

Dasha

Episode 1
Moscow Stories
Journey of the seeds

by

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INT. MOSCOW CLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Music is playing. Young guys and girls are dancing. YURI stands alone near the wall, cocktail in his hand. His gaze is locked on DASHA, in the opposite corner, who is busily chatting with her friends. He catches her eye. She smiles. He tries to smile back - too late. ALEXANDER walks up, drink in hand, smiling at Yuri.

ALEXANDER
You're such an idiot.

Yuri looks at his friend, irritated.

YURI
Piss off.

Alexander follows Yuri's gaze.

ALEXANDER
Wow, she's so cool today. I mean,
she's always cool, but today...

YURI
Shut up.

They both watch her, silent. Yuri becomes uneasy, looking around him, trying to find a reason. He notices a strange man, GUEST, in jeans and a hooded coat. His face is obscured, but Yuri stares nervously at him. The Guest looks like he has a glowing red light above his head. Yuri blinks and this effect goes away. Alexander also notices the Guest.

ALEXANDER
Who's that? Thought it was a
private party.

The Guest disappears among the dancers. Yuri focuses his attention on Dasha again, forgetting the Guest.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Dasha, come on man, she wants you.
Go to her.

YURI
(with hope)
She does?

ALEXANDER
Of course! Trust me, I'm a pro at
this stuff.

Yuri coughs.

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ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You heard that there's a kind of astra...astro..., well something about meteors. Really big. A kind of rain or something today. Saw it on the net.

YURI

So what?

ALEXANDER

So, you start a conversation, ask her to dance, then ask her to go out to watch ... With that, she's all yours.

YURI

The most stupid thing I ever heard.

Alexander looks insulted. Before he can speak, the music changes to a slow dance. Yuri breathes out, gulps down the cocktail, hands the empty glass to Alexander and heads for Dasha.

ALEXANDER

I believe in you, man!

But Yuri is cut off from Dasha by the dancing bodies. He dodges them only to see Dasha standing with the Guest, who embraces and kisses her. Yuri freezes. The red glow now encircles the Guest and Dasha. Yuri angrily moves toward Dasha, roughly pushing the Guest away from her.

YURI

Hey, she's with me.

The Guest doesn't reply, he just stands. Yuri still can't see his face. The glowing Guest turns and leaves. Yuri wants to follow him, but Dasha takes his hand.

DASHA

Yuri, right? Wanna dance?

Yuri hesitates.

YURI

Sure.

They dance. Dasha pushes her body against Yuri, her face next to his. Her hands start moving down his spine and hips. She kisses him gently, then passionately. Yuri with huge effort gently pushes her from him.

YURI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

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She smiles and kisses him again. Yuri pulls back as he notices the red aura around her. Dasha bites his cheek. He pushes her away and wipes the wound. He sees his blood and looks at Dasha. A thin trickle of blood is in the corner of her mouth. She smiles.

DASHA

I want more...

Yuri heads for the exit, leaving Dasha behind. She starts dancing with another guy. Yuri doesn't notice the strange behavior of the couples around him, or Alexander in a tight embrace with a girl. The red glow is now around most people on the dance floor.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Yuri stands outside the club, smoking, his cheek clearly wounded. The street is empty. The loud music from below spills onto the street. Yuri looks despondent, then kicks the nearest rubbish bin in frustration. There is a strange noise from above. He looks up to see thousands of meteors filling the sky. Then Yuri realizes they actually hit the ground, hearing their explosive impact. He's mesmerized - can't move, just watches. He feels a heat in his palm - the cigarette burned to the filter. He drops it and realizes that he has been joined by the Guest, also looking up at the sky, smiling. Yuri looks intently at the Guest, his glow even brighter, matching the sky.

THE GUEST

Look carefully, young man. It's one
of the last things your world will
see.

Yuri stares at the sky as the impact of the meteors reaches a crescendo, then stops. Total silence. Yuri looks around - he's alone on the street. He sweats. No music from the club now. He goes to the entrance, hesitates, then opens the door.

INT. MOSCOW CLUB - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Total silence. Yuri stands on the stairs looking at the empty dance floor. There's a dark shape on the floor at the bottom of the stairs. Yuri walks down, only hearing his heart pounding.

INT. MOSCOW CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Yuri stops, standing in a puddle. He touches it, sniffs it. Yuri swallows and coils back in horror. He hears a noise. The only light is from the main projector lamp blinking, making the centre of the room visible. The room seems empty. Yuri takes a step, then another. Yuri notices bodies all over the room in puddles of blood. Yuri stops when he sees Dasha in the centre of the dance floor. Her hands and mouth and clothes are covered with blood. She sees him.

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The red glow around her becomes brighter. Yuri grabs his head as searing pain hits, causing his knees to buckle.

DASHA

(with a beautiful smile)

We've been expecting you, darling.

Fade out.