

KIEV

Written by

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Draft II

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FADE IN:

INT. BUS - DAY

BOB, a handsome American in his fifties, is looking out the window of a battered bus that cruises along a freeway.

We HEAR the P.A. system click on. Someone blows into a microphone. Feedback.

TOUR LEADER (O.S.)
Alright guys, I hope the flight
wasn't too bad. We'll be at the
hotel in twenty minutes, so don't
worry about that jet-lag.

The rest of the bus is filled with two dozen American men from different classes and backgrounds, age range 35-65. Some are sleeping, some are quietly discussing expectations.

The TOUR LEADER is a nerdy man with square, frameless glasses.

TOUR LEADER (CONT'D)
Some of you have asked about
marriage visas and transit papers,
but we can talk about that later in
the week, okay? First point on the
agenda is fun. Are you ready to
have some fun?

Balding, ex-army spec ops MICHAEL (40) replies.

MICHAEL
Yeah!

Some of the guys laugh.

TOUR LEADER
We've got a lot of beautiful girls
for you to meet this week, and I
don't know about you, but I'm super
excited.
(pause)
Gentlemen... Welcome to Kiev.

A total of three guys clap.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The bachelors from the bus stream in through the front doors and gather around the reception.

In the corner of the room, a group of female TRANSLATORS are gathered around a small table with the Tour Leader. On the table, are printed name tags.

TOUR LEADER

Remember, don't speak directly to the guys. Your job is to translate only. Make yourselves as invisible as possible. They're here to meet the girls, not you. Okay?

GROUP OF TRANSLATORS

Okay/Yes.

TOUR LEADER

Grab your name tags. We'll meet here at four o'clock.

The group disperse. The Tour Leader grabs one of the girls, IOANA (30), (pronounced Yo-ah-na). She is quite pretty.

TOUR LEADER (CONT'D)

None of this, okay?

He indicates her dress.

IOANA

What?

TOUR LEADER

It's too flashy. And less make-up. Okay?

Before Ioana can find a word to say, he turns and leaves.

INT. UKRAINIAN CAFÉ - DAY

The buzzing of customers, the rattle of coffee cups and trays. Menus, posters and labels are written in the Russian alphabet.

Bob is sweating through his cheap, American-cut polyester suit. He devotes his attention toward a coffee cup on the square table in front of him, next to an unfinished croissant on a plate.

MARINA (O.S.)

(in Ukrainian)

And once I was old enough, I went to M.V. Lysenko Boarding School and started training to be a concert Cellist.

Bob looks up at the woman opposite him, MARINA - Mid-twenties, bleach blonde, modest appearance, wearing an immodest, beige dress.

MARINA (CONT'D)

(in Ukrainian)

Then, when I was seventeen, I joined the National Philharmonic.

As Marina cuts a slice of her cake with a fork, Bob turns to the third person around the table: IOANA. She has removed her make-up and is modestly dressed, unlike the two others.

IOANA

She says she went to good music school and play the... Cello--

BOB

I'm sorry, should I look at you or her?

Ioana is stumped.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's just so hard to focus on her when you're the one talking, you know what I mean?

Bob's phone vibrates in his pocket.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Bob looks at his phone. On the display, a smiling teenage girl who tries to cover her face with her hand. Below the picture, her name:

LISA

Marina gets up and is leaving.

BOB (CONT'D)

Wait.

(to Ioana)

Where is she going?

Bob stands up and watches Marina walk out the door.

Ioana looks at Bob's phone.

IOANA

Is that your daughter?

Bob gives her a cross look. He puts the phone back in his pocket and leaves.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bob is walking along blue carpet floor, patterned wallpaper and shaded wall-lamps. In the distance, we hear the muted bass of a DANCE SONG.

He is wearing essentially the same suit as before, but in a different fabric. He brushes his hand through his hair, making sure it's all where it's supposed to be.

INT. HOTEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bob says hello to a few MEN around his age. A GIRL WITH NAME TAGS comes and scribbles his name on a tag before giving it to Bob.

INT. HOTEL NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Bob leans on the bar and finishes a bottle of beer while he surveys the room.

Aside from a small number of guys, The dance floor is packed with DANCING GIRLS, most of them half of Bob's age. Some are modestly dressed in jeans and cute tops, others in elegant dresses, but the majority are skimpy and wear skirts too short for PG-13.

Ioana observes Bob from the dance floor. She is once again wearing make-up, and a stunning, black dress. She dances with PETER (40), a handsome Arkansas farmer. The Tour Leader appears, grabs Ioana's arm and pulls her with him.

Bob is given another beer from the BARTENDER. Bobbing his head to the music, Bob steps toward the dance floor.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

The Tour Leader drags Ioana with him through a glass door and down the few steps to the balcony.

TOUR LEADER
What did I tell you?

IOANA
I--

TOUR LEADER
Be invisible! You look like a
fucking whore!

IOANA
I'm sorry. I will go and change--

TOUR LEADER
Don't bother coming back.

The Tour Leader turns to leave.

IOANA
No, wait! I promise, I can--

TOUR LEADER
I don't care!

The Tour Leader goes back inside. A black tear runs down Ioana's cheek.

INT. HOTEL NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Bob finishes his beer as he approaches a stunning GIRL IN WHITE DRESS. She is in her early twenties. Short, natural blonde hair, a look in her eyes that could tempt the devil.

Bob dances awkwardly, but with confidence. They dance closer. He wraps his arms around her and tries to kiss her. The girl wriggles out of his grip and pushes him away, shouting foreign curses under the loud music before she slaps him.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Bob pushes the glass door open and sucks in the air. He carries a beer bottle down the steps and notices the woman in black dress leaning on the steel railing. Bob joins her.

The lights from the street one floor below shines up on them. Taxis drive by and honk. A red and white tram stops nearby. People get on and off.

Bob holds out the bottle to Ioana. She grabs it and takes a swig. Bob watches her as she lowers the bottle and swallows.

BOB
Rough night?

Ioana takes another sip.

BOB (CONT'D)
Come on...

Bob puts his arm around her waist.

BOB (CONT'D)
Let's have some fun.

She retracts, spilling some beer on her chin. He presses her back against the railing and kisses her on the neck.

IOANA
Let go!

She pushes him away, dropping the bottle.

BOB
Okay, okay, calm down.

The bottle rolls along the uneven tiles, spilling beer.

BOB (CONT'D)
What do you want? Money?

Ioana stares at the floor, silent. Bob sighs as he scratches his brow with his thumb. He turns to leave. Ioana closes her eyes.

IOANA

Wait.

Bob faces her again. She looks up at him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ioana, wearing only underwear, sits on the edge of the bed, lost in thought. The SOUND of a shower comes from the bathroom. Bob's suit hangs over a chair. Ioana looks at the crumpled bills in her hand.

She stands up and finds her dress on the nearby desk. When she picks it up, she stops at the sight of Bob's wallet on the desk. Slowly, she picks it up.

We HEAR Bob turning off the water and pulling shower curtains aside.

Ioana panics. She stuffs the wallet into the back of her underpants as Bob comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

BOB

Hey.

Bob approaches her and leans in for a kiss. She turns her head, landing his lips on her cheek.

BOB (CONT'D)

That was great.

He smiles.

IOANA

I should go.

BOB

Okay.

Ioana pulls the dress over her head.

BOB (CONT'D)

You want help with the zipper?

Bob is on his way around her. She turns with him, concealing her back.

IOANA

No.

BOB

Let me help you.

She pulls the dress over the wallet as she turns around. The wallet is just below the zipper, but Bob doesn't see it. He zips up the dress.

IOANA

Thank you.

Ioana takes her shoes in her hand and opens the door.

BOB

Wait.

She stops. A beat before she faces him.

BOB (CONT'D)

Can I see you tomorrow?

Ioana hesitates.

IOANA

Okay. The café at one?

Bob nods. Ioana exits. Bob closes the door with a smile. He goes back to the bed, removing his towel. He rubs his hair with it as he looks at the empty desk. He stops.

BOB

Shit.

He throws the towel and searches the pockets of his suit.

BOB (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Bob pulls on a shirt as he looks around for Ioana. His hair is still wet. Bob spots her as she rounds a distant corner.

INT. IOANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An old oak dresser with worn corners. A wooden chair with a broken back sits against the wall. Different shoes spread out in the corner. Dirt and dust everywhere.

Ioana unlocks her door and enters. As she is about to close the door, it swings open with force, pushing Ioana back with a shout of surprise. Bob comes in and grabs her. They fall on the floor, Bob on top of Ioana.

IOANA

(in Ukrainian)

Get off me, asshole!

BOB

Where is it?

Bob pats his hand around on her, feeling for the wallet in her bra, and down her stomach. Ioana tries to push him off her.

IOANA
 (in Ukrainian)
 Let me go, you piece of shit!

BOB
 Shut up! Where's my wallet?

IOANA'S DAUGHTER (O.S.)
 (in Ukrainian)
 Mama? What is going on?

Bob looks up and sees IOANA'S DAUGHTER, twelve years old. Bob lets go of Ioana. She sits up and turns to her daughter.

IOANA
 (in Ukrainian)
 Go back to bed, Solnyshko.

Bob and the child stare at each other.

IOANA (CONT'D)
 (in Ukrainian)
 Go on!

The girl breaks the stare and goes away. Ioana pulls out Bob's wallet. She throws it at him.

IOANA (CONT'D)
 Get out.

Bob is a bit perplexed. He picks up the wallet and stands up.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bob comes out of Ioana's apartment. She slams the door shut behind him. He lingers.

INT. IOANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ioana leans against the door, breathing nervously.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bob hears someone cough. A dirty HOB0 in rags is sitting against the wall near the stairs leading up. He coughs again and starts breathing into a plastic bag. Bob goes down the stairs.

EXT. KIEV STREETS - NIGHT

Bob wanders through the night, lost in thought. His surroundings are dark and grim. Somewhere in the distance, we can HEAR people fighting and shouting. Bob pulls out his phone and taps on it with his thumb.

INT. IOANA'S DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ioana sits on her daughter's bed, stroking the sleeping child's cheek.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Bob passes the reception, still holding the phone. The Tour Leader greets him. His voice is MUTED. Bob puts his phone away as the Tour Leader gestures for Bob to join him.

INT. IOANA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A worn-down bathroom. A few tiles have cracked, some are missing.

Ioana holds the money Bob gave her and stares at them. Finally, she throws them into the toilet.

INT. HOTEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The dance floor is still packed with people. Bob wanders between all the smiling, dancing people.

He looks around. "Army-Michael" is dancing like a maniac with a grin on his face, surrounded by a group of skimpy girls.

A few girls are orbiting fat office jockey and mustache-enthusiast TOM (45), who is bouncing awkwardly to the music.

By the bar, the Men Bob said hello to earlier are trying to chat up some girls who are ordering drinks.

INT. IOANA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ioana fishes the money out of the toilet and holds them over the sink. She catches her reflection in the MIRROR above. Her bloodshot, teary eyes stare back at her.

INT. HOTEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bob spins around in the crowd. In a LOUNGE AREA, FRED (65) is sitting in a sofa, making out with a girl half his age. Another two girls sit next to them, drinking cocktails.

A GIRL WITH HOTPANTS passes by. Her clothes are so small they qualify as lingerie.

Bob catches his reflection in a WALL MIRROR. The wrinkles of his face stare back at him.

FADE OUT.