

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL!

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1-EXT. / NOON - SCHOOLYARD IN THE CITY CENTRE - SOFIA

The day is nice and sunny - late spring, early summer. THE BOY passes through the yard carrying his school backpack. He is together with THREE GIRLS, laughing and talking enthusiastically about something. THE BOY is about 15 years old, slim, beautiful and innocent as an angel. The slight feminine flair in his movements while walking contributes to his angelic looks. On the stone fence of the courtyard OLDER BOYS are seated: more robust, tougher, obviously stronger, with deeper voices. They are smoking cigarettes, looking with interest at the THREE GIRLS and start mocking THE BOY. When THE BOY goes out of the school gate and passes close to THE BOYS, their words can be heard:

V.O.

Hey, faggot!

Sissyyy!

Hey, homo, come, come here!

THE BOY fixes his eyes on the sidewalk, does not look at THE OLDER BOYS, says quickly goodbye to the THREE GIRLS and accelerates his pace along the fence. Just in front of him, on the sidewalk, a huge spit lands. THE BOY continues to go quickly. THE THREE GIRLS look after him visibly worried and start shouting something at the older boys.

2-EXT./INT NOON - STREET IN DOWNTOWN SOFIA / THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY is walking along some small streets of the old city centre, gradually decreasing his pace. THE BOY comes to an old house and unlocks the door. Enters inside. This is a modern Bulgarian home – 2011 – obviously belonging to middle class people. The place is comfortable, there is everything a modern house may need, but the interior is not lavish. THE BOY drops his backpack in the hallway. Then he goes to his room – tries to read something from a book, but soon gets distracted and goes to play music on the computer. What is heard is something in the style of *Madonna*. Then he opens a gay chat page on Internet and his whole face becomes a bit feverish and agitated. He has received a new message. THE BOY opens the attachment which contains a photo of a male torso – clearly of an older man, but fit, even athletic. THE BOY studies the picture with fascination.

3-INT./NOON – THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN is sitting in front of his computer in a sterile office. In the room there are

other computers, but there is now nobody working on them. THE MAN, whose belly is already visible even beneath his loose shirt, reads the phrase "I like you" on his screen and chuckles. He types: "How old are you?"

4-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY starts writing, comes to the first digit "1" and hesitates. The cursor blinks. He types: "16" corrects it to "19" And then adds: "And you?"

5-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN writes "48", then deletes the last figure and writes "45", then deletes the 5 and sends "41." For some time on the screen nothing happens. THE MAN nervously writes "But I look younger" and then deletes the sentence without sending it.

6-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY sitting in front of the screen is startled, then looks at the picture of the male torso, with its mighty biceps and strong hairy chest. THE BOY blushes slightly. Utters in admiration something like "wow." Types something.

7-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN smiles and writes: "You are beautiful and look pretty experienced for your age!".

8-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY types: "No, I'm not so experienced, I haven't yet done it with a ma"..., then thinks for a while, deletes the sentence and sends the following: "Well, even better, right?"

9-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN grins, makes a lustful grimace, and a dirty gesture with his hand and types something. While waiting for the answer, examines on the screen an image of a young and slim boyish body whose face is missing from the picture.

10-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY reads something on the screen, his face shows embarrassment then blushes He reaches for the cup of cocoa on the desk, but his hand is a bit trembling and a small trickle of the brown liquid runs down on his chin. He wipes it out with his hand thin as a stick. Then he writes something, apparently editing it several times. The sentence is: "Will you describe me more specifically what you like in sex with boys?" Then thinks for a while corrects "specifically" to "specificaly" then again to "specifically".

11-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN grins and starts hitting the keys quickly and hastily, as his eyes and face become more and more feverish.

12-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY's face in front of the screen – while he is reading. He blushes slightly, then

more and is entirely absorbed by what he is reading. He can't move his eyes away from the monitor. Smiles, then, finally, it turns out that his pants are bulging.

13-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN's fingers continue hitting the keys. He strikes the enter key then writes again for a while, then again hits the enter, and after writing another sentence, with a same verve he fixes a bulge in his trousers, too. Then leans back in the chair and waits.

14-INT./NOON - THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY (*trembling with excitement*) writes something short on the screen.

15-INT./NOON - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN looks around as if to check that he is still alone in the office. Writes on the screen "Today?", Then: "20.30?" and reads aloud the message received.

THE MAN

"And how will I recognize you?"

THE MAN (close-up of his striped shirt, brown pants, and finally – light brown, almost yellow shoes) writes something in the chat. After a little while he gets a reply on the screen: "Well, I will put a blue cap, and I'll be in a blue shirt and blue jeans." THE MAN chuckles. In the office of THE MAN the noise of his colleagues coming is already to be heard. They return with food for lunch and bottles of Coca-Cola. THE MAN writes something quickly, quickly logs off from the chat, his colleagues are talking about something, laughing. A hot-dog with yellow mustard lands on his desk. THE MAN shoots a quick glance at them, nods to thank, and grabs the hot-dog.

16-INT./LATE AFTERNOON – THE BOY'S HOME

THE BOY, naked to the waist, stands thoughtfully in the centre of his room. In one hand he holds a towel, sits on his bed and gazes around his room. He stands up and meditatively takes off his pants, his briefs also fall on the floor shortly after that. He goes to the bathroom. Slowly closes the door. Studies his face in the mirror. Turns on the shower. Pensively spreads soap on his smooth skin. THE BOY is in the same time concentrated and quite excited. Then takes a razor and removes invisible hairs from various parts of his body. Goes out of the bathroom. In his room, on the bed several different pairs of blue jeans and several different blue T-shirts can be seen. THE BOY slowly wipes himself with a towel and begins trying on different combinations of clothes in the mirror. His face shows dissatisfaction with the first combinations of clothes – and he finally chooses the darkest blue jeans, almost black, and the lightest blue blouse that is with long sleeves. He puts it on slowly, broodingly, as if doing something irreversible.

17-EXT./INT-EARLY EVENING – THE TERRACE AT THE BOY'S HOME/INSIDE THE HOUSE

Dusk is falling over Sofia. THE BOY awkwardly and nervously smokes a cigarette on the terrace. He looks at his watch. In a soft-lit window opposite the boy's house a man is

looking through the window. It is unclear whether he is gazing towards THE BOY or not. A little further aside in another window a woman is possibly preparing something in the kitchen. THE BOY anxiously examines the world around him. His hand that is holding the cigarette trembles. One can hear a noise like the ticking of a clock, only that the sounds is coming from a street dog. THE BOY peeks down to the street, sees a WOMAN in the distance who is holding shopping bags and is walking towards his house. Quickly THE BOY puts out the cigarette, takes it in hand, runs to the door, goes out, locks quickly and quietly climbs the stairs to the platform upstairs. There freezes and tries to hide his breath. Sounds from high-heels on the stairs are to be heard. THE WOMAN from the street unlocks the door of the BOY'S HOME. Enters inside, leaves her bags in the kitchen, goes to the boy's room, opens the door and seeing no one – her face becomes grim. She is even more dissatisfied the computer has not been switched off – a screensaver is to be seen on the monitor, but then she smells something, goes to the terrace and sees fallen ash from a cigarette – her face becomes even more strict and unhappy. She goes back to the room and wants to switch off the computer when she sees the open page of the gay site. THE WOMAN collapses on the chair in front of the computer. She stares in stupor. Her lips start twitching.

18-INT./EARLY EVENING - THE OFFICE WHERE THE MAN WORKS

THE MAN is alone in the office, the other computers are already switched off. THE MAN closes down his computer, then slowly and calmly collects his things in a briefcase – first the glasses, then a notepad and a pink pen. He unlocks one of the drawers in his desk and takes out a condom. Then puts it in the back pocket of his trousers. Heads for the door, but then comes back and takes another condom from the same place. Then examines his briefcase to see if the lubricant is there. Locks the drawer and goes out.

19-EXT./ EARLY EVENING – A SMALL STREET IN DOWNTOWN SOFIA

While walking, THE BOY steps on a paper on the pavement of the street - this is a part of a magazine showing a wonderfully shaped male torso. THE BOY stops and looks at the picture. Then he continues on his way. Behind a corner a man in his prime, sees THE BOY and looks towards him. THE BOY speeds up. He passes several people on the street. Close-ups of male cheeks, stubbles, male hands, biceps, buttocks. Male calves beneath short pants. THE BOY eyes a handsome and manly looking young man who goes on the street's opposite sidewalk. The young man realizes he is being watched and stares back sternly. THE BOY quickly turns his eyes away.

20-EXT./EARLY EVENING – A SMALL CROSSROAD IN DOWNTOWN SOFIA

THE BOY reaches to a small crossroad – on the opposite side a man is standing in the shadows so that only his silhouette can be seen. THE BOY goes towards him and step by step he notices his light-brown, almost yellow shoes. Sounds of typing on a keyboard. Close-up of the man's brown pants. The same sound. Close-up of the striped shirt. The same sound but louder and repeated several times.

THE BOY freezes when he sees the face of the man.

(Pause)

MAN

Oh, my! what are *you* doing here?

THE MAN sees the dark blue cap of THE BOY. Sound of paper being torn apart. THE MAN sees the bright-blue, almost white blouse. Sound of an aluminum sheet falling on a harsh surface. THE MAN sees the blue, almost black jeans. Sound of breaking glass. THE BOY fixes his eyes to the ground. The MAN swallows.

(Pause)

20-EXT./EARLY EVENING – A SMALL CROSSROAD IN DOWNTOWN SOFIA

THE BOY looks at THE MAN. THE MAN looks at THE BOY. THE MAN opens his mouth as if to say something, but nothing comes out from there. THE BOY also opens his mouth, but just watches THE MAN. Then THE BOY tries to run away, but THE MAN grabs him authoritatively by the arm. They look at each other.

THE BOY

But this, Dad ... I ...

MAN stands next to THE BOY his hand resting on THE BOY's shoulders. They start walking like this to the direction where the BOY had come from. Passing through a street rubbish bin, THE MAN takes the condoms out of his back pocket and throws them in the bin. THE BOY takes out of his back pocket a cigarette butt and throws it in. It starts drizzling.

22-INT./EVENING- KITCHEN AT THE BOY'S HOME

Summer night heat - the kitchen windows are open. The rain has stopped. THE MAN, THE BOY and THE WOMAN are having dinner at home in complete silence - without words they pass to each other the salt, napkins, take a slice of bread. THE BOY looks at THE WOMAN. It is so quiet that a passing fly is very clearly heard. THE MAN looks at THE WOMAN. Metal spoons are heard to be rattling in the dishes. THE WOMAN looks at THE BOY. The fly is buzzing. THE MAN looks at THE BOY. A spoon clinks on the table. THE WOMAN looks at THE MAN. Each of the three at one point seems to be about to say something, but still nobody utters anything. THE BOY looks at the MAN. THE BOY takes a cigarette from a package on the table and lights himself a cigarette. THE BOY looks in the eyes of THE MAN and THE WOMAN, they look back at him, but say nothing. Fadeout.