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All That Is Necessary

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ALL THAT IS NECESSARY

written by

Jes Martinez

Based on Real Events

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TIGHT ON: an ANIMATED MAP of the world. It ZOOMS INTO INDIA and SOUTHEAST ASIA, c. 1050 AD. Then ZOOMS INTO the PAGAN EMPIRE. A WALL OF RED, the MONGOL INVASION, washes over the empire, from the North, c. 1287 AD.

The RED DISSOLVES and various CITY-STATES sprout up, rising and falling as they war with each other.

EMMA (V.O.)

Myanmar's diverse demographic landscape emerged out of centuries of migration, invasion, and internal turmoil.

The city-states DISSOLVE into the rise and fall of dynasties: the PEGU, BAGO, and HANTHARWADDY DYNASTIES (1287-1599), the PINYA DYNASTY (1309-60), the SAGAING DYNASTY (1315-64), the INWA DYNASTY (1365-1555), the TAUNGOO DYNASTY (1486-1752), and the KONBAUNG DYNASTY (1752-1885).

EMMA (V.O.)

Britain colonized the region-- then called Burma-- and deepened ethno-religious resentments by establishing a system of indirect rule in which they empowered local leaders from the minority groups while suppressing the majority Buddhist Bamar, lighting the flame for the wildfire that Burman religious nationalism was to become.

Another WALL OF RED, BRITISH COLONIZATION of BURMA (1885-1942), sweeps the region. A WALL OF BLUE, JAPANESE OCCUPATION (1942-45), pushes back the RED and consumes the colony.

The BLUE recedes, and the RED moves back in (1945-1948) as WWII ends. The RED FADES, leaving a MAP of modern-day BURMA / MYANMAR.

EMMA (V.O.)

Military General Aung San led the movement for independence from Britain following World War II but was assassinated shortly before achieving it.

NEWS FOOTAGE of PRIME MINISTER AUNG SAN'S independence movement, followed by a PHOTO of Aung San and his family, including a YOUNG AUNG SAN SUU KYI.

EXT. SHWEDAGON PAGODA, YANGON - SUNSET

Establishing. The extravagant, gold-plated Buddhist temple in the nation's capitol.

EXT. BAGAN, MYANMAR - SUNSET

Establishing. Temples, pagodas, and stupas pepper the natural landscape, the Pegu mountains in the distance.

EMMA (V.O.)

The military capitalized on the new nation's vulnerability and seized power, establishing the State Law and Order Restoration Council whose primary goal was to reassert the Burmese identity, which they pursued through 'Burmanization,' attempting to assimilate the minority groups into the majority culture.

NEWS FOOTAGE of establishment of the SLORC's military reign.

NEWS FOOTAGE of military violence against protesters.

EMMA (V.O.)

As the minority identities have been threatened, armed conflicts have grown increasingly frequent.

NEWS FOOTAGE of uprisings against the military.

EMMA (V.O.)

The junta faked a show of democracy in 1990 by allowing a free election which it had fully expected to win. When it didn't, they imprisoned and exiled those who were elected, keeping power for itself.

FOOTAGE: ADULT AUNG SAN SUU KYI leading protests IN YANGON, CROWDS cheering for her, waving FLAGS and PHOTOS OF SUU KYI.

FOOTAGE: Suu Kyi is placed under house arrest.

EMMA (V.O.)

One of these persecuted officials was General Aung San's daughter, Aung San Suu Kyi, who spent 15 out of the next 20 years under house arrest.

FOOTAGE: 2010 ELECTION, the junta's USDP party wins a landslide victory, acclaiming a transition to true democracy.

FOOTAGE: Suu Kyi is released from house arrest days after.

EMMA (V.O.)

She was awarded, among others, the 1991 Nobel Peace Prize for her, quote, 'non-violent fight for democracy and human rights.'

INT. EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT, STRASBOURG - OCT. 22, 2013 - DAY

Suu Kyi finally receives her 1990 Sakharov Prize for Freedom of Thought.

She stands at the podium. The audience listens, intent.

SUU KYI

It is not power that corrupts but fear. Fear of losing power corrupts those who wield it, and fear of the scourge of power corrupts those who are subject to it. A most insidious form of fear is that which masquerades as common sense or even wisdom--

EXT. TULA TOLI POLICE WATCH POST - NIGHT

SUPER: October 2016

A POLICE WATCH POST divides the village down the middle: on one half, the Rohingya, and on the other, the Burman.

SUU KYI (V.O.)

--Condemning as foolish, reckless, insignificant or futile the small, daily acts of courage--

EXT. TULA TOLI, MYANMAR

MILITANT ROHINGYA VILLAGERS pass around MATCHES and SMALL BOTTLES.

One carries a LARGE BRICK.

SUU KYI (V.O.)

--Which help to preserve man's self-respect and inherent human dignity.

(MORE)

SUU KYI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There will continue to be arenas of
 struggle where victims of
 oppression--

EXT. TULA TOLI POLICE WATCH POST

The MILITANTS pour the bottles over the interior of a CAR.

Multiple militants light MATCHES while another puts the brick down on the gas pedal.

SUU KYI (V.O.)
 --Have to draw on their own inner
 resources to defend their
 inalienable rights as members of
 the human family.

As the car starts toward the watch post, they fling the matches in through the open doors and windows.

The car BURSTS INTO FLAMES as it races ahead and crashes into the post walls. A second later, there is another, larger EXPLOSION.

EXT. YANGON, 2017 - DAY

SUPER: August 2017

The summer sun ablaze. The city abustle.

EMMA COOPER (37), a cutthroat Reuters London journalist, wears a fitted jet-black pantsuit, black sunglasses, simple earrings, and a tight bun.

She slogs up the street, dripping with SWEAT and irritably fanning herself with a NOTEPAD.

Passing a STREET VENDOR, Emma buys a WATER BOTTLE.

EXT. YANGON DIVISION COURT

Emma approaches the courthouse.

BURMAN CHILDREN play on the sidewalk.

A MON GIRL trudges up the street, hauling a LARGE CERAMIC JAR of river water. She plunks it down in the SHADE, and catches her breath.

Emma opens the water bottle.

One of the other children throws a stick at the Mon girl, hitting her in the head, and his friends snicker. The girl CRIES OUT.

BURMAN CHILD 1

Kalar!

The water almost to her lips, Emma stops, sighs. She goes over to the Mon girl and hands the bottle to her.

The girl hesitates, watching Emma with wide eyes, then smiles as she accepts the gift.

Emma presses her lips into a thin, tight smile and nods at the girl. She turns away, takes in her surroundings, jots some thoughts into her notebook, and climbs the courthouse steps.

INT. YANGON DIVISION COURT, BATHROOM

Emma, her top two buttons undone, aggressively pats the sweat off her chest and neck with a damp paper towel, then lightly dabs her forehead.

She smoothes some stray hairs back into her bun.

INT. YANGON DIVISION COURT, HALLWAY

The hallway is empty, the courtroom doors are locked. Emma, alone, waits on a wooden bench, leaning back against the wall, notebook and pen in her lap.

EXT. YANGON DIVISION COURT - LATER

Establishing.

INT. YANGON DIVISION COURT, COURTROOM

Two LAWYERS sit across an aisle from each other in front of the bench. Two YANGON POLICE OFFICERS block a side door.

DOZENS OF OBSERVERS fill the rows of benches, including the defendants' wives: CHIT SU WIN (20s) and DAUGHTER (2), and PAN EI MON (20s), in her third trimester.

The DEFENDANT CHAIRS are empty.

Emma, one of only two female reporters in a MOB OF MALE REPORTERS, strains to see from the back of the courtroom.

A SIDE DOOR OPENS.

A handful of male reporters crowd Emma towards the back, blocking her from seeing. She shoves her way forward. The OTHER FEMALE REPORTER grabs Emma's shoulder to follow her to the front.

Without looking back, Emma yanks free of her grip, leaving the other reporter in the rear of the pack.

FEMALE REPORTER

Cooper!?

Only the JUDGE emerges and takes his place on the bench.

The defendants' families deflate.

BURMESE JUDGE

The accused, Wa Lone and Kyaw Soe
Oo, are not permitted in today's
session.

Emma flips open a PLANNER with a handful of RED X's through various CIRCLED DATES, one of which is not X-ed through yet. She CROSSES THROUGH it and CIRCLES another a few days out.

She smacks the planner shut.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma, in a LINEN PAJAMA SET, reclines on her bed, four PILLOWS stuffed behind her. A second bed beside her, tightly made, has no pillows.

She reads the latest hot global news on her laptop.

She has not bothered to settle in much: the room is plain, the shelves mostly empty, her belongings hardly unpacked.

Emma looks out her window, dismal, and shuts her laptop. She rubs her temples and pinches the bridge of her nose.

Her phone rings. She checks the time and sighs, then watches the screen until it stops ringing.

She opens a VOICEMAIL:

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Hey, Em. Thought I might catch you
for once... Will you please give me
a call back this time? ...I better
take my lunch and get back to work.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I guess by the time you hear this
 now it'll be morning. I miss you,
 Emma. Talk to you soon, I hope?

Emma sets an alarm in her clock app, drops her phone onto a
 nightstand between the beds, and turns out the light.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, HALLWAY - MORNING

Emma, put together, strides up the hall, coffee cup in hand.
 She HEARS COMMOTION from behind her door.

She holds her breath and opens the door, tentative and quiet.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM

SIENNA JAMES (26), another Reuters London reporter, stands
 before her, beautiful, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, though
 travel-weary, messily unpacking her suitcases.

Emma exhales and lets the door BANG against the wall.

Sienna starts, but smiles warmly when she sees Emma.

SIENNA
 Hi. Emma Cooper?

EMMA
 Sienna James?

SIENNA
 Pleased to meet you! Um, they told
 you I was coming, didn't they?

Sienna gestures to the collection of pillows on Emma's bed.

Emma tosses two of them to Sienna.

EMMA
 (mumbling)
 Oh... yeah, sorry.

SIENNA
 That's okay... I only need one.

She sets one back on Emma's bed with the others, then
 organizes her things into drawers.

SIENNA
 So have I missed much?

EMMA
Hardly anything.

SIENNA
Brilliant!

Emma scoffs. She puts in earbuds and grabs her laptop.

EMMA
Welcome to Purgatory.

Sienna rolls her eyes.

SIENNA
When did you get to Yangon?

Emma ignores her. Sienna waves to get her attention.

Emma looks up, pulls out one earbud, and raises her eyebrows.

EMMA
Hmm?

SIENNA
How long have you been here?

EMMA
May.

SIENNA
Oh! I know who to ask for
recommendations on where to go.

EMMA
I'm not a tourist.

SIENNA
How do you fill the time? If the
trial isn't even progressing...

EMMA
I read.

SIENNA
Anything good?

EMMA
If you'd consider anything in the
news lately good.

SIENNA
You really don't take breaks and
relax?

EMMA

When they convict these two guys--

SIENNA

They might not.

Emma, startled, finally looks at Sienna.

EMMA

They will.

SIENNA

There's solid evidence they're innocent.

Emma disengages from her reading, now invested.

EMMA

Sure, there are records of the documents being public before the arrests, but I was here for the pre-trial; the only officer willing to testify in their defense is now also behind bars, his family was kicked out of police housing--

SIENNA

The key point of that is he testified. And the news publications of those documents prior to the arrests corroborate it.

EMMA

No, the key point of that is they don't care about the evidence.

Sienna perches on her bed, facing Emma.

SIENNA

I'm just saying it might not be that simple. People can be unpredictable...

Emma shakes her head, scoffs, and turns her attention back to her computer.

EMMA

People optimize their own self-interest. Every time. And in this case, that means being a good dog and rolling over.

Sienna studies her, a foreign species.

SIENNA

And what are you interested in?

EMMA

An assignment that isn't bullshit
for starters.

(to herself)

Prove I'm as good as any of the
boys in the club.

BRENDE (O.S.)

Daw Aung San Suu Kyi--

INT. WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM, AUDITORIUM - DAY

SUPER: Davos, Switzerland.

BØRGE BRENDE (51), a Norwegian politician and the WEF
President, and Suu Kyi sit on stage under bright lights, the
AUDIENCE in the dark auditorium seating.

Both are relaxed and amiable: Brende's legs crossed, reclined
a bit more casually, while Suu Kyi sits up straight and
proper.

The stage BACKDROP displays a pattern of WEF LOGOS and reads:
WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM ON ASEAN.

BRENDE

I think last year you saw foreign
direct investments around ten
billion US dollars. In which areas
are you looking for more foreign
investments currently?

Suu Kyi glances at the audience: CEOS as well as GLOBAL
LEADERS and REPRESENTATIVES listen, intent. Most take notes.

SUU KYI

We want investments in education,
long-term; in research, in our
people-- in our young people-- and
also in agriculture. And while we
need investments if we are to catch
up to the rest of the world, we
also accept that we have a
responsibility to make the kind of
changes that attract more the kinds
of investments we want.

(MORE)

SUU KYI (CONT'D)

We must first do everything we can to help ourselves so that others will see our progress and think that this is something they would want to be a part of working towards; and we have recently, um... completed our Myanmar sustainable development plan, and that is what we are working towards.

She simpers.

BRENDE

Now, your party, the National League for Democracy, won the elections in 2015, you took over as State Counselor in 2016, and you are having new elections in 2020. Is part of this plan to try to change the constitution so that one hundred percent of the Parliament seats will be elected by the people, instead of the twenty-five percent of MPs that currently belong to the military?

Suu Kyi tenses, then hides it by shifting in her chair.

THERESA MAY (61), U.K. Prime Minister, studies Suu Kyi, her expression unreadable.

SUU KYI

This is a long debate; it has lasted a long time. Twenty-five percent unelected Parliamentarians is not in line with democratic values, and this needs to change. That is our stance. All legislatures should be elected. Freely. By the people. But we also acknowledge that, in the interest of national reconciliation and stability, we must negotiate this step-by-step, within the framework of the law, because rule of law is absolutely essential for the stability of our country, for the security of our people. And the military knows that we do not accept the unelected twenty-five percent, and we will want to negotiate a change step-by-step.

May does not move, and her expression does not change, though a few CEOs nod their approval.

Brende leans forward.

BRENDE

So, this will be interesting to follow, speaking of reconciliation and stability. Another challenge for Myanmar, is of course related to the officially one hundred thirty-five different ethnic groups and the ongoing conflicts with some of them. There have been reports that many thousands of the, uh... Muslim minority have fled Myanmar to Bangladesh in the last ten months since the violence in October.

Suu Kyi's posture stiffens, but still she smiles.

BRENDE

How does your plan address this issue? How is your administration trying to restore security to the Rakhine region?

The audience members all stop note-taking, gazes fixed on Suu Kyi, anticipating her response.

May's eyes narrow at Suu Kyi, skeptical.

Suu Kyi takes a short breath before beginning slowly.

SUU KYI

Well, one of the first things my government did when we first took up the responsibilities of administration was to organize a Central Committee for Development and Rule of Law in the Rakhine. This was well before the first terrorist attacks which launched the latest round of problems. But once that happened, once the terrorist attacks occurred, we saw that we needed to do something more immediate to ensure that there would be sustainable peace in the Rakhine.

Suu Kyi relaxes into it, confident and sincere.

SUU KYI

See, in the Rakhine there are many, many small groups-- ethnic groups and religious groups-- and we have to be fair to all of them, make them feel and understand that their rights and their security matter as much to us as that of the big groups. A democratic government is never elected by a hundred percent of the voters, but you have a responsibility to all-- even the ones that did not vote for you.

Theresa May nods subtly, showing hints of surprise, and jots down a note.

Suu Kyi contains her satisfaction, but her eyes beam.

INT. YANGON DIVISION COURT, COURTROOM - MORNING

The LAWYERS, the two YANGON POLICE OFFICERS by the door, the DOZENS OF OBSERVERS, Su Win, her daughter, and Ei Mon.

The DEFENDANT CHAIRS still empty.

Emma and Sienna in the press section.

The side door opens. Sienna and many other JOURNALISTS perk up. Emma opens her planner and pen, preparing to cross out another date.

The courthouse erupts in chorus of MURMURS. Emma looks up.

The same judge takes his seat at the bench.

Behind him, two Burmese men, WA LONE (32) and KYAW SOE OO (28), follow behind, IN CHAINS, and sit in the empty chairs.

Emma tries to get a better view, but makes no progress.

Sienna notices her, reach out her hand and pulls Emma forward, making space by her. Emma nods her thanks begrudgingly.

Su Win, holding their daughter (2) on her hip, squeezes Soe Oo's hand. Lone feels Ei Mon's belly, overcome with emotion.

EMMA

First time he's seen her since she found out she was pregnant.
Happened just after the arrests.

The judge BANGS his gavel to regain order.

The journalists lean in, pens poised over their notebooks.

The prosecuting lawyer stands.

EXT. YANGON DIVISION COURT

The street is busy with PEDESTRIANS. Cars and BIKERS drawing carts of goods pass in front of the courthouse. A POLICE VAN, pulls off and stops by the steps.

A moment later, the doors burst open as everyone from the courtroom surges forth.

The journalists step aside, stopping on the steps to get a good vantage point for photos and videos. Emma has a spot towards the middle of the staircase, Sienna opposite her.

Wa Lone and Kyaw Soe Oo, still in chains, are escorted out by the two Yangon officers from inside. The reporters all shout their questions at once.

Lone, Soe, and the officers stop at the top of the steps.

WA LONE

We will appeal! We performed according to media ethics; this conviction directly undermines the freedom of our country.

The journalists shout a fresh barrage of questions at them as the police corral Lone and Soe towards the van.

Soe Oo passes Emma, noticing her REUTERS PRESS TAG. He resists the officer ushering him on.

KYAW SOE OO

Reuters! You must help us. We didn't do anything harmful to our nation.

The officer forces Soe Oo onward.

KYAW SOE OO

Please. Clear our names-- Chit!

He wrestles to look back, frantically searching. He spots Chit Su Win and Ei Mon just emerging from the courthouse.

Soe Oo flags her attention.

KYAW SOE OO
Chit! Reuters!

Soe Oo gestures at Emma. Su Win approaches Emma as the officers push Lone and Soe into the van.

She tugs Emma's hand to follow her.

EXT. PRIVATE AIR STRIP, YANGON - DAY

Suu Kyi gets off a private jet and an OFFICIAL DRIVER in a black suit gets out of one of three government vehicles and opens the back door for Suu Kyi.

I/E. OFFICIAL ENTOURAGE, YANGON

PRESIDENT HTIN KYAW is in the backseat when Suu Kyi gets in.

PRESIDENT KYAW
(in Burmese)
Welcome back, State Counsellor.

Suu Kyi nods at him and turns her attention forward, not looking at him as he speaks.

PRESIDENT KYAW
*The journalists' trial concluded
while you were away.*

SUU KYI
*So I heard. It's a good thing I'd
already secured additional
investments from China, Singapore,
and the U.K.*

PRESIDENT KYAW
*Global press are calling it
undemocratic.*

SUU KYI
*It'll blow over by the April
summit.*

The President frowns as the cars start up and pull away.

INT. SOE OO'S HOME, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Emma stands in the middle of the room, alone, holding her shoes in hand, on the only carpeted piece of an otherwise dirt floor.

She fans herself with her notebook, wipes sweat from the bridge of her nose, and glares up at the CEILING FAN rotating slowly.

CHIT

I keep well-hidden. They come here
and search for it when they take
Kyaw.

Chit emerges from a side room with a LAPTOP. She places it on a small table before Emma, types in a LONG PASSWORD, and gestures for Emma to look.

Emma searches through the computer files. Confused and exasperated, she looks up at Chit, questioning.

EMMA

What am I supposed to see?

Chit shakes her head.

CHIT

His files, they encrypted. I don't
learn what each are. Safer for me.

Emma draws a deep breath and exhales sharply.

CHIT

It has to do with Tula Toli. In
Rakhine. That is all I know.

Emma frowns at the screen, furrowing her brow as she scrolls quickly through the files one more time.

She closes the laptop, and smiles, a half-sneer, at Chit.

EMMA

I'm sorry, I can't do anything with
these. I can't help you.

Emma starts to go. Chit shoves the laptop at her.

CHIT

You take.

Emma shakes her head, tries to back away.

Chit insists.

CHIT

Please. People must see.

Chit presses the laptop into Emma, who yields, tucking her arm under it. She nods and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - LATER

Emma, freshly showered and changed, sits on her bed, fingers poised over her keyboard, notes spread out before her.

She taps her finger on the keys.

She reaches for a sheet of notes. Scans it. Drops it. Her fingers hover over the keyboard again. But she can't write.

Emma grabs another SMALL SLIP OF PAPER, shakes her head, and slides off her bed.

She pulls Soe Oo's laptop out from deep inside her suitcase, unlocks it, and skims through its files.

Sienna bursts into the room and stops short. Emma smacks the computer shut.

SIENNA

Where'd you go?

EMMA

Dead end.

Sienna drops her bag into a chair and kicks her shoes off.

SIENNA

Yeah, must really have been nothing.

She stalks off to the bathroom.

Emma starts to defend herself as the door BANGS shut. She closes her mouth and waits.

The toilet FLUSHES. The FAUCET RUNS.

Sienna opens the door.

EMMA

Chinatown... and the, uh, Shweda-whatever Pagoda. You should try those; I've heard good things.

SIENNA

Well that's not really the matter at hand anymore, is it?

Sienna changes into a fresh, casual outfit.

EMMA

It's useless, really. That laptop. Can't read any of it.

SIENNA
What's on it?

EMMA
It's all encrypted.

SIENNA
So it would be no use for me to ask
if I could have a look, would it?

EMMA
It would be no use to have a look.

SIENNA
Where'd you get it?

Emma hesitates.

EMMA
Soe Oo's wife--

SIENNA
That's Soe Oo's computer?!

Sienna stops changing and faces Emma.

EMMA
Yes--

SIENNA
Ohmygod, that's... this is big,
Emma. Like, massive.

Sienna reaches for the laptop, but Emma pulls it back.

EMMA
It's not! Okay, calm down. Did you
hear me? It's all encrypted, it's
not a break, there's no story.

Sienna rolls her eyes and picks up her phone and purse.

SIENNA
Sure, sure. Alright, Emma. Have a
good one.

She leaves. Emma waits for her footsteps to fade down the
hall, then reopens Soe Oo's laptop.

She opens a web browser and logs into her Reuters network
email. Selecting one at random, Emma drops an encrypted file
into a new email to Reuters HQ.

INT. MYANMAR BUREAU OF SPECIAL INVESTIGATION OFFICE - DAY

The large room, filled with rows of work stations outfitted with desktop computers with multiple monitors, buzzes with BSI EMPLOYEES. The Director's Office, set off by glass panel walls, sits a few steps above the rest of the room.

One BSI WORKER (30s) gets a PING on his monitor: an IP ADDRESS connected with KYAW SOE OO'S PHOTO ID and PERSONAL INFORMATION appears. A GREEN DOT blinks beside it.

INT. MYANMAR BSI, DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

DIRECTOR HTET KHINE (40s) works calmly behind her desk.

The BSI worker rushes in, KNOCKING as he enters.

BSI WORKER

(in Burmese)

Director, there is a problem. A tagged address is currently in use.

DIRECTOR KHINE

So monitor it.

She waves him off and turns away.

BSI WORKER

Director, the user has been sentenced to prison. Someone else is accessing it.

The Director's attention snaps back to the worker.

INT. MYANMAR BUREAU OF SPECIAL INVESTIGATION OFFICE

Director Khine follows the worker to his desk.

The BSI worker clicks on the IP address ping and begins searching through the metadata.

BSI WORKER

(in Burmese)

They accessed an email account, but it's not his.

DIRECTOR KHINE

Any outbound messages?

BSI WORKER

(reading)

Yes.

He copies the email address into a BSI search engine.

EMMA'S PHOTO ID and PERSONAL INFORMATION connected to her stay in Myanmar pops up on the other monitor, along with an EMAIL RECEIPT to CHARLIE.ADLER@THOMSONREUTERS.COM with the subject line "FILE DECRYPTION ASSISTANCE."

Director Khine marches away.

Through the glass walls of her office, the BSI worker sees her make a phone call.

On one of his monitors, a RED BEACON marks the YANGON HOTEL ROSE HILL.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Sienna sits at the bar, an ice water in front of her. She faces a MIRROR. She sees the REFLECTION of Emma crossing the lobby and leaving the hotel.

Sienna finishes her water and heads upstairs.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sienna checks over her shoulder as she enters their room.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM

Sienna closes the door gently behind her.

She rummages through Emma's suitcase until she finds Soe Oo's laptop, then spots Emma's notes on the nightstand.

She flips through a couple pages full of Emma's scrawl, then fans through the rest. The SMALL SLIP OF PAPER flutters out from the stack down to the floor.

Sienna snatches it up: a LONG PASSWORD.

Computer unlocked, Sienna double clicks a file. A pop-up box appears, reading, "THE DOCUMENT NAME OR PATH IS NOT VALID."

FOOTSTEPS in the hallway, Sienna listens, on alert.

A DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS, and SHUTS a few rooms down.

Sienna returns her focus to the computer, scrolling through other folders, choosing files to check at random. Each one turns up the same message.

Sienna retrieves a HARD DRIVE from one of her drawers and plugs it in. She copies the entire drive.

The screen reads: "TIME REMAINING: 3 HOURS."

EXT. CHINATOWN OF YANGON - AFTERNOON

Emma strolls under rows of red Chinese lanterns strung across the street.

Dozens of merchant stalls set up under large umbrellas. PEOPLE crowd the streets, buying from VENDORS. Emma eyes each stand as she goes, giving a wide berth to the ones displaying raw meats.

A CHINESE-BURMESE WOMAN shuffles up the street, bent over under the weight of two small tables strung up with wire to a wooden pole resting across her shoulders. The tables carry platters of fruit for sale.

The woman's load bumps Emma, throwing the woman off.

EMMA

Pardon me, I'm so sorry.

The woman glares at Emma and shakes her head as she regains control.

A TAXI inches through the crowd. It BEEPS and Emma backs up out of its way, but the other people don't seem to notice it.

EXT. SHWEDAGON PAGODA, YANGON - AFTERNOON

Emma walks by the famous pagoda, admiring it as she passes.

A small group of YOUNG BUDDHIST NUNS with shaved heads, wearing pink robes and orange sashes ambles by Emma, watching her curiously as they pass.

EXT. MARTYRS' MAUSOLEUM, YANGON - AFTERNOON

A long RED CARPET WALKWAY leads from the street, up CONCRETE STEPS, to the plaza.

Suu Kyi kneels before the monument, praying. President Kyaw stands beside her, head bowed. An OFFICIAL SECURITY DETAIL maintains a perimeter around them.

SENIOR GENERAL MIN AUNG HLAING, rigid and expressionless, waits for them off to the side. The President leaves Suu Kyi to finish praying and goes to stand with General Hlaing.

Suu Kyi stands and crosses to join the President and General.

SUU KYI
 (in Burmese)
*Thank you, General, for meeting me
 here today.*

GENERAL HLAING
State Counsellor.

They bow to each other, slightly. Suu Kyi turns to stand side-by-side with Hlaing and Kyaw, all facing the memorial.

SUU KYI
*My father used to say that 'we are
 going to have to run, while the
 rest of the world is walking, if we
 are going to catch up.'*

PRESIDENT KYAW
*Our founding father was a great
 man.*

SUU KYI
*We will always be behind if we do
 not achieve prosperity and peace,
together. They are each unstable
 when separated.*

GENERAL HLAING
*The problems with the Bengalis are
 being handled.*

SUU KYI
*That is very good to hear. And what
 measures are being taken?*

GENERAL HLAING
*We have partnered with local forces
 to restore order in the Rakhine.*

SUU KYI
I see.

On the other side of the plaza, Emma climbs the concrete steps towards the memorial.

She sees Suu Kyi and her detail and stops, pulls out her CAMERA to snap a few photos.

Suu Kyi turns to General Hlaing.

SUU KYI

*Will you not pay your respects,
General?*

His face tightens. He salutes the martyrs' memorial.

Emma snaps another photo as Suu Kyi walks away from him, President Kyaw at her heels. The security detail goes with them, passing right by Emma.

The General turns about face and marches towards the steps. Emma lowers her camera as he comes towards her.

General Hlaing catches Emma's gaze and narrows his eyes at her. She averts her eyes.

As he passes, Emma exhales, long and slow. She goes to look closer at the memorial.

DEPUTY SOE WIN meets General Hlaing at the bottom of the steps.

DEPUTY SOE WIN

*The village operation is set to go,
sir, and the police are prepared to
move on the hotel.*

Hlaing looks at him, suddenly alarmed.

GENERAL HLAING

The hotel...

He rushes back up the steps and scans the plaza but does not see Emma. He pulls out a WALKIE RADIO.

GENERAL HLAING

*(into the walkie)
Suspect has been spotted near the
Martyrs' Mausoleum.*

EXT. HOTEL ROSE HILL - AFTERNOON

A DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS file into the hotel, weapons out.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, LOBBY

POLICE CAPTAIN MOE YAN GYI approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

CAPTAIN GYI

*(in Burmese)
What room is Emma Cooper in?*

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I apologize, but I cannot--

CAPTAIN GYI

It is a matter of State security. I need the key to her room.

The receptionist hesitates, then refers to the computer, uncomfortable.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM

Sienna paces the room.

She checks her watch, and then the computer. It reads: "TIME REMAINING: 2 MINUTES."

The door UNLOCKS. Sienna jumps.

MAID (O.C.)

Room service. Hello?

Sienna rushes to the door as the MAID opens it, blocking her from entering or seeing into the room.

MAID

Oh, I'm so sorry.

SIENNA

(whispers)

Could you come back later, please?
My friend is sleeping.

MAID

Apologies, ma'am.

The maid nods and leaves the room.

Sienna locks and chains the door, then checks out the window. She sees a SQUAD OF YANGON POLICE CARS parked out front. She looks over her shoulder at the open laptop.

There is a MUFFLED KNOCK on another door.

MAID (O.C.)

Room service. Hello?

Sienna checks the screen again: "TIME REMAINING: 60 SECONDS."

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, LOBBY

The receptionist hands Captain Gyi a key.

RECEPTIONIST
(in Burmese)
Room 436.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, STAIRCASE

The police unit climbs the stairs.

They pass the second floor.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM

"TIME REMAINING: 0 SECONDS." But the progress bar has not disappeared.

SIENNA
Come on, come on, come on!

The progress bar disappears. Sienna ejects the drive.

She hides the laptop back in Emma's suitcase, replaces the notes exactly as they were on the nightstand, and then grabs her purse and leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, HALLWAY

Sienna clicks the "down" button for the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, STAIRCASE

The officers pass the third floor.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, HALLWAY

The elevator arrives, and Sienna boards.

The elevator doors slide shut as the stairwell door BURSTS open and the police flood past.

EXT. KANDAWGYI LAKE WOODEN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Emma stands in the middle of the bridge, admiring the beauty of the lake. She checks her watch and moves along.

At the edge of the bridge, a YANGON POLICE UNIT suddenly closes in around her.

Emma, startled, holds her hands up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A small, cement box with no windows. Emma is handcuffed to a table in the center. Across from her, a metal door.

A FAN sits idle in the corner, unplugged. A single fluorescent light hangs, FLICKERING, overhead.

The ceiling is CRACKED in many places. Liquid leaks through one in a SLOW DRIP, puddling on the floor by Emma's feet.

A SECURITY CAMERA watches Emma from a corner of the ceiling.

She waits as the seconds drag on, eyes darting around the room. This is how people disappear.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Emma, drenched in sweat, slouches over the table. The door CLANKS open.

The YANGON POLICE COLONEL stands before her. He circles Emma, the hard soles of his shoes CLICKING with each slow step.

He stops directly behind her.

Emma tenses up, her breathing shallow.

YPC

Who do you work for?

EMMA

Reuters.

YPC

Why are you here?

EMMA

I was covering the trial for the journalists Wa Lone and Kyaw Soe Oo.

YPC

They were convicted. The trial is over.

He walks around the table in front of her.

YPC

Why are you here?

EMMA

That's why I was here, I swear, that's all. I fly out tomorrow.

The Police Colonel shakes his head and resumes circling Emma.

YPC

What is your connection to them?

EMMA

Wa Lone and Kyaw Soe Oo? None. I have no connection, I was just reporting on their trial.

YPC

You all work for Reuters.

EMMA

I have no connection to them. Reuters is a huge organization.

The Police Colonel crosses in front of Emma.

YPC

You were seen talking with Kyaw Soe Oo and his wife outside the courthouse immediately following his conviction!

EMMA

He recognized my press tag, that was all! We'd never even seen each other before that day!

YPC

What did they say to you?

EMMA

Nothing! He just-- he asked me for help--

YPC

Help with what?!

EMMA

Proving his innocence.

YPC

What else?!

EMMA

That was it, I swear. I swear. That was all they said.

The Police Colonel stands over Emma. She shrinks away from him without meeting his glare.

YPC

There is nothing to prove.

He turns on his heel and storms out of the room, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Sienna wanders into the lobby, carrying a couple of plastic bags of souvenirs.

The receptionist eyes her nervously. Sienna smiles at her. The receptionist turns away and busies herself aimlessly. Sienna, confused, carries on.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open and Sienna gasps, stopping dead in her tracks.

The room is turned inside-out: clothes strewn about, drawers and suitcases emptied, the beds completely undone.

Sienna rushes to check on her things: her laptop is missing. She turns to the nightstand: Emma's laptop and notes are missing as well.

She sighs and leans against the wall, taking in the room.

Her eyes snap up to the door. She darts over to it, locks it and bolts the chain.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Emma watches the small puddle by her feet ripple with each drip from the ceiling. She swallows, throat dry.

She starts to nod off, then squeezes her eyes tight, opens them and stares at the flickering light above her, unblinking.

Emma fidgets with her handcuffs and glares up at the security camera.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sienna's side of the room is tidied up; Emma's things are in one pile in the corner.

Sienna sets her alarm and looks over at Emma's empty bed. She checks the locks on the windows and the door, climbs into bed, and shuts off the light.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Emma, ragged, is slumped down in her chair, asleep.

The Police Colonel BURSTS in, waking her.

YPC
What else did Kyaw Soe Oo and Chit
Su Win tell you?

EMMA
Wha-- nothing. I already told you.

YPC
How do you know of Tula Toli?

EMMA
What? What is that?

He circles behind her.

YPC
Who told you about it?

EMMA
I don't know what you're talking
about!

YPC
What do you know of it?!

Emma sighs and slumps down again.

EMMA
I told you--

The Police Colonel SLAMS his hands down on the table,
towering over Emma. She jumps and sits up again, peeved.

EMMA
I don't know anything. I'm just a
foreign correspondent.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

The Police Colonel stares Emma down and stands up straight.

Emma watches him open the door and step into the hall. The door slightly ajar, all she can see is the colonel's back as he SPEAKS with another man in Burmese in hushed voices.

The colonel bows slightly and leaves.

Emma stares at the empty doorway in anticipation.

General Hlaing enters. He closes the door gently behind him and sits across the table from Emma.

EMMA

Can I get some water? How long're you going to keep me here?

GENERAL HLAING

What do you know of the Rakhine State, Ms. Cooper?

EMMA

Just, uh, just that it's in the western part of the country. Rural mostly, agricultural area.

General Hlaing waits for her to share more.

EMMA

Lots of temples and things, I think. Not much, really.

GENERAL HLAING

What are you doing here in Yangon, Ms. Cooper?

EMMA

I was just here to do a story on the Lone and Soe Oo trial for Reuters London.

GENERAL HLAING

Is that all?

EMMA

Yeah. My plane leaves... well it was 'tomorrow,' but--

GENERAL HLAING

Ms. Cooper. How well do you know the convicted journalists?

Emma sighs: this again.

EMMA

I told the first guy: I don't. I mean it, never met them before.

GENERAL HLAING

Then how did you come by Kyaw Soe Oo's computer?

Emma's breathing quickens, but her expression stays composed.

EMMA

I don't have anyone's computer.

General Hlaing's eyes narrow, the corners of his mouth curl into a sneer.

GENERAL HLAING

I don't believe you, Ms. Cooper.

Emma swallows.

EMMA

Well, I-- I didn't know it was his when I found it. I got it in Chinatown. From one of those street vendors. Y'know, selling odds and ends...

General Hlaing stares at her, cold, holding the silence. Emma holds eye contact, challenging him.

Hlaing's chair SCREECHES as he slides back and stands.

GENERAL HLAING

This is not your world, Ms. Cooper.

He turns and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Sienna stands in front of the door, holding her suitcases, all packed. Emma's things are still a mess.

She checks her watch and sighs. She taps her foot and watches the door.

She checks her watch again.

Sienna looks at Emma's things, shakes her head, and drops her suitcases onto her bed. She takes only her purse and leaves.

EXT. YANGON, MYANMAR - EVENING

Sienna sits on a short plastic stool at a small plastic table by a street food VENDOR, eating a bowl of MOHINGA.

A PLANE flies overhead. Sienna watches it disappear.

She nods to herself and keeps eating.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sienna sets her alarm and gets into bed.

The DOOR UNLOCKS but CLANKS as the chain stops it from opening.

Sienna bolts upright.

She grabs the LAMP off the nightstand, wielding it like a club, and tiptoes to the door.

She checks the peephole.

Sienna lowers the lamp, unbolts the chain, and opens the door fully.

SIENNA

Oh my god, Emma... What happened?!
Where've you been?

Emma stumbles in, disheveled and exhausted. She sees her unmade bed and collapses in sobs onto Sienna's bed.

SIENNA

Emma, what happened to you?

Emma turns over and props up on her elbows.

EMMA

I was walking across the lake, and--

Emma sits up, spotting her pile of things in the corner. She rushes over and rummages through it.

EMMA

They knew I had his computer...

SIENNA

'They' like, the government?!

EMMA

The police, yeah.

SIENNA
I swear I didn't--

EMMA
I know you wouldn't. You're not
that petty, that's ridiculous.

She sits back on her heels.

EMMA
It's gone. God, I should've
believed her; this is serious...
Shit! Now it's gone. They've got
it. That's it. There's something
out there.

Emma begins packing her suitcase.

EMMA
I've got to go to the Rakhine.

EXT. TULA TOLI MARKET - MORNING

DOZENS OF SHODDY STALLS are set up in two long rows opposite
each other, across a wide dirt thoroughfare.

RAJUMA HAKIM (30s), a Rohingya villager, bypasses a section
of nicer stalls run by BURMAN MERCHANTS who glare at her
suspiciously as she passes.

She stops at one where a YOUNG BURMAN VILLAGER buys a fat
piece of fish.

BURMAN MERCHANT
(in Burmese)
Two hundred kyat.

The villager hands the MONEY over and grabs the fish.

Rajuma points to two measly pieces of fish.

The Burman merchant holds up five fingers.

BURMAN MERCHANT
(sneering)
Five hundred for you, Bengali pig.

Rajuma shakes her head and holds up three fingers, adamant.

The merchant starts shooing her away. She relents and hands
him 500 KYAT from a SMALL ENVELOPE.

He takes the money, but looks at her defiantly and doesn't hand over the fish. Rajuma looks into her envelope: only 200 kyat left.

She hands him another 50. He gives her the fish and spits on the ground behind her as she walks to a stall run by MOHIB BULLAH (43), a Rohingya merchant, who's watched the exchange.

He storms out from his stand towards the other merchant, but Rajuma stops him, calming and leading him back to his stall.

Mohib grabs a SMALL BUNDLE of vegetables and rice for her. She hands him 100 KYAT for the groceries. He only takes 50.

Rajuma tries to insist on paying the normal amount, but he shakes his head and smiles.

MOHIB BULLAH
(in Rohingya)
It's on sale.

She rolls her eyes and grins.

RAJUMA
You're a fool, Mohib Bullah. May Allah reward you.

MOHIB BULLAH
Peace be with you, sister.

As she hurries away, his smile melts into a venomous glare at the Burman merchant.

INT. HAKIM HOME, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Rajuma prepares rice and vegetables over a fire. Her infant son, ABED (2), plays with a TOY on the floor beside her. Her daughter, YASMINE (4), and son, SAMAR (5), chasing each other outside.

HAMID HAKIM (40s), Rajuma's husband, sets SEVEN BOWLS and SPOONS out on the table.

She hears joyous SHRIEKS from outside and looks up.

Through the window she sees FATIMA (20s), her sister, and AMIR (late 30s), Fatima's husband, walking up the path to their home. Fatima carries their son, RASHEED (1), on her hip. Rajuma's children run up to them.

RAJUMA
(in Rohingya)
Hamid, my sister is here!

He wraps an arm around her and kisses her hair on his way to the door.

The DOOR OPENS as Rajuma divides the meal into each of the bowls.

HAMID (O.S.)
*Peace be upon you and Allah's mercy
 and blessings!*

INT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

CANDLES light the home: there is no electricity here.

Rajuma turns away from Fatima, back towards the families around the table in the other room, post-meal.

RAJUMA
 (in Rohingya, hushed)
Not tomorrow.

Fatima pulls her back.

FATIMA
We cannot stay here any longer.

RAJUMA
Where will we go? This is our home.

FATIMA
*It won't be for long, Raja. Please.
 Our brothers and sisters from other
 villages have begun to flee...*

RAJUMA
*It will pass. It's just the same as
 all the other frays.*

FATIMA
Sister, think of your family!

Rajuma advances a step and drops her voice.

RAJUMA
*They are all I think about! Do you
 think I like to send my children to
 school under Burmese names or be
 spat at in the market?! It is not
 pleasant here, but how can we make
 a life for ourselves anywhere else?*

FATIMA
Please, I beg you, come with us!

RAJUMA

Not tomorrow.

FATIMA

When Rajuma?! Amir does not want to keep waiting...

RAJUMA

And Hamid-- and I-- will not go, yet. Allah will protect us, if he wills it, sister.

Rajuma brushes her sister's cheek and kisses her forehead.

INT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Rajuma and Fatima rejoin their families at the table. Amir looks inquiringly at Fatima. She shakes her head subtly and averts her gaze.

DISTANT GUNSHOTS break the quiet outside.

The children carry on, but Rajuma looks at Fatima whose eyes beg her to reconsider. Rajuma looks away.

EXT. TULA TOLI MARKET - DAY

Rajuma passes the Burman merchants' stalls. They give her dirty looks as she passes.

She approaches Mohib Bullah's stand, but it is EMPTY. Rajuma stops and looks around. A couple of other Rohingya stalls are empty as well.

She spots a ROHINGYA MERCHANT still open and goes to his stand.

INT. HOTEL ROSE HILL, EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Bags packed, room clean, Emma and Sienna face off.

EMMA

It's not. Your. Story. We're not partners.

SIENNA

That's not what this is about, Emma! You are one westerner trying to wander around a volatile and corrupt country.

EMMA

(sarcastic)

And with you tagging along, we'd just be two westerners wandering around a volatile, corrupt country!

SIENNA

You're not invincible! God, why did I push off my flight to wait on you?!--

EMMA

I dunno, why did you?!

SIENNA

--Do you think that press tag will stop a bullet from an angry rebel or stop the police slapping handcuffs on you-- again? Yes, I'm just a westerner too, but I did get my PhD in International Relations with a focus in development in Southeast Asian countries, which you'd know if you did your job and ever asked a damned question! So I'd venture to guess I understand a little bit more about the country, which might prove useful to you. Like the fact that I made a duplicate of the computer drive to--

EMMA

You what?! You went through my things and stole the laptop--

SIENNA

I didn't steal it, I just took it out, copied it, and put it back--

EMMA

Give it to me.

Emma holds out her hand.

SIENNA

What right have you got to it?

EMMA

You obtained it dishonestly by--

SIENNA

You don't own what's on this drive.

EMMA

And you want to tell me this isn't
about whose story it is?!

Emma takes out a RECORDING DEVICE, hits RECORD, and holds it
out in front of Sienna.

EMMA

Okay, tell me what I need to know.

Sienna speaks deliberately into the device.

SIENNA

I am a free-acting person, and you
cannot control me. And I. Am going.
With you.

Sienna hits the STOP button for her. Emma glares at her.

SIENNA

You don't have friends in this
country, Emma. It'll swallow you up.

EMMA

Fine. We're going to need to travel
a bit lighter.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY, YANGON - LATER

Emma and Sienna approach the embassy, dragging their BAGS
behind them. Each wears a BACKPACK.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY, C.L.O.'S OFFICE

Emma and Sienna wait, SUITCASES at their feet, in front of
the COMMUNITY LIAISON OFFICER's desk, while the CLO fills out
PAPERWORK.

CLO

Why is this an extreme
circumstance?

SIENNA

The contents of the drive are
highly sensitive. We can't risk
sending it through the Myanmar
postal system.

The CLO looks up at them and leans forward, suspicious.

CLO

What's on the drive?

Sienna glances at Emma.

SIENNA

Um, in all honesty, we don't know--

The CLO scoffs.

EMMA

But, you've heard about the recent conviction of the Reuters journalists? We have very good reason to believe that they were actually framed as a direct result of the files on this drive.

The CLO looks at their luggage.

CLO

And what about the suitcases?

SIENNA

We can't take them with us, but we aren't coming back.

The CLO studies them.

CLO

Okay. Bags to the same address as the package? Charlie Adler, Reuters Offices at 30 South Colonnade- Canary Wharf, London E14 5EP, United Kingdom?

INT. BUS STATION, RECEPTION - LATER

Emma and Sienna stare at a LARGE DISPLAY mapping the BUS ROUTES from Yangon to various tourist attractions across the nation.

They find TULA TOLI on the map. The MRAUK-U RUINS are the closest point of interest.

Emma approaches the TICKET SALESPERSON at the desk.

I/E. BUS, MYANMAR COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Emma stares out the window at the passing landscape: fields and forests, villages and pagodas, all under sheets of monsoon rains.

INT. MYANMAR BSI, DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Khine and General Hlaing watch two BLINKING RED BEACONS slowly traverse a MAP OF MYANMAR on a LARGE MONITOR.

DIRECTOR KHINE

(in Burmese)

We have not yet been able to confirm, but their likeliest destination is the ancient ruins.

GENERAL HLAING

They must not be allowed time in the countryside. We have active operations. I need confirmation.

DIRECTOR KHINE

The pace they are traveling, including all of the stops, and the route they are taking matches the bus schedules exactly.

The General nods, eyes still on the screen.

GENERAL HLAING

Director Khine, please allow me a minute of privacy. I must make a phone call.

The Director steps outside the office.

I/E. BUS, MYANMAR COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Emma leans against the window, asleep. Sienna stays alert beside her.

EXT. REST STOP - MORNING

The bus pulls off into a muddy lot full of puddles and lined by various pop-up tent shops. A SIGN points travelers to the toilets.

STREET VENDORS beckon to the TOURISTS getting off the bus.

EXT. REST STOP, TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

Emma grimaces down at a SQUAT TOILET. MARKERS on the ground indicate where to stand. No toilet paper, no way to wash her hands.

EXT. REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Passing an INFORMATION KIOSK on her way back to the bus, Emma leafs through its PAMPHLETS and takes a couple of MAPS.

I/E. BUS, REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Sienna lets Emma into her seat, then sits and pulls out a bottle of HAND SANITIZER.

SIENNA

Need some?

Emma nods and holds out her hands.

EMMA

Thanks.

EXT. MRAUK-U - DAY

The bus rumbles up a bumpy, mud road and parks in front of a small VISITORS' CENTER building, two POLICE CARS out front. Four OFFICERS speak with a TOUR GUIDE, heated.

The TOURISTS get off the bus and head to the tour guide. Emma and Sienna hang back by the bus.

The tour guide huffs and nods to the officers, then smiles at the approaching tourists.

TOUR GUIDE

These officers have kindly agreed to escort us on our tour today--

AMERICAN TOURIST

Is it unsafe?

TOUR GUIDE

No, no, we are perfectly safe. It is just a precaution.

Three officers scan the group of tourists. One shakes his head. One is gone.

Emma and Sienna watch the group climb the mossy steps to the temple. They hear a WEAPON RAISED behind them. The fourth officer points his gun at them.

MRAUK-U OFFICER 1

You've come all this way; will you now skip the tour?

EMMA

I just wanted to get back into the bus. I, uh, I realized I forgot my camera in my backpack.

MRAUK-U OFFICER 1

You won't need it here. The temple is dark.

He shoos them on with his gun before lowering it.

INT. TEMPLE, ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma, Sienna, and the officer catch up to the rest of the group at the entrance.

The guide and tourists take off their shoes before entering. Emma and Sienna follow suit. The police officers do not. The tour guide glares at them.

TOUR GUIDE

You will need these: the Htukkanthein temple was built to be nearly windowless. Be mindful of your steps.

The tour guide hands out one FLASHLIGHTS to every two people.

SIENNA

(whispers, to Emma)
This wasn't part of the plan...

EMMA

We'll have to improvise.

The group begins the tour. Two officers guard the front of the group, and two bring up the rear.

INT. TEMPLE, HALLWAY - LATER

The hallway is dark other than the beams of light from the flashlights illuminating their steps.

TOUR GUIDE

The city was built by Buddhists and Muslims of the Rakhine, together, and was a hub for many cultures and religions to coexist before the Burmese conquered the city in 1784.

Emma pans her light up from the floor over the walls. They are lined with almond-shaped nooks displaying BUDDHA STATUES.

Sienna stumbles, and Emma steadies her.

TOUR GUIDE

I will remind you to please watch your step. We are almost to the ordination chamber.

INT. TEMPLE, ORDINATION CHAMBER

They come into a room filled with sunlight from an overhead window. The beam shines upon a GOLDEN BUDDHA in the center of the chamber.

TOUR GUIDE

Built in 1571, the Htukkanthein temple's design reflects the path to enlightenment, from darkness, into light.

EXT. MRAUK-U - LATER

The tourists board the bus. Sienna and Emma hang towards the back of the group, avoiding getting on. Emma assesses the four officers patrolling the group.

SIENNA

We can't go back.

EMMA

I know...

Emma notices the officer from earlier keeps a close eye specifically on them.

EMMA

I don't think we have a choice.

Emma feigns a smile at him and nods, prodding Sienna towards the bus. They get on, reluctant.

I/E. BUS, MRAUK-U

Emma and Sienna find their seats. Emma watches the officers go back to their cars.

EXT. MRAUK-U

One of the officers takes out his WALKIE.

MRAUK-U OFFICER 1
 (in Burmese.)
General. They are back on the bus.

I/E. BUS, MRAUK-U

Emma opens her BACKPACK, reaches for a snack, but sees a MAP from the rest stop and grabs it instead, reading.

EMMA
 There's another way.

I/E. BUS, REST STOP - LATER

The bus parks again in the dirt lot. Emma and Sienna grab their BACKPACKS and disembark.

EXT. REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

The last of the tourists get on the bus. Emma and Sienna watch from the trees as the bus drives off. It begins to RAIN.

They come out of hiding and buy a couple of TRASH BAGS from a REST STOP VENDOR.

Draping the bags over their backpacks, they begin their hike, MAPS in hand, back the way the bus came from.

EXT. RAKHINE, COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Steam rises off the shimmering landscape under a blazing sun.

Emma and Sienna, soaked, traverse a field, their shoes SQUISHING with every step. Emma keeps her distance from Sienna.

SIENNA
 Quite a view.

EMMA
 I think we're still about ten hours out... if we were driving.

SIENNA
 I feel like for all the international travel, we'd get to see more of the world than hotels, government buildings, and airports.

Emma nods absently and presses forward.

SIENNA

I suppose you're just waiting for me to get tired of talking to myself, is that it?

EMMA

Perceptive.

SIENNA

One word, is that all I get? Someone's feeling stingy... I'm starting to wish I hadn't come.

EMMA

I didn't invite you, remember.

SIENNA

It's called teasing, Emma dear. You should really brush up on your conversation-making skills.

Emma scoffs.

EMMA

Y'know, you were right. When you said I don't have any friends in this country. And that includes you.

SIENNA

And there I was, thinking we were starting to get along.

Emma doesn't respond.

SIENNA

And why is it that you refuse to engage people? Or is it just me?

EMMA

Maybe I'm just still pissed that you went through my things and took the laptop.

SIENNA

I don't buy that. You just didn't want anyone else to have it. All you talked about was getting out of here. You didn't want to investigate the laptop.

EMMA

There was nothing there.

SIENNA

Because you only work for an international organization with two floors of dedicated IT.

EMMA

Just because someone hides something doesn't mean it has value. And I did look into it, as you'll recall. Where did that lead?

Emma gestures to the wide open wilderness.

EMMA

Hiking a hundred miles in wet jeans out of... what, begrudging obligation? There's something in Tula Toli. And "they"-- the military, the government, the whole fucking country, I don't know-- but they are hiding it, and their reaction to me having the laptop was more proof of that than whatever was actually on it. That's all we need to discuss.

SIENNA

I disagree.

EMMA

Evidently.

Sienna stops in Emma's way.

SIENNA

It's not about company. I'm not lonely--

EMMA

That's a relief.

Emma brushes past Sienna, but Sienna grabs her arm.

SIENNA

So far you've given me very little to go on in the way of trust, and you may refuse to "work together," but we're all each other's got out here.

(MORE)

SIENNA (CONT'D)

We don't know this place or these people, and we don't know how serious this is, but it sure as hell could get a lot worse for us than an interrogation.

EMMA

You should be just fine, Ms. PhD. I'll handle myself.

Emma yanks her arm from Sienna's grip and continues to walk.

SIENNA

I don't wanna hear if you can take care of yourself. I wanna hear you'll take care of me.

EMMA

God--

SIENNA

--Look me in the eye and tell me the chip on your shoulder isn't going to cost me my life if things fall apart--

EMMA

--Once again. I didn't ask you to come along and protect me. You forced your way onto this "team."

They meet each other's gaze, unflinching.

SIENNA

Well that's because, out of the two of us, I'm the one with the moral compass.

Sienna breaks their stand-off to walk onward.

Emma watches her a beat before following.

EXT. RAKHINE, COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Sienna come up over a hill and see a handful of clouds of SMOKE rising across the land.

EMMA

Are wildfires common to Myanmar?

SIENNA

Chatty Cathy now, are we?

EMMA

It's what you wanted, isn't it?
Don't press your luck.

SIENNA

...In the dry season they are...
Which we are clearly not in. But
those look more contained. Farmers
burn crop stubble to prepare for
the rainy season.

EMMA

Why would they be preparing for a
season they're already in?

Sienna shakes her head, at a loss. They continue on.

INT. REUTERS LONDON OFFICE - DAY

A UK MAILMAN delivers Emma's and Sienna's PACKAGE and
SUITCASES to the REUTERS RECEPTIONIST.

INT. REUTERS LONDON OFFICE, CHARLIE'S OFFICE

The receptionist hands the package to CHARLIE ADLER, an IT
support engineer.

He opens it, reads an ENCLOSED NOTE, plugs in the drive, and
gets to work.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE, SENIOR GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A MAP of the Rakhine State hangs on the wall, dozens of PINS
stuck in it. General Hlaing refers to a LIST, removes a
series of pins, then CROSSES OUT items on the list.

Deputy Soe Win BURSTS in.

DEPUTY SOE WIN

(in Burmese)

Sir--

GENERAL HLAING

Knock, Deputy.

DEPUTY SOE WIN

*Forgive me, sir. The bus arrived
back, but those two British
reporters were not on it.*

General Hlaing SLAMS the list down onto his desk, but continues to examine the map.

DEPUTY SOE WIN

The trackers put them en route for Tula Toli. Should I send out an order to postpone the operations, sir?

GENERAL HLAING

No. The mission is our top priority.

Hlaing turns to Soe Win.

GENERAL HLAING

And, if we're lucky, they'll get swept away in it.

INT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rajuma, Hamid, and their children eat around the table.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

INT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY

Hamid opens the door to OMAR ABDUL KARIM, the village imam.

IMAM KARIM

(in Rohingya)

The Buddhists say for us to go to the river for our safety.

HAMID

No one trusts a Buddhist...

SHOUTING is heard in the distance. They look out, alarmed: ARAKAN STATE SOLDIERS close in on the village.

HAMID

Thank you, imam Karim.

INT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Hamid rushes back to the table. Rajuma stands, eyes wide.

HAMID

(in Rohingya)

We must go at once.

EXT. TULA TOLI - MOMENTS LATER

Rajuma and her family run through the village, staying low.

EXT. TULA TOLI, RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

ROHINGYA VILLAGERS are corralled on the beach. Soldiers patrol the clusters of villagers huddled together in fear.

Rajuma and her family are dragged to the river by a detachment of soldiers, who shove them into the pack of villagers.

Rajuma looks up and sees several pillars of SMOKE rising over the village. More soldiers, TORCHES in hand, join them on the beach, setting fires to the Rohingya homes as they come.

The soldiers swarm the beach and surround the Rohingya.

They advance on the villagers, dragging the men and boys inland. Amir, Samar, and Hamid are taken with them. Villagers SCREAM as families are torn apart.

Other soldiers force the women and children back into the water. Rajuma and Fatima are at the back of the group, each holding her infant son.

Yasmine cowers behind Rajuma, whimpering and clutching Rajuma's legs. Rajuma pats her hair and hushes her, soothing.

Soldiers SHOOT and SLIT the throats of the males inland, bodies collapsing in a heap.

One soldier drags a ROHINGYA WOMAN out of the water. He looks her straight in the eye for a moment, then his eyes wander down over her body.

She takes a half-step back. He grabs her and tears her dress down the front.

Rajuma clings to Fatima and Yasmine, trying to hide behind the villagers in front of her.

A BURMESE SOLDIER points to her. She freezes. He advances on her. Rajuma, Fatima, and Yasmine SCREAM for each other, grasping at the air between them as the soldier pulls Rajuma onto the shore.

She clutches Abed, but the soldier tears him from her arms and throws him onto a nearby FIRE.

Abed and Rajuma SCREAM. She lurches against the soldier's grip, towards the fire. He lets go but smacks her in the head with his gun.

CUT TO BLACK:

A large fire CRACKLES. Wooden planks SNAP and THUD as they break and crash to the ground.

INT. TULA TOLI, NEARBY HOUSE - LATER

Rajuma wakes, disoriented, and immediately chokes on SMOKE. The house is ON FIRE. She is naked, bruised, and bleeding.

Other ROHINGYA WOMEN lay unconscious around the room. Their clothes lie torn in small piles near their bodies.

Rajuma sees Fatima lying among them.

She tries to get up, but falls. She drags herself to her sister and shakes her. Fatima does not wake.

Rajuma presses her ear to Fatima's chest. Desperate, she shakes her again, more aggressively. She listens for Fatima's heart once more.

Still nothing.

With heart-wrenching SOBS, Rajuma gently holds her sister's face, then cradles her in her arms, rocking back and forth.

She looks around at the other lifeless women, searching: neighbors, friends, family.

RAJUMA
(in Rohingya)
Yasmine?! Yasm--

She chokes on the smoke in a coughing fit.

A BURNING RAFTER CRASHES down next to her.

Rajuma stands unsteadily. She stumbles to the door, falling against it. It's LOCKED. She throws herself at the door, but it doesn't budge.

Scanning the room, Rajuma spots a weak portion of one wall that has been BOARDED UP.

She kicks at the boards again and again. A CRACK opens up. Kick. It widens. Kick. Kick. Rajuma SCREAMS, but keeps kicking.

The boards fall away, leaving a HOLE just large enough that a person might be able to squeeze through.

Rajuma turns back for her sister, but her body is already eaten by the flames.

Rajuma crawls through the hole.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NEARBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The entire village is AFLAME. Piles of bodies litter the beach.

Rajuma stumbles through the maze of burning homes and into the woods lining the village.

EXT. ROADSIDE, RAKHINE - NIGHT

Emma and Sienna stagger along, exhausted and dirty.

Gunfire CRACKS faintly in the distance.

Emma shines her phone light on the map, stopping to read. She looks up and jogs a couple of paces to catch up to Sienna.

EMMA

We'll never make it on foot: we've got to find transportation.

SIENNA

We can't risk being seen.

EMMA

We can't risk them finding us again before we even get close to Tula Toli. It'll take us days to get there from this far out!

SIENNA

It's too dangerous. There's no way to know who to trust here; anyone could turn on us.

EMMA

Sienna, what do you think they'll do if they realize we weren't on that bus when it came into the Yangon station? Everything about what we are doing is risky. But if we never uncover this story, it's all been for nothing.

The LOW RUMBLE of a car grows near.

SIENNA
Are you sure about this?

EMMA
No.

Emma waves the car down. Sienna tenses.

The car slows to a stop in front of them. The DRIVER (50s) eyes them up and down, suspicious.

Emma charades her words.

EMMA
Where... are you... going?

He shakes his head, confused.

EMMA
You. Drive... to where?

DRIVER
Kyunbouk.

EMMA
(to Sienna)
Where is that?

Sienna squints at her map, lighting it with her phone.

SIENNA
Yeah. It's close.

EMMA
(to Driver)
We. Can we... go... with you?

The driver shakes his head and puts the car back in drive.

DRIVER
(in Burmese)
No, I'm sorry. I can't do that.

Sienna steps forward and puts a hand on the hood of the car.

SIENNA
(Burmese)
Please.

The man stops, stares at her, dumbfounded. Emma does too. Sienna rummages for her WALLET.

SIENNA
 (English, *Burmese*)
 We can give you... *five thousand*
kyat.

She holds the money up for him to see. He looks at it, down at her wallet, and gestures upward. Sienna pulls out more bills.

SIENNA
Seven thousand?

The driver nods slowly and gestures to the backseat. Sienna climbs in, and Emma follows.

I/E. BURMAN CAR, RAKHINE

Emma looks at Sienna, inquisitive.

SIENNA
 It's just basic words; I'm not
 fluent if that's what you're
 wondering.

Emma nods. She notices Sienna's visible exhaustion.

EMMA
 You should sleep first.

SIENNA
 You sure?

EMMA
 Yeah.

Sienna adjusts in her seat.

SIENNA
 Thank you, Emma.

I/E. BURMAN CAR, RAKHINE - DAWN

Emma watches the countryside go by out the window. Sienna sleeps beside her. A handful of pagodas litter the landscape to the right; on the left, a large river.

The driver glances up at Emma in the rear-view mirror.

Emma sees more smoke clouds rising in the distance.

I/E. BURMAN CAR, KYUNBOUK - DAWN

The driver stops the car a few miles out from the town limits. He waits for Emma and Sienna to get out.

He makes a PHONE CALL as he watches them hike up the road.

DRIVER

(in Burmese)

*Hello? Yes. I need to report
suspicious activity outside of
Kyunbouk.*

EXT. KYUNBOUK

Emma has a coughing fit as she studies the map.

EMMA

My God, one of those fires must be
really close!

Sienna glances back at the car, still parked 50 yards behind them.

EMMA

Hey, Sienna, it's fine, okay? It's
done. Whatever happens now, we just
need to get there. Come on.

A dark CLOUD OF SMOKE looms right in their path.

EXT. ROADSIDE, RAKHINE - MORNING

Emma and Sienna follow a dirt path forking off from the road.

EXT. TULA TOLI MARKET

The dirt path leads Emma and Sienna around a bend, right to the edge of the market. They freeze.

KAUNG KO NAING, (60s) a Buddhist elder, spots them. They try to hide, but he runs over to them.

He comes around the bend, one hand up, palm open, the other clutching his VEGETABLES.

NAING

It is okay! I do not wish to hurt
you. I don't want for it to happen
like that in the future. Come,
come.

He detours through the trees and beckons them to follow.

EXT. TULA TOLI, WOODS - MORNING

Rajuma, in a half-crouch, tip-toes out from the woods towards the RUINS of her village, head on a swivel.

She winces and collapses. A THICK SPLINTER is stabbed into her foot, DRIED BLOOD and MUD caked around the puncture.

Rajuma grips the splinter and jerks it out of her foot, suppressing a SCREAM. FRESH BLOOD streams from the wound. Panting, she drops the splinter and pushes herself up.

EXT. TULA TOLI

Rajuma passes through the SMOLDERING REMNANTS of burned-down homes. The air is thick with smoke.

EXT. RAJUMA'S HOUSE

Rajuma faces the ashes of her home, standing just outside of where the doorway used to be, unable to step through.

Her eyes wander over the wreckage, searching the memories of each room that's no longer there.

She takes a small, tentative step into the entryway. Her breath catches.

A breeze kicks up the ashes. Rajuma reaches out for them but they slip through her hands and are carried away on the air.

She searches for anything salvageable.

EXT. TULA TOLI, RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Piles of CORPSES dot the beach. Hundreds of slain males lay, tangled together in a bloody heap.

Rajuma is paralyzed at the sight, unable to look away, unable to breathe.

She doubles over and vomits.

She wipes her mouth and limps towards a smoldering house.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NEARBY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shaking with sobs, Rajuma lumbers over to FATIMA'S CHARRED BODY in the middle of the room.

She plunks to the floor, draping herself over the body. As she cries she tightens her embrace.

Rajuma WAILS, agonized.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

Emma and Sienna, now in LOCAL DRESS, enter the room. Naing smiles as he pours three cups of TEA.

NAING

They suit you. Sugar? Honey?

Naing sets the tray on the table, with SUGAR and HONEY bowls and hands them their cups of tea.

EMMA

Thank you.

SIENNA

Your English is very good.

NAING

I had to move out here when I lost my job. Here, the education is not as good, but I used to live in the city; that is where I learned it. Why are you so far from the city?

Emma puts her tea down.

EMMA

We're journalists. Before, you said you 'don't want it to happen that way again.' What did you mean?

NAING

I want to be transparent on this case. Last year, there were attacks.

EMMA

The terrorist attacks in October?

NAING

No. It wasn't terrorists. And it wasn't Bengalis. It has always been this way;

(MORE)

NAING (CONT'D)

there has always been violence. The military executed a group of men from the Rohingya side of the village after that. There was a story being written about it; I showed them the grave site. I never saw the article though.

Emma and Sienna share a look of realization.

SIENNA

Can you show us this site as well?

Naing shifts in his seat.

NAING

That was just the beginning.

EXT. TULA TOLI - MOMENTS LATER

The ground is only ash and blood.

There is a distinct line between the acres of rubble on the Rohingya side of the village and the perfectly unscathed homes of the Buddhist side.

Emma, taking PHOTOS, and Sienna, in shock, stand directly between the two halves of the village.

SIENNA

What is that smell?

Naing beckons them on.

NAING

Many thousands of Rohingya have fled... The official story is that they have been burning their own homes.

They pass between the remains of burned homes.

EXT. TULA TOLI, RIVER

Bodies bob up and down in the calm water.

Rajuma rubs water into the dirt, ash, and dried blood caked on her body, cleaning her wounds, including the one in her foot from the splinter.

Emerging from the river, she wrings out her hair, and goes over to the mound of massacred men.

She drags one man by the arms out of the pile, works his T-SHIRT up over his head, and puts it on.

Somewhere in the pile, something MOVES.

She freezes and looks to the source.

Imam Karim, three bullet-holes in his abdomen, strains to look at Rajuma. His eyes pool with tears.

RAJUMA
(in Rohingya)
You said we would be safe here!

IMAM KARIM
I didn't know--

Rajuma hushes him.

She cocks her head, listening.

Sneaking around the edge of the pile of bodies, she flings herself back behind it, landing on Imam Karim. He CRIES out in pain, but Rajuma covers his mouth in time. Wide-eyed, she motions for him to stay quiet.

She peeks around the edge of the pile: Naing approaches.

Rajuma gets Karim's arm around her shoulder and helps him up. They creep around the other side.

Emma stops, bracing herself on her knees, while Sienna follows Naing onto the beach.

NAING
This. It has to end.

Emma collapses. Sienna turns back, rushing to her. Emma shakes her head vigorously.

SIENNA
It's okay...

Emma looks up at her, still shaking her head.

EMMA
No. No, it's not, I can't...

She looks away, sees a CHARRED SEVERED HAND, and shudders.

EMMA
*I'm sorry I brought you out here.
What did I think I was going to
find?!*

SIENNA

"All that's necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to stand by and do nothing." D'you know who said that?

Emma shakes her head.

SIENNA

Neither do I, but if I could add anything to it, I'd say it's even worse when they don't know to begin with. Ignorance is bliss, Emma, but it's not innocence.

Sienna helps Emma to her feet.

EMMA

The truth is an ugly thing, isn't it?

Sienna nods.

Emma treads towards the mass grave.

EMMA

Where are all the women?

Naing looks up at her.

Emma turns, following his eye-line to the smoldering remains of village homes.

Several CHARRED BODIES lie within each of them.

Emma GASPS and approaches the NEARBY HOUSE.

She sees the remnants of a large fire, within which are multiple SMALL CHARRED BODIES.

This stops her.

She reaches out and caresses the burnt hand of a baby.

Emma struggles to compose herself and snaps a few PHOTOS. She whips around.

EMMA

How--?!

She comes face-to-face with Rajuma and Imam Karim, eyes wide, and freezes.

Rajuma furrows her brow, taking in the sight of a foreigner.

Emma glances back and forth between the two of them.

Naing walks around the pile of bodies. Rajuma and Karim back away from him. He sees them and stops.

Naing puts up his hands to show them he has no weapons. Emma follows his lead. Rajuma and Karim stop.

EMMA

(to Naing)

Do you have anything at the house
to clean their wounds?

NAING

Turmeric. But it is not wise to
take them to my house.

At the sound of their voices, Rajuma and Karim start backing away again.

EMMA

I thought you said it has to stop.
This is how we make it stop.

Naing makes a show of drinking from his water bottle, then tosses it to them.

It SMACKS onto the ground a few feet in front of them.

Rajuma looks at the bottle. Up at Naing. To Emma, who nods and motions for her to take it.

Rajuma stabilizes Karim, then darts out, snatches the bottle, and returns to him, all while keeping her eyes locked on Naing.

NAING

Okay. I will bring turmeric here.

He heads back towards his house.

Rajuma uncorks the cap and holds it to Karim's mouth to drink, still watching Naing. When he is finished, she takes it to drink.

Emma steps towards them.

Rajuma launches back into fight-or-flight.

Emma raises her hands higher, palms up. She points to her own abdomen and then at Karim's gunshot wounds.

EMMA

We won't hurt you. He can help you,
your wounds...

Rajuma and Imam Karim shake their heads, not understanding.

Emma points at Naing, then at the village behind her.

EMMA

I promise, we don't want to hurt
you.

She holds out her hand for them and musters up as close a
thing to a smile as she can.

Rajuma looks to Imam Karim.

INT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE, SUU KYI'S OFFICE - DAY

Suu Kyi, stoic, seated behind her desk, stares down General
Hlaing, standing.

She turns her MONITOR to face him. It displays the Reuters
online news, open to an article about a massacre of ten men
in Tula Toli.

SUU KYI

(in Burmese)

I thought this had been handled.

General Hlaing holds his silence.

SUU KYI

How did this happen?!

GENERAL HLAING

*I don't know yet. The reporter only
sent one file, but it wasn't
anything of importance. We
confiscated the computer before she
could do anything else with it.*

SUU KYI

Clearly not!

Suu Kyi glares at him.

SUU KYI

*This is not the image we want to
project. You may go.*

She takes a deep breath, composing herself.

General Hlaing closes the door behind him.

INT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE, HALLWAY

General Hlaing is met by Deputy Soe Win.

DEPUTY SOE WIN

(in Burmese)

*Senior General, sir. We've received
a tip about two foreign women
matching the reporters' descriptions
traveling in the Rakhine.*

The General grits his teeth and marches off, Soe Win following close behind.

EXT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hlaing gets into a MILITARY VEHICLE at the head of an ENVOY.

All of the vehicles speed away.

INT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE, SUU KYI'S OFFICE

A KNOCK on the door. Suu Kyi looks up.

SUU KYI

(in Burmese)

Come in!

President Kyaw enters.

SUU KYI

*Ah, President Kyaw. Thank you for
coming.*

PRESIDENT KYAW

Of course, State Counsellor.

He bows slightly and sits.

SUU KYI

*I need you to take down the
internet in the Rakhine.*

PRESIDENT KYAW

For how many days?

SUU KYI

Indefinitely.

The President huffs. Suu Kyi waits for confirmation. Kyaw shifts, uncomfortable.

PRESIDENT KYAW
As you wish, State Counsellor.

He sets a BLANK ENVELOPE on the edge of Suu Kyi's desk as he gets up.

SUU KYI
What is this?

Suu Kyi pulls a LETTER out of the envelope, unfolds it, and scans its contents. Kyaw, at the door, turns back.

PRESIDENT KYAW
*This will be my last act as
President of this administration.*

Suu Kyi looks up at him as he closes the door.

EXT. TULA TOLI, MYANMAR - RIVER - DAY

Naing returns, a LARGE BAG slung over his shoulder.

He takes out a set of CLEAN CLOTHES and sets them on the ground in front of Rajuma.

Naing looks at Imam Karim and points to the river.

NAING
(to Emma and Sienna)
Help me carry him.

The three of them take hold of his arms and legs, and Rajuma grabs him, holding him back.

He looks up at her, nods.

IMAM KARIM
(in Rohingya)
It's okay.

She lets go.

As they head for the water, she picks up the clothes, but watches them until they've passed out of sight behind the pile of bodies.

Emma, Sienna, and Naing lay Karim at the edge of the water.

Naing retrieves a stack of WASHCLOTHS, a covered BOWL OF TURMERIC POWDER, and a roll of bandage CLOTH from his bag and laying them next to Karim.

He takes out a KNIFE. Imam Karim grabs Naing's wrist and stares at him with wide eyes.

Naing holds his other hand up in a show of surrender and tugs at the imam's blood-soaked shirt. Karim takes a deep breath and nods.

Released from Karim's grasp, Naing cuts open his shirt, revealing THREE GUNSHOT WOUNDS, sticky with dark, half-dried blood.

He puts the knife away and grabs a washcloth, dipping it in the water, then wipes at the blood.

Karim GASPS in pain, but Naing keeps working-- wiping, soaking the rag, wringing it, wiping again.

Emma stares at Karim's wounds. The river turns from clear to diluted red and finally to deep crimson with each rinsing of the rag before dissolving in the current.

With every wipe, Karim winces again.

EMMA

What will happen to them?

Naing shakes his head. He lays the soiled cloth to the side and grabs a fresh one.

NAING

I suppose we should take him to my home after all.

Naing picks the knife up again and puts a calming hand on Karim's shoulder.

NAING

(in Burmese)

I'm sorry.

He pokes the knife in and digs out each bullet.

Karim does his best to stifle his SCREAMS. He focuses on deep breaths in and out.

Rajuma, in the fresh clothes, runs around the mass grave at the sound.

She HOWLS as she charges at Naing.

Just then, he retrieves and drops the bullets on the sand.

Imam Karim holds a hand up to say 'it's okay'.

She stops and kneels beside Karim.

Uncovering the bowl of turmeric, Naing pinches the powder and stuffs it into the wounds.

IMAM KARIM
(in Burmese)
Thank you.

Shocked, Naing looks at the imam. He nods his head.

NAING
There is nothing to thank, brother.

Naing continues packing the wounds.

He and Karim carry on a conversation in Burmese, while Rajuma glances back and forth between them, confused and worried, examining every move that Naing makes.

SIENNA
What are you saying?

NAING
He needs time to heal--

EMMA
How much time?

NAING
I am not a doctor. I just know he should not travel this way.

SIENNA
Travel to where?

NAING
Cox's Bazar. It is across the river, in Bangladesh. That is where the others have all gone to. Come. Carry him with me.

They lift Karim and carry him away from the beach.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karim, torso is wrapped in bandages, sleeps on a cot. Rajuma sits by his feet, watching him sleep.

Naing hands Emma and Sienna a blanket and a pillow each. They set up for sleep on the floor.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE - MORNING

Emma wakes up. Rajuma is slumped against the wall, in roughly the same position as the night before, right by Karim's cot.

The house is still and quiet.

Emma glances around, suspicious. She checks every corner of the small home, but Naing is no where to be found.

She goes back to the others and wakes Sienna.

EMMA

He's gone.

Sienna stares at her, groggy and confused.

EMMA

He's not here anymore...

The low RUMBLE of an entourage of cars approaches. They stop, wide-eyed, listening. Emma looks up to find the sound's source.

Hlaing's MILITARY ENVOY drives up to the village. Dozens of soldiers unload.

SIENNA

You don't think he...?

Naing bursts through the back door, sweaty and panting. He drops a BASKET full of fresh produce onto the table.

NAING

Come! Come! I saw them on my way back from market. You must hide.

SIENNA

What about him?

Naing looks regretfully at Karim.

The imam, now awake, stays lying down. Rajuma, holding his hand, crouches beside him. He looks at Rajuma, cupping her face in his hands.

IMAM KARIM

(in Rohingya)

You must go.

She shakes her head. Naing puts a hand on her shoulder.

IMAM KARIM

*When they find me, they will stop
searching for you.*

Rajuma, adamant, shakes her head and drapes his arm over her shoulders, pulling him up to a sitting position. He grimaces.

IMAM KARIM

Rajuma--

RAJUMA

No. We must try.

He takes a deep breath and nods. Sienna rushes to support him on his other side.

NAING

Hurry! Come now!

Emma grabs her and Sienna's backpacks. Naing takes his basket of produce, and they leave out the back door as soldiers BANG on the front door, shouting in Burmese.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

Emma, Sienna, Rajuma, and Imam Karim creep up the hill behind Naing's house.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers BANG on the door.

Naing approaches from the path behind them.

NAING

(in Burmese)

Soldiers, can I help you?

They all turn to Naing.

Two soldiers detain Naing, holding either arm, forcing him to drop his vegetables on the ground.

GENERAL HLAING

Where are they?

NAING

Who are you looking for?

GENERAL HLAING

*We know they are here. You are a
traitor to your nation.*

The General spits in Naing's face.

EXT. TULA TOLI, MYANMAR, HILLTOP

Rajuma and Sienna help Karim walk and ease him to the ground.

Hiding in the cover of the trees, Emma and Sienna sneak to the top to watch:

Emma snaps PHOTOS as General Hlaing and Naing face-off, their conversation inaudible. Naing's arms are still bound by the two soldiers.

Soldiers encircle Naing and hold their guns at the ready.

One soldier marches away from the rest, towards the hill.

General Hlaing nods to the two men holding Naing's arms and they release him.

Naing leads Hlaing and his men up the steps to his house and lets them inside.

The lone soldier stops at some trees near Emma and Sienna and relieves himself.

Emma and Sienna hold their breaths.

He zips his pants back up and turns to go.

Sienna slowly backs away. Emma follows. Leaves CRUNCH under her foot.

The soldier stops. He listens.

They duck down again and freeze.

He looks around suspiciously, turning back around to face the reporters.

He takes a step towards them, and a DEER LEAPS away through the trees. Satisfied, he turns away and walks out of sight.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

General Hlaing and his men search the house, checking every room, every closet, every chest, leaving it all disheveled when they are through.

Naing stands by the door, guarded by a low-ranking soldier.
General Hlaing marches up to Naing.

GENERAL HLAING
(in Burmese)
*These women are enemies of Burma.
If you see or hear anything, I
advise you to report it.*

He nods to his men, and they all leave the house.

EXT. TULA TOLI, MYANMAR, HILLTOP

POV: Hlaing and his soldiers get into their cars and drive away.

Sienna starts to get up, but Emma grabs her wrist and holds her back.

EMMA
Wait. Let them drive.

They sit on the hill and wait, watching as the military drives out of sight.

SIENNA
That was close.

Emma sighs and nods. Then shakes her head.

EMMA
What are we doing here?

She looks at Sienna, at a loss for words.

Emma gets up, offers Sienna a hand. They go back to get Rajuma and Karim.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sienna KNOCKS on the door, while the rest of them check over their shoulders.

POV: Naing opens the door and lets them into the house.

The soldier who relieved himself emerges from hiding in the trees at the bottom of the hill.

He pulls a RADIO out of his pocket.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

Naing hurries around the kitchen, gathering food into a satchel. Emma keeps watch by the window.

NAING
You must leave quickly.

EMMA
You're not coming with us?

NAING
This is my home.

EMMA
They could kill you for helping us.

NAING
Better that it is me...

Naing looks away at Rajuma and Imam Karim. For the first time, he stops rushing around. His back is to them.

NAING
They made us make sure they could not return.

Emma stares at Naing, confused.

NAING
The thatched roofs made the houses easy to burn: just torch the edge...

EMMA
You did this?

Naing turns around to face them, but keeps his eyes glued to the floor.

NAING
They asked us to join--

EMMA
Who is 'they'?

NAING
Soldiers, police, monks... When they ask, it is not a request.

SIENNA
It's still a choice.

NAING

They said it was for our safety...
They said Bengali terrorists would
come back if we left anything here
for them...

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Emma moves towards the window.

NAING

No! Get away from the window. I
will check.

Naing shoos them all towards the other corner of the room and
pulls the edge of the curtain back to peek out.

More KNOCKING, this time more forceful and accompanied by
MUFFLED SHOUTING in Burmese.

NAING

This way, hurry! Grab the bag.
(in Burmese, to Karim)
It is time to go.

Emma grabs the satchel.

He leads them all to the back of his house, checks out the
back window.

NAING

Go now. Do not hide, do not stop.
You must get to Bangladesh.

Emma nods. Sienna starts out the door, and the others follow
behind her.

Naing turns to go, but Emma stops him.

EMMA

Why help now?

The KNOCKING at the door intensifies.

NAING

No time: you must go!

He hurries back to the front door.

Emma stares after him for a moment as he opens it and is
immediately beaten to the floor and apprehended by the
General's men.

She rushes out the back door to catch up with the others.

Hlaing enters and marches up to Naing, who is bound and held to the floor by two soldiers.

The General crouches next to Naing, clenches Naing's jaw in one hand, and forces his face up to look him in the eye.

HLAING

You are going to tell me where they are.

Hlaing SMACKS Naing's head down into the floorboards, bloodying his nose.

He looks up and sees the back door ajar.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

As Emma runs after the others, two SOLDIERS come around the side of the house.

SOLDIER #1

(in Burmese)

They are here!

SOLDIER #2

Stop!

The soldiers chase Emma down.

Emma YELLS as they tackle her to the ground.

Rajuma looks back. She grabs two LARGE ROCKS, one in each hand, and sprints full-force back towards Emma.

She KICKS one soldier straight in the face, his head snapping back, and SMASHES the rocks into the other soldier's head.

The first soldier gets up and runs at Rajuma, now straddling the second soldier and bludgeoning him repeatedly.

Emma pushes herself off the ground and tackles him.

She scrambles to pin him down. They wrestle for control.

Emma struggles to pin his arms behind his back when the soldier trashes backward, breaking free of her grip and landing on top of her.

He gets her in a choke-hold.

She claws and pries at his arm.

He tightens his grip.

THUNK!

The soldier falls back, and Emma crawls away from him.

Rajuma, now spattered in BLOOD, is over the soldier, punching him with the rocks.

Emma looks at the other soldier: his whole face is broken in-- a bloody mess.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

Emma crawls over to the dropped satchel of food.

She looks up to see more SOLDIERS pour through the back door of Naing's house.

She scrambles to her feet and grabs Rajuma.

Rajuma jerks back, wailing more punches at the soldier. He is already unconscious.

Emma yanks her away.

EMMA

We have to go!

Rajuma wrenches free from Emma's grip. Seeing the fresh wave of soldiers, she launches the rocks at them.

She and Emma run.

INT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

SOLDIER #3 (O.S.)

They're heading for the forest!

HLAING

Don't let them reach the river!

Hlaing SHOTS Naing and storms out of the house.

Naing's body falls limp as a pool of BLOOD rises around him.

EXT. TULA TOLI, NAING'S HOUSE

Hlaing and his men pile into the vehicles and race off.

EXT. RAKHINE, FOREST

Rajuma and Emma fight branches as they sprint to catch up with the others.

Up ahead, Sienna stumbles over a tree root. Karim catches her, and they keep running.

About a hundred yards back, a group of soldiers pursues them.

EXT. RAKHINE, STREETS

Both military envoys speed through the streets.

Each car splinters off from the group, percolating the countryside, headed northwest.

EXT. RAKHINE, FOREST

Karim YELLS and winces in pain, staggers, clutching his abdomen. His wounds are bleeding.

The soldiers race towards them.

Emma, out of breath, starts falling behind.

Rajuma grabs her arm and pulls her along.

RAJUMA
(in Rohingya)
Stay with me!

The soldiers bear down on them.

EXT. RAKHINE, BEACH

Karim and Sienna break through the trees.

They pause, getting their bearings.

Sienna supports Karim as they hobble away from the forest.

Moments later, Rajuma and Emma burst onto the riverbank, Rajuma still pulling Emma by the arm.

Overtaking them, Rajuma races ahead while Emma helps Sienna with Karim.

RAJUMA
(to Karim)
This way!

The three of them chase after Rajuma as she leads them down the riverbank.

EXT. RAKHINE, STREETS

Military vehicles wind through country roads.

EXT. RAKHINE, BEACH

The soldiers tear onto the beach behind Emma, Karim, and Sienna.

Up ahead, Rajuma approaches a dock with a single rowboat.

The others are not far behind, but they move considerably slower, hindered by Karim's injuries.

Down the beach, two military vehicles drift around the edge of the forest and race towards them.

Hlaing rides shotgun in one.

Rajuma scrambles into the boat and looks back:

The soldiers are closing down on the others.

RAJUMA
(in Rohingya)
HURRY!

They all sprint for the dock, but Karim collapses, YELLING in pain.

RAJUMA
No!

Sienna turns back, and Emma stops. Imam Karim waves them on.

The cars speed towards them.

EMMA
There's no time!

Sienna makes a dash for it.

A GUNSHOT rings out. Sienna stops.

A fourth BULLET WOUND in the imam's back, lying limp on the sand.

Rajuma unwinds the tether, whipping it around and around.

More military cars arrive on the beach.

RAJUMA

COME ON!

Rajuma pushes the boat off-shore.

She climbs in and grabs an oar.

Hlaing's car bears down towards Emma and Sienna, now running towards the boat again.

Emma and Sienna splash through the water and clamor into the boat.

Only two sets of oars, Rajuma and Emma row furiously, Emma in front and Rajuma behind.

The soldiers arrive at the dock behind them.

OUT ON THE WATER:

Sienna glances over her shoulder back at the dock.

ON THE BEACH:

Hlaing's vehicle skids to a stop at the dock.

He jumps out. His men follow.

GENERAL HLAING

(in Burmese)

Fall in line!

The soldiers line up like a firing squad.

GENERAL HLAING

Fire at will!

They all raise and cock their weapons.

ON THE WATER:

Emma and Rajuma row harder, looking down the barrels of distant guns.

The oars SPLASH in and out of the water in rapid circles.

Across the water, GUNSHOTS ECHO.

The bullets SKID on the water and die.

A CRACK as one splinters an oar.

Sienna SCREAMS and ducks, covering her head.

Emma and Rajuma keep rowing.

ON THE BEACH:

GENERAL HLAING

Do not let them reach that shore!

The soldiers aim once more.

GUNSHOTS.

ON THE WATER:

SKID. SPLASH.

Emma ducks, still rowing.

THUNK. CRACK.

The boat slows.

ON THE BEACH:

Hlaing, fuming, aims his own gun.

ON THE WATER:

Sienna looks up, GASPS.

Emma looks over her shoulder at Rajuma.

She's been hit. BLOOD pours out of her shoulder near her collarbone.

Sienna scrambles over Emma to get to her.

She presses her wound.

A GUNSHOT.

THUMP.

Rajuma's eyes widen in horror.

BLOOD spews from a hole in her neck as she falls backwards into the boat.

Sienna attempts to stop the bleeding in Rajuma's neck with her other hand.

Choking on blood, Rajuma convulses in her arms.

She looks Sienna in the eye. Shakes her head.

ON THE BEACH:

Hlaing lowers his gun.

HLAING
(in Burmese)
Find more boats!

Ten of his soldiers hurry off.

The others continue to reload, aim, and FIRE.

ON THE WATER:

Rajuma lies limp in Sienna's arms, eyes wide open.

She clutches her tight.

Emma doesn't slow her rowing.

EMMA
We can't stop now! Row!

GUNSHOTS.

EMMA
Take her oars!

Sienna shakes her head.

EMMA
Sienna, do it!

SIENNA
They're gone! She dropped them.

They look across the water: two paddles bob up and down on the water.

SIENNA
Emma!

Sienna stares at Emma's arm.

Emma follows her gaze: she's been hit too. She stops rowing.

Sienna grabs Rajuma's shirt, tears it.

GUNSHOTS.

Sienna wraps Emma's wound tightly in the fabric.

SIENNA

Here.

She takes Emma's oars and trades seats with her.

GUNSHOTS.

Sienna rows as hard as she can.

EMMA

We're going too slow.

Emma looks at Rajuma's body.

EMMA

We need to lighten the load.

She looks up at Sienna.

Unable to summon the right words, she shakes her head.

EMMA

I'm sorry...

She grabs Rajuma's legs and slides them over the side of the boat, dangling them in the water.

GUNSHOTS.

Emma lifts Rajuma's shoulders, letting the weight of her legs glide the rest of her body out onto the water.

A QUIET falls over the water, the only exception being the SLAP of the oars.

They watch Rajuma's body float as they sail away.

ON THE BEACH:

Hlaing's men return, running up to the shore lugging five boats.

The soldiers have stopped shooting.

They all help run the boats to the edge of the shore and pile into the mini fleet. Hlaing sits at the head of one.

GENERAL HLAING

(in Burmese)

Push off!

Two soldiers at the back of each boat push them out onto the water, then climb in.

GENERAL HLAING

Row!

ON THE WATER:

Each boat has two pairs of oars propelling it across the river.

Hlaing leans forward, willing the boats on.

EMMA & SIENNA:

Hearing Hlaing's SHOUTS, Emma turns to look back at the shore.

EMMA

Shit!

Sienna looks up, still rowing with all her might.

Emma moves next to Sienna.

EMMA

Give me one. I'm okay: we need to move faster!

Sienna lets Emma take an oar.

EMMA

Together. Now!

Emma and Sienna heave back on the oars, not quite in sync.

They push them up out of the water and lean forward.

EMMA

Now!

They heave back.

Push them up out of the water. Lean forward.

In rhythm, they pull back.

Push the oars up. Lean forward.

HLAING & CO.:

The soldiers GRUNT in rhythm with each row.

GENERAL HLAING

Faster!

The tempo quickens: GRUNT. Reset. GRUNT. Reset.

GENERAL HLAING
Soldiers! Take your aim!

All soldiers not rowing get in position and raise their guns.

EMMA & SIENNA:

GUNSHOTS ring out.

Bullets CRACK against the boat.

SKID and SPLASH on the water.

EMMA
 Come on. Now!

Emma and Sienna speed up their pace.

EMMA
 Now!

They SCREAM with each haul.

EMMA
 Now!

SIENNA
 Emma!

EMMA
 Now!

SIENNA
 Emma, the boat! We're taking water!

Emma searches for the source of the leak: two holes towards the back of the boat, WATER SPURTS through onto the floor.

GUNSHOTS.

CRACK.

Another hole rips through the boards. WATER STREAMS in.

Emma looks over her shoulder at the approaching shore: they are still a long way off.

She looks ahead at Hlaing's boats gaining on them.

EMMA
 We have to make it!

SIENNA
 We need to plug those holes!

Emma hands the oar back to Sienna and frantically searches the boat's contents.

GUNSHOTS.

SKID, SPLASH.

Emma rips of part of her outer garment and TEARS it into pieces.

She rolls the pieces tightly and stuffs them into each hole.

The leak slows.

She cups the water in her hands and tosses it out of the boat.

Sienna heaves back on the oars.

Emma scoops the water out.

Sienna pulls back.

Scoop. SLOSH.

Push forward.

HLAING & CO.:

Hlaing's soldiers wrench back the oars. GRUNT.

Wrench back. GRUNT.

EMMA & SIENNA:

Sienna heaves back. GRUNT.

Emma scoops. SLOSH.

The plugs don't hold: water ROCKETS them out of the holes and POURS through.

Emma tries to hold the water back with her hands, but it leaks through her fingers.

She gives up and creates more plugs. WATER FLOODS in.

Sienna keeps rowing.

Emma scoops out water.

The new plugs fail too.

Sienna checks over her shoulder how far they still have to go.

SIENNA
We won't make it.

EMMA
We can't stop!

SIENNA
Emma! We. Won't. Make it.

Emma looks up at their pursuers, closing the distance.

GUNSHOTS.

SKID, SPLASH. CRACK.

More holes in the boat.

Emma stops scooping out water.

She stares with dread at Hlaing's mini fleet.

EMMA
You're right...

GUNSHOTS.

SKID, SPLASH.

JAMES
Emma, stay with me, come on!

Emma snaps out of it and looks at the shore, about fifty yards off.

Emma takes off the satchel.

EMMA
We have to swim.

Emma takes a deep breath.

She dives into the water.

Sienna jumps after her, leaving the boat bobbing behind them in the water, slowly sinking.

Kick, SPATTER. Stroke, SPATTER.

Each of them goes as fast as they can.

Hlaing and his men gain on them.

Emma and Sienna swim with all their might.

GUNSHOTS.

SKID, SPLASH.

Thirty yards.

The soldiers heave the oars. GRUNT.

Heave. GRUNT.

Emma and Sienna propel themselves on.

GUNSHOTS.

SKID, SPLASH. THUNK.

Sienna YELLS. She flounders in the water for a moment, but continues on.

The enemy fleet races towards shore.

EXT. BANGLADESH, BEACH

Emma, Sienna, and Karim reach shallow water.

They push themselves up to their feet and run, SPLASHING towards the beach.

GUNSHOTS.

BULLETS THUD in the sand around them.

On dry ground, they run up over a hill and through some woods, making it out of sight of the water.

EXT. BANGLADESH, WOODS

They all collapse, exhausted, coughing and spitting up water.

Emma takes out her notebook and peels through the soaking pages, the ink smeared across each page.

A SOGGY PHOTO of her with her husband and son sticks out from between two pages. It is ruined.

Sienna gets up.

EMMA

What now? My notes are gone. My photos are gone--

SIENNA

Is that still all you're worried about?! Those two villagers just died, Emma. Lost their lives. Forget about words on a page for a minute. Get. Up! We're not safe yet.

She pulls Emma up, but Emma collapses in pain. BLOOD oozes from a BULLET WOUND in her ankle.

Sienna pulls her up again, putting Emma's arm over her shoulder, helping her to walk.

EXT. BANGLADESH, BEACH

Hlaing and his men run their boats aground.

He jumps out and strides onto the beach.

GENERAL HLAING

(in Burmese)

Spread out! They won't be far.

The soldiers fan out and run inland.

GENERAL HLAING

Do not come back without them!

EXT. BANGLADESH, WOODS

The soldiers comb through the trees in a single line, twenty yards between each of them.

They scan back and forth with their guns, ready to aim and shoot.

EMMA & SIENNA:

Emma and Sienna stumble through the forest.

They stop and look all around. Every direction looks the same.

Continuing on, they struggle with each step.

HLAING'S MEN:

SOLDIER #3

(in Burmese)

Over here!

On the ground at his feet are several small pools of blood where Emma and Sienna stopped to rest.

The soldier looks up ahead of him, searching the surroundings.

They press forward with new energy.

EXT. BANGLADESH, WOODS - LATER

The woods are DARK now as the sun goes down.

BLOOD continues to DRIP from Emma's wounds onto the ground as they flee.

Unable to see, they reach out, feeling their way through the trees.

EXT. BANGLADESH - LATER

Emma and Sienna break out of the trees into open land.

They keep running and come across a road. Following it, they slow down.

EXT. BANGLADESH, WOODS

Hlaing's men continue searching.

SOLDIER #4
(in Burmese)
We should go back.

SOLDIER #3
We haven't found them yet.

SOLDIER #4
*We're not going to. It's too dark.
You keep going, but it's a lost
cause: they're gone.*

Soldier #4 turns back and heads away from the search party.

Many others follow, grumbling their agreement.

Soldier #3, deserted, GROWLS in frustration and follows them back to the beach.

EXT. BANGLADESH, ROAD

SIENNA

We didn't totally lose everything,
Em...

EMMA

I'm not in the mood, Sien--

SIENNA

Your notes don't matter. You're not
going to forget what we've seen,
what we've experienced...

This hits Emma. She shakes her head stubbornly.

EMMA

But without the photos, without
evidence, it's basically hearsay.

SIENNA

We still have the email and the
hard drive. Those support our
stories.

Emma nods and relaxes slightly.

INT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE, SUU KYI'S OFFICE - DAY

Suu Kyi sits behind her desk. General Hlaing stands across
from her.

SUU KYI

(in Burmese)

*We had an agreement. You were going
to get the situation under control.
Stop the slander against our
country.*

She motions for him to sit. He obliges.

SUU KYI

So tell me: what is our next move?

GENERAL HLAING

*We must go to the press. The
journalists escaped; we have to
release the truth.*

SUU KYI

*I agree: the truth must be known.
The new President Myint will
arrange it.*

Hlaing nods, stands, and opens the door.

SUU KYI
*You have not been dismissed,
 General.*

He stops and faces her again.

GENERAL HLAING
*Forgive me. What more do you need
 of me?*

SUU KYI
What is the truth we should tell?

Hlaing sits down once more.

GENERAL HLAING
*The reporters will say that what we
 did was murder. We must give the
 context.*

SUU KYI
*When we spoke last, you said those
 photos were of insurgents. What
 crimes did the other villagers
 commit?*

GENERAL HLAING
Ma'am?

SUU KYI
*There have been no further attacks
 in recent months. What were they
 punished for?*

Hlaing swallows, but holds his silence.

Suu Kyi closes the door and stands in front of it.

SUU KYI
*What can we say? They all know: the
 satellite images-- there was
 nothing left of the villages.*

GENERAL HLAING
Are you suggesting--

She turns around to face him.

SUU KYI

*I have seen it. I went for myself.
We cannot keep ignoring this, and I
will not stand by any longer. It
has gone too far. I warned you--*

The General rises.

GENERAL HLAING

*That what? What could you do?
Arrest me? Confine me to my house
for the next fifteen years? Destroy
my career? You don't want to go
back to that do you?*

Suu Kyi shrinks, her confidence crumbling.

GENERAL HLAING

You can't touch me!

He brushes past her and opens the door.

GENERAL HLAING

*And you will give a public
statement, and many more after.
Telling our truth. Otherwise,
everything we have done for our
people will be ruined.*

He storms out of the office.

Suu Kyi collapses into her chair, shaking.

EXT. BANGLADESH, ROAD - DAY

Emma and Sienna stagger down the road. Each step takes all of the energy they have.

It appears as if they haven't eaten, drank water, or slept in days.

Sienna, faint, trips and sprawls to the ground. She doesn't get up, just rolls over onto her back.

Emma tries, and fails, to help Sienna to her feet.

They check Emma's ankle wound. She grimaces and GASPS.

The skin around and inside of the bullet hole is BLACKENED. Red and yellow-green color under the skin. A mass of sticky BLOOD is caked around the wound.

SIENNA

It would have been quicker if we'd
let them catch us.

EMMA

We're not dying yet.

SIENNA

Emma...

Emma stands and scans the horizon.

EMMA

We'll follow them.

About a hundred yards off, a caravan of ROHINGYA REFUGEES
makes their way through the countryside.

Hundreds of men, women, children, and animals. They all carry
loads of food, clothes and small possessions.

EMMA

How do we do justice to all of
them...?

Emma helps Sienna up.

They hobble together towards the refugees.

EXT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT U WIN MYINT stands behind a PODIUM atop the steps
to the building.

General Hlaing and other high-ranking officers line the
stage.

Hundreds of REPORTERS gather at the bottom of the steps.
SPEAKERS are set up on either side of the crowd.

Several TV stations have CAMERAS scattered throughout.

PRESIDENT MYINT

...Then if we found the evidence is
true and the violations are there,
we will take the necessary action
according to our existing law.

He steps down from the podium and the journalists ERUPT,
shouting questions at him.

A fresh barrage meets Suu Kyi as she takes the stand.

One REPORTER pushes forward in the crowd.

REPORTER #1

What is your response to the satellite images of burned Rohingya villages throughout Rakhine?

SUU KYI

The international community...

The crowd's roar DIES DOWN.

SUU KYI (CONT'D)

The international community needs to understand who did the first attacks. If the kind of terrorist attacks that we have faced took place in London, New York, Washington, what would their media say?

EXT. KUTUPALONG REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

A vast sea of shoddy makeshift TENTS with REFUGEES cramped under them expands as far as can be seen. REFUGEE CHILDREN run around the camp.

Under one tent lie dozens of sick and wounded refugees with a few Rohingya men and women tending to all of them with meager supplies.

Another tent shelters a cluster of partial families in mourning.

Within other tents, refugees move in their few belongings, prepare and eat meals, or sit in silence.

Emma and Sienna wander through the streets of the camp.

Emma is drawn to a group of YOUNG REFUGEE KIDS drawing in the dirt. Sienna follows.

Nearing the children, they see that they are abstract depictions of violence.

One REUGEE BOY finishes the blade of a machete slicing through a stick-figure with squiggly lines emanating from it.

EMMA

Is that your village?

The boy looks up at her with big eyes.

Emma swallows and looks down at the drawing, already fading as the WIND softens the lines in the dirt.

The boy returns to his drawing, going back over the wind-softened lines.

Emma and Sienna watch in solemn silence.

Sienna turns away.

SIENNA

We should go, make the most of the daylight.

Emma nods and looks back once more at the children.

She and Sienna trek off through the camp.

EXT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The reporters CLAMOR to be heard. The same reporter as before rises above the rest.

REPORTER #1

Do you have any comment in response to the UN's sanctions against the military?

Suu Kyi looks at Hlaing. He stares her down.

She takes a deep breath before answering.

SUU KYI

Every action our military has taken is for the protection of our people and the stability of our nation.

Suu Kyi staggers back from the podium, shaking.

She turns on her heel and strides quickly into the building.

President Myint assumes the podium.

PRESIDENT MYINT

That's all the time we have for questions. Thank you.

Keeping her head down, Suu Kyi avoids eye-contact with Hlaing as she passes him.

He turns and follows her, the other officers falling in line behind him.

EXT. COX'S BAZAR, BANGLADESH - DAY

Emma and Sienna emerge from the refugee camp and face the outer limits of the city.

They venture on.

EXT. COX'S BAZAR, STREETS - LATER

Emma and Sienna trudge through the streets, still bloody and disheveled. Passersby give them a wide berth as well as confused and agitated looks.

Up ahead, they see a hotel.

INT. COX'S BAZAR, HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The DESK ATTENDANT waits impatiently behind the desk while Emma types a phone number into the LANDLINE.

RING. SILENCE. RING. SILENCE. RING. CLICK.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

You have reached the voice mailbox
of--

WHITMER (O.S.)

Mr. Harold Whitmer--

Cooper holds the phone down.

SIENNA

Think he'd call back?

EMMA

God, I hope so.

She holds the phone back to her ear.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

--Hang up, or press '1' for more
options.

BEEP.

EMMA

Hey, Boss. It's Emma Cooper. And Sienna James. Uh, can you give us a call back at this number when you get this? We could use a couple of flights home... alright, bye.

Emma replaces the phone in the holder and hands it back to the attendant.

EMMA

Any chance we could use a shower?

ATTENDANT

Are you booking a room?

EMMA

No, thanks.

Emma and Sienna sit in the lobby and wait.

They stare at the phone on the desk.

It RINGS.

Sienna jumps up.

ATTENDANT

(into the phone)

Hello, thank you for calling Hotel Mishuk in Cox's Bazar. How can I help you today?

The attendant listens for a moment.

ATTENDANT

Yes. What are the dates you will be staying with us?

Sienna sits back down. They get comfortable.

INT. COX'S BAZAR, HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Emma and Sienna slouch, half-asleep, in the couches.

The desk attendant claps her hands.

ATTENDANT

Excuse me. You cannot sleep here. If you are not booking a room, I must ask you to exit the building.

She holds her hand out, motioning to the door.

EMMA

Please. We are waiting on a call. It's urgent.

The attendant shakes her head.

ATTENDANT

I am sorry. You must go.

EXT. COX'S BAZAR, HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Emma watches the desk attendant through the glass doors.

Sienna plops down to sit on the side of the road and puts her head in her hands.

SIENNA

If we ever make it back, we're going out for drinks. On me.

Emma gives up and sits by Sienna.

EMMA

If it weren't for you, I'd be safe at home, getting ready to publish an insignificant article, ignorant of the ugly truth behind it.

A phone RINGS, muffled.

The hotel door opens.

ATTENDANT

A Mr. Whitmer is on the phone for you.

INT. COX'S BAZAR, HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma holds the phone to her ear, tears of joy pooling in her eyes.

EMMA

Mr. Whitmer?

INT. LONDON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Emma and Sienna descend an escalator to the 'Arrivals' area where MR. WHITMER, (50s) their boss at Reuters waits to greet them, his face full of concern.

EXT. LONDON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Whitmer helps Emma and Sienna into his car.

WHITMER

You said hospital; I would've had the paramedics waiting to take you in an ambulance.

SIENNA

No, no, it's alright, boss. It's not too far.

INT./EXT. WHITMER'S CAR

Whitmer gets into the driver's seat as Emma and Sienna CLICK their buckles.

WHITMER

I hope you write bloody good stories after this.

EMMA

We were pursuing a lead, sir.

SIENNA

Did you get the drive I sent you?

WHITMER

In Bangladesh?!

EMMA

No, the western coastal region.

WHITMER

Yes, where did you get that?

EMMA

That was the lead. It's why Wa Lone and Kyaw Soe Oo were arrested.

WHITMER

And did it turn out?

SIENNA

Genocide.

He looks back at her, shocked, then turns his attention back to the road.

WHITMER

Is there evidence?

EMMA

Everything was lost in the river.

Whitmer falls silent for a moment, processing.

WHITMER

You might have at least told me
what you were doing.

EXT. LONDON, HOSPITAL

Whitmer's car skids to a stop outside the Emergency Care Unit
entrance.

He gets out and rushes to help Emma and Sienna.

INT. LONDON, HOSPITAL - LATER

Emma types rapidly.

INT. REUTERS LONDON, WHITMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sits in front of Whitmer's desk.

Whitmer summons a list of emails sent to his computer screen.
They are all from Emma.

Each one is an article, with titles like, "Rohingya Recount
Atrocities: 'They Threw My Baby Into a Fire'," "Ethnic
Cleansing Cover-Up by Nobel Peace Prize Laureate," etc.

WHITMER

What are all of these?

EMMA

The nations shouldn't finance a
government that condones these
things. The survivors are the ones
we should be supporting.

WHITMER

You wrote all of these? Already?

EMMA

Hospitals are boring. Will you
publish them?

Whitmer glances over the list again.

WHITMER

You may have gone way outside the
bounds on this one, but I'd be a
fool and a devil not to run these.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Emma gets home, drops her keys on the counter, and kicks off her shoes.

She stares at the expensive, first-world home. Warm, fancy, safe.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Emma curls up in bed, cozy, and slowly breaks into sobs.

INT. REUTERS LONDON, EMMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma scrolls through headlines on her computer that announce global powers criticisms of Myanmar and State Counsellor Suu Kyi.

Some headlines proclaim the retraction of honors Suu Kyi has been awarded in the past.

One headline stands out: "Nobel Committee Not to Rescind Suu Kyi's Peace Prize."

Sienna comes in and closes the door.

Emma looks up.

SIENNA

Did you see?

EMMA

That the Nobel Committee won't take a stance or that the UN is calling for Suu Kyi's resignation but not sending aid to the refugees? Yes and yes.

Sienna stops, a little put out.

SIENNA

Yeah, I saw those too... But some people are sending help.

Sienna SLAPS a newspaper down on her desk-- not a front page article.

The headline reads, "Sesame Street to Start a Foundation for Rohingya Refugee Children."

Emma picks up the article and scans through it.

EMMA

An education program for the kids
in the camps... the formative
years...

SIENNA

Not all news is bad news.

Sienna leaves Emma's office.

Emma reads the article more thoroughly, then looks back at
her computer screen.

It displays a video of Suu Kyi passing through a sea of
reporters on her way into the Foreign Minister's Office
building.

Suu Kyi ignores all questions and continues on into the
building, shielded by soldiers.

CUT TO BLACK.

**SUPER: "Concepts such as truth, justice, and compassion
cannot be dismissed as trite when these are often the only
bulwarks which stand against ruthless power."**

SUPER (beneath the quote): --Aung San Suu Kyi