

BUMBLEF*CKED

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. MISRATA, LIBYA - EVENING

On an urban rooftop in one of Libya's largest cities, a group of Mujahideen holding AK-47s are gathered in a circle.

RAFI (30s, a short king with tall energy) addresses the group.

RAFI

The Western devil claims to have extinguished us. But the Islamic State grows ever stronger with his lies!

He holds up a torch and dramatically lights it.

RAFI (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

You're getting this, right?

Two men holding iPhones nod their heads. Nearby, a distracted JIHADIST BRO is looking at the sunset.

JIHADIST BRO

Yo, this would be amazing as a rooftop bar. Like with cocktails and stuff?

RAFI

That's not the point of this. We're getting ISIS back in the news.

JIHADIST BRO

I'm just saying, I could DJ!

Rafi nods his head at one of the men holding a gun. The Jihadist Bro is dragged away.

Rafi addresses the cameras again.

RAFI

This is the beginning of the Third World War. Mark my words, infidels: soon your cities will burn!

Rafi drops his torch onto a giant pile of kindling on the ground below. It goes up in flames as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES TECH OFFICE - DAY

On a giant TV screen, we see CNN footage of fires blazing. The chyron reads: "ISIS RESURGES IN LIBYA."

We widen out to see the offices of BUSYBEE.BUZZ, a popular news aggregate site. 20-somethings sit in the open workspace, engrossed in their laptops.

An employee near the TV looks up.

OFFICE WORKER 1

Of course ISIS is a Libra. Can I change channels?

He uses his phone to wirelessly switch to "Yurt Nightmares."

OFFICE WORKER 2

Yes! I love this show.

WOMAN ON T.V. (O.C.)

We wanted a yurt with hardwood floors, but they turned out to be laminate...

In a conference room with floor-to-ceiling windows, a meeting is taking place. RICK (40s, the site's eccentric editor-in-chief) is lying face-up on the conference room table.

RICK

Something's not right. What's the title again?

JOEY

"30 Plates That Could Almost Be Bowls?"

RICK

Make it 29. Odd numbers are sexier. Maggie?

MAGGIE WEAVER (32, hopeless romantic, an Abbi Jacobson type - okay fine, specifically Abbi Jacobson) is smiling goofily at her phone. The text reads: "27 D's Tonight??"

PAIGE

She's texting her "boyfriend." I was doing air quotes right there, in case you couldn't tell.

RICK

It's okay. We've all had imaginary boyfriends before. I still think about "Javier" sometimes.

Javier, a meek guy in glasses, stands up.

JAVIER
For the last time, I exist!

MAGGIE
Sorry, Adam and I were making plans
to watch "27 Dresses" on Zoom
tonight.

PAIGE
Uh huh. He's either gay, or a
serial killer.

JOEY
Men can be *both*, Paige.

MAGGIE
It's very likely that by the time I
return from this trip I will be
engaged.

JAVIER
You mean, after meeting him in
person for the first time?

MAGGIE
When you know, you just know.

RICK
Good luck with your boyfriend,
Maggie --

PAIGE
Air quotes!

RICK
-- just make sure "13 Spank-worthy
Emojis" is ready to pub by the end
of the day.

MAGGIE
No problem, Rick. And it's "emoji."

Rick suddenly bolts up.

RICK
What?

MAGGIE
The plural of "emoji" is "emoji."

RICK

Maggie! You know having my grammar corrected reminds me of my mother. Please write an apology for the Tree of Remorse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUSYBEE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie hangs a leaf that says "I'm Sorry I Spoke My Truth" on a giant paper tree display in the courtyard.

She returns to her desk and turns off her computer. She closes a large white binder labeled "Maggie's Wedding." To the front she adds ("To Adam") in glittery puff paint.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Maggie packs her suitcase while her best friends, SIMONE (30s, very pregnant) and BRIAN (30s, could also pass for pregnant) watch from the bed.

SIMONE

I can't believe you're meeting at the Casablanca airport. That is so adorable.

MAGGIE

It was the first movie we bonded over.

BRIAN

You know they don't end up together, right? She leaves, and he probably dies of alcoholism.

Simone punches Brian in the shoulder.

SIMONE

Mags, show us Adam's profile again?

Maggie pulls up the profile for "Adam S." He's extremely attractive, with thick wavy hair and cool glasses.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I can't wait to not listen to his podcast.

BRIAN

He's an amateur pilot and speaks 5 languages? Huh. I bet he's also 6'2".

MAGGIE

6'3", actually. He's in Morocco doing something humanitarian...with drinking water...honestly I kind of tuned that part out.

SIMONE

Hmmm.

MAGGIE

What?

SIMONE

He just...sounds a little too good to be true.

BRIAN

Remember the "architect" who spent all day playing minecraft?

SIMONE

Or the "surgeon" who was harvesting organs?

MAGGIE

We've been talking every night for two months. He's the real deal.

SIMONE

Maggie, I know how badly you want to get married. You have a David's Bridal punch card.

MAGGIE

I've exhausted all my Bumble matches within 1000 miles. I actually got to a page that says "End of Bumble."

BRIAN

We're just concerned about your safety.

MAGGIE

Thank you. But I'm 32 and the closest thing I've had to a relationship is my Milanos subscription from Amazon Pantry.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm basically a Cathy Cartoon, if Cathy had HPV.

BRIAN

Cathy may not have had HPV, but Garfield *definitely* had feline AIDS.

MAGGIE

I need to take a risk! I can't sit around forever hoping Jake from State Farm reads my DMs!

Maggie angrily zips up her suitcase. Simone puts her arm around Maggie.

SIMONE

You're right. You can't be the girl on "The Bachelor" who "didn't open up."

MAGGIE

I'm ready for my hometown date.

SIMONE

Just promise me you'll call if anything goes wrong. We'll have a safe word... "cannoli." As in "Leave the gun, take the cannoli."

MAGGIE

From "You've Got Mail!"

BRIAN

From "The Godfather."

They both ignore him.

MAGGIE

That's right - I'm Meg Ryan, and I'm off to meet my Tom Hanks! And maybe start a small business!

She walks off happily.

BRIAN

She knows that movie is about him catfishing her, right?

CUT TO:

INT. MOROCCAN AIRLINES FLIGHT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Maggie opens her pill case and pops a probiotic, a Melatonin, and a Xanax. She thinks for a moment, then swallows another Xanax.

She starts blowing up her inflatable neck pillow, but falls asleep mid-blow.

INT. CASABLANCA AIRPORT - THE NEXT DAY

Maggie disembarks onto the rain-soaked tarmac and looks around, confused.

MAGGIE

This doesn't look like the movie.

An airport employee overhears her.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE

That was a studio in Burbank!
(grumbling)
Tourists.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie sleepily applies some makeup. She looks herself squarely in the bathroom mirror.

MAGGIE

Your life is about to change
forever.

She sprays breath freshener in her mouth. After a beat, she also sprays a squirt down her pants.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Ouch that burns.

She walks out to the arrivals area and combs the crowd.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Maggie?

Maggie whirls around. She sees a DRIVER holding a sign that says "Maggie W."

DRIVER

Ahdeem, er, Adam sent me for you.
I'm his driver.

MAGGIE

Ooh. A driver!

Maggie opens the Notes section of her phone to a Pro/Con list she has started. Under "Pro" types the word "Rich."

DRIVER

He sends his apologies that he couldn't meet you. Something came up at work.

MAGGIE

No problem!

In her list, Maggie types the word "Employed."

The driver takes Maggie's suitcase and leads her to a black SUV. As she gets in, she gets a text: "Bon soir Maggie, did Omar find you?"

In her Pro list, Maggie writes "Remembers my name."

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

The trifecta.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED MOROCCAN VILLAGE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Many hours later, the SUV stops. Maggie gets out and is escorted into an ornate tent. There are beautiful woven rugs and pillows on the floor, with silk curtains and lanterns hanging throughout.

MAGGIE

Wow! You guys have a Cost Plus/World Market too?

DRIVER (O.C.)

Ahdeem? Maggie is here.

MAGGIE

Ahdeem? Who's Ahdeem?

The driver pulls back one of the curtains and AHDEEM emerges. He is just as handsome as his photos - even more so bathed in lantern light. But Maggie's smile fades as she notices the men in ski masks, holding semi-automatic rifles. On the wall behind them, prominently displayed, is the ISIS flag.

AHDEEM

Hello, Maggie. Welcome to ISIS.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, I think I left something outside.

Maggie sprints outside with Ahdeem at her heels. She immediately vomits on the ground.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're lucky this is just my stress-induced acid reflux, and not my stress-induced IBS.

When Maggie looks up, she sees troops in riot gear patrolling every corner of the village.

Maggie opens her phone and frantically pulls up Uber - but there's no service. Ahdeem gently takes her phone from her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Adam! You're in ISIS?!

AHDEEM

It's "Ahdeem," actually.

MAGGIE

Okay, Ahdeem! Don't you think this was an important detail to mention? "I have a shellfish allergy, also I'm on the CIA's kill list?!?"

AHDEEM

In my defense, you didn't tell me you have IBS.

MAGGIE

This is by far the worst first date I've ever had. Right up there with Martin Shkreli.

AHDEEM

Ouch.

MAGGIE

I was prepared for you to look different from your photos. Have bad credit. Estranged children. But ISIS is a major red flag!

AHDEEM

I'm feeling really judged right now, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Judged?! You're in the most evil, notorious terrorist organization in the world!

AHDEEM

Seriously? I thought we had lost our edge!

(through the door)

Guys, we're #1!

Cheers erupt from inside, along with some light gunfire.

MAGGIE

I have to get out of here. Where's my phone?

AHDEEM

Where are you going?

MAGGIE

Literally anywhere besides here. And that Panera I'm banned from.

AHDEEM

Maggie. You know we can't let you leave.

MAGGIE

Why?

AHDEEM

You've seen our headquarters. The faces of upper-level operatives.

MAGGIE

I promise not to tell anyone! I won't even tell this story at the Moth, despite it having extremely high win potential!

AHDEEM

If you try to escape, we'll have no choice but to kill you.

Maggie looks over at one of the guards, who is lovingly stroking his AK-47. She sighs despondently.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)

Look, why don't you get some sleep?
As my therapist used to say, "this
will all seem better in the
morning."

(beat)

I really regret killing that guy.

INT. MAGGIE'S TENT - THE NEXT DAY

Maggie wakes to her tent door opening. KHADIJA (40s, capable and no-nonsense) and RAIDAH (20s, bitter Daria vibe) are carrying a tray of tea and fresh dates.

KHADIJA

Salaam.

MAGGIE

Do you speak English?

KHADIJA

Yes, of course.

RAIDAH

The whole world has to learn
English because Americans refuse to
learn any other languages.

MAGGIE

Who are you?

KHADIJA

We're...employees.

RAIDAH

Not by choice.

Maggie grabs Khadija by the arms.

MAGGIE

You have to help me escape!

Khadija shakes free of Maggie's grasp.

KHADIJA

It's 30 miles to the nearest
village. You'd die in this heat.

MAGGIE

But you don't understand - I'm not
supposed to be here! I'm supposed
to be at home, specifically, at
brunch.

RAIDAH

No shit. You think we don't want to be at brunch, too?

MAGGIE

Question: are you two actually wearing designer clothes under your burkas? I remember that from the Sex and the City movie.

RAIDAH

Is that the movie where Miranda says "Abu-Dhabi-Doo?"

MAGGIE

Yeah...

RAIDAH

And you call *us* the terrorists.

KHADIJA

Listen, between you and me, it's much better if you just play along. Do what they say. You don't want to end up like Becky.

MAGGIE

Who's Becky?

RAIDAH

The last American they lured here.

Raidah points to a neon scrunchie on the dresser.

MAGGIE

Shit.

Ahdeem pokes his head through the tent.

AHDEEM

Knock knock! Magadocious, are you presentable?

Khadija whispers.

KHADIJA

Remember what I said. Play along.

AHDEEM

You feeling better today?

MAGGIE

Yeah. Sure.

AHDEEM
Great. Let's take a tour!

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Ahdeem leads Maggie outside to his armored vehicle.

AHDEEM
You wanna drive?

She reaches for the keys, but he swipes them away.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)
LOL. Can you imagine, letting a
woman drive?

They make their way down the hillside to the village. Maggie
takes in the unpopulated landscape and sighs.

MAGGIE
Why did you bring me here, Ahdeem?

AHDEEM
Look, it wasn't my idea. I'm just
the pretty face. The bait - for the
catfish. Or am I the catfish? Hm.

MAGGIE
But why?

AHDEEM
You're an integral part of our
latest marketing campaign.

MAGGIE
Couldn't I do that job remotely?

AHDEEM
There's so much competition among
terrorist groups these days, you
know? Nazis, Boko Haram, Al Qaeda,
the NRA, every guy obsessed with
the Joker prequel. We need to get
ISIS back in the news. Make a big
splash.

MAGGIE
And how do you intend to do that?

AHDEEM
We bring in Western women to
denounce their countries, marry us
and join ISIS.

Maggie chokes.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, forgot to mention that -
we're getting married tomorrow.

MAGGIE

Married?!

AHDEEM

You said on your profile you wanted
to get married and start a family.

MAGGIE

That was before I learned who you
really are!

AHDEEM

You single women are all the same.
You say you want to settle down,
but then you have all these
dealbreakers. He has to be good-
looking, have a steady job...

MAGGIE

Not be a war criminal...

AHDEEM

Exactly. That's like, 10 guys?

Maggie sighs.

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

AHDEEM

Sure.

MAGGIE

Why did you pick *me*?

AHDEEM

You were the only one who fell for
it. You really should be more
careful, Maggie.

Ahdeem gets a text. He pulls the car into a sharp turn.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)

Gotta stop by HQ real quick.

INT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Ahdeem and Maggie enter the bunker and Maggie takes in the scene: maps, blueprints, and explosive equipment everywhere. SAYID (30s, thick beard, aviators) stops Maggie at the door.

SAYID

I have to check you for weapons.

He brusquely pats her up and down, spending a little too much time near her legs. Ahdeem pulls her away.

AHDEEM

That's enough! Maggie, come meet everyone. That's Sayid, there's Amir, Yasir, Muhammed F., Muhammed T., Muhammed P., and of course, our leader, Rafi.

AMIR

Hey Maggie, welcome.

Rafi gives him a sharp look.

MAGGIE

Uh. Thanks.

RAFI

Status updates?

MUHAMMED F.

Our guerilla offensive is going well. Two port cities have surrendered.

MUHAMMED P.

We intercepted a large weapons shipment in Syria.

MUHAMMED T.

And most importantly, we gained 5000 new Twitter followers.

Rafi nods approvingly.

RAFI

Ahdeem?

AHDEEM

"Operation Suburbs" is in Phase 2, moving toward completion.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry to interrupt, but...

She points to a poster on the wall.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
...is that Mario Lopez?

YASIR
Yes! One of the best Americans. And
for us, "Fitspo."

MAGGIE
But I thought you hated America?

AMIR
Well yes, we hate your foreign
policy.

SAYID
And all the karaoke on late-night
TV.

YASIR
But there are some good aspects to
America.

AMIR
You use religious fundamentalism to
justify your bigotry, we like that.

MUHAMMED P.
You're cool with domestic
terrorism.

MUHAMMED F.
And Flaming Hot Cheetos. Enough
said.

RAFI
We hate what your country has done
to our region. The imperialism, the
looting, the endless war. The
system is broken and we plan to fix
ot.

MAGGIE
Fix it...with more violence?
Destruction? Constant fear?

Rafi's face turns to stone.

RAFI
Meeting over. I have calls to make.

AHDEEM

Okay cool - see you guys at my bachelor party tonight?

MUHAMMED P.

I can't make it. I'm taking a masterclass from Steve Bannon.

MUHAMMED F.

Love that guy!

As the guys chatter about the night's plans, Rafi picks up his satellite phone. Maggie watches intently.

INT. MAGGIE'S TENT - LATER

Maggie enters her tent and looks around. She sighs.

MAGGIE

I wish I'd brought a book. Wow, never thought that before.

Maggie lies down on the cot and notices there's something pinned to the folds of her dress. It's a note: "SHOOTING RANGE - 1800 HRS."

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DUSK

Maggie approaches the deserted shooting range, looking around cautiously. Suddenly Sayid is right beside her.

SAYID

You found my note.

She slides away from him, debating whether to run.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Don't run. I want to help you escape.

Maggie looks suspicious.

MAGGIE

Why would you help me?

Sayid takes off his sunglasses, revealing beautiful hazel eyes. Should Maggie really be noticing his exquisite eyes at a time like this?

SAYID

Because unlike those guys, I'm a real Muslim.

(MORE)

SAYID (CONT'D)
Meaning I don't believe in
kidnapping. Or catfishing.

MAGGIE
Well, thank you. But how? There are
guards everywhere.

SAYID
Tonight, during Ahdeem's bachelor
party. Once everyone gets drunk
they'll come here for target
practice. They always do.

Angle on: a human target with bullet holes everywhere but on
the body.

MAGGIE
I thought Muslims didn't drink?

SAYID
Again, cherry-picking their values.

MAGGIE
Fair enough.

SAYID
When you hear gunfire, meet me at
Rafi's bunker. There you can call
for help.

MAGGIE
His satellite phone.

SAYID
Exactly.

MAGGIE
Sayid. Thank you.

SAYID
Of course.

Sayid holds Maggie's gaze with his twinkling eyes. She's
under a spell for a moment, but then:

SAYID (CONT'D)
You have poppy seeds in your teeth.

INT. MAGGIE'S TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Maggie wakes to the sound of gunfire and yelling. She hears
male voices outside her tent.

MALE VOICE

Let's go shoot our guns at nothing!

Then a voice she recognizes.

AHDEEM

Mags! Mags to riches! U up?

Maggie throws on her robe and goes to the door.

MAGGIE

Ahdeem! You're drunk.

AHDEE

It's the desert, we're dehydrated.
I'm so sorry Maggie.

MAGGIE

I don't care that you're drunk.

AHDEEM

I mean, about all this. You're
actually pretty cool, actually.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

AHDEEM

You're not gonna pull a "Runaway
Bride," are you?

MAGGIE

You've seen that one?

AHDEEM

I got it from the Nancy Meyers
subreddit. That's where I learned
all that rom-com bullshit.

MAGGIE

Oh.

The gunfire starts up again.

AHDEEM

Gotta go!

He runs off. Maggie looks over and sees Muhammed T. and Amir
in the shadows, sharing a deep kiss. They quickly break away.

AMIR

Just doing our annual gay test.

MUHAMMED T.
Yup. Still not gay!

They hurry away. Once the coast is clear, Maggie sneaks off into the dark.

EXT. WAR BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Maggie meets Sayid outside the strategy room. He switches on a flashlight.

SAYID
We have to hurry.

Sayid unlocks the door and guides them through the dark to Rafi's office. He hands the satellite phone to Maggie.

SAYID (CONT'D)
Okay, you just have to punch +001,
and then the number of someone in
the U.S.

MAGGIE
Okay, cool.

SAYID
So go ahead and dial.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Right. The phone... number.

Maggie starts to panic.

SAYID
A family member, a friend?

MAGGIE
I know! I'm trying to remember one!

SAYID
Any phone number!

MAGGIE
Cell phones mean you don't need the
number anymore --

SAYID
You don't remember any phone
numbers?!

MAGGIE
Oh! Cellino and Barnes Injury
Attorneys! The commercial!
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 "Cellino and Barnes, Injury
 Attorneys, 800-888-888" --

SAYID
 Fine, just try it! Hurry!

She starts dialing, and just as she's about to hit the last number - the office lights flicker on. Maggie wheels around to see Ahdeem standing in the doorway.

AHDEEM
 Well, well, well. Trying to run
 away after all?

MAGGIE
 I had to try! I can't live here as
 a hostage! Even if you are the
 hottest guy I've dated --

AHDEEM
 Shut up! I'll deal with you later.
 First, let me take care of this
 traitor.

He motions to Sayid. For the first time, Maggie realizes that Ahdeem is holding a gun.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)
 You were going to help her escape.

SAYID
 I'm sorry. Please, Ahdeem! It was a
 mistake.

AHDEEM
 That's treason, Sayid. You know the
 punishment for treason.

SAYID
 Death.

MAGGIE
 No! It wasn't his fault! He was
 only trying to help me!

AHDEEM
 If we can't trust you, we have no
 use for you.

MAGGIE
 I'm begging you, don't do this --

AHDEEM
Do what? This?

While still looking at Maggie, Ahdeem lifts up his gun and nonchalantly shoots Sayid three times in the chest. Sayid falls to the ground, bleeding. Maggie drops to her knees beside him.

MAGGIE
No!!!!

AHDEEM
This was your fault, Maggie. Your actions have consequences.

MAGGIE
You monster. You won't get away with this!

AHDEEM
I just did.

In one smooth motion, he flicks open a lighter and takes a drag from his cigarette. Maggie stares at him in shock.

RAFI (O.C.)
And, CUT.

The lights in the bunker come on all at once, revealing a full production crew - including Khadija and Raidah - dressed in stage blacks. Rafi (now wearing a black turtleneck and small round glasses) jumps off of his director's chair. He now has a British accent.

RAFI (CONT'D)
That improv at the end was inspired, gentlemen!

AHDEEM
Thanks! The cigarette thing just, like, came to me.

A previously motionless Sayid sits upright.

SAYID
New blood packets work great!

RAFI
Perfect. We'll Amazon Prime some more for our next "execution."

MAGGIE
What the hell is going on?

RAFI
Maggie, this...

Rafi motions to the crew with a dramatic arm sweep.

RAFI (CONT'D)
...is ISIS. Productions. LLC.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. WAR BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

RAFI

Who needs combat when you have high-level production value?

MAGGIE

Wait. You're telling me ISIS... is a bunch of actors?

AHDEEM

We prefer the term "storytellers."

RAFI

Most of us were in a Shakespeare company together in Dubai.

MUHAMMED F.

Just a bunch of classically trained Middle Eastern actors, playing terrorists. As usual.

We hold for a beat of self-awareness!

MAGGIE

What about Khadija?

RAFI

Our esteemed Assistant Director.

MAGGIE

Raidah?

Raidah steps forward and dabs Sayid's mouth with more blood.

RAIDAH

Makeup and effects.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, I'm a step behind. You're telling me "ISIS" is... completely fake?

AHDEEM

Well, not completely. There are still some psychos out there blowing people up. But these days, most of the terror happens in this studio.

YASIR

We're paid - extremely well, I might add - to release viral videos that strike fear into the hearts of Americans.

KAIDAH

We're not terrorists, we're Capitalists. We make a good living, which is not easy these days.

MUHAMMED T.

My cousin was in Homeland and couldn't get work after that.

Everyone nods their heads understandingly.

MUHAMMED P.

But it's all leading up to our biggest viral campaign yet. The ISIS Bride.

RAFI

You're going to be a star, Maggie. Suburban women will see it and be outraged. They'll demand to increase the military budget.

MAGGIE

Well, thank you for the opportunity. But there's no way I'm doing that.

AHDEEM

You should read the script, Maggie. It's quite good.

MAGGIE

You can't force me. I mean, you're just a bunch of *actors*.

AHDEEM

Storytellers.

MAGGIE

I'll try my luck wandering through the desert.

Maggie rushes to the door, but two armed guards step in and block the exit.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Nice try. Too bad those guns are fake.

Maggie casually reaches over and yanks one of the assault rifles. It fires through the roof.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

RAFI

We keep a few psychos around for security.

MAGGIE

But I'm a U.S. citizen! My government will come looking for me!

RAFI

Oh, sweetheart. Who do you think pays for all this?

Maggie shakes her head in disbelief.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Look at our latest weapons shipment.

He points to a shipping container. It's stamped "Lockheed Martin."

RAFI (CONT'D)

I'm not a fan of their ethics, but who cares as long as the checks clear?

Maggie spins around, panicked. She decides to make a break for it and charges past one of the guards. He whacks her with the butt of his rifle and she passes out cold.

INT. HOLDING CELL - HOURS LATER

Maggie is chained to a rusted cot covered in a moth-eaten blanket. One eye is swollen shut. She opens her good eye and slowly sits up.

Sayid stands over her holding a glass of water.

SAYID

You're awake.

MAGGIE

You're a liar.

SAYID

I really was going to help you escape. But they found out and I had to pivot.

MAGGIE

So what now?

SAYID

You'll have to do what they say until I figure something out.

MAGGIE

Couldn't I do social media for you guys instead? I can write listicles. "12 Western Trends to Reject Right Now!"

He gives her a pitying look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

"Number one: Cargo Pants."

SAYID

You don't know these guys, Maggie. They won't hesitate to have you killed.

MAGGIE

Who knew actors were so cutthroat?

SAYID

Other actors.

MAGGIE

But you seem different.

SAYID

Well, that's because I'm actually -

Sayid stops as they hear footsteps in the hallway.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Good luck, Maggie.

He hurries out of the room. Raidah enters with her makeup bag and usual scowl. She surveys Maggie's black eye.

RAIDAH

Yikes. I have my work cut out for me.

She starts dabbing on concealer.

RAIDAH (CONT'D)
Excited for the big day?

Maggie eyes the bedpan in the corner.

MAGGIE
This was definitely not in my Dream
Wedding Binder.

RAIDAH
Poor girl, doesn't get to have her
dream wedding. Someone alert
Amnesty.

Raidah softens when she sees how despondent Maggie is.

RAIDAH (CONT'D)
Stay strong. Just...be careful who
you trust.

INT. MAGGIE'S CELL - A LITTLE LATER

Maggie, now wearing a modest white dress and head covering,
sits next to Ahdeem on her cot. Her wrist is still chained to
the bed, and her black eye is covered in a thick ring of
yellowish makeup.

AHDEEM
You look nice, Maggie. How about a
smile?

Maggie glares at him.

AHDEEM (CONT'D)
Close enough.

A crew member frames up the shot while another sets up a
teleprompter.

Rafi, now wearing a beret, steps in and kneels next to
Maggie.

RAFI
Are we going to have any problems
today, Maggie?

Maggie stares straight ahead.

RAFI (CONT'D)
Do you need help finding your
motivation?

MAGGIE
My motivation is not dying.

RAFI
Good. Just read the words on the
teleprompter.

Maggie looks up at the teleprompter, which is flanked by
guards with rifles.

RAFI (CONT'D)
And try to loosen up! Have fun with
it!

Rafi winks, then jumps into his director's chair. He misses
on the first try because he's so short.

RAFI (CONT'D)
Places! Camera speeds?

KHADIJA
Speeding.

RAFI
And 3, 2, 1....*Action*.

Ahdeem grabs Maggie's hand encouragingly. Maggie speaks
directly to camera, voice wavering.

MAGGIE
My name is Maggie Weaver.

Long pause. The guard behind the teleprompter strokes his
gun.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And I...used to be an American. But
today, I pledge allegiance to a new
flag.

Behind her, stagehands unveil the ISIS flag.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I hereby denounce my U.S.
citizenship. I'm leaving the
cannoli behind. I said "*I'm leaving
the cannoli behind.*" My only
loyalty is to ISIS.

We dissolve to the Busybee office, where employees are glued
to the TV, watching Maggie's video play on CNN.

ANGLE ON:

Simone, as her hand flies up to her mouth in horror.

END OF SHOW.