

PATCHWORK
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EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CHYRON: BAKU, AZERBAIJAN

A young Azerbaijani man (RESHAD, 20s, bearded, burly) steadily carries two heavy buckets, their lids sealed with duct tape, to a car.

Another Azerbaijani man (ZIYA, 20s) opens the passenger door and pulls the front seat forwards. Reshad loads the buckets into the back seat.

A lanky teen (PANAK) approaches, bearing two buckets as well. He trips on the uneven sidewalk. Ziya leaps out to steady him.

Panak snickers nervously. Ziya snaps at him in Azerbaijani.

Panak regains a poker face and loads his buckets into the car.

Behind them, standing in the front door of a ground floor apartment in a crumbling building, is AZAD (early 30s). He cuts a long and lean silhouette against the dim yellow light inside.

Azad is breathtakingly gorgeous. If circumstances were different, he'd be a model for GQ. He takes a drag on a cigarette as he watches the proceedings.

INT. RESHAD'S CAR - NIGHT

The three men secure the buckets in the backseat with a web of seatbelts and bungee cords.

Ziya runs a wire from one of the buckets to the front seat of the car.

EXT. STREET

The three men finish and gently shut the doors.

Azad comes to them, maintaining a stoic exterior.

AZAD
*May Allah, subhanahu wa-ta'ala,
guide your hand.*

Reshad and Ziya nod firmly and get in the car.

Azad and Panak watch them drive off.

INT. RESHAD'S CAR

Reshad drives stoically. Ziya, while trying to maintain a tough expression, prays softly to himself.

In the back seat, the buckets jostle gently against their straps. One of the seatbelts SLIPS over the top of one of the buckets. The bucket rocks back and forth much more loosely than the others.

A cat DARTS out from the side of the road right in front of their car.

In a knee-jerk reflex, Reshad SLAMS on the brakes.

The loose bucket CATAPULTS forwards.

EXT. STREET

The car EXPLODES.

INT. AZAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

A shitty, tiny apartment. The floor is uncluttered and the small bed in the background has been crisply made, but permanent stains splotch the threadbare carpet.

Azad sits on a metal folding chair in front of a small TV that rests on a plastic crate. The Turkish news channel he's watching flickers and blurs.

Panak squats behind the TV, adjusting the cable, but the image and sound just flicker even more. He looks at Azad apologetically.

Azad waves it off.

Panak moves away, takes a seat on the floor next to Azad's chair.

Azad glances at his cell phone. He dials angrily. An outgoing voicemail message plays, followed by a BEEP.

AZAD

(menacingly)

*Where are you? Call me back
IMMEDIATELY.*

He claps his phone shut.

He presses a button on the remote, skimming through channels. It flips past an image of a car fire, which Azad immediately flips back to.

Fire RAGES from Reshad's car in the middle of a wide boulevard. Firefighters spray it down with a firehose.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 (from TV, in Azerbaijani)
*...traces of a highly volatile,
 homemade explosive were found in
 the back seat--an explosive
 commonly used in terrorist
 attacks...*

Azad buries his head in his hands.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CHYRON: MCLEAN, VIRGINIA

MEGAN (late 20s, a wholesome mid-Western girl with mousy brown hair) sits in a car parked at the side of the road. A bluetooth headset is affixed to her ear.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Megan's eyes continuously scan the street and her rearview mirror.

A car stops at the intersection in front of her.

MEGAN
 (into her bluetooth)
 Target spotted. I'm on it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Megan's car revs into gear. She switches her headlights on.

The light changes. The car advances through the intersection. After a few beats, Megan's car follows.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Megan keeps several car lengths away on the deserted street.

MEGAN

Kyle, you wanna take over?

KYLE (O.S.)

(from Megan's headset)

You got it.

EXT. STREET

Another car speeds up alongside Megan. Megan turns down a side street.

The other car--Kyle's--continues after the target car.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - LATER

Megan drives, away from the action.

GIRL (O.S.)

Megan, are you close? I'm getting a little hot here.

MEGAN

I'm coming...

She speeds down the street, searching frantically.

She takes a sudden turn and finally spots the two cars.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm here. Sorry.

Yet another car turns off.

Megan keeps the target car a safe distance ahead--maybe a little too safe: it's nearly a block in front of her.

The car turns left.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

She guns it down the street.

KYLE (O.S.)

What happened?

MEGAN

He just made a left. Trying to catch up...

She swerves left.

Her target is nowhere in sight.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

She looks down side streets as she passes them, but the car has vanished.

She turns back to find that the car she's been following has turned RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.

She SLAMS on her brakes, but it's too late: she PLOWS right into it.

The DRIVER turns around and throws up his hands: what the fuck?

Megan closes her eyes, mortified.

GIRL (O.S.)

What happened? Megan? You find him? Hello?

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

CHYRON: CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Megan sits in front of a desk, looking like a schoolgirl called into the principal's office.

The DIRECTOR of the training program (50s) sits at his desk across from her.

DIRECTOR

You know... of all the ways I've seen this exercise bungled...

He laughs wryly.

Megan flushes with shame.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If this had been an actual operation, you would have not just blown the operation itself, but destroyed years and years of work, not to mention having jeopardized your own life and that of any agents involved.

His eyes drill into hers.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Are you aware that you're in last place on the course?

Megan pales.

MEGAN

No, I didn't know.

DIRECTOR

To be honest, I don't know what you're doing here. You have poor judgment...

He leafs through her file on his desk.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

...weak people skills, you're a terrible liar!

Megan looks away, crushed. But she knows it's true.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Your teachers seem to think you have a lot of dedication, and that you're going to--somehow--be able to muscle your way through the rest of the course. But I'm not sure how far "dedication" is gonna get you in the field.

MEGAN

Well, I'm still learning and practicing as much as I can, so I hope to get much better before I'm assigned...

DIRECTOR

You know, even our top recruits have a hard time making it through their first tour. So when it comes to assigning you, I'm thinking, what's the point? Frankly, you're the type who cuts their tour short, comes back here and gets on a desk.

Megan looks devastated.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

So I'm gonna give you a chance to prevent a waste of your time and ours: you can opt out of the rest of the course and jump straight to the desk job.

Megan fights tears.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

There's nothing wrong with it. Life in the field sucks. Believe me, I know. It's lonely. The stress, the constant paranoia... A lot of people find it more rewarding to work here, me included. You can actually have a life here.

Megan takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

MEGAN

I know I did really badly on this exercise--

DIRECTOR

On most of the exercises, looks like.

MEGAN

Okay, but I KNOW I can do better. I'll work harder.

DIRECTOR

Working harder doesn't give you better judgment.

MEGAN

But experience does. Just give me one more chance, and if I fail the next exercise, then fine, kick me out. But if not...

The Director eyes her dryly, considering this.

INT. HEYDAR ALIYEV INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Megan walks through the lobby of the airport, past a gauntlet of Azerbaijani TAXI DRIVERS shouting their services in broken English. She smiles at them awkwardly.

INT. CAR - DAY

Megan sits in the passenger seat, looking out the window at the run-down buildings of Baku.

They pass several carpet merchants in a row, the merchants having draped their intricately-woven carpets over everything--dilapidated walls, the sidewalk, even cars.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Megan starts up the steps to her new place, carrying a suitcase and a backpack.

Her ride squeals off behind her.

The facade of her new apartment building is splotted with different hues of paint, with most windows broken or boarded up.

Megan eyes it, but is not surprised.

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM

Megan unpacks her bags in her new room.

Her window looks out on a row of similarly ramshackle apartments in the dying twilight.

In the streets below, dogs BARK, kids SCREAM.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Several armed soldiers stand at the front gate. A US flag hangs limply from a pole.

Megan gives her credentials to a SECURITY GUARD at the front kiosk.

INT. EMBASSY LOBBY

Megan stands, waiting for the elevator. A PAUNCHY GUY (40s) carrying a couple thick files comes over and waits for the elevator as well.

PAUNCHY GUY
New to the embassy?

MEGAN

Yeah.

PAUNCHY GUY

Welcome.

MEGAN

Thanks.

The doors open, and they go in.

INT. ELEVATOR

Megan looks the buttons over to figure out where to swipe her keycard, does so, then presses "5". The guy presses "6".

PAUNCHY GUY

Fifth floor, huh?

MEGAN

Yeah.

PAUNCHY GUY

It's all right: it's pretty much an open secret here.

MEGAN

(laughing)

What, visas?

The guy smiles conspiratorially.

PAUNCHY GUY

Sure. "Visas."

(beat)

So if you're not in the CIA, then what are you doing on the fifth floor?

MEGAN

Look, I dunno. It's where they sent me, all right?

The doors DING open to the fifth floor. The guy strides out, his demeanor changing from affable to all business.

PAUNCHY GUY

That was your first test and you failed.

Megan scurries to catch up with him.

MEGAN

What?

INT. CIA OFFICES

The guy continues marching into the windowless office.
Megan follows.

PAUNCHY GUY

"I don't know" isn't much of a
cover story. "What are you doing
in our nuclear research facility?"
"I don't know; they sent me here."
Hope you're capable of coming up
with something better than that.

He holds out his hand.

PAUNCHY GUY (CONT'D)

Ron Michaelson.

Megan looks at him in shock and shakes his hand as if
meeting a movie star.

MEGAN

Megan.

Without his friendly persona, Ron has the leathered look
of a consummate veteran. The only thing soft about him
is his paunch.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I just wasn't on guard
there--

RON

That's exactly when they get you.
Come into my office for a second.

He goes to a nearby door when JASON (30s) strides up to
him. This guy is ripped: his delts bulge through his
button-down shirt. He looks just like what he is: an ex-
Navy SEAL.

JASON

SALL is a go in about two minutes.
We got satellite.

RON

Well, shit.

Jason and Ron head down the hallway. Megan just stands
there, unsure of whether to follow.

Ron realizes she's still back there and waves her on to come with them.

She jumps forward, a little excited.

INT. SITUATION ROOM

They come into a mini situation room, not much bigger than a walk-in closet. On an LCD screen hanging on a wall is the display of a live satellite feed of what looks like any suburban boulevard, lined with buildings and trees.

A TECHNICIAN sits at a computer.

Jason, Ron, Megan and a few OTHER GUYS stand, watching the screen.

Suddenly, a fiery explosion MUSHROOMS from the building in the center.

Panicked PEOPLE start STREAMING from the building. A group of other people actually run toward the building--weilding machine guns, mowing down any escapees in their path.

Every so often, someone chucks a grenade, and there's a smaller EXPLOSION--ripping into building and flesh alike.

Megan glances at everyone else for cues as to what to think, but they give her nothing. They watch stolidly.

Just as the combatants run to getaway cars, police cars pull up, COPS jump out and start FIRING AWAY. It's a massacre.

The survivors continue getting into the getaway cars and speed off.

A beat.

Ron claps Jason on the back.

RON

Good work.

JASON

Thank you, sir.

Ron turns to find Megan standing on his other side.

RON

Right. Megan this is Jason,
Vitaliy, Iman, Steve.

The guys all wave, say hi. Megan can barely say hi back before Ron leaves the room. She follows him out.

INT. CIA OFFICES - HALLWAY

Megan struggles to keep up with Ron.

RON

We've been working with the Southern Azerbaijan League for Liberation, mainly to cultivate enough of a nuisance to keep Iran busy, hopefully distracted from their nuclear armament program.

MEGAN

(unsure of what to say)
Ah. Cool.

Ron reaches his door, unlocks it.

RON

Lynette will get you situated, have someone show you your cover job downstairs. Top priority for you is going to be the Ministry of "Energy", aka oil, keeping tabs on whether they're making deals with Russia instead of us. You'll get your predecessor's old files. He didn't leave you much, but it'll get you up to speed.

MEGAN

Great.

Ron goes into his office. The door slams shut.

Megan stands there, a smidgin disillusioned.

INT. CIA OFFICES - MEGAN'S DESK

Megan sits at her new desk, reading through thick files labeled "SECRET".

She straightens and takes a deep breath to wake herself up.

Behind her, Iman and Steve work at their own desks.

Ron emerges from the hallway with Jason.

RON
(to Iman and Steve)
Let's go.

Iman and Steve get up and follow Ron and Jason out of the office.

Megan looks after them, a little heartbroken, like a puppy left out in the cold.

INT. FILE ROOM

Megan stands at an open filing cabinet, looking through files.

Something she reads grabs her interest and she pores over it quickly, then excitedly pulls out a couple more files.

She examines a couple pictures--an ID photo and a candid shot--of DILARA (early 20s, pretty).

Clipped to an open file is a shot of Azad.

INT. CIA OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM

Megan, Ron, and her co-workers sit around a large table.

MEGAN
...and I was thinking of checking
out the reception this Friday at
the Turkmenistani Embassy.

Jason yawns.

RON
All right, good. Steve?

MEGAN
Uh, well, I had one more thing to
mention.

Ron looks back at her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I was reading through my predecessor's files, and apparently he'd run some surveillance on a guy who may have been behind the failed suicide bombing last June--

RON

Wait, wait, what does this have to do with the price of oil in Azerbaijan?

MEGAN

Well, nothing, but in terms of terrorism, it could be significant.

RON

We already ran surveillance on him. Didn't find anything.

MEGAN

Right, but it could be worth checking out whether he's been active since then. MI5 stopped investigating one of the London bombers because they didn't find anything on him, either--

RON

Well, we can't run continual or even intermittent surveillance on every guy who's ever crossed our radar--

MEGAN

Well, one of his associates has a sister about my age. I was thinking I could go through her. Maybe I'll pick up something that surveillance couldn't.

Ron considers this.

RON

All right, check her out. But the Ministry of Energy is still your top priority.

(sarcastically, more to himself)

We can't have gas going over four bucks a gallon again....

Megan smiles, excited.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Megan parks an old beater across the street from yet another dilapidated apartment building.

Megan looks the building over and watches, waiting.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Megan catches sight of Dilara coming out of the building, wearing a knee-length skirt and a blouse, chatting away on her cell phone.

Megan watches her go down the block, then gets out of the car and starts following her on foot.

Megan sees Dilara disappear into a cell phone store.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Megan sits at a table, sipping Turkish coffee.

She glances across the street at the store.

Inside, Dilara talks to customers.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

Megan enters the store. It's a sad little affair, filled with grungy display cases and blingy accoutrements. Dilara chats with her COWORKER (male, 30s), who smokes.

Megan starts perusing the wares.

When Dilara finally looks over at her, her chatting stops and she eyes Megan in surprise. She goes over to her.

DILARA

You like?

MEGAN

God, is it that obvious that I'm American?

DILARA

(laughing)

Yes.

MEGAN
I could be Russian, couldn't I?

DILARA
(laughing)
No.

Megan jokingly pouts.

DILARA (CONT'D)
(re: the cell phone Megan was
looking at)
You like this?

MEGAN
Yeah, let me check that one out.

Dilara unlocks the display case and hands the cell phone to Megan. Megan examines it.

DILARA
This is good, but...

She pulls out a different cell phone--a smart phone.

DILARA (CONT'D)
This... very better.

Megan takes it.

MEGAN
Ooh, nice.

DILARA
And you want like this.

Dilara pulls out her own cell phone, which is entirely bedazzled.

MEGAN
Wow! I do want like this, yes.

Dilara's coworker rolls his eyes.

LATER

Dilara rings Megan up at the Soviet era register. Megan stands across from her, cell phone and bedazzling materials in hand.

DILARA
Two hundred fifty manat please.

Her co-worker raises an amused eyebrow at her.

Dilara shoots him a look: do not say anything.

Megan doesn't bat an eye and pulls a credit card out of her wallet.

MEGAN

All righty...

Dilara swipes the card.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You know, I have a quick question,
if it's not too much trouble: I
just moved here--I work at the
American Embassy--

Dilara looks at her wide-eyed, freezing in the middle of giving her card back.

DILARA

You do visa?

MEGAN

Yeah! God, can you tell that too?

Megan motions for her credit card.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Are you...?

Dilara pulls the credit card back.

DILARA

No, there is American Embassy
discount.

Dilara's co-worker laughs to himself.

MEGAN

Oh, no, you don't need to do that.

Dilara starts punching away at the register.

DILARA

No! Is okay! Discount for
American Embassy!

MEGAN

All right, if you insist! I'm not
gonna stop ya!

Dilara hands her card back with a proud smile.

DILARA

Is only two hundred manat.

MEGAN

Well, thank you, that's real sweet of you. Well, as I was saying, I just moved here and want to explore beyond all the touristy places, you know? Is there anything you would recommend?

Dilara looks at her, not understanding.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(louder, slower)

What are some good places should I go to?

DILARA

Ah. There is Sekspir in Fountain Square--

Megan makes a quick note of it on a notepad.

MEGAN

Is it dangerous?

DILARA

(laughing)

No!

MEGAN

Really? Even if I go alone?

DILARA

No, is okay.

MEGAN

Are you sure? I'd make someone at the embassy go with me, but everyone I've met there so far has been totally lame.

Dilara just nods sympathetically.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't be up for showing me around at all, would you?

DILARA

Me?

MEGAN

Why not?

Dilara considers this.

DILARA
You like dance?

MEGAN
Of course!

DILARA
I dance tonight--you want come?

MEGAN
Absolutely! And, hey, it's all on me!

Dilara looks at her in confusion.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I'll pay for the drinks,
everything.

DILARA
Oh no no!

MEGAN
No, please, it's the least I can
do in return for showing me
around--and for my "American
Embassy discount".

Dilara makes eye contact with her co-worker, smiling sheepishly.

Megan just smiles, apparently none the wiser.

INT. MEGAN'S DESK - DAY

Megan's computer screen features a report on Dilara, complete with one of the candid shots of her.

Dilara's codename is listed as "PATCHWORK".

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan, in a swanky get-up, sits in her parked car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dilara, in an even swankier get-up, emerges from her apartment building, TABRIK (late 20s, tall, in a black windbreaker) in tow.

Tabrik stops Dilara to kiss her gently.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan watches this. Aw.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dilara pulls away from Tabrik with coquettish dismissal and heads towards Megan's car. She waves to Megan.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Megan walks through the door with Dilara and Tabrik.

It's a total hole-in-the-wall, with a disco ball sparkling over a mass of dancing bodies.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dilara introduces Megan to a gaggle of her similarly garbed FRIENDS.

They all slam down shots at the bar.

They dance the night away on the dance floor. Dilara dances closely, romantically with Tabrik.

They slam down yet more shots.

INT. CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Megan gets up from the toilet, checks the gun strapped around her thigh. All good. She pulls her dress down over it and pats it fondly.

INT. CLUB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan staggers out of the bathroom, almost plowing into a GUY making out with a GIRL against the wall.

MEGAN
(drowned out by the loud
music)
Sorry.

She makes eye contact with the guy: it's Tabrik. She looks at the girl. She is not Dilara. Megan's eyes widen.

Tabrik smiles at Megan lasciviously.

Megan moves on.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Megan saunters over to the bar, next to Dilara. Dilara gleefully hands her another shot. Megan takes it unenthusiastically.

Dilara downs her shot.

Megan looks Dilara over, trying to figure out what to do. Finally, she slips drunkenly, spilling her drink all over Dilara.

Dilara squeals, jumping back.

Megan apologizes profusely.

Dilara shakes her head--whatever--and heads to the bathroom. Megan follows.

INT. CLUB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan comes into the hallway, seeing Dilara watching Tabrik and the girl in shock.

She taps on Tabrik's shoulder. He looks up, doesn't appear to be surprised to see her. He speaks to her for a second, then continues making out with the girl.

Dilara bursts into tears and starts hitting him in puny futile strikes. He pushes her away, hard, sending her to the floor.

Megan rushes to help Dilara up.

MEGAN

What the hell was that??

DILARA

(between sobs)

He say... she is girlfriend
also... She always is girlfriend.

MEGAN

She's been his girlfriend the
whole time you've been going out
with him?

DILARA

Yes, and he say, if I want be girlfriend, is okay.

MEGAN

He thinks you should be okay with that?

Dilara nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Tabrik heads back to the dance floor with the girl, but Dilara, enraged again, goes after him, trying to claw at his face.

He throws her off, furious, and starts pummeling her with his fists.

Dilara shrieks, crouching down, trying unsuccessfully to fend off his blows.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY!

Tabrik pays Megan no mind.

Megan's fist slams into the side of his head.

Tabrik turns to her, stunned, and tries to slug her back, but she evades him and doles out a nice front kick to the chin. He collapses, knocked out cold.

Dilara, blood dripping from her lip, looks at Megan, stunned.

Megan smiles modestly and helps her up.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dilara shows Megan around the sand-colored stone buildings of the Old City of Baku.

They look over a carpet merchant's wares.

They drive through the countryside of Azerbaijan with a couple of Dilara's friends, Megan snapping pictures.

And, of course, they dance the night away in a club...

...and down tons of shots.

INT. DILARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan slumps in an armchair, Dilara on a couch as they come down off their buzz.

Dilara's living room is occupied with mismatched furniture and a couple posters on the walls depicting various Turkish stars.

Megan's cell beeps. She pulls it out--the sparkle-covered one she bought from Dilara--looks at the message and laughs.

DILARA

What is?

Megan shakes her head, laughing again.

MEGAN

My brother. Private joke.

She translates "private joke" into Azerbaijani. Dilara nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You have a brother? Sister?

DILARA

Brother.

MEGAN

You guys get along?
 (off Dilara's blank look)
 You like him, he likes you, you talk...

DILARA

Ah. No.

MEGAN

Really? How come?

DILARA

He not want see me.

MEGAN

What? Why?

DILARA

He is very religious. I am not.
 He does not like.

MEGAN

That's too bad.

DILARA

Yes.

MEGAN

Well, it's not like there's anything wrong with being religious.

Dilara shrugs.

A few beats.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You know, this one time my brother got into drugs--this drug called meth. It's really bad. And I told him to stop, of course, but like he's gonna listen to me and suddenly reform his life, right? But then he dropped out of high school and got really thin and stopped talking to me... so I got really worried.

DILARA

What you do?

MEGAN

I started doing meth.

Dilara looks at her, confused.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I know, most people would have just tried to make him stop--but I thought, you know what? I'm his sister. I don't want to become his enemy. The only thing that'll change is that he'll stop talking to me. And I didn't want to find out one day, after not having seen him for years, that he overdosed and died. I wanted to be there with him to stop that from happening.

Dilara seems to contemplate this seriously.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I didn't do a lot of it. Just enough to make him think I was on it.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And we were together all the time,
and we talked about everything,
and he eventually realized that he
was doing meth as a way to avoid
all the things he was scared of,
so I helped him with all those
things and he eventually stopped
doing meth.

Dilara shakes her head in disbelief.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He's about to graduate from
college now.

DILARA

You are crazy.

MEGAN

Maybe I am, but it worked, so who
cares?

Dilara falls into self-reflexive thought, looking
troubled.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you could do something like
that with your brother. Become as
religious as him...

Dilara laughs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

...and maybe you guys will be able
to reconnect.

DILARA

He will not believe.

MEGAN

I dunno, if you're devoted for a
long time, he has to believe it
eventually, right?

Dilara looks unconvinced.

INT. DILARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dilara sits on her bed in her tiny bedroom.

She dials a number on her cell.

ILKIN (O.S.)
 (on phone, a serene voice)
What do you want?

DILARA
Just to talk.

INT. ILKIN'S ROOM - DAY

A small, Spartan room. ILKIN (mid-20s, lean, with a scraggly beard) gets up from a prayer rug.

ILKIN
About what?

INT. DILARA'S ROOM/INT. ILKIN'S ROOM - INTERCUTTING

DILARA
How are you?

ILKIN
The same as before. Are you still cavorting about like a slut?

Dilara grits her teeth.

DILARA
No. Are you still working at the refinery?

ILKIN
Yes.

DILARA
Still hanging out with Kamil and Turqut?

ILKIN
I guess you could call it "hanging out", yes.

DILARA
What do you call it?

ILKIN
Praying.

Dilara hesitates for a beat.

DILARA
I started reading the Qur'an again.

Ilkin laughs.

DILARA (CONT'D)

I have. I'm serious. It's been... really helpful.

ILKIN

Oh yeah? How?

DILARA

Well... I broke up with Tabrik because he wouldn't marry me.

ILKIN

That's what you get for having relations before marriage.

DILARA

*(between clenched teeth)
Yes. That's exactly what the Qur'an helped me realize.*

ILKIN

Praise be to God. It's a miracle that at least some cleanliness has entered your soul.

Dilara's jaw drops. She hangs up on him.

INT. RON'S OFFICE

Megan sits across from Ron. She looks at her notes, rubbing her eyes, which are heavy from sleep deprivation.

Ron smirks at this knowingly.

MEGAN

Things with PATCHWORK are progressing. I feel like she's getting to trust me.

RON

Good.

MEGAN

But I've tried to steer the conversation to her brother, and she won't go there. I think I'm gonna have to recruit her if I'm gonna be able to talk about it more directly.

RON

Great. What's your pitch?

MEGAN

That by helping us, she's helping her brother.

RON

And if that's not enough?

MEGAN

She's expressed interest in getting a visa.

RON

You think she values a visa above her brother?

MEGAN

It's just an extra incentive--

RON

I think you're gonna end up having to do a little arm twisting on this one. She's not a KGB vet; she's a civilian. She's not gonna step outside the zone of safety she's lived her whole life in, even for her brother, unless she absolutely has to.

MEGAN

So what, tell her we'll kill her if she doesn't cooperate?

RON

No, no, no. Come on.

Megan thinks for a second.

MEGAN

Well, she's not exactly in favor of terrorism, so maybe appealing to her sense of--

RON

Idealism is not gonna work on this girl. You seriously think she gives a shit? She doesn't care what happens in the world as long as she can party every night.

MEGAN

Okay, then what sort of arm-twisting are you thinking?

RON

I dunno, something like: if she refuses, we'll have no choice but assume she's a terrorist herself and investigate her as such.

Megan looks at him, stunned.

MEGAN

Isn't that a little hardball for a "civilian"?

RON

It's just the right hardness of ball for a civilian.

MEGAN

Don't you think it might violate the trust I've established?

RON

That trust is useless if she won't work with you.

Megan thinks this over.

INT. DILARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dilara and Megan sit on the couch, eating from pints of ice cream.

MEGAN

So have you talked to your brother yet?

Dilara shakes her head at the memory of it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

DILARA

He say same thing. I say yes, you are right, he still say same thing.

MEGAN

Well, it takes time. Did he mention anything else?

Dilara shakes her head.

They eat their ice cream.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You know... my country's always
trying to learn about... you know,
what your brother might be getting
involved with.

Dilara gives her a look.

DILARA

He is not involve in nothing.

Megan takes a breath.

MEGAN

I know what he's involved with,
Dilara.

Dilara looks at her in confusion.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I wasn't able to tell
you this before, but...

Megan quickly gets up and snaps on the radio--TURKISH
MUSIC plays.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You mind if I just turn this on?

Dilara shrugs, perplexed.

Megan turns it up, then sits back down. She leans in
closer to Dilara.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So... I work for the CIA.

Dilara looks at her in shock, then busts out laughing.

DILARA

That is good joke.

Megan smiles.

MEGAN

No, seriously, I do.

DILARA

You are James Bond?

Megan laughs.

MEGAN

He's MI6, so no.

DILARA

Good, because I am KGB.

MEGAN

Really?

Dilara laughs, amazed that Megan bought it.

DILARA

No!

MEGAN

Seriously, are you in the SVR?

DILARA

No!

Dilara realizes Megan is serious.

DILARA (CONT'D)

You are CIA spy?

MEGAN

I'm in the CIA, but I'm not a spy.
I work with spies.

DILARA

You torture people?

MEGAN

Are you kidding? Me? Seriously?

Dilara looks unconvinced.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well, anyway, so, we have evidence
that your brother has been in
contact with a suspected
terrorist.

DILARA

No.

MEGAN

I'm sorry. I've seen the pictures
myself.

DILARA

CIA think everyone is terrorist.

MEGAN

I can see how you'd think that,
but it's not true. Believe me, we
wouldn't be wasting our time on
him if we didn't think that....

Megan trails off. Dilara looks at her, hurt.

DILARA

I am waste of time?

MEGAN

I didn't mean it like that.

DILARA

(laughing with the
realization)
You buy cell phone because you
think my brother is terrorist.

Megan smiles at her apologetically.

MEGAN

I love it, I really do.

Dilara shakes her head in disbelief.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So will you help us?

DILARA

What I do?

MEGAN

Get closer to him. Tell us what
he's up to.

DILARA

He will never--

MEGAN

I'll help you with that.

Dilara thinks, shell-shocked.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Honestly, if you help us, you
could save his life. If you help
us take out his group, he won't
have anyone to engage in terrorist
activities with. And in return
for your help, we won't arrest him
no matter what he does.

Dilara laughs in disbelief.

DILARA
CIA will not arrest terrorist?

MEGAN
That's the deal. We do it all the time.

A beat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Well? Are you up for it?

Dilara looks at her: are you crazy??

MEGAN (CONT'D)
You know, you've mentioned that you're interested in a visa to America. We can set you up with that--

DILARA
I spy on brother, CIA kill him--

MEGAN
We don't want to kill him!

DILARA
...then I go to America? I go to Disneyland?

Megan smiles. Ron was fucking right.

MEGAN
Okay, Dilara, your refusal will be seen by some at the agency as evidence that you're in this terrorist group, too.

DILARA
Me?

MEGAN
I know, it's ridiculous, but that's gonna stop them from investigating you.

DILARA
I do nothing!

Megan shrugs. It's out of her hands.

MEGAN

Your choice is either to work with us--and help save your brother's life--or not work with us and risk your own.

A beat.

DILARA

Get out.

MEGAN

I know it's crazy--

DILARA

Get out!

Megan looks her over sadly, then heads out.

As Megan goes out the door, Dilara CHUCKS the pint of ice cream at her. It explodes against the wall.

INT. RON'S OFFICE

Ron sits at his desk, looking through a file.

Megan enters.

MEGAN

Well, I played your wild card.
She still freaked.

RON

All right. Pin something on her.

MEGAN

What??

Ron looks at Megan.

RON

What?

MEGAN

You... you want me to frame her
for something?

RON

That's what you threatened, isn't
it? You can't just drop it; you
gotta follow through.

Megan looks at him in shock.

MEGAN

I won't. I won't do it.

RON

All right, I'll get Jason to do it.

MEGAN

What? No--

RON

Do you think this group poses a threat?

MEGAN

Possibly--

RON

Then what's the problem?

MEGAN

I'm not gonna scare the living bejeezus out of an innocent girl just for an investigation--

RON

Then you can get back to Turkmenistan Embassy receptions.

Megan purses her lips.

RON (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, did you finish the report on the new Minister of Energy yet?

MEGAN

No.

Ron looks up at her. Well?

She leaves.

INT. CIA OFFICES - JASON'S DESK - DAY

Megan leans over Jason's desk, trying to show him the candid shots of Ilkin as Jason works on a report. One of the shots is of Ilkin and Azad.

Megan flips to a shot of Ilkin having a suspicious conversation with a SHADY CHARACTER.

MEGAN
(re: shady character)
Any idea who this is?

Jason reluctantly looks.

JASON
The milkman.

Megan gives him a look.

MEGAN
Any idea what he's buying from
him?

She points out something the man is handing over to Ilkin
in a shifty transaction.

JASON
Looks like weed.

MEGAN
(suppressing her frustration)
So you didn't find anything on him
in terms of weapons deals or
anything like that?

Jason shakes his head.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Is there any way I can show these
to PATCHWORK?

JASON
I don't care if you show them to
your dentist.

Megan leaves, annoyed.

EXT. DILARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan bangs on the door, her cell at her ear. The other
line RINGS.

MEGAN
Dilara, please!

A recording of Dilara's voice gives the outgoing message
in Azerbaijani. BEEP.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 (in a low voice)
 Dilara, I'm serious, I HAVE to
 speak to you. You know that thing
 I said might happen? Well, it's
 gonna happen if you don't talk to
 me.

Megan hangs up. Sags by Dilara's door.

LATER

The door finally OPENS.

Megan bolts up.

Dilara stands just inside. She lets Megan in.

INT. DILARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan sits next to Dilara on the couch. The LOUD TURKISH
 MUSIC is on again.

MEGAN
 They're working right now to pin
 something on you--to have you
 arrested, interrogated, I don't
 even know.

DILARA
 I do nothing!

MEGAN
 I know. But I want to show you
 something.

Megan pulls out the photos from her bag.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 I could get in such deep shit for
 showing you this, so please,
 promise me you won't tell anyone.

Dilara shrugs.

Megan shows her the photo of the shifty transaction.
 Dilara gasps at the clear shot of Ilkin.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 (pointing at the shadowy
 character)
 This guy is a known weapons
 dealer.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

The CIA has been tracking him for years--in France, Jordan, Egypt--and he apparently came to Baku for the explicit reason of selling a huge shipment of C-4. We have reason to believe that this transaction was giving Ilkin's group a sample before they accepted the whole shipment.

Dilara shakes her head, her eyes wide, trying not to believe it.

Megan flips to the next photo. It's a gruesome shot of a horrifically burned body amid a scattering of debris and shrapnel. Dilara quickly turns her head away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

This is one of the victims of the London bombing. One of the bystanders. I can't show you any pictures of the bombers' bodies because they were incinerated immediately. Now, if you had a chance to go back in time to before this happened and tell one of the sisters of the bombers what to do, what would you tell her?

Dilara shakes her head, her eyes filling with tears.

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron sits across from Jason, discussing something, the door open.

Megan pokes her head in the door.

MEGAN

(casually)
I got PATCHWORK.

She heads off.

Ron and Jason just look at each other.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Megan sits with Dilara on the couch. She opens a small case and pulls out a long, plain SCARF PIN.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Megan pops out a small memory card from the scarf pin.

Dilara nods.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dilara stands at a mirror, putting on a hijab. Megan stands behind her, watching.

Dilara tries to fasten it, but then stops, trying to remember how to do it. She corrects herself, trying again. Megan smiles.

MEGAN

Here, I got it.

Megan takes over and fastens it expertly. Dilara looks at her in surprise.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Megan shows Dilara where to squeeze the scarf pin to turn the microphone on and off.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Megan watches Dilara across the room, pretending to fiddle with the purse. But in actuality...

HIDDEN CAMERA POV

...she's taking picture after picture of Megan.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan nods approvingly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dilara crosses the street, looking behind her as if checking to see if anyone is following her. She looks a little unsure of herself, a little freaked out.

On the other side of the street, she comes up to Megan.

MEGAN

Did you see anyone following you?

DILARA

No.

Megan points down the street at Iman. He waves at them.

Dilara looks disappointed.

MEGAN

Let's try it again.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dilara and Megan sit on the couch. Megan plugs Dilara's cell into a digital tape recorder, puts an earbud running from it into her ear, then hands Dilara the cell.

Dilara looks at it, takes a breath, then dials.

ILKIN (O.S.)

(from phone)

I can't talk to you.

DILARA

Why not?

INT. SAFE HOUSE/INT. ILKIN'S ROOM - INTERCUTTING

ILKIN

*I only answered to tell you that I
can never speak to you again.*

Dilara looks at Megan in alarm, who also looks a bit worried.

DILARA

Ever?! Why?

Megan scribbles a few Azerbaijani words in big letters on a notepad and holds it up to Dilara.

SUBTITLE: "I understand!!"

ILKIN

You're a negative influence.

DILARA

What?? I didn't say anything--

Megan shakes her piece of paper emphatically.

ILKIN

I have to go.

DILARA

Wait! I understand why you don't believe me!

Silence.

DILARA (CONT'D)

Hello?

ILKIN

What do you mean?

DILARA

I've lived my whole life acting improperly, so I, I understand why it's hard for you to believe that I've changed, but I'm trying to, I swear.

Megan nods encouragingly, as if this is something they went over prior to the call.

A few beats.

ILKIN

Okay, what do you want? Money? And dad wouldn't give you any?

DILARA

No! I don't want anything. I just thought you'd be happy to hear that--

ILKIN

So you're just saying all this to make me happy?

DILARA

No--

ILKIN

Then you're a hypocrite.

DILARA

How can I prove it--

ILKIN

And I can't talk to hypocrites.

DILARA

Ilkin, please!

She looks at her phone. He's hung up. Dilara bursts into tears.

DILARA (CONT'D)
I am sorry. I try.

MEGAN
Call him back.

Dilara reluctantly dials again. The phone just rings, and a standard digitized outgoing VOICEMAIL MESSAGE comes on.

Dilara just shakes her head.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Text him. Say something like "I'm sad I'll never hear from you again, but thank you for what you've done for me. I'll pray for you at Friday prayer."

Dilara looks skeptical, but sends the text.

They wait.

Dilara's cell rings: Ilkin is calling back. Dilara excitedly answers.

DILARA
Thank you so much, Ilkin--

ILKIN
Where are you going for Friday prayer?

DILARA
Abu-Bekr.

Ilkin sighs.

DILARA (CONT'D)
What's wrong with Abu-Bekr?

ILKIN
That place is full of hypocrites.

Megan holds up her notepad again.

SUBTITLE: "Take me where you go."

DILARA
Where should I go, then?

Ilkin sighs, thinking.

ILKIN

*Meet me at my place at seven on
Friday.*

Megan smiles like a child on Christmas day.

DILARA

Thank you, Ilkin.

ILKIN

God be with you.

He hangs up.

Dilara looks at Megan.

Megan smiles at her.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Megan's car rumbles to a stop in a garbage-lined, grimy alley.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan sits at the wheel, Dilara in the passenger seat with her new camera-outfitted bag and wearing the hijab, pinned with the microphone/scarf pin.

MEGAN

So I'll see you next week, 11pm,
right here.

Dilara nods, but lingers in the car. Megan shifts impatiently.

DILARA

I did not see Ilkin since long
time. He is very different....

MEGAN

You're just going to Friday
prayer. That's all you have to
do.

DILARA

Yes, I know, but it will be
strange, I think--

MEGAN

I know, but Dilara, I'm sorry, we
can't stay here this long.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

We're gonna have to talk about it
next time.

Dilara nods, hurt. She opens the door and gets out.

Megan watches her go as if about to call her back, but
turns back with a sigh and drives off.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Dilara--wearing the hijab, carrying her purse, and sans
makeup--walks down the dingy hallway to a door. She
knocks. She adjusts her microphone/pin nervously, as
though making sure it's in place.

The door opens. Dilara snatches her hand away from the
pin.

Ilkin stands in the doorway, taking in this new Dilara.

He nods, apparently satisfied, and heads out.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

The "mosque" is really no more than a converted
storefront. A couple MEN entering and exiting the front
entrance wear traditional clothing--white flowing shirts
and white caps.

Ilkin and Dilara approach. Dilara grips the handle of
her bag.

HIDDEN CAMERA POV

The hidden camera snaps a couple shots of the mosque's
front and a couple men walking in.

Ilkin points down a narrow concrete pathway between the
mosque and the building next to it.

ILKIN

*The women's entrance is down
there.*

DILARA

Thank you.

ILKIN

God be with you.

DILARA

You too.

Dilara smiles the most modest, grateful smile she can muster up.

Ilkin turns away towards the main entrance.

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

Dilara enters the small room. The floor is covered with musty, dark purple carpet, and the walls are blank.

Two OLD WOMEN wearing long skirts and head scarves sit at the front of the room. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN greets Dilara with a warm smile.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Welcome.

Dilara tries to smile back. She takes a couple photos of her.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

Dilara comes up from a deep bow. She shifts on her knees with a wince, her folded legs having become unbearable to sit on.

The middle-aged woman DRONES PRAYERS IN ARABIC in the b.g.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Dilara walks back down the narrow corridor to the front entrance of the mosque. A couple men depart from the front door quickly.

She tries to peer through the front doorway, but can't make out anything in the darkness.

Ilkin comes out with ORKHAN (20s, chunky, friendly-faced). As soon as Orkhan sees Dilara, he lowers his gaze.

ILKIN

(to Dilara)

Let me guess. It was boring.

DILARA

No, it was wonderful.

Ilkin looks unconvinced.

ILKIN
(to Orkhan)
This is my sister, Dilara.

Orkhan waves awkwardly, only allowing himself to glance at her.

ORKHAN
I'm Orkhan.

Dilara nods. Snaps a few pictures of him.

Something catches Ilkin's eye: Azad, wearing Western-style slacks and a button-down shirt, comes out of the mosque and heads down the street.

ILKIN
Just a second.

Ilkin jogs after Azad. Dilara watches.

Orkhan takes a few steps away from Dilara, his gaze still lowered. Dilara notices this and rolls her eyes.

Ilkin gets no more than a few words out when Azad cuts him off. He whispers a few angry words to Ilkin and then continues down the street.

Ilkin comes back to Dilara and Orkhan, ashen.

ORKHAN
He's not in a chatty mood, is he?

ILKIN
Shut up.

He brushes by them. Orkhan follows him sheepishly.

Dilara looks back at Azad's parting figure, then heads after her brother.

INT. DILARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dilara sits on her bed, a laptop in front of her. She pulls open the scarf pin, revealing the memory chip. She presses it into a device connected to a USB port.

INT. CIA OFFICES - MEGAN'S DESK - NIGHT

A dark, quiet office. Only a couple of fluorescent ceiling lights are on.

Megan sits at her desk, fidgeting as a file downloads.

Finally, she puts her headphones on and hits play.

She hears the mic CRACKLE to life, followed by the sound of a DOOR OPENING.

Megan smiles excitedly.

ILKIN (O.S.)
(on recording)
Let's go.

The distant sound of FOOTSTEPS.

Megan clicks open the file of digital photos and starts looking through them. All of them are dark, blurry or both.

Megan's smile fades.

MEGAN
Fuck!

She comes to a full-in-the-face shot of Orkhan. She looks him over but doesn't recognize him and clicks to the next one: a full-length shot of Azad, half of his face exposed as he looks over Ilkin's shoulder.

Megan smiles victoriously.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Ron and Megan are at a food stand a ways down from the entrance to the Embassy. The FOOD STAND VENDOR serves up a plate of steaming *pirojki*s--meat-stuffed dumplings--to Ron. Ron pays him, thanks him in Azerbaijani.

Ron and Megan head back down the street to the entrance at a leisurely pace.

Ron holds out his plate of *pirojki*s to Megan.

RON
Want one?

MEGAN
No, I'm okay, thanks.

RON
Have you had these things yet?

MEGAN

Yeah.

RON

What's wrong with you?

She smiles and takes one.

MEGAN

Thanks. So she's been asking her brother if she can be in the actual group for months and he just keeps denying it exists. Meanwhile, I've got a fantastic collection of blurry photos.

Ron smirks.

He suddenly does an about-face, grabbing Megan's arm and pulling her in the other direction.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What was that?

RON

Hopefully nothing.

BOOM!! An EXPLOSION goes off behind them, at the embassy's security gate. Ron ducks down, shielding Megan. They get spattered with bits of debris and shrapnel.

The SCREAMS start. Ron and Megan look back, squinting through the smoke. Flames flicker madly from a car and a security kiosk.

BYSTANDERS run to the aid of the INJURED lying in the street. Scattered bodies lie motionless.

BOOM! Another explosion goes off, this one at a second security gate around the corner. The scene duplicates itself: screams, chaos.

Megan gapes. Ron observes.

RON (CONT'D)

Huh.

(to Megan)

Call the office and tell everyone to get the fuck out of there.

Megan nods and pulls out her cell.

INT. TEMPORARY CIA OFFICES - DAY

Megan and her co-workers, including some ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF, hastily set up shop in an office that looks more appropriate for a second-rate accounting firm. They hook up phones and computers, haul in file cabinets, nail up corkboards.

Ron is right in the thick of things, hauling boxes off a dolly, wincing as he torques his back.

Iman leans against a bare desk, on the phone.

IMAN

(announcing to everyone)

The "Islamic Defense Forces" have claimed responsibility.

STEVE

What the fuck is that?

VITALIY

Nothing.

RON

Not anymore.

Ron strides to his new office.

RON (CONT'D)

Jason.

Jason follows Ron in.

Megan watches the door close behind them. She pulls out her cell, brings up Dilara's number. So tempting. She successfully fights off the urge and pockets her phone.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Megan sits at her temporary desk, looking through articles on the attack on her computer. She jots down info into a notebook--using some sort of shorthand.

Behind her, the row of TV screens broadcast 24-hour news channels--CNN, FOX, BBC--all of which are covering the bombing.

Vitaliy and Steve sit at nearby desks.

VITALIY

(to Steve)

Have they made their demands yet?

Megan perks up, listening. Steve flips through his notes.

STEVE
(summarizing)
For Azerbaijan to cut off its oil
trade with America...

Vitaliy scoffs.

STEVE (CONT'D)
...for the Jews to give Palestine
back to the Palestinians--

VITALIY
Same shit. Got it.

Megan thinks this over, then turns back to her computer.

INT. ILKIN'S CAR - DAY

Ilkin drives. Dilara sits in the passenger seat.

DILARA
*Ilkin, come on, aren't I a
hypocrite if I don't help?*

Ilkin doesn't respond.

A few moments of silence go by.

ILKIN
*You shouldn't speak to me in this
way. "Good women are the
obedient."*

Dilara burns with anger.

DILARA
I'm sorry.

Silence.

ILKIN
Orkhan is coming over today.

DILARA
Why?

ILKIN
He's considering marrying you.

DILARA

WHAT?!

Ilkin shoots her a look.

DILARA (CONT'D)

Sorry. But I'm not interested.

ILKIN

You don't even know him.

DILARA

I've met him.

ILKIN

So you're not attracted to him.

DILARA

No.

ILKIN

Attraction is irrelevant. All that matters is that he's religious and can support you.

DILARA

Dad will never approve of it.

ILKIN

He's not worthy of consulting on matters like this.

Dilara shakes her head in disbelief.

ILKIN (CONT'D)

The earlier you get married, the better. It will help prevent you from lapsing back into sin.

Dilara looks out the window sullenly.

INT. ILKIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dilara and Orkhan sit across from each other. Ilkin sits on the couch between them. This room is just as spare as Ilkin's bedroom: the furniture worn, the walls blank.

Orkhan looks at Dilara, nervous.

ORKHAN

I have a job.

Dilara looks back at him, unenthused.

ORKHAN (CONT'D)
*I'm a machinist in a cement
 factory. I don't make much--about
 twenty thousand a year--but it's
 enough for a family. I'm very
 kind. I would never hit a woman.
 I love children.*

Dilara purses her lips, trying to prevent herself from saying anything.

ORKHAN (CONT'D)
You like kids?

A beat.

DILARA
No.

ILKIN
*What are you talking about??
 (to Orkhan)
 She loves kids. She used to
 babysit the kids next door all the
 time when we were growing up and
 they all loved her.*

ORKHAN
*Oh, good.
 (to Dilara)
 Do you like to cook?*

DILARA
No, I hate cooking.

Ilkin shoots her a look.

ILKIN
She's a great cook.

DILARA
You've never even had my cooking!

ILKIN
*I'm sorry. She can be
 disrespectful at times.*

ORKHAN
That's okay.

He smiles at her. Dilara looks at him, surprised and confused.

ORKHAN (CONT'D)
So what do you like doing?

DILARA
Praying.

ORKHAN
Of course. Anything else?

DILARA
Reading.

ORKHAN
Really? What have you been reading recently?

DILARA
The Qur'an.

Orkhan exchanges a smile with Ilkin: she's a keeper.

Dilara notices this with dismay.

LATER

Megan sits at her computer with a photo of an Azerbaijani guy.

She clicks through Dilara's photos and stops on one. A guy entering the mosque clearly has the same profile as the guy in the other picture.

INT. RON'S TEMPORARY OFFICE

Ron looks at the two photos. He looks up at Megan with a slight smile.

RON
So your boys have entered the big leagues.

Megan smiles, elated.

MEGAN
Looks that way, yeah. So can we bust them?

RON
Not yet. The connection isn't strong enough--not even for Azeri courts. All we know for sure is that this guy visited this place once.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

That'd probably be enough to get the Azeris to round everyone up, maybe even slap them around a little, but most likely they'd get released. We gotta trace this all the way to the top. Is someone pulling the strings? Funding it? If we try to bust them now, they're only gonna go deeper underground.

Megan nods.

RON (CONT'D)

Get PATCHWORK in there.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan drives through Baku with Dilara.

DILARA

I will not marry. Never! If Ilkin say I not go to mosque anymore because I not marry, then okay--I will not go.

Megan glances at her nervously.

MEGAN

Well, let's not worry about that just now, okay?

Dilara shakes her head, stares out the window.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Have any of them mentioned the bombing at the embassy?

DILARA

They say it is good, but... this is only what they say.

Megan nods, frustrated.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Dilara stands in front of the mosque as usual, her bag on her shoulder, waiting for Ilkin as the other men file out.

When Ilkin comes out, she falls in next to him.

DILARA
(in a low voice)
I need to speak to Azad.

ILKIN
You think you can do that? Just like that?

DILARA
It's important.

ILKIN
No, there isn't a secret group.

DILARA
It's not about that.
(in an even lower voice)
It's about an American spy.

Ilkin glances at her.

ILKIN
What would you know about an American spy?

DILARA
You'll have to let me talk to Azad to find out.

Ilkin hesitates, looking almost nervous.

ILKIN
You should tell me first, so I can see if it's important enough to bother him with.

DILARA
An American spy doesn't sound important enough??

Ilkin growls and heads back to the mosque. Dilara follows, looking a little smug.

INT. MOSQUE

Dilara follows Ilkin into a windowless room that is identical to the women's prayer room--dark purple carpet and all--but bigger.

They go through a doorway at the back of the room.

INT. STAIRCASE

They go up a narrow staircase.

INT. MOSQUE - SECOND FLOOR

Ilkin and Dilara emerge onto the second floor, where the few windows it has have been blacked out. Scuffed vinyl tiles cover the floor.

Two guys wearing white prayer caps and tunics lounge in metal folding chairs. They look vaguely familiar as other patrons we've seen before. One is MUBARIZ (late 20s, muscle-bound), the other is TURQUT (mid-20s).

ILKIN
(to Dilara)
Wait here.

She does. Ilkin goes to a closed door in the back of the room. The two guys look Dilara over warily. She lowers her eyes.

Ilkin softly knocks on the door. It opens a crack. It's Panak. Since the failed attack, he has eked out a paltry beard.

Ilkin speaks softly to him, gesturing to Dilara. Panak nods and closes the door. Ilkin heads back to Dilara.

A few moments later, Panak opens the door for Azad, who steps into the room decked out in full-on Arabic robes from the 7th century, headdress and all.

Dilara's eyes widen at this spectacle. Ilkin, Mubariz, and Turqut go on their knees. Dilara quickly follows suit.

Azad moves to Dilara, raises a hand just above her forehead, and murmurs something in Arabic.

Meanwhile, Panak quickly rushes to the middle of the room with a cushioned chair, which he sets down carefully behind Azad.

Azad sits and takes a moment to arrange his robes. Panak stands to the side like a servant.

Azad gazes at Dilara.

She looks up at him briefly, then back down at the floor, unsure of protocol.

AZAD

Why have you come to me, my child?

DILARA

*(unsure of what to say)
My... lord... I bring you news
of... of the infidels.*

AZAD

Yes?

DILARA

*I met an American spy who wants me
to betray the cause.*

One of Azad's eyebrows perks up.

AZAD

How did you meet this spy?

DILARA

*Please, forgive me--it was not my
intention.*

Azad waves his hand impatiently.

DILARA (CONT'D)

*I was at the market, and an
American woman spoke to me. I
know she chose me because I was
wearing the hijab.*

Azad shakes his head bitterly.

DILARA (CONT'D)

*When we spoke privately, she said
she worked for the CIA.*

Azad seems unfazed, but everyone else is on the edge of their seat.

DILARA (CONT'D)

*She asked to meet with me again.
I humbly request that you witness
this meeting.*

AZAD

Why do you wish this, my child?

DILARA

*So you can see what I'll do when I
meet with her.*

Ilkin's eyes bug out of their sockets.

AZAD

*I do not desire you to sacrifice
yourself.*

DILARA

*I won't. But we must "slay them
wherever we catch them."*

Azad smiles.

ILKIN

*(in a low voice to Dilara)
What are you doing??*

Azad shoots Ilkin a glance. Ilkin backs off, perturbed. Azad then closes his eyes, as if in silent prayer.

Upon opening his eyes:

AZAD

*Allah, subhanahu wa-ta'ala, wishes
me to fulfill your request.*

Dilara bends down low in gratitude.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Azad (back in his Western clothes), Mubariz, and Ilkin walk down a dark hallway.

Mubariz pulls out a gun from his waistband and scans the hallway warily. Ilkin is similarly spooked, while Azad practically floats with his usual calm.

They come to a window that looks out on an alley. It is lit only by a nearby banged-up street lamp.

Megan's shitty car ambles into the alley. Azad and co. pop to attention.

Dilara comes forth from the shadows and approaches the car.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dilara opens the passenger side door.

Megan sits in the driver's seat.

MEGAN

Hi.

Dilara hesitates a moment, then pulls out a handgun from her purse.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A BANG flashes in the darkness. Megan's head jerks sideways.

Dilara puts the gun back in her purse, then disappears into the shadows.

Azad's eyes go wide, impressed.

Ilkin's jaw has dropped a mile. Mubariz stares out the window in shock.

A SIREN flares up in the distance. Ilkin and Mubariz bolt. Azad turns away from the window reluctantly, then follows at a walk.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan sits, slumped in the driver's seat, fake blood dripping down her shirt from a red splotch on her forehead.

Her cell, which sits on the seat just next to her, lights up. Megan slowly opens it, reads a text. She then grabs a towel and starts toweling off the fake blood.

INT. MOSQUE - SECOND FLOOR

Dilara comes in from the staircase.

Azad and Mubariz sit in folding chairs.

Ilkin flies to her.

ILKIN

*What the fuck where you thinking?!
You killed an American SPY-- Oh
my GOD!! What are we-- What are
you-- Do you know what they're
gonna do to you?? We're gonna
have to get you out of the country-*

-

AZAD

Ilkin, brother, please.

Ilkin subdues himself, but trembles with nervous energy.

Azad goes to Dilara. Dilara starts to go to her knees, but Azad takes her hands.

AZAD (CONT'D)

Sister. I would not wish a woman to undergo such a hardship, but... "Never will I suffer to be lost the work of any among you, be you male or female."

Dilara bows her head in thanks. Azad releases her hands.

AZAD (CONT'D)

You once desired to be of service to the cause. Is that still your desire?

DILARA

Yes, with all my heart.

AZAD

When Allah, subhanahu wa-ta'ala, desires it, you may be called upon to grant such service.

Dilara bows her head deeply.

DILARA

I am not worthy. I hope this is enough to show my gratitude.

She goes to her knees, pulls out something from her bag, and holds it up to Azad.

It's a stuffed envelope, as if with money.

DILARA (CONT'D)

It's not much, but it's all I have.

ILKIN

What, your life savings??

Dilara doesn't answer, but only smiles beatifically at Azad. Azad smiles back at her, as if with deep understanding.

ILKIN (CONT'D)

Oh, come--!

He glances at Azad and cuts himself off.

AZAD

(to Dilara)

*"Most blessed are those who give
unto My Cause. Surely I will
absolve them of their sins and
they will go to the Garden where
rivers flow."*

He places his hand on her head, blesses her in Arabic,
and retreats to his room.

Dilara stands. Ilkin just shakes his head at her.

EXT. BAKU STREET - DAY

The busy thoroughfare is filled with pedestrians and
cars.

Dilara sits on a bus bench, reading a newspaper.

Down the street, she sees a guy (COURIER) tack up a sign
for a lost cat.

She gets up, crosses the street and goes down to the next
bus stop bench.

She stands against the back of the bench, as if waiting
for the bus with the rest of the crowd. She surveys
them, making sure no one is looking at her, then
nonchalantly slips her hand over the back of the bench to
a crack in the wood. She resorts to looking down to
locate the slip of paper wedged inside.

She pulls it out and quickly pockets it. She waits
around for a few more seconds, then continues down the
street.

INT. DILARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dilara sits on her bed, the laptop in front of her, and
unfolds the note. She looks in amazement over the blocks
of Cyrillic, Arabic and Roman characters that cover the
slip of paper.

She takes a small scanner and runs it slowly over the
note.

INT. TEMPORARY CIA OFFICES - DAY

Megan sits hunched over her desk, watching the image of Dilara's scanned note load onto her screen. She looks over the melange of characters, surprised.

INT. AZAD'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

Dilara kneels before Azad again, presenting him the folded slip of paper. Mubariz stands sentry.

Azad takes the folded note, smiling graciously.

INT. TEMPORARY CIA OFFICES - DAY

Megan stands at a whiteboard behind her desk, on which is taped the various members of Azad's cell. She tapes up a new picture alongside Azad's lowest minions--among which is a photo of Dilara.

She takes a seat at her desk, opens an e-mail and opens a file: the translation of the note, which reads: "International Bank of Azerbaijan", followed by a short series of numbers.

Megan looks at it like she's struck gold.

INT. TEMPORARY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The weekly staff meeting.

MEGAN

The note contained the account number for a bank account whose one and only transaction was a deposit wired from Dubai.

Ron nods, thinking this through.

RON

So now what?

MEGAN

Well, unfortunately the account's already closed, so I was thinking of following the other end: running surveillance on PATCHWORK's drop point to see who it leads to.

Ron nods.

RON

Great. Jason, help Megan out with
the surveillance?

Jason musters up a strained smile. Megan sees this and
rolls her eyes.

JASON

Sure thing.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Some light pedestrian and vehicle traffic goes by.

A few people sit on the bus bench.

Dilara goes to the bench, slips in another note.

She then goes to a window in the building behind her,
moves a loose brick from one end of the window to the
other, and continues on.

Several yards down, Megan stands, pretending to be doing
something on her cell. She's dressed like a backpacker
traveling through hostels around the world: sturdy shoes,
jeans, and a backpack.

JASON (O.S.)

(from Megan's hidden
earpiece)

Someone's at the drop point.

Megan keeps her eyes on her cell.

The courier is now at the bus bench, slipping out the
note.

INT. BUILDING ENTRANCE

Across the street, Jason--also dressed casually--is
tucked just inside the entrance to a building and looking
through a window with a tiny telescope.

He speaks into a miniscule mic in his hand.

JASON

He took the drop.

EXT. BUS STOP

JASON (O.S.)
6'2", about 250, grey T-shirt.

Megan looks up casually, takes in the courier, who's now walking off.

Megan meanders in the same direction as the courier.

INT. BUILDING ENTRANCE

Jason pockets his telescope and heads out after them.

EXT. STREET

Megan follows the courier several yards down. He turns a corner.

Megan talks into the wire in her hand.

MEGAN
(in a low voice)
Just turned left.

She keeps going straight while Jason jogs up and turns the same corner the courier had gone down.

Megan peels off her shirt, revealing another underneath, and shoves it into her bag.

INT. SIDE STREET

Jason tracks the courier down the street. They approach a major intersection. The courier waits at the light.

JASON
(into his wire)
Crossing Hasan Aliyev.

INT. ANOTHER SIDE STREET

Megan quickens her pace.

EXT. HASAN ALIYEV

Megan approaches the intersection, where the courier is still standing.

JASON (O.S.)
 What?

MEGAN
 He went into a bar and
 disappeared.

JASON (O.S.)
 Oh well, see you back at the
 office.

Megan darkens.

INT. BAR

The men have resumed smoking and chatting.

The courier comes back into the bar from a small
 bathroom.

He leans against the bar next to a man downing a shot of
 vodka.

COURIER
Did she come in?

The man nods.

The courier's expression turns dark.

INT. ILKIN'S CAR - DAY

Ilkin drives, Dilara sits in the passenger seat.

ILKIN
Orkhan has proposed.

Dilara rolls her eyes.

DILARA
Good for him.

ILKIN
I've accepted.

DILARA
WHAT?!

ILKIN
What have I said a thousand times?

Dilara seethes.

DILARA
I'm not marrying him.

ILKIN
You are marrying him.

DILARA
No, I'm not.

ILKIN
Azad has given his blessing.

DILARA
Good for him.

Ilkin looks at her in shock.

ILKIN
*Would you like me to repeat that
to him?*

DILARA
(chastened)
No.

ILKIN
Then you're marrying Orkhan.

Dilara burns with rage.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dilara hops into Megan's car and they drive off.

MEGAN
Are you okay??

DILARA
*Orkhan ask Ilkin to marry to me.
Ilkin say yes!*

MEGAN
Are you serious?

Dilara nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ... Then what?

DILARA
I cannot marry to him!!

MEGAN

That's all that happened?

DILARA

Yes.

MEGAN

Dilara, that really sucks, but you can't call an emergency meeting for something like that. Only call an emergency meeting if you're in serious danger.

DILARA

I am sorry, but I need to know: I can stop this before I marry to him?? It will be in three months!

MEGAN

Oh, geez... But leaving the group now would look kind of suspicious, wouldn't it?

DILARA

I will go to America if he make me marry.

MEGAN

I'll make sure it doesn't happen, okay?

DILARA

How?

MEGAN

I don't know yet.

Dilara shakes her head, not reassured.

INT. MEGAN'S DESK

Megan opens up an e-mail. She leans forward, staring at her monitor in shock.

INT. RON'S TEMPORARY OFFICE

Jason opens the door to Megan, who bursts into the office, holding a piece of paper. Ron and Jason look at her, surprised and annoyed.

MEGAN

I just got the last drop decoded.

RON

Yeah?

MEGAN

It says "May 14, 11am, Israeli
embassy."

Jason and Ron exchange a look.

RON

So?

MEGAN

Well, that's today. In an hour.

No response.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm guessing it's not lunch plans.

Ron sits back in his chair, thinking.

RON

I'll give the Embassy a call.

MEGAN

(relieved)

Great.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Ron and Megan stand at a window overlooking the Israeli
embassy.

The embassy is crawling with security: it seems like an
entire brigade of military vehicles and officers is
stationed along the perimeter.

RON

I'd actually like to see them try
to pull this off. This place is a
fort on the sabbath.

He looks at his watch.

RON (CONT'D)

Eleven-thirty.

He exchanges a look with Megan.

RON (CONT'D)

Be thankful you were wrong.

MEGAN

I am.

They start to head out when Ron's cell rings.

RON

(into phone)

Yeah?

His eyes narrow in thought. He looks at Megan.

INT. TEMPORARY CIA OFFICES

Megan stands in front one of the TV screens, watching a news channel.

The side of a building is bombed-out and blackened, smoldering, the torn ends of plumbing jutting out, masonry crumbling. A huge Chevron logo is still affixed to the top of the building.

A crowd of ONLOOKERS watch as a RESCUE TEAM digs through the rubble for survivors.

REPORTER (O.S.)

(from TV)

The death count has risen to twelve in the second terrorist attack in Baku in weeks...

Megan looks more confused than anything, as though trying to solve a puzzle.

INT. RON'S TEMPORARY OFFICE

Megan stands in front of Ron's desk. Ron leans back in his chair.

MEGAN

So... the note could have been referring to something else, or it could have been outdated information, or code for the actual attack--

RON

Or deliberately misleading.

MEGAN

(skeptically)

You mean that PATCHWORK's been doubled?

RON
Or compromised.

Megan considers this, worried.

RON (CONT'D)
Let's pull the same trick on them.
Let some useless intel slip and
see where it ends up.

Megan nods, heads out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Megan drives, examining the cars in her rearview mirror
as usual.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Megan pulls into the alley. Dilara emerges into view in
her headlights. She shifts her weight nervously.

Dilara glances at Megan through the windshield, and then
across the alley, as if at someone hidden in the shadows.

Megan clocks this--something doesn't feel right. Instead
of stopping, Megan speeds up a bit to continue all the
way through the alley.

BANG! Megan's window SHATTERS--the bullet stopped by
bulletproof film. Megan lets out a scream and SLAMS on
the gas.

Mubariz, the shooter, standing by a wall of the alley
FIRES again.

Megan's rear window SPLINTERS.

Another car suddenly speeds into view to block Megan's
way, but it's too late: she barrels into its bumper,
spinning it to the side, and SCREECHES around the corner
onto the adjoining street.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan steers like mad, trying to pull her 9mm from her
ankle holster at the same time.

MEGAN
Oh fuck... oh fuck me....

EXT. PURSUING CAR - NIGHT

Turqut drives.

KAMIL (late 20s), in the passenger seat, props his shoulder onto the open window, aims his gun carefully at Megan's swerving car and FIRES.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Another circle of shattered glass EXPLODES into Megan's rear window.

She unrolls her window, awkwardly sticks out her gun and fires back.

EXT. TURQUT'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan's bullets DING off the hood.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Megan's car drifts around a corner, her tires SCREAMING, and speeds on.

Turqut's car goes into the turn too fast and its inside tires lift off the ground. Turqut brakes; the car slams back down to the ground, fishtails a bit, but finally gains speed after Megan.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan reaches into the back seat and pulls out a duffel bag. She rummages around in it and pulls out a few articles of clothing.

After taking a second to swerve around another corner, she pulls her shirt off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two cars have now reached the nicer part of Baku, with tall hotels and pristine thoroughfares.

Megan's car plows into the exit of a parking lot, where tire spikes line the ground.

All her tires are punctured but, being flat-run tires, stay intact as she goes on, albeit a bit slower.

The pursuing car follows her in. Their tires are ripped to shreds. They stay on her, but are slowed immensely. Sparks SPRAY from the rims of the wheels, grinding against the asphalt.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Megan glances in her rear-view mirror. The pursuing car is much further off now.

With one hand on the wheel, she pulls her shoes and her pants off.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A couple of Azerbaijani VALETS in suits stand in front of a hotel with an enormous archway for an entrance.

The sound of a CAR ENGINE gets louder. The valets scramble out of the way as Megan's car SCREECHES to a halt in front of them.

She jumps out, now looking as though she's been pulled out of a fashion magazine except for her slightly disheveled hair, wearing a sexy dress and elaborate diamond earrings.

She tucks several bills in the closest valet's vest pocket.

MEGAN

Thanks!

She bounds up the stairs and goes through the entrance.

The valets look back at her bullet-riddled car with its punctured tires and shattered windows, alarmed.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Megan clacks across the marble floor of the lobby, assuming a regal bearing.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

As a valet gets into Megan's car, Turqut's car pulls up, the remnants of its tires SLAPPING against the ground. The valets stare at this second wrecked car.

Turqut and Kamil jump out and sprint through the entrance.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Turqut and Kamil slow to a walk, scanning the room quickly. A few HOTEL GUESTS--mostly European businessmen in expensive suits--stand at the concierge desk.

Turqut points Kamil to a hallway at one end of the room, quickly giving instructions in Azerbaijani. Kamil nods and they head their separate ways.

EXT. HOTEL BALLROOM

Kamil approaches the doorway and scans the dim room, where a huge, lavish party is winding down.

Everyone inside is just like those in the lobby: European, well-dressed. They sit at tables, conversing over drinks.

Kamil turns away.

Megan is sitting at one of the tables, sipping champagne.

INT. HOTEL LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Megan pushes through the door and goes into a corner of the anteroom, decorated with plush chairs and vases of flowers. Someone in the adjoining bathroom is WASHING her hands.

Megan punches a few buttons on her cell.

RON (O.S.)
 (groggily, from Megan's
 phone)
 Yeah?

INT. RON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ron lies in bed, his cell to his ear.

MEGAN (O.S.)
 (from cell)
 Sorry to call you so late, but...
 (seductively, in a low voice)
 I couldn't stop thinking about
 you.

Ron immediately hauls himself out of bed.

RON

I told you never to call me.

He hangs up.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ron sits on the arm of a couch across from Megan. One lamp is on, but the room is otherwise drenched in darkness, its black-out curtains lowered.

RON

Is there anything you can think of that might have tipped them off?

Megan hesitates.

MEGAN

There was one thing I was worried about...

Ron looks at her questioningly.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well, when Jason and I were tailing the guy who picked up the drop... I followed him into a bar.

Ron buries his head in his hands.

RON

Why?

MEGAN

I didn't want to lose him--

RON

You did anyway! Jesus Christ, this is Tradecraft 101, Megan!!

MEGAN

But I totally covered for it. There's no reason why anyone should have suspected I was anything but a tourist.

RON

That's irrelevant. Just by going in there, you singled yourself out and confirmed any suspicions he may have had.

Megan falls silent.

Ron rubs his forehead with a sigh.

RON (CONT'D)

So the note about the embassy
wasn't just incorrect, wasn't just
misleading--it was a test.

Megan nods.

RON (CONT'D)

And she failed.

Megan stares at the ground, catatonic.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dilara and Ilkin kneel in front of Azad and all the
others stand around them, as before.

AZAD

(to Dilara)

*Your cooperation in this, in spite
of its failure, will surely speak
for you at your final judgment.
But that doesn't mean you must not
still be punished.*

DILARA

No, please...!

Azad smiles.

AZAD

(to Ilkin)

*You once vowed that you would do
anything for our cause. Is that
still true?*

ILKIN

More than ever.

Azad beckons to Mubariz. Mubariz advances to Ilkin and
holds out the gun with the silencer attached.

AZAD

Shoot her.

Orkhan's eyes widen in shock.

DILARA

NO!!

(bursting into tears)
Ilkin, no, please!

Ilkin hardens himself.

ILKIN

You betrayed me.

DILARA

*I know! And I'll do anything you
 say to make it up to you!*

ILKIN

Stay still.

DILARA

NO!

He rises to his feet and takes the gun.

DILARA (CONT'D)

Ilkin, please, no!

Ilkin shoots her in the forehead. Blood sprays all over the floor.

Her body collapses backwards.

All the men observe it stoically except for Orkhan, who fights tears.

Mubariz takes the gun back.

Azad puts a reassuring hand on Ilkin's shoulder. Ilkin's expression trembles.

AZAD

*Your devotion is truly admirable.
 I always knew that you were one of
 the few willing to put your
 beliefs into action. So much so
 that I had chosen you for our next
 mission.*

Ilkin snaps to Azad, eagerness in his tear-filled eyes.

ILKIN

I would be honored.

Azad moves off.

AZAD

I had to change my plans.

Ilkin lowers his head.

ILKIN

I understand.

AZAD

In fact, I can no longer allow you to be a member of this group.

ILKIN

What?! No! Please, I can still fight for the cause!

AZAD

Yes. But incompetently.

ILKIN

What?

AZAD

You brought a spy into our group.

ILKIN

But I had no idea!

AZAD

Exactly. She was your own sister-- closer to you than anyone else-- and yet you had no idea. We cannot allow ourselves to be weakened with such incompetence. It has, in fact, almost brought about our total destruction.

Ilkin goes back to his knees.

ILKIN

I'm sorry. Please forgive me.

AZAD

You are forgiven. But if you are no longer to be a part of this group, you will be in the outside world, without our protection, both spiritual and physical. I cannot allow what you have been privileged to learn with us to be released into the outside world.

ILKIN

It won't! I swear!

AZAD

I believe your sincerity, but anything can happen beyond your current intentions: you may lapse into corruption, they may use force against you.

ILKIN

I swear to you, no matter what happens, no matter how much they torture me, I will never reveal one word about the cause.

Azad puts his hand on Ilkin's shoulder again.

AZAD

I'm sorry, brother.

Ilkin think this over, conflicted. Finally, he nods in acceptance.

Azad takes a step back and nods to Mubariz.

Mubariz shoots Ilkin in the side of the head.

Ilkin's body crumples to the floor next to Dilara's.

Azad surveys his work, satisfied.

Orkhan trembles from holding in his tears.

INT. MEGAN'S DESK

Megan sits at her desk, typing.

Ron steps out of his office.

RON

Megan.

She looks up.

Ron beckons for her to come into his office.

INT. RON'S OFFICE

Megan closes the door and sits across from Ron.

RON

PATCHWORK is dead.

Megan looks back at him, numb with shock.

RON (CONT'D)
Her brother, too.

Megan's eyes widen.

RON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Megan.
(a beat)
They left them in the alley where
you were ambushed. Nice touch.

Megan shakes her head in disbelief.

RON (CONT'D)
The police raided their
headquarters, but didn't find
anything.

A beat.

RON (CONT'D)
If you need to take a day or
two...

MEGAN
No, I'd rather be here.

A few beats.

RON
I know I've been hard on you, but
don't beat yourself up over this.
Everyone loses an agent at some
point.

MEGAN
Because of an incredibly stupid
mistake?

RON
Sometimes, yeah.

A few beats.

MEGAN
I shouldn't have recruited her in
the first place. She had nothing
to do with it before she met me.
I should've recruited in place
instead, or--

RON
That's not always possible. In
the case of terrorist cells,
hardly ever possible.

Megan doesn't look reassured.

RON (CONT'D)
I made sure we got this back.

He places Dilara's scarf pin in front of her.

Megan stares at it blankly.

INT. CIA OFFICES - MEGAN'S DESK

Megan sits at her desk, her headphones on, listening to
Dilara's recording with a look of masochistic
determination.

AZAD (O.S.)
(from recording)
*Were you aware that the Israeli
Embassy was on high alert this
morning?*

DILARA (O.S.)
No, sir.

AZAD (O.S.)
*Apparently "someone" had
intercepted a coded note that
alluded to the next "terrorist
attack". Would you like to know
who wrote the note?*

DILARA (O.S.)
Okay.

AZAD (O.S.)
*I did. It was the last note I
gave to you to deliver. And this
note must have gone from you to
the Israelis. How could that have
happened?*

DILARA (O.S.)
*Whoever picked up the note must
have given it to them!*

Azad laughs a little.

AZAD (O.S.)
I picked it up.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Megan continues listening in horror.

DILARA (O.S.)
Ilkin, please, no!

The GUNSHOT.

Megan rips her headphones off and picks up her cell.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

As Megan waits for the other line to pick up, listening to it ring, she sits at her computer, entering something on Dilara's Facebook profile.

A flowery border outlines the edge of a photo of a smiling Dilara with a caption of the years of her birth and death.

MEGAN
Solmaz? Hi, this is Megan... I'm one of Dilara Guliyev's friends-- the American? Yeah, hi, well, I have some bad news. Dilara was murdered last week. They think it was a mugging gone wrong. I know, it's awful. Well, they're having a funeral for her this Saturday, and just wanted to let you know. And I didn't really know many of her friends. Is there anyone else you can think of who I should call...?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Amid the headstones, a rather large group of MOURNERS stands around a grave site. Some of them are the friends Megan and Dilara went dancing with. They stand with each other, crying.

A little ways off is a 30-something Azerbaijani man (MAN 1, wearing an ear piece), sitting on a bench, who glances over every now and then at the group.

A similar man (MAN 2) saunters by on the sidewalk, scanning the area.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

The attendees of the funeral drift away.

Man 1 now lingers at the entrance of the cemetery, watching the attendees go by.

Man 2 stands on the sidewalk.

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The orange light of sunset slants across the cemetery.

Man 1 walks down one of the pathways.

A VOICE in Azerbaijani comes through his ear piece. He mumbles assent.

Man 2 and Man 1 head out of the area, when Man 1 spots Orkhan at Dilara's headstone, holding a bouquet of flowers. He gestures at Man 2. Man 2 nods and they jog through the entrance.

Orkhan looks at Dilara's headstone, tears filling his eyes.

Man 1 suddenly pulls Orkhan's arms behind his back. The flowers fall to the ground. Man 1 cuffs Orkhan, speaking to him harshly. Orkhan doesn't even bother to struggle.

Man 1 and Man 2 lead him to a police car parked on the street.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Orkhan, his face bloody and bruised, takes a hit to the gut.

The DETECTIVE "questioning" him doles out a blow to his face.

Another detective (DETECTIVE 2) stands on the other side of the room, watching impassively.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Ron and Megan stand on the other side of a two-way mirror, watching these proceedings.

Detective 1 snaps at ORKHAN one last time and both detectives leave.

RON
(to Megan)
You're up.

Megan takes a deep breath and leaves the observation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Orkhan's head sags weakly. He spits out a mouthful of blood.

Megan comes in, wearing a suit and holding a file.

She flashes Interpol credentials at him.

MEGAN
Lauren Marshall, Interpol.

She takes a seat across the table from him.

Orkhan's eyes widen.

ORKHAN
You are American spy.

Megan poises her pen over her paper, intrigued.

MEGAN
What American spy?

Orkhan just shakes his head, smiling bitterly.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I understand the grave you were
visiting was your fiancée's?

Orkhan looks up at her in surprise.

ORKHAN
How do you know?

MEGAN
She kept a diary.

A beat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss.

Orkhan snickers.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

She was an innocent girl. There's no reason she had to die.

ORKHAN

The reason is you.

MEGAN

How am I the reason?

ORKHAN

You know.

MEGAN

No, I don't. Tell me.

Orkhan just looks away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well, I hear that in spite of the fact that your buddies killed your fiancée, you don't want to tell us where they're hiding--well, that's normal, protecting people who murdered someone you loved, sure. So how about something else: you once applied for an immigration visa to the United States, right?

Orkhan nods reluctantly.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Is that something you're still interested in?

For a second, Orkhan looks like he's considering it, but he resumes his cynical expression.

ORKHAN

You will give me visa? You think I am terrorist.

MEGAN

Well, that's true. If we let you immigrate, you'll have a bunch of restrictions on you; you'll be closely watched. But we have something called "immunity", which means if you help us, we'll help you.

Orkhan considers this begrudgingly.

Megan starts leafing through his file.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I gotta say, I am not surprised you tried to get the hell out of here. Grew up in a refugee camp, father killed for political reasons, unemployed most of your life... We'd of course help you find work once you're in the States.

A few beats.

ORKHAN

Fuck you.

Megan smiles.

MEGAN

All right. I understand. In that case, I'll just show you something.

She pulls out a small diary from her file, opens to a flagged page, and slides it across to him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It's her diary.

Orkhan looks away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

She may not have known you for very long... or shown what she really felt... but it's clear from this that she was looking forward to starting a life with you.

Orkhan glances at it, reads a bit.

Tears spring to his eyes and he looks away again.

Megan takes the diary back, puts a couple of photos on the table in front of him. The photos are of Dilara, smiling, happy.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(restraining tears of her own)

She was really beautiful.

ORKHAN

She was traitor.

Megan slides another two photos across the table: one of Dilara's crumpled body in the alley and the other of the gaping hole in the back of her head.

Orkhan jerks his head away again, anguished.

MEGAN

So she deserved this? Is this the kind of thing you joined that group to do?

A few beats.

ORKHAN

They are in Corat.

MEGAN

Where in Corat?

ORKHAN

That is all they tell me.

MEGAN

What would you do if you wanted to meet up with them?

Orkhan hesitates.

ORKHAN

I call.

Megan leans back, thinking, then gets up and heads for the door.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Megan sits across from Orkhan, wearing earbuds connected to a recorder on the table. Orkhan holds a phone also connected to the recorder.

TURQUT (O.S.)

(from phone)

Are you on a safe line?

Orkhan glares at Megan.

ORKHAN

Yeah.

TURQUT (O.S.)

*How's it going out there?
Anything happening?*

ORKHAN

No, everything's fine. I just called because I'm ready to stay with you guys.

TURQUT (O.S.)

Already?

ORKHAN

Yeah, I just wanted to check on my parents, and they're fine, so...

TURQUT (O.S.)

Dude...

(in a lower voice)

Are you safe? The place you're staying in is okay?

Megan looks at Orkhan suspiciously.

ORKHAN

Yeah, why?

TURQUT (O.S.)

This place sucks. It's filthy, crowded... There are fucking rats, man. If you can stay where you are, do it.

ORKHAN

Don't you guys need help?

TURQUT (O.S.)

Yeah, you know anything about plumbing?

Turqut laughs.

TURQUT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nah, we're laying low for now. We'll call you if we need you.

ORKHAN

All right, cool--

Megan gives him a warning look.

ORKHAN (CONT'D)

But... I think I should be there.

TURQUT

All right, man, just trying to save you the trouble.

ORKHAN
So where are you guys?

TURQUT
105 Salayev. Number 303.

ORKHAN
Cool, I'll see you later.

TURQUT
See ya.

Orkhan hangs up, looking conflicted.

Megan glances at the two-way mirror, where Ron sits: we got it.

EXT. SALAYEV STREET - CORAT - DAY

The narrow street is hedged in with apartment buildings with dilapidated fronts--some made of nailed-up particle board. Laundry hangs across the street from wires.

A van marked "World Refuge" rumbles down the buckled asphalt. A crowd of scrawny, malnourished KIDS playing in the street scatter out of its way.

The van parks. Jason, Megan, and Steve get out of the van and start unloading suitcases and duffle bags from it. They're dressed casually, Megan wearing a "World Refuge" T-shirt.

INT. SURVEILLANCE BASE - DAY

Jason tacks cardboard up to the windows.

Megan and Steve unpack an assortment of monitors, headphones and high-tech gear from the suitcases.

EXT. SALAYEV STREET - DAY

Back on the street, Jason confers with a TEAM LEADER wearing a World Refuge T-shirt.

Behind them, a bunch of VOLUNTEERS are carting away pieces of a haphazard fence made of old car parts and installing a proper metal fence in its place.

INT. 105 SALAYEV - HALLWAY - DAY

A few volunteers are painting the walls of the hallway. Another volunteer sweeps up bits of litter accumulated along the sides.

A couple TENANTS, dressed like Russian peasants, watch. A couple other tenants pitch in.

Steve comes down the hallway pushing a dolly holding a fire-extinguisher box. He stops at a door labeled "303".

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Steve drills holes into the wall across from 303.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

He screws the fire extinguisher box to the wall.

He leaves.

ECU - RIVET - FIRE EXTINGUISHER BOX

One of the tiny rivets along the metallic edge of the box has the glassy sheen of a camera lens.

INT. SURVEILLANCE BASE - NIGHT

Megan, Steve and Jason loaf on a ratty couch, eating flat bread and roasted meat.

A monitor propped up on a chair displays the door to 303.

The door to 303 opens. MUBARIZ sticks his head out, checks up and down the hallway, then heads out.

Megan makes a note of it on a page with a list of several similar notations.

MEGAN

Still no Azad.

STEVE

He's probably huddling in a dark corner in there.

JASON

Or in a different country.

Megan scowls.

INT. AZAD'S SECOND APARTMENT - NIGHT

Azad stands at the window a small room, looking out through an inch-wide gap between the nailed-up bedsheet "curtain" and the window frame.

AZAD'S POV

Volunteers are picking up trash from a huge pile on the ground.

AZAD

Azad rolls his eyes at the obvious front.

He sits on a grungy mattress on the floor. On the other side of the room, Panak sits on the floor, leaning against the wall.

Azad takes up Dilara's purse and digs through it, examining the contents.

He opens her cell, looks through her last calls. He dials a number on a second cellphone.

LEYLIA (O.S.)
(from phone)
Hello?

AZAD
Hi, my name is Nahid. I was a friend of Dilara's. I just came across her phone and wanted to talk to people who knew her. Were you a good friend of hers?

LEYLIA
Yeah--
(tears catch at her voice)
I tried to be, anyway.

AZAD
I'm sorry.

LEYLIA
No, I'm sorry. Were you close to her?

AZAD
Very.

LEYLA

*You aren't the reason she
disappeared all of a sudden, are
you...?*

Azad laughs fondly.

AZAD

*We spent a lot of time together,
yeah. But I didn't know her for
very long, which is why I'm
calling. I'm trying to collect
all the photos I can of her. Do
you have any?*

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Azad is on Facebook, poring through photo after photo of groups of girls, including Dilara, carousing drunkenly. Azad surveys them disapprovingly.

Finally, he comes to a series of photos of a group that includes Megan--the only white girl so far. Azad perks up, his interest piqued.

In most of the photos, Megan's face is turned away, as if deliberately avoiding the camera. But finally, he comes across one of her full in the face.

She's looking up at someone, mid-conversation, clearly unaware of the photo being taken of her.

Azad smiles.

EXT. STREET IN CORAT - DAY

Panak approaches a group of kids.

PANAK

*Hey, anyone want to make ten
manat?*

Some of the kids jump up and down, shouting. Others glare at him distrustfully.

PANAK (CONT'D)

Follow me.

He turns away. Most of the kids follow him. He encounters another group of kids.

PANAK (CONT'D)

You guys wanna make ten manat?

EXT. ALLEY - CORAT

Panak leads the kids down a dark alley. Some of them look about uneasily.

Azad stands at the alley's dead end, smoking. He smiles at the kids.

They gather around him expectantly.

AZAD

Who's seen the volunteers around here, the ones fixing things up?

All the kids raise their hands.

AZAD (CONT'D)

Any of you seen this one?

He raises a print-out of Megan's photo.

The kids crowd around it, a couple pushing each other out of the way to see it.

AZAD (CONT'D)

Don't lie, or else...

He makes the gesture and sound of a gun going off. A couple of the kids' eyes widen at this. He suddenly laughs at them, as if he were kidding.

AZAD (CONT'D)

Well? Any of you seen her?

The kids looking at the picture shake their heads glumly.

AZAD (CONT'D)

Take a good look. Whoever sees her and tells me first will get ten manat.

EXT. SALAYEV STREET - DAY

Megan paints a wall of a building with a group of volunteers.

JASON (O.S.)

(from Megan's earpiece)

Target spotted.

Megan looks down the street. Jason has started tailing Mubariz. Megan puts her brush down.

MEGAN
 (to a volunteer)
 Back in a sec.

She heads off after Jason.

She passes a group of kids, one of whom (BOY, 8) happens to look up at her. His face lights up and he sprints off.

EXT. ALLEY - CORAT

The boy stands before Panak.

Panak hands him a 10 manat bill.

PANAK
Wanna make twenty more manat?

The boy nods his head eagerly.

EXT. STREET IN CORAT

Megan follows Mubariz and Jason on a different street.

JASON (O.S.)
 (from Megan's earpiece)
 All right, Megan, you got it?

MEGAN
 (into mic)
 Yep.

Suddenly, she catches sight of the boy down the street--
 HOLDING DILARA'S BAG--complete with a hole where the
 camera used to be, as if it had been ripped out.

Megan's eyes widen in confusion. She heads for the boy.

When he sees her approaching, he dashes off.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Hey! Stop!

She takes off, running after him.

JASON (O.S.)
 Megan! Where are you?

MEGAN

Just a second.

(yelling at the boy)

I just wanna ask you something!

The boy turns another corner--into an alley.

Megan stops at the alley entrance, wary. She scans it, looks up and down the street.

The boy stands in the back of the alley, looking at her.

She looks back at him questioningly.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on. I'm not going to hurt you.

Something catches the corner of her eye. In a split second, she turns, sees Azad raising a gun at her from behind a doorway, and scrambles backwards.

Azad FIRES, missing. People on the street scream and high-tail it out of there.

Just as Megan dives behind a bare concrete pillar alongside the building, Azad FIRES again, hitting her bulletproof vest at her shoulder.

Megan yells out in pain, then fumbles her gun out of her ankle holster and FIRES back. Azad ducks back into the doorway.

The boy in the back of the alley stands stock-still in terror.

JASON (O.S.)

Where the fuck are you, Megan?!

MEGAN

(in a low voice)

Start the bust, we've been compromised.

JASON (O.S.)

What? How do you know?

MEGAN

I've been fucking shot!

Azad gets on his own phone.

AZAD
 (on phone)
Get everyone out of there.

He fires at Megan again.

His shot ricochets off the pillar. Megan jerks back against the wall.

JASON (O.S.)
 Where are you?

MEGAN
 One block north of Salayev--

Azad FIRES again, then dashes off.

Megan fires at him, but he's already taken cover behind a dumpster.

Azad keeps on the move from cover to cover, down another street, firing when possible, and Megan similarly following and firing back.

Passersby scatter.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 We've turned onto a street going north.

JASON
 Which one?

MEGAN
 I don't know! Where are you??

JASON
 A few blocks from Salayev.

MEGAN
 Great.

In sudden determination, she takes off running in the opposite direction of Azad.

Azad peeks out from his cover, only to see Megan slipping out of sight around another building. He heads after her.

INT. 105 SALAYEV - HALLWAY

The remaining members of Azad's cell--Mubariz, Panak, Kamil, and Turqut evacuate their apartment, lugging backpacks and suitcases.

EXT. DESERTED AREA

Megan dashes from the rows of apartment buildings into more rural area, where brush-spotted red dirt extends into the distance.

She takes cover behind a rusted fence.

Azad follows, taking cover. They exchange fire.

Now Azad pursues Megan as she takes cover farther and farther away.

She comes to an isolated brick structure. She fires around its corner.

Azad takes cover at another angle, forcing Megan to the next corner.

EXT. BRICK STRUCTURE

This side of the structure is completely flooded with a huge puddle of sludgy water.

Instead of wading through it, Megan leaps up, grabs onto a steel beam connected to the overhang and vaults across it, landing only a couple inches deep.

Azad comes around the corner, fires. Megan ducks behind her corner.

Azad takes a few steps through the sludge, his gun raised, when the ground gives way under him and he falls in waist-deep. He trudges through it, panicking a little.

Megan pulls a lighter from her pocket, bends down to the puddle of sludge and lights it.

Just as Azad nearly makes it to the corner, a wall of flames surges toward him.

Azad scrambles backwards, but the fire is faster: it catches up to him, engulfing him in flames. He SCREAMS.

Megan emerges from around the corner.

Azad makes it out, but screams and writhes on the ground.
Megan watches.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A few cars drive listlessly down the highway.

Suddenly, a battalion of police cars pulls onto the road, cutting off traffic both ways--isolating one car.

The car comes to a stop.

The cops get out of their cars, take cover and aim machine guns at the car.

Inside the car, Azad's cohorts put their hands up. Panak looks scared, but everyone else looks pissed.

INT. JAIL CELL

Orkhan sits on a small bed, ruminating.

The detectives pass by. Orkhan leaps up.

ORKHAN

Hey! Hey!!

The detectives stop and turn to him, annoyed.

DETECTIVE

You got a problem, Osama?

ORKHAN

The Interpol girl said I'm supposed to get a visa.

The detectives exchange an amused glance.

DETECTIVE

(sarcastically)
Oh, right, the visa.

DETECTIVE 2

You're getting tried for terrorism, asshole.

The detectives laugh together, then stride off.

Orkhan looks after them, horrified.

ORKHAN
*I swear, it's true!! Call
Interpol! She promised!*

INT. CIA OFFICES - MEGAN'S DESK

Megan sits at her desk, doing work as usual.

Ron comes over, holding a newspaper.

RON
New York Times. Twelfth page.

He points to a tiny column buried in the middle of the page.

RON (CONT'D)
(reading)
"The Azerbaijani Defense Ministry arrested four men yesterday on suspicion of perpetrating the attacks on the American Embassy and the Chevron building in the capital of Azerbaijan earlier this month. The suspected leader of the terrorist cell was killed in the incident." Huh. That's it?

He pretends to look through the paper.

Megan looks up at him, amused.

Ron skims through the article.

RON (CONT'D)
No mention of a Megan Hayes... Or a Lauren Marshall... No thanks. No recognition.

He smirks at Megan.

RON (CONT'D)
Better get used to it.

He heads off. Megan smiles to herself and turns back to her work.