

# K O M P R O M A T

by

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FADE IN

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

A grotesque old FAT MAN waddles from an elevator.

FAT MAN

...They mocked me in Washington. They all laughed at me, but I always get the last laugh. Ask anyone, they all say, "He gets the last laugh every time." I'm famous for it, believe me.

He shambles toward a waiting MANAGER and hotel EMPLOYEES.

MANAGER

Good evening, sir. How was your meal?

FAT MAN

Fine. Not bad. I've had better. My hotels serve the finest meals. The finest meals. Ask anyone, they all say, "His hotels serve the best food. The best. Anywhere". A man came up to me, a big man, tears running down his face, and he said to me, "Your meal was the best meal I ever had in any hotel ever." Tears running down his face, he was so happy.

Manager discreetly looks around, leans in close to Fat Man.

MANAGER

Are you ready for dessert?

FAT MAN

I'm always ready. Ask anyone, they'll tell you. "He can eat desert any time, any time." No one eats desert like I can. A man, a famous man, a smart man, used to be King of China or someplace, maybe Siam, he couldn't believe how much desert I could eat. He was from Ecuador or Santa Maria. His name was Gandalf, Gandhi, an elf. He was amazed. He said, "No one in China can eat desert like you". He was weeping, just weeping.

MANAGER

Excellent, sir. I hope you enjoy it.

Manager opens the door to Fat Man's suite, guides him in.

INT. FAT MAN'S SUITE

Fat Man and Manager enter.

FAT MAN

Oh, I will, believe me. Ask anyone. A man once came to me, a big man, huge man, tears running down his face, he said, "You eat desert better than anyone I ever saw" and he was right, believe me, he was completely totally right. Absolutely right. I can eat desert until there's no more desert.

On a huge bed lie several naked GIRLS, all clearly underage.

FAT MAN (cont'd)

Why do they call it "desert"? It's not sand. Once out in the desert, a man came up to me, a huge man, tears streaming down his face--

Fat Man staggers to the bed and collapses on the girls.

FAT MAN (cont'd)

You girls look like my daughters. I'm gonna fuck you hard, like my casinos.

He stares into space, glassy-eyed, barely conscious.

FAT MAN (cont'd)

I once flew to Concorde on a Paris...

He passes out and the girls scramble to grab their clothes.

GIRL

(in Russian)

You never told us he was a disgusting fat pig. I demand extra for this.

MANAGER

You'll get what you get and like it.

The girls give him filthy looks as they flee the suite.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Young people today.

He turns, calls to the employees waiting outside.

MANAGER (cont'd)

All right. Come on, get in here.

The employees, all underage boys, enter.

MANAGER (cont'd)  
Remember, do not--

The oldest of the boys rolls his eyes, sighs.

EMPLOYEE  
--turn off the lights. We heard you.

MANAGER  
You better get this into your head...

He points at ventilation grills in the walls and ceiling.

MANAGER (cont'd)  
...If they miss so much as a second  
of the action, we'll all be jumped  
off the fucking roof. Understand?

EMPLOYEE  
Yes, yes, yes. Fuck off now, darling.

Manager nods at the drooling Fat Man.

MANAGER  
Quickly. The drug won't last forever.

Manager watches the boys get naked and climb on the bed.

EMPLOYEE  
Are you going to join us, dear?

Employee winks at Manager as the other boys strip Fat Man.

MANAGER  
Just shut up and make it look good.

A toupée falls from Fat Man's bald head.

EMPLOYEE 2  
Eeuwww. It's like a dead sewer rat.

MANAGER  
I can't believe the shit I have to do  
for these fucking criminals.

EMPLOYEE  
The shit YOU have to do?

EMPLOYEE 3  
Oh, look at this bent old cock. It's  
so tiny. I thought Americans were  
supposed to be big heroes. Sad.

The boys giggle, and Manager shudders, hurriedly exits.

INT. KREMLIN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Vladimir PUTIN accepts a call from FSB Director BORTNIKOV.

BORTNIKOV (V.O.)

Done.

PUTIN

Is it satisfactory?

Putin hears his spy chief snigger.

BORTNIKOV (V.O.)

I think you can say that, yes.

PUTIN

Excellent.

BORTNIKOV (V.O.)

How about the Epstein operation?

Putin gazes out at Moscow as he considers the question.

PUTIN

That man has just become something of a liability. Perhaps he deserves a long and quiet retirement now, yes?

BORTNIKOV (V.O.)

They say silence is golden.

PUTIN

They should keep their mouths shut.

He ends the call, thinks a second, dials a number.

PUTIN (cont'd)

(to phone)

Is my team playing tonight?

Putin lifts an SKA Saint Petersburg jersey from a drawer.

PUTIN (cont'd)

I'll need good champagne. Lots of it.

He ends the call, removes his jacket and dons the jersey.

PUTIN (cont'd)

How does the song go? "Land of the brave, home of the free"? Whatever.

Vladimir Putin whistles "Hail to the Chief" as he exits.

FADE OUT