

TURNAROUND VERSION 2

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ONE WAY STREET - MORNING

Cars line both sides of the street. Birds chirping. Immaculately trimmed trees and shrubs. Newer, upscale apartments. Decorated balconies face the street. Overall peaceful morning.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(slight Slavic accent)
Everything but a white fence. Way
to slow for me.

OLDER MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(heavier Slavic accent)
Well off yet they chose to live
like packed in cattle.

Street in the opposite direction. More upscale apartments and cars lining both sides of the street.

Front window of large SUV. VICTOR KOVAL (late 30s), ruff looking, small scar below left eye, short hair, sits in the passenger seat, stares straight ahead. ZOYA KOVAL (mid 20s) pretty, blond hair done up in a bob with dark roots, leans forward from back seat, arms propped on head rests of front seats, also staring. ALESSANDRA GREY (mid 30s) attractive, in the driver's seat wearing a plain ball cap over long hair draped over right shoulder, eyes fixed ahead.

ZOYA
Like I said... way to slow.

Alessandra looks over to the left.

A split level balcony. Flower pots of varying size sit along the edge, colorful flowers spring from each. A green porcelain frog sits under some red carnations. Adjacent, in window she eyes a cat sitting on the ledge between the pane and drapes, staring out, trapped inside the apartment.

ALESSANDRA
For some it's a prison.

She faces forward.

Straight ahead out the front window.

Young man appears from front doors of one of the apartment buildings. Sips from travel mug. White collared shirt, untucked, dress slacks, black bag hanging over shoulder. He heads the opposite direction down the sidewalk.

VIKTOR (O.S.)
Right on time.

ALESSANDRA (O.C.)
Gotta admire his punctuality.

SUV STARTS. Pulls out. Moves slowly down street a few car lengths behind man. Near end of block he moves onto the street.

Extends free hand forward. Tail lights of a yellow sedan blink twice. Sets mug on roof, opens drivers door and leans in. SUV SPEEDS UP.

I/E. ONE WAY STREET/INSIDE SUV - CONTINUOUS

SUV comes to a stop. Front passenger door flies opens. Viktor jumps out, stun gun at the ready. Inserts stun gun into man's back. He lets out a moan.

He falls forward, hitting mouth on top of door sill, then falls limp. Viktor grabs him from behind, stopping him from falling. A small stream of blood flows from side of his mouth.

Viktor heaves him up. Man's head falls forward. Some blood rubbed onto the top of the car.

Rear passenger door of SUV opens. Zoya reaches out and helps Viktor manhandle the man into the back. Viktor backs away, shuts the front SUV door, then turns and does the same on the yellow sedan. The SUV creeps forward as he climbs into the back.

YOUNG MAN'S POV. Blurry eyed, he moans, breathing irregular. Zoya forces a cloth over his mouth. He reaches up with both hands. Zoya and Viktor force them back down, their stern faces staring back. His head jars left and right, trying to shake off cloth, breathing almost stops.

Sounds and vision quickly fade away.

INT. PLACE UNKNOWN - DAY

YOUNG MAN'S POV. Eyes slowly open, half closing at times. Alessandra leans in and stares back with cocked smile.

ALESSANDRA
Good afternoon Mr. Daniels. I hope the headache isn't too bad. The combination of the stun gun and ether can do that.

Alessandra speaks as he takes in the room. His head turns left, breathing regularly. Ceiling is clean but drab, low lighting. Back to the right, lowers head to see Viktor and Zoya standing near a wooden door staring at him.

ALESSANDRA (O.S.)
 Crude but effective. But I didn't want to use an injection, not knowing your medical history and all. May I call you Esme?

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ESME DANIELS (late 20s), clean shaven, average looking, lays on his back on a full size bed, tries moving his arms but cuffs on both prevent him. Each arm stretched to the side. Dried blood next to his lip. Alessandra sits on the edge of the bed. He begins to say something but she cuts him off.

ALESSANDRA
 (standing)
 If you do exactly what I tell you, when I tell you and how I tell you nothing will happen. Understand?

Esme's eyes grow wide, full of fear. Sweat beads on his forehead. He nods.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Good!

She glides towards Viktor. A pistol and holster hang ostentatiously on her side.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 A few ground rules before I take the cuffs off. One... We're in a secluded area. There are no one for miles. So please refrain from useless screaming for help.

She gestures at the bed. Viktor and Zoya move to either side. SHUFFLING FEET upon the wood floor and JINGLING KEYS echo through the room as she goes on.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Any display of bravado and my associates here will take you out. I don't want that. I can assure you neither do you. Both have dealt with tougher men than you and several at a time. They have the scars to prove it. Understand?

Esme nods.

ESME'S P.O.V.: He eyes Viktor's face and scar as he approaches, then looks on as he removes cuff from his left hand.

He twists and looks at Zoya.

ESME'S FACE: His eyes grow wide then longing, almost sympathetic. HUMAN HEARTBEAT fills the air. Growing faster.

ESME'S P.O.V.: Zoya's hair moves in slow motion as she moves. HEARBEAT speeds up, little by little, as he remains fixed on her going about removing the cuffs.

ZOYA'S CHEST: Her pushed up cleavage courtesy of the tight camisole fills his view. HEARTBEAT comes to a crescendo.

Heartbeat stops. Viktor and Zoya move away from the bed.

Esme sits up, rubs both wrists in turn, wincing from pain in his back.

ALESSANDRA (O.S.)

Two... I know full well you are an intelligent young man. If by chance you do have any escape plans, the ankle monitor has two purposes...

Esme looks down. Only socks cover his feet. Stretches out his legs. SMALL BLACK BOX strapped above his left ankle. Several red lights blink on and off as she goes on.

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

It will track you down anywhere in this house. Trying to hide is not an option. And there's a small C4 charge that will go off if you go beyond a certain distance from here.

Esme eyes narrow.

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

It will blow your foot clean off. Understand?

Not looking up, Esme nods.

ALESSANDRA

(cheery voice)

Good! Now. If you'll follow us, we can get to business.

INT. OLDER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All four enter a hallway, Viktor leads, followed by Esme, Alessandra then Zoya. They round a corner, then another.

Bright sunlight shines through large windows into a spacious living room dressed with older, drab furniture. Sunlight cuts through the the air exposing tiny floating dust particles.

Esme steals a peek out the half drawn drapes: a black, full size SUV, a van, a large satellite dish erected next to it, wooded area beyond.

Turning right, KUSH PATEL (late 20s) dark skin and hair, sits at a large modern desk holding several flat screen monitors and computer towers. A hodgepodge of wires connects them all. The group stops in the middle of the living room.

Alessandra comes around.

ALESSANDRA

My associate here will ask you a few questions. Be completely honest.

She turns to Kush. He taps away on the keyboard in front of him. Speaks in an English accent

KUSH

You are Esme Daniels, yes?

Hesitant, Esme looks at all the others in turn, stopping on Alessandra.

ESME

(clearing his throat)
Yes... yes.

KUSH

Stanford University. BA in computer science, top five percent of your graduating class.

Esme looks confused but says nothing.

KUSH (CONT'D)

Stayed there for Graduate School, earning a Masters Degree in computer programming. Employed by Duotron Technologies where your specially is developing asymmetric encryption codes?

ESME

Ah... yes.

KUSH

In particular, one use by the aerospace company... Skylark.

Esme turns to Alessandra.

ESME

I... I don't know. I don't...

Alessandra moves towards Kush.

ESME (CONT'D)

Don't deal with sales or... or public relations. I... I don't know who uses anything I work on.

KUSH

They do and you know it. And it's a rather tough nut to crack. My compliments.

Alessandra rest a hand on Kush's shoulder.

ALESSANDRA

Kush here is one of the best hackers in the world. And he can't get past it. He had a swallow a lot of pride to admit that.

Looks at Esme ALESSANDRA (CONT'D) You know of the Bibliothèque National de Marseille hack?

ESME

The a... big library in France. Someone hacked the security system, then got away with a bunch of rare books and stuff.

She pats Kush's shoulder.

ALESSANDRA

Meet the hacker.

Kush smiles, half raises his hand and waves.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

(pointing at herself)
And meet the thief.

She puts on a proud smirk.

ESME

Then you... you don't...

He again looks at everyone in turn.

ESME (CONT'D)

(voice shakes)

Don't need me. I mean... it's not that hard to--

ALESSANDRA

Come now. You're too modest. And not a very good liar.

She steps towards Esme.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

We know a lot about you Esme. One reason for our mini inquisition. To show you that. We know you worked on the encryption for the Skylark project.

ESME

(voice half shaking and laughing)

There's a lot a people who worked on it--

ALESSANDRA

But you did the principle encryption codes.

She stares into his stunned face.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

And some of your coworkers talk a lot after a couple of drinks. That and the belief they're going to get into my pants later on. Would have tried the same technique on you but... you don't socialize much.

KUSH

As developer you know your way around the code. By that I mean how it's built. How it's used.

ESME

But they got their own specialist who can add other features--

KUSH

Which I've hacked. Then I ran up
against your wall.

Silence. Esme stares at Alessandra about to say something,
then lowers his head. She steps up directly in front of him.

ALESSANDRA

Esme. Please understand one more
thing.

She gently touches his chin and lifts his face. Confusion
and hesitance in his eyes. Trembling lips.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

(comforting tone)

The people we work for don't take
no for an answer. And I don't want
any harm to come to us, or anymore
to you. I always get the job done.

She steps back.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

Bad enough you got that cut on your
lip when Viktor nabbed you.

VIKTOR

Sorry about that.

Esme reached for his mouth and pats it. Feels pain on the
right side. He rubs there then looks at his hand. Flakes of
dried blood on his index finger.

ALESSANDRA

We don't like leaving any evidence
at a scene but the only DNA the
police may gleam will be yours.

Esme's slack jaw face slowly morphs from a mix of surprise
and fear to narrowing eyes, determined look and closed, thin
lips.

Alessandra hides her confusion at his sudden change in
demeanor.

He then speaks. His voice has changed. Unhesitating. Clear
and firm.

ESME

I guess you're right.

She stands silent for a moment, taking in what he just said
and how.

ALESSANDRA
 If you're hungry, we can get you
 something?

Esme shakes his head gently.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Well then. My friends here will
 take you back to your room. I
 suggest you think about what I just
 said.

Viktor and Zoya move to either side of Esme. Without
 prodding, he leaves the living room back to the hallway.
 Alessandra eyes the trio until out of sight.

KUSH (O.S.)
 Why don't we start the hack now?

Alessandra doesn't turn to face him, remaining fixed the
 other direction.

ALESSANDRA
 We need our guest clear headed. And
 comfortable with the fact his well
 being depends on his cooperation.
 Besides...

Turns back to Kush

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 You'll need time to get back in
 anyhow.

KUSH
 An hour or so.

ALESSANDRA
 Good. By tonight our guest will be
 settled in.

She tenses up the reaches for her back pocket and pulls out
 a cell phone.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
 (Staring at phone)
 Excuse me.

She moves off.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alessandra steps inside staring at the cell.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

Hows everything so far Alessandra types back. Both use code words and euphemisms.

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)

On schedule. Got us are venue. Will be good to go for party tonight.

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

Thumbs up emoji. Knew you could pull it off

She reaches the counter. Sets phone down and opens an overhead cabinet, pulls out an empty glass.

CELL VIBRATING. She looks down.

UNKNOWN (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Sure you want this your last party? Got a few clients wanting your skills

She glances at the phone for a moment, then turns to the sink and fills the glass with tap water. She reaches for the phone and texts back.

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)

ty but got an island of the coast of Thailand waiting for me

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

u sure? Some folks in Toronto. Love for you to pick up a big cake for em

She cocks brow. Takes a drink.

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)

\$?

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

At least ten thou

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)

A lot for a cake and party

UNKNOWN (TEXT)

Big cake. Bakers a tough man to get to. ur too young to retire

She looks up and stares at her reflection in a microwave door. Lifeless eyes, crows feet and thin wrinkles adorn her otherwise pretty face.

Her eyes narrow. The unnerving look Esme gave her pops up.

She shakes it off and texts back.

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)
ty but need to move on

UNKNOWN (TEXT)
k give me a shout once the party
starts

ALESSANDRA (TEXT)
Will do

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Viktor then Esme then Zoya enter. Viktor moves to a small closet on the other side of the room. Emse shuffles towards the bed. Zoya prop herself against the doorsill.

Esme turns and looks at Zoya from head to toe.

ESME
What's your name?

Zoya's face is stone cold.

Viktor pulls out a blanket and pillow from the closet.

ESME (CONT'D)
It's okay if you call me Esme.

Viktor cast the blanket and pillow onto the bed. Turns to Esme. They speak Russian, SUBTITLED:

VIKTOR
Think he's in love with you.

ZOYA
They always are.

Esme remains fixed on Zoya.

ESME
Not polite to do that. You know I
don't speak Russian.

Viktor heads for the door. Passes by Zoya. She blows Esme a kiss then leaves.

Esme stares at the door. DEADBOLT LOCKING.

He turns.

An old fireplace. Covered up. Old brick surround it. Cracks of varying size within each brick. Almost like one could take a piece off.