



Scripts.com

# Branded

By Jamie Bradshaw

Belarus. Rated R.

Coming soon to a theater near you.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
the second half of our show  
will begin in just a couple of minutes.

Please return to your seats.

ey, Misha.

I didn't think anybody  
was actually going to show up.

I'm sorry. Do we know each other?

Yes, but you don't remember.

I'm Abby Gibbons. Bob's niece.

Right, yeah.

You came to visit him about seven years ago.

Such a cute little girl you were then.

hanks.

Actually it was nine years ago,  
and I remember you very well.

You been in Moscow long?

About a year.

Bob never mentioned it.

Yeah, well, that's my secretive uncle.

And the winner is...

creative director Mikhail Galkin.

Still one of the leaders  
in the marketing of movies.

I've just seen the founder and president  
of Best Solution,  
pioneer of the Russian advertising industry,  
Bob Gibbons!

hank you. What are you doing, Misha?

Come on, get over here.

Bob, what's happened?

Why are you back already?

We hit a snag.

You won't be making partner today.

I'm sorry, Mish.

Let's face it, Bob.

For you, this agency is just a cover.

And your people are never going to let me  
be a partner in it.

All right, I got it.

So, what are you suggesting here?

Very simple. If I can't be a partner,

then I at least want to be making  
the same money off it that you are.

Yeah. Yes.

Where are you? Abby?

Why won't you ever listen to one thing  
I ask you to do?

I will call you later.

his goddamn girl's going to be  
the death of me.

She won't listen to her parents!

She took a semester off to do  
some sort of internship here,  
and now she won't leave!

Christ.

and the sun's just starting to set.

I will never understand this crazy country.

One more thing.

I saw how Abby's got her eye on you, so...

She's young and... and stupid.

Please.

Stay away from her.

his is Joseph Pascal,  
the world's leading specialist  
on marketing.

Bravo.

Today, the biggest fast food chains  
were reeling  
from a record decline in profits.  
their representatives had assembled  
before this guru of marketing  
with the hope that he could make a miracle.  
I want to talk to you today  
about love.

See, I have struggled  
to find a way to restore the people's love  
of your products,  
but it hasn't worked out.  
Consumers just no longer wish to buy them.  
When it's over, it's over.  
they no longer love you.  
the era of fast food has passed.

But I do have a proposal.  
Something which exceeds  
the limits of marketing

in its traditional form.  
A plan which will change the world.  
Together, we will make fat beautiful again.  
But first, a question.  
How far are you willing to go  
to solve your problems?  
Whatever it takes.  
Within the limits of the law, of course.  
I'm afraid that's not far enough.  
Not even nearly far enough,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
The guru's plan was approved.  
But due to budget cuts,  
it would have to begin  
in the third world markets  
of Kenya, Brazil and Russia.  
So I called because I wanted your advice  
on something, Mr. Marketing Award Winner.  
But you have to promise  
to keep it a secret from Bob.  
It's amazing how you Americans  
all believe in seat belts.  
In America, they advertise them really well.  
Yeah, Misha.  
Yeah, she's still screaming like total shit.  
You're fired. Your company's fired.  
Do you hear me?  
You're never going to work on another movie  
for this studio again.  
I'm sorry, I have to go.  
Let's go.  
Check it out.  
One of the key instruments  
in the Russian part of the plan  
was an extreme makeover reality TV show.  
They're looking for a Russian  
production company  
to shoot a Russian version of this show.  
The corporate sponsor's representative  
is in Moscow right now.  
I want to do the pitch to them myself  
and get the contract for Astra,  
and then they're gonna make me  
an exec producer.

Do you really think this is going to work?

Nope.

Misha, what you're doing  
had better work.

We need 8 out of 10 people tomorrow  
in that focus group  
to want to see this movie.

Don't worry, Mr. Johnson,  
it'll meet your expectations.

So, Misha, where did you learn  
that amazingly perfect English of yours?

My father was a British communist.  
Immigrated here.

And later, he had a falling out with communism  
but they wouldn't let him leave.

- That's terrible.

- Yeah.

Belarus. Rated R.

Coming soon to a theater near you.

i, Pavel. Yeah, it's fine.

Just add some graphics over the shot that say,  
"No one will hear this scream."

Wow!

Sunrise in the middle of the night.

It's so weird.

Mish, you know how much I wanted you  
to make partner,

'cause I love you.

Let's have a drink.

So, my very first meal at the Burger in Moscow.

I knew about your guys' custom  
for paying for extra ketchup,  
so I paid for six packets.

But then, I needed more.

But the cashier says...

"Nyet. Nyet."

"You've already had enough."

Do you understand

what I'm saying to you?

Like she fucking decides  
that I have had enough.

It's not a real burger, Misha,  
if I can't have extra ketchup.

It's just a fucking... it's a fucking facade.

his whole country is just like one  
ollywood backlot-fucking-facade.  
And it's a really shitty made one at that.  
How many of you would buy  
a ticket to this movie  
based on the advertisement?  
That's right!  
I told you this movie could work.  
- Thanks, brother.  
- All right, my friend.  
Mish, thanks.  
- Bob.  
- Yeah?  
- You forgot your pen.  
- Yes. Thank you.  
And you still haven't got back to me  
about my new deal.  
I know. I know.  
Misha discovered his talent  
for marketing  
shortly after the fall of the Soviet Union.  
Communism was over.  
But capitalism had only just begun.  
The forbidden brands of the West  
became available 24/7  
in thousands of newly born kiosks.  
Misha was working at one of those kiosks,  
having just completed  
his university history degree.  
There, he learned  
the three basic rules of marketing.  
He advised the owner to specialize  
in selling vodka only.  
Sales doubled.  
Misha suggested hanging bright yellow signs  
above the kiosks  
announcing vodka only.  
Sales increased 12 times.  
The owner bought himself  
a used Mercedes S320.  
But when Misha asked for a raise,  
he was fired on the spot.  
He had learned the third rule:  
Get paid up front,

because no one believes in marketing.  
Enterprising young Misha  
abandoned his career  
as an unskilled laborer  
and opened  
his own advertising agency,  
Mikhail Galkin Global Marketing,  
with funds borrowed from an old family friend,  
Yuri Nikolaivich.

That was the first time Misha  
appealed to God for help.

i. I'm Bob Gibbons.

Bob agreed to bail Misha out of debt  
and to hire him in Bob's  
soon-to-be opened  
American-Russian  
advertising agency.

There was just one catch.

Sorry. I...

I don't quite understand this. What...

What are you, a spy?

You want me to become a spy, too?

I'm not a spy.

I'm a historian.

Would you do me a favor, please?

Would you just calm down?

Just relax and listen, Misha.

Misha?

I'm a real Madison Avenue ad man,  
I do a little work with US A.I.D,  
which sometimes works with  
other organizations  
that shall remain nameless.

Listen, you guys are starting up  
a democracy over here.

But democracy isn't just about  
switching governments,  
it's about... it's about business.

It's about advertising.

It's about Coke versus Pepsi.

Now, we will start  
a serious advertising agency,  
and we will make a lot of money.  
The client list is going to be

the new political candidates,  
the business elite,  
movie producers,  
and all you have to do...  
is keep your eyes and ears  
trained on them and report.  
Report what?  
Whatever you see.  
Whatever you hear.  
That's it.  
- Poor bastard.  
- That's my investor.  
Yeah.  
You're going to be needing  
a new investor.  
Picture it, Misha.  
Your new job is just...  
spreading the principles  
of freedom and democracy.  
And so began Misha's career  
as a marketer-spy.  
Over the next 15 years,  
he designed the first Russian campaigns  
for a host of western brands,  
like the now-famous slogan for The Burger:  
"The Taste of Freedom"  
and he furnished Bob  
with reports on his clients.  
And because of you  
and your incredible work...  
this big beautiful country is now  
almost a democracy.  
Okay, so look, Abby.  
Why aren't you just producing  
this reality show yourself?  
Why do you think?  
'Cause I don't have the money!  
How much does it cost?  
Like \$750,000.  
What's with your air conditioning  
system, anyway?  
This is like a brand-new car!  
What's she doing?  
What are you doing?

Same as everybody else.  
This suit is murder.  
You mind looking out the window?  
But then that girl will think I'm staring at her.  
Doesn't matter, you Russian men  
are all supposed to be pigs, anyway.  
But the way the Russian women  
go around here,  
like prima ballerinas in skin-tight clothing,  
honest, regular American girl  
doesn't stand a chance.  
There, all done.  
What would you say  
to doing the show with me?  
We are called xtreme Cosmetics.  
And this is a real story about a real girl.  
Well, she's what you call overweight,  
but she's unusually charming.  
And that's where the miracle happens.  
This fat cow gets transformed  
into a beautiful fawn,  
and she becomes a national superstar.  
And for that,  
we need nationwide casting search.  
I think the real problem isn't the casting,  
it's finding the director.  
Yes, and the best one is Schwartz,  
Roman Schwartz.  
Astra Productions.  
So what you're saying is  
that Schwartz is your guy?  
That's what I'm telling you.  
Will you excuse me for a second?  
Mechislava,  
please allow me to introduce  
the lead director in our new company,  
my friend Roman Schwartz.  
- How do you do?  
- Nice to meet you.  
Take a look.  
ere is the world's first marketing.  
What are you talking about?  
I mean it was Lenin  
who invented marketing in 1918.

e found an absolutely unique way  
to sell people the idea  
of Soviet communism.  
The factories to the workers,  
land to the peasants,  
peace to the soldiers.  
e made the product promise one thing:  
happiness.  
And that's marketing.  
Lenin hired just simply the best designers  
and copywriters.  
Rodchenko...  
No, that's not Rodchenko.  
But, here, Mayakovsky.  
The brand's official color: Red.

### **The logo:**

Once they'd established the super brand,  
they designed campaigns  
for all the product lines to carry.  
So, chocolates for Red October,  
perfumes, Red Moscow...  
And the GB?  
The GB came later,  
like a sort of brand police.  
See, it's the dream of every brand  
to make the competition's products illegal.  
That's exactly what they did.  
Tragically, they had really shitty  
production, so...  
the product failed to live up to its promise,  
and consumers fell out of love  
with the Soviet Union.  
"Dear Mr. Mayakovsky,"  
"it would be our pleasure to invite you  
to the United States..."  
"to share with us your fascinating new ideas  
about advertising."  
This is from the president  
of General Electric.  
A lot of Lenin's guys  
lectured for American companies.  
And, as you can see,  
the Americans studied well.

This is all very interesting, Misha,  
but you still haven't answered  
my question.

Why is it you're not married?

I'm not sure we should be doing this.

Dating usually just gets  
in the way of business, Abby.

These days...

I don't think anything  
gets in the way of business.

By the way...

there's just one thing I think we should  
agree upon from the beginning.

Okay.

We're 50/50 partners. Right?

Shut up.

- Stop. I should get that.

- Not now.

Misha.

Abby!

Get out of the car! Get out of the car, you...

Get out of that car now!

- Don't be scared.

- Out of the car, you fucking coward!

- Just calm down, Bob.

- You want me to calm down?

I am going to calm you down once and for all!

Abby! Abby!

ey! ey!

ey! Abby, get out of the car.

Get out of the car!

It's okay, Abby. It's okay. It's okay.

Okay, okay. ey.

Can we... Can we please just discuss this  
like normal people?

- You want to discuss it?

- Yeah.

All right, let's discuss it.

Misha set out with Abby  
to cast the perfect fat girl,  
having no idea who stood behind  
the final decision.

She could be a star.

She can be a star!

The show premiered to high ratings,  
but the night before the operation episode,  
the star panicked.  
What's she saying?  
She's saying she doesn't want  
to do the surgery.  
She's scared.  
Asking us to let her go.  
We have to go to her.  
We have to talk to her.  
No, no, no. It's okay. It's just nerves.  
Nobody needs to tell her anything.  
- I don't know.  
- Abby. ey, stop it.  
everything's going to be fine.  
We, like, totally won!  
The operation was a success,  
and Veronika's sleeping like a baby!  
There was, like, so much blood  
I almost fainted!  
You're so full of shit!  
I know.  
Who is this?  
Misha. Wake up.  
What? Why are you shaking me?  
Veronika's asleep.  
So let her sleep. I'm also sleeping.  
She didn't come out from under the anesthesia.  
I have the Veronika crying tape  
shown on the evening news.  
I directed this show like it was a movie,  
and a real person is lying in a coma.  
No. No, listen.  
That was an accident, okay?  
What happened to Veronika  
is not our responsibility, okay?  
It is not your fault.  
Fine.  
I'm gonna go see the insurance guys.  
ey.  
Even if you won't have money,  
you'll still have me.  
Look, Abby...  
I'm going to see to it that I have money, too.

Mikhail Galkin, one of the producers  
of the scandalous reality show  
xtreme osmetics  
was arrested today on charges of fraud.  
Galkin's partner,  
American citizen Abigail Gibbons,  
has also been taken into custody.  
ighly placed sources have suggested  
that they are being held  
to quiet public outcry over Veronika's coma.  
No, no, no. No, no. No, no, no.  
No, let's manufacture  
some official medical conclusion  
that the coma is nobody's fault.  
Just some unpredictable physical reaction.  
That's good. I like that. Very good.  
No, no. What we want is  
to make it so that nobody believes  
the medical conclusion.  
But the people still must demand  
someone be punished.  
I want...  
some fat...  
- in Smolensk.  
- In Smolensk, saying...  
"What the hell? So they cut her up  
and now it's nobody's fault!"  
- ello?  
- Abby!  
Misha?  
I'm at Sheremetevo.  
I'm going away.  
Can you hear me?  
I'm going away forever.  
It was part of the deal.  
Hello? Call Bob.  
- Call Bob. He'll tell you.  
- Abby, I understand everything now!  
I love you.  
Abby, I lost you! Abby!  
I love you.  
ello?  
Strange coincidence, wouldn't you say?  
A simple cosmetic surgery

lands a woman in a coma.  
The media reacts with a hysteria not seen  
since the first man landed on the moon.  
And you know who it all benefits?  
You, you fuck!  
You set this whole thing up  
to take Abby away from me  
and put me under your control again.  
Now listen to me, okay?  
To organize the kind of hysteria that you  
are talking about would cost millions.  
And to perform that surgery on TV  
so that your little girl would fall into a coma  
would require some sort of super-elite killer.  
Now, you think, you really think  
that I would spend that kind of money...  
on you?!

I actually thought that perhaps  
you came here to thank me.  
But no, no, no.  
You don't have to thank me  
for getting you out of jail.  
Because if I had any other way  
to convince Abby to leave this country  
your ass would still be in that jail,  
you son of a bitch!  
Get out.  
Let's have a drink.  
Listen, Bob...  
There's something I've been wanting  
to tell you for a long time now.  
Why do you think it is that the very first guy  
you met in Moscow  
became the most valuable agent  
of your career?  
I don't know. Why?  
Because I was fucking terrified.  
I'm not a spy, I told you that.  
I'm a historian.  
You, what, thought I...  
went around all these years  
recording my clients  
with a hidden spy camera?  
You remember my first report?

Yeah.

I made it all up for you, Bob.

And you believed me.

You smug, stupid robot.

Misha turned his first employer,  
the kiosk owner who had fired him,  
into a drug-dealing mobster.

In my mind,

I even imagined my report

like it was the trailer

to one of those

Tom Clancy Paramount thrillers.

This looks like a normal businessman.

But in a place where everything is a facade...

to get the truth out,

you have to go inside.

Mr. Ivanov's kiosks,

coming soon to a nation near you.

You told me my reports were just for analysts

to study back in Washington.

But they didn't just study them, did they?

The CIA leaked Misha's information

to The New York Times.

Shortly thereafter, a real Russian mobster,

and avid reader of The New York Times,

showed up demanding half

of Mr. Ivanov's alleged earnings

from tax fraud and drug trafficking.

Unfortunately, Mr. Ivanov lacked

the necessary skills in marketing

to persuade him that

The New York Times was mistaken.

Misha had discovered

his talent for marketing

could not only shape desires

and sell products...

it could do much more.

Marketing could change the world.

You made my life a living hell.

Aw, fuck it.

This is RTV News.

The Brazilian News Service reports the death

of a 17 year-old model from anorexia.

The event was marked by wide-scale protests

in Rio de Janeiro.

Mikhail Galkin?

Believing his talent for marketing was a curse,

Misha vowed never to use it again.

And since there was nowhere in the city

to go without advertising,

he left, hoping never to return.

I congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen.

We have completed the first step of this,

the most difficult, the most audacious,

the absolutely most risky

business strategy in history.

We have begun to alter consumers'

concept of beauty

in enya, Brazil, and Russia.

I guarantee, in five years,

nobody will recognize these countries.

We begin with the third world,

and then we'll transform the rest.

Picture a world where only

fat women will be popular.

Fat will become the new fabulous.

Misha!

So you're a shepherd now?

I was totally convinced I'd find you

with, like, a wife and five kids.

I don't have anybody.

What are you doing here?

Sleeping.

I mean, what the hell are you doing here?

What, you think you're a Buddhist?

You're no Buddhist.

I know you.

You were so strong.

I was always so amazed

by how strong you were.

I'm sorry, Abby, but I'm not going back.

I can't.

You wanted everything!

And now what do you want?

Your uncle once told me I was a bad man.

- You know, he was right.

- Misha.

The world will be a better place, Abby,

with me staying out here.  
That night, the same force  
that had marked Misha as a child  
sent him a message in a dream.  
He dreamed, while shepherding his cows  
he grew very tired and fell asleep.  
In the dream within the dream,  
he saw nothing.  
He only heard a voice.  
A voice that told him  
there was something he must do.  
It described it to him clearly  
and in perfect detail.  
After that, he woke up.  
Upon awakening, he remembered  
all that had been told to him  
as if each and every word  
had been inscribed in his head.  
And he was sure that, if he did  
what the dream told him to do,  
he would understand  
the meaning behind everything.  
Give me love triple triple,  
give me happiness double double.  
'Cause I be a big hero  
and I stay big for the beat.  
Look at this city,  
and look at this party.  
Big, your time has come.  
Big people, be yourself.  
Let's go  
if you get more fat,  
I would like it like that.  
Fat, fat  
if you get more fat  
I would like it like that.  
Fat, fat  
if you get more fat,  
I would like it like that.  
Fat, fat  
if you get more fat,  
I would like it like that.  
Fat, fat, fat  
Misha!

What's wrong?  
Quiet. Don't move.  
Okay.  
What are you doing?  
Misha!  
uh?  
Nothing.  
Nothing. everything's fine.  
Fine. Fine.  
Thank God. You were passed out  
for, like, forever.  
Is this Moscow?  
Yeah, this is Moscow.  
I'm sorry, I couldn't just leave you there.  
I don't know how to tell you this  
without completely shocking you.  
i, baby.  
This is your son.  
Robert.  
Robert...  
This is your father.  
Mommy, I don't think that's Daddy.  
And he was a really nice guy.  
And he proposed.  
And Robert really liked him.  
And I just kept thinking about you.  
That time when we were together  
was the best time of my life.  
I was so in love with you.  
I just had to try and find you...  
and see if what was between us  
was still in the past.  
I'm scared.  
So you're not mad at me for kidnapping you?  
Of course not.  
I just want to look at you.  
What's wrong?  
It was a mistake.  
We never should have done it.  
No, it wasn't.  
Please, you're the one who looks at me  
like you hate me.  
You don't believe that.  
That's right. You saw creatures!

God, you're such a sick freak!  
Abby, I really do see creatures on you!  
Fuck you, Misha.  
I'm sorry.  
I am really sorry.  
It was just a hallucination.  
We'll get you better.  
Misha discovered that what the voice  
in his dream had made him do  
was perform, rather precisely,  
one of the most ancient and mysterious rituals  
in human history:  
The Sacrifice of the Red Cow.  
I don't know when we'll be back.  
It all depends, you know.  
Just remember to water my plants.  
That's it, yeah.  
Sorry. xcuse me. Do you...  
Do you have \$71/2 million?  
old on one second.  
Bob left it to me in his will.  
So now you've got money and me.  
appy?  
Yeah...  
He read that it cleanses you  
from the sin of touching a corpse  
and purifies you from  
the sin of the Golden Calf  
so that you can see things  
that others cannot.  
- You promised.  
- Robbie, I didn't promise you anything, okay?  
Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!  
No. I don't like this attitude.  
Mommy, I want it! I want it!  
You promised.  
- Don't you think that's a little bit fattening?  
- uh!  
Robert.  
Why does he have to say  
stupid stuff like that?  
What do you say to your father?  
You say you're sorry.  
Sorry.

Okay.

Mommy, Mommy, please

can I have some? uh, Mommy?

I want it. I want it.

Please, Mommy, come on!

All right.

- Weirdo.

- ey.

ey, remember what I said about

crossing the streets?

You remember?

No more burger if you don't remember.

To organize the kind of hysteria

you're talking about...

What's going on?

It's okay, I was...

My head was just spinning for a second.

Come on, let's go.

So finally we get to look like a regular family.

Of course. We are a family.

"And so Ramek defeated Gaunt Worm

and freed the good princess."

"And they bestowed upon him

the name Ramek...

conqueror of beasts."

Read it again, Daddy. Please?

Be back in a hour with the tickets.

Bye-bye, Daddy. Don't eat my hamburger.

Come on, baby.

Okay, Misha. What the fuck?

Listen, Abby, I have tried to pretend

that everything is okay,

but, Abby, everything is not okay.

- Yeah, I can see that.

- All right. I see them.

And I know I'm really seeing them.

It's brands, Abby. They're alive!

I see how it works! Don't...

Please don't look at me like that.

I am not crazy.

Misha.

And I know who's responsible

for what happened to Veronika.

I know who put her into a coma!

I know who destroyed our lives!  
Who?  
Fast food!  
The fast food corporations  
are responsible for all of it!  
I can... I can prove it to you.  
It was a conspiracy,  
a disgusting, cynical conspiracy.  
All the noise surrounding  
what happened to Veronika  
was manufactured  
to alter people's image of beauty.  
To make fat cool.  
Cool to be fat.  
Cool to eat more hamburgers.  
I mean, look what they've done to people.  
Look what they've done to Robert!  
What have they done to Robert?  
What have they done to him?  
Okay. Okay...  
ere.  
They feed off our desires, okay?  
You begin to want something,  
and this... this big weird creature  
growing out of you starts getting bigger.  
Okay? They make you have desires  
that aren't the kind  
that can be completely fulfilled.  
They've gotten totally out of control!  
It's not as if we can have  
that many desires anyway  
to have them wasted on these...  
things!  
What's gotten out of control?  
Fast food's gotten out of control?  
No, what's fast food got to do with it?  
I mean, yes, yes, fast food is...  
it's all the brands. It's the whole system.  
It's an occupation.  
A subtle, unnoticeable occupation,  
and everyone is just running around happy!  
everyone's smiling!  
That's because everybody wants to be happy.  
A castrated lamb is happy, too, Abby.

Great.

Because it doesn't know what it lost.

I mean, we don't even know that desires  
can be different anymore.

We have been trained to love shit,  
want shit, and shit shit.

Trained? Trained by whom?

Lenin!

Marketing was invented by Lenin!

Don't you remember any of this?

And now, it's the foundation  
of the world economy.

The great global brand revolution has won.

We are all still living in the world  
Lenin created.

It used to be the brands were formed  
from peoples' desires.

Now it's the people that are being formed  
according to the desires of the brands.

Fine.

Okay.

What are you going to do about it?

I don't... I don't know.

I don't know what I'm going to do.

ey...

I know what you need to do about all of this.

You need to go see a doctor.

This strange and deadly new disease  
continues to grip Russia.

and medical authorities  
are no closer to determining its source.

What's causing the outbreak?

Well, we at the World Medical Association  
are continuing...

Pull over please, Abby.

To caution everyone that while the virus  
is deadly in 40%...

The disease cannot be classified  
as epidemic.

Misha?

ey.

Why don't you let me help you?

Let me help you.

Abby. Abby, I didn't mean to...

Abby!

Wait!

Guys?

Robert?

Abby?

Misha...

All of this is too hard and unhealthy  
for Robert and me.

I'm sorry, but we can't be together.

We're going on vacation alone.

Please leave the apartment  
before our return.

The violence has gone too...

signed the letter to the President.

The letter labels the outbreak

of the new disease a pandemic

far more dangerous than bird flu.

Of the late 20th century and the early 21 st,  
had clear sources.

When HIV-AIDS appeared,

people quickly learned what to do

and what not to do to avoid

contracting the deadly virus.

The origin of the new disease

is still unknown,

and, to date, there is no effective cure  
on the horizon.

Robert Black, LN News, reporting.

Distinguished leaders of restaurant chain

Dim Song,

it is my great pleasure to introduce you

to a true legend in the world of marketing,

Mikhail Galkin.

So, gentlemen...

you wish to introduce a chain of vegetarian  
restaurants into the Russian market.

I've analyzed the results

of the focus group,

and, frankly, I must say

you have a problem.

Russians just don't like your product.

Marketing in its traditional form

is simply powerless here.

Thank you for your very interesting opinion,

Mr. Galkin.

I do, however, have a proposal.

Something which exceeds the limits of marketing in its traditional form.

But first, let me ask you a question.

How far are you willing to go

to solve your problem?

We are ready for anything.

Anything within the law, of course.

I'm afraid that's not going to be

far enough, gentlemen.

We are ready to go far enough.

Fine.

Then I would like you

to mass-produce and market

a little apparatus for testing beef.

A beef tester, for short.

- What?

- A beef tester.

What?

Yeah, it's good.

Just add some graphics that say,

"Test your beef or taste your death."

Right, guys!

Despite the beef tester campaign's insinuation,

only 12 percent of Russians polled

believe there is a link between

mad cow disease

and the deadly new virus that has

to date claimed over 500 lives.

In response, the Russian minister

of food and agriculture

consumed a hamburger live on TV today

during a press conference

in which he announced

a nationwide ban on the campaign.

As a result, restaurant chain Dim Song

has recorded

record losses for last quarter.

You tell Mr. Min Tao

banning the beef tester campaign

was part of the plan.

You tell him that now is the time to open

and advertise his restaurants.  
A lot of restaurants.  
And tell him that I would suggest not limiting  
his campaign to Russia alone.  
What?  
Following the government's ban  
on the advertising campaign for beef testers  
and the sudden, unexplained death  
of the Russian minister  
of food and agriculture,  
consumers are now completely convinced  
that beef is deadly dangerous.  
Meanwhile, over the last three days,  
opened in Moscow alone  
where one can eat without having  
to test every slice of beef.  
Whether this newfound love  
of all things vegetable will stick,  
only time can tell.  
From the streets of Moscow, Russia,  
this is Diana ruger, Business Channel News.  
Abby, it's me.  
verything's changed now.  
Sorry I was sick, but now I'm okay.  
I know it sounded crazy  
when I told you  
that fast food was to blame  
for everything,  
but look, if in a week,  
or if in two weeks  
The Burger goes bankrupt,  
then I'm not crazy  
and you'll answer my call.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I understand your despair.  
Believe me, I do.  
But, unfortunately, I have practically nothing  
to cheer you up with.  
But, perhaps...  
Looks like a storm is coming.  
Wait, what were you gonna say?  
I don't want to get your hopes too high...  
We're joined today in the studio  
by economic analyst Mark Short.

Now, I want to ask you the same thing  
that must be on the minds  
of many of our viewers out there.  
Fine, people have stopped eating beef  
for the moment,  
but why is that having such a big effect  
on these massive fast food corporations?  
What, you're telling me  
they don't have billions saved up?  
Well, that's exactly right.  
You have to understand  
that their hard costs alone  
for a week of operation  
are in the hundreds of millions.  
Mommy, are hamburgers bad  
in America, too?  
Come on. Come on, Abby, pick it up.  
Come on, pick up the phone.  
Abby, pick up the phone.  
It's very unlikely consumers will return  
to beef any time in the near future.  
I love you. Pick up the phone.  
Demanded a government bailout.  
Do you think that's likely to happen?  
There's really no chance  
of a government bailout.  
Well, do you think  
the fast food industry can survive?  
That depends on what kind of food  
they choose to serve.  
You've reached Abby and Robert.  
Leave us a message  
and we'll call you right back.  
When the threat came only from  
the Russian market, they could withstand it,  
but now that the beef scare  
has gone global,  
the end comes for them rather quickly.  
Well, I never thought I would live  
to see the day.

- ...has joined the conference.
- ...CO has joined the conference.
- The president of BFO has joined the conference.
- The leader has joined the conference.

Ladies and gentlemen...  
The Burger is dead.  
The growth of brands has spiraled  
out of control.  
Never before in history has it been  
this difficult to record growth,  
because there simply is not enough room  
in the minds of consumers  
to hold new desires for new products.  
What happened in the case of fast food  
has fundamentally altered the market forever.  
A crippling anxiety has seized consumers.  
They're terrified the products can hurt them.  
A unique opportunity now stands before you.  
The time has come to clear a free space  
in the minds of consumers  
where your products can live on.  
Today, in order to get consumers  
to continue to desire computers  
you have to first make them  
lose interest in cell phones.  
What you need is to convince them  
that the competition's brands  
are deadly dangerous.  
Destroy the market for cell phones...  
and eradicate the competition.  
For your brands to grow,  
they need to learn how to attack.  
And I know how to teach your brands to attack.  
of Misha's rumor campaign,  
every remaining corporation in the world  
was using his new technology.  
And so began a total brand war:  
Everyone for himself.  
Well, Jon...  
Thank you so much for taking us  
to the concert.  
We had such a lovely time.  
- My pleasure.  
- Right, Robert?  
The popular outcry against advertising  
continues to be felt across the globe.  
To be an advertiser today  
has become more dangerous

than to admit being a homosexual  
in the 1950s.

Nowhere has this been harder felt  
than in Moscow, Russia.

- The Duma recently voted down legislation...

- Look, it's Daddy.

Proposing a universal ban on all advertising.

As last week's bombing of Red Square  
by extremists demonstrates,  
many in the public strongly disagree  
with this decision.

And here is one of the leaders  
of Russian advertising,  
Mikhail Galkin. Mikhail?

Mikhail? One question please?

The final word on whether  
the Russian government  
will ban advertising  
is in the hands of the President.

What's he going to do?

I'm sure the President  
will make the right decision.

You've reached Abby and Robert  
in Moscow.

Please leave us a message  
after the tone.

i, Abby.

I'm calling to say goodbye.

I've tried everything.

I even met with the President,  
but he wouldn't listen.

You've been right all along.

What I really needed to do was see a doctor.  
and that ended with the death  
of an innocent man.

and that ended with Veronika in a coma.

Now I decided to make the world  
a better place,

and instead I just made things worse.

Why was I so sure the government  
would ban advertising?

They will never ban advertising.

I must have been obsessed.

And now it's like

I've come to my senses and...  
and there's bl...  
blood everywhere...  
and it's all my fault, my...  
my insanity.  
I wish...  
Fuck it.  
What's going on?  
I'm calling you.  
Okay.  
Abby, come on!  
Go! Get inside!  
Yeah!  
You are on, young man!  
And a new era began.