

AMONGUS

By

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Based on true events

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOLDOVA - DAY

Twigs of branches are heard snapping. Exotic birds chirp back and fourth.

A women's hand rest on a tree. Naked feet shuffle across the dark brown soil.

Enormous Vegetation surrounds the path being followed. We are smack dab in the heart of the country side. Lantern's are seen swinging with the pace of the group, illuminating the way.

A small mixed group of villagers lead the pack while a priest and nun follow along. The villagers are primitive people lost in the fragment of time.

FRANCESCO (36), dressed in traditional priest clothes walks a few steps ahead. ELISABETTA (25), dressed in traditional nun attire. They both speak in Italian.

FRANCESCO

This should be an easy baptize.

ELISABETTA

I hope easier than this hike. Have you ever been to Moldova?

ELISABETTA pulls out an handkerchief to pad her forehead.

FRANCESCO

Yes, but I never been this far into the country side.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

A MIDWIFE (55), walks up to Francesco and Elisabetta as they finally reach the remote village.

MIDWIFE

Thank you so much for coming.

FRANCESCO

No need to thank me for doing the lords work. This is sister Elisabetta, she's going to be assisting me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDWIFE

Everything you need is inside.

The midwife, Francesco, and Elisabetta walk towards the house.

FRANCESCO

Is the family happy about the additional member of there household?

MIDWIFE

Yes and no.

FRANCESCO

Why yes and no?

CUT TO:

INT. ZORE'S HOUSE - DAY

The midwife opens the door. A Pregnant ZORE (13), lays in bed. Zore's MOTHER (32), and SISTER (19), aid Zore in the living room.

The house is small with no rooms. Short sounds of moaning flood the space. The volume moves from low to loud.

Zore's mother holds her hand, tightly gripped, praying beads hang from the clasped hands. The moaning becomes chaotic.

MIDWIFE

Yes, because every life is precious. No because she is too young to be a mother.

ELISABETTA

How did this happen? Who is the father?

FRANCESCO

Sister!?

ELISABETTA

Forgive me.

MIDWIFE

It's the talk of the village.

ELISABETTA

I don't mean to gossip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDWIFE

No, It's not gossip if it's true.
She doesn't know the father. She
say's God. Everyone else believes
man.

ELISABETTA

What do you say?

MIDWIFE

I say...The child is due any
minute.

Zore screams. Francesco and Elisabetta begin praying
harmoniously. Zore's sister is revealed on the other side of
her while she endures the painful labor.

The midwife begins to pray with Francesco and Elisabetta.
YOUNG ADEN (19), white American enters the room with buckets
of water.

ELISABETTA

Americans?

MIDWIFE

Some are in the village, to help
build a hospital.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights inside the house flicker.

CUT TO:

INT. ZORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is full of woman except for Francesco and Young
Aden. Zore screams.

YOUNG ADEN

Why are the lights flicking? I put
gas in generator this morning.

Zore screams louder.

MIDWIFE

The baby is coming. I need all men
to leave.

The lights go off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDWIFE

And can someone put gas in the generator.

Francesco leaves.

YOUNG ADEN

I can.

Young Aden leaves. Zore screams.

MIDWIFE

That's it push Zore.

As the baby's head begins to crown from Zore, all the lights in the room begin to flicker.

Elisabetta and the midwife give one another a look but continue to pray.

The midwife begins to become frightened, shocked at what she see's coming out from the young girl's womb. A violent shake fills the room. The lanterns begin to tremble.

The lights come back on. The baby is born

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: AMONGUS

FADE IN.

EXT. TRAINING - DAY

The sound of gasping for air floods the room. Winded. Breathless. A female voice is heard counting.

FEMALE VOICE

7...8...9

The focus is on a stop watch, the ticking. The movement. The hand ticks away seconds. The female, Magdalena Dominguez, is tense, sweaty, wide-eyed with concentration. Mid-20's, trim, very pretty. She's panting and sweating as she completes a series of push-ups and sit-ups. The instructor is counting and encouraging her to keep going.

INSTRUCTOR

Come on, you got this! Push through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After she finishes her last push up, she falls flat on the floor exhausted. As she rolls on to her back she rubs the medallion around her neck. A golden cross.

The instructor approaches with a helping hand.

INSTRUCTOR

You got all the heart and grit you can ask for Mags. The potential is off the charts.

MAGDALENA

I couldn't finish that last round though. I gotta be consistent.

INSTRUCTOR

Stop being so hard on yourself. You'll be fine.

MAGDALENA

The way you do one thing is the way you doing EVERYTHING.

Magdalena nods. She is unsatisfied. Determined to elevate her training. She begins to do another round of push ups.

INSTRUCTOR

Your insane, you know that.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN RANGE - CONTINUOUS

A pair of black shoes come into focus. As we follow the feet they enter a building. The sounds of gun fire ring throughout the air, reverberating with each pull of the trigger. As we move from the feet to the body, the shape of a women begins to take form. She sets down her gear and approaches the firing line, donning eye and ear protection. She takes a deep breath and steadies herself, lifting her service weapon.

Her black Kevlar armor fits comfortably around her upper body. Her arms are toned. She's in tip top shape. Her thick hair is piled under a baseball cap. A Glock 22, clutched in her right hand, hovers by her ear. She raises a speed loader, in her left hand, locks it into her cylinder, cracks it into place.

She begins firing at a target down range, the loud shots echoing through the range. The camera cuts between the cop's face, showing her intense focus, and the target, which has neatly grouped shots in its center.

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