

RAIN UNDER LONELINESS TO THE PEAK

Full Script – 54 Minutes

1. EXT. CITY CENTER – DAY – 1988

A cold and gray morning. OPPRESSED WOMAN (18) walks through the city square with her mother. They carry a small suitcase. She looks hopefully at the police school gate.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I finished high school on my own. We came to this city with my mother.
My dream was to become a police officer... but we were 15 days late.
We didn't even have the registration fee. My mother raised us alone.

2. INT. TECHNICAL SCHOOL – CLASSROOM – 1988

The board is old, the classroom is crowded. On the door, it reads "Food Inspection Training." The Oppressed Woman focuses on the lesson, her notebook is worn but her notes are neat.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I couldn't enter the police academy. I finished this school first.
I studied and worked as a volunteer police assistant.
For two years, classes, exams, assignments... I endured them all.

3. EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT – 1989

A snowy street. The Oppressed Woman, in a police uniform, checks IDs.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I passed the exams, earned my police title.
For six months, I worked on the streets. Through snow and cold.

4. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS – PERSONNEL OFFICE – 1991

The Oppressed Woman works as "dela poyzvaditel," organizing files. Her COLLEAGUE at the next desk glances at her coldly.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

A year later, I moved to the personnel department.
I was sent to Bishkek for six months of training.
When I returned... everything was fine. Until my leave request disappeared.

5. INT. POLICE CORRIDOR – 1992

The Oppressed Woman waits sadly, holding her petition. Her COLLEAGUE approaches.

COLLEAGUE

Your leave request is gone. If you want, bring a medical report, you'll be safe.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

In that moment... I agreed out of desperation.
For years, I blamed myself. More than her betrayal,
I hated myself for listening to that advice.

6. INT. POLICE MEETING ROOM – 1993

The Colonel and inspectors sit at a table. The doctor's notebook, filled with notes in different pens, is in front of them.

COLONEL

These notes are fake. The doctor confessed everything.
Your colleague denied taking your request.
You're banned from ever returning to the police force.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

That day... I lost my job, my dreams.
My Police University dream... all gone.

7. INT. HOUSE – SMALL TOWN – NOVEMBER 1993

A small kitchen. The OPPRESSED WOMAN (24) talks with her mother.

MOTHER

Maybe you should take a break. Then you can reapply.

OPPRESSED WOMAN

Mom... I wrote petitions up to the ministry. It didn't work.
I can't stay in this town. I'm going to Moscow.

8. INT. BISHKEK – LANDLADY'S HOUSE – DAY

The LANDLADY (in her 50s) sips tea as she speaks.

LANDLADY

I go to Moscow every two months.
I buy and sell Central Asian products. There's good money.
If you can't return to your job, come with me.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

Everything was closing in on me. Her words helped me decide.

9. EXT. MOSCOW – KAZANSKY STATION – MORNING – NOVEMBER 1993

A gray morning, first snowflakes fall. A Stalin-era skyscraper looms in the distance.
The OPPRESSED WOMAN enters the station market, carrying sacks.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

Moscow... was going to be a new breath for me.

10. INT. KAZANSKY STATION – FRUIT MARKET – MORNING

The Oppressed Woman bargains for Uzbek grapes.

TRADER

Russians love these grapes. Ten boxes aren't enough, take thirty.

OPPRESSED WOMAN

Ten boxes... twenty kilos each. I'll buy more tomorrow.

11. EXT. MITICHI MARKET – DAY

The Oppressed Woman delivers crates to Azerbaijani and Iranian vendors.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I woke up at five every morning.
Crates, cold, exhaustion – I endured it all.
Yet... I stayed on my feet.

12. INT. MOSCOW – SMALL APARTMENT – NIGHT

She counts her earnings in her notebook, while the landlady pours tea.

LANDLADY

Are you used to it now? I told you, Moscow never lets go.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

1993–1995... I saved my money, opened a shop.

13. EXT. CITY – AUTUMN – LATE 1996

A cold wind scatters yellowed leaves.

The OPPRESSED WOMAN (27) stands in front of a hospital, holding a box of chocolates.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I heard at the market... That woman is bedridden now.

My first two visits, I couldn't go in.

I only looked from the doorway... I didn't have the courage.

14. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – FIRST TWO VISITS

Silent hallways. The Oppressed Woman looks in from the doorway, then quietly leaves.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

Inside me, anger... bitterness... but also echoes of old days.

15. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – THIRD VISIT – 1997

The Rival Woman lies in bed, frail and pale. The Oppressed Woman steps in, mustering courage.

OPPRESSED WOMAN

How are you now? I hope you still haven't given up the fight.

RIVAL WOMAN

You're proud... Bakit saw you.

They said you carry grapes from Moscow. When I heard... it stung inside.

I couldn't do anything. If you see him again... bring me his address.

OPPRESSED WOMAN

Yes... after losing my job, I couldn't stay in the town.

I worked in Moscow. I heard from the market that you were here.

RIVAL WOMAN

The treat you brought me... is it chocolate?

Break a piece, no one will see.

OPPRESSED WOMAN

If it's forbidden... I won't give it. Then I'll eat it for both of us.

RIVAL WOMAN (Laughing)

The doctors don't allow it... Sweets are banned.

The NURSE enters, saying the visit is over.

The Oppressed Woman leaves; two days later, when she returns, the room is empty.

She goes to her old house; it's been sold.

NEIGHBOR

After she moved out, we never saw her again.

OPPRESSED WOMAN (V.O.)

I never saw her again... I never learned what happened.

FADE OUT.

MOSKOVA SENARİYO İNGİLİZCESİ SUNUM İÇİM