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# 27 Missing Kisses

By Nana Dzhordzhadze

That year there  
were two eclipses.  
One of the sun and  
one of the moon.  
Sibylla was 14.  
Alexander was 41.  
And I was 14, like Sybilla.  
I remember how many times I  
kissed Sibylla that summer: 73.  
She said I was allowed 100 kisses,  
but I didn't reach that figure.  
It was interrupted by  
the blast of a hunting rifle.  
Wait for me!  
Wait for me!  
My dear redhaired cutie!  
That gunner is  
a complete fool!  
It's dangerous to  
drive past the range.  
Veronica, my darling!  
We've got to meet up!  
Just steer clear of Veronica.  
You know her lieutenant  
is a real nut.  
I don't really give a damn!  
Ready!  
Fire!  
Lavrenti, dear, let's  
go to bed together.  
Leave me in peace.  
When you get drunk, you yell  
about not having children.  
Where will they come from,  
if you bang around with guns?  
Fire!  
Hurry, get out!  
Come on, guys. Push, come on.  
But all together!  
Piotr, stop just standing around.  
Leave your accordion and push.  
Alexander, help us push!  
That's it! Let's go!  
Hurry up. Get up!

The brakes aren't working.  
It must be from the explosion.  
I'll keep going,  
and you jump out.  
Sibylla, don't jump!  
Alexander, help her.  
Are you okay?  
-Weren't you afraid?  
-No.  
You sound just like Grandma  
Katerina on the phone.  
-I'll drop you at home.  
-Just a moment.  
I'm so happy to see you.  
You'll drive, Mika?  
She's my niece.  
The girl's an angel.  
Let's go.  
-Where are you off to?  
-I'll be right back.  
-What's up with you?  
-I've got diarrhea.  
-Something you ate?  
-No, I've fallen in love.  
Who with?  
Her name's Sybilla and  
she's out on the motorbike.  
I saw her and fell in love.  
So much that it upset my stomach.  
It's good, we were  
passing by your place.  
And your friend?  
He's coming.  
Here, take it, it's 207 years old.  
Thank you.  
Shall I compare you  
to a summer day?  
Though you are more lovely  
and more tempered.  
Rough winds do shake  
the darling buds of May.  
Summer has all  
too short a date.  
You can witness

the princess bathing.  
Go behind the curtain.  
Don't worry, the electricity  
often gets turned off.  
Alexander is an  
extraordinary man.  
Since his wife died...  
he spends all his time in the  
observatory, watching stars...  
and pretending there are  
no women in the world.  
His son, Mika, is a good boy.  
I really had to laugh when  
I saw him looking at you...  
devouring you with his eyes.  
It stings, I've got some  
soap in my eye.  
-Let me have a look.  
-It hurts.  
Just a minute,  
let me open the door.  
Sorry, Marta, but I can't take  
the flowers home with me.  
My lieutenant  
is a real Othello.  
He'll start asking me all  
about who gave them.  
Tell your admirer that yellow  
roses lead to separation.  
It was a present for us.  
Yellow roses!  
You have to hold them up to  
the moon and make a wish.  
Moon, make papa  
come back to mama.  
Make Grandma Katerina  
regain her sanity.  
I've fallen in love.  
Please, make my bad blood  
calm down, as mama says.  
What a moon...  
I thought you weren't  
sleeping anymore.  
I came to watch the

light of the dying star.  
You did promise to show me.  
You put that beautifully:  
"The light of the dying star."  
When I was ill, I used  
to talk to the moon.  
Papa used to say,  
"Sibylla fell from the moon."  
I think about you  
all the time.  
I know it's not right for a girl  
to go to a man at night.  
I know it isn't.  
Do you know Sappho?  
Papa has a friend  
called Sappho.  
When she sees Papa,  
she instantly falls asleep.  
I'm not talking about some idiot,  
but about the poetess!  
She wrote poems and launched  
them into the air like birds.  
Like this... look!  
He's going to come out...  
stop and then go back.  
What is it, Dad?  
-I forgot my keys on the table.  
-I'll get them.  
-Catch.  
-Thanks.  
-How many spoons of sugar?  
-Eight.  
One, two, three, four...  
five, six, seven, eight.  
Don't stir it!  
I hate it too sweet.  
Martha, don't be late  
for the rehearsal.  
-What's the time?  
-Four o'clock.  
Here's the x-ray of  
a man in love...  
who swallowed three forks.  
Why?

-His lover left him for another.  
-Quick, let's go!  
Break's over, enough singing.  
Back to work.  
I've still got  
"Saint-Saens's Dying Swan."  
Beautiful, Veronica.  
Beautiful.  
I know, but it still  
needs a lot of work.  
How are things?  
Are you pregnant yet?  
Pregnant? I'm not the Virgin Mary,  
with her immaculate conception.  
We've got a timetable,  
so I fall pregnant.  
Today, at noon.  
What time is it?  
-It's almost noon.  
-So where's Lavrenti?  
I don't understand why he's  
being so irresponsible.  
Quick!  
Piotr has shot himself!  
Come and see for yourself!  
You know that crazy guy!  
What an asshole!  
And he still gets his kicks!  
I wanted to shoot a rat and  
shot myself in the leg.  
If only it'd been his  
empty head instead!  
Give me that pistol!  
Enroll me in your choir. Women  
love me, the halls will be full.  
-Where's Veronica?  
-Over there.  
Go up in a tank  
or in a battleship!  
If the gun between  
your legs is flabby...  
it'll do no damn good!  
This way, Alexander. You've  
never been to my place before.

I want to have a serious talk.  
We can't go on like this.  
We live in a small town.  
My husband...  
Not in such a hurry.  
My husband...  
Why did I let her  
go off alone?  
And she lied to me,  
saying she'd go with you.  
Be careful, children!  
Don't jump, it's dangerous.  
There's a whirlpool.  
Our German teacher  
drowned here last year.  
-I'm not afraid.  
-If you jump, I'll jump too.  
-Don't do that.  
-Are you sure?  
I want to dive right to the  
bottom, like Ophelia.  
Who's Ophelia?  
What's the use talking to you?  
You don't get anything.  
Don't mess with my dress!  
Leave it, or I'll  
bash your heads.  
Don't touch it!  
Let's hide her clothing.  
That showed them alright.  
They deserved it,  
the bastards.  
-Hey, you little thief!  
-I'm not a thief.  
Walking around town almost naked.  
Men will look at you!  
Have you no sense of shame?  
Is it you, Martha want  
to enroll in our school?  
We don't take girls like you.  
-I don't need your school.  
-If Karlovitch saw this...  
-Who is that?  
-My husband, the headmaster.

He would burn  
me at the stake.  
You talk a lot.  
I can do a lot too. See?  
Are you talking of Karlovitch? He's  
a paragon of virtue in our town.  
Among other things.  
Birthdays are so good.  
We remember old times.  
Yes, nowadays people don't  
even say hello to each other.  
I'm sorry to say it...  
but I'd give your niece  
low marks for conduct.  
Yes, her behavior  
is terrible.  
That Alexander,  
he's like a blond Tarzan.  
Do you like it?  
What do you think?  
Will he look at me today?  
I bet, I'll manage  
to steal his cigars.  
At that age, something  
happens with girls.  
Their bad blood seethes  
at the age of 14.  
It's not their blood that's  
bad, it's their education.  
She needs leeches, I've got  
some down in the shop.  
Why leeches?  
She's pale and thin already.  
Or vitamins.  
Maria Markovna is  
a professional player.  
I'm a professional marksman.  
Unlike my son-in-law...  
who takes aim for a whole half  
hour and then hits the privy.  
That's a poor joke.  
I'm not good with jokes.  
I'm keeping an eye  
on your Sibylla.



She needs more love, more  
caress and a good belting!  
You touched the ball,  
that's against the rules.  
Who does he think he is?  
-Let me help, it's heavy.  
-No.  
What a splendid goose.  
"I love you. Do you hear?  
If I die, my love will come to you...  
like the light  
of a dying star."  
A bit high-flown. The goose  
is heavy. Come and have some.  
What did you show my father?  
Let me have a look.  
Leave me alone,  
you little sod.  
-What have you done, idiot?  
-Don't worry. You'll dry.  
Alright then.  
He's watching me.  
How terrible!  
Then he says, "It's so hot!"  
And he drowns.  
Yesterday I watched episode  
And I thought...  
Alexander looks a lot  
like Rodrigo Martinez.  
I saw a photo of Alexander in the  
paper. I wanted an autograph.  
But he's got a  
barber's moustache.  
What do you mean?  
His moustache suits him very well.  
"Rodrigo Martinez!"  
That's real art!  
What's that?  
Rodrigo Martinez is fat.  
Our Alexander is much  
more masculine.  
"Emmanuelle" is screening  
at the factory on Friday.  
Just one screening.

Is it the film showing different  
ways of making love?

Yes, but it's  
not for children.

-I'm not "children."

-What are you then, girl?

My photo is on a "wanted"  
poster at the police station.

"A girl, a runaway from  
a respectable family...  
a thief and lover  
of erotic cinema."

How terrible.

Sibylla, your behavior is  
atrocious. Leave the table!

That's that.

Well, my dear son-in-law...

I beat you at pool, so now  
crawl under the table.

Come on, come on!

You lost!

No, no...

Please stop, Mama.

That's enough.

There's a fire in my heart...  
that only you can quench.

I'm an opera singer.

I'm giving a concert tomorrow.

I'll be singing for you!

-What do you want it for?

-I need it.

Take the pistol.

Think before you shoot.

-Come on, sing!

-What?

Get into the bathtub  
and sing!

-Sing what?

-An aria, or I'll shoot you all.

Come on, sing it!

How terrible.

Are you singing in the  
bathroom, Abessalom?

I've lost my cat.

It's a chilly summer.  
I've got something for you.  
How many years was  
it under water?  
Seven.  
Captain, your cat is  
nowhere to be found.  
Keep looking for it!  
I so much wanted  
to refloat her.  
And now the sea has disappeared...  
evaporated.  
Instead, there is the desert,  
sand and dry grass.  
My beauty.  
She was lying at the bottom, with  
hundreds of other ships, rotting.  
Unbearable.  
I've been sailing her my  
whole life long. Wait...  
Imagine the cemetery  
I took her from.  
Now I'm going to take her back  
to your lake, to the river...  
to the sea.  
You know...  
people are not the only  
ones who leave us.  
The sea leaves us too.  
It's alive.  
It's gone.  
How good this honey smells.  
I'll cut you out  
the sweetest piece.  
If you're not afraid,  
they don't sting.  
I'm not afraid of anything.  
Only fools know no fear.  
Watch out.  
You said you weren't  
afraid of anything, right?  
Alexander!  
-Are you crazy!  
-You shaved your moustache?

How old is your father?

-41

-41? I'm 14.

That's my age with  
the digits reversed.

Will you teach me to whistle?

It's not hard.

You stick out your tongue...

and show it to the sun

till it dries a bit.

Like that?

Like that. And afterwards...

This film isn't for you.

-She knows a funny joke.

-Tell me.

What makes people fly?

Dynamite.

Do you know it?

Go on, go home.

Sometimes there are miracles like

**this:**

Quiet! Quiet!

When I was a boy I  
saw comrade Stalin...

I saw comrade Stalin  
play the accordion.

And today we watch the film  
"Emmanuelle". Enjoy yourselves!

Look, a moustache.

Let me put it on you.

-Why are you making fun of me?

-The film's started. Let's go.

So do you want to come in?

Don't bother trying! Piss off!

Don't worry. We'll be able  
to see it when we grow up.

This way.

Come on.

-I've hurt myself.

-Are you okay?

-From here you can see even better.

-Much better.

-Do you like her, that cow?

-No.  
-I like you.  
-Prove it.  
I wrote you a poem.  
A poem?  
"I recall a wondrous moment.  
You appeared before my eyes."  
That's Pushkin!  
No, I wrote it  
when I saw you...  
...for the first time.  
-I don't like liars!  
Alexander...  
is sleeping.  
He sleeps all the time.  
He mixes up night and day.  
It's a shame. We're going.  
How terrible!  
Get up immediately!  
It's a shame!  
How can you watch this?  
-I don't like your father.  
-Why not?  
He only thinks about women,  
sleeping and cigars.  
And stars.  
-Let's go.  
-Wait.  
-Can you see Alexander?  
-Yes.  
Take your hands off me!  
Let's wait until  
everyone has left.  
-Sometimes I want to kill you.  
-And other times?  
Other times, I want  
to love you forever.  
-Piotr!  
-What?  
Are you eating onion again?  
Why?  
In the film, there  
was palm trees...  
the ocean... Bangkok...

Rubbish! Do you know why  
Emmanuelle is happy?  
Because the guys  
in the film...  
have got big guns.  
Like Pushkin! Like me!  
You don't understand anything.  
You just eat raw onion.  
Such passion.  
Why so crude?  
Love has to be beautiful,  
it has to be poetic! Bangkok...  
-You want Bangkok?  
-Yes.  
What are you doing?  
Here are your palm trees!  
Here's your Bangkok!  
-Here's your...  
-Emmanuelle.  
-But I can't.  
-What can't you?  
The size of your  
dick isn't normal.  
My lieutenant's  
is like this...  
But yours is very big.  
It's just not possible.  
You want me cut it off?  
Cut it.  
Okay.  
-Piotr!  
-Let me.  
He's crazy.  
Some door should be open.  
Can I help you?  
Yes...  
Okay.  
-What's wrong?  
-Piotr put bearings on his penis...  
and had sex with Veronica.  
The lieutenant's wife?  
With ball bearings?  
It's because his is very big.  
Like the pilot's

in "Emmanuelle"?

Idiot.

He's heard something....

about constriction devices.

But they're not made of steel!

The penis is inflated

like a zeppelin.

-Show me!

-Show him.

Come on!

You drink my whisky...

you screw the ballerina

in my office!

Do you want some water?

Calm down.

How did this happen?

-We watched "Emmanuelle".

-Me too.

Did you like it?

Yes, but no one there puts

ball bearings on his prick!

-Could it be sawed off?

-It's made of special steel!

I've tried Hartmann method.

He recommends wrapping

the penis with tape...

beginning at the distal end and

moving upwards in a spiral...

towards the point

of constriction.

But with such swelling,

the method won't work.

Call Maria Markovna.

-Which Markovna?

-Your mother!

Call Marta too.

The consequences are hard to predict.

-No, she's retired and got asthma.

-Our steel's worth gold!

And you go and put it on your prick!

Really!

It worked.

Bring him here, the rake.

Just look at him.

Stay calm.  
Don't be frightened.  
Go!  
Watchmaker's precision.  
Congratulations.  
Where are you, Veronica?  
Show yourself!  
I'll blow this whole  
town in pieces!  
Come out, Veronica!  
Where have you gone?  
Come out this instant...  
or I'll blow this  
factory to pieces!  
In all my professional practice,  
I've never seen anything like that.  
I could say even more:  
it was huge, terribly huge!  
And if it had burst?  
I'll kill you!  
Believe me, I'll kill you!  
-You're a bitch!  
-Shut up!  
-I'm not a bitch!  
-Be quiet!  
-Not in the face, Mama!  
-Shut up!  
What are you doing here?  
I've come to watch the moon.  
-What are you doing here?  
-I want them to drink my blood.  
Idiot! I'm the one with bad blood.  
I need leeches.  
You've got all the leeches  
of the swamp on you.  
Now he's going to come out.  
He's going to come out,  
to take five steps...  
and then stumble.  
-I missed it, Dad.  
-Once more. Aim well.  
Is this what you  
call hunting?  
They said, there are



wild boars here.  
Look! A pig!  
What is it?  
-A boar?  
-It doesn't look like it.  
Was it a wild boar?  
I think we've just killed  
a domesticated pig.  
Let's get out of here, quick!  
-Maybe it was a real boar.  
-No, boars have tusks.  
Lulu! Where's  
my little piggy?  
Have you seen my pig?  
The silly thing escaped again.  
-What's its name?  
-Lulu.  
-Lulu? She ran that way.  
-Thanks.  
That's just disgusting.  
It's not my fault.  
After the film...  
he asked me the unimaginable.  
This morning, he was dead in bed.  
The headmaster in the  
French teacher's bed.  
What's he doing here?  
It's very hard to see  
one's husband...  
dead in someone  
else's bed, but...  
I don't know this man.  
And I hardly know him.  
Hardly!  
You know what?  
The school will take  
care of the funeral.  
He was a good headmaster  
and a man of morals.  
It's better this way.  
Have you found your cat?  
I've lost the sea,  
I've lost my cat.  
Here, eat this.

Your eyes are so sad.  
Why?  
Look, do this.  
You can hide behind them.  
Here's your lamb.  
Let me take it some  
other time, okay?  
Hello, Captain Nemo!  
I'm not Captain Nemo.  
-I'm a stray dog.  
-A what?  
A dog.  
-Homeless.  
-Where are you going?  
I've lost the sea. I'm searching  
for another, but there isn't one.  
Are you married?  
-Me?  
-Yes.  
-No, no.  
-No?  
-My boat is my wife.  
-Why?  
In our town, there are so  
many marriageable girls!  
It's unbelievable!  
We'll come and visit  
you tonight, okay?  
Alright? You agree?  
-You okay?  
-Where are you going to?  
-Is it good?  
-Yes, I'm gonna swim.  
The crazy guy is back.  
What's wrong, Mama?  
-Where's Veronica?  
-Around. What's up? A bit drunk?  
You blockhead, she's in  
the bushes with a lover.  
What bushes? What lover?  
Are you crazy?  
No, I'm not.  
I know everything.  
-No, you don't.

-Shut up.  
So beautiful!  
Beautiful?  
I ought to turn away, but I can't.  
Such beauty.  
I'm coming closer.  
There's no love!  
-There is!  
-No, there is not!  
Yes, yes!  
Have you guys seen Sibylla?  
Have you guys seen Sibylla?  
Your little tart is busy pulling  
someone's pants down.  
Who's that bird in the photo?  
Your grandma?  
One day, grandpa caught her  
with a man in the laundry.  
Can you see better now?  
How terrible.  
My husband.  
I'm about to be unfaithful,  
and there he is having a shave.  
But you told me you  
were a lonely woman...  
...looking for a man.  
-I am a lonely woman.  
Now I know where  
my cigars go.  
Into the kitchen. Come on.  
Into the kitchen? Now?  
Get out of here!  
Let go of my hand!  
Bloody little bitch.  
Let go of me!  
Little girls don't  
behave like that.  
I don't give a damn how  
little girls behave!  
I love you.  
And I won't let any other woman  
have you! Do you understand?  
I'm an adult and I can do for  
you everything they can.

Got it?  
God-damn you! Ready!  
Aim! 125-285!  
Fire!  
Ready! Aim!  
Fire!  
Ready! Aim!  
Aargh, my back!  
Shit. Damn it!  
You see?  
It hurts a lot. Right here.  
Mika! He's over there.  
I've been looking for  
you for two days.  
-What are you doing here?  
-They don't want to sting me.  
-Let's go.  
-Leave me alone!  
Wait! Do you hear me?  
-Please stop!  
-I don't want to see you.  
Listen to me! Wait!  
You and me are the  
main thing. Listen!  
You idiot!  
Wait. Are you listening?  
Tell me what you want me to do.  
Tell me, and I'll do it.  
Marry Veronica!  
Which Veronica?  
But she's married to the lieutenant.  
Then marry Maria,  
the chemist...  
or that idiot Sappho.  
I don't care. Just get married!  
Will you marry me?  
My father is getting  
married too.  
What?  
Sappho and he  
are old friends.  
He wants to marry that idiot?  
She's at his place right now.  
Actually, I quite like her.

You idiot!  
It's been ages  
since I last danced.  
Thank you.  
I drink to our  
beautiful women.  
-Now, let's go.  
-Where are you off to, captain?  
Don't give that idiot  
no more drinks.  
Where are you going?  
Where is he going?  
So many beautiful women here.  
I'll give you a night...  
I'll give you a night like you've  
never had before, my love.  
I'll give myself to you.  
I'm dying of desire  
to love you.  
I want every bit of you.  
My love.  
Leave me alone! Please!  
Captain!  
Captain!  
Sibylla left, she sailed  
away and out of my life.  
though she said I was allowed 100.  
Where have those  
Fire!

CAPTIONS BY VIDEOLAR