

( THRILLER )

1. EXT - RIVER PORT - DAY

A dozen people in summer clothes rely on a metal white fence. They look somewhere down, and they say sentences like "Look," "Oh, my lord" and "Disgusting," and their faces express their fascination, astonishment, and disgust. Above their heads, beneath the clear blue sky, they see the walls of a fortress and some kind of a Victory Statue.

These are TOURISTS from Western countries. They stand on the deck of a luxury boat in the river port. Many of them have cameras. Some hold them in their hands and squeeze in the direction of water. Others are preparing to do so. Those who do not have the camera point their fingers.

(From far off you can hear the ringing of the phone)

Immediately beside the quay, the river cork increases the bunch of garbage, blinded in an oily, greasy scrim. There are dozens, possibly hundreds of empty plastic bottles, discarded packaging



and footwear, branches, boards, slabs, various other remains  
and waste. And through that "island" rats rat.

With the camera shake, the rat is frozen in motion. The name of the  
film is printed through the picture:

CITY CLEANER

(From far off, the phone ringing is interrupted by  
the sound of the headphone lift)

VOICE 1 (off)

(Self-satisfied) Editor of the editorial board  
for ecology.

Rats "thaw" and continues to run.

VOICE 2 (off)

(very rough, aging): How

Are you, Mr. REESE?



Screw. The rat is frozen again in the photo.

VOICE 1 (off)

(cunning)

Oh, that's you, Mister Quartermaster! Always the same day, always the same time. Should I ask why are you calling me?

On the edge of the quay stands the CHILD and looks at the fertilizers in the water. Behind the boy is POLICE, which also stands and watches. In addition to them, the billboard with the inscription: CLEAN THE CITY.

VOICE 2 (off)

You are the trigger of a noble actions. So I'm sure you will be interested in my information.



The boy bows down, takes a plastic bottle of coke from the sidewalk.  
He's throwing it to the water.

VOICE 1 (off)

They must still be "exclusive"  
after all these months.

The bottle falls beside the rats that pops up. Screw. The scene is  
frozen in the photo.

VOICE 2 (off)

My information does not become obsolete,  
Mr. Reese.

The boy is about to throw a new missile: an apple tree. His mother  
runs at him - a younger woman resembling a whore - and grabs  
him by the arm. He shouts at him. The child pukes the bite.

VOICE 1 (off)



And they can only be found out in a confession

Contact with you, Mister Quartermaster.

The mother hits the child at the bum. The child starts crying; his mother drives him away, and THE POLICEER looks at it all indifferently. Screw. And this scene is frozen in the photo.

VOICE 2 (off)

Some things are working

only in four eyes.

2. INT - OFFICE - DAY

Grayish, middle-aged (about 45) in a good suit and expensive shirt sitting in the office, folded into a work chair. He has mustache and spiny beard. This is Reese, editor of the ecology editorial office at the media house XY. The handset is held between the shoulder and the cheek, and the button is something on the computer. On the wall above is a poster with the sign CLEAN THE CITY.



Reese

(laughs, with a terrible expression)

You know what, Mr. Quartermaster,

you really have grown up to me

in the heart. You are persistent, regular,

dedicated ...

Completes an electronic query on the real estate market. In addition to a large TFT monitor, there is a large desktop calendar. It shows that it is now THURSDAY 27th May.

Reese (continues

with false sympathy):

But ... I mentioned one condition

the last time

so that we can

what we will do...



VOICE from off ("Quartermaster")

Your price is paid, sir

Reese.

Reese is startled. After a short pause, he begins to laugh heavily.

Reese

No need to be

sarcastic, Mr. Quartermaster.

I was joking anyway.

"QUARtermaster" (off)

I'm not kidding, sir

Reese. Check your

account in the Postal Savings Bank.

REESE is now not only stunned, but also uncomfortable. He does not laugh anymore.



REESE

(a little bit)

How do you know I have

account in the Postal Savings Bank?

"QUARTERMASTER" (off)

Check it out.

(the connection is interrupted)

REESE stares in the receiver. Then he stared dumbly on the screen.

His toes play quickly on the keyboard.

The Postal Savings Bank website opens.

REESE typed his information. Search the state.

The list opens.

The last item is 30,000 dollars.

REESE stares into the screen with an unbelief. He is bewildered.

The phone rings. REESE cautiously raises the receiver, as if burning.



REESE

Hello?

"QUARTERMASTER" (off)

Have you checked?

REESE breathes in the receiver and does not say anything.

"QUARTERMASTER" (off)

Then, let's get to work.

Be kind and write down

the address on which we will have a meeting

... in the afternoon, if

you do not mind ...

Reese

(mumbling) I do not mind, of course

that I do not mind ...



He writes the word HERALD STREET on paper in front of him.

REESE

(frowning) And where is that?

### 3. EXT - COAST OF THE RIVER

Reese wears a black cowboy hat, a black short shirt, black jeans and sandals. Walking along the quay on the old side of the river. Behind him, at dusk, he sees the Ramps, an old and new railroad bridge. At the end of the coast, a little behind Reese, the passenger boat on its roof with numerous flower pots is ruffled. Reese stops, staring forward.

### 4. EXT - CEMETERY OF SHIPS

What he sees in front of him, next to the quay, looks like a graveyard of half-shipped ships and industrial machines. The five-six bowed vessels are surrounded by a ring of floating



garbage - it's a dead mass of plastic bottles, discarded packaging, planks, branches, etc. Sometimes this mass is so thick that it seems like it can walk on it. Just next to the wrecks, the scrap of scrap was nickel grass.

REESE passes by floating ironwood. It looks like it's the first time to see that place. In addition to the promenade, the shore has grown into a tall grass. As REESE moves, along with the abandoned ships, the grass is getting taller and grows into a chicory. In one place in the chicory there is an opening, through which a dense wooden bridge - several piles of piled boards - leads to the first parked tank. On the side of that tanker, right above the window, the white-drawn letters are written " HERALD STREET ".

REESE is pointing across the cliffs, revealing that there is another shingle between the shore and " HERALD STREET ", smaller and completely lost. From the cargo space there was thick grass - higher than the bridge passing through it on the road to " HERALD STREET.

