



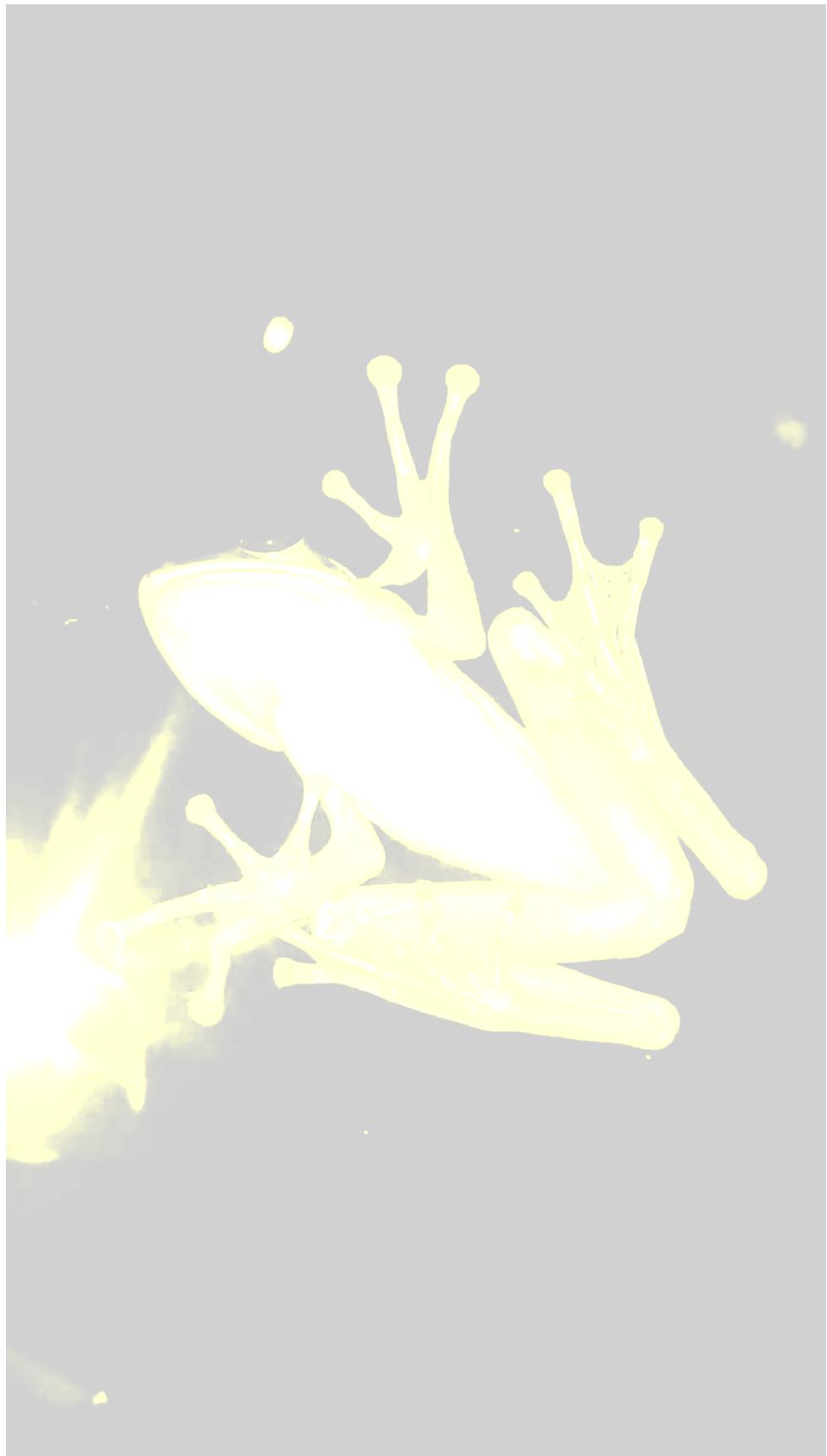
UNTITLED IRAN SCREENPLAY DRAFT V.3

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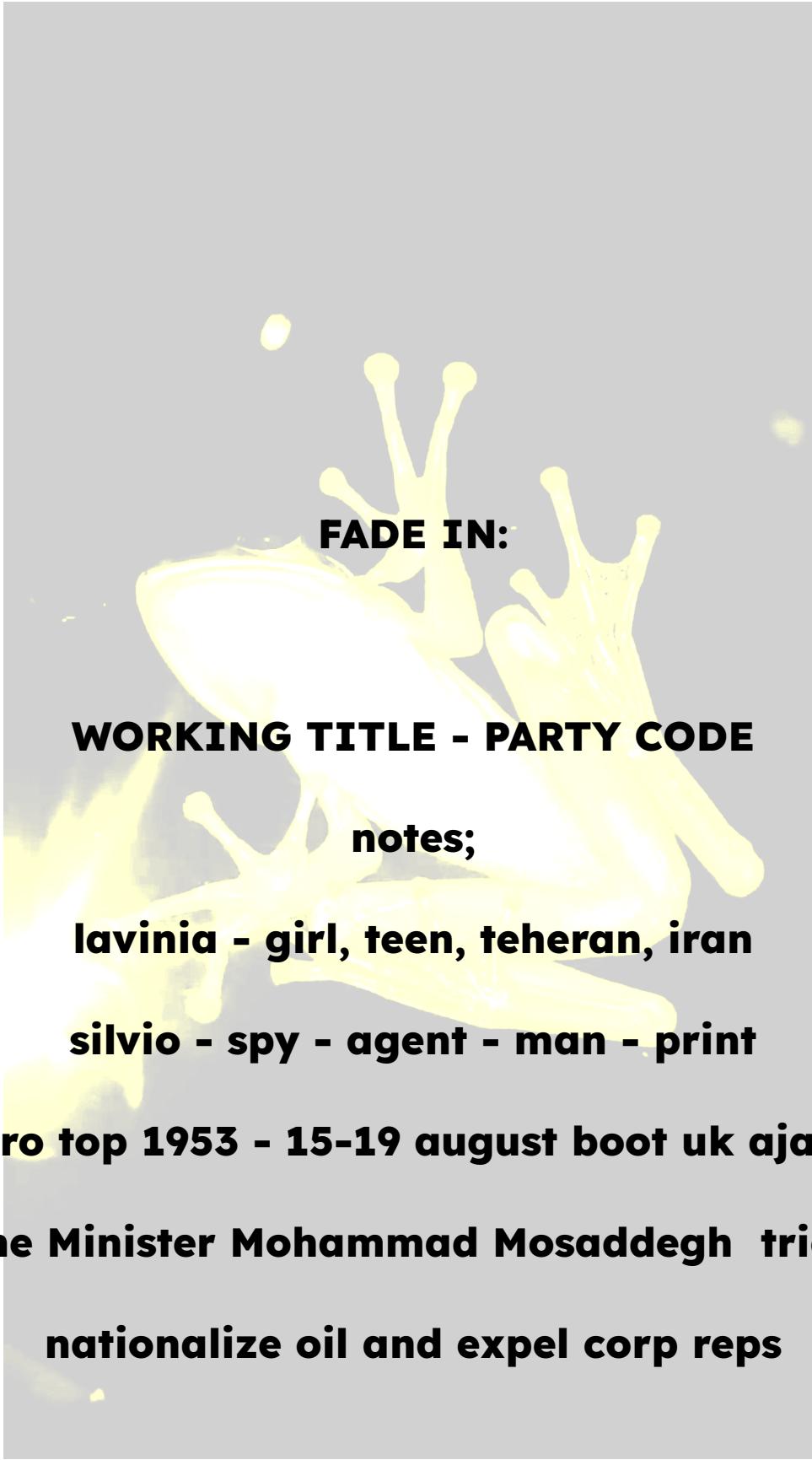
some "present day" portions by plotdot.ai

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FADE IN:

WORKING TITLE - PARTY CODE

notes;

lavinia - girl, teen, teheran, iran

silvio - spy - agent - man - print

-intro top 1953 - 15-19 august boot uk ajax us

**Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddegh tried to
nationalize oil and expel corp reps**

--- parliament quit en masse churchill

eisenhower puppet king Mohammad Reza

Pahlavi, the shah of Iran

interlude later - 2013

mia - spy agent - woman - casing - 1981 - justice

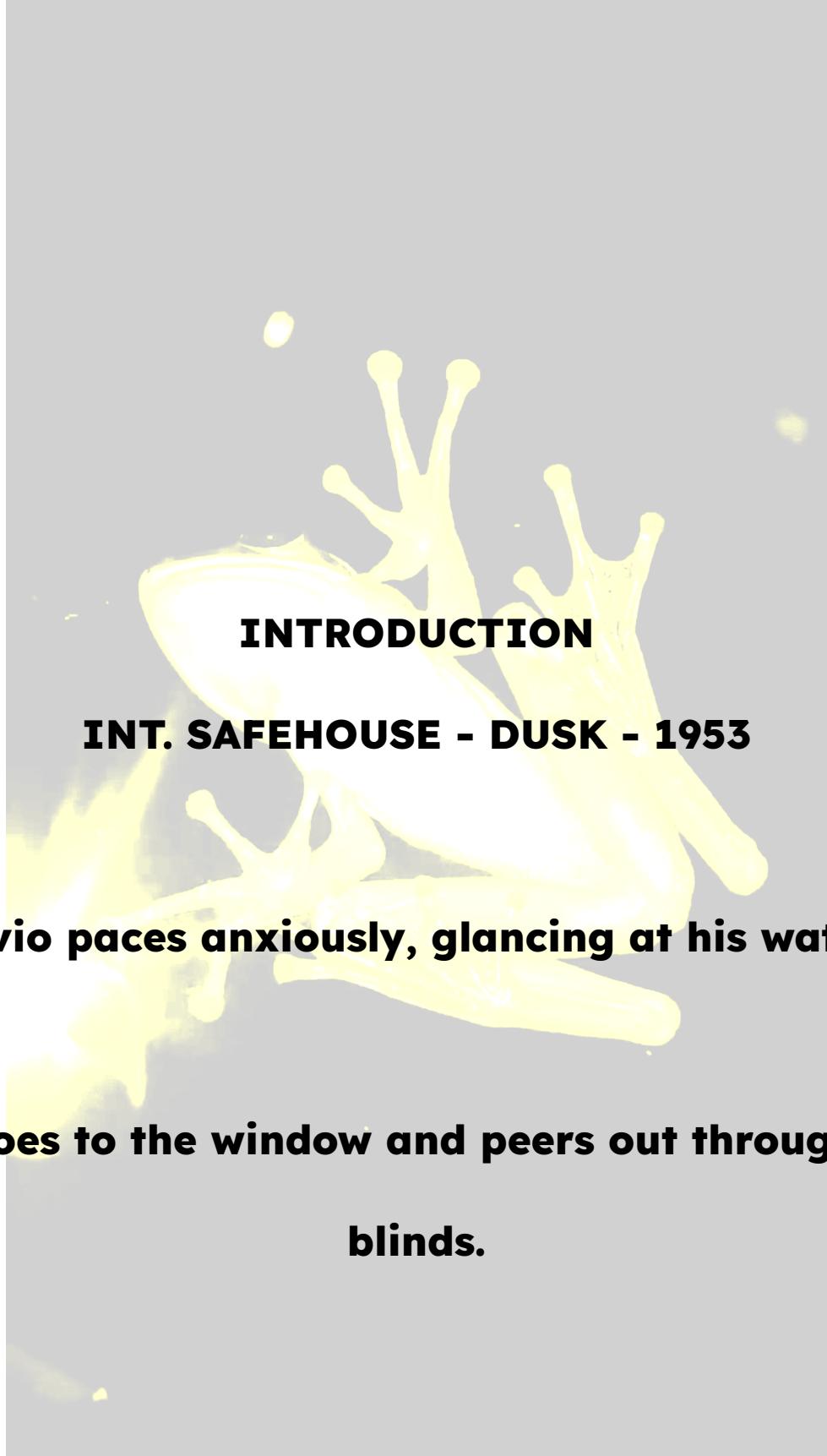
department lawsuit washington...

Plus extras -

(optional escort service madam in negotiations

with high ranking officials withheld from this

draft in order to not exceed a time limit)



INTRODUCTION

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DUSK - 1953

Silvio paces anxiously, glancing at his watch.

He goes to the window and peers out through the blinds.

SILVIO

Where is she? It's not like LAVINIA to be late.

**Silvio checks his gun and hides it back in his
waistband.**

Heavy FOOTSTEPS outside.

Silvio freezes, listening intently.

The FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN

and FOUR ARMED MEN rush in,

grabbing Silvio and slamming him

against the wall...

Silvio struggles violently.

**The men pin Silvio down and begin patting him
down.**

**One of them finds his gun and holds it to Silvio's
head.**

MAN #1

Don't move, CIA scum.

Silvio goes still, eyeing the gun pressed to his temple.

MAN #2

Grab his arms!

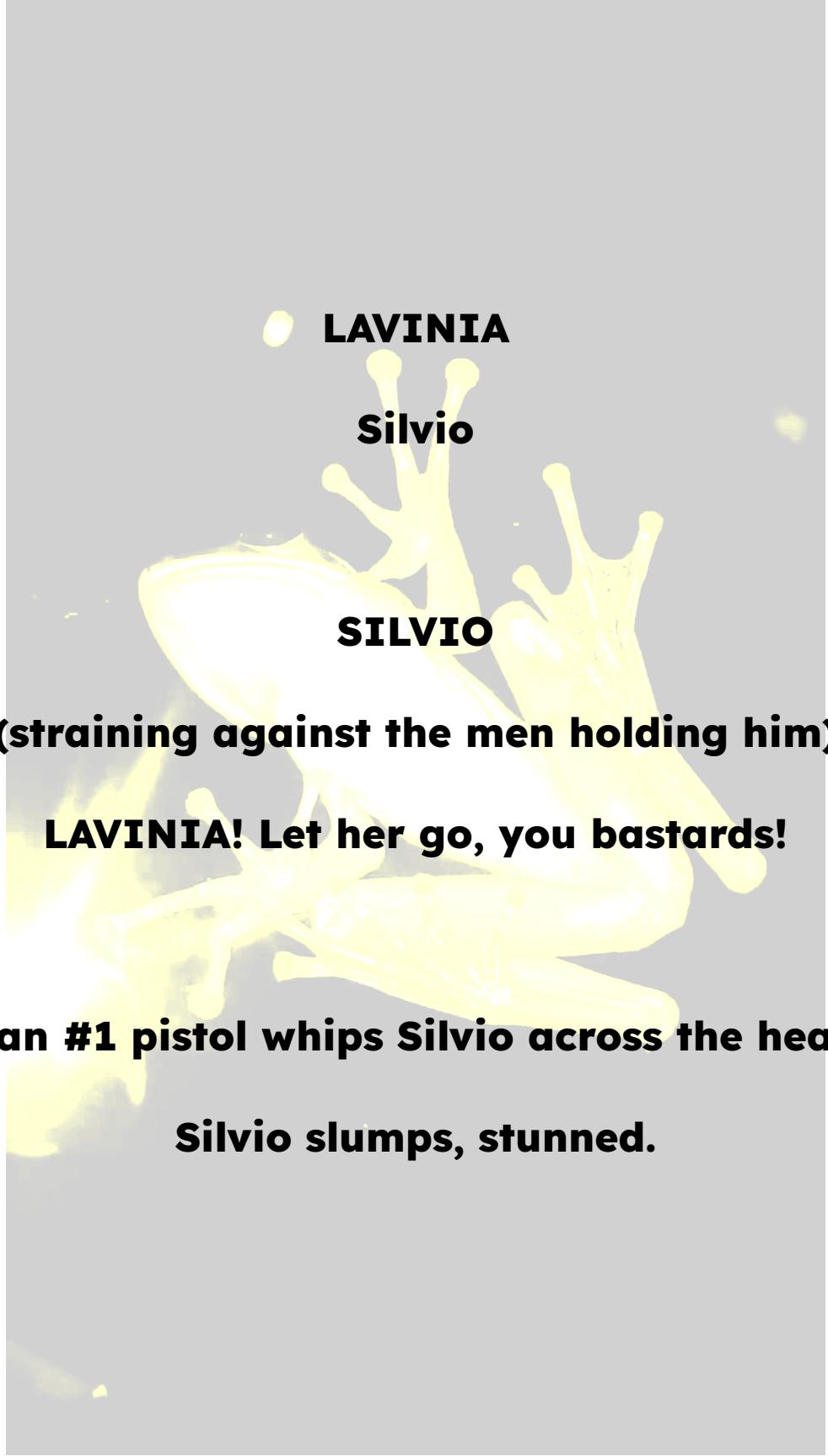
Two men wrench SILVIO's arms behind his back.

Just then, LAVINIA enters through the front door carrying a bag.

She SCREAMS at the sight of the men.

Two men grab LAVINIA roughly.

**She drops her bag, spilling
the contents.**



LAVINIA

Silvio

SILVIO

(straining against the men holding him)

LAVINIA! Let her go, you bastards!

Man #1 pistol whips Silvio across the head.

Silvio slumps, stunned.

MAN #1

That'll keep you quiet.

**The men drag Silvio and LAVINIA out the front
door.**

**LAVINIA sobs
and struggles.**

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS -

**The men shove Silvio and LAVINIA into the back
of a van.**

**Silvio is half-conscious, blood trickling from his
temple.**

**The van doors slam shut and the vehicle PEELS
OUT down the street.**

**Chaotic scenes emerge from the night, beatings,
rapes, looting...**

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER

**Silvio regains consciousness, looking around in
confusion.**

He's alone, with dried blood on his face.

He gets unsteadily to his feet, grimacing in pain.

Staggering to the door, he goes outside.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Silvio scans the dark street desperately.

No sign of LAVINIA or the men.

Silvio

LAVINIA!

**His cry echoes in the empty street. Silvio falls to
his knees, anguished.**

INT. LAVINIA'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

**LAVINIA lies huddled in a corner of the barren
cell, head buried in her knees.**

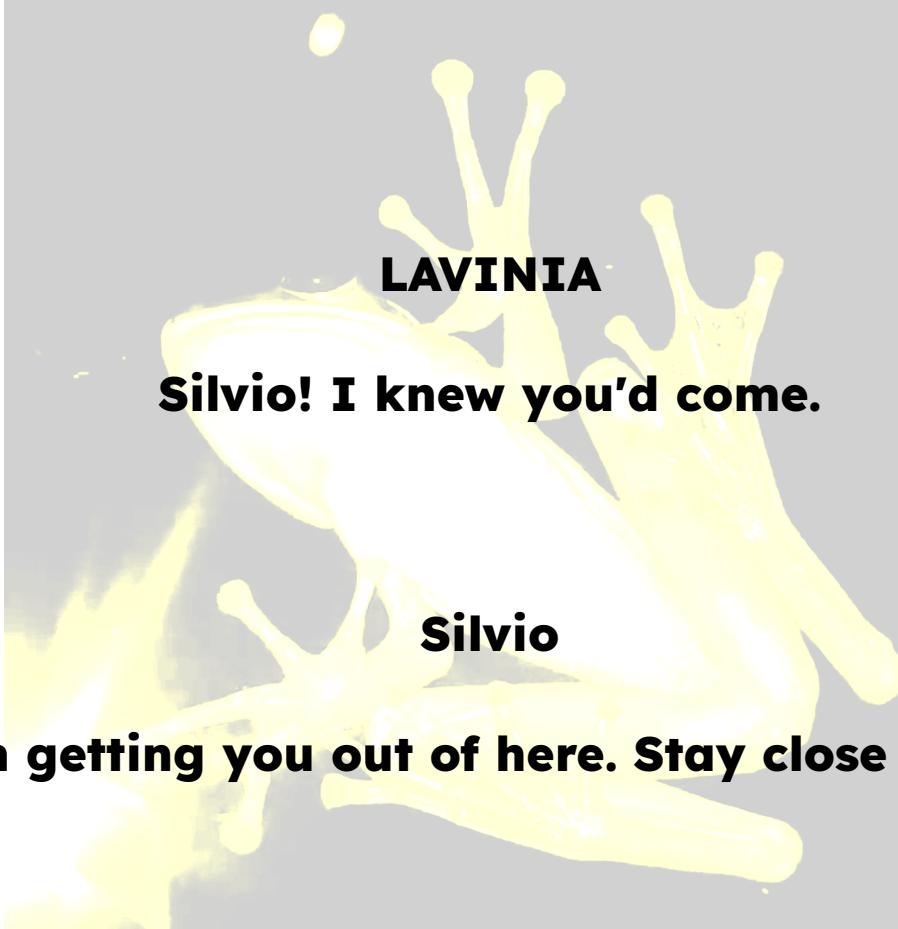
**The heavy metal door SCREECHES open and she
looks up in terror as Silvio bursts in.**

Silvio

LAVINIA!

LAVINIA leaps up into Silvio's arms.

They embrace desperately.



LAVINIA

Silvio! I knew you'd come.

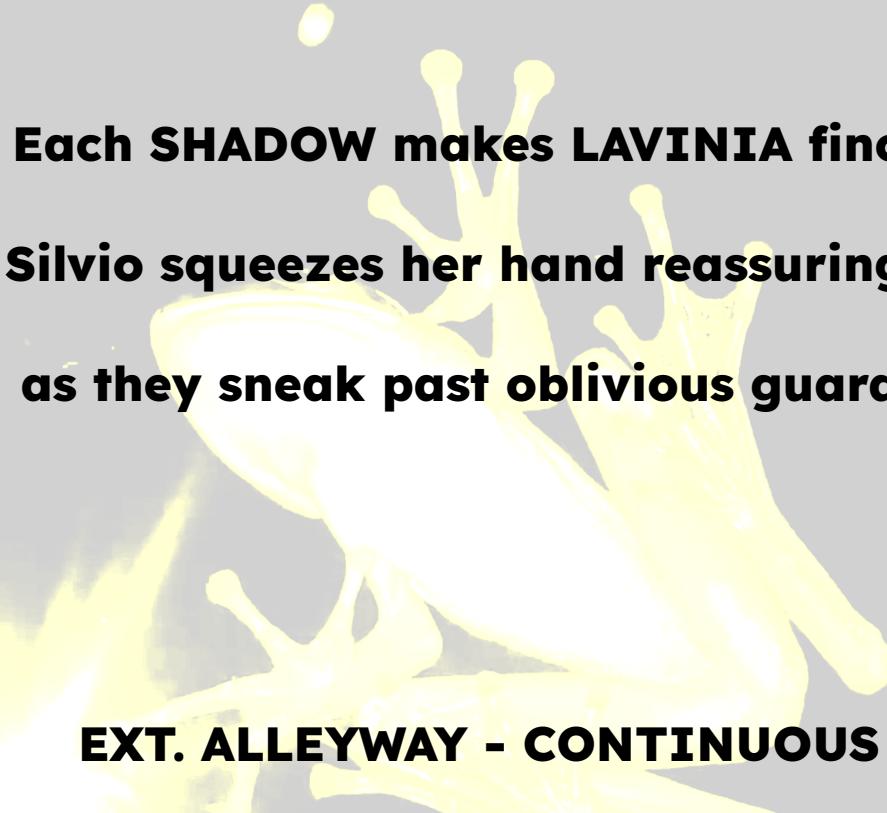
Silvio

I'm getting you out of here. Stay close to me.

Silvio pulls his gun and checks the hall. He leads

LAVINIA out carefully.

**They creep down the dark corridor, lit only by
flickering bulbs and moonlight through barred
windows.**



**Each SHADOW makes LAVINIA finch.
Silvio squeezes her hand reassuringly
as they sneak past oblivious guards.**

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

**SILVIO and LAVINIA emerge from a side door
into a deserted alley.**

**They move swiftly through the labyrinth of
backstreets.**

SILVIO peers around a corner and sees their

idling getaway car down the block.

He rushes LAVINIA toward it when SHOUTS

sound behind them.

GUARDS (O.S.)

Stop! Hold it right there!

Silvio spins around to see GUARDS

charging after them, GUNS drawn...

SILVIO

Run!

**SILVIO FIRES back at the guards,
grabbing LAVINIA's hand as they sprint to the
car.**

**BULLETS fly past them, SHATTERING windows of
nearby buildings.**

**They dive into the car and speed away just as
the guards**

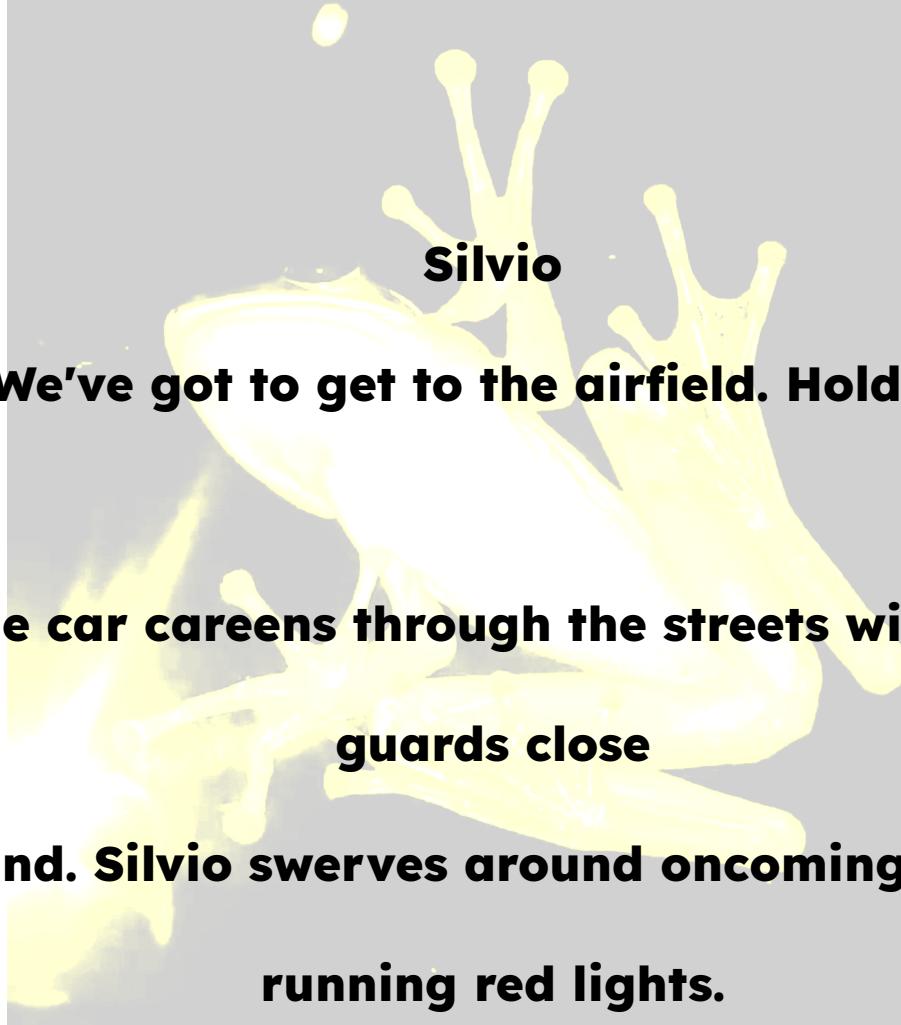
reach the alley, FIRING after them.

INT/EXT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

**Silvio drives recklessly as more GUARDS join the
pursuit.**

LAVINIA ducks down in her seat at the

SOUND of more GUNFIRE...



Silvio

We've got to get to the airfield. Hold on!

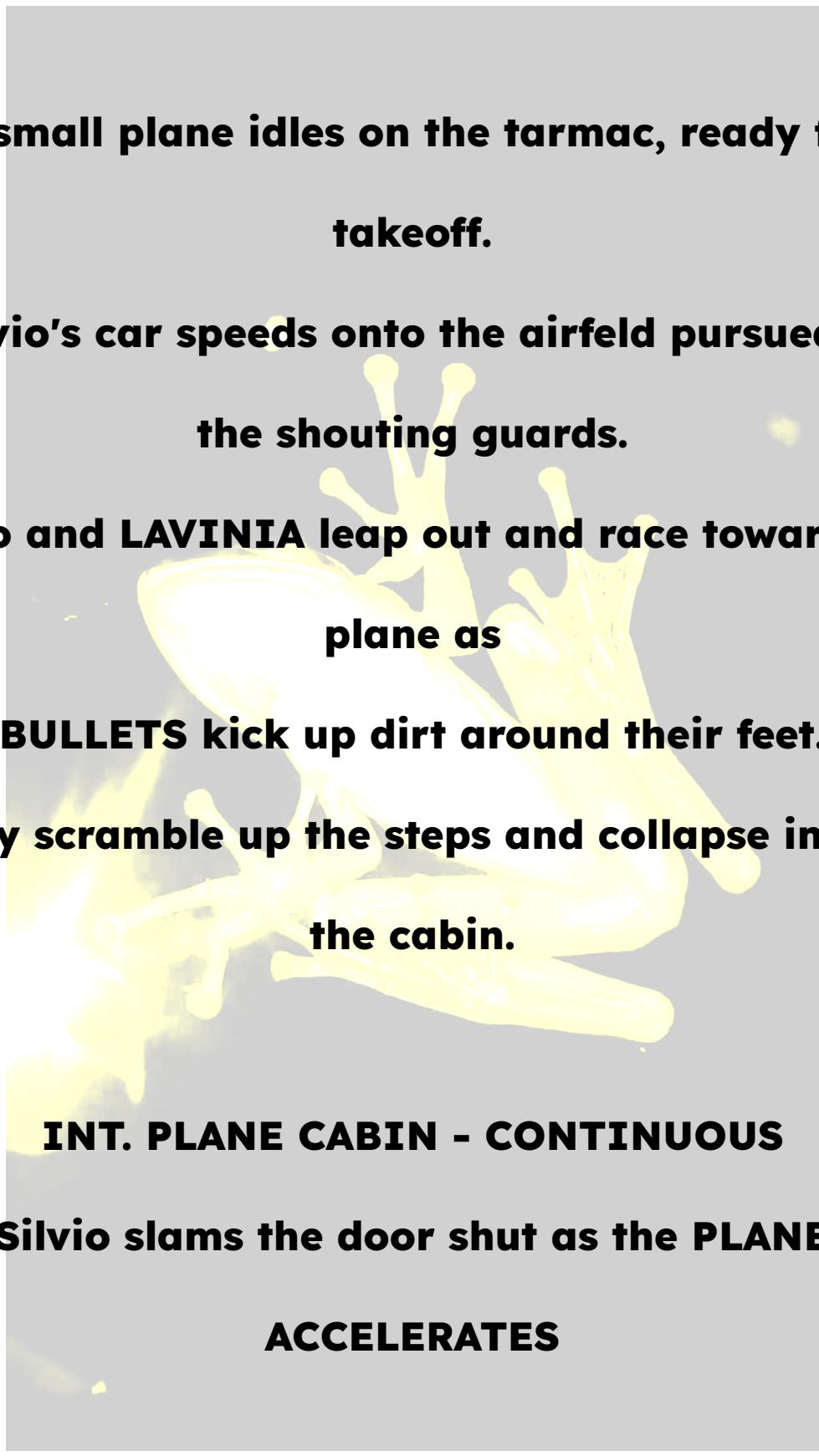
The car careens through the streets with the

guards close

behind. Silvio swerves around oncoming traffic,

running red lights.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT



**A small plane idles on the tarmac, ready for
takeoff.**

**Silvio's car speeds onto the airfield pursued by
the shouting guards.**

**Silvio and LAVINIA leap out and race toward the
plane as**

BULLETS kick up dirt around their feet.

**They scramble up the steps and collapse inside
the cabin.**

INT. PLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

**Silvio slams the door shut as the PLANE
ACCELERATES**

down the runway. LAVINIA clings to him,

shaking with adrenaline.

Bullets SPANG off the fuselage until finally, they

are AIRBORNE.

**SILVIO and LAVINIA embrace,
overcome with relief, as the plane climbs safely
above the city lights.**

Silvio

We made it.

LAVINIA

I can't believe it. Where do we go now?

SILVIO

Anywhere we want. We're free.

**SIlvio caresses LAVINIA's face and kisses her
deeply.**

The plane soars into the night sky as we...

FADE OUT

END OF SCENE.

INT. MIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -1981

MIA sits on the couch, staring blankly ahead, lost

in thought.

The BOYFRIEND paces in front of her, agitated.

BOYFRIEND

Alright, enough stalling. Tell me what's going on

with you. Like. Now.

MIA snaps out of her daze and looks up at him.

She hesitates.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

**(impatient)Come on, MIA. I'm not blind. You've
been acting strange for weeks.**

Sneaking around, not returning my calls.

Something's up.

MIA sighs heavily. She motions for him to sit.

MIA

**You're right. There is something...something big
I've stumbled onto.**



The Boyfriend sits cautiously.

MIA takes a deep breath.

MIA (CONT'D)

I've discovered a massive cover-up within the agency. High level corruption concerning Iran.

The Boyfriend's eyes go wide with alarm.

BOYFRIEND

What? Are you sure about this?

MIA

**Positive. Saturday Evening Post in 1954,
purporting to explain how "the strategic little
nation of Iran was rescued
from the closing clutch of Moscow." article
directed from the agency propaganda -**

The Boyfriend drags a hand down his face,

trying to process this.

BOYFRIEND

My goodness... Do you have any idea how

dangerous this is? If

they find out or -

MIA

(cuts him off)

I know the risks, Milan - But I can't stay silent.

Too much depends on this getting out.

I know the english are working on documentary

about the coup.

and my sources tell me someone at the british

broadcasting

company has admitted to a hand in the coup

they had been airing propaganda as early as

1951

The Boyfriend stands abruptly and resumes

pacing,

even more agitated than before.

BOYFRIEND

You're talking about shaking up some pretty tall

trees!

These people play dirty, MIA.

They could destroy you if they want to.

MIA's eyes fash with anger. She stands defantly.

MIA

**Let them try. I'm willing to take that chance if it
means exposing the truth.**

**The Boyfriend stops pacing and turns to her,
desperation in his eyes.**

BOYFRIEND

**And what about us, MIA?
What happens to me, to us, if you do this?**

MIA's defiance wavers at this.

She steps towards him imploringly.

MIA

I'm sorry to drag you into this mess.

But some things are bigger than us.

This is about what's right.

**The Boyfriend just stares at her,
--at a loss.**

MIA takes his hands in hers.

MIA (CONT'D)

I have to see this through. With or without you.

**Off the ultimatum, they stand in tense silence as
the weight of her choice settles over them.**

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MIA paces back and forth across the living room.

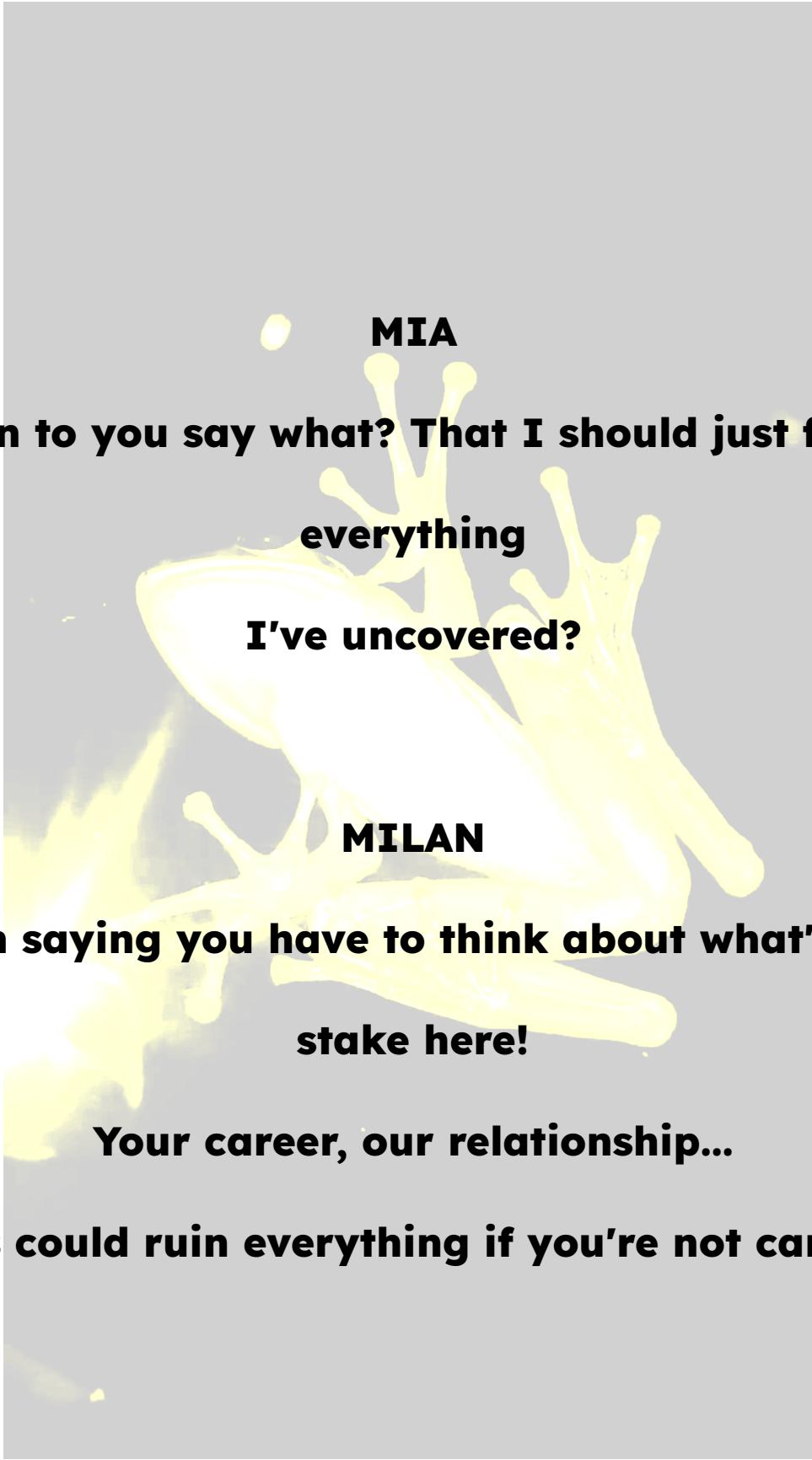
Her boyfriend MILAN sits tensely on the couch,

watching her.

MILAN

MIA, please... Listen to me.

MIA whirls on him.



Listen to you say what? That I should just forget

everything

I've uncovered?

MILAN

I'm saying you have to think about what's at

stake here!

Your career, our relationship...

This could ruin everything if you're not careful.

MIA

**Some things are more important than careers or
relationships!**

I thought you'd understand that.

MILAN

**I do understand! But is it really worth losing
everything we have together?**

**He stands and goes to her. Takes her hands in his
pleadingly.**

MILAN (CONT'D)

**I'm begging you...please just walk away from
this before it's too late.**

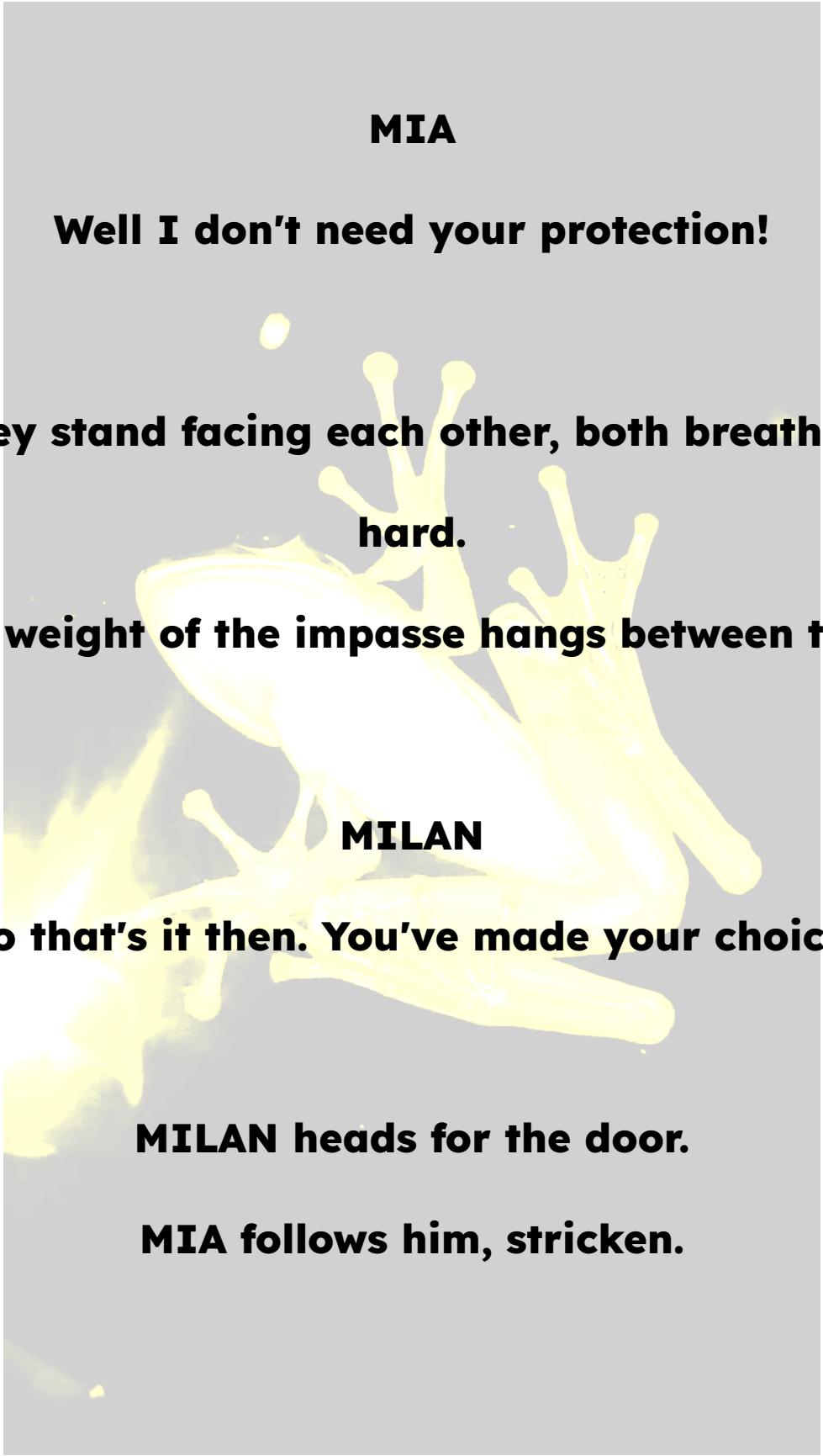
MIA pulls her hands away, stung.

MIA

**I can't believe you're asking me to do that.
After everything we've shared, everything I
thought you believed in...**

MILAN(desperate)

MIA, I'm just trying to protect you!



MIA

Well I don't need your protection!

They stand facing each other, both breathing

hard.

The weight of the impasse hangs between them.

MILAN

So that's it then. You've made your choice.

MILAN heads for the door.

MIA follows him, stricken.

MIA

MILAN, wait!

**He pauses with his hand on the doorknob,
unable to look at her. They tear off each other's
clothes and make love in a frenzy -**

MILAN

I hope you know what you're doing.

**And with that he walks out, leaving MIA alone
with the terrible cost of her conviction.**

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MIA opens the door to find her boyfriend

standing

outside with a pained expression.

He enters slowly.

MIA

What are you doing here so late?

BOYFRIEND

We need to talk. It's over, MIA.

MIA

(shocked) What?! No, you can't mean that!

BOYFRIEND

**I can't watch you keep destroying yourself like
this.**

**I've tried to be supportive, but you're putting
yourself in danger.**

**I can't be with someone who won't listen to
reason.**

MIA

**Please, don't do this! I'm trying to do what's
right.**

Youknow I can't stop now.

BOYFRIEND

**And that's why this has to end. I'm sorry. I'll
always care
about you, but we want different things.**

Goodbye, MIA.

**The boyfriend turns and leaves a sobbing MIA in
the doorway.**

**She watches through tears as he disappears
down the hall,
then slowly closes the door, leaning against it in
despair.**

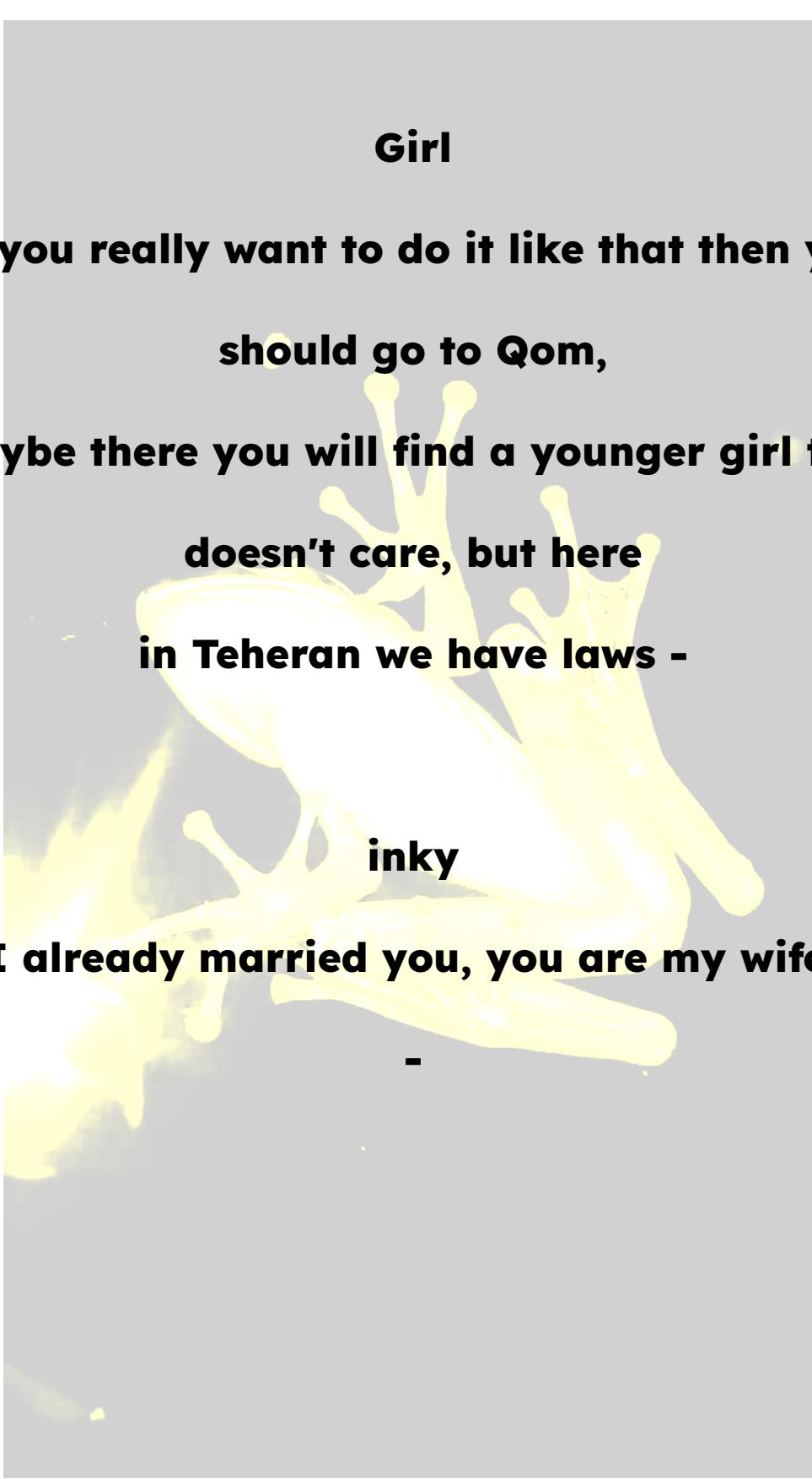
interior - parsian azadi hotel - 2016

GIRL

**A temporary marriage does not grant you the
right to do that -**

inky

**come on, make an exception, i promise not to
say a word to anyone -**



Girl

If you really want to do it like that then you

should go to Qom,

maybe there you will find a younger girl that

doesn't care, but here

in Teheran we have laws -

inky

But I already married you, you are my wife now

GIRL

even as a husband, you must obey our

agreement -

inky

my agreement was seventy five dollars for a one

day temporary marriage

and if you accepted a hundred dollar bonus to

remove the hymen -

GIRL

but I don't accept, I know I'm over the age of

nine, but you make

me suspicious with all this writing -

Inky

i'm a writer well maybe not anymore since you

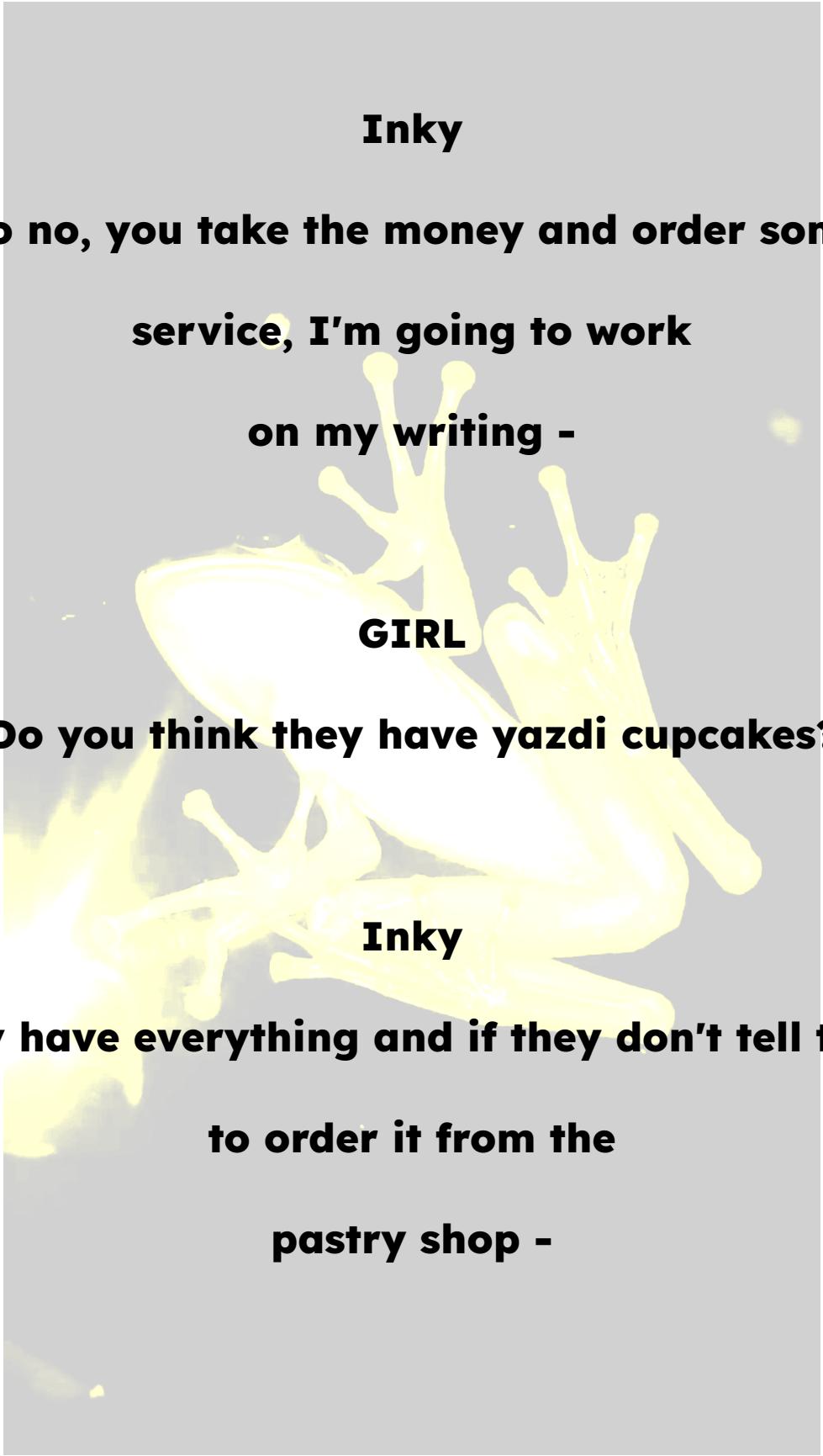
are turning me into a

lawyer -

GIRL

Let us not make a mess of this wedding, enjoy

the rest of my body



Inky

**No no, you take the money and order some
service, I'm going to work
on my writing -**

GIRL

Do you think they have yazdi cupcakes?

Inky

**They have everything and if they don't tell them
to order it from the
pastry shop -**

Girl

You are not upset, are you?

Inky

I don't want to say, but it is possible that I was

only trying to

learn something about you, yes, something about

my wife.

Girl

Now I am getting to like you - I am even

excited, please put it in my ass

and be careful not to slide it in elsewhere -

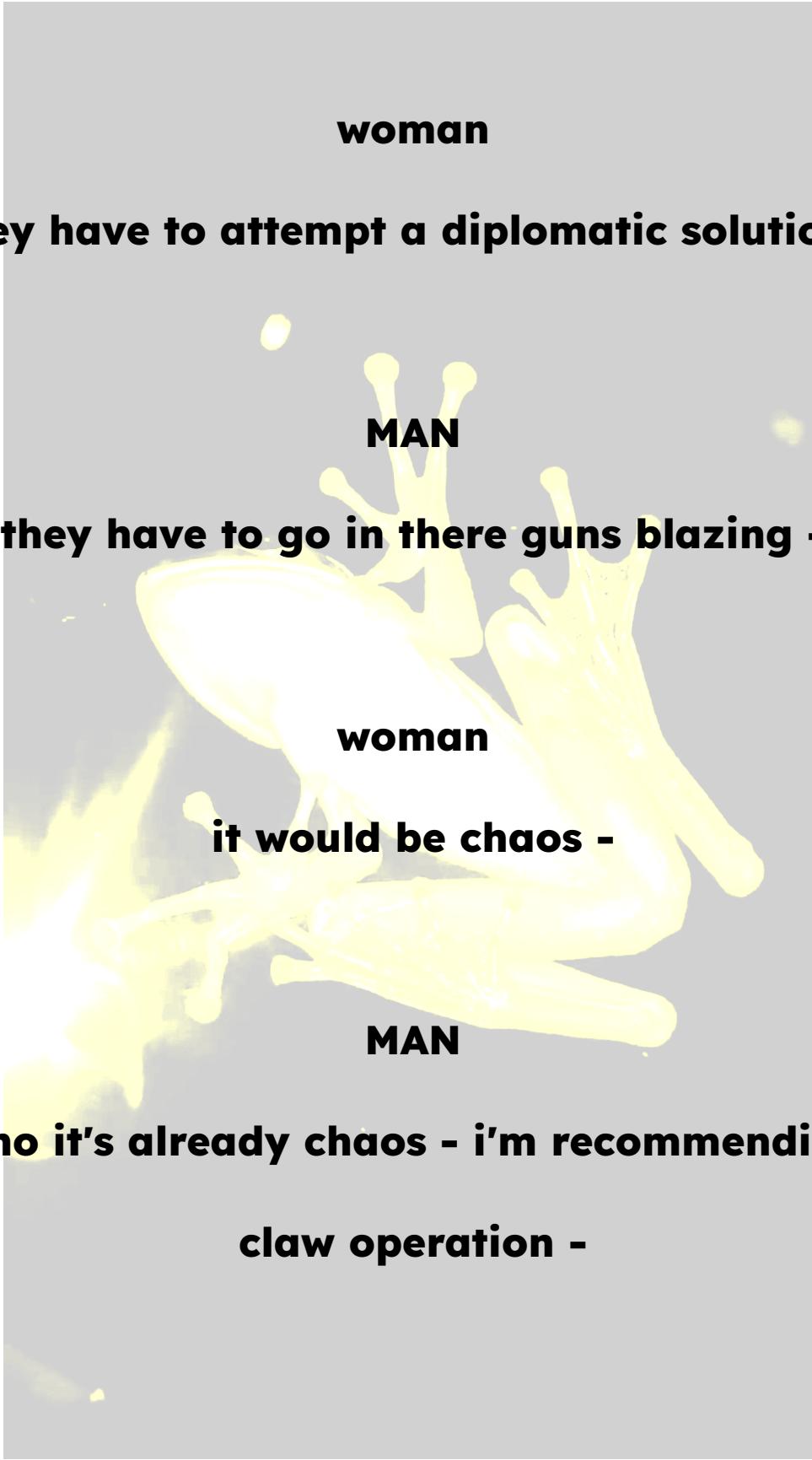
Inky

you must really like those yadzi cakes -

exterior - ghetto in washington dc - 1980

MAN

**it's an act of war and they think they can talk
their way out it -**



woman

they have to attempt a diplomatic solution -

MAN

they have to go in there guns blazing -

woman

it would be chaos -

MAN

no no it's already chaos - i'm recommending a

claw operation -

WOMAN

but there is no one on the inside of the embassy

to support

it - that's a hail mary - at best -

MAN

There is no way I am going to recommend

diplomacy - you and I

both know the Russians are behind this -

WOMAN

that's an argument from the fifties!

MAN

**Yes it is, and it is the same situation, if only back
then**

it would not have involved London we wouldn't

**have these
student radicals -**

WOMAN

OK LOOK I WILL GO ALONG WITH THE CLAW IF

YOU HELP ME CLAMP

DOWN ON OPERATIVE MIA - SLANT EYED

IDEALIST WAS DIGGING

AROUND FOR THE DIRT AS FAR BACK AS IKE -

MAN

YOU SHOULD ASK FOR SOMETHING WORTH THE

WHILE,

SHE MAY HAVE PUT

TWO AND TWO TOGETHER BUT OUR RECORDS

ARE AIRTIGHT

IN FACT THERE ARE NO RECORDS -

MAYBE SOME STRAY NOTES BUT ALL OF THEM

HEARSAY -

CONT'D

BUT WHATEVER YES I WILL HELP -

I WILL MAKE IT SO IT IS A COLD DAY

IN HELL BEFORE ANY CHINK RISES ABOVE

THE GROUND FLOOR OFFICES -

WOMAN

NAVAL VESSELS AND SOME LIGHT AIRCRAFTS

ARE IN POSITION, YOU HAVE

MY APPROVAL, AND IN TERMS OF THE

OPERATIVE, THERE IS A BOYFRIEND,

HE GETS INCLUDED IN THE TORNIQUETE -

MAN

LET'S DO THE TWIST -

FAST FOOD JOINT - VIRGINIA -

INT. ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

**Mia walks alone down a tree-lined path,
illuminated by moonlight. She moves slowly,
shoulders slumped, wiping tears from her eyes.**

Up ahead,

the path opens up to a moonlit lake.

**Mia stops at the water's edge, gazing out. The
foggy lake is still and serene.**

Mia sinks down on a rock at the water's edge.

She buries her head in her hands.

After a long moment, she looks up at the moon's

reflection rippling on the lake.

MIA (softly)

Is it worth it? Everything I've lost...my job, my

love, my safety.

All to expose decades-old secrets of powerful

men.

She picks up a pebble, turning it over in her

hands.

MIA(cont'd) (anguished)

What if I just walked away?

Let the past stay buried and move on with my

life?

**MIA clenches her fist around the pebble. A long
beat as she struggles within herself.**

**Finally she shakes her head defiantly and SKIPS
the pebble across the lake.**

MIA (cont'd)

**No. I can't stay silent. I have to finish what I
started, no matter the cost.**

**She stands, jaw set with renewed conviction. With
a last
lingering look at the serene lake, MIA continues
resolutely down the moonlit path.**

INT. CLASSIFIED RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

**The cavernous room is pitch black
and deathly quiet. MIA enters stealthily,
a tiny penlight in hand.**

She sweeps the narrow beam over the rows of cabinets and shelves housing boxes and folders.

Finding her way to a large cabinet,

she examines the label:"Iran 1953".

MIA pulls out her lockpick set and goes to work opening it.

The lock clicks open. MIA eases the drawer open slowly to avoid any noise.

She begins rifling through the orderly files with gloved hands.

Her light catches on a thick folder stamped "Classified".

Heart pounding, Mia extracts the folder and opens it gingerly.

**It contains documents detailing the CIA's role in
planning the 1953 Iranian coup d'etat.**

MIA's eyes widen. She found what she was

looking for. but there is

nothing there except crossed out paragraphs ---

**Her penlight goes out and she is
swallowed by darkness. FOOTSTEPS NEAR, she is**

captured and as the man in

Washington had promised - silenced in a

dizzying frontal lobotomy in motion while

still standing, manhandled by her own fellow

agents -

INT. LAVINIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -1953

Lavinia lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

She tosses and turns restlessly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAVINIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

**Sunlight streams in. Lavinia sits up in bed
looking tired.**

Worry creases her face as realization sets in.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON - 1953

**Silvio sits across from REZA,
a trusted friend, at a small cafe table.**

They speak in hushed tones over steaming cups

of tea.

REZA

**I must confess something that will shock you, my
friend.**

SILVIO

What is it? You know you can tell me anything.

Reza leans in, voice lowered.

REZA

**Yesterday, while passing the old textile factory, I
saw someone who looked just like you slip inside.**

Silvio tenses almost imperceptibly.

Silvio

I'm sure you were mistaken.

REZA

**Silvio I thought so too, until an hour later
when the man emerged with three foreigners.
They exchanged parcels and documents.**

silvio forces a chuckle, feigning casualness.

SILVIO

**Perhaps a twin brother I don't know about.
You really think it was me?**

REZA

**I know your face as well as my own.
And I recognized the others as CIA operatives.**

Silvio's facade of amusement slips.

He studies Reza gravely.

Silvio

**You cannot repeat this reckless accusation, my
friend.**

These are dangerous times.

REZA

**I tell you only because I worry for you. What
have you gotten yourself into? I feel as
if the world wants my country as its playground
and obviously you want
one of our girls for your own -**

**Silvio reaches across the table,
grasping Reza's hand sincerely.**

SILVIO

**You are a good friend. But you are mistaken in
this. IRAN is a free country,
as for the girl, well yes but what I want is love -
her love.
Trust me, all is well.**

**Reza searches Silvio's face for a moment
but sees only earnestness.
He nods slowly.**

REZA

Then I will speak no more of it.

But be careful, Silvio. Be careful.

if you ever need it, I have a airplane jet

that can can fly you as far as France -

Silvio finishes his tea in one long swallow,

then rises, buttoning his jacket.

Silvio

Always careful. As for the flight I imagine Egypt

would work, ha!

Now I must be off. Until next time.

**SILVIO clasps Reza's shoulder warmly before
turning to go.**

**Reza watches him depart,
brow furrowed with concern.**

INT. LAVINI'S HOME - EVENING

**LAVINIA paces angrily, clutching the
incriminating documents.**

SILVIO enters cautiously.

SILVIO

LAVINIA, you wanted to see me?

LAVINIA whirls around, eyes ablaze.

LAVINIA

Don't play dumb. I know everything.

She thrusts the documents at SILVIO's chest.

LAVINIA (CONT'D)

Who are you really working for? The Americans?

MI6?

SILVIO

(stammers)I can explain--

LAVINIA

Stop lying! I trusted you! I thought you cared

about our people's struggle, about me.

But it was all pretense, wasn't it?

SILVIO

My feelings for you are real, LAVINIA. Everything

between us--

LAVINIA

**Don't you dare speak of feelings! This is about
betrayal.Yours!**

LAVINIA's eyes fill with angry tears...

LAVINIA (CONT'D)

**I read the reports. Heard your recordings. You
used me as a pawn in your spy games.**

SILVIO

It started out that way, yes.

**But everything changed when I fell in love with
you.**

SILVIO steps closer but LAVINIA backs away.

LAVINIA

Love? You wouldn't know the meaning.

I was a fool to believe your lies.

LAVINIA points at the door, shaking with rage.

**SILVIO opens his mouth to speak but sees the
futility.**

He turns and leaves without another word.

**The door slams shut behind him. LAVINIA
collapses into sobs...**

conference room, several men at a table - 1953

LEAD

if we don't meet the challenge, then teheran

becomes a brit playground

or a resource for moscow -

FOLLOW

yes but the monarchy -

LEAD

that is a secondary concern - focus on the matter

at hand -

Follow

**We would need people, an army perhaps to pull
this off -**

Lead

**I trust the handful we have, you'd be shocked at
what a few well
placed pay offs will produce - riots will set off
chaos and the
chaos will usher in peace beat not to mention
profit -**

Follow

Silvio - however, silvio seems to have backfired -

LEAD

Reckless, off the reservation now, but the work

he had previously

done speaks for itself. We can write it off easily

as a cautionary tale

but who doesn't love a good love story.

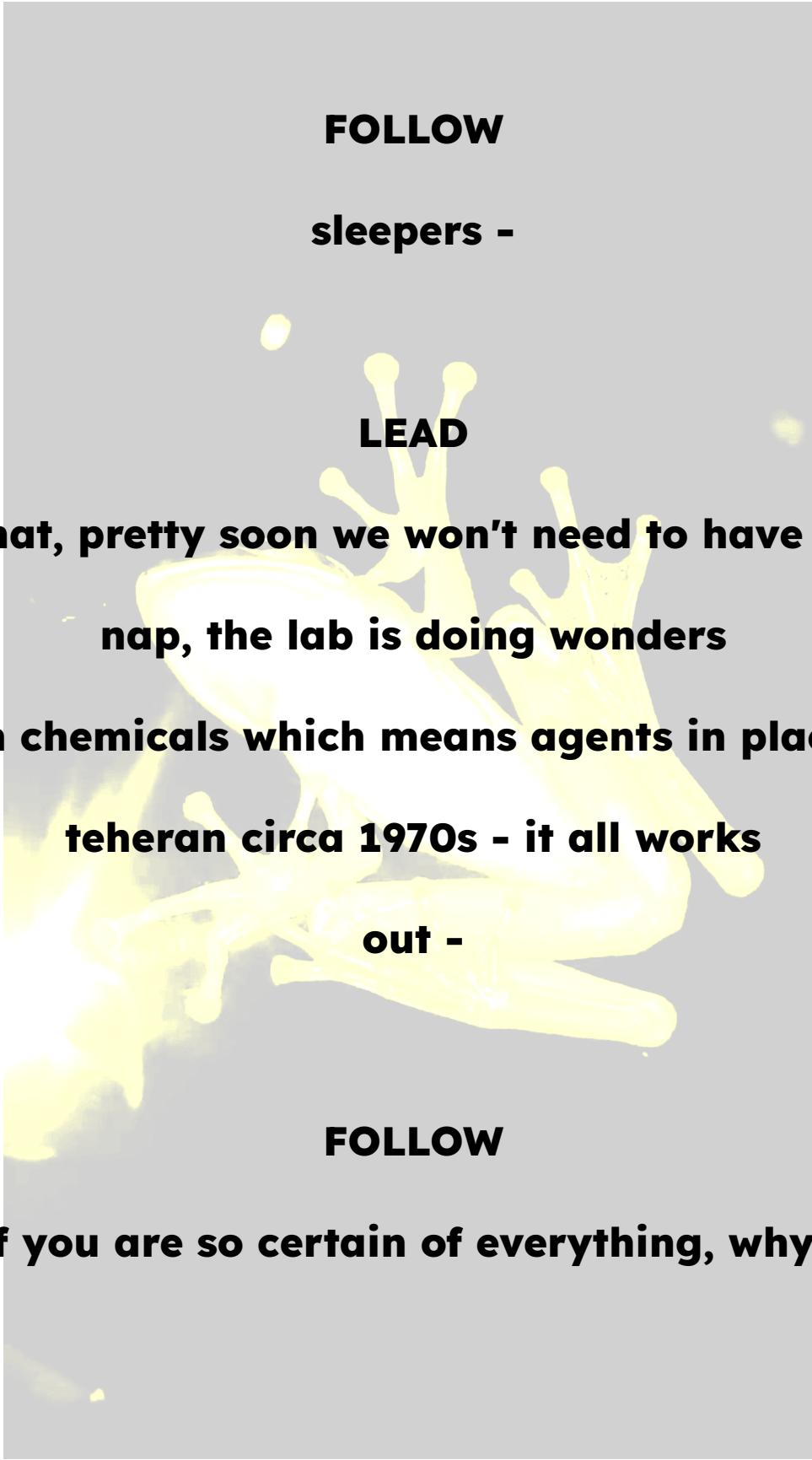
FOLLOW

Perhaps having those thugs manhandle Lavinia

was too much -

LEAD

**DOn't second guess me, I can script a future
before you can even remember
all the details of the past - that is the past, look
into my crystal ball,
if and when they get away - they come
statesides, maybe europe and less likely
south america, but in any location the scenario
sets up a young couple who are
likely to have breed and those offspring will be
right where we want them not
only that they will have the advantage of
language from the mother -**



FOLLOW

sleepers -

LEAD

old hat, pretty soon we won't need to have them

nap, the lab is doing wonders

with chemicals which means agents in place at

teheran circa 1970s - it all works

out -

FOLLOW

if you are so certain of everything, why -

LEAD

**why do I need approval, well I don't but I want
everyone on the same page-**

when IKE tells his secretary to phone this

department or that all he will hear

is it is going to be a democratic utopia or we can

**let the commies have it at the risk of another
world war -**

FOLLOW

English radio has already been playing up that

angle, I've got someone at the post that could

pack

it up for us in a positive light in the press after

everything, well if it works out -

Lead

HAve faith, we are doing G-d's work on earth,

failure is not an option, we will prevail -

as for the article I leave that up to you but leave

my name out of it.

FOllow

**No memo, no minutes, no records, all history will
have is a hint
in the saturday evening post -**

Lead

**If you wanted to be in the history books, you
sure picked the wrong line of work, come on,
what we are doing goes beyond history - how
did the snake get into the garden of eden,
there is no history, we are cutting away the
apple tree, think of it as heaven -
how could there be a historian? heaven on earth!**



DISSOLVE TO CREDITS

november 2023