

Green and Pleasant Land

Episode 1 - Ania

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. A LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Someone lies in the street with a knife sticking out of their stomach. Their white shirt is soaked in blood. Their stomach and the knife rise and fall with their rapid, shallow breathing. It's impossible to tell if they're male, female, young, old, black or white.

Running footsteps approach.

MAN (O.S.)
Sweet Jesus!

More footsteps and then a woman's voice.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Oh no!

MAN (O.S.)
Phone an ambulance.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(Quietly)
We have to go.

MAN (O.S.)
What?

WOMAN (O.S.)
(Emphatically)
We have to go.

MAN (O.S.)
But I can help.

WOMAN (O.S.)
NO!

MAN (O.S.)
I can't just leave.....

WOMAN (O.S.)
Someone could see us.....please!

MAN (O.S.)
But.....

WOMAN (O.S.)
Come on!

Footsteps moving off into the night.

SUPER: WELCOME TO THE LONDON GAMES, 2012

EXT. A STREET IN STRATFORD, LONDON - DAY

London Games' spectators make their way towards the Olympic stadium. Everything is colour and excitement. Waving flags, painted faces, the noise of anticipation.

Gleaming new roads and railings. Brown Tourist signs point to the Stadium, Village, Underground Station. Horns blare, groups of spectators sing, shout, point and wave. The 2012 Games are here and in full swing.

Walking against the tide is a young woman: ANIA. She is a pretty Polish girl, in her early twenties, dressed casually. Everyone else walks towards the stadium, but not Ania. Her destination is somewhere else.

As she distances herself from the stadium the crowds thin. A young Japanese couple stop her. They point at a map. She smiles warmly and points them in the right direction. They nod their thanks vigorously.

On she walks. The gleaming newness is replaced with the grime of East London streets. No more Olympic crowds now: instead a vagrant slouches in a doorway, an Indian couple move rubbish from outside their shop, two women covered from head to toe in full Burkas walk down the street.

She walks past a launderette, metal shuttered kebab shop, newsagent, café. Eventually she enters a shop offering cheap phone rates to foreign countries.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Phone booths filled with occupants from different continents: Africa, Asia, Europe, Oceania. There are loud overlapping conversations spoken in different accents and languages.

Ania finds an empty booth, picks up the telephone and inserts some pound coins. She dials a number and after a few rings the phone at the other end is picked up.

THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION BETWEEN ANIA AND HER MOTHER IS IN POLISH, WITH SUBTITLES.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA
Mama, it's me.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Ania, when are you coming home?

ANIA
Soon.

MOTHER (V.O.)
But you've been there for so
long.....

ANIA
Not so long.....only four months.

MOTHER (V.O.)
But we miss you!

ANIA
I know and I miss you too.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Why don't you come home, beautiful?

ANIA
Mama, I can make so much money
here. In six months I'll have
enough to take me through law
school. I'll come home, finish my
studies.....look after you and
Tola.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Your sister cries for you. Your
father can't sleep.....drinking all
the time.

ANIA
Papa's been drinking for years.
Tell Tola to stop crying....tell
her to work hard at her studies.

MOTHER (V.O.)
....your Aunt Jolenta is worried
about Izabella. She goes out all
the time.....who knows who she's
meeting. Such a worry.....

ANIA
I can't talk for long.....it's
expensive to phone. Did you get the
money?

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (V.O.)
Yes, it came yesterday.

ANIA
Papa mustn't know about it.

MOTHER (V.O.)
I put it in the bank. I won't tell
him.

Ania smiles, relieved.

ANIA
Thank you, Mama. I have to go to
work now.

MOTHER (V.O.)
To the lawyers?

ANIA
Yes, to the lawyers.

MOTHER (V.O.)
I'm so proud of you, my beautiful
girl.
(Pause)
I love you. Be careful.

ANIA
I love you too.

Ania puts down the phone and exits the shop. She walks a few more doors down and then enters a coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/SANDWICH BAR - DAY

Glass fronted coffee shop and sandwich bar with tables covered in simple plastic cloths. Towards the rear is a serve-over counter displaying various sandwich-fillings and a Barista coffee-making machine. The shop interior is well-used over many years, plain white walls, functional.

Except for Ania, the only other customer is a man sitting at a table in the window reading his newspaper.

Ania walks up to the counter, behind which are two men. One is SALIM, Middle Eastern, a large imposing man in his mid-twenties. The other is his brother HASAN. A couple of years older, Hasan is smaller and has less presence than Salim. Hasan leaves Salim to serve Ania and instead tidies up behind the counter.

Salim smiles widely as Ania approaches.

(CONTINUED)

SALIM

Look, it's Ania. At last, the most beautiful girl in the world has come to whisk me away from here..... away from my evil, elder brother....

Salim winks at his brother. Hasan looks back disapprovingly and then continues what he is doing.

ANIA

There is nothing evil about your brother, Salim.

(Smiling)

You're trying to trick me..... I know you too well.

SALIM

So you've not come to save me?

Ania shakes her head. Salim pulls a joke sad face and then immediately brightens up.

SALIM

Very well, then I shall serve you one of our finest coffees.

ANIA

That would be wonderful. Thank you.

Ania smiles again and places money on the counter.

She turns and walks to the table in the window, occupied by the one other person in the shop: JERZY. He is also Polish, late twenties. He is tall, trendy and roughly handsome. He looks up from his newspaper as Ania joins him.

JERZY

(With warmth)

Hi.

ANIA

(Coolly)

What do you have for me?

Jerzy puts down his newspaper. The previous warmth in his face has disappeared.

JERZY

How about good morning? Or maybe.....are you well, Jerzy?

(CONTINUED)

ANIA
(Smiles sarcastically)
Good morning. Are you well Jerzy?
Now, what do you have for me?

JERZY
You know, I could be a lot worse.
There are stories I hear....a girl,
just seventeen....

ANIA
I know the stories. Look, I
appreciate what you do for me. It
doesn't mean I look forward to
seeing you.

Jerzy surveys her. Silence between them.

Salim appears and places a cup of coffee in front of Ania
before retreating again.

Jerzy sighs and extracts a scrap of paper from his pocket.
He reads it aloud.

JERZY
Today at twelve-thirty. Tomorrow at
nine. Names and addresses on the
back.

He hands her the paper. She scans it briefly then stuffs it
in her pocket.

ANIA
Anything special?

Jerzy shakes his head.

His mobile rings and he answers it.....

JERZY
Hello.

HENRY (V.O)
(Hesitantly)
Hi, it's Henry. I wondered if
tomorrow, maybe I could....

JERZY
Sure thing.....

Ania rises from the table, turning to leave.

JERZY

.....Henry, can you just hold for a second.....

Jerzy covers the mouthpiece and calls to Ania.

JERZY

At least stay and finish your coffee?

Ania ignores him and leaves the shop. Jerzy shakes his head at her and then continues his conversation?

JERZY

Henry, sorry. Yes, what time would you like?

HENRY (V.O.)

Would eight-thirty be ok?

JERZY

No problem.

INT. HALLWAY, HENRY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

HENRY is on the telephone talking to Jerzy. He is white, in his thirties, balding, tubby and plain.

Everything about the hallway, from its décor to its fixtures, belongs to thirty years before.

HENRY

The usual place, yea?

JERZY (V.O.)

Leave it with me.

HENRY

Ok, thanks.

Henry puts down the phone. He pauses momentarily and then walks down the dark hallway to another door, which he opens.

INT. A BEDROOM - DAY

Ania is naked on top of a PUNTER. The Punter is white, mid-forties. Ania moves herself up and down until the Punter groans in orgasm. She climbs off him and immediately begins to dress.

(CONTINUED)

The Punter sighs loudly, contentedly. He sits up in bed and then pulls off the condom. He wraps it in tissue paper and then puts the bundle on a side-table in front of a photograph of himself, wife and two young daughters.

PUNTER

What's your name again?

ANIA

Izabella

PUNTER

I'll be asking for you again, sweet
Izabella.

Ania smiles half-heartedly. The Punter counts out money.

PUNTER

I like a Thai usually. You know,
those skinny li'l
bodies.....pre-pubescent, but legal
if you know what I mean. You Polish
girls, though.....you have bit of
class.....like fucking the posh
bitch you could never get near at
school.

(Beat)

Here.

He holds out the money to her. Ania moves to take it, but the Punter snatches the wad of cash away at the last moment. He smiles and holds out the money again. The same thing happens. The Punter laughs loudly. Ania doesn't smile.

PUNTER

Here, take it.

Ania hesitates.

PUNTER

Go on, take it. I haven't got time
for fun and games now.....need to
get back before lunch finishes.

Ania takes the money from his outstretched hand and quickly counts it.

ANIA

Ok, bye.

She turns to leave.

Punter watches her ass as she leaves.

PUNTER

Actually.....

Ania, with her back to him, stops at the bedroom doorway.

PUNTER

.....maybe you and a sweet li'l
Thai at the same time.

Ania closes the door behind her, as she leaves the bedroom.

EXT. LONDON SCHOOL - DAY

The Punter drives slowly through the school gates, correcting his tie in the mirror. He winds down the window and addresses a boy that has another boy in a headlock.

PUNTER/TEACHER

Jackson! Stop that.

He drives on and out of sight behind one of the school buildings.

INT. ANIA AND DOMINIKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A woman's apartment: it's decorated in bright colours and cluttered with cushions, ornaments, photographs, rugs.....it's also untidy, but clean with clothes strewn over the furniture and make-up on the coffee table.

Ania sits at a table reading text books, taking notes. She wears pyjamas, reading-glasses and has her hair up in a loose bunch.

Ania turns as her flat-mate, DOMINIKA, exits a bedroom, stands in front of a mirror and fiddles with her ear-rings.

She is dressed in tight jeans, a figure-hugging low-cut t-shirt that exposes her cleavage and high-heeled black boots that reach up to her knee. Despite the heavy make-up it's clear Dominika is around eighteen.

DOMINIKA

Are you sure you won't come
dancing? I'm meeting Stefan, Melka,
Katrine.....everyone will be there.

ANIA

I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIKA

Please Ania, it'll be fun.

ANIA

No, a glass of wine and my books
are my company tonight.

DOMINIKA

You never come out anymore. When we
first moved in, you were so much
fun. Now you're Miss. Miserable,
like all the other immigrants.

She pulls a mocking sad face. Ania smiles.

Dominika continues to preen herself in the mirror. Ania
stares at her with concern.

ANIA

Promise me you won't drink too much
tonight.

DOMINIKA

I won't.

ANIA

No pills.

Dominika smiles.

DOMINIKA

And no pills.

ANIA

Please.....I worry for you.

Dominika kisses Ania on the cheek, hugging here tightly.

DOMINIKA

I'm so lucky to have you. You're
like my big sister.

She moves to walk back to her bedroom.

ANIA

Promise me: no pills.

Without turning to face Ania.

DOMINIKA

(Casually)

I promise: no pills.

LATER

Ania stretches and rubs her eyes. She stands leaving her books on the small table. She moves to the TV and turns it on - a sports-presenter talks about the latest Olympic medal table. She stands there for a couple of seconds and stares at the TV.

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Dominika dances provocatively next to a GIRLFRIEND. She throws back her head and laughs. She looks happy, maybe a little drunk. A few guys nearby have their eye on her. Dominika glances at one of the guys, her look invites his attention. The GUY moves in.

INT. ANIA AND DOMINIKA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ania stares at the TV and then exits to a bedroom.

She returns with a shoe-box. She sits down on the sofa, takes off the lid and pulls out a letter and some photographs.

INT. DISCO - CONTINUOUS

Dominika and the Guy are huddled in a darkened corner. They both laugh and giggle.

The guy pulls a couple of pills from his pocket. He slips one into his mouth and then smiles at Dominika. She giggles and then opens her mouth.

He pops the pill into her mouth.

INT. ANIA AND DOMINIKA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ania stares at the photos. They show her and Jerzy, cuddling, smiling, kissing.....they look like they're in love. She opens the letter momentarily and then stops.

She roughly stuffs it back in the box with the photos, jumps up and extracts some sellotape from a drawer. She wraps the sellotape around and around the box, over and over. Once finally satisfied it's sealed, she takes the box back to the bedroom and places it under her bed.

She resumes her place at the kitchen table, glances at the bedroom door and then starts to study again.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The Guy is having sex with Dominika against a wall. There's filth all around them. Dominika looks dazed, out of it.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ania dresses. In the bed is a naked American called BILL - he is white, early-thirties, overweight and hairy. Bill watches Ania dress.

BILL

What's your name again?

ANIA

Izabella.

BILL

That was great, thanks Izabella.

Ania smiles half-heartedly. Bill counts out money and holds it out to her. She takes it and slips it into her jeans pocket.

BILL

I was wondering if you had some time to talk. You know, just for fifteen minutes.

Ania hesitates.

BILL

I'll pay extra.

Bill gives Ania a pleading smile. Ania sits on the edge of the bed.

ANIA

Five minutes and then I have to go.
Ten pounds.

BILL

Ten pounds for five minutes?

Ania nods.

BILL

Okay, I guess.

He hands her another ten pounds.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

Where are you from?

BILL

Small town in Nevada, called
McDermitt. You won't have heard of
it.

ANIA

I've never been to America.....is
it nice?

BILL

Yep, I guess. I like it anyways.

ANIA

Must be exciting.

Bill guffaws.

BILL

Not where I live, Miss. Ain't much
of anything there, except desert
and mountains. Peaceful
.....beautiful, but definitely not
exciting.

(Beat)

Ain't even many people around.

He leans forward eagerly.

BILL

Looked it up before I got here: you
could fit London into Nevada one
hundred and eighty times, but
London has three times more people!
Imagine that.

Ania smiles.

BILL

I work on the power
lines.....maintaining the stations.
I get to see a whole lot of country
on my travels and hardly any folks.
Pretty different from your city, I
can tell you.

ANIA

Are you enjoying it here?

BILL

Sure am! One helluva place. I've never been to Europe before. Heck, I've never been outside the States before. My girlfriend wanted to come, you see. Lucy. I said, sure thing, honey. You know, I have a pretty good job, so.....anyways, I love sports and history. We gotta lot of sports in the U.S, but ain't that much history!

He smiles warmly and enthusiastically at Ania. She returns his smile.

BILL

Bought the tickets, reserved this hotel and then she goes and changes her mind. Changed her mind about me as well.

(Beat)

We had six nice months together, though, so ain't gonna complain. And if it weren't for her I wouldn't have experienced this.

ANIA

Have you watched the events?

BILL

Yep, seen the track and field, the cycling, the rowing.....haven't seen a world-record yet, but reckon I will. That's gotta make it worthwhile right?

ANIA

A world-record?

BILL

Absolutely! The first time something has ever happened anyway in the world.....and I'm there to witness it. Wow, can't wait 'til I see one.

Shakes his head at the enormity of it. Ania smiles.

BILL

Wish the people were more friendly, though.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

They say this city is lonely, when you don't know anyone.

BILL

Yep, I can get with that. No-one interested in even passing the time of day. Everyone going somewheres. I've been to Las Vegas a few times and ain't nothing like here. Makes me feel on the outside of it, you know.

ANIA

I do.

BILL

Really?

ANIA

Yes, really. It's how it feels to be a foreigner.

BILL

Even though you live here, right?

Ania nods.

BILL

I was in Oxford Street, looking at the stores.....you know the intersection with Regent Street? Busy as hell, people all rushing one place or another. I stood there and I couldn't make up mind to go left, right, or straight-ahead. You know what I did?

Ania shakes her head and Bill laughs.

BILL

I turned right around, went back the way I came!

Ania smiles. They sit for a second, or two in silence. Ania rises.

ANIA

I have to go. It was nice meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

It was nice meeting you too,
Izabella.

Ania hesitates.

ANIA

My name's Ania.

Bill smiles and nods.

ANIA

I hope you see a world-record.

BILL

Oh I'm sure I will. Take care,
Ania.

Ania exits.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ania talks to Dominika, who is about to leave. They stand by the front door of their apartment. Ania looks relaxed, dressed casually and comfortably.

Dominika is dressed in a small, but elegant black dress. Her hair is up, making her look glamorous.

ANIA

Regular?

DOMINIKA

Once before, I think.

ANIA

You look beautiful.

DOMINIKA

(Smiles)

Thank you. It's what he asked for.

(Beat)

I'm sorry about last night.

ANIA

It's ok.

DOMINIKA

(Looks contrite)

I'll stop now....no more drink, no
more pills.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

I don't want you to stop enjoying yourself, but I'm worried something bad will happen. Please, for me?

DOMINIKA

I promise.

Dominika hugs Ania tightly. There's a knock at the door. Dominika looks through the spy-hole.

DOMINIKA'S P.O.V.

Jerzy stands casually in the corridor, waiting for the door to open.

BACK TO SCENE

Dominika opens the door and Jerzy enters the apartment.

JERZY

Good evening.

DOMINIKA

Must go, or I'll be late.

Dominika reaches up and kisses Jerzy's cheek. She then waltzes past Jerzy and out of the apartment.

He calls after her.

JERZY

Be nice.....he's a good customer.

Ania turns away from Jerzy and sits down at the small table. Jerzy closes the door and then joins her.

Silence between them.

Ania crosses the room to a cupboard and reaches inside for a metal biscuit tin stashed away in the back. She opens it, extracting a wad of cash. She returns to the table and hands the cash to Jerzy, sitting back down as she does so. Her look is detached, dispassionate.

JERZY

I won't bother counting it.

He smiles warmly, but she ignores him, instead picking up a magazine. The warmth disappears from Jerzy's face and is replaced with irritation.

(CONTINUED)

JERZY

What is it with you?

She ignores him again and continues reading the magazine. He snatches it from her, flinging it away.

JERZY

(More hurt than angry)

Don't ignore me.

Ania rises calmly, collects the magazine and sits down again. She stares at Jerzy.

JERZY

(In a more conciliatory tone)

What have I done?

Ania shrugs.

JERZY

I treat you well. I treat all of you well.

Ania ignores him.

JERZY

You and I were friends.....lovers once.

ANIA

And now you're my pimp.

JERZY

I didn't force you to do this, Ania. You contacted me.....remember?

ANIA

What do you want me to say, Jerzy? Thank you? Thank you for being a kind pimp. Thank you for finding men who want to fuck me.

Jerzy looks incredulous.

JERZY

What are you talking about? That's my job; if I don't do it, you don't get paid. That's why you're here, right? That's why you came back....to earn money to see you through college?

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

And you get paid for doing it. It's a business transaction.....nothing more.....so don't expect me to be grateful.

JERZY

You can go home any time you like. I'll even pay for your ticket.

Ania shakes her head, exasperated.

JERZY

I'm serious.....just say the words: say you want to go home and I'll buy you the ticket.

ANIA

Is that what you want? You want me to leave?

JERZY

That's not what I said.

ANIA

No, I don't want to go home. And if I did, I'd buy my own fucking ticket. I don't need your god'amn money.

Silence between them. Jerzy shakes his head.

JERZY

Blame me if you like, but we both know this was your choice.

ANIA

Is there anything else?

Jerzy pulls a knife from his pocket and places it in front of her.

JERZY

Protection.

Ania surveys the knife and then looks up at Jerzy.

ANIA

I don't need it.

Jerzy puts his hand on Ania's arm and speaks firmly.

(CONTINUED)

JERZY

One of Nic's girls was pulled from the river yesterday. Nic didn't put her there.

ANIA

I don't need your knife.

JERZY

I'm giving them to everyone. Take it.....put it in your handbag.

ANIA

I don't.....

JERZY

(Determined)

Take it or arrange your own punters.

Ania stares at the knife before picking it up. She rises, walks over to a cupboard and takes out her handbag. She holds the handbag up for Jerzy to see and then without emotion, drops the knife inside.

JERZY

Why do you have to be such a pain in the ass?

Ania ignores his comment and instead sits down on the sofa. There are a few seconds of silence before Jerzy speaks.

JERZY

This guy approached me.

ANIA

What about?

JERZY

A party....a bukkake party.

ANIA

A what?

JERZY

Bukkake....it's a Japanese thing. A bunch of guys, one girl.....a gangbang. Then at the end.....they all cum on her face.

ANIA

What's the money?

(CONTINUED)

JERZY

A lot.

ANIA

How much is 'a lot'?

JERZY

They want to film it as well. Said it'd be a private movie.....you know.....wouldn't end up on the Internet.

ANIA

You still haven't told me how much.

JERZY

Eight thousand pounds.

ANIA

(With genuine surprise)

That's a lot of money for one night.

Jerzy nods seriously.

ANIA

I'll do it.

JERZY

That movie could turn up anywhere.....anytime.

ANIA

(Defiantly)

It's my choice, right? No-one is forcing me. And I say I'll do it.

JERZY

Don't do this to spite me.

ANIA

I'm not - I'm doing it because I want eight thousand pounds.

JERZY

You want more time to think about it?

Ania shakes her head.

JERZY

You have to pretend to be English. The Japs want an English girl.....an English rose.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA
But my accent?

JERZY
They won't know the difference.
Anyway, where they gonna get an
English girl from? Ninety percent
of the escorts in this city are
Eastern European.

Pause.

ANIA
(With a hint of a smile)
We could tell them I'm from
Manchester.

Jerzy smiles and Ania smiles back. For a brief moment there
is warmth between them again.

JERZY
You sure about this?

ANIA
Eight thousand pounds and I'm
finished. I can go home.

Jerzy nods.

JERZY
I'll make the arrangements.

Silence between them and then:

JERZY
I've got something for you.....for
you and Dominika.

ANIA
(Curious)
What is it?

JERZY
A present.

Ania smiles, genuinely pleased.

Jerzy pulls out two tickets from his pocket and passes them
to Ania. She looks down at them and her face lights up.

JERZY
For the women's volleyball. It's at
Earls Court.

(CONTINUED)

Ania looks at him warmly.

JERZY

I remember you said you played. I thought you might like to go.

ANIA

You remembered that?

JERZY

Sure.

ANIA

Thank you. Thank you, Jerzy.

He pulls out another ticket from his pocket and holds it up.

JERZY

I've another ticket for myself.....to come with you, if that's ok?

ANIA

(Nodding, smiling)

Of course.

INT. EARLS COURT ARENA - DAY

Ania, Dominika and Jerzy sit in the stands with the other spectators watching a women's indoor volleyball match.

One of the teams playing is Poland. The Polish team wins a point. Ania and Dominika stand, excitedly waving a large Polish flag between them, whooping and cheering. Jerzy glances at them and smiles at their joy. The girls sit down again.

Another point, but this time won by the opposing team. Ania and Dominika groan and then laugh at themselves.

Ania leans over to Jerzy and kisses him on the cheek. She beams at him.

ANIA

Thank you for a wonderful day.

Another point - this time for the Polish team. The girls jump up again, cheer and wave their flag.

Jerzy watches them. He smiles.

EXT. UPMARKET LONDON HOTEL - DAY

Jerzy stands outside the hotel. He has his phone to his ear talking. Ania walks towards him.

JERZY
(Into phone)
Ok. I have to go.

He slips his phone in his trousers and smiles at Ania.

JERZY
Hi.

Ania nods a hello.

ANIA
Shall we go in?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The curtains are closed in a hotel room. The room is plush.

Ania sits on the edge of a double bed with her hands tucked under her thighs. She wears a short skirt and a pink t-shirt. Her blond hair is in bunches on either side of her head.

Jerzy sits in a comfortable chair in the corner.

In front of Ania, is a guy called: KIOSHI. He is English/Japanese, mid to late thirties - he's hesitant, embarrassed and apprehensive.

KIOSHI
I'll be doing the filming.

ANIA
Ok.

KIOSHI
I need to explain what they want.....they're very specific.

ANIA
I understand.

KIOSHI
Have you done Bukkake before?

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

No.

KIOSHI

Ok. So at first.....

(Hesitates)

.....so at first, you kneel down here and they will touch and undress you. Then they will all take turns at masturbating you.

Kioshi waits for Ania's approval - Ania nods.

KIOSHI

When they've finished, they would like you to give them all a blowjob. And then.....

He stops, his head bowed.

KIOSHI

(Addressing Ania)

.....I'm sorry, this is very difficult. I haven't done anything like this before. My company.....they've flown them here for the Olympics.....they're important customers. You see, my boss has told me to arrange everything they want.

ANIA

Kioshi, I'm being paid. To me, it's business.

She looks at Jerzy and for a moment their eyes meet.

Kioshi nods his understanding and continues.

KIOSHI

They all want to have intercourse with you....taking turns. Two of them.....

Again he hesitates, this time looking at Jerzy and then back at Ania.

KIOSHI

....two of them would like anal sex. Is that ok?

Ania nods.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

I'll need a break in-between to get lubed up.

Kioshi looks confused.

ANIA

Lubrication

Kioshi nods his understanding.

KIOSHI

At the end, you kneel again and they will masturbate and ejaculate on your face.

ANIA

Ok.

(Beat)

Shall we start?

LATER

Ania kneels on the floor of the hotel room with her head slightly bowed. In a rough circle surrounding her are six Japanese men. They range in age between early forties and mid sixties. They are all undressed, except for underwear.

Slightly behind them is Kioshi who is holding a camcorder, filming.

The Japanese men reach down, touching and groping Ania.

KIOSHI'S P.O.V.

Ania's t-shirt is pulled over her head. Many hands are all over her: they stroke her hair, caress her face, slip under her bra, fondle her breasts, pull up her skirt, slip into her panties.

BACK TO SCENE

Jerzy sits on the chair and watches. He finds it too uncomfortable, rises and leaves the room.

KIOSHI'S P.O.V.

Ania's face: from the eyes upwards. In the background, the bottom half of the Japanese men.

(CONTINUED)

One of the Japanese men holds Ania's hair-bunches and forces her head backwards and forwards, as she performs oral sex on him. Her mascara has run badly. Her eyes screw up for a moment as she gags. The Japanese man moves away. Ania wipes her mouth.

Another pair of hands grab her hair bunches and her head moves back and forth again. At the same time, one arm moves rhythmically to and fro (as she masturbates one of the other men).

LATER

KIOSHI'S P.O.V.

Ania's is on all fours with Japanese men stood around her. One man is directly behind her with his hands on her hips. Ania's eyes screw up in pain and she whimpers.

BACK TO SCENE

Kioshi moves the camera away from his eye and looks at Ania with concern.

KIOSHI
Are you okay?

Ania breaths rapidly through her mouth like a woman giving birth 'panting' the pain away.

KIOSHI
Do you need more lubrication?

ANIA
No, I'm ok. Carry on.

LATER

KIOSHI'S P.O.V.

Ania kneels with her mouth wide open, as if waiting to receive something. There is a flurry of vigorous movement all around her (as the Japanese men masturbate).

Ania's eyes inadvertently blink as something hits her face.

EXT. LONDON STREET, OUTSIDE A HOTEL - NIGHT

Ania and Jerzy exit the hotel. Silence between them. They stand on the street for a moment. Ania looks tired, drained; Jerzy seems uncomfortable, unsure what to say.

JERZY

Do you want the money now?

Ania looks at him and then shakes her head.

JERZY

I'll bring it over tomorrow.....in the morning.

ANIA

(Smiles slightly)

I trust you, Jerzy.

JERZY

Are you finished now?

ANIA

Yes.

More silence.

JERZY

Look, Ania, I'm not sure what I've done, but I'm sorry, right? I never meant to hurt you.

Ania smiles with regret.

ANIA

It's ok.

JERZY

But I never forced you.....

ANIA

And you never asked me to stop.

(Beat)

It's not your fault.....sometimes I expect too much from people.

She smiles and affectionately reaches up and strokes his cheek.

JERZY

I need to ask you something.....

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

Ask.

JERZY

Why did you contact me? Why come back to do this?

ANIA

I'm not sure you'd believe me.

JERZY

Please. I need to understand.

ANIA

I guess I wanted you to stop me.

Jerzy shakes his head, not understanding.

ANIA

It hurt when you broke up with me, Jerzy. I thought I meant more to you.....you did to me.

JERZY

But you seemed ok. You said you understood.

Ania smiles.

ANIA

What did you expect me to do.....break down and cry.....beg you to take me back? That's not me, is it?

JERZY

I didn't know. I told you at the start.....nothing serious, nothing long-term.

ANIA

(Half-laugh)

And you think that mattered? That telling me you'd never love me would stop me loving you?

JERZY

But you agreed. Said you were going back to Poland anyway. That you didn't want a relationship.

(CONTINUED)

ANIA

(Smiles)

For all your dealings with women
Jerzy, you know nothing about them.

JERZY

You did this.....turned tricks to
spite me?

ANIA

Not completely.....at the time, it
seemed to make sense.....earn
enough money to see me through
school. Work while the Games were
on.....all those tourists, you
said. But really it was
self-protection. To show you how
focused I could be; how I didn't
need anyone - just like you. It
seemed logical.....a way of earning
money; a way of showing you I
didn't care.

Jerzy shakes his head.

JERZY

I never knew.

ANIA

I know.

A mini-cab pulls up.

JERZY

I'm meeting someone.....I phoned
you a cab.

(Beat)

I'm sorry, Ania.

Ania smiles and then kisses him on the lips.

ANIA

Don't be.

She walks to the mini-cab and gets in. She speaks to the cab
driver and then turns to look at Jerzy. She smiles and the
cab pulls away. Jerzy stands there for a second before
shoving his hands in his pockets and walking away.

FADE OUT.