

MARIUPOL

"Ukrainian Casablanca."

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FADE IN

INT. RUSSIAN FILTRATION CAMP - SHEVCHENKO - NIGHT

It's a temporary camp five miles North of Mariupol. Silent Russian guards are silhouetted. Ukrainian prisoners. No shelter for the detainees. In the distance, there is gunfire - summary executions. Cruise missiles fly over toward Ukraine. The sky lights up with explosions in the direction of the embattled Mariupol.

YURI MELNYK (35) listens to the distant executions and then looks over the razorwire toward the burning/besieged city. A jovial PHOTOJOURNALIST (45) arrives with news.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

They're saying that the *Silver Muse* went down between Odesa and Istanbul. That she was torpedoed. Or she ran into a mine. Who knows.

YURI

What's the cruise line saying?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Nothing. It may just be a rumour.

YURI

But when you think about it...

PHOTOJOURNALIST

She's probably waiting for you in Turkey. Eating pizza and watching it all on CNN, or streaming it on her phone.

YURI

She left me.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Oh... that sure complicates things.

Long beat.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

But this separation is only temporary now that you're a war hero...

YURI

War hero? Not me.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

I'm a journalist and war is very malleable, you know what I mean?

YURI

It means you make things up.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

It beats manual labour, I promise you. And besides a camera never lies.

YURI

Are you okay?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

No, I'm not. I'm burned out; tired of watching yet another war through a viewfinder.

YURI

You should write a book.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

I'm too numb. And I'm not sure I've really experienced all that much at all. Thank god.

YURI

Explain, please.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

I feel that when you're desensitized by it.. time to check it in.

YURI

You're desensitized?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

When you are covering a war, you see everything through the lens, but you only glance at the pictures until when I'm out of the war zone. And sometimes not even then because there's always another war that I've moved on to.

YURI

It's like watching a soccer game through a camera?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Exactly. You miss most of the game. The combatants always see more than the journalist. You've probably seen plenty. Me not so much.

YURI

Me?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

You're here, aren't you? That means you saw something.

YURI

At the moment, I'm here.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Yes, me too.

YURI

I'm about to be a rabbit.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Bad analogy if you ask me. Don't talk that way and tempt fate.

YURI

Okay, I'm about to fly out of here.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

What?

YURI

No, I mean I'm about to jump that wire.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

The Russians are everywhere. You won't get out. Wait, I'll come with you.

YURI

Can you jump six-feet in the air?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Of course not. But I have an important delivery.

YURI

You better take your chances with the Russians.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

I was on my way to Mariupol and on the way I got caught up, taking my chances. After this I'm out of here; I even have a "political asylum" visa for the USA.

YURI

What's that?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

A visa for people in trouble.

YURI

You're in trouble? You're about to be executed.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

How would they know who I am? My photos? The newspaper?

YURI

I'm not sure they care.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

You need to go find your wife and I need out of here as well.

YURI

What's she want with me?

PHOTOJOURNALIST

I appreciate what you did back there. After she reads what I will write, she'll want to kiss and make up.

YURI

Other ships, the passengers were left to drown in the sea.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

One was re-routed to Sevastopol.

YURI

I hope that's where she is. Sevastopol.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Well, they're pulling people off those ships.

YURI MELNYK

She's not political. We're not. I'm a sports coach. We're not on anyone's menu. They'll eventually let her go, that's better than drowning.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Right. They only want the writers, journos, bloggers and other troublemakers.

YURI MELNYK

Another rumour?

The journo offers Yuri something to eat.

PHOTOJOURNALIST

The only thing I could find is some popcorn. If we aren't going, come and sit with me.

A missile flies in the opposite direction (East to West) and the guards are all distracted. The Ukrainians are firing back? Everyone is in flux for a short ten seconds. Yuri makes a sudden/impulsive dash for the barbed wire. Yuri was an athlete once; he does a perfect "Fosbury flop" and clears the barbed wire with a big/painful thump as his back slams onto the ground.

The photojournalist is surprised at the move but follows. Yuri lays there; the wind was knocked out of him. The unnamed journalist runs up to the wire and tries to navigate through the maze... he can't.

YURI

No. Go back.

The unnamed journo gets hung up and is shot by a Russian guard. Seriously wounded, the photojournalist crawls out of the razorwire. The unnamed man reaches into the crotch of his pants

and pulls out a cell phone. He hands a ziplock bag containing a phone to Yuri.

YURI
What's this?

PHOTOJOURNALIST
Photos. Executions.

He gestures in the direction of the executions.

YURI
It's important, huh?

PHOTOJOURNALIST
(dying)
Poseydon.

YURI
What's that?

PHOTOJOURNALIST
Room 36. A good looking man, similar to you.
A photographer.

YURI
He'll know what to do?

PHOTOJOURNALIST
Of course.

The Russian guards are flashing their torches left and right. The unnamed man begins to cough up blood. He's a dead man and will only draw more gunfire. Yuri pops up and is fired at. Yuri successfully runs into the trees.

BEGIN TITLES

EXT. KALCHIK RIVER - NIGHT

Yuri avoids numerous Russian patrols. He enters the river and swims in the frigid river. We can see and hear the fighting in Mariupol. He's swimming into it. He swims past the steel plant.

END TITLES

INT. DECIMATED APARTMENTS - MARIUPOL - DAY

Russian artillery and missiles have destroyed the complex. It's standing but basically uninhabitable. Yuri is climbing a dangerous set of stairs. A NEIGHBOR is descending.

NEIGHBOR

Yuri? Where have you been?

YURI

The steel plant and then a camp. Escaped and came here.

NEIGHBOR

Why are you here?

YURI

I live here.

NEIGHBOR

They're looking for you? Some of your players, they threw a petrol bomb into a Russian 80.

YURI

And they think I...

NEIGHBOR

Someone told them.

YURI

Naturally.

NEIGHBOR

But something. And I hate to be the one who told you this?

YURI

What?

NEIGHBOR

They wore their uniforms.

YURI

To bomb the Russian? Their brains are in their shoes. You've seen Maria?

NEIGHBOR

I thought she left you. In fact, I thought she left period.

YURI

Well, with all that's happening... maybe she needs me.

The neighbour looks at Yuri like he's a bit detached.

NEIGHBOR

What will you do?

YURI

Get to Odesa if I can.

NEIGHBOR

The Russians have sealed everything off. You won't make it to Odesa.

YURI

I'll make it.

NEIGHBOR

Well, good luck. Careful on these stairs. It's not stable.

YURI

I'll be cautious.

On Yuri's floor. He encounters a dishevelled ELDERLY LADY.

YURI

Maria return home?

ELDERLY LADY

Poor man. See for yourself.

Yuri, regardless, is optimistic. Yuri reaches the door to his apartment. He opens the door and nearly falls several hundred feet. The entire apartment is gone. Half the apartments are gone, exploded and have fallen off the side of the building.

INT. HOTEL POSEYDON - NIGHT

Yuri is sneaking through the halls.

POSEYDON MANAGER

I thought that was you.

YURI

(turns in the dark)

I'm looking for 36.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Well, don't you remember... and I thought you didn't want to attract any attention...

YURI

(steps into the light)

Well...

POSEYDON MANAGER

Okay. You're not... There isn't a 36.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Show me your papers, please.

YURI

Show me 36.

POSEYDON MANAGER

You're his brother?

YURI

No.

YURI

You could be. You look it.

POSEYDON MANAGER

No.

YURI

No? I'm sure. I have a delivery.

POSEYDON MANAGER

(sarcastic)

And you're with FedEx?

YURI

Not exactly. I came from Shevchenko.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Where the... you should have told me.

YURI

I rang the bell. And I really don't know you.

POSEYDON MANAGER

I didn't hear it.

YURI

Apparently not. I'm just looking for 36.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Are you Russian? From the FSB?

YURI

No, but I think they're looking for me and I'm just a sports coach.

POSEYDON MANAGER

There are hardly any guests.

YURI

Russians here in the hotel?

POSEYDON MANAGER

Maybe they don't want to be poisoned.

YURI

Oh, you're Ukrainian?

POSEYDON MANAGER

Of course. Both parents. Ukrainian.

YURI

That's mildly funny.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Thank you.

YURI

Maybe you can help me. I have some information for 36.

POSEYDON MANAGER

I was told you would ask for "Vika's room."

YURI

Well, I had a little trouble and didn't get that instruction.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Trouble?

YURI

So who is this guy I'm supposed to meet?

POSEYDON MANAGER

He came on the evening after the occupation. I hadn't shut my hotel, I stayed.

YURI

Well, that's good.

POSEYDON MANAGER

My father warned me this was coming and not to abandon property or it'd be destroyed.

YURI

Makes sense. But I'm not gonna get shot am I?

POSEYDON MANAGER

He said his name was Shvets. He came trembling all over. Photography equipment. Cameras and computers.

YURI

He's been photographing the war?

POSEYDON MANAGER

I doubt that's his real name; he asked if he could stay off the books. He took the numbers off the door.

YURI

Mr. Putin and the FSB.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Lazer focused taking revenge.

YURI

Right!

POSEYDON MANAGER

He and his wife had stayed here before,
allegedly. He said they loved it.

The hotel manager opens the locked door, formerly numbered 36.
The numbers clearly have been removed from the door.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Oh, god. That smell!

Inside, there is an expensive laptop, two cameras and several
lenses. All the high tech, high definition, equipment.

YURI

Only one thing in the world smells that bad.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Yea, a dead cat?

YURI

The worst smell for any species is a dead
member of their own species. Scientific.

POSEYDON MANAGER

What?

Yuri walks around the corner to the bathroom. The photographer,
SHVETS, is hanging dead from the showerhead. He's been there two
or three days.

YURI

You probably don't want to.

She walks around the corner to get a glimpse.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Suicide? FSB? Sneaky bastards, I didn't see
anyone.

Yuri picks up a suicide note off the toilet; he reads it.

YURI

Not unless his wife is with the FSB.

POSEYDON MANAGER
His wife left him? And so...

YURI
That's going around you know.

POSEYDON MANAGER
I know I left my husband.

YURI
(sarcastic)
Good for you.

POSEYDON MANAGER
So what do I do now?

YURI
It's your hotel.

POSEYDON MANAGER
I mean you look like you know how to
negotiate things like this.

YURI
Thank you.

POSEYDON MANAGER
No offence but you're a man in a sports
uniform.

YURI
What's that got to do with anything?

POSEYDON MANAGER
Everything, if you ask me.

YURI
You're asking me the path of least
resistance?

POSEYDON MANAGER
Like electricity?

YURI
Okay. Well...

POSEYDON MANAGER

Look, I can't afford the police and sure don't want the FSB out here.

YURI

It's a war, just take his body downstairs.

She looks at him incredulously.

YURI

I'll take care of it, but you'll help? We'll put him out on the curb down the street so it looks like he wasn't here.

POSEYDON MANAGER

How callous?

YURI

Well, you ask me what to do. The police will be by or a Russian patrol.

POSEYDON MANAGER

But an unknown corpse, crematorium, unmarked grave.

YURI

How do you know... Shvets isn't his real name?

She looks at him like he's dumb. But Yuri's going through the dead man's papers.

YURI

What do you want me to do with all this?

POSEYDON MANAGER

That's all I need to be caught with all this photography equipment. Would you like to take it?

Yuri puts the cameras, lenses, a phone and a laptop into a large photographer's backpack.

POSEYDON MANAGER

I just want to be rid of it.

YURI

His name IS Shvets. Passport, asylum letters from Belize, Canada and the U.S.

POSEYDON MANAGER

What's that mean?

YURI

He didn't have to be here.

POSEYDON MANAGER

Take his ID and papers. I don't want it. If the Russians are after you, then leave. No one is judging you.

All the documents (including a Swiss brokerage account, a bank card & PIN) go into the backpack. Yuri doesn't mention the financial information to the hotel manager. He puts Shvets' backpack on.

INT/EXT. HOTEL & MARINA AREA - PORT OF MARIUPOL - NIGHT

The manager brings a wheelbarrow to the third floor. Yuri already has the upper body. The manager gets in, grabs the feet. Together, they toss the corpse into the wheelbarrow. They roll the body into the elevator; they push the button and walk down the stairs. They meet the body on the first floor.

Outside on the sidewalk, the manager walks with Yuri, who is rolling the dead body for a short while. When Yuri looks over at her, she's disappeared.

Lights of a military vehicle at the end of the street. Yuri is caught red-handed with a dead body, but its Mariupol 2022; not totally a unique (or damning) situation. Dead bodies are everywhere. The Russian patrol races by and ignore him; they miraculously passes him. It was too close a call and Yuri dumps the wheelbarrow over and leaves the body only a block or two from the hotel.

Yuri turns a corner, still with the empty wheelbarrow. The move successfully evades the Russian patrol. He's returning to the hotel down the road and an INFORMER yells from an upstairs window.

INFORMER

Murderer. Murderer. He's there! He's there.

A Russian patrol does a U-turn and Yuri is in danger.

Pitch dark. Yuri watches the patrol pass the alley.

After a long beat. In the alley, he encounters a seriously WOUNDED MAN and his EMPLOYEE, the WIFE and CHILD.

The employee gestures, "thank god!"

EMPLOYEE

A man with a wheelbarrow!

WIFE

It's a miracle.

EMPLOYEE

He's my employer. Please help me take him to that boat.

YURI

That's crazy.

EMPLOYEE

He has a wife and child in Odesa. That boat's going to Odesa. Maybe that changes something for you? Take him through.

YURI

As a matter of fact... I'm travelling in that direction. But you should probably just let the Russians take him.

EMPLOYEE

He's a patriot.

YURI

I see. He's in a real fix.

The employee takes off his wristwatch and hands it to Yuri.

EMPLOYEE

Here take this Rolex and give it to the captain. We have an agreement.

YURI
You're not going?

EMPLOYEE
Mariupol's our home. Here take these.
Codeine, and penicillin.

YURI
He won't make it. The boat won't make it.
Half the Russian navy is out there.

EMPLOYEE
Where have you been, friend? We sunk their
flagship; the one firing all those missiles.

YURI
Well, that explains a lot.

EMPLOYEE
The captain he's going to hug the coast to
Odesa.

YURI
Still.

EMPLOYEE
It'll be okay. Take him please. I have a
wife and child. They're standing right here.

YURI
What do I get?

EMPLOYEE
You get his Rolex.

Yuri looks at the wounded man's watch and agrees. Nods.

They struggle to get the wounded man up and into the
wheelbarrow. The employee and Yuri get him on board. The CAPTAIN
takes the employee's Rolex. The captain is strangely jovial,
crazy or drunk.

CAPTAIN
And you wanted to go where? Odesa? Time off
from work? Oh, cool! Your vacation...

Yuri athletically rolls the man down the stairs to a room under the deck. Yuri doesn't take the promised Rolex off the wounded man, but he's looking at it.

INT. BOAT MOTORING SOUTH - BLACK SEA - NIGHT

We don't know how long Yuri watches over the wounded man (two or three days), but Yuri gives him pills and water. Yuri tries to get him to eat bread. Yuri finds an electric plug and charges both phones. He sees the shocking war photos, Russian atrocities. It's clearly ethnic cleansing.

Yuri reads all the emails and understands the networking/contacts involved. One email is from his wife, it's the ominous "Dear, John" letter that led to the hotel suicide. It's signed, "Vika." He flips through the messages and contemplates all the emails - professional and personal.

YURI
(to himself)

It seems this dead photographer has connections in New York. Emails, mostly fashion magazines. Makes sense. If I get some bars on this phone...

Yuri spends most of the transit time going back and viewing the old emails between VIKA (27) and the photographer. There are risqué selfies of the wife but also magazine fashion photography of the wife. Several photos are of Vika and her model friend, DARIA. They are clearly friends and the most beautiful two women in the Ukraine.

YURI
(to himself)

Shvets' obviously a photographer and this woman, his wife... she's a model. Lucky fellow. Was anyway. What a beautiful woman, no wonder he offered himself.

Yuri fiddles with the cameras and phones (SnapBridge app) and finally, as they are pulling into the Odesa marina, he gets bars on the phone. The cell towers in Odesa aren't destroyed, yet. The Russian army is outside Odesa; Yuri looks out the window and the Ukrainian flags are still flying.

Yuri presses "send." Yuri turns to look at various passenger ships; he's looking for the *Silver Muse*. It's not there.

Suddenly a shell slams into the small boat. It was fired from a Russian patrol boat in the harbour. Smoke and fire. The captain is shot and killed on the deck.

Yuri tries to pick up the wounded man but the *rigour mortis* tells Yuri the man is dead; Yuri backs away. Long beat. The boat is sinking. Yuri grabs the photography backpack; he exits the boat onto the pier. He's fired at by Russian marine snipers who are on the patrol boat. Fortunately, the Russians aren't too skilled; Yuri escapes. He's athletic and crafty.

EXT. STREETS OF ODESA - DAY

Blue skies, palms in the wind. But it's cold. There is a mass exodus; many are on bicycles. Yuri has been strong, lugging around the backpack with the photo equipment. Everyone looks rough and in transit, and now Yuri begins to show the wear; he looks tired and especially worn - his dirty face, his torn clothing. But no one looks at him, everyone is too busy leaving. Yuri stops and looks at an ATM machine. Despite the chaos, the machine appears functional. It's out of cash, but its balance function still works. Yuri checks the balance of Shvets full bank accounts. WOW!

The women on Shvets' phone, Vika and Daria are walking. They seem searching rather than leaving. Vika (Don Quixote) is the leader and Daria (Sancho Panza), only the women are almost supermodels.

DARIA

That's him. We got him!

VIKA

No, it's not him. It's not.

But it's too late; DARIA taps Yuri on the shoulder. Yuri turns and both women realize it's not Shvets. Yuri is frozen; it's the two women (models) from Shvets' phone. Of all the ATM machines in the world, the three of them meet at this one.

Daria smiles. The women walk away. Daria is making eyes at Yuri. As rough as he looks, given the war, it's not too odd. Daria is in the market for a man, especially a man with the means to escape and she sees that Yuri is wearing a Rolex.

DARIA

He could be your husband.

VIKA

Similar, but he's not and besides that man looks... like he's not a good provider. The clothes and, god, I can't stand a man that hasn't bathed.

DARIA

Oh, who cares. It's a war.

Daria spins to return to the ATM.

VIKA

Don't you dare! We're looking for my husband.

DARIA

Yes, he has your visa. But what about me?

VIKA

Okay, fine chase after him like a dog in heat.

By this time, Yuri has turned the corner and stepped into a café; so it's moot.

INT. CAFÉ - ODESA - DAY

Yuri sits. At the next table. A WOMAN is trying to seduce or at least interest a MAN. She's talking a mile a minute, nervous desperate to be interesting.

WOMAN

Pizza is really a remarkable item. It's round and colourful like a fruit pie, without the top. But bite into it and you get a mouthful of pepper. And suddenly you realize that those aren't cherries and raisins, but peppers and olives. I'll never get used to it. Will you please take me with you to Italy?

The man is sitting back and judging. The woman might persuade him.

On the other side of Yuri, there is a woman who, after getting denied a visa, spends all her travel money "devouring countless oysters."

Yuri gives the WAITRESS the bank card and some instructions. She returns to the table with a wad of cash and big smile on her face. Yuri eats well.

The woman, full of oysters, exits the café and steps in front of a bus. Arguably it is a suicide, unclear.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - ODESA - DAY

Oceanview. The parking lot is empty. A young boy (OCEAN), who is wearing a Mets cap, is throwing up a baseball in the air and hitting it with a baseball bat. Ocean hits it to the far end of the parking lot and then runs to fetch it. He hits the ball again back and forth.

Yuri smiles, walks past the kid and enters the building. Yuri climbs the stairs. Knocks on a door and waits. No one opens so Yuri goes back downstairs. He sits on a bench to wait. Ocean approaches.

OCEAN
Can you pitch to me?

YURI
What?

OCEAN
Pitch?

YURI
Is that a baseball? How did you get a
baseball?

OCEAN
My father. And also he bought this bat.
Don't you know how to play?

YURI
Yes, I'm aware. But I'm Ukrainian; we play
fútbol or we go home.

OCEAN
What about video games?

YURI
Ukrainians also play video games.

OCEAN
I'm Ukrainian too but not for long. My father is taking us to the U.S., and he says fútbol won't do me much good there. Please.

YURI
Okay, go over there.

Yuri pitches wildly.

OCEAN
No, it must be a strike.

YURI
What's that?

OCEAN
It must be within my reach. From here to my knees. Too high or too low is a failure. And not too far away from me; and don't hit me. Of course. A strike.

The second pitch is good and the boy smashes it to the far end of the parking lot. They walk there and fetch the ball.

They've been playing baseball for a time. They look thoroughly exercised.

A third beautiful woman, Tazagul, arrives in the parking lot. She's a bit nervous about Yuri, who is a stranger. She has a bag of groceries. Ocean drops the bat and runs to Tazagul. Ocean hugs her.

OCEAN
Mom.

The boy looks immediately into the meagre grocery bag. He appears disappointed.

OCEAN
This is my friend. He's not very good, but we've been hitting. Sort of... He's looking for someone.

OCEAN
Can he come up?

TAZAGUL
No.

OCEAN
Please.

TAZAGUL
Dogs, if you give them food, they'll stay
around.

OCEAN
There's enough. Mom! He's my pitcher.

YURI
Do you know a woman named Tazagul?

TAZAGUL
That's me.

YURI
I have some news.

TAZAGUL
Yes.

YURI
Do you want to hear it, down here? Or should
we go upstairs?

TAZAGUL
I'm listening.

YURI
The boy...

TAZAGUL
What do you want?

He hands Taz her husband's Rolex. Tazagul realizes it's bad news
and collapses.

YURI
Mom, what is it?

TAZAGUL

Your father.

(to Yuri)

Is he...

YURI

He was shot and I was bringing him here.

TAZAGUL

Was?

YURI

Yes. He's gone. I didn't want the boy to hear it from me.

TAZAGUL

It's terrible for us.

YURI

Of course. My name is Yuri. I was your husband's friend for a short time, but...

(beat)

We were on our way here...

(beat)

He had a chest wound. It got infected. He's dead.

Yuri hands her the pill bottles. She hesitates to take them.

YURI

These are yours. Painkillers and antibiotics.

She gives him a dazed/puzzled look.

YURI

It's a war. You can sell them.

TAZAGUL

He suffered?

YURI

(a lie)

No. Not at all.

Tazagul takes the pills; she and Ocean simply turn. They enter the building.

EXT. STREETS OF ODESA - DAY

Yuri approaches a STRANGER, but it seems to be a street-savvy man. The stranger is possibly a pimp; he's a bit seedy. Yuri is handsome but is definitely not one of the elite.

YURI

I need a place to stay. Out of the way.

STRANGER

All the hotels are full. Refugees.

YURI

There's not a place I can rest?

STRANGER

You look... involved. Your clothes and...

YURI

I was.

STRANGER

You have something interesting in that backpack?

YURI

Not really, a camera. Computer.

STRANGER

That's gold these days. Walk down this street. Count seven. Despite the "no vacancies" sign, she will have a room. No questions.

YURI

Except, "Where's the money?"

STRANGER

Naturally.

YURI

Thanks.

STRANGER

But be careful half these people are with
the Russians.

YURI

But the woman at this hotel?

STRANGER

I can't really be sure. Seems Ukrainian. Ask
her.

INT. DESK - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - ODESA - DAY

Yuri wants to check into the hostel.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

A week upfront.

YURI

A week? The Russians will be here by then.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

How do you know?

YURI

I'm pretty sure.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

Then you can see the reason. I can't be left
empty-handed regardless of which ideology is
telling me what to do.

YURI

I expect to leave in a day or two.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

You have a visa?

YURI

I don't mean to stay long.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

Show me your papers, please.

YURI

The man down the street...

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

The streets are full of morons and grifters.

Yuri takes the papers out for her to see. Cut to official seals and letterhead. Embassies. Belize, Canada and the U.S. She looks at the passport photo and then Yuri's face. Yuri passes the ID test and realizes he could probably use Shvets' identity to get out.

FLASHBACK

Yuri remembers at the ATM machine, Daria and Vika mistaking him for Shvets. A new identity might work. Presenting himself as Shvets' almost worked with his wife's friend and worked perfectly at the hostel, it HAS worked!

END FLASHBACK

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

(mono-tone sarcasm)

Look who's sitting in the cat-bird seat.

YURI

Two nights. How much?

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

You'll have to secure passage. And some clothes.

YURI

Tomorrow, if not today. I'm exhausted. I almost don't care if I sleep in the park.

He hands her Shvets' bank card.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

You don't have any cash?

YURI

That's all I have.

She reluctantly processes the card, hoping it won't be reversed later.

INT. LOBBY - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - DAY

The hotel lobby is full of dispossessed GROTESQUES. They are hanging around the lobby, very marginal means but anxious to leave. One OLD MAN doesn't know Yuri but is eager to tell him, the new arrival, the immigration opportunities...

OLD MAN

Poland?

YURI

Poland?

OLD MAN

Yes, they are issuing visas.

YURI

No.

OLD MAN

France? Italy. The Swiss have a tent set up in the park.

INT. ROOM - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - DAY

Yuri lays down on the bed; he opens Shvets' telephone again. He flips through the emails and photos again. Vika is an angel and he pauses, enchanted. Daria's photos occupy him only for a short time. Yuri looks famished and finally sleeps.

INT. LOBBY - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - DAY

Yuri begins to leave with the photographer's things. The hostel manager gives him an odd look. She wants to know what's in the backpack.

YURI

I'm not leaving. I'm just going down the street to see the Belize.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

You want me to store your backpack?

YURI

No thanks. I'm okay.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Yuri walks to and enters and then exits.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Yuri enters wearing a worn Adidas sports warmup. He exits wearing an identical but new Adidas sports warmup.

EXT. STREET - ODESA - DAY

Yuri, now with cash, gets in a taxi.

EXT. BELIZE CONSULATE - DAY

Yuri exits taxi in front of the Belize Consulate.

INT. BELIZE CONSULATE - DAY

There is a mass of people.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN sits beside Yuri.

GENTLEMAN

There isn't anything explosive in there, is there?

Yuri moves to unzip the backpack.

GENTLEMAN

Oh friend, I was just kidding. It's just that you look like a combatant.

YURI

I'm sorry. Does it show?

The old man looks into the backpack.

GENTLEMAN

Oh, you're a photographer.

YURI

A little.

GENTLEMAN

A little. Huh. No one with that much equipment is an amateur photographer. Unless you're wealthy.

YURI

I'm not rich. I'm just a small cog, that's all.

GENTLEMAN

I'm in hospitality.

YURI

Really.

GENTLEMAN

A bartender. But I can do almost anything around a hotel. I have a resort lined up in Belize. Tropical. I have to be there ASAP. ASAP? You don't know what that means do you?

YURI

I think it means summer.

GENTLEMAN

Oh, good. This is spring. I'll have some time to become acclimated. What do you photograph?

Yuri reaches for Shvets' phone. He opens Vika's photos and flips through them.

GENTLEMAN

What a woman!

YURI

Wife.

GENTLEMAN

What really. So you married the model. Imagine that; a professional athlete marrying a beautiful woman.

YURI

You know who I am.

GENTLEMAN

Of course. Where have you been?

YURI

Coaching.

He reaches Daria's photos.

GENTLEMAN

Who's that? Your mistress?

YURI

Her best friend seems...

GENTLEMAN

You keep her best friend as well?

YURI

No. Nothing like that.

GENTLEMAN

I had a woman, but lost her two days ago. After narrowly escaping death with me, she went with a younger man.

YURI

But you had a visa for two?

GENTLEMAN

Ya think that was the problem?

YURI

Well, who knows.

GENTLEMAN

I should have seen this coming.

YURI

I'll admit I was surprised.

A lot of young women with older men, these days I've noticed.

GENTLEMAN

It's a war.

YURI

Yes, it is.

GENTLEMAN

I have a daughter and a grandson in Turkey.

YURI

That's nice.

GENTLEMAN

No drama there; she married a Muslim and left a piece back.

Yuri appears that he can't stand to hear it anymore.

GENTLEMAN

I've been insulted at every corner. So, I'll go to the jungle.

CLERK

Shvets!

(beat)

Shvets!

Yuri sits but eventually realizes that's his new name. He jumps up and begins to enter the office.

Daria and Vika begin to exit the visa office, Vika doesn't notice Yuri, but he notices her. Vika is walking a mile a minute, clearly on a mission. Daria is almost out the door but glances at Yuri. She stops on a dime. She notices his new sports suit.

DARIA

Hey, you clean up pretty nicely.

YURI

Hello. You're going to Belize?

DARIA

Me. Not me. She's looking for her husband.

YURI

That's Vika Shvets, the fashion model?

DARIA

Today, she's a racehorse.

YURI

And he's missing?

DARIA

She left him. Now she's changed her mind.

YURI

Yea, war tends to do that.

DARIA

But... now he's punishing her. Shopping around for a visa, but avoiding her.

YURI

That's wrong.

DARIA

I'm not married.

YURI

You wanna be?

DARIA

Well, I'd need to know more about you.

YURI

No, I mean you aren't psychologically opposed?

DARIA

I don't know; I never was married. I had a man, an American and he and his wife' they bolted out of here on the first plane to Washington.

YURI

Can't say I blame him.

DARIA

That's not nice.

YURI

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it he was escaping you.

DARIA

He's a coward.

YURI

Well, it's not his war.

DARIA

Still, he's a coward. He said he'd vouch for me on a visa application.

YURI

And now not a word?

DARIA

No.

YURI

Your friend, she wants her husband back?

DARIA

Hopefully he has a visa for her. She needs to be in New York. Me too.

YURI

He very well could be dead. Killed in the war.

DARIA

No, that's never gonna happen. He loves himself too much.

YURI

Why is she searching for him? She can't get her own visa.

DARIA

Ask her. No, on second thought, don't. You're mine.

Vika comes back into the consulate building and is fast walking toward Yuri and Daria; something has interrupted her search. Yuri is watching Vika fume. Before Vika arrives...

DARIA

Oh, here she comes. She realized I wasn't with her. You better hurry up and ask me out, before she gets here.

YURI

They just called my name.

DARIA

Don't you wanna take me in the jungle of Belize? I mean "to" the jungle of Belize. Belize is a jungle, right?

YURI

Yeah, let me think about it.

DARIA

Don't think about it too long.

YURI

I'm thinking about it now...

DARIA

You were a fútbol player, right?

YURI

Was, for a short time.

DARIA

You look like a fútboller. But you're shy.

YURI

Not always.

Vika is perturbed that she must return to fetch her friend.

DARIA

Listen, I'm stuck here waiting for a visa. You don't happen to have an extra one on you, do you?

Daria moves very close to Yuri and whispers to him.

DARIA

(suggestively)

We could go in the bathroom and you could give it to me. You know quietly.

YURI

(chuckling)

I don't have a visa, yet. Just a nice letter.

DARIA

But, you will. Call me.

Daria takes out a business card and a red ink pen. She draws a heart around her number. Vika arrives and takes Daria's arm and leads her out into the street. Yuri enters the visa office.

INT. VISA OFFICE - BELIZE CONSULATE - DAY

The CLERK signals for Yuri to enter and sit. The clerk seems friendly until he sees Shvets' papers. The clerk's eyes grow large.

CLERK

You should go directly to the consule general. I have to warn you this could get messy.

INT. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Yuri enters the office.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Hello.

YURI

Hello.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Nice to meet you. Your wife was just in here, looking for you.

YURI

Yes. I saw her in the lobby.

CONSUL-GENERAL

And she's been here every day for a week. She cries.

YURI

She left me.

CONSUL-GENERAL

And now she wants you back? That's good news, friend.

YURI
Apparently.

CONSUL-GENERAL
And you're still married?

YURI
Yes.

CONSUL-GENERAL
Children?

YURI
No.

CONSUL-GENERAL
Well, Belize is a Hispanic nation. It's
located here.

Map on the wall.

CONSUL-GENERAL
The majority of Belizeans are Roman
Catholic. There is a Protestant influence
from the British, but either way if this
gets out...

YURI
Surely your not saying..

CONSUL-GENERAL
I have to certify that you're employable.

YURI
I'm a photographer. A fashion photographer.
I'm hired a lot in Paris, Rome. In New York.
America.

CONSUL-GENERAL
Yes, I'm aware of New York. In America.

YURI
Does Belize even have a fashion industry?

CONSUL-GENERAL
Not that I'm aware of.

YURI

So, they wouldn't even hire me locally anyway.

CONSUL-GENERAL

It's interesting how you believe the Americans don't care so much about family.

YURI

This might seem a bit odd... but can I request... on the document, can you put "person accompanying" instead of "spouse"?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Person accompanying? I don't know what that is.

YURI

I have a letter from your embassy in Kiev.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I saw that. But, if you can't show me how you would make a living...

YURI

I'm a photographer.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Well, you are also an atheist who abandoned his wife in Ukraine... during a war.

YURI

Atheist. Who said that?

The consul-general raises his eyebrows...

YURI

But I have this letter.

CONSUL-GENERAL

It says so long as you qualify.

YURI

But I qualify.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I don't have the power to just declare you employable.

YURI

Kyiv?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Sorry, there's been a misunderstanding.

YURI

They're building camps outside Nikolske and Makedonivka. I can show you on a map.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I'm not in intelligence. And we're a tax haven and vacation destination.

YURI

Yes, but...

CONSUL-GENERAL

Please with all due respect, sell it to the Americans.

Yuri gets up to leave.

CONSUL-GENERAL

What was your wife's name again? Your wife's name. Are you so jaded you've forgotten your wife's name?

FLASHBACK

Yuri visualizes/remembers one of the emails, Vika's last/sad email to her husband.

END FLASHBACK

YURI

Her name is Vika.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Okay. That's good. Maybe you call her and patch things up and then return here?

EXT/INT. TAXI - ODESA - DAY

Yuri leaves a restaurant with two large pizza boxes and a six-pack of beer. He climbs into a taxi.

Yuri sits in the back of a taxi. Yuri opens a bottle of beer and hands it up to the taxi driver. Yuri opens a pizza box for the two of them to eat. There is a traffic jam; Yuri watches the people. Nearly everyone has a bike they are rolling down the sidewalk. Each bike seems loaded down with bundles of clothes and computers and children's toys. Nearly everyone leaving is leaving with a pet. Cats in pet carriers. Dogs on leashes.

TAXI DRIVER

Chaos is on the way and now everyone can't bear to leave the consumer goods they've bought.

Vika and Daria walk, again a hundred miles an hour, down the sidewalk. They seem to be still searching. Daria is making eyes at nearly every man they pass. Vika is focused only on reaching the next consulate.

EXT/INT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - DAY

The taxi arrives outside the home of Ocean and Tazagul. He has a pizza box, still. Upstairs...

YURI

Feel like playing?

OCEAN

There's a game. Come on.

YURI

I brought you something.

Ocean eagerly digs into the box and pulls out a slice.

YURI

Is your mama here?

OCEAN

Dad's dead. Oh, I forgot you were here. She's at her new work.

YURI

How do you get a American baseball game on TV?

OCEAN

Uh, it's not broken.

YURI

I mean...

OCEAN

There's a dish on the roof.

YURI

You still going to America?

OCEAN

They play baseball in Manila.

YURI

Manila?

OCEAN

Did you know they have twelve professional teams and they play all their games in the same stadium. Manila has nine million people and the teams travel to the fans.

YURI

Filipino players ever make it to America? MLB?

OCEAN

No. They're generally too small.

YURI

Now the Japanese, they play baseball.

OCEAN

My mom's new boyfriend isn't Japanese.

YURI

Too bad, huh.

OCEAN

It is what it is.

YURI

That was quick.

Both watch the game, eating pizza and Ocean opens a beer. Yuri gets up occasionally and walks to the balcony. Yuri looks out at the smoke on the horizon; the Russian army is on the way to Odesa.

Yuri isn't aware Ocean is drinking the beer, until Ocean gives him a strange look. An odd taste.

YURI

You can't drink beer.

OCEAN

Why?

YURI

Your mom.

OCEAN

Mom asked me what your job was. I told her you were a sports coach.

YURI

What'd she say about that?

OCEAN

Nothing.

Ocean quickly hands Yuri the beer. Someone is fiddling with the door lock.

YURI

That's your mom?

OCEAN

Yes.

Tazagul looks at the pizza, Yuri with two beers. Yuri sitting on the couch with her son watching a baseball game.

YURI

Mama, wanna watch the game?

She bursts into tears, runs into a bedroom and slams the door.
Yuri goes to the bedroom door.

YURI
(through the door)
Taz, I'm sorry about the beer.

Nothing.

YURI
Well, okay. I'm sorry. I brought it for me,
but well I guess he's just curious. I don't
think he liked it, if that helps.

Nothing.

OCEAN
You better get used to it.

YURI
What?

OCEAN
She's been doing that.

YURI
Naturally.

OCEAN
Really.

YURI
It's what women do.

Ocean is a bit puzzled because she didn't used to burst into
tears. It's something new.

YURI
Hey, I might be getting a visa for America.

OCEAN
Really!

YURI
And listen I was thinking about marketing.

OCEAN

Marketing?

YURI

Endorsements. P.R. You handle the baseball and I'll market you and I've been thinking about that. Your first name, Ocean, is highly marketable, but that last name... that's Kazakh?

OCEAN

Maybe I'll use your last name?

YURI

Melnyk? That's doable...

OCEAN

It's short.

YURI

It might work.

OCEAN

New York.

YURI

They're a lot of Ukrainians in New York.

OCEAN

Mom, there's pizza.

Yuri turns and Tazagul is standing there with a totally blank face. She's contemplating something or nothing.

Time passes. Ocean is sitting between Yuri and Tazagul. They seem fat and happy, watching the baseball game. There is a bit of energy between Taz and Yuri; they nervously glance at each other.

OCEAN

You wanna sleepover. It's late and the couch is here, well of course you know that; you're sitting on it.

YURI

I have business. But I'll check back with you.

OCEAN

Tomorrow we can have batting practice?

YURI

Deal.

EXT. ODESA - NIGHT

Yuri walks through the night to the hostel.

There is a police chase. Yuri watches cars racing through the streets, and a crash into the front of a dress shoppe. The Ukrainian police swarm into the building through the demolished storefront, shattered window and door. We hear far too much gunfire.

PEDESTRIAN #1

Spies?

Many on the sidewalk cross themselves and stand in awe.

Yuri witnesses it all. And across the street, he notices that a fourth PRETTY LADY also has witnessed it. Yuri and the pretty lady make eye contact. They gaze at each other for a short period. Then they avoid each other's eyes. The pretty lady may already have found an exit (money, a man, or viza). Yuri may have found Tazagul more interesting than any pretty woman walking at 11 pm. However, the police shooting has made everyone still and quiet. The killing has drained all the energy out of them.

PEDESTRIAN #1

What a shame?

PEDESTRIAN #2

Only yesterday Ukrainians and Russians were cousins.

PEDESTRIAN #3

That was yesterday. This is now.

Camera on several individuals and families who are dazed by the crash and shooting. Suddenly in the suburbs, a bomb or missile explodes. There is a huge boom and everyone jumps out of their skin. They all look in the direction of the explosion. A fireball is rising up into the distant sky.

EXT. PIER - ODESA PORT - DAY

Yuri has found a discarded fishing net and built a batting cage out of the net and discarded/rusting rebar. And Yuri's found a dozen tennis balls, cheaper than baseballs. Ocean is batting at the balls as Yuri pitches them to him. The tennis balls are soft and Yuri doesn't care if he's hit. However, the baseball is hit directly at Yuri and he's struck rather hard. Ocean looks guilty and sorry. However, Yuri laughs it off.

EXT/INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Yuri and Ocean enter the consulate. They take a seat and wait.

YURI

This won't take but a minute.

OCEAN

Okay.

Ocean takes out a stack of baseball cards and he's been flipping through them.

Yuri and Ocean are sitting in the middle of a conversation between two friends. On the left is a SMOKER (terrible health) is sitting there chain-smoking cheap Turkish cigarettes. On the right is GRIFTER (who seems fit and healthy) who just has arrived.

GRIFTER

I'm sorry I had a hotel call.

SMOKER

Okay. Which hotel?

GRIFTER

A woman from Druzhkivka over at the Atlantic Garden.

SMOKER

Hypochondria?

GRIFTER

She's sick, man, with the flu and the virus so I went by.

SMOKER

What are you a doctor now?

GRIFTER

You know I've been studying alternative medicine for two years now.

SMOKER

So what did you prescribe?

GRIFTER

Squats with herbal medicines. To lay off the dairy. Citric acid.

SMOKER

You're getting good.

GRIFTER

God willing. I'll be in America in a month.

SMOKER

All non-surgical procedures?

GRIFTER

You're messing with me now because you think I'm a grifter.

SMOKER

I'm not.

GRIFTER

You called me that.

SMOKER

When?

GRIFTER

Two years ago. Don't think I don't remember.

SMOKER

It's true.

GRIFTER

You're a real nicotine junkie.

The smoker coughs on everyone and then after the coughing fit he thinks to cover his mouth.

SMOKER

Don't worry it's not THE virus or anything it's just smoker's cough.

GRIFTER

What did I tell you? Nicotine attacks your respiratory system, and central nervous system. Even small doses can cause paralysis.

Very long beat; the smoker has a slight (two second) mini-stroke.

SMOKER

Prove it.

GRIFTER

Look at you man. I mean fifty milligrams alone have been proven to be fatal in a few minutes.

SMOKER

Man how much is in one cigarette.

GRIFTER

Three. They also use it in insecticides.

SMOKER

I mean it's good that it kills bugs. Right?

More coughing. Several people glare at them.

SMOKER

Don't worry my friend is a doctor. Actually, he specializes in alternative medicine, that is, alternative to this planet.

GROSS LADY

I smoke and have the same cough. Anything I can do?

GRIFTER

You get some hydrogen peroxide.

GROSS LADY

Like for cuts?

GRIFTER

Yes. Fifty per cent hydrogen peroxide and fifty per cent water. You gargle with it; don't swallow it, lady. Spit it out.

SMOKER

Yeah and if that doesn't work try canibus, the edibles. Don't smoke it, though. You eat it.

She doesn't seem to believe him.

GROSS LADY

He's a doctor; what are you? A dumbass?

INT. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Yuri enters and sits in front of the consul-general.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is we owe you a great debt. You did yourself a huge favour when you agreed to be available for a war-crimes trial when it comes...

Yuri is surprised. Shvets must have agreed before he hung himself.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I've been told to facilitate this and I'll be happy to do that.

YURI

What's the bad news?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Your name was mentioned in an intercept.

YURI

Intercept?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Well, it seems the Russians know who you are.

YURI

What? How.

CONSUL-GENERAL

We listen. The Russians listen. They know who we are and we know who they are. Easier that way.

YURI

Easier? Not for me.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I'm sorry, but we're gonna get you out of here long before the Russians get here.

YURI

You're not going to intervene?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Us? The USA? Russia is a nuclear power. Not a chance in hell.

It's a huge blow to Yuri. Yuri contemplates himself being captured or killed. Long beat.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I read over your application. I see you don't list a "spouse?"

YURI

She left me.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You've put down "EB-007 and son" instead. Where did you hear that?

Yuri shrugs.

YURI

A fellow out in the café across the street.

CONSUL-GENERAL

This EB-007... it doesn't exist.

YURI

It's not a secret code?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Someone outside the U.S. government made it up, or dreamed it into existence in their mind. Or it's just a cruel joke played on less than enlightened refugees.

YURI

It doesn't mean "friend of the USA"?

CONSUL-GENERAL

No, there isn't any such designation. But if there was such a thing, she would be a "person accompanying visa holder." So you have a new female friend?

YURI

Yes.

CONSUL-GENERAL

I've met your wife and...

Yuri shrugs.

YURI

And she has a son? He's eight. I'm not the father.

CONSUL-GENERAL

So, you're happy with that?

YURI

Perhaps, in your heart, you can help me?

Too short a beat. The intelligence attache at the consulate has probably told the consul to cooperate with his immigration. A war-crime trial will need witnesses.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Not a problem.

The consul-general makes a note.

CONSUL-GENERAL

We are certainly happy you escaped. Many of the other witnesses didn't.

YURI

From Suzhenka?

CONSUL-GENERAL

The photos of the atrocities.

YURI

You saw the photos?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Yes, of course. Everyone has. First in the fashion magazines. And then in the newspapers.

YURI

That fast huh?

CONSUL-GENERAL

You are appreciated.

YURI

The Russians think I took the photos? How would they even know who I am?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Don't worry you will have resident alien status in the U.S. It's been arranged. Full political asylum.

YURI

What does that mean?

CONSUL-GENERAL

It means that your life is in danger here.

YURI

But not really? It's just a reason that's put on paper for your government? Something to speed up the paperwork?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Not exactly. You need to take this seriously.

YURI

But why would they want to kill me? The photos are already out there.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Don't worry. They can't touch you in New York. And, you'll be an American in 3 years.

YURI

Right?

CONSUL-GENERAL

You'll vote in the next American presidential election.

YURI

And I'm supposed to support who?

CONSUL-GENERAL

That's up to you. But I do have a question. You're Ukrainian; why didn't you send the photos to your own government.

Yuri is frozen.

CONSUL-GENERAL

There was a reason?

YURI

I'm a patriot.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Or course. So, why the fashion magazines? You felt you could trust them?

YURI

Trust, yes.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You already know people in New York? In the fashion industry?

YURI

My contacts.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You don't want to stay and photograph all this?

YURI

No.

CONSUL-GENERAL

But it's what photographers do. You could make a real reputation for yourself.

YURI

I feel burned out.

CONSUL-GENERAL

So what gives?

YURI

When I was a small boy digital cameras were new; I took hundreds of photos. At school, at home. Everywhere.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Of course.

YURI

But unfortunately...once I went to a fútbol/soccer game and the next day was "show-and-tell" day at school. I showed my photos and then tried to answer questions. What was the score? Which players scored? Who was the coach? How many were in attendance?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Yes.

YURI

And I couldn't answer them. I was looking through the camera.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Through viewfinder?

YURI

Yes. In the last month, I began to realize something.

CONSUL-GENERAL

But you escaped a Russian prison camp, and with a camera. How did you hide the camera?

YURI

In his/my underwear.

CONSUL-GENERAL

The war. All the terrifying and horrific photos. The camp. The escape. Nearly

executed.

YURI

That all happened, yes.

CONSUL-GENERAL

So, the war is over for you?

YURI

Thank God, I was looking through the viewfinder? I didn't realize how horrible it was until I was safe and looking at the photos. I feel that when you're desensitized by it... time to check it in.

CONSUL-GENERAL

That's a weighty revelation.

YURI

Well, I don't know what to say.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You don't have to say anything.

YURI

Thank you.

CONSUL-GENERAL

But to show our appreciation we'd like to extend to you a warm welcome into the U.S. and hopefully, we can help you get established. But, I'm told that you can work for any number of magazines.

YURI

Why?

CONSUL-GENERAL

You're a hero with the avant-garde; the artsy-fartsy class... they're very critical of Russia's war of aggression, of course. Work is not an issue. They will be knocking down the door to hire you 'cause you're the guy who screwed Putin with the photograph.

YURI

In New York? How do they know, what I'm alleged to have done?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Friend, the story of your escape from the Russian camp, with the photos, it's in a dozen magazines. I saw the story on CNN.

YURI

But I'm still here within the reach of the Russians. I'm still here and they are blasting my story. My photo?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Well, it's big news. And maybe your country needed a hero. That whole "ghost pilot" thing... 60 downed Russian jets... it turned out not true; exposed as fiction. But, you ARE the real deal.

YURI

I'm propaganda.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You will get a book deal and probably a movie deal too.

YURI

In New York?

CONSUL-GENERAL

Can we make some calls for you? Can we help you? Let us know.

YURI

I'd like to try to coach sports.

CONSUL-GENERAL

What? A sport?

YURI

Perhaps baseball? Soccer?

CONSUL-GENERAL

I'm not sure there's any need for all that. No more hiding. You'll be plenty safe. Need

anything else? Ready to leave?

YURI
For America?

CONSUL-GENERAL
For New York.

YURI
When?

CONSUL-GENERAL
On Friday. Aboard the *Silver Cloud*.

The consul-general hands him an envelope.

YURI
What's this?

CONSUL-GENERAL
Your visa. Two tickets and some walking
around money. The tickets we bought in a
block; they don't have your name on them.
So, don't lose them.

YURI
Do I need to move or do something?

CONSUL-GENERAL
Move. I don't know why. If you want to.

Yuri opens the envelope and there are various papers, two cruise
ship passes and a considerable amount of U.S. dollars.

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN CONSULAT - DAY

When Yuri emerges from the office, Ocean isn't where he was
sitting. Yuri looks around and finally finds Ocean in a remote
hallway. There is an AMERICAN MARINE with a sharpie. Ocean hands
the baseball card to the marine.

OCEAN
Mookie Betts, Dodgers.

The marine googles the player on his smartphone. Google images
autograph. The marine makes note of the autograph and with great

talent forges the autograph on the card. He waves the card in the air so the ink will dry and he hands it back to the boy. Yuri was worried but now he chuckles.

OCEAN

Jake Arrieta, Padres.

(beat)

Corey Seager, Rangers.

(beat)

Jeremy Peña, Astros.

Rather than see what they are doing, Yuri clears his throat and doesn't approach. The marine looks like he's already in trouble. Yuri gestures for Ocean to come along.

As Yuri and Ocean turn Vika enters. Again, she's searching for her husband. Yuri wants to approach her. But his immigration status, a great deal of money (cash and a bank account) and his continued safety might be in jeopardy if he reveals himself to her. We get the impression that Vika's the one Yuri really wants, but can't have.

Yuri and Ocean walk by her and she doesn't recognize Yuri. But she questions a CLERK and the clerk points to Yuri and Ocean, who are walking with their backs to her.

Vika runs two steps and hesitates.

VIKA

(to herself)

Oh my, he has a son?

EXT. STREET OF ODESA - CONSULATE - DAY

Vika walks rapidly after him and grabs his shoulder from behind in the street.

VIKA

Darling. You could have told...

But she quickly realizes she's made the same mistake, Daria did before. It's not her husband. She steps back puzzled but it's not clear she's aware he's an imposter. She looks back at the consulate; the consul-general is standing on the steps. He sees their encounter, and waves. She contemplates that it's a mistake of some sort and runs. The consul-general shrugs to Yuri; what's it gonna take to get you two back together.

Ocean is depressed; he sees Yuri's lovelorn expression.

OCEAN

You want to marry that woman! Maybe you should chase her then.

YURI

Never chase a bad pitch, son.

OCEAN

What? You're taking her to America?

YURI

I don't think that...

OCEAN

Yes, you are leaving with her.

YURI

Can't really do that.

OCEAN

No, you know where she lives and you'll walk there. My mom and I, we'll be dead.

Ocean bolts away and runs away. Yuri doesn't chase him. Yuri walks.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - DAY

Yuri climbs the stairs and rings Ocean and Tazagul's bell. Ocean is in his room crying; he doesn't answer. Tazagul isn't home. Yuri leaves.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Yuri is eating at a table, alone. An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN is nervous and simply sits down.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm terribly sorry to interrupt your dinner. My husband was killed; will you buy me a meal? Friend.

INT/EXT. CAFÉ & SIDEWALK - DAY

Just at that moment, Daria runs down the sidewalk in a panic. Yuri doesn't know what to do. He hesitates, but then pushes his plate over to the attractive woman. He puts money on the table. He leaves to chase Daria. Yuri catches her and runs beside her.

DARIA

My baby.

YURI

You have a baby?

DARIA

She's ill.

YURI

And there is a doctor here?

DARIA

Yes, in the next block.

INT. MODEST APARTMENTS - ODESA - DAY

Daria and Yuri climb the stairs. Instead of knocking on the door, Daria simply barges in. There is Vika. Yuri is surprised.

VIKA

Charlotte?

DARIA

She's sick. Not like last time. This time it's serious.

VIKA

She needs a doctor though, right?

MAXIM, a large pediatrician, enters from the bedroom.

VIKA

Maxim, can you help us?

MAXIM

Daria, again? Sure.

DARIA

I don't know. It's not her breathing this time. It's just she doesn't smile anymore and she's crying constantly.

MAXIM

Was it something she ate? What's changed?

DARIA

Well, I've been with Vika the last few days and I left her with the neighbour. I've done that before.

VIKA

She doesn't know what's wrong.

MAXIM

Is it far?

YURI

Five minutes.

MAXIM

One second, I'll get my bag.

(to Vika)

I'll see you later.

VIKA

Yes.

Maxim kisses her on the cheek. And they leave.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

MAXIM

And who are you?

YURI

I'm Yuri. Daria's friend.

MAXIM

I'm Maxim, Vika's... friend. Congratulations.

YURI

To you as well.

That's all Daria needs, she grabs Yuri's hand and upper arm.

YURI

Well, whatever expenses...

MAXIM

Oh, don't worry about that.

INT. DARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maxim comes out of the bedroom. He approaches Yuri. Daria's in the kitchen questioning the NEIGHBOR LADY.

MAXIM

(under his breath to Yuri)

This is malnutrition.

YURI

Oh.

Maxim whispers something to Daria. Daria confronts the neighbour lady who is waiting for news in the kitchen...

DARIA

I thought you were feeding her!

NEIGHBOUR

Well, you just dropped her off. Formula is almost impossible to find. I thought her mother was feeding her! You are her mother.

Daria screams in frustration.

MAXIM

(under his breath to Yuri)

I doubt she has any money.

YURI

(to the doctor)

I'll take care of it. Formula? What kind?

MAXIM

Whatever they have available. You may have to look around.

YURI

I'm sure it's in shortage, like everything.

MAXIM

I'll get some B-12 but if you can the
formula and a good children's multi-vitamin.
A liquid.

YURI

I know a guy, who knows a guy.

Daria exits the kitchen and enters the front room sobbing. Yuri
leaves. Daria looks like she's in despair.

INT. STAIRWELL - DARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maxim returns with some B-12. Yuri returns with two arms full of
formula and gummy vitamins for the baby.

MAXIM

How much was all that?

YURI

Don't ask.

MAXIM

This war really sucks.

Daria greets them at the door. She looks better but not totally
healed. She hugs Yuri tightly and closely and whispers to him.

DARIA

Thank you. Thank you.

She then hugs Maxim. It's a solid but friendly hug.

DARIA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Both men barely know how to react.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Maxim and Yuri walk leisurely. The drama is finished. The city
is cleared out and it's a quiet walk.

MAXIM

You're going to marry Daria?

YURI

Well... why do you ask?

MAXIM

Vika will question me when I return. What should I tell her?

YURI

Daria's a bit of a scatterbrain, huh?

MAXIM

You're just now learning that?

YURI

I had my suspicions.

MAXIM

But she's the second most beautiful woman in all of the Ukraine.

YURI

Who is the first most beautiful?

MAXIM

Vika, of course.

YURI

You're not the only one that thinks that.

MAXIM

You too huh?

Yuri nods.

MAXIM

You, me and half the world. Everyone loves Vika.

YURI

What about you and her; you'll marry her?

MAXIM

She's married and I have a visa for Poland.

YURI

You'll take her with you, of course?

MAXIM

She refuses. She's been looking for her husband.

YURI

Her husband's dead.

MAXIM

She thinks he's hiding from her. Sightings but she can't lasso him.

Yuri realizes that he's been about town and to two consulates using her husband's I.D.

MAXIM

I'd like to think Vika's in love with me and she only wants her husband for the visa. Allegedly he has one for her.

YURI

I have one. Actually, I have two.

MAXIM

To the U.S.? You're taking Daria?

YURI

I didn't know about any baby.

MAXIM

Generally, they'll accommodate children.

YURI

When do you think she was going to tell me?

MAXIM

About the child? At the last possible moment.

(quietly)

Or maybe never.

Maxim is implying that Daria might leave Charlotte with family or with an orphanage, but it's a slight insinuation, not based on evidence.

Yuri continues to walk. He's overwhelmed.

MAXIM

Well???

YURI

I don't know. I honestly don't know.

MAXIM

Let's have a beer or six. That ought to settle it.

YURI

Three for you and three for me?

MAXIM

Ho, ho, ho. That's funny my friend. Six each or nothing!

INT. BEER GARDEN - DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

They enter a bar and sit. Maxim takes out his phone and texts something. Yuri looks worried, that maybe Maxim is FSB. Nothing sinister happens.

There are two guys, probably FSB at the bar watching everyone.

Time passes and the men are now buzzed fairly well.

MAXIM

What a mess we're in my friend. Hah.

YURI

What?

MAXIM

America. I want to go there too.

YURI

What about Vika?

MAXIM

I could only offer her Poland; Vika, she'd rather stay and look for her parasite of a husband.

YURI

And I don't want to take Daria to America.

MAXIM

(laughing)

Maybe I'll take Daria to Poland and let you stay here with Vika!

YURI

You're drunk.

MAXIM

We're drunk. Because you didn't immediately agree.

YURI

Sure, but I'd like to know what happened?

The WAITRESS overhears and misinterprets.

WAITRESS

It's a war; didn't you hear?

She waits for an explosion, hand to ear. In the far distance, there is an explosion, barely audible.

MAXIM

No, no, girl. He's talking to me.

(to Yuri)

She left her husband for me (or maybe not for me) before the invasion. But still... a day or two before the invasion. We were on a plane, she and I.

YURI

Done deal? All the documents in order?

MAXIM

Save a marriage certificate.

YURI

So you were on a plane?

MAXIM

Yes, and she disembarked.

YURI

And now you're leaving without her?

MAXIM

(extra drunk)

How about this? I'll go to Poland by myself
and you take both Daria AND Vika to New
York.

YURI

Well, I did a favour for the Americans. So,
Maybe I will.

MAXIM

You did?

YURI

Photographs.

MAXIM

You're a spy?

YURI

No.

MAXIM

A pornographer?

YURI

Not that kind of photos.

MAXIM

What kind of photos then?

YURI

Propaganda photos. No not propaganda.
Atrocities.

MAXIM

You're leaving without Daria or Vika. Seems
like a waste of good paper.

YURI

Paper?

MAXIM

You have two visas. You said that.

YURI

Well, there is a woman I'm interest in. She has a son, a baseball player.

MAXIM

Baseball?

YURI

I'm not the father.

MAXIM

But you care about him.

YURI

How do you know that?

MAXIM

Because you brought it up.
But his mother?

YURI

Her husband died and she's a wreck.

MAXIM

Is the woman repairable?

YURI

I imagine.

MAXIM

I'm sure America repairs everyone.

YURI

I hear.

MAXIM

Or kills them, depending on who you are talking about.

YURI

I don't know what to do.

MAXIM

"Do right when you can, wrong when you must. Hesitate only when you must but never ever act." Or is it the other way around?

YURI

It must be the other way around because I tell my players, he who hesitates is lost.

MAXIM

You're a coach?

YURI

Was. Am. The Russians interrupted a relatively promising season.

MAXIM

Want to arm wrestle?

YURI

So why don't you ask her again?

MAXIM

Vika? About Poland? I did. I'd just begged her when you and Daria showed up at the apartment.

YURI

So how'd that go?

MAXIM

I have to set up a hospital for the refugees. They're expecting me. It's my job. I can't wait any longer. I'll be paid in Euros?

YURI

And does she know that?

MAXIM

I told her. I have to go. People in need are waiting. I won't be able to help either woman unless I have money.

YURI

You're wise to be practical.

MAXIM

She leaves her husband, in peacetime, and now, in war, she won't leave him.

YURI

I see.

MAXIM

You see?

YURI

Yes. I see. You have a bad conscience and want my help leaving Vika here?

MAXIM

I want you to take her to America.

YURI

You seem to know all about my destiny.

MAXIM

I know a bit more about you than you suspect. I know that you're in love with a woman. It's perhaps a strange circumstance that we both should be in love with the same woman.

(beat)

Before when you were looking at her in my apartment, I knew there was something between you and Vika.

YURI

Speaking of Vika...

Maxim sees Vika enter the bar. He had texted her earlier.

MAXIM

Any news?

VIKA

How many more days do I have?

MAXIM

Two more days, dear. Here. Have something to eat.

VIKA

No.

MAXIM

This is my new friend. He has not just one visa, he has two visas to America. Big wig spy, the Americans owe him plenty.

Yuri shakes his head, signally Maxim to stop talking. Two suspicious-looking guys at the bar turn toward them; they could be FSB.

YURI

Stop talking.

MAXIM

Good idea. Maybe I should leave you two to talk. I'm going back to Daria's.

VIKA

Drunk?

MAXIM

Maybe she won't notice.

Maxim exits the bar.

VIKA

You are the man that seduced my friend, Daria?

YURI

No one has seduced anyone.

VIKA

Yet? I think you should.

YURI

And that would help things?

VIKA

It's been known to happen. The "birds and the bees" never get lost and they always know what direction to fly.

YURI

Didn't they find a flamingo carcass in Antarctica?

VIKA
I don't believe it.

YURI
No, I think that's right.

VIKA
It's bullshit.

YURI
I read it.

VIKA
Maybe it was caught up in a storm and was
carried there.

YURI
What's this invasion but a storm?

VIKA
Are you taking my friend and her baby to
America?

YURI
The doctor wants me to take you.

VIKA
Really? He said that.

YURI
He loves you.

VIKA
He's a good doctor. A great one.

YURI
But he knows very little about human nature?

VIKA
If you're three he understands you
perfectly.

(beat)
Do you know a good pawn shop in Odesa?

YURI
What are you looking to buy?

VIKA

I'm selling. I have some of my husband's photography equipment and some computers.

YURI

You've run out of money?

VIKA

He has my money, but that's okay. My job is to look pretty. He handles everything else. The business and the money. Now I'm just separated. You know?

YURI

So he's leaving?

VIKA

Yes. This time I believe he really is.

YURI

And you can't find your husband.

VIKA

He's hiding from me. He's been to the American, Belize and the Canadian consulate.

YURI

He's not been to the Canadian consulate. Do you want to get him back?

VIKA

I don't know. Apparently, I'm too late.

YURI

Why are you looking for him, then?

VIKA

He has my visa. I can't make it without him.

YURI

Sure you can.

VIKA

I should, I've visited nearly every consulate in the city?

YURI

Do you want to leave?

VIKA

Let's see I can be raped by 100 Russian morons with syphilis, live in Poland, or...

YURI

Or you can come with me to New York.

VIKA

I'm pretty sure Daria has her heart set on you and New York. She's a beautiful woman, you can live relatively well with her working.

YURI

Well, I thought I would be polite and ask.

VIKA

Who are you?

YURI

Well, I'm not a famous photographer. And I'm not the sort of man to let a woman provide for...

VIKA

You sound very sweet.

Yuri reaches across the table and grabs Vika's hand. She pulls it back. But in a matter of a second or so, she reaches across the table and she does take Yuri's hand. She squeezes it and then releases it.

Maxim returns to the bar.

MAXIM

Well, Daria's only slightly better.

VIKA

Daria and not the baby? What sort of paediatrician are you; you're treating the mother before the infant?

MAXIM

The infant is much better, but I'm afraid Daria took accidentally starving her baby rather badly. Daria is in a state of..

VIKA

Confusion? It's normal.

MAXIM

Well, I think maybe that's true but now she realizes how confused she is.

VIKA

I hope not, for her sake. Please forget about me and take her to Poland.

MAXIM

What will you do?

Long beat. She looks at Yuri.

VIKA

I don't know.

MAXIM

You know but just won't say?

Vika says nothing. Something is eating at Maxim. Even though he offered Vika to Yuri, he could take her to America. And now Vika appears to have agreed.

Maxim stands and tries to drag Yuri up out of his chair and out of the bar. Yuri uses a classic judo move and throws Maxim on the floor. It's not too violent. In fact, Maxim chuckles as he looks up at Yuri.

MAXIM

I sold WHOEVER'S plane ticket.

Yuri reaches down for Maxim's hand and he pulls him up. Maxim sits like nothing really happened between he and Yuri.

VIKA

You did what? You dick! That was Daria's ticket out of here.

MAXIM

It was YOUR ticket out of here.

VIKA

So why did you...

MAXIM

Well, I'm sorry but I needed to force his hand.

VIKA

Who's hand?

MAXIM

(pointing at Yuri)

His hand. He will now have to act.

VIKA

I'm NOT going to America with a strange man, with my husband still here. Wait a minute. You still have Daria's visa to Poland?

MAXIM

It's your visa.

VIKA

The Poles hand them out like candy. It's the law of supply and demand.

MAXIM

Then she can get one without my help.

VIKA

You don't know Daria very well.

MAXIM

I think I'm learning.

YURI

So, it's just a matter of the money for the transportation.

VIKA

You ARE taking Daria with you?

YURI

It would be a small amount.

MAXIM

I don't... She's in a depression, it may be a perpetual state of depression. My organizing her might not cure anything.

VIKA

Oh, no. You won't get away so easy. She needs a good... nap, a new city, and she'll be back to normal.

MAXIM

Normal?

VIKA

Her normal is the best you can possibly do.

MAXIM

I had you all last week.

VIKA

That was then. This is now.

MAXIM

(to Yuri)

But some money, for food, bribes and well, babies are expensive.

VIKA

What? For Christ's sake, you're a doctor. And you're asking him for money? There are wounded people everywhere.

MAXIM

I'm not that kind of doctor.

VIKA

Bullshit, a doctor is a doctor. The end of the world is near, tomorrow maybe, and you can't take care of my friend? How does that happen?

Yuri reaches into his pocket and pulls out the envelope he received from the American consul-general. He is about to hand over the cash to Maxim. But Vika intercepts the cash and the money is returned to the envelope. Vika shakes her head.

VIKA

Giving money to this man is a mistake. The doctor clearly doesn't want to take her.

Vika looks distrustful at Maxim.

Vika whispers something in Yuri's ear.

MAXIM

I'll take her.

YURI

Tomorrow we'll walk with you and Daria to the Polish consulate.

MAXIM

Why?

VIKA

Little Charlotte will need a visa.

MAXIM

For Poland, infants don't need a visa.

VIKA

(highly suspicious)

And how do you know this?

MAXIM

I AM a pediatrician. That sort of thing comes up from time to time.

YURI

The train station, then. You can sell your airline ticket and book a train there. Three tickets, first to Kyiv and then to Warsaw.

MAXIM

I'll take care of it.

VIKA

You better.

YURI

You don't mind if we confirm that, do you?

MAXIM

You'll probably want to watch.

VIKA

Well, let's go deliver the happy news to Daria.

YURI

You go ahead and Vika and I will follow you.

Maxim, almost zombie-like, walks out of the bar. Vika and Yuri follow.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - ODESA - DAY

The trains are still running. The exodus continues and probably will go on until the last minute.

Vika, Daria (with suitcase) and Charlotte are in the distance watching Yuri and Maxim at the ticket window.

Maxim receives his train tickets. He immediately hands them to Yuri. Yuri examines them carefully.

Vika has agreed not to "enflame things," but she aggressively approaches with her phone/camera and photographs Maxim's tickets.

VIKA

Hold the tickets up by your face.

She documents Maxim and the tickets, embarrassing him in public.

MAXIM

(to Yuri)

I'll need to see that what you are telling Vika is true, as well. I need to see your ship tickets.

Yuri takes out the envelope he received from the Americans. He hands the money to Vika and the tickets he hands to Maxim.

Near the trains and waiting area...

Vika takes the money to Daria and hands it to her.

VIKA

Call me when you get there.

DARIA

I will.

VIKA

If I don't hear from you, I'll send Yuri up,
so don't forget.

DARIA

Thank you. Thank you for everything.

VIKA

Bye, little Charlotte

The women hug and kiss.

At the ticket office...

MAXIM

I'll not photograph you with these. I trust
you with Vika.

YURI

I trust you with Daria.

Daria, Charlotte and Maxim sit on a bench, waiting for their
train. This is not a pretty picture.

INT. CAFÉ - TRAIN STATION - DAY

It's a bit more romantic. Yuri and Vika are drinking coffee
looking at each other.

YURI

How'd I do?

VIKA

Well, they're not on the train yet. But yes.
You intimidated him really well. You did
great. So brave and so strong.

YURI

Thanks.

VIKA

Daria said you were a fútbol player.

YURI

Was. Coach now. Well until...

VIKA

I'm sorry, I asked you to do that.

YURI

Happy to help.

VIKA

I get wired up sometimes. Do you think I drink too much?

YURI

Vodka? I've never seen you drink anything but coffee.

VIKA

I only drink coffee; it makes me relax.

YURI

And it tastes good. Yes.

VIKA

I like to drink before I go to sleep. I drink a lot of coffee before I get in bed. I can dream fast. Dream like when they put a camera on the race cars.

YURI

Really?

VIKA

My mom taught me how to drink coffee.

YURI

Yeah, no?

VIKA

I think they should sell it in stores. She used to freeze it. Yeah she would fill up an ice cube tray, put sticks in it and put it in the freezer.

YURI
Popsicle caffeine pops; is that a good idea?

VIKA
I should go into marketing.

YURI
You sort of are in marketing. How many magazine covers?

VIKA
(looking at Maxim)
A few. Will I have to travel to Poland and kill him at a later date?

YURI
All I can do is put him on the train. You gave her the money?

VIKA
Yes.

YURI
Poland's not so bad.

VIKA
Darling? Let's skip New York and go to Poland. Take me there, please.

YURI
What?

VIKA
Haha! Your face.

YURI
Funny. Very funny.

Yuri stops grinning. She's been winning him over.

VIKA
Careful looking at me that way. People will think we're lovers.

YURI
I wouldn't complain.

VIKA

Perhaps. Maybe in New York.

Yuri contemplates things but seems to agree by nodding.

Vika is an entirely dignified woman, a gentlewoman. Any enlightened casting director will recognize the role as essentially "Ilsa Lund" from *Casablanca*. She's likely to continue searching for her husband but... she just witnessed her friend's safe/adequate exit and the Russians are getting nearer each day.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Daria, Charlette and Maxim are almost on board the train. Daria is too busy, too excited to wave, but her arms are full. Maxim hesitates and looks over into the café, at Yuri and Vika. Vika almost waves to him, but she changes the gesture to prayerful hands, then she mouths, "please" to him. The new couple and child board the train and it departs.

EXT/INT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - DAY

Yuri walks through the streets. He is something of a wistfulness, conflicted and brooding soul in purgatory waiting for his exit.

In the nearly empty parking lot, Yuri sees a junker of a Soviet automobile. Rusted out, the vehicle obviously belongs to Kazakh goat herders (bumper sticker). How the Kazakhs got to Odesa is a mystery. Perhaps the Russians let them drive through or they came on a ferry from the Crimea. Regardless, it was a perilous journey given the war. There is a KAZAKH CHILD with a pet goat on a leash. A resident of the apartments, ANOTHER CHILD, is speaking with the Kazakh child. We can tell from their gestures that a woman has jumped, an apparent suicide. Yuri walks past not realizing what might have happened earlier. Yuri stops before he steps on the bloodstain on the sidewalk.

Yuri looks up the side of the building but it's not entirely clear that he realizes Taz has jumped. Halfway up the stairs, he understands and he begins to run up the stairs.

Yuri is a bit shocked when a rough-looking KAZAKH ELDER opens the door. Two KAZAKH UNCLES look over him at Yuri. Kazakh ethnic/rural dress. The KAZAKH WOMEN are in mourning garb.

YURI

Taz here?

The Kazakhs shake their head, no.

YURI

She's out?

Again, the Kazakhs shake their head.

The men part and Yuri gets a glance at Ocean, who is on his bed. Ocean appears to have been crying and he's mad. Ocean's a vengeful boy. He saw Vika and Yuri together, that meeting in the street was tame/slight but (if you will remember) Ocean immediately accused him of wanting to leave for America without him and his mother.

KAZAKH UNCLE

Who is this man?

OCEAN

Another trouble maker as far as I know.

Three Kazakh men step out into the hall looking to fight. Yuri backs away and down the stairs.

YURI

Okay, I'm sorry. I'll just come back when things are... well, maybe later.

Yuri exits the building and conceals himself in an alley across the street. After a time, the Kazakhs emerge, each with a piece of furniture. The body language tells the story. They are taking Ocean; he might have resisted or tried to run away. He's placed in the vehicle. The Kazak vehicle accelerates and leaves a cloud of white smoke.

Yuri walks up to the apartment a second time. He puts his ear to the door. Nothing. He tries the knob. The door isn't locked. Yuri enters the apartment and the most of furniture is gone. Yuri enters Ocean's bedroom and only the baseball equipment remains. The bat, the baseball, and the tennis balls. The baseball cards are scattered about on the floor.

Yuri is entirely depressed. From Yuri's reaction, it was his plan to leave with the boy and his mother.

He stares at the equipment and an abandoned photo of Tazagul. He walks to the balcony and looks down. He holds his head in a mass of emotions and frankly, confusion. He looks at the ocean and the looks at the smoke on the horizon.

EXT. STREETS OF ODESA - DUSK/NIGHT

Yuri walks the street without purpose. Cars loaded to the brink with a family's belongings. Yuri observes the refugees and especially the desperate SINGLE MOTHERS that the able men ignore. He notes how a WRITER LADY, smart-looking and NEARLY as attractive as Vika, is forced to ask strangers for meals outside a restaurant.

EXT. CAFÉ - ODESA - NIGHT

The writer lady who Yuri witnessed asking people for meals outside the café, is now sitting opposite him. She's thrilled and she tries to gather his attention. But Yuri's out in outer space. He eats and hardly makes eye contact with the lady. The lady is still eating when Yuri's finished. She's looking to optimize her chances with him. But he's looking for a waitress so he can leave. She's not undesirable or one of the grotesques; Yuri is just out of emotional fuel.

WRITER LADY

Did I say something wrong?

YURI

No. I'm just tired.

WRITER LADY

My name is Jana.

YURI

Oh, nice to meet you.

INT. AMERICAN CONSUL - MORNING

Yuri is sitting in the consul-general's office.

CONSUL-GENERAL

When does your ship sail? Friday?

YURI

Will we have to wait?

CONSUL-GENERAL

That would be impossible for you. I doubt there'll be a ship after this one.

YURI

Oh.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You should have applied for your wife's transit the last time you were in here last week.

YURI

Things are complicated.

CONSUL-GENERAL

No time for explaining.

Yuri is handed another visa application.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Just enter her in the section marked: "Spouse". Don't use "EB-007," that means nothing.

YURI

I remember.

Yuri struggles with his penmanship.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You are curious.

YURI

For wanting to emigrate with my wife?

CONSUL-GENERAL

You didn't want to a few days ago.

YURI

Well, she left me. You know that.

CONSUL-GENERAL

And now you're back in love?

YURI

Hm? Something like that.

CONSUL-GENERAL

The two of you in Manhattan, a penthouse, a view. You come home from work, to your wife, whom I had the pleasure to meet and who is extremely glamorous, she'll be in the kitchen... chopping onions...

YURI

For the Beef Borscht.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Cabbage, potatoes and beets.

YURI

No, beets. Sacrilege.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Tomatoes?

YURI

Of course. Borscht originated in the Ukraine. It's our national dish. We don't pollute it with beets.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Perhaps you should be a chef? That's less public than a soccer pitch.

Yuri completes the application and hands it to the consul-general.

CONSUL-GENERAL

You'll be able to collect the documents in thirty minutes. See the secretary.

YURI

Thanks.

CONSUL-GENERAL

One last question. What was the last photograph you took?

YURI

A man died.

The consul-general isn't deterred. Yuri takes out his phone. He shows the consul-general the last photo on the phone. It's a dead body, a war atrocity. The consul-general grimaces, but he takes the phone and flips through several of them.

CONSUL-GENERAL

What you said the other day about seeing a war through a camera, it's beginning to register with me.

YURI

Thanks for understanding.

CONSUL-GENERAL

Well, I think that's all. Give us an hour and you'll have your new documents.

EXT. STREET OF ODESA - DAY

Yuri hands Vika the bankcard. She enters an upscale ladies' dress shop. Not that it matters to Yuri, but once it's clear Vika will take a long time, he sits on a bench. He watches the people boarding buses headed out of town. There are two SUSPICIOUS MEN (FSB agents); they are watching Yuri (or Vika) from a distance.

Across the street, one UKRAINIAN WOMAN is hawking *High Castle* (Ukrainian language) newspapers, and a RUSSIAN WOMAN is selling *Odesa Daily* (Russian language). They are shouting in a long-lived mutual hatred for each other. The shouting increases whenever one of them sells a paper or two more than the other. One is making sales, while the other's stack never gets any shorter. The bad Russian saleswoman suddenly turns to the talented Ukrainian and curses her badly. In a flash, the Russian woman flings her entire rotten bundle at the head of the Ukrainian woman and she cries out, *Odesa Daily!*

Two Ukrainian sailors come over and watch the fight. Yuri seems annoyed, but he's not about to get involved. The sailors only watch because the Ukrainian newspaper saleslady seems to be winning the fight. The FSB want to intervene when the Russian woman begins to lose, but they don't.

Two WOMEN SHOPPERS are sitting next to Yuri; they are watching the fight (wrestling match) but they are also carrying on a conversation.

WOMAN #1
That woman last night!

WOMAN #2
She cried all night.

WOMAN #1
And why? Because she was walking with a
Russian.

WOMAN #2
Big deal. Her husband is away.

WOMAN #1
(sarcastic)
We're women first and Ukrainians second?
That's what you're saying? Really?
(dead serious)
Her husband is a prisoner of war.

WOMAN #2
Well, I didn't know that.

WOMAN #1
Well, frankly, if he weren't a prisoner.. it
would have been overlooked.

WOMAN #2
Yes, that's just over the top. How did the
Russian soldier get here, anyway?

WOMAN #1
I think he simply drove over from the
Russian area. They say from Dnipro.

WOMAN #2
Really. That's not good.
(beat)
He drove here in what? His own personal car?

WOMAN #1
They said in a GAZ Tigr.

WOMAN #2
Ballsy. How'd they meet?

WOMAN #1

They say she met him on the internet, last week.

WOMAN #2

She was arrested, but what happened to him?

WOMAN #1

Nothing, I think he burned out of here back to Dnipro. He's not crazy.

WOMAN #2

Not crazy; maybe just horny.

WOMAN #1

It looks like the *High Castle* woman has won.

WOMAN #2

I would have gambled the Russian woman would have won.

WOMAN #1

She did look a bit more hungry.

The buses of refugees keep rolling down the street without interruption. Between them speed the small Ukrainian seal emblazoned cars of generals and high ranking officers.

There are tulips in a tiny park emerging through a touch of light/late snow. Yuri is sitting; silently taking it all in. Just then, Vika comes smiling/walking out of the shoppe with several bags.

INT. MAXIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vika looks happy walking into Maxim's apartment. She has the shopping bags and Yuri has his duffle bag and Shvets' camera backpack. He's moving into the apartment. Vika is happy about it; she may be falling for Yuri. He returns her romantic gaze; despite Vika being his second choice (after Taz) he's in a pretty good place (on his way to the USA with a supermodel). She notices the familiar backpack and it puzzles her for a moment; she remembers her husband had a similar bag. Vika looks puzzled but she either dismisses it as a coincidence or she chooses to ignore it. She hugs him... and it almost becomes sexual.

VIKA
(whispering)
Can I see the tickets, please?

YURI
Sure.

Yuri takes out the envelope and hands it to her.

She steps into the bedroom; the bed has the most light. Sitting on the bed, she reads the tickets. The tickets are under the name, U.S. Embassy but he's focusing on the ship's name (*Silver Muse*) and the date and time of departure (Friday, 1 PM). When it all checks out, she holds them to her heart. The envelope also has her visa into the U.S.

VIKA
It's just so exciting. New York. Finally.
You should know it's been my dream.

Vika has been a bit sedate/uptight (searching for her husband) but this is a huge departure. She's turned a page in the book; we believe she has a new man and they are headed to a new city.

YURI
You like New York because you'll be able to work again.

VIKA
We'll be okay. I hope. I mean. Do you think I'm still pretty?

She signals for him to join her on the bed. Love in the afternoon scene.

They are done and are laying in bed. Yuri is almost sleeping. Vika looks entirely guilty.

Vika rises from the bed and walks to the balcony. She looks down and there are two goons, apparently FSB. They are looking up at the window. It gives her a fright.

VIKA
I've decided not to go with you.

Yuri's eyes pop open. But he's lazy about getting out of bed.

YURI
What? We just...

VIKA
Agreed?

YURI
If that's what you wanna call it. Sure.

VIKA
I've changed my mind. I'm staying here.

YURI
What possible good could I be to you then?

VIKA
Well, it was nice. Better than nice.

She tries to smile.

VIKA
I know what you are thinking. Men think in terms of contests. It's been you vs Maxim. And you believe you have won.

YURI
I put him on the ground. Remember?

VIKA
I wouldn't ever have gone with Maxim to Poland.

YURI
So you handed him off to Daria? I see.

VIKA
Why let a good doctor go to waste?

YURI
Why let a perfectly good visa go to waste?

VIKA
Oh, that was rich...

YURI
You want to know what's rich; you continuing to search for your husband?

VIKA

Please, you go and forget me.

YURI

You are going with me to New York. Relax.

The Russians, when they arrive, will be looking for a man named Shvets.

VIKA

You can't be here with me.

YURI

You convinced me that the hostel was too dangerous and now you're kicking me out?

VIKA

The FSB are looking for my husband.

YURI

And, how do you know that?

VIKA

The consul told me. He said the government owed us a great deal and that it's a pity we weren't together, but for the short-term (until we get out of here) it might be a good thing.

YURI

The American consul told you?

VIKA

Don't you see? He's alive and maybe he's only hiding from me, to protect me. Inviting you here, wasn't such a bright idea.

YURI

Oh, I don't know.

VIKA

There are two men outside.

YURI

Two men outside?

Yuri now JUMPS up from bed and looks down; sure enough, they are there two men watching the building.

YURI

Your husband's dead; let's sneak out the back; we can go to the hostel. Have some fun and leave from there on Friday.

VIKA

And you trust the manager?

YURI

Not entirely. But...

VIKA

Well then, you go. If we're together, those guys might think you are him and...

No reaction. Yuri simply gets into bed again; he pulls the covers up.

VIKA

You're not leaving?

YURI

From here? This bed? Now? No.

VIKA

I asked you to leave.

YURI

If they thought I was your husband they'd be up here already.

VIKA

How can you be so cavalier?

YURI

Probably they want to follow you and you'll lead them to your husband. Frankly, I'd stop looking for him. Why help them?

VIKA

They might receive orders at any moment.

YURI

If those goons come up here, then I'll deal with it then, okay?

VIKA

You ARE such a reckless sportsman, arg!

YURI

Why won't you let me protect you?

VIKA

(becoming angry)

You're going to put... please put your clothes on and leave out the back.

YURI

(smiling)

This isn't your apartment.

VIKA

(matter of fact)

It's not yours either.

YURI

Okay.

VIKA

Please for both our sakes.

YURI

But I'll be back. Friday.

(beat)

We'll go to New York. If your husband comes back to life, he'll see you in the magazines. He'll know where to find you.

VIKA

Comes back to life? He's not dead.

YURI

Well, if you change your mind about the USA.

VIKA

Don't hold your breath.

YURI

I can't leave in broad daylight.

VIKA

No, you can't.

YURI

So, climb into bed. So, I can say goodbye,
properly.

She reluctantly kissed him and it gets intimate again.

EXT. ODESA STREETS - DAY

Yuri walks the streets... for two days There are fewer and fewer
exiting the city. Everyone with the means (and brains) has
already evacuated.

The writer lady, who asked him for a meal, is sitting on a park
bench. She notices as Yuri walks by; Yuri is a bit depressed.

WRITER LADY

Excuse me. I never got to thank you.

YURI

Thank you for what?

WRITER LADY

The meal of course.

Yuri hadn't remembered her.

YURI

Oh, yea. Sure. Happy plates are my
trademark.

WRITER LADY

Can we walk?

YURI

Uh, I'm sort out of bullets.

WRITER LADY

I'm not sure what that means.

YURI

I've worn out my welcome with the Americans.

WRITER LADY

Are you saying you have an extra visa or not?

YURI

I have one.

WRITER LADY

But not for me?

YURI

I'm afraid not. I'd hate to waste your time.

WRITER LADY

It's just that the Russian's are coming and I well, you're aware of my situation.

YURI

Uh, I am.

WRITER LADY

Do you have any ideas for me?

YURI

I wish. Best I can do is put you on a train to Kiev.

WRITER LADY

And then to Poland? I've been offered that. I really had my heart set on the U.S.

YURI

That's not easy.

WRITER LADY

I've been to the embassy. I have an arrest, from when I was young. Prostitution. I was sixteen and stupid.

YURI

I'm not sure the Americans really care about that. I've been there and... well, you know.

WRITER LADY

And I've written some things... nice things about Mr Putin.

YURI

Well, it's probably not the arrest then.

They part and walk in different directions. Yuri turns. He's warming up to the idea of doing without Vika.

YURI

How about a beer?

WRITER LADY

How about a bench?

They agree and walk to a bench out at the end of the pier. Next to the bench is small anchor. It has a rope attached; it's not clear which boat it came from. There are a number of small boats moored at the marina.

YURI

Okay, I'll bite. Tell me about what you're writing.

WRITER LADY

The Russians have intervened and my publisher won't touch it now.

YURI

It's political?

WRITER LADY

Romance.

Yuri is confused but he's slightly interested now.

YURI

Tell me about it.

WRITER LADY

Well, when I was in school; the professor said there were only 42 stories. But last summer, I saw a guy on television say there were now 47. You know people just keep reworking the same stories over again. But if someone can pen a new one... let's say number 48, then they're rich. I've written numbr 48 but... it's in complicated.

YURI

What's the story?

WRITER LADY

My characters are severe cases, one character is totally in love with the other and the idea of confessing his feelings sends this fellow, an architect, directly into full-blown delusions of grandeur about returned affections, but more importantly his work.

YURI

And it's a romance?

WRITER LADY

My female character causes him to think his work it better than it really is.

She's told the story a hundred times since the invasion. All the while she's talking, she's looking down at the anchor.

Yuri is already bored and is looking at a passenger ship that is pulling into port and another ship that is departing. He's trying to read the ship's names.

YURI

Great.

WRITER LADY

My Kiev publishers, who loved it now say it's just another romance novel.

YURI

Putin, huh?

The writer lady reaches down and ties the anchor rope around her ankle. Yuri is looking at the ships. He's looking for the *Silver Muse*.

WRITER LADY

More incredibly, the female, she's oblivious to love. Kiev doesn't like the manuscript; he now says, because the love interests, "don't conform to the romance novel standard." It's not love at first sight or any other hour and a half insult to women.

Yuri is straining to get the name of the last of the ships. They are all similar but none is the *Muse*.

WRITER LADY

I've rewritten parts, just this last week., so the heroine now has fallen on rough times, with an abusive and uncaring employer. She'll be swept off her feet by the first wealthy guy to come along... she'll just end it.

Yuri is not listening. She's done attaching the anchor.

WRITER LADY

What are you looking at?

YURI

The ships. I'm looking for...

The writer lady throws herself into the water and the anchor "almost" takes her to the bottom, but the rope is too long. Yuri is shocked, looks to run away, but there are witnesses everywhere. He puts his phones on the bench. Then he takes his Adidas jacket off, and then his Adidas warmup pants off. Then he dives in. He struggles to bring her up, he's barely able to bring up a lady weighed down with an anchor.

The water is too shallow. She's up fighting the water and nearly breathing air, but he dives down and brings up the weight... he tries to throw the anchor onto the deck. He misses the dock, but only because the other end of the rope is attached to the writer lady's leg.

She goes under again; Yuri dives again for the anchor. Now there is a SAILOR and OTHERS on the dock; the sailor reaches down and grabs the rope and Yuri hands up the weight. The sailor pulls up the anchor. Yuri swims the lady down to a ladder and the sailor walks the anchor with them down to the ladder.

The writer lady is a mess crawling up the ladder. Yuri quickly but calmly gathers his phone and warmups and leaves before the port authority arrives.

SAILOR

Where are you going?

Yuri smiles and runs away in his wet shorts up the dock.

SAILOR

You're a hero.

WOMAN

He must be FSB, a spy.

WRITER WOMAN

That man? How could I have missed it; I saw him looking at the ships. Making mental notes.

WOMAN

He's a saboteur for certain.

WRITER WOMAN

When I wasn't paying attention he tied the anchor to my leg and threw me in.

WOMAN

FSB for certain then.

The sailor and the woman both saw Yuri jump in and save the lady. The sailor witnessed her jump in the water. The women want someone to hate and today's target is Yuri. The sailor is wise to remain quiet.

SAILOR

But...

WOMAN

Here come our police. You're alright now dear.

INT. ROOM - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - DAY

No longer living in Maxim's with Vika, Yuri is back at his old hostel. He's sitting and waiting. He's watching a fútbol game.

INT. ODESA STREETS - NIGHT

Yuri walks aimlessly. The city is nearly empty. Yuri notices the writer lady from across the street. She's persuaded or perhaps was asked to dinner by a dapper YOUNG JOURNALIST. The young man looks literary (a Western journalist with literary aspirations)

and is eating up the same boring speech the lady gave Yuri at the pier.

INT. DESK - HOSTEL MNOGOBORETS - DAY

Yuri has the camera backpack and a small duffel. He calmly pays his bill to the manager. She smiles.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

Today your ship leaves?

YURI

Yes.

MNOGOBORETS MANAGER

Well, congratulations and good luck.

There are eight sad/frightened refugees that turn to look at Yuri, jealously. The Russians are near and the refugees who are there may not escape.

INT. HARBOR CAFE - ODESA - DAY

Yuri is sitting in the café, by a window. Pizza and beer. It's a long wait. Newspapers (open to the sports), litter the table. Again, he's watching a fútbol game on the television.

From Yuri's POV, a LONG SHOT. Yuri looks out the window. Outside at the cruise ship terminal, there is a bit of shoving and jostling.

Vika arrives with two bags. She enquires at the passengers' plank and she is turned away. She doesn't have a ticket. She tries to talk her way on board.

Some REFUGEES feel they can bully their way on board. The crew and security move put down the micro-riot. Vika takes the initiative to board when the staff abandon their position. She's halfway up the plank and is intercepted; Vika's turned around and escorted down the plank to the dock. From a distance, Vika's begging that her husband is on board, but it's futile.

Unable to board, Vika is walking toward the café so Yuri will wait for her. Yuri witnesses someone pay a crewmember for access via the ships' cargo door.

Vika enters, she has two duffel bags. She hugs him. It's an especially passionate embrace. Yuri is surprised.

VIKA

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

YURI

Well, it's wonderful for me too.

VIKA

Finally, I found you; I've been looking for you two days now.

YURI

You knew the ship and the time... why?

VIKA

(sexy smile)

I've been wondering about.

YURI

But why?

VIKA

I guess I'm just accustomed. Is it time?

The café is full of lucky/joyous refugees waiting to board their ship. Almost everyone notices Yuri and Vika. For the entire movie, until this moment, no one has noticed Yuri. Everyone notices Vika.

EXT. HARBOR - ODESA - DAY

Yuri carries all three of the travel bags and the backpack. With the other hand, Yuri holds Vika's hand and they approach the ship. The mood of the other passengers is jubilant.

There is smoke on the near horizon. Bombs or artillery fall on the far end of town. A BLOODY FAMILY that's been bombed enter the line to board the ship. They've come from near the fighting.

Everyone boards; Vika and the recently BOMBED MOTHER are crying for joy. The mother hugs her children. Vika's not paying attention to the security procedures. The ship's OFFICER calls out...

OFFICER

Welcome aboard, Mr and Mrs Shvets.

Vika doesn't notice. She's happy to be on board and through the entire process hasn't let go of Yuri's arm. The camera equipment goes through the x-ray machine and the image is put up on a monitor. Vika isn't interested. Yuri doesn't do anything to hide the name or obscure the contents of the camera backpack; it's almost okay if she discovers that he's been using her husband's identity.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - *SILVER CLOUD* - DAY

They enter the cabin. She goes to the bed.

VIKA

Can I have some coffee? I'm so tired.

YURI

Sure.

Yuri leaves the cabin. He finds a STEWARD on deck. He asks her for coffee, but just then the *Silver Muse* comes into port. Yuri's nearly floored.

YURI

That's the *Silver Muse*?

STEWARD

It is, sir. This ship's sister. They are almost identical.

YURI

My wife left on board three weeks ago.

STEWARD

Congratulations. She's waiting for you? And now you are on the way to join her.

YURI

Sure. Yes.

STEWARD

Miracles never end.

YURI

There was a rumour it was torpedoed.

STEWARD

Rumours are more numerous than miracles.

Yuri is bewildered; his wife probably isn't dead. He never thought to check, after all, his wife had left him.

In a daze, Yuri returns to the cabin with Vika's coffee. Vika is sleeping. But she's slipped off her well-worn shoes to reveal serious blisters. Perhaps it's true; she was walking constantly looking for Yuri (or her husband).

Yuri sits on the bed with the coffee cup; she wakes up and drinks.

VIKA

I have to go find my husband.

YURI

We're on board. We'll be pulling out soon.

VIKA

Yes. I know. I simply have to go ask the concierge about his cabin number and we'll be reunited.

YURI

You think he's on this ship?

VIKA

Yes.

YURI

How do you know?

VIKA

The American consul told me. He said if I knew the ship he was confident it would all sort itself out.

YURI

Really?

VIKA

I thought he was coming onto me, but he said my husband was a hero and had risk his life

to expose a number of Russian atrocities. HE showed me magazines.

YURI

Wonderful.

She kisses him on the lips and it's odd. She leaves the room and sends Yuri a cute, "thank you," wave goodbye.

VIKA

I'll be back.

Yuri rips up Shvets' passport and also his U.S. visa and flushes them down the toilet. He leaves Shvets bank card, her visa and various papers in an envelope on the bed.

Yuri gathers up his duffle bag and the camera backpack. He looks down from the ship's railing. He exits the ship.

The writer lady is escorted to the boarding plank by her new journalist friend. The journalist is staying to cover the war, but the reporter obviously has grown to care for this woman. They passionately kiss; looks like love.

When the writer lady is onboard, Yuri approaches the journalist. Yuri unzips the camera backpack and shows the journalist the equipment.

YURI

Do you know what to do with this?

JOURNALIST

Sure. How much ya want for it?

YURI

You have that *Guardian*, the sports?

Yuri points to a British newspaper in the journalist's coat pocket.

YURI

I'll settle for the sports.

JOURNALIST

You want to... what about the rest of the paper? Here.

YURI

Nope, don't care.

The journalist hands over the sports section. Yuri leaves the equipment behind. Yuri glances up at the deck of the ship and Vika is running frantically back toward their cabin. He folds the sports section and places it in his coat pocket.

Determined, Yuri walks toward the smoke. The journalist really doesn't notice Yuri walk away; the journalist turns to the writer lady who is waving down to him from the rail.

Yuri is walking through an empty city. However, there is a line of men, young and old, at a local police substation. A police sergeant is handing out Kalashnikovs. He takes a rifle and, with the other men, Yuri walks toward the smoke.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT