

VOLTE FACE

First 12 pages

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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.

ZOYA (O.S.)
(slight Slavic accent)
Everything but a white fence. Way
to slow for me.

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

Front window of large SUV. VIKTOR KOVAL (41), ruff looking, small scar below left eye, short hair, sits in the passenger seat. Stares straight ahead.

ZOYA KOVAL (25) pretty, blond hair done up in a bob with dark roots, tight camisole, leans forward from back seat, arms propped on head rests of front seats, also staring.

ALESSANDRA GREY (38) attractive, in the driver's seat wearing a plain ball cap over long hair, 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 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. Clean shaven.

Average looks. He heads the opposite direction down the sidewalk.

VIKTOR (O.C.)
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 the young man 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 the man's mouth.

Viktor heaves him up. Man's head falls forward. Some blood rubs off 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.

His view goes black.

INT. PLACE UNKNOWN - DAY

YOUNG MAN'S POV. Eyes slowly open, half closing at times. Alessandra leans in and stares back with cocked smile, like he's lying on his back.

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.) (CONT'D)

Crude but effective. But I didn't want to use an injection, not knowing your medical history and all. May I call you Adam?

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADAM DANIELS (27), lays on his back on a full size bed, tries moving his arms but cuffs on both hands 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 as she stands.

ALESSANDRA

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

His eyes grow wide, full of fear. Sweat beads on his forehead.

He nods.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

Good!

She glides towards Viktor. A pistol filled 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 is 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) (CONT'D)
 Any display of bravado and my
 associates here will take you out.

(MORE)

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D) 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?

Adam nods.

ADAM'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.

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

ADAM'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 cleavage courtesy of the tight camisole
 fills his view. HEARTBEAT comes to a crescendo.

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

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

ALESSANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Two. I know full well you are an
 intelligent man. If by chance you
 do have any escape plans, the ankle
 monitor has two purposes...

He 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.

Not looking up, he nods.

ALESSANDRA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 It will track you down anywhere in
 this house. Trying to hide anywhere
 within a mile is not an option.

He nods.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
(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 Adam, Alessandra then Zoya.

They round a corner, then another.

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

Adam 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 (31) 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 Adam Daniels, yes?

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

ADAM
(clearing his throat)
Yes... yes.

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

Adam 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 specialty is developing asymmetric encryption codes?

ADAM

Ah... yes.

KUSH

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

Adam turns to Alessandra.

ADAM

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

Alessandra moves towards Kush.

ADAM (CONT'D) (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 Adam

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)

You know of the Bibliothèque National de Marseille hack?

ADAM

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.

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

He again looks at everyone in turn.

ADAM (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 Adam.

ALESSANDRA (CONT'D)
We know a lot about you Adam. One
reason for our mini inquisition. To
show you that. We know you worked
on the encryption for the Skylark
project.

Adam's voice half shakes and laughs.

ADAM
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.

ADAM

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

KUSH

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

Silence.

Adam stares at Alessandra about to say something, then lowers his head.

She steps up directly in front of him.

ALESSANDRA

Adam. 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. But you didn't bled too much.

Adam reached for his mouth and pats it. Feels pain on the right side.

ALESSANDRA

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

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

Alessandra cocks an eyebrow. Hides her confusion at his sudden change in demeanor.

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

ADAM

I guess you're right.

She stands silent for a moment.

ALESSANDRA

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

Adam 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 Adam. Without prodding, he leaves the living room back to the hallway. Alessandra eyes the trio until out of sight.

KUSH

Why don't we start the hack now?

Alessandra remains fixed Adam as he goes out of view.

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.

She 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 large

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 natural beauty.

Her eyes narrow. The unnerving look Adam 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 Adam then Zoya enter. Viktor moves to a small closet on the other side of the room. Adam shuffles towards the bed. Zoya prop herself against the doorsill.

Adam turns and looks at Zoya from head to toe.

ADAM
What's your name?

Zoya's face is stone cold.

Viktor pulls out a blanket and pillow from the closet.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's okay if you call me Adam.

Viktor cast the blanket and pillow onto the bed. Turns to Adam.

They speak Russian, SUBTITLED:

VIKTOR
Think he's in love with you.

ZOYA
They always are.

Adam remains fixed on Zoya.

ADAM
Not polite to do that. You know I
don't speak... whatever your
speaking.

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

Adam 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.