

РУДА ВІКІНГІ

AnIntroduction too 3reeeDeeee

This might be the FIRSTSCRIPTEVERWRITTENIN3D! I did a quick web search, and jiff it isn't, it's probably in the top ten.

Which makes it a shoe-in at the Oscars (Best Screenplay Written in 3D). Of course that also means it's probably the worst script ever written in 3D. But if AVATAR has taught us anything, it's that even the complete absence of originality and quality should not be considered an impediment to financial success.

Get used to it people! The future is in the THIRD DIMENSION! I can't believe didn't notice it sooner!

But now that the universe is forever changed, how does one write in the dangerous milieu of 3D?

For starters, you have to get used to wearing those glasses — and by "those glasses" I don't mean the fancy Polarizes you stole from the local Maxx when you went to see "Avatar" ((I know someone with four pairs)). Sure, we were asked to recycle, but honestly the price they charged for that stinker, they should be grateful I didn't take the seat home with me. No, this is your daddy's Threedee: red-and-blue migraine inducing glyptic filters in near-cutting cardboard frames. Try putting them over your regular glasses and see how long you last. Of course you could always shell out for the deluxe pair -- remember, they'll double as safety goggles when all that stuff flies off the screen at you. (Note to self: potential law suit here....)

Once you've acquired your anaglyphs, take a walk outside — I always go to crowded locations where I can see (and be seen in) the third dimension clearly. Assume a variety of "3D poses": hands on hips, elbows out, one leg forward, waist twisted slightly. As the Ancient Greeks discovered, this will maximize your 3Dness, particularly around the buttocks. In fact a quick study of Hellenistic sculpture ((and who doesn't have time for that!)) will give you a variety of easily assumable poses you can draw on: "Discus Thrower" is my favourite, although no matter what kind of excuses I come up with ("my, this bus does corner well!" or "is this your soap?") that one always seems a bit contrived. "I don't care how three-dimensional I am!" the pibe always shout, "Put your fucking clothes back on!" And don't even think about offering them a complimentary pair of 3D glasses.

Some writing devices are inherently more 3D than others: a typewriter is probably the most 3D-ish, since it occupies about the same amount of space in each axis (yes, axes — you'll have to learn all about those, too); if you've got an old CRT computer you'll be okay (most talented but undiscovered writers have these, since they can afford the upgrade to laptopps. Ha! Who's a loser now?); but if you've recently made the switch to lap-top (2D-ish) or even flat-screen (2D, period), then you might be in trouble. Obviously pen and paper are right out.

And then all you have to do is borrow some ideas, and get a spell checker. (Not to self: look into spell checker!).

Are there any other ramifications of those unfamiliar with the new language of 3Dism? If you're going to write it, you'd best be prepared for what they're looking for. Here are some starters:

Producers will obvious want scripts that "stick out more". Don't expect anything more lucid than that. "I'm looking for something that sticks out," will now be the new catchphrase.

Directors will probably have an easier time of it. Now they have a third dimension to auteur, any mistakes made in dimensions one and two will inevitably be overlooked (e.g. "Avatar").

Cinematographers will enjoy the extra time they get to "light the third dimension".

Editors? I guess Walter Murch will have to find another position to edit in, and add a couple more rows of cutout people to his workstation.

Sound has that boom to swing around, and those guys are easily enough to fake it ("it sounds a little flat").

Same for the composers: "it sounds a little flat", which this why Lou Reed won't be getting much work.

Costume will obviously be looking for something with a little more bulk -- possibly a resurgence in Civil War pictures

Hair and make-up will say they're doing something, and ask for more money. Maybe a remake of "Cyrano"? "Does Kidman still have that nose?"

The pop people will really have their work cut out for them!

Batttts the actors' I feed for. Talented thespians who once troubled themselves over accents and motivation must now learn to fill but the third dimension. Ironically this might herald a revival in traditional theatre, although most repertory companies will be hard-pressed adding the cost of anaglyphic glasses to their already tiny budgets. Still, this is an area where a prior career in pornography could really pay off!! Maybe a sequel to Boogie Nights??

I wish.

My humble contribution follows.

Oh, sorry about the spelling mistakes.

Owen Coughlan, March 2010

PUPPKIM

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FADE IN/INTRO:

1 1 INT IN DARK AT CINEMA NEMA

1 1

A TINNY MUSICAL FANFARE (reminiscent of "TIME ON THE MARCH") wows and flutters, over the SOUND of a FILM PROJECTOR:

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE projected on THE CINEMA SCREEN. TITLES appear IN RUSSIAN, subtitled in ENGLISH:

"Leningrad Laboratory
of of
Theoretical Cinema"

"Projector 50276-A5-A5-A
Technician: Vasiliy Kaminsky"

NARRATION in RUSSIAN and substituted:

NARRATOR(V.O.)
The following are additional notes based on the Pudovkin Theory of montage.

On the SCREEN: a MAN, SMILING

NARRATOR
Pudovkin's Theory states that the juxtaposition of two or more images, creates a concept in the mind of the viewer that is greater than either of the two images.

On the SCREEN: a BABY, CRYING.

NARRATOR(CONT'D)
It is this effect that separates cinema from other art forms. It is this effect which allows for the manipulation of the emotional state of the viewer.

On the SCREEN: MAN SMILING again.

NARRATOR(CONT'D)
The Moment of juxtaposition creates an inference in the mind of the audience.

On the SCREEN: INTERCUT of MAN SMILING with CRYING BABY, then (1) BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, then (2) A BUILDING (3) A FACTORY....

NARRATOR(CONT'D)
Thus through this simple montage we may determine that our subject is a father, her, or a brother, An Architect, or a Worker...

(CONTINUED)

1 1 CONNUNUED:

1 1

....(404) A HANSDOME YOUNG MAN SMILING BACK...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...or even an degenerate capitalist. Such such is the genius of comrade Pudovkin's theory of montage!

ANOTHER TITLE CARD:

"Additional Experimental Data"

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

However, recent experiments suggest Pudovkin's theory may require re-examination. Perhaps even modification.

On the SCREEN a CHAIR. Then A TABLE. A CHAIR again. Then A LAMP. A CHAIR again.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When applied to inanimate objects, Pudovkin's theory produces results that are at best unpredictable, bland and frequently confusing.

The CHAIR, THE TABLE, THE LAMP. CHAIR, then LAMP. CHAIR, then LAMP. TABLE, then DOOR. TABLE, then DOOR.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One must ask: "What is the chair thinking?" "What is the relationship between the chair and the doorway?" And "How has the lamp been considered in all of this?" The experiment demonstrates a phenomena that is complex and confusing. Is there any relationship between these objects at all? Is that relationship redefined by the audience?

The MAN LAUGHING...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The initial data suggests the possibility of an ambiguity.

The LAMP. The BABY CRYING.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Could it be this ambiguity that frightens the baby?

SUDDENLY:

((CONTINUED))

1 1 CONTINUED:(2)(2)

1 1

BLAM! BLA-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! from O.S.S. GUNFIRE resonates and the screen is splashed with BLOOD.

SHOCK CUT TO:

2 2 TITLE, WHITE ON BLACK:

2 2

"PUDOVKIN"

DISSOLVE TO:

3 3 EXT SNOW FOREST DAY

3 3

A PERFECTLY COMPOSED row of TREES. Suddenly:

RAMANOV

(entering, moving quickly)

Idiots Fucking idiots Do they have any idea what they're playing with? Do they have any idea who they're playing with? You don't take a guy like Pudovkin and rip his theory to shreds without some kind of military backing!

RAMANOV trailed by SHOSTAVICH: two Soviet intellectuals (Film Theorists) stomping about in fur hats and WWI military coats. They are very worried. THIS SCENE IS ONE CONTINUOUS TAKE.

SHOSTAVICH

There were only six prints made. So far we've found five of them.

RAMANOV

Where are they?

SHOSTAVICH

Destroyed. I burned them myself.

RAMANOV

And how many have seen them?

SHOSTAVICH

Two. But it had them transferred.

RAMANOV

To where?

SHOSTAVICH

One is photographing trees in Siberia, the other is editing film about syphilis.

RAMANOV

And will they tell anyone?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

SHOSTAVICH
I doubt it. They know the danger they're in.
in.

RAMANOV
What about the families?

SHOSTAVICH
They know the risk.

RAMANOV
No they don't. Have you ever met him?
Do you have any idea what he's like?

SHOSTAVICH
I've heard the rumors

RAMANOV
--I met him once. He's a fucking animal.

SHOSTAVICH
I thought we might call the party?
Perhaps they could intercede?

RAMANOV
I called already. They won't help.

SHOSTAVICH
They have to help. We're the Department
of Theoretical Cinema. They need us!
Everybody needs us! Who did you speak
to?

RAMANOV
I don't want to talk about it.

SHOSTAVICH
Who did you speak to? Trotsky?

RAMANOV
Trotsky would answer my calls. He won't even receive my telegrams.

SHOSTAVICH
Stalin, perhaps?

RAMANOV
Stalin likes to say if it were anyone else...
(a "throat cutting" gesture)
But Pudovkin scares him.

SHOSTAVICH
"Scares" him?

33 CONTINUED:(2/2)

33

RAMANOV
He stuttered like a little boy who's pissed his pants. Then he hung up.

SHOSTAVITCH
Oh shit.

RAMANOV
Now you see? Now you appreciate the danger we're in?

SHOSTAVITCH
(a beat, then stoically)
I think we'll be okay. I don't think Pudovkin has seen the footage.

MINSKY
He's seen it.

MINSKY, appears behind them, sipping from a HIP FLASK and already sozzled. RAMANOV takes the flask, drinks.

SHOSTAVITCH
How can you be sure?

MINSKY
Kaminsky. The lab technician?!

SHOSTAVITCH
Yes. He has the sixth copy.
(to Ramanov) I've been trying to track him down.

MINSKY
I found him. Well, most of him.

RAMANOV
(spitting out explosively)
What the fuck is that?

MINSKY
I think it's battery acid.

SHOSTAVITCH
Where did you find him?

MINSKY
He was at the train station platform six.

SHOSTAVITCH
(to Ramanov) I know it. He was making runs for it, yes?

(C)CONTINUED

3 3 CONTINUED (3)(3)

3 3

SHOSTAVICH drinks, too....

MINSKYNSKY

No. N Pudovkin left him there here In a In a
suitcase case.

At this SHOSTAVICH splutters violently....

MINSKYNSKY (CONT'D)

He's going to kill us all. We're all all
dead men. men.

SHOSTAVICH

(re: flask)

Buy him him about the of this Distract him. him.

MINSKYNSKY

It's not funny funny He put a man into a
suitcase case.

SHOSTAVICH

Get a grip! He's still only one man. man.
Just one man. man.

MINSKYNSKY

He's like an army of Cossacks sacks

SHOSTAVICH

We're three three Three against one. one.

But MINSKY isn't buying this at all.

MINSKYNSKY

We're the theorists the theorists about about
cinema and montage and mise en scene. scene.
But Pudovkin is hands-on - Hands-on up to to
the fuckin elbow below We don't stand and a
chance.

SHOSTAVICH

Without the the the the no cinema. We give give
it meaning. insight. We are the voice voice
of reason so it only works because we we
define the terms its work within.

MINSKYNSKY

(covering his ears)

Don't say stuff like that. That's what what
got us into this mess in the first place!
He put him in a fucking suitcase!

RAMANOVANOV

(calmly, a new idea)

We need a distraction.

(C)CONTINUED

3 3 CONTINUED (4)(4)

3 3

MINSKY offers RAMANOV his flask.

RAMANOV (CONT'D)
No. For Pudovkin we needed distract him. Give him something bigger to go after.

MINSKY
He's an animal. He'll kill us all.

RAMANOV
We've threatened him. We've found a hole in his theory and now he's worried. We need to provide something even more dangerous than us. Someone who could do some real damage.

MINSKY
It won't work.

SHOSTAVICH
You mean another target?

RAMANOV
A big target.

RAMANOV AND SHOSTAVICH
(the same idea, one) Another Director.

Beat. This is something.

MINSKY
You mean someone he really hates.

SHOSTAVICH
Yes. Eisenstein perhaps.

RAMANOV
No. He has contempt for Eisenstein, but they part of the same school. They're fixated on montage cutting the film, assembling the film. We need someone they already disagree with.

MINSKY
There's no one like that around here!
We're dead men!

SHOSTAVICH
A foreigner then the Griffith the American.

3 3 CONTINUED (5)(5)

3 3

RAMANOVANOV
We couldn't get him here in time. Beside he absolute cut his film. It's about cutting. Pudovkin is obsessed with cutting.

MINSKYNSKY
Tell me about it.

RAMANOVANOV
We need someone who refuses to cut.

SHOSTAVICH VICH
You mean like Keaton or Chaplin perhaps?

RAMANOVANOV
Comedy? No. One takes that seriously.

MINSKYNSKY
It's hopeless. Now you're talking mise-en-scene.

SHOSTAVICH VICH
Ophuls! Max Ophuls!

This is something.. Even Minsky takes a beat.

SHOSTAVICH (CONT'D)
He's perfect. He's the Duke of mis-en-scene he practically defined it. And he's a foreigner!

RAMANOVANOV
Better than that, he's French.

MINSKYNSKY
I'd like to kill him myself.

SHOSTAVICH VICH
And he's closed by. Only a few days by train.

MINSKYNSKY
He's a Capitalist. He wants money to come here. Fuckers.

SHOSTAVICH VICH
There must be a way. We could invite him to something. A conference perhaps?

RAMANOVANOV
A conference?

33 CONTINUED:(6)(b)

33

SHOSTAVICHICH
Why not?

RAMANOVNOV
He's a director. They don't do do
conferences.

MINSKYSKY
Not if they're any good.

SHOSTAVICHICH
But conferences are fun.

RAMANOVNOV
Stop thinking like a theoretician. No No
conferences!

SHOSTAVICHICH
Well then. a... A Festival? A
Festival? Yes. A festival of... of....

For a minute he teeters on the edge, then INSPIRATION:

SHOSTAVICHICH (CONT'D)
...of cinema!

RAMANOVNOV
Cinema?

SHOSTAVICHICH
With a prize. A big prize, like a cup or
a statuette or something.

MINSKYSKY
Better make it cash.

RAMANOVNOV
Yes. Cash.

MINSKYSKY
He'll see it through it. He'll assume
it's fixed.

RAMANOVNOV
We'll tell him he's already won. All he
has to do is turn up and accept.

SHOSTAVICHICH
Yes! And give a speech. They like to
give speeches - don't they?

RAMANOVA and MINSKYSKY shrug: maybe, maybe not...

3 3 CONTINUED: (7)(7)

3 3

RAMANOVNOV
The speech is optional. Let him judge something. Better still, let him sit on something.

MINSKY SKY
How about that chain in the film.

SHOSTAVICH
(ignoring him)
A jury!

RAMANOVNOV
Yes Yes!

MINSKY SKY
Great, brilliant! So now we need a... what did you call it?

SHOSTAVICH
A "festival of cinema"...

MINSKY SKY
And goddamn prize.

RAMANOVNOV
You're missing the point.

SHOSTAVICH
All we need is a telegram. Maybe a railway ticket.

RAMANOVNOV
Once Pudovkin learns ropushus is in town we'll be off the hook.

SHOSTAVICH
He'll go at him like a rabid dog.

MINSKY SKY
It won't work.

RAMANOVNOV
It'll be the Great War all over again. We get to be the Swiss!

RAMANOV and SHOSTAVICH chuckle, but MINSKY isn't impressed.

MINSKY SKY
You don't know how these guys think.

SHOSTAVICH
It's going to be okay. We'll get out of this.

(C)CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (89)

33

MINSKY

You don't understand.

RAMANOV

It's not so difficult. We will make it work.

MINSKY

You don't understand. You have never directed.

(beat)

You have never directed.

But they're not listening. MINSKY takes a last swing.

MINSKY (CONT'D)

You have never directed.

SNOW DISSOLVES:

44 EXIT WINTER RUNNS DAY

44

MINSKY'S FLASH lies discarded on the ground. There are drops of something dark around it -- probably blood.

CAMERA MOVES UP TO DISCOVER:

RAMANOV and SHOSTAVICH -- they are looking with disgust at something off screen, SHOSTAVICH fighting the urge to vomit. AGAIN THIS SCENE IS ONE CONTINUOUS TAKE.

A long silence.

SHOSTAVICH

You think he felt anything?

RAMANOV

I'm sure of it. It probably took all afternoon.

RAMANOV meanders, SHOSTAVICH goes with him. Camera follows revealing MINSKY'S DISCARDED BOOT, another SPLASH OF BLOOD.

SHOSTAVICH

(two beats)

Did you send the telegram?

RAMANOV

Yes.

SHOSTAVICH

(two beats)

Is he coming?

4 4 CONTINUED:

4 4

RAMANOV
I don't know now.

SHOSTAVICH
Did you send a ticket?

RAMANOV
I told him we'd reimburse him when he arrived.

SHOSTAVICH
Oh no! Why do you have to be such a cheap bastard?!

RAMANOV
He'll be here.

SHOSTAVICH
You offered him money?

RAMANOV
And adulation. Directors go for that.

SHOSTAVICH
(beat, re-read the unseen corpse)
What are those things in his head?

RAMANOV
Nails, I think.

SHOSTAVICH
Son of a bitch.

RAMANOV
It doesn't make sense. This is the type of thing a writer would come up with. A director wouldn't be this imaginative.

SHOSTAVICH
A writer might think it up, but they'd never have the balls to go through with it.

(an idea)
You don't think he's collaborating with someone, do you?

RAMANOV
Pudovkin? Never. No one he'll give credit to, anyway. He might have stolen all his ideas, but the work is his.

(beat)
Peter the Great.

4 4 CONTINUED: (2)(2)

4 4

SHOSTAVICH
What?

RAMANOVANOV
(re: unseen corpse)
Peter The Great he did this kind of
thinking.

SHOSTAVICH
I thought that was with teeth.

RAMANOV shrugs: "maybe, maybe not."

SHOSTAVICH (CONT'D)
(almost in tears)
I want to stay with you.

RAMANOVANOV
What?

SHOSTAVICH
I want to stay with you. For the next few days It'll be harder for him if we're together. We could protect each other. Watch each other backs.

RAMANOVANOV
Or he could kill us both in one night. Besides, people at the laboratory will talk. They already think the politicians are homosexuals. They're just waiting for a chance to prove it.

SHOSTAVICH
I'm scared!

RAMANOVANOV
(leaving)
So am I. Think of your career!

SHOSTAVICH
I'm thinking about my life. We could sleep shifts. I'm a good cook.

No answer. SHOSTAVICH turns back to the unseen corpse. He's terrified.

SLOW MOTION:

5 5 EXT STREET DUSK USKMOVING

5 5

A HIGH VERTICAL ANGLE, again a continuous camera move. Over all that follows we hear a show and regular SHICK!....

(C)CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED:

55

~~SHSHICK!..SHSHICK!.st stickyt wet stabbing sound like knife
being driven into a watermelon...~~

CAMERA creeps slowly over the asphalt of a street, FINDING:

A PAIR of BOXER SHORTS discarded on the ground.. SHSHICK!

...some SOCKS... then a SHIRT spilled loosely on the ground... SHSHICK!

...a PAIR OF PANTS... more DISCARDED SOCKS... SHSHICK!

...an ORANGE... an APPLE... SHSHICK!

...A BOOK splayed open... a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH... A HAT... a BUNCH OF GRAPES... SCATTERED PAPERS... SHSHICK!

...a SMALL TROPHY (broken)... finally THE BATTERED SUITCASE that has spilled all this... SHSHICK!

...then DROPS OF DARK BLOOD... then a LARGE SPLASH of BLOOD... SHSHICK!

...then a large POOL of BLOOD... SHSHICK!

....and finally SHOSTAVICH, blue complexion, mouth gagged, EYES WIDE with horror as something unimaginable is being done to him just out of frame.... He's trying to scream.... SHSHICK!

SLOW MOTION:

66 INT RAMANOV'S APARTMENT NIGHT

66

AGAIN ONE CONTINUOUS TAKE:

A ANCIENT BAKELITE RADIO plays music; CAMERA moves to A SMALL TABLE where A STEAMING CUP OF TEA waits...

...A hand lifts the cup: RAMANOV wearing a white undershirt. He is seated in a comfortable chair. He sips the TEA, replaces the cup, then raises A COPY OF SOVIET WORKER MONTHLY (with a handsome young worker on the cover) and reads...

Three beats....

CLICK! The RADIO is switched off. RAMANOV drops his paper, looks:

CAMERA moves to PUDOVKIN, only a few feet away, then BACK TO RAMANOV, who rises in absolute terror! We see he is wearing a garter belt, bloomers, and silk stockings...

6 CONTINUED:

6

RAMANOV

Oh fuck! Oh fuck! How did you...?? How
did you...??

PUDOVKIN remains silent and relaxed. He takes the cup and sips tea.

RAMANOV (CONT'D)

How did you...?? What are you going
to...?

PUDOVKIN lifts the magazine, glances at the cover.

PUDOVKIN IN

(contemptuously)

I knew it.

RAMANOV

It's not what you think. Really, I enjoy
the articles.

(beat, terrified)

Please don't kill me.

PUDOVKIN sits back, indicates for RAMANOV to return to his chair. RAMANOV does, fearfully:

RAMANOV (CONT'D)

All the prints have been destroyed. No
one will ever know. It'll be our secret -
just you and me.

PUDOVKIN seems to not hear. He is thinking about something else. A beat, then:

PUDOVKIN IN

Why am I doing this?

RAMANOV

(beat)

What?

PUDOVKIN IN

What am I doing this? I make cinema, you
theorize about cinema. Surely you have a
theory about what has transpired over the
last few days?

RAMANOV

Well, I... I thought...

(beat, wanily)

This isn't cinema.

6 6 CONTINUED:(2)(2)

6 6

PUDOVKIN
(deadly and cold)
Humor me.

RAMANOV
(nervously)
Well, Well, there are several interesting theoretical aspects to that has occurred here. Your ideas about montage and its relationship to the greater work...

..... PUDOVKIN is looking bored: definitely the wrong direction. RAMANOV tries another tack.

RAMANOV (CONT'D)
We found a tiny discrepancy between your theory - a very fine theory, by the way - and some experimental data. And before we had a chance to... to re-examine the data which was obviously flawed you responded with a counter-argument, which may not have been entirely necessary.

PUDOVKIN
Try again. Something simpler this time.

RAMANOV
Your theory of montage was so great it drove you insane and now you're on a killing spree.

PUDOVKIN
Too German. That's the kind of thing Fritz Lang would come up with. Try something closer to home.

RAMANOV is stumped. Lost..

PUDOVKIN (CONT'D)
(calmly)
I ran out of film.

RAMANOV doesn't get it. A beat..

PUDOVKIN (CONT'D)
I ran out of film. You fucking know where I am at the same Marxist Film Theory, Phenomenology, The Auteur Theory, Stanislavsky. Well it doesn't work that way. I ran out of film!

RAMANOV still doesn't get it. PUDOVKIN tries again:

(C(continued))

66 CONTINUED:(3B)

66

PUDOVKIN (CONT'D)
I am funded by the state. You are funded
by the state. My crew and I are sitting
on a hundred freezing our asses off,
trying to make a cinema, and we ran out of
film. Why? Because they gave my film to
you. You're not even students and a god
knows what wastes of oxygen those
fuckers are. You are theorists. Film
Theorists Who the fuck needs you!!!
(re: the magazine)
You're all perverts!

RAMANOV
(quietly angry now)
I take offense to that, Comrade Pudovkin.

PUDOVKIN
You're right, you're right. That was
uncalled for. Some of my best friends --
Platonically speaking area of the
homosexual persuasion --

RAMANOV
(evenly)
--Theorists define cinema.

Now PUDOVKIN is speechless --- struck dumb by this..

RAMANOV (CONT'D)
That's right comrade Pudovkin; without
theory you are just a man with a movie
camera; you are a Saturday matinee pea; a
cheap sideshow thrill for a crowd of
ignorant peasants. But if you give me a
collection of disjointed images and I give
you context I am your credibility, I am
your interpreter without me you are
just another ambiguity.

Beat. He's hit a nerve.. PUDOVKIN sits trembling with rage,
ready to murder..... RAMANOV doesn't care..

RAMANOV (CONT'D)
Yes you can kill me, but you can't stop
me. A hundred will rise up to take my
place. All the film in the world can't
save you from us.

Beat. Then PUDOVIN draws a KNIFE THE SIZE OF HIS FOREARM and
rises to attack--

6 6 CONTINUED:(4)(4)

6 6

OPHULSUS(O.S.S.)
--Put down the knife please.

AND WE FINALLY CUT TO::

MAX OPHULS stands in the doorway in BLACK CLOAK, BROAD BRIMMED HAT, and A PISTOL trained on Pudovkin. From now on we edit as normal.

PUDOVKIN
(frozen)
Who the hell are you?

OPHULS
(removing his hat for emphasis)
Max Ophuls is in scene.

PUDOVKIN
(at Ramonov)
Fucker!

RAMANOV
(retreating with relief)
Well, Mr Ophuls, it appears you've arrived just in time.

OPHULS
(entering, pissed off)
Oh yeah. Things are looking good.

PUDOVKIN
So you've taken up with them.

OPHULS
I know which side my butter is breaded on.

PUDOVKIN
You're a whore, Ophuls.

OPHULS
With gun. Put it down please.

PUDOVKIN puts he knife on a coffee table.

OPHULS (CONT'D)
Sit. Sit.

PUDOVKIN does. OPHULS takes a chair, sitting where he can cover the room.

RAMANOV
I'm glad you came prepared.

(CONTINUED)

OPHULS

Prepared? I've been sitting in a goddamn train for five days. The food is appalling, in this town is built on a fucking iceberg, and I'm constipated. Do you people have anything to eat that isn't made of cabbage?

PUDOVKIN

(chuckling)

You must be French.

OPHULS

Quiet.

(to Ramonov)

There was a mention of a prize?

PUDOVKIN

A prize?--?

RAMANOV

(thinking fast)

--Yes Yes Yes we thought perhaps some form of financial compensation Ah Ah... five thousand and...?..?

OPHULS

Five thousand? Five thousand what?

RAMANOV

(clearing his throat)

Ah Ah... Rubles...?..?

OPHULS

Rubles?!

RAMANOV

--That was my reaction, Mr Ophuls. My My reaction precisely. I thought perhaps... francs?

OPHULS

(suspicious)

French or Swiss.

RAMANOV

Swiss...?..?

Ophuls mods "okay"-. Relaxes a little.

OPHULS

Don't I get a medal or something?

RAMANOV
 (improvising)
 There will be... yes we will have a
 medal... or a cup... or something.

OPHULS
 The Festival - when does it start?

PUDOVKIN
 Festival?

RAMANOV
 There's been a slight problem with that.

PUDOVKIN
 Festival of what?

OPHULS
 Of cinema.

RAMANOV
 We may have to reorganize. There have
 been some problems with... You know--

PUDOVKIN
 --Festival? Who's in it?

OPHULS
 Well I am I wouldn't be too sure about
 you though.

PUDOVKIN
 Fuck you.

OPHULS
 What about this injury? Who heads that?

PUDOVKIN
 (sulking)
 I didn't hear about any festival.

RAMANOV
 (again winging it)
 I thought perhaps... you would like to?

PUDOVKIN
 Why him? He's a foreigner! He's French!

Beat, then OPHULS looks at them both suspiciously.

OPHULS
 (to Ramonov)
 In the telegram you said you were a
 Director?

RAMANOV
(proudly)
Yes. Director of the Leningrad
Laboratory of Theoretical Cinema.

OPHULS
Theoretical cinema?

RAMANOV
Yes.

OPHULS
You must be Pudovkin.

PUDOVKIN
You know my work!

OPHULS
I heard about the knife.
(too Ramanov)
This Festival... are we talking
"theoretical films?"

RAMANOV
(winging it)
Well that would certainly make the
screening process easier, wouldn't it? no
need for a projectionist--no need for
projector. And I think there are many
fine concepts we could discuss.

OPHULS is hardening to this "concept", and PUDOVKIN is
beginning to smile. But RAMANOV is on a roll.

OPHULS
And what other Directors were you
anticipating attending?

RAMANOV
Quite a few actually--all well placed
and very influential. Zhdanov, Director
of Production, Yankelevich, also Director of
Production--

PUDOVKIN snorts as he tries to suppress a laugh. OPHULS
notices:

OPHULS
What am I missing here?

PUDOVKIN
(lying)
Nothing. Nothing at all.

OPHULS
(suspicious now)
Exactly what "Productions" have they
"Directed"?

RAMANOV
Zharkov is the Director of the Tractor
Plant. Yankels is --

OPHULS
"The Tractor Plant?" Is that a film?

PUDOVKIN can't restrain himself, giggling uncontrollably.

RAMANOV
It's a place where they make
tractors.

OPHULS looks in disbelief at PUDOVKIN who mops as he wipes
away tears of laughter.... Two beats. OPHULS realizes he is
being used:

OPHULS
Oh fuck this.

BLAM! OPHULS shoots RAMANOV who drops out of frame. Two
beats, then he takes a chair, sits.

PUDOVKIN is wiping off brains and blood. They look at each
other, sizing each other up.

PUDOVKIN
(framing with his hands)
Well we'd have shot him differently,
of course, but the results are more or
less the same, I suppose.

OPHULS
I hate being marked.

PUDOVKIN
Well what are you going to do about it,
Mr. Ophuls?

OPHULS
(beats deliberate)
What is your problem?

PUDOVKIN
(frowns, thinks about it)
Please, be more specific.

OPHOUSIUS
With Mission scene. Why do you hate it so much?

PUDOVKIN
It's the camera. It isn't meant to do things like that.

OPHOUSIUS
What are you talking about?

PUDOVKIN
It keeps falling over. The shots are unsteady, the wheels of the dolly get stuck in the snow. The other day the crane tipped over - again. My cameraman broke his arm.

OPHOUSIUS
(two beats, then quietly)
Counterweights.

PUDOVKIN
What?

OPHOUSIUS
We use counterweights for the crane. To keep it balanced safely. And tracks for the dolly. Like a little train.

For PUDOVKIN this is a revelation.

PUDOVKIN
Interesting.
(beat)
But why do you hate montage?

OPHOUSIUS
The glue gives me a rash.

PUDOVKIN
Ah yes...

PUDOVKIN reaches into his pockets, pulls out A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES.

PUDOVKIN (CONT'D)
Try these. They're cotton. Very cheap.

OPHOUSIUS
What are they called?

PUDOVKIN
Editing gloves.

OPHULS and PUDOVKIN look at each other and chuckle:

OPHULS/PUDOVKIN
The language of cinema!

They laugh. But it's over quickly. OPHULS rises.

OPHULS
I have a train to catch.
(an afterthought)
Stay to of Paris.

PUDOVKIN
Sure.

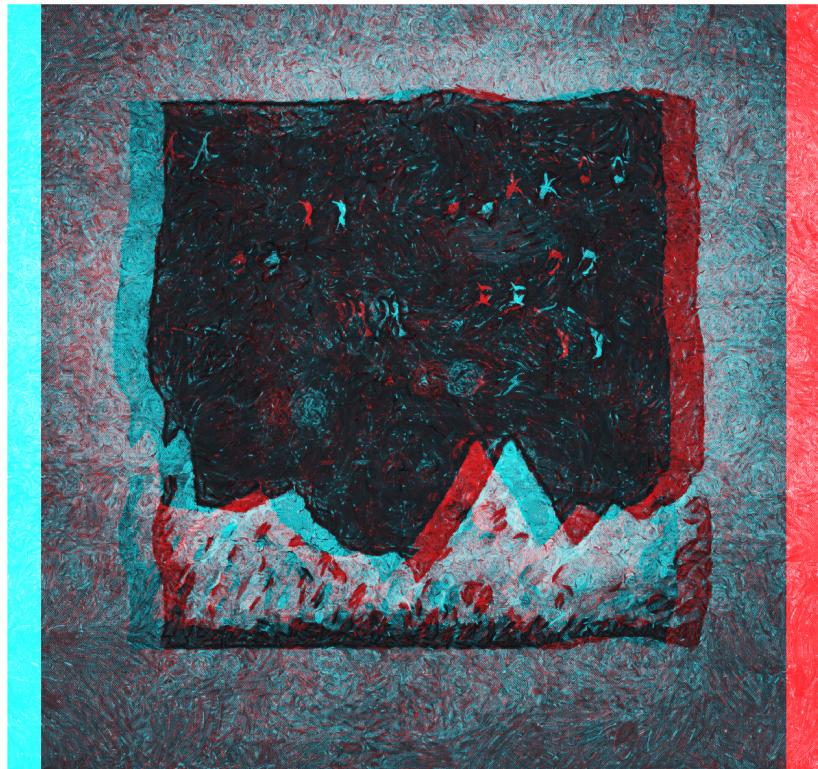
They look at each other one more beat. Then OPHULS heads for the door. PUDOVKIN watches his back, eyes turning dark....

PUDOVKIN snatches up the knife and LUNGES!

FREEZE FRAME

FADE TO BLACK..

THE END



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