

FADE IN:

OVER BLACKNESS:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
So, you wanna go save the world?

INT. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Bree Foster (19): a woman with nothing to lose. Long dyed black hair. Black on black thrift store clothes, a homemade nose piercing... something both hard and innocent about her.

RECRUITING POSTERS glamorize military life: perfect crew-cut Americans being all they can be. Nothing like her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
We've got anything you want to do  
in today's modern military.

He's selling, but she's hardly listening. She's looking

OUTSIDE

A shitty little Midwestern main street. Dead quiet. A hobbled old HOMELESS MAN reaches for a cigarette pack in the gutter.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, you listening?

The voice belongs to a young COCKY MILITARY RECRUITER.

COCKY RECRUITER  
You ready to get outta here? Wanna  
save the world? Serve your country?

No luck. He tries to read this strange girl, switches tactics.

COCKY RECRUITER (CONT'D)  
How about college? Get that paid  
for? Get a job? Sound good?

She looks him hard in the eyes --

BREE  
Yeah. Okay.

*Finally, he's getting somewhere.* He grabs a pen.

COCKY RECRUITER  
Name?

BREE  
Bree Foster.

COCKY RECRUITER  
You could really be something, make  
a difference. Know that?

She laughs, without humor.

HER POV THROUGH THE WINDOW:

The Old Homeless Man finally gets the cigarette pack. His  
arthritic fingers fumble it open. It's EMPTY.

BACK ON BREE

Half listening, half eyeing the Recruiter's cigarettes.

COCKY RECRUITER  
It's settled. Just a few questions.  
Married? No? Awesome. What about  
babies?

She tightens up at this.

COCKY RECRUITER (CONT'D)  
Babies? Yes? No? It's not a trick  
question. Yay or nay on rug-rats?

BREE  
No.

COCKY RECRUITER  
Even better. You're ready to be all  
you can be. Now the most important  
question...

He holds up two brochures - SOLDIER and MEDIC.

COCKY RECRUITER (CONT'D)  
Wanna give shots, or get shot at?

She takes a deep breath, about to sign her life away. Glances  
outside at the dead-end town. Points at the medic brochure.

He turns away. Lightening fast -- she STEALS his cigarettes.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Bree gives the cigarettes to the Old Homeless Man.

BREE

Rumor has it these are bad for you.

She chews gum and blows a bubble while he smokes. She stares at her enlistment papers, not quite sure what she's done.

OLD HOMELESS MAN

Running away, huh?

BREE

Can't be worse than here.

He burns the cig down in one drag and tosses it in the gutter.

The SMOKE trails up -- the scene dissolving to where we're

EXT. DARK SKY (PRESENT TIME) - NIGHT

High up -- floating in the atmosphere. The rhythmic thunder of bombs EXPLODING in the distance.

FOCUS IN on what looks like snow. But a closer look reveals it's ASH that's billowing up from somewhere below.

The wind pulls it back DOWN -- revealing a bird's-eye view of

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A war-ravaged city dotted by fires. One foot in the stone age.

SUPER: KABUL, AFGHANISTAN. 2011

EXT. AFGHAN STREETS - NIGHT

We follow the ash toward its source -- TRACKING through narrow, filthy ALLEYS. No signs of life. Only ghosts tonight.

The ash flurries increase. BURNING EMBERS start raining down as we finally reach --

A BLOWN-UP APARTMENT COMPLEX

Its insides disemboweled into a BLAST CRATER. The ash billows out from its flaming center. VICTIMS stumble about.

US ARMY HUMVEES pull up. SOLDIERS hustle out, YELLING back and forth. A pause, then -- Bree cautiously emerges.

Her hair's short. Her nose piercing gone. A starched Medic uniform that screams "rookie". Scared to death, but hiding it.