

fanciful smoke puffs.

The PHONE on her bedside table RINGS. She reaches out and picks up the receiver.

ANGELA

(into the phone)

Yes.

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

It's Kazimir. Are you up?

ANGELA

(into the phone)

Are you?

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

It depends.

ANGELA

(into the phone)

On what?

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

On the weather.

ANGELA

(into the phone)

How's the weather today?

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

Clear as far as I can see.

ANGELA

(into the phone)

And what else do you see?

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

I see us meeting in half an hour at my

lodge to talk about Voronov.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Voronov?

KAZIMIR (V.O.)

Yes. The Dmitry Voronov.

INT. KAZIMIR'S LODGE/DINING ROOM (FINLAND) - DAY - MORNING

At the far end of the huge wood table, Kazimir sits. On the log wall behind him, a gilded icon of the Christ Pantocrator (All-Powerful) hangs. A flame flickers in the oil lamp before it.

On the table, a tea service is set for two: the white triangles of linen napkins glow by the delicate china cups.

Angela helps herself to tea.

KAZIMIR (CONT'D)

(fixing his eyes on Angela)

Did you sleep well?

ANGELA

(pouring tea into her cup)

Yes. Did you?

KAZIMIR

I didn't, I was thinking.

ANGELA

What about?

KAZIMIR

Dmitry Voronov.

ANGELA

(dropping a slice of lemon

into her cup)

A fascinating subject it must have been.

KAZIMIR

(stirring vigorously his tea
with a spoon)

A disturbing one.

ANGELA

I'm sorry to hear that.

KAZIMIR

Have you gone through his bio-fuel
investment portfolio?

ANGELA

Yes, I have.

KAZIMIR

And?

ANGELA

I've found some areas that might be of
interest to you.

KAZIMIR

There's only one area of interest to me.
51% of his Bioyl Investments Holdings.

ANGELA

I don't get you.

KAZIMIR

There isn't much to get.

ANGELA

Forgive me, but what exactly will your
aluminium syndicate 'SurLa' gain from
getting hold of 51% of his Bioyl Holdings?

KAZIMIR (CONT'D)

I forgive you, but this is none of your business.

Kazimir comes over, takes Angela's hand, kisses it and leaves the room.

INT. KAZIMIR'S LODGE/DINING ROOM (FINLAND) - DAY - MORNING-LATER

Angela stands by the icon of the Christ Pantocrator, studying its features in a flickering light of the oil lamp.

The man in the orange silk scarf walks in, takes an apple from a large glass bowl and sits down at the table.

He peels his apple, slices it and drops the pieces into a mug. Then pours black tea into it.

THE MAN IN THE ORANGE SILK SCARF

It's the first time I see you here.

ANGELA

(studying the icon)

Likewise.

THE MAN IN THE ORANGE SILK SCARF

You seem like an intelligent woman.

ANGELA

I don't seem, I am.

THE MAN IN THE ORANGE SILK SCARF

I wonder what a woman like you has in common with a man like Kazimir.

ANGELA

I often wonder too, but the answer escapes me.

THE MAN IN THE ORANGE SILK SCARF