudia Morro, a  
VICE journalist infamous for her  
"I was a        Bride" columns--

ON THE MONITOR, photos of CLAUDIA as a DIA DE LOS MUERTOS BRIDE, A MORMON SISTER WIFE BRIDE, and a JUGGALO BRIDE appear.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
--traveled to Syria. She talked her way into a 'maqar', where women new to ISIS live while waiting to be assigned a husband. That's where she met The Viper.

ON THE MONITOR, a surveillance photo of a WOMAN IN A BURQA.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
Are you sure that's her?

COVETTE  
Yeah. Maybe?

ON THE MONITOR, various photos of WOMEN IN BURQAS.

COVETTE (CONT'D)  
It's so hard to tell.

ON THE MONITOR, countless photos of WOMEN IN BURQUAS.

COVETTE (CONT'D)  
Wait! That's definitely her.

ON THE MONITOR, one last image of a WOMAN IN A BURQA.

COVETTE (CONT'D)  
No. Sorry. THIS is her.

AL-FARID  
Are you sure?

COVETTE  
Yes.

He zooms in on the photo.

COVETTE (CONT'D)  
Well, there's a very good chance it's her.

He zooms in even more.

COVETTE (CONT'D)  
Hell, I don't know.

AL-FARID

Anyhow, Claudia was welcomed into The Viper's inner circle which gave her access to ISIS' every move.

COVETTE

Thanks to the NSA and Twitter, we established contact with Claudia and sent an agent in to retrieve intel on The Viper's next mission. Our guy ended up dead, the intel intercepted, and we haven't heard from Claudia since.

AL-FARID

I was sent in undercover-

THEA

OK, so you're definitely a CIA agent.

Everyone looks at her like, "Duh."

THEA (CONT'D)

Just wanted to be super clear on that front.

AL-FARID

But The Viper considers men second class citizens. No way I could get close enough to learn any valuable information.

THEA

What does this have to do with us?

AL-FARID

Thanks to that hustle you ran on The Viper's men, she demands your debt be paid.

THEA

You're kidding.

AL-FARID

If we could somehow get you inside the Al-Khansaa-

THEA

The what?

COVETTE

The Al-Khansaa. The Viper's all-female morality brigade.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR, an Al-Khansaa training video. An army of WOMEN IN BURQAS, CHANTING, SHOOTING UZIS.

*NOTE: The Al-Khansaa is comprised entirely of women. Unless noted, they're covered head-to-toe in black burqas at all times.*

AL-FARID

They're the only ones privy to The Viper's plans. If you could infiltrate them and acquire the same intel as Claudia, it would enable us to stop her mission.

THEA

Hold up, homies. Isn't there a female CIA agent you could send?

COVETTE

This set-up is too perfect not to take advantage of.

THEA

What if we refuse?

AL-FARID

You've committed fraud, are facing jail time and worse... ISIS will hunt you down and kill you either way.

Covette pulls an old FLIP PHONE from his pocket.

THEA

Arsenio Hall called, he wants his phone back.

COVETTE

It's a stungun with an electrical charge that can be redirected through the camera app. Gimme your cell.

She hands him her phone -- he pops it open, takes out the SIM CARD, places it into the FLIP PHONE.

COVETTE (CONT'D)

In case they want details on how you swindled them, you've still got your electronic paper trail.

He shoves it into Thea's pocket, hands her a TAMPON.

COVETTE (CONT'D)

This is-

THEA

WHOA. Did you surveil me and steal my idea?

COVETTE

A tamp-BOMB.

He unwraps it, pulls the string and -- KA-BOOM!

THEA

Damn! That's solid gold money right there.

Covette hands one to each of the girls.

COVETTE

Make sure you keep these on you at all times. Also-

Covette pulls out a MIRRORED COMPACT.

LUCY

A combination hypo-thermal laser shooter-slash-tracking device?

THEA

A remote grenade launcher-slash-drone activator?

COVETTE

A mirrored compact. It's versatile, stylish, and...compact. Use it to like, look behind you and stuff.

Covette pulls Thea close, puts all the gadgets in her pockets.

THEA

This is unexpected.

COVETTE

It's protocol, ma'am.

THEA

Protocol away.

With his arms wrapped around her, Covette rearranges the gadgets in her pockets, pulling her closer and closer each time.

COVETTE  
That should do it.

THEA  
Oh, it definitely did.

LUCY  
What now?

COVETTE  
You go to Syria and try not to die.

THEA  
Jesus.

LUCY  
Is this really happening?

AL-FARID  
I'm afraid so.

Al-Farid leads them back through the Murphy bed passage way.

COVETTE  
Hope to see you on the flipside,  
ladies.

With that, the Murphy Bed folds back up. Al-Farid leads the girls out and into --

AN SUV

A SECRET SERVICE-Y DRIVER sits behind the wheel. Al-Farid climbs in front, the girls in back.

AL-FARID  
Ready?

LUCY/THEA  
Um.... / Uh....

From the terrified looks on their faces, the severity of the situation is finally setting in.

LUCY  
I guess.

THEA  
Sure. Yeah.

AL-FARID  
And, my apologies, but your travel accommodations aren't exactly first class.

Al-Farid nods to the driver -- he starts the car, pulls into traffic.

The girls clasp hands, squeeze hard.

EMILA

Ride or die, dude.

LUCY

Ride or die.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

TIME LAPSE - ON TO SYRIA

The sun RISES on a PLANE flying over Manhattan, then SETS on the plane landing in Syria.

DARKNESS

The sounds of a CAR ENGINE coming to a stop, BOOTS trudging across gravel, MEN talking, a TRUNK popping open. BRIGHT SUNLIGHT BLINDS Lucy and Thea as their HOODS are removed.

Welcome to Syria, ladies.

EXT. ISIS COMPOUND

Every patch of earth, every plant, every animal, every building is sun-bleached and desperate for sweet relief.

A pack of ISIS Fighters -- BANGED UP and BLOODIED from battle -- file past, trying to decide if they should FUCK, MARRY OR KILL the girls.

A few yards away, Zaheed WHISTLES to Al-Farid.

ZAHEED

As-salamu alaikum, brother.

AL-FARID

As-salamu alaikum.

He motions for Al-Farid to follow him.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Bring the girls?

ZAHEED

Nah. Let the boys keep an eye on them.

As Al-Farid jogs over to Zaheed, the fighters MADDOG Lucy and Thea -- they smile and wave back sheepishly.

## INT. SITUATION ROOM

The Viper toys with a MINIATURE MODEL OF A CITY as Zaheed and Al-Farid enter.

THE VIPER

Throw them in 'the hole.' We'll execute them alongside The Journalist.

AL-FARID

Considering their technological prowess, put one of them with Al-Khansaa, see what they can learn from her.

THE VIPER

Interesting idea. And the other?

AL-FARID

I'm next in line for a wife. The taller one appeals to me.

THE VIPER

Fine. But if either of them give me trouble, I'll behead them on the spot.

## EXT. ISIS COMPOUND

The Fighters surround Lucy and Thea like a pack of hungry wolves.

FIGHTER #1

Why would you tweet someone again and again, steal their attention from all other activities, then just stop?

FIGHTER #2

What lust crimes have you endured that you would think that was OK?

FIGHTER #3

You have the hearts of vampires.

MEEK FIGHTER

(to Thea)

You are more beautiful than I imagined in my dreams.

Al-Farid approaches --

AL-FARID

Don't waste your breath, brothers.  
Their fates are sealed.

-- and whisks the girls away through the labyrinth of buildings comprising the compound.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Here's the deal.

(to Thea)

You're going into the Al-Khansaa.  
Keep your eyes open and your mouth  
shut. These girls do not mess  
around.

MACHINE GUN FIRE rings out.

They round a corner to find thirty WOMEN WEARING BURQAS,  
shooting AK-47's at MALE MANNEQUINS -- their BURQAS ripple in  
the wind making them resemble HEADLESS HORSEMEN.

THEA

Dude, this is some Revelations,  
End-Of-The-World shit right here.

AL-FARID

And it's our job to end it.

THEA

Am I just supposed to be like,  
"What up G's?"

AL-FARID

Wait here.

Al-Farid jogs over to The Viper's HBIC -- SHAJEEAH.

LUCY

This is so intense.

THEA

I regret every choice I've made up  
to this moment.

Al-Farid waves Thea over.

AL-FARID

This is Shajeeah. Whatever she  
says, you do. No questions asked.

THEA

Why not?

Shajeeah whips a cane out from her burqa, smacks the back of Thea's legs.

THEA (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!

AL-FARID

Luck to you both.

He bows and heads out.

SHAJEEAH

(to Thea)

Follow me, ya ka-lib.

As Shajeeah leads Thea away, Al-Farid takes Lucy by the hand.

AL-FARID

You're sticking with me.

LUCY

Oh, thank God.

INT. PRAYER HALL

As Lucy and Al-Farid enter, RAAHIMA -- 25, a quiet, obedient, young woman -- pulls Lucy behind a changing screen, undresses her.

RAAHIMA

Ahlan wasahlan! Today is a good day. Marriage unites us in sisterhood.

LUCY

Marriage?

RAAHIMA

But also a bad day because marriage is a prison sentence only death can end.

Raahima helps Lucy into a WHITE BURQA.

RAAHIMA (CONT'D)

Mashallah! You look like an angel. Go! Your destiny awaits.

Lucy emerges. Al-Farid takes her by the arm, leads her down the aisle of the packed prayer hall.

AL-FARID

(whispering)

This was the only way I could guarantee your safety. It creates the perfect opportunity for you to connect with the wives, see what they know about Claudia.

LUCY

(whispering)

Awesome. Thank you.

AL-FARID

(whispering)

Considering ISIS' complete lack of regard for women, it's the least I could do.

The Meek Fighter steps to the podium and begins the ceremony.

EXT. TRAINING AREA, COMPOUND

Thea, now wearing a burqa, follows Shajeeah past the Al-Khansaas SHOOTING UZI'S at far away targets.

Shajeeah throws Thea an AK-47. Thea tries to catch it but the fabric of her burqa tangles and she FUMBLES IT.

SHAJEEAH

Idiot.

THEA

DUDE! I feel like I'm trapped in a duvet cover.

SHAJEEAH

Again.

Shajeeah throws her another AK. Struggling with the burqa, Thea catches the trigger -- it FIRES before CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

SHAJEEAH (CONT'D)

You are stupid and uncoordinated.

Shajeeah grabs a WOODEN STICK the size of an AK, throws it at Thea. Thea barely catches it, drops it, picks it back up.

SHAJEEAH (CONT'D)

I hate you.

THEA

Bummer.

SHAJEEAH  
Once you figure out how to handle  
that, I'll let you handle this.

Shajeeah taunts her with a SHINY, NEW KALASHNIKOV.

THEA  
Ooooh. Mama like.

INT. PRAYER HALL

The fighters and their wives cheer as Lucy and Al-Farid walk  
back down the aisle.

LUCY  
How crazy would it be if we got  
married for real and told this  
story at our actual wedding?

AL-FARID  
Considering this is a classified  
mission, that couldn't happen.

LUCY  
Us getting married or us talking  
about it?

AL-FARID  
Talking about it.

LUCY  
Duh. Of course.

Zaheed bursts in.

ZAHEED  
The Yazidi's have crossed onto our  
land.

The celebration breaks up, the fighters head out.

AL-FARID  
I've gotta go.

LUCY  
Really? Isn't this our honeymoon?

AL-FARID  
Not really.

LUCY  
Well, try not to die!

AL-FARID

I'll do my best.

He awkwardly kisses her goodbye. Raahima ushers her out alongside the other wives.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE

A handful of ISIS wives help Lucy get settled in.

*NOTE: When the wives are inside they remove their full burqas, revealing flashy, clashy clothes.*

LUCY

You guys seem super chill about your husbands leaving to fight.

RAAHIMA

If they don't return, there's always more to choose from.

ISIS WIFE #1

Sometimes you'll get lucky and end up with a better one than you started with.

ISIS WIFE #2

Sometimes not.

RAAHIMA

I gathered some essentials for you-

Raahima unpacks her basket, hands Lucy a BLUE BURQA --

RAAHIMA (CONT'D)

When you're with us, your hair, hands, and feet can be exposed. Otherwise, you must be completely covered or risk overly-severe punishment.

-- and, EARPLUGS --

RAAHIMA (CONT'D)

These will quiet the screams that echo through the night.

-- and, BAND-AIDS, ADVIL, STYPTIC PENCIL.

RAAHIMA (CONT'D)

These will cover the wounds the burqas don't.

LUCY

And to think, I was so looking forward to getting married.

RAAHIMA

Many of us were. Isn't it funny how horribly unfair life can be?

ISIS WIFE #1

At least we have each other.

ISIS WIFE #2

Until one of our husbands beats us to death.

Raahima picks up the TAMP-BOMB, admires it.

RAAHIMA

I haven't seen this brand since I was on vacation in Croatia.

LUCY

DEAR GOD NO!

Startled, Raahima drops the TAMPBOMB. Thea dives and catches it right before it hits the ground.

RAAHIMA

We have more of those if you run out.

LUCY

Oh yeah, of course. I just- I have a very tiny vagina and these fit perfectly.

Lucy slips it in her back pocket.

ISIS WIFE #2

Not to worry, a few years here and that won't be an issue anymore.

EXT. TRAINING ZONE

As the sun sets, Thea practices with her WOODEN STICK. With each move, she becomes sharper, more adept.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE - LATER

Lucy cooks dinner, contentedly humming to herself.

Thea enters.

LUCY

Hey girl! How was your day?

THEA

Exhausting. Maneuvering in this blanket dress was like trying to swim in a Snuggie.

LUCY

I know, right?

IN THE DISTANCE, the CALL TO PRAYER can be heard over loudspeakers.

Lucy crosses to the sink to wash her hands, motions for Thea to copy her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

In an effort to keep our cover, I've decided to just embrace all the Muslim stuff.

THEA

Smart. You get any intel on ol' Claudia?

LUCY

Not yet. They were all so nice I didn't wanna do anything to make them think I was using them.

THEA

Good thinking.

LUCY

Any luck locating The Viper?

THEA

There is literally no way to distinguish between one woman in a burqa and the next. So maybe I have? Maybe I haven't. Only time will tell.

POP! POP! POP!

The faint sounds of gunfire can be heard in the distance.

ALARM WHISTLES SOUND.

Al-Farid bursts through the door.

LUCY

Hello, husband.

AL-FARID

The compound is under attack!

LUCY

Again?

AL-FARID

This morning, it was the Yazidis.  
Now, it's the Salafists Jihadis.

THEA

Dude, ISIS has more enemies than  
Martin Shkreli.

AL-FARID

Just about.

Al-Farid throws the coffee table aside, flips the rug back, revealing a cache of GUNS. He grabs a KALASHNIKOV, racks the handle, switches it into automatic mode.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

All you have to do is pull the  
trigger. Got it?

He hands them each a KALASHNIKOV and a MAG OF AMMO.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

When you're out of ammo --

He demos.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

-- grab a new mag, knock the old  
one out with it, snap it into  
place.

LUCY

Totally got it.

THEA

Easy peasy.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Show me you understand.

The girls FAIL. Lucy can't even knock her mag out. Thea does but it hits the ground, releasing all the bullets.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Pay attention. Your life depends on  
it.

Al-Farid LOCKS and LOADS his weapon again.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

Got it?

LUCY  
We'll figure it out.

THEA  
I'm more of an 'in the moment' gal.

AL-FARID  
Good luck.

Al-Farid heads out, following the steady stream of ISIS guys out into --

EXT. THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE COMPOUND

Muzzle flashes illuminate SALAFIST JIHADIS cresting the ridge.

POP! POP! POP!

More flashes, more Salafists.

POP! POP! POP!

A bullet whizzes past Al-Farid's head, lodges into a tree behind him.

AL-FARID  
Fuck this place.

He scales a nearby tree -- he sets up sniper-style -- and starts picking off Salafists one by one.

BACK IN LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE

GUN SHOTS draw near. Cries of terrified women ring out.

LUCY  
We could just hide, right?

THEA  
For shizz.

As the girls attempt to stuff themselves into an ARMOIRE, Shajeeah storms in.

SHAJEEAH  
My sister, are you ready to prove yourself in the eyes of Allah?

THEA  
Of course! I was just grabbing-

SHAJEEAH

MOVE NOW.

Thea grabs her Kalashnikov, follows Shajeeah out.

LUCY

(to herself)

I'll be here if you need me.

Thea returns, drags Lucy out with her.

EXT. COMPOUND

Shajeeah TUCKS HER GUN into the folds of her burqa.

SHAJEEAH

Keep your weapons concealed, your  
eyes down. They're not here for us.

A pack of Salafists rush passed them -- Shajeeah submissively  
cowers to the side -- then GUNS DOWN the Salafists from  
behind.

THEA

Whoa.

SHAJEEAH

You underestimate women, you pay  
with your life.

Shajeeah kicks the bodies aside, heads deeper into the fray.

BACK UP ON THE HILL

In the impossible darkness, Salafists flood into the camp.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

A Salafist leaps out, SHOOTS WILDLY at Al-Farid. Al-Farid  
fires back -- the body drops -- and Al-Farid pumps a safety  
round into the body.

AL-FARID

Lunatic.

Zaheed runs up alongside Al-Farid.

ZAHEED

Brother, cover me.

Flanked by Al-Farid, Zaheed sprints towards a fallen TREE just shy of the ridge -- they crouch behind it -- RELOAD THEIR WEAPONS. A wave of Salafists charge up over the ridge -- Al-Farid and Zaheed fire till their mags are empty.

They RELOAD. When the next wave arrives, they hit them again -- and again -- and again -- til the bodies pile so high, it blocks their view.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)

Our work here is done.

They hustle back towards the compound.

EXT. COMPOUND

Lucy and Thea follow Shajeeah as she moves swiftly, firing to clear her path.

Lucy and Thea attempt to do the same -- FLINCHING every time they fire -- shooting bullets in EVERY DIRECTION.

Twenty yards ahead --

TWO HOUSES

Salafists hide behind one, ISIS, the other, as they engage in a saloon-style SHOOT-OUT --

Lucy, Thea, and Shajeeah run to aid the ISIS Fighters. An AL-KHANSAA FIGHTER joins them behind the house -- POPS OPEN A WINDOW -- CLIMBS INSIDE -- MOTIONS for Thea and Lucy to follow.

The girls climb inside --

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

AL-KHANSAA FIGHTER

When I give the signal, shoot til  
no men are left standing.

The girls nod in agreement.

The Al-Khansaa Fighter grabs a WHITE TOWEL from the kitchen -- opens the front door and waves it in surrender.

The shoot-out ceases.

AL-KHANSAA FIGHTER (CONT'D)  
(in Arabic)  
Please, please. I implore you. Let  
my daughters and I live.

The Al-Khansaa Fighter slowly steps outside, hands raised.

AL-KHANSAA FIGHTER (CONT'D)  
(in Arabic)  
Brothers, we offer ourselves to  
you. Take us, enslave us. Just let  
us live.

The Salafists lower their weapons, emerge from behind the house.

AL-KHANSAA FIGHTER (CONT'D)  
(in Arabic)  
Come see what beauties my daughters  
behold.

A dozen Salafists timidly approach.

The Al-Khansaa Fighter turns back to the girls, her FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. As Thea and Lucy take their cue --

-- the sun GLINTS AND GLIMMERS OFF THE VIPER EMBLAZONED ON THE FIGHTER'S GOLD PLATED AK-47.

Thea and Lucy eyes grow wide. JACKPOT. SHE'S THE VIPER.

THE VIPER  
My daughters, come meet your  
destiny in three-

Lucy and Thea prepare to fire.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
Two-

A few of the Salafists straighten their jackets, hoping to impress the girls.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
One-

The Viper, Lucy and Thea kick through the door --

POP! POP! POP!

Salafists hit the ground FIVE AT A TIME.

POP! POP! POP!

ISIS Fighters rush from all sides, cleaning up what's left.  
Just then -- Ssssssst! -- a bullet grazes Lucy's shoulder.

LUCY  
OHMIGOD I'M DEAD! I'm bleeding out  
and I'm dead.

Thea rushes to her, tries to locate the bullet wound.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I thought we'd have at least sixty  
more years of unparalleled  
adventures--

Ssssssst! -- another bullet nearly hits Thea in the neck.

THEA  
I'm not gonna let you die. Not  
tonight!

Thea throws Lucy's arm over her shoulder, rushing towards  
safety --

Ssssssst! -- bullets chase after them.

They step over dead bodies, dash around a corner, dodge the  
bullets hunting them down.

THEA (CONT'D)  
Who is shooting at us? Literally  
everyone is dead.

Ssssssst! -- another bullet nearly takes them out. They hit  
the ground.

THEA (CONT'D)  
Goddammit.

Just then, Thea makes eye contact with a Salafist propped up  
against a wall, PRETENDING TO BE DEAD.

Suddenly, he shoots at her.

THEA (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

She shoots, hits him, IN THE BALLS -- he hits the ground,  
screaming.

LUCY  
You just murdered that dude's  
balls.

THEA

Total accident. I was aiming for his torso.

The girls scan the sea of corpses, discover several "dead" Salafists who also aren't dead after all --

The wounded Salafists struggle to quickly RELOAD their weapons --

Thea envelops Lucy in the folds of her burqa -- rolls them under a WHEELBARROW -- yanks a GRENADE from her sleeve.

She pulls the pin, tosses it --

KA-BOOM!

Shrapnel can be heard raining down on all sides.

Then, SILENCE.

AL-FARID (O.S.)

Lucy! Thea!

The girls emerge from under the wheelbarrow.

LUCY

Over here!

AL-FARID

Did you throw that grenade?

THEA

Yes indeed-y.

AL-FARID

That's some gangster shit right there.

LUCY

You mess with the best, you go down like the rest.

AL-FARID

Apparently.

The rest of the ISIS Fighters approach.

FIGHTER #1

We in the clear?

FIGHTER #2

If any of their men are still here, they're dead.

FIGHTER #3

Anyone who came here looking for a fight, found it.

The Viper approaches, grabs a WOUNDED MAN by his HAIR --

THE VIPER

*"Fight against them so that Allah will punish them by your hands and disgrace them and give you victory over them."*

-- and SLITS HIS THROAT.

The ISIS guys cheer. Al-Farid nudges the girls to join in.

THEA

Dude, we straight up killaz.

LUCY

I know. I have so many feelings about it.

The Viper grabs a nearby CAN OF GASOLINE, dumps it over a pile of bodies, pulls out a match.

THE VIPER

I want nothing but the ashes of these monsters left by the time the sun rises tomorrow.

She lights a match, throws it on the pile -- the men drag dead bodies, throw them on the NOW RAGING PYRE.

Shajeeah lets out a WOLF-LIKE CALL -- The Al-Khansaa echo her as they follow The Viper, leaving the men to clean up.

Al-Farid prods Thea, she follows the Al-Khansaa towards --

INT. SITUATION ROOM

MAPS OF ALEPPO, BLUEPRINTS OF A CITADEL, and A LIST OF NAMES cover the walls.

The Viper sits at the head of the table, surrounded by The Al-Khansaa. This is the first time their faces are exposed -- it's a hardened, tough, yet stunning bunch.

THE VIPER

I applaud your brutality this evening. You've made me very proud.

The Al-Khansaa cheers as Thea secures a spot in the back of the crowded room. Shajeeah hustles her right back out.

SHAJEEAH

You'll never be one of us. Not even in the afterlife.

THEA

Remember like, eight minutes ago when my BFF and I Zero Dark Thirty'd that firefight?

SHAJEEAH

Not really. Run along, now.

Shajeeah slams the door in her face.

THEA

So much for sisterhood.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE

Lucy and Al-Farid get ready for bed.

AL-FARID

You know you don't have to "reward me" in the eyes of Allah or anything?

LUCY

Oh! Of course.

(then)

But, we're married so technically you wouldn't be committing a sin.

AL-FARID

Be that as it may, I'm saving myself for true love.

LUCY

Wow. Really? Impressive.

(then)

Should I sleep on the couch?

AL-FARID

Nah. There are no rules against sleeping beside your fake wife.

They climb into bed, lay facing each other.

LUCY

So, are you really American?

AL-FARID

I am.

LUCY

And you're Muslim?

AL-FARID

Yes. The good kind. Not the ISIS kind.

LUCY

Is Al-Farid your real name?

AL-FARID

I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.

He gently brushes her hair away from her face as they fall asleep gazing into each others' eyes.

TIME LAPSE - ON TO NEXT AM

THEA (O.S)

Yo dudes! You up?

Lucy and Al-Farid rouse from sleep, their faces even closer than the night before.

AL-FARID

Hey.

LUCY

Hi.

AL-FARID

You sleep OK?

LUCY

Except for the crushing anxiety dreams about never seeing my parents again, sure.

THEA (O.S.)

If you're busy gettin' busy I can come back!

LUCY

Hang on --

AL-FARID

-- we're coming!

Lucy and Al-Farid get up and join Thea in the --

## MAIN ROOM

THEA

(to Al-Farid)

I got into the Situation Room last night!

AL-FARID

How could you tell?

THEA

I was only inside for 18 seconds but I saw a map and blueprints of either a building or a submarine.

AL-FARID

A building or a submarine?

THEA

Yeah. It was long and thick in the middle and then rounded at the top. Like a dick.

Al-Farid washes his face, throws on a shirt.

AL-FARID

I guess I'll spend the day trying to find out what I can about a building or a submarine shaped like a dick.

THEA

Cool. I'll be trying to impress The Viper with my GI JANE-like moves.

LUCY

And I'll try to start an organic convo with the wives about Claudia's whereabouts.

AL-FARID

If shit goes down while I'm gone, you know where our stash is, and there's extra ammo under the sink.

Thea and Al-Farid pack up, head out.

LUCY

Be safe, guys! Don't die and leave me stranded in this godforsaken country alone!

THEA

Cross my heart.

AL-FARID  
Hope to die.

Thea shoots him a look.

THEA  
That's my line.

INT. CAVE

Thirty legless MALE MANNEQUINS propped up across the room.

THE VIPER  
SISTERS!

In perfect unison, the Al-Khansaa girls step towards the mannequins --

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
We've stood in the shadows long  
enough.

-- pull MACHETES from their burqas --

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
We must join together and fight.

-- raise them up over their heads --

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
And show the world what we're made  
of.

-- and with a single, synchronized swipe --

THWACK!

The mannequin heads HIT THE GROUND.

THEA (O.S.)  
Dammit!

The camera pans to reveal Thea at the end of the line, hacking away at her mannequin.

THE VIPER  
Use your core.

The Al-Khansaa girls shake their heads in disgust as Thea continues to fail.

THEA  
This is way harder than it looks.

The Viper approaches Thea, wraps her arms around her from behind, coaches her.

THE VIPER

Inhale, draw your sword high above your head, never breaking eye contact with your enemy.

THEA

This is some next level shit, man.

THE VIPER

Exactly. Your face should be the last image of reckoning they take into the next life.

THEA

There's no way I can do this.

THE VIPER

Whatever you believe is true.

Flinching, Thea draws her sword.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

Eye contact!

Thea locks eyes with the dummy, freezes.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

DO IT.

Thea exhales, summoning all the strength inside her.

THWACK!

The knife sticks 1/2 way through.

THEA

I told you! I can't do it!

THE VIPER

Finish what you start.

THEA

I can't! It's my biggest personal challenge.

THE VIPER

Whatever you believe is true!

Thea exhales and drags the knife the rest of the way through the MANNEQUIN'S NECK.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking about.

THEA

I can't believe I did it. I totally fucking did it!

THE VIPER

This is just the beginning.

THEA

What's up next?

MUSIC CUE: "Run the World (GIRLS)" - Beyoncé

BOSS BITCH TRAINING MONTAGE

The Viper demonstrates her highly perfected skills -- every move sexy, slick and quick.

-SHOOTING .45'S, UZIS & KALASHNIKOV'S  
-ASSEMBLING BOMBS + SUICIDE VESTS  
-HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

The first round, Thea attempts to keep up with The Viper while still getting caught, tripping on her burqa.

The second, Thea moves deftly but remains a few beats behind The Viper.

The third, Thea keeps pace with The Viper, their movements perfectly in sync. It becomes a dance, both girls lost in the moment.

Eventually out of breath, the girls take a break, WRITE CUE CARDS FOR HOSTAGES TO READ IN RANSOM VIDEOS.

THEA (CONT'D)

What's your long game, Vipe?

THE VIPER

You're looking at it.

THEA

Come on! You must have bigger plans than fighting off low-rent jihadis the rest of your life.

THE VIPER

Soon, while the whole world is watching, I will obliterate the glass ceiling that extends beyond all races, religions and classes, once and for all.

THEA  
Sounds awesome!

THE VIPER  
Once you prove your worth, I might  
have a place for you in my army.

THEA  
I'd be honored.

THE VIPER  
In the meantime, there's something  
else I want from you...

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND

Al-Farid and the other fighters absently troll the internet.

Thea struts towards the computers, The Viper and Al-Khansaa  
in her wake.

THEA  
Scram, ya weasels.

ZAHEED  
Under no circumstances! Get that  
overly-confident woman away from  
those machines.

THE VIPER  
That 'overly-confident woman'  
possesses an extremely valuable  
skill that could prove wildly  
beneficial to our organization.

Al-Farid offers her his chair.

AL-FARID  
Let's see it.

Thea sits, pulls up TWITTER, FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, KIK,  
WHATSAPP, and PAYPAL.

THEA  
Ghosting 101. Watch and learn.

Everyone leans in, hanging on her every word -- she logs into  
her @JHOTTIE Twitter account. She scrolls through her feed,  
clicks on a MESSAGE on @SYRIANSAMURAI's page.

As Thea gets everyone's attention, Al-Farid slips out.

THEA (CONT'D)

First step, establish contact.

CLOSE ON SCREEN, Thea types: **Just read the Qu'ran, supes inspired. Also, ur hawt.**

Seconds later, @SYRIANSAMURAI responds: **Allah's blessings are endless for his followers. Please send pic.**

Thea image searches 'Tiffani Amber-Thiessen'. She screen grabs, sends.

MEEK FIGHTER

That's dishonest! And misleading!

THEA

Like your recruitment tactics?

@SYRIANSAMURAI responds: **Your beauty holds much wonder and majesty.**

Thea: (bashful emoji) **Would love a prayer rug and add'l religious texts but have no \$\$** (crying emoji)

@SYRIANSAMURAI: **What's your email?**

Thea: **jihottie4life@gmail.com**

Just then, her PAYPAL account DINGS with a notification:

CLOSE ON PAYPAL SCREEN: **Payment from Nasir Salih - \$200**

SHAJEEAH

He just gave you money?!?! What a sucker!

Thea: **Thank you!!!**

@SYRIANSAMURAI: **Wanna Skype?**

Thea: **YES! I'm v. lonely and looking for connection.**

MEEK FIGHTER

If you're lonely, I can help you.

THEA

Oh, you silly boy.

@SYRIANSAMURAI responds: **What's your Skype handle?**

Thea sits back, puts her feet up on the desk.

@SYRIANSAMURAI:

...Hello?

...You still there?

...Did something happen?

...Are you OK?

...Did you die?

...Seriously. I'm freaking right now. U OK or wut?

MEEK FIGHTER

You have to contact him! Tell him you're OK!

FIGHTER #1

Otherwise, he'll lose sleep over your health and safety.

THEA

What do I care?

MEEK FIGHTER

But you had a connection!

THEA

Did we?

MEEK FIGHTER

I mean...I thought...but you...

SHAJEEAH

Your blood runs cold like a snake.

THEA

And it's only getting colder by the hour.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE

Lucy, Raahima, the ISIS wives eat lunch.

LUCY

What did you ladies do before you joined ISIS?

ISIS WIFE #1

I was at university. The first in my family to attend.

ISIS WIFE #2

I owned a tea shop with my sister.

RAAHIMA

I took care of my brother's children. I'm unable to have my own so it was a great joy.

LUCY

How did you end up here? Were you recruited?

RAAHIMA

Manipulated is maybe a better way to describe.

ISIS WIFE #1

(correcting her)  
Or, tricked?

ISIS WIFE #2

I was straight up kidnapped.

LUCY

I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry.

ISIS WIFE #1

Allah presents us challenges so that we might grow.

ISIS WIFE #2

That's one way to look at it.

RAAHIMA

Enough about us. You're American, from a city, right?

LUCY

How could you tell?

They giggle.

RAAHIMA

Tell us everything about the land of the free! Home of the brave!

ISIS WIFE #1

What's it like to have a job? And pay taxes?

ISIS WIFE #2

To not live in a one bedroom apartment with your parents?

RAAHIMA

And to take part in free elections  
and vote on matters of importance?

LUCY

Thea and I live in NYC and we're  
just, like, making it happen.

ISIS WIFE #1

Making what happen?

LUCY

You know, like our dreams and  
stuff.

ISIS WIFE #1

I'm confused.

ISIS WIFE #2

What is dreams?

RAAHIMA

Like breaking tradition and  
building a better future for our  
daughters, no?

LUCY

(timidly)

Not specifically. I'm more focused  
on finding a husband at the present  
time.

ISIS WIFE #1

WHY!? Husbands are the worst.

ISIS WIFE #2

Seriously, take mine.

RAAHIMA

Or mine!

ISIS WIFE #2

I'm not kidding. You can have him.  
I hate him so much.

ISIS WIFE #1

What is it with you Americans? All  
you care about is getting married  
and making tiny videos about it.

LUCY

I'm sorry, what?

ISIS WIFE #1  
Yeah, like, "I was a Drunken  
Clown's Bride" or "I was a Taco  
Bell Bride". Who cares?

LUCY  
You know Claudia!

Raahima throws ISIS Wife #1 a look as she stands and clears  
their plates.

RAAHIMA  
Come, come sisters. It's almost  
time for salat.

LUCY  
Please don't go!

The women gather their belongings, begin to head out.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
We can talk about something else.  
Please just stay!

Raahima ushers the women out, nods to Lucy.

RAAHIMA  
Tusbih äalaa khayr.

LUCY  
Tusbih äalaa khayr.

ISIS Wife #1 lags behind the others.

ISIS WIFE #1  
(whispering)  
Be careful. Women who make tiny  
videos end up in tiny jail cells.

LUCY  
They do? Where?

ISIS Wife #1 guides Lucy's gaze toward the MAIN COMPOUND.

EXT. COMPOUND

Al-Farid stealthily makes his way towards --

THE SITUATION ROOM

He cases the joint. He peers through an OPAQUE WINDOW cracked  
open -- IT'S EMPTY. He pulls out his cellphone to take pics --

ZAHEED (O.S.)

Brother, do you not find value in the arrogant American girl's computer lesson?

Al-Farid palms his cell as Zaheed approaches.

AL-FARID

The scheming of women is of little importance to me.

ZAHEED

Only fools underestimate a woman's power.

AL-FARID

How so?

ZAHEED

Their beauty grants them their cruelty. Were they less beguiling we'd have more control.

AL-FARID

Is it not a man's world?

ZAHEED

Only because of the great lengths we've gone to oppress them, convince them of their weaknesses, deprive them of opportunities.

AL-FARID

It's pretty impressive when you think about it.

ZAHEED

It's only a matter of time until they take what's theirs.

Zaheed leads Al-Farid away.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Thea and Al-Farid undress for bed, trying to respect the other's privacy.

AL-FARID

I don't mind sleeping on the couch if you need some alone time to decompress.

LUCY

I'd feel safer if we were in the same room.

AL-FARID

Of course.

They climb into bed together, lay nose-to-nose, their attraction heavy in the night air.

LUCY

So.

AL-FARID

So.

Suddenly, a WOMAN, completely covered in a burqa, appears beside the bed, Paranormal Activity-style.

Al-Farid FREAKS.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

HoMiGod!

LUCY

What?!

She turns over, sees the woman.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus!

The Woman removes the top layer of her garment -- it's Thea.

THEA

What up, homies?

LUCY

What're you doing here?

THEA

Reporting on The Viper's imminent mission. She wants me to be a part of it...not to brag.

AL-FARID

Nice work! What, when, where?

THEA

Working on it. You get the DL on Claudia?

LUCY

She's somewhere in that direction.

Lucy gestures to the north.

THEA

Cool. Now can I get a little one-on-one with my #1 or what?

As Al-Farid climbs out of bed, Thea climbs in.

AL-FARID

Just a heads up. If the Al-Khansaa catches you two in bed together, you'll be stoned to death in the town square.

THEA

Gimme a solid twenty and you can go back to being big spoon.

As Al-Farid leaves, Thea snuggles up to Lucy.

THEA (CONT'D)

Now THIS is what I'm talking about.

LUCY

He's cute, right?

THEA

Super cute.

LUCY

Are spies allowed to date regular people?

THEA

I think so.

LUCY

Cool.

THEA

OK, so this may sound crazy, but The Viper is the mentor I've always dreamt of. She's forcing me to learn all the life lessons I've avoided. My sense-of-self is legit off the hook right now.

LUCY

This trip is totally our *Eat, Pray, Love*.

THEA

Yeah but, like, meets *Apocalypse Now*.

(MORE)

THEA (CONT'D)

(a beat)

I should go. Don't wanna get stoned  
in the town square tomorrow.

LUCY

I never thought I'd hear you say  
that.

THEA

Love you, bro.

LUCY

Love you, too.

THEA

(to Al-Farid)

Get back in here, Fake Husband-of-  
the-Year.

Al-Farid and Thea pass in the doorway.

THEA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hurt her and I'll murder you with  
my bare hands --

(smiles)

-- a crime I'm now capable of,  
thanks to you.

AL-FARID

Copy that.

Al-Farid crawls back into bed with Lucy.

THEA

Good night, you crazy kids.

LUCY/AL-FARID

'Night!

Thea heads out, blows out the candle illuminating the house.

A QUICK SERIES OF SCENES OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS

- Thea continues her WEAPONS TRAINING alongside The Viper.

- Lucy performs CHORES alongside the wives.

- Al-Farid sneaks around, tries various doors, stairways, and  
passages, trying to locate CLAUDIA'S CELL.

- The Al-Khansaa practice GHOSTING on the unsuspecting  
fighters.

- At MEALS, PRAYER TIME, and IN PASSING, Lucy, Thea and Al-Farid all exchange subtle nods regarding no new information.
- Suspicious, Zaheed has his eyes on our crew at all times.

EXT. MARKETPLACE, RAQQA

Toyotas filled with ISIS Fighters tear through the streets. Men, women and children DIVE FOR COVER.

IN THE LEAD TRUCK, Thea drives, and The Viper sits shotgun. Zaheed pulls alongside them.

ZAHEED

You're sure they've got the prisoner?

THE VIPER

The last man who questioned me lived just long enough for his childhood to pass before his eyes.

Zaheed pulls ahead, shouting orders.

MOMENTS LATER

The trucks screech to a halt, and DUST CLOUDS fill the air-- like phantoms, the ISIS fighters, Thea and The Viper emerge from the CLOUDS, weapons drawn.

They enter --

AN ABANDONED COURTYARD

The group gets SILENT, SUPER-INTENSE, as they cross the courtyard.

They DEAD-END at a LARGE DOOR. The Viper throws her weight against it -- no dice. Zaheed steps up, shakes it violently -- nothing. Thea pushes through, fixes a BLASTER on the door --

THEA

Stand back.

Everyone obeys.

BOOM! -- the blaster flashes, the door falls off its hinges. The Viper & Co. flood the building, searching.

INSIDE

SCREAMS call out in every direction.

They rush into a BEDROOM -- WOMEN cower in a corner, freaking out -- Zaheed PISTOL WHIPS the loudest, out cold.

THEA (CONT'D)

Was that completely necessary?

ZAHEED

Yes.

The ISIS Fighters tear through each room, searching.

FIGHTER #1

Here, kitty, kitty, kitty.

ZAHEED

Come out, come out wherever you are.

THE VIPER

Your final destiny awaits.

The group rounds the corner to a DARKENED ROOM -- a figure crouches in a corner.

ZAHEED

Pile of gold.

THEA

You mean "jackpot"?

ZAHEED

I mean whatever the fuck I just said.

Zaheed pulls a HOOD from his pocket, moves toward the figure.

THEA

(to The Viper)

What did that person do?

THE VIPER

Nothing yet. Their purpose awaits.

As Zaheed is about to place the HOOD on the figure --

CREAK!

Thea blinks. Suddenly disoriented, her eyes pop open --

Zaheed's in her room! SHE'S THE FIGURE! Her NIGHTMARE becomes a REALITY as a HOOD is thrown over her head.

IN THE DARKNESS, sounds fill the void -- boots crunching over leaves and twigs --

THEA

Dude, careful. Sticks and stones  
WILL break my bones.

-- boots on pavement -- a door swings open -- VELCRO -- a gun gets LOCKED & LOADED --

BEEP, BEEP -- a timer starts.

ZAHEED

Good luck.

The door SLAMS behind her. Thea removes her hood -- she's inside --

AN ARTILLERY CAVE

She looks down at the SMITH & WESSON .45 in her hand, a SUICIDE BOMB-VEST strapped to her body, its timer counting down --

...01:59, 01:58, 01:57...

THEA

Fuck me --

MUSIC CUE: "Let the Bodies Hit the Floor" - Drowning Pool

Two AL-KHANSAAAS sprint towards her, SHOOTING-TO-KILL.

Thea bends to one knee, aims --

POP! POP!

She takes out each with a single bullet to the chest. Before the bodies hit the ground, two more come at her from either side.

POP! POP!

Two more down, tons to go.

THREE AL-KHANSAA drop from the rafters.

POP! POP! POP!

Murdered in mid-air.

Suddenly, an AL-KHANSAA grabs her from behind. Thea flips her over -- BANG! -- and shoots her in the chest, point-blank.

She looks down at her vest -- 01:29, 01:28, 01:27 -- she cocks her gun again -- it's empty.

Another AL-KHANSAA rushes towards her.

AL-KHANSAA  
AHHHHHHHHH!

Thea swoops down, kicks out her legs from underneath her.

BAM! -- they hit the ground, grapple -- Thea can't get a grip on the Al-Khansaa -- FUCK! With a sharp exhale, Thea forces herself behind the Al-Khansaa -- SNAP! -- her head falls limp.

Thea grabs the Al-Khansaa's UZI.

...00:45, 00:44, 00:43...

The lights overhead start to flicker --

POP! POP! POP! -- bullets rain down on all sides.

Thea fires back until she's out of ammo.

CHAOS, dust everywhere.

Thea hits the floor, drags the dead AL-KHANSAA'S into a pile and buries herself underneath them for protection.

She wrestles away their weapons, double-fisting the KALASHNIKOVs, shooting til each weapon is out of bullets.

...00:18, 00:17, 00:16...

Silence. She looks down at the timer.

...00:11, 00:11, 00:10...

She yanks the BOMB from the vest, inspects it. She takes a deep breath, cuts the RED CORD with her teeth -- the timer doesn't stop.

She braces for the blast.

...00:02, 00:01, 00:00...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Nothing -- Thea looks around -- Is she dead? WTF?

THEA  
No, seriously. What the fuck?

A SLOW CLAP starts behind her. Thea turns to find The Viper applauding her.

The Al-Khansaa littering the floor begin to stir. Struggling to breathe, they UNSTRAP the BULLETPROOF VESTS from under their burqas.

SHAJEEAH

Explain to me again why we don't force the men to take our place in this exercise?

THE VIPER

They're not as skilled as you. They'd end up dead.

SHAJEEAH

I think we should at least explore the option.

THE VIPER

Perhaps.  
(to Thea)  
You're ready for your next challenge. Come.

Thea follows The Viper and the rest of the Al-Khansaa out.

SHAJEEAH

Although it pains me to say it, you killed it in there.

THEA

Thanks, Shaj. I consider that a huge compliment considering your contempt for me.

Shajeeah pats her on the back. Thea BEAMS. She's officially one of the pack.

INT. SITUATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

On the conference table sits a MINI REPLICA OF ALEPPO. TINY WOODEN FEMALE FIGURES WEARING SUICIDE VESTS are lined up on the steps of the Citadel.

THE VIPER

We still on schedule?

AL-KHANSAA

My source within the Citadel confirmed The Council of Ministers meeting at 7AM tomorrow.

THE VIPER

Allah will watch from the heavens  
as our righteous army ushers in a  
new era of equality and respect.

THEA

I have to say, I'm super honored to  
be making 'herstory' with you.

THE VIPER

Good.

The Viper holds up a SUICIDE BOMB-VEST.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

'Cause you're going to ignite the  
revolution.

The Al-Khansaa break out CHEERING. Thea does not.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMPOUND

The CHEERS from the Situation Room catch Al-Farid's  
attention. He sprints toward it.

INT. SITUATION ROOM

The Al-Khansaa buzzes with last minute preparations. Thea  
pulls The Viper into a corner.

THEA

I gotta be honest...martyrdom  
doesn't feel like a great fit for  
me.

THE VIPER

Thea, I take great pride in the  
woman you've become since you  
arrived. But you've maxed out your  
potential in a very short time.  
This is an opportunity to stop  
while you're ahead to serve the  
greater good.

THEA

But-

THE VIPER

(cutting her off)

No more. THIS is how your debt gets  
paid.

The Viper dramatically turns to rejoin the pack, her burqa smacking Thea in the face.

EXT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLICK! -- Al-Farid feverishly snaps pics of the Al-Khansaa and the blueprints covering the walls.

ZAHEED (O.S.)  
That for your Instagram?

AL-FARID  
No, man. Facebook.

Al-Farid turns, swings at Zaheed -- Zaheed ducks, pops back up -- WHACK! -- smashes Al-Farid's throat with the HEEL OF HIS HAND -- Al-Farid's phone flies from his hand.

Gasping, Al-Farid charges Zaheed -- for a moment, both are suspended midair -- THUD! -- Al-Farid struggles to get the upper hand -- POW! POW! POW! -- Al-Farid pummels Zaheed's gnarly face.

Zaheed grasps wildly at Al-Farid. Gripping his throat, he CHOKES HIM OUT. As Al-Farid squirms, Zaheed muscles himself on top of Al-Farid.

ZAHEED  
You are CIA, no? Just like your friend?

Al-Farid jerks forward, HEAD BUTTS Zaheed. Zaheed slumps to the side. Al-Farid swiftly locks him in a SLEEPER HOLD, pulls a gun from an ANKLE HOLSTER, points it at Zaheed's head.

AL-FARID  
Yeah. And this is for what you did to him.

Before Al-Farid can pull the trigger, the gun is KICKED from his hand. He turns to find the entire Al-Khansaa training their AKs on him.

The Viper steps forward. Thea, close behind her, makes eye contact with Al-Farid -- he directs Thea's attention to his cellphone just to the left of her foot.

THE VIPER  
What do we have here, gentlemen?

ZAHEED  
He's CIA, like his dead friend.

The Al-Khansaa SHOUT, KICK DIRT in Al-Farid's face.

Amid the chaos, in the deftest of moves, Thea SWAPS OUT HER CELL for Al-Farid's.

THE VIPER  
(speaking Arabic)  
Iiedamih mae alssahafi!

Zaheed grabs the cell as Al-Khansaa whisks Al-Farid away.

THEA  
Where're you sending him?

THE VIPER  
To his death.

INT. CAVE JAIL

A Game of Thrones-esque series of small, dark jail cells built into a giant cave. Lots of MICE, SCREAMS, DARKNESS.

Zaheed shoves Al-Farid into a cell.

ZAHEED  
I'll keep an eye on your wife for you while you're gone.

AL-FARID  
Leave her out of this.

ZAHEED  
Not a chance.

Zaheed lets out a throaty, villainous LAUGH as he locks the cell and exits.

From deep within the cell --

CLAUDIA  
You're married?

AL-FARID  
Kinda. You?

CLAUDIA  
Not at the moment.

AL-FARID  
Divorced?

CLAUDIA  
Divorced, split, dissolved,  
annulled, separated...been there,  
done that too many times to count.

AL-FARID  
Sorry to hear that.

CLAUDIA  
Eh, don't be. It's part of my job.

AL-FARID  
Your job?

CLAUDIA  
At Vice.

The woman emerges from the shadows.

AL-FARID  
Claudia! You're alive!

CLAUDIA  
Not for very much longer.

A SCREAM rings out, as does the sound of someone BARFING.

Al-Farid snaps into full-on CIA mode.

AL-FARID  
What information did you hand off  
to Hemsworth?

CLAUDIA  
Details on The Viper's plot to  
overthrow the Syrian government and  
become the first female dictator in  
history.

AL-FARID  
How, exactly?

CLAUDIA  
With a few, well-placed explosive  
devices.

AL-FARID  
You know this for a fact?

CLAUDIA  
Absolutely. I helped her plan it.

EXT. COMPOUND

Zaheed takes Al-Farid's cell from his pocket, snaps it open, starts flipping through the photos.

ZAHEED

What in Allah's name-?!?!

CLOSE ON PHONE, dozens of BLURRY SCROTUM PICS.

Embarrassed, infuriated, and confused, he snaps it closed.

INT. LUCY AND AL-FARID'S HOUSE

Lucy and the wives sit in a circle. Lucy reads to the women from an O Magazine.

LUCY

(reading)

*"Whatever's going on in your life,  
it's your duty to listen to your  
spiritual GPS. Embrace it. Hear it.  
Know it. Honor it."*

Thea bursts through the door.

THEA

Great issue. There's a home remedy  
for yeast infections on page 74  
that's a total gamechanger.

(to Lucy)

Can I talk to you for a sec?

Lucy excuses herself, follows Thea into --

THE BEDROOM

THEA

Zaheed busted Al-Farid. They know  
he's CIA. He's either been executed  
or is about to be.

LUCY

Do they know about us?

THEA

If they did, I think we'd be right  
there with him.

LUCY

What do we do?

THEA

Do the wives trust you?

LUCY

I hope so.

Thea and Lucy rush back into --

THE LIVING ROOM

-- and huddle-up with the wives.

THEA

Ladies, I hate to interrupt your Oprah worship but some bad shit is about to go down and we need your help.

LUCY

If you have any idea where The Viper specifically keeps her VIP prisoners, you have to tell us.

RAAHIMA

What is VIP?

THEA

Very Important Persons.

LUCY

She's got Al-Farid locked up and he's our only chance of escaping this nightmare alive.

RAAHIMA

Of you escaping this nightmare alive. What about us? Why should we risk our lives, the lives of our children, to help girls who steal on internet?

ISIS WIFE #1

Best case scenario, you escape, go back to America, make tiny video about the horrors of ISIS while we remain prisoners of these men, of this land.

LUCY

But-

ISIS WIFE #1

Good luck to you.

The wives gather their belongings, hurry out.

THEA

Fuck.

LUCY

They're right. Why should they risk their lives to help us? They have families and careers and educations to get back to. We should be trying to save them.

THEA

Since when is saving the world our problem?

LUCY

Since now. Promise me if we get out of here, we'll help get these women back to their families.

THEA

You really are the best person I've ever met.

Lucy holds out her hand for a Pinkie Swear.

LUCY

Promise me.

Thea locks her pinkie in Thea's.

THEA

Promise.

Raahima pops her head in.

RAAHIMA

Although I may pay with my life, I will help show you VIP jail.

THEA/LUCY

You will?

RAAHIMA

All I ask is, if you escape go find my daughter in Turkey and pay for her education.

EMILIA

Whoa.

ALICE

Oh wow.

RAAHIMA (CONT'D)

For that, I'd give my life.

THEA

Honestly, we haven't even paid off  
our own student loans yet.

RAAHIMA

There is no greater gift than  
opportunities afforded by  
education.

THEA/LUCY

Yeah. / OK. / Of course. / Duh.

They follow Raahima out.

I/E. COMPOUND

Raahima leads them through TIGHT PASSAGES -- up STAIRWELLS --  
-- across ROOFTOPS -- down LADDERS.

RAAHIMA

(to Thea)

It is rumored you're The Viper's  
chosen martyr.

THEA

Tis true.

RAAHIMA

To avoid this destiny, one might  
consider marriage. No fighter would  
allow his wife a higher honor than  
himself.

THEA

Raahima, you sneaky bitch.

(to Lucy)

You got this? I've gotta go see  
about a boy.

INT. COMPOUND

The Meek Fighter sits in front of the COMPUTERS, trolling.  
Thea comes up behind him, whispers into his ear --

THEA

How would you like to make me the  
happiest woman in the world?

The Meek Fighters' eyes LIGHT UP.

## INT. SITUATION ROOM

The Viper and AL-Khansaa buzz with the excitement getting their final preparations underway.

Thea bursts in, the Meek Fighter right behind her.

THE VIPER

Ah, the woman of the hour!

THEA

About that-

THE VIPER

If you wanna borrow something to wear for the big day, my closet is yours.

THEA

Speaking of BIG DAYS, I've got another one for you.

THE VIPER

I love it! Your mind is starting to work in more ambitious, big picture ways!

THEA

Actually, it's starting to work in a more traditional, disappointing, female way.

MEEK FIGHTER

She's agreed to be my wife! Oh, happy day!

THE VIPER

You want to wed the woman you pledged to murder after she broke your heart via Twitter?

THEA

Oh buddy, I'm sorry about that.

MEEK FIGHTER

In all fairness, my English isn't great and I may have misunderstood some of your tweets.

THEA

Social media is responsible for 69% of all miscommunications.

THE VIPER

It's not happening. Everyone out.  
(to Thea)  
Except you. Take a seat.

The room clears. The Viper sits at the head of the conference table, puts her feet up, pulls a VIRGINIA SLIM from her burqa, lights it, takes a long drag.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

You think you're so smart.

THEA

Ish.

THE VIPER

Clever, maybe. But not smart. I'm smart. I had dreams of going to school, becoming a veterinarian until Taliban fighters kidnapped me from my family when I was 12.

FLASHBACK: The Young Viper taken from her family during dinner by a group of Taliban fighters.

THE VIPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For seven years, I was shuffled from fighter to fighter. Always keeping my mouth shut, my eyes open. Learning the inner workings of their organization.

FLASHBACK: The Young Viper sits stoic among Taliban fighters as they talk. BASHIR enters, sizes her up and takes her away.

THE VIPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At 19, I was sold to a man named Abu Bashir for two goats and a round of ammo. Bashir was no ordinary man, he was smart as a dolphin, vicious as a jellyfish.

FLASHBACK: Bashir sits rapt as the Young Viper talks at him.

THE VIPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He quickly discovered I was no ordinary girl. I knew the hearts of men better than he. Their blindspots, their weakness. A week later we were married and moved onto the compound.

THEA

THIS compound?

THE VIPER

Yep. I was officially married to the head of ISIS.

THEA

That's bananas.

THE VIPER

One night, Abu left for battle and never returned. I was faced with a choice: get in line for another husband, or fight for what I'd earned. So, that night I snuck into the chambers of all the top officials --

FLASHBACK: The Young Viper sneaking into bedrooms of sleeping ISIS leaders.

THE VIPER (V.O.)

-- and slit their throats to the bone.

FLASHBACK: The Young Viper slitting throats.

THEA

That's baller-as-hell.

The Viper unlocks her ARTILLERY CACHE filled with ASSORTED GUNS EMBLAZONED WITH A VIPER. She packs them into a HUGE DUFFLE BAG.

THE VIPER

I claimed my place at the head of our cell and have since dedicated my energies towards equality in our ranks.

THEA

That's some next-level, Gloria Steinem shit right there.

THE VIPER

Women will remain second-class citizens until we seize our power and refuse to give it back.

THEA

Amen, girl.

THE VIPER

So, join me. Do something meaningful with your life.

THEA

I'm gonna, thanks to you! When I get back to NYC I'm gonna grab my TamPots biz by the balls-

THE VIPER

Your what biz?

THEA

TamPots. Hermetically sealed weed in the shape of a tampon, with a smooth-as-hell applicator. "Smoke the weed you bought in Brooklyn when you're home for the holidays in Boise."

THE VIPER

That's what you really want? To be a business boss lady?

THEA

Yes! More than anything.

THE VIPER

Then I will help you be business boss lady.

THEA

Really?!?! That would be so dope.

THE VIPER

I will build your business beyond your wildest dreams. In return, you'll funnel the profits back into ISIS. You take the credit, I take the funds. Deal?

THEA

Um...

THE VIPER

It's either that --

The Viper presses the barrel of a GLOCK between Thea's eyes.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

-- or you meet your maker alongside everyone else today.

I/E. CAVE JAIL

Lucy helps Raahmina push a GIANT BOULDER blocking the entrance aside.

RAAHIMA

I can't risk being caught with you.

LUCY

I understand.

RAAHIMA

Good luck, my favorite American Girl.

Raahima squeezes Lucy's hand, disappears back into the night.

INSIDE THE CAVE

Prisoners whisper-shout at Lucy as she tip-toes past them.

PRISIONERS

Help us! / Please! / Don't leave us here!

LUCY

Shhhh.

A MOUSE scurries across her feet. She lets out a YELP.

AL-FARID

Lucy?

She runs to his cell.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

You found me!

LUCY

I've been looking for you my whole life. I'm not about to lose you now.

ZAHEED (O.S.)

Isn't that sweet?

They look to find Zaheed stomping towards them.

AL-FARID

Lucy, run!

Lucy tries to escape but Zaheed scoops her up over his shoulder, unlocks the cell, throws her inside.

ZAHEED

The couple who lies together, dies together.

He locks the cell and leaves.

INT. SITUATION ROOM

The Viper's gun remains trained on Thea.

THEA

OK, fine. I'm in. At least my  
dreams will come halfway true.

Zaheed bursts through the door.

ZAHEED

I just caught your little friend  
trying to help Al-Farid escape.

THE VIPER

(to Thea)

Our partnership has one final  
condition. You'll eliminate your  
friends to prove your loyalty to  
TAMPOTS. And to me.

An Al-Khansaa interrupts.

AL-KHANSAA

We must leave now to stay on  
schedule.

The Viper rises to join her.

THE VIPER

(to Zaheed)

You stay. Film the execution. When  
you're finished, meet us in Aleppo.

ZAHEED

Consider it done, you savage beast.

INT. CAVE JAIL

Zaheed enters --

ZAHEED

Looks like it's your unlucky day.

-- throws a bunch of handcuffs into the cell

ZAHEED (CONT'D)

Put these on.

Lucy, Al-Farid, and Claudia obey. Zaheed opens the cell,  
connects our chain gang.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)

Follow me.

They follow Zaheed out.

EXT. COMPOUND

In the distance, Toyotas speed away while Zaheed chaperones our crew through the deserted grounds.

LUCY

Where is everyone?

AL-FARID

No clue.

INT. COMPOUND, VIDEO PRODUCTION UNIT - CONTINUOUS

The FLOOD LIGHTS shine on an ISIS FLAG, TODAY'S NEWSPAPER, CUE CARDS.

Thea, strapped with an AK-47, reads one of the CUE CARDS.

THEA

(reading)

"...RESPECT ARE DEMANDS"?

(rolls her eyes)

How can I respect your demands if you don't know the difference between a possessive and a state of being? Ugh.

Zaheed yanks our gang inside.

CLAUDIA

I have a feeling this isn't gonna end well.

LUCY

What's happening?

THEA

(to Lucy, Al-Farid,  
Claudia)

On your knees.

LUCY

Thea! What is happening?!?

THEA

ON YOUR KNEES!

Lucy, Al-Farid, and Claudia drop to their knees.

CLAUDIA  
(to Al-Farid)  
Do something!

AL-FARID  
My hands are literally tied!

LUCY  
(to Thea)  
Thea, look at me. Tell me what's  
happening!

Thea steels herself, LOCKS and LOADS her weapon.

THEA  
The Viper presented me with a very  
solid business opportunity I'd be  
foolish not to take. So --

Thea places the BARREL OF THE GUN on her best friend's  
temple.

LUCY  
Ohmigod this is happening. I can't  
believe this is happening.

THEA  
Reasons why you'll always be my  
Ride or Die.

LUCY  
I always include you in my takeout  
orders.

THEA  
You know the exact amount of  
Chardonnay I can handle.

LUCY  
I'm the only person who can take a  
decent photo of you.

THEA  
And, our Crimson Tides were synced  
BEFORE we even met. Which means...

LUCY  
It's that time of the month.

THEA

Exactly.  
(to Lucy)  
May I?

Lucy puts her hip forward, signaling, "In my pocket."

ZAHEED

Oh, COME ON!

Thea digs under the burqa, pulls the TAMP-BOMB from Lucy's pocket, unwraps it.

ZAHEED (CONT'D)

You're gonna use it now?

THEA

Hell YEAH.

BAM! -- she detonates the TAMP-BOMB in his face, blowing it off completely.

THEA (CONT'D)

(to Al-Farid)  
Do you think the CIA would let me  
sell a version of these on my  
TamPots website?

AL-FARID

I'll look into it.

Thea grabs the KEYS from Zaheed's belt, her cellphone from his pocket, unshackles her friends.

LUCY

What now?

AL-FARID

We go to Aleppo, cut the head off  
that snake.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS: the gang rounds up the remaining AK-47's, UZI's, PISTOLS, WALKIE-TALKIES, and throws them into a truck, then speeds towards --

EXT. ALEPPO, SYRIA

The gang drives through the once-magnificent ancient city now devastated by constant civil war.

THEA

Is this all ISIS' doing?

AL-FARID

Mostly. Of the 1,000 opposition groups fighting for control of the region, ISIS has done the most damage.

LUCY

Unbelievable.

A LARGE FORTIFIED PALACE rises high above the city.

AL-FARID

That's the Citadel. If you want to knock out everyone in power, that's where you'd do it.

CLAUDIA

Exactly. Once The Viper eliminates the Council of Ministers, no one can stop her from becoming dictator.

Al-Farid drives across the ENTRANCE BLOCK --

INT. CITADEL

-- and into a breathtaking assemblage of ancient architecture. The townspeople milling about give it an almost fairy tale-like feel.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

The gang scans the area -- nothing out of the ordinary -- The Viper and the Al-Khansaa are nowhere to be seen.

AL-FARID

Anything suspicious?

THEA

Nothing.

LUCY

Nothing.

CLAUDIA

Not a thing.

Just then, Lucy recognizes one of the ISIS Wives. Then another. Then Raahima walking towards the AYYUBID PALACE.

Lucy jumps out of the truck, rushes towards Raahima.

LUCY

What're you doing here?

Raahima presses forward.

RAAHIMA

You must leave at once.

LUCY

Raahima, please tell me what's going on!

RAAHIMA

Not even you can help us now, my sweet friend. Herstory has been set in motion.

LUCY

But I might be able to stop it if I know what's happening.

Raahima hugs Lucy. Lucy's hands detect something on Raahima, moves her hands down Raahima's back.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ohmigod.

Tears fall from Raahima's eyes as she shakes Lucy off, hurries away.

Lucy runs to ISIS Wife #1 hugs her, moving her hands along her back. She does the same with ISIS Wife #2.

Lucy sprints back to the gang.

LUCY (CONT'D)

They're strapped with suicide bombs. All of them.

THEA

What in life are we supposed to do?

LUCY

We have to get those girls out of those vest!

AL-FARID

If anyone can talk them out of those vests, it's you. Once they're off, you get them to me, I'll get them out of here.

THEA  
What about me?

AL-FARID  
You're gonna take out The Viper --

THEA  
All by myself?

AL-FARID  
-- before she detonates the bombs.  
Claudia, you-

Before he can finish his sentence, Claudia is out the door,  
BOOKING IT towards a TOWER overlooking the PALACE.

THEA/LUCY/AL-FARID  
What the-?

Thea jumps out of the car --

AL-FARID  
Wait!

Al-Farid throws Thea an UZI and a WALKIE-TALKIE.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
Thea, look at me.

They lock eyes.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
You've got this.

THEA  
I do?  
(then)  
Yeah! Of course I do!

AL-FARID  
Gimme your cell.

She throws it to him.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)  
GO!

THEA  
See you on the flipside, bitches!

Thea chases after Claudia. Lucy and Al-Farid take off in the  
direction of the wives.

UP AHEAD

Claudia beelines for the TOWER.

Thea, in full badass mode, LEAPS over small children, SIDESTEPS animals, SLIDES down railings, trying to catch up to her.

Claudia ducks into --

THE TOWER

-- sprints hard up the spiral staircase.

Seconds later, Thea, close behind, takes stairs three at a time -- huffing and puffing. She stops at a window for air -- in the distance, she spots the ISIS WIVES lining the balcony of the PALACE.

THEA (CONT'D)

Shit.

HIGH UP INSIDE THE TOWER

The Viper trains her BINOCULARS on the ISIS Wives. The Al-Khansaa check and recheck their weapons one last time.

THE VIPER

After the bomb detonates, we'll have to verify The Council is completely decimated.

Claudia awkwardly tumbles in through the door.

CLAUDIA

(breathing hard)

I'm here. To help. Let me be your co-pilot. Your #2. Your anything!

THE VIPER

You're supposed to be dead.

CLAUDIA

I get it now. You're right. You were always right. The only way to achieve any sort of equality in this life is to literally blow everything up and start over.

THE VIPER

You crossed me once.

With that, The Viper SHOTS HER POINT-BLANK.

RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Thea hears EVERYTHING. Cautiously she peers out the window, sees GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS walking up the PALACE STEPS.

ON THE BALCONY

The ISIS Wives stand trembling, preparing for the inevitable. Suddenly, TINY FLECKS OF LIGHT dance across their faces. They look around, searching for the source of the irritation --

It's Lucy! -- she uses the MIRRORED COMPACT TO flash sunlight into their eyes.

LUCY

Let us help you!

RAAHIMA

(under her breath)

The Viper is watching.

AL-FARID

Which is why we're gonna keep it real chill so she doesn't suspect anything.

RAAHIMA

If we don't go through with it, she'll execute us either way.

AL-FARID

We're not gonna let that happen.

LUCY

You guys, Al-Farid is in the CIA.

A mix of SHOCK, AWE, RELIEF, EXCITEMENT, fill the wives' faces.

ISIS WIVES

WHAT?! / Really? / Praise Allah!

LUCY

He's gonna get you out of here and reunite you with your families, so do exactly what he says.

AL-FARID

Ladies, keep your eyes forward and very, very carefully reach under your burqas, and very, very carefully remove those vests.

Ninja-like, the Wives reach under their burqas -- the sounds of VELCRO RIPPING fills the balcony.

HIGH ABOVE IN THE TOWER

Through binoculars, The Viper surveys the ISIS Wives -- they appear FROZEN, TERRIFIED. She moves her focus to the GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ascending the steps.

THE VIPER

(giddy)

It's almost time.

ON THE BALCONY

TENSIONS ARE HIGH AS FUCK.

The Wives barely breathe -- sweat beads at their temples -- terrified they'll detonate. They delicately shimmy out of the vests --

LUCY

You guys are doing great.

AL-FARID

Just breathe.

-- and gingerly they step from the vests --

RAAHIMA

Ahhh!

Raahima stumbles, starts to fall backwards -- Al-Farid hits the ground, army crawls to her, steadies her.

AL-FARID

I got you.

RAAHIMA

Nothing in my life is ever as I expect.

AL-FARID

I know but we're gonna get you out of here. Just a few more seconds, okay?

RAAHIMA

Okay.

With that, Al-Farid swipes up her vest -- disconnects TWO RED WIRES.

Quicker than a coked-up Jack Bauer, he moves down the line, disconnecting the same two wires on every vest.

IN THE TOWER

Through binoculars, The Viper watches as the final officials enter the Palace.

THE VIPER  
Bring me the detonator.

RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Her eyes trained on the balcony, Thea sends good vibes --

THEA  
(under her breath)  
Come on, come on, come on! --

IN THE TOWER

Shajeeah hands The Viper the DETONATOR. The entire Al-Khansaa joins her at the window to witness the explosion.

THE VIPER  
So long, patriarchy. See you in hell.

The Viper presses down HARD on the detonator.

RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Hearing the detonator click, Thea flinches.

IN THE TOWER

No explosion. Nothing. Nada.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

ON THE BALCONY

The wives slowly begin to exit.

STAIRWELL OF PALACE

Al-Farid tears down the steps, the vests piled high around his neck, in his arms.

He radios Thea on the WALKIE-TALKIE.

AL-FARID  
(into walkie)  
Get The Viper into the palace STAT.

IN THE TOWER

Thea KICKS IN THE DOOR --

THEA

What up, queens?

-- to find The Viper banging the detonator against the table.

THE VIPER

This piece of shit just ruined my whole fucking mission.

THEA

Not even. I say we have some fun and take 'em out the old fashioned way.

Thea COCKS HER UZI.

THE VIPER

That's my girl.  
(to Al-Khansaa)  
Let's do this.

The Al-Khansaa grab their weapons, follow Thea and The Viper out.

INT. STAIRWELL

Fast and furiously, Al-Farid RECONNECTS THE RED WIRES on the SUICIDE VESTS. Then, he whips out THEA'S PHONE and opens the CAMERA APP.

INT. GREAT HALL, AYYUBID PALACE

A gorgeous, two-story room reminiscent of the US House of Representatives. The COUNCIL OF MINISTERS sits rapt by the HEAD MINISTER'S words.

HEAD MINISTER

Our region is experiencing the most severe threat of destruction since the Middle Ages. Now, more than ever-

Lucy and the ISIS WIVES flood into the hall, FREAKING OUT.

HEAD MINISTER (CONT'D)

Council is in session, sisters.

ISIS WIVES

Help us! / You're our only hope! / Please! / We don't want to die!

HEAD MINISTER  
Whatever concerns you have-

Lucy sprints to the Head Minister's side.

LUCY  
ISIS is legit on their way to  
attack you as we speak.

His microphone picks up her every word, throwing the place  
into COMPLETE CHAOS.

HEAD MINISTER  
WHAT?

LUCY  
The Viper is here --

HEAD MINISTER  
(suddenly terrified)  
The Viper?

LUCY  
-- she just tried to level this  
place with a truckload of suicide  
bombs. She's on her way now to  
finish the job.

EXT. AYYUBID PALACE

Like a hungry lioness, The Viper stalks through the Citadel  
with Thea and Al-Khansaa in her wake. Cloaked in their  
burqas, AK-47's slung over their shoulders, they're TERROR  
INCARNATE.

INSIDE THE GREAT HALL

It's full-on MAYHEM. The council is on their feet, trying to  
figure out what to do with the wives.

OUTSIDE

The Viper and Co. scale the steps of the palace. They file  
into --

A LONG CORRIDOR

-- leading toward --

THE GREAT HALL

The Viper KICKS through the doors --

THE VIPER

Prepare to-

Stunned, The Viper takes in the COMPLETELY EMPTY HALL.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

FIND THEM!

The Al-Khansaa spreads out, searching everywhere -- UNDER TABLES, INSIDE CABINETS, BEHIND CURTAINS. The Viper furiously joins -- THROWING CHAIRS, FLIPPING TABLES.

AL-FARID

It's over.

Everyone stops dead in their tracks, turns to Al-Farid.

AL-FARID (CONT'D)

(to The Viper)

For what's it worth, your ability to lead a terrorist organization is the most impressive I've ever encounter.

THEA

You're one boss bitch, Vipe.

The Viper POINTS and SCREAMS at Thea and Al-Farid.

THE VIPER

GET THEM!

The Al-Khansaa RUSHES FULL SPEED in their direction.

Al-Farid and Thea take two steps back through the doors -- SLAM them SHUT, RUN FLAGPOLES through the HANDLES, securing them closed.

Then, Al-Farid and Thea RUN FOR THEIR GODDAMN LIVES.

INSIDE THE GREAT HALL

Just then --

A *"Who run the world? Girls!"* ringtone sounds from above.

Everyone freezes.

Again -- *"Who run the world? Girls!"*

The Viper looks towards the sound, high overhead at --

THE MEZZANINE

The Viper flies up the staircase lining the wall, the Al-Khansaa inches behind her. At the top SHE TRIPS, looks down -- IT'S A SUICIDE VEST.

*"Who run the world? Girls!"* rings out again --

All eyes fall upon THEA'S PHONE, atop the GIANT PILE OF SUICIDE VESTS -- A SCROTUM PIC lights up the screen.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)

What the-?

KA-MOTHERFUCKING-BOOM.

The palace explodes to HIGH HEAVEN. The fiery blast sends Thea and Al-Farid flying forward through the air like a couple of GODDAMN SUPERHEROES.

CHUNKS OF PALACE, FIREBALLS, DEBRIS and SMOKE fill the streets -- pandemonium erupts, people lose their shit --

And as the dust settles --

LUCY (O.C.)

We did it! We defeated ISIS!

Thea and Al-Farid blink their eyes open to find Lucy kneeling over them.

AL-FARID

Technically, we only defeated some of ISIS-

THEA

Dude, don't kill the vibe. We're straight-up heros.

LUCY

Seriously.

The ISIS Wives and the Council of Ministers rush to Thea and Al-Farid's side with FIRST-AID.

RAAHIMA

You are injured!

It's true -- they're pretty banged up.

THEA

We 'aight. What about the wives? Are they safe?

RAAHIMA

Every last one of them, thanks to  
all of you.

MILITARY GRADE CHOPPERS swoop in overhead.

THEA

That was quick.

AL-FARID

I was able to radio in some of our  
forces from neighboring provinces.  
We're lucky they were close - we  
gotta get you to a doctor.

The choppers land. HOT SPECIAL-OPS DUDES hustle over, place  
Thea on a stretcher.

SPECIAL-OPS DUDE

Whoever's coming with, we gotta  
leave NOW.

The gang boards the chopper. Lucy buckles her seatbelt --  
then unbuckles it, jumps off -- and runs over to the Head  
Minister.

LUCY

Promise me these women will be  
reunited with their families and  
given extra protection in case ISIS  
comes looking for them.

HEAD MINISTER

You have my word.

Lucy crosses to Raahima, hugs her tight.

LUCY

I'm so glad I met you. I'll totally  
look you up on Facebook when I get  
home.

RAAHIMA

You are a good girl, Lucy. You will  
make a very fine wife one day.

Raahima winks in Al-Farid's direction.

INT. CHOPPER

Once Thea, Lucy and Al-Farid are all packed in among the hot  
Special-Ops Dudes --

THEA  
(to pilot)  
I don't wanna tell you how to do  
your job but get us the fuck out of  
here STAT!

Totally spent, the girls sit back and finally EXHALE.

Lucy takes Thea's hand in hers.

THEA (CONT'D)  
Ride or die, dude.

LUCY  
Ride or die.

Al-Farid takes Lucy's other hand in his, looks at her LIKE HE LOVES HER. Lucy beams.

The chopper ascends into the clouds -- Syria already becoming a distant nightmare.

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. DIVE BAR

It's a warm and cozy night before Thanksgiving. The place is packed with 20-somethings home for the holiday.

Thea enters, her tailored dress a reflection of her Girl Boss-ness. COVETTE walks in behind her, holding her purse.

Hand-in-hand, Lucy and Al-Farid enter right behind them. A GIANT DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING sparkles on Lucy's finger.

Thea hands Covette a \$100 bill.

THEA  
(to Covette)  
Get mama a scotch, neat. And  
whatever everyone else is having.

COVETTE  
Yes, ma'am.

Covette and Al-Farid fetch drinks as their ladies cross to a banquette full of their friends.

HUGS, KISSES AND GREETINGS are exchanged.

FRIEND  
What've you two been up to  
since last year?

THEA

I'm the CEO of Boss Bitch Enterprises, Etsy's most profitable shop.

LUCY

And, I'm in the middle of planning an intimate yet spectacular wedding to the man of my dreams.

FRIEND

Wow.

LUCY/THEA

Thank you.

The boys slide into the booth beside them with their drinks, joining in the merriment.

Amidst the revelry, Lucy and Thea look to each, smile.

LUCY

Wanna get fucked up?

THEA

Have we met?

The girls CLINK glasses, throw back their drinks HARD -- Thea holds up her empty glass --

THEA (CONT'D)

Waiter!

BLACKOUT.

THE END.