

INT. KAZIMIR'S OFFICE (MOSCOW) - NIGHT

In the middle of the room a glass desk stands. Kazimir sits at it, facing the floor-to-ceiling windows. A cigar smoulders between his fingers. The wall behind him is covered with gilded icons.

Angela walks in.

KAZIMIR

(turning his head)

Angela?

ANGELA

Yes.

KAZIMIR

(turning back to the window)

I see.

Kazimir draws on his cigar and blows a cloud of smoke towards the window that frames the city's industrial landscape: the Moscow River winding into the horizon and the factories, dotted along it, pluming smoke out into the night sky.

Angela sits down on the black leather sofa.

Kazimir and Angela stare out the window.

KAZIMIR (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

ANGELA

Yes.

Cigar in mouth, he stands up and goes to the espresso machine.

KAZIMIR (CONT'D)

Espresso?

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No, thanks.

He sits down on the sofa besides Angela.

KAZIMIR (CONT'D)

I'm going hunting.

ANGELA

Good for you.

KAZIMIR

(drawing on his cigar)

Join me.

ANGELA

I will.

KAZIMIR

(surprised, moves slightly
away)

Will you?

ANGELA

Yes, but first I need to go to St.
Petersburg.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION (MOSCOW) - NIGHT

A line of cars runs to the security gates of the crowded car park. Angela's Bentley sits in the line, slowly moving forward.

INT. ANGELA'S BENTLEY (MOSCOW) - NIGHT

Angela looks out of the car window, throwing an impatient glance at the station clock tower.

Grabbing her travel bag, she gets out of the car.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION/GRAND EXPRESS PLATFORM (MOSCOW) - NIGHT

Travel bag in her hand, Angela hurries along the platform, heading to the 'Premium' carriage of the 'Grand Express' train.

The last CALL FOR BOARDING is announced. Angela steps in.

INT. THE GRAND EXPRESS/PREMIUM CARRIAGE - NIGHT

The CONDUCTOR, a young woman in her 20s with an air of self-importance and bright make-up, wearing a gilded red uniform of the 'Grand Express', locks the door of the carriage and shows Angela to her compartment.

Angela places her laptop on a small side table by the window and sits down on the red velvet sofa.

EXT. THE GRAND EXPRESS - NIGHT

Picking up the pace, the 'Grand Express' leaves the outskirts of the city and enters the vastness of Russian countryside.

An odd stand of trees flashing by, the train speeds down the tracks.

INT. THE GRAND EXPRESS/PREMIUM CARRIAGE/ANGELA'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The screen of Angela's laptop flickers and lights up. She goes to Google Chrome and types in.

INSERT-

Dmitry Voronov, Bioyl Holdings Inc.

Angela quickly scrolls through the list of links. One of them catches her attention. She pauses, then moves the cursor over it.

INSERT-

The founder of the Bioyl Holdings Inc. to throw a charity Ball Masquerade at the Konstantinovsky Palace.

Angela clicks on the headline and reads the text, then goes to images search for Dmitry Voronov.

A KNOCK at the compartment door.

The conductor enters.

A tray with a glass of black tea in a nickel holder, some miniature sugar cubes scattered around it, is placed on the side table.

Angela picks up the glass and takes a sip of tea.

EXT. THE GRAND EXPRESS - NIGHT

The train cuts through the night, the rows of its lit-up windows blur into flickering line.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEVSKY PROSPEKT (ST PETERSBURG) - DAY

Interweaving streams of passers-by flow down Nevsky Prospekt. In the distance, at the further end of the street, the pike of the empire style Admiralty building is visible.

Angela strolls past art galleries, boutiques and restaurants. Reaching a six-storey Art Nouveau building, crowned with a glass globe -- Singer House of Books -- she goes in.

INT. SINGER HOUSE OF BOOKS/SECTION OF HISTORY AND CULTURE (ST PETERSBURG) - DAY

Angela walks slowly along bookshelves, browsing the spines of books.

INSERT -

The spines of books then a volume of an illustrated album on Venetian masks.