

NICE TO MEET YOU

Dialog Rewrite

By Chip Street

**CONTEXT: GHOSTWRITING - UKRAINIAN ROMCOM
MAYPOLE RUNS A DATING SERVICE THAT CATERS TO SUCCESSFUL
AMERICAN MEN. NATASHA IS ONE OF HER GIRLS.
MAYPOLE IS CHAPERONING NATASHA'S FIRST DATE WITH A CLIENT.
UNDERLINED DIALOG IS IN RUSSIAN.**

EXT. "IBIZA" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT18.

There's a big party on the beach; music and dancing.

At an outdoor restaurant, Maypole and Natasha at a table,
with fruit plates and champagne.

They're sharing the table with CHARLES CHOPLIK (55). He's a
puny man, awkward, skinny, quite unattractive, the antitheses
of George Clooney.

He's eating a greasy, messy burger, all eyes on Natasha.

NATASHA

My mother works very hard, of
course, but she struggles since my
father left.

MAYPOLE

Very good.

CHOPLIK

That's sad. So sad.

He noisily licks the grease off his fingers, reaches across
the table to take her hand. Natasha withdraws, but Maypole
places her hand on theirs, holds them together.

MAYPOLE

Yes, yes it is. So sad.
(to Natasha)
Ask him about himself.

NATASHA

He chews like a goat.

Maypole squeezes their hands hard, a stern look. Natasha puts
on a fake smile.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Tell me about yourself?

CHOPLIK

Oh, not much to tell. I'm from
Ohio... retired military. I have a
small business...

(MORE)

CHOPLIK (CONT'D)
I collect kitchen waste and convert
it into fertilizer...

NATASHA
A garbage collector?

Choplik takes out his wallet, fat with cash and cards, opens
it to a collection of pictures. Flips through them. It's
dogs... All different kinds of dogs. In sweaters.

CHOPLIK
My babies. Do you like dogs?

NATASHA
A garbage collector who dresses his
dogs?

MAYPOLE
A garbage collector who dresses his
dogs and has a fat wallet.

Natasha regards the pictures with distaste.

NATASHA
I am allergic to dogs. All dogs.
Every kind. Terrible allergies.

CHOPLIK
Oh. How sad.

NATASHA
So so sad.

Maypole releases their hands. Natasha promptly withdraws hers
to her lap. Maypole gives her a reprimanding look.

MAYPOLE
Yes. So sad.

Natasha checks her watch.

NATASHA
Oh my God, it's gotten so late. My
mom is waiting for me to give her
an injection. And it's an hour by
train.

CHOPLIK
Let me call a cab for you.

MAYPOLE
Oh, thank you, we couldn't. A cab
is so expensive.

CHOPLIK

How much is it?

MAYPOLE

Two thousand hryvna minimum. Three thousand for a proper town car.

CHOPLIK

I insist.

He hands Maypole a handful of bills as Natasha pulls her coat on.

CHOPLIK (CONT'D)

Will I see you again?

MAYPOLE

You're a gentleman, Mister Choplik.
I'll call you.

The women leave. Choplik is disappointed. Behind him, FIREWORKS on the beach. The crowd CHEERS.