

AZIZA

By

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WGA registered

FADE IN:

INT. ARLINGTON, VA - AZIZA'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

INSERT - 1989 PHOTOGRAPH: Two men and a woman, 20s, stand triumphantly arm in arm on a hilltop overlooking Kabul...

The stunning Afghani woman in the middle encircles the waist of a handsome Pakistani version of a short wiry James Bond. A thin nerdy Brit awkwardly drapes his arm across the woman's shoulder.

DORI (V.O.)  
Mom? Who are these guys?

TO SCENE

Built-in bookcases line the walls decorated with a tasteful mixture of Central Asian and modern art. Photographs of family and friends are inter-spaced between the books in Pashto, Dari, Farsi, Russian and English.

A beautifully carved chess set from Central Asia graces the coffee table.

AZIZA ROBBINS, 40s, still beautiful and athletic, studies her youthful image in the photograph.

She sits on the sofa between her dead sister's 20-year-old Afghani twin daughters EHMET and DORI.

AZIZA  
Guys I knew when I lived in Kabul.

Dori leans over to study the picture and points to the attractive Pakistani man.

DORI  
He's cute.

Aziza can't help smiling briefly, but then looks sad as she continues staring at the picture.

Aziza puts the photo back into the book and returns it to the bookshelf.

DORI  
Have you heard anything from Sima?

Aziza's mood darkens.

AZIZA  
No.

Aziza sadly shakes her head and goes upstairs.

EHMET

Why did you mention that? It just upsets her.

DORI

It's been awhile --

EHMET

Exactly.

Dori retrieves the book and brings it back to Ehmet.

DORI

What's the book?

EHMET

Afghani poetry. It's in Dari.

DORI

Can you read it?

Ehmet opens the book to the page with the inserted picture.

EHMET

I'm not as good as Sima, but it looks like a love poem. Something about quenching her lover's thirst ... like the goddess "Sagi."

Dori turns the photo over and hands it to Ehmet.

DORI

This is in Pashto.

EHMET

(reading)

"Forever entwined. Forever yours. Max."

DORI

Which one do you think is Max?

Ehmet points at the thin British nerd.

Dori points at the Pakistani.

DORI

But her arm's around cutie.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

SUPER: "SOUTH OF KURCHATOV, KAZAKHSTAN"

Two men fish.

YURI REBIKOFF, 50s, pale and scruffy, reels in his line.

TARIQ KHAN, late 20s, clean cut and intense, pulls at his fishing line and watches it bob in the water.

The brush and scrubby trees along the river partially hide Yuri's truck. Beyond the river, the grasslands stretch to the Altai mountains in the distance.

Yuri pulls in his line and looks at the stripped hook. (In Russian with English subtitles.)

YURI

Nothing. Hope your friends come soon.

TARIQ

They will. Be patient.

YURI

I know what I'm going to do. Buy a nice dasha along the Caspian Sea.

(laughs)

Maybe French Riviera. If I'm going to be as rich as an oligarch.

Tariq reels in his line, sets down his fishing pole and paces along the bank.

YURI

What will you do? You don't want to spend your life in a little cubicle designing nuclear experiments for dirt pay, do you?

TARIQ

No.

Yuri pulls out a flask of vodka from his pocket and offers it to Tariq.

YURI

Here. You're making me nervous.

Tariq holds up his hand.

TARIQ

No thanks.

YURI

Suit yourself. Cheers.

Yuri takes a couple large swigs and pockets the flask.

They hear a truck in the distance, engine struggling as it bumps down the rutted dirt road.

The men throw their fishing gear into the back of Yuri's truck next to a metal box.

Yuri points to the truck cab.

YURI  
I'll wait here.

Tariq nods in agreement and goes out to meet the truck.

Two battle-hardened warriors climb out of the cab. OMAR AL-RAHIM from Saudi Arabia. Omar with a large scar slashing the right side of his face, holds a Geiger counter. Other Afghanis climb out of the truck bed armed with AK-47s and small machine guns. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

OMAR  
You have it?

Tariq points to the back of Yuri's truck. The men walk to the open truck bed. The machine's occasional clicks merge into a blur of static as it gets closer to the box.

OMAR  
Does this have enough protection?

Tariq shrugs.

TARIQ  
It's all we've got.

Omar and the others exchange glances.

OMAR  
So you've decided?

Tariq nods.

TARIQ  
I'll go with you.

Omar and the others smile. Omar hugs Tariq, kissing him on both cheeks.

OMAR  
Brother.

Tariq points to Yuri now in the truck cab.

TARIQ  
You have his money?

Omar shakes his head. He pulls a handgun out from his jacket and offers it to Tariq. The test begins as the men with the machine guns casually point their guns at Tariq.

OMAR  
You should do it.

Tariq swallows hard as he takes the gun.

Tariq walks up and taps the truck's driver-side window. Omar stands beside Tariq as Yuri lowers the window. (In Russian with English subtitles).

YURI  
We're good?

TARIQ  
I'm sorry, Yuri --

Hasan yanks open the cab door, drags Yuri out and pins him to the ground. (In Pashto with English subtitles)

OMAR  
Be merciful. Quick shot to his head.

Fighting back tears, Tariq points the gun at Yuri's head and pulls the trigger.

Omar searches Yuri's pockets, taking his wallet and keys before pulling the body into the brush.

Tariq, breathing hard, calms himself. Omar returns and pats Tariq on the back while taking the handgun.

EXT./INT. DIRT ROAD / YURI'S TRUCK - DAY

The two trucks head south toward the Altai Mountains and the Kyrgyzstan border.

Omar drives Yuri's truck while Tariq stares out the passenger window.

EXT. KAZAKHSTAN - REMOTE BORDER STATION - NIGHT

Two guards ready their machine guns as the trucks drive up. Omar leaves the cab, gives a friendly wave toward the guards and holds up two envelopes. (In Russian with English subtitles.)

OMAR  
For your families.

One guard opens the envelopes, ruffles the crisp bills as the other guard continues pointing his gun at Omar. The guard with the envelope nods his head.

Omar returns to his truck and drives into Kyrgyzstan.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

SUPER: "BORDER OF KYRGYZSTAN AND TAJIKISTAN"

The trucks pull into a sheltered valley as the sun sets. Men and horses materialize from the trees and surround the trucks. The men quickly unload the metal box from Yuri's truck and strap it onto the back of a horse.

The men put on ponchos made of plastic emergency blankets. Black matte tape covers the reflective surfaces concealing them from overhead drones. The horses wear similar homemade covers.

Omar and Tariq go with the group of men leading the horses single file up the steep trail. The other men drive away in the trucks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

The men continue to trek through the mountains. Their horses kick loose rocks that plummet into the depths of the ravine far below. Tariq shivers in the cold even with a down jacket over his shalwar kameez. He hugs the cliff side of the trail and struggles to keep up.

EXT. RIVER CROSSING - NIGHT

The pack horse carrying the metal box shows signs of radiation poisoning with swollen lips and blistering patches of skin. The pack horse breathes hard and staggers toward the river shimmering in the moonlight. It refuses to cross.

The men throw a rope around the pack horse's neck, tie it to a lead horse that pulls it into the river. The pack horse struggles to keep its head above water with its heavy load. The men yell to encourage the horse.

When the lead horse crosses up the river bank, men grab the rope and pull too. Finally the pack horse staggers up the far river bank, collapses and dies.

Tariq examines the pack horse. Omar and the other men watch.  
(In Pashto with English subtitles.)

TARIQ

Radiation poisoning. We need more shielding.

Omar shrugs and motions for the men to bring another horse. They load the metal box on its back. The men in front increase the length of the horse's lead rope.

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - JUNKYARD - DAY

Tariq picks through pieces of scrap metal as Omar watches.

JUNKYARD OWNER'S WIFE brings the men tea. Omar takes a cup and drinks it.

Tariq brings JUNKYARD OWNER pieces of metal. Tariq and Junkyard Owner tie the metal pieces around the box with a thick rope. (In Russian with English subtitles.)

JUNKYARD OWNER

The metal and rope cost ten Somoni  
or I can take ten thousand rubles --

Omar leans over to him.

OMAR

A generous gift. It will help drive  
the infidels out of our countries.

Junkyard Owner fearfully contemplates Omar and his gun.

JUNKYARD OWNER

Of course you can pay me --

Omar shoots Junkyard Owner in the head. His wife shrieks and lunges at Omar. He swats her on the side of the head. She crumbles at his feet.

Tariq stares in shock.

TARIQ

(stammering)

Why did --

OMAR

He's a hypocrite. How can we  
establish an Islamic State with men  
like that?

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Omar, Tariq and the others lead the horses up the steep mountain trail toward the pass.



EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - JUNKYARD - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

SIMA ROBBINS, 20s, wearing a head scarf, talks to Junkyard Owner's Wife with her driver. Sima shows her pictures of men. Junkyard Owner's Wife screams and jabs her finger at Omar's picture.

EXT. SOUTHERN TAJIKISTAN - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Sima sits by the side of the road using her head scarf to brush the ever present dust off her face and satellite phone.

She looks at the map spread on the ground before her, tracing her finger over the mountainous areas of Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan and the border area of northeastern Afghanistan and western Pakistan as she speaks into the phone in fluent English.

SIMA

The Taliban obtained radioactive material stolen from the Semipalatinsk Polygon in Kazakhstan. My contacts say they are taking it to a training camp near the border.

Sima holds up the picture of Omar.

SIMA

Omar al-Rahim is involved. He shot a local when they stopped to get more shielding for their package.

INT. KABUL - U.S. EMBASSY - C.I.A. OFFICE - SAME TIME

C.I.A. Station Chief GEORGE CARVER, 50s, and LT. JOHN PERRIN, 40s, look over a similar map of Central Asia. Photographs of Omar and other Arab, Afghani and Pakistani men surround the speakerphone on table.

CARVER

Shit. Al Queda.

Carver picks up the picture of Omar and hands it to Lt. Perrin.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CARVER

Can we find them with drones?

LT. PERRIN  
I'll look into it.

CARVER  
Sima, I want you to go after them  
too.

SIMA  
Yes, sir.

END INTERCUT

Carver turns off the speakerphone on the table.

LT. PERRIN  
Sima Robbins. Is she related to  
Aziza Robbins?

CARVER  
Aziza is her mother.

Carver thoughtfully pushes around the photographs on the  
table.

LT. PERRIN  
Wasn't she connected to SAWJ?

Carver picks up a photo of Omar and stares at it.

CARVER  
What?

LT. PERRIN  
SAWJ. The Society of Afghan Women  
for Justice --

CARVER  
Yes. Yes. Aziza worked for SAWJ  
sneaking out pictures of the  
Taliban atrocities to the western  
media.

Lt. Perrin thoughtfully pushes around the photographs on the  
table.

LT. PERRIN  
The rumor on the street, SAWJ's  
becoming militant and may have been  
involved --

CARVER  
Oh for Christ's sake, the guy had a  
heart attack.

Lt. Perrin picks up Omar's picture again. He stares at it for a few moments and smiles briefly before looking at Carver.

LT. PERRIN

I want to keep the rumor of the Taliban having nuclear material under wraps until it's verified.

CARVER

That's not protocol.

LT. PERRIN

It's an order.

EXT. KABUL - PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Lt. Perrin, dressed in traditional Afghani clothing, and sunglasses, sits on a bench reading a newspaper.

PARVEZ WAZIR, 40s, officer in the Pakistan Inter Services Intelligence (I.S.I.) and member of the Red Storm paramilitary organization walks through the park.

Lt. Perrin joins.

LT. PERRIN

I think we can do something that benefits both our countries.

WAZIR

Which is?

LT. PERRIN

Force an election so your people can control Pakistan again.

WAZIR

How would we do this?

LT. PERRIN

The Taliban stole some nuclear material from the Soviets. We steal it, use it, and blame the Taliban.

Wazir pauses and looks at Lt. Perrin.

LT. PERRIN

An American agent is looking for the material now. We'll make arrangements --

WAZIR

I can't believe your government --

LT. PERRIN

It's to be done quietly. Only need-  
to-know.

WAZIR

How many people know?

LT. PERRIN

Just me, George Carver, the agent,  
and now you.

INT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

Sima hands an envelope to LETTER LADY.

It's addressed to "Roshan's Fine Women's Clothing, Shor  
Bazaar, Kabul." The return address is from "Sima Robbins."

SIMA

Can you deliver this for me?

Letter Lady nods her head.

LETTER LADY

It is an honor.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Wazir sits in the passenger seat and hands the DRIVER a  
picture of George Carver and a map with a red circle drawn on  
it. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

WAZIR

He'll be arriving at fourteen  
hundred.

INT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - HOUSE - BEDROOM- DAY

Sima packs a small travel bag with a gun, G.P.S. tracking  
device and satellite phone. She covers the items with a false  
bottom, a few pieces of clothing and toiletries.

EXT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAY

A small white car drives up to the mud block house. KAMIR and  
his wife BADRIA get out and happily hug Sima.

SIMA

Kamir. Badria.

BADRIA

Ready for adventure?

Badria takes out a pen-sized device and playfully hands it to Sima.

BADRIA  
Present from your boss.

Sima studies it and turns on the switch.

SIMA  
A flashlight?

BADRIA  
And Geiger counter.

Badria points at the switch.

BADRIA  
Audio or visual readings.

Sima slips it into her pocket.

SIMA  
What more could a girl ask for?

INT. AZIZA'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Aziza sits on the sofa with her laptop BUZZING as the Skype program shows Sima's number and picture on the screen.

Ehmet studies her textbook.

Aziza disconnects from Skype and pulls up a window to her e-mail account. No messages from Sima.

Aziza sighs and closes the laptop.

EHMET  
Still no news from Sima?

Aziza shakes her head and puts the laptop on the sofa. Ehmet motions toward the chess board on the coffee table.

EHMET  
Do you want to play chess after I finish my homework?

Aziza smiles.

AZIZA  
Thanks. I could use the distraction.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - AFGHANI RESTAURANT- NIGHT

CHARLIE CASTLETON, the nerdy Brit from the opening scene's 1989 photo, now 50s, handsome and dapper, sits at the table with BERNARD HIGGINS, 60s, a chubby and unkempt C.I.A. career bureaucrat.

Empty glasses and dinner plates on the table, both men feeling the effects of the alcohol.

HIGGINS

Your invitation surprised me. The British Deputy Ambassador leaving the embassy to slum with *moi*?

CHARLIE

I'm just nostalgic about the joints we used to hit in Peshawar.

HIGGINS

How's your old buddy Maxistan? Is he in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan or is it Uzbekistan, Turkmen --

CHARLIE

He's in Kabul.

HIGGINS

Good place for him, more cultural pressure for him to stay on the wagon.

Charlie leans over the table and lowers his voice.

CHARLIE

Actually, I think I'm missing something in my American briefs.

Higgins laughs.

HIGGINS

Your balls or your dick?

Charlie forces a laugh and presses on.

CHARLIE

Running any interesting projects?

HIGGINS

Usual stuff. Analyzing should we stay or should we go -- again -- and again.

CHARLIE

The never ending question.

Charlie frowns then sips his drink.

CHARLIE

You know I was thinking about seeing Aziza.

HIGGINS

Jesus. You two just fucked her and left --

CHARLIE

It was a long time ago --

HIGGINS

I got her and the babies out after the Taliban killed her sister.

Higgins pushes his plate away and stands up. Charlie holds up a business card to Higgins.

CHARLIE

My personal number, if you change your mind.

Higgins rejects Charlie's offer and walks away.

INT. KABUL - APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sparsely decorated. MAX BISHOP, the handsome Pakistani from the 1989 photo, now in his 50s, sleeps.

COURIER, an ancient, spry, Afghani man, speaks in a heavily accented English as he shakes Max.

COURIER

Max. Max. Wake. Box from Charlie. Charlie.

Max swings at Courier, who dodges away.

COURIER

Like old times. Old codes. Urgent.

Max focuses on the package Courier holds toward him.

COURIER

Charlie. Sir Charlie? Duke Charlie? From marrying ugly rich woman?

MAX

Lord Charlie.

COURIER

At least he married. You should  
have --

COURIER stops himself and surveys Max's room.

COURIER

I will send you a woman, young,  
beautiful, clean. Temporary  
marriage, allowed under Shia law --

Max shakes his head.

Courier goes to the table and picks up an unopened gin  
bottle.

From outside his window, a CALL FOR PRAYER resounds. The sun  
rises over the Kabul rooftops. Courier dismisses the Mullah's  
call with a wave of his hand.

COURIER

Don't listen. You know, a man's  
defined by his ... vices? Virtues?  
Ah! My English is ... rusted.

Max takes his wallet off the nightstand. He peels off some  
bills, places them in Courier's free hand and rejects the  
bottle.

MAX

Here, old friend, for your trouble.

As Max leads Courier to the front door, Courier sets the  
bottle on the back corner of Max's desk.

Max returns to his desk to open the package.

MAX

Charlie. Charlie. What could not go  
through a diplomatic pouch?

Max takes out a small metal box with a thumbprint lock. He  
places his thumb on the pad, opening the box. The box  
contains a satellite phone and money.

Max breaks the red wax seal stamped with the image of a  
castle tower on a small envelope and reads the scribbled  
note. Max sighs and shakes his head.

Max walks over to the sink, and washes his hands. He looks at  
himself at his cracked mirror. Reflecting.

He unrolls his prayer rug in the center of the room and  
kneels on it.



He bows toward Mecca.

INT. KABUL - ROSHAN'S FINE WOMEN'S CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

The upscale shop displays brightly colored, glittering clothes and head scarfs that stand out against the background of black and dark blue burkas. The viewing area has full-length three-way mirrors, upholstered chairs and a table set for tea.

Letter Lady delivers Sima's letter to the shop owner ROSHAN. Roshan, 40s, smiles and hugs Letter Lady.

BACK ROOM

Roshan kneels on the floor and takes off her gloves, revealing the stumps of her fingers. Fingertips were obviously chopped off.

She takes a skinny bar and wedges it between two floor boards. She pushes down and lifts loose board, placing Sima's letter into the hiding space below.

EXT. KABUL - STREET - DAY

A large S.U.V. drives up the street. Another car turns from the intersection and starts driving next to the S.U.V.

INT. LARGE S.U.V. (MOVING) - DAY

The S.U.V. DRIVER looks at the car pulling alongside the S.U.V. He watches the window roll down. A person wearing a burka and gloves aims a grenade launcher at his car.

S.U.V. DRIVER

Shit!

George Carver looks out the window as the driver pushes the gas pedal down. Their S.U.V. slams into the car ahead.

The grenade hits the S.U.V.

EXPLOSION.

EXT. KABUL - PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A stressed-out Lt. Perrin walks up to Wazir.

WAZIR

I am very sorry to hear about Carver.

LT. PERRIN

Do you know who in hell did it?

WAZIR

SAWJ.

Wazir hands Lt. Perrin a 8 x 11 envelope.

INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY

ALI, the weasel, sits in the driver seat. Kamir, in the passenger seat, hands Ali a wad of bills. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

KAMIR

This is to help the cause.

Ali fans the bills out as he counts the money.

ALI

Much appreciated.

KAMIR

You can make the arrangements?

ALI

Yes. They are looking for women. We can go tomorrow.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ali stops his car. Kamir and Ali get out of the vehicle. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

KAMIR

I thought we were going to the training camp.

ALI

No. No. They come to us.

LATER

An S.U.V. pulls up alongside them. HASAN AL-YAZID, battle-scarred Saudi, Al Queda operative, rolls down the window. Other Afghani armed men get out and surround Ali and Kamir. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

ALI

I have new recruits.

Ali motions for Badria and Sima to get out of his car. They both wear burkas and Sima carries her bag.

Hasan smiles when he sees the women.

ALI

The tall one, infidels killed her husband. She wants to avenge his death.

HASAN

Allah be praised.

ALI

The shorter one is his wife.

HASAN

We just need the widow.

KAMIR

We want to join you too.

Hasan motions for the gunman to take Sima as he rolls up the window.

Ali grabs Kamir's arm and pulls him back to keep him from going to Hasan's S.U.V.

ALI

Don't interfere. He could kill you.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE OFFICE BUILDING  
- CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A Powerpoint presentation projects a map of Afghanistan on the wall: U.S. Military bases marked in red, NATO in blue and Afghani government in yellow.

AZIZA (O.S.)

As the American and NATO forces pull out, we'll need to ensure there is adequate security for hospitals, clinics and schools, especially in the southern part of the country.

Higgins sits at a table with Lt. Perrin who wears his military uniform. The dingy conference room is crammed with four other MEN and one WOMAN dressed in the standard bureaucratic uniform of cheap suits and ties. Ring binders, papers, empty water bottles and coffee cups provide evidence of a long meeting.

Aziza stands off to the side, confidently pointing the remote to advance the presentation as she speaks.

AZIZA

I'll summarize the option, a cost break-down and implementation plan.

Aziza flips on the lights. She's a lioness, disguised in a conservative suit and one-inch heels. CARL FULTON, 50s, C.I.A. Central Asia Operation Division Director, assesses Aziza's presentation.

FULTON

Aziza, we can't fund this project now. Our main priority is stabilizing the Afghani government by supporting reconciliation --

AZIZA

Hopefully, not with the Taliban.

Higgins subtly tries to catch Aziza's attention by gently shaking his head at her. Aziza ignores him, pulls out a folder and passes it over to Fulton.

Fulton opens the folder and casually flips through grainy images of men beating women, women's manicured fingertips being amputated, hand amputations, and beheadings.

FULTON

Old news. Pictures from when the Taliban held power.

AZIZA

These are new --

FULTON

Where did you get these pictures? Sima? She's stationed in Kabul.

Fulton grimaces when he sees a picture of a woman buried up to her neck being executed by stoning.

AZIZA

SAWJ doesn't want a repeat of what happened the last time the Americans pulled out. A lot of women were killed, starved, tortured --

FULTON

SAWJ may have been involved in killing a member of the Afghani Parliament --

AZIZA

He had ties with the Taliban and there's no proof --

FULTON

Murder is murder --

Fulton closes the folder and hands it back to her.

Lt. Perrin looks at Fulton and points to his watch. Fulton nods and then addresses the group.

FULTON

Lt. Perrin and I have to step out  
and take a call. Please continue.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fulton sits down at the desk. Lt. Perrin closes the door and takes the opposite chair.

FULTON

Are you sure SAWJ was involved with  
Carver's or that Parliamentarian's  
deaths?

Lt. Perrin nods, affirmative.

LT. PERRIN

At the very least they're rogue  
agents, or at the worst traitors.

FULTON

Her husband would roll over in his  
grave.

Fulton leans back in his chair and looks out the window.

FULTON

And we lost contact with her  
daughter?

Lt. Perrin bleakly nods. Fulton sighs.

FULTON

O.K., let's implement your plan.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fulton and Lt. Perrin enter the room as Aziza finishes her proposal. The group packs their things. Fulton motions to Aziza.

FULTON

I need to talk to Aziza.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bureaucrats exit from the conference room. Idle chatter resonates.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE #1  
 She still looks good. How did she  
 work in the field?

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE #2  
 Hard to blend in when you're  
 beautiful.

HIGGINS  
 She didn't blend in. She was  
 invisible, a walking ghost.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fulton, Lt. Perrin and Aziza sit at the conference table.  
 Fulton clears his throat.

FULTON  
 I'm sorry to tell you --

LT. PERRIN  
 When was your last contact with  
 Sima?

Aziza stares at Lt. Perrin.

AZIZA  
 It's been weeks.

CARL  
 She's missing --

AZIZA  
 (accusingly)  
 What happened?

FULTON  
 She was on a field assignment, but  
 I can't say much else.

AZIZA  
 I'm her mother. You can say more!

LT. PERRIN  
 We think she was captured and in a  
 Taliban training camp --

Aziza sits stunned at the news. She recovers and turns toward  
 Lt. Perrin.

AZIZA  
 Where?

LT. PERRIN  
We're not sure. Northwestern  
Afghanistan --

AZIZA  
I'm going to look for her.

LT. PERRIN  
Good. We were hoping you would help  
us.

FULTON  
We'll arrange your travel and an  
escort. Fred --

AZIZA  
I work alone.

LT. PERRIN  
It's the only way you'll get a  
visa.

Aziza fumes.

AZIZA  
He has to follow my orders.

The men look at each other and shrug. Carl hands her a  
folder. Aziza opens it.

INSERT - FILE

An official government picture of a 20-something Persian-  
looking man.

BACK TO SCENE.

AZIZA  
He just learned Pashto.

LT. PERRIN  
His family spoke Farsi here in the  
States.

Carl slides her a sheet of paper.

CARL  
Sign this, then we'll make the  
arrangements.

Aziza frowns but resolutely signs the contract.

AZIZA  
I'll leave tonight.

INT. AZIZA'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Higgins sits on the sofa as Aziza packs her bags.

HIGGINS

I never heard of Farid Khatami.

AZIZA

Doesn't matter. I'll give him the slip before I enter the Northern Provinces.

HIGGINS

Seems a lot of people are interested in you lately.

AZIZA

Who?

HIGGINS

Charles Castleton invited me to dinner and asked about you. Said he was missing something in his briefs.

Aziza laughs.

AZIZA

Not surprised he's missing something down there.

She shakes her head and sounds serious.

AZIZA

The twins found a picture of Max, Charlie and me in Kabul the other day.

Aziza stares off into the distance.

HIGGINS

You made the right decision.

AZIZA

Can you dig for information here and check on the kids?

HIGGINS

Sure thing.

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - SECRET FILE ROOM - DAY

INFORMATION OFFICER flips her long hair back and waves Higgins into the room.



INFORMATION OFFICER  
Great timing. The Administrator is  
demanding a briefing ASAP.

She points to the stack of files on her desk.

INFORMATION OFFICER  
Look through this stuff. They want  
anything we have on Sima Robbins  
and her mother.

Higgins' curiosity piques.

She grabs some files and rushes out.

Higgins sits down, opens files, and quickly reads them. He  
taps into the computer database. He pauses and prints out  
some documents.

INT. HIGGINS'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Higgins checks his rearview mirrors and tries to remain calm.

Higgins drives around Arlington side streets checking for  
surveillance.

He pulls over and dials his cellphone.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie's phone rings. He picks it up.

CHARLIE  
Higgins, good of you to call ...  
Asylum?

Charlie takes a pen and paper out.

CHARLIE  
When is she landing in Kabul? ...  
Can you tell me --

CLICK.

Charlie sets down the phone and stares out the window.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - VIETNAM WAR MEMORIAL - DAY

Charlie dressed as an aged Vietnam veteran weaves his way  
through the crowd. Various campaign patches and badges cover  
his ragged shirt and vest. He looks at his watch and dials  
his cellphone.

INT. KABUL - MAX'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Max sits at his desk looking at his watch. The satellite phone RINGS. Max answers.

MAX

Hello?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CHARLIE

Max, old boy. How are you?

MAX

Fine. But why the cloak and dagger?

CHARLIE

The short hairs on the back of my neck are up. I think the Americans are up to something.

MAX

Charlie, you're sounding paranoid.

CHARLIE

Occupational hazard, but necessary for survival.

MAX

Perhaps you should talk to a professional shrink --

Charlie lowers his voice.

CHARLIE

I'm the fucking Deputy Ambassador to the United States. You're my Bishop. I'm confessing my fears to you.

Charlie pauses to look at a teddy bear left along the wall.

CHARLIE

Carl Fulton, C.I.A. Chief of Near East Directorate of Operations asked me about Aziza a couple days ago --

MAX

Aziza?

CHARLIE

That man doesn't do idle chit-chat.  
So I've started asking around. I  
even had dinner with Higgins --

MAX

Bloody pain --

CHARLIE

He got upset when I mentioned her --

MAX

in the ass --

CHARLIE

Have you had any contact with  
Aziza?

MAX

No. She hates me --

CHARLIE

She probably hates me more.

Charlie briefly chuckles before getting serious.

CHARLIE

Look, I think the shit is hitting  
the fan and Aziza's involved. She  
left for Kabul last night. Call me  
on this phone if you hear anything.  
I want to make sure we're  
positioned on the right side.

MAX

Aren't we on the same side?

CHARLIE

Not if the Yanks do something  
idiotic.

END INTERCUT

INT. KABUL - BRITISH EMBASSY - REID'S OFFICE - MORNING

Max sits across the desk from his supervisor WILLIAM REID,  
MI6 chief, Kabul Field Office. The office furniture looks as  
worn and burnt out as Reid, failing the attempt to keep up  
appearances after too many years in a war zone.

Reid motions Max to sit down. He turns his computer monitor  
to Max.

Reid presses a button and the screen displays security camera footage of Carver's S.U.V. exploding in downtown Kabul.

MAX

Shame about Carver --

REID

It's unusual. No one is claiming it, not even the Taliban.

He zooms in on the car window with the grenade launcher pointing out.

REID

Look here.

Max leans in to squint at the grainy image, the gloved hands, the dark blue burka.

MAX

A woman wearing a burka?

Reid points at Max.

REID

Yanks say a case officer disappeared. They want us to quietly look for her.

Reid pushes a folder across his desk to Max.

MAX

Why quietly?

Max opens the folder to see Sima's picture on top of the file.

REID

They think she's a traitor, with ties to SAWJ. I understand you know her mother --

MAX

Her mother?

Max reads the file, slowly turning the pages, clenching his hand into a fist, and pounds the desk.

Max defiantly shakes his head.

MAX

Bloody hell! Give the assignment to someone else.

Reid stares at Max, shakes his head.

REID

No can do. You're the one with the contacts --

MAX

You don't understand.

REID

She'll trust you.

MAX

Like hell!

REID

You're a professional. Reel her in when she arrives at the airport.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Max sits at his desk looking at pictures of Aziza and Sima. He opens the bottle of gin on the desk and pours himself a glass. He gulps a mouthful, stares at the glass, walks over and smashes it into the sink.

MAX

Damn bitch!

INT. KABUL - AIRPORT - DAY

Aziza wearing a headscarf walks into the lobby. FARID (FRED) KHATAMI, wearing traditional Afghani clothing, stands at the edge of the crowd awaiting the passengers.

FRED

Aziza Robbins?

Aziza recognizes Fred from the photographs.

AZIZA

Farid Khatami?

Fred smiles and shakes Aziza's hand.

FRED

You can call me Fred. I hope we can find your daughter.

Aziza smiles grimly and looks impatiently toward the gate.

AZIZA

Yes. I hope to find her soon.

Max, wearing traditional clothing, disguised with makeup, wig and prosthetics, approaches. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

MAX

You need a driver?

FRED

No.

Fred and Aziza walk away.

INT./EXT. AZIZA'S S.U.V. (MOVING) / ROAD FROM AIRPORT - DAY

Fred drives a huge black S.U.V. with tinted windows and curtains covering the rear windows.

FRED

We'll pick up supplies before I  
drop you off for the hotel. Then  
we'll leave early tomorrow morning.

Aziza sits in the back seat. She pulls a curtain aside to peer out the window as they drive toward Kabul.

Carts and donkeys share the cratered road with pedestrians in traditional dress outside of Kabul.

More cars and people wearing Western clothing appear as they get closer to the city.

EXT. MAX'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Max follows the S.U.V. driving the most common car in Kabul, a late model, white, beat-up Toyota Corolla.

EXT. KABUL - DECREPIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Fred stops before the office building, pockmarked by bullets and mortar blasts in a down-and-out section of Kabul. Max parks nearby.

INT. KABUL - DECREPIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Aziza looks around the room. Lt. Perrin, wearing an Army uniform, is the only one there. He smiles and shakes their hands.

LT. PERRIN

Hope you had a good trip.

Lt. Perrin motions to the maps and bags on the table.

LT. PERRIN

This should be everything you need.

Lt. Perrin opens a bag and pulls out a GPS tracking device and a satellite phone.

LT. PERRIN  
These will enable us to keep in  
contact with you.

Lt. Perrin points to the north east section of Afghanistan on map spread out on the table.

LT. PERRIN  
We think she may be in this area at  
a training camp.

EXT. KABUL - DECREPIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Fred loads the bags into the back of the S.U.V. as Aziza digs around her personal bag making an effort to locate an item.

AZIZA  
I need to find some gum or  
toothpaste so I don't smell my  
onion breath from lunch when I put  
on a burka.

Fred laughs and heads to the driver seat. Aziza switches bags, fishes out the GPS tracking device and puts it into her large purse.

EXT. KABUL - STREET - DAY

BOOM!

A car ahead EXPLODES. Other cars flip over. Fred swerves to avoid a collision. He stops the car and freezes. People scream and run past them.

GUNSHOTS spray in any random direction.

Aziza jumps out, opens the driver-side door, pushes Fred aside and climbs into the driver seat. She U-turns the car and cuts into an alley to get away from the blocked traffic.

SIRENS BLARE.

The sound dims as Aziza drives through the back alleys.

FRED  
Does that happen very often?

AZIZA  
Yes.

She glares at Fred.

AZIZA  
How long have you been stationed  
here?

FRED  
A couple days.

INT. AZIZA'S S.U.V.- DAY

They drive into the older section of the city. Max follows  
their car.

AZIZA  
Let's stop here at the Shor Bazaar.  
I'll get some food for our trip --

FRED  
But --

AZIZA  
You're supposed to follow my  
orders.

The S.U.V. stops.

AZIZA  
Wait here. I'll be back soon.

EXT. SHOR BAZAAR - DAY

Fred parks the S.U.V. Max parks within viewing distance.

Aziza walk toward the bazaar. After a few moments Fred  
follows Aziza. Max follows Fred.

INT. SHOR BAZAAR - DAY

Aziza observes Fred following her as she stops to buy fruit,  
bread, water and juices from different venders. As she weaves  
her way through the crowds, she loses Fred, but not Max.

EXT. ROSHAN'S FINE WOMAN'S CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Aziza enters the shop. Max waits outside.

INT. ROSHAN'S FINE WOMAN'S CLOTHING SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

Roshan and Aziza sit on floor cushions.

Roshan uses the same thin bar to pry up the floor board,  
pulls out the envelope and hands it to Aziza.



ROSHAN

Your things are still here.

She hands the envelope to Aziza.

ROSHAN

Sima sent this for you.

AZIZA

How did she look?

ROSHAN

Last time I saw her, too many worry lines on her young face.

Roshan pats Aziza's hand.

ROSHAN

I gave her names of some SAWJ members she can trust. I'll give you a list too.

Roshan gets out paper and pen.

ROSHAN

I've heard rumors that the Americans think Sima's a traitor, and that SAWJ used a grenade launcher to kill the C.I.A. chief in Kabul.

Roshan looks at Aziza.

ROSHAN

We need your help to prove SAWJ and Sima had nothing to do with this.

Aziza quickly reads Sima's letter as Roshan writes. Aziza conceals the letter under her clothing.

AZIZA

Did you get the supplies I needed?

Roshan points to the hole in the floor. Aziza reaches underneath the floor, removing a handgun, stacks of money and a small package wrapped in colorful cloth. She unwraps the package which contains two small perfume bottles and two vials of pills, one black, one white. She places everything into her purse.

Aziza reaches in again and smiles as she withdraws a small golden statute of a woman wearing a sword being pulled in a chariot by two snow leopards.

AZIZA

I can't believe you still have this. The warrior priestess from Bactria. Shouldn't this be returned to Uzbekistan?

Roshan looks at the statue, shrugs, and smiles.

ROSHAN

It's safer here. Why risk it?

AZIZA

Max was always fascinated by this.

Aziza pets a snow leopard's head with her finger.

AZIZA

Still hoping for return of an ancient matriarchal society ruled by women warriors, priestesses and poets?

ROSHAN

I'm determined to create one that doesn't subjugate women by brute force. That is why it's important for us to be cleared of these allegations.

Aziza runs her finger over the statue and looks at Roshan.

AZIZA

And the member of the Parliament with ties to the Taliban?

Roshan eyes twinkle as she smiles.

ROSHAN

I heard he had a heart attack while having sex with a prostitute --

AZIZA

Did you --

Roshan shrugs and waves her hand.

ROSHAN

I can't say I'm not happy the pious man is dead.

Aziza leans toward Roshan.

AZIZA

But were you or SAWJ involved?

ROSHAN

No. I haven't crossed that line. We want to become a political party.

AZIZA

I'll need to talk to the prostitute.

ROSHAN

I heard she was Russian.

AZIZA

Saint Peter's Discotech?

ROSHAN

Most likely.

Aziza holds up the statue and looks at Roshan.

AZIZA

You'll continue to be the priestess?

Roshan nods and points at Aziza.

ROSHAN

You're the warrior.

EXT. ROSHAN'S FINE WOMEN'S CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Aziza leaves the store and weaves her way back through the crowded bazaar. Max follows.

EXT. STREET - RUG SHOP - DAY

A RUG MERCHANT and his MEN load rugs stacked on the street into a truck. Aziza stops to admire the rugs. The rug merchant approaches Aziza. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

RUG MERCHANT

These are the finest rugs in all of Kabul.

AZIZA

They are beautiful.

The rug merchant points to truck.

RUG MERCHANT

They are famous even in Europe. Tomorrow morning this shipment goes to Karachi and then Rome!

Aziza bends down to study the rugs.

RUG MERCHANT  
I'll give you a good price.

AZIZA  
I'll look now, then bring my  
husband.

The Rug Merchant returns to loading the truck with his men.

Aziza slips the GPS tracking device out of her purse and wedges it into a rolled-up rug. She gets up and waves good-bye to the rug merchant and threads her way through the crowd.

The MEN load the rug onto the truck.

INT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - COOKING CAVE - DAY

Sima struggles to cook naan over the fire. She ends up burning the bread. KITCHEN WOMAN shakes her head as WATER WOMAN pours water onto the naan to put out the flames. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

WATER WOMAN  
Go get more water so we can make  
rice.

INT. KABUL - AZIZA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Aziza changes into men's clothing and false beard.

INT. AZIZA'S HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Aziza joins a group of men as they walk through the hotel lobby. Max and Fred don't notice her leaving.

INT. ST. PETER'S DISCOTECH - NIGHT

Foreigners and hip young Afghani men dance with the young Russian women to the throbbing techno beat. The party is on and anything goes.

Aziza checks out the scene and walks up to the bar. A scantily dressed bartender leans over to take Aziza's order.

AZIZA  
Johnnie Walker Black on ice.

She nods.

Aziza checks out the women at the bar. All professionals. They quickly evaluate whether the new "man" has money to make it worth their while.

ELGA, early 20s, a tall leggy blonde, flips her long hair, grabs her glass and heads toward Aziza before the other's beat her to the punch.

Elga slides onto the empty bar stool next to Aziza and clinks their glasses together.

ELGA  
Looking for some company?

AZIZA  
If it's the right one.

Elga smiles. Aziza waves to the bartender.

AZIZA  
Bring the bottle.

ELGA  
Your English is very good.

AZIZA  
Should be. I studied in America.

Bartender brings the bottle and Aziza refills Elga's glass.

ELGA  
Visiting?

AZIZA  
I have a contract with the U.S. government for a reconstruction project.

ELGA  
That sounds fascinating!

INT. ST. PETER'S DISCOTECH - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Aziza sits on the bed. Elga drunkenly sits next to her and pulls at Aziza's tie. Aziza smiles and holds Elga's hands.

AZIZA  
No rush. Let's talk.

ELGA  
About what?

AZIZA

There was another girl that worked  
here --

Elga pulls away from Aziza.

Aziza pulls her up and dances with Elga. She opens her suit jacket and guides Elga's hand to her breast pocket. Elga's eyes widen as she feels the money. She leans forward to see American \$100 bills.

Aziza dances with Elga and whispers in her ear.

AZIZA

Do they have cameras to monitor the  
room?

ELGA

Yes.

AZIZA

Sound?

ELGA

No.

AZIZA

Her client was a member of  
Parliament --

Elga pulls back shaking her head.

Aziza places Elga's hand in her breast pocket again. Elga licks her lips as she calculates the amount. Aziza draws Elga back into her arms and whispers.

AZIZA

Twenty thousand. American. No one  
will know.

Elga hesitates, then rests her head on Aziza's shoulder to whisper in her ear.

ELGA

The old guy was smelly and weird.  
He wanted a virgin. Called her his  
little blonde infidel.

AZIZA

Can I talk to her?

ELGA

They moved her to the Blue Peacock  
in Jalalabad right after the guy  
died.

Elga looks into Aziza's eyes.

ELGA

To get in you'll need to say  
Mikhail said you should visit the  
Blue Peacock when you are in  
Jalalabad. He's the manager here.

Elga starts unbuttoning her shirt, leaning forward to be  
enveloped by Aziza's suit jacket.

AZIZA

What's her name?

ELGA

Dimitre.

AZIZA

Keep a couple of the bills in your  
hand. Hide the rest.

Elga slips all but a couple of the bills into the inside  
pocket of her shirt.

Aziza pushes Elga away and slaps her across the face.

AZIZA

Whore!

Aziza storms out of the room. Elga screams out the doorway.

ELGA

What the fuck did you expect!

MIKHAIL comes into the room.

MIKHAIL

What was that about?

ELGA

He didn't want to pay. Thought I  
was in love.

Elga hands Mikhail a few of the bills in her hand.

ELGA

At least I got these before he  
left.

Mikhail laughs and puts the bills in his pocket.

INT./EXT. KABUL - AZIZA'S S.U.V./OLD CITY - DAY

Aziza directs Fred from the back seat as he drives through the streets.

AZIZA

Turn right here. It will take us to the main road to Jalalabad.

INT. KABUL - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lt. Perrin and TRACKING GUY stare at a GPS monitor. Tracking Guy points to a blinking dot.

TRACKING GUY

Heading east towards Jalalabad.

EXT. ROAD TO JALALABAD - DAY

The S.U.V. heads along the narrow road. Cliffs soar above one side with a sheer drop-off to a ribbon of river far below on the other. The rusted carcasses of tanks and their turrets stick out of the water.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

SUPER: "VALLEY FLOOR NEAR KHORD KABAL PASS"

Fred pulls the car off on the shoulder. They get out of the car. Aziza offers food and water to Fred.

AZIZA

I thought this was a good place to stop and stretch. It's a famous place in Afghani history.

Fred takes a water bottle. Aziza points at the valley.

AZIZA

It's the location of the bloodiest defeat in all of British history. In 1842, four thousand British soldiers and twelve thousand camp followers, including woman and children, were massacred as they fled Kabul. The Afghani tribes united to overthrow Britain's puppet king --

Aziza's voice trails off as she watches Max park behind their S.U.V.



AZIZA

Only one bleeding, hysterical man  
survived, and arrived in Jalalabad

...

Max, minus the prosthetics, gets out and approaches them.

FRED

Problem?

Aziza's hand goes into her purse.

AZIZA

Maybe.

MAX

Giving a tour of the high points of  
Afghani history?

Max dramatically sweeps his arm to take in the landscape.

MAX

Inspiration for a famous poem.  
"When you're wounded and left on  
Afghanistan's plain / And the women  
come out to cut up your remains. /  
Roll on your rifle and blow out  
your brains. / And go to Gawd like  
a soldier."

FRED

I haven't heard of --

MAX

Rudyard Kipling, 1892. Though I  
prefer ancient Afghani poetry from  
Herat --

AZIZA

Max, what are you doing here?

FRED

You know this guy?

AZIZA

Yes.

MAX

I thought you might need my help.

AZIZA

We don't.

MAX  
For example, your car screams  
American Imperialist --

FRED  
Who is this?

Max shakes Fred's hand.

MAX  
Max Bishop, British Embassy,  
Commerce Department, old friend of  
Aziza's. And you?

FRED  
Fred.

An awkward pause as Max waits for Fred or Aziza to say more.

MAX  
Well, I thought we could join  
forces and look for Sima together.

FRED  
How do you know about --

Max dismissively waves his hand.

MAX  
Oh, you know how the international  
community gossips --

AZIZA  
Max, go away.

Max pulls a gun from under his jacket and points it at Aziza and Fred.

MAX  
I'm afraid I can't. I have my  
assignment --

FRED  
Assignment?

MAX  
I would like to have a  
collaborative arrangement.

Max tosses the gun to land in front of Aziza's feet. She picks it up, aims at Max and clicks off the safety.

AZIZA

We could just tie you up and leave  
you in the car.

MAX

I'd rather you shoot me now than  
die a slow death --

FRED

We can't kill him if he really  
works for the British Embassy!

Max smiles.

MAX

See, we are allies.

Shots ring out hitting Fred. Max and Aziza dive for cover.

MAX

Fuck! Bandits.

Aziza hands Max back his gun. He tucks it behind his back as  
two GUNMEN walk toward their cars.

AZIZA

I'll take out the one on the right.

GUNMAN I

(in Pashto)

We just want your money!

Aziza and Max raise their hands and step out. Aziza points to  
her purse. Gunman I nods his head. Aziza reaches in and fires  
her gun through her purse, killing Gunman I as Max shoots and  
kills Gunman II.

Max checks to make sure the men are dead as Aziza goes to  
bind Fred's wounds.

MAX

I have a friend nearby.

Aziza and Max load Fred into the passenger seat of the S.U.V.  
Max leads in his Corolla as Aziza follows driving the S.U.V.

EXT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Sima watches the men and horses entering the valley. They  
lead the horse carrying the metal box with nuclear material  
down the steep path.

EXT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - NIGHT

Omar, Hasan and Tariq talk to the MIR IZAT, a tall intimidating man with a long, shaggy beard. Mir Izat points to another cave along the cliff face.

EXT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - JAHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Aziza park by a mud block house. JAHAN comes out and embraces Max and helps Max carry Fred into the house.

Aziza carries luggage to the house.

INT. JAHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aziza carries their bags into a sparse room. A rug on the floor, some pillows and bedding in the corner. A low table holds an oil lamp.

Aziza searches Fred's bag. She takes out the satellite phone and places it in her purse.

Aziza rummages through Max's bag and pulls out Max's Koran. Examines it and flips through the pages.

INT. JAHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aziza joins Jahan and Max and Jahan's wife as they tend to Fred's wounds.

JAHAN'S WIFE

I stopped the bleeding, but he should go to a hospital tomorrow.

JAHAN

I can drive him back to Kabul.

FRED

(weakly)

Aziza has to come back with me so they can assign someone else --

AZIZA

Of course.

Aziza motions Max to follow her outside.

EXT. JAHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AZIZA

How did you find me?

MAX

Ask me no questions, I'll tell you  
no lies.

Aziza rolls her eyes.

MAX

Why did you bring the boy?

AZIZA

He's part of the deal I cut to be  
allowed to find Sima.

MAX

Do you trust him?

Aziza shakes her head.

AZIZA

I've heard they're saying Sima's a  
traitor and SAWJ --

MAX

Killed George Carver --

AZIZA

That's a lie!

MAX

I agree. That's why I need to find  
her first.

AZIZA

No. I'll find her.

Aziza turns away. Max takes Aziza's arm and turns her back to  
face him.

MAX

Do you know where she is?

Aziza shakes her head.

MAX

She could be at a camp in  
Afghanistan or across the border in  
Pakistan --

AZIZA

Just go back to your Embassy.

Max fights to control his temper and lets go of Aziza's arm.  
She walks away from Max.

MAX

I read her file. I did the math. Is she my daughter ... or Charlie's?

Aziza laughs and pivots back to face Max.

AZIZA

Charlie?! You still think --

MAX

Why didn't you tell me?

AZIZA

Why should I ever trust you again?

Aziza glares at Max and strides back into the house.

INT. JAHAN'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Jahan sit on the carpet eating and drinking tea.

JAHAN

There are many rumors circulating around Jalalabad ...

Aziza walks into the room and sits on the rug.

Jahan looks at Max.

MAX

Please continue.

JAHAN

SAWJ involved in killing the C.I.A. bureau chief --

AZIZA

That's not true!

Jahan shrugs.

JAHAN

The other rumor is about a pro-Western Pakistani military group that plans to take over after the next election.

MAX

Haven't heard about it.

Jahan sighs.

JAHAN

I could arrange a meeting with someone that might know -- but they  
(MORE)

JAHAN (CONT'D)  
will expect to be paid for the  
information.

MAX  
Can you set it up for tomorrow?

Jahan nods his head.

MAX  
Can I borrow the jitney truck  
again?

JAHAN  
Sure. I even fixed the brakes.

AZIZA  
Do you know of a place called the  
Blue Peacock in Jalalabad?

Jahan's eyes widen.

JAHAN  
It's a hell hole.

EXT. JALALABAD - MARKET - DAY

Aziza, wearing a burka, and Max, in traditional clothing,  
walk along the market talking to MAN IN BLUE TURBAN. Both Max  
and the Man in Blue Turban carry the Koran.

MAN IN BLUE TURBAN  
They are planning some attack. I  
don't know when, where, or even  
how. But it will be big and  
important. It will change the  
country.

Aziza walks closer.

AZIZA  
And the killing of the C.I.A.  
station chief?

Man In Blue Turban waves his hand.

MAN IN BLUE TURBAN  
They kill two birds with one stone.  
They destroy SAWJ's reputation and  
distract people from their own  
activities.

AZIZA  
You can prove this?

He holds up his Koran.

MAN IN BLUE TURBAN  
I noted someone who may have more  
information about the Pakistanis.

Man In Blue Turban and Max exchange Korans. Man In Blue Turban opens the book and looks at the money stuffed into the pages.

MAN IN BLUE TURBAN  
I always found special meaning in  
this passage of the Koran.

INT. JALALABAD - HOTEL - NIGHT

Max watches Aziza tuck her hair under a wig.

MAX  
I'm sorry but I don't think you can  
pass as a man anymore.

AZIZA  
I did it the other night.

MAX  
Were they drunk?

Aziza shrugs.

MAX  
What's at the Blue Peacock.

AZIZA  
Information. The girl that was with  
the Parliamentarian when he had his  
heart attack.

Max opens his kit. He pulls out a couple wigs, glasses and prosthetics for his disguise.

MAX  
Back-up?

Aziza hesitates then nods her head.

EXT. JALALABAD - BLUE PEACOCK - NIGHT

Max and Aziza walk up to the guard standing outside the door.

GUARD  
Invitation only.



AZIZA

Mikhail sends greetings from Saint Peter's Discotech and recommended we visit your establishment in Jalalabad.

The guard opens the door.

INT. JALALABAD - BLUE PEACOCK - NIGHT

A raunchier and more rundown version of the St. Peter's Discotech. The music still pounds, but it's for a lower grade clientele of mostly foreigners and a few locals. People check out Aziza and Max as they lean against the bar.

MAX

Gin and tonic.

AZIZA

Johnnie Walker Black on ice.

Two drugged women teeter over and slide up on either side of Aziza and Max. Max and Aziza shake their heads. They stumble away.

The BARTENDER leans over.

BARTENDER

You're not interested in company tonight?

AZIZA

Actually, we're here for a client.

MAX

Yes. He has special tastes in his companionship.

BARTENDER

Boys?

AZIZA

No. Girls. Preferably young blonde ones.

BARTENDER

That can be very expensive.

AZIZA

We'll cover it.

INT. JALALABAD- BLUE PEACOCK - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

DIMITRE, 12, sits handcuffed to a bed. A tiny waif, blue eyed with blonde hair, she withdraws to a corner when Max and Aziza walk into the room. (In Russian)

AZIZA

Honey, what's your name?

Tears stream down Dimitre's face. She stammers.

DETRIE

Dimitre.

Aziza reaches over and unlocks the handcuff.

AZIZA

You do what we say. You're coming with us.

Dimitre nods her head.

INT. MAX'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Aziza sits in the back seat with Dimitre. The car seat is folded down revealing a large wheeled suitcase.

AZIZA

Climb in here.

INT. JALALABAD - HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Aziza still dressed as a man leads the away across the lobby. Max pulls the suitcase after her.

INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY

Max drives his car as it bumps down the rutted road outside of Jalalabad. Aziza reads the paper from the Koran. Dimitre sits wearing a burka.

MAX

Are we going to leave her with Jahan?

AZIZA

No. I have a contact --

MAX

A SAWJ contact?

Aziza shrugs and studies the paper.

AZIZA

I'll head north. This person lives near Pashshad.

MAX

You mean we. You can't travel alone.

AZIZA

I'll dress as a man.

MAX

Look, I've posed as a merchant before in this area. I have the contacts.

Aziza rolls her eyes.

MAX

So, this will be a sales trip. I'll be an unusually kind husband to bring --

Max smiles and nods his head toward Aziza.

MAX

-- my wife along.

Aziza sighs.

MAX

We'll need a cover story.

Aziza stares out the window as she thinks.

AZIZA

How about, I'm a friend of Sima's mother and I promised her that I would try to have my son marry her daughter to get her out of the training camp.

MAX

Some will think your friend is not a very good Muslim if she prefers grandchildren to her child's martyrdom.

AZIZA

A very small minority opinion.

MAX

Not in the training camp.

INT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - JAHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max is asleep. His jacket lies on the floor. Aziza, dressed as a man, reaches out to pick up the jacket in the dim light. She pulls the keys out of the pocket. She quietly wakes Dimitre. Holding a finger to her lips, Aziza points to a bag. Dimitre picks it up and follows Aziza out of the room.

EXT. JAHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The eastern sky glows as Aziza tries to start the large brightly painted jitney truck. The truck sputters but doesn't turn over. Aziza sits frustrated in the driver seat. Dimitre sits silently in the passenger seat wearing a burka.

Max jogs out of the house waving his hands. Jahan strolls out carrying Max's bag.

MAX

Stop.

Jahan smiles and opens up the hood. Max watches as Jahan takes the alternator out of his pocket and slaps it into place.

JAHAN

You should do this too. Keeps people from stealing the truck.

Max laughs.

MAX

Jolly good show.

Max walks over and opens Aziza's door. She begrudgingly slides over to the passenger seat.

MAX

You really don't look like a man in daylight.

Jahan joins them.

JAHAN

Be careful.

Max nods and takes the driver seat.

EXT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - DAY

The jitney truck drives by the small mud houses in the village. The snow-capped mountains tower over the barren landscape.

INT. KABUL - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lt. Perrin and TRACKING GUY stare at a GPS monitor.

LT. PERRIN  
Did Fred report in last night?

TRACKING GUY  
No. They're in Pakistan, heading  
toward Karachi.

Tracking Guy points to a blinking dot on the monitor.

LT. PERRIN  
What the hell! Intercept them!

EXT./INT. PAKISTAN - REMOTE AREA / RUG TRUCK - DAY

Helicopters swoop down, circle and land on the road before the rug merchant's truck. Armed men in indistinguishable uniforms jump from the helicopters and surround the truck.

Guns pointed at the men in the truck. The rug merchants raise their hands and yell in panic.

The uniformed men climb onto the back of the truck, throwing the rugs on the road. They search through the rugs until they find the GPS tracking device.

EXT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - OMAR'S CAVE - DAY

Hasan sits outside the cave. Sima brings a bucket of water. He nods his head and motions her to enter.

INT. OMAR'S CAVE - DAY

Sima brings in the water bucket and places it on the ground. She takes out her Geiger counter and only turns on the light feature. She starts pointing to various parts of the cave, illuminating the metal box along with other baggage.

Hasan comes up behind her. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

HASAN  
What are you doing?

Hasan takes the Geiger counter and studies it.

HASAN  
Nice flashlight.

He motions for Sima to leave.

HASAN  
Thank you for this gift.

He turns off the flashlight and puts it in his pocket. Hasan narrows his eyes at Sima as she leaves the cave.

INT. PASHSHAD - SAWJ CONTACT HOUSE - DAY

Aziza sits with Dimitre and the SAWJ CONTACT. Aziza shows Dimitre a picture of the Parliamentarian. Dimitre backs away from the picture. (In Russian with English subtitles)

AZIZA

You know this man?

Dimitre nods.

AZIZA

Who made the arrangements?

DETRIE

Mikhail. He told me to go with the men.

AZIZA

Mikhail went too?

DETRIE

No. The men looked like Max.  
I didn't understand what they said.

Dimitre cries. SAWJ Contact hugs the girl.

SAWJ CONTACT

It will be O.K.

Dimitre shakes her head.

DETRIE

The men came into the bedroom. The old man yelled at them.

As one them took me out of the room, I saw in the mirror the other man stabbed a needle into the old man.

Aziza nods to SAWJ Contact. (In English.)

AZIZA

Keep her safe. She's our only witness.

INT. PASHSHAD - TEA HOUSE - DAY

Max and Aziza sit with MAN IN WHITE TURBAN drinking tea. Man in White Turban looks around the tea house and leans toward Max. He lowers his voice.

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
They say they will have nuclear material soon.

MAX  
How will they get it?

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
Something about stealing it from someone that stole it from someone else.

AZIZA  
Where will they get it from?

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
The North. Konar Province.

AZIZA  
And SAWJ?

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
Who?

AZIZA  
It's the Society of Afghani Women for Justice --

Man In White Turban laughs.

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
Women for justice!

Max looks at Man In White Turban.

MAX  
Do you know the location of any Taliban training camps up there?

Man In White Turban shrugs.

MAN IN WHITE TURBAN  
No, but I hear there is a man in a northern village that may know.

Aziza passes an envelope to Man In White Turban. He discreetly opens it under the table and smiles at the money.

INT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - OMAR'S CAVE - DAY

Sima brings in a bucket of water. She places it down and quickly searches through the pockets of clothing looking for the Geiger counter. She finds it and slips it into her pocket as she hears Tariq's footsteps coming behind her. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

TARIQ  
What are you doing?

SIMA  
I brought you water.

Sima quickly gathers a bundle of clothing.

SIMA  
I will wash your clothing.

Tariq smiles.

TARIQ  
Thank you.

INT. KABUL - ST. PETER'S DISCOTECH - NIGHT

WAZIR and one of his men sit at the table with Mikhail. (In Russian with English subtitles.)

WAZIR  
We would like to make a permanent arrangement for the little blonde.

MIKHAIL  
She was so freaked out when the old guy died I had to move her to another location.

WAZIR  
Where is she?

MIKHAIL  
The Blue Peacock in Jalalabad.

EXT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Sima follows Tariq to the well. She stands beside him as he pulls up a bucket of water. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

SIMA  
Where are you from? I noticed your accent is different --



Tariq is surprised to have a woman talk to him at the camp, but likes the attention.

TARIQ  
Ever heard of Kazakhstan?

SIMA  
No.

TARIQ  
It's north of here.

SIMA  
What did you do there?

TARIQ  
Well, I'm a scientist.

Tariq looks around.

TARIQ  
Is your husband here?

Sima shakes her head.

SIMA  
No, killed in Kandahar.

TARIQ  
I'm sorry.

Tariq relaxes.

TARIQ  
You have family here?

SIMA  
No.

Tariq can't help a brief smile at Sima.

TARIQ  
You must be lonely.

SIMA  
A little --

Tariq pulls another bucket up from the well and pours it into Sima's bucket. He picks up the two buckets.

TARIQ  
Where can I carry this for you?

Sima motions to a cave along the cliff face and they walk toward it.

SIMA  
Will you be here long?

TARIQ  
I don't know yet.

SIMA  
Your wife will miss you?

TARIQ  
I don't have a wife.

They walk in silence. Tariq pauses along the side of the cliff and puts the buckets down and motions Sima toward him. She walks up to him and leans against the cliff.

TARIQ  
I would like to see your face.

Tariq slowly pulls her burka off. He smiles, delighted at her beauty.

Sima sees Omar, Hasan and GHAZIN, the camp's weapon's trainer, walking toward them. Tariq is unaware of them. Tariq reaches to touch Sima. Sima slaps his hand away.

TARIQ  
Hey!

Tariq grabs at Sima. She pushes him off and slugs him in the face.

Hearing the commotion, Omar, Hasan and Ghazin run toward them.

Tariq makes another grab at Sima and she kicks him in the groin. Tariq falls, rolling on the ground in pain.

SIMA  
He attacked me!

Sima grabs her burka and runs back to her cave.

TARIQ  
She invited me!

The men laugh at Tariq.

INT. JALALABAD - BLUE PEACOCK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WAZIR and his men talk to the MANAGER. As he sits at his desk.

WAZIR

I have a client that is interested  
in a permanent relationship with  
one of your girls.

MANAGER

It can be arranged for the right  
price.

He opens an album with pictures of scantily clad girls in  
sexy poses. He turns the book toward WAZIR as he flips the  
pages.

MANAGER

Plenty to choose from. They're  
H.I.V. negative. We insist on  
condoms here.

He flips through some more pages.

Wazir places his hand on a picture of a little blonde girl.

MANAGER

Oh, you like blondes!

He stares at the picture but shakes his head because it's not  
Dimitre.

WAZIR

She's not the one I was looking  
for.

The manager hesitates.

MANAGER

Have you been here before?

WAZIR

No, but my client had a favorite in  
Saint Peter's Discotech. We heard  
she was sent here by Mikhail.

MANAGER

Oh. Unfortunately, someone already  
bought her contract --

WAZIR

When?

MANAGER

Last night.

WAZIR

Who?

MANAGER

Two guys. They paid cash. No names  
of course.

WAZIR

American, British?

MANAGER

No. Afghani or Pakistani.

The manager points to the picture of the blonde girl.

MANAGER

But this one is better.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Aziza shows Max a village on a map.

MAX

We really need to get some leads.

AZIZA

In this village, the tea house  
owner's wife has a reputation for  
gossip.

INT. U.S. AIR BASE - HOSPITAL - DAY

Lt. Perrin leans over Fred as he lies in the hospital bed.

LT. PERRIN

Where's Aziza?

FRED

Didn't she come with me?

LT. PERRIN

No.

Fred shakes his head.

FRED

Shit. There was this guy from the  
British Embassy. Max Bishop --

EXT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - BIJAN'S TEA HOUSE - KITCHEN -  
NIGHT

Aziza enters the kitchen and greets the tea house owner's  
wife KHARO. Aziza removes her burka. (In Pashto with English  
subtitles.)

AZIZA

I am Rabia. May I keep you company  
in the kitchen?

KHARO

I am Kharo. It is nice to have  
company. Most of our guests do not  
bring their wives.

Kharo pours water into a kettle and carries it to the stove.  
(In English.)

AZIZA

Roshan at the Shor Bazaar sends her  
greetings.

Kharo puts the kettle on the stove and stares at Aziza.

AZIZA

She said you used to teach English  
at a girl's school in Kabul.

Kharo shakes her head in disbelief.

KHARO

A lifetime ago.

AZIZA

She said you might be able to help  
me find my daughter.

Aziza gives Kharo a picture of Sima. She glances at the  
picture and drops it on the table.

KHARO

She was here, about a week ago,  
with another man and woman. I  
thought her a crazy lady, saying  
she wanted to join the jihad and  
avenge her husband's death.

AZIZA

And?

Kharo's face reddens as she fills a basin with water.

KHARO

So what is this about? Who are you?  
Your English has an American  
accent --

AZIZA

It doesn't really matter --

KHARO  
Yes it does matter!

KhARO holds up Sima's picture and studies Aziza.

KHARO  
She looks like you. Is she really  
your daughter?

Aziza nods her head.

KHARO  
So she's not a crazy Afghani widow  
that wants to join the jihad. She's  
a crazy American who wants to  
infiltrate a Taliban training camp.  
And you're a crazier American who  
lets her daughter do such things.

KhARO throws the picture down and grabs potatoes from the  
table and tosses them in the basin of water. She roughly  
scrubs them.

KHARO  
I am so tired of this fighting.  
First we fought against the  
Communist government, then the  
Soviets. They bombed the villages  
by air, dropped land mines and  
exploding toys in the fields. My  
husband's niece was killed when she  
picked up a doll that exploded in  
her face!

KhARO puts the potatoes on a cutting board and chops them  
with a large knife.

KHARO  
The mujahideen drive out the  
Soviets, then destroy Kabul  
fighting among themselves. We fled  
here, to my husband's village for  
safety.

Tears fall down KhARO's face as she continues chopping.

KHARO  
People were happy when the Taliban  
came and restored order, but they  
turned into a pack of wild dogs. So  
I was happy when the Americans came  
to get rid of the Taliban.

KhARO adds the potatoes to a pan on the stove. They sizzle.

KHARO

But does that end it? No. My son  
was killed when some idiot decided  
to blow himself up in the Jalalabad  
National Afghani Police Station.

Tears stream down her face as she angrily stirs the potatoes  
and wails.

KHARO

What good is being a martyr and  
going to paradise if you make it  
hell on earth for everyone else?

INT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - TEA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aziza and Max enter the room. Aziza takes off her burka. They  
stare at the rope bed and bedding. Finally, Max sits on the  
right side of the bed.

MAX

You still like the left side?

AZIZA

I can sleep on the floor.

MAX

No. We're married. That won't look  
right.

AZIZA

Kharo met Sima, but she's not  
telling me everything.

MAX

Why not?

Aziza shakes her head.

AZIZA

She's scared and angry. I'll try  
again tomorrow.

Max nods and tries to lighten the mood by pointing to the  
left side of the bed.

MAX

I'm afraid I lack vodka, so I can't  
offer you a night cap. And I don't  
have any poetry books to read you.

Aziza smiles, shaking her head as she sits on the left side  
of the bed.

AZIZA  
You haven't changed much.

Max turns his back to her.

MAX  
(mutters)  
You have.

Aziza sighs and lies down with her clothes on. They both lie on their sides, back to back.

INT. TEA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max sweats and tosses in bed.

AZIZA  
Still with the nightmares?

Aziza touches Max. He stops and instinctively pulls Aziza into his arms. Aziza relaxes into his embrace.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Aziza, Kharo and a FEW OTHER WOMEN wash themselves in the river without taking off their burkas. Aziza and Kharo are farther away from the other women so they can talk.

Max wanders near the river. WOMEN guarding the riverbank throw stones at him to keep him away from the area. ~~(In English.)~~

AZIZA  
Kharo do you know --

KHARO  
I have to protect my family.

AZIZA  
How can you protect them if the Taliban controls --

KHARO  
It's either the Taliban, or a drug lord, or a corrupt official with his hand out --

Kharo angrily slaps the water.

KHARO  
You Americans just make things worse with your money.



EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Far from the other women, Aziza and Kharo pound clothing and bedding on the rocks and spread them to dry.

Kharo has an icy detachment as she calmly spreads the clothing out on the rocks.

Kharo stops her work and walks up to Aziza.

KHARO

I will introduce you to the dog washer, Ali. He's a true believer and brings recruits to the camp.

AZIZA

Thank --

KHARO

But you have to promise me something.

AZIZA

What?

KHARO

You have to kill as many of them as you can for me. For my son.

INT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - OMAR'S CAVE - NIGHT

Omar, Hasan and Tariq sit on a rug drinking tea. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

OMAR

We have an agreement?

HASAN

We share her --

OMAR

And she'll carry the bomb.

Tariq reluctantly nods his head.

INT. TEA HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max and Aziza sit on the bedroom floor.

MAX

The meeting went well. I used some names Ali trusted and offered him a share in my profits for his introduction.

Aziza nods her head.

MAX

It will be difficult to get some of the "supplies" he requests for the camp, but I can pull some strings. If I leave now I can be back by morning.

Aziza shakes her head.

AZIZA

No. We stay together.

Aziza stares at Max, obviously not trusting Max to come back for her.

MAX

Fine. We'll stay together.

EXT. SMALL AFGHANI VILLAGE - NIGHT

Max drives the jitney truck up to a mud house on the edge of another village. Max gets out of the car alone. The door opens. Max enters the house.

Max later exists the house with men carrying food and other supplies to the truck.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Max parks the jitney truck near a shack. Armed men open the door and aim at Max. He raises his hands and goes inside.

Max and the men later exit the shack and load weapons into the truck.

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Omar, Hasan, Tariq talk to the Mir Izat and Ghazin. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

TARIQ

She approached me! She invited me!

HASAN

And he agrees to marry this woman.

OMAR

The arrangement will protect everyone's honor.

The Mir Izat nods his head and smiles.

MIR IZAT  
We'll have a wedding.

EXT. SIDE OF COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Aziza watches Max as he pours water over his hands, bows toward Mecca and prays. She taps the truck panels, finds a false panel covering a secret compartment and hides the satellite phone.

Max finishes his prayers and joins Aziza by the truck.

MAX  
I guess you are not a practicing  
Muslim anymore?

Aziza smiles.

AZIZA  
I still read the Koran. I just  
don't bow toward Mecca.

Awkward silence. He decides to change the subject.

MAX  
What's Sima like?

AZIZA  
She's tall, dark hair, and brown  
eyes.

MAX  
I've seen her picture. What's she  
like?

AZIZA  
She's athletic, passionate,  
headstrong, funny, and smart.

MAX  
Sounds like you.

AZIZA  
Not quite like me. I'm not as  
stubborn.

MAX  
(sarcastically)  
No, not at all.

Max reaches his arm toward her.

MAX  
I heard about your family's  
apartment being bombed --

She steps away.

MAX

I tried to see you in the States.  
But I saw you with him, and you  
were pregnant.

AZIZA

You staked me out?

MAX

Higgins told me he was a computer  
techie who worked for the C.I.A.  
That he was the father --

AZIZA

It was just a game for your country  
and the Americans. Get the Soviets!

Max reaches for Aziza again. She pushes his hand away and gets into the truck.

EXT. REMOTE AREA - DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Large rocks block the road. FOUR GUARDS level their AK-47s at the jitney truck as it grinds to a halt. GUARD ONE aims at Max's head. GUARD TWO opens Max's door. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

GUARD ONE

Get out.

Max steps out of the truck, holding his hands up. Guard One pats Max down for weapons. GUARD THREE at the other side of the truck points a gun at Aziza who gets out with her hands up. GUARD FOUR pats her down and motions her to stand by Max.

MAX

I have a letter of introduction.

Guard One nods and Max slowly takes a letter from his pocket handing it to the guard. Guard One glances at it quickly, obviously unable to read it.

GUARD ONE

Mir Izat will decide.

Guard One motions to Guard Three to join them.

GUARD ONE

Give him your keys.

Max follows the order. Guard Three drives the truck behind a small hut. MEN come out of the hut. They unload the truck and put the supplies into packs on horses.

Max and Aziza follow Guard One along the trail. Guard Two follows pointing his AK-47 at their backs.

The narrow trail switches back across the side of the cliff and drops into a narrow ravine.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The trail ends in a narrow valley. Ancient caves pockmark the limestone cliffs.

INT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Max and Aziza stand in front of the Mir Izat who sits on a rug in the center of the chamber. The Mir Izat hands the letter back to Max. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

MIR IZAT

Allah be praised, you brought supplies.

MAX

It is an honor to be of service to you.

MIR IZAT

You didn't have any problems on your journey?

MAX

We were attacked by bandits the other day.

MIR IZAT

It is a shame our own brothers act like jackals. Headlights attract thieves like a flame attracts moths.

The Mir Izat appraises the food on the plate Aziza holds. He picks out a date.

MIR IZAT

You may spend the night here.

MAX

Thank you.

MIR IZAT

My men will show you around our camp.

INT. KITCHEN CAVE - DAY

Aziza enters the kitchen area carrying a basket. The TWO WOMEN stop preparing the evening meal to greet Aziza. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

WOMAN ONE

Hello. Who are you?

AZIZA

I am Rabia. My husband brought supplies to the camp.

Aziza removes her burka. The women gather around to look into Aziza's basket and smile at each other.

WOMAN TWO

Wonderful.

AZIZA

Have you seen a young woman named Neema? She came here recently --

Aziza takes a picture of Sima out of the basket.

WOMAN ONE

She's very good with weapons. Not very good in the kitchen.

The women laugh.

WOMAN ONE

It was close the other night. She fought a jackal off --

WOMAN TWO

Some men do not respect the Koran. Hypocrites! --

AZIZA

Where can I find her?

WOMAN ONE

Shooting guns, as usual.

Aziza pulls on her burka and goes out.

EXT. PRACTICE AREA - DAY

Sima and another young woman wearing burkas fire guns at a target. The women change positions and reload.

Max and his armed ESCORT join the men. CRUTCH, battle scared with an amputated leg and crutches, and Ghazin coach the

women on their techniques. They stop to greet Max's group.  
(Pashto with English subtitles)

GHAZIN

Salem. Can I help you?

ESCORT

We wanted to show our guest the  
training area.

MAX

You train women?

GHAZIN

Yes, they learn quickly, especially  
that one.

He points at Sima.

MAX

She is not bad.

CRUTCH

Not bad? She is one of the best.  
You should see her at long-distance  
targets.

MAX

If you say so.

A small group of men stand to the side watching them and  
increasingly show admiration at the women's skill. Aziza  
watches from a distance.

The women finish shooting and the men disperse.

GHAZIN

Come join us for some tea.

TARGET GUY joins them as they leave the target area. Aziza  
moves closer to Sima.

AZIZA

Are you Neema?

Sima gasps as she recognizes her mother's voice.

SIMA

Yes. Perhaps we can talk as I put  
these things away.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

The men walk toward the Mir Izat's cave. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

MAX  
You trained her well.

GHAZIN  
She is a quick learner. A good fighter too.

The men laugh.

CRUTCH  
Poor Tariq.

GHAZIN  
But the wedding will restore everyone's honor.

The men laugh more.

MAX  
Wedding?

CRUTCH  
A surprise for the bride!

INT. SUPPLY CAVE - DAY

Sima puts the weapons back into the cave with Aziza.  
(~~English.~~)

SIMA  
What are you doing here?

AZIZA  
The Americans think you're a traitor and gave information to SAWJ to kill George Carver --

SIMA  
That's insane!

AZIZA  
We'll leave tomorrow morning --

SIMA  
No. I have to find the nuclear material --

AZIZA  
Nuclear material?



Sima nods her head.

SIMA  
I tried to talk to one of the men --

AZIZA  
We can just give the location so  
they can aerial bomb --

SIMA  
They won't use bombs. We need to  
secure the material

Aziza thinks for a moment.

AZIZA  
Is everyone in camp devoted to the  
jihad?

SIMA  
Everyone but me.

AZIZA  
Water supply?

SIMA  
Everyone uses the well.

Aziza nods her head.

AZIZA  
Here's the cover story: Your  
worried mother begged me to have my  
son marry you --

SIMA  
You've got to be kidding --

AZIZA  
Just play along so we can get you  
out of here.

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Max, Aziza and Sima sit on the rug with the Mir Izat and Ghazin. Max motions toward Sima. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

MAX  
She'll leave with us tomorrow.

MIR IZAT  
No. She marrying a man here.

Sima and Aziza look at each other through their burkas' mesh panels. The Mir Izat turns to Sima.

MIR IZAT  
You should begin preparations for  
tomorrow's wedding.

Aziza and Sima leave. Max sighs.

MAX  
Perhaps, if I offer to pay a bride  
price --

The Mir Izat shakes his head.

MIR IZAT  
This is not about money.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

Aziza and Sima walk along the foot of the cliffs. ~~(English.)~~

SIMA  
It must be to Tariq.

AZIZA  
The one from Kazakhstan?

SIMA  
Yeah.

Sima pulls the small Geiger counter out of her burka sleeve and hands it to Aziza.

SIMA  
You have to get into their cave.  
This is a Geiger counter. It gives  
a visual or audio reading.

Aziza studies the device, turns it on and adjusts the dials.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

Max strides toward a cave carrying a large thermos. Aziza follows carrying a box of food.

AZIZA  
Do you think they will be  
suspicious of us?

MAX  
Probably, but I'm just a  
businessman trying to look for some  
new opportunities.

EXT. OMAR'S CAVE - DAY

Hasan cradles a machine gun as he leans against the rocks at the cave's entrance. He stops them and peers into Aziza's box before escorting them into the cave.

INT. OMAR'S CAVE - DAY

Tariq and Omar sit on a rug studying diagrams. Tariq hides the papers when he hears the group enter the cave. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

MAX

Salem. I thought you might enjoy  
some fresh food and tea.

Omar nods in approval. Aziza carries the box past the men, deeper into the cave before setting it down. Omar brushes off a place on the rug for Max.

BACK OF OMAR'S CAVE

As the men talk, Aziza takes out the Geiger counter and sets it on a visual setting before turning it on. She investigates the back of the cave between her trips pouring tea from the thermos and serving the men a large bowl of pattul and a pile of naan. Omar, Hasan and Tariq hungrily pull the naan into strips and pick out the choice pieces of meat.

INTERCUT - RUG AREA (FRONT OF CAVE) / WEAPONS STORAGE (BACK OF CAVE)

MAX

Perhaps you will be needing some  
supplies?

Aziza finds boxes marked in Russian, Chinese, English.

OMAR

No, we are fine.

Aziza peers into a box with -- ammunition.

MAX

A shame. Do you travel often?

Another box. It contains GRENADES.

OMAR

With Allah's blessing. We will  
continue to travel.

Another box. ASSORTED WEAPONS.

HASAN

And we will strike the infidels.

Rocket launcher under a tarp.

MAX

May Allah bless your struggles. May  
you find a place in paradise.

Another tarp, the needle on the Geiger counter dances as  
Aziza uncovers the metal box roped with scrap metal against  
the far wall.

MAX

We will be leaving tomorrow. I can  
take you in our truck --

Omar notices Aziza rummaging around the tarp.

OMAR

Away from there!

Aziza drops the tarp and fakes picking up a mango off the  
cave floor. She makes a show of placing it back into the  
small basket of fruit and carries it to the men.

Omar eyes her suspiciously.

END INTERCUT

Omar points to Aziza.

OMAR

Sit there until we take you back to  
the Mir Izat.

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Omar stalks into the chamber, interrupting the Mir Izat's  
meeting with his men. Hasan pushes Max and Aziza forward with  
his machine gun to encourage them to join the party. (In  
Pashto with English subtitles.)

OMAR

Mir Izat, we respectfully ask not  
to be disturbed with our work --

MIR IZAT

They offered to bring you food --

OMAR

We'll come here for food.

The Mir Izat stops himself from arguing with his ungracious guest.

MIR IZAT

Then we will have them stay with us  
until they leave in the morning.

OMAR

Thank you.

Omar storms out. Hasan trails behind him, like a remora eel following his shark.

MIR IZAT

My apologizes for his lack of  
manners.

Ghazin leans over speaking softly to the Mir Izat.

GHAZIN

Let them stay in my cave. We can  
have a guard watch them.

The Mir Izat nods his head and Ghazin motions to Crutch to join them.

GHAZIN

Send men to search their truck.

Aziza tenses as she watches Crutch leave.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - DAY

A GUARD escorts Max and Aziza through a crack in the rocks that leads to a back chamber. The guard rolls out a rug and spreads cushions out for them. After he leaves Aziza whispers to Max. ~~(English.)~~

AZIZA

I found the nuclear material.

MAX

Dirty bomb grade?

Aziza shakes her head.

AZIZA

The real deal.

MAX

Bloody hell.

Aziza looks around the chamber.

AZIZA

We have to get out of here.

EXT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Crutch waves THREE MEN over, talks briefly and the men jog toward the trail.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - BACK CHAMBER - DAY

Sima enters the chamber bringing some tea and naan. Sima slips a knife between the pieces of naan as she hands them to Aziza. Aziza motions Sima closer. She removes the two small perfume bottles from the pouch under her burka and gives them to Sima.

AZIZA

Put both into their well. Don't drink afterwards.

Sima nods and puts the bottles up her sleeve before leaving.

EXT. CAMP WELL - DAY

Sima carries a white and black bucket to the camp well. Sima checks to see if anyone watches while turning to adjust her burka. She cranks the well bucket up and fills her white bucket with the fresh water. Sima leans over the well and removes the vials from her sleeve. She opens the vials and drops them into the well.

Sima jumps when Omar hands her the black bucket. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

SIMA

Thank you.

OMAR

How do you know the merchant and his family?

Sima hugs the bucket protectively to her chest.

SIMA

He's my father's friend. He buys things from my father's store.

Sima turns the bucket awkwardly in her hand.

SIMA

They brought a letter from my father. He wants me to leave with them to marry their son.

Omar makes a face.

OMAR

No.

SIMA

But my father --

OMAR

A daughter belongs to her father until she marries, then she belongs to her husband's family. Now we are your family.

Omar leans toward Sima to emphasize his point.

OMAR

You will restore everyone's honor by marrying the man we tell you to before your martyrdom. And if he doesn't work out --

Omar grazes his hand down in front of Sima's burka, not so subtly touching her breasts.

Sima steps back and picks up the buckets.

SIMA

Then I need to prepare for the wedding.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - DAY

Sima enters carrying both buckets and places the white bucket against the wall.

SIMA

(whispers)

This bucket is good. They're planning my wedding and a suicide assignment.

Aziza and Max gasp. Sima leaves.

Aziza fills a cup of water and brings it to Max. She takes a pill from the pouch underneath her burka and hands it to Max.

AZIZA

Take this.

MAX

Why?

AZIZA

A distraction.

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

Sima enters Mir Izat's chamber to offer to fill his water container. The GUARD waves her away.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Sima pours water from bucket into another water container in a different cave.

-- Sima returns to well. She fills two black buckets.

-- Men arrive at the jitney truck.

-- Men search the truck. They pull apart the glove compartment. Other men search the floor and back of the truck.

-- Cooking pot with rice taken off the fire.

-- Man pulls up a bucket from well and drinks from it.

-- Man pulls off false panel in the truck and finds satellite phone.

-- Sima carries the water bucket toward Omar's cave. Hasan waves her away before she gets close.

-- Cooking pot placed on the ground, men circle around. Hands reach in with pieces of naan to scoop up the food, then shovel it into their mouths.

-- Man holding satellite phone runs down the trail into the valley with the other men.

-- Men bend over to vomit outside the caves.

-- Target Guy runs through the camp toward's the Mir Izat's cave.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - DAY

The Mir Izat and Omar sit on cushions on the rug. SERVING MAN enters with cooking pot and tea for evening meal. The men gather around them as the he places the food on the rug.

Target Guy enters the room. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

TARGET GUY  
Men are getting a stomach sickness.



The Mir Izat turns and slaps the food out of his neighbor's hand.

MIR IZAT  
Bring the merchant here.

Target Guy returns, with two men dragging Max. They toss him on the floor as he vomits.

MIR IZAT  
You brought bad food!

Crutch enters holding up the satellite phone with a crowd of excited men. Crutch presents the satellite phone to the Mir Izat.

CRUTCH  
This was in his truck.

MAX  
I use it for business.

The Mir Izat passes the phone to Omar.

OMAR  
It's a satellite phone.

The Mir Izat nods his head to Omar. Target Guy pins Max's arms behind his back. Omar pockets the phone, stands up and punches Max.

EXT. HIGH PASS OVERLOOKING TALIBAN'S HUT - DAY

Wazir and his men use binoculars to watch the men by the hut. A thoroughly beaten Ali is with them.

WAZIR  
So this is where everyone is?

Ali numbly nods his head.

WAZIR  
And this is the only way out of the valley?

Ali nods again.

WAZIR  
Call in for support. We'll go in tonight.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - NIGHT

Guards drag Max into the back chamber and dump him on the rug. Max clutches his stomach and groans. Aziza kneels by and wipes the blood from his face.

Aziza unbuttons Max's shirt and gently runs her fingers over his bruises to assess the damage.

The guard lets Sima enter the chamber. She goes to Aziza.

SIMA

What happened?

AZIZA

They beat Max after they found a satellite phone in the truck.

SIMA

Can he travel?

AZIZA

I'll give him the antidote, but he's in bad shape.

Aziza gives Max a pill. Sima fills a cup of water and holds it for Max as he drinks. He falls back on the rug with a moan.

SIMA

I could take out the guard --

Omar enters the chamber and grabs Sima's arm and pulls her away. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

OMAR

You need to get ready for your wedding.

Aziza waits a minute before trying to walk by the Guard. He pushes her back inside the chamber.

AZIZA

I need to get bandages for my husband.

GUARD

Stay here.

The Guard moves closer to the chamber's entry so he can watch Aziza tend to Max. He aims his weapon at Aziza as she dips a corner of her burka into the bucket. She kneels beside Max and wipes his face with the cloth.

AZIZA

Once I closed the door shut at night. And made him delirious with the purest wine. Then I verily became the seductress Sagi as the teasing urge got hold of me.

GUARD

What are you saying?

AZIZA

My husband's favorite poem.

She goes back to tending Max.

AZIZA

More wine I spilled into his daring gaze. Then kissed his ruby lips mellowed in wine.

GUARD

It is not appropriate.

AZIZA

It is an old poem. It would do you well to learn something of Afghani history. The poetess was from Herat.

AZIZA

I became love's own soaring flame and curled around his restive heart. As his body boldly approached to ravish mine --

GUARD

You talk of sin.

The Guard enters into the chamber.

Aziza continues to ignore him.

AZIZA

From his burning passion --

GUARD

Shia whore.

As Guard raises his fist to strike Aziza, she quickly stabs him in the stomach and slits his throat as he falls to the floor. (In English.)

AZIZA

Tears of flame he shed into my rhyme. Thus destined, I made him

(MORE)

AZIZA (CONT'D)  
 the ill-fated hero of future's  
 poem.

Aziza takes the guard's handgun. She gently helps Max sit up and gives him the gun.

AZIZA  
 If I'm not back in fifteen minutes  
 you'll need to find your own way  
 out.

INT. BRIDAL PREPARATION CAVE - NIGHT

WOMEN fuss over Sima. Their burkas are off. They wear their best clothing, makeup and elaborate hairdos. One is plucking Sima's eyebrows. Another woman braids Sima's hair.

A woman beats a hand drum and sings. Other women sing and dance suggestively together.

After finishing the eyebrows the woman uses a kohl stick to line Sima's eyes, then applies eye shadow and glitter.

Sima wears a dark brown shalwar kameez. A woman shows Sima a beautifully beaded dress.

DRESS LADY  
 You are dressed like a man! You can  
 borrow this for your wedding!

INT. OMAR'S CAVE - NIGHT

The Mir Izat, Crutch, Ghazin and some other men talk to Omar, Hasan and Tariq.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

Aziza wears a burka as she passes ill and dying people as she hurries to the supply cave.

INT. SUPPLY CAVE - NIGHT

An armed SUPPLY GUARD stands in front of the cave. (In Pashto with English subtitles.)

AZIZA  
 Are you feeling well?

SUPPLY GUARD  
 Yes, Allah be praised.

AZIZA  
 Good. The Mir Izat asked me to  
 check the merchant's food supplies.

The SUPPLY GUARD follows Aziza as she moves around the rows of stacked boxes. Some boxes hold food, other boxes contain grenades, ammunition, rifles, handguns and rocket launchers. She randomly grabs a box and strains to move it aside.

SUPPLY GUARD

I'll help.

As the Supply Guard moves in front of Aziza, she pounces. Aziza covers his mouth with one hand and quickly slits his throat. She restrains the guard until he dies, then drags the body back between the boxes.

Aziza finds an empty sack and stuffs guns, ammunition and grenades into it. She loads an AK-47 and slings it over her shoulder snapping the safety off. She stuffs a couple more grenades into her pockets.

EXT. SUPPLY CAVE - NIGHT

Aziza leaves the cave. She hides the weapons bag behind a large rock and returns to the cave entrance.

Aziza throws a grenade into the cave and runs behind the rock.

INT. MIR IZAT'S CAVE - NIGHT

A frantic crowd gathers around the Mir Izat. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

KABOOM!

MIR IZAT

What's that?

The Mir Izat runs out of the cave. The crowd follows.

EXT. OMAR'S CAVE - NIGHT

Omar runs out to THREE ARMED MEN. He points to Ghazin's cave.

OMAR

Check the merchant.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

People run toward the Mir Izat's cave to see what is happening. Aziza slips around the crowd and heads toward Ghazin's cave, AK-47 bouncing off her hip.

EXT. HIGH PASS OVER LOOKING TALIBAN'S HUT ON THE ROAD - NIGHT

Wazir and his men hear the explosion.

WAZIR

I think it's time we call in support and take the material.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - NIGHT

The Three Armed Men enter with guns ready.

Aziza follows behind them.

INT. GHAZIN'S CAVE - NIGHT

Max shoots a man. Aziza come up from behind and picks off the others.

AZIZA

Can you travel?

Max nods. Aziza steadies him as they exit the cave.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

Chaos. The dead and dying lie on the ground. Aziza hides Max outside the Bridal Preparation Cave near the weapons bag.

The Mir Izat and Ghazin try to re-group their men. Omar and Hasan run out to join them, armed to the teeth. Tariq follows.

INT. BRIDAL PREPARATION CAVE - NIGHT

Aziza joins the women surrounding Sima, their merriment ended, panicked by the explosion. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

SIMA

(to the women)

I need a moment to calm myself.

Sima approaches Aziza.

SIMA

Walk with me?

Sima pulls on her burka and walks out of the cave with Aziza.

WOMAN 1

Don't go far.

EXT. TALIBAN TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Aziza leads Sima to Max.

They pull off their burkas. Underneath, Aziza also wears a dark brown shalwar kameez.

Sima grabs some weapons. They scramble to hide among the rocks when they see Omar and the men searching the valley floor.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

Sima and Max head up the trail leading out of the valley. Aziza follows carrying the weapons bag and an AK-47.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

Hasan and the men run to Omar. (Pashto with English subtitles.)

HASAN

The merchant's gone.

OMAR

They'll go back to their truck.

He pockets the phone and leads a contingent of heavily armed men toward the trail.

EXT. BOTTOM TRAIL - NIGHT

Sima helps Max up the steep trail. Aziza follows behind, watching for their pursuers.

TRAIL

Aziza sees them, shadows on the rocks with flashes of metal reflecting the moonlight. She falls back behind a boulder jutting out from the mountainside. She checks her weapon, readies a clip to reload, takes a grenade out of her pocket, and waits.

BOTTOM OF THE TRAIL

Omar leads the way, quickly shortening the distance between himself and his intended prey. The others scramble behind him. A few men stop and shoot at their fleeing targets when the switchbacks expose them on the trail.

UPPER TRAIL

At a wider spot on the trail Sima looks below.

SIMA

Where's Mom?

Max turns around, he doesn't see her either.

MAX

I don't know. I --

SIMA

Stay here.

Gun leveled, Sima descends on the trail hugging the rock cliff for cover.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Aziza waits for Omar to get within striking distance.
- Omar slows as he realizes he's far ahead of men. He studies the upper trail as he picks his way through rocks.
- Aziza readies herself, but can't see Omar.
- Omar creeps up the trail, hoping his noisy troops will distract his quarry.
- Sima makes her way down the path. Slides on rocks.
- Omar shoots at Sima.
- Sima throws herself to the ground after the shot pings off the rock near her head. She crawls to the trail's edge and aims over the ledge.
- Omar moves slowly up the trail and shoots at Sima again.
- Sima fires back.
- Aziza waits until Omar rounds the turn in the trail, an easy shot. She shoots and kills Omar.
- Aziza searches Omar for the phone.
- The men come up the trail and fire at Aziza.
- Sima fires back pinning the men down. Aziza throws the grenade. The explosion kills men and blows a gap in the trail. Sima continues firing from her position as Aziza runs up the trail to join her.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

UPPER TRAIL

Max hears the explosion.

HUT, DIRT ROAD

The men guarding the truck hear the explosion. They grab their guns and start jogging down the trail.



TOP OF TRAIL

TWO GUARDS see Max and shoot. Max fires back. Aziza and Sima join Max.

MAX

This is not good.

Aziza and Sima try to defend their position. Aziza lobs another grenade down the trail.

EXPLOSION.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

Three helicopters flying from Pakistan skim over the snow-capped mountains.

INT. HELICOPTER ONE - NIGHT

PAKISTANI PARAMILITARY MEN armed with machine guns wear military uniforms with no identifying insignias of country, unit or rank.

INT. U.S. AIRBASE BAGRAM - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

AIRMEN before computer monitors.

AIRMAN ONE

We have three helicopters flying into Afghani air space from Pakistan.

AIRMAN TWO

Call them up and see what's going on.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PILOT takes the call.

INT. U.S. AIRBASE BAGRAM CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

AIRMAN THREE

They have proper clearance codes. They're on a reconnaissance mission checking the passes, looking for insurgents crossing in from the Frontier.

AIRMAN TWO

Do they request assistance?

AIRMAN THREE

Negative.

Airman Two leans over and studies the map.

AIRMAN TWO

Send some drones to watch them.

EXT. SHELTERED AREA ON TRAIL - NIGHT

Aziza and Sima continue to shoot at their attackers, but run low on ammo and grenades. They look up when they hear the helicopters.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

Helicopter One hovers in the distance as the two other helicopters blast the ridgeline.

EXT. OMAR'S CAVE - NIGHT

Hasan and some men run out of the cave with a rocket launcher. They set it up, aiming at the helicopter as it turns to pass along the ridgeline again. Hasan fires and the helicopter EXPLODES. The men cheer.

EXT. SHELTERED AREA ON TRAIL - NIGHT

Aziza and Sima focus on the men in the valley.

TOP OF TRAIL

A helicopter lands above the ridgeline. The Pakistani paramilitary men disperse to hunt down and shoot the few remaining Taliban as they go down the trail.

They find Aziza, Max and Sima and carry them to the awaiting helicopter. A MEDIC evaluates Max.

Wazir joins them. He nods to the men and they bind Aziza and Sima's arms behind their backs.

INT. OMAR'S CAVE - NIGHT

Pakistani Paramilitary Men locate the nuclear material. They carry it out with Tariq at gunpoint.

INT. HELICOPTER (PARKED) - NIGHT

Max lies on the floor, Sima, Aziza and Tariq nearby. A GUARD watches them.

Wazir climbs in and the helicopter takes off. He goes over and pokes Max.

WAZIR

Max Bishop. How did you get involved in this?

Max slowly opens his eyes.

WAZIR  
You work at the British Embassy?

MAX  
Commerce Department, reconstruction  
contracting --

WAZIR  
Don't lie, M-I-Six.

Max notices Aziza's and Sima's bound hands. He looks back at Wazir.

MAX  
This is a mistake. We're allies.

Wazir smiles.

MAX  
This is not a standard military  
operation is it?

WAZIR  
We're just securing the nuclear  
material by moving it into  
Pakistan.

MAX  
You're attacking Pakistan!

WAZIR  
Of course not --

Wazir's smile freezes. He indicates to a guard to come over and bind Max's wrists.

WAZIR  
We'll finish this conversation in  
Pakistan.

Wazir looks at Tariq.

WAZIR  
Tariq Khan. So happy you can join  
our operation.

INT. U.S. AIRBASE BARGHAM - NIGHT

The airmen watch the monitors.

AIRMAN THREE  
We've got live feed.

The monitor screen flickers, shows the smoldering helicopter in camp.

AIRMAN TWO

Looks like they're in trouble.  
Scramble someone to check it out.

EXT. PAKISTAN - REMOTE I.S.I. LANDING AREA - NIGHT

The helicopter lands. Captives and guards load them into waiting S.U.V.s.

INT. PAKISTAN - KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tariq sits on the floor by the metal box of nuclear material. Wazir and his men watch him work on a timer.

WAZIR

What are the properties of the material?

TARIQ

It's five kilos of high-grade plutonium and another ten kilos of lead around it. You don't need to carry a big explosive charge to set it off.

Wazir nods his head.

TARIQ

The thing is, once it's out of this outer protective case.

Tariq taps the metal box.

TARIQ

The carrier will have about an hour before he feels the effects of the radiation poisoning through the ten kilos of lead.

Wazir places his hand on Tariq's shoulder.

WAZIR

We honor you for your sacrifice.

Tariq points at Aziza, Sima and Max.

TARIQ

I thought they were doing the honors here.

Wazir smiles.

WAZIR  
We all do our part.

LATER

Aziza motions to a GUARD I.

AZIZA  
We need to go to the bathroom.

She motions her head toward their bound legs.

AZIZA  
Can you untie us?

The Guard I takes a large knife out of his belt and easily slices through the ties.

KITCHEN

The women walk ahead of the Guard I through the kitchen. He points at the bathroom door with his gun.

SIMA  
Thanks.

Aziza leans again the kitchen table. Sighing.

AZIZA  
It's such a shame that women are not treated the same in Paradise as men.

The Guard I looks over at her. Aziza smiles seductively.

AZIZA  
I wish I could look forward to seeing some angels.

Sima comes out of the bathroom and picks up the conversation as Aziza goes in.

SIMA  
Yes, and to have them take care of all my needs.

The Guard I looks around at the kitchen.

SIMA  
If we have nothing to look forward to in Paradise, may be we can have fond memories here.

Aziza comes out of the bathroom and joins them.

AZIZA

But these ties on my wrists limit  
what I can do.

Guard I shakes his head.

GUARD I

I can't free your wrists.

Aziza sighs.

AZIZA

Well, I guess we'll just have to  
see --

Aziza brushes her hands along the guard's shirt. As Aziza distracts the Guard I, Sima edges to the counter and slips a couple knives up her sleeve. She moves behind the Guard I, touching his back.

SIMA

May be you have a friend for me?

The Guard I hesitates. Both women prepare to strike.

GUARD II sticks his head into the kitchen.

GUARD II

What's taking so long?

Guard I pushes Aziza away.

GUARD I

Nothing. We are just going back.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The guards pull Aziza, Sima and Tariq to their feet.

They leave Max on the floor. Guard I points to Max.

GUARD I

What about him?

WAZIR

We'll take care of him separately.  
I don't want a Brit near the blast  
site.

EXT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - COURT YARD - DAY

A large van is parked in front of the safe house. WAZIR and his men lead Aziza, Tariq and Sima to the van.

The BOMBER, wearing the heavy vest containing the nuclear bombs, stands outside the passenger side of the van. A thin wire stretches from the bomb to the detonator in his hand. He pulls on an overcoat to hide the device.

WAZIR

Walk into the crowd. Get as near as you can to the prime minister before detonating the device.

The Bomber nods his head. Wazir hugs him.

WAZIR

We honor your sacrifice.

The Bomber's eyes glaze over into a faraway stare. His lips move silently in prayer. He sits in the passenger seat of the van.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE- VAN - DAY

Wazir opens the van door and evaluates Aziza, Sima and Tariq.

WAZIR

As for you. You'll die in the blast, or my men will kill you when they go back to the van.

TARIQ

What's the point of killing me? I'm on your side.

WAZIR

Actually you're not.

Wazir shuts the van door.

INT. S.U.V. (MOVING) - DAY

Tariq kicks the side of the van.

TARIQ

What the fuck is this?

AZIZA

Wazir wants your body there to show this is an al-Qaeda, Taliban --

SIMA

SAWJ operation to destroy the government.

TARIQ

So what's new with that?

AZIZA

He wants to put a pro-Western  
military man in power.

TARIQ

Shit!

The VAN DRIVER and the guards laugh as they drive away.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Wazir motions to a guard and points to Max.

WAZIR

Tell me when he's conscious. I want  
to see if he knows about a loose  
thread we need to tie up.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - MONITORING ROOM - DAY

Three monitors show live video feed from cameras in downtown  
Karachi along the prime minister's parade route.

The van drives up and parks along the street. Guard I,  
wearing a blue tooth, gets out of the van and leans against a  
nearby storefront. He exchanges looks with CORNER GUARD at  
the end of the block.

INT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - VAN - DAY

Sounds of the approaching parade.

The Van Driver, looks at his watch and pats the bomber on the  
shoulder.

The Bomber gets out of the van, his lips still moving  
silently as he walks toward the parade.

VAN DRIVER

Are we supposed to stay with them?

Guard II shakes his head.

GUARD II

Too close to the blast site for my  
taste.

VAN DRIVER

So where should we go?

GUARD II

We should be safe two blocks away.



VAN DRIVER  
But the radiation?

GUARD II  
We just need to shower and change clothes when we get back to the house.

VAN DRIVER  
Are you sure?

GUARD II  
Yes, then we stay in the house and don't go out until the levels go down. We have food stockpiled. As soon as it rains we're good to go.

Guard II bends over and checks Aziza, Sima and Tariq's bindings on wrists and ankles.

GUARD II  
We'll be back after the blast. If that doesn't kill you, we will.

Guard II laughs and shows them his automatic handgun. He and the Van Driver leave the van.

EXT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - VAN - DAY

Guards weave their way through the crowds.

GUARD I  
What are you doing?

GUARD II  
Going up the street to be away from the blast site.

GUARD I  
What about them?

GUARD II  
They're not going anywhere. Why don't you at least move down to the end of the block? You can watch the van from there.

INT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - VAN - DAY

Sima takes out the knives and gives one to Aziza. They saw at their wrist bindings.

TARIQ  
Hurry!

EXT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Guard I backs slowly up the street to the corner while watching the van. Guard II and Van Driver quickly pass him.

INT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - VAN - DAY

Aziza, Sima and Tariq are free. They get out on the street side of the van and start after the Bomber.

EXT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - PARADE ROUTE - DAY

As Tariq leans away from Aziza she sticks a knife against his ribs.

AZIZA

Stay with us. Otherwise you'll never leave Pakistan alive.

TARIQ

This is suicide.

AZIZA

Not if you help us disarm the bomb.

Sima cuts ahead, a hound chasing a rabbit through a brier patch of marching men singing the praises of their prime minister.

Aziza follows Sima, guiding Tariq along at knife point.

LATER

Sima spots the Bomber's overcoat through a break in the crowd. She heads toward him.

The Bomber pushes his way through the crowd getting closer to the guards surrounding the prime minister's S.U.V. The prime minister stands up in the S.U.V., his upper body through the sunroof. He waves to the crowd.

The Bomber stops. He stares at the candidate.

BOMBER

Allahu Akbar!

Sima tackles the Bomber, dislodging the detonator from his hand. They struggle to control it.

Aziza and Tariq arrive. Guards circle them.

AZIZA

He's got a nuclear bomb! Hold your positions.

TARIQ

You assholes! Letting go of the  
detonator starts a three-minute  
countdown.

A guard kills the Bomber with a shot to the head.

SIRENS. The prime minister's S.U.V. pulls away down the  
street. The crowd shrieks and stampedes. The guards turn and  
start running too. Sima, Aziza and Tariq stay with the dead  
bomber.

TARIQ

We've got to get out of here!

Aziza sticks the knife into Tariq's ribs.

AZIZA

Disarm it!

Sima pulls up the bomber's overcoat, revealing the vest and  
timing device.

Tariq kneels next to the dead man and does his work.

The timer counts down.

EXT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - DAY

The Van Driver, Corner Guard, Guard I and Guard II run down  
the street against the sea of people running in the opposite  
direction.

They look into the van.

GUARD I

Shit!

They head down the parade route.

EXT. KARACHI - DOWNTOWN - PARADE ROUTE - DAY

Tariq works on the wires.

Van Driver, Corner Guard, Guard I and Guard II take positions  
behind cars. They draw their guns and fire.

Some policemen stop and take positions behind cars and fire  
back at the Van Driver, Corner Guard, Guard I and Guard II,  
providing cover for Sima, Aziza and Tariq.

Tariq yanks a wire. The timer stops.

Aziza uses her knife to cut the vest off the bomber. She carries it as they run across the street.

Other policemen run up to them.

POLICEMAN 1

Stop!

AZIZA

I need a car to catch the people who set this up.

POLICEMAN 2

Answer our questions first.

AZIZA

They have a British hostage! Max Bishop.

POLICEMAN 1

Tell us the location --

AZIZA

Get me a car! You can follow me.

Aziza waves the vest at the policemen. They back down. She points at the police car.

AZIZA

Keys!

POLICEMAN 2 throws her the keys.

AZIZA

No sirens!

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - MONITORING ROOM - DAY

Wazir and his men gather around and watch the debacle on their monitors.

MONITOR MAN

Sir?

WAZIR

The police will take them to headquarters for questioning. We should close down the house.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Max lies on the floor. Wazir goes up and kicks Max.

WAZIR

Mr. Bishop. I need you to answer a few questions for me.

A guard pulls Max up and ties him onto a chair. Another guard comes up and throws cold water in his face.

WAZIR

Do know a little girl named Dimitre?

Max shakes his head.

The Guard punches Max in the face.

INT. KABUL - BRITISH EMBASSY - REID'S OFFICE - DAY

McDonald's on the phone.

REID

Right, there was aborted bombing in Karachi. I've got a video feed from security cameras. It's Aziza Robbins and her daughter Sima.

He plays back the video.

REID

No. No. They stopped the bomber. I'll send you the address. They have a British national as a hostage. Max Bishop. We're getting our people on site as soon as possible!

INT. U.S. AIRFORCE BASE - DRONE MONITORING ROOM - DAY

A e-mail flashes across the screen. The airman reads the coordinates.

AIRMAN 1

Drop two bombs. Here's the coordinates.

AIRMAN 2

It's in Pakistan.

AIRMAN 1

Pakistan's prime minister authorized the strike.

EXT. KARACHI - STREET BEHIND I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Aziza drives the police car. Another car follows in close pursuit.

She pulls up a few blocks from the house.

AZIZA

We'll need some weapons too.

POLICEMAN 1

Who are you?

SIMA

I'm Sima Robbins. We both work for the American government.

She pushes Tariq toward the policeman.

SIMA

Guard him.

AZIZA

These guys are armed with heavy weapons.

POLICEMAN 2

Our back-up will be here in a few minutes.

AZIZA

We'll need something to blow the doors down.

HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLES. Streaks of bright objects in the sky.

EXPLOSION.

A missile hits the building.

AZIZA

Let's go.

EXT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - COURTYARD - DAY

Aziza and the policemen shoot the lock and push their way into the courtyard. There is a firefight as they make their way toward the building.

Policemen in body armor pour through the doorway and lead them toward the building's entrance.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Wazir and the guards pick themselves off the floor. Gunshots are heard at the entrance of the building. A bloody Max slumps in the chair. Wazir grabs Max's hair and shakes his head back and forth.

WAZIR  
Where's the girl?

MAX  
I don't know.

Wazir nods to the guard. He punches Max again in the ribs with such force the chair is knocked to the floor.

WAZIR  
(screams)  
Who has her?

MAX  
(whispers)  
God, the warrior or the priestess.

The gunshots get louder. Armored policemen stream into the room. Wazir's guards raise their hands to surrender. One of the policemen raises his visor.

POLICEMAN 1  
Parvez Wazir!

WAZIR  
This is an I.S.I. operation. You don't have jurisdiction here!

The policemen murmur uncertainly. Wazir's guards drop their hands.

POLICEMAN 2  
We heard reports that there were terrorists here that tried to bomb the prime minister's parade.

WAZIR  
Exactly. We're trying to get information from that one.

Wazir points to Max. Aziza slides along the wall until she is in back of Wazir and Max.

POLICEMAN 1  
And the British hostage?

WAZIR

There's no British hostage. He's a terrorist.

The policemen look around the room. Their uncertainty grows.

SIRENS.

TIRES SCREECH.

Pasty-faced white men run into the room holding up their identifications.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI walks up to Policeman 1 and gives him his identification and papers. He waives his two companions to help the unconscious Max. Aziza goes up and cuts Max's bindings.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI

That's Max Bishop. British citizen working in the our Kabul Embassy. He was kidnapped.

He looks at Aziza.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI

Right, she's with us.

He points at Sima.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI

That one too.

The Brits surround Max to pick him up.

WAZIR

He's a terrorist!

Wazir grabs Aziza and holds a gun to her head.

WAZIR

She is too!

Confusion. Some of the policemen point guns at Wazir and his men, others aim at the Brits.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI holds up his hands.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI

Calm down. We've got the paperwork here.

The police chief looks at the papers.



MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI

The British government has already formally thanked the Pakistani prime minister for finding our kidnapped British citizen. We issued a press release and we'll soon be sending a full report to the prime minister.

WAZIR

This is an I.S.I. operation!

Wazir drags Aziza from the room. One of his guards levels a weapon at the group and backs up after Wazir. They go up a staircase heading to the ground floor.

WAZIR

Where's the little blonde?

AZIZA

I don't know.

Wazir slams Aziza's head into the wall.

WAZIR

Are you sure?

AZIZA

I don't know.

Wazir hits her head with the butt of his gun. Aziza staggers. He grabs the back of her shirt and continues dragging her up the stairs. They come through a doorway into an office near the back of the house.

INT. KARACHI - I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Wazir turns Aziza around and slaps her across the face.

WAZIR

I need to find her!

Aziza falls against the desk.

AZIZA

Will you let me go if I tell you where she is?

WAZIR

Yes.

Aziza picks up the pen and pulls over a piece of paper. She drops the pen on the desk. Wazir leans over. Aziza grabs the

pen and plunges it into the side of Wazir's neck while knocking the gun out of Wazir's hand.

The guard fires shots at the men coming up the stairs.

Wazir and Aziza continue to struggle. It's an evenly matched battle. Other of Wazir's men enter the room and try to get a clean shot at Aziza. Aziza breaks free of Wazir and throws herself out of the ground-floor window. She runs back through the courtyard to the street.

Wazir and his men flee out of the building as the policemen swarm up the stairs, followed by the Brits. The MI6 Chief of Station Karachi looks around the office and shakes the police chief's hand.

MI6 CHIEF OF STATION KARACHI  
We'll pop back to the office now  
and let you work out your own  
domestic matters.

EXT. KARACHI - STREET OUTSIDE I.S.I. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Aziza runs out to join the Brits taking Max to their car.

After checking Max, Aziza motions for the MI6 station chief to walk over the police car containing Tariq. Aziza taps on the window. MI6 Chief of Station Karachi holds up his identification.

AZIZA  
We need to take him with us.

The men open the door for Tariq.

TARIQ  
I'm not going with her.

Aziza leans into the car. (In Russian.)

AZIZA  
Would you rather be tortured and  
rot in a Pakistani jail or try your  
luck with us?

Tariq exits the car.

INT. U.S. AIR BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

At a table, TWO OFFICERS take notes as Sima talks.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - SAME TIME

OFFICER ONE gives Aziza a picture of Lt. Perrin in an Army uniform. OFFICER TWO takes notes.

OFFICER ONE  
This is Lieutenant John Perrin. Do  
you recognize him?

AZIZA  
Yes.

OFFICER ONE  
He was killed recently in Kabul.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - SAME TIME

TWO OFFICERS take notes as Tariq talks. Pictures of Omar and Hasan are on the table.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #4 - SAME TIME

TWO OFFICERS take notes as Dimitre nods her head and cries. A picture of the Parliamentarian and Commander Parvez Wazir are on the table.

INT. BASE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Max lies in a hospital bed, monitors beeping, IV dripping. A DOCTOR hovers over Max, adjusting his IV. TWO OFFICERS write notes as Max babbles.

MAX  
(Cockney accent)  
One pawn thinks he's a knight. The  
other pawn becomes a knight.  
Aziza's the sacrificial queen. A  
fallen bishop afraid of redemption.  
But the kings. The kings are  
castled.

The doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR  
That's it, guys.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

End of a happy meeting. Well-dressed BUREAUCRATS come up to shake Charlie's hand. An AMERICAN GENERAL hands Charlie a folder and pats him on the back.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie, carrying the folder, enters his office with his ASSISTANT DEPUTY.

CHARLIE

I don't know why the Yanks are so damn happy. I can't make heads or tails of their briefings.

Charlie opens the folder and flips through the pages.

CHARLIE

Alphabet soup and re-organizational gibberish.

ASSISTANT DEPUTY

It's a success. We got the girl, recovered the nuke and Max is a hero.

CHARLIE

Max is lucky to be alive.

ASSISTANT DEPUTY

I read the transcript of his debriefing. That was gibberish.

CHARLIE

What do you expect with the meds he was on?

Charlie sits at his desk and starts reading the file.

CHARLIE

(mutters)

Have Joyce send him flowers for me.

The Assistant Deputy leaves. Charlie taps his pen on the desk as he reads.

INT. AZIZA'S HOME - FOYER - DAY

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

Doorbell rings. Aziza goes to answer the door. Max stands in the doorway leaning heavily on a cane.

AZIZA

Max!

MAX

May I come in?

AZIZA  
Yes, of course.

She holds Max's arm as he hobbles into her house.

AZIZA  
I'll make some tea.

INT. AZIZA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Max sits on the sofa as Aziza pours a cup for Max.

MAX  
Sima's back in the Kabul office?

AZIZA  
Yes. The final report cleared her  
and SAWJ.

MAX  
Dimitre?

AZIZA  
Placed in a foster family and  
getting counseling.

Max shakes his head.

MAX  
Poor child went through hell.

Aziza nods her head and hands Max the teacup.

AZIZA  
They showed me a picture of  
Lieutenant Perrin he was gunned  
down in Kabul.

Max thoughtfully considers their situation, as he sips his  
tea.

MAX  
I have to talk to Charlie.

AZIZA  
You still trust him?

MAX  
Yes.

AZIZA  
Jesus, why? After everything --

MAX

Charlie wouldn't lie to me. We go  
too far back.

Aziza shakes her head.

AZIZA

The Paki waiter's son and the poor  
Cockney boy from the East End?

Max gazes into Aziza's dark eyes and she softens her tone.

AZIZA

Where are you staying?

MAX

A hotel near Dupont Circle.

AZIZA

That can't be very comfortable. You  
can barely walk.

Max smiles wirily.

MAX

I've been in worse places.

AZIZA

Why don't you stay here?

Max studies her.

AZIZA

It will be safer.

MAX

Are we going to watch each other's  
back again?

AZIZA

Who else would?

They smile at each other.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - CHARLIE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Max rings the doorbell. Charlie opens the door to escort him inside. Max waivers off balance in the doorway and discreetly presses some tape across the locking mechanism. Charlie takes his arm to steady him and guide him inside.

INT. GEORGETOWN - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie helps Max to a chair. He goes to the side bar, refills his glass with scotch.

CHARLIE  
What will you have?

MAX  
Water.

He brings over the drinks and clinks his glass to Max's.

CHARLIE  
I salute you. My hero.

MAX  
Cheers.

Max sips his drink as Charlie settles into a nearby chair.

CHARLIE  
So what can I do for you?

MAX  
Answer some questions.

Charlie takes a long pull on his drink before answering.

CHARLIE  
Why ask questions? The reports are  
in --

MAX  
Do you believe the reports?

CHARLIE  
Enough to know not to ask  
questions.

Charlie swirls the scotch in his glass as he assesses Max.

CHARLIE  
A long time ago, we made choices  
based on the information available  
at the time --

MAX  
She was right then --

CHARLIE  
Sometimes you just have to know  
when to let things go! Keep your  
mouth shut and take early  
retirement. Go out when you're a  
hero, not a heel.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - CHARLIE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Aziza opens the door, steps inside.

INT. GEORGETOWN - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Max and Charlie sit with their drinks.

MAX

What really happened?

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE

It looks like someone, tried something and botched the job.

MAX

Giving them nuclear material and setting up innocent people as traitors!

CHARLIE

It was one guy and he's dead. Let it blow over.

Aziza steps into the room.

AZIZA

There should be an investigation.

Charlie glares at Aziza.

CHARLIE

Jesus, Max. Can't we have a private conversation?

Charlie points a finger at Aziza.

CHARLIE

You've got the most to lose if this opens up again. Rogue agent. They think you've been running side operations for years.

Charlie glares at Aziza.

CHARLIE

They gave me your files.

Charlie walks to the desk, opens the drawer and reaches in with both hands. He pulls out a file with his left and a gun with his right. Charlie points the gun at Aziza as he walks toward Max.

CHARLIE

Go ahead. Read up on your old girlfriend.



As Max reaches for the file Charlie cocks the safety off the gun. Max instinctively swings his cane knocking the gun out of Charlie's hand as he fires, missing Aziza. Max cracks the cane against the side of Charlie's head, knocking him to the floor.

MAX

I'm not going to cover this up.

Charlie stares at Max, blood streaming from the side of his head.

Aziza picks up the gun and points it at Charlie.

CHARLIE

Max. You should trust me. It's how the game is played. If you don't play by the rules, they'll destroy you.

MAX

I think they'll destroy you.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Aziza and Max talk to a POLICEMAN. ANOTHER OFFICER leads Charlie to the police car.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie's Assistant Deputy packs up Charlie's office.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

Max, looking distinguished in a business suit, takes a seat at his desk. He pulls out files to read.

EXT. AZIZA'S BACKYARD - DAY

Max enters, still in his suit and carrying a briefcase.

The grill is cooking and Afghani music plays.

Aziza and Sima sit at the patio table, playing chess. Max stands and smiles at this scene.

Dori and Ehmet bring out food and drinks, placing them on the table.

Max stands behind Aziza. He puts his hands on her shoulders, as she contemplates her next move. He leans down and whispers in her ears.

MAX

Use the Queen. You can't go wrong  
with the Queen.

Aziza smiles. She makes her move.

AZIZA

Checkmate.

FADE OUT.