

ESCAPOLOGY

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FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two agents - ROOKER, 30s, male, and JENSON, 40s, female, sit at a table. There's an overflowing ashtray and some empty styrofoam cups on the table.

A third agent, WILLIS, 40s, male, stands behind them smoking.

All three look tired and frustrated as they stare at the person opposite them.

THE TURK, 60s, female, calm and collected, stares back at them. Her hands are cuffed.

THE TURK
(to Willis)
May I?

Willis looks to Jenson. Jenson nods. Willis walks over and hands The Turk his cigarette.

THE TURK
Thank you.

As the ash tray is already overflowing, Jenson slides an empty styrofoam cup across the table.

JENSON
We want out of here, Turk. I know
you do too. No more games. Tell us.

The Turk takes a long drag of the cigarette. She taps the ash into the cup.

THE TURK
I defy the jails of the world to
hold me... know who said that?

Rooker sighs in frustration.

THE TURK
Harry Houdini.

Rooker gets up.

ROOKER
I need more coffee. Anyone else
need more coffee?

Jenson shakes her head.

WILLIS

Yeah, thanks.

THE TURK

Black, two sugars please.

Rooker gives the Turk a snide look as he leaves the room, slamming the door behind himself in frustration.

The Turk takes a drag on the cigarette.

THE TURK

You care much for magic?

JENSON

If this is the prelude to some pompous speech that's meant to put the fear in us and make you sound like a criminal genius, save it.

THE TURK

I love a good magic trick.

Jenson rubs her face and sits back, her patience spent.

THE TURK

Did you know there're seven principles to pulling off a good trick?

(to Willis)

Seven.

Jenson checks her watch.

JENSON

(to Willis)

We've been at this for hours.

Willis performs some stretches.

WILLIS

We've put in our time. Someone else's turn to deal with this crank.

THE TURK

First, palm. To hide an object in an apparently empty hand.

The Turk demonstrates this by seeming to make the cigarette disappear in her left hand, then revealing the cigarette hidden in the inside of her right palm.

The agents aren't paying attention.

JENSON

Literally everyone is tied up on this.

THE TURK

Second, ditch. To secretly dispose of an unneeded object.

She twirls her right hand. The cigarette is gone.

WILLIS

This job, man. This goddamn job.

THE TURK

Third, steal. To secretly obtain a needed object.

She flicks her left hand, revealing the cigarette.

JENSON

Tonight was supposed to be date night...

Jenson kicks Rooker's chair.

JENSON

Fuck!

THE TURK

Fourth, load. To secretly move a needed object to where it is hidden.

The Turk seems to place the cigarette in her mouth, then swallows. She opens her mouth and spreads her hands to show that the cigarette is gone.

WILLIS

Things still... bad?

THE TURK

Fifth, simulation. To give the impression that something that hasn't happened, has.

JENSON

Let's not talk about my love life it in front of the international terrorist.

The Turk coughs a mouthful of smoke into her hands. As her hands come away, the cigarette is now back between her lips.

THE TURK
Sixth, misdirection. To lead
attention away from a secret move.

WILLIS
Right, course.

Rooker reenters the room carrying three cups of coffee. He
hands one to Willis.

WILLIS
Thanks.

Rooker hands one to The Turk. She reaches to take it with a
smile.

THE TURK
Thank you.

As she sits back her elbow knocks over the cup she was using
for an ash tray.

THE TURK
Whoopsie-daisy.

She bends to pick it up.

ROOKER
Take it I didn't miss anything?

JENSON
Just a whole lotta BS.

The Turk sits back up and takes a gulp of coffee.

THE TURK
Mm, that hits the spot.

The Turk looks at the agents. She sighs.

THE TURK
Well? Aren't you going to ask me?

Willis sighs heavily.

WILLIS
Ask you what?

THE TURK
What the seventh principle of magic
is.

ROOKER
The what now?

ROOKER
I-In the damn cup. When you passed
it to her.

JENSON
Wake the fuck up! She's talking
outta her ass!

THE TURK
But I didn't pull this key out of
my ass.
(to Rooker)
Thanks for the coffee by the way.

Jenson looks at Rooker.

JENSON
You?

ROOKER
No - no way! Forget what you're
thinking!

JENSON
You coulda slipped it in her
coffee!

ROOKER
If I were working with her, why
would she be trying to rat me out
right now?

Rooker looks at The Turk. He catches her glancing at Willis.

Rooker turns his gun on Willis.

WILLIS
Whoa!
(pointing gun at Rooker)
The fuck're you doing?!

ROOKER
Tryna get me and Jenson to turn on
each other, is that your plan?!

WILLIS
This is bullshit! This is fucking
bullshit!

Jenson turns her gun on Willis.

JENSON
When you passed her the cigarette!

Willis moves his gun back and forth between the other agents.

WILLIS
Fuck you both!

The Turk stealthily takes the empty styrofoam cup and places it upside down upon the floor by her foot.

WILLIS
I'm no terrorist! This is just some
mind fuck she's playing! Probably
with one of you for all I know!

Jenson shakes her head and lowers her gun.

JENSON
What the hella we --

The Turk slams her foot down on the cup, making a loud bang sound.

A startled Willis accidentally shoots Jenson. She falls to the floor.

WILLIS
Oh ff --

Rooker shoots Willis. Willis falls back against the wall. He fires back as Rooker fires again. Both men fall to the floor.

The Turk takes the key and undoes her restraints.

She stands and heads for the door. She stops to look back at the dead agents.

THE TURK
At the end of the day though, magic
is all about timing.

She turns and heads out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.