

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - MORNING

AVERIE rides into the city and deactivates her drone as soon as she's in the shade of the giant dome that looms over it. She leaves the highway and drives by Schönbrunn Palace. It's still there in all it's glory, but the park behind it sadly didn't survive this new glaring hot reality.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - MORNING

AVERIE arrives at her destination, that's what her navigation suddenly tells her at least, but she wasn't paying attention. She shoots by her destination, stops and does a u-turn whilst angrily murmuring to herself. She parks in front of an enormous office building, it has an Arabic name on the front and has a man in a white modernistic jubba and kufiya standing at its door. AVERIE gets off her bike and walks towards the building.

DOORMAN

Salam aleikum.

AVERIE

Aleikum Salam. I have an appointment.

DOORMAN

Good. Good. Name?

AVERIE doesn't answer, she holds out her arm instead. The doorman looks a bit shaken by this, but pulls out a scanner and starts scanning her wrist.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

Well, Miss Nash. You can enter.
Turn left and head to the
elevators. 101st floor. Have a good
day. Ilā l-lā.

AVERIE doesn't acknowledge any of these words. She turns around and walks towards the door.

INT. SKY SCRAPER

AVERIE walks into a lavish lobby and heads straight to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

As AVERIE waits for the doors to close the elevator fills up with people.

She leans against the wall and plays with her PDA. She pulls up highlights of last night's Whisperbike GP qualifications.

MAN
(Off screen)
Miss Nash?

AVERIE looks up. The elevator is now empty and the doors are open. A man in a suit that looks like it cost a million dollars is in the doorway.

AVERIE
Yes. That's me.

MAN
(smiling)
We are ready for you. Please follow me.

AVERIE walks up to him and holds out her hand. The MAN shakes it and a device in his watch scans AVERIE's credentials at the same time.

MAN (CONT'D)
Standard procedure I'm afraid. I am HASHIR. Welcome to 'Akdir-Tower.

AVERIE follows HASHIR through a long hallway. Filled with offices on both sides. Every single one is filled with people in meetings or workers behind computers.

AVERIE
Where's Azlan?

HASHIR
He left us I'm afraid. He had the opportunity to join his father company, so he left.

HASHIR opens a door for AVERIE and lets her into a conference room.

HASHIR (CONT'D)
We will be with you shortly, I'm afraid we are running a little late.

AVERIE nods and takes a seat. HASHIR closes the door and AVERIE watches him walk away through the glass wall. She opens her PDA again.

AVERIE
Call RANIYA.

She stares out the window. VIENNA certainly deserves its reputation as the prettiest city in New Europe.

A voice speaks in her headset.

VOICE
CONNECTED

AVERIE
Hey.

RANIYA
Hey Avs. How was Paris?

AVERIE
Hot.

RANIYA
You on your way back?

AVERIE
No... They're late.

RANIYA
Of course they are. Hey - I have an inner city pick up for you when you're done. Delivery is tomorrow morning.

AVERIE
(sighs)
I told you, I only do highway.

RANIYA
Well. Then hire an extra runner, because I have no one else available.

AVERIE
Sure. Give me an adres.

RANIYA
It's already in your PDA.

AVERIE grins and hangs up. She walks up to the window again.

HASHIR
Miss Nash. If you would follow me.

AVERIE follows him out of the conference room.

HASHIR (CONT'D)

So.. How long does this usually take? I can make you some tea if you..

AVERIE

Normally? About 20 minutes. Tea would be nice.

HASHIR

Certainly.

They walk into a completely blacked out room. It has a comfortable chair in the middle, next to a computer station.

AVERIE

Your TECHIE, Al Wahabi, is not coming?

HASHIR

He said you would be able to manage. He set everything up for you. We have a cable here if you want it.

AVERIE

No thanks. I use my own. And payment?

HASHIR

That will be settled in the usual way. I'll go get tea. You know how this works?

AVERIE

Yes. Yes I do.

AVERIE rummages around in her bag and produces her own cable. She gives one half to the TECHIE. The other half is protected by a plastic casing, floating in a milky fluid. She takes the cable out.

AVERIE takes off her sweater. She's wearing a tanktop underneath and right below her collarbone we see - A small socket. She plugs in the sanitised end of cable, it clicks in. She accesses her PDA and opens the file that needs to be sent. We see a running timer.

00:20:12 UNTIL AUTOMATIC DELETE

AVERIE glances over at the console, presses a few buttons and then watches the the files pour onto the station. HASHIR walks in with the tea.

HASHIR
Everything under control?

AVERY
Yes. But this waiting around isn't good for my punctuality rating. I had 20 minutes left.

HASHIR
Don't worry. I'm sure we can do something to reassure the rating agency. Is there anything else I can do for you?

AVERY
I would like to plan a meeting soon. I was promised a moment with Miss Nazir to discuss my rates.

HASHIR
I'll pass it on to her secretary. We'll stick to the last rate for now.

AVERY is annoyed, but she nods. HASHIR checks on the console and walks out. AVERY uses the time to take a quick nap.

BEEP

AVERY wakes up and checks her PDA.

TRANSFER COMPLETE - PAYMENT TRANSFERRED

AVERY unplugs and gets up. When she leaves the room HASHIR is sitting on a bench, checking his phone. HASHIR stands up and smiles.

HASHIR (CONT'D)
All done?

AVERY
Yes. Thank you.

HASHIR
Great. I'll walk you out.

AVERY
I'll be fine. Next time?

HASHIR
Insjallah.

AVERY nods and walks towards the elevator.

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - NOON

The Whisperbike is silently rushing through Vienna. AVERIE'S windshield shows:

INCOMING CALL RINAYA

AVERIE

Accept.

RINAYA

Please tell me you are on your way.

AVERIE

Yes. Almost there. Tell me about the client.

RINAYA

Nothing much to tell actually. They just said they needed us for a 1-day.

AVERIE

Size?

RINAYA

Like I said. They just said they needed us.

AVERIE

Nex time: ask. I don't like these low context jobs.

RINAYA

I know, but they hung up before I even had a chance to ask. They did say they would double your normal rate though.

AVERIE

Well, at least that's something.

She speeds off, following her GPS.

INT. THE PILLAR - INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR

The elevator carries AVERIE and a SECURITY GUARD up the side of an enormous structure.

AVERIE can make out the carbon umbrellas floating above the city, casting a shadow on the high-rises below, far in the distance.

INT. THE PILLAR - 53RD FLOOR

The SECRUTIIY GUARD comes to a halt and leads AVERIE through a doorway into a large hall.

A TECHIE [early 20s] greets AVERIE and guides her to a chair. AVERIE sits down. The TECHIE squats next to the chair and starts typing away on her console.

AVERIE spots A SUIT [mid-30s] sitting on a chair overlooking the district.

She takes out her custom build console and waits.

Then the SUIT gets up from his view. His shirt looks worn, his face grey with sleeplessness. He walks over to AVERIE.

SUIT

Thanks for coming in on such short notice. You're fifth year, huh?

AVERIE

Seventh, but legal since five.

TECHIE

It's 45, can you carry that?

AVERIE nods. TECHIE hands AVERIE the other end of a cable. AVERIE gives the cable a frown.

SUIT

I don't want any of this going through the air.

(smiles)

I hope you understand.

AVERIE

The carrier protocol states that physical transfers are prohibited to be performed on-site without proper briefing.

SUIT

We had no time to brief you.

AVERIE

That doesn't change the carrier protocol.

SUIT

I'm aware and this is how it has to go.

AVERIE
This isn't a discussion.

SUIT
Okay, thank you for your time.

He turns around and walks back to his view. TECHIE closes her console.

AVERIE
(relents)
A thousand extra.

SUIT
That's a lot for a cable.

AVERIE
I'm giving you direct acces to my
architecture. It's a bargain.

SUIT
These are *our* files. It's *our* risk.
(beat)
700.

AVERIE
900.

SUIT
800.

AVERIE
Deal.

SUIT
(to the TECHIE)
Go ahead.

AVERIE produces a cable from her bag. One half is protected by a plastic casing, floating in a milky white liquid. She plugs it in behind her ear. Access.

The SUIT has gone back to his chair.

AVERIE stares at the indecipherable jumble of numbers and letters dancing on her screen.

EXT. CITY ROADS

AVERIE glides through the lunch crowd. Her ear catches something. Something in her bike. She throttles down and listens closer. A frown.

INT. GARAGE

The noise of the bike accelerating. An older man listens carefully, then glances over at AVERIE. This is her father, RAYMOND.

RAYMOND
Blue-oui-oui?

AVERIE
Yeah, around the 45 mark. It's weird, I can't-

RAYMOND gestures for silence and then accelerates again. 45km/h. He closes his eyes to listen. No weird sound. Then let's go of the accelerator. He glances over at AVERIE, then-

He walks over to the console, which is connected to the bike by an array of coloured cables. He rubs his temples and scrolls through the code. Intermittently typing.

The door swings open to produce a her mother, CLAIRE.

CLAIRE
Ave! Your dad never tells me anything.

AVERIE
Oh, that's my fault. Needed a fix. Hey mom!

She walks towards CLAIRE and greets her lovingly.

AVERIE (CONT'D)
I'll be out of your hair asap. The bike does a weird thing. A noise.

CLAIRE
(sarcastically)
Ah yes, those noises.

On the bench next to RAYMOND sit a few household appliances, or whatever's left of them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Ray, I'm gonna head over to Pat, so-

RAYMOND acknowledges without taking his focus of the console. CLAIRE smiles, turns to AVERIE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So, how's things?

AVERIE
 It's good, it's eh- a lot.
 (exasperated)
 Actually carrying some goods now
 for this one company. Last minute,
 unbriefed-
 (she catches herself)
 And eh- oh, and a new guy started.

CLAIRE
 A runner?

AVERIE
 Engineer. He's quick on the uptake,
 which is nice. But you know Raniya-

CLAIRE sure does.

RAYMOND hits a key which starts the compiler. AVERIE's focus shifts to the bike, then a buzz. A call from the office. This is CLAIRE's cue: she moves towards the door, making an eating gesture.

AVERIE (CONT'D)
 What's up?

AVERIE shakes her head with an apologetic look. Mom gets it, disappears.

RANIYA (O.S.)
 Ave, Rajab's here.

AVERIE
 Was that today? Fuck- Eh- Give him
 the lowdown I'm-

RANIYA (O.S.)
 Did you do the pick-up?

AVERIE
 (sighs)
 Uhuh, drop-off is at 9 tonight.
 Bike made a weird noise, so I-
 (beat)
 Sorry. I'll be there asap.

RANIYA (O.S.)
 Just hurry up, okay?

AVERIE
 Yes, bye.

She hangs up.

RAYMOND unhooks the cables. AVERIE walks around her vehicle with a stern look.

RAYMOND turns the accelerator again. Ears close to the engine, eyes closed. AVERIE follows his lead. 45km/h. No sound.

AVERIE gives her old man a thumbs up.

RAYMOND
That should do it.

AVERIE
Thanks dad, I'll transfer-

RAYMOND looks at AVERIE, eye-brows raised.

AVERIE (CONT'D)
No but come on I can't have you-

RAYMOND shakes his head with a smile. Don't. AVERIE doesn't.

AVERIE puts her jacket back on, zips herself up, but she lingers before getting on the bike. RAYMOND notices.

RAYMOND
Remember when I was gearing up for the 62?

AVERIE
I remember mom telling me she was jealous of the tarmac.

RAYMOND
Yeah
(beat)
I hated it.

AVERIE
What do you mean?

RAYMOND
Those months leading up to it were hell.

AVERIE
But then the race-

The plaque saying WINNER OF THE SIXTY-TWO: RAYMOND NASH. It's tucked away behind some old consoles on a shelf.

Then: the certificate for the garage, sitting next to the entrance. AVERIE looks back at her father. Smiles.