

# Suicide Squeeze

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. A BLACK VOID

There is nothing to see but a deep inky blackness. Nothing to hear but a soft rushing noise. Could be static, running water or the low hum of a crowd.

Still black. Our sense of hearing is heightened. We become aware of breathing. Heavy breathing. Close.

And then INTO FRAME comes a crescent shape radiating white light. We hear a man's breathy voice. .

ARNIE PROVO

Come on, I know you can do it.

Pull back and see the crescent is the cheek of a young girl illuminated by a bright light. KATHY is 16. Her face is smudged with dirt and glistening with perspiration.

KATHY

I don't think I can.

Pull back farther and see the man, ARNIE PROVO, 42. His face is dark and swarthy and close to hers. His eyes are hidden by a deep shadow cast by the baseball cap he's wearing.

His voice is soothing but the tone is insistent.

ARNIE PROVO

You can. You will.

KATHY

But what if--

ARNIE PROVO

Come on, sweetheart. Sell it. It's time to show the people how much it hurts.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD/THIRD BASE - NIGHT

As we pull back from Arnie and Kathy we realize she is an injured player on third base. Arnie is her coach and father. The UMPIRE waddles over to them.

UMPIRE

She stayin in or what?

ARNIE PROVO

She's all right. Just needs a minute.

UMPIRE

She's had a minute. Play ball.

The umpire heads for home plate. Arnie helps Kathy to her feet.

KATHY

Daddy, I don't think this is a good idea.

ARNIE PROVO

Do you trust me?

KATHY

Of course I trust you but I-

ARNIE PROVO

Good. You've made the decision to trust me.  
Now trust that decision. You can do it.

INT. BASEBALL FIELD/ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TAD BALDWIN and BUSTER NASTER are doing the play-by-play for ESPN23.

TAD BALDWIN

Holy cow, I don't believe this, Buster.  
It's looks like they're going to leave her  
in.

BUSTER NASTER

I've got to question this decision, Tad.  
Two outs, winning run on third.

TAD BALDWIN

But with a sprained ankle or-

BUSTER NASTER

Looks like she could've twisted her knee  
sliding into third, Tad.

BACK TO SCENE:

Arnie has Kathy up on her feet and limping awkwardly around third base as she tests her injured leg.

TAD BALDWIN (O.S.)

Jumpin catfish, Buster. The girl can barely  
walk. Even if Campbell gets it out of the  
infield she'll never make it home.

BUSTER NASTER (O.S.)

And they've got Skip Merriwether over there  
just sitting on the bench. Unbelievable,  
Tad. Unbelievable.

Kathy stands on third base. Arnie pats her cheek and steps into the coach's box. He begins a flurry of signals. The BATTER watches him intently.

TAD BALDWIN (O.S.)  
This is a real shame, Buster. Semi-final  
game. If they could win this one-

BUSTER NASTER (O.S.)  
Looks like we're ready to go. The pitcher  
is getting the signal from the catcher.

The PITCHER stares at the CATCHER. Kathy limps as she takes a  
lead off third base. The BATTER takes his stance.

TAD BALDWIN (O.S.)  
There's the windup...

Kathy takes off from third base, her spikes throwing clumps of  
dirt up behind her.

BUSTER NASTER (O.S.)  
There goes the runner! There goes the  
runner!

Kathy is sprinting for home like a gazelle- an uninjured  
gazelle. The pitcher throws the ball.

TAD BALDWIN (O.S.)  
She's stealing home! Stealing home! It's a  
squeeze play! A suicide squeeze!

The ball smacks into the catcher's glove. He lunges to tag  
Kathy as she slides home in a cloud of dust.

BUSTER NASTER (O.S.)  
She's safe! She's safe! What a play!

TAD BALDWIN (O.S.)  
The Wildcats win! The Wildcats are going to  
the championship game! Holy crimentlies!

The whole team rushes for home plate. Kathy is mobbed. The  
catcher pulls himself up out of the dirt and tosses the ball  
in the air.

We follow the ball up into the black night... and watch as it  
dissolves into a full moon.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

Off in the distance there is a nondescript frieghter backlit  
by the bright white disk of a full moon. From the moon two  
beams of light reach out like insect antennae searching the  
surface of the water. They settle on the frieghter.

CLOSER. We hear the flutter of a helicopter. And then we see  
it at the point where the searching lights converge.

EXT. FRIEGHTER DECK - CONTINUOUS

CLOSER STILL. There are men on deck. Their shouting is almost drowned out by the helicopter as it lands. NELSON BINEBRINK, 55, emerges from the helicopter. He is slender, well-dressed. Looks like a pansy next to the ROUGH MEN on deck.

One of the roughest is DIMITRI, 40. He reaches out with his right hand to assist Binebrink from the helicopter. It serves as a handshake. Dimitri, like a polite but no-nonsense maitre'd, motions for Binebrink to follow him.

INT. FRIEGHTER/CARGO HOLD

Not much light down here but there's lots of creaking and groaning as the old ship gently rolls back and forth.

The cavernous hold is full of large crates.

KIRA GLAZNOV, 45, evil Russian mobster, is standing in front of one of the open crates looking at the paintings inside. Next to him is Binebrink, excited by the paintings, and CLIVE WINSTON, 50, prissy, haughty, with an affected English accent.

CLIVE WINSTON

Mr. Binebrink, when I agreed to authenticate this trove I had no idea you meant for me to spend a week on this skow...

He looks over his shoulder at Dimitri who is standing quietly in the background next to OSKAR, 28.

CLIVE WINSTON (cont'd)

...with these brutish men.

NELSON BINEBRINK

Yes, yes, I'm really sorry about the accommodations but what about it? Are they real? Are they-

CLIVE WINSTON

Oh, yes. In my estimation, they are quite... real.

NELSON BINEBRINK

Wonderful. Wonderful.

Glaznov smiles and gives Dimitri a nod.

CLIVE WINSTON

Some of these works have been lost for-

KIRA GLAZNOV

But I have told you, my dear fellow. They were not lost. In former Soviet Union we knew exactly where they were.

Dimitri begins closing up the crate.

NELSON BINEBRINK

And there's more? More than this?

KIRA GLAZNOV

Much more. Warehouses full. The Nazis had years to loot Europe. What you see here is a small portion liberated by the Red Army. Worth millions. Hundreds of millions.

Binebrink can't hold back an involuntary giggle.

CLIVE WINSTON

Maybe more.

NELSON BINEBRINK

But how did you get them?

KIRA GLAZNOV

I will tell you now the truth of the matter and that is for sure... I have friends in positions of high authority.

Winston joins Dimitri by the crate. He uses a special tool to place a seal over the lock.

NELSON BINEBRINK

*(to Dimitri)*

This is the last one?

Dimitri nods.

NELSON BINEBRINK (cont'd)

The world would be astonished if they knew about this.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Yes, I'm sure they would be.

CLIVE WINSTON

You're joking of course. Mr. Glaznov, you can't keep something like this a secret.

NELSON BINEBRINK

But a secret it will remain. You see, Clive, I plan to sell them piecemeal, over time. To private buyers.

CLIVE WINSTON

But there's no way you can keep this a-

KIRA GLAZNOV

And now it shall be the time to inspect the method of payment.

NELSON BINEBRINK

Of course, of course. We can leave now if your men are ready.

Glaznov takes Binebrink by the arm and begins leading him away.

KIRA GLAZNOV

You will excuse us please, Mr. Winston.

INT. FRIEGHTER/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Our POV is just outside the door to the hold. Binebrink steps through and into the corridor. In the b.g. we can see Clive Winston still standing next to the crate. He sarcastically yells out to Glaznov.

CLIVE WINSTON

Does this mean you're going to send me home to my family?

Glaznov steps through the door into the corridor. He turns back to Clive Winston.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Well... to your ancestors...

CLIVE WINSTON

To my-

Dimitri loops a wire garrote around Winston's neck just as Glaznov closes the heavy sea door. Binebrink is only slightly surprised.

NELSON BINEBRINK

You are aware he was the top man in his field?

KIRA GLAZNOV

Now he will be in a new field.

They talk as they walk.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)

My associates will accompany you to authenticate your end of the deal.

NELSON BINEBRINK  
You won't be disappointed.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
Of course not. But the ship will remain here until Dimitri sends the captain verification. The ship will then enter the harbor. When I receive your shipment the cargo will be turned over to you.

EXT. FRIEGHTER DECK - NIGHT

Binebrink climbs into the idling helicopter and pulls his cell phone from his pocket. Glaznov has Dimitri by the arm.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
He's too much of a mouse to try to cheat us, but check everything carefully. Someone could be trying to cheat him.

Dimitri nods.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)  
You stay with the merchandise and I'll see you in Vilnius in four days.

Dimitri boards the helicopter with three of Glaznov's men: Oskar, TOLSTOY, 35, and YANNI, 40, a small stocky man, sort of like a bowling ball with legs.

The helicopter lifts off the deck, traverses the bright lunar disk and disappears into the dark night.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The players are still congratulating one another. Kathy is in the middle of the crowd. She looks around and sees Arnie's beaming face. She blows him a kiss.

Arnie returns the kiss but his attention is drawn to his ringing cell phone.

ARNIE PROVO  
This is Provo.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Loud helicopter noise. Binebrink is shouting into the phone.

NELSON BINEBRINK  
We're on our way. Meet me there.

EXT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A plane is landing as we move in on the freight area and a large building with "BB Air Freight" painted in big block letters.

In the b.g. we hear the sound of voices and Arnie running on concrete in his baseball cleats.

INT. BB AIR FREIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The interior is several stories high and cluttered with crates and boxes. There are small airplanes and lots of airplane parts.

There are a dozen METAL COFFINS with smooth rounded edges and a brushed finish. Dimitri is standing at one of the open coffins. It is filled with small plastic bags containing a white powdery substance.

Nelson Binebrink is nervously watching Dimitri. He is standing near the door when it springs open and Arnie enters, still wearing his baseball uniform.

Oskar and Tolstoy reflexively go for their guns.

NELSON BINEBRINK

It's all right! He's my man! Relax!

Arnie is breathless from the excitement rather than the run.

ARNIE PROVO

Sorry, I had to see a guy and the traffic-

Arnie is looking around checking all the faces.

NELSON BINEBRINK

*(hissing angrily)*

Why am I paying you? You're supposed to be handling this whole deal. I've been here by myself with these-

ARNIE PROVO

Where is Glaznov? I thought he was supposed to be here-

Dimitri gives a nod of approval to Oskar.

DIMITRI

Mr. Glaznov trusts me to check goods.

Dimitri pulls out a cell phone, punches in a number. Oskar nods to Yanni who begins closing the coffin.

DIMITRI (cont'd)

Now I have checked goods, I trust you.

Binebrink is relieved.

ARNIE PROVO

But Glasnov was supposed to be here to-

Dimitri MUMBLES something into the phone then hangs up. Oskar nods to Tolstoy who places a seal over the coffin. Dimitri ignores Arnie and speaks to Binebrink.

DIMITRI

Mr. Glaznov is expecting goods in four days.

Suddenly the doors at the front of the building are knocked open.

FBI AGENTS

FBI! Freeze! Don't move! Hands up!

FBI AGENTS enter with guns drawn. The door behind Arnie is battered open. The heavy knob hits him square in the back. He drops to his knees in pain.

Yanni dives for cover. Binebrink squeals.

Dimitri, Oskar and Tolstoy begin firing. Two agents go down. Tolstoy is wounded.

The agents scramble for cover. Lots of yelling.

An agent knocks Arnie to the floor and holds him there with a gun at his head.

Binebrink is dancing around like he's wetting his pants. Can't figure out which way to run.

Dimitri, Oskar and Tolstoy make a break for it. Oskar is hit and goes down but Dimitri and Tolstoy get through a door.

Three agents, HAWK, PETERS and JAMES start after them. AGENT JONES jumps from cover.

AGENT JONES

Hawk, Peters, James! Let them go! Secure the area!

Agent Jones grabs Arnie by his collar and pulls him to his feet just as another GROUP OF MEN enters through the doors at the back of the building.

Pandemonium. Total confusion.

SERGEANT MALONE is yelling.

SERGEANT MALONE  
Police! Put down your weapons!

AGENT JONES  
What the— This is an FBI operation! You're  
screwing everything up, you stupid—

Agent Jones is waving his gun around near Arnie's head.

ARNIE PROVO  
Would you be careful with that!

The police outnumber the FBI. There's a lot of yelling back  
and forth.

SERGEANT MALONE  
FBI?! What the hell are you doing here!

Malone and eight officers surround Agent Jones as he stands  
there holding Arnie with a gun at his head.

AGENT JONES  
You stupid son of a— You just blew six  
months of work—

Arnie screams over the shouting.

ARNIE PROVO  
Would everybody please just calm down.

Agent Jones presses his gun under Arnie's chin.

AGENT JONES  
Shut up! Say one more word and I'll blow  
your brains out right here, right now!

SERGEANT MALONE  
Take it easy. Take it easy.

Agent Jones gives the barrel of the gun an extra push.

AGENT JONES  
Well? You got something you want to say? Do  
you? Want to say something? Well? Well?

Arnie is in an uncomfortable position with the gun under his  
chin but he manages an exasperated sigh.

ARNIE PROVO  
Are you guys just going to stand there?

Sergeant Malone and the other cops just look at him for a few seconds and then they all have an "oh yeah" moment at the same instant.

All nine pistols are cocked. All nine cops take aim at the head of Agent Jones.

SERGEANT MALONE  
Sorry, Lieutenant.

AGENT JONES  
(*nervous*)  
Don't anybody do anything you'll-

SERGEANT MALONE  
Shut up!

Malone reaches out and takes Agent Jones' gun.

The danger over, Arnie swings into action. As he hurries toward the door, he reaches inside his jacket and checks his weapon. Malone stays with him.

ARNIE PROVO  
Two of them got away. Out that door.

SERGEANT MALONE  
Airport police are on it.

ARNIE PROVO  
Kelly!

OFFICER KELLY is right behind him talking on a cell phone.

OFFICER KELLY  
Right here, boss.

ARNIE PROVO  
Get me a read on those two commie bastards.  
Right now. Where are they?  
(*to Malone*)  
Call D'Angelo. Get him down here. Lid stays  
on this. Nobody leaves.

SERGEANT MALONE  
What about the FBI guys?

ARNIE PROVO  
Especially them. Kelly!

OFFICER KELLY  
Nothing yet.

Arnie is at the door. OFFICER DANIELS is hovering over Oskar who is lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

OFFICER DANIELS  
I don't think this guy is gonna make it,  
Lieutenant.

EXT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Arnie are out in the clear night. Kelly is on the phone. Arnie takes a moment to decide which way to go.

ARNIE PROVO  
Tell them to seal the airport. Nobody gets  
out.

OFFICER KELLY  
But that'll tie up traffic for—

ARNIE PROVO  
Tell them!

Arnie spots a luggage caravan and starts running for it.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
This way!

Kelly isn't running.

OFFICER KELLY  
Lieutenant!

Arnie stops.

OFFICER KELLY (cont'd)  
They say they've got them cornered in  
concourse D.

ARNIE PROVO  
Which way?

Kelly isn't sure. He looks around then makes a decision.

OFFICER KELLY  
This way.

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT - CONCOURSE D - NIGHT

Dimitri and a wounded Tolstoy are trapped at the end of the concourse. They are standing in a corner holding their guns at the heads of GINGER, 27, and DIANE, 25. Off to their left is a waiting area where about forty people have been herded into the back.

Some distance away and blocking their escape are about twenty airport cops. They all have their guns drawn. CAPTAIN BRENNAN is behind a corner with a loudspeaker.

The background noise consists of whimpering from the hostages and Arnie's cleats running toward them down the long concourse.

DIMITRI

Do it now! Airplane! Here! Fueled! Five minutes!

CAPTAIN BRENNAN

We've got it coming. We need more time.

DIMITRI

No more time.

Dimitri removes the gun from Ginger's head. He points it at the crowd of hostages and fires two shots. Two men yelp and fall. Women scream. The cleats are louder and closer.

CAPTAIN BRENNAN

Jesus Christ! He's going to kill everybody—

Arnie tries to stop and slides into Captain Brennan.

CAPTAIN BRENNAN (cont'd)

What the hell are you— Get this man out of here!

ARNIE PROVO

Provo. Lieutenant. Baltimore police. You in charge?

CAPTAIN BRENNAN

Captain Brennan. Airport police. We've got the situation under control.

Dimitri is screaming for the plane.

Arnie is taking off his jacket.

ARNIE PROVO

You're doing a good job, Captain. Thanks.

More police officers arrive and join Officer Kelly.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Captain Brennan, I'd like for you to go and stand over there out of the way.

CAPTAIN BRENNAN

Out of the— Do you realize who you're—

Arnie raises his hands and starts walking slowly toward Dimitri. Captain Brennan starts to follow but Kelly pulls him back.

ARNIE PROVO  
Hello, Dimitri. It's me. Arnie.

DIMITRI  
Stay back or I kill woman and all those.

Dimitri presses the gun harder into Ginger's temple and nods his head toward the hostages. Arnie keeps walking. Tolstoy is getting weaker but still has his gun at Diane's head.

ARNIE PROVO  
Dimitri, your friend is injured. I think he needs a doctor. And I can help you too, Dimitri. By this time next week, you—

DIMITRI  
I do not trust you. You are traitor.

ARNIE PROVO  
Now, Dimitri, you know that's not true. I'm not a traitor. I'm a spy. There's a big difference—

DIMITRI  
You lie to me.

ARNIE PROVO  
No, I never lied to you. I lied to Mr. Binebrink and I'm willing to help you—

DIMITRI  
You bring plane here. Now. Or I shoot more people immediate.

Arnie keeps moving closer.

ARNIE PROVO  
Dimitri, you're going to have to trust me on this.

Dimitri nods at the gun on Arnie's belt.

DIMITRI  
Trust you? You come to me with gun on hip like a big American cowboy.

Arnie takes three more steps then stops about twenty feet away. He looks down at the gun then looks up at Dimitri.

ARNIE PROVO  
Yes, Dimitri, I do have a gun. You see, I'm being honest with you. I admit I have a gun.

DIMITRI

Admit? I can see gun. It's right there. Why do you come to help me with gun?

ARNIE PROVO

Because if you don't let me help you, I'm going to use it to kill you. You see, I'm being very honest with you, Dimitri-

TOLSTOY

Bring airplane or everyone dies!

Dimitri is furious. His fist tightens on the gun.

DIMITRI

Two minutes or you are first to die!

Arnie focuses on Dimitri's trigger finger as it tightens.

And then:

Arnie draws and fires four shots so fast it takes almost a full second for Dimitri to realize he's dead. Tolstoy, also with two head shots, crumples to the floor on top of Diane. She screams.

Ginger faints, leaving Dimitri standing alone with blood running from his forehead. He falls.

Now we are flooded with the sounds of the aftermath; crying, screaming and the cops all moving forward at once.

Arnie kneels and looks into Dimitri's dead eyes. He takes the gun from his hand and passes it to Kelly who is standing over his shoulder.

ARNIE PROVO

Officer Kelly.

OFFICER KELLY

Yes, Lieutenant.

ARNIE PROVO

If I told you I was going to kill you... wouldn't you believe me?

OFFICER KELLY

You tell me that about once a month, Lieutenant.

ARNIE PROVO

If you were an international criminal holding a hostage...?

Kelly ponders the question for just a moment.

OFFICER KELLY

Sure.

Arnie nods.

ARNIE PROVO

Yeah. That's what it all boils down to.  
It's all about trust.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Officers Kelly, FINLEY and JASPER are outside the door of an examining room where we can see a haggard Nelson Binebrink sitting up on a gurney being checked out by a DOCTOR.

Arnie is talking to several PLAINCLOTHES COPS standing around Binebrink. One of the cops takes notes in a little pad.

Arnie walks toward the door. Binebrink looks up when he sees Arnie leaving. He's about to say something, thinks better of it then sinks back into his depression.

Arnie, still in the baseball uniform and still full of energy, joins Kelly, Finley and Jasper. He begins walking quickly down the corridor. His cleats clicking on the floor.

The three cops follow.

ARNIE PROVO

*(to Kelly)*

Binebrink's trying to claim he's had a heart attack. Get me that guy I know at the news place.

Kelly pulls out his cell phone.

OFFICER KELLY

Hunter at the Times?

Arnie's cleats and entourage attract the attention of nurses, doctors and patients as they parade down the hall. Arnie smiles and nods as they pass.

ARNIE PROVO

Hey, how ya doin? How are ya? Hey.

*(to Kelly)*

No, the TV anchor guy. What's-his-name-

OFFICER KELLY

Scott Ross. What do you want me to tell him?

ARNIE PROVO

Tell him I want to talk to him.

Arnie's cleats cause him to slip as they turn a corner. Kelly's voice fades into the b.g. as we pick up the conversation between Officers Fenwick, 36, rough and gruff; and Jasper, 25, clean cut college guy-- eager to learn.

JASPER

So you were saying...?

FENWICK

Yeah, about Binebrink... He's one of those society guys with no money so he takes to lawyering for the mob.

JASPER

I actually went to school with his daughter.

FENWICK

Oh, you actually did?

JASPER

Of course, I didn't know about the mob or--

FENWICK

When the Soviets went belly-up the Russian army cut off the opium from central Asia. This puts a serious hurt on the Ruskie mafia so Glasnov steps up to the plate.

JASPER

Glaznov? The guy Lieutenant Provo was supposed to nail tonight--

FENWICK

Some kind of big-shot gangster over there. Knows people who know people. Know what I mean?

JASPER

That is one hell of a lot of heroin they--

FENWICK

So they get our mob guys to deliver the stuff over there. Glasnov takes no risks. Stays clean. Becomes a hero to the Ruskie mob, makes a fortune for himself and uses the money to finance the head commie in the next election.

JASPER

The head commie?

FENWICK

Yeah, Drabble-novski or something...  
Glasnov gets him elected and in the new  
commie empire he'll be like the head  
commodore.

JASPER

Commissar.

FENWICK

What?

INT. YANNI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yanni, the diminutive Russian gangster, is handcuffed to the bed.

NURSE BETTY is putting the finishing touches to the bandage around his head.

OLGA, a pretty brunette is on the other side of the bed. Sgt. Malone and OFFICERS SMITH and JONES are near the door watching Olga.

We hear cleats approaching. Smith opens the door. Arnie and Kelly enter. Fenwick and Jasper remain in the corridor.

ARNIE PROVO

*(on cell phone)*

Look, Scott, you're the news guy. I can't write it for you. Just say there was a traffic accident at the airport. Some Russian businessmen got killed... How many? That's a good question. Hold on a second.

*(to Sgt. Malone, pointing at Yanni)*

How is he?

Arnie and Malone walk over to the bed. Nurse Betty exits.

SERGEANT MALONE

Thinks he got shot in the head. Bullet hit the wall, got a piece of concrete in his eye. It's nothing.

ARNIE PROVO

So unless he pisses me off he'll live?

SERGEANT MALONE

Oh sure.

ARNIE PROVO

*(into cell phone)*

Three Russian businessmen killed in tragic—  
No, hold on a second... Could be four.

Arnie goes thoughtful. Malone notices him looking at Olga.

SERGEANT MALONE

Oh, this is the interpreter, Miss Kablow...cher...

Olga extends her hand to Arnie.

OLGA

"Olga" is fine.

ARNIE PROVO

Arnie Provo. How ya doin? Olga... what is the Russian word for... "excrement."

OLGA

He speaks English well enough, Lieutenant.

ARNIE PROVO

Oh. Well, that's great. Wonderful.

Arnie reaches down under Yanni's neck and slowly gathers a handful of hospital gown into his fist.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Okay, now listen to me you little piece of shit...

INT. GLOBAL NEWS STUDIO/NEW YORK

We're behind the camera looking over the shoulders of various TECHNICIANS. Anchorguy SCOTT ROSS is behind the brightly lit news set. We catch him in mid-sentence.

SCOTT ROSS

-tragic traffic accident near the airport. Three Russian businessmen were killed and another injured. Also in the vehicle was wealthy socialite lawyer Nelson Binebrink who suffered a head wound and remains in a coma at St. Vincent's hospital.

Scott Ross is getting a message through his ear piece.

SCOTT ROSS (cont'd)

And... we have re-established contact with our Moscow bureau and Collette Verdun. I understand there were more demonstrations in Moscow today, Collette.

INT. GLOBAL NEWS STUDIO/MOSCOW

COLLETTE VERDUN is 35, British and attractive. But she is not some powdered-up, propped-up, anchor desk prom queen trained to furrow her brow on cue.

COLLETTE VERDUN

That's right, Scott. In the newly independent republics of the former Soviet Union there is discontent and talk of revolution as a people conditioned to 70 years of socialism and 40 years as a superpower learn the hard lessons of democracy and what many see as an insane flirtation with a market economy.

**ON SCREEN:** Demonstrations in the streets, riots and mobs throwing rocks out of clouds of tear gas.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)

In Russian itself, the government of President Khournakov is desperately hanging on against inroads by organized crime and the even more organized Soviet-style Communists.

**ON SCREEN:** Scenes of KHOURNAKOV, 64, holding a cabinet meeting, addressing the parliament, on the street shaking hands.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Polls show the Communists gaining ground and there are continuing rumors— always denied— about the president's failing health. But the polls and his health are not the immediate concern.

Collette Verdun is on camera.

COLLETTE VERDUN (cont'd)

There is a real fear that the civil unrest, riots, bombings, assassinations may give the Army the excuse it needs to take over the government. At the moment the only thing keeping the country from totally disintegrating is the personal popularity of the President himself.

**ON SCREEN:** Pictures of the President progressing from a young officer to a general. Scenes of past May Day parades.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)

A former General in the Soviet Army, he is still seen as a hero of the terrible war in Afghanistan. But if the circumstances of the average Russian don't improve soon and if the President can't get a handle on the Communist troublemakers and the Russian Mafia even his friends in the Army won't be able to save him.

**ON SCREEN:** Scenes of police covering bodies after a Mafia shootout. Scenes of police raiding Mafia hangouts.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The government accuses Milo Drabinov, Chairman of the Communist party, of exacerbating the economic situation by encouraging and even instigating the violence sweeping the country.

**ON SCREEN:** We see DRABINOV, 50, heavy-set, balding, speechifying with dramatic facial expressions and sweeping hand gestures.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The government accuses Drabinov of maintaining a relationship with a convicted criminal named Kira Glaznov, alleged to have close ties to the Russian Mafia. Glaznov has tried to bury his past and cloak his current criminal associations by passing himself off as the leader of a patriotic club called the Sons of October.

**ON SCREEN:** Grainy shots of Glaznov as a young hooligan, convicted criminal and mature thug. The only recent shot is fuzzy footage of a man in a business suit dashing from building to limousine with his face covered.

COLLETTE VERDUN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Interior ministry officials describe the Sons of October as red-shirted roughnecks, bullies and criminals whose sole function is to drive the country to chaos.

Collette Verdun is on camera.

COLLETTE VERDUN (cont'd)  
And, of course, it is the Communists who will thrive in the chaos. This is Collette Verdun in Moscow.

INT. ARNIE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The TV is on over in the corner but nobody is listening. Arnie is packing. His daughter Kathy is kibitzing from the sideline.

KATHY  
So why do you have to go?

ARNIE PROVO  
Because we're after a very bad man. A very dangerous man.

KATHY

But why are they sending you?

ARNIE PROVO

Because I speak Lithuanian.

Kathy gives him a look.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Because they think I speak Lithuanian.

KATHY

*(gently scolding)*

Daddy...? What are you going to do when you get there?

Arnie opens up his sock drawer.

ARNIE PROVO

If you speak slowly, clearly and distinctly there's no reason why any intelligent person can't understand English.

Arnie's wife, SUSAN PROVO, enters carrying freshly ironed dress shirts on hangers. Kathy joins her mother by the bed.

SUSAN PROVO

You think four shirts will be enough?

ARNIE PROVO

I'll only be there a couple of days.

Kathy whispers to her mother and they both giggle.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

I heard that.

INT. BALTIMORE AIRPORT/BOARDING AREA - DAY

Arnie and Yanni are standing with three serious men in plain suits: HARRIS, FARLEY and ENQUIST. Yanni has a bulky bandage over his eye.

Arnie has his key ring out and is removing handcuffs from Yanni's wrists.

ARNIE PROVO

You give me any trouble and-

YANNI

No trouble. For sure. I'm with you, boy.

Arnie hands Harris the handcuffs and puts the keyring back in his pocket. Harris nods disapprovingly.

Arnie groans when he realizes what he's done. He pulls out the keyring, removes the handcuff key and hands it to Harris.

ARNIE PROVO  
Must be getting old.

HARRIS  
Anything else? Baltimore police department cufflinks, tie clasp or-

ARNIE PROVO  
Just my badge tattooed on my chest.

HARRIS  
You sure you can trust this guy?

ARNIE PROVO  
I'm sure I can't.

YANNI  
Oh, no, no, no. For sure you can trust me. I want to be American. I do everything for you. For sure.

ARNIE PROVO  
You just point out Glaznov. I'll handle everything else.

ENQUIST  
Can you handle Glaznov?

ARNIE PROVO  
As far as he knows I'm Binebrink's number one guy making a delivery for my boss.

Farley motions them forward. They start walking toward the gate.

HARRIS  
The Lithuanian authorities will have you covered like a blanket from the time you touch down until the time Glaznov shows.

Arnie shows the boarding passes. They leave the three men and begin walking down the ramp.

YANNI  
I'm with you, boss. For sure.

EXT. VILNIUS, LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ - DAY

Establishing an old, elegant, multi-storied building.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/DONATELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a big office. There are about thirty desks but less than a dozen people. Lunchtime. Laid back atmosphere.

Redhead DONATELLA, 27, tallish, is working at her computer.

A couple of desks away ANTON, 32, is leaning back in his chair waiting for a file to download. His eyes move lazily from the computer screen to Donatella's shapely legs and back again. And then the computer screen has his full attention.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: The image is slowly building. It is an advisory from the Baltimore police, a download of Arnie's credentials and a color PHOTOGRAPH.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Our POV is about hip-level as we follow Anton down the corridor with the printout in his hand.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/YURI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Anton enters. His superior, YURI, 35, looks up from his desk. Anton hands him the printout. He looks at it then looks up, his face a big question mark.

ANTON

You don't see it?

He looks again.

YURI

Don't see wha- Damn!

He sees it.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

We're following Anton and Yuri down the corridor. They stop at an office with double doors. They check the buttons on their jackets, straighten their ties.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/SECRETARY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Anton and Yuri enter. MARLA, 50, turns from a file cabinet.

YURI

Is the General in?

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/BASEMENT CELLS - CONTINUOUS

We're following Yuri and Anton who are keeping step right behind the GENERAL down a long dark corridor with heavy cell doors on both sides.

Now we're facing one of those cell doors. The General is standing in front of the door with his back to our POV.

Anton reaches up and opens a little peep-hole door. The General leans forward and peers into the cell. He leans back. Yuri holds the photo in front of his face. The General looks at it for a moment.

GENERAL

I agree.

EXT. VILNIUS AIRPORT/FRIEGHT AREA - NIGHT

Arnie and Yanni are walking toward the door of a large hangar. Yanni's head doesn't move as his good eye searches for the hidden Lithuanian police.

YANNI

I don't see no cops, boss.

ARNIE PROVO

They're out there. They've been watching us since the moment the plane landed.

YANNI

I don't see nothing.

ARNIE PROVO

Don't worry about it. All you have to do is stay by me and keep your mouth shut when Glaznov shows.

YANNI

I'm with you, boss. I want to be American. Go to Cincinnati. Live with my Uncle Keesha and his-

Arnie is about to open the door. He puts up a finger to shush Yanni.

ARNIE PROVO

This is a good time to remember the part about keeping your mouth shut.

YANNI

I'm with you, boss. For sure.

INT. VILNIUS AIRPORT/FRIEGHT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arnie and Yanni enter the building. Lots of crates, boxes and clutter all around. Off to the right there is a little glass enclosure that serves as an office. The man inside is standing with his back to Arnie.

ARNIE PROVO

Excuse me. Hello. *Do stovedanya.*

VLADISLAV turns around. He is a big man in a cheesy, lumpy suit. When he recognizes Yanni he walks toward the door. Behind him Arnie sees the SHIPPING MANAGER slumped in his chair, his face badly beaten.

Vladislav steps right up to Arnie. Arnie holds up a shipping form.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

We're here to pick up a shipment.

VLADISLAV

Shipment not here.

ARNIE PROVO

It's here. Maybe it hasn't been unloaded-

VLADISLAV

Shipment not here. Mr. Glaznov wants to know where is shipment.

Four more men in lumpy suits seem to appear out of the woodwork. Two of them, OLEG and TIMA, stand very close to Arnie and Yanni.

ARNIE PROVO

Oh yeah? Well, where is Mr. Glaznov? He was supposed to be here. My instructions are to deliver the shipment to Mr. Glaznov personally.

VLADISLAV

You tell me where is shipment.

ARNIE PROVO

I'll deliver the shipment to Mr. Glaznov.

EXT. VILNIUS HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Lots of creepy run-down buildings with trash and garbage lining the alley. Doors open and slam shut as shadowy figures exit two cars.

INT. VILNIUS HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

There are several concrete steps from the door down to the wet floor. The windows are boarded up from the inside. There is junk strewn about everywhere.

Vladimir enters. Turns on a light. Arnie enters followed by Oleg and Yanni. Arnie looks around.

ARNIE PROVO  
Where is Glaznov?

Tima enters last. He closes the door and throws the bolt. Yanni runs to the center of the room and begins yelling frantically.

YANNI  
Look out! Grab him! He is cop of American police! Grab him! Quick!

Nothing happens. Arnie, Vladislav, Oleg and Tima just stand there looking at him.

YANNI (cont'd)  
Grab him! We're surrounded by police. A trap. They've been watching us since we arrived. It's big trap.

Arnie remains calm.

ARNIE PROVO  
Why you little rat. You've sold out to the cops.  
(to Vladislav)  
I've suspected him for some time.

YANNI  
No, not me. Him. Him. Him.

Oleg and Tima begin searching Arnie.

ARNIE PROVO  
You lying little worm. Mr. Glaznov isn't going to like this.

YANNI  
I am not worm liar. He is cop. For sure.

Oleg and Tima find nothing incriminating on Arnie. An evil grin comes over Yanni's face.

YANNI (cont'd)  
He has tatoo of cop badge on his chest.

They all look at Arnie.

VLADISLAV  
You are police? This is true?

ARNIE PROVO  
Who are you going to believe? Me or this lying little rat bastard freak.

YANNI

Freak? Then why does he have tatoos of police on chest?

VLADISLAV

Let us see chest.

ARNIE PROVO

Are you serious?

VLADISLAV

I am serious. I must admit it.

ARNIE PROVO

I am giving you my word of honor that— Hey!

Oleg and Tima grab Arnie. In only a few seconds he is handcuffed securely to a chair. Vladislav steps up to him.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

I'm warning you. If you refuse to take my word for this, you and I will never again be able to have any kind of—

Vladislav rips Arnie's shirt open.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

--relationship.

Everyone is silent. Yanni gasps. There is no tatoos. They turn and look at Yanni.

LATER.

Yanni and Arnie are handcuffed to chairs. Their faces are puffy, bruised and cut. Oleg and Tima are taking a break.

Vladislav is just closing the door as two well-dressed hoodlums enter. SEMYON seems to be in charge. YEGOR is his assistant.

They walk up to Arnie.

SEMYON

Where is shipment, please?

Arnie flexes his jaw before speaking.

ARNIE PROVO

I don't like the way I'm being treated here. Where is Glaznov?

Oleg hits Arnie.

SEMYON  
Where is shipment, please?

ARNIE PROVO  
My instructions were to deliver the-

Oleg hits Arnie again.

YEGOR  
Beat it out of him.

ARNIE PROVO  
Listen to me- ooompf!

He's hit again. Yegor turns and begins walking toward the door with Vladislav who points toward Yanni.

VLADISLAV  
What about him?

SEMYON  
Think he knows anything?

VLADISLAV  
I doubt it.

SEMYON  
Beat him anyway.

Yanni groans.

SEMYON (cont'd)  
Make certain you don't kill the American  
before he talks.

LATER.

Oleg and Tima are perspiring heavily. Vladislav is sitting comfortably next to Arnie. Yanni is unconscious. There are three slow booming KNOCKS at the door. Vladislav motions for Oleg and Tima to answer it. He pulls his chair up close to Arnie.

VLADISLAV  
Be smart cop. This will end when you talk.

We follow Oleg and Tima to the door.

OLEG  
(yells through the door)  
Who is there?

There is a muffled unintelligible answer. Oleg and Tima look at each other.

TIMA  
What did he say?

OLEG  
I think, "Malenchenko."

TIMA  
No... it can't be.

OLEG  
Yes, I think. I'm pretty sure.

TIMA  
*(yells through the door)*  
Who did you say?

Again there is a muffled answer.

OLEG  
There. "Malenchenko," he said. Did you hear?

TIMA  
No, I didn't hear—

VLADISLAV  
Open the door, fools.

Oleg reaches up and opens the door to reveal a tall man in a long coat silhouetted against a bright backlight. He is carrying an oversize briefcase.

TIMA  
What did you say is the name?

MALENCHENKO  
Are you deaf?

OLEG  
He said "Malenchenko" is what he said. Come in. Please. Sergei Malenchenko.

Malenchenko steps down the stairs. Vladislav is there to greet him. In the light we can see Malenchenko's face, his heavy eyebrows and thick mustache. Looks like Stalin.

VLADISLAV  
It's just that it's such a surprise. I've heard so much about you. All good, of course—

Malenchenko steps down to the floor level. Oleg closes and bolts the door. Malenchenko walks toward Arnie.

MALENCHENKO

I am sent by Kira Glaznov for a difficult job.

He stops and looks at Arnie.

MALENCHENKO (cont'd)

This is the job?

VLADISLAV

Yes. He is being very difficult.

MALENCHENKO

Hasn't talked?

OLEG

No, Malenchenko.

Malenchenko gives him a stern look.

OLEG (cont'd)

No sir, Malenchenko.

MALENCHENKO

Your answer should be "yes, Malenchenko." If not "yes, Malenchenko" then your answer should be "not yet, Malenchenko." Never "no, Malenchenko." You must exhibit confidence in the presence of the subject. You must exhibit optimism that you will eventually have the answers you desire. It's very... discouraging... for the subject.

OLEG

Yes, Malenchenko.

TIMA

I am confident, Malenchenko.

Malenchenko places his briefcase on a table and opens it. It is filled with implements of torture.

ARNIE PROVO

Aw, Jesus Christ... come on, guys. I told you I don't-

MALENCHENKO

There will be no more difficulty.

Malenchenko removes his jacket and places it carefully on a chair. He takes a velvet cloth from the briefcase and spreads it out on the table. He begins placing tools on the velvet cloth. They all watch with interest as a master prepares to practice his trade.

Yanni comes to, sees the torture tools and faints.

Malenchenko rolls up his sleeves and seems about ready to begin. Anticipation reigns. He reaches once again into his briefcase and removes a liquor bottle. He produces a small glass and pours himself a drink.

He slugs it down then notices the others looking at him.

MALENCHENKO (cont'd)

Forgive me, my friends. You must join me.

VLADISLAV

No, no. It's all right. You have your work.

Malenchenko pulls out three more small glasses. He pours the drinks.

MALENCHENKO

I insist. We drink to Kira Glaznov.

VLADISLAV

To success.

OLEG

To the new republic.

TIMA

God bless Lenin.

They give him a quick sideward glance and then drink. Malenchenko places his glass on the table.

MALENCHENKO

Help yourselves, my friends.

Malenchenko turns his attention to Arnie. The others pour themselves another drink.

MALENCHENKO (cont'd)

I am sorry but there shall be no drink for you, American. I want all your senses to remain sharp, clear, focused so that you...

Malenchenko groans as if in pain. Vladislav puts his drink on the table, tries to help him.

VLADISLAV

Are you all right, Malenchenko?

MALENCHENKO

I don't know. I feel...

And then there's a terrible pain in his abdomen. He straightens up and puts his hand to his throat. GACK.

VLADISLAV  
Malenchenko! What is-

Vladislav drops to the floor like someone cut off his knees. Oleg and Tima look at each other and then they pass out.

Malenchenko takes a deep breath then sits in the chair next to Arnie. He speaks in a normal tone of voice.

MALENCHENKO  
You can come in now.

ARNIE PROVO  
I beg your pardon?

The door is kicked in. Anton and Yuri enter along with half a dozen UNIFORMED COPS.

YURI  
General?

MALENCHENKO  
Get them out of here. Quickly. Quietly.  
(to Arnie)  
I am Viktor Volkov. Chief Commissar,  
organized crime unit, Lithuanian police.

Malenchenko/Volkov takes out a cell phone and places it in the center of the table. As Anton is releasing Arnie from the cuffs, Volkov begins to remove his fake eyebrows and mustache.

Arnie looks at Vladislav's drink on the table. He can see small crystals floating in the liquid.

MALENCHENKO/VOLKOV  
I am sure you have many questions. I have  
most of the answers.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is a spacious living room and dining room. Various POLICE OFFICERS are cleaning and fussing about the living room; fluffing pillows, dusting, starting a fire. TWO WAITERS are setting out a dinner in the dining room.

The wide double doors leading to the bedroom are open. Volkov is standing in the doorway. Arnie sits on the bed being examined an army DOCTOR.

From inside the bedroom we hear a throat-clearing meant to attract attention. Volkov notices that it has come from CORPORAL STEPHAN who is trying to take a picture of Arnie.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Oh, yes... excuse me, Doctor. Would you mind...

DOCTOR

What? Oh, yes, sir. Of course.

The doctor steps back. Stephan snaps several pictures of Arnie's face from the front and both sides.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

For our records. You understand?

ARNIE PROVO

Sure.

Stephan is finished. The doctor returns to Arnie.

CORPORAL STEPHAN

Is that all, General Volkov?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Doctor, how long before the lieutenant's face doesn't look so... distressed?

DOCTOR

The swelling will be down in a few days. The cuts, longer.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Thank you.

*(to Stephan)*

Some before. Some after.

ARNIE PROVO

Before and after...?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Excuse me for a moment, Lieutenant.

Volkov follows Stephan over to the front door where Anton has just entered carrying a dozen shirts and jackets in very loud colors. Stephan exits.

ANTON

Are these all right, General?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

They're the most garish, hideous articles of clothing I've ever seen.

ANTON

Thank you, sir.

As Anton exits, waiters enter carrying serving trays. Volkov steps into the bedroom doorway again.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

No luck finding your luggage yet but we're trying to round up some things for you. In the meantime, we have plenty of police uniforms.

Volkov picks up a robe from the back of a chair.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

About done with our patient, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Yes, General. I'll visit you tomorrow, Lieutenant.

ARNIE PROVO

Thanks, Doctor.

The Doctor exits. Volkov helps Arnie with the robe. His rib cage is sore.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Nice robe. This whole place is very... very nice. Can't believe this is police headquarters.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Yes, the Communists had to have elegant little places here and there when they couldn't be at their dachas. They didn't deprive themselves of much, you see.

Volkov walks Arnie over to the table and helps him into a chair. The waiters begin serving dinner.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

We can handle it from here. Thank you.

The waiters exit. Volkov pours drinks as Arnie begins eating.

LATER.

Arnie is stuffed. He's leaning back in the chair sipping a drink and smoking a cigar.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

You showing up at this time is a stroke of luck for us. We are grateful to you for agreeing to become a part of the plan.

ARNIE PROVO

And exactly what is the plan?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

The plan is to catch Glaznov red-handed. Put him away and disband his organization. In the communist days Milo Drabinov was nothing. A minor apparatchik. Glaznov has been the man behind the scenes pushing him to the top. If they manage to win the election it'll be Glaznov pulling the strings of the new communist empire.

ARNIE PROVO

You really think Drabinov can win?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Glaznov has a buyer ready to pay 500 million for his shipment. With that— yes— he can buy the election. We can't let that happen. Civilization won't survive World War III... or Cold War II.

ARNIE PROVO

Five hundred million for 12 coffins filled with heroin?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

It's not the heroin, Arnie. It's the coffins themselves.

ARNIE PROVO

The coffins?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

At the end of the empire a substantial quantity of weapons-grade beryllium— it's a metal used in the triggering devices for nuclear bombs— was smuggled out of a base in Kazakhstan. Eventually it went to Canada where it was tooled into the shape of innocuous-looking coffins. And there it sat. Until Glaznov found a buyer. A Middle Eastern buyer.

ARNIE PROVO

Terrorists?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Islamic terrorists with enough material to incinerate a dozen major cities around the world.

ARNIE PROVO

So... what's with the heroin?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

The whole heroin deal is a smoke screen. Glaznov had to have the beryllium delivered here to Lithuania where the sale was to be made. Not as easy as it sounds. We're watching him. The Russians are watching him. And Interpol. So he comes up with a plan. He buys heroin from American gangsters and supplies his own containers—the coffins. Part of the deal is they have to deliver the heroin to Lithuania.

ARNIE PROVO

So he keeps his hands clean?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

And always as far away from the heroin as possible. The American gangsters agree. They think they're swindling a stupid foreigner by overcharging him for low-grade heroin.

ARNIE PROVO

So Binebrink, and the American mob, they had no idea of the real value of those coffins?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

No idea.

ARNIE PROVO

So where are the coffins now?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

On their way to St. Petersburg. Glaznov will be very angry. He was all prepared to make his deal and collect his millions tomorrow.

ARNIE PROVO

So now what?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Now he has to change his plans. His terrorist friends will have to change their plans. They will have to travel to St. Petersburg to collect their shipment. In two weeks... we'll collect them.

ARNIE PROVO

And the Russian authorities are going to help us?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

The very highest authority. I served in the Soviet army with the president. He is a great man. The future of the world depends on his re-election.

There is a soft tapping at the door.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Come in.

The door opens. Two attractive women enter. VALENTINA, 30, is small, brunette, compact, shapely. The other woman is redhead Donatella.

Volkov is pleased to see them. He stands and beckons them to his side of the table.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Ah, the women folk have arrived. Good evening, ladies.

Arnie wants to stand but everything hurts.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Lieutenant Arnie Provo of the American Baltimore Police, I have asked these two lovely ladies to visit us because I wanted to give you the opportunity... to select your own wife.

ARNIE PROVO

My... my wi... what?

Volkov studies Arnie, then looks at the women. Back to Arnie.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Yes, yes, I see. Hmmm.... You have dark hair. You are not a tall man- I hope I do not insult.

ARNIE PROVO

Look, General-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Please call me Viktor.

He puts his arm around Valentina.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Valentina here is not tall, she is very- but why go with the obvious? May I suggest Donatella?

He puts his arm around Donatella and smiles at Arnie.

ARNIE PROVO

Listen, General... I really, really appreciate the offer and I— you know— don't want to offend you or in any way disregard the... what you call... the customs of your country but...

Volkov and the women are looking at Arnie intently, waiting expectantly for each word as if it's the next installment of a soap opera.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

But I'm a married man and I'm afraid I can't... You know...

Volkov is disappointed, doesn't quite know what to say. He looks at the women. Their eyes shift to the floor. Volkov eases his way over to Arnie. He turns his back to the women and speaks softly.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

It is not for me that I ask but for the poor girl. If we send her back to her village shamed and disgraced her family may find it necessary to--

Suddenly there emits from Valentina an unladylike snorting laugh that couldn't be held in a second longer. Donatella breaks down laughing.

Arnie realizes he's been had. Volkov isn't smiling... but he is smirking.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Something funny, Lieutenant Danilova?

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Yes, General. Something is funny.

Volkov walks them to the door.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Enjoy it, because in two days everything gets serious. Thank you, ladies.

The women exit. Volkov returns to the table.

ARNIE PROVO

Very good. Nicely done. Very funny.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You turned down one hell of a woman. Donatalla. Those legs.

She can kick a man in the back of the head while looking him straight in the eye and then break every bone in his body before he hits the ground.

ARNIE PROVO

Almost makes me sorry I'm already married.

Volkov sits and pours another drink.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

In a few days you and I will leave for St. Petersburg. We will enter Russia with false identities. No one can ever know we were there. We'll cross the border with Donatella and Valentina as two married couples on a road trip. Once we're in Russia we'll change identities again. And then again, if necessary, to make it harder for anyone to follow our trail.

ARNIE PROVO

Why St. Petersburg? Why two weeks? Why let him get away? Why not nail this guy— and the terrorists— right here, right now?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

It would be politically convenient for my little country if Glaznov— and the terrorists— were arrested by Russian police. And there are still some pieces of the plan that have to be put into place. Another advantage of making Glaznov wait two weeks is that he'll be mad as hell.

ARNIE PROVO

And maybe a little careless.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Let us hope.

INT. VILNIUS HIDEOUT - THE NEXT DAY

Glaznov is standing in the doorway with his coat over his shoulders. Semyon is at the bottom of the stairs. Yegor is cautiously approaching the cell phone Volkov left on the table. He flinches as he pokes it with a stick.

Nothing happens.

Relieved, and hoping to show off his bravery for Glaznov, he reaches for the phone with his bare hand.

He examines it closely. A perplexed expression comes over his face.

He turns and holds it out toward Glaznov and Semyon. Glaznov reflexively withdraws his head slightly. Semyon approaches.

SEMYON

What is it?

YEGOR

All the buttons are missing-

Semyon takes the phone and looks at it.

SEMYON

Except for the redial button.

He hands the phone to Glaznov. He presses re-dial.

INT. BARE WINDOWLESS ROOM

Utilitarian furniture. In the middle of the room there is a table with a couple of straight chairs. On the table there is a cell phone. Yellow. It is attached by wires to a recording device and a second phone.

There is a TV in one corner. It's turned on but the sound is down. There is a sofa against the wall. It's old, but comfortable.

Donatella-- in uniform-- is on the sofa passing the time by performing simple little magic tricks-- sleight of hand.

The yellow phone rings. Loud. Donatella is startled. She's on her feet. She's at the table. Watching the phone as it rings again. She turns to a closed door.

DONATELLA

Anton! It's ringing! Anton!

It rings again. We hear Anton's voice from behind the door.

ANTON (O.S.)

I hear it! I'm coming!

It rings again. He's not coming, damn it. Donatella moves quickly to the door.

DONATELLA

Anton!

A toilet flushes. The phone rings again. She looks at the door. It isn't opening.

She hurries back over to the table. She presses the recorder, takes a breath, picks up the phone. Says nothing. She's watching the digital counter.

And then she hears his voice.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
What happens now?

Her mouth is open. Nothing is coming out. Finally:

DONATELLA  
I have your shipment.

Anton emerges from the bathroom tucking in his shirt. His face is full of regret. He picks up the extension.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
Who are you?

DONATELLA  
The price is fifty million.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
I've already paid for it once.

DONATELLA  
You paid people who don't have it.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
Do you know me?

DONATELLA  
I know who you are.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
Then you know people don't steal from me.

Scary guy. To a girl. She looks at Anton. He's no help. She takes a second longer. And then, very smart ass:

DONATELLA  
Of course they do. You just don't like it.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
I want my property.

DONATELLA  
In St. Petersburg. Thursday the fifteenth.

KIRA GLAZNOV (O.S.)  
Two weeks? I can't wait for-

DONATELLA  
Call me on the twelfth. I'll tell you where. The twelfth. Two a.m.

INT. VILNIUS HIDEOUT - DAY

Glaznov is sitting at the table. Semyon is standing beside him. Standing directly behind him in the shadows are TWO SINISTER MEN wearing long overcoats and wide-brimmed hats.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
*(shouting into the phone)*  
 You'll tell me now or I'll-

She's gone. He's angry. Seething. He puts the phone in his breast pocket.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)  
 I want them found. Found!

Semyon is taken aback. Find them? How? Impossible.

SEMYON  
 But how will we ever-

KIRA GLAZNOV  
 You know when they arrived. On what flight.  
 If the shipment wasn't on that flight,  
 trace it back to New York.

Semyon nods to the two men behind Glaznov. They have their orders. They turn and head for the door. Glaznov stands.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)  
 If they can hide it, we can find it. And  
them.

INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

It's a very busy place. There are two rings where BOXERS are sparring. TRAINERS are yelling out instructions. Other boxers are jumping rope, hitting heavy bags, doing sit-ups.

Anton and Yuri ignore everyone else and approach PETRENKO, a well-cut smallish man who is masterfully working a speed bag. They stand a few feet away and watch as he finishes up with an amazing flurry.

Petrenko turns to them.

YURI  
 Major Petrenko... The General has a job for you.

MAJOR PETRENKO  
 What's the job?

CLOSE ON YURI. His expression: "Why do you even bother to ask when you know I can't tell you."

Major Petrenko shrugs.

BACK ON YURI'S FACE as we FADE OUT.

INT. YURI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON YURI'S FACE as the picture comes back up. It's dark. Yuri is lying in bed staring at the ceiling. And smoking.

And rambling.

YURI

The first time...? The Olympic trials. I had gone to see a friend. I saw you. Out there on the ice. Blades flashing. This vibrant purple outfit with silver here and there. Looked like you had been poured into it. Couldn't believe what I was feeling. For a child. You were 14. I was 22. Felt like some sick bastard who-

Phone rings. Yuri looks at his watch. Clears his throat. Sits up on the side of the bed. Picks up the phone.

YURI (cont'd)

Sokolof...

*(he listens)*

Yes sir.

*(he listens some more)*

Yes, General. It's taken care of.

He hangs up but remains sitting there. He lights another cigarette. Takes a drag.

YURI (cont'd)

The next day you broke your ankle.

He lies back. Stares at the ceiling again.

YURI (cont'd)

No Olympics. No gold medal.

The bed rustles. Weight shifting. Donatella snuggles up next to him and rests her arm on his chest.

DONATELLA

I have a gold medal.

YURI

But if you had gotten it in figure skating you would have become a star. Gone to America. Made millions... I think I might have felt cheated.

He takes another drag.

YURI (cont'd)  
But... it worked out pretty good for me.

DONATELLA  
So... basically... you're happy I broke my  
ankle. Would you have broken it yourself?  
To keep me here?

YURI  
I could never do anything to hurt you.  
*(long, painful pause)*  
Unless it was absolutely...

He looks at the phone. She's interested.

YURI (cont'd)  
The General called to say... I'm to tell  
you that Valentina is taking your place.

DONATELLA  
Wha...? But I'm prepared. I have my-

YURI  
You won't be going.

She rolls away and sits up on the other side of the bed.

DONATELLA  
Why... sir... won't I be going?

He sits up on his side of the bed. He's serious now. Intense.  
So she gets it.

YURI  
He doesn't explain himself to me.

Too intense. He regrets it.

YURI (cont'd)  
Because you answered the phone... Glaznov  
knows your voice. And... you have other  
skills. Many. Other skills.

We leave them there. Silent. A chill ocean apart.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/BASEMENT CELLS - NEXT DAY

A UNIFORMED GUARD leads the way as Anton, Yuri, the boxer  
Petrenko, Valentina and the photographer Corporal Stephan  
troop down the long corridor.

Another GUARD is following along behind them carrying the  
hideous shirts and jackets on hangers.

INT. SAVIN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

ON THE DOOR as they enter the cell. The photographer begins setting up his camera. Major Petrenko begins removing his jacket. Anton is selecting one of the horrible shirts.

Yuri walks over to the bunk where SAVIN is sitting with a confused expression on his face. He's about forty, average height and build, dark with thick wavy hair. Resembles Arnie.

YURI

On your feet. Remove that shirt.

He stands. Removes his shirt. Anton hands him one of the ugly shirts. He buttons it very slowly as he looks around at his visitors trying to figure out what's going on. Too cool to ask.

CORPORAL STEPHAN

Ready any time you are.

Valentina walks over next to Savin then turns to face the camera. She smiles.

YURI

(to Savin)

Smile.

Savin doesn't smile. Yuri didn't expect him to. He nods to Stephan who snaps the picture. Anton is holding another shirt.

ANTON

Take that one off. Put this one on.

Savin's attention is focused on Major Petrenko who has stripped to the waist and is shadow boxing in the corner. The cool is evaporating.

SAVIN

What's this all about?

ANTON

Just do as you're told.

As he is changing shirts, Yuri walks over to Petrenko and hands him a photograph. Petrenko looks at it.

ON THE PHOTO. It's a picture of Arnie taken the previous night. Arnie's face is puffy and bruised.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/BASEMENT CELLS - LATER

The door opens. Valentina steps out with a guard. They begin walking back up the long corridor.

And then they hear the sounds coming from Savin's cell. Fists on flesh. They continue walking.

BACK TO SCENE.

LATER. Anton and Yuri are lounging on the bunk on the other side of the cell. Stephan is waiting patiently by his camera. We hear the sounds of Petrenko punching Savin. Some heavy breathing. Lots of groaning and swearing. Another punch.

And then we hear the thump of a body hitting the floor. Silence.

Petrenko walks into frame. He holds his hand out to Anton.

He wants to see the photo of Arnie again. He studies it carefully, occasionally comparing Arnie's bruises with the bruises on Savin's face.

He hands the picture back to Anton and walks out of frame. We hear more punching.

EXT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ - DUSK

A shot of the old building suitable for a postcard, the sun dropping behind it.

The muffled sound of Savin's beating.

INT. GLOBAL NEWS STUDIO/MOSCOW

A big wide shot of the studio, sets, technicians.

INT. GLOBAL NEWS STUDIO/EDITING ROOM

Collette Verdun is sitting next to the EDITOR watching a monitor. She has a small bag of jellybeans. The editor holds out his hand. She pours several into his palm then takes one herself. She moves it around in her mouth then holds it between her front teeth for a moment. Then bites.

ON THE MONITOR: A tired MIDDLE-AGED MAN being interviewed.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

*(translator's voice)*

It's a shame what's happened to us. We defeated the Nazis. We were first in space. We were a great superpower. And now we are beggars.

COLLETTE VERDUN

That's the one I want.

Her cell phone rings.

INT. GLOBAL NEWS OFFICE/NEW YORK

The office of CHARLES PRICE, managing editor. He's behind the desk in his shirtsleeves.

CHARLES PRICE

Collette... dear... I'm surprised to find you're still in Moscow.

COLLETTE VERDUN

Why? I told you I wasn't going to Kursk.

CHARLES PRICE

But... Collette... Kursk is where the riots are.

COLLETTE VERDUN

There'll be riots everywhere soon enough. That crowd is just a bunch of thugs wanting to be on camera.

CHARLES PRICE

And we want them to be on camera. Our viewers want to see them on camera.

COLLETTE VERDUN

That's not where the story is.

CHARLES PRICE

But I'm getting pressure from upstairs-

COLLETTE VERDUN

And if you think the people upstairs can pressure me to go chasing around after food fights you can kiss my buttery bum.

CHARLES PRICE

You know, Collette, dear, the only reason I took this job was because they promised me people would be lining up around the block to kiss my ass-

COLLETTE VERDUN

The story is here, Charlie. Drabinov is here. Campaigning for the next week-

CHARLES PRICE

What is it with you and Drabinov? I'm starting to think maybe you and he have a-

COLLETTE VERDUN

I've got to go. Was there anything else?

CHARLES PRICE

*(crestfallen)*

No. I guess not.

*(adamant)*

But I'll want you in St. Petersburg on the sixteenth.

COLLETTE VERDUN

Yes sir. Anything you say.

EXT. DONATELLA'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

A residential neighborhood in the city, row houses with brick fronts. It's late. The windows are dark except for one on the fourth floor.

INT. DONATELLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

There's a small table by the front door. On the table are Donatella's purse, keys and mail. On the door there are a security chain, two deadbolt locks and fifty coats of paint.

We're looking over the table and down a hall with dark wood floors. At the end of the hall is the bathroom and the source of the light.

The door is open. Water is running in the tub. We can see movement and occasionally we catch a glimpse of Donatella in the mirror over the sink.

The phone RINGS. It's loud, shrill, annoying. But then we're right next to it. It's in her purse.

Donatella's head appears in the doorway. Just her head. As if she's hiding from the phone. She's certainly surprised by it. It's not supposed to be ringing.

It rings again.

Donatella disappears. The water stops. She's back. She stands in the doorway partially dressed.

The phone rings.

She walks toward the phone, slow and steady like a gunfighter. She stands there and stares at her purse as it rings again.

She looks down at the floor, at her bare feet, at the light spilling under the door from the hall as it's broken by a shadow.

The phone rings.

The shadow disappears. She hears the sound of a key going into the lock across the hall. She hears a door open, close. She's relieved.

The phone rings again.

She bites her lip, trying to decide what to do. She reaches into her purse and pulls out the yellow phone. She watches it as it rings one more time.

She pushes the button to answer. She puts the phone to her ear. Says nothing. Listens.

Silence.

And then she hears his voice, low, soft, almost seductive.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Can you talk?

Now she's breathing again. But too deeply. Nerves. Her chest is heaving. This silence is too quiet. Too long. But she can't end it. What to say?

She takes a deep breath. Summons the smart ass.

DONATELLA

You don't follow instructions very well.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Are you alone?

DONATELLA

Call me on the twelfth. I'll give you the location of the-

KIRA GLAZNOV

Can we meet?

Her eyes shift. She catches a glimpse of her own face in the mirror over the table.

DONATELLA

You couldn't possibly know that I don't look insane.

*(pause)*

Do I sound insane?

KIRA GLAZNOV

I won't know if you're insane or not until you turn down my offer.

She says nothing.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)  
 If someone else is listening... to them I  
 make the same offer.

Long pause.

DONATELLA  
 We're listening.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
 Then let me make a suggestion.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/APARTMENT/BEDROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Arnie is asleep, mouth open, dead-to-the-world, exhausted.

From our POV we can see into the living room as the door opens and unwelcome visitors pour inside. Valentina, Anton and TWO ORDERLIES know their jobs and they immediately get to them.

Valentina goes through the bedroom to the bathroom and turns on the shower. One orderly places a suitcase on the bed and opens it.

Another orderly is carrying several coathangers with shirt, slacks, jacket in those horrible patterns and colors.

While all this is going on, Anton is trying to wake Arnie.

ANTON  
 Lieutenant Provo... Lieutenant Provo...  
 It's time to be leaving.

ARNIE PROVO  
*(groggy)*  
 Leaving? What's going... Where are we...

He looks around at all the activity.

ANTON  
 Did you sleep well?

ARNIE PROVO  
 Not really. Last time I looked at the clock  
 it was...

He looks at the clock. 2:20.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
 Two o'clock.

Arnie notices the orderly laying out the garish clothes.

ANTON

Still haven't found your luggage. These clothes were the best we could find. That would fit.

ARNIE PROVO

I think I may have jet-lag.

ANTON

Don't worry. I fly only helicopters. No jets.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Lieutenant Provo.

Valentina is standing impatiently in the steamy bathroom door holding his robe.

EXT. SMALL SECRET AIRFIELD - BEFORE DAWN

There is a bulbous-nosed military transport helicopter surrounded by several automobiles. Doors are open, lights are on. Another vehicle pulls up; a big, long, black, Soviet ZIL limousine from the mid-eighties.

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

It's a no-frills, bare bones ride, looks like the inside of a Normandy invasion plane. There are flat fold-down seats along the side.

Arnie climbs aboard. He's wearing a bright green parka with two wide fluorescent yellow stripes. The CO-PILOT points out a seat.

CO-PILOT

Have a seat. Buckle up.

There is a big, bulky canvas pack with lots of straps in the way.

ARNIE PROVO

What's this?

CO-PILOT

Parachute.

ARNIE PROVO

Parachute? I didn't know you could jump out of a helicop-

The copilot has gone. He's joining Anton up in the cockpit. They are talking to each other and over the radio. Both are carrying sidearms. Arnie picks up the parachute and starts trying to figure it out.

A young MECHANIC throws a couple of duffel bags into the helicopter. He nods to Arnie.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
Say, can you jump from a helicopter?

MECHANIC  
No English.

The mechanic is gone. Just outside, Arnie can see Volkov giving some last minute instructions to several UNIFORMED MEN. Arnie is trying to untangle the straps of the parachute.

The mechanic lifts two suitcases on board. Valentina climbs in followed by DASHA, a tall blonde with pouty lips and great calves. The rest is a mystery. Both she and Valentina are bundled up in heavy overcoats.

Valentina smiles at Arnie and indicates Dasha.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
Lieutenant Provo. This is Dasha Nikolova.

ARNIE PROVO  
Hi. How are you? Say, Valentina, do you know anything about parachu-

He stops when Dasha bends over to him, her hands approaching the sides of his face as if she's going to kiss him.

Valentina is handing him his new wallet.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
Here are your passport, other necessary papers. But don't worry about memorizing-

Dasha's hands are on his neck, arranging his collar. The engines are starting to whir to life.

ARNIE PROVO  
I didn't think you could jump from a heli-

Dasha is putting a neck brace on him.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
You've had a motorcycle accident. Can't speak. Some brain damage. We're taking you to specialists.

Dasha smiles. Fixes his collar. When she moves Arnie sees Volkov standing behind her. Also smiling. He sits beside Arnie. The engine noise is getting louder. Shouting is required.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You like Dasha? My new wife. Perhaps later I will share her with you as is the custom in my country.

ARNIE PROVO

*(he's had enough ribbing)*

All right, all right...

*(something more serious)*

Now listen... about this parachute... I've never jumped before and-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Parachute? You won't need a parachute.

Arnie is relieved.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

If something goes wrong...

ARNIE PROVO

Yes...

VIKTOR VOLKOV

We'll never be high enough for it to open in time. So relax.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAWN

Early morning fog is still clinging to the ground. The helicopter lifts off and angles away and out of frame.

Arnie, Volkov, Valentina and Dasha are loading the luggage and duffel bags into a maroon RANGE ROVER. There are two bicycles on the roof.

When Arnie holds the door open for Dasha he notices for the first time that she is pregnant. Extremely pregnant. Dasha smiles a warm thank you and hefts herself into the vehicle.

Doors slam. They drive off.

EXT. VILNIUS CITY STREET - DAY

A street of small shops.

INT. CRAFTSMAN'S SHOP - DAY

Yuri is standing in a back room near the door. Over his shoulder we can see a man approaching from the front of the shop. We hear the bell on the front door as a customer exits.

MYKEL, 50, enters. He's a small, balding man wearing a drab lab coat that was once white.

MYKEL  
Sorry. Had to take care of that.

YURI  
Are they ready?

MYKEL  
Tomorrow.

As Mykel walks past Yuri he tosses a small amber container up in the air. Looks like a prescription bottle. Yuri catches it.

YURI  
What's this?

Mykel opens a cabinet. Gives Yuri a sarcastic look.

MYKEL  
The special order... the one you had to have immediately or the world would surely end.

YURI  
Oh, right. They're not for me, actually. So where are the—

MYKEL  
Right here.

There are six identical coffee mugs in the cabinet. They are a deep brown with recessed facets around the sides. Mykel hands one to Yuri.

Yuri taps his finger in one of the empty facets.

YURI  
And the panels...?

MYKEL  
Will be ready tomorrow.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - LATER

The RANGE ROVER travelling.

INT. VOLKOV'S RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Volkov is driving. Dasha is in the passenger seat looking through some papers.

Valentina is in the back seat with Arnie who is fidgeting with the neck brace.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
It is uncomfortable? Perhaps I could—

ARNIE PROVO

No, it's fine.

*(indicates his loud shirt)*

But where did you people find this?

VALENTINA DANILOVA

It is not comfortable?

ARNIE PROVO

It fits. It hurts my eyes.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Oh, I see. It was the best we could do on short notice. Sorry.

ARNIE PROVO

No, it's fine. It's just that back home... well, I wouldn't say I'm a snappy dresser but—

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Snappy?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

We're coming up to the Russian frontier.

ARNIE PROVO

I thought we were already in Russia.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Belorus. The border station is just ahead.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Remember. Say nothing. We'll explain your condition.

Arnie notices Dasha. She lifts her dress and checks the pistol strapped to the inside of her thigh.

ARNIE PROVO

Are we expecting trouble?

Valentina is dabbing lipstick on her perfect mouth.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

We always expect trouble.

ARNIE PROVO

What if they talk to me?

Valentina adjusts her sweater and then her brassiere which has the effect of plumping her breasts, creating more cleavage. Arnie doesn't look away.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
 Don't say anything. Just put a dazed, blank  
 expression on your face.  
*(looks at Arnie)*  
 Yes. Like that.

EXT. RUSSIAN BORDER - MINUTES LATER

The RANGE ROVER is the third car in line behind the barricade. Half a dozen GUARDS are on duty checking papers.

Volkov assists Dasha from the car and holds her arm as they stretch their legs on the grass. Dasha's coat is open so she looks even more pregnant.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Arnie is in the back seat staring straight ahead. Valentina keeps her eyes on Volkov and Dasha. A guard walks up to Volkov and holds out his hand.

There is another guard walking around the Range Rover. Meandering, really, but his eyes seem to be searching everything. He stops and seems to be looking at the bicycles on the roof.

Valentina quickly lowers the window.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
*(to the guard)*  
 Excuse me. How far to the nearest town?

The guard looks down at the pretty face hovering over the fulsome breasts. He's enchanted.

BORDER GUARD  
 Pardon?

She relaxes now that she has his attention.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
 We've been on the road all morning. How far  
 to the nearest—

There is abrupt tapping on the window next to Arnie. Valentina turns to look.

CUT TO Volkov outside noticing what is happening.

BACK TO Arnie. The guard taps on the window again. Valentina reaches across to lower the window. Too late. The guard opens the door.

BORDER GUARD #2  
 Step out of the vehicle.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
My husband is ill.

CUT TO Volkov trying to hurry things along with the papers.

BACK TO Valentina leaning across Arnie's lap to talk to the guard. Lots of cleavage.

BORDER GUARD #2  
Step out of the vehicle.

Valentina jumps from the car and hurries around to Arnie's side.

CUT TO Dasha who is suddenly having pains. She groans. Grunts.

Valentina is at the open door with the guard.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
We're on our way to Moscow. My husband was injured in a motorcycle acci-

Dasha doubles over and SCREAMS. Everyone looks. The guard with Volkov is concerned.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
I knew this trip was too much for you! I knew it!

And then there is a great gushing tidal wave of gurgling water, blood and clumps of tissue pouring down on Dasha's feet. Volkov is nearly hysterical. Dasha screams.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
Please! Please! We've got to get her to hospital!

Valentina is by Dasha's side, helping her into the car. Arnie holds the rear door open. Volkov's guard is yelling out orders.

VOLKOV'S GUARD  
Clear the way! Move those vehicles!

He gives Volkov his papers as he rushes over to the driver's side of the car.

VOLKOV'S GUARD (cont'd)  
The nearest hospital is in Vibesk. 12 kilometers.

Doors are slamming, tires are squealing. Volkov's guard is still yelling instructions as the Range Rover roars away.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Volkov is concentrating on the road. There is grunting and groaning coming from the back seat. Arnie is in a panic.

ARNIE PROVO

Maybe I should get in the back. All  
Baltimore police officers have medical  
training in-

And then Arnie turns to look in the back seat. Dasha is dressed in bra and panties and no longer pregnant. There are empty rubber bladders strapped around her slender waist.

Valentina is helping her remove the straps and get dressed. She briefly takes her eyes off Dasha to look at Arnie.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Your mouth is open, Lieutenant.

Arnie turns to Volkov.

ARNIE PROVO

General?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

*(glances at him)*

She's right. It's open.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/CORRIDOR - DAY

We follow the lovely Donatella as she walks down the corridor.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/YURI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Our POV is from behind the desk looking over the back of the chair at the door. It opens.

Donatella sees the office is empty. She checks the corridor. Looks to the left. The right. She enters and walks directly to the desk.

As Donatella is looking through papers and folders on the desk we notice the PHOTOGRAPHS:

There is a PHOTO of Yuri and Donatella on a skiing trip.

A PHOTO of Yuri as a boy with a large German Shepherd.

A PHOTO of Yuri's parents.

A PHOTO of Donatella holding a rifle. There are two gold medals around her neck.

Donatella opens a large envelope and checks the contents, PHOTOS of the prisoner SAVIN dressed in loud shirts. There are several photos of Savin with Valentina and a dozen or more of Savin alone with his face cut, puffy and bruised.

She slides the photos back into the envelope and turns around.

Yuri is standing in the doorway leaning against the frame. She's startled. She jumps. Gasps. Catches her breath.

YURI

You need to get a grip on your nerves.

DONATELLA

My nerves are fine. You need louder shoes.

YURI

I was enjoying the view.

He moves briskly to his desk. She heads for the door.

Yuri pulls the amber bottle from his pocket.

YURI (cont'd)

I believe this is yours.

He tosses the bottle to Donatella. She catches it in one hand.

DONATELLA

How many?

She flips the cap up with her thumb. Looks inside.

YURI

They made 50. Tested some. There's about 40 left... I was about to call you. Going to be here late tonight. There are some last minute—

Phone rings. Donatella stands in the doorway.

YURI (cont'd)

*(on the phone)*

Yes?... Hold on. I've got it here.

Yuri begins searching through his desk.

DONATELLA

Then... I guess I'll see you...

YURI

*(absently, to Donatella)*

Did you find what you were looking for?

DONATELLA

Yes.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donatella enters. Makes sure she's alone. She steps up to a sink and opens the amber bottle. She removes one of the small cylinder-shaped capsules. They're about a half-inch long, eighth-inch in diameter.

She checks the door then uses her thumbnail to pinch the capsule in the center. She places it in the sink. Then steps back and watches it. Three seconds.

And then PHFFT! It disappears in a puff of blue-grey smoke.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/DONATELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Donatella is standing at her desk with the phone at her ear. Her back is turned to her nearest co-worker.

DONATELLA

I have them.

She rolls her eyes before responding sarcastically to the stupid question from the other end.

DONATELLA (cont'd)

No, not here.

EXT. ROADHOUSE CAFE - THE NEXT MORNING

There is only the highway running through the wooded countryside. And only the roadhouse cafe sitting just off the highway. Food, gas, lodging.

The RANGE ROVER is parked about a hundred feet from the main building. Valentina and Dasha are on one side of the car putting their bags in the back seat. Arnie is helping Volkov remove the bicycles from the roof.

Volkov is distracted by the CAFE LADY, a heavy-set woman about 50 who is humping toward them carrying four paper bags.

Volkov removes money from his pocket and hands Arnie a bill. He indicates the Cafe Lady.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Our food. Would you take care of it?

Arnie turns, sees the poor woman huffing and puffing.

ARNIE PROVO

Sure.

He hurries toward the Cafe Lady.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Tell her to keep the change.

Arnie meets the Cafe Lady some fifty feet from the car. We can't hear them but she seems grateful. Hands Arnie the bags. She smiles. He smiles. Hands her the bill.

They turn from each other. Start walking. Suddenly the Cafe Lady stops dead. She turns, yells to Arnie, runs after him waving the bill over her head as if she's flagging a bus.

Arnie doesn't realize she's calling to him. She catches him. Grabs his arm. Turns him around. Shows him the bill.

ARNIE PROVO  
No, no. It's all for you. Keep the change.

Volkov casually turns to Valentina.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Now is fine.

Valentina runs to rescue Arnie. She hands the woman two more bills. They make her very happy.

Arnie and Valentina walk back toward the car.

VALENTINA DANILOVA  
You've been a wonderful husband, Lieut-  
Arnie... Perhaps when this is over-

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Sorry about the mixup. Pulled out the wrong  
bill.

ARNIE PROVO  
Not a problem. My "wife" came to the  
rescue.

Arnie nods toward the bicycles.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
In fact, now I feel guilty sending you  
girls back on these bicycles. The seat on  
this one looks as hard as a brick.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
I'm sorry, I thought I'd mentioned that we  
would be continuing on the bicycles.

Suddenly Valentina and Dasha are helping Arnie with his rucksack like they're saddling up a horse.

ARNIE PROVO

We? You mean me and— How far?

The rucksack is attached. Arnie is leaning forward like a downhill racer.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Only 200 kilometers or so.

ARNIE PROVO

200 kilom—

VALENTINA DANILOVA

We've got to be going. *Do stovedanya*

Dasha shakes his hand.

DASHA

*Do stovedanya*, Lieutenant.

The women get in the car and pull away.

Arnie turns back to Volkov.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

We're on our own now, Arnie. Just you and me.

ARNIE PROVO

So, Viktor... how far is 200 kilometers in dollars?-- or-- you know what I mean.

EXT. TRAIL IN THE WOODS - DUSK

Volkov leads Arnie over a narrow trail as they bicycle through the woods.

Volkov stops. Arnie rolls up next to him then— unaccustomed to cycling— gently lifts his body from the seat to relieve the pressure... and the pain.

Volkov dismounts and leans the bicycle against a tree. Arnie follows. They move several steps through some high bushes.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Volkov parts the branches. There is a small cabin just ahead. Quiet. No one around but there is a dim light glowing behind the tattered brown shade in the window.

Volkov returns to his bicycle. Reaches under the seat.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

The cabin is supposed to be empty.

Volkov pulls a small automatic pistol from under the bicycle seat. He goes thoughtful. He kicks his heel into the ground.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
Ground isn't frozen.

Arnie looks at the ground. He doesn't understand.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
(*explaining*)  
It'll be easier to bury the bodies.

ARNIE PROVO  
Bodies?

Volkov pulls back the slide and chambers a round. He starts toward the cabin. Arnie follows, whispering.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
Listen, there's got to be another way to-

Volkov shushes him.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Stay here.

ARNIE PROVO  
No. Wait a minute. Listen.

Volkov moves toward the cabin. Arnie groans and crouches behind a bush.

Volkov steadily approaches the cabin. He's at the door. His hand on the knob. He turns the knob. The door is unlocked.

He pushes the door open. He's inside. The door swings closed.

And then nothing. Not a sound.

Arnie waits.

And waits.

A little longer. Getting impatient.

He looks around the ground at his feet.

CUT TO ARNIE at the door of the cabin. His hand is on the knob. In his other hand there is a club, two inches thick, about the length of a baseball bat.

Arnie lunges through the door.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Arnie is inside, knees bent, club ready, eyes searching. Surprise.

Volkov is in the far corner of the main room, slightly hunkered over. Mumbling.

Volkov turns around. He's talking on a cell phone. He sees the club in Arnie's hand.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

*(to Arnie)*

Better get more. While there's still light.

Huh?

Volkov indicates the fireplace. A nice fire going. Arnie understands. Gather firewood.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

As Arnie is pulling the door closed he catches the last bit of conversation.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Tell her nothing... Only what I told you to tell her.

Arnie trudges off to collect firewood.

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - NIGHT

It's a Jack-the-Ripper night. Chill, low-lying fog.

A bus stops. The door opens. We watch the athletic legs step to the sidewalk.

The bus pulls away. Donatella is left standing alone. She begins walking. The sound of her high heels echoing off the brick walls makes her seem even more alone.

Two sinister-looking men, LEONID and KONSTANTIN, step out of the shadows. Just step out and stand there. Waiting for her.

She walks right up to them. Pulls the envelope from inside her coat and hands it to Leonid. He's about to open it.

DONATELLA

Not here. They're all marked.

KONSTANTIN

What if we have questions about—

DONATELLA

The instructions are clear.

She turns and walks away.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NEXT MORNING

It's early. Grey. Cold. Quiet.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Arnie is on the floor near the fireplace, cozy in his sleeping bag. He wakes. Takes a moment for everything to register. He looks around. He's alone.

The door to a small room is closed.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS/FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Arnie emerges holding a roll of toilet tissue. He pulls the door closed and stands there for a moment. Stretching his neck. Looking around. He notices only one bicycle by the door.

He steps off the porch and begins walking around behind the cabin. As he passes a window on the side of the cabin he stops, reverses himself. He looks inside through the space between the window frame and the shade.

Arnie's POV: Inside the small room Volkov is sitting on a stool next to his partially disassembled bicycle. The frame of the bicycle has been transformed into a very basic rifle with a simple stock. Volkov slides the bolt into place and holds the rifle to his shoulder aiming it at the window.

Arnie reflexively backs away. He shrugs, then heads toward the woods.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER:

ON THE FRONT OF THE CABIN. Arnie comes around the corner and notices both bicycles are by the door.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Arnie enters. Volkov has a cup of coffee for him.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I saved a cup for you.

Hands him the coffee. Goes back to packing up.

ARNIE PROVO

Thanks. Say, Viktor, as I was heading out just now I happened to notice—

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I know. There's no food. Don't worry.  
There's a little town about an hour's ride  
from here. We'll have breakfast there.

ARNIE PROVO

An hour?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You're thinking you're hungry now?

Arnie indicates the pain where his body meets the bicycle seat.

ARNIE PROVO

I'm thinking I'm grateful I've already had sex.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

This morning!?

ARNIE PROVO

In my life.

EXT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Arnie and Volkov bicycle into the small village. Heads turn as Arnie glides by in his fluorescent parka.

INT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE/CAFE - DAY

The cafe is on the small side. There are a dozen tables. Half of them are occupied, mostly by working men. Only a couple of women. Breakfast rush is over.

Volkov strides in like he owns the place. He pulls out a chair for Arnie then walks around to the other side of the table. Arnie sits. Volkov takes a long time to remove his parka. He seems to be checking all the faces.

The people who happen to be looking at Volkov turn away when they fall under his gaze. Except for this heavy-set guy with a RED BEARD. He's sitting at a table against the wall. Drinking coffee. Ignoring the PLUMP BLONDE WOMAN with him. He doesn't look away.

Volkov puts his parka over a spare chair and sits. Breaks eye contact. Red Beard goes back to reading his paper.

LATER. Arnie and Volkov are relaxed. Drinking coffee. GALYKOV, the cook and owner of the cafe, places two box lunches on the table.

GALYKOV

Here you are, sir. And everything was satisfactory, I hope?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Superior. Thank you. How late are you open?

Volkov gives him a generous tip.

GALYKOV

Until nine. Thank you very much, sir.

Galykov leaves. Volkov checks his watch.

ARNIE PROVO

Viktor... I've got to ask you something.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Of course. You may ask. Please.

ARNIE PROVO

I hope you won't be offended. It's not as if I'm questioning you or anything like-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

If I am offended I will give my very best effort to mask the pain.

ARNIE PROVO

Well, I-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Of course, you will want to give a very good effort to ask your question... so as not to offend me...

ARNIE PROVO

Of course. Viktor, I-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

*(serious)*

Because I am told I have a terrible temper.

*(angry)*

I try to control it but when people seem to go out of their way to insult...

*(furious)*

to humiliate, to infuriate, to... to-

He holds his hands out as if strangling a neck, squeezing it so hard his arms quiver.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Sometimes I just want to grab them- you know-- roughly-- by the neck and-- and--

His hands become fists and pound the table. And then he instantly flips an inner switch, leans back, relaxes, smiles.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

So what is the question?

Arnie, taken in again; relaxes, smiles. Relieved.

ARNIE PROVO

You know, Gener- Viktor, you are a very odd fellow.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Odd? That's not so bad. I am not offended. You live another day.

ARNIE PROVO

I'm already thinking that I'm going to miss you when all this is over.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

When all this is over you will be very happy never to see Volkov again. We've just started. There's a difficult job ahead.

ARNIE PROVO

Yeah, the job. That brings me back to my question... Why have we been travelling east?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

East?

ARNIE PROVO

Doesn't take a genius to know St. Petersburg is north of here.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

We're going to Moscow.

ARNIE PROVO

But I thought-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

The president's birthday celebration is in St. Petersburg on the sixteenth. Many dignitaries. Lots of security... all in the middle of the city. We'll take Glaznov on the fifteenth just outside the city. Very little chance the police or military will stumble into our operation and gum up the works.

ARNIE PROVO

So... why are we going to Moscow?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

There are still some pieces of the plan that need to be put in place.

ARNIE PROVO

What pieces?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Ah... And now it is I who would not offend you. In our military— and yours too— you can trust a man with your life but tell him no detail of an operation he doesn't need to know. Need to know. I've told you everything about this operation you need to know.

Arnie is slow to answer. Thoughtful.

ARNIE PROVO

I see.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You are not offended? I will live another day?

ARNIE PROVO

I'm just thinking back to operations we've run— back in the states. It's true. I trust my team but I don't tell them everything. My way of thinking... trust is the most important thing. I've told my daughter—

VIKTOR VOLKOV

May I suggest to you something else that is also important? "Improvisation" is the word. The ability to alter or change the plan at a moment's notice. We are after Glaznov. You are after Glaznov. You become a part of the plan. If a bird lands on your shoulder, listen to its song.

ARNIE PROVO

Yeah... But you'll admit that trust is—

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Trust. Yes. You need to be able to put your total and complete faith in every member of the team... Even you, Arnie Provo, Lieutenant of the American Baltimore police, born in Towson, with two daughters and a wife born in Richmond, Virginia.

ARNIE PROVO

So you have my bio. But they're just words on paper.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
But I also have your face.

ARNIE PROVO  
Faces lie.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Not to me.

ARNIE PROVO  
You're never wrong?

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
I'm still alive. And I'll tell you  
something else. You trust me.

Arnie grins.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
Don't bother to deny it. I can read your  
face.

ARNIE PROVO  
Really?

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Absolutely. For instance, I know there is  
another question you want to ask.

Arnie just looks at him for a moment. Mostly amused.

ARNIE PROVO  
Well, I've been wondering about the rifle.  
The one in the bicycle.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
You're very clever to figure that out.

ARNIE PROVO  
Actually, I saw it through the window.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Well, then it was very clever of you to  
think to spy on me.

ARNIE PROVO  
No, no, I wasn't— I was just walking by— on  
the way to the—

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
It's all right. I'm joking with you... When  
we get to our destination we'll have all  
the firepower we need. Until then, a rifle  
and a pistol are all we have. Never know  
what trouble we might run into on the way.

Volkov groans. Keeps his eyes lowered.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
For instance...

Arnie looks up. Looks around. Red Beard walks up to their table. He stands over Arnie.

RED BEARD  
Why do you stare at my woman?

ARNIE PROVO  
Your wom- I wasn't staring at-

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
My friend was simply admiring her great beauty.

ARNIE PROVO  
What? No. No, I wasn't staring at-

RED BEARD  
You insult my woman? You say she is not beautiful-

Volkov stands. Going to try to reason with the man.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Listen, no one said your woman isn't-

Red Beard slugs Volkov and knocks him down. Arnie is up on his feet. He grabs Red Beard's arm to turn him around. Red Beard grabs him in a bear hug and they begin scuffling.

The owner rushes up to help.

GALYKOV  
No! No! Stop! Stop!

Finally Volkov is on his feet. He walks up behind Red Beard and uses his fist to club him at the base of his skull. Red Beard drops to the floor.

ARNIE PROVO  
Jesus Christ! What the hell is his problem?  
I swear I never looked at... his woman.

The Plump Blonde Woman is on the floor tending to her man. Volkov helps Arnie pull himself together while apologizing to the owner by handing him a couple of bills.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Very sorry. About the trouble. But this man here...

GALYKOV

Never saw him before. A troublemaker.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

He seems to have a problem with-

TOUGH GUY

No. You are the problem.

Volkov turns. There are three TOUGH GUYS- look like construction workers- ready for a fight.

TOUGH GUY #2

Two against one and you hit a man when his back is turned.

The guy standing behind Volkov grabs his arms and holds them behind his back. Volkov remains calm.

ARNIE PROVO

Okay, people, this is enough.

TOUGH GUY

Enough is now three against two.

He swings at Arnie who grabs his arm, drops to the floor and cracks it over his knee. The guy screams in pain.

EXT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE/CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Arnie and Volkov run from the cafe to their bicycles.

The three tough guys stagger out the door. Look around.

ARNIE PROVO

General, I think we'd better *do stovedanya* the hell out of here.

AGENT JONES

They jumps on their bicycles and pedal away.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/DONATELLA'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Six people in the office. Yuri is at Donatella's desk, his chair pulled close to hers. Talking in low tones.

The nearest person is SGT. PETROLEV, across the room at the copy machine.

Anton approaches full of vitality and excitement.

ANTON

Well, we're all set. Ready to go. Flight leaves at nine sharp.

Yuri sighs as if he's very tired. He raises an eyebrow for Anton and glances over at Sgt. Petrolev— who is paying them no attention.

YURI

People might wonder why you're so excited about two weeks of temporary duty.

Anton glances at Petrolev. Nods his head. Speaks louder than necessary.

ANTON

Yes. But, you know, two weeks of temporary duty in... Rome. That's exciting, eh? Rome?

DONATELLA

Yes, Anton, Rome is exciting.

ANTON

In the old days you had to be a party member to get sent anywhere exciting. In the old days they were afraid you wouldn't come back.

DONATELLA

Times have changed. Now we're afraid you will.

ANTON

Will?

DONATELLA

Come back.

ANTON

*(slaps Yuri on the back)*

Hey! Remember me? I'm the one who's going to be keeping an eye on Casanova here.

YURI

And who's going to be keeping an eye on you?

Yuri reaches out to shake Donatella's hand and then holds on to it.

YURI (cont'd)

I hope you enjoy your vacation. You're leaving... when?

DONATELLA

Two days.

YURI

Give your mother my regards.

DONATELLA

I will. And you... have a good trip. Be careful.

YURI

You too.

DONATELLA

My mother isn't nearly so dangerous as she looks, Captain.

Yuri releases her hand. He and Anton exit.

Donatella watches them walk down the long corridor. Just as Yuri is about to turn back to take one last look at her, she quickly swings her chair around. Now her back is to him. He doesn't see her serious, sad face.

EXT. RUSSIAN BORDER - DAY

Typical day. A couple of cars being checked. The guards aren't busy. Three of them are in a huddle with the two sinister-looking men, LEONID and KONSTANTIN.

The guards are nodding as Leonid shows them PHOTOGRAPHS of the prisoner SAVIN. In one photo he's with Valentina, in another he's alone. Face bruised.

Yes, the guards are sure they've seen the man and woman before. Konstantin is writing it all down in a small notepad.

EXT. BIKE TRAIL IN THE WOODS - DAY

Volkov and Arnie are bicycling through the woods on a small path. Arnie sees something ahead. He whisper-yells.

ARNIE PROVO

Volkov! Viktor! Stop!

Volkov stops. Arnie rolls up next to him.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Up ahead. There's a vehicle. White.

Volkov looks. About a hundred feet ahead a white RANGE ROVER can be made out through the branches.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Good eyes. Any people?

ARNIE PROVO

Don't see any but maybe we should go around. Just to be safe.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

No.

Volkov kicks his heel into the ground and smiles.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Ground is still soft.

EXT. RANGE ROVER IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

POV on Viktor and Arnie as they spread branches to get a better look at the Range Rover.

No one there.

Volkov pulls the pistol.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You go check it out. I'll cover you.

Arnie goes creeping around the large brush area they are using for cover.

Arnie carefully circles the vehicle. He makes his way around to the driver's side. Is just about to look in when there is a piercing SCREECH-SCREECH noise from the car.

Arnie jumps. When he comes to earth he turns and sees Volkov coming out of the brush holding an electronic key. Not even smiling. Arnie catches his breath.

ARNIE PROVO

You dirty son-of-a-

INT. DONATELLA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Donatella is dressed, ready to go. She's wearing a beautifully tailored suit. She's just putting a few toilet articles into the suitcase on the bed. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the small amber bottle. She puts it in a side compartment. Closes the suitcase.

EXT. ROADHOUSE CAFE - THE NEXT DAY

It's a beautiful day. The heavy-set CAFE LADY is standing just outside taking a break and talking to the two sinister-looking men, LEONID and KONSTANTIN.

She is nodding her head as Leonid shows her the PHOTOS of Savin and Valentina. Konstantin takes notes.

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

The city is in the distance. The white Range Rover approaches.

EXT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL - DAY

The white Range Rover is parked at the entrance. Arnie is pulling out his rucksack for the BELLHOPS. He notices all the activity and serious men in plain suits.

ARNIE PROVO  
*(to Volkov)*  
 What's going on?

A Bellhop answers.

BELLHOP  
 The Vice-President is here. A debate with Comrade Drabinov... in the Green Room.

Volkov checks his watch, speaks to Arnie.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 Maybe we can catch part of it. We've just got time to get cleaned up.  
*(to the bellhop)*  
 We cycle early in the mornings. Have the bicycles taken up with the luggage.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/LOBBY - LATER

Ding. Elevator doors open. Arnie and Volkov emerge. Arnie is still grousing about the hideous clothes.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 You look fine. A distinguished man.

ARNIE PROVO  
 I look like an idiot.

There are a number of people waiting near the entrance to the Green Room. Some of them are craning their necks to see inside over the heads of the serious men with earpieces and bulges in their suits.

On one side of the door there is a camera crew mixed in with the onlookers.

Arnie and Volkov step up to a HOTEL EMPLOYEE.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
 No one is being seated until the Vice-President leaves.

Volkov nods. He pulls Arnie over to the side of the door opposite the camera crew.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Let's stand over here. Maybe we can catch a glimpse of the Vice-President. A good man. Could never hold his own with Drabinov. But a good man.

Suddenly Arnie's face goes ashen.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

What's wrong?

ARNIE PROVO

Over there. The woman over there. Damn. I think I know her. I've seen that face.

Arnie quickly turns his back to the woman and faces the wall. Volkov looks. He sees an attractive woman talking to the camera crew.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Who is she?

ARNIE PROVO

I don't know. Can't place her. Damn. Of all the rotten luck.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

She's coming over this way.

There's a woman's hand on Arnie's shoulder. He turns.

COLLETTE VERDUN

Excuse me, would you mind moving just a step?

ARNIE PROVO

Wha-? No. Of course... Not... Of...

Volkov helps to position Arnie so he is just behind Collette Verdun as she motions to her cameraman. Volkov leans in toward Arnie. Can't resist rubbing it in.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

What luck. She doesn't seem to remember you.

There is a flurry of activity as Drabinov's entourage enters. Drabinov appears, shaking hands, signing autographs. When he sees Collette he is only too eager to let her grab his arm and stick a microphone in his face.

COLLETTE VERDUN

Mr. Drabinov, you did very well in the debate with the Vice-President.

DRABINOV

*(laughs)*

I did much better than "very well." The Vice-President is a very smart man. He can speak beautiful words. But no words can disguise the condition of our country and the misery of our people.

COLLETTE VERDUN

Some people say it is the Communists and the criminals who are causing the problems.

DRABINOV

Those people are... incorrect.

They begin to walk away. Collette continues to hold onto his arm and keeps the microphone in his face.

Arnie turns to Volkov who is still smirking.

ARNIE PROVO

It didn't register right away. I saw the face. I thought I knew her from—

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Look. Two beautiful women. I think they know you. Could you introduce me?

Arnie turns to look. There are admirers surrounding Drabinov. He has stopped to oblige TWO GAUDY TARTS, one short, one tall, both shapely. He is pretending it's hard to hear over the crowd noise so the women have to lean in close to tell him their names. He has to nuzzle their ears to talk back to them.

They each hand him a piece of blue paper for him to autograph. Collette has a bemused smile on her face as she watches him soaking up the attention from the pretty, giggling women.

Arnie and Volkov are finally allowed into the Green Room.

ARNIE PROVO

You're not going to believe this, but those two do look sort of familiar.

Volkov gives him an exaggerated look of disbelief. They both laugh.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/17TH FLOOR - DAY

Drabinov and his entourage are walking down the corridor. Collette Verdun is still with him but the camera crew is being held back.

Drabinov stands next to the door to SUITE 1700. He leans toward Collette.

DRABINOV

You and your notebook are welcome to continue inside. No cameras.

COLLETTE VERDUN

If that's the way it has to be.

Drabinov gives orders to one of his men.

DRABINOV

We'll be having lunch in.

INT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE/CAFE - DAY

Lunchtime. Pretty busy. Hectic. But LEONID and KONSTANTIN have cornered GALYKOV, the owner. He's anxious to get back to work and so agrees readily that he has seen the man in the PHOTOGRAPHS.

GALYKOV

Yes, yes, that's him. He was with a taller man.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/8TH FLOOR - DAY

We're following the TWO TARTS as they walk down the corridor. They stop at Room 831. One of them taps lightly on the door then uses a key to open it.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/ROOM 831 - CONTINUOUS

The Two Tarts enter. Across the room there is a man sitting at a table with his back to them. He finishes up his phone conversation and turns around. It's Anton.

The Two Tarts place a large autograph album on the table. And then they very carefully— gingerly— open the album to the place where there are two sheets of blue paper with Drabinov's scrawling.

Anton smiles and looks up at the Tarts. We see their faces for the first time. Even with their trashy makeup and wigs we recognize Dasha and Valentina. They are smiling back at him.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/17TH FLOOR - HOURS LATER

Down at the end of the corridor we can see Collette Verdun's tired news crews entering the elevators. Doors close.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/DRABINOV'S SUITE - DAY

THREE MEMBERS of his entourage are sitting around in the living room area, reading a paper, watching TV.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/DRABINOV'S BEDROOM - DAY

The lights are out. The drapes are drawn. Drabinov is lying in bed smoking a cigar. Collette is sitting on the other side of the bed. She picks up the coffee pot.

COLLETTE VERDUN  
Coffee's cold.

DRABINOV  
Warm it up.

COLLETTE VERDUN  
How about if I warm you up.

Collette leans over him. They are about to kiss when a jellybean appears between her teeth. He stops and laughs.

DRABINOV  
Naughty girl. I told you before I don't like the black ones.

She smiles. Shrugs. Puts it back in her mouth as she reaches over for another. She puts a red jellybean in her mouth and holds it between her teeth.

She lowers her face to his until their lips meet. When she pulls away Drabinov is holding the jellybean between his teeth. He bites down on it. They both laugh. She snuggles in beside him.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Much later. The news crew is long gone. There is a bored BODYGUARD standing outside Drabinov's suite.

ON THE DOOR: It opens. A waiter backs out into the hall. We catch a glimpse of Drabinov and Collette sitting at a table.

Our POV is at the waiter's hip level as he turns around. He is carrying a tray with dirty dishes. On the tray are four distinctive coffee mugs, deep brown with faceted sides that now contain inlays of polished dark walnut.

INT. MOSCOW/CLASSY HOTEL/ROOM 831 - MINUTES LATER

Drapes are drawn. Lights are dimmed. Valentina and Dasha are wearing rubber gloves. Dasha is working at a computer.

ON THE SCREEN: Enlarged images of fingerprints.

Valentina is examining a sheet of the blue autograph paper with a handheld ultra-violet scanner. She stops when she sees a fingerprint.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Got it.

Valentina uses a ruler to cut a 1"x 8" strip out of the blue paper. She is careful to include the fingerprint.

There is a knock at the door. Dasha rushes to open it.

Anton, in waiter's uniform, enters carrying the tray of dirty dishes. Dasha picks up one of the coffee mugs by putting her fingers into the cup and spreading them. She carries it over to the table. Picks up the scanner.

Fingerprints show up on the walnut insets.

They all smile at one another.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG/TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Donatella is among the passengers exiting the train. She is wearing loose-fitting jeans, a bulky coat and a ratty blonde wig with a floppy hat.

CUT TO Donatella talking on a public phone.

DONATELLA

...some place public. I'll decide where.  
(beat) Fine. Then goodbye. It was a  
pleasure doing business with- (beat) Yes,  
I'm still here... I'll call you in the  
morning to tell you where, when.

She hangs up. Takes a breath. Moves out.

INT. LITHUANIAN POLICE HQ/BASEMENT CELLS - NIGHT

FOUR GUARDS and TWO CIVILIANS are just trooping up to a cell door. The key rattles in the lock. The door opens.

We see Savin sitting on his cot. He stands. Takes a few steps backward until he hits the wall. The men enter.

INT. DONATELLA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Donatella is propped up in bed. Still dressed. Staring blankly at the TV while fiddling with a small object in her right hand. More magic. Sleight-of-hand.

ON THE TV: Collette Verdun is giving her report on Drabinov. We can just make out ARNIE PROVO standing in the shadows behind her left shoulder.

There is a small smile on Donatella's face.

We look at her right hand. The small object is a .25 caliber bullet. She is rolling it over and under her fingers. Making it appear, disappear.

INT. SAVIN'S CELL - NIGHT

Savin's body is strapped to a stretcher. There is even a strap holding his head down. And so he has to strain to see the civilians giving him an injection in his right arm.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG HOTEL - THE NEXT DAY

It's a huge old hotel, classy and elegant. It sits facing St. Petersburg square which is decorated with red, white and blue bunting. Across the square, directly opposite the hotel, workmen are putting the finishing touches to a reviewing stand.

The white Range Rover is pulling up to the hotel.

ARNIE PROVO

All this is for the President's birthday?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Not all for him. It's also a big party for the people... celebrating democracy. And he's supposed to be making an important speech. Everybody is going to be here.

ARNIE PROVO

Except us.

They drive by a corner where SIX POLICEMEN are getting instructions from a SUPERIOR. Volkov is pleased.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Look at all the security. Here. Over there. And these are just the ones we can see. Yes, we've made a good plan.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREET/RESTAURANT - DAY

It's a quiet part of the city. Afternoon.

There are six tables in front of the restaurant. On each table there is a white linen tablecloth and a bowl of fruit. Owing to the time of day and the chill in the air, the tables are empty. Except for Kira Glaznov. He is sitting at a table by himself. Sipping his drink.

His BODYGUARDS are in the background out of the way.

Yegor is checking Donatella's purse. It's okay. She approaches Glaznov's table. He doesn't stand. Just motions for her to sit.

DONATELLA

Somewhere in the Lubrusk frieght yard there is a boxcar with your shipment inside—

KIRA GLAZNOV

My shipment. It is in the same containers?

DONATELLA

I assume so. Is that important?

Glaznov shrugs. Motions for her to continue.

DONATELLA (cont'd)

A railroad spur from the Lubrusk frieght yard runs five kilometers directly into the warehouse of an abandoned factory just outside the city.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Where...? Exactly...

DONATELLA

Before noon tomorrow you will receive a call. They will give you directions. They have set up the route so you can be observed the entire trip. There will be a checkpoint about a kilometer from the warehouse where your truck and one automobile will be inspected. They will allow you to be accompanied only by the driver of the truck and four men. If you fail to follow the instructions at any point the deal will be off.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Forgive me. But I don't see how you are helping me. They will tell me all this.

DONATELLA

I am going to give you the location of that warehouse. Tonight. Just before midnight. At some point after midnight you will take ten of your men to the warehouse. There are two rail lines inside. On them are a couple of old boxcars and a tanker car.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Tanker? What kind of tanker?

DONATELLA

Liquid nitrogen. Safe. Hasn't been used for years. Your men will enter the tanker, close it up and wait until noon tomorrow. They should take food and water enough for—

KIRA GLAZNOV

How am I going to get ten men into the—

DONATELLA

They aren't watching the warehouse now. There is nothing there now. They are at the freight yard watching your shipment. Tomorrow a locomotive will move the boxcar and several other cars south, down the spur and into the warehouse where the deal will be made. Your men will already be there. One of them should know how to operate a locomotive.

KIRA GLAZNOV

But they will have men too.

DONATELLA

Their men will be busy watching the boxcar and your truck as it approaches. They will only have five men in the warehouse. After your men have killed them you take the locomotive and continue south with it. There is no one watching the southern exit.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Where is this abandoned factory?

She slides an envelope across to him.

DONATELLA

All the details are in here. Layout of the warehouse. Position of the tanker. Everything you need to know... except the location of the factory. I will call you tonight with that information.

Glaznov looks up and down the street. Smirks.

KIRA GLAZNOV

You have chosen a good location for our meeting. Public, but no one around. I could take you now. I could take you some place quiet where you could make a lot of noise... before you tell me the location and anything else I want to know.

Donatella tries to keep her cool. She reaches to the bowl of fruit and picks up an orange.

DONATELLA

You could.

She turns the orange over in her hands a couple of times.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
If I trusted you...

She surprises Glaznov when she tosses the orange about five feet in the air.

PHFFT! There's a puff of blue-grey smoke and the orange seems to twitch in mid-air. Glaznov and Yegor are startled.

The orange comes down. Donatella catches it.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
...If I had come here not knowing you're a crook.

Glaznov watches as she opens up the orange. She holds it for him to see. There is a .25 caliber bullet inside.

Glaznov's eyes are flitting around. Looking down the street. Across the street. Up at the roof tops. Yegor has his hand inside his coat ready to go for his gun.

Donatella picks the bullet out of the meat of the orange. She drops it on the table next to Glaznov's drink.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
The next one... the one that will go in your brain... has an explosive tip. Makes a big mess... So I'm told.

Glaznov is antsy. Ready to leap from his chair.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
Relax. If I wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
What do you want?

DONATELLA  
Only what you promised me to betray my friends.

Glaznov reaches inside his coat and pulls a thick manila envelope from his breast pocket.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
Which brings up the question... why do you betray your friends?

DONATELLA  
Why does anybody do anything? Love, envy, hate... Revenge. Money... I was able to betray them because they trusted me not to.

Glaznov relaxes and smiles. He places the envelope on the table.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
You could never betray me because I don't trust you.

Glaznov is about to slide the envelope across to her.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
Please. Could you open it up?

KIRA GLAZNOV  
Open it?

DONATELLA  
Open it and lift the bills out so my associate with the rifle can see you are keeping your end of the bargain.

Glaznov opens the envelope, reaches inside and lifts the bills up slightly so they are visible above the edge of the envelope. Glaznov smiles. Slides the envelope to Donatella.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
I could find a place in my organization for a smart girl like you...

He looks around at the roof tops.

KIRA GLAZNOV (cont'd)  
...and your friend.

There's a bus rolling down the street. Donatella takes the envelope and stands.

DONATELLA  
If you ever open an office in Paris, give me a call. We'll talk.

She walks toward the bus stop. She pauses next to Yegor.

DONATELLA (cont'd)  
Please don't try to follow me. It will make my friend... nervous.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - NIGHT

A long shot of the city as night falls.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG SQUARE HOTEL - ARNIE'S SUITE - NIGHT

It's been a long day, late night. Everyone is tired. The luggage is still over by the door next to the two bicycles.

Anton and Yuri are sitting at a table. Arnie and Volkov are standing behind them, looking over their shoulders at a large sheet of paper. On the paper is a diagram of the warehouse and the railroad lines.

Yuri answers his cell phone.

Volkov stretches and walks over to the bar. Arnie follows him.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Once again, I can see there is a question you want to ask.

ARNIE PROVO

Well, I'm just thinking... It seems to me we could use more men.

Volkov freshens their drinks.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You're right. We could. Wish we had them. But this operation is so important I am able to use only those people I trust with my life.

ARNIE PROVO

Which brings up another question. How did you do it?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Do it?

ARNIE PROVO

With Glaznov's men... You poured all the drinks-- excuse me-- Malenchenko poured all the drinks from the same bottle.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Ah, yes, I see... The insides of the glasses were coated. An old KGB trick.

ARNIE PROVO

And do you really look so much like this Malenchenko guy?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

No. He's a man who lives in the shadows. Deals only with Glaznov. Only a few people have ever seen a photo of him.

ANTON

General. A moment, please.

Volkov and Arnie return to the table.

INT. DONATELLA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There are a number of objects laid out on the bed in an orderly manner: Canteen, sandwiches, pistol, sweater.

Donatella is placing them into a back-pack.

EXT. HIGHWAY/AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A white ambulance is traveling through the night.

IN THE AMBULANCE: Savin is strapped to a gurney. Unconscious.

UP FRONT: Leonid is driving. Konstantin is the passenger.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Very dark. Everything is in great shadowy masses. The warehouse is huge, about 300 feet long. It stands apart from the abandoned factory.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

At some point after midnight you will take ten of your men to the warehouse.

We hear voices. Whispering. We hear men. Moving. Heavy boots on gravel. Clothes brushing past heavy overgrowth. We see shadows moving.

CLOSE ON SEMYON'S face. Night-vision goggles.

SEMYON

This way. Over here. Quiet.

Semyon's POV through the NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES: We can see Yegor and NINE MEN stealthily approaching the warehouse. They are following a pair of railroad tracks.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The men enter the warehouse through the large opening meant for rail cars. The ceiling is three stories high and criss-crossed with beams and girders; some fixed, some on pulleys. Once inside the men pull out small dim lights and fan out.

The railroad tracks run completely through the length of the warehouse and out the other side. On the left track there are two old boxcars. On the right track, near the other end of the warehouse, is an old tanker car. Used to be a gleaming silver. Now it's dull and rusting.

Just to the right of the tracks is the loading dock that also runs the length of the warehouse.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

Your men will enter the tanker, close it up  
and wait until noon tomorrow.

Semyon is standing by the tanker car when Yegor approaches  
with the other men.

YEGOR

Everything's clear. Been deserted for  
years.

SEMYON

Good. Get the men and equipment inside,  
then make sure the valves are open. I'll  
get this side.

YEGOR

All right. Everybody up top. Inside.

The men begin climbing up top. Several of them enter the  
tanker through two openings that look like submarine hatches.  
Other men pass weapons, canvas bags and oxygen tanks down to  
them.

Semyon walks along the side of the tanker insuring that the  
valves are open. He meets Yegor at the end of the car. They  
look up and see the last of the men lowering themselves into  
the tanker.

Semyon turns to Yegor.

SEMYON

You've explained to them that if anyone  
makes a sound before Glaznov gives the  
signal you'll personally cut their throats?

YEGOR

Or words to that effect.

Yegor begins climbing on the tanker. Semyon turns to go.

SEMYON

Good luck then. I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG SQUARE - A NEW DAY

WORKMEN are putting the finishing touches to the reviewing  
stand. POLICE are rehearsing their duties for tomorrow.

EXT. LUBRUSK RAIL YARD - DAY

It's a massive rail yard with scores of tracks and cars. A  
LOCOMOTIVE is nosing up to THREE BOXCARS.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

A locomotive will move the boxcar south.

Yuri is operating the locomotive. They are all wearing headsets but because of the noise Anton motions to him when the locomotive connects with the first boxcar. Now he runs along the track to the third boxcar where Major Petrenko helps him inside. Anton leans out and gives Yuri the signal to go.

The locomotive begins pushing the three cars down the track.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG SQUARE HOTEL - ARNIE'S SUITE - DAY

Arnie and Volkov are preparing. Checking weapons. Kevlar vests. They are wearing earpieces with tiny microphones.

Volkov goes to the two bicycles leaning against the wall near the door. He pulls the pistol from under the seat of his bike.

EXT. GLAZNOV'S ESTATE - DAY

Glaznov's limousine is at the entrance. Just behind it is a large truck. A DOZEN MEN are standing around. Waiting.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

You will receive a call.

INT. GLAZNOV'S DEN - DAY

There is an air of nervous energy. Glaznov is sitting behind his desk smoking a cigar. Semyon is standing at the window watching the men out front. Glaznov checks the clock: 11:45.

The PHONE RINGS.

EXT. GLAZNOV'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

DONATELLA (V.O.)

They will give you directions.

Semyon explodes through the front doors barking orders.

SEMYON

Everyone to your places! Move! Move!

EXT. RAILROAD SPUR - DAY

In the deserted countryside the locomotive is pushing the three boxcars down a single rail line overgrown with tall grass.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Glaznov's limousine is travelling over a narrow dirt road. Glaznov is in the back with Semyon. TWO MEN are in the front.

The truck is bouncing along just behind the limousine.

There's a sharp turn ahead. They slow down. As soon as they make the turn they are forced to stop by a barrier blocking the road. A MAN in a ski mask holds a submachine gun on them.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

There will be a checkpoint where your truck and automobile will be inspected.

The man at the barrier points up the hill to another masked man who is aiming a rocket launcher at the limousine.

KIRA GLAZNOV

Just do as he says.

The barrier man opens the driver's door and looks inside. He opens the back door. Looks inside. He turns to the driver.

BARRIER MAN

Open the boot.

The driver gets out and goes to the back of the car while the barrier man walks to the truck. He goes to the rear of the truck and shoves the door up into the open position. Empty.

The barrier man walks around to the passenger side of the truck and steps up to the cab to look inside.

He steps down and returns to the back of the limousine. The driver has the trunk lid open. The barrier man checks the trunk then turns to the driver.

BARRIER MAN (cont'd)

You'll come to a yellow post. Turn right and follow the dirt road. You'll see a warehouse. Pull inside the north entrance.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The truck is following the limousine.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

If you fail to follow the instructions at any point, the deal will be off.

POV is from inside the limousine. Glaznov and his men can see the warehouse off in the distance (it's about the size of a pack of cigarettes held at arm's length).

They can even make out the locomotive, just now pushing the three boxcars inside the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

There is a van parked outside the south entrance. Arnie and Volkov are standing near the white RANGE ROVER which is parked on the loading dock just inside the south entrance.

The tanker car is about forty feet nearer to the center of the warehouse.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

Their men will be busy watching the boxcar.

At the north end the boxcars are just entering on the same rail line as the tanker car. Anton and Petrenko step out of the lead boxcar and onto the loading dock while the cars are still moving.

Petrenko climbs up on top of the car and signals to Anton who relays the signal to Yuri in the locomotive. The train is moving slowly but doesn't stop quickly enough to avoid bumping the tanker car.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THE TANKER CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the dim light we can see Yegor and his men are jolted as if inside a depth-charged submarine.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POV: Over Yuri's shoulder as he watches Anton motioning him to continue pushing the tanker car.

DONATELLA (V.O.)

They will have only five men inside the warehouse.

ON ANTON as he signals Yuri to stop after the tanker car has been pushed about thirty feet. The tanker car is now about even with Arnie and Volkov.

Anton removes the lock from the middle boxcar and slides the door open. The metal coffins are stacked inside.

Arnie and Volkov join him by the doors.

ANTON

Everything went smoothly. We could see them approaching.

The three of them stand by the open doors of the middle boxcar.

Petrenko kneels on top of the boxcar nearest the tanker. Yuri, still in the cab of the locomotive, steps back into the shadows. They all take a deep breath.

ARNIE PROVO

Game day.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

It's your decision.

ARNIE PROVO

Pardon?

Volkov was speaking to Yuri over the headset.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Sorry, I was speaking to—

ON YURI in the locomotive. Into his headset.

YURI

They are here, General.

Anton, Arnie and Volkov are facing the north entrance. They can see the limousine approaching with the truck right behind. The limousine pulls into the warehouse far enough so the truck is inside. They stop.

The limousine driver and passenger climb out along with the truck driver and passenger.

And then Glaznov and Semyon get out. They walk toward the middle boxcar and are followed by the two men from the limousine. Glaznov seems pleased when he sees the coffins inside the boxcar.

KIRA GLAZNOV

I see you have brought my property.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

It's yours if you have brought my money.

Our POV is from just behind Anton, Arnie and Volkov. And now our POV is moving; moving back, up and away. Back over to a far corner of the warehouse and then behind a wall and into a small enclosed space.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Donatella sits in the cramped dark space with a scoped rifle. Her face is glistening from perspiration.

DONATELLA

Your day has finally arrived, General.

She puts her cheek to the stock and her eye to the scope.

CROSSHAIR POV: The image is fuzzy. Donatella focuses on the men by the boxcar. Anton, Arnie and Volkov have their backs to her. Glaznov and his men are standing on the other side of the boxcar doors facing them.

Glaznov gives a nod to the truck. The two men get out and walk up to the limousine and place a briefcase on the hood.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

That doesn't look like it would hold ten million dollars.

KIRA GLAZNOV

The beauty of diamonds is that they don't take up much space.

Through the CROSSHAIRS we see Glaznov turn his back to Volkov. He casually steps into the open door of the boxcar and makes a quick count of the coffins. In the foreground the CROSSHAIRS are unsteady as they ZOOM IN on the back of Volkov's head.

DONATELLA (O.S.)

Come on... turn around, asshole.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I told you I wanted ten million American dollars cash.

Glaznov reaches into his pocket and pulls out a remote device.

KIRA GLAZNOV

But you will find it is I who will be giving the orders here.

The CROSSHAIRS are squarely on Volkov's head. Glaznov is just behind him. He turns to face him. Smirking.

DONATELLA (O.S.)

Take one step to your left please.

Volkov takes one step to his left.

DONATELLA (O.S.) (cont'd)

Thank you.

SNIT! We hear a silenced shot from the rifle.

ON VOLKOV and ARNIE as the shot goes fluttering by their ears like a humming bird.

Glaznov has a surprised expression on his face. He looks down. There is a FEATHERED SYRINGE sticking out of his chest.

Everybody goes for their guns. Glaznov presses his remote as his eyes roll up into the back of his head.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THE TANKER CAR

Yegor is holding a small receiver. The light flashes.

YEGOR

All right! Let's go! Up and Out! Go, go!

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Now everything happens quickly and all at once.

Both HATCHES of the tanker car unlatch and open about three inches before they— CLANK— are BLOCKED BY A BEAM hanging down from the ceiling.

Suddenly guns are blazing. Yuri is in a firefight with the two men by the limousine. Anton, Arnie and Volkov are firing at Glaznov's men at close range.

Everybody is wearing Kevlar. There's a lot of yelling, screaming, ducking, staggering back as they're hit. Arm shots spin them around, leg shots take them down.

Volkov is hit in the side. Arnie goes for head shots.

WHILE THIS IS GOING ON: Petrenko runs to the top of the tanker, closes and locks the hatches.

AND: Dasha and Valentina rush in from the south entrance at the track level. They are quickly attaching gas tanks to the valves. We hear the HISS of the gases entering the tanker.

The gunfight is over. Yuri stumbles out of the locomotive. There's blood on his chest.

YURI

I'm hit.

Our POV is from the north entrance looking down the length of the warehouse. We are behind the truck and can see into the interior.

Arnie rushes toward our POV to help Yuri.

Volkov and Anton are dragging Glaznov out of the building through the south entrance.

Just to the right, over in the corner we can see Donatella emerging from her hiding place and coming down a ladder.

INSIDE THE TRUCK we can see all the way to the back wall. It's moves. Lurches. Something pounding on it from the other side. And then it crashes to the floor. Fake wall. SEVEN GUNMEN rush out from behind it.

They spill out onto both sides of the truck. The four men who jump out the left side nearest the locomotive catch Arnie and Yuri in the open and begin firing. Yuri is hit again. Arnie fires back while he dumps Yuri down to the track level then jumps down after him.

The three men who jump off the right side of the truck see Donatella running to help Arnie. They open up on her. She's hit in the shoulder. Dives for cover in front of the limousine. She takes out one of the men. Terrible pain when she fires. She chambers another round.

Meanwhile, Anton, Petrenko and Volkov are putting Glaznov into the van when they hear the shooting start up again.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

What the hell?

Petrenko and Anton start back into the warehouse.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

No! Get Glaznov out of here! Now!

Back inside Dasha and Valentina have rushed up to help Arnie.

Six gunmen are blasting away at them. Bullets are ricocheting off the locomotive and chipping away at the loading dock.

Four of the men run outside the warehouse and come in again at track level. They are coming at Arnie, Yuri and the girls from the other side of the locomotive.

Volkov is coming down from the far end. Just when he is at the front of the limousine two gunmen pop up from behind it and begin firing. Donatella takes out one of the men and before he can shift his aim she throws the bolt and gets the other one.

It's quiet for a moment. Donatella hobbles around to the other side of the limousine to be with Volkov.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Is that all of them?

DONATELLA

Where is Yuri?

Arnie raises his head. He and the girls are between the locomotive and the first boxcar.

ARNIE PROVO

We're here.

Down at the track level we see two men stealthily moving toward the front of the locomotive and two men climbing up into the cab.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

There's more. Some where.

DASHA

Quiet. I hear someth-

Two men jump from the cab and begin firing. The other two men begin firing around the front of the locomotive. Dasha is hit. Donatella pulls Volkov behind the limousine.

The four men are blasting away. Our guys can't raise their heads to take a shot.

And then suddenly the maroon Range Rover comes roaring toward the warehouse at the track level. The man on the passenger side jumps out running and cuts down the men near the cab of the locomotive.

Without stopping the Range Rover continues at speed into the warehouse and runs down the men at the front of the locomotive. The driver jumps out. He and Valentina finish them off.

There is a moment of silence as the dust settles. Now we get a good look at the two men from the Range Rover... Leonid and Konstantin.

LEONID

Anybody hurt?

Valentina is holding Dasha's head in her lap.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

I think she's... We've got to get help.

Arnie checks Yuri, then turns to Volkov.

ARNIE PROVO

It's bad.

Donatella slumps into Volkov's arms. Too weak even to cry.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG SQUARE - THE NEXT DAY

A beautiful day. The square is filled with people. The celebration has begun. And the speeches.

INT. ARNIE'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The amplified voices of the speakers drone on outside. Arnie stands at the window looking out over the square. Straightening his tie.

There is a knock at the door. On his way to answer it he hears the inside door to the adjoining suite being unlocked.

He opens the front door. Anton, Valentina and Donatella enter. Greetings are exchanged.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Well, well, Lieutenant, in your own clothes you look very... *Snappy* is the word?

ARNIE PROVO

You told me I looked fine in those clothes.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

I lied in case you were one of those sensitive American men I've heard about.

Donatella looks pale and drawn. Her right arm is in a sling.

ARNIE PROVO

Donatella. Shouldn't you be in the hospital?

Volkov enters from the adjoining suite.

DONATELLA

It's a big day. A big celebration. I can go to the hospital when I get home.

ARNIE PROVO

How are Dasha and Yuri? Have you-

ANTON

They're going to recover. They've already been evacuated- taken home.

Volkov gives Donatella a worried look, puts his arm around her.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Are you going to be all right?

DONATELLA

Wouldn't miss it, General.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Well, Arnie...

*(checks his watch)*

At 12:15 in the afternoon your six a.m. flight has officially been cancelled.

ARNIE PROVO

Oh, great. So now what are we going to do?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I'll tell you what we're going to do...

ANTON & VALENTINA

Improvise.

Good-natured chuckling.

VALENTINA DANILOVA

Wonderful. Now you can accompany us to the party tonight after all.

A door knock. Volkov makes a show of checking his watch again.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Well, I know you all have things to do.

Goodbyes are exchanged. They'll see one another this evening. Volkov opens the door. A WAITER has brought lunch.

ANTON

I'll get these bicycles out of the way.

Valentina exits with Donatella. Anton takes Volkov's bicycle.

ANTON (cont'd)

I'll come back for the other one.

They're gone. The door closes. Arnie turns to the luncheon banquet. He's impressed. Volkov opens the wine.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I... We owe you a lot, Arnie. We couldn't have pulled it off without you. I'd be honored if you'd join me now for a private celebration.

Volkov pours out the wine.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

And I have to be honest... We're also avoiding Comrade Drabinov. He's hosting his own luncheon down in the main dining room. They'll have their torchlight parade tonight.

ARNIE PROVO  
Goose-stepping by firelight, eh?

Volkov hands Arnie a glass. They are about to toast when Volkov's cellular rings.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Yes? All right.  
*(to Arnie)*  
It never ends. I apologize.

ARNIE PROVO  
Sure. I understand.

Volkov exits just as the band begins to play. There are fireworks and rockets going off. Arnie goes to the window. Across the square the president is just being introduced.

Arnie smiles. He's filled with the impulse to lift his glass.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
Here's to you, Mr. President. Here's to  
democracy, to peace, to family, friends...

Not quite done. Needs something else. He's got it.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
And trust.

CLOSE ON THE GLASS as Arnie holds it out toward the celebration in the square. The sun glints off the glass.

The SUICIDE SQUEEZE THEME MUSIC comes up.

It's the end of the story and all's well that ends well.

FADE TO BLACK.

Still black.

Still.

And then:

An EXPLOSION OF WHITE LIGHT.

CLOSE ON ARNIE'S FACE. Arnie's shocked, stupified face.

He turns and looks at the door to the adjoining suite.

He turns back to look at the glass, at the crystals floating in the wine.

He looks at the front door. At his bicycle on one side of the door. At the blank wall where Volkov's bicycle had been.

He turns and looks across the square as the President approaches the podium.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)  
Jesus Holy Christ!

He drops his glass.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Volkov is standing outside the door to Arnie's suite talking on the phone.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Everyone should know everyone else's job.  
(beat) It's too late for that. Nevermind.  
I'll send someone to help.

Volkov rings off. He reaches down to the doorknob.

INT. ARNIE'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Volkov enters.

Arnie is slumped on the sofa near the window. His head is twisted at an odd angle. Volkov closes and locks the door.

He stands over Arnie for just for a moment then goes to the door to the adjoining suite. He opens it and taps on the inside door. It opens. Volkov speaks to someone as he enters.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Go downstairs. Anton needs  
help with the router.

The doors close. Arnie opens one eye. And then the other. When he confirms that Volkov has gone he jumps to his feet. What to do?

ARNIE PROVO  
Think! Think! Think!

He looks at the phone. Who would he call?

He goes to the door to the adjoining suite. He puts his ear to it. Tries the knob. Pulls the door open. The inside door is closed.

He puts his ear to that door. Listening. Can't hear much. He tries his good ear.

BAM! BAM! A bullet splinters through the door next to his head. Three more shots. Fast. MEN SHOUTING. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

There's a HEAVY THUMP against the door. Arnie jumps back. It takes a split second to decide what to do.

He kicks the door open.

INT. VOLKOV'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Surprise! A large, wild-eyed man lunges at Arnie. (Redbeard from the village cafe.) They are face-to-face. Teeth clinched. Redbeard's hands are on Arnie's shoulders.

Arnie realizes Redbeard is not looking at him. He's looking through him. And then his eyes roll up and he drops to the floor. Arnie sees the blood all over his shirt.

Arnie sees the partially dismantled bicycle on the floor directly in front of him. To his left is the window. The SCOPED RIFLE is on a tripod. Just beyond the window there are two men on the floor locked in a wrestling embrace. Neither of them can get an advantage.

One of the men is Major Petrenko. Savin is behind him, one arm around his neck, the other desperately trying to hold onto the pistol in Petrenko's shoulder holster. Petrenko is using all his energy to prevent Savin from getting the pistol out of the holster.

Arnie looks at the near side of the window. Volkov is on the floor sitting up against the wall. The wound in his side is bleeding. There is a new wound in his chest. He is having trouble breathing.

Donatella is lying across his legs unconscious. He's pressing his hand on her wound trying to stop the bleeding.

SAVIN  
Get me the key!

Arnie's brain is working overtime to digest all this.

SAVIN (cont'd)  
The key!

Savin shakes his legs which rattles his leg irons and the chain holding him to the radiator.

SAVIN (cont'd)  
God damn it! Get me the key.  
(*indicates Redbeard*)  
In his pocket. Get it or I'll finish them.

Savin uses every ounce of energy trying to aim the holstered gun at Volkov and Donatella. Petrenko is working just as hard to prevent it.

ARNIE PROVO  
All right. All right. Don't shoot. No more shooting.

Arnie goes through Redbeard's pockets. Finds a keyring.

SAVIN  
Now- very slowly- come over here.

MAJOR PETRENKO  
Don't do it.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Arnie...

SAVIN  
Do it!

ARNIE PROVO  
Okay, I'm doing it. I'm doing it.

Arnie stands, cautiously, slowly. He steps over Redbeard's body and trips, stumbles to the floor. The keyring falls next to the bicycle.

SAVIN  
Quickly!

Arnie kneels next to the bicycle.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
Arnie. This man is-

SAVIN  
Shut up!

VIKTOR VOLKOV

If you give him that key... he'll kill us all.

Arnie reaches his hand down to pick up the keyring.

SAVIN

Give me the key or I'll kill you now.

Savin struggles to point the gun at Volkov. Petrenko's face looks like it's ready to pop.

Arnie quickly reaches under the bicycle seat. It's there. The gun. He pulls it out. Points it at Savin.

ARNIE PROVO

Let go of the gun!

Savin begins pulling the trigger. Bullets fly. Volkov is hit in the leg. Arnie aims. Pulls the trigger. Nothing.

ARNIE PROVO (cont'd)

Damn!

Savin continues pulling the trigger. One of the bullets gets Petrenko. Arnie pulls back the slide on the pistol. Chambers a round. Fires. It's over in two seconds. Savin is dead.

Arnie checks Petrenko. Dead. Volkov is in pain.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Arnie. Thank God. Do you know what you've done?

Arnie looks out over the rifle to the window. He has a perfect view across the square to the reviewing stand. Now he notices the TV. The President is ON SCREEN delivering his speech.

ARNIE PROVO

I know I just saved the life of the President. And you... How did you get involved in this? And why? You said the President was a friend, that he had to win the election or bad things would happen.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Listen to me. We don't have much time. He never had a chance to win the election. He'll be dead before election day. Cancer.

ARNIE PROVO

Then why did you have to kill him?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

I am under orders, Arnie. His orders. It's his plan and I swear to you he had to order me to do it.

ARNIE PROVO

You expect me to believe he ordered his own assassination?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

He— and I, and Donatella and the others— are doing what has to be done to prevent the world from slipping back into another dark age. I told you before... civilization won't survive a second Cold War.

ARNIE PROVO

God, Viktor, I trusted you... I—

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Months ago he learned he was dying. The Vice President is a good man but he could never win against Drabinov. Even if he did manage to pull it off the Communists would continue to try to overturn the government. And they would succeed. They don't play fair, Arnie.

Volkov reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his wallet and tosses it to Arnie.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

Inside. A picture of us together. He was like a father. I was like a son to him. So he turned to me. He will die and I will make certain the Communists take the blame.

Arnie opens the wallet, finds the photograph. Volkov and the President in uniform.

ARNIE PROVO

It's easy to fake a photograph.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Why would I carry around a fake photograph to show you when you should at this very moment be on an airplane to Baltimore?

ARNIE PROVO

This proves nothing.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Arnie... Why do I have to prove anything? You trust me.

ARNIE PROVO

I did.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Three months ago I picked my best people. Since then we've been laying the groundwork for this day. We aren't playing by the rules either, Arnie. Drabinov and Glaznov are going to take the blame for this. We've set up foreign bank accounts in their names. We've got accounting books showing Drabinov and the Communists involved in organized crime.

Volkov points to Savin.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

This man... he's former Spetsnaz. Soviet special forces. One of Glaznov's men. Arnie, this man is Malenchenko, an assassin and torturer of men, women and children. No, I don't look like him but you may have noticed you resemble each other physically. You may even recognize the shirt he's wearing.

ARNIE PROVO

That's one of those damn ugly-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You, Arnie, travelled from Lithuania to St. Petersburg as this man. You laid down a trail. Witnesses have already sworn to seeing Malenchenko at the border with a pregnant woman. They saw him fight with a red-bearded man over a woman.

ARNIE PROVO

I knew I'd seen him somewhere-

VIKTOR VOLKOV

We even have videotape of Malenchenko in Moscow as a part of Drabinov's entourage. Malenchenko is standing right behind him as he is being interviewed. He was embarrassed because he thought he knew the beautiful news woman Collette Verdun.

ARNIE PROVO

That was a setup?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Arnie... In a few moments- on orders from Glaznov and Drabinov- Malenchenko will step up to that rifle and shoot the President.

My anti-assassination squad will be too late. By seconds. But seconds after the shot is fired they will knock open that door and kill Malenchenko.

ARNIE PROVO

Malenchenko is dead, Viktor. Your men are dead and you are in no condition to--

VIKTOR VOLKOV

That's why you will have to make the shot.

ARNIE PROVO

I--? Are you out of your mind--

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Donatella was our shooter. I couldn't make the shot even without a bullet in me. You're going to have to do it.

ARNIE PROVO

God, I can't believe I thought I knew you.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

You did. And do. I'm still that person. Every step of the way I've told you what you need to know about this operation. Now I'm telling you this: After the shot, the entire security apparatus of this country will be mobilized to arrest the conspirators, some of whom will be shot while trying to escape. We have a list. Some will commit suicide to avoid the trial, the punishment, the disgrace. We have a list. But none of this can happen until you make the shot.

ARNIE PROVO

This is insane. You really believe--

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Listen. To the President. There will come a moment in the speech when he makes his announcement. I'll tell you now what he's going to say.

ARNIE PROVO

They hand out advance copies of speeches all the time--

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Listen! "I have decided to step down as your President."

Volkov is saying the words a beat ahead of the President.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
 "Vice President Nikolai Orlov has assumed the presidency as of noon today. My last request of you now is that you give him your support and your vote."

Arnie says nothing. Mind racing.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
 Arnie, you've put yourself at a crossroads in the history of the world. You've got to make the decision and you've got to make it now. Make the shot, Arnie.

Finally, Arnie moves. He steps up to the rifle, looking at it as if it's some foreign thing.

ARNIE PROVO  
 You want me to take this rifle? Aim it at somebody's head and...

He puts the stock against his shoulder, his eye to the scope. And doesn't move.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 Arnie...

Arnie steps back from the rifle.

ARNIE PROVO  
 Viktor. Please. For God's sake. I'm just a guy. An ordinary, regular guy who-

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 Ordinary. Like me. And Petrenko and Yuri. Like Donatella and Dasha. Many ordinary people are going to die, Arnie. Next month. Next year. For the next 50 years. Ask yourself. Ask what you would be willing to do to save one of them. To save a life. To save a hundred million lives. Or more.

Arnie turns back to the rifle.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)  
 We're running out of time. He's coming to the end of his speech. "We face heavy seas whether we go forward or back. But we can not stay in the eye of the storm. We must row..." There'll be a flyover of jets as he finishes.

Arnie looks at the President on the TV then turns and looks over the scope at the President on the reviewing stand. He blinks back the perspiration from his eyes.

ARNIE PROVO

I can't do it. I just can't do it.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Of course you can. Just take a breath, then let it out and squeeze... squeeze the-

ARNIE PROVO

God Damn it! I don't mean I can't make the shot! I mean there's no way I can kill the president of a major fucking country!

The President is coming to the end of his speech. Applause is building. The jet flyover is approaching. Volkov has to yell over the noise.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Do it, Arnie! Do it now! Do it!

CRACK!

FLASH CUT- CLOSE ON ARNIE'S FACE, covered with perspiration.

EXT. ARNIE'S HOUSE/BACK YARD - DAY

ARNIE'S PERSPIRING FACE.

PULL BACK. Arnie's in his own back yard coaching his daughter Kathy. He tosses another ground ball to her right. She backhands it into her glove and throws it back to Arnie. SMACK into his glove.

Arnie's wife, Susan, sticks her head out the door. It's urgent.

SUSAN PROVO

Arnie! Quick! It's on TV!

INT. ARNIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arnie, Kathy and Susan are standing in front of the TV.

ON SCREEN: Scott Ross is anchoring the special report.

SCOTT ROSS

-police are reaching even beyond the borders of Russia itself and arresting citizens of former Soviet Republics.

We see clips of police taking handcuffed men out of their houses and hustling them past the cameras. Other police are carrying boxes of evidence.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 The dragnet has so far pulled in over two hundred conspirators with close ties to Drabinov and the Communists.

KATHY PROVO  
 Dad, I can't believe you were actually there when it happened. And you didn't see anything?

We move from Kathy's face to Arnie's and then slowly move in on the TV.

ARNIE PROVO  
 No. I was way across town.

ON SCREEN: As we move in closer the sound goes down. We see a grainy image of Collette Verdun interviewing the guards at the border station, the Cafe Lady and Galykov.

ARNIE PROVO (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 All I heard were the sirens.

We keep moving in on the screen until all we see is snow. And then the snow becomes another picture on another TV screen.

INT. ANTON'S DOWNSTAIRS SUITE - DAY

PULL BACK from the TV SCREEN: We can see the activity in the square outside the hotel. We hear the announcer's voice.

ANNOUNCER #1  
 -it's just after noon right now and we're told that the President is going to appear promptly at 12:30.

We hear a knock on the door in the b.g.

ANNOUNCER #2  
 Most of these events tend to stray from the schedule. But I have to say, the President's people are very organized and everything seems to be going like clockwork so far...

The TV fades. Anton unlocks the front door. Opens it. Donatella enters. She's weak. Her arm is in a sling. Valentina is helping her.

ANTON  
 Donatella. You're all right?

DONATELLA  
 I'm going to be. When this is over.

Donatella pulls a clear plastic bag from her purse. It contains the manila envelope Glaznov gave her.

Anton takes it to a long table near the wall. Valentina dims the lights. Anton sits; puts on rubber gloves. He opens the plastic bag and carefully removes the envelope.

He opens it. Pulls the money out as if he's defusing a bomb. He places the cash on the table then turns the ultraviolet light on it. Fingerprints show up on the outer bills.

ANTON

Good job. You checked the serial numbers?

DONATELLA

From a bank robbery in Moscow last winter.

Valentina places the autograph album next to Anton then opens it. There is the 1" x 8" strip of blue paper protected by a plastic overlay. Anton removes it, places a dab of glue at one end then uses it to make a money band for the cash.

Anton places the cash back in the manila envelope then drops it into the plastic bag. He hands it to Donatella.

At the other end of the table— also in clear plastic bags— there are two deep-brown coffee mugs with inlaid walnut facets. Next to the cups there is an open suitcase. There is a routing machine built into it. An electric cord runs to a socket in the wall.

VALENTINA

This is the router? Does it work?

ANTON

It's supposed to... Now I just have to figure out how. Unfortunately, Yuri was the expert at—

He stops himself. Checks his watch.

ANTON (cont'd)

It's time. He wants us upstairs.

Anton walks to the bedroom door. Knocks. Redbeard opens it.

ANTON (cont'd)

Everything all right in there?

REDBEARD

Fine.

ANTON

The General wants you upstairs.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Donatella and Valentina are walking down the corridor followed by Anton and Redbeard. Redbeard stops at the door to VOLKOV'S HOTEL SUITE. He knocks lightly.

Redbeard's POV as he waits by the door: Donatella, Valentina and Anton continue down the corridor to the next door and knock.

We hear the door to Volkov's suite being unlocked as the door to Arnie's suite opens. Greetings are exchanged.

VALENTINA

Well, well, Lieutenant, in your own clothes you look very... *Snappy* is the word?

They disappear into Arnie's suite. The door to Volkov's suite opens slightly. We recognize Major Petrenko.

INT. VOLKOV'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Redbeard enters. Petrenko locks the door. Redbeard joins Konstantin who is standing by the window looking out over the square. The TV in the corner is tuned to a channel covering the event.

Just to the right of the window Savin sits handcuffed in a chair. There is a chain from the leg irons to the radiator.

REDBEARD

Everybody behaving?

KONSTANTIN

No problems.

LATER. There is a soft tapping at the door. Petrenko opens it. Donatella enters followed by Anton who rolls the bicycle in and hands it off to Konstantin. Anton joins Valentina in the corridor and they leave.

Konstantin immediately begins breaking down the bicycle. Redbeard is setting up a tripod about four feet back from the window.

Donatella goes to the bar, takes some pills from her purse and swallows them down. Petrenko stands next to her. Concerned. She smiles and holds her hand out. Steady as a rock.

Savin is watching. Plotting.

We hear the President introduced. The band strikes up and the fireworks explode.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Volkov is in the corridor talking on the cellular.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Everyone should know everyone else's job.  
(beat) It's too late for that. Nevermind.  
I'll send someone to help.

INT. VOLKOV'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The rifle is assembled on the tripod. Donatella is standing behind it sighting in the scope.

Petrenko casually meanders over to Donatella. Then he tosses the manila envelope with the cash to Savin. Handcuffed as he is, he reflexively catches it with two hands.

MAJOR PETRENKO

*(to Savin)*

Thanks.

He reaches down with gloved hands and picks up the envelope. He goes over to Savin's jacket hanging on the back of a chair and puts the envelope in the breast pocket.

There is tapping at the door that joins Arnie's suite. Konstantin opens it. Volkov enters.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Go downstairs. Anton needs help with the routing machine.

INT. ANTON'S DOWNSTAIRS SUITE - DAY

The TV is on over in the corner. The President is delivering his speech in the background.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

There are those who want us to go back. To force us back. But back to where? To what? To safety? Back to a dull, dead, dreadful calm where there is no joy because there is no hope and no ambition because there are no dreams.

Konstantin enters, goes to the table where Anton is working with the router in the suitcase. Valentina locks the door.

KONSTANTIN

Here. Let me.

Konstantin puts on rubber gloves and pops two specific walnut facets out of the coffee mugs. He places them on the router and tightens them into a metal frame.

KONSTANTIN (cont'd)

You just put them into the frame.

Konstantin lifts the arm of the router and places it next to the first walnut facet.

KONSTANTIN (cont'd)

The computer does the rest.

He taps in some information on the small keyboard, presses a button and the router whirs to life. It is something like a jig saw, it cuts around the edges of the walnut rectangle and makes a new, but odd, shape.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Somewhere out there in time there is a place where people do dream. A place where dreams do come true. It's not a perfect place. Not every dream will be realized. But, my friends, I promise you... there is great joy in the dream itself.

MOMENTS LATER. The router is cutting the second walnut rectangle. Finished. The arm then lifts and drills two small holes in each rectangle.

Konstantin removes the walnut pieces from the router as Anton opens up a box. He carefully pulls out a small automatic pistol. The walnut facets have been perfectly cut to fit as replacement grips.

Konstantin goes into the bedroom. Anton screws the walnut grips onto each side of the pistol. When it's finished he takes the pistol over to the window and stands beside Valentina. She's looking out over the square. They listen to the President.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.) (cont'd)

Getting there will be difficult. Some of us here today will not live to see that Russia. If we are to make our new vision a reality we will need young minds and fresh ideas. Therefore, I have decided to step down as your President...

Finally, Valentina looks down at Anton's hand, holds hers out. Anton gives her the pistol. She just stands there for a moment looking out at the President then she turns and walks over to the bedroom door. But she doesn't open it. She stands there listening to the TV. Waiting for the right moment.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)  
 ...We must row toward a new Russia truly  
 dedicated to peace, democracy and  
 justice... where there will be both safety  
 and joy for each and every citizen...

Valentina opens the door. Glaznov is sitting in a chair at the end of the bed facing her. Leonid has just removed the cuffs.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)  
 ...of our country and the world.

Glaznov looks up when Valentina opens the door. The fighter jets are roaring toward the square.

KIRA GLAZNOV  
*(smirks)*  
 You are sadly mistaken if you think you can  
 intimidate me by pointing a-

BANG BANG BANG! Three quick shots square in the chest. Glaznov goes completely limp and slides out of the chair like a combination of rag doll, silly putty and liquid mercury.

Valentina hands the gun to Konstantin as he passes her on the way to the front door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Konstantin drops the pistol down a laundry chute.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A LAUNDRY WORKER is unloading one of the big rolling baskets filled with sheets. He's talking to a uniformed policewoman.

LAUNDRY WORKER  
 Sure, sure. If I see somebody suspicious,  
 I'll call you. Do you really think I'm  
 going to see somebody suspicious down-

He is interrupted by a rattling noise echoing the length of the chute. Something drops into the basket. The laundry worker looks. It's a pistol. The policewoman pulls him back.

PLUMP BLONDE WOMAN  
 Don't touch it.

Now we MOVE IN CLOSE ON the policewoman's face and recognize her as Redbeard's Plump Blonde Woman.

We keep moving in closer and tighter. Her face becomes the face of anchorman Scott Ross ON SCREEN.

SCOTT ROSS

It was several days before the full extent  
of the plot was fully understood...

We pass through his face and the TV...

INT. DRABINOV'S SUITE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

...Drabinov is lying on his back watching as Collette Verdun,  
wearing a short slip, seductively approaches him from the  
bathroom.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.)

What was first thought to be the work of a  
lone gunman turned out to be a vast  
conspiracy...

Collette stands at the foot of the bed and drops one strap off  
her shoulder. She climbs up onto the bed and straddles his  
ankles. She drops the strap from the other shoulder.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)

...involving the Russian mafia and the  
highest levels of the communist party  
including Milo Drabinov himself.

Drabinov is grinning from ear to ear. Collette slowly crawls  
up to his face. He licks his lips. Leers.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)

At first Drabinov passed off as laughable  
any suggestion that he had any part in the  
assassination...

Collette leans down close to kiss him and as she does a yellow  
jellybean appears between her teeth. Their lips touch. A sweet  
moment. She lifts her head. Drabinov is holding the jellybean  
between his teeth.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)

...but when the details of the evidence  
against him became public...

Drabinov bites down on it. There is a look of shock on his  
face. A moment when he realizes something is wrong. A moment  
of sheer terror. A gasp. And then he's dead.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)

...Drabinov committed suicide with a  
cyanide capsule...

Collette rolls out of the bed and steps into her dress. As  
she's buttoning it up she begins screaming. Shrieking.

SCOTT ROSS (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 ...just as officials from the ministry of  
 emergency situations were about to arrest  
 him.

INT. DRABINOV'S SUITE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO BODYGUARDS are startled to alertness when they hear Collette screaming. They jump from their chairs.

INT. DRABINOV'S SUITE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two bodyguards enter in a panic. Collette is by the door screaming and crying. Hysterical. Dressed.

COLLETTE VERDUN  
 He was— He said his chest hurt— And then—

The bodyguards see Drabinov lying still on the bed. They rush to him. Collette slips out.

EXT. BALTIMORE POLICE HQ - TWILIGHT

It's snowing. Has been for some time. Big fluffy flakes float down like parachutes. Arnie steps out of the precinct building. Pulls his collar up around his neck. He passes a uniformed officer.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
 Happy New Year, Lieutenant.

ARNIE PROVO  
 Same to you, O'Malley.

His car is halfway down the block. Covered with snow. As he's getting inside he reaches around to the windshield and snaps the wiper blades free of the ice.

He slams the door as he gets in the car. And then he jumps, startled by a man sitting in the passenger seat. Volkov.

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 Relax, Arnie.

ARNIE PROVO  
 Relax? How can I relax when it's obvious you aren't going to rest until you've given me a heart attack?

VIKTOR VOLKOV  
 No. No. I would not do such a thing to a friend. You may be the best friend I ever had. I've wondered though... We only knew each other a short time. How did we become such friends that you could trust me so?

ARNIE PROVO

I don't know. I guess the same way you knew that when it came down to it you could trust me. I guess.

*(takes a breath)*

So, Viktor, do you really think the bad guys are finished?

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Those particular bad guys. They're finished. For the present at least. Maybe forever. How does it feel to have changed the world in such a way... and no one knows?

ARNIE PROVO

Doesn't bother me. In fact, I feel pretty comfortable knowing that even if I decided to tell the world, no one would believe me. The important thing is maybe the world will be safe for a while.

VIKTOR VOLKOV

Maybe. For a while. But there will be another bad idea, another lunatic movement with a monster to lead it. But for the time being, we did a good thing. The next bad idea, the next monster— our children will have to deal with.

Volkov hands Arnie an ornate box and indicates he should open it. Arnie lifts the lid. There is a medal on a ribbon inside. A military decoration.

VIKTOR VOLKOV (cont'd)

It's not mine. The President gave it to me the last time I saw him. *Hero of the Soviet Union*. I would like for you to have it. It's the highest award given by an empire we helped to keep buried.

Arnie stares at the medal. What to say? He's lost in his thoughts. He's abruptly pulled back when the car door slams. Viktor is gone.

Arnie quickly opens the door. Stands beside the car. He sees Volkov walking down the street. He's just a few car lengths away but already he's just a grey shape.

Arnie almost calls out to him. But doesn't. He just watches as Volkov disappears into the falling snow.

FADE OUT.