

"FANIA KAPLAN"

by

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translated by

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FADE IN FROM BLACK:

INT. BLACK VOID - AUGUST 30, 1918, PRESENT

A rough, dark MALE VOICE can be heard:

MALE VOICE:  
Vi snaeti gde ve nahoditis?

A short hacking COUGH and a muffled SNICKER can be heard.

MALE VOICE: (CONT'D)  
E pozhimu ve stez?

A light goes on, revealing:

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

A black hooded figure sits tied to a chair. The hood is briskly pulled off by a hand.

FANIA KAPLAN, a woman in her late twenties with dark hair and hooded eyes stares straight ahead without blinking as the hood comes off of her face. She appears steadfast and barely hints at a seed of fright. She seems tired despite her steadiness and sweats from her matted brow.

Sitting and standing amongst the tools and metal paraphernalia before her is a small team of MEN IN SUITS. Their faces are concealed by shadow, always. Decapitated, they smoke and appear uninterested in Fania save one: a CHEKA OFFICER, the speaker of before. He is overbearing and his armpits sweat through his shirt, not from pressure.

A man in the background, SUIT #1 strikes matches and lights them rhythmically. The sound of this continues throughout the interrogation.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
(congenial)  
Mi oba znaim schto ve daystvali ne  
adna...

Fania doesn't respond, she seems to be reminiscing. After a breath:

FANIA:  
(rehearsed)  
Ya Fania Kaplan. Sevodna-

The group of men scoff and shift about, frustrated.

A sharp but relaxed laugh from the Cheka Officer interrupts Fania.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
(chiding but frustrated)  
Mi uzheh znaim vasha imah.

Another snicker comes from one of the Suited Men.

CHEKA OFFICER: (CONT'D)  
Mi hateam znat drugiyeh iminah.

He smiles politely. Fania's eyes still do not move.

Suit #1 lights a new cigarette from his match case.

Fania turns her head towards him.

INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT -DAYS BEFORE

The only light leaks in from the mesh of a curtained window.

A smoking cigarette rests in a bouncing hand. It moves to a pair of waiting lips. MIKHAIL is smoking, he appears nervous. He is young, maybe 20, and is dressed well but very simply. He drums with his fingers along the crease of his pants.

Seated next to him in the squalid apartment is YURI. Yuri is visibly older, but not by much. He appears mildly concerned but also as if nothing is happening out of the routine. A pocket watch hangs by his side. Yuri pulls it out and eyes it. He glances briefly at Mikhail.

Mikhail is watching Yuri apprehensively while also trying to look at Yuri's watch.

Yuri peers down at his watch again and sighs.

MIKHAIL:  
Ana apasdavayet?

Before Mikhail can even finish Yuri speaks over him.

YURI:  
Kaneyshna ana apasdavayet...

Mikhail shifts in his seat uncomfortably, he has a small facial tic.

Mikhail frowns at Yuri's comment. Yuri closes his watch and addresses Mikhail:

YURI: (CONT'D)  
(half joking)  
Nam svegda prehoditza zhd  
zhenshin, eh?

After an uncomfortable pause, Mikhail rises and walks to the window, ignoring the question.

Mikhail peeks out through the curtain. He smiles.

MIKHAIL:  
(with a hint of  
optimistic eagerness)  
Ana idoyt!

He turns slightly giddy to Yuri who has opened his watch again. He looks at it with a frown.

EXT. STREET ALLEY -MOMENTS LATER

It is cold and gray at the very beginning of day. Mikhail and Yuri are talking with Fania in hushed tones. Fania looks not much less disheveled than our first introduction to her. They are bundled against the cold and their breaths can be seen in the soft morning light.

Fania's look is far off, as ever. It doesn't ever feel like she's looking directly at anyone.

FANIA:  
(very serious, but also  
excited)  
Mi dalzhni eta sdelat sevodna.

The other two do not seem prepared for this. Yuri is the one to be vocal about it.

YURI:  
Gde ti bila?

FANIA:

(ignoring him, she is  
fervent)  
Ohn budeyt vistupat na savodi  
Mihelsona.

YURI:  
Unaz schleskam mala vremeney na  
podgotovki...

FANIA:  
(confident)  
Ahrana budeyt minimalniya. Ohn  
hochet kasatza blisham kna naroda.

Yuri seems eager as well but he is thinking to himself.

YURI:  
Neyt...Neyt...mi dalshni stadt. Ti  
palutchila rasreshenya ot  
Savinkova?

FANIA:  
(as if reciting protocol,  
very certain and  
assertive)  
Nam nenuzhna polutchat rasreshenya  
ot rukavotsva e nam nenunzhna  
stadt. Mi dalshni deystvovat  
sevodna va ima partiyeh e va ima  
budoshivo natzia.

The other two are regarding her with silence. What now?

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
Sevodna Lenin budeyt na zavodi  
Mihelsona e mi streytmim evo.

Mikhail seems convinced.

MIKHAIL:  
(nodding fervently)  
Eta budeyt veleeki deyn. Unaz  
budeyt Uchtreditelnoyeh  
Sobraniyeh!

They await Yuri's approval. Mikhail's smile fades as he  
sees Yuri's demeanor.

YURI:  
Gde ti bila?

Fania stares back at him uneasily.

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

The Cheka Officer's interrogation is becoming pushier.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
Gde ve strechaliz svashami so-  
obzchnikami?

Fania is still unblinking.

FANIA:  
(without missing a beat,  
a rehearsed speech)  
Ya Fania Kaplan. Sevodna, ya  
strelyala v'Lenina. Ya deistvovala  
odna. Gde vzyala revolver ne  
skazhu. Bolshe ya nichevo vam ne  
skazhu.

Fania stares back resolutely, but pained.

INT. ABANDONED FLAT -DAYS BEFORE

Fania is aiming down the barrel of her snub nosed revolver. In the corner, Yuri is sitting on the floor cleaning his rifle. Mikhail is sitting with him and focusing binoculars.

Yuri notices what Fania is doing. He speaks to her, scolding.

YURI:  
Schto ti delayish?

Fania is smiling down the barrel of her pistol as she pulls back the hammer.

FANIA:  
(jokingly)  
Praktikuyus, yesli ti  
promahneshsya, Yuri.

Mikhail laughs gently. Yuri is not amused. He stands up from his work.

YURI:  
(goadingly)  
Yesli ya Lenin, ti adtuda  
popaduysh?

Fania smiles. She does not answer, but pulls the trigger and lets the hammer click down on an empty chamber. Mikhail is still amused.

Yuri pulls up Mikhail from the floor and pulls him to the other side of the room. They both face the blank wall. Yuri is proving a point.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
(still sardonic)  
Nu ladna; ya Lenin, ah eta tvoy  
druk Mikhail.

Yuri switches positions with Mikhail, and then back again, and then back again. It is comical but there is a strong sense of antagonism. Fania's smile is fading.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
(still facing the wall)  
Ah tepir strelya v'Lenina.

He turns around and begins to walk towards her, herding Mikhail with him.

Fania looks extremely disconcerted. She points the revolver at them and shifts uncomfortably as they come closer and closer.

FANIA:  
(not at all appreciating  
this test)  
Ya - ya nemagu.

The two are upon her and the pistol is in Mikhail's face. Yuri pushes Fania's arm down. There is silence.

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
(angry at this revealing  
of her weakness)  
Nu schtozhy, budeym nadeyetsa  
schto ti ne promahneshya.

She puts her pistol in her pants.

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
Ti dolzhun strelyat v'nivo kakda  
on budeyt uhahdit smeetinga.

Beginning to sermonize slightly:

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
Yuri, zapomni, eto rasplata za  
podavleni golasa naroda. Ohn  
podpisal svoy smertni prigovor  
kogda ohn raspustil  
Uchtreditelnoyeh Sobraniyeh.

Yuri is silenced, he is listening to his leader.

She turns, leaving the two men alone in the room.

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
(almost to herself)  
Ti ne imeyish prava promahnutsa.

Now that she has gone, a flash of anger returns to his  
eyes, Yuri turns to talk to Mikhail very seriously.

YURI:  
Kto ana takaya chtoby komandovayet  
nami? Panemayesh?

MIKHAIL:  
(very taken aback)  
Schto?

YURI:  
Ya znal takih zhenshin na fronti.  
Nikagda nichevo ne delayut sami,  
no vseгда pitayutsa komandovat.

Mikhail seems very confused, he's silent. Yuri smiles  
knowingly, sadly.

Mikhail is shocked.



MIKHAIL:  
Schto ti imeyish vidu?

YURI:  
Ana delayet eta bez razreshenia  
CeKa. Ana podvergayet nas  
opasnosti. Do revolucii ana  
uchastvovala v pokushenii na  
general-gubernatora, ti znaesh?

News to him.

MIKHAIL:  
Nu da?

YURI:  
Da, no ne poluchilos. Bomba  
vzorvalas I ana pochti oslepla.  
Byla soslana v Akatuy na odinadzat  
let.

This is slowly starting to sink in for Mikhail.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
Ana ne mozheyt strelyat. Mi delaem  
chernuyu rabotu za neyo e sami  
popadayem v'Akatuy!

Mikhail is thinking about this deeply, but after a moment  
he appears angered and resolute.

MIKHAIL:  
Stretimsa na zavodeh, Yuri.

He turns to leave.

YURI:  
(didactic)  
Padumi. Padumi e ti uvidish. Ana  
nemozheyt.

Mikhail leaves in a hurry but he was listening. Yuri looks  
down at the floor. He seems disappointed in everything.  
He returns to his rifle.

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

Fania is still tied to her chair. The Cheka Officer is  
still pleading. He appears to be at his last rope.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
(insistent)  
Nazovite nam imena chlenov partii  
Eserov svyazanih s vami. Oni  
predateli.

Beat.

FANIA:  
Vi znayete imya nastoyashego  
predatelya. Ya svershila akt  
pravosudiya.

EXT. MICHELSON FACTORY -DAYS BEFORE

Fania is approaching a crowd. She steps into it. She is wearing mens clothing and a man's hat. A speech in Russian is being given over loudspeakers. Small cheers and applaud can be heard. The crowd is milling about, Fania glances up at an empty window on a building across the street.

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

The Cheka Officer is angered by Fania's last statement.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
(stern)  
Ve ne snayeti schto vas  
azhedayet...

INT. BUILDING ACROSS FROM MICHELSON FACTORY -DAYS BEFORE

In a small, darkened but open window, Mikhail is looking through binoculars at the crowd below.

MIKHAIL:  
Von ana! Ana v talpey.

INSERT- BINOCULAR VIEW OF FANIA PUSHING THROUGH CROWD

-BACK TO BUILDING ACROSS FROM MICHELSON FACTORY

Yuri is sitting behind the simple scope of his rifle. He presses his eye to it.

The speech is finishing. The natural cheers follow it.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHELSON FACTORY -SIMULTANEOUSLY

Fania's pushing to the front of the crowd.

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

The Cheka Officer is now earnestly trying to help Fania. As he speaks to her the other suits are approaching.

CHEKA OFFICER:

Pochemu vi ih vigorazhivaete? Ani  
ostavili vam grayznuyu rabotu!

FANIA:

Ya vseгда podderzhivala sozyv  
Uchreditelnoyeh Sobrania.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHELSON FACTORY -DAYS BEFORE

Lenin is walking through the crowd which is cheering him fervently. He walks alone in the crowd. Fania sees him from a distance. She glances at the window again.

INT. BUILDING ACROSS FROM MICHELSON FACTORY-SIMULTANEOUSLY

Mikhail is still at his post on binoculars.

MIKHAIL:

Vot ohn idoyt. Sto metrov.

Yuri slowly charges his weapon.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHELSON FACTORY -SIMULTANEOUSLY

Fania is standing in the second row as Lenin approaches.

-BACK TO BUILDING ACROSS FROM MICHELSON FACTORY

Mikhail is growing impatient.

MIKHAIL:

Bistreya! Strelya poka ohn na  
vedu.

Yuri is ignoring him.

YURI:

Shhh...

Mikhail is growing tense. He looks back through his binoculars at Lenin who is just approaching Fania's position.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Ya ne dolshun strelyat.

Mikhail is jolted.

MIKHAIL:  
Schto?!

Beat.

YURI:  
(pulling away from the  
window quickly, matter  
of factly)  
Ya nemog strelyat. Ohn byll v  
talpey.

He quickly withdraws his rifle and begins to pack his things away. Mikhail is frantic.

MIKHAIL:  
Schto ti delayesh?!

YURI:  
Nada uhadit. Skareyah.

INT. DARK GRITTY MACHINE SHOP -PRESENT

Fania is standing, the Suited Men have brought her face to face with the Cheka Officer for the last time.

CHEKA OFFICER:  
Eta vasha pasledniya vosmoshnast..

Beat.

FANIA:  
(nail in the coffin and  
she knows it)  
Ya vseгда podderzhivala sozyv  
Uchreditelnoyeh Sobrania.

The Cheka Officer is in disbelief.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHELSON FACTORY -DAYS BEFORE

Fania is watching the window tensely but, of course, in vain. She looks quickly at her pocket watch and back at the window. It is now that Lenin passes in front of her.

She feels for her pistol.

INT. BUILDING ACROSS FROM MICHELSON FACTORY -SIMULTANEOUSLY

Yuri is moving quickly and methodically down a stairwell. Yuri follows him but keeps looking behind him, from whence they came.

YURI:  
Poshli Misha, poshli.

Mikhail is following silently but uneasily, his gear weighs him down.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHELSON FACTORY-SIMULTANEOUSLY

Fania watches Lenin pass. She is absolutely distraught. Before he can get too far from her she makes a drastic move. She pushes past the two men in front of her.

Wildly she calls to Lenin:

FANIA:  
(as she pulls out her  
gun)  
Tovarish Lenin! Why did you  
dissolve the Assembly?!

The crowd are turns towards her shriek.

FANIA: (CONT'D)  
Tovarish!

Lenin begins to turn.

Fania closes her eyes.

EXT. EMPTY STREET -SIMULTANEOUSLY

The two accomplices are running away from the scene. Mikhail is still trying to look back towards the factory.

Three shots ring out loudly.

The world grows silent and slow. Both men turn towards the factory.

INSERT -OUTSIDE THE MICHELSON FACTORY: THE CROWD COLLAPSES ON FANIA

-BACK TO EMPTY STREET

After a pause, Yuri continues to run backwards. He calls to Mikhail, unheard. Mikhail turns back and slowly begins to follow him, looking back over his shoulder as he flees.

-FADE TO

BLACK

EXT. BRICK WALL -PRESENT

The wall is blank. We hear the sounds of a firing squad preparing. Slow and methodical.

INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT -SIMULTANEOUSLY

Yuri is hurriedly packing his meager belongings into a valise.

-BACK TO BRICK WALL

Fania is thrown against the wall.

-BACK TO MOSCOW APARTMENT

Yuri's still packing.

Mikhail comes in through the front door.

Frightened, Yuri draws his pistol.

YURI:  
(realizing his mistake  
but no less tense)  
Chort, Misha!

-BACK TO BRICK WALL

A blindfold is wrapped around Fania's eyes. Her hands are tied but she stands proudly against the wall. The sounds of the firing squad continue.

-BACK TO MOSCOW APARTMENT

Yuri continues about his packing. Mikhail drops a newspaper on the table.

MIKHAIL: (CONT'D)  
Lenin zhif.

YURI:  
Kaneshna! Tepir on budeyt mstit

MIKHAIL:  
(disdainfully)  
Kudah ti?

-BACK TO BRICK WALL

More of the same, quiet, tense, unbearable.

-BACK TO MOSCOW APARTMENT

YURI:  
(not pausing from his  
packing)  
Ti idiot, ani predut za nami. Ana  
fsyo raskazhit shtobi spasti  
svoyu zhisin.

Mikhail looks disappointed in Yuri.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
(wiser than thou)  
Ya uhpzhu v podpolye I tebe  
sovetuyu skritsa tozhe.

He closes his cases.

YURI: (CONT'D)  
Ana uzhe raskololas. Dlya nih mi  
prestupniki.

Mikhail looks at the floor, then nods his head sadly. He looks up at Yuri.

-BACK TO BRICK WALL

After an unbearably long series of sounds and silence...

The order is called to "FIRE!"

We hear the beginning of the gunshots.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN FROM BLACK-

INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT -LATER

Yuri is all packed, with his gear he exits out the front door. He leaves it open.

Mikhail steps to the door, his belongings are in tow as well. He glances around the apartment, sadly, ashamed, he follows Yuri and closes the door behind him

-FADE TO BLACK

TITLES