



SWORD OF THE KREMLIN

Written by

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Based on the novel *Sword of the Kremlin*
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FADE IN:

INT. DIM-LIT ROOM - NIGHT

A typed document is seen on a burled wood desk.

SUPER: August 1991, Carpathian Mountains, Western Ukraine

OLDER MAN (V.O.)

Now you know the stakes, Oleg. Are
you with us?

Drops of mixed blood and sweat fall on the paper. A pampered
OLDER MAN'S hand offers a large fountain pen.

OLEG, 32, an athletic-looking man with disheveled sandy color
hair and bruised face. He takes the pen and removes the
cover. There are obvious rope burns on his wrists. Oleg
attempts to sign the document, but no ink seems to mark the
paper.

Oleg unscrews the bottom of the pen and exposes the twist ink
pump. The motions are slow and deliberate. THE PUMP IS
TWISTED. A squirt of blue ink hits the Older Man's right eye
(only his eyes are seen).

Next, the pen is seen for a split second in Oleg's right hand
with the nib protruding. The hand hurdles the pen. Now the
view is from the tip of the pen, flying across the room
toward a large bearded SECURITY GUARD 1, 26, holding a
semiautomatic pistol. The pen is embedded in the screaming
man's eye.

OLEG grabs the weapon and twists it 180 degrees. Two shots
are fired into SECURITY GUARD 1 chest.

SECURITY GUARD 2, 40, face contorted with fear fills the
screen. Another shot rings out, and a bullet hole appears in
the middle of SECURITY GUARD 2 forehead. His eyes roll up,
and his face slides down, revealing blood and brain tissue
splattered over the wall behind him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Oleg is racing between the massive trunks of ancient trees.
His face was camouflaged with mud.

He stops because he is surrounded by tall bushes and listens.
There is a distant sound of barking dogs.

DOCUMENTARY MONTAGE - RAPID SEQUENCE

A patriotic Soviet marching song is playing in the background.

Brezhnev is speaking.

SUPER: 1981 Leonid Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party, still holds the USSR in his iron grip.

Brezhnev's body is in a casket at the State funeral.

SUPER: 1982 Brezhnev dies.

Andropov is reviewing the troops at a military parade.

SUPER: Past head of the KGB, Yuri Andropov, takes over the reins.

Soviet tanks and attack helicopters are seen in action in Afghanistan.

SUPER: 1983 The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is in full swing

Andropov's body is in a casket at the State funeral.

SUPER: 1984 Yuri Andropov dies.

Gorbachev is speaking at the Communist Party Congress.

SUPER: 1985 Michail Gorbachev becomes the leader of the Soviet Union.

Battle-worn Soviet soldiers are riding on dust-covered tanks.

SUPER: 1989 The battered Soviet Red Army is leaving Afghanistan after a failed 10-year military campaign.

Yeltsin is speaking at an outside rally.

SUPER: 1991, Boris Yeltsin is elected as the first President of Russia.

A split screen: The Red Army parade and the KGB emblem

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is disintegrating. The Red Army and the KGB are locked in a bitter struggle for power.

EXT. MOSCOW - MORNING

Arial views of Moscow River and Kremlin complex.

SUPER: One month earlier, Moscow USSR

EXT. KGB HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arial shot approaching the imposing KGB headquarters building.

Super: Lubyanka, KGB national headquarters.

The camera pushes to the KGB emblem: a double-edged sword on a shield. The camera adjusts to a window on the third floor. Through the window, a man is seen sitting at a desk and rubbing his temples.

INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

An office door sign reads:

SENIOR LEAD AGENT
Oleg Medvedev

A woman's hand with well-manicured fingernails knocks on the door.

MAN'S VOICE
Come in

A uniformed woman, LYDIA, 24, opens the door to the office.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Oleg is sitting at his desk. He is dressed in a suit and tie. The shirt's color is unbuttoned, and the tie is loosened. His sand color hair is imperfectly combed. There is an open file, full of loose pages, on the desk before him.

Oleg's swollen eyes are closed. He is rubbing his temples. His handsome face is contorted with a grimace of pain.

Oleg opens his eyes with a struggle and looks at Lydia.

OLEG

Good morning Lydia. Whatever you have to say, try to say it quietly. The weekend retreat at the colonel's dacha turned out to be quite intoxicating.

LYDIA

Colonel wants to see you immediately, if not sooner.

OLEG

I hope he is as incapacitated as I am.

Oleg stands up, collects a few papers on his desk into a folder, and puts the folder under his arm. Lydia leaves the room and returns with a glass of water and a pill.

LYDIA

This aspirin may help.

Oleg takes the pill and drinks up the water.

OLEG

Thank you. You are too good to me. Thank God you are already married.

Lydia laughs

LYDIA

You waited too long and missed your chance.

Oleg is still rubbing his temples but smiles through pain.

OLEG

Story of my life.

Lydia leaves the room, and Oleg follows her out of the office.

INT. COLONEL SOKOLOV'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SOKOLOV, 41, is sitting at his desk. He is closely shaven, and his jet-black hair is well-groomed. Sokolov is dressed in a meticulously fitting imported pinstripe suit and a silk tie. He is reading a report.

There is a knock on the door.

SOKOLOV

Yes, enter.

The door opens and OLEG enters. Oleg stands in attention waiting to be acknowledged. Sokolov picks up his eyes from the paper he was reading.

He stifles a smile when he sees Oleg's condition

SOKOLOV

Please sit down.

OLEG

Thank you.

Oleg seems to be relieved to take a seat. He slumps into a chair in front of the desk.

SOKOLOV

Oleg, you are one of my most experienced lead agents. I need you to take care of a very sensitive matter. The assignment I will give you can be discussed only with me. You will keep your written reports to a minimum. Make only one copy and hand it to me personally.

Oleg's malaise evaporates. He sits straight up in his chair.

OLEG

Understood.

SOKOLOV

Early this morning, General Kuznetsov was found dead.

Oleg appears to search his memory.

OLEG

As I recall, General Kuznetsov, the commander of the Moscow garrison, was a highly decorated soldier and an old friend and an appointee of the Communist Party General Secretary himself.

SOKOLOV

In view of the high position of the deceased, standard procedures were followed. The local law enforcement was kept out of it. There will be a news blackout. You will lead the investigation in cooperation with the Army Internal Investigations officer, with whom you will share as little information as possible.

Sokolov pick's up a file from his desk. Oleg stands up and takes it from him.

SOKOLOV

You'll find everything you need to know about the general here, in his KGB file. It looks like a suicide. Who knows why a senior general would blow his brains out? Nevertheless, we need to investigate or at least go through the motions. You better get there immediately before our illustrious military comrades mess up the scene.

Sokolov looks down at his papers.

OLEG

May I be dismissed?

Sokolov picks up his eyes from the papers and looks at Oleg.

SOKOLOV

You may involve your assistant, Pavel, but you are responsible for his discretion. Dismiss.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - LATER

Oleg walks into his office and sits down at his desk. He picks up the receiver from his desk phone and dials.

OLEG

Lydia, please find Pavel and have him meet at my office as soon as he can get here.

Oleg walks to the window. He is looking at bustling Moscow street. He is buried in his thoughts.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - LATER

Oleg is sitting at his desk and reading papers from the file given to him by Sokolov. There is a knock on the door.

OLEG

Yes?!

PAVEL, 31, somewhat overweight young man in a poorly fitting suit sticks his head covered with messy red hair through the partially opened door.

PAVEL
Did you call for me, oh Mighty One?

OLEG
Despite my passion for theater
acting, you are aggravating my
hangover.

Pavel produces a mac disappointed expression on his face.

OLEG
Come in, close the door behind you,
and sit down.

Pave follows the instruction and plops in a chair in front of
the desk.

OLEG
We were given a very important
assignment.

Pavel's freckled face breaks into a sad smile.

PAVEL
You mean you were given a very
important assignment, comrade
Senior Leading Agent.

Oleg puts the papers down and shakes his head.

OLEG
We are long-time best friends. From
middle school through the KGB
Academy, I never left you behind.

PAVEL
For some reason, I am still way
behind.

Pavel shakes his head.

PAVEL
Never mind all that. Your trusted
assistant is ready for action.
What, as you theater people say,
is the gig?

OLEG
An important general is found dead.
We must determine if the old man
took his own life or if someone
helped him and why.

Pavel straightens up in his chair.

PAVEL

I would think it would be the Red Army investigators' job.

Oleg closes the file and puts it into a small safe bind him.

OLEG

Our superiors want us to protect KGB's jurisdiction. In any case, this issue is above my rank. Go downstairs and get us a car. We are going to pay the dead general an urgent visit.

INT. KGB GARAGE - LATER

Oleg walks to the latest model black Volga sedan. The Car is running Pavel is sitting in the driver's seat. Oleg gets in on the passenger's side.

PAVEL

Where to my fearless leader?

OLEG

Red Army High Command Residence.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HIGH COMMAND RESIDENCE - LATER

Black Volga pulls up to the curb in front of the ten-story building on the bank of the Moscow River. There are no decorations except for the large red star above the top row of windows.

A young SOLDIER 1,19, wearing the insignia of the military police and with a Kalashnikov slung across his chest, is guarding the front entrance.

The KGB identity cards, presented by the two agents, produce the usual anxiety on the soldier's face. He steps aside, letting them pass.

INT. RED ARMY HIGH COMMAND BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg and Pavel enter the well-appointed lobby. A SERGEAT (35) is sitting at a desk. The agents present their IDs.

OLEG

I need to see the list of residents.

The sergeant opens a drawer in his desk, takes out a sheet of paper, and hands it over to the agents. Oleg carefully studies the list. He seems to find what he was looking for. Oleg turns to Pavel.

OLEG

Let's go.

INT. THE 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The KGB agents walk down the corridor with rich wallpaper and crystal-encased ceiling lights. They stop at the door at the end of the hall. The is guarded by another SOLDIER 2, 20. The agents present their IDs and walk into General's apartment.

INT. GENERAL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The walls are covered by military memorabilia. The walls are covered with pictures, military standards, dresses, battle swords, and daggers.

The forensic team is taking photographs and dusting for fingerprints. The General's body is sprawled across the couch. A dried stream of blood runs from a small hole in his right temple. The general's left temple was missing.

There was a hole in the back of the couch rimmed with blood and fragments of tissue. General's lifeless right hand is hanging off the couch next to which lays a WWII vintage semi-automatic pistol.

Oleg squats down to look at the gun without touching it. He turns his head to Pavel.

OLEG

This is a Tokarev pistol. My grandfather had one of those as his sidearm during the Great War. The ammo for this gun is very hard to find these days.

A short, meticulously dressed military officer GULIVANOV, 28, enters the room.

GULIVANOV

Aha, the watchdogs of the motherland.

The tone of the voice is sarcastic, with the word "watchdogs" delivered with almost a sneer.

Oleg, who is at least two heads taller, stretches his frame even further so that he can look way down at the officer.

OLEG

Look, Pavel, it's a toy soldier.

The officer's face lights up with anger.

GULIVANOV

It's Senior Lieutenant Gulivanov to you, and I happen to be in charge of the investigation here. I do not recall asking the KGB for help.

The officer nervously tugs at his already perfect uniform, then puffs himself up, trying to look larger.

OLEG

There was no need to ask. We're here to do our job. The deceased is not only a Red t Army officer but also a prominent member of the Central Government. If you go back and reread your directives, you'll find that the KGB supersedes all other agencies in this type of investigation.

Gulivanov looks as if he wants to say something but decides to bite his tongue. Oleg adopted a conciliatory tone.

OLEG

On the other hand, we don't have to be adversaries. If we work together, we may make each other's lives easier.

Gulivanov snickers.

GULIVANOV

Ah, yes, work with the KGB? Of course. I can tell you one thing right now, it doesn't look like suicide to me.

Gulivanov turns on his heels and leaves the apartment.

PAVEL

Friendly, isn't he?

The agents proceed to examine the apartment methodically. Oleg starts by inspecting the walls of the living room, covered with military memorabilia and old photographs.

Oleg returns Several times an old, black-and-white photo of the General standing with other Red Army officers.

OLEG

There is a face in this picture
that looks very familiar, but I am
positive that I have never seen
that man before in my life.

There is almost an empty bottle of vodka and a glass on the coffee table in front of the couch. Oleg puts on rubber gloves and examines the body, taking care to avoid disturbing anything.

Oleg finds Pavel taking a cigarette break on the balcony.

OLEG

If the bullet is recovered, I want
the ballistics report on my desk
tomorrow morning. Don't rely on the
army's ballistic lab. Have the KGB
lab do it.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - MORNING

Oleg is at his desk reading a file. A knock on the door.

OLEG

Come in.

Pavel walks in, puts a small stack of papers on Oleg's desk, and drops into a chair in front of the desk.

PAVEL

The bullet was extracted from the
oak breakfront behind the couch,
and the KGB ballistics laboratory
was able to match it with the
general's Tokarev semi-automatic.
The apartment was searched again by
the forensic team and me, but
still, not a single additional
round of Tokarev ammunition was
found.

OLEG

The pieces of the puzzle do not fit
together.

(MORE)

OLEG (CONT'D)

It is time to visit the general's
office at the Ministry of Defense.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - DAY

The black Volga pulls up to the gate. The Kalashnikov-armed
GUARD, 20, reluctantly lets the KGB agents drive through after
checking the IDs and making a phone call.

INT. OUTSIDE OF THE GENERAL'S OFFICE

Oleg is standing before the massive wooden door. He hears a
soft buzz of the opening electrical lock. A uniformed middle-
aged woman, GENERAL'S SECRETARY, 52, is at a desk next to the
door. Her eyes are full of tears.

Oleg presents his ID.

OLEG

It appears you know what happened.
We are here to examine the
General's office.

Secretary puts her handkerchief to her mouth and points him
to an office door with frosted glass. OLEG and Pavel walk
into the general's office.

INT. GENERALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A large and impressive office. The walls are covered with
flags of different branches of the Red Army and certificates
of commendations. The office is neatly organized. Everything
seems to be in its place.

In one corner by the window, there is a large 19th-century
oak desk. Oleg sits down at the desk.

OLEG

Even though everything is well
organized, the arrangement feels
awkward to me.

GULIVANOV

The general was left-handed.

Lieutenant Gulivanov is standing at the door. Oleg opens the
left upper drawer of the desk and pulls out a Makarov semi-
automatic pistol. Oleg holds the gun by the tip of the barrel
and carefully places it in a plastic bag.

GULIVANOV

Don't you think we should be allowed to evaluate this piece of evidence first?

OLEG

Lieutenant Gulivanov, your evident paranoia may be justified by your previous dealings with the KGB. I assure you that I will share the information with you.

GULIVANOV

Very well, I'm actually pretty busy myself, checking a couple of important internal leads. I will call you tomorrow.

Oleg stands up and offers the lieutenant his hand but Gulivanov just turns on his heels and leaves the room. Oleg shrugged his shoulders and walked into the reception area followed by Pavel.

In the reception, a pale and sad-looking army officer PETROV, 54, is waiting for him.

PETROV

I am Major Petrov. I served with the general since the early 1970s and have been his adjutant for the past five years.

Oleg gestures to the open office door.

OLEG

Would you mind stepping into the general's office so we could ask you a few questions?

Petrov remains standing.

PETROV

Because of the general's sudden death, there is a great deal I have to do today to control the damage.

OLEG

I understand. Then perhaps you can meet us at the KGB headquarters this evening.

Petrov seems to hesitate for a moment

PETROV

Well, I should be able to rearrange my commitments. I will try to answer your questions now.

Petrov walks through the door, Oleg follows him.

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Petrov, Pavel, and Oleg walk into the office. Pavel shuts the door behind them. Oleg sits down at the desk, and the other two men sit down on the chairs in front of the desk. Petrov has an obvious expression of disapproval of Oleg occupying the general's desk.

OLEG

Knowing the general for all those years, have you noticed any changes in his behavior recently? Did he seem to be depressed?

Petrov avoids looking into Oleg's eyes.

PETROV

The general appeared to be quite preoccupied for the past four weeks; however, he did not seem to be depressed.

OLEG

I understand that the general's wife died ten years earlier. His only child, Tatiana, is married and lives in Leningrad. Did you communicate with her?

Petrov stands up

PETROV

Oh, I am glad you asked me this. I'm supposed to meet Tatiana at the railway station. She arrived in half an hour.

Oleg also stands up

OLEG

Splendid, I will help you to pick her up.

Beads of perspiration cover Petrov's forehead.

PETROV

No help is necessary.

OLEG

But I insist. It is important for me to speak with her as soon as she arrives before she talks to anyone else.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LENINGRADSKY RAILWAY STATION MOSCOW -
LATER.

Ministry of Defense Black Chaika limousine is parking in front imposing Leningradsky Railway Station building. Oleg and Petrov get out of the limousine and enter the building.

INT. INSIDE OF THE RAILWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg and Petrov are walking through a large and crowded railway station hall.

RAILWAY STATION ANNOUNCER

The 11:30 train from Leningrad is
arriving at platform 10.

INT. RAILWAY STATION COVERED PLATFORM - LATER

Train is pulling up into the station and stops. Oleg and Petrov are standing on the platform. Petrov recognizes TATIANA, 28, exiting the train a few train cars ahead of them.

She has strawberry-blond hair and a somewhat imperfect but attractive face with intelligent, probing eyes. A simple summer dress perfectly fits her well-proportioned body.

Tatiana puts her suitcase down and looks around. Petrov emerges from the crowd of rushing passengers and picks up her suitcase. Tatiana at first looks startled but relaxes as soon as she recognizes Petrov.

TATIANA

I was notified that something had happened to my father and was asked to come to Moscow immediately. What happened?

Petrov tries to avoid eye contact with Tatiana

PETROV

You see...

Oleg steps out from behind Petrov.

OLEG

Let me introduce myself. I am Oleg
Medvedev from the KGB. I will
explain everything to you.

Tatiana turns to Oleg, her face is suddenly pale and full of
apprehension.

TATIANA

Is my father in trouble?

OLEG

This is not the place to discuss
it. If you came with us to your
father's office, it would be
helpful for everyone.

Tatiana follows the men out of the station.

INT. GENERAL'S FRONT OFFICE - LATER

Tatiana walks in. Petrov and Oleg are following her.

The General's Secretary gets up from her desk, walks over to
Tatiana, and gives her a hug. Oleg turns to Petrov.

OLEG

The General's secretary is not a
woman of many words.

Oleg walks to the door to the general's and turns to Tatiana.

OLEG

If you do not mind, we can speak
privately in the office.

Tatiana walks through the door. Petrov starts to follow her,
but Oleg stops him.

OLEG

As I said, in private

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tatiana and Oleg are entering. Oleg shuts the door behind
him. Tatiana seems to be very nervous. Oleg points at the
chair in front of the desk.

OLEG
Please sit down.

Tatiana remains standing

TATIANA
I want to know where is my father?

OLEG
I think we better both sit down

Oleg sits down and gestures for Tatiana to sit. She sits on the edge of the chair, staring into Oleg's face.

OLEG
I am sorry to inform you that your
father is dead.

Tatiana gasps and covers her mouth with her right hand.

TATIANA
(whispering)
What happened?

OLEG
It looks like your father shot
himself.

Tatiana springs from the chair. Her face turns red and the whisper turns into a shout.

TATIANA
Impossible! My father would never
do that. I demand to know what
really happened.

OLEG
I can only tell you that your
father was found dead in his
apartment, and it looked like he
committed suicide.

Tatiana slumps forward in the chair. Oleg reacts quickly and catches her before she hits the floor. Petrov bursts in.

PETROV
What are you doing to the poor
child?

Oleg looks at the excited older man with steely confidence.

OLEG
Calm yourself, comrade. Just
because I work for the KGB, it
doesn't mean I spend my time
beating up young women who have
just lost their fathers. Please
bring her some water.

Petrov runs out and returns with a glass of water. Tatiana is
coming around. She takes a sip.

OLEG
I also lost my father and
completely understand your shock.

Oleg allows Tatiana to regain her composure.

OLEG

Would you be willing to come with
me to your father's apartment.

Tatiana hesitates for a moment.

TATIANA
Yes.

INT. GENERAL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tatiana and Oleg walk into the living room. Tatiana gasps
when she sees the blood-soaked couch and the rug.

TATIANA
Something is wrong with this place.

Tatiana walks around the room, touching the pictures on the
wall and the memorabilia on the small tables.

TATIANA
I know what it is. This room is too
neat. It's too perfect.

Oleg seems to be surprised.

OLEG
What do you mean? Wasn't your
father a meticulous man?

TATIANA
Yes, as far as his work and duties
were concerned but not in his
housekeeping.
(MORE)

TATIANA (CONT'D)

Why would he clean the place up and rearrange his souvenirs just before killing himself? It doesn't make sense.

OLEG

Please look around and see if anything is missing.

Tatiana takes more time to look around. She periodically wipes tears escaping her eyes.

TATIANA

Just my father's service pistol. It always hung over there on the wall.

OLEG

We have the pistol. We will need to stay in touch with you. Where are you planning to stay?

TATIANA

I will be staying with my aunt.

OLEG

I will drop you off.

TATIANA

Do I have a choice?

OLEG

No.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - EVENING

Oleg walks in and sits down at his desk. He picks up a note from his desk and reads it.

Close-up of the hand-written note:

Please call Lieutenant Gulivanov at 976754.

Oleg reaches for the phone receiver, but the phone rings before he touches it. Oleg picks up the phone.

OLEG

Yes?

GULIVANOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

This is Gulivanov. I will have to trust you.

(MORE)

GULIVANOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

I just stumbled across some information that makes me unable to trust anyone at the Ministry of Defense.

Gulivanov seems to hesitate.

GULIVANOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

The general's death is only the tip of the iceberg. I can't risk calling you from my office. I'm on a pay phone.

OLEG

I think we'd better meet first thing tomorrow morn...

Gulivanov interrupts.

GULIVANOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

No, we need to meet tonight. I'll be coming on the subway from Rechnoy Vokzal Station tonight.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gulivanov is talking on a pay phone in a phone booth on a busy street.

I will be sitting in the second car. Pick up the subway at the Teatralnaya station at 10:00 p.m. exactly.

Gulivanov hangs up the phone, gets out of the phone booth, carefully checks his surroundings, and briskly walks away.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Oleg hangs up the phone. He contemplates for a moment, then picks up the receiver and dials the phone.

OLEG

Pavel, Gulivanov has some information for us. He wants me to meet him in the second car on the train from Rechnoy Vokzal at Teatralnaya station at 10 PM.

PAVEL (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

I don't really trust thugs from the military.

OLEG

Gulivanov seems to be on the level.
I want you to go to the Rechnoy
Vokzal subway station and enter the
train in the third car. When the
train gets close to Teatralnaya
station, make your way to the
second car and back me up.

Oleg hangs up the phone and takes out his pistol from the underarm holster. He ensures the magazine is full, racks a round into the chamber, and holsters his gun.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - LATER

Oleg walks up to the Metro entrance with the lit-up sign, LUBYANKA, and starts down the stairs.

INT. INSIDE OF A METRO TRAIN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg is riding on the Metro train.

VOICE ON THE TRAIN SPEAKER

Next stop Okhotny Ryad

The train stops, and OLEG gets off.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg is walking through the tunnel following signs to the Teatralnaya Station. His path is blocked by a tall muscular BLACK MAN, 20. Oleg stops.

BLACK MAN makes sure that nobody else is around.

BLACK MAN

Cigarettes: Marlboro,
Chesterfields,
Kent. Five Rubles a pack.

Oleg chuckles.

OLEG

You really know how to pick your
customers, but today is your lucky
day. I deserve a pack of Marlboro.
Besides, I am all for supporting
our foreign students from Africa.

Black Man looks anxiously around, then squats down, takes a pack of cigarettes out of his sock, and hands it to Oleg.

Oleg gives him five ruble note and walks on.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

The camera focuses on the sign: Teatralnaya Station and then on a large clock. The minute hand move on to 12. It is 10 o'clock. Oleg is leaning against the tiled wall under the clock.

Train arrives and the stampede begins, people are trying to get off the train colliding with those trying to board it. Oleg pushed his way through.

INT. INSIDE OF A METRO TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Oleg pushes his way through the commuters and makes his way to the second car. Oleg sees Gulivanov sitting in the second row from the back, staring out of the window. Oleg tries to catch his attention, but the army man appears to be glued to the glass.

Oleg makes his way through the crowded car. At the same time, Pavel appears at the doorway connecting the second and third cars and also makes his way toward Gulivanov.

Oleg finally reaches the row, practically yanking the WOMAN, 55, sitting next to Gulivanov, out of her seat. He grabs the man by his shoulders and turns his face over toward him.

The army officer's head flops backward lifelessly. His eyes are glassy, his pupils are fixed and dilated. A stream of blood trickles from the right side of his mouth.

Oleg pulls Gulivanov's head forward and sees a small wound at the base of his skull.

INT. COLONEL SOKOLOV'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sokolov is sitting at his desk, dressed in a well-fitting uniform. He is reading a report. Oleg is sitting on a chair across from his superior.

Sokolov picks his eyes off the paper and looks intensely at Oleg.

SOKOLOV

So, what happened last night after
the army man arrived at your
rendezvous less than talkative?

Oleg appears uncomfortable.

OLEG

I had all the civilians evacuated,
and the train was taken to the
depot, where we had time to
evaluate the body and the scene.
The Forensics team did their part.
Gulivanov's body was still warm.

Oleg takes out a stack of photographs and hands them to Sokolov. Colonel is looking through the photos while listening to Oleg.

OLEG

The only penetrating injury site
was a small hole at the base of his
skull with four symmetrically
positioned skin tears. It was very
professionally done. There wasn't
much bleeding, and whatever blood
he lost dripped under his shirt
collar. His pistol was still in the
holster, and his wallet was in his
back pocket. The most interesting
thing we found on the body was
this.

Oleg opens a plastic evidence bag and hands the colonel a folded, lined piece of paper.

Sokolov unfolds and reads the note.

Tretyakovskaya gallery Repin exhibit, Thursday, 15:00

SOKOLOV

I trust you will keep the date for
him.

OLEG

No question about it. For now, this
is my only lead.

Sokolov turns to the window. He speaks as if he is talking to himself.

SOKOLOV

We don't know who we are looking
for. Gulivanov may have just been
having an affair.

OLEG

I'll simply have to take my
chances. Maybe my luck will change.

Sokolov hands the note back to Oleg.

SOKOLOV

I have the feeling that you
actually relish the stalking part
of your work.

Oleg smiles.

OLEG

Why not? It's almost like hunting
on government time.

Sokolov looks serious again.

SOKOLOV

Did you identify anything else on
the train car?

OLEG

No, nothing out of the ordinary.
Forensics tried to lift a few
fingerprints but so many people
were grabbing the bars around the
seat that it was impossible to
obtain clean prints.

Sokolov turns his gaze back to the papers on the desk.

SOKOLOV

You may go now but keep me informed
frequently and in details

INT. KGB FORENSIC LAB - LATER

Oleg and Pavel enter a well-lit room with white tiled three walls. The fourth wall has floor-to-ceiling morgue-style drawers. Operating room lights, stainless still dissecting table with a body covered with a white sheet.

At a metal desk is sitting an overweight man, Dr. Joseph Greenbaum, 40, his hair is straggly. His white coat two sizes too small, with many stains, and the apron is even filthier. Greenbaum is writing a note, looking over his thick glasses. A lit cigarette is in the corner of his mouth.

PAVEL

Good day, Dr. Greenbaum.

GREENBAUM

You two ruffians startled me again.
You're going to give me a heart
attack one of these days.

OLEG

The good news is that you won't have to be carried too far. Joseph, you really must introduce me to your tailor.

Greenbaum sits up straight in his chair and pushes his glasses back to the bridge of his nose.

GREENBAUM

Well, enough with the small talk. You must be here to inquire about your army friend. As you know, there was only one entry wound and no exit wound. It appears that the victim was struck with a long, sharp instrument with four edges, something resembling a fencing weapon.

OLEG

Are you trying to tell me that the poor man was killed by one of the Three Musketeers?

Greenbaum's face has an exasperated expression.

GREENBAUM

It's not funny. The man is dead.

Pavel stifles a laughter attack.

PAVEL

In a packed full subway train you can't wield a sword without someone noticing.

Greenbaum shakes his head.

GREENBAUM

It doesn't have to be a full sword. It could just be a piece of the blade. At any rate, that's just an example. The poor devil's brain was separated from the rest of his spinal cord. He was paralyzed and silenced almost instantaneously and died soon after. The rest of his body appears to be untouched. There is no other bruising or signs of struggle. It looks like he was taken totally by surprise. It was a very professional job.

Oleg was going to pat the pathologist on the shoulder , but smell stops him

OLEG

My forensic genius, as always, you
have been most informative.

Greenbaum shrugs his shoulders and buries his nose back in the papers.

Oleg and Pavel leave the room.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - LATER

Oleg and Pavel are looking over a diagram on OLEG'S desk.

OLEG

I will be at the exhibit to meet
our date. You will be stationed in
the gallery's surveillance room to
monitor stairwells and halls.

PAVEL

What about the exits and the
outside area, in case there more
than one subject is involved?

Oleg points to a spot on the diagram.

OLEG

Inside the gallery, one agent will
pose as a ticket taker to cover the
main entrance and another as a
janitor scrubbing the floor by the
side emergency exit. Two other
agents posing as electricians will
be working on the electrical
transformer behind the building.

Pavel seems to be uneasy.

PAVEL

What if the subject recognizes you?

OLEG

I will have to resort to my hobby:
theatrical makeup.

INT. TRETYAKOVSKAYA GALLERY, REPIN EXHIBIT - LATER

Oleg is transformed into old uniformed museum attendant. His
face is unrecognizable under professional theatrical makeup.

Oleg looks at his watch and speaks into the microphone in his sleeve.

OLEG
Everyone be alert. It is almost
15:00.

Oleg is shuffling back and forth in the hall, scrutinizing every person entering the area. He sees a man on the opposite side of the hall, wearing a long coat and a woven hat. The man stands before the painting depicting Ivan the Terrible holding his dying son.

The man appears to be restless and constantly looking side to side, obviously ignoring the painting itself. Oleg nonchalantly shuffles toward the man.

OLEG
Beautiful and tragic, isn't it?

The man spins around. It is Petrov.

PETROV
What?!

Oleg is now looking at the painting.

OLEG
I said, beautiful and tragic, isn't
it?

Petrov is nervously looking around.

PETROV
Oh, yes, yes, one of my favorites.

Petrov walks to the other side of the hall. Oleg waits until the hall is deserted except for the two of them. He again approaches Petrov.

OLEG
May I help you with anything?

PETROV
No, you may leave me alone.

Petrov is getting angry.

OLEG
That's not very friendly, young
fellow. May I see your ticket?

Petrov shoves his ticket stub into OLEG'S hand. Oleg pretends to examine it carefully.

OLEG

I'm sorry, young man, this ticket
is not in order. Why don't you come
with me to the office?

Petrov rips the stub out of Oleg's hands.

PETROV

You need better glasses or, better
yet, a retirement.

Petrov turns around and walks quickly across the hall toward the exit. The KGB AGENT, 25, dressed as a janitor, blocks his retreat.

Petrov stands on his left foot and jams his right heel into the agent's solar plexus. Petrov put his two fists together and hammered them into the side of the bent-over man's skull. The agent topples to the floor.

Petrov jumps over the unconscious agent and runs down the hall. There are sounds of commotion and loud voices coming from the lobby. Two shots ring out, followed by a thud.

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg enters the lobby, his weapon is drawn. Everyone is standing motionless, their eyes fixed on a body lying in the middle of the floor. Pavel is also staring at the body, holding the pistol in his hand.

Pavel looks up at Oleg.

PAVEL

I shouted to him to stop, but he
kept on running. I had no other
choice.

Oleg drops to his knees on the floor next to Petrov. PETROV is breathing laboriously.

OLEG

Get an ambulance now!

Pavel runs away, mumbling under his breath

PAVEL

He just wouldn't stop.

Oleg tears open the wounded man's shirt. There are two blood-soaked holes in his undershirt in the middle of the chest. Petrov opens his eyes and takes a deep, gurgling breath.

Suddenly Petrov grabs Oleg by the lapels, pressing his face close to him.

PETROV

The treason reaches high!

Oleg's face is sprayed with blood. Petrov releases Oleg's lapels, and his head drops back to the floor. Petrov makes a few more desperate gasps for air and lays motionless. Pavel enters the lobby.

PAVEL

The ambulance is on its...

He sees Petrov sprawled motionless on the floor.

PAVEL

I'm really sorry, Oleg. He was running at me like a madman.

Oleg stands up, wiping the dead man's blood from his face.

OLEG

What about the warning shot or shooting him in the leg?.....
Never mind, Pavel, things like this happen. I want you to go to Petrov's apartment and search it from top to bottom. I will meet you at the office at 20:00 hours. I have to deliver the news about this to someone in person.

INT. OUTSIDE OF TATIANA'S AUNT APARTMENT DOOR - LATER

A well-kept stairwell landing. Oleg is ringing a bell next to a custom-made door. Tatiana opens the door of her aunt's apartment. She looks tired but appears happy to see Oleg.

OLEG

Sorry to bother you at this late hour. I must talk to you about your father's adjutant, Major Petrov.

TATIANA

Please come in.

INT. TATIANA'S AUNT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tatiana and Oleg enter the room. Well-furnished room. Tatiana points at a chair next to a small round table.

TATIANA

Please sit down. Would you like some tea?

Oleg hesitates for a moment, then sits down

OLEG

No, thank you. I don't want you to trouble yourself.

TATIANA

It will be no trouble. I have already boiled the water. My aunt is coming from work in a little while, and I was getting some tea ready for her.

Tatiana opens the breakfront and takes out two glasses in old-fashioned, silver glass holders.

OLEG

Well, I see I have no choice. I guess I will have some tea.

Tatiana spoons loose tea into a traditional teapot and pour hot water into it. She places a small ball with lumped sugar and two silver teaspoons on the table.

In silence, Oleg puts two sugar lumps into his glass, and Tatiana pours the tea into his glass. Oleg looks at Tatiana while stirring his tea with one of the spoons. They both look uncomfortable.

TATIANA

So, what can I help you with, Comrade Agent?

Oleg is taking his time to put away the spoon.

OLEG

What can you tell me about Comrade Petrov?

Tatiana's friendly expression is replaced with an obvious expression of concern.

TATIANA

Are you harassing the poor man now?

OLEG

We think he may be involved somehow in your father's death.

TATIANA

Impossible. He is the most loyal friend my father ever had. He has been by my father's side for almost 20 years. I can't remember any family gatherings when he was not present. When I was little, I always thought he was my real uncle. He was not only my father's faithful adjutant he was his best friend.

Oleg takes a slow sip from the tea glass.

OLEG

Things may change. Did they have any arguments recently?

TATIANA

I couldn't tell. I live in Leningrad. Since my divorce, I've been able to see my father more often, but I still haven't seen him for a couple of months.

OLEG

So, you're divorced?

Oleg cannot completely hide the excitement in his voice.

TATIANA

I don't think this has any relevance to our discussion.

Oleg avoids eye contact with Tatiana.

OLEG

I just realized that your file was not updated.

Tatiana notices Oleg's awkwardness and hides a smile

TATIANA

Well, I hope you're not planning to torment the poor man. Loosing my father's unexpected death was very hard on him.

Oleg puts his cup down and hesitates for a moment.

OLEG

I'm afraid I have to be the bearer of bad news again.

Tatiana's right hand with tea seems is frozen in mid-air.

OLEG
I'm sorry to tell you that Major
Petrov is dead.

Tatiana's left hand shoots to her open mouth. The tea glass falls from her right hand. The tea spills all over the table and drips off the edges. Oleg jumps off his chair and tries to stop the tea from dripping on Tatiana and the floor.

TATIANA
How did it happen?

Oleg hesitates to answer.

OLEG
He resisted the arrest and was
accidentally shot.

Tatiana's eyes blazing with anger, are locked on Oleg.

TATIANA
Accidentally?!

Tatiana stands up and looks straight at Oleg with disgust. She points at the door.

TATIANA
Get out!

Oleg stands up

OLEG
But let me explain...

TATIANA
Get out this instant. I have
nothing more to say to you.

INT. INSIDE OF THE KGB CAR - MORNING

Oleg is driving deep in his thoughts

PETROV (V.O.)
The treason reaches high.

TATIANA (V.O.)
He was not only my father's
faithful adjutant, he was his best
friend...

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - EVENING

Oleg is sitting at his desk and reading the general's file.

There is a knock on the door.

OLEG

Come in.

The door opens, and Pavel enters. He walks over and lays down a long object wrapped in a towel on Oleg's desk.

PAVEL

We found it during our search of the Petrov's apartment.

Oleg carefully unwraps the towel. Inside we see a thin long instrument with four edges separated by grooves, a sharp, flat tip, and a handle made out of a piece of cork and electrical tape. The sharp end is covered with a layer of dried blood. Oleg studies the homemade weapon.

PAVEL

That's not all. We also found this.

Pavel places a gun in a plastic bag in front of Oleg. Oleg examines the weapon keeping it in the bag.

OLEG

It's a Tokarev pistol, just like the one the general had. Did you find any ammunition for it?

Pavel sits down on a chair across from Oleg. He has an obvious expression of satisfaction on his face.

PAVEL

We found several boxes, and a couple of them were half empty. Now I don't feel so bad about shooting the old bastard.

INT.COLONEL SOKOLOV'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sokolov is carefully examining the spike. The Tokarev pistol is lying in a plastic bag on the desk. Oleg is sitting on a chair across from his boss. He looks at the large window and appears to be tiered and pensive.

SOKOLOV

It looks like a piece of a rifle bayonet.

Oleg's focus is back on his superior.

OLEG

To be precise, a piece of a bayonet
from a most likely World War Two
vintage rifle.

SOKOLOV

Can it be traced?

OLEG

Probably not. The portion with the
serial number was cut off.

Sokolov puts down the weapon. He appears to be satisfied with
Oleg's explanation.

SOKOLOV

I suppose it doesn't matter. I
believe congratulations are in
order. It looks as if you not only
found the culprit but also saved
the Army investigators a
considerable amount of time and
embarrassment.

Oleg does not seem to appreciate the compliments.

OLEG

I don't think we can pat ourselves
on the back yet. Many things still
don't fit.

Sokolov seems to be irritated.

SOKOLOV

I think using a critical approach
is a useful discipline. But don't
push it too far, Oleg.

Oleg looks straight into Sokolov's eyes.

OLEG

With all due respect Colonel, I
strongly recommend that this
investigation should remain open.

Sokolov puts the evidence down on his desk. He is silent for
several seconds.

SOKOLOV

I will give it some thought.
Dismiss.

INT. OLEG'S OFFICE - LATER

Oleg is standing by the window, deep in his thoughts. The Office door is open. Sokolov steps in and knocks on the doorjamb.

SOKOLOV

May I come in?

Oleg pulls himself out of his contemplation

OLEG

Certainly. Please come in.

Sokolov walks in, sits down on a chair, and gestures for Oleg to sit down on a chair across from him.

SOKOLOV.

Sit down. I want you to assign the case to Pavel.

Oleg slowly lowers himself into the chair with an expression of surprise on his face.

OLEG

But Comrade Colonel, I would very much like to complete the investigation myself.

Sokolov looks at Oleg with approval.

SOKOLOV

Your dedication to duty is a credit to the KGB, but as the Division Chief, I have to set priorities. There is another assignment for which your skills are required. Besides, you will be able to indulge in one of your passions.

Oleg looks nervous.

OLEG

Sir, I hope you are not referring to the unsubstantiated rumors spread by the secretarial pool staff.

Sokolov smiles briefly but quickly regains his professional expression.

SOKOLOV

No, I was referring to hunting. And what could be better than hunting on government time?

Oleg looks relieved.

OLEG

I can hardly think of anything.

Sokolov leans back in the chair.

SOKOLOV

The progress of your investigation was carefully monitored by the Deputy Minister of Internal Security, a close friend of General Kuznetsov. He was delighted to learn this morning that the likely killer of his old comrade has met the deserved fate. To show his appreciation, he has invited you to join him for a wild boar hunt in the Carpathian Mountains. You will leave first thing in the morning.

Oleg moves to the edge of the seat.

OLEG

But Colonel, I do not think the investigation is completed. I still have quite a few loose ends to tie up.

Sokolov is noticeably annoyed.

SOKOLOV

A senior member of your government is inviting you to a hunt. Your refusal would not only end your brilliant career but may also jeopardize the standing of our division. We work closely with the Ministry of Internal Security, and we rely on the Deputy Minister for political support, especially where budgets are concerned.

Sokolov gets out of the chair and starts walking toward the door. He stops and looks directly at Oleg with obvious disappointment.

SOKOLOV

I can't believe that I have to explain this to one of my most able men. I'm perfectly aware that your investigation is not completed. Assign it to your assistant, Pavel. And tell him not to shoot anybody unless he checks with you first. You will present yourself at Chkalov Air Force Base airstrip at 0600.

Sokolov reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small folded ID, and hands it to Oleg.

SOKOLOV

This will identify you as a member of the Deputy Minister's protection detail. It will help you to cut through the red tape getting to the Central Committee hunting preserve. As you might expect, it is well protected. By the way, you may run into your old partner Ivan Klepadlo there. He is now serving as the Deputy Minister's security chief.

Oleg appears surprised.

OLEG

Ah the Gold-tooth Ivan. I don't miss him much. He always was too violent even when it was not necessary.

SOKOLOV

A quality that can be quite useful in our line of work. In any case, my secretary, Anastasia, will have the detailed itinerary for your trip. Good hunting!

Sokolov leaves the room.

INT. IN FRONT OF SOKOLOV'S OFFICE - LATER

ANASTASIA, 26, an attractive brunet, is wearing a stylish dress with tastefully exposed perfect cleavage. She is sitting at her desk and typing. Anastasia hears someone opening the outer door and looks up from the typewriter. Oleg enters.

ANASTASIA
Comrade Medvedev, I have something
for you.

There is a noticeable twinkle in Oleg's eyes

OLEG
Fantastic, my dream is finally
coming true!

Anastasia blushes. She picks up an envelope and holds it up
for Oleg

ANASTASIA
I am not sure if this is what you
were dreaming about.

Oleg takes the envelope, opens it, takes out several pieces
of paper, and reads the front page.

OLEG
To be at the airstrip at 0600 is a
cruel and inhuman punishment. How
would you like to share a meal with
a tireless protector of socialist
ideals before his next grueling and
dangerous assignment?

Anastasia pretends to be puzzled.

ANASTASIA
And who might that be?

OLEG
Only two people truly deserve this
title, the founder of the Communist
party, comrade Lenin and I. It is
my understanding that comrade Lenin
is no longer available.

Anastasia seems to appreciate Oleg's flirting.

ANASTASIA
I have to think about it.

Oleg starts heading toward the exit.

OLEG
I will take this as a yes. I will
pick you up at 17:30 and show you
my favorite Moscow sites.

INT. FIELD AGENTS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pavel is typing with his two index fingers. Oleg approaches the desk.

OLEG

Are you writing a novel?

Pavel picks his eyes off the typewriter.

PAVEL

No. Just trying to finish my report. I know that I will be investigated for the shooting, and I am trying to make the report as detailed as I can.

Oleg smiles.

OLEG

Well, don't get too carried away with the details. The more you write, the more you will have to explain. And I need you to investigate other aspects of this case.

Oleg puts his hand on his friend's shoulder.

OLEG

I want you to see if you can match the recovered bullet with the ammunition you discovered at the major's apartment. Also, find an expert on World War Two small firearms and have the bayonet fragment examined. See if we can get more information on it.

Pavel tries to stand up.

PAVEL

I will have most of it on your desk by tomorrow afternoon.

Oleg smiles and gently pushes him back down.

OLEG

If you put it on my desk, I probably will not see it for a while. I was given an out-of-town assignment and will be gone for a few days. I am leaving you in charge of the investigation.

Pavel again is trying to stand up, obviously excited.

PAVEL
You will not regret it!

Oleg again pushes Pavel to sit back down.

OLEG
My grandmother always used to say,
"IF we live, we will see."

INT. OLEG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dark room. The lit-up digital time is changing from 3:59 to 4:00. Annoying alarm clock buzzing fills the room. Oleg opens his eyes, reaches over, turns off the clock, and gets out of bed.

Sleeping Anastasia is partially covered by a sheer sheet. Oleg stops for a moment and looks at the woman's uncovered breasts.

Oleg shakes his head.

OLEG
The sacrifices I have to endure for
my country.

Anastasia opens her eyes.

ANASTASIA
What did you say?

OLEG
Nothing. Just mumbling to myself.
And you'd better cover yourself, or
you are going to make me late.

Anastasia smiles mischievously.

ANASTASIA
Oh yeah? Well, we will see about
that.

Anastasia throws off the covers, revealing the rest of her naked body.

Oleg shakes his head and smiles.

OLEG
Anastasia, you are making it very
difficult for me.
(MORE)

OLEG (CONT'D)

If my career wasn't at stake, you'd probably succeed. Why don't you sleep in and lock up when you leave?

Oleg gives her a kiss and leaves the room.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE AIRFORCE BASE, MOSCOW - MORNING

We see a tall gate fence topped with razor wire on both sides of the gate. There are no markings identifying the military post.

Two soldiers armed with Kalashnikovs stand outside the closed gate behind a substantial-looking gate arm. Two more are stationed just behind the gate, and another soldier is manning a machine gun from a guard tower about 30 meters farther back.

Oleg in the car pulls up to the gate arm. His window is open.

The guards are not appear alarmed by the arrival of the car, but their gun barrels are pointing at the windshield, ready to cover anyone getting out of either side of the car.

SERGEANT, 25, slowly walks around the gate arm post and approaches the car, his right hand resting on the pistol grip of the Kalashnikov. Another GUARD, 20, takes the covering position on the passenger side of the car.

Oleg produces his orders and new ID. SERGEANT scrutinizes them briefly, snaps to attention, and salutes.

SERGEANT

Please park by the Transport Control Center building.

SERGEANT signals other guards. The gate arm goes up, the gate is opened, and OLEG drives through.

INT. TRANSPORT CONTROL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg enters a large hall packed with servicemen. There are only a few benches occupied by officers. Most of the servicemen are leaning against the walls and square pillars or sitting on their army-issued duffle bags.

Officers and soldiers are crowding around the control desk, but they appear to be ignored by the duty officer, a stone-faced LIEUTENANT, 24, who does not take his eyes off his logbook. Oleg pushes his way to the control desk and places his ID and the orders on top of the logbook.

OLEG

I need to be on the next flight to Lvov.

Lieutenant's face immediately comes to life. He pages through his book, crosses a name writes Oleg's name in.

LIEUTENANT

Major Gromov, I have to move you to the 14:00 flight to Lvov.

The red-faced army major GROMOV, 35, pushes his way to the desk. He opens his mouth to protest, but stops short of making a statement because the Lieutenant shows him Oleg's ID from the Ministry of Internal Security.

EXT. AIRFORCE BASE WESTERN UKRAINE - LATER

A military transport plane is landing. There are Carpathian mountains on the backdrop.

SUPER: Air force base in Western Ukraine.

EXT. AIRFORCE BASE WESTERN UKRAINE - MOMENTS LATER

A military transport plane is parked on the tarmac. Officers in uniforms are exiting the plane and descending the stairs. Oleg steps out of the plane and looks around from his high vantage point.

Oleg sees a military Gazik (Soviet version of an open Jeep) at the edge of the runway. An officer, KOSTIA, 32, dressed in the uniform of the Soviet Border Guard, gets out of the driver seat. He carefully scrutinizes the group of passengers, recognizes Oleg, and walks directly to him.

KOSTIA

Comrade Medvedev?

OLEG

I don't ever recall meeting you.

KOSTIA

No, we have never met, but your photograph was wired to us from the headquarters. Major Zaitzev is at your service, but please call me Kostia.

Kostia extends his hand. Oleg shakes his hand.

OLEG

I did not expect a high-ranking officer to be picking me up.

Kostia lights up with a big grin.

KOSTIA

I am the head of the Central Committee compound security. Instead of sending one of my people to pick up our VIP guest, I decided to get you myself.

Oleg throughs his bag on the back seat and gets into the passenger seat. Kostia starts the engine and drives.

EXT. INSIDE OF BORDER GUARD OPENED "GAZIC"

Oleg and Kostia are driving on a forest road.

OLEG

I recognize the Border Guard insignia. Aren't we a little far from the border?

KOSTIA

The Border Guard Service is honored to be assigned to protect the perimeter of the compound. I was recently transferred to this post. Apparently, my predecessor suddenly got ill. The poor man was treated at the dedicated hospital on the compound and then transferred to the military hospital in Lviv.

EXT. COMPOUND OUTSIDE GATE - LATER

Kostia and Oleg pull up to the first gate with a "No Entry" sign. It is not guarded and, at first glance, looks quite ordinary. There are two cameras camouflaged by the trees on the other side of the gate. A high, razor wire-topped fence has "**Caution! High voltage**" signs on both sides of the gate. Kostia waves to the cameras, and the gate lock opens with a click.

KOSTIA

Would you please push the gate open? Use the smooth rod in the middle. It will save you a significant electric jolt.

OLEG

That is reassuring. Thank you.

Oleg gets out of the Gazik, examines the gate carefully and pushes on the polished cylinder with both hands to open the gate. He gets back into the Gazik. They drive on.

EXT. IN FRONT OF GUARDED GATE--MOMENTS LATER

The Gazik pulls up to the second gate. It is guarded by four armed border guards, two on the ground and two in the towers on both sides of the gate.

There is again a high, razor wire-topped fence on both sides of the gate. The COMPOUND GUARD, 20, on the right side walks over to the passenger side.

COMPOUND GUARD

Documents, please.

Oleg produces his documents.

COMPOUND GUARD

Any weapons with you?

Oleg pulls his jacket flap and exposes his handgun in a shoulder holster.

COMPOUND GUARD

No outside weapons are allowed on the preserve. We will have to place the gun in storage. You may collect it on your way out of the preserve.

Oleg takes his gun out of the holster, removes the magazine and the round out of the chamber. He puts the magazine in his pocket and hands the gun to the guard.

COMPOUND GUARD

We also need your bag. It will be delivered to your room.

Oleg points at his bag on the back seat. The guard picks up the bag. The gate opens, and Kostia drives on.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

The road snakes between wooden barracks, then through a row of kennels.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HUNTING LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Gazik comes to a halt in front of a grand lodge built from logs in the traditional Ukrainian style with ornate wooden carvings. Oleg gets out of the Gazik and stretches. He is surrounded by an idyllic nineteenth-century village with well-hidden signs of modern technology: a radio antenna in a clump of trees on the next hill and a large radar dish covered with a gazebo-like structure.

KOSTIA

Comrade Medvedev, please go inside.
There will be someone to orient
you.

OLEG

Thank you for the ride. Please call
me Oleg.

KOSTIA

You can call me Major...

Kostia laughs.

KOSTIA

I am just joking. Please call me
Kostia. I always wanted to be able
to call a KGB man by his first
name.

Kostia drives away. Oleg opens the heavy wooden door and walks into the lodge.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large room with leather couches and bear rugs covering the wooden floor. The walls are decorated with head mounts of large deer and snarling wild boars. Over the fireplace mantle hang two well-preserved 18th-century hunting rifles.

GAME WARDEN, 45, wearing a hunting outfit, walks down the intricately carved wooden stairs. The man extends his hand.

GAME WARDEN

Comrade Medvedev, I presume. I am
the game warden of this preserve.

OLEG

It's a pleasure to meet you. Please
call me Oleg. I am instructed upon
my arrival to present my papers to
the head of security.

GAME WARDEN

I am also deputy head of security. The head of security is now in Moscow. You possibly will see him tomorrow night. At this point, the papers are no longer necessary. Your picture makes you look much older, but your fingerprint pattern obtained from the first checkpoint matched perfectly.

OLEG

Ah, that must have been from the cylinder on the gate. You are not taking any chances.

GAME WARDEN

You bet. We host here the most important leaders of our country. Follow me, and I will show you to your room.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Game Warden opens the door at the end of the hallway and gestures for Oleg to come in.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A comfortable-looking room with two beds, each with a small dresser at the foot. There is a sink in one corner. The walls are covered with hunting scenes. Oleg enters the room, followed by Game Warden.

GAME WARDEN

Looks like you're going to have this room all to yourself for a while. Your roommate is our communications officer, and he has badly injured himself. He's probably going to spend the next couple of days at the infirmary on the compound.

OLEG

At the infirmary? If he is badly injured, why isn't he at a hospital in town?

GAME WARDEN

Our infirmary is far better than any hospital between here and Moscow. As you may recall, our General Secretaries are not known for their health. We have the best full-time physicians, nurses, and even x-ray and laboratory technicians. As a matter of fact, some members of the Politburo come here more often for discreet medical treatment than hunting.

Awkward silence. The Game Warden seems to regret saying too much. He regains his composure.

Now, for today's plan, get yourself situated, and at 19:00, come down for supper. The boss likes to dine with his hunting party.

Game Warden leaves the room. Oleg sits down on his bed and looks around. There is a knock on the door. Oleg gets up and opens the door. A SOLDIER in a Border Guard uniform, 19, hands Oleg his bag. Oleg closes the door, puts the bag on the bed, and opens it. The contents look ruffled through. Oleg starts to unpack.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - EVENING

The fire is burning in the large fireplace with a carved mantle. In the middle of the room, there are long tables covered with cold starters and bottles of chilled vodka. The room filled with men, most of them in their twenties and well-built.

Kostia and the Game Warden are standing by the fireplace. Oleg enters the room, recognizes the two men, and walks toward them. Kostia sees Oleg, gives him a friendly smile, and ways him to join them.

KOSTIA

I understand you met our game warden. He not only runs the place but, even more important, he leads the hunts. You'd better be on his good side.

GAME WARDEN

Good side? I didn't know that I had one of those. Oleg, look around. These men are the best of the best.
(MORE)

GAME WARDEN (CONT'D)

They were carefully selected and meticulously cleared.

The conversations in the room abruptly stop. A short, balding, and pudgy middle-aged man, IVANOV, 56, enters the room. He wears an American flannel shirt, English corduroy 3/4 length hunting pants, and leather boots. Kostia bends over Oleg's ear and whispers:

KOSTIA (WHISPERING)

This is Deputy Minister Ivanov.

OLEG (WHISPERING)

I recognized him from the newspaper photographs.

Ivanov walks over to the three men.

IVANOV

Good evening comrades. I presume this is our special guest. Welcome!

Oleg stands at attention.

OLEG

Comrade Deputy Minister, it is a great honor for me to be invited.

Ivanov taps Oleg on his left shoulder.

IVANOV

Relax. I understand that we share the same passion for hunting. We'll see how good you are in the field tomorrow.

Ivanov turns to the men in the room.

IVANOV

Let's all sit down.

Everyone scrambles to take a seat, seemly in a predetermined order. Oleg appears to be not sure which seat to take.

Ivanov notices Oleg's hesitation.

IVANOV

You are my guest. I want to show my appreciation for solving the murder of my old friend General Kuznezov. You will sit next to me.

The waiters poured vodka into everyone's glasses. Ivanov stands up with his glass. All conversations stop.

IVANOV

Comrades, please raise your glasses to the glorious Soviet Union, the motherland we all pledged to preserve and defend. And remember that our enemies do not only come from the outside, like the Americans and their NATO allies. We face equally dangerous enemies from within – dark forces that threaten to destroy the principles of communism and the unity of our nation. We must resist these forces by whatever means are necessary.

Ivanov raises his glass.

IVANOV

Glory to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics!

Everyone stands up and empties their glasses. Ivanov sits down. Everyone follows his example. The dishes are passed around. Game Warden stands up and raises his full glass.

GAME WARDEN

I propose a toast. To our generous boss and to an excellent hunt tomorrow.

Everyone cheers.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - LATER

Everyone is still sitting at the table now, full of empty dishes. Some men are smoking. All appear to be quite intoxicated. The Game Warden stands up. He looks unsteady.

GAME WARDEN

You all should go straight to bed. I do not want to see anyone dragging tomorrow. Everyone has to be back down here at 5:00.

Everyone, including Ivanov, stumble to their rooms.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HUNTING LODGE - MORNING

Predawn semidarkness. The young men from the night before the party, now dressed in hunting outfits, are getting on a military transport truck. Oleg is walking out of the lodge. He is wearing a hunting outfit and looks excited. Kostia is already in the back of the truck. He waves to Oleg.

KOSTIA

Hey, Oleg. Are you here to hunt?
Get on.

Kostia gives Oleg his hand and pulls him into the truck. Ivanov and Game Warden are walking out of the lodge, involved in a conversation.

IVANOV

Make sure that my guest is properly
taken care of.

INT. INSIDE OF THE TRANSPORT TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg, Kostia, and the rest of the hunters are sitting on benches along the sides of the moving covered truck bed. In the middle, there is a large wooden box. The truck stops. Everyone starts getting out.

KOSTIA

Target practice.

INT. OUTDOOR SHOOTING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

There is an open field at the edge of the forest. Four target stands are in front of a man-made embankment 100 meters away, with a pine tree next to it.

Four men bring the wooden box out of the truck. Game Warden opens the box and hands everyone a standard military-issue SKS semi-automatic rifle.

GAME WARDEN

Anyone can shoot a pig with a fancy
hunting rifle, but now everyone
becomes equal with a good old SKS.
The boss will lay out the contest
rules.

Everybody gather around the Deputy Minister.

IVANOV

Here are the rules of today's
competition.

(MORE)

IVANOV (CONT'D)

Each weapon is loaded with ten rounds. You will each spend three rounds to sight your weapon. You will each have the remaining seven rounds for your boar.

KOSTIA

What's the prize for the biggest boar?

Game Warden brings out a fancy hunting rifle from the cab of the truck and hands it to Ivanov.

IVANOV

The winner will get this Remington 700, 7 mm rifle, compliments of the American Imperialists.

The men take turns shooting at the target. All of them appear to be comfortable with the SKS. Ivanov shoots second to last and is able to sink all three shots close to the black center.

Oleg steps up to the line drawn in the dirt and looks at the target. Kostia slaps Oleg on the back.

KOSTIA

Is the target too far for you?

Oleg slips a round into the chamber. He throws the gun up to his shoulder and rapidly fires three shots. Three small branches sheared from the pine tree next to the distant embankment hit the ground almost simultaneously. The rest of the hunting party stands quietly.

KOSTIA

Good job! I could have used you in Afghanistan.

GAME WARDEN

Weapons on safety, keep them pointing up, back into the truck.

INT. INSIDE OF THE CAB OF THE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

In the cab of the transport truck, we see the DRIVER, 23, the Game Warden, and Ivanov, both looking through high-powered binoculars. The truck is making its way on a dirt road snaking between the rolling hills.

Ivanov slaps the dashboard with the palm of his hand. The driver immediately slams on the brakes.

Ivanov's attention appears to be fixed on one of the hills. His entire body is rigid. The only things that move are his lips.

IVANOV

Pigs...

Game Warden looks through his binoculars

GAME WARDEN

Yes, a large sow, a young boar, looks like three-centimeter tusks, and a large boar with huge tusks.

IVANOV

Probably ten-centimeter tusks. This one will do.

GAME WARDEN

We will follow the plan.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE TRANSPORTER TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Game Warden jumps out of the cab and tiptoes to the back of the truck.

GAME WARDEN

Everyone out quietly. The pigs are right on top of the hill.

The hunters, including Oleg and Kostia, jump out of the truck.

GAME WARDEN

Kostia, take half of the men and hike up the neighboring hill. The rest of you, except Oleg, will circle around to the other side of the hill if the pigs run that way.

He turns to Oleg.

GAME WARDEN

You will come with us. The boss will take the first shot at the big one. I will immediately follow with shots at the other two. You and I will proceed with the retrieval. You don't mind getting your hands bloody, do you?

OLEG

No problem.

EXT. THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Ivanov, Game Warden, and Oleg are crawling on their bellies and emerge at the edge of the clearing. The pigs are about one hundred meters away in the middle of the clearing. The larger boar suddenly stops eating, raises his long snout in the air, and starts sniffing.

The boar turns around and walks toward the edge of the tall grass. Ivanov fires a shot followed by two almost simultaneous shots from Game Warden. The young boar and the sow are reeling on the ground in a cloud of dust. The large boar is gone.

Game Warden turns to Oleg.

GAME WARDEN

The boss wounded the big one. You go finish it, and I will take care of these two.

Oleg gets up and walks over to where the boar is standing. He finds the blood trail and follows it between the trees.

EXT. OPENING IN FRONT OF THE CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

A small field covered with natural grasses and wildflowers. There are small clumps of young trees. Fifty meters across from the forested area, there is a rocky cliff with thick bushes at the base.

Oleg is standing at the edge of the tree line and carefully surveying the open area and the cliff. There is motion and grunting in the bushes by the cliff. Oleg whispers to himself.

OLEG

Ok, big boy. It looks like you got your back against the wall.

Oleg checks that there is a round in his gun's chamber and that the gun safety is off.

Oleg crouches and advances closer to the moving bushes and stops behind a clump of small trees. He squats down, keeping his eyes on the moving bushes, and picks up a couple of rocks.

Oleg steps out from behind the trees and throughs first rock, which ricocheted from the hill and falls back into the clearing. The second rock skidded along the ground and fell just between the cliff and the bushes.

The boar makes a low grunt and charges out of the bushes. Oleg throughs the gun to his shoulder. Three shots ring out in quick succession.

The animal flinches at the noise and momentarily stops. The boar put his head down and charges at the hunter. Oleg looks stunned. He fires two more shots, aiming for the left shoulder. Again, the boar does not appear to have any serious injury.

The beast continues charging toward the enemy. When the animal is within five meters, Oleg jumps to the side, points the gun barrel directly at the boar's head, and fires the two remaining shots.

The blasts appeared to push the animal to the side and momentarily disorient him; however, Oleg could see no blood or damage to the head from the point-blank shots. The dazed animal appears to be regaining its orientation.

Oleg quickly flips the bayonet blade out, snapping it into position. The boar turns around and lunges at him. Oleg holds his ground, braces the rifle, and sinks the blade of the bayonet at the base of the boar's neck, aiming toward the animal's left shoulder.

The boar utters a piercing squeal and twists his large body, ripping the weapon out of Oleg's hand. With a quick motion, Oleg pulls his hunting knife out of the scabbard. The boar lunged again but stumbled and rammed his long snout into the ground, kicking up a thick cloud of dust.

Oleg stands facing the boar, ready for another attack. The dust settles, and we see a large carcass sprawled on the ground with the rifle still sticking out at the base of its neck.

Oleg looks shaken, covered with dust and pig's blood. He walks over, examines the carcass, and picks up one of his fired rounds' casings. We see signs of crimping at the opening of the casing.

OLEG

So three rounds in the magazine
were live, and the rest were
blanks.

Oleg squats down next to the boar's head. He is touching the menacing tusks.

OLEG

Someone was betting on you...

There are distant voices. He stands up and puts the casing into his pocket. Kostia and Game Warden emerge from the trees and appear to be stunned by the scene in front of them.

Kostia is the first to recover his composure. His face opens into a big grin as he stands over the dead animal.

KOSTIA

Look at this monster! He must be
100 kilos!

Ivanov joins them and is surprised by the scene.

IVANOV

Why didn't you make it really
sporty and strangle this pig with
your bare hands?

Kostia and Ivanov laugh, but the warden doesn't.

INT. LODGE MAIN ROOM - EVENING

The room is filled with the celebrating hunters. There is a partially eaten roasted whole on a huge platter in the middle of a large table.

Oleg is sitting at the table, deep in his thoughts. Kostia plops on a chair beside him and hands Oleg a glass of vodka.

KOSTIA

We two newcomers need to stick
together. Here is to your great
kill!

They drink up the vodka. The chatter in the room suddenly stops. Ivanov walks over to Oleg carrying the Remington rifle. He ceremoniously hands it to Oleg.

IVANOV

Congratulations! You deserved it.

Oleg accepts the prize. Everyone in the room cheer. Game Warden walks over and picks the rifle off Oleg's lap.

GAME WARDEN

You will pick it up on your way
when you will be leaving the
preserve.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Oleg is sleeping on top of his covers, still dressed in his hunting outfit. A large hunting knife was still in a scabbard on his belt. Oleg wakes up and sits on the side of his bed, rubbing his temples.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg comes to the door marked "Toilet." The door is locked. There is a note taped to the door that reads:

"Out of order. Use the toilet at the Bathhouse building."

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HUNTING LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

The area is illuminated by a single light by the door. Oleg walks out of the door, gets his bearings, and walks across the yard to the next building.

INT. BATHHOUSE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg is relieving himself at the urinal. He walks to the sink and looks at himself in the mirror. Obviously not satisfied with what he sees, Oleg shakes his head.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HUNTING LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg walks out of the bathhouse and stands in the shadows enjoying the fresh air. The Lodge door swings open, and Kostia stumbled out. He cautiously looks in all directions, fumbles drunkenly to unbutton his fly, and starts to urinate.

Two dark figures converge on the lighted area. One of them stops in the shadows while the other continues to advance, moving behind Kostia. Masked ASSAILANT 1 grabs him in a chokehold. Kostia tries to resist but without success. Masked ASSAILANT 2 approaches with a gun in his right hand.

Oleg pulls his hunting knife from the sheath on his belt and starts running toward Kostia. Just before bursting into the ring of light, he throws the knife at ASSAILANT 2, armed with a gun, hitting him in the base of the neck.

Oleg jumps on the struggling men, knocking both of them down to the ground. ASSAILANT 1 releases the chokehold. With a powerful open palm jab, Oleg swings the attacker's head to the left and back, snapping his neck.

Kostia is on all fours gasping for air. Oleg removes the black ski masks off the assailants. He recognizes two security officers from the hunting party. Oleg pulls Kostia to his feet.

OLEG

We've got to move now before more come.

Oleg and Kostia run in the darkness without talking until they reach the top of the hill behind the radar dish shack.

OLEG

Major, something terribly wrong is going on here.

KOSTIA

You're damn right something is wrong. Somebody tried to kill me!

Oleg clasps his hand over the Major's mouth.

OLEG

Keep your voice down. I am sorry to disappoint you, but it probably wasn't the most important part of tonight's events.

Kostia pulls Oleg's hand away from his mouth.

KOSTIA

It was damn important to me!

Oleg has to clasp his hand over Kostia's mouth again.

OLEG

Did you see anything suspicious or stumble on anything unusual when you recently took over this post?

KOSTIA

No. Everything was routine. When I took over, I requested a list of names of personnel and civilians on the base, as well as a schedule of arrivals and departures of the Deputy Minister's security officers.

OLEG

The attack was professionally executed.

(MORE)

OLEG (CONT'D)

With all due respect, I don't think you were their main target. At this point should do our best to protect the Deputy Minister.

KOSTIA

Do you think there may be a plot to...?!

Oleg again quickly puts his hand across Kostia's mouth to muffle his voice.

OLEG

Yes, there may be a plot, either to kidnap or to assassinate him.

Kostia tries to stand up, pushing Oleg's hand away from his mouth.

KOSTIA

I better get back and sound the general alarm.

Oleg pulls Kostia back down.

OLEG

Rash moves may make the enemy panic and harm the Deputy Minister. I'm going to sneak over and discreetly check what is going on. Meanwhile, I need you to get a vehicle ready in case we need to whisk the boss out of the compound.

KOSTIA

I'll have a truck, a driver with an exit pass, waiting for you behind the kennels.

OLEG

Where are the Deputy Minister's quarters located?

KOSTIA

He is staying in the second-floor VIP suite that faces the woods.

OLEG

Thanks. Hopefully, I will see you by the kennels in thirty minutes.

EXT. BACK OF THE LODGE - NIGHT

Oleg is standing at the edge of the open area that separates the woods from the back of the lodge. We see dim light behind the sheers of the second-floor opened window.

Oleg climbs up the corner drainpipe. There is a rhythmic owl hoot sound. The light in the room goes off. Oleg jumps, landing on the ledge of the window two meters away, grabbing the carved wood rimming the window with his left hand.

INT. VIP SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Oleg swings his legs through the window and entered the room without making any noise. The rhythmic owl hoot stops abruptly and is replaced with an electronic buzz. The dim light goes back on.

Ivanov, in his robe sitting in a large armchair in the corner next to a lit-up lamp on a side table. He is holding a shiny nickel-plated 1911 model Colt pistol with a mother-of-pearl grip, pointed straight at Oleg's chest.

IVANOV

Ah, the great white hunter. It is an unexpected pleasure. And without an appointment, no less.

OLEG

Please let me explain. I have reasons to believe that there is either an abduction or an assassination plot against you.

The deputy Minister stands up and holds the gun in a shooting position with both hands. The hammer on the gun is cocked.

IVANOV

Yes, indeed, it looks that way.

Oleg tries to assume as non-threatening a posture as possible, showing that he has no weapon in his hands.

OLEG

Wait! I risked my life trying to warn you about it. Two security officers tried to kill the colander of the border guard garrison.

Ivanov appears to be noticeably surprised.

IVANOV

How did you happen to know that?

OLEG
I just stumbled on the situation.

IVANOV
So how did the Major fare?

OLEG
He's all right, and the attackers
are both dead.

There are several voices behind the door. A sharp knock on the door.

VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR
Boss, are you okay? May I come in?

Oleg puts his finger to his lips and quickly crosses the room. He put his ear to the door. With a sudden jolt, the door flies open, sending him stumbling back. Oleg is hit on the back of his head and slips into unconsciousness.

INT. COMPOUND HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATER

We are looking through Oleg's eyes. Eyelids open up, and we see bright operating room lights. A blurry face hovering over. The face comes into focus. It is KLEPADLO, 40, a wiry man with cold reptile eyes and mustaches extending down on both sides of his chin. He is smiling, showing his shiny gold tooth.

KLEPADLO
Oleg! My old partner. Aging agrees
with you.

Oleg is strapped to a dissection table in the middle of a tiled room with stainless still drawers in the wall.

OLEG
Well, I see you still have your
sparkling smile.

KLEPADLO
Flattery won't get you anywhere.

Oleg tries to move his hand and feet, but they are restrained.

KLEPADLO
I understand that you had a very
busy night.
(MORE)

KLEPADLO (CONT'D)

You murdered two security then
broke into the bedroom of one of
the most important officials in
this country.

OLEG

My intentions were strictly
honorable.

Klepadlo brings his face close to Oleg's

KLEPADLO

And what might they be?

OLEG

I do not know if I can discuss the
security matter with you.

KLEPADLO

You certainly can. I am the Chief
of the Deputy Minister's Security
detail. You have some explaining to
do.

OLEG

I have nothing to explain to you.

Klepadlo's smile is replaced with a menacing expression.

KLEPADLO

Listen to me carefully, Comrade
Medvedev. Your attack on two
security officers was filmed on a
night vision video camera.

OLEG

I also have a witness.

Klepadlo chuckles.

KLEPADLO

Oh, you mean the Major. Well, we
have him right here to testify for
you.

Klepadlo walks to the stainless-steel drawers and pulls one
of them out. We see a covered body. Klepadlo lifts the sheet
to expose Kostia's face.

KLEPADLO

A tragic accident. Apparently, he
ran into a piano wire.

Klepadlo slams the drawer shut.

KLEPADLO

It's getting pretty full in here,
but I believe there is still a
drawer available for you.

OLEG

You can do me whatever you want. I
will speak only with the Deputy
Minister.

KLEPADLO

There are a variety of things I can
do for you. Unfortunately, the boss
also wants to have a conversation
with you before I take my turn.

Two security guards walk into the room. SECURITY GUARD 1,26,
a large bearded man with thick curly hair, and SECURITY GUARD
2,40, a balding muscular man. Both men are dressed in
tactical outfits and have semiautomatic pistols holstered on
their belts.

KLEPADLO

You two, take him to the boss.

Klepadlo leaves the room. Security Guard 2 releases Oleg's
feet. Security Guard 1 takes the rope of Oleg's right wrist
and snaps one side of the handcuffs on it.

Oleg grabs Guard 1 by the hair and drives his face into his
now-freed knee. Guard 1 sink to the ground. Oleg raps both of
his legs around Guard 2 neck and twists himself off the table
with his left wrist still attached.

Klepadlo rushes back into the room and disables Oleg with a
taser. Oleg is hanging motionless with his left wrist still
attached to the table. The guards are getting off the floor.

KLEPADLO

You two are pathetic. Do I have to
babysit you all the time?

Guard 1 touches his bloody nose and sees the blood on his
fingers. Oleg is starting to come around. Guard 1 walks
around the table and hits Oleg in the stomach with his foot.
Oleg groans.

KLEPADLO

Take it easy! He may be useful and
should not be damaged yet. It will
take him now a bit to recover.

(MORE)

KLEPADLO (CONT'D)

If you two can manage it, secure him properly and take him to the boss.

INT. VIP SUITE - LATER

Ivanov is sitting at a desk and reading a document. A knock on the door. He places the document on the desk next to a large fountain pen.

DEPUTY MINISTER

Come in.

The door opens, and two guards bring Oleg in. His Hands are locked behind him.

IVANOV

Ah, here you are again, my late-night visitor. How's your head?

OLEG

Still throbbing.

Ivanov smiles.

IVANOV

Now, I do believe your intentions were admirable; however, your assumptions were wrong. Let me try to explain the situation to you because I think you can still be quite helpful to me and to your country.

Ivanov gets up and walks towards the window. He stands there silently for a few seconds, then turns to Oleg.

IVANOV

As you know, several years ago, our government initiated political reforms with the hope of improving productivity and modernizing our economic system. However, the situation has gotten out of control. Most of us in the leadership never planned to compromise communist ideals. Certain individuals took advantage of the government's weakness during the transition and have managed to bring our great Socialist Union to the brink of collapse.

Ivanov returns to his desk and looks intensely at Oleg

IVANOV

The person who is the most detrimental to the survival of the Soviet Union is the new president of Russia. He used popular democratic sentiments to get himself elected. We were unable to stop him by conventional means. Only a military takeover can stop this country from falling into anarchy.

Ivanov hesitates a moment and looks down at his desk.

IVANOV

The Moscow garrison was key to this operation. To my surprise, my old friend, General Kuznetsov, decided to turn righteous. He had the nerve to tell me that a military takeover would be an act of treason. I even sent Klepadlo to convince that man. Klepadlo's late father served with the general.

OLEG

(Speaking to himself)
That explains the familiar face I noticed in the picture on the wall.

IVANOV

Only after his final refusal Kuznetsov had to be eliminated so that an officer loyal to the cause could take his place.

OLEG

What remains unclear to me is why I'm here.

Ivanov produces an almost friendly smile.

IVANOV

Your old colleague, Klepadlo, recommended that you should join the hunting party. Apparently, he had high regard for your abilities as an investigator. You could have jeopardized the takeover by digging too deeply into Kuznetsov's death.

OLEG

So, I was going to have a `hunting accident'.

IVANOV

That wasn't my idea, and maybe it was a little too drastic. Be that as it may, the situation has changed and you still have a chance to show your loyalty to your party.

OLEG

What do you expect me to do?

IVANOV

During tonight's escapade, you managed to kill our primary sniper. With the military takeover scheduled to happen very soon, we do not have the time to replace him with a qualified shooter without risking the security of the operation. The Russian President needs to be eliminated. Otherwise, the foolhardy citizens may rally around him.

OLEG

You're asking me to murder an elected head of the Russian government? Do I understand this correctly?

IVANOV

Executing a traitor of the socialist cause would be a more accurate description. You have proven to be an excellent shot, as well as to have a commendable ability to survive against formidable odds...You were willing to risk your life in order to protect your Deputy Minister. I assume you would do the same for your party's ideals. You are the shield and the sword of the party and your country.

Oleg appears to look into infinity while almost whispering to himself.

OLEG

I see that the double-edged sword cuts both ways.

Oleg's eyes focus back on Ivanov.

OLEG

I don't have to ask what will
happen to me if I say no, do I?

IVANOV

We will, of course, need a little
insurance before we send you to
Moscow.

Ivanov walks to the table and picked up a piece of paper and
a large Montblanc fountain pen.

IVANOV

This is your confession to killing
two security officers and the
commander of the border guard
regiment as well as attempting to
assassinate the Deputy Minister of
Internal Security. If you stray
from the assignment, you will be
hunted down, and swift justice will
be done.

Ivanov turns to the guards.

IVANOV

Take his handcuffs off.

Guard 2 unlocks and removes the handcuffs. Guard 1 stands a
distance away with a pistol pointing at Oleg.

Ivanov places the document on the burled wood desks.

IVANOV

Now you know the stakes, Oleg. Are
you with us?

Oleg reads the document. Drops of mixed blood and sweat fall
on the paper. Ivanov offers the large fountain pen to Oleg.
Oleg takes the pen and removes the cover. He attempts to sign
the document, but no ink seems to mark the paper.

Oleg unscrews the bottom of the pen and exposes the twist ink
pump. The motions are slow and deliberate. Suddenly THE PUMP
IS TWISTED. A squirt of blue ink hits Ivanov's right eye.

Next, the pen is seen for a split second in Oleg's right hand
with the nib protruding. The hand hurdles the pen. Now the
view is from the tip of the pen flying across the room toward
Security Guard 1, holding his pistol. The pen is embedded in
the eye of the screaming Security Guard 1.

Oleg grabs his weapon and twists it 180 degrees. Two shots are fired into Security Guard 1 chest.

Security Guard 2 fumbles for his gun, his face contorted with fear filling the screen. Another shot rings out, and a bullet hole appears in the middle of Security Guard 2 forehead. His eyes roll up, and his face slides down, revealing blood and brain tissue splattered over the wall behind him.

Oleg spins around and points the barrel of the gun square in the middle of the trembling Ivanov's forehead.

OLEG

It would be too easy, but I don't want you to die as a martyr and be worshiped in middle school history classes. I want you to die as the publicly disgraced traitor and murderer that you are.

There are sounds of hurrying footsteps behind the door. Oleg lowers the hammer on the pistol, shoves the gun into his pants, and slips out of the window.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Oleg races between the massive trunks of ancient trees, carefully avoiding the fallen tree branches and thick undergrowth. His face was camouflaged with mud. Oleg moves in the shadows, controlling the noise from his footsteps and his breathing as much as possible.

He has to stop because he is surrounded by tall bushes. He is looking around to get his bearings. Oleg strains to listen. There is a distant sound of barking dogs.

EXT. KENNELS - DAWN

Oleg stops at the edge of the trees. In front of him, a clearance with a row of dog kennels. A military truck is parked in front of the kennels. A border guard SOLDIER, 19, is sitting in the driver's seat. Oleg runs across the small clearance and gets into the cab on the passenger side.

INT. INSIDE OF THE CAB OF THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Soldier was startled. He tries to grab the AK47 lying on the seat, but Oleg holds the gun down.

OLEG
It's all right. I'm Oleg Medvedev.
The Major must have sent you for
me.

Soldier lets out a sigh of relief.

SOLDIER
You really scared me, comrade.
Where do you want me to drive you?

OLEG
Just get moving. I will give you
further instructions once we are
out of the compound.

The soldier starts the engine, nervously grinds into first gear, and the truck moves on.

EXT. THE GUARDED GATE-MOMENTS LATER

The truck is stopped at the guarded gate by Sergeant of the guards. The driver produced the written order from the Major. They are waved through. The truck drives out of the gate, goes around the curve of the treelined road, and stops.

INT. INSIDE OF THE CAB OF THE TRUCK

OLEG
I'll drive from here. You need to
go back immediately and sound the
general alarm. There was a breach
of the compound security.
I'm going to get outside help.

The soldier grabs his gun and gets out. Oleg slides into the driver's seat, shifts into the gear, and drives on.

EXT. COMPOUND OUTSIDE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck rams through the gate and drives down the forest road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

The military truck is driving down the road. There is a large sign by the side of the road:

**"The Red Flag Collective Farm.
Winner of the Five-Year Plan Medal."**

Oleg drives by trucks and combines in various stages of disrepair, then a row of small houses with closed shutters. Finally, he passes a well-built brick house.

OLEG
(Speaking to himself)
It must be the home of the esteemed
director of the collective farm,
the only person likely to have a
personal vehicle.

The truck is passing the house. There is a light blue "Moskvich" sedan parked on a steep driveway on the side of the house.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

The truck is riding on a narrow forest road. It turns into a dry creek bed and down a steep embankment. The truck is squeezed between the trees. It blends with the surrounding.

INT. INSIDE OF THE CAB OF THE TRUCK. - CONTINUOUS

Oleg brakes the key in the ignition and gets out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER.

Oleg is walking back to the collective farm director's house. He looks around the car and finds that the back window has opened a crack.

Oleg slipped his belt through the crack and pulled up the catch. He opened the driver's door from inside and quietly slipped into the driver's seat.

Oleg puts the car into neutral and releases the hand brake. The car rolls down the driveway. Oleg used the momentum to turn the wheel and let the car roll down the hill to the main road.

Oleg REMOVES the flimsy plastic cover beneath the dashboard. He is feeling for the wires when his fingers. Oleg pulled out a money roll. The rubles were held with a rubber band.

OLEG
(Speaking to himself)
Hmm, the corrupt bureaucrat's slush
fund.

Oleg connects the wires, we hear whining of the starter and the engine starts. Oleg drives on.

EXT. ROAD INTERSECTION - LATER

The Moskvich stops at the entrance from the country road onto the motorway. The green road sign reads :

"Left Lviv 52Km

Right Sambir 22km."

The car turns left onto the road.

INT. INSIDE OF THE CAR. - SUNSET

Oleg is driving. Through the windshield, we see a blue road sign that reads Lviv, small outskirts buildings, larger buildings, then a sign for the Railway station.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LVIV RAILWAY STATION - EVENING

The blue Moskvich is passing the large railway station building. We see the sign that reads: **"Lviv Railway Station."** We see two men wearing plain clothes sitting in an unmarked car, watching the front entrance. Several uniform policemen are standing by the entrance to the station.

EXT. LVIV STREET - EVENING

Oleg is parking the car on the side street next to an apartment building. He gets out of the car, walks down the block, and turns into a dark alley.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER.

Oleg is walking down a poorly lit alley. The wall on the right side is lined with prostitutes. Oleg walked slowly along the row of scantily dressed women.

He stopped in front of a well-endowed PROSTITUTE, 19, approximately his height. She is dressed in a long, sleeveless, high-necked dress with a belt and a brightly colored, gypsy-style woolen scarf.

OLEG

I think I will pick you. Do you
have a place nearby?

PROSTITUTE

Of course, handsome. Come with me.

They walk down the block and stop in front a first-floor apartment door. They are greeted by OLD LADY,75.

PROSTITUTE

You have to pay five rubles to our hostess.

Oleg hands over a five-ruble note.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg follows Prostitute down a drab corridor with multiple closed doors. We hear moans of pleasure, laughter, and sobbing. The prostitute opens a door at the end of the hallway. Oleg follows her into the room.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room was dimly lit by a single red light bulb. It is sparsely furnished - a standard double bed and a single chair. The woman starts to undress. She takes off her dress, carefully places it on the chair, and treats her scarf with the same care.

Prostitute is standing, wearing her bra, black panties, and an old-fashioned garter belt supporting a pair of imported full of holes stockings.

OLEG

Take off your bra.

The woman smiles, takes off her bra, and tosses it on the chair.

OLEG

How much do you charge for your full service?

PROSTITUTE

Fifty rubles. It's well worth it.

OLEG

How much do you want for your clothes?

Prostitute looks perplexed.

PROSTITUTE

I'm not in the clothes-selling business. You are too kinky for me.

Oleg pulls the money out of his pocket and counts two bills.

OLEG

Here are two hundred rubles for the
lost time and for your clothes.

Oleg throws the bills on the bed, scoops up the clothes and walks out of the room.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg runs into the old lady in the corridor. The old woman is obviously puzzled by the bunch of clothes in Oleg's hands.

OLEG

Do you have a bag?

The old lady shakes her head and brings him a drab canvas bag. Oleg gives her another five ruble bill, shoves the clothes into the bag, and walks out of the door to the outside.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Oleg is walking down the alley past the row of prostitutes. He goes around the corner. The street is deserted. Only the areas under streetlights are illuminated. There are loud footsteps on the cobblestones behind him.

Oleg walks past the next light and spins around in the dark. Three men are entering the lit area. The LEADER, 24, in the middle, is heavily built and almost a head taller than Oleg. The other two are smaller drably-dressed men, HOODLUM 1, 19, and HOODLUM 2, 18.

OLEG

What can I do for you, fellows?

LEADER

You are dressed like a hunter, and
we were curious if we could help.

Hoodlum 1 chuckles.

HOODLUM 1

A pussy hunter, I bet.

All three of the laugh.

OLEG

No thanks. No help is required.

The Leader stops laughing abruptly.

LEADER

At least let us help you to carry
some of your things. Your bag, your
wallet, and the watch.

OLEG

I want no trouble. Here...

Oleg offers the bag with his left hand. The Leader steps forward to grab the bag. His groin meets with the tip of Oleg's shoe. The man doubles over with pain. The next instant, Oleg's hammering fist crashes at the base of his skull. The man is sprawled motionless on the cobblestones.

The remaining attackers, armed with switchblades, are closing in on him. Oleg unbuckles his belt and, with one smooth motion, pulls it out of his pants and wraps it around his right wrist.

Oleg swings the heavy buckle, catching Hoodlum 2 on the right temple. The man drops his knife and runs away, holding his bleeding head. Oleg keeps swinging the belt, forcing Hoodlum 1 to keep his distance, but he trips over the Leader's body and falls backward.

Hoodlum 1 drives his boot into Oleg's stomach. Oleg groans in pain but is able to grab the assailant's foot. The attacker loses his balance and falls. Oleg used his right knee to pin him to the ground. With his left knee, he disabled the knife-armed hand.

Oleg takes the attacker's head with both hands and pounded it against the cobblestones. The man's body goes limp. Oleg gets back on his feet, trying to catch his breath and rubbing his stomach. He picks up one of the switchblades, closes it, and slips it into his pocket.

OLEG

Well, this enchanting meeting was
not a total waste of time after
all.

Oleg walks briskly down the alley.

EXT. SHOPPING STREET - LATER

Most of the shops are closed. Oleg stops in front of an open store with a marquee that reads: "**Universal Convenience Store.**" There is a big clock next to it. Oleg enters the store.

The time on the clock dissolves to 15 minutes later. Oleg is walking out of the store holding a colorful small suitcase in addition to his canvas bag.

EXT. PUBLIC BATHHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg stops in front of the entrance to a public bathhouse. Marquee reads "**BANYA.**" The sign on the door reads:
"Clean body is a Healthy body. Opened 9:00 to 21:00."

INT. SHOWER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A small floor-to-ceiling tiled room with a rusted shower head on top, a cracked mirror above a small sink with a single faucet. The door opens, and BATHHOUSE ATTENDANT, 45, wearing a dark blue lab coat and a towel in his left hand, lets Oleg into the room and points at shower controls.

BATHHOUSE ATTENDANT

Hot and cold water knobs are here.
 There may not be much hot water
 left by this time of the day. Do
 you need soap and a towel? They are
 extra, 50 kopeks each.

The attendant takes a block of brown soap and holds it in his hand. Oleg Takes the soap and the towel from the attendant and gives him a 3 ruble bill.

OLEG

Keep the change.

The attendant leaves the room. Oleg locks the door and takes off all of his clothes. We see an athletic man's body, with several scars and a large bruise covering his right lower abdomen.

Oleg turns on the shower and steps into the cold water, which makes him shiver.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - LATER

Oleg is drying himself. He takes out a safety razor and shaving cream from the suitcase. Oleg is shaving his face, arms, and legs. He puts on clean underwear that he takes out of the same suitcase.

Next, the bra goes on. Oleg fills two party balloons with water and slips them into the cups of the sturdy bra. The dress goes on. It fits adequately.

Oleg expertly applies eyeshadow, foundation, mascara, and lipstick. He ties a smaller scarf over his head, allowing his hair to cover his forehead, and drapes the large gypsy scarf over his shoulders.

Oleg is transformed into a fairly acceptable tall woman. Large open-toe sandals with a small heel complete the outfit. Oleg studies himself in the cracked mirror.

OLEG

Hey, beauty, it's show time.

Oleg stuffs his hunting clothes and boots into the suitcase, hides the gun under the clothes, tapes the switchblade to inside of his lower left thigh, and leaves the room.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LVIV RAILWAY STATION

Oleg is crossing the square in front of the railway station. As he walks up the steps to the main entrance, his eyes meet with the tall POLICEMAN, 21, by the door. Oleg smiles and winks at him. The embarrassed young man looks in another direction.

INT. LVIV RAIL STATION TICKET OFFICE.

Oleg is standing in a line. Oleg comes up to the ticket window. The TICKET CLERK, 52, a thin man with a blank stare, dressed in a too-large, poorly fitting uniform. His reading glasses are miraculously staying on the tip of his nose.

TICKET CLERK

Where are you traveling, young lady

OLEG (WHISPERING)

My apologies. I lost my voice.
22:00 train to Moscow, please.

TICKET CLERK

Your interior passport.

Oleg hands him a folded piece of paper. The clerk, with an obvious question on his face, takes the paper and opens it. Inside there is a 10 ruble bill.

OLEG (WHISPERING)

I was in such a rush... I am sure
you understand.

The clerk makes sure that nobody is looking, puts the cash into his pocket, prints the ticket, and hands it to Oleg.

TICKET CLERK

Next!

INT. INSIDE OF THE RAILCAR. - LATER

Oleg is entering a crowded railcar. All seats are taken except one facing an overweight, balding ARMENIAN man, 48, with a thick mustache, barely fitting into his seat.

Oleg puts his bag on the shelf above the seat. As he is sitting down, Armenian is looking lustfully at his legs. Oleg pulls the dress over his knees, and the man pretends to be indifferent and looks away. Oleg gets comfortable on the headrest and closes his eyes.

INT. INSIDE OF THE RAILCAR. - MORNING

Oleg is asleep in his seat. A loud announcement wakes him up.

VOICE ON THE TRAIN SPEAKER

Next stop, Moscow. All passengers
will have to disembark.

Everyone in the railcar is waking up, stretching, and getting their luggage ready.

The view through the railcar window: the train enters the covered platform and stops. There is a large sign, "Moscow" on a large board between the tracks.

INT. INSIDE OF THE RAILCAR. - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg stands up and reaches for his suitcase. Armenian jumps out of his seat and takes down Oleg's luggage.

ARMENIAN

Let me help you, young lady.

Armenian take his own suitcase and Oleg's out of the rail car onto the platform.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION COVERED PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Oleg gets out on the platform. He walks over to Armenian, standing next to Oleg's suitcase. There are two men in plane clothe at one end of the platform and two uniformed policemen at the other end. Oleg puts his hand to his throat:

OLEG (WHISPERING)

You are very kind.

ARMENIAN

You poor dear, you lost your voice.
I know the best place for a glass
of hot tea with honey. Come with
me.

Armenian picks up the suitcases, and Oleg grabs him under his arm. The couple is walking down the platform. They are approaching the two plainclothes men who are holding a photograph of Oleg and scrutinizing the disembarking passengers. Oleg rests his head on the Armenian's shoulder. Armenian's face looks very happy.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MOSCOW RAILWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg and Armenian are walking from the main entrance, guarded by several policemen. They are walking around the corner. The Armenian puts down the suitcases and hails a taxi. Oleg picks up his suitcase and brings his lips very close to the man's ear.

OLEG (WHISPERING)

It is very tempting, but my
daughter is waiting.

Oleg gives Armenian a peck on the cheek and briskly walks away.

INT. INSIDE OF A CITY BUS - LATER

Oleg is standing in the moving bus holding onto the bar just above his head. His hairy armpit matches the hairy armpits of other women on the bus, holding onto the same bar.

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - LATER

Oleg, still dressed as a woman, is standing in front of Tatiana's aunt's apartment door. He rings the bell. Approaching footsteps behind the door.

TATIANA'S VOICE

Who is this?

OLEG

Tatiana, this is Oleg Medvedev. May
I speak to you for a moment?

TATIANA'S VOICE

Do you have a warrant?

OLEG
No, but I need to ...

TATIANA'S VOICE
I have nothing else to say to you.
Please leave immediately.

Footsteps retreating behind the door.

OLEG
I now know who killed your father.

The footsteps stop, and we hear her returning to the door. The door opens. Tatiana wears an old but comfortable-looking robe over a thick cotton nightgown. Tatiana has a surprised expression on her face.

OLEG
I can explain this.

Tatiana stepped aside and shows him in.

INT. TATIANA'S AUNT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tatiana gestures for Oleg to sit at the table.

TATIANA
Please sit down. I will be back in
a few minutes.

Oleg sits down at the table.

OLEG
I will not stay long. I do not want
to scare your aunt when she gets
back.

TATIANA
My aunt is at her dacha for the
rest of the month. She needed a
brake. I am watching her cat.

Tatiana leaves the room. She returns in a few minutes, wearing a simple gray dress and fresh lipstick.

TATIANA
Tell me, who is the killer? Is the
person caught?

Oleg stands up and moves a chair for her from the table.

OLEG

Please sit down. I will tell you, but it will take some time and an open mind. What if I tell you that knowing this information could put you in serious danger? Would you still want to know?

TATIANA

I have to know who this scum is, and I will not rest until the murderer is brought to justice.

OLEG

Let me update you on what happened since we spoke last.

INT. TATIANA'S AUNT LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oleg and Tatiana are still sitting at the table. There is an empty tea glass in front of Oleg. Tatiana looks very sad. She is drying her eyes with a napkin.

TATIANA

I've known Ivan Klepadlo since I was a child. We practically grew up together. My father loved him like a son he never had. He was the one who got Ivan into the KGB Academy. What kind of man thanks his mentor by murdering him?

OLEG

Yes, Klepadlo was the one to pull the trigger, but it was Ivanov and his allies who pushed the button. If their plans are not derailed, Klepadlo will be untouchable.

TATIANA

I have an idea. I can contact my father's old friend and comrade in arms, Colonel Roman Lomov, who recently became the security adviser to the new President of Russia.

OLEG

If we can't prevent the military from getting involved, then at least we need to try to protect the president. The key to the military takeover is his assassination.

(MORE)

OLEG (CONT'D)

Can you get it urgently through to Lomov?

TATIANA

This shouldn't be a problem. He has known me since I was a little girl. The colonel has been checking on me periodically since my father's death. I have his home and direct office telephone numbers.

OLEG

I'm sure his phones are bugged, and he must be followed. You need to convince him to meet me in person in a public place.

Tatiana dials a number. We hear distant ring sounds, then a click.

LOMOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

Yes?

TATIANA

Uncle Roman, this is Tatiana.

LOMOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

Are you alright?

TATIANA

I am fine, but there is a problem with my father's niece Lyudmila. She is here visiting from Novgorod. Lyudmila has an urgent issue that she asked to discuss with you.

LOMOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

I have not seen Lyudmila since she was a teenager. Is this really urgent?

TATIANA

Yes, it is. I would not trouble you otherwise.

LOMOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)

I understand. I can stop over at your aunt's apartment this afternoon.

TATIANA

It would be better to meet at Gorky Park, by the river, where our families used to have picnics.

LOMOV (VOICE ON THE PHONE)
It is not far from my office. I
will see both of you there at noon.

EXT. GORKY PARK RIVERFRONT - DAY

Oleg, still dressed as a woman, and Tatiana are standing and looking at the Moscow river flowing by. A black "Chaika" limousine pulls up to the curb and stops.

Colonel LOMOV, 45, a man in a civilian suit but with military posture, gets out of the back seat. Tatiana runs to him. They have a "parent-child" embrace. Lomov looks at Oleg with suspicion.

TATIANA
I'm very grateful to you, Uncle Roman, for agreeing to meet with us. My Apologies for misleading you, but I was warned that your phone may be bugged.

LOMOV
I sensed it, considering that your cousin Lyudmila died at fourteen. You are one of the most levelheaded young women I know, and if you say it is urgent, it must be. So, who really needs to talk to me?

Tatiana grabs Lomov under his right arm and walks him toward Oleg.

TATIANA
Believe it or not, this is a KGB agent, Oleg Medvedev. He has important information about my father's murder and a pending assassination attempt on your boss.

Lomov is now scrutinizing Oleg with his eyes head to toe.

LOMOV
You will forgive me if I do not hug you?

Oleg smiles.

OLEG
No problem. You are not my type anyway.

LOMOV

Walk with me and tell me what you know.

Oleg and Lomov are walking along the river. Tatiana sits down on a bench and watches them. Oleg is seen speaking and Lomov is nodding. Tatiana turns her gaze to the flowing river. Her Eyes fill with tears. Teardrops run down her cheeks. She turns away to dry them.

EXT. GORKY PARK RIVERFRONT - LATER

Tatiana is looking at the river deep in her thoughts. She hears approaching voices. Tatiana turns her head toward the sounds.

LOMOV

Your story correlates with the information I got from my sources at the Moscow Garrison. I still have a number of loyal friends in the Red Army.

OLEG

Are they able to prevent the coup attempt?

LOMOV

Not sure at this point. The President of Russia is scheduled to deliver his speech at a large rally tomorrow. It will take place in front of the Russian Parliament building. I had my suspicions before, but now I am convinced that the coup attempt will take place then.

OLEG

It is also the likely site of the assassination. Can you convince the president to cancel his speech?

LOMOV

I tried, but he felt it would be a sign of weakness.

OLEG

If you can arrange a security uniform and papers for me, I may be able to neutralize the sniper.

Two men are approaching Tatiana, and she is now able to hear what they were saying. She stands up.

LOMOV

You do understand that, at this point, I cannot protect you if you are caught. There is also a good chance you will not make it through this. It sounds like you already had narrow escapes. Are you sure you still want to be involved?

OLEG

I am involved. Over the past ten years, I morphed from an idealistic young man to a weaponized part of the system. Now, finally, I have a chance to make a difference. Besides, if they succeed, I will have to be on the run for the rest of my life.

LOMOV

The President is scheduled to give his speech at 9:00. I will have the things you requested delivered to Tatiana's aunt's place. Your ability to survive so far is impressive. I hope you are successful for all of our sakes.

Lomov gets into the limo and leaves. Tatiana takes Oleg's hand and pulls him to sit with her on the bench.

TATIANA

My mother died when I was very young. I was raised by my aunt until I was 10, while my father was deployed in Afghanistan. When he was transferred back to Moscow, he took over parenthood.

OLEG

I can appreciate your connection with your dad. I lost my father early in life. My mother had to be both parents. She dedicated her life to raising me.

TATIANA

I was spoiled and rebellious. My father disliked and scared most of the boys I risked bringing home.

(MORE)

TATIANA (CONT'D)

He really disapproved of my ex-husband. I think my dad would really like you.

Tatiana's eyes again welled up with tears. She puts her head on Oleg's shoulder.

INT. TATIANA'S AUNT'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Tatiana and Oleg enter the room. There is an awkward moment. It looks like they are about to embrace, but they are interrupted by a knock on the door.

Tatiana opens the door. There is a UNIFORMED MAN, 20, holding a cardboard box.

UNIFORMED MAN

Comrade Kuznezova?

TATIANA

Yes?

UNIFORMED MAN

From Colonel Lomov.

The man hands the box to Tatiana and leaves. Tatiana locks the door. She hands the box to Oleg.

TATIANA

Colonel is a man of his word.

Oleg places the box on the table and opens it. He takes out a folded uniform and an unmarked envelope containing a one-page document with the presidential seal on at the top.

Oleg reads the document.

OLEG

Vadim Stepanov is a member of the Russian President's security detail on a Special Assignment. Prompt cooperation is requested.

Oleg puts the document back into the envelope.

OLEG

Looks pretty official.

Tatiana reaches to the bottom of the box and takes out an ID with a clip. She studies the picture on the ID.

TATIANA

It does not look much like you,
officer Stepanov.

Oleg takes the ID from Tatiana's hand and looks at it with a smile.

OLEG

I recently lost a few kilos. Nobody
looks closely at these anyway.

Oleg puts everything back into the box. He picks up the box and hesitates for a moment.

OLEG

Well, I better find a place to
stay. It looks like I am going to
have a busy morning.

Tatiana blushes. She looks a bit uncomfortable.

TATIANA

Don't be foolish. I am staying in
my aunt's bedroom. You can stay in
the guest room. The room even has a
private connected bathroom. By the
way, the lotion to remove your
makeup is in the right upper
drawer.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Oleg walks in from the shower, wearing a large towel around his waist. Tatiana walks into the room, wearing a sheer nightgown. She closes the door and walks to Oleg. Tatiana loosens Oleg's towel and lets it drop to the floor. She takes a moment to look him over.

TATIANA

I like you much better as a man.

Tatiana moves the nightgown off her shoulders and lets it drop to the floor. The naked couple locks in a passionate embrace.

INT. BED - CONTINUOUS

Oleg and Tatiana are immersed in passionate lovemaking.

INT. BED - LATER

Oleg and Tatiana are lying in bed and looking at each other.

OLEG

I want you to know that if I used
up all of my nine lives, the last
one was the very best.

Tatiana reaches out with her right hand and touches Oleg's face.

TATIANA

I believe there is a reason for
everything. You will come back to
me.

INT. AUNT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tatiana is sleeping in bed, partially covered by the blanket. Oleg is dressed in the tactical security uniform with the ID clipped to his left breast pocket. He takes the document out of the envelope, folds it, and puts it into his right breast pocket.

Oleg picks up the switchblade from the table, tapes it to the inside of his left leg, and pulls the pent leg over it. He takes the magazine out of his pistol. There are still a few rounds in it. He reloads the magazine, racks a round into the chamber, and puts the gun into the right cargo pant pocket.

Oleg walks over to the bed and kisses sleeping, Tatiana. She smiles in her sleep.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN CAR - LATER

Oleg is standing in a moving subway train car. The passengers are trying to stay away from the man in a uniform.

EXT. EXIT FROM THE METRO UNDERGROUND STATION

Oleg steps off the escalator and climbs the stairs up to the street. He walks a couple of blocks along the Moscow River and turns a corner.

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - LATER

Oleg enters the square. The square is full of people. The Parliament building (Russian White House) is on the other side of the square. A podium has been erected in front of the Parliament entrance staircase. Police officers formed a human barrier between the podium and the crowd.

Oleg carefully surveys the surrounding buildings.

OLEG (SPEAKING TO HIMSELF)

If I would be the sniper, I would
need to be in an elevated location
at an appropriate angle to the
podium, close enough to make the
kill but far enough to be able to
escape.

He focuses on The boxy five-story "**Inter-Republic Trade**" building. The windows are solid glass without any openings; however, there are six ventilation windows in the attic, which have only shutters.

Oleg starts making his way through the crowd toward the building. The ground suddenly starts vibrating. Oleg hears screeching metal sounds that become louder and louder.

Tanks are entering the square from different directions. Oleg runs toward the "**Inter-Republic Trade**" building.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE TRADE BUILDING. - MOMENTS LATER

The entrance is guarded by several policemen. POLICE OFFICER, 29, closest to Oleg, steps forward and stops him with a hand gesture.

POLICE OFFICER

The Trade building is closed.

Oleg reaches into his pocket. Police Officer pulls his pistol out of the holster. The other police officers follow suit. Oleg faces half a dozen armed men, their weapons pointing at him. The men look edgy.

OLEG

Hey, hey, relax, please. I'm here
on official business.

Moving as deliberately as possible, Oleg takes his pass from the right breast pocket.

Keeping both hands where everyone could see them, Oleg hands the document to the officer in front of him. Police Officer reads the document, hands the document back to Oleg, and holsters his gun.

POLICE OFFICER

So, what can we do for you, comrade Stepanov?

OLEG

How do I get to the attic of the building?

POLICE OFFICER

Why is everyone interested in the attic today? There is a man up there who has been fixing the hot water unit for the past hour. His papers also were signed by some top brass.

Oleg shrugs his shoulders.

OLEG

We are checking all of the buildings prior to the president's arrival. You know how it is.

Police Officer points toward the building entrance.

POLICE OFFICER

Take the elevator up to the fifth floor, turn right, and down to the end of the hall. Take the service stairs up one flight. The door should be unlocked. The repairman has the key.

INT. INSIDE OF THE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg is riding in the elevator. The number 5 lights up. Before the elevator doors open, Oleg pulls out his gun and assumes the crouched position.

The doors open slowly. Oleg carefully looks down the dimly lit corridor in both directions.

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg reaches the attic door. It is locked. Oleg takes off his ID and inserts it through the gap between the door and frame, pushes back the tongue of the lock, and quietly pulls the door open.

INT. THE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The concrete block walls are covered with pipes and cables. The ceiling is low, and Oleg has to crouch as he moves forward; the gun is ready in his hand.

Ahead, an area is illuminated by light coming through one of the ventilation windows. Oleg cautiously looks through the shutters. The location provides an excellent view of the podium and the square where the tanks and armored personnel carriers took their positions. A huge crowd is gathered.

Oleg senses motion behind him. He spins around. A rat is running on one of the pipes. Oleg continues advancing along the passageway.

Another area is illuminated by light coming through the shutters. Two wooden crates are moved to the opening. A Dragunov sniper rifle with a large scope and silencer rests on a bipod, the muzzle pointing toward the opening between the shutters.

Oleg stops and tries to control his breath. A gloved hand expertly hit Oleg at the base of his skull.

INT. THE ATTIC - LATER

Oleg is lying on his back on the floor. He seems to be regaining consciousness. The ASSASSIN, dressed in overalls and a black ski mask, stands over him. In his right hand, he is holding Oleg's pistol with the barrel aimed directly at the left side of Oleg's chest.

It seemed that the man is hesitating for a moment. The Assassin squeezed the trigger. Oleg moves his upper body sharply to the right. The gun fires. The bullet strikes Oleg's left upper arm.

Oleg is in obvious pain but can still complete a sweep with his legs, knocking his assailant down. The gun falls behind the pipes. Both men are back on their feet, exchanging blows. Oleg is on the ground again.

The attacker immediately jumps on top of him, pinning him down and choking him. Oleg tries to break the grip with his uninjured right arm but is not successful.

Oleg bends his left knee and, with difficulty, reaches the switchblade taped to his left leg. The switchblade opens with a snap. The long, slender, double-edged blade is reflecting the dim light.

Oleg drives the blade into Assassin's left lower abdomen and pulls the knife across the attacker's belly.

The man screams with pain and struggles to his feet. There is a gaping cut across the Assassin's belly, with pink intestines slithering out of the wound. A wide, dark stream of blood is pouring from the right corner of the cut.

The man stares for an instant at his hands, holding his own intestines, stumbles, and falls backward. Oleg pushes himself up. He is unsteady.

ASSASSIN

Now we're all dead. I'm dead. You
and the President will be dead soon
enough.

Oleg stumbles over to the sprawled man and pulls off the mask. The would-be assassin is Pavel. Oleg looks at him with disbelief.

OLEG

Pavel! Why?

Pavel struggles to smile.

PAVEL

I got tired of playing second
fiddle all my life. I wanted my
own success. For once, I was going
to be promoted because of my own
ability.

OLEG

I'm going to get an ambulance. Just
lie still.

PAVEL

You're a bad liar, Oleg. We both
know that with this wound, I'm
going to last only a few more
minutes.

Oleg crumples his jacket and puts it under Pavel's head.

PAVEL

I don't think it's going to be long now. I can't feel my legs. The good news is that I'm feeling no pain. Like that army investigator that I snuffed out practically under your nose.

OLEG

So, it was you who killed Gulivanov and then shifted the blame onto Petrov, whom you 'accidentally' shot.

Pavel produces a sound that starts like a laugh but ends like a coughing spasm. He finally stops coughing.

PAVEL

Pretty good, eh? Two for the price of one. For a while there, I was smarter than you. You'll lose this one, too. You robbed me of my glory, but there always is a close-up backup...

Pavel's voice trails off, his breathing becomes erratic and stops. Pavel's eyes open wide, and his pupils become dilated. Oleg is still for a moment, and then suddenly, he sits up away from the wall.

OLEG (SPEAKING TO HIMSELF)

Close-up backup! There must be a second assassin close to the target to ensure the kill.

Oleg climbs on top of the boxes and looks through the powerful riflescope. Now the view is through the rifle scope with the military-style crosshairs.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT, 59, is walking down the steps of the parliament to the podium. Lomov and ANOTHER MAN, 25, in the security uniform, are holding a bulletproof vest in front of the president's chest.

The round scope view is scanning through the crowd close to the podium. The crosshairs pass a man behind the closest tank, then come back and focus on him.

The man checks his watch and looks toward the Trade building. The gold tooth is shining. It is Klepadlo.

Oleg pulls back the bolt and slips a round into the chamber. Klepadlo's head is in the crosshairs of the scope.

Oleg pushes the safety lever from the "safe" to the "fire" position, and his right index finger moves from the trigger guard to the trigger. Through the scope, Oleg sees Klepadlo's right hand slipping under the left side of his coat.

Without taking his eyes off the president, Klepadlo slowly pulls out a long-barreled pistol with a silencer.

Oleg sighs.

OLEG
Duty before pleasure

The crosshairs move from Klepadlo's head down to Klepadlo's knee. Oleg takes a deep breath, lets half of it out, and applies pressure on the trigger with the tip of his finger.

The gun fires. The view is momentarily lost because of the gun recoil. Oleg gets his scope back on the target.

Klepadlo is reeling the ground. People are gathering around the tank. They are shouting and waving. Bewildered TANK COMMANDER, 22, yells orders into the intercom. The tank jerks and starts to move fast backward. At first, the people move out of the way of the tank, but then they stop and start gesturing.

Tank Commander looks backward and screams into the intercom. The tank stops sharply and moves slowly forward.

A woman faints, and several men are bending over, vomiting. People moved back to clear the area. Klepadlo's mangled body is seen on the ground.

Oleg slips off the boxes and crawls over to Pavel's body.

OLEG
It's over, my old friend.

Oleg reaches over with his blood-covered hand and closes Pavel's eyes.

Oleg rests his back against the wall. A tear runs down his cheek.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE MINISTRY OF INTERNAL SECURITY - DAY

Impressive wide five-story building. The red plagueside the entrance has a gold crossed Hammer and Sickle overlying a large double-edged sword.

SUPER: Three months later

Two PLAINCLOTHES MEN, 28 and 30, get out of an unmarked car. They show their IDs to an armed guard in front of the entrance and enter the building.

INT. MINISTRY OF INTERNAL SECURITY - MOMENTS LATER

The men are riding an elevator and then walking down a hall in silence. They stop at the door with a black plaque that reads:

"Vitaly Ivanov, Deputy Minister of Internal Security"

INT. IVANOV'S OFFICE - DAY

A luxuriously appointed office with shoulder mounts of large wild boars and wapiti stags cover the walls. Ivanov is sitting at his desk and smoking nervously. In front of him is a half-empty bottle of vodka and an empty large crystal glass.

There is a knock on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Comrade Deputy Minister. A couple of the President's Security officers are here to see you.

IVANOV

Just give me a minute.

Ivanov slowly opens the right desk drawer and takes out his shiny nickel-plated colt pistol with a mother-of-pearl grip. He admires the gun for a moment. The camera pans to the wild boar mount behind the desk. A shot rings out. Blood and brain tissue splatter on the boar's snout and tusks.

DOCUMENTARY MONTAGE - RAPID SEQUENCE

A Russian chorus is singing the Soviet anthem in the background.

ENGLISH SUBTITLES: Unbreakable Union of Soviet Republics...

Boris Yeltsin is speaking to the crowds in front of the "Russian White House."

Tanks are rolling onto the Red Square in Moscow.

Protestors are dragging a tank commander out of the tank.

Michael Gorbachev is speaking on national Soviet television.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER:

On Christmas Day, 1991, Gorbachev, the president of the Soviet Union, resigns, transferring his presidential powers to Yeltsin, the first elected president of the Russian Federation. The next day "The Old Evil Communist Empire" ceases to exist, and the "New Empire" is born.

THE END