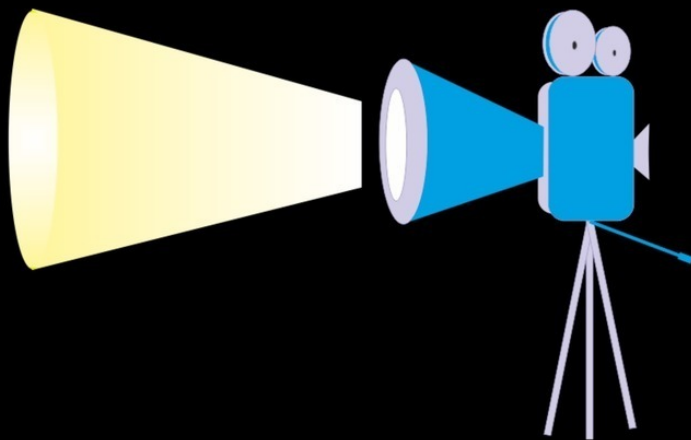


Александр
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CONDEMNED GOLD

Script in English according novel «Russian
scenario for Hollywood»

Александр Кваченюк-Борецкий
Condemned Gold. Script
in English according novel
«Russian scenario for Hollywood»

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Аннотация

A geologist, Lyubov Artemieva, discovers a large deposit of gold in an isolated section of Russia. When she puts a piece of gold, like a sample, in her pocket, she is apprehending and put in prison. The chief of prisons, Leonid Sahar, kidnaps newborn son of Lyubov Artemieva to force her to disclose the location of the gold. Wilkie Farmer, a wealthy gold miner in America, he uses his wealth to release Lyubov from the Russian prison.

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**Condemned Gold
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according novel «Russian
scenario for Hollywood»**

**Александр
Кваченюк-Борецкий**

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Fade in:

EXT. WILLKIE FARMER'S HOUSE – UNITED STATES –
DAY (1960)

Big old house somewhere in the Midwest. Willkie Farmer a man in his early twenties exits home. His mother – CHARLOTTE – runs after him.

CHARLOTTE

Where are you going, son?

WILLKIE

Ma, I'm not a small boy anymore,
don't ask me where to? It's time
for me to do a real man's job!

CHARLOTTE

Well, you can look after cattle
here, it's a man's job

WILLKIE

(after a pause)

I'll drop you a line, ma. Don't
worry about me.

WILLKIE turns and walks away down the dusty road.

INT. BAR OWL – UNITED STATES – NIGHT (1960)

WILLKIE sits in a bar next to a middle-aged COWBOY, who sips his beer slowly. The man has a big SCAR on his left cheek. After a glass of beer COWBOY turns his swarthy face to WILLKIE and looks at him with his piercing gray hawk-like eyes. COWBOY wipes his mouth with a sleeve.

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COWBOY

Whiskey?

WILLKIE

(readily)

I wouldn't mind.

COWBOY nods to the bartender. He pours the men two glasses of spirits.

COWBOY

Where are you going, son... if it's not a secret?

WILLKIE

Looking for job!

COWBOY

What kind of job?

WILLKIE

One that pays money

At this moment a doorway in the bar opens wide and THREE

GENTLEMEN in suits enter.

COWBOY slowly puts his right hand under the table.

The GENTLEMEN say something to one of the men in the bar and leave.

COWBOY follows them with his eyes, then turns to WILLKIE.

COWBOY

I might have a job for you, son.

WILLKIE

What do I do?

COWBOY

What I tell you to.

3

WILLKIE

Nope! That will not do. Tell me what's the job or I won't go for it.

COWBOY

As you wish! (long beat) But I pay with pure gold!

COWBOY takes out a little leather bag from his pocket and throws it on the table in front of WILLKIE. A handful of golden sand dusted on the top.

Looking at the bag, WILLKIE mutters something unintelligible. Seeing what a strong impression the gold has made on his new companion COWBOY grunts with satisfaction.

At this moment THREE MEN in suits enter the bar again. While WILLKIE weights the little bag in his hand, they approach him and the cowboy.

FIRST MAN IN SUIT

Texas Police! Nick Gordon, follow us.

The MAN in SUIT grabs the leather bag from Willkie's hands.

FIRST MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Heavy.

COWBOY takes out his colt

COWBOY

It's not yours

4

THE FIRST MAN throws the bag on the table and steps backwards.

FIRST MAN IN SUIT

(quietly)

You're dead!

COWBOY

Can I see you warrant, officers?

FIRST MAN IN SUIT

Here it is.

He hits COWBOY'S hand with the gun. The fight starts.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

COWBOY and WILLKIE run fast away from the bar.

BANG.

One of the bullets swishes over WILLKIE's head. The second one reaches COWBOY.

He screams with pain.

WILLKIE catches up and drags him to the car.

The three men chase them.

WILLKIE jumps in the car and darts off.

5

INT. COWBOY'S CAR – NIGHT (SEVERAL HOURS LATER)

COWBOY breaths with difficulty

WILLKIE

Who were those guys? They were not from the police, right?

COWBOY shakes his head

WILLKIE (CONT'D)

We need to treat your wound.

He tries to lift COWBOY, but he wheezes and moans. WILLKIE puts him back down.

COWBOY

In my right pocket.

COWBOY glances at his jacket

COWBOY

Take it... there, in the right pocket.

6

WILLKIE unbuttons the pocket and takes out a folded white envelope.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

It does not have a name on it, the name of the owner of the land and the gold mine. Write you name, son... Go to Los Angeles, you need to go to Gold Star, find Richard Taylor and show him this paper.

COWBOY coughs

COWBOY (CONT'D)

But there is more, son. There is more. There is a place in Russia where there are sand dunes of gold...

COWBOY chocks and falls silent.

For some time WILLKIE keeps looking at the dead man. Then he folds the envelope and puts it in his shirt pocket.

INT. ARTEMIEV'S OFFICE – GEOLOGY INSTITUTE –
MODERN RUSSIA – DAY

INSERT SHOT – OLD YELLOW PAGES OF THE
NOTEBOOK

Diary of a Convict:

V.O. LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA

March 1966. I just now realized how stupid it was! I do not even know his name. He said that he was an American journalist and writes essays on the Russian nature. I called him a Yankee as a joke. It seemed he wasn't offended. So I called him Jan – for short. My boy – he has his eyes.

ARTEMIEVA'S HAND TURNS PAGE AFTER PAGE

September 1966. I nearly went mad with grief when my son was taken away from me.

November 1967. My son is one year and two months! How is he there? How does he look now?

August 1968. It's him! Damn, Jan! I recognized him immediately. What the hell is he doing here in the prison? How did he get here? And this woman with him – very well dressed. No, I'm not jealous!

August 1968. I was allowed a meeting with Jan! But what to tell him? That our son was taken away from me.

August 1968. I'm afraid. It is possible that the risk would cost me even longer, if not eternal separation from my dear son!

August. In 1968. I ran away from camp with Jan!

BACK TO SCENE

ARTEMIEV closes the diary.

8

INT. CLASS ROOM – GEOLOGY INSTITUTE –
MODERN RUSSIA – DAY

NICHOLAY YURSKY a twenty-five year old lecturer stands in front of his students.

YURSKY

I have good news for you guys, the expedition was approved.

Students get excited

YURSKY

So have you decided who is going?

KOVALEV – a well-built guy with small black eyes, stands up.

KOVALEV

Yes. I'll go, Misha Samokhvalov and Nastya Barsukova!

STUDENT 1

Nicholay Nickolaevich, is it true
that the place where you are going
...well, it does not exist?

STUDENT 2

And there is no gold there.

KOVALEV

There are mountains of gold there.

STUDENT 2

How do you know?

9

STUDENT 1

So when do you sail away to Kolyma?

YURSKY

First of all, it's not Kolyma, second of all it's not all about gold.

NASTYA

Who else is going?

The CLASS turns to her. NASTYA – a beautiful young girl with big brown eyes – looks at YURSKY – smiling.

YURSKY

Artemiev – the head of the expedition and I.

Students begin to shout GOLD. GOLD. GOLD
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

It is ARTEMIEV

ARTEMIEV

Do you have a minute?

10

YURSKY

All right, the class is over for today.
You can go.

Students leave.

ARTEMIEV

I've been told you want to see me.

YURSKY

Severkov moused out something.

ARTEMIEV

OK, we will show them the smallest
deposit. Especially since the mines
are located so close to each other.
Only you and I know about the Rapid
River.

YURSKY

Severkov requested a preliminary
assay, which I made, but then the
data is now incorrect, if we show

only the smallest deposit.

In addition, you know, the rumors will spread if there will be less gold than expected, meaning that someone has appropriated it. They will send inspectors. You understand what I mean?

ARTEMIEV

Here is a map. Show it to this man from the top – Elkin. Tell him it's (MORE)

11

ARTEMIEV (CONT'D)

just a copy and I have the original.
You made a duplicate, when you
went to explore with me, and you
do not know how to find it.

ARTEMIEV hands YURSKY a piece of paper.

ARTEMIEV

By the way, we have new people on
our team. Guess who? Kovalev!

YURSKY

I know. I was surprised myself.

ARTEMIEV

Severkov told me to take him with us.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD – RUSSIA – LATE EVENING

A luxurious SUV drives down a dusty road at a full speed.

ERNEST KOVALEV – is in the front seat on the passenger

side.

Behind the wheel – GARIK, a roguish type of person.

In the back seat – NASTYA, MISHA SAMOCHVALOV
AND ELKIN.

The SUV is followed by Artemiev's old car.

Abruptly the SUV stops in front of the impregnable walls
of a dark wood.

12

Geologists gets out

ARTEMIEV

Let's halt. We will leave tomorrow morning.

They make a fire and eat a canned dinner. YURSKY pitches a tent.

KOVALEV

Garik and I will sleep in the car.

ARTEMIEV

Let's decide who's going to be on duty tonight.

KOVALEV

Yursky. Look, he's not tired.

NASTYA

I will replace him after two hours.

KOVALEV gives her an angry look

YURSKY returns to the fire and, taking a can with meat, sits opposite NASTYA. They look at each other for sometime.

NASTYA smiles.

YURSKY withdraws his eyes

13

INT. ARTEMIEV'S TENT – NIGHT

ARTEMIEV continues reading a mysterious diary of a convict

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONCENTRATION CAMP – RUSSIA – AUGUST 1968 – DAY

V.O. LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA

Everything happened so fast that I really did not realize anything. This woman who came along with Jan suddenly came into the kitchen where I was cooking...

An elegantly dressed WOMAN enters a dirty kitchen where another woman – LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA – stands near an oven.

The WOMAN hurriedly slips off something like a hunting suit of a dark green color. Women exchange dresses.

WOMAN
Go!

LIUBOV hesitates for a moment, looking at another WOMAN who, now in prisoner's dress, looks very similar to herself.

Women hug each other briefly and LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA darts out of the kitchen.

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EXT. CONCENTRATION CAMP YARD –
CONTINUOUS

In the courtyard of the camp Jan waits for LUIBOV. We recognize WILLKIE FARMER in Jan. He talks to a PRISON GUARD.

When men see LUIBOV, the GUARD opens the huge heavy gate.

LIUBOV approaches the men, pretending to be as relaxed as possible. Jan takes her hand and they exit the prison.

CUT TO:

JAN AND LIUBOV STRUGGLE MOVING THROUGH
TAIGA

V.O. LUIBOV ARTEMIEVA

Taking the loads of provisions and sleeping bags, we have fled in an unknown direction, walking day and night. But sooner or later they will discover that prisoner number 207 has escaped.

JAN AND LIUBOV COME UP TO THE DRY RIVER BED

Above them is a cliff; one branch leads directly below the mountain range, forming a natural arch. They proceed to the pass and go through the mountains.

15

V.O. LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA

We found ourselves in a fantastic location!

LIUBOV and JAN carefully examine the place where they come to. There is a big LAKE with crystal blue water.

V.O. LIUBOV ARTEMIEVA

What we found here cannot be described.

Soon the water will strike its way back here,
destroying the dam of ice in the mountains.

It will close access to the blue lake forever.

This is my last record. Good buy, diary.

BACK TO:

EXT. FOREST – NEXT DAY

The expedition comes out on one of the gold deposits,
marked on the map.

ARTEMIEV

Here.

Gentle slopes of pine and spruce surround the group.

YURSKY walks up to the nearest mountain, and with a single blow chips off a piece of ore. He puts it on his palm to show the others.

16

GARIK

Boss, and we dragged ourselves to this goddamn shithole to find this. It's worth less than the diesel we've used to come here

KOVALEV

Where's the other bed.

YURSKY

What other bed?

Suddenly KOVALEV takes out a pistol. Geologists exchange frightened glances.

ARTEMIEV pulls himself together

ARTEMIEV

Put this thing down. All right?

Look...

He takes out the map.

ARTEMIEV (CONT'D)

Right here – we are here! Here next
to us are two more beds!

KOVALEV

Your map is a fake!

ARTEMIEV

No, it's not

KOVALEV

No, Garik.

GARIK takes out a gun and points it at geologists.

KOVALEV (CONT'D)

Let's see.

NASTYA

Bastards!

KOVALEV turns around. Geologists all freeze.

Suddenly BANG.

To everybody's horror MISHA SAMOCHVALOV falls on the ground and moans.

KOVALEV, surprised himself, looks at MISHA. But then he roars.

KOVALEV

From now on you do what I tell you

to do. If, you,

(turns to Artemiev)

Don't take me to the real bed, I
will kill all of you.

Not paying attention to Kovalev, NASTYA rushes to MISHA, who's shoulder is bleeding. She reaches for her rucksack and takes out a first aid kit. She bandages MISHA's arm.

YURSKY

We need to get back.

KOVALEV

Nobody's going back until I get my gold!

YURSKY

The guy will simply bleed to death if not immediately rushed to the mainland. Do you want him dead?

ARTEMIEV

If we go with no sleep or rest, then it will take us no more than one and a half days, maximum – two!

Let the guys carry him to the mainland and I'll take you to the gold bed.

KOVALEV

Do not even dream about it!

EXT. TAIGA – DAY

ELKIN and YURSKY carry wounded SAMOCHVALOV on a self-made stretcher.

They take turns with ARTEMIEV and GARIK every now and then and have a rest.

Samokhvalov groans and moans loudly.

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KOVALEV

Shut up! We've already spent too much water on you and treatment of your wounds.

NASTYA

Isn't it obvious that Misha is barely alive? The bandage is all red with blood. People need rest.

KOVALEV

(hesitates)

Halt!

YURSKY

Could not resist it, Kovalev?

KOVALEV

Shut up or I'll shoot you like a dog!

YURSKY

Come on, shoot.

KOVALEV

You are in my power and I can do what I want to. Once we arrive at the Rapid River, I will be pleased to make a hole in your academic head.

(to Garik)

Tie them up together.

GARIK

But, Boss where do I get a rope?

KOVALEV

In the shop... go and buy one!

GARIK

Boss, I'm serious.

KOVALEV

I'm not kidding! (beat) Am I to teach you everything!.. Stretch silk ribbons of the tent!

EXT. RUSSIAN TAIGA – EVENING

GEOLOGISTS lie on the damp grass twisted like earthworms.

GARIK glances at KOVALEV, looking for approval.

KOVALEV

(irritably)

What do you want?

GARIK

What to do with him?

Kovalev comes close to Misha Samokhvalov who shows no

signs of life.

KOVALEV

This shit – I don't want to waste
rope on him!

21

KOVALEV touches MISHA'S shoulder.

EXT. RUSSIAN TAIGA – NEXT DAY

GEOLOGISTS still tied up, lie on the ground suffering from a terrible noon heat.

ELKIN

Water!

KOVALEV nods to GARIK, and the later runs to the river to scoop up some water.

He returns to the camp with flasks full.

KOVALEV takes one of the flasks, unscrews the cap and drinks slowly, water dripping down on his chest.

ARTEMIEV

Drink!

KOVALEV

Water is now worth its weight in gold!

The deal must be fair, on equal terms.

GARIK approaches ELKIN.

GARIK

Boss, the old man seems to have lost consciousness, and the girl — she is green and moans!

YURSKY

At least give water to Misha and Nastya.

KOVALEV nods reluctantly at GARIK

GARIK

(giving Misha to drink)

Come on. Here. Let's look at your wound! If you need a fresh bandage

GARIK bares MISHA's shoulder

GARIK (CONT'D)

Hey! And where's your famous wound?

GARIK checks the shoulder.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. A SMALL SCRATCH

GARIK looks puzzled at the red bandage and smells it.

GARIK

It's lipstick! Boss!

GARIK hits MISHA in the face

Kovalev grabs his wrist.

KOVALEV

Quiet! Here I am – the boss!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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