

(Name of Project)

(Genre)

by
(Name of Writer)

Name
Address
Phone Number

Agency Information

CHARACTER NAME

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

AGE

GENDER

WISHFUL THINKING

SCENE ONE.

The infinity swimming pool of a Turkish villa overlooks the azure blue sea of Kalamar Bay behind. It is dusk.

Beside the pool is the patio and, beyond that, the entrance to the villa. A marble table on the edge of the stage sits under a large parasol is on the patio. Only a section of the table is visible. On it sits an ice bucket and two glasses, as far as can be seen.

There is also a blue sunbed nearby with a small table beside it. On the table is a book and a phone.

A young woman, EMMA JONES, sits on the wall of the swimming pool looking out to sea.

A young man, TOM, is standing at the table pouring champagne into two glasses.

He walks over to EMMA and passes her a glass. They seem bored.

TOM

Cheers!

The couple clink glasses. Then Tom walks back to the table and sits down on a chair. He puts the glass on the table.

Emma sips her champagne.

Tom picks up the champagne bottle and peers at it.

TOM

(he looks and sounds glum)

It's still full. Another evening of endless champagne.

EMMA

(also sounds glum)

Great. I wonder what we'll be having for dinner.

TOM

Let me guess. Garlic prawns in chilli butter

EMMA

Followed by Sea bass stuffed with spinach in a blue cheese sauce for me

TOM

Served with dauphinois potatoes and an assortment of vegetables cooked to perfection.

EMMA

Whilst you will be tucking into a rib eye steak with chips.

TOM

And Roquefort. Don't forget the Roquefort.

Tom catches his reflection in the glass door leading into the villa.

He pulls himself up straight, stomach in. His tanned physique is good, but Tom seems to feel there is room for improvement as he twists and turns, catching his reflection.

Emma, watching him, stands up and walks towards Tom. She stands in front of him, caresses his face gently and then suddenly punches him in the stomach.

Tom hardly reacts. Then he smiles.

EMMA

Just checking. We need to be ready to go and I wouldn't want my partner to be losing his edge.

Tom embraces Emma. Then cups her chin in his hand as he looks into her eyes.

TOM

I'm ready whenever we're called. And you?

Emma sidles out of his reach and moves towards the table where the ice bucket sits.

EMMA

(laughing but with an edge)

Oh yes. I'm ready. No one takes my mother's life and gets away with it. Kodiak Fedorov will pay for his deeds.

Emma reaches to the far side of the table, not visible to the audience, and grabs a pistol.

She turns and fires three shots into some corks balancing on the swimming pool wall. They all fly off the wall into the pool beyond.

Then she looks back at Tom, determined, resolute though the pain of her heartbreak visible with a single teardrop falling from her eye, which she wipes away.

She replaces the pistol on the table, in sight this time.

TOM

He most certainly will. I expect news when Mehmet delivers dinner.

The patio is lit up by car headlights and the sound of a car braking on a gritty track can be heard.

Tom tenses and walks towards the villa.

EMMA

He's early today? And he hasn't messaged first.

Emma picks up the pistol again.

They exchange glances and then Emma takes up a position to cover Tom as he heads inside the villa to answer the door.

(off stage) A knock on the door

Emma is in wait, gun at the ready.

(pause)

Emma drops her guard and replaces the pistol on the table as Tom enters with a cool bag.

TOM

Mehmet said he'd brought a new menu.

EMMA

(excitedly)

That must mean he knows something.

Emma takes various packages of food out of the cool bag and puts them on the table.

Inside a bag of pitta bread is an envelope, which she withdraws and opens.

TOM

What does it say?

EMMA

It's tomorrow. Tomorrow evening during the music festival. Federov has booked a table at the front of Doy Doy's to get a good view of things. It's our chance Tom.

Tom

Are you mad? Shooting him in a restaurant? He'll be surrounded. The place will be packed.

Emma starts pacing up and down the patio.

Tom watches her whilst setting out the food from the takeaway.

EMMA

No, it's perfect. As long as I can get close, I can kill him without anyone noticing.

TOM

How? It's impossible.

EMMA

There are fireworks to go with the music aren't there. Everyone will be watching them. Who's going to notice me.

TOM

His bodyguards for a start. Remember they've seen you before. Let me do it.

EMMA

No Tom. I need you alive and in one piece to get us out of here afterwards. This is something I have to do.

SCENE TWO

A bustling outdoor restaurant. Table at the front is occupied by Kodiak Fedorov, a man in his fifties, He looks expensively dressed with gold chains and a gold watch adding a bit of glitter to his designer outfit. Beside him sits a tall blonde woman, Melania Fedorov, dripping diamonds. Nearby is a beefy guy who looks like his bodyguard. He constantly surveys the crowd.

Operatic music comes to a climax, with a tenor finishing singing a famous aria.

KODIAK FEDOROV

Exquisite. Don't you agree Melania?

Melania looks a little bored, but she switches on a smile as she turns to Fedorov and nods.

KODIAK FEDOROV

There can be few places as perfect as this to experience true art.

Fedorov looks round and a waiter is there in an instant offering more wine from an ice bucket at the end of the table. The bodyguard closest tenses and his hand goes to his belt, where there is a gun.

KODIAK FEDOROV

To sit in a beautiful place, with a beautiful woman eating such food and listening to beautiful music is surely unbeatable. Melania, don't you agree.

MELANIA FEDOROV

Yes, darling.

As she raises a glass, her jacket sleeve slips up her arm revealing bruises. She quickly pulls the sleeve down.

The restaurant owner, Mehmet, approaches, bowing as he goes, which seems to go down well with Fedorov.

MEHMET

Is everything ok sir? Can I bring you some dessert?

KODIAK FEDOROV

Excellent. And yes Melania, what would you like my sweet. A little sweet for my sweetheart.

Melania shakes her head and smiles at Juan.

KODIAK FEDOROV

More wine I think, and cheese. Bring me your finest.

Mehmet nods and backs away, bowing. He signals the order to a waitress as the music starts again, this time with fireworks as well. It is EMMA disguised with a brunette wig and wearing the restaurant uniform.

The music grows in volume and there are flashes and bangs as the fireworks go off in time with the music.

Emma approaches with a tray laden with fruit and cheese. Behind her is Mehmet who is carrying a small table for the cheese.

Mehmet turns to the body guard as he needs the space to put down the table. He offers the body guard a soft drink. The body guard, distracted, shakes his head and moves a bit further away.

Emma lays down the tray and places a big platter of fruit in front of Melania.

MELANIA FEDOROV

For you madam. Complements of your aunt.

Melania looks surprised for a second and then just nods. Kodiak Fedorov has not noticed as he is engrossed in the music and fireworks.

Emma places the cheese board on the table in front of Kodiak and then slides past the back of him as she leaves the table.

A series of loud bangs and a golden explosion of colour bring the music to its climax.

Kodiak Fedorov is still smiling, but there is blood coming from his neck. He is dead and starts to lean forward as if to fall into the cheese board.

Melania turns to him and pushes him back in his chair, so that he stays sitting up. She kisses his cheek and gives his hand a little shake.

Then Melania turns back to watch the show with a smile on her face.

SCENE THREE

Emma and Tom are at Istanbul airport in the queue to board a plane to Gatwick.

Beside them, sitting reading a newspaper, is a man in his thirties. The front cover shows a picture of Kodiak Fedorov, washed up dead on a Turkish beach with a gunshot wound to his neck.

They reach the officials checking passport. One either side of the aisle. Tom goes through quickly, but Emma is told to wait. The official makes a phone call.

EMMA

Is there a problem?

Emma looks as if she might make a run for it. Tom looks worried too.

OFFICIAL

Madam, you've been upgraded. You and your travelling companion. Free champagne too. Courtesy of the pilot - Melania Jones. Have a good trip!

The End