



**THE LOVE THAT CAME IN FROM THE COLD**

by  
Eldar Levin

ELdar Levin  
1929 N.Argyle apt.14  
Los Angeles CA 90068  
(323)540-9328  
chiun99@yahoo.com

WGA#1706711

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT LENINGRAD 1937

THE GUARD is smoking, leaning against the wall. PETER comes out the corner, completely drunk and careening from side to side.

He is singing 'Murka,' a Russian chanson song, out of tune.

THE GUARD spits the cigarette butt out of his mouth, rips the rifle off his shoulder, clicks the safety off and points the barrel at PETER.

THE GUARD

Stop! Hands up! Who the hell are you?

PETER

(stopping and raising his hands up)  
Petrovich, is that you?

THE GUARD

(lowering down the rifle)  
Get the hell out of here, you damned drunk!

THE GUARD approaches PETER who is standing with his hands still up, grabs him by the shoulders and tries to move him around.

PETER suddenly pulls a knife and presses it against the GUARD'S neck with one slick move.

PETER

(taking the rifle away from the stunned GUARD)  
Don't say a word, or you are dead.  
On the ground.

As THE GUARD lies down, PETER ties him up, relieves him of the rifle and the keys and then whistles.

Immediately the truck appears from behind the corner, armed bandits jump out of its back, while PETER opens the gates of the warehouse.

BOSS

(patting PETER's shoulder)  
Well done, son. For a moment I thought you were really drunk.

VASYA  
You are one hell of an actor,  
Peter!

PETER  
I guess, I am...

Bandits, including the BOSS, VASYA and PETER start loading the crates and boxes from the warehouse into the back of the truck.

BOSS  
Move, boys, move!

Suddenly there is a commotion, yelling, shots being fired.

The front of the warehouse is quickly filling up with cops with guns drawn.

COP  
You are under arrest! Hands up! Do  
not move!

BOSS  
Cops!

The bandits are outnumbered and caught by surprise; nevertheless they start shooting back, trying to escape.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
(to PETER and VASYA)  
Inside! Move!

The BOSS, PETER and VASYA rush into the warehouse, chased by cops.

They frantically navigate through the aisles toward the back door, swinging it open and dashing outside.

They are then ambushed by a SINGLE COP that aims a rifle at them, hiding behind a pile of bags.

SINGLE COP  
Drop your weapons! Hands up!

All three of them follow his orders, realizing none of them can get a clean shot at the SINGLE COP.

Suddenly a shot rings out. The SINGLE COP shrieks and falls to the ground, where he remains lifeless on his back.

A BANDIT WITH A RIFLE gets up from the roof of a nearby building and waves. The BOSS waves back.

BOSS  
(to VASYA and PETER)  
Always have a plan B.

As they pass by the SINGLE COP VASYA kicks the body and spits on it: 'Trash!'

PETER stops for a second and looks at the body, then follows his comrades.

INT. THE BANDITS'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Half a dozen BANDITS with VASYA and PETER side by side among them are sitting eating at the table covered with a long table cloth.

The BOSS is at the head of the table. His plate is empty.

BOSS  
(to himself)  
That was supposed to be our biggest operation this year. Instead we have lost five of our brothers.

As the BOSS drives his fist into the table, the BANDITS shudder and stop eating, watching him apprehensively.

The BOSS gets up from the table and starts walking around the room, thinking aloud.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
It was planned meticulously. By me. Personally. It was not supposed to go wrong. But it did! It did go fucking wrong! And I started thinking: why?

The BOSS stops abruptly and puts his hand, which is holding a gun, on VASYA's shoulder, who immediately flicks his eyes at it.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Because we have got a fucking rat!

Everybody freezes.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
An undercover rat that killed our comrades! So I gave a bribe, and I got this!  
(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)  
(produces a folded piece  
of paper from his pocket)  
Here, Peter, read it out loud,  
please.

PETER takes the piece of paper, as if it were a poisonous snake, unfolds it carefully and starts reading in a hoarse voice.

PETER  
A senior detective, PETER Sorokin,  
was ordered to infiltrate 'The  
Black Cat Gang.' Detective Sorokin  
is the best candidate due to his  
quick intellect, instincts and  
marksmanship.

The BOSS suddenly presses the snout of the gun to PETER'S head.

BOSS  
(taking the paper from  
PETER'S hand and throwing  
it on the table.)  
Hands up, you son of a bitch!

Peter slowly raises his hands, while the paper gently lands on the table. There is a small picture of Peter stapled to its corner.

All hateful eyes are on PETER, when he quickly slides under the table, hands still up.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Shit! Kill the rat!

The BANDITS jump off their chairs toward the walls and open fire at the table.

Suddenly it shoots up into the air by PETER, carrying it on his shoulders and knocks three BANDITS behind PETER'S back out against the wall.

PETER with a gun in each hand fires at the BOSS, VASYA and the third BANDIT so fast, that it looks like he is firing a submachine gun.

Pinned by the hail of bullets from PETER'S two guns, the BANDITS convulse against the wall until they finally collapse.

PETER'S legs cave in, and he slowly descends to the floor with the table behind him, leaning on its side, against the wall.

He stays sitting, armed hands limp and head craned, a blood stain forming on his chest.

INT. THE HQ OF CRIMINAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

PETER, in uniform, enters the office of his boss, Captain BORODIN.

PETER

Senior detective Peter Sorokin arrived by the order, comrade captain.

BORODIN

(smiling)

Lieutenant Sorokin. You have been promoted. The Communist Party has highly appraised your dedication and fearless service. And granted you a new assignment. A very responsible one for which you will be transferred to another department, which is unfortunate for mine. But the Party knows best. Are you ready, comrade Sorokin?

PETER

(saluting)

I serve the working people!

INT. SMOLNY INSTITUTE HALL - DAY

On the stage MARGARET, OLSUFIEV, LUCHIN and a few top-ranking Soviet OFFICIALS are sitting at a red velvet covered table. There are large portraits of Lenin and Stalin on the wall behind them.

The conference hall is packed with Soviet and Western journalists. Some of them are standing in lines to ask questions.

QUESTION

Mister Olsufiev, in 1920 you left Russia. That was 17 years ago. Why have you returned?

OLSUFIEV

I left because I was scared of the new regime. But even while  
(MORE)

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

living in America I never forgot  
my country, I missed it a  
lot, and the echoes of that  
nostalgia can be heard in my music.

QUESTION

Why did you marry an American?

OLSUFIEV

Because I couldn't find a Japanese  
one.

(laughter in the hall)

But talking seriously, I am very  
grateful to my wife,  
Margaret, who was always there for  
me. America is a nice country,  
such cordial people, but still... it  
was not my home, I felt like an  
alien there. And not just because  
my English was very limited at  
that time. I am a Russian, that  
says it all.

(applauses in the hall)

At first I felt bad, really bad.  
My guilt drove me to drink, and  
Margaret helped me to come to my  
senses, and so I returned to  
writing music.

QUESTION

Did you come back by yourself or  
were you invited by the Soviet  
government?

OLSUFIEV

I have always wanted to come back,  
but I just did not trust my own  
feelings at that time. I thought  
they might treat me as a traitor,  
who deserted his motherland. So  
when the Soviet government appealed  
to all Russian artists abroad to  
return home to help build the  
better tomorrow - I didn't  
hesitate. I would like also  
to mention the assistance of  
Comrade Luchin,

(LUCHIN rises and bows)

he handled all the paperwork in a  
record period of time. My wife and  
I left as soon as we got them.

(MORE)



OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

It turned out to be a surprise for our new friends, they asked us to delay our departure so they could find us an appropriate place to live. I told them we were ready to live in a barn if we had to.

(Laughter in the hall.)

QUESTION

Mister Olsufiev, a few leading western newspapers have mentioned that the real reason for your return is much more a creative one than political. The 'New York Post', for example, wrote that the music world had lost interest in your work, which had become nothing more than you plagiarizing yourself.

OLSUFIEV

It's another pathetic lie of my enemies. You can not even imagine what they wrote about me in those lousy Russian immigrant newspapers. First, I was an 'agent of the Kremlin', 'a rat', and then eventually became 'a traitor', and God knows what. I got used to that. Let the dogs bark.

QUESTION

Mister Olsufiev, in your earlier interviews you called the Soviet government 'a gang of hoodlums and criminals, that harassed innocent Russian people'. Now you are saying something the very opposite. So when did you lie - now or then?

OLSUFIEV

(frowning)

There is a good Russian saying that fear has large eyes. I was just stupid enough to pay any attention at all to the well fabricated lies of some very respectable newspapers. Maybe I wanted to convince myself I made the right decision to leave my country. Only later, much later I realized it was a huge mistake. Grateful to be back home.

## QUESTION

What do you think about the so called 'political trials'? Do you consider them to be falsified?

## OLSUFIEV

I am far from politics. All I can say: I have no reason to question the objectivity and fairness of Soviet authorities.

## QUESTION

Mrs. Olsufiev, how do you like Leningrad?

## MARGARET

(smiling)

Amazing city! And amazing people! We were welcomed as dignitaries.

## QUESTION

Was it easy for you to leave the United States?

## MARGARET

Of course not. Sereyscha convinced me. All my friends and the family were against it, because they thought I would be devoured by the hungry bears, roaming around Russian cities, or be sent to Siberia as an American spy and die there.

(Laughter in the hall.)

So I was a bit nervous when I left. The Russian people have turned out to be lovely and extremely hospitable. And hugs are really bear-hugs.

## QUESTION

Misses Olsufiev, some say that the main reason for your husband's return was his inability to compete with Mister Stravinsky and Mister Rahmaninoff.

## MARGARET

(smiling)

I did not even know it was a race.

Everybody laughs.

QUESTION

You are a prominent singer, misses Olsufiev. Will you be singing for us today?

MARGARET

Will you pay me cash today?

Everybody laughs.

QUESTION

Misses Olsufiev, your husband said he could not live without Russia. But in the nineteenth century a famous Russian writer Turgenev practically spent all his life in France. And even died there.

MARGARET

Well, if it were the tzars's Russia I would have done the same, but lived in New York instead.

Everybody laughs.

QUESTION

Margaret, where did you learn Russian?

MARGARET

My mother, Olga, is Russian. She taught me.

QUESTION

Do you consider yourself a Russian or an American?

MARGARET

(shrugging)

I do not really know. I was born in Madrid, Spain, and we moved to New York when I was five years old.

QUESTION

Misses Olsufiev,..

FADE OUT:

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

OLSUFIEV and MARGARET enter the house, accompanied by BORIS NIKOLAEVICH, their butler.

MARGARET  
 (stopping in her tracks)  
 Oh, darling. It is so beautiful  
 here!

OLSUFIEV  
 (grinning)  
 At last they learned to appreciate  
 talent.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH is already standing in line with the rest  
 of the household: PETER, OLGA and SVETLANA.

OLGA is holding a tray with bread and ceramic finger bowl  
 filled with salt on top of it.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 Dear Sergei Sergeevich and Margaret  
 Winstovna, the Soviet government  
 and the Communist Party, under the  
 leadership of the great comrade  
 Stalin, honor us all rendering you  
 any services you might possibly  
 need. Welcome, dear comrades!

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH and the rest of the household bow.

OLSUFIEV  
 Thank you very much, dear friends!

OLSUFIEV breaks off a piece of bread, dunks it in the salt in  
 the finger bowl and starts chewing.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 Let me introduce: Babochkin Pyotr,  
 you may call him Peter, your  
 chauffeur. Very reliable young man.  
 (PETER nods)  
 Hersonuk Olga. Excellent cook.  
 European and Caucasian cuisine.

His voice trails off, as the camera starts traveling  
 throughout the house.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

MUSIC ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR

OLSUFIEV is playing piano in his Music Room. There is a  
 coffee table nearby the window with a plate with three  
 oranges and a book 'The Tragical History of the Life and  
 Death of Doctor Faustus' by Christofer Marlowe.

MARGARET enters. SHE places her hands on his shoulders and kisses him on the top of his head.

OLSUFIEV

Dear, did you ask Boris Nikolaevich to get a piano tuner?

MARGARET

Yes. Peter left ten minutes ago to get him.

OLSUFIEV

Please, tell Olga to cook pancakes for dinner. They are my favorite.

MARGARET

(smiling)  
I know, darling.

As MARGARET leaves the Music Room and starts descending the stairs to the 1st floor, SHE runs into PETER and the PIANO TUNER.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(smiling)  
Good afternoon. Thank you, Peter.

PETER smiles back awkwardly. As she passes, the PIANO TUNER winks at PETER, but meeting his cold glance plays it low key.

INT. THE OPERA HALL - DAY

On the stage the RED SAILOR is standing against a prop wall, facing the WHITE-ARMY SOLDIERS aiming at him.

The OFFICER commands the execution. The RED SAILOR is singing 'The Internationale'.

As the OFFICER waves his hand, shots ring out, and the RED SAILOR goes down together with the WHITE-ARMY SOLDIERS.

RED-ARMY SOLDIERS burst into the stage firing their rifles. They make a live chain and finish 'The Internationale'.

The audience bursts with applause. The actors bow from the stage.

The OLSUFIEVS' sit in a VIP box of to the side.

RED SAILOR

(to the audience)  
Thank you, dear comrades!  
(MORE)

RED SAILOR (CONT'D)

On behalf of my fellow-actors let me express our profound gratitude to our Communist Party and our great Comrade Stalin personally for trusting us to perform in this beautiful new opera house under the guidance of the great soviet composer comrade Olsufiev!  
 ( (stretches his hand towards the OLSUFIEVS)

The audience turns to the OLSUFIEVS and bursts with applause. Excited OLSUFIEV gets up and bows awkwardly.

MARGARET looks at him with pride. OLSUFIEV asks the audience to calm down. He is handed a microphone.

OLSUFIEV

Dear comrades, thank you very, very much! I am very touched by your high appraisal, but actually it doesn't belong to me, but to our great Comrade Stalin, whose whole life was a source of inspiration for me!

(shouts: 'Long live Comrade Stalin!')

MARGARET

(to OLSUFIEV, quietly)  
 What has Stalin to do with your opera, sweetheart?

OLSUFIEV

(wincing)  
 You will learn later, Margot.

MARGARET

OK, honey, if you say so. Will you excuse me, I need to use a rest room?

OLSUFIEV

(getting up)  
 We are leaving anyway.

The Olsufievs leave the VIP box and walk toward the lobby.

MARGARET notices the door reading 'WC'

MARGARET

I will be quick.

OLSUFIEV

I will wait for you downstairs.

MARGARET disappears behind the "WC" door.

OLSUFIEV goes downstairs to the first floor, where he is immediately surrounded by revelling fans, begging for autographs.

Olsufiev takes his pen out of his suit pocket, takes the cap off and starts signing on postcards and his pictures on the front of 'Pravda' newspaper.

MIKHAIL

Sergej Sergeevich, can we talk, please?

OLSUFIEV

(looking at MIKHAIL)

Do I know you?

MIKHAIL

No, but I am your old time admirer, Kamlaev Mikhail Efgrafievich. Being a director of Bolshoi Theater I want to turn your masterpiece 'Peter is the Wolf' into a ballet.

OLSUFIEV

(enthusiastically)

Sounds very interesting...

MIKHAIL

Can we talk in private?

OLSUFIEV

(to the crowd, surrounding him)

Enough, sorry, everybody. I need to talk to my friend.

OLSUFIEV and MIKHAIL move through the crowd and stop, while the crowd slowly disperses.

MICHAEL produces a note pad and pats himself down for a pen.

MIKHAIL

Here, I will give you the address where you can find me. Damn, where is my pen?

OLSUFIEV

(giving up pen to MICHAEL)

Here, take mine.

MIKHAIL  
Oh, thank you, Sergei Sergeevich.

NKVD LIEUTENANT (O.S.)  
Kamlaev Mikhail Efgravievich?

MIKHAIL and OLSUFIEV raise their heads and discover they are surrounded by NKVD LIEUTENANT and two NKVD SERGEANTS.

MIKHAIL  
(looking at them with  
fear)  
Yes...

NKVD LIEUTENANT  
You are under arrest for espionage  
and treason.

MIKHAIL  
(stammering)  
But...But I did not do anything...

NKVD LIEUTENANT  
It is not up to you to decide,  
Mister Kamlaev.  
(to NKVD SERGEANT)  
Take him.

The two NKVD SERGEANTS grab MIKHAIL by the arms.

NKVD LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)  
(looking at OLSUFIEV)  
Wait!  
(to MIKHAIL)  
Is it your friend?

MIKHAIL  
(looking at OLSUFIEV with  
despair)  
No, no, he has nothing to do with  
me. I just borrowed a pen from him.

NKVD LIEUTENANT  
(looking at OLSUFIEV  
suspiciously)  
Take him away.

The two NKVD SERGEANTS with MIKHAIL and the NKVD LIEUTENANT leave.

OLSUFIEV just stands there watching their backs with a pen cap in his hand.



Suddenly the NKVD LIEUTENANT turns around and goes back to OLSUFIEV, who is completely frozen.

The NKVD LIEUTENANT approaches OLSUFIEV, looks in his eyes, and takes the pen cap out of his hand.

Then HE quickly catches up with the rest of the group.

Puzzled OLSUFIEV follows him with his eyes.

MARGARET (O.S.)  
What happened, honey?

OLSUFIEV  
(startled)  
Ah...nothing, dear. Just saw an all friend.

MARGARET  
(looking around)  
Where is he then?

OLSUFIEV  
He had to go.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

As the phone rings OLSUFIEV takes the call.

OLSUFIEV  
Olsufiev speaking. What?! Yes, I understand. Good day to you too, comrade Stalin. Yes, thank you very much. It's the greatest moment in my life, and I... Let me assure you... Certainly, comrade Stalin. Good bye.

OLSUFIEV stands for a moment in shocked amazement, then hangs up and runs up the stairs shouting 'Margie!'.

BEDROOM: A FEW MOMENTS LATER

MARGARET is writing at the desk. OLSUFIEV rushes in, lifts her off the chair and starts dancing with her.

MARGARET  
(laughing)  
Serescha, are you crazy? What happened?

OLSUFIEV  
 You know who I just talked to?  
 Comrade Stalin himself.  
 He congratulated me with my  
 success.

MARGARET  
 (hugging him)  
 Darling, this is wonderful! Lets  
 celebrate.

OLSUFIEV  
 A party! We will throw a party!  
 (there is a knock at the  
 door)  
 Come in!

PETER  
 (entering)  
 Excuse me, sir, somebody is on the  
 phone for you.

OLSUFIEV  
 Thanks, Peter.

PETER leaves the bedroom.

MARGARET  
 Maybe it is him again?

OLSUFIEV  
 (doubtfully)  
 Highly unlikely. Two times in a  
 row? Sorry, dear, I must go.

OLSUFIEV walks toward the phone and picks it up.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
 (on the phone)  
 Yes, Olsufiev listening. My God, is  
 that you, Professor?! But... Of  
 course! Right now. I will warn my  
 butler.

MUSIC ROOM: 20 MINUTES LATER

OLSUFIEV is playing the piano. There is a knock at the door.

OLSUFIEV  
 (angrily)  
 I think I told everybody not to  
 disturb me while I am working!

PETER  
 (poking his head through  
 door)  
 Sorry, sir, but you asked me to  
 report as soon as comrade Professor  
 arrives.

OLSUFIEV  
 (getting up)  
 Oh, yes. I forgot. Excuse me,  
 Peter.

PETER lets the PROFESSOR in and closes the door behind him.  
 OLSUFIEV hurries toward the PROFESSOR and hugs him.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)  
 (cordially)  
 My God, Valentin Borisovich! 20  
 years!

PROFESSOR  
 Yes, Serescha.

OLSUFIEV  
 Lets proceed to the dining-room. We  
 will have lunch, tea and chat as  
 in the good old days.

PROFESSOR  
 Thank you, Serescha, I am not  
 hungry.

OLSUFIEV  
 Just tea then.

PROFESSOR  
 No, Serescha, really, there is no  
 need to.

They go to seat at the coffee table near the window.

OLSUFIEV  
 I was going to pay you a visit, but  
 you found me first. Tell me,  
 Professor, are you a psychic?  
 (laughs)

PROFESSOR  
 (smiling tensely)  
 It is really funny, yes.

OLSUFIEV  
So, Professor, what is going on?  
How many more talents have you  
discovered?

PROFESSOR  
(nervously)  
I quit the University, Serescha.

OLSUFIEV  
(puzzled)  
Quit?! Why?

PROFESSOR  
(looking around)  
You can not even imagine what is  
going on here.

OLSUFIEV  
Where? In the University?

PROFESSOR  
In the country.

OLSUFIEV  
Is Marina Alekseevna OK?

PROFESSOR  
(almost whispering)  
She is in jail, Serescha.

OLSUFIEV  
(jumping up in  
bewilderment)  
What?!

PROFESSOR  
Sit down, Serescha, please.  
She wrapped fish in a newspaper  
with a picture of Stalin. Somebody  
ratted her out. They took her away  
the same night. Didn't even give  
her time to change.

OLSUFIEV  
(lost completely)  
It is a mistake. You will see, they  
will sort it out and let her out.

PROFESSOR  
(nodding)  
Surely they will. In 15 years.

OLSUFIEV

Why are you saying that, Professor?

PROFESSOR

The trial, or, rather, what they call a trial, was already held. If she ever gets out she will be 79 by then.

OLSUFIEV

Did you appeal?

PROFESSOR

Of course, I did. Even wrote a few letters to Stalin personally. Nothing, absolutely nothing.

OLSUFIEV

(resolutely)

Is there anything I can do?

PROFESSOR

I have heard your new opera was a huge success, and I am proud of you. Unfortunately, I couldn't see it. I am persona non-grata now everywhere.

OLSUFIEV

(interrupting)

Not in my house..

PROFESSOR

(nodding)

Thank you. Talk to them, please. I know they like you. You are our last hope.

OLSUFIEV

I will do everything possible, Professor. Do not worry.

(getting up)

We should have our tea. Give me a second, please.

OLSUFIEV walks to the door, then turns around:

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

(pointing at the piano)

You might try it, professor.

'Steinway" straight from Berlin.

Amazing sound.

(leaves)

The PROFESSOR takes a seat at the piano, carefully strokes its and extends his hands above the keys.

His face brightens up, for a few moments the PROFESSOR is immobile, then his shoulders slump in total desperation.

SAME SCENE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OLSUFIEV comes in with a tray with teacups, sugar container and jam on saucers. HE carefully places the tray on the coffee table.

The PROFESSOR has already moved from the piano to the coffee table.

PROFESSOR  
 (handing OLSUFIEV a piece  
 of paper)  
 This is my new address. And I am  
 sorry that I can not stay for the  
 tea.

OLSUFIEV takes the paper. PROFESSOR gets up and hugs him.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, my friend. You have  
 always been in our minds. All this  
 time...

OLSUFIEV  
 You too, Professor. Both of you.

PROFESSOR  
 (looking around nervously)  
 Scary people, Serescha, very scary.

OLSUFIEV  
 (producing a stash of  
 money)  
 Here, Valentin Borisovich, take  
 this, please.

PROFESSOR  
 (recoiling away)  
 No, no, Serescha, don't even..

OLSUFIEV  
 (sticking the stash into  
 PROFESSOR's pocket)  
 It is for Marina Alekseevna.  
 Consider it a loan.

Tears are running down PROFESSOR's face. OLSUFIEV puts the paper with the address on the piano and puts his arm around PROFESSOR's shuddering fragile shoulders.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)  
 (soothingly)  
 It will be all right.

PROFESSOR  
 (sobbing)  
 You can't even imagine how far down I went. A world famous musician reduced to a bum..

OLSUFIEV  
 Calm down, Professor, please. Peter will take you home.

PROFESSOR  
 (shaking head)  
 It could harm you, Serescha. Thank you, but no. Please, let me know as soon as you have something. For Marina Alekssevna sake, please, I beg you.

The PROFESSOR suddenly drops on his knees and tries to kiss OLSUFIEV's hand. .

OLSUFIEV  
 (helping the PROFESSOR up)  
 My God, Professor, what are you doing?! Get up, immediately! I will render any help, I can. Peter, please, take Professor home!

The crying PROFESSOR supported by OLSUFIEV leaves the Music Room.

THE MUSIC ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OLSUFIEV returns and takes his seat at the piano. For a few moments HE sits very still, looking at the paper that the PROFESSOR gave him on the piano; then HE picks it up, tears it apart, trashes it and starts playing the piano.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC ROOM

The party is at its peak. OLSUFIEV is playing the piano. As HE finishes the GUESTS around him burst into applause.

MARGARET is clapping with the others enthusiastically.

ONE OF THE GUESTS  
(to MARGARET)  
Will you sing for us, misses  
Olsufiev, please?

The GUESTS support his plea.

OLSUFIEV  
(getting up)  
Margie, can I talk with you for a  
sec?

MARGARET  
Sure, dear.

The OLSUFIEVS step toward the window.

OLSUFIEV  
Margie, do you know what you are  
going to sing?

MARGARET  
(shrugging)  
I do not know, Serezcha. Whatever  
they ask me to.

OLSUFIEV  
I strongly advise you to sing ...

MARGARET  
Oh, that Russian folks song... But  
I do not know it very well, I did  
not practice long enough to sing  
it.

OLSUFIEV  
It does not matter. It will sound  
good.

MARGARET  
Sound good? For who?

OLSUFIEV  
Please, listen to me.

MARGARET  
But I am listening. Tell me why you  
want me to sing this particular  
song, and I will do it.



OLSUFIEV  
Well, the political situation in  
the country is kind of shaky...  
(makes a pause)

MARGARET  
And?

OLSUFIEV  
(sighing)  
It is hard to explain.

MARGARET  
What has music to do with politics?

OLSUFIEV  
Just do as I ask, please.

MARGARET defiantly raises her chin and goes back. OLSUFIEV follows her and takes his seat at the piano.

OLSUFIEV places his trembling fingers above the keyboard, waiting for MARGARET to start singing.

MARGARET  
Dear friends, I want to sing a folk  
song for you.

OLSUFIEV sighs with relief.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
My Mom used to sing it to me when I  
was a child.

MARGARET starts singing 'Beautiful Dreamer' by Steven Foster. OLSUFIEV accompanies, trying to conceal his dismay.

As they finish the GUESTS burst with applause.

OLSUFIEV  
And now, my friends, lets dance!

As HE starts playing again, GUESTS start dancing. MARGARET is dancing with JAMES.

MARGARET  
Thanks for coming, James.

JAMES  
Thanks for the invitation.

MARGARET  
You know, I have already got a  
letter from home.

JAMES  
(nodding)  
I know.

MARGARET  
(surprised)  
But how?

JAMES  
That is my job. I really do care  
about you.

MARGARET  
(closing her eyes)  
Don't. I am OK.

JAMES  
Remember, if something happens call  
me immediately.

MARGARET  
What can possibly happen?

JAMES  
(after a pause)  
Let's have a drink.

MARGARET and JAMES go downstairs to the 1st floor, where  
other GUESTS are chatting while eating and drinking at the  
buffet.

JAMES produces a sealed envelope from his pocket and hands it  
to MARGARET.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I recently returned from home, and  
guess what. Jane asked me to pass  
you this letter.

MARGARET  
(clapping hands, like a  
little girl)  
That's so lovely! Thank you, James.

While MARGARET is reading JAMES fills their glasses and hands  
her hers.

JAMES  
(raising his glass)  
To you, Margie.

MARGARET

Bottoms up!  
 (puts the letter on the  
 table)

OLSUFIEV (OS)

Margie!

MARGARET

Sorry, James, I have to go.  
 (kisses JAMES at the cheek  
 and leaves)

JAMES takes a step towards her as if HE is going to tell her something, but is intercepted by one of the guests and has to let MARGARET go.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The OLSUFIEVS are in the bedroom. OLSUFIEV is smoking in bed. MARGARET is taking off her earrings.

There is a framed photo of Margaret on the dressing table.

MARGARET

Thank you, honey, it was beautiful.

OLSUFIEV

(smiling)  
 So were you, honey.

MARGARET

(suddenly)  
 I let the household go. They can clean everything up tomorrow. It is too late now. Anyway, everybody is tired. Oh, I have forgotten! James gave me a letter from Jane!

OLSUFIEV

(with interest)  
 How is she?

MARGARET

I will read it to you. I wish only I knew where I put it...

OLSUFIEV

That is OK. Just tell me in your own words.

MARGARET

But I want you to read it too. I must have left it downstairs.

MARGARET leaves the bedroom and goes down to the 1st floor, that is poorly lit. SHE is searching among the plates and bottles to no avail.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Where the heck is it?

Suddenly there is a sound of the front door being opened. MARGARET retreats behind a column and watches.

PETER enters and freezes for a few seconds, listening. Then HE approaches the buffet quietly and puts the letter back as it was.

As HE turns around to leave, MARGARET flicks on the light switch. The bright lights make PETER cover his eyes with his hand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(in amazement)

Is that you, Peter? For what reason did you take my letter?

(PETER avoids her gaze)

How dare you!.. Are you spying on me? Look at me!

(bitterly)

I trusted you... And you are... you are...

MARGARET loses control and slaps PETER in the face. HE steps back and lowers his head again.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(furiously)

Oh, no, Mister Snitch, raise your head and answer me - what do you need my letter for?

PETER

(stammering)

I was ordered to.

MARGARET

By who? Who ordered you to read my letters?

OLSUVIEV (OS)

Let him go, Margie.

MARGARET leaves PETER alone. OLSUFIEV is descending the stairs.

MARGARET  
(rushing to him)  
Can you imagine, this bastard stole my letter!

OLSUFIEV  
Calm down, Margie, it's his job.

MARGARET  
What?! His job is to spy on me?

OLSUFIEV  
I guess, Peter is working for NKVD.

MARGARET  
And what on Earth is NKVD?

OLSUFIEV  
Soviet Secret Police.

MARGARET  
Why would secret police spy on me?

OLSUFIEV  
Don't you know what is going on?  
The enemies of the Soviet state are trying to overthrow the country. They kill innocent people, plant bombs... You can not be too sure they would not try to kill us!

MARGARET  
(puzzled)  
Kill us?! But why?

OLSUFIEV  
Because it is a perfect scheme! The Soviet barbarians lure and kill the famous composer and his beautiful wife! Never trust them! Think!

MARGARET  
But what has Jane's letter to do with that?

OLSUFIEV

They have to know us better to protect us. Are you sure Jane gave that letter to James herself?

MARGARET

Well no, but...

OLSUFIEV

It could have been poisoned.

(to PETER)

Right Peter?

(PETER nods 'Yes')

Peter was just performing his duties.

MARGARET

OK, but let him perform them out of my sight!

MARGARET turns around and goes up the stairs. The two men follow her with glances: OLSUFIEV - with concern, PETER - with sadness.

OLSUFIEV

(slapping PETER's shoulder)

Women! Sorry for the mess, Peter! Nobody will hear anything about this. Do not worry.

PETER

Thank you very much, Sergei Sergeevich.

OLSUFIEV

Good night. Be more careful in the future.

PETER

Sure, Sergei Sergeevich. Good night.

PETER leaves. OLSUFIEV watches him, then starts up the stairs.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

MARGARET in sports gear with a tennis racket is walking down the stairs. PETER is waiting for her near the front door. Seeing him MARGARET frowns.

MARGARET  
 Boris Nikolaevich!  
 (as BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 appears)  
 Would you please take me to the  
 tennis court?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 (after a moment of  
 confusion)  
 With great pleasure.

They both pass by a confused PETER and through the front door  
 outside.

EXT. TENNIS COURT

MARGARET is playing with JAMES. SHE misses the final shot and  
 walks toward the net.

JAMES  
 Out of shape?

MARGARET  
 (wiping her forehead)  
 I guess...

JAMES  
 Margie, what happened?

MARGARET  
 (after a pause)  
 Our chauffeur turned out to be a  
 spy for the secret police.

JAMES  
 Why am I not surprised. You  
 remember the phone number I gave  
 you?

MARGARET  
 I do. By the way, Serescha was  
 commissioned to write the opera  
 about Stalin's life.

JAMES  
 (grinning)  
 Congratulations.

MARGARET  
 (slightly insulted)  
 Aren't you glad?

JAMES

You know that I never was a great fan of the operas.

MARGARET

Are you still jealous, James?

JAME

(after a pause)

Not at all, Margie. Not at all...

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

OLSUFIEV

We have a guest for dinner tonight, Margery.

MARGARET

Who?

OLSUFIEV

You know him rather well.

MARGARET

Why didn't you tell me before?

OLSUFIEV

Darling, sorry, I forgot.

OLSUFIEV opens the door to the dining-room, letting MARGARET go in.

PETER jumps up from his seat, confused.

MARGARET automatically takes a step toward him, then sharply turns around and leaves the dining-room.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

Wait, Margie!

He catches up with her in the lobby and grabs her by the arm.

MARGARET

Don't touch me!

OLSUFIEV

You just do not get it, do you? Peter is a very decent young man, and I don't want him to think wrong about us. Don't forget who he is, Margie.



MARGARET

(sighs)

I'm a hostage in my own house. What  
am I supposed to do?

OLSUFIEV

Just enjoy dinner. Please.

MARGARET nods 'Yes'. They return to the dining-room, where  
PETER is still standing, totally lost.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

(amiably)

Sit down, my friend, sit down.

OLSUFIEV sits down at the head of the table, leaving MARGARET  
and PETER to sit across from each other.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

My God, I am hungry.

MARGARET

Me too.

PETER lowers his head toward the plate.

OLSUFIEV

Please, Peter, pour the vodka.

PETER opens up the bottle and is going to fill up MARGARET's  
glass, but SHE defiantly turns her glass upside-down.

When PETER fills OLSUFIEV's and his own glass HE put the  
bottle back on the table. MARGARET picks it up, turns her  
glass up and pours her own vodka.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

(raising his glass)

Lets drink to all those bad things  
we leave behind.

MARGARET

(looking at PETER  
scornfully)

Right.

OLSUFIEV

Bon appetite.

They all drink and start eating.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)

Please, pass me the salt-shaker,  
Margery.

MARGARET passes OLSUFIEV the salt, receives it back and sprinkles her meal with it too. Then MARGARET puts the salt-shaker beyond Peter's reach.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)  
 May God bless us.  
 (drinks the vodka up)

MARGARET  
 Take care of yourself, Serescha.  
 You're not just some chauffeur.

PETER blushes and takes another sip of vodka.

PETER  
 (feeling humiliated)  
 Excuse me, Sergei Sergeevich, but I  
 have some things to do.

OLSUFIEV  
 Of course. Thank you, Peter.

PETER  
 And to you too, sir.  
 (casts a glance at  
 MARGARET)  
 Thank you, ma'am.

MARGARET completely ignores PETER.

OLSUFIEV  
 (sighing)  
 Margie, Margie...

MARGARET  
 Thank you for a nice dinner,  
 darling.

MARGARET gets up and leaves the dining-room. OLSUFIEV proceeds to eat.

INT. PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS BUILDING  
 (NKVD) - DAY

PETER, dressed as a NKVD lieutenant, is walking across the corridor.

HE stops in front of a door that reads 'Captain Shneersom,' knocks, opens it and gets in.

INT. CAPTAIN SHNEERSON'S OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON is sitting at the desk with a phone, lamp and folders.

The curtains are withdrawn, letting the sunlight in. The pictures of Stalin and Nikolai Yezhov (head of NKVD) are hanging on the wall above the steel safe.

PETER

(saluting)

Lieutenant Babochkin arrived by your order, comrade captain!

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Relax, Nikolai. Take a seat.

NIKOLAI takes a seat in front of the desk.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON (CONT'D)

How is everything, comrade Nikolai?

PETER

(embarrassed)

Well, comrade captain.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Any problems?

PETER

Not that I know of.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Good. This is good.

(after a pause)

Any suspicious activities?

PETER

No, Comrade Captain.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Nothing out of the ordinary?

PETER

No, comrade captain.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Do the Olsufievs trust you?

PETER

(after a pause)

I guess so. Excuse me comrade captain, but why are you asking?

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Well, comrade lieutenant, as you know we have a new head of NKVD now, the brightest comrade Yezhov, who was assigned to this task by great comrade Stalin.

PETER

Yes, comrade captain.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

The international situation is getting worse, Nikolai. Our enemies redoubled their efforts to harm our young Motherland in every possible way. Are you ready to give your life up for the first socialist state in the whole world?

PETER

If I have to, comrade captain.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

You are a good communist, comrade lieutenant. The thing is our sources are advising now that Margaret Olsufiev is actually not what she seems to be.

CUT TO:

PETER'S FACE.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

She is actually the spy, who deceived our great Soviet composer Sergei Olsufiev into marrying her to sneak into our country.

PETER

No, no, comrade captain it is impossible.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

That is not for you to decide, comrade lieutenant.

PETER

It must have been a mistake.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Comrade Yezhov does not make mistakes.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON (CONT'D)

The Communist party does not make mistakes. Or do you beg to differ?

(PETER still keeping silent)

We have got undeniable proof that Margaret Winston is working for American and British intelligence services.

PETER

Does comrade Olsufiev know?

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

Not yet.

PETER

It will be a blow to him. Besides he loves her a lot, and it will not be easy for us to do something.

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

(grinning)

I do not think so. Actually, I think, he will be only happy to get rid of...

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON shuts himself up.

PETER

(stunned)

What do you mean, Comrade Captain?

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

This is none of your business, comrade lieutenant. Your new assignment is to find physical evidence that would help us to indict the enemy of our socialist Motherland!

PETER

But, comrade captain, you have just said that you have got undeniable proof that misses Margaret Olsufiev is a spy and...

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

(slamming his fist against the desk)

Comrade lieutenant, are you disobeying my direct order?! The orders of comrade Yezhov and our Communist party led by our great leader comrade Stalin?!

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON (CONT'D)

Or maybe you are one of them? One of our enemies in among our own ranks? Tell me, right now, comrade lieutenant, which side are you on?

PETER

(jumping up)

I am ready to execute any order of our Communist party, comrade Yezhov and the great comrade Stalin, comrade captain!

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

(changing tone)

Excellent. I understand, Nikolai, one can get attached to the subjects, but we are on the front lines of the fight for the world socialist revolution! And there is no mercy toward our enemies. You understand, comrade lieutenant?

PETER

(saluting)

Tak tochno, comrade captain! No mercy!

CAPTAIN SHNEERSON

You are free to go, comrade Nikolai.

PETER

Sluzhu trudovomu narodu!

PETER turns around and leaves the office of CAPTAIN SHNEERSON.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE THEATER BUILDING - DAY

PETER stops the car with OLSUFIEV and himself inside.

OLSUFIEV

Peter, we have a long rehearsal and I will be late today. So, go home, do not worry, I will catch a cab.

PETER

Of course, Sergej Sergeevich. Thanks you.

OLSUFIEV gets out from the car, and PETER takes off.

HE hardly goes 20 yards, when the engine coughs and conks out. PETER tries a few times to start it to no avail.

Shaking his head in dismay PETER gets out, walks toward the front of the car and opens the hood.

After checking the wiring he pops the hood close, takes his driver seat and starts the engine this time.

PETER smiles to himself and, casting a quick look, into the rear view mirror suddenly notices OLSUFIEV, who gets out from the THEATRE building and flags a cab at the curb.

PETER makes a quick U-turn and follows the cab with OLSUFIEV inside.

As the cab stops near the florist shop, OLSUFIEV gets out, buys a bouquet of roses, hops back into the cab and it proceeds, with PETER on its tail.

Finally the cab with OLSUFIEV pulls over in front off MIRA's house.

OLSUFIEV gets out, pays and lets the cab leave. Then he rings the bell and waits patiently.

MIRA opens the door, and OLSUFIEV gives her the bouquet of roses.

MIRA takes it, laughs, hugs him and kisses. OLSUFIEV kisses her back.

PETER is watching them, clenching his fists at the steering wheel.

As MIRA and OLSUFIEV go into MIRA's house, PETER drives away, unnoticed.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - DAY

PETER in civil clothing is walking in the alley, passing a GRAVE DIGGER, who is digging a grave, standing back turned to PETER.

PETER  
(to GRAVE DIGGER)  
God help you.

GRAVE DIGGER  
(turning around and  
smiling)  
Thank you, my good man.

PETER stops in front of a humble tomb that read: Mariya Sorokina 1880-1917.

There is a crude wooden bench in front of the tomb.

PETER picks up a few small stones and places them on the gravestone.

GRAVE DIGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Carstvie nebesnoe, rabe bozhiej,  
Marii.

PETER  
(without turning)  
Carstvie nebesnoe.

CUT TO:

PETER AND GRAVE DIGGER ARE SITTING ON THE CRUDE WOODEN BENCH FACING THE TOMB OF PETER' MOTHER.

There is a bottle of vodka, two glasses and a few pieces of bread on a paper on the bench, between them.

GRAVE DIGGER  
Your Mom?  
(PETER nods 'Yes.')Do you remember her?

PETER  
Hardly, I was seven, when she died.  
Spanish flu. Many people had died  
of it at that time. I just remember  
she was a very kind to me. Kind and  
optimistic. Always.

GRAVE DIGGER  
That is the memory to keep. And  
your Dad?

PETER  
No memories at all. He died in  
1914, when the war started.

THEY both drink vodka from the glasses, wince and sniff bread, before eating it.

GRAVE DIGGER  
May he rest him in peace. To his  
honor.

PETER  
To his honor.



GRAVE DIGGER  
What brought you here today?

PETER  
(shrugging)  
I often come here.

GRAVE DIGGER  
You usually come on Sundays, on  
your day-off. And today is Tuesday.

PETER  
How do you know? Are you spying on  
me?

GRAVE DIGGER  
I live nearby. And see a lot.

PETER  
I never saw you.

GRAVE DIGGER  
I do not dig graves on Sundays. I  
serve my Lord on Sundays.

PETER  
(surprised)  
You are batuyshka, a monk?  
(GRAVE DIGGER nods 'Yes.')How come you are a grave digger?

GRAVE DIGGER  
They tore down my church. But they  
could not tear down the one in my  
hearts. So long as we can remember  
why we are here they never will.

PETER  
And why are we here?

GRAVE DIGGER  
To remind one another that we are  
human. To care for those, who  
failed, who lost hope, who were not  
that strong; those who forgot.

PETER  
Forgot what?

GRAVE DIGGER  
That we are not alone.

PETER

Oh, yeah, God is helping us. I do not believe in God.

GRAVE DIGGER

What matters most is that he believes in you. In us.

PETER

(shrugging)

Can I care about others without him?

GRAVE DIGGER

Of course, you can, my son. And you should. But with him there will be two of you. But as you do not believe in our Savior, let me ask why?

PETER

(stubbornly)

I do not believe, because there is so much suffering, slaughter of the innocent, wars, famine. And he just does nothing. Why does he not interfere?

GRAVE DIGGER

(sighing)

He can not.

PETER

But why?

GRAVE DIGGER

Because he is love, not justice.

PETER

I do not understand.

GRAVE DIGGER

We do not have much time, my son. Why not ask this question of someone close to you?

PETER

I have no one left.

GRAVE DIGGER

You have. And he will tell you. All you have to do is ask him. Promise me you will?

PETER  
 (shrugging)  
 I do not know what you are talking  
 about, but I will. Promise.

GRAVE DIGGER  
 What did you come here for, my son?

PETER  
 Maybe to say goodbye.  
 I think, I have fallen in love,  
 and...and...

GRAVE DIGGER  
 (nodding)  
 And now it stands in the way of  
 your duty?  
 (PETER nods 'Yes.')

You have to do what is right. Not  
 because of your love, but because  
 it is the right thing to do. You  
 were created a man, not a slave of  
 someone or something. A man. So do  
 what you have to do, as a man. Not  
 as a lover, a husband, or  
 policeman. A man, created by our  
 Lord.

PETER  
 (thoughtfully)  
 A man?..

GRAVE DIGGER  
 God bless you, my son. I have to go  
 now.

PETER  
 Wait, I need to ask you...

A sudden noise in the bushes distracts PETER.

A stray dog jumps out of the bushes and runs away.

When PETER turns his head toward the GRAVE DIGGER, HE  
 realizes that the GRAVE DIGGER is nowhere in sight. ONLY a  
 light breeze causes the tree branches to sway sideways.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE

BEDROOM

MARGARET is almost dressed and ready to go, when the phone  
 rings. SHE picks it up.

MARGARET

Yes, Jenny, I am leaving the house.  
What? Oh, your son got sick? I am  
so sorry. I understand. Next time,  
of course.

MARGARET hangs up and stands in uncertainty for a few moments.

Then MARGARET goes downstairs.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Boris Nikolaevich!

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH shows up.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH

Misses Margaret?

MARGARET

Boris Nikolaevich can you, please,  
take me to the theatre? We were  
supposed to go to the movies, but  
her son felt ill. But as I am  
already dressed, I thought it would  
be a good idea to meet Sergei right  
after the rehearsal. He will be  
surprised.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH

(in embarrassment)

Well, misses Margaret, I am sorry,  
I am kind of busy right now. But I  
can ask Peter to drive you.

MARGARET

(disappointed)

Sure. Thank you.

INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

PETER is driving, MARGARET is sitting at the back, looking in the mirror. THEY both do not say a word. PETER occasionally glances at MARGARET in the rear view mirror.

It starts to rain.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE THEATER BUILDING - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

PETER pulls over the curb and turns the engine off.

BOTH MARGARET and PETER are watching the stairs leading toward the doors of the theater.

Finally the doors open, letting OLSUFIEV, MIRA and a group of others out. Realizing it is raining, all of them say good buy to one another and hurry in different directions.

MIRA is stopped by OLSUFIEV, who points toward PETER'S car. MIRA shakes her head. OLSUFIEV takes her by the hand and leads to PETER's car.

PETER gets out of the car and opens the back door.

OLSUFIEV  
Hi, Peter.

PETER  
Good day, Sergei Sergeevich.

MARGARET  
Good day, Serescha.

Stunned OLSUFIEV finally sees MARGARET in the back seat.

OLSUFIEV  
Margie, what a pleasant surprise!  
(introducing MIRA)  
Mira, my librettist.  
(to MIRA)  
Margaret, my wife.

Both MARGARET and MIRA smile at each other.

MARGARET  
Glad to meet you. Get in, please.

MIRA takes the back seat near MARGARET, OLSUFIEV - the front passenger seat.

OLSUFIEV  
The weather is so terrible, I  
decided to give her a ride.

MARGARET  
Of course, dear.

MIRA  
(embarrassed)  
It is OK, Sergei Sergeevich. I  
could have used public  
transportation.

OLSUFIEV  
Where do you live?

PETER cast a quick glance sideways at OLSUFIEV.

MIRA  
Tushinskoe five.

OLSUFIEV  
It is two hours ride.  
(to PETER)  
Right, Peter?  
(PETER nods 'Yes.')Plus you can get sick. And we can  
not afford to lose a day. While I  
need the libretto desperately. No,  
no, your time is too valuable.

MARGARET  
(smiling to MIRA)  
You are welcome.

MIRA sits at the back with MARGARET, OLSUFIEV takes the front passenger seat. PETER starts the engine and they take off.

INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OLSUFIEV  
(to MARGARET)  
So, honey, what made you come  
today?

MARGARET  
Jenny canceled the movies at the  
very last moment, so I decided to  
surprise you.

OLSUFIEV  
You surely did.

MARGARET  
(to MIRA)  
Mira, how is your work going?

MIRA  
(trying to tune in)  
I hope Sergei Sergeevich is  
satisfied. Sometimes he is very  
demanding.

MARGARET  
Oh, I know that.

OLSUFIEV  
Well, I am satisfied. Mostly.

MIRA  
 (worried)  
 Something is wrong?

OLSUFIEV  
 That part when comrade Stalin  
 appeals to the soldiers in Tzarizyn  
 is lame.

MIRA  
 Really?! Oh, I will rework it.

MARGARET  
 Mira, I am sorry, but how did you  
 meet Serescha?

OLSUFIEV  
 (quickly)  
 She was recommended to me by an old  
 acquaintance of mine.

MARGARET  
 You usually write your librettos  
 yourself, do not you?

OLSUFIEV  
 (nodding)  
 Of course. But I do not know too  
 much yet about the history of the  
 USSR and details of comrade  
 Stalin's life in particular. Mira  
 is a great help.

MIRA  
 (blushing)  
 Thank you, Sergei Sergeevich. For  
 giving me a chance.

OLSUFIEV  
 (smiling)  
 Well, the young ones do need it. I  
 was young once. A hundred years  
 ago.  
 (laughs)

PETER drives, looking occasionally into the rear view mirror,  
 where the two WOMEN are sitting.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - DAY

PETER walks among the tombs and notices GRAVE DIGGER 2 with  
 his back to PETER, digging.

PETER is smiling and making a few steps toward the GRAVE DIGGER 2.

PETER  
God help you, batjushka!

GRAVE DIGGER 2 stops digging and turns to PETER.

GRAVE DIGGER 2  
Thank you. But I am not a monk.

PETER  
(confused)  
I can see. He is not working today?

GRAVE DIGGER 2  
Who?

PETER  
Batjushka. The monk. Another Grave Digger who works here.

GRAVE DIGGER 2  
(shrugging)  
I am the only one who works here.

PETER  
(completely puzzled)  
Are you sure?

GRAVE DIGGER 2  
Absolutely. Have been working here for five years already. Alone.

PETER  
Excuse me, comrade. It must have been a mistake. Have a good day.

GRAVE DIGGER 2  
You too, comrade.

PETER resumes his walk, the GRAVE DIGGER 2 follows him with his eyes.

PETER approaches the tomb of his mother, stands immobile for a few moments, then drops on his knees and lowers his head.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

MARGARET is looking for something in the closet. OLSUFIEV enters and kisses her.



OLSUFIEV  
I am going to a rehearsal, honey.

MARGARET  
When will you be back?

OLSUFIEV  
Same as usual, 8:00 pm. I will miss  
you.

MARGARET  
Me too.  
(kisses him)

OLSUFIEV leaves the bedroom.

SAME SCENE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

MARGARET is reading sitting on the bed. There is a knock at  
the door.

MARGARET  
Come in.

PETER comes in and closes the door behind him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(jumping off the bed)  
Get out of here. Now!

PETER  
Please, I will not hurt you. We  
need to talk. Please.

MARGARET  
We have nothing to talk about. If  
you don't leave I will call for  
help.

PETER  
What are you so scared of? OK, I'm  
a sneak, a bastard, whatever, but I  
am neither rapist, nor killer.

MARGARET  
Shoot.

PETER  
Sit down and do not worry, please.

MARGARET  
You seem to be the one worried.

PETER

It is very risky for me.

MARGARET

Come on, tell me what this is all about.

PETER

Promise this will stay between the two of us.

MARGARET

I am not promising you anything.

PETER

(taking breath)

Your husband is having an affair.

MARGARET

(very calmly)

With who?

PETER

Mira, the girl we gave a ride to a few days ago. The librettist. I did not want to tell you that, but...

MARGARET

Go on.

PETER

For two months already. Instead of rehearsals.

MARGARET

I called there yesterday.

PETER

Yes, but they do not rehearse everyday.

MARGARET

So why are you telling me this? Another conspiracy?

PETER

(losing patience)

To hell with a conspiracy! He is going to marry her!

MARGARET

And for how long have you known this?

PETER

I learned of the marriage two hours ago. Do not ask me how. But I know for sure they started dating at least a month ago.

MARGARET

And how did you learn that?

PETER

(embarrassed)

Well, I followed Sergei Sergeevich and saw them, well...

MARGARET

So you are spying not only on me, but on both of us?

PETER

No, no, it was a fluke!

MARGARET

There is a big gaping hole in your story, comrade. He could not marry without divorce. And we are not divorced for all that I know.

PETER

But you are!

MARGARET

Without my consent and the court? Comrade, are you that dumb, or you really think that I am?

PETER

They do not need you for that. You were divorced in absentia.

MARGARET

On what basis?

PETER

On the basis that you married out of the USSR, and thus, your marriage is not recognized by the Soviet authorities.

MARGARET

This is the most idiotic lie I ever heard.

PETER

Try to understand, they would not touch you while you are the wife of a great Russian composer. Stripped of that shield you will be charged immediately with espionage and it means a minimum 20 years in Siberia!

MARGARET

Peter, accept my apologies. I thought you were just a regular sneak.

PETER

I beg you - leave now! Tell them your mother is sick, or whatever, but leave!

MARGARET

And why are you warning me? What, you have a crush on me?

(PETER is embarrassed)

Oscar-winning performance. Get the hell out of here, scum.

PETER

Please, you will be so sorry..

MARGARET

Now you have the nerve to threaten me in my house?..

PETER

(taking a step toward her)

Believe me, please, you're in great danger!

MARGARET

Don't you come near me, bastard!

MARGARET throws a vial of perfume at PETER's head, PETER dodges it, and the vial crashes into the wall.

PETER swings the door open and disappears. MARGARET, sobbing, sits down on the bed.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARGARET is looking in the window, OLSUFIEV is pacing back and forth in anger.

OLSUFIEV

Son-of-a-bitch! What a lie! And why, why? Don't worry, dear, I will fix it.

(hugs MARGARET from behind)

Should have thrown him out in the first place. You were right.

MARGARET

(turns around and looks at OLSUFIEV)

What if he was telling the truth?

OLSUFIEV

How could you say that? You do not trust me anymore?

MARGARET

(hugging him)

Of course, I do.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

The OLSUFIEBS are coming down the stairs into the hall, MARGARET is with her tennis racket.

OLSUFIEV

How is James? Does he still beat you?

MARGARET

Yes, but not so often now. By the way, darling, I'd like to catch one of your rehearsals.

OLSUFIEV

Today? Sure.

MARGARET

Better tomorrow.

OLSUFIEV

Tomorrow?.. We will discuss this later, OK?

(stops and calls)

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH

MARGARET

Forgot something?

OLSUFIEV

Oh, no. Boris Nikolaevich kindly  
agreed to be our chauffeur till the  
new one arrives.

MARGARET

What about the old one?

OLSUFIEV

(abruptly)

You won't see him anymore.

MARGARET

Thank you, darling.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

MARGARET and JAMES have just finished their set.

JAMES

What about that spy of yours?

MARGARET

He got fired.

JAMES

When is the opening?

MARGARET

In a month. Serescha is in  
rehearsal.

JAMES

I heard it's about Stalin's younger  
years.

(MARGARET nods 'Yes.')

What do you think?

MARGARET

Do I have to?

JAMES looks at her with sad irony.

INT. OPERA HALL - DAY

ACTORS are on the stage. OLEG PAVLOVICH is in the 1st row  
with an ASSISTANT. The OLSUFIEVS are sitting a few rows  
behind them.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Why are we sitting so far back,  
Serescha?

OLSUFIEV  
Optimal sound. I'm a musician,  
Margie.

MARGARET  
(confused)  
Sorry, darling.

OLEG PAVLOVICH suddenly gets up, turns around and waves to  
the OLSUFIEVS.

OLEG PAVLOVICH  
(to the ACTORS)  
Enough for today!

OLSUFIEV  
(getting up)  
The director needs to talk to me.

MARGARET  
Can I come with you?

OLSUFIEV  
Well, let me ask him if he doesn't...  
(noticing her surprised  
glance)  
...But if you want to badly, why not.

The OLSUFIEVS go down the aisle toward OLEG PAVLOVICH.

OLSUFIEV (CONT'D)  
Let me introduce my lovely wife -  
Margaret.

OLEG PAVLOVICH  
(kissing MARGARET'S hand)  
Very glad to meet you, ma'am.  
Sergei Sergeevich again proves his  
flawless taste.

MARGARET  
(smiling)  
Thank you. How are the run-  
throughs?

OLEG PAVLOVICH  
No time. Rehearsal after rehearsal.  
(winks at OLSUFIEV)  
Not even for pretty women.

MARGARET  
Yes, Serescha told me you are  
running the rehearsals every day.

OLEG PAVLOVICH opens his mouth to answer, but

OLSUFIEV  
 (interrupting him)  
 Yes, because the opening is in sync  
 with..

THE ASSISTANT  
 Excuse me, can I talk to Oleg  
 Pavlovich for a moment?

OLSUFIEV  
 Sure, Igor. Go ahead. We were going  
 to leave anyway.  
 (to MARGARET)  
 Ready to go, Margie?

MARGARET  
 Yes. Thank you, darling. It was  
 very interesting.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

The OLSUFIEVS are having breakfast.

MARGARET  
 Are you OK?

OLSUFIEV  
 Why?

MARGARET  
 We have not been talking much  
 lately.

OLSUFIEV  
 I am really nervous about the  
 opening.

MARGARET  
 I understand. Will you go with me?

OLSUFIEV  
 No, not today. Best regards to  
 James.

MARGARET gets up and kisses him.

MARGARET  
 Thanks, darling. See you.

MARGARET leaves.



EXT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - DAY

MARGARET approaches the car. NIKOLAI, the new chauffeur, opens the door, lets her in and closes the door behind her.

EXT./INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

MARGARET

Where are we going, Kolya? This is not the way I remember.

NIKOLAI

Yes, ma'am, they blocked the road for repair. Now everybody has to take a detour.

MARGARET leans back on the seat. As their car drives through curved streets, another car goes on the red light at the intersection.

NIKOLAI hits the brakes, but both cars collide. NIKOLAI jumps out from the car and helps MARGARET out.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Are you all right, ma'am?

MARGARET

(shaken)

I... I suppose so.

NIKOLAI runs towards the driver of the other car and starts arguing with him.

Police car pulls over, Sergeant MURAVIEV and private BLOCHIN get out and approach them: MURAVIEV - to MARGARET, BLOCHIN - to NIKOLAI.

MURAVIEV

(to MARGARET)

Sergeant Muraviev, ma'am. Are you hurt?

MARGARET

(smiling tensely)

I am OK. Just want to go home.

MURAVIEV

We give you a ride.

MARGARET

That is very kind of you, officer. But what about Kolya?

MURAVIEV  
 (helping MARGARET out)  
 He will be taken care of.

MARGARET sits in the back of the police car.

MURAVIEV sits in front, while BLOCHIN takes the driver's seat.

MURAVIEV (CONT'D)  
 (turning back to  
 MARGARET)  
 If you don't mind, we'll take a quick stop at the police station to...

MARGARET  
 (interrupting)  
 I do mind, Sergeant. I want to go home now!

MURAVIEV  
 (reluctantly)  
 All right.

HE gets out of the police car, approaches NIKOLAI and explains something to him, then they both return to the police car, where MARGARET is waiting.

NIKOLAI  
 (learning to MARGARET)  
 Sorry, ma'am, but it isn't my fault.

MARGARET  
 I don't blame you, Kolya. They want to take me to the police station. I have done nothing wrong.

NIKOLAI  
 It is a regular procedure. They will take down your testimony and let you go. It will take ten minutes, not more.

MARGARET  
 OK then. Please, inform Sergei Sergeevich as soon as possible.

NIKOLAI  
 I think you will see him sooner.

The police car with MARGARET leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MARGARET and MURAVIEV are walking in the lobby with steel doors on both sides.

MURAVIEV  
 (stopping abruptly)  
 Here we are.  
 (opens the door and lets  
 MARGARET in)

MARGARET takes a few steps in and finds herself in a cell. It has a steel-made cot, sink, john and a small barred window close to the ceiling.

MARGARET, confused, turns around, but MURAVIEV suddenly pushes her inside the cell and quickly locks the door behind her. MARGARET falls clumsily, gets up and rushes back to the door, punching it with her fists.

MARGARET  
 Open up, you!.. You have no right!  
 I'm an American!

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

The captain is at his table writing.

1ST GUARD (OS)  
 Comrade Captain, the suspect is  
 here per your request.

CAPTAIN  
 Bring her in.

1ST GUARD brings MARGARET in and leaves the office

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 (to MARGARET)  
 Sit down.

MARGARET takes a few steps forward, and sits down on a chair bolted to the floor.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 (solemnly)  
 Margaret Winston Cramer. You are  
 charged under the Criminal Code of  
 the United Soviet Socialist  
 Republic with espionage.

MARGARET

I demand to see the American  
Ambassador and my husband.  
It's a conspiracy.

CAPTAIN

If I were you I would not be so  
stubborn. You accomplice confessed  
to everything.

MARGARET

What accomplice?

CAPTAIN

Remember him? Peter Babochkin.

MARGARET

He is your spy, not mine.

CAPTAIN

No, ma'am, he's yours. He has  
admitted that you had paid him ten  
thousand American dollars and you  
promised to double that amount  
after he successfully fulfills his  
mission. This includes gathering  
classified information and  
organizing acts of sabotage.

MARGARET

I am going to talk only in the  
presence of the American Ambassador  
and my husband.

CAPTAIN

You don't have one.

MARGARET

What?!

The CAPTAIN produces a piece of paper from a drawer and puts  
it in front of her on the table.

CAPTAIN

This a copy of your husband's  
application for divorce.  
His request was granted this  
morning. You used your marriage to  
enter our country for spying.

MARGARET gets up, approaches the table and picks up the  
paper. SHE reads it, suddenly tears it apart and throws the  
pieces into the CAPTAIN's face.

MARGARET  
 Serescha can't betray me! It's a  
 lie! A lie! He loves me! It's  
 another of your lousy tricks!

The CAPTAIN recoils from her for a moment, then presses the  
 button under the table. Two GUARDS rush in and, despite  
 MARGARET resisting, twist her arms.

CAPTAIN  
 Take the bitch back to her cell!

The GUARDS take MARGARET out of the CAPTAIN's office.

MARGARET'S CELL - DAY

MARGARET, her head lowered to her knees, is sitting on the  
 cot.

The door lock snaps and two MALE CONVICTS get in the cell.  
 MARGARET pops up and retreats to the barred window. The door  
 closes.

1ST MALE CONVICT  
 I love your boobs, ma'am.

2ND MALE CONVICT  
 Think she missed us?

1ST MALE CONVICT  
 You bet.

2ND MALE CONVICT  
 Honey, it is your lucky day. We are  
 here to entertain you in every way  
 you want.  
 (approaches MARGARET)

MARGARET  
 (pushing him aside)  
 Get away from me, you, scum!

2ND MALE CONVICT  
 Ooops!  
 (throws MARGARET down on  
 the cot)  
 Keep your hands to yourself you  
 fucking bitch! To spy against our  
 Soviet motherland! I'm gonna spy  
 your ass right now!

MARGARET  
 (struggling with him  
 vehemently)  
 Help! Anybody! Help me!

MARGARET manages to kick the 2ND MALE CONVICT off herself,  
 and HE falls on the floor.

1ST MALE CONVICT  
 Whore!  
 (slaps MARGARET)

2ND MALE CONVICT gets up and tries to rip MARGARET's dress  
 off. MARGARET is screaming.

Suddenly the door swings open and GUARDS rush in.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens, letting MARGARET in. BORIS NIKOLAEVICH in a  
 major's uniform is reading at the table.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH raises his head, jumps up and approaches  
 MARGARET to hug her. MARGARET recoils from him.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 Margaret, it is me.

MARGARET  
 Boris Nikolaevich, it's you?!  
 (makes a step to him and  
 stops)  
 You... here... With them?!

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 Please, Margaret, sit down, I'll  
 explain everything. Bastards, what  
 have they done to you! I have just  
 learned about it, I am sorry. Some  
 tea?  
 (presses the button)

THEY both sit down. The GUARD appears, BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 orders tea, the GUARDS leave.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH (CONT'D)  
 Margaret, first of all, I'd like to  
 apologize in the name of the Soviet  
 authorities for this deplorable  
 misunderstanding.

MARGARET

Misunderstanding?! All this?!..  
 (encircles the office with  
 her hand)

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH

Nobody meant any harm to you,  
 believe me. Our state has many  
 enemies, unfortunately. Your  
 chauffeur was one of them. He told  
 you he was our agent, didn't he?

(MARGARET nods "Yes.")

And it was the truth. But...

(raises his finger)

Only half-truth. Our enemies are  
 extremely cunning and dangerous.  
 What agent would reveal his true  
 identity? They even managed to  
 infiltrate our own organization.  
 Peter was a small part of a far  
 bigger conspiracy to kill you and  
 your husband. Why? To smear the  
 image of our country in the world's  
 public opinion. Soviet monsters  
 slaughter world famous composer!  
 Never trust commies!

The GUARD knocks and enters the office with a tray with tea  
 glasses, cookies, candies, etc.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH thanks the GUARD, and HE leaves.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH (CONT'D)

Margaret, have some, please.

MARGARET takes a huge gulp out of a cup.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH (CONT'D)

(pacing back and forth)

Sooner or later all our enemies  
 will get the punishment they  
 deserve. No one can fool our great  
 Communist Party under the  
 leadership of the great comrade  
 Stalin. I'm proud to say that I  
 also took part in exposing these  
 traitors. That is why we need your  
 help so desperately. All you have  
 to do is to testify that you've  
 recruited this traitor to spy for  
 you.

MARGARET  
But this is a lie.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
Yes. But it is a white lie. That is why we must defeat the enemy on their terms. They are smart enough not to leave any evidence of their crimes. As soon as you sign these papers - you are free to go.

MARGARET  
I'll be able to return to Serescha?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
He is waiting for you. Sure. We had to tell him you are in the hospital following the accident and the access is highly restricted by your physician.

MARGARET  
The papers that man showed me - they are fake, aren't they?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
(rolling up his eyes)  
Those idiots... Of course, they are.

MARGARET  
That is what I thought.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
We really need your signature, Margaret.

MARGARET  
And if I refuse?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
I wouldn't be able to help you any more, because they will definitely suspend me from your case. My advice to you, not as an official, but as a friend - sign it.

MARGARET  
Thanks for the tea.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH summons the GUARD, who takes the tray away.



BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 (looking at MARGARET  
 quizzically)  
 And so...

MARGARET  
 (hesitatingly)  
 I'd really like to see Peter  
 considering your advice.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 (surprisingly)  
 Yes, but what for?

MARGARET  
 To make sure I'll recognize that  
 type next time.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 OK.  
 (reaches for the phone)  
 Tell Captain Schneerson to bring in  
 the suspect Babochkin Peter  
 personally.  
 (hangs up)

Captain SCHNEERSON knocks and enters, pushing PETER in front  
 of him. PETER is handcuffed, his face is bruised.

PETER's and MARGARET's eyes are locked.

SCHNEERSON  
 Comrade major, here is the suspect  
 Babochkin Peter.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 Thank you, captain. Sit down. Did  
 the suspect confess to his crimes?

SCHNEERSON  
 (sits and forces PETER to  
 sit)  
 No, Comrade Major.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 (to MARGARET)  
 See?.. You are our last hope.

MARGARET  
 What happens to him if I sign?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
 It's up to the court to decide. Why  
 should the future of a traitor  
 (MORE)

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH (CONT'D)  
bother you. He has betrayed his  
country, he betrayed you.

PETER  
Don't listen to him! Don't sign  
anything!..

SCHNEERON  
(jumps and punches PETER  
in the face)  
Shut up, scum!  
(as PETER collapses, kicks  
him )

MARGARET  
(horrified)  
Or, Lord, what is all this cruelty  
for?

SCHNEERON  
(puts PETER back on his  
feet)  
Cruelty?! If they were us, they  
would have shot us on the  
spot.  
(slaps PETER)

PETER spits in SCHNEERON's face. SCHNEERSON drops PETER on  
the floor and kicks him vehemently.

SCHNEERSON  
I will kill you, motherfucker!..

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
Schneerson!

SCHNEERON reluctantly leaves PETER in peace. Paled MARGARET  
watches him in horror.

SCHNEERSON places PETER on the chair. BORIS NIKOLAEVICH looks  
at MARGARET, contented.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH (CONT'D)  
(to MARGARET)  
As you see, Margaret, these people  
only understand the language of  
force.

MARGARET  
(shaken)  
Yes...

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
Put your signature here, and you  
are free to go. Give my regards  
to Sergei Sergeevich.

MARGARET gets up from her chair, moves closer to BORIS  
NIKOLAEVICH and bends over his shoulder.

MARGARET  
Where should I sign?

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
(handing her a pen)  
Here.

MARGARET stretches out her hand to the pen, but instead grabs  
the heavy ash-tray and hits BORIS NIKOLAEVICH over the head.

HE collapses on the floor.

SCHNEERON  
(freezing for a moment)  
Bitch!..

As HE rushes at her, MARGARET raises the ash-tray above her  
head. With another hand she moves the phone close to herself.

SCHNEERON (CONT'D)  
(stops and pulls out a gun)  
You're dead, bitch!

Behind him PETER comes in and strangles SCHNEERON, using his  
handcuffs as a noose.

SCHNEERSON strikes back, then his body jerks for the last  
time and slides down to the floor. MARGARET is dialing the  
phone.

PETER moves towards her, she prepares to defend herself.  
PETER bends down and pulls the phone cord out of the wall  
socket.

PETER  
It goes through the operator only.

MARGARET sits helplessly on the floor, sobbing. PETER  
searches SCHNEERON's pockets, finds the key and unlocks his  
handcuffs.

Then HE approaches MARGARET slowly.

PETER (CONT'D)  
That was brave. We have got to get  
out of here.

MARGARET

Leave me alone!.. I hate you!.. All  
of you!..

EXT. THE JAIL INNER PERIMETER - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The car with BORIS NIKOLAEVICH, driving, and MARGARET in the passenger seat pulls over in front of the gates.

PETER is lying down on the floor at the back with the gun pointed at the back of driver's seat.

The GUARD approaches BORIS NIKOLAEVICH, who looks nervous.

THE GUARD

(saluting)

Good day, comrade major!

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH

Good day, comrade. Open the gates,  
I need to transfer the suspect.

THE GUARD

Yes, Comrade Major!

THE GUARD opens the gates and the car with the three of them leaves the jail.

EXT./INT. THE CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH is at the wheel, MARGARET in the passenger seat.

PETER is in the back seat with the gun.

PETER

(to BORIS NIKOLAEVICH)

Pull over.

The car stops at the side of the road, adjoining the woods.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to BORIS NIKOLAEVICH)

Get out.

(to MARGARET)

Wait for me.

Pale and sweating BORIS NIKOLAEVICH gets out of the car.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(poking him with a gun)  
Move.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH followed by PETER enters the woods.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH  
(turning to PETER)  
Please, comrade, do not kill me. I  
was just following orders.

PETER  
I know. Move.

BORIS NIKOLAEVICH makes a few more steps. PETER pistol-whips him at the back of the head. BORIS NIKOLAEVICH falls with a thud.

PETER shoves the gun in his waistband and pulls BORIS NIKOLAEVICH into the bushes.

Then HE returns to the car, takes the driver's seat and starts the engine.

MARGARET  
Did you kill him?

PETER  
(stepping on gas)  
Knock him out for a few hours.

MARGARET  
How much time do we have?

PETER (CO  
Hardly enough to make it to the  
border.

MARGARET  
I am going home.

PETER  
Are you crazy? Your husband just  
turned you in!

MARGARET  
I will only believe if he tells it  
straight into my face. So take me  
home, or go to hell.

PETER is biting his lips.

EXT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The car with PETER and MARGARET pulls over.

PETER  
Margaret, please, listen to me...

MARGARET opens the door and gets out of the car without saying a word.

As SHE gets into the house PETER takes off.

INT. THE OLSUFIEVS' HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

MARGARET is going up the stairs to the 2nd floor and notices the light coming out of the bedroom.

MARGARET  
Serescha!

MARGARET enters the empty bedroom, looks around and freezes, seeing the photo of another woman on the dressing table instead of hers.

A mighty piano chord from the Music Room makes her shudder.

THE MUSIC ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATTER

OLSUFIEV is playing the piano with his back to the door. The book by Marlowe "Doctor Faustus" is lying on top of the piano.

MARGARET{OS}  
Bravo!

OLSUFIEV stops playing, but doesn't turn around.

MARGARET  
(entering)  
So, you don't love me anymore?  
Maybe, you never loved me?  
When we first met, you were so  
pathetic and bitter... And I fell  
in love not with a great composer,  
but a lone drunkard. And this  
is all I get in exchange?! Did you  
ever feel any gratitude for me?..  
Not love, no, just, some  
gratitude?.. Nothing to say?.. What  
about apology?.. For my ruined  
life, or for what happened to me  
those couple of days?.. Do you know  
what I went through?  
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Or you just do not care?.. Don't care if I'm alive or dead?.. I can not believe I deserve this: no love, no gratitude, but some pity at least! Do you hear me?

OLSUFIEV slowly turns around on his swirling chair facing her. He is holding a gun on his lap.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

When are you getting married?

OLSUFIEV

Does it matter?

MARGARET

I need to make a call.

OLSUFIEV

Sorry, but no.

MARGARET

Let me call, and you'll never see me again.

OLSUFIEV

I have already told you it is impossible.

MARGARET

(in astonishment)

You want to take me in and back to them?!... Getting your thirty pieces?!.. Damn you, Judas!

MARGARET makes a few steps towards OLSUFIEV, and he gets up. MARGARET spits in his face.

HE pushes her aside, so hard that MARGARET falls down and turns to the phone in the corner.

Suddenly the door swings open, PETER rushes in and tries to grab the gun away from OLSUFIEV. MARGARET on the floor watches their struggle in horror.

As a shot goes off and both men let each other go. OLSUFIEV slowly retreats to the piano and leans against it.

HE drops the gun and clutches to the keyboard, producing a strange dissonating chord. His knees give in and HE slides slowly to the floor, smearing the side of the piano with blood.

The book 'Doctor Faustus' falls down on the floor and opens up on the page with Doctor Faustus being dragged by Mefistofelus to hell.

OLSUFIEV freezes on the floor.

The phone rings making both PETER and MARGARET jump. PETER helps MARGARET up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 (trying to smile)  
 Still spying on me?

PETER looks sadly at her. Then HE approaches the body of OLSUFIEV, squats and checks OLSUFIEV's pulse.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Is he alive?

PETER shakes his head 'No.'

For a few moments they both stare at OLSUFIEV's body. Then:

PETER  
 We must hurry they will be here soon.

MARGARET  
 I must make a call. You know him. It is James.

PETER  
 The line is most likely bugged. Speak in disguise.

MARGARET  
 (dials the number)  
 It's me. I need your help. Where?...  
 Near the idol. One hour.  
 (hangs up and looks at  
 OLSUFIEV's body)

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

MARGARET and PETER are hiding in the bushes on the ground. There is a tall monument of Stalin some 50 feet away from them.

PETER  
 He is late.

MARGARET  
 He will be here.



PETER  
How long have you known him?

MARGARET  
Eight years.

PETER  
I used to know someone for that long.

MARGARET  
And?

PETER  
Do you hear a car?

JAMES's car appears and pulls over near the monument. PETER presses MARGARET's shoulders against the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)  
No. Make sure it's really him.

JAMES gets out of the car and peers into the darkness for a few seconds.

JAMES  
Margie, it's me.

MARGARET  
(getting up from the ground)  
It is him.  
(approaches JAMES)  
Thanks for coming.

JAMES  
(opening the front door)  
Get in.

MARGARET  
I am not alone.

JAMES  
What?!

MARGARET calls PETER and HE appears from the bushes.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

MARGARET  
The chauffeur I told you about.

JAMES  
I can not take him, Margie. Sorry.

MARGARET  
He saved my life.

JAMES  
You do not understand how high the stakes are. My employers made an exception for you only.

MARGARET  
James, please...

JAMES  
Margie, I am working miracles for you. I just can not do it.

MARGARET  
(biting her lips)  
Sorry to bother you, James.  
(turns her back to him and walks towards PETER)

JAMES  
(grabbing her by the wrist)  
Margie, get in the car! They will turn him in anyway!

MARGARET  
So long, James!

MARGARET goes back to PETER. JAMES is biting his lips. HE gets in the car and pulls away.

MARGARET and PETER watch as the car disappears in the darkness.

PETER  
What happened?

MARGARET  
We disagreed.

PETER  
Over me?  
(as MARGARET keeps silence)  
You should have gone with him.

MARGARET  
(interrupting him)  
What are we gonna do next?

There is a sound of JAMES's car returning.

PETER

On the ground, quickly!

As they lie down on the ground, the car pulls over and JAMES gets out.

MARGARET

(jumping up and running  
toward him)

James!

JAMES

Let me move the car.

MARGARET

Come here, Peter!

As JAMES makes a U-turn his car careens and the right back wheel slips and gets stuck in the mud.

JAMES

Shit!

HE grabs a flashlight, gets out and joins PETER and MARGARET who have already squatted near the stuck wheel.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(after a quick inspection)  
Get at the wheel, and we will try  
to push it out.

(raises his hand suddenly)  
Listen!

MARGARET

What?

JAMES

Cars.

MARGARET

Are you sure?

PETER

I hear them too.

MARGARET

Can it be them?

JAMES

I don't know, but we better hurry.

MARGARET steps on the gas, while PETER and JAMES push the car from behind. The sound of cars is coming closer.

PETER looks around. HE sees head-lights quickly approaching.

PETER  
It is them!

JAMES  
Push!

Suddenly shots are fired.

PETER  
One, two, three!

THEY push the car back on the road.

MARGARET stops the car and moves to the back seat. JAMES jumps in behind the wheel.

PETER joins MARGARET in the back seat.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(to JAMES)  
Not downtown, the road will be  
blocked!

JAMES  
Where then?

PETER  
To the left, out of the town!

Three unmarked cars are chasing them, its' passengers are shooting at JAMES's car.

PETER fires back, and one car skids off the road.

MARGARET  
One down!

They pass a small bridge. Peter continues shooting. Another car misses the exit and crashes into the river with a big splash.

PETER  
Two!

Suddenly PETER groans with pain and slides down the seat.

MARGARET  
Are you hit?

PETER  
Fuck...yes..

The 3d car catches up with theirs and tries to ram it. Shots are fired, JAMES jerks abruptly.

MARGARET  
James, are you OK?

JAMES  
(tensely)  
I am fine.

The 3d car keeps ramming them. PETER with difficulty raises his head above the back seat, takes aim at the 3d car and fires a few times.

The 3d car veers from side to side and flips over.

PETER  
(whispering to himself)  
Three...  
(slides down on the seat)

JAMES hits the brakes, and the car comes to a stop.

MARGARET helps PETER out and leans him against the car.

SHE unbuttons her shirt, tears off the sleeve and bandages his shoulder.

MARGARET  
It will be OK.  
(gets up and turn to  
JAMES)  
James! We need help!

JAMES's shoulders are slumped over the steering wheel.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
James!

As SHE opens the door JAMES'S body falls out of the car on the ground. Blood is dripping from his mouth.

MARGARET falls on her knees and places his head on her lap, hugging him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
I am sorry, James, I'm so sorry!

PETER gets up and stands behind her, clutching at his wounded shoulder.

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - DAY

PETER and MARGARET are standing near the car with JAMES's body at the driver's seat.

MARGARET caresses the dead man's face.

MARGARET

Thank you, James, and... farewell.

PETER and MARGARET push JAMES's car from behind, it slides down the slope into the river. They watch it sinking.

PETER

Time to go.

THEY turn away from the river and walk toward the woods.

INT. UNCLE MAXIM'S VILLAGE CABIN - DAY

PETER and UNCLE MAXIM are sitting, eating, at the table. PETER is cleaned up, shaven, in fresh cloths.

UNCLE MAXIM

You're really lucky. I was just going to leave for a few days. Another hour, and we would have missed one another. Lets drink to good luck.

PETER

Thanks a lot, Uncle Maxim.

Both men drink vodka from tall glasses.

UNCLE MAXIM immediately refills.

UNCLE MAXIM

Don't you want to wake her up to eat something?

PETER

No. Let her sleep. Sleep is the best medicine.

UNCLE MAXIM

(raising his glass)  
To women.

PETER

(smiling)  
To women.

UNCLE MAXIM

You love her?

(as PETER keeps silent)

Yeah... I loved my Ksuscha too, rest her soul in peace.

PETER

Uncle Maxim, if anything goes wrong, we just sneaked into your house while you were away; you never saw us.

UNCLE MAXIM

Sure. There is enough food and water for two weeks, I'll be back by then anyway. The wound isn't serious, change the bandage every day. And don't forget about the padlock.

PETER

(embarrassed)

And also one thing... I think I met batyashka, a monk. And asked him why God, if he really exists, does not interfere. Why does not he stop violence, bloodshed, hunger, pain? And he advised to ask someone close to me. So I am asking you.

UNCLE MAXIM

(nodding)

He suffers with us, dies with us, but he can't interfere, it is true.

PETER

And why is that so?

UNCLE MAXIM

If they bring your son in front of you asking you to judge him and to punish him for the crime he committed would you?

PETER

(after a deliberation)

I will refuse.

UNCLE MAXIM

Why?

PETER

(shrugging)

Because he is my son.

UNCLE MAXIM  
(smiles and gulps vodka)  
Good. And we are all his children.  
It is time, boy.

PETER gets up and sees UNCLE MAXIM to the door. Both men hug each other.

UNCLE MAXIM (CONT'D)  
Take a good care of her. She is a  
good woman. So long, boy.

PETER  
I will.

UNCLE MAXIM leaves. PETER bolts the door behind him, proceeds to the bedroom and looks at MARGARET sleeping.

SAME SCENE - A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

PETER with his head lowered on his hands is sleeping at the table. There is a sound of splashing water.

HE wakes up abruptly, looks around and gets up. PETER proceeds to the back of the cabin and looks out.

MARGARET is naked washing herself with a bucket of water in the backyard. There is a cross on a black thread on her neck.

PETER gives her an immediate once over and carefully retreats back into the cabin.

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

PETER and MARGARET are drinking tea at the table under candle light.

MARGARET  
Can they see us from outside?

PETER  
I closed all the shutters.

MARGARET  
I am sorry, Peter that I didn't  
believe you the first time. Because  
if I did, maybe none of it would  
have happened. Thank you.

PETER  
Betrayal is the hardest thing to  
face. And thank you too.



MARGARET  
(surprised)  
Why?

PETER  
When I first saw you, I thought ' God, she is so...

MARGARET  
(interrupting)  
Beautiful?

PETER  
(taken aback)  
Yes, that too.

MARGARET  
(smiling)  
But that was not your first impression, was it?

PETER  
(honestly)  
No. I thought you were so natural. In your demeanor, poise, speak...so natural.

MARGARET  
So it was not love at the first sight?  
(smiles at PETER'S embarrassment)  
Do you have a girlfriend?

PETER  
(shrugging)  
Just girls.

MARGARET  
And your parents?

PETER  
Both dead.  
(after a pause, suddenly)  
Do you still like my country?

MARGARET  
You can't like something that scares you. And you?

PETER  
Lets get some fresh air.

EXT. THE BACKYARD - NIGHT

MARGARET and PETER are sitting on the ground, leaning against the cabin wall.

MARGARET  
What is next?

PETER  
The only way out is to cross the border into Finland.

MARGARET  
Is there a chance?

PETER  
Even with this damned shoulder... But there is still a chance. And they are gonna hunt us like rabbits.

MARGARET  
Tomorrow never dies.

PETER  
What?

MARGARET  
Just repeat : Tomorrow never dies.

PETER  
(obediently)  
Tomorrow never dies.

MARGARET  
Once more.

PETER  
Tomorrow never dies. But...

MARGARET  
Whatever happens to us, to you, remember - tomorrow never dies. That is what my Dad taught me. Jesus, I miss him so much! Him, my Mom, my friends...  
(looking up at the stars)  
Are they not beautiful?  
(Peter nods 'Yes.')

PETER  
 (touching gently a thread  
 around MARGARET's neck)  
 What is this?

MARGARET  
 A cross. My grandma gave it to me.  
 Made me promise not to take it off.  
 It is a family relic.

PETER  
 (after a pause)  
 We will rest for a few days and go.  
 I can not do much with one arm.

MARGARET  
 I am sleepy again.

PETER  
 I will take the floor. The bed is  
 all yours.

MARGARET gets up and stops on the threshold into the cabin.

MARGARET  
 Peter?..

PETER  
 Yes?

MARGARET  
 It's so dark here. Can you show me  
 the way, please?  
 (smiles and gets in)

PETER gets up, lingers for a moment, and follows her.

INT. UNCLE MAXIM'S CABIN - DAY

MARGARET and PETER are sleeping together. PETER wakes up and gently frees himself from MARGARET hugging his neck. HE approaches the window carefully and looks through the slot between the shutters.

Armed SOLDIERS are sweeping the village. PETER darts to the bed and shakes MARGARET by the shoulder.

PETER  
 Get yourself dressed! They are  
 here!

PETER and MARGARET leave the cabin through the back door. PETER locks it, jimmys the lock with a crow-bar, then throws the crow-bar on the ground and produces a gun from his waist band.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Into the woods! Hurry!

THEY run through the woods. PETER throws the key deep into the bushes. There is a sound of a moving train.

PETER grabs MARGARET by the hand, changing direction abruptly. THEY pop out of the woods onto the track area, a train is moving alongside them.

PETER (CONT'D)  
We must get on it!

HE lets MARGARET go, runs faster, grabs the railing of the passing freight car and jumps up onto it.

Then PETER throws himself on the floor and extends his hand to MARGARET, who is desperately trying to catch up with him.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Grab my hand!

Using all her strength MARGARET manages to catch his wrist, but this effort takes all his strength.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Jump!

MARGARET  
Let me go! I can't!

SHE loosens her grip. PETER groans with pain and grabs her tighter. He is almost pulling her along the train. His sleeve starts soaking with blood from his open shoulder wound.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Get to American embassy, they will help you! I can't do it!

PETER  
No! You go, I go! Tomorrow never dies! Repeat: Tomorrow never dies!

MARGARET  
(hissing)  
Tomorrow never dies.

PETER  
Louder!

MARGARET  
Tomorrow never dies!

PETER  
Tomorrow never dies! Jump!

MARGARET takes a leap, PETER pulls her inside the freight car and passes out the very moment her body hits the floor.

INT. THE FREIGHT CAR - DAY

PETER and MARGARET are sitting leaning against the wall.  
PETER is pale.

MARGARET  
Are you feeling any better?

PETER  
Yes. We must leave the train. They will search it thoroughly at the next station.

MARGARET  
When?

PETER  
When it slows down. Help me up.

MARGARET helps PETER up.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Give me your hand! Ready?  
(MARGARET nods "Yes")  
Now!

Holding hands MARGARET and PETER jump off the train down into the bushes below.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

PETER and MARGARET are moving through the trees.

MARGARET  
Why did you jimmy that padlock?

PETER  
Alibi for Uncle Maxim. We don't even have a gun now.

MARGARET  
(stopping suddenly)  
Look! A cabin!

There is a half-ruined stone cabin ahead of them.

PETER  
(to MARGARET)  
Stay here.

PETER approaches the cabin carefully, kicks the warped door open and goes in.

MARGARET waits for a few minutes, then approaches the cabin herself.

MARGARET  
(stopping on a threshold)  
Peter?..

As there is no answer SHE steps in.

INT. THE STONE CABIN - DAY

MARGARET is sitting on the shabby bed with her arms tied up behind her back, gagged. PETER is tied to the chair.

He is still unconscious, but not gagged. VICTOR is sitting near MARGARET on the bed, stroking her thigh with a

a knife, making her spread and close her legs. KIRUSHA is sitting on the floor, eating.

PETER comes to.

PETER  
(to VICTOR)  
Let her go, scumbag!

KIRUSHA stops eating and gets up, but sits down again, as:

VICTOR  
Hold on, Kirusha.  
(sits on the chair facing  
Peter)  
Or what? Arrest me, officer?.. I  
can smell cops miles away.  
Just raise your voice again and  
your guts will be on the floor.  
But before we will have fun with  
your girl. You missed it the first  
time. Such a pity.

PETER spits in VICTOR's face. VICTOR gets up and kicks PETER in the belly.

PETER and his chair hit the wall and topple to the floor.

VICTOR squats and presses the knife against PETER's throat.

MARGARET manages to spit the gag out from her mouth 'No!'

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 (turning in surprise to  
 MARGARET)  
 Well, well, speak of a lady. What  
 are you giving in exchange? Maybe  
 some love?..

VICTOR tries to meet MARGARET's eyes, but SHE is looking only  
 at PETER gasping on the floor.

VICTOR kisses MARGARET on the neck, a tear-drop slips down  
 her cheek.

PETER  
 (squirming on the floor)  
 Kill me! Come on, kill me! I am  
 here! Kill me!

PETER tries to no avail to get up with the chair tied to him.  
 VICTOR watches him for a few seconds, then suddenly bends  
 over and cuts the ropes. PETER loses balance and drops down  
 again.

VICTOR raises him on the chair and fills a cracked dirty  
 glass with vodka.

VICTOR  
 Have a drink.

PETER drinks up and looks at VICTOR.

PETER  
 Her too.

VICTOR frees MARGARET, who jumps to PETER and hugs him.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN CAR - DAY

The car is crammed with people sleeping on each other.  
 MARGARET, VICTOR and KIRUSHA are sleeping near one another.

MARGARET wakes up and looks desperately for PETER who is not  
 around.

SHE gets up and oversteps awkwardly among the sleepers toward  
 the end of the car where PETER is smoking.

MARGARET  
 Peter!..

PETER  
 (turning to her)  
 Here.

MARGARET  
 (pressing against him)  
 I thought something had happened to  
 you.

PETER  
 I am OK.

MARGARET  
 Do you trust them?

PETER  
 They could have turned us in long  
 time ago.

MARGARET  
 Maybe it would be better to leave  
 them behind?

PETER  
 They have connections and know this  
 area much better than I do. There  
 is only one thing that baffles me.

MARGARET  
 What?

PETER  
 What made him change his mind?

MARGARET  
 (hiding her eyes)  
 I don't know.

EXT. THE BORDER TOWN OUTSKIRT - DAY

PETER, MARGARET and VICTOR are sitting on a log alongside the  
 fence.

VICTOR  
 (producing a pack of  
 cigarettes)  
 Want a smoke, cop?  
 (grins as PETER shakes his  
 head)  
 You're a funny guy. You had it all:  
 power, money, chicks, and then -  
 boom! Why?



PETER  
What about yourself?

VICTOR  
(taking a drag)  
I asked first.

PETER  
I just realized it is all wrong.  
All I was doing was wrong.

VICTOR  
When you met her?

PETER nods 'Yes.'

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Yes, that happens.

PETER  
Did it happened to you?

VICTOR  
(grinning)  
Almost. I was not...not...

PETER  
Classy enough for her?

VICTOR  
(nodding)  
You can say that.  
(getting up)  
Where the hell is Kirusha?

Suddenly five local thugs appear armed with clubs, knives and brass-knuckles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Shit!

MARGARET and PETER jump off the log.

PETER  
Who the hell are they?

VICTOR  
Ghosts from the past. Take the  
chick away, I'll cover!

PETER  
(to MARGARET)  
Run!

Pale MARGARET shakes her head 'No.'

PETER squats picks a stick from the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(to MARGARET)  
And I say...

Two THUGS attack PETER, the other three - VICTOR. PETER dodges the knife, and it pierces deep into the fence.

The same time PETER hits the 1st THUG with a stick in the head. The stick breaks in two, the 1st THUG collapses.

VICTOR swings and stabs the 2nd THUG in the belly, but the 5th THUG hits VICTOR with the brass-knuckles.

VICTOR drops his knife, cursing.

PETER twists the 4th THUG's arm and slashes him with his own knife.

VICTOR  
Come on, motherfuckers!

The 3d and 5th THUGS attack VICTOR, but PETER throws the knife into the 5th THUG.

The knife thrusts up into the 5th THUG chest, and HE goes down.

The 3d THUG takes a huge jump and grabs MARGARET hostage. Then HE retreats, using her as a shield.

THE 3D THUG  
Back off, or I'll slice the bitch's  
throat!

PETER takes a step toward MARGARET, VICTOR stops him.

Suddenly the anger and fear on the 3d THUG's face change to amazement. HE lets MARGARET go and crumbles down on the ground, exposing KIRUSHA behind him with a knife.

KIRUSHA squats and wipes his knife on the 3d THUG's clothes. PETER hugs MARGARET with one arm.

VICTOR  
(wincing with pain)  
Well done, Kirusha. Got any food?

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

PETER and MARGARET are sitting on the grass in a small ravine. KIRUSHA is lying near by.

MARGARET  
Where did he go?

PETER  
To pull some strings.

MARGARET  
Are you afraid of them?

PETER shakes his head 'No.'

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
You know, I am no longer the  
Margaret I used to be.  
(as PETER is keeping  
silence)  
Why don't you call me Maggie?

PETER  
Because you will always be Margaret  
to me.

MARGARET  
I am thinking about a story I read  
a long time ago. I don't remember a  
title or the author. A little girl,  
the main character, makes friends  
with an old clockmaster. There are  
lots of clocks in his small shop,  
all of them are stopped and  
indicating five to midnight.  
The girl would come to see the old  
man almost every day.  
She just sat there, watching him at  
work and telling him the events of  
the day, everything that troubles  
the girl of her age. She leaves and  
returns to her hometown many years  
later. She goes to see the  
clockshop, and discovers to her  
amazement that nothing has changed.  
The old clockmaster is still there,  
working, so she sits with him,  
telling him about her present  
problems as if it was many-many  
years ago...

PETER  
And the clocks still indicating  
five to midnight?

MARGARET  
Yes.

PETER  
(after a pause)  
And why did you remember this  
story?

MARGARET  
I feel like that little girl now.

PETER  
Because it is always five minutes  
to midnight that the tomorrow never  
dies.  
(hugs MARGARET)

There is a whistle and PETER whistles back. VICTOR appears  
with a package.

VICTOR  
It's OK. Guys promised help. And  
gave us snacks.

They take the food and bottles out of the package and start  
eating.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(cheerfully)  
We are only five miles away from  
the border. We move at dawn; that  
is when they switch patrols.

PETER  
What do you want, Vitya?

VICTOR  
I really do envy you, Petya. You  
have all figured out, someone to  
protect your ass. You will be some  
kind of hero for them.

PETER  
Want to go with us?

VICTOR  
I wish I could. Kirusha would not  
go for sure. Will you, Kirusha?

KIRUSHA murmurs something incoherent, busy eating.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

As for me... I am not smart, I am just a small-time crook, nothing else. Since Kirusha and I left the orphanage we are like rats underground. Sometimes I am scared of myself. A man really needs a home, kids, family... Have you got a family, Peter?

PETER shakes his head 'No. Then HE produces a cigarette from a pack and lights it.

PETER offers a cigarette to VICTOR, and HE shakes his head 'No.'

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And you, Margaret?

MARGARET looks into his eyes for the first time since they met.

MARGARET

(abruptly)

And why do you want to know?

VICTOR shudders as if he was hit, then produces a pack of cigarettes and gets up.

VICTOR

(to PETER)

Want to smoke, cop?

PETER looks at the cigarette butt in his hand, then at VICTOR and gets up too.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAWN

PETER and MARGARET are sleeping while holding each other.

VICTOR is smoking as if he was up all night.

Finishing the cigarette HE gets up, approaches them and looks at MARGARET for a few moments.

MARGARET moves in her sleep and VICTOR squats hopefully unnoticed near PETER.

VICTOR

(touching PETER on the shoulder)

Hey, cop, wake up.

PETER wakes up and sits up. MARGARET opens her eyes too.

PETER  
(smiling to MARGARET)  
Morning.

MARGARET smiles back to him, ignoring VICTOR, who pretends he doesn't notice it.

VICTOR  
(business-like)  
Kirusha went to meet the guide. If  
all is OK they will be back soon.

EXT. THE FIELD OUTSIDE THE WOODS - DAWN

The GUIDE and VICTOR are walking ahead, PETER, MARGARET and KIRUSHA are following them.

VICTOR  
How far to the border from here?

GUIDE  
Three miles.

MARGARET suddenly trips and loses balance, PETER holds her up.

MARGARET  
Wait!

EVERYBODY stops in their tracks.

VICTOR  
What happened?

MARGARET  
I think I saw an armed man behind  
the trees.

PETER  
On the ground everybody!

THEY lie down.

VICTOR  
(on his belly)  
Are you sure?

PETER  
We need to check anyway.

VICTOR  
Kirusha.

KIRUSHA crawls towards the woods.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(to the GUIDE)  
Who the hell can that be?

GUIDE  
(shrugging)  
Maybe one of the villagers out  
hunting.

VICTOR  
No shit?

GUIDE  
Sukoi budu.

MARGARET is staring at the sky on her back. PETER is looking into the woods on his elbows.

VICTOR is digging the ground with his knife. The GUIDE moves nervously.

MARGARET  
It's so quite...

Suddenly shots are fired in the woods. THEY all pop up.  
Armed SOLDIERS are running towards them from the woods.

VICTOR  
(with grief)  
Eh, Kirusha...

The GUIDE suddenly darts aside. VICTOR produces a gun.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Suki, sold us out!  
(shoots, the GUIDE  
collapses)

PETER  
(pulling MARGARET after  
him)  
Run!

PETER, MARGARET and VICTOR chased by the SOLDIERS run through the field.

A black car pulls out from the woods and catches up with them quickly.

VICTOR  
Run, cop, I will cover!

VICTOR turns back and fires into the car. The windshield cracks, the car skids and come to a stop, the DRIVER slumped over the wheel.

The back door swing sopen, and BORIS NIKOLAEVICH with a gun in his hand gets out.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(running toward him)  
Die, asshole

VICTOR shoots, and BORIS NIKOLAEVICH falls down.

PETER looks around and turns back with MARGARET.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(to PETER)  
Are you nuts? Run!

PETER  
In the car! Move!

VICTOR  
(stopping for a moment)  
Of course!

The SOLDIERS are catching up with them. PETER opens the front door and pulls the body of a DRIVER out.

VICTOR does the same with the SERGEANT.

PETER  
(jumping behind the wheel)  
Help her!

PETER starts the engine as VICTOR helps MARGARET into the back seat.

VICTOR opens the front door to take his seat in the car, BORIS NIKOLAEVICH comes to, raises his head and shoots VICTOR in the back.

VICTOR drops his gun and clutches helplessly at the car door, sliding down on the ground.

PETER and MARGARET rush out off the car and help VICTOR into the back of the car.

VICTOR  
Got me, fucker. Leave me, I am done.



PETER and MARGARET take their seats. The SOLDIERS starts shooting.

PETER pulls away. Bullets drum against the body of the car.

EXT. / INT. THE CAR - DAY

The car engine sputters and conks out. PETER, with MARGARET at his side in the passenger seat, turns the ignition key off and on a few times, nothing happens.

VICTOR is lying on the back seat, his clothes soaked with blood.

PETER  
(to MARGARET)  
We have to walk now.

PETER and MARGARET get out of the car and remove VICTOR.

VICTOR  
(gasping)  
Leave me. Go, don't waste time.

PETER  
Shut up!

EXT. THE BORDER - DAY

PETER is carrying VICTOR on his back, panting. PETER's face is strained with pain. MARGARET is helping PETER hugging him by the waist..

VICTOR  
Let me down.

PETER  
I told you to shut up. We are almost there.

VICTOR  
Can not hold it no more. I'm going, Petya... Let me down. Please.

PETER with MARGARET's help puts VICTOR carefully on the ground.

PETER  
I see a border sign.

VICTOR  
 We made it... At least I will die  
 free...

PETER  
 We could not have done it without  
 you...

PETER and MARGARET are on their knees over VICTOR, lying on  
 the ground.

VICTOR moves his lips.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (bending closer to him)  
 What did you say?

VICTOR  
 (almost whispering)  
 I told you about that rape...  
 Remember?  
 (PETER nods 'Yes.')

I lied. I wanted to, but you  
 interfered... Nothing...  
 There was nothing.. Swear, burn me  
 in hell...

VICTOR turns his face towards MARGARET. VICTOR's eyes are  
 begging her forgiveness only two of them can understand.

MARGARET suddenly bends to VICTOR and kisses him. Then SHE  
 takes off the cross chain to her neck and dons it on VICTOR.

MARGARET  
 Oh, lord, I beg you to forgive his  
 sins and have mercy on his poor  
 soul. Amen.

VICTOR is desperately trying to grab the cross with his  
 shaking hand. PETER takes VICTOR's hand and puts the cross in  
 it.

VICTOR clutches the cross in his fist. HE tries to say  
 something, but only manages to smile. The next moment HE  
 stops breathing.

PETER closes his eyes, and tries to get up, but fails  
 miserably. MARGARET helps him up.

Clutching at each other they walk to the border, cross over,  
 then stop, turn around and look back at us for a few moments.

Then THEY turn their backs to the camera and walk away.

T H E                    E N D



