

FARANGIS SIAHPOUR

**WILD WIND**

Extract from a screenplay

**Synopsis**

It's a tense emotional reunion for Mastan as a mother, her daughter (Sophie) and her friend (Vida). They have been apart for years and each has deep dark secrets which she tries to conceal from the others. Gradually, the truth comes out.

[...]

2.  
SCENE 41,  
INT. LAW OFFICE. SUNSET

SOPHIE enters the office and takes a seat opposite  
LAWRENCE MIST, an Englishman, 45, a senior staff member, dressed casually.  
Sophie looks at the man sitting in front of her desk; COLBERT KALMAN,  
the same man Mastan saw leave Vida's house.  
He is 50, wrapped in a cheap suit, sitting in silence, smiling at her.

SOPHIE  
How's it going?

LAWRENCE  
(Glances at COLBERT)  
You're an hour late! It's unprofessional!

SOPHIE  
I'm terribly sorry.

LAWRENCE  
Did this gentleman make an appointment with you?

SOPHIE  
Yes! He paid already, I'll handle it, what time is my next appointment?

COLBERT  
Bonnet, madame!

Sophie nods.  
Lawrence leans back in his chair, equanimous.

LAWRENCE  
(gently)  
You have Miss Jones coming at 8.

SOPHIE  
She will be alright; you can leave the keys.

She busies herself with her work.  
Lawrence leaves, puzzled and thoughtful.

COLBERT  
(softly)  
You're looking well, butterfly!

SOPHIE  
What have you got in mind, Mr. Kalman?

Colbert lights a cigar.

COLBERT  
I figured Vida has less than twelve hours to catch up with the group. After that, there's not much hope. Something changed and a group left this morning; she's got to catch up with them.

Another puff on the cigar.

SOPHIE  
If she isn't lucky?

COLBERT  
She's in trouble. Long term.

Sophie's eyes are wide and fixed, staring back in cold hatred at Colbert.  
She controls her rage...he knows the rules.

SOPHIE  
But you know we want a safe passage.

COLBERT

That doesn't give you much time.

SOPHIE

Well, if it turns out she was shot like a dog, at the goddamn fence...

Colbert takes a couple of steps towards the door, turns.

COLBERT

I don't have to prove shit to you. I'm done with my job. You're either in or you're not. If the police catch her, that's the situation, not my problem.

He turns and walks away.

Sophie looks at Colbert, now ice-cold behind the shades.

SOPHIE

Look, Kalman, I know what you did, but you don't have to give me that tone of voice. You don't like what I'm saying, just get out.

COLBERT

(cutting in sharply)

I think you forgot. I don't know what you expect to get, but it's a deal. You up for it or not?

SOPHIE

Hey, come on. We agreed you would do it. I said I'm in. I said I wanted you to come up here, see if you did everything for real or not.

COLBERT

You are learning the rules.

Sophie looks out the window as she pulls out of the late afternoon light.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

Sophie, you are losing time. You don't want her to move?

SOPHIE

I do.

COLBERT

Then where is my damn money?

SOPHIE

Okay, but first give me the goddamn passport.

COLBERT

Here you go.

Colbert reaches across Sophie's desk, pulls out a passport from his pocket and shows it to Sophie.  
The cover indicates that it is British. Colbert's hand opens it to a picture of a Vida.  
Under it is the name: "Jane LAMPERT." Sophie looks at it. Then at Colbert, who is smiling.  
There is a hint of a smile back from Sophie...a strange smile.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

A British passport.

Colbert holds up the passport, and his hand, out to Sophie. Sophie gets her bag, takes out a check and turns, holding it in her hand. Colbert goes toward her, places the check in his pocket, while pocketing the passport. Sophie sees what she did. She feels stupid while she gave the money.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

(starts to take off his coat)

A little taste? Make it easy on yourself.

He touches her shoulder. Sophie is a little shocked but she doesn't say anything.  
Colbert puts the passport back in his pocket.

SOPHIE

(fearfully)

When she crosses the border.

COLBERT

(abruptly)

No such thing, babe. She needs a passport, it's a one way ticket!

(he comes closer)

I actually thought you'd be glad to see she finally gets what she wants.

SOPHIE

Okay, let's cut the shit and get right to it. Give me that passport and tell me about the plan...

Sophie looks at him. He smiles, confidently. Leans back on the couch ...

COLBERT

So ... you know what I want to do now?

(Colbert touches Sophie's hair.)

SOPHIE

What?

(Sophie hears the quiet, warning voice in her ear.)

COLBERT

I want to hear the scream of my butterfly.

SOPHIE

(feels as if stuck in a bad dream)

You sonofabitch!

COLBERT

I've been looking for this moment for a long time.

SOPHIE

You know what would happen to you if I turned these over to the police?

COLBERT

Yeah, the same thing that might happen to Vida. Besides, you think is there other chance she's gonna get into it? It's all up to you. I can be a good guy or I can be one mean son-of-a-bitch. It's up to you.

SOPHIE

(A beat, harshly)

What's the plan then?

COLBERT

I booked three taxis, each ten miles, she has to wait for the green light. Then two boats after she jumps overboard two miles out, and gets pick up by another craft.

(Pause)

There's one other thing.

SOPHIE

What?

Colbert gets out a cigarette case and offers her one.  
She takes it and he lights it for her. Her hand is shaky.  
He brings his face closer to her face and holds the lighter close to her eyes.

COLBERT

Lovely eyes. . .

(Then)

She turns her back to him, he comes behind her.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

A pretty nice neck you've got there.

(kisses her on the back of the neck)

I was only trying to help.

Sophie says nothing. She makes a resigned gesture. He puts his arm around her, pulls her close to him, and tilts her head back. She struggles against him, silently. He pushes her head back and kisses her on the mouth while his fingers run to her breast.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

(everything's cool)

What's the matter, babe? Don't you like being kissed?

SOPHIE

(with cold fury)

Does it matter?

COLBERT

(pointedly)

It's not as bad as it looks! Right?

Sophie nods her head but she is barely listening.

SOPHIE

(trying not sound horrified, managed)

You don't have to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S PLACE. LATER

Mastan is lying in the bed, facing the wall. It's exactly seven o'clock. She goes to the kitchen and picks up the boiled spaghetti. She opens cold water and put the macaroni under the cold water. The macaroni unrolls. She drops the spaghetti in the colander and rinses them. The spaghetti is knotted. Lost in thought, Mastan takes out a cup and pours herself a tea. She arranges the table and lights some candles. She tries to find a good station on the radio.

CHEERFUL VOICE

The only thing to do is jump over the life, there is always a better place!!

The audience cheers.

CHEERFUL VOICE (Cont'd)

Don't look back!! Just get out there and taste life!!

The SINGERS continue:

C'est la vie, C'est la vie, C'est la vie!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. LATER

Sophie exits the bathroom, moves towards her desk. She pulls back her chair, sits down with a frustrated slump. Colbert sits down. He lights a cigarette, doesn't offer her one. She doesn't watch him. Dead silence. Colbert pays no attention to her.

COLBERT

Tell Vida, tonight after twelve. Lots of walking, best she comes as light as she can.

Colbert puts on his coat, takes his case, puts the passport on the table.

COLBERT (Cont'd)

(belches)

Don't make it so big... it wasn't a tragedy.

SOPHIE

(a dead expression)

How long should it take?

COLBERT

They are not gonna get to England tonight.

Doorbell. Sophie stands up. Confused for a moment, on the way to the door, she begins to tremble. She can feel the shaking from her knees right up to her hair. She does not look at Colbert, who is staring straight ahead.

SOPHIE

Colbert, you'd better leave.

Colbert opens the door and leaves.  
Miss JONES, a middle-aged woman comes in.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please have a seat, I'll be right back.

Sophie walks through to the office kitchen.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN. LATER

The lights are out. She pours herself a glass of water, cold water. Drinks. She puts pieces of ices on her face. Her neck. Catches the sight of herself in the mirror: the irritation still shows on her face, but the worry is gone. She takes a deep breath and leaves the kitchen.

INT. OFFICE. LATER

Sophie sits at her desk.

SOPHIE

I'm with you Miss Jones. I expected to see your husband with you.

MISS JONES

I can't believe this. Eleven years of marriage all went to hell. I always said I never wanted to end up like this.

SOPHIE

Don't worry. You'll be fine.

[...]