

Russian Into Love  
[Treatment]

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FADE IN

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF NOVOAZOVSK, UKRAINE — SUMMER — MORNING

Show a wide shot of a small, charming coastal Ukrainian town. The Mediterranean architecture, with red tile roofs, cobbled streets, and warm hued masonry buildings, make the town seem mellow and relaxed, but the streets are deserted.

MUSIC: A TRADITIONAL SLAVIC TUNE

OKSANA (V.O.)  
(in Ukrainian, with subtitles)  
If you ask me about my dreams, I will say  
that I am like other Ukrainian girls. I  
want to be happy in love, and in life.

EXT. A STREET — NOVOAZOVSK

Five Russian soldiers, armed with assault rifles, patrol on a sidewalk. A Russian tank passes by them on the street, and goes out of frame.

Music comes from a half open second story window.

MUSIC: ROMANTIC SONG BY OKEAN ELZY, a famous Ukrainian singer.

OKSANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in Ukrainian, with subtitles)  
But happiness always comes with a price.

EXT. THE BOYKO HOME

The house is not in the best condition. The mustard colored exterior walls are chipped, from where bullets have hit it. Green wood shutters hide the windows. A planter filled with blooming flowers hangs by the green entrance door.

INT. OKSANA BOYKO'S BEDROOM

OKSANA is a nineteen-year-old blonde beauty, and wears no makeup. She is dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, and lies on her bed on her back, reading a book. Show book title "The Idiot" by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Oksana's mother, ELENA, knocks on the door.

THEY SPEAK IN RUSSIAN. SHOW SUBTITLES.

ELENA (O.C.)  
Oksana?

OKSANA

Yes?

ELENA (O.C.)

What are you doing?

OKSANA

Reading.

ELENA (O.C.)

Your father is drunk again.

OKSANA

I know.

ELENA (O.C.)

Did you call the agency?

OKSANA

No.

ELENA (O.C.)

Can I come in?

Elena turns the door handle, but it's locked.

OKSANA

Oh, sorry.

Oksana gets off the bed and unlocks the door.

Her mother, Elena, age fifty, steps into the room. She begins picking up Oksana's dirty clothes. Oksana lies on the bed again.

OKSANA

MOM! STOP. . .PLEASE. . . .

ELENA (O.C.)

Let us face facts. You are not a world class gymnast. You have no marriage prospects. It is time for you to do something for this family, and marry a rich man.

OKSANA

I failed in gymnastics because I grew too tall. I will be a fashion model, and then I'll be famous movie star and you will see me in Hollywood films and be proud of me.

ELENA (O.C.)

The world has no love of dreamers.  
If you stay here, a Russian soldier  
will take you for his bride, or he'll  
rape you. Is that what you want, to  
end up like me?

OKSANA

The agency is run by criminals.

ELENA (O.C.)

We have no money for school. Our  
house is falling apart; your father  
only thinks of his next drink.

Elena sits on the bed. She takes Oksana's hand.

ELENA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You are wasting your time in  
Novoazovsk. The Russians have  
invaded. Do you want to become  
a Russian?

OKSANA

We are Russians. We just moved  
across the border five years ago.

ELENA (O.C.)

That's not the point. I want you  
to have a better life than me.

OKSANA

I know.

ELENA (O.C.)

So you'll go to the agency?

OKSANA

Yes, momma.

EXT. ROMANTIKA DATING OFFICE — NOVOAZOVSK, UKRAINE — LATE MORNING

Show an old, war damaged four-story 1920s era brick building. An old man, DMITRI, wearing an old winter coat and fedora, stands by the entrance. A few young women go in and he takes off his hat and tries to get them to give him money. They ignore him. Oksana crosses the street and goes to the building. When she gets to the door, Dmitri opens it for her.

OXSANA  
(in Ukrainian)  
Thank you, Dmitri.

DMITRI  
(in Ukrainian)  
You're welcome, my dear.

INT. ROMANTIKA OFFICE – ON THE FOURTH FLOOR

Oksana sits in a one of a dozen chairs along a wall, next to ten young women. She is filling in a profile sheet with a ballpoint pen, on a clipboard. The ticking of the clock on the wall is heard, and the steady typing of a middle-aged blonde-haired secretary, SVETLANA, on a computer keyboard. VITALI SHEVCHENKO, a middle-aged Ukrainian man with slicked back black hair, dressed in a business suit, comes to the open doorway of the adjacent office and reads from a clipboard.

VITALI  
(in Russian)  
OKSANA BOYKO?

Oksana stands and hands Vitali her clipboard and follows him into the office. Vitali gestures to a chair in front of a desk, and Oksana sits. Vitali hands a heavy set overly made-up red-haired woman, NATALYA KOVALCHUK, Oksana's clipboard. Natalya is dressed in conservative office attire. She smiles politely at Oksana and sits in a leather chair behind the desk.

NATALYA  
(in Russian)  
Thank you for coming in,  
Ms. Boyko.

Oksana smiles. Natalya studies Oksana's paperwork. Vitali shuts the door, sits in a chair by the wall, and smiles in a flirty way at Oksana. Oksana ignores him and looks at Natalya. She sighs and sits up straighter in the chair.

NATALYA (CONT'D)  
Ah, I see that your mother is  
a Ukrainian citizen?

OXSANA  
Yes.

NATALYA  
But your father is Russian?

OKSANA

Yes.

NATALYA

Your father is Aron Abramovich?

OKSANA

Yes. I took my mother's last name.

NATALYA

You are related to Roman Abramovich?

OKSANA

He is my father's distant relative.

NATALYA

Good. He has billions. He is one of the richest Jews in Russia. However, though you are not rich, you are a pretty girl. I think we can find you a rich husband. Do you care if he is Jewish?

OKSANA

I don't care what he is.

NATALYA

That is the right answer. The way it works is we get eighty percent of the fee the interested man puts up to get you out of the country. Is that acceptable?

OKSANA

Yes.

NATALYA

You pay 400 Hryvnia, or 15 Euros. It is a job. You sign a contract. You must work every day, and try to talk to as many men as possible. The more men, the more money. We shoot professional photos and videos. This is why we charge the monies. We pay 1,000 Hryvnia, or 37 Euros. We take four hundred Hryvnia from your first month. Is acceptable?

OKSANA

Yes.

EXT. A STREET — LATE MORNING

Oksana walks home on a sidewalk. She stops at a crosswalk and redoes her makeup and sees two burly men in dark clothing, KIRILL, and ALEXEI, coming up the sidewalk behind her. She crosses the street and the men come up on either side of her.

ALEXEI  
Miss Boyko?

Oksana stops walking and glances nervously at Alexei.

OKSANA  
Yes?

ALEXEI  
We would like a word with you.

OKSANA  
Who are you?

KIRILL  
It will only take a moment of your time.

OKSANA  
I'm on my way home. I. . .

ALEXEI  
We have a proposition. Come.

Oksana begins walking, and they grab her arms and walk beside her.

OKSANA  
AH! LEAVE ME ALONE!

She struggles, but they push her in the backseat of an idling black Mercedes. Alexei gets in next to her and shuts the door. Kirill gets in on the other side and the driver, IGOR, takes off.

INT. THE MERCEDES

POV looking into the backseat. Okasana is wedged between Alexei and Kirill. They show no emotion but Okana appears panicked.

OKSANA (CONT'D)  
This is illegal! Let me out!

ALEXSEI  
Tell us about yourself.

OKSANA

You already know who I am. So go fuck yourself. Let me out.

ALEXSEI

(to Kirill)

She has a very filthy mouth for a young beautiful woman.

KIRILL

And a very lovely mouth, I must say. We must educate her, eh, Alexsei?

OKSANA

LET ME OUT!

ALEXSEI

Your father is Roman Abramovich's cousin?

OKSANA

You should ask him, not me.

ALEXSEI

We tried to persuade him to work with us, but he can be difficult. He met with an unhappy fate yesterday.

OKSANA

What do you mean? Did you hurt my father?

KIRILL

He is in a hospital. I am sure he will recover, but his medical bills will be very great. I doubt he will be able to pay them. He will probably go to prison.

OKSANA

I don't have any money. Please don't hurt my father.

ALEXSEI

If you are cooperative, and do as you are told, his bills will be paid. We only ask you to work for us. We will arrange the paperwork to get you to California. We want you to be our spy.

OKSANA

Your spy? I don't want to be your fucking spy. Let me go.



KIRILL

Relax. We will arrange for a place to live in Los Angeles, and job as a model, and escort.

OKSANA

You are asking me to be a prostitute?

ALEXSEI

That is a strong word. No, we want you to spend time with a certain American politician who we want to influence.

OKSANA

I won't be your spying whore. You can do what you want with my father; I don't care. Just don't hurt my mother.

KIRILL

If you say yes, your family will be well compensated. Your father will recover, and your mother will have no worries. You will live in sunny California and wear the best clothes, drive the sports car, do fashion.

OKSANA

I am not for sale. It sounds like I could get killed working for you.

ALEXSEI

Nyet. It is a safe job as long as you do whatever we tell you to do. We have vested interests in American secrets. You will help us obtain those secrets. Or you and your family can disappear. It is your choice.

OKSANA

How long would I have to work for you before I am free? When would you want me to go to America?

ALEXSEI

You will be trained for two months, then fly to Los Angeles with twenty thousand dollars in your American bank account. We will give you a sportscar, fine jewelry, new clothes, a condo. You will work as a fashion model. It is all arranged.

OKSANA

I have never shot a gun. I don't know anything about being a fashion model.

ALEXSEI

Do not worry. We teach you, my dear.

(to Igor)

Take Miss Boyko home.

(to Oksana)

We will send a car for you tomorrow morning, to begin the training.

EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING IN NOVOAZOVSK — THE NEXT DAY — MORNING

SFX: THE SOUND OF GUN WITH A SILENCER FIRING.

INT. A SHOOTING RANGE

Oksana, wearing safety glasses and a headset, shoots at a target which is moving towards her. Her instructor, BORIS, who stands behind her, smiles at her tight grouping. Alexsei and Kirill approach them. Boris turns to them, as Oksana continues to shoot. Boris holds up a target paper Oksana has shot.

BORIS

She is a natural born killer. Her grouping is superb! Just look!

ALEXSEI

Excellent.

INT. A MARTIAL ARTS WORKOUT ROOM — WEEKS LATER — DAY

Oksana is being taught karate. An opponent, YURI, throws a blow and Oksana blocks it and uses his arm to throw him to the mat. Her instructor, KLAUS, is pleased with her talent.

KLAUS

AGAIN! WITH KNIFE!

Yuri HOLDS A RUBBER KNIFE and slashes several times at Oksana. She dodges his blows, kicks him in the stomach, and knocks him down.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

VERY GOOD, OKSANA! But do not hit Yuri.  
Is practice, yes?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING IN NOVOAZOVSK — TWO MONTHS LATER — MORNING

Kirill and Alexsei, and their boss, SERGEI MELNYK, age 50, sit on the opposite side of a modern office table. A bank of windows is behind Oksana and shows a panoramic view of the city. Oksana sits alone on the other side of the table. She has had a makeover, and is dressed in a nice blouse, skirt, high heels, and her hair is cut. She is drop dead sexy and looks like a fashion model. A 40-something woman, NATASHA, in stylish business attire, stands to one side and faces the men. Sergei speaks to Oksana in English.

SERGEI

(to Oksana)

Kirill and Alexsei report that you have made excellent progress. I am glad to hear that your father has recovered from his injuries. And how is your mother?

OKSANA

She is well, thank you.

SERGEI

(to Natasha)

You have done a marvelous job with Miss Boyko, Nastasha.

NATASHA

Thank you, sir. Is she not perfect for America? I have taught her how to walk and talk like an American fashion model. She is a lovely girl.

SERGEI

Yes, she is perfect. She is ready to start her new life in America.

Sergei slides a tray containing passports, a stack of crisp fifty-dollar bills, and several credit cards, to Oksana.

SERGEI

(to Oksana)

Here is your passport, credit cards, keys to condo. Kirill and Alexsei will drive you to airport tomorrow morning. Natasha will meet you at airport and manage you in Los Angeles. Do you have questions?

OKSANA

What model is my sports car?

Sergei, Kirill, Alexsei, and Natasha laugh.

EXT. A SIDEWALK IN BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA – DAY

MUSIC: American Woman, by The Guess Who.

Oksana is smiling, confident, walking down the palm tree, and mansion lined sidewalk. She swings her designer purse as she walks to the beat of the song. Gardeners, wealthy young men, people in expensive cars driving past her, ogle her. She is drop dead gorgeous, the perfect resident of Beverly Hills, and L.A.

OKSANA (V.O.)

It can never matter where I live. Is more important how I live. Is nice, you will agree, to go out to events such as theatre, art gallery, concert, and of course the nature weekend, and the swim in California ocean. Yes? And, if I do as told, I can have all things American rich peoples have.

INT. A FASHION PHOTO STUDIO – DAY

A photographer snaps photos of Oksana in various outfits. Show images as quick series. Freeze frame with her headshot image.

EXT. AERIAL OF HARBOR FREEWAY – LOS ANGELES – DAY

Show Oksana in red Porsche convertible traveling on the freeway on another beautiful summer day in southern California

CUT TO FRONT VIEW OF OKSANA AT THE WHEEL OF THE CAR

Oksana smiles, the car passes under the camera POV and accelerates down the freeway, away from stationary POV.

FADE MUSIC

FADE OUT

END INTRO TREATMENT