

The Chain Diaries

By

Steve Scarlett

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FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Between 1986 and 1998 the Iranian government sanctioned the assassination of over eighty Iranian, Kurdish or other international intellectuals; poets, writers, musicians, film makers and politicians who had been critically outspoken regarding the Islamic Republic. Once a pattern had been established, these assassinations were collectively known as "The Chain Murders". They were carried out by trained assassins. Very few arrests have been made.

1 **EXT. A WALLED SQUARE, EVIN PRISON, TEHRAN - NIGHT**

Six hooded women, dressed in grey, shapeless muslin dresses, and bare foot are led by two GUARDS across a floodlit courtyard. A truck in the square, idle. Six rough coffins beside it. The hoods are removed. They blink under floodlights. Five of the girls are young, native to Iran, the sixth is ANGIE NEMAZI 32, blond hair blue eyes. She's had little sleep and it shows.

GUARD 1 barks a command, unintelligible to Angie but she copies the other girls. Each pick up the end of a wooden box using rope handles and drag them to the far side of the courtyard.

Angie sees an A-Frame, a set of swings. Instead of swings, six ropes with nooses. Angie reacts, drops the box.

ANGIE

No! Please get my husband.

GUARD 2 swings a stick, hits her on her arm, she cowers. A CLERIC, unseen in robes and turban recites from a folder. A guard translates for Angie.

GUARD 1

You have been tried and found guilty of affiliation with the Mujahedin-e-Khalq. Punishment for this crime is death. We will inform your families.

Angie reacts again, Pleading.

ANGIE

It's not true, please call the British Embassy.

Angie's cries ignored, she grabs the hand of the girl next to her. Fatima and Angie had become a friends. Something Fatima had said days previously resonates.

2 **INT. EVIN DORMATORY - DAY FLASHBACK**

FATIMA, 20, a defiant Iranian girl and Angie sit on a bunkbed in a thirty person dorm. Two guards drag another young girl screaming from the room.

FATIMA

It is good she is taken in the day.
If they take you at night, you do
not come back.

END FLASHBACK

3

EXT. A WALLED SQUARE, EVIN PRISON, TEHRAN - CONTINUOUS

Each girl is placed on a small wooden stool below a noose, their hands tied behind their backs, the hoods replaced and a noose around their necks. Angie, her breathing now ragged, her heart racing. Is this really happening?

The cleric calls a name, a guard kicks a stool. The first girl swings. They move down the row, names are called, one after another the stools are kicked, the ropes creak. Angie urinates where she stands. The guards laugh. There's only Angie left.